

"UNFORGIVEN"

("THE WILLIAM MUNNY KILLINGS")

Written by

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Shooting Script, 1992

FADE IN:

1 INT. ALICE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

1

A little bit of moonlight coming in through the tiny window might make a highlight here and there but that's about all. Words begin to crawl across the screen.

Of good family, albeit one of modest means, she was a comely young woman and not without prospects. Therefore it was at once heartbreaking and astonishing to her mother that she would enter into marriage with William Munny, a known thief and murderer, a man of notoriously vicious and intemperate disposition.

We can hear STRAWBERRY ALICE and DAVEY BUNTING breathing heavily and the bed creaking. Written words crawl:

"They were married in St. Louis in 1870 and they traveled north to Kansas where he engaged in farming and swine husbandry".

DAVEY and ALICE are picking up speed now, breathing faster and even snorting a little, and it's cold as Jesus in Nebraska in the winter, so when the blanket slips, Alice snarls and gasps.

ALICE

The blanket, for chrissake, cowboy,
the blanket.

There are six of these little rooms... one for each whore... behind Greely's Beer Garden and Billiards, and the walls are just boards, so you can hear what's happening in the other rooms and right now, from DELILAH's room, you can hear a high-pitched, merry little giggle and that's important. Written words crawl: She bore him two children in the eight years of their marriage and when she died, it was not at his hands as her mother might have expected, but of smallpox. That was 1878.

DELILAH (O.S.)

No, please... No, no goddamn you.

ALICE and DAVEY have stopped fucking and started listening, but they don't move. Written words crawl: "It wasn't until 1881... three years later... that a cowboy named MIKE cut up a whore in Big Whiskey, Nebraska, in the Niobrara River country".

END CRAWL.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

MIKE (O.S.)

Davey, come a runnin', lad, an' hold
the thieving cunt...

A blur of action as DAVEY leaps from the bed and dashes out
of the room, naked...

MIKE (O.S.)

... Brand you like a damn steer,
bitch...

And ALICE is right behind him, wrapping herself in a blanket
as she goes.

2 INT. DELILAH'S ROOM -- NIGHT

2

DELILAH is backed up against the wall, her face bleeding,
and she is throwing the contents of her chamber pot on MIKE,
who is advancing on her with an open barlow knife, and DAVEY
busts into the room naked and ALICE follows him and PEOPLE
are shouting in other rooms.

MIKE

(wiping shit off
himself)

Hold the bitch, Davey, hold her.

The one coal oil lamp in the room gives off just enough light
that you can make all this out. Certainly you can see that
MIKE, who is wearing leggings and no shirt, is a big tough
man, unshaven, eyes inflamed with whiskey...

MIKE

(continuing)

Hold her! dammit. Davey! If you don't
hold her I'll cut her tits off.

LITTLE SUE, a fifteen-year-old whore, is in the doorway,
eyes wide with terror, and ALICE screams at her.

ALICE

Get Skinny, for God's sake! Skinny!

DAVEY is reluctant about the whole thing but he is afraid of
MIKE and he gets behind DELILAH and grabs her.

DAVEY

Wh-what you gonna do, Mike?

MIKE is doing it now and DELILAH is screaming while he carves
her face with the barlow knife and blood is all over,
splashing on DAVEY, and DAVEY, who is just a kid, after all,

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

nineteen with a big shock of unruly red hair and innocent blue eyes, is horrified.

MIKE

Thieving cunt, I'll...

DAVEY

Mike, don't, Jesus, don't...

ALICE

Skinny! Bring your gun.

ALICE can't wait for SKINNY and she jumps on MIKE'S back and brings the big man down and she fights him though she's not a big woman. ALICE is twenty-five but she's been around some, whored some tough cow towns, and she has too much bone and character in her face to be outright pretty but she attracts men like flies. Sure she has some smallpox scars on her face, but they're common and there are only a few of them, not like on SKINNY, whose mean little face is eaten right up with them.

ANGLE ON SKINNY DUBOIS

Standing there in the doorway, his nasty face eaten with smallpox scars and he is looking at DELILAH, who is a fountain of blood, looking at her coldly, and looking down at the melee on the floor, and pointing the big Navy Colt in his hand, he says:

SKINNY

Get offa her, asshole.

And he says it so cold and with such authority that everything goes quiet.

3 EXT. MAIN STREET -- NIGHT (SNOW, MOONLIGHT)

3

Shadowy buildings and the silence of the Nebraska winter except for the sound of the snowshoes.

The snow has obliterated the main street of Big Whiskey, giving the impression that the dark, low buildings are scattered at random. The only structure with any sign of life is Greely's Beer Garden and Billiards, which shows a glowing window and two horses out front, and that is a hundred yards away from the struggling silhouettes of the two men on snowshoes. The big one is LITTLE BILL DAGGETT and he is very big, wrapped in a huge bearskin robe.

The smaller one is CLYDE LEDBETTER, who isn't small though he has only one arm.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

LITTLE BILL

... Wouldn't let you settle it, huh?

CLYDE

Hell, you know how Skinny is. Says he's gonna shoot 'em... an' I says, "Skinny, you can't do that," an' he says, "Well, then get Little Bill down here an' let's settle this" an' I says "Bill's sleepin', Skinny," an'...

They make their way in silence through the snow, getting close now, close to Greely's and the lights.

4 INT. DELILAH'S ROOM -- NIGHT

4

DELILAH on her bed, her face covered with blood-soaked rags except for her eyes. ALICE has hot water and is ministering to her and LITTLE BILL is looking down at her from his enormous height, still in his bearskin. He looks disgusted.

LITTLE BILL

She ain't gonna die, huh?

You can see the fear in DELILAH's eyes, and the other whores... CROW CREEK KATE with crazy pop eyes and frizzy hair, and LITTLE SUE, who is fifteen and meek even when she isn't terrified, and FAITH, who is the oldest of them and not very attractive and SILKY, who is blond and the prettiest... are watching from vantage points in the doorway or in the room.

ALICE

(determined)

She's gonna live.

(as LITTLE BILL turns to go)

She didn't steal nothin', she didn't touch his poke.

LITTLE BILL

(stopping and turning)

No?

ALICE

All she done was... when she seen he had a teensy little pecker... she give a giggle. That's all. She didn't know no better.

LITTLE BILL turns away, disgusted, and starts out of the room and ALICE gets up and follows him.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

ALICE
 (continuing)
 You gonna hang 'em, Little Bill?

5 INT. BARROOM -- NIGHT

5

DAVEY sitting naked on the floor of the barroom and MIKE is sitting near him, still in his leggings and both men are shivering because they are fifteen feet from the potbellied stove, where CLYDE is standing watching them.

It is a big room, with a crude bar and four tables and some moose and elk heads on the wall. The door near the rear where it says BILLIARD ROOM leads not to a billiard room but to the six little "rooms" that are the whorehouse and now you can hear DELILAH groaning from there.

And LITTLE BILL enters from the back of the barroom, stooping to pass through the doorway under the sign that says BILLIARD ROOM.

LITTLE BILL is huge and ominous. Some say he acquired the bearskin by staring the bear to death and others say he drowned the animal in spit. Anyhow, he's big with a drooping moustache and he is sucking on his church warden's clay pipe and you know he isn't scared of anything.

And the two cowboys are scared to death not just shivering from the cold, and BILL just looks down at them and sucks on his pipe and ALICE comes in from the back way, too, and then SKINNY and a couple of the whores gather in the doorway.

LITTLE BILL
 Clyde, step across to the German's
 an' fetch up one of his bullwhips.

Stark terror on the faces of DAVEY and MIKE as CLYDE exits.

ALICE
 A whippin'? That's all they get?
 After what they done?

LITTLE BILL
 (sucking on his pipe)
 Whippin' ain't a little thing, Alice.

ALICE
 But what they done, they...

(CONTINUED)

SKINNY

(he has a piece of
paper in his hand)
Shut up, Alice. Little Bill, a
whippin' ain't gonna settle this.

LITTLE BILL

No?

SKINNY

(showing the paper)
This here's a lawful contract...
betwixt me an' Delilah Fitzgerald,
the cut whore. Now I brung her clear
from Boston, paid her expenses an'
all, an' I got a contract which
represents an investment of capital.

LITTLE BILL

(sympathetic to the
argument)
Property.

SKINNY

Damaged property. Like if I was to
hamstring one of their cow ponies.

LITTLE BILL

You figure nobody'll want to fuck
her.

SKINNY

Hell no. Leastways, they won't pay
to do it.

ALICE is listening to this and her eyes are like coals and
you can hear DELILAH moaning in the other room.

SKINNY

(continuing)
She could maybe clean up around the
place or somethin', but nobody's
gonna pay good money for a cut-up
whore.

LITTLE BILL

(making up his mind
and turning to the
shivering cowboys)
You boys are off of the Spade Outfit.
Got your own string of ponies?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

DAVEY

(nodding)

I... I got f-f-f-four.

LITTLE BILL

You?

MIKE

(sullenly)

Six.

SKINNY nods, pleased, and ALICE watches, her eyes still hot.

LITTLE BILL

Guess you boys just as soon not have
no trial an' fuss, huh?

DAVEY and MIKE nod, willing to say anything LITTLE BILL wants.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing; to MIKE)

All right. You done the cuttin'...
Come the thaw, you bring in five of
them ponies an' give 'em over to
Skinny here.

MIKE

Five!

LITTLE BILL

(to DAVEY)

An' you... you give over two ponies,
hear?

CLYDE bangs in out of the snow with a buggy whip in his hand.

CLYDE

I couldn't find no bullwhips, Bill.
The German...

LITTLE BILL

Don't matter, we don't need no whips.
(to MIKE and DAVEY)
Spring comes an' Skinny don't have
them ponies, I'm gonna...

ALICE

You... you ain't even gonna... whip
'em?

LITTLE BILL

I fined 'em instead.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

ALICE

For what they done? Skinny gets some ponies an' that's...?

LITTLE BILL

(approaching her)

Ain't you seen enough blood for one night? Hell, Alice, they ain't loafers nor tramps nor bad men. They're hardworkin' boys that was foolish. Why, if they was given over to wickedness in a regular way...

ALICE

(furious)

Like whores?

SKINNY

Alice, tend to Delilah.

For a long moment ALICE just stands there glaring.

6 INT. DELILAH'S ROOM -- DAY

6

Basin of bloody water and LITTLE SUE is just dipping another towel in the hot water next to DELILAH's bed, changing the bandages.

All the whores are there in various states of dress, lounging on the floor, leaning against the wall.

SILKY

(to ALICE)

If Delilah don't care one way or the other, what're you so riled about?

ALICE

(Passionately)

Just because them smelly assholes like to ride us like horses don't mean we got to let 'em brand us like we're horses. Maybe we ain't nothin' but whores, but by God we ain't horses.

SILKY is thinking it over, frowning, and then she makes her decision.

SILKY

(to ALICE)

I got a hundred an' twelve dollars. That's everythin'.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

ALICE
What about you, Faith?

FAITH
(reluctantly). Two hundred...

There are gasps.

FAITH
(continuing)
... . Two hundred an' forty.

ALICE
(Laughing)
Jesus, Faith, what you been doin',
givin' Skinny somethin' special?

All the women laugh and DELILAH through her bandages makes a gurgling sound and LITTLE SUE's eyes light up.

LITTLE SUE
(indicating DELILAH)
She laughed.

ALICE
With what Kate got, Silky got some,
an' mine, an' Little S...

SILKY
(soberly)
It ain't enough.

ALICE
(Determined)
Not yet, maybe.

7 EXT. HOG PEN -- DAY

7

The hog in the mud, snorting and squealing, ugly as hell and BILL MUNNY in the mud with him, pushing and shoving, trying to move the stubborn animal and MUNNY goes down face first and comes up more covered with mud than he already was and the words on the screen say (superimposed):

"Some months later, Hodgeman County, Kansas".

MUNNY is thirty-five or forty years old, his hair is thinning and his moustache droops glumly over his stubbled jaw. if it were not for his eyes he would look like any pig farmer with his canvas overalls tucked in his boots pushing on a hog. he is pushing on the hog again, grunting with the effort, when he hears the voice.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

THE KID (O.S.)

You don't look like no rootin'
tootin', sonafabitchin', cold-blooded
assassin.

MUNNY

(looking up, startled)
Huh?

THE KID is only six feet away, the sun behind him, sitting on a very big and very ancient Morgan horse. He's wearing a wide-brimmed Texas hat, a vest, a holstered pistol, and he is a wiry kid, maybe twenty years old, with scraggly blond hair, four of his upper front teeth missing, and a funny, squinty way of looking out of his watery-blue eyes. Most of all, he doesn't look very prosperous.

THE KID

I seen how you got only three fingers
on your left hand, though, so I guess
you're callin' yourself Mr. Bill
Munny.

MUNNY does indeed have three fingers on his left hand and he doesn't like this conversation at all.

MUNNY

William Munny, yeah.

THE KID

Same one as shot Charlie Pepper in
Lake County?

VOICE (O.S.)

Paw! Hey, Paw!

The voice belongs to WILL, a skinny ten-year-old who dashes up with his seven-year-old sister, PENNY, right on his heels. The kids are ragged and dirty, they don't look well fed or even very healthy. Even as WILL speaks to his father, MUNNY, his eyes, and PENNY's too, go to THE KID. They don't see many strangers.

MUNNY

What is it, son?

WILL

Two more hogs got the fever.

MUNNY winces. THE KID ignores the interruption.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

THE KID

You shot Charlie Pepper, didn't you?
And you're the one killed William
Harbey an' robbed the train over...

MUNNY

(sharply)
Hold on, mister.
(to WILL)
Son, this here pig gotta be moved
outta this pen, away from them others.
Penny you give yer brother a hand...

PENNY

(emotional)
This one's sick, too?

MUNNY ignores the question, already on his way to the
miserable-looking shack.

MUNNY

Let's talk inside, mister.

8 INT. SOD HUT -- DAY

8

MUNNY selects a tin cup from a wash pan of dirty dishes. It
is dark and cool inside his one-room sod hut... and poor.

THE KID checks one of the three chairs for stability before
sitting down.

MUNNY

You're Pete Sothow's nephew, huh?
Hell, I thought maybe you was someone
come to kill me...
(He has the cups and
he crosses to the
fire.)
... for somethin' I done in the old
days.

THE KID

(sitting)
I could've... easy.

MUNNY

Yeah, I guess so.

THE KID

Like I was sayin', you don't look no
meaner-than-hell cold-blooded damn
killer.

(CONTINUED)

MUNNY

Maybe I ain't.

THE KID

Well, Uncle Pete said you was the goddamndest meanest son of a bitch ever lived an' if I ever wanted a partner for a killin', you was the worst one. Meanin' the best. On account of you're cold as snow an' don't have no weak nerve nor fear.

MUNNY serves the coffee gloomily and sits down. It appears his feelings are hurt, but THE KID doesn't notice.

MUNNY

He said that, huh?

THE KID

I'm a damn killer myself, only I ain't killed so many as you because of my youth. Schofield Kid, they call me.

MUNNY

Schofield? You from Schofield?

THE KID

(laying his Smith &
Wesson Schofield .5
on the table)

On account of my Schofield model
Smith and Wesson pistol.

MUNNY

Oh.

THE KID

Well, how about it?

MUNNY

About what?

THE KID

Bein' my partner. I'm headin' north
up around the Niobrara in Nebraska.
Gonna kill a couple of no good
cowboys.

MUNNY

What for?

(CONTINUED)

THE KID

For cuttin' up a lady. They cut up
her face an' cut her eyes out, cut
her ears off an' her tits, too.

MUNNY

(horrified)
Jesus!

THE KID

(pleased with the
reaction)
Thousand dollars of reward. Five
hundred apiece.

WILL

Paw, I can't move that damn pig.

WILL has slipped into the house with PENNY in tow and they
are both covered with mud, and WILL is swearing to show off
to the stranger.

MUNNY

(embarrassed)
No cussin' now, Will. Go on out the
pump an' clean up some an' I'll be
along. Check them other pens.

The two kids back out the door, eyes on the pistol and the
stranger, and MUNNY walks over near the beds with his back
to THE KID.

MUNNY

(continuing)
I ain't like that no more, Kid.
Whiskey done it as much as anythin'
I guess.

(turning to THE KID)

I ain't touched a drop in ten years.
My wife, she cured me of it... cured
me of drink an' wickedness.

THE KID

Well... you don't look so prosperous.
Hell, you could buy her a new dress
out of your half. We could kill them
two an' you could buy your wife one
of them fancy --

MUNNY

She's passed on, Kid.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

THE KID

Huh?

MUNNY

Been gone near three years now.

THE KID

(staring stupidly)

Oh.

9 EXT. SOD HUT -- DAY

9

WILL and PENNY in front of the house, looking up at THE KID, who is mounted again, and MUNNY is standing there taking leave of THE KID.

THE KID

Don't tell nobody about the reward an' all. Don't need no other gunmen tryin' to collect.

MUNNY

I don't never see nobody anyhow.

THE KID

(riding away)

If you was to change your mind, might be you could catch me... due west to the Western Trail an' north to Ogallala.

MUNNY waves at THE KID and for a long moment watches him trot across the flat, grassy fields. Then he turns back to his shabby farm and the squealing pigs and the two children, who are looking up at him.

WILL

Who's he?

MUNNY

(turning away)

Best we move that pig.

10 EXT. HOG PEN -- DAY

10

MUNNY in the mud and the pig squealing and WILL is there pushing, too, and MUNNY goes in face first again, and when he comes up he slowly wipes mud from his face and, turning, he looks across the fields.

ANGLE ON PENNY

Coming up beside the pen.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

PENNY

Paw... two of them others... I think they got the fever.

MUNNY frowns and looks off at the horizon, lost in thought.

ANGLE ON KID

Way off in the distance, disappearing on the horizon.

11 EXT. BIG WHISKEY HILL -- EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON DELILAH -- DAY 11

DELILAH's face! The cut whore. Skeins of crisscrossing raised flesh, a vicious web of scars dominated by her eyes that are deep and beautiful.

WIDER ANGLE She's hanging clothes on a clothesline on Big Whiskey Hill, the gentle slope above the town. ALICE, LITTLE SUE, SILKY, KATE, and FAITH are close by, hanging clothes or washing them in the gurgling stream.

FAITH is the first to glance down the hill toward the town and to notice. She draws in her breath and turns to ALICE and catches her eye, and ALICE looks down.

12 EXT. MUDDY NORTH ROAD 12

The muddy North Road and the two riders, and they are QUICK MIKE and DAVEY BUNTING leading their ponies in, passing a crudely painted sign that says:

"Ordinance 14. No firearms in Big Whiskey. Deposit them at County Office. By Order of Sheriff".

13 EXT. BIG WHISKEY HILL -- DAY 13

The whores on the hill. One by one, with no words exchanged, they feel the silence and turn and exchange glances, and they glance at DELILAH. She winces and turns back to hanging clothes.

ANGLE ON Horse's Open Mouth and SKINNY.

Inspecting.

SKINNY

You boys took a while. Couple more days I was gonna call on the Sheriff.

The horses are gathered in front of Greely's and SKINNY moves among them inspecting them while the two cowboys remain mounted.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

DAVEY

River was swole so we couldn't cross
her.

DAVEY is holding the halter of a little paint and when SKINNY starts to inspect the paint, DAVEY pulls the pony away.

DAVEY

(continuing)

You got two of mine. This here one
ain't yours.

SKINNY and DAVEY lock eyes, and SKINNY is wondering how far to push it when splat!... DAVEY gets a face full of mud. The three men turn to see the whores coming around the side of Greely's, all except DELILAH, and they are throwing mud, scooping it from the sloppy street and...

MIKE gets a hit on the chest and then on the face and he gives an ugly look and wheels his horse and digs in his spurs and heads north at a trot, and mud continues to rain on him as the whores jeer.

SKINNY

Damn you.
(splat)
That ain't no way to behave.
(splat)
Quit that.

Surprisingly, DAVEY turns his horse right into the barrage of mud, and taking it in the face and on the chest, he dismounts. His paint takes a big gob of mud on one eye and DAVEY wipes the mud off tenderly.

DAVEY

This here pony... I brung it for the
lady... the one my partner cut.

The whores stop throwing mud abruptly. There is a pause... and they can see that he is just a kid, and that he is sorry as hell and that he is about to cry, and they are touched, especially LITTLE SUE.

DAVEY

(continuing)

It's the best of the lot... better
than the ones I give him.
(indicating SKINNY)
She could sell it or... what she
wants.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

ALICE

(recovering)

A pony... She ain't got no face left
an' you're gonna give her a goddamn
mangy pony.

DAVEY

He ain't m-m-mangy, ma'am, he...

Slop. DAVEY gets it in the face with a big gob of mud as
ALICE resumes fire and splat, the paint gets it.

FAITH and SILKY and KATE hesitate just a moment... and then
they dig in and start jeering and throwing again, and LITTLE
SUE bends down slowly and picks up some mud and then she
just stands there with it, almost crying, and watches the
cowboy turn away under a barrage of mud, and mount his pony
and ride out, mud hitting him all over and the women jeering
and running after him in the muddy street.

ANGLE ON DELILAH

Hanging clothes up on the hill and she can hear the shouting
in the distance and she turns and looks down with the
beautiful eyes and sees the cowboy riding out of town slowly,
chased by the jeering women.

14 INT. SOD HUT -- CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH -- DAY

14

Of Claudia in MUNNY's hands.

WIDER ANGLE He is inside, kneeling on the floor beside an
open trunk, and he is studying reverently the old photo of
Claudia, smiling radiantly in her best dress. Finally, MUNNY
puts the picture down and digs in the trunk among folded
dresses that belonged to her, until he feels something metal
and he sees the blue steel among the white cloth and then he
pulls it out... an old Starr .44 pistol.

15 EXT. SOD HUT -- CLOSE ON MOJAV COFFEE TIN -- DAY

15

As MUNNY places it on the fence behind his sod hut.

WIDER ANGLE MUNNY has the Starr in his right hand and he
turns and walks back toward the house fifteen yards away.

WILL and PENNY are watching. They know something is going
on, but they don't know how to ask what it is.

MUNNY faces the coffee tin and solemnly extends his pistol
arm straight out and carefully sights along the barrel.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Bam! A burst of flame and a puff of black smoke from the gun.

The Mojav tin hasn't moved.

Slowly, carefully, MUNNY raises the gun again and aims with great deliberation.

Bam! The coffee tin doesn't move.

MUNNY shakes his head slowly in disgust and aims again.

Bam! Missed again.

MUNNY gives a quick sheepish glance in the direction of the children. There is a lot of smoke. He aims again and --

Bam! He misses.

MUNNY is irritated and he aims and fires hastily, and flame bursts from the gun and smoke and --

The tin is unmoved.

WILL looks at his feet, embarrassed, not wanting to meet his father's eyes.

MUNNY stuffs the pistol in his waistband and disappears into the house.

WILL and PENNY look at one another nervously, wondering what's happening.

PENNY

Did Paw used to kill folks?

WILL doesn't answer and then he looks up because MUNNY steps out of the house again, a sawed-off Remington 10-gauge shotgun in his hands.

MUNNY raises the double-barreled weapon to his shoulder and aims carefully and...

Barrroooooom! The can flies away in pieces and some of the fence, too.

16 EXT. SHADE TREES -- DAY

16

HEADSTONE. IT SAYS:

CLAUDIA FEATHERS MUNNY

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

"Born, March 11, 1849 Died, August 6, 1878, aged 29 years, in the full enjoyment of that love which constrained her to leave all for Christ and heathen souls."

Lo, we have left all and followed thee:

What shall we leave therefore. 19:25"

The headstone is under a couple of shade trees fifty yards from the sod hut. MUNNY is sitting on a rock under the trees looking at the headstone, and he has on a cheap black suit now. He twists the hat, tormented... and he starts to say something out loud but he can't because men don't talk to stones. So finally he gets up, slumped in defeat, and he puts a little bouquet of flowers on the grave and he turns away unhappily.

17 EXT. SOD HUT -- DAY

17

The albino mare snorting and shying, anxious to lose the saddle. WILL has her by the halter, holding her with effort, in front of the house.

WILL

She ain't hardly a saddle horse no more, Paw. She ain't used to the feel.

MUNNY walks up and puts his hand on PENNY'S head, fondly.

MUNNY

Them flowers, Penny, I could tell your Maw liked them, hear?
(turning to WILL)
Take care of your sister, son. You can kill three chickens if you need, not no more. Keep the hogs that got fever separate if you can. An' if you need help, go see Sally Two-Trees over to Ned Logan's.

Then he turns to the mare and shoves a foot in the stirrup to mount, but the horse shies and MUNNY goes down in the dust looking very undignified.

And PENNY is horrified and humiliated for her father, whom she worships, and WILL's eyes are big because MUNNY's coat came open and he caught a quick glimpse of the Starr pistol stuck in the waistband.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MUNNY
 (brushing himself
 off, embarrassed).
 Ain't felt a saddle in a while myself.

Then MUNNY has one foot in the stirrup and the horse starts to shy, and MUNNY has to hop around with one foot stirruped and the other not... and when he tries to swing aboard he falls back...

MUNNY
 Easy, old gal, easy...

And he still can't make it, so to cover his embarrassment he talks to the kids while he hops around desperately trying to mount.

MUNNY
 (continuing)
 Now this here horse is gettin' even on me... hold on, gal... for the sins of my youth... In my youth... before I met... your dear, departed mother... I was weak an' givin' to mistreatin' horses an' such. An' this here horse... an' that ol' pig, too, I guess... is my comeuppance for my cruelty...

At last he is in the saddle and takes a deep breath.

MUNNY
 (continuing)
 Used to be I could cuss an' hurt an animal... till your departed mother, God rest her, showed me the error of my ways.

MUNNY turns the albino mare and starts out the gate going west toward the fields.

MUNNY
 (continuing; over his
 shoulder).
 I won't be no longer than a couple of weeks. Remember how the spirit of your departed maw watches over you.

WILL and PENNY are watching him go and WILL is fighting back the tears, but PENNY has lost the battle and she is crying and the horse whinnies.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2) 17

ANGLE ON MUNNY

Twenty yards away, getting up off the ground and trying to catch the shying, prancing horse on foot, his dignity a shambles.

18 INT. ALICE'S ROOM -- NIGHT 18

ALICE in pain because SKINNY is twisting her arm and they are in ALICE'S room... It is still night... and the other whores are there, scared, nervous.

SKINNY
(furious)
Where'd you get the money, huh?

ALICE
(in pain)
We ain't got it. We ain't got no money.

SKINNY
You told them cowboys you had it.

ALICE
We was... lyin'.

SKINNY
(lets her go)
What you gonna do when somebody comes to collect?
(yelling)
Fuck 'em? Fuck 'em a thousand times?
(goes to door, then stops)
The kind of people who'll come after that thousand, they won't tolerate if you don't have it. They won't just cut your face up a little.
(screaming)
Stupid cunts!

19 EXT. LITTLE BILL'S HOUSE -- ANGLE ON HOT SUN -- DAY 19

Blazing down.

Bang, bang, bang, hammer on nail and the fingers holding the nail are swollen and purple and then... whup, hammer on flesh.

LITTLE BILL
Oh, shit, shit an' damn, oh fuck my mother and my father, oh damn an' Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL is hopping around in his hat and boots and nothing else in front of his brand new one-story, fourroom frame house that hasn't been painted it's so new and doesn't have a porch yet, though that is being begun... sort of. In fact... the house doesn't look quite right... looks a little lopsided.

SKINNY DUBOIS is standing there, in the clearing, wiping his brow and catching his breath and watching LITTLE BILL.

SKINNY

Hit your finger, huh?

LITTLE BILL

(surprised)

Huh? Hullo, Skinny. Snuck up on me.

(indicating the house
proudly)

How do you like her?

SKINNY

(looking critically)

Heard you done the roof yourself.

LITTLE BILL

Roof? Jesus, Skinny, I done practically every damn thing myself. Roberts boy hauled wood, that's all.

SKINNY

What's all that wood?

LITTLE BILL

(enthusiastically)

Porch. I'm puttin' a porch on her so's I can puff my pipe of an evening an' drink my coffee an' watch the sun set.

LITTLE BILL is back at it, hauling a four-by-six into position.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing; over his
shoulder, proudly.)

You come clear up here just to get a look at her?

The train whistle screams loudly below in the valley and, turning nervously, SKINNY can see a puff of steam above the distant trees.

SKINNY

Them whores...

(CONTINUED)

He pauses, reluctant to go on. LITTLE BILL isn't really paying attention to anything but his house.

LITTLE BILL

Yeah?

SKINNY

Them whores, they been fuckin' an fuckin' all them cowboys that come into town the last two weeks...

LITTLE BILL

(chuckling).)

Shit, Skinny, we got railroad barons an' cattle barons, but you're gonna be the first of the billiard barons.

SKINNY

(ignoring him)

.... They been fuckin' 'em, an' tellin' every bowlegged one of 'em how they're payin' a thousand dollars to whatever son of a bitch kills them two boys which cut up Delilah.

LITTLE BILL drops the board he's holding up and turns sharply to SKINNY. Down in the valley the train whistle screams and, after a long, tense moment, LITTLE BILL turns and looks out over the valley, frowning.

LITTLE BILL

An' all them cowboys been riding that beef down to Kansas an' Cheyenne?

SKINNY

(unhappily, dropping his eyes).)

Yup.

LITTLE BILL

All week?

SKINNY

(apologetically).)

I didn't hear nothin' till last night.

LITTLE BILL

Word must have got all the way to Texas by now.

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

SKINNY

(quickly).)

Oh, shit, Bill, I guess nobody's gonna come clear from Texas.

LITTLE BILL

(sitting down)

They really got all that money, them whores?

SKINNY

(sitting beside bill)

You know how women kin lie... I knock 'em around a little, ask 'em where the money is, they say they don't have none... but they coulda squirreled away that much, the five of 'em. Maybe.

Pause.

LITTLE BILL

That much, huh?

SKINNY

(hopeful)

You could run off them two cowboys.

LITTLE BILL

(sharply)

I could run off them whores.

SKINNY

(after a pause)

Well, I guess they'll just up an' run anyhow, them two.

LITTLE BILL

(glumly)

Nope. They'll stay out on the Spade country where they got friends.

The train whistle screams down in the valley and the train is chugging in the distance, pulling out, headed South.

SKINNY

Shit, Bill, could be nobody won't come at all.

20 EXT. LOGAN HOUSE -- DAY

20

SALLY TWO TREES, weeding under a hot sun. She is an Indian woman about forty years old, heavy, and she is pulling weeds

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

from a neat garden near the Logan House and she looks up and she sees something and frowns and keeps looking and doesn't like what she sees.

HER POV -- MAN

in the distance riding an albino mare, making his way slowly through the prosperous fields of young corn.

ANGLE ON SALLY

She looks over at her husband, NED LOGAN, who is working not far away and he seems to "hear" her look because he turns to her and, seeing her troubled expression, he follows her look and he, too, sees the rider on the albino mare.

NED

I'll be damned. It's Billy Munny.

NED is about forty, balding, a farmer, but not as seedy-looking as his old friend, BILL MUNNY.

ANGLE ON MUNNY

Trying to dismount and the albino prancing and MUNNY staggering and SALLY looking at the scene grimly.

MUNNY

(awkwardly)

Hullo, Sally... I... uh, I ain't seen you in near as long as this, uh... as this horse ain't felt the saddle.

MUNNY gets up out of the dust looking uncomfortable and SALLY just stares at him coldly.

NED

(warmly)

Come on in outta the sun, Bill. Sally, you see to Bill's horse.

MUNNY nods an uncomfortable thank-you to SALLY as NED leads him toward a house that is very different from MUNNY's. It is a two-story frame house, freshly painted and surrounded by a well-tended garden, a toolshed, a barn, and lush fields.

As the men disappear into the house, SALLY leads the albino toward the barn. Her sharp eyes don't miss the stock of the shotgun where it protrudes slightly from the bedroll. Her eyes seem to see even into the future... and all they see is trouble.

21 INT. LOGAN HOUSE -- CLOSE ON CLEAN CERAMIC COFFEE MUGS -- DAY 21

as NED takes them from a tidy cabinet in his cozy kitchen with the castiron stove, the solid table.

WIDER ANGLE MUNNY is sitting at the table looking moodily into space.

NED

(earnestly)

We ain't bad men no more, Bill. Hell, we're farmers.

MUNNY

(thoughtfully)

Should be easy killin' 'em...
supposin' they don't run off to Texas first.

NED

(taking the pot from
the stove).)

How long since you shot a gun at a man?

(pause)

Nine... ten years?

MUNNY

Eleven.

NED

Easy, huh? Hell, I don't know that it was all that easy then... an' we was young an' full of beans.

(pouring coffee)

Bill... if you was mad at 'em... if they done you wrong... I could see shootin' 'em...

MUNNY

(looking NED in the
eye)

We done stuff before for money, Ned.

NED

(sitting down)

Well, we thought we was doin' it for money...

(he pauses, remembering)

... What'd they do, anyhow? Cheat at cards, steal some strays, spit on a rich fella?

(CONTINUED)

MUNNY

Cut up a woman. Cut her eyes out,
cut her tits off, cut her fingers
off... done everythin' but cut up
her cunny, I guess.

NED

(after chewing on
that one)

Well, I guess they got it comin'...
(and he pauses and
looks MUNNY in the
eye)
... But you wouldn't go if Claudia
was alive.

It hits MUNNY like salt on a wound and he just takes it.
They both know NED is right and they think about it silently.
Finally MUNNY speaks glumly.

MUNNY

(getting up and going
to the door)

I guess you wouldn't mind to look in
on my youngsters next week. Might be
you could help them move a couple of
them pigs if they got to separate
'em more.

NED has been thinking about it while MUNNY's talking,
wrestling with it, and now MUNNY is out the door.

NED

How long you gonna be, Bill?

MUNNY

Two weeks, I guess.

NED

This Kid, what's he like?

MUNNY turns and looks at NED and their eyes meet and MUNNY
realizes NED is coming.

NED

(continuing)

Three ways?

MUNNY

Yup. You still got the Spencer rifle?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

NED
 (grinning)
 Yeah, an' I could still hit a bird
 in the eye, flyin'.

22 EXT. LOGAN HOUSE -- DAY 22

MUNNY landing with a thud in the dust and picking himself up hurriedly and casting a sheepish glance over his shoulder at NED as he makes another awkward effort to mount the mare.

NED
 (amazed at this
 performance)
 Jesus, Bill.

CLOSE ANGLE -- SALLY TWO TREES The sad, wise eyes of SALLY TWO TREES as she watches the two riders disappearing in the distance. Her eyes are saying good-bye.

23 EXT. PATH -- DAY 23

The riders in the distance. One horse is walking and the white one is prancing and shying in an unruly manner while her rider fights desperately for control.

24 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY -- DUSK (SUNSET) 24

NED and MUNNY riding in open country.

NED
 He musta been movin' right along.

MUNNY
 We'll come across him tomorra, I
 guess.

25 EXT. CAMP -- NIGHT 25

And the sizzling campfire as NED empties the grease from the frying pan into the fire.

MUNNY is already lying down, fussing in his blankets to get comfortable and the crickets are chirping up a storm.

MUNNY
 Got used to my bed. Ain't gonna feel
 to home out here.

(CONTINUED)

NED

(getting into his
blanket)

Well, it ain't just the bed I'm gonna miss. I'm...

(He stops suddenly.)

... Hell, Billy, I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

MUNNY

It ain't nothin', don't fret it.

(pause)

She don't like it much, you goin' off with me.

NED

Sally?

MUNNY

She give me the evil eye.

NED

It's just... she's an Indian an' Indians ain't... overfriendly.

MUNNY

I ain't blamin' her, Ned, I ain't holdin' it against her.

(pause)

She knew me back then... an' she seen what a no-good son of a bitch I was... an' she won't allow how I've changed. She just don't know how I ain't like that no more.

NED

Well, she...

MUNNY

(urgently)

I ain't the same, Ned. Claudia, she... straightened me up, got me clear of the whiskey an' all. Us goin' to do this killin'... that don't mean I'm back to like I was. I just need the money... for a new start... for them youngsters.

(long pause)

Remember that drover, the one I shot in the mouth so's the teeth come out the back of his head?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MUNNY (CONT'D)

I dream about him now an' again. I didn't have no reason to shoot him... not one I could remember when I sobered up.

NED

You was a... a crazy son of a bitch.

MUNNY

Nobody liked me... none of the boys. They was scared of me... figured I might shoot 'em out of pure meanness.

NED

You ain't like that no more.

MUNNY

Eagle... he hated my guts. Bonaparte didn't like me none.

NED

Nor Quincy, I guess.

MUNNY

Quincy, he was always watchin' me. Scared.

NED

You ain't like that no more.

MUNNY

Hell, no. I'm just a fella now. Ain't no different from anyone else no more.

After a pause, NED rolls over to go to sleep and says something kind by way of saying good night.

NED

Hell, Bill, I always liked you... even back then.

NED settles in his covers and so does MUNNY and the crickets chirp for a long moment but MUNNY can't sleep with the lie.

MUNNY

No, you didn't. You wasn't no different, Ned.

And we...

CUT TO:

26 EXT. TRAIN -- DAY 26

A train whistle screaming.

27 INT. RAILROAD COACH -- DAY 27

The headline on the newspaper says: "PRESIDENT GARFIELD WOUNDED." FUZZY, a cowboy, is sitting in the rocking coach reading the paper with great effort, partly because of the motion of the train and partly because FUZZY can't read very well... but CROCKER, the rough-looking cowboy on the seat next to him, can't read at all.

CROCKER

All I want to know is what son of a bitch shot him, that's all. Was it one of them John Bull assholes?

Across the aisle two well-dressed gentlemen are sitting. The one by the window, the lean one in the frock coat and slouch hat, is W.W. BEAUCHAMP, and the one on the aisle, pudgy, pink-cheeked, with neat muttonchop whiskers, wearing a frock coat and waistcoat and a silk slouch hat in spite of the heat, is ENGLISH BOB. ENGLISH BOB has beady blue eyes, is about thirty-five, and pulls constantly on a good cigar.

ENGLISH BOB

(in a rich English
accent)

No, sir, I believe the would-be murderer is a gentleman of French ancestry... or so it would seem. I hope I won't give offense if I observe that the French are known to be a race of assassins, though they can't shoot worth a damn... any Frenchman among the present company excluded of course.

CROCKER, not liking or understanding the interruption, gives ENGLISH BOB a hard stare.

FUZZY

(to CROCKER)

Says here a fellow by the name of "Gitto." "G-U-I-T..."

CROCKER

(eyes on BOB)

Sounds like a damn John Bull to me.
"Gitto."

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

THURSTON, a cowboy sitting behind CROCKER, turns in his seat, sensing the tension in the air and W. W. feels it, too, and shifts uneasily but ENGLISH BOB is unperturbed and he pulls cheerfully on his cigar.

ENGLISH BOB

Well, sirs... again not wishing to give offense... it might be a good idea if the country were to choose a Queen... or even a King... rather than a president. One isn't as quick to take a shot at a King or a Queen. The majesty of royalty, you see...

CROCKER

(provocative).)

Maybe you don't wish to give offense, sir, but you are givin' it pretty thick. This country don't need no queens whatsoever, I guess.

CROCKER is shifting in his seat so that the revolver in his holster is prominent and there is uneasy stirring among the nearby passengers. A DRUMMER looks around for exits.

CROCKER

(continuing)

As a matter of fact, what I heard about queens...

THURSTON

Shut up, Joe.

CROCKER

(to THURSTON)

Huh? What's got up your ass, Thirsty? This dude asshole...

THURSTON

(to CROCKER, but his eyes on BOB)

Might be the "dude!" is English Bob... the one who works for the Union Pacific shootin' Chinamen. Might be he wants for some dumb cowboy to touch his pistol... so's he can shoot him down.

ENGLISH BOB, unperturbed, just pulls on his cigar.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

CROCKER

(sobered)

That a fact, mister? You English
Bob?

ENGLISH BOB

(affably)

Why don't we shoot some turkeys,
friend? Ten shots... a dollar a
turkey. I'll shoot for the Queen,
and you can shoot for... whomever.

28 EXT. TRAIN -- DAY

28

Turkeys bursting from long Nebraska grass as the train whistle
screams.

Blam! A turkey plummets to earth.

Blam! Another goes down.

ANGLE ON ENGLISH BOB

On the swaying platform between cars, his pistol smoking,
and BOB brings it up again fast and sights and Blam!

An explosion of feathers plummeting down and disappearing in
the long grass.

ANGLE ON OTHER SIDE OF PLATFORM

Where W.W. BEAUCHAMP, CROCKER, THURSTON, FUZZY and the nervous
DRUMMER, in a cheap bowler, are standing. They are all
impressed with the fact that ENGLISH BOB is one hell of a
shot with a pistol.

ENGLISH BOB

(to CROCKER)

I believe that's eight for me... to
one for you. A matter of seven of
your American dollars.

CROCKER

(grudgingly counting
silver dollars)

Pretty damn good shootin'...
(aring)
... for a John Bull.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

ENGLISH BOB
 (accepting the money
 cheerfully)
 No doubt your aim was affected by
 your grief over the injury to your...
 uh... president.

29 EXT. TRAIN STOP -- DAY

29

Bawling cattle milling in the pens south of Big Whiskey, and the train hissing and steaming at a standstill.

CLOSE ANGLE Two leather valises and a leather rifle case as MUDDY CHANDLER tosses them on his mud wagon, a sort of open stagecoach. The scene is one of chaos as the train steams and hisses and baggage is tossed off and more is tossed on.

CHANDLER
 It's a nickel up to Big Whiskey,
 gentlemen.

W.W. hands CHANDLER the money and, as he and ENGLISH BOB climb into the mud wagon, they are accosted by GERMANY JOE SCHULTZ, who runs the livery stable and does horse business with railway passengers on the side.

GERMANY JOE
 I godd nize horzes I zell you, boyce.
 Nize prize for Independence Day,
 boyce.

30 EXT. MUD WAGON -- DAY

30

ENGLISH BOB and W.W. riding in the mud wagon, bouncing uncomfortably in spite of the slow pace, and eating dust and sweating profusely.

ENGLISH BOB
 (irritably)
 It's the climate does it. That and
 the infernal distances.

W.W.
 Does what?

ENGLISH BOB
 Induces people to shoot persons in
 high places.
 (mopping his brow
 with his handkerchief)
 It's a savage country. That's the
 second one shot in twenty years.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

ENGLISH BOB (CONT'D)

It's uncivilized, shooting people of substance.

The mud wagon rattles past the South Road sign. It is similar to the one of the North Road and says: "No Firearms in Big Whiskey. Ordinance 14. Deposit pistols and rifles County Office".

31 EXT. BIG WHISKEY INN -- DAY

31

Deputy ANDY RUSSELL stepping out of the County Office as the mud wagon clatters to a stop in front of the Big Whiskey Inn.

ANDY is just twenty, a good-looking kid with a badge on his vest and a holstered pistol. He watches the passengers climb out of the mud wagon, and as ENGLISH BOB alights, his frock coat parts and gives ANDY just the quickest glimpse of a holstered pistol under the coat.

ANDY

Pardon me, gentlemen, but local ordinance obliges you to surrender your sidearms to proper authority for the duration of your visit.

W.W. looks at ENGLISH BOB and ENGLISH BOB turns and looks ANDY up and down very coolly.

ENGLISH BOB

Proper authority, eh?
(breezily)
Well, sir... neither my companion nor I carry firearms on our persons. Rather, we trust in the goodwill of our fellow man and the forbearance of reptiles.

And ENGLISH BOB gives a smart bow, turns with a swirl of coattails that allows a brief glimpse of not one, but two holstered pistols, and marches off. As W.W. follows ENGLISH BOB, he glances nervously back to see what young ANDY will do but ANDY just stares nonplussed. In that quick glimpse, ANDY saw how the weapons were tied down with thongs, meaning the owner wanted a quick pull... and this shit is out of his league.

32 INT. COUNTY OFFICE -- DAY

32

Ker-chick, clack, a Henry rifle cocked and the action checked. ANDY is cleaning the weapon in the County Office.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Unarmed, my ass. shuck, ka-chak.
CHARLEY HECKER breaks open a single-
barreled shotgun and moves a shell
in.

CHARLEY

(wiping his brow
nervously)
Christ, it's hot.

FATTY

(cheerfully)
If I'm gonna get shot, I druther it
was hot than cold. Everythin' hurts
me more in the cold.

FATTY is sitting in a chair in front of the empty jail cell
cleaning a revolver, oblivious to the tension.

FATTY

(continuing)
You know how if you hit your thumb
in the cold, how it...?

CHARLEY

Shut up, Fatty.

FATTY

I only said...

Outside a horse clatters up fast and ANDY jumps nervously to
the window.

ANDY

Clyde's back.

CHARLEY

Little Bill with him?

ANDY

No.

CHARLEY

(worried)
Shit.

CLYDE bursts in the door. He is wearing two gunbelts crossed,
with a holster on each side. Since he has only one arm, he
carries one pistol butt forward and the other butt back.

CLYDE

You boys clean my Remington?

(CONTINUED)

FATTY
 (holding it up)
 Cleaned an' loaded.

CHARLEY
 Where's Little Bill, for Christ sake?

CLYDE
 (inspecting the pistol)
 Ha. He was building his fucking porch.

CHARLEY
 Building his porch!

FATTY
 If you was to get shot, Andy, would
 you like it better to be a hot day
 or...?

ANDY
 (sharply)
 I ain't gonna get shot.

CHARLEY
 (to CLYDE)
 He's coming, ain't he?

CLYDE
 (ejecting shells)
 'Course he's coming.

FATTY
 Hey, I just loaded her. Watcha doin'?

CLYDE
 I don't trust nobody to load my guns,
 not for a shootin'.

CHARLEY
 What'd he say?

CLYDE
 Little Bill? He didn't say nothin'.
 Like I said, he was buildin' his
 porch. Have you seen that thing?

FATTY
 (sulking)
 It was all loaded. Jesus, Clyde, you
 got three pistols an' only one arm,
 for Christ sake.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE

(to FATTY)

I just don' wanna get killed for
lack of shootin' back.

(to CHARLEY)

You know there ain't a straight angle
in that whole goddamn porch... or in
the whole house for that matter.
He's the worst fucking carpenter...

CHARLEY

(worried)

He didn't say nothin', huh?

CLYDE

(putting the third
pistol in his belt.)

Asked what they looked like, that's
all. Christ, maybe he's tough, but
he sure ain't no carpenter.

CHARLEY

Maybe he ain't so tough.

CLYDE looks up, surprised. There is a sudden silence.

ANDY

(blurting it)

He seem like... like he was... scared?

CLYDE

(amazed)

Little Bill? Him scared?

CHARLEY

We never seen him up against any...
like these ones... killers.

CLYDE

(looking at the
frightened faces of
CHARLEY and ANDY)

Little Bill come out of Kansas an'
Texas, boys. He worked them tough
towns.

CHARLEY

(ashamed)

Just wondered. Anybody could be
scared.

ANDY drops his eyes and looks away from CLYDE.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4)

32

CLYDE

(with meaning)

No. He wasn't scared, boys. He just ain't a good carpenter.

33 INT. BARBERSHOP -- DAY

33

ENGLISH BOB, delighting in the smooth feel of his freshly shaved pink cheeks, climbs cheerfully out of the barber chair, still chattering at the poor BARBER.

ENGLISH BOB

... can see that there's a dignity in royalty... a majesty... that precludes the likelihood of assassination.

The BARBER is applying his little whisk broom to BOB's waistcoat while w.w. pulls out his purse to make payment.

ENGLISH BOB

(continuing)

Why, if you were to point a pistol at a King or a Queen, sir, I can assure you your hand would shake as though palsied...

BARBER

(looking at BOB's pistols)

I wouldn't point no pistol at nobody, sir.

ENGLISH BOB

(putting on his frock coat over his guns)

A wise policy. But if you did, I can assure you, the sight of royalty would cause you to dismiss all thoughts of bloodshed and stand... in awe.

(pause)

Whereas, a president... I mean why not shoot a president?

The BARBER doesn't know how to take this guy, and just ogles him.

ENGLISH BOB

Now this Strawberry Alice person, tell me again.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

BARBER

Down the street and across. Greely's Beer Garden and Billiard Parlor. Just ask for Alice and say you want a game of billiards.

ENGLISH BOB

(about to exit)
Billiards, eh? Even though I don't really wish to play?

BARBER

Don't matter. They burned the table in '78 for firewood.

ENGLISH BOB

Ah, I see.

W.W. has already stepped out and ENGLISH BOB follows him out the door.

34 EXT. BARBERSHOP/MAIN STREET -- DAY

34

ENGLISH BOB steps out the door.

ENGLISH BOB

Come on, W.W. Let's...

Something's wrong! There is a funny quiet and W.W. is frozen like a ramrod. ENGLISH BOB turns around.

ANGLE ON CHARLEY HECKER

Ten yards to BOB's right, pointing a 12-gauge shotgun, and FATTY ROSSITER a few feet away, pointing his old Enfield.

ANGLE ON ANDY RUSSELL

On BOB's left, pale and tense, pointing his Henry, and CLYDE LEDBETTER kneeling near him, leveling one of his pistols.

ANGLE ON LITTLE BILL

Standing ten yards away in the empty dusty street where the Fourth of July flags are flapping.

LITTLE BILL

Hullo, Bob. Boys, this here is English Bob.

ENGLISH BOB

(under his breath)
Shit and fried eggs.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL

Been a long time, Bob. You run out
of Chinamen?

ENGLISH BOB

(recovering his
composure)

Little Bill, I thought you were dead.
I see you shaved off your chin
whiskers.

LITTLE BILL

(feeling his chin)

Well, I was always tasting the soup
two hours after I et it.

ANGLE ON STREET

Empty, silent.

ANGLE ON FACES

In the window of the Blue Bottle restaurant. EGGS ANDERSON,
TOM LUCKINBILL, MRS. PEEVEY, HOPPITY THOMAS, peering out.

ANGLE ON ALICE, KATE, AND LITTLE SUE

In Greely's window and, in the open doorway, ready to duck
for cover, SKINNY and GERMANY JOE SCHULTZ and PADDY MCGEE,
the cooper.

ANGLE ON ENGLISH BOB

ENGLISH BOB

What I heard was that you fell off
your horse drunk and broke your neck.

LITTLE BILL

I heard that one myself, Bob. Hell,
I even thought I was dead till I
found out it was just I was in
Nebraska.

(pause)

Who's your friend?

ENGLISH BOB

W.W. Beauchamp... Little Bill Daggett
and... "friends."

W.W.

(nervous)

From N-n-newton?... and H-hays, and
A-a-bilene?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

ENGLISH BOB

(dryly)
The same.

CHARLEY is taking all this in, wide-eyed.

LITTLE BILL

You work for the railroads, too, Mr.
Beauchamp?

W.W.

(scared to death).
N-no. I wr-wr-wr-write... I wr-wr-
write...

LITTLE BILL

Letters?

ENGLISH BOB

Books. He's my biographer.

LITTLE BILL

(fighting amazement)
Oh.

And W.W. is reaching for a pocket.

ANGLE ON ANDY, CHARLEY, CLYDE AND FATTY

Tensing to fire.

ANGLE ON ENGLISH BOB

ENGLISH BOB

I wouldn't do it, W.W.

W.W. freezes, terrified... and a puddle of urine forms at
his feet.

W.W.

It's o-only a b-b-b-book...

LITTLE BILL

(his pistol half-drawn)
A book, huh?
(returning his pistol
and glancing at the
piss)

I guess that means you can read...
An' I guess you boys seen them signs
about surrendering your firearms...
But then, like you told old Andy

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL (CONT'D)
there, you ain't armed, are you,
Bob?

ENGLISH BOB
Not really...
(shrugging)
Maybe a couple of Peacemakers...
(bargaining)
I imagine you could overlook those,
eh, Bill? If you didn't see them...
or hear them?

LITTLE BILL
(cold as ice)
I guess not, Bob. I don't like guns
around.

With a sardonic glance at the arsenal trained on him, ENGLISH BOB gives a shrug and holds open his coat in surrender, exposing two fancy holstered pistols.

LITTLE BILL gives ANDY a head signal and ANDY steps forward and takes the pistols from ENGLISH BOB's holsters.

LITTLE BILL
Charley, see what sort of "books"
Mr. Beauchamp is packing... but watch
you don't get wet.

ENGLISH BOB
(to ANDY)
Be careful with those, sonny.

Onlookers are stepping out of doorways now and moving timidly into the street, forming a large semicircle. The whores are among them.

CHARLEY
No shit, Little Bill, all he's got
is this here book.

CHARLEY holds up a dime novel with a lurid cover showing a gentleman in a top hat protecting a woman with his body while firing two pistols at seven disheveled "Western-types." The title is The Duke of Death.

LITTLE BILL
(reading with effort)
The... Duck of Death.

W.W.
D-d-d-duke. The D-d-duke of Death.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (4)

34

ENGLISH BOB starts to go but LITTLE BILL puts a hand on his shoulder.

LITTLE BILL
Give me the .32, Bob.

Furious, ENGLISH BOB turns and looks into BILL's eyes and then, seeing no alternative, opens his vest, exposing a small pistol.

ENGLISH BOB
You leave me at the mercy of my enemies.

LITTLE BILL
(taking the pistol)
Enemies, Bob? You been talking about the Queen again? On Independence Day?

A lot of the tension has gone out of the occasion and the CROWD is beginning to murmur and PEOPLE are starting to move and a couple of KIDS are running when suddenly...

Crunch! ENGLISH BOB's face seems to cave in with the force of LITTLE BILL's fist and BOB literally flies backward and slams into the side of the barbershop.

ANGLE ON ALICE, ANDY, LITTLE SUE, CHARLEY

ALICE gasping... ANDY's jaw drops... LITTLE SUE's eyes bulge... CHARLEY gulps.

ANGLE ON ENGLISH BOB

Slumped against the wall, blood pouring from his unhinged jaw, amazed.

ENGLISH BOB
Wh... what...?

LITTLE BILL walks calmly up to him and Wham... kicks him hard in the chest.

ANGLE ON SILKY, MRS. PEEVEY, EGGS, ALICE

SILKY, having a hard time swallowing, and MRS. PEEVEY turning away and EGGS, horrified, and ALICE'S scared face.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (5)

34

ANGLE ON ENGLISH BOB

Bloody, on all fours, pulling a knife from his waistcoat... but the whole effort is painful and hopeless. He hasn't a chance.

LITTLE BILL looks down at him for a moment from his enormous height, watching the smaller man's pitiful effort, then, Slam!... LITTLE BILL kicks him in the ribs hard and you can hear air going out of BOB, and BILL steps hard on BOB's knife hand and the bones crunch loudly.

ANGLE ON W.W. AND ANDY

W.W., white as a ghost and ANDY is trying not to vomit. There is the sound of another brutal blow.

ANGLE ON ENGLISH BOB

ENGLISH BOB on all fours in the dusty street now, barely conscious.

Ka-whump! LITTLE BILL kicks him again, not angrily, but hard.

LITTLE BILL

I guess you think I'm kickin' you,
Bob... but it ain't so.

(wham, another kick)

What I'm doin' is talkin', hear? I'm
talkin' to all them villains down in
Kansas an' them villains in Cheyenne.

(whump). Lettin' em know there ain't no whores' gold...

LITTLE BILL turns and looks hard at the whores and ALICE is sick from the violence and LITTLE SUE is biting her lip and SILKY has tears in her eyes.

LITTLE BILL

(turning his back to
BOB and kicking him)

... an' how if there was... how they
wouldn't want to come lookin' for it
anyhow.

LITTLE BILL looks down with eyes as cold as ice and ENGLISH BOB grovels in the bloody dust, barely conscious.

35 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY -- DAY

35

Open country under a hot sun and MUNNY and NED riding their horses at a walk and the saddles creaking and birds chirping in the five-foot-high grass.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

It is late morning in Northern Kansas and they have been riding since dawn, mostly in silence, but NED has something on his mind and he glances at MUNNY and frowns and then finally he blurts his question.

NED

Say, Bill... You ever... ever go into town... an' all?

MUNNY

(surprised at the question)

Sure, I got to. Got to get supplies.

NED

No. I mean...

(embarrassed)

... an' get yourself a woman? You know?

MUNNY looks away quickly, embarrassed, and it seems like he isn't going to answer, and then, when he finally does, he keeps his eyes on the horizon.

MUNNY

Naw. Naw, I don't ever go into town for that.

(pause)

A man like me... A man like me. can't get no woman but one he's gonna pay for... an' that ain't right... buyin' flesh.

(looking at NED)

Claudia, God rest her soul, she wouldn't have wanted me doin' nothin' like that, me bein' a father, an' all.

He looks away again.

NED

(rhetorically)

Whaddaya do, just use your hand?

MUNNY

(after a nervous glance at NED)

Sometimes... yeah.

(looking at horizon)

I don't miss it all that much.

NED is shaking his head, wondering at the transformation of his old friend when...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

Crack! A rifle shot and the albino mare rears violently, whinnying and hurling MUNNY out of the saddle and...

NED's roan bolts at full speed, NED barely staying aboard.

Crack! Another shot.

ANGLE ON MUNNY

On all fours in the tall grass. He feels his forehead and wipes away a little blood, and shakes his head to clear it. Then he hears rustling in the long grass and he whirls and pulls the Starr out of his belt, and sitting back, he aims at where he heard the noise and he pulls back the hammer with a loud Click.

NED (O.S.)
(a whisper)
Billy. Billy.

MUNNY
(lowering the pistol,
relieved)
Yeah.

NED crawls out of the grass next to MUNNY.

NED
Some fucker's shootin' at us.

MUNNY
Yeah.

NED
(alarmed, seeing blood)
He hit you?

MUNNY
Naw. I bumped my head fallin' off of
my horse.

Crack, another shot. NED looks puzzled and he lifts his head up and tries to look around without exposing himself.

A hundred yards away, NED can see a clump of four or five trees and there is a little cloud of black smoke still hanging in the air there and then a sudden flash of fire, smoke and crack!

NED doesn't even duck, he just frowns.

(CONTINUED)

NED

He ain't shootin' our way no more.
 (indicating the left)
 He's shootin' over that way. Who's
 he shootin' at over that way?

MUNNY

Beats the hell out of me.

NED

You suppose maybe we're in somebody's
 field?

MUNNY

I didn't see nothin' planted.

Crack. Another shot. NED ducks urgently.

NED

Fuck, he's shootin' at us again.
 Crack, Crack, Crack.

NED

(continuing)
 Jesus, he's shootin' up the whole
 fucking horizon.

MUNNY is thinking about it, has an idea, weighs it and gives
 it a try.

MUNNY

(shouting)
 Hey!

NED

You're marking us, Billy.

MUNNY

(ignoring him)
 Hey, Kid.

NED

Kid? The Kid's shootin' at us?

MUNNY

Is that you, Kid?

NED

Why would The Kid shoot at us?

MUNNY

Hey, Kid. it's me, Bill Munny.

36 EXT. TREES -- DAY

36

THE KID, rifle at his cheek, is crouched behind one of the trees. His horse is standing nearby.

MUNNY (O.S.)
Hey, Kid, is that you? It's me, Bill
Munny.

THE KID is frowning and finally he makes up his mind.

THE KID
(houting)
Yeah. It's me.

MUNNY (O.S.)
Don't shoot at us no more, okay?

THE KID is peering around the tree and squinting ferociously.

HIS POV -- THE FIELD

It is one big blur. He can't see worth a shit.

THE KID
Squinting and peering and worrying.

THE KID
Who you got with you?

MUNNY (O.S.)
Ned Logan. My old partner, Ned Logan.
Don't you shoot no more, hear?

THE KID doesn't like it, he's nervous and twitching, trying desperately to see what's going on out there.

MUNNY (O.S.)
We're gonna collect our horses an'
come on over. You ain't gonna shoot
no more, are you?

THE KID
No, I ain't.

37 EXT. TREES -- ANGLE ON MUNNY -- DAY

37

Bedraggled and sweaty, walking into the clump of trees leading his horse, and NED, behind him, leading his roan and looking just as bad.

MUNNY
Had to chase the damn horse a mile.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

THE KID is sitting under the shade tree looking sullen.

NED

(angry)

What was you shootin' at us for,
anyhow?

THE KID

Thought you was followin' me.

MUNNY

Well, we was. Like you said, I changed
my mind an'...

THE KID

Wasn't nothin' said about no partner.

MUNNY

Well, this here's Ned Logan... Ned,
this here's the Schofield Kid, nephew
of Pete Sothow an'...

THE KID

I seen two fellas followin' me, I
guessed they come to kill me.

(pause)

We didn't talk about no other fella.

MUNNY

(squatting in front
of THE KID, talking
in a persuasive tone)

Well now, Kid, there's two of these
cowboys, ain't that so? Better there's
three of us... maybe them cowboys
got friends. Maybe...

THE KID

I was gonna kill them two by myself.
It don't take three.

NED walks over to where THE KID's rifle is leaning against
the tree and THE KID is watching nervously.

MUNNY

Now Ned's a hell of a shot with a
rifle. Hell, he can hit a bird in
the eye, flyin'.

(CONTINUED)

NED
 (picking up THE KID's
 rifle)
 Better'n you anyhow, Kid. You wasn't
 comin' close.

THE KID
 Keep your damn hands offa that rifle,
 mister.

THE KID is touching his pistol and NED puts the rifle down,
 annoyed.

NED
 I was only checkin' it for you.
 Thought maybe somethin' was bent.

THE KID
 Nothin's bent.

NED
 Well, you was shootin' every which
 way an'...

THE KID
 (to MUNNY)
 You gonna share your half with him?

MUNNY
 Three ways, I figured.

THE KID
 No.

MUNNY
 (to NED)
 Sorry, Ned. Guess I wasted your time.
 See ya, Kid!

MUNNY turns to go and NED gives THE KID a disgusted look and
 turns away.

THE KID
 (to MUNNY)
 You're goin' back with him?

MUNNY
 (turning)
 He's my partner. He don't go, I don't.

NED is mounted and MUNNY starts to mount, too, but the mare
 is as reluctant as ever, shying and prancing while MUNNY
 hops awkwardly with one foot in the stirrup.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

THE KID

What's it come to, three ways?

MUNNY turns and looks at THE KID.

38 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY -- DAY

38

The three of them riding across open country. THE KID looks like he still has a thorn up his ass and the only sound is the creaking of saddles.

Storm clouds are gathering behind them on the horizon.

MUNNY

Oh, shit.

And THE KID looks back, but of course he can't figure out what it is they saw.

THE KID

What the hell are you pissin' about,
I'd like to know?

MUNNY

(astonished)

Huh?

THE KID

Well, what were you lookin' at,
anyhow?

MUNNY

Lookin' at?

NED

Clouds, Kid. We was lookin' at them
clouds on account of we got a storm
ridin' up our ass.

THE KID

(looking back)

Oh, them.

(petulantly)

Hell, I seen them.

NED frowns and looks at THE KID and something is bothering
NED.

39 EXT. STREAMBED -- DAY

39

A dry streambed and the three men are riding single file now with THE KID in the lead but NED has been thinking and, trotting his horse, he pulls alongside THE KID.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

NED

You was right to change your mind,
Kid.

THE KID

(surly, suspicious)
Yeah?

NED

(proudly)
I'm a damn good shot.
(looking up)
See that hawk up there? I could kill
that hawk with one shot.

ANGLE ON EMPTY SKY

There isn't any hawk.

ANGLE ON MUNNY

who is right behind them, looking up, and he doesn't see any hawk and he looks at NED like he thought NED was crazy and he frowns.

THE KID just looks up and squints and looks ahead at the trail and keeps riding.

THE KID

Hell, I could hit it, too, if I didn't
mind wastin' a shot.

And MUNNY looks up again, amazed, because they must be crazy, both of them.

And NED reins his horse hard.

NED

There ain't no hawk up there, Kid.

And THE KID reins and turns and he locks eyes with NED. He knows he's been found out.

NED

(continuing)
Can't see worth a shit, can you?

THE KID is furious, his eyes flick around and he spots something and he pulls out the Schofield.

THE KID

See them fucking turtles?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

ANGLE ON THREE TURTLES

making their way up the streambed ten yards away.

ANGLE ON THE KID

His Schofield spitting fire and smoke. Blam, blam.

ANGLE ON TURTLE

Blam, the third turtle exploding and following the other two to oblivion.

ANGLE ON MEN

MUNNY

(impressed)

Shit.

NED

(impressed, but holding
back)

How far kin you see?

THE KID

Far enough.

NED

We ain't goin' to Nebraska on no
turtle hunt. A hundred yards?

THE KID

More.

NED

(testing)

See that scrub oak yonder?

THE KID

(furious)

Fuck you.

NED

(to MUNNY)

He's blind, for Chri...

THE KID

(pointing his pistol
at NED)

I ain't blind, you asshole.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

MUNNY

Now hold on, boys, hold on. Now,
Kid, you kin see fifty yards, can't
you?

THE KID

Bet your ass I kin see fifty yards
an' I kin shoot this son of a bitch...

MUNNY

Easy, Kid, easy...
(looking NED in the
eye)
Now, you hear that, Ned? The kid can
see fifty yards fine, hear?

NED

(under his breath)
Jesus.

MUNNY

Fifty yards ain't bad.
(glancing at horizon)
Guess we better get along.

ANGLE ON SKY -- DAY

Storm clouds building behind them on the horizon.

40 INT. COUNTY OFFICE -- CLOSE ON BOOK -- NIGHT

40

The lurid cover, The Duke of Death by W.W. BEAUCHAMP. Widen.
LITTLE BILL is looking at the cover, his feet propped on his
desk in the county office. It is night and the office is lit
with an oil lamp.

LITTLE BILL

(referring to the
book)

Them boys look like real hard cases.
Did you kill all seven of 'em dead,
Bob... or did you just wing some of
'em?

ENGLISH BOB is lying on his back on a cot in the little cell
a few feet away. He turns his head toward LITTLE BILL and
his swollen face is horrible to behold. Of course, he doesn't
answer except with the nasty eye.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing)

That is you there, ain't it, Bob?
The Duck of Death?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

W.W.
 (daring)
 Uh... Duke.

W.W. is in the little cell next to ENGLISH BOB'S.

LITTLE BILL
 Oh, yeah... Duke. Well, Bob, you
 always was hell an' Jesus with a
 pistol... but seven of 'em, an' you
 protectin' the lady, too... How'd
 you do it?

ENGLISH BOB just turns his malignant stare away but screws
 up his courage and asserts himself... sort of.

W.W.
 Uh... It's... uh... generally
 considered desirable in the publishing
 business to... ah... take certain
 license in depicting the cover
 scene... for... ah... purposes
 involving the... ah, marketplace.

LITTLE BILL
 Well, Mr. Beauchamp... from what I
 read of this here book, I'd have to
 say the writin' ain't a whole lot
 different from the pitcher.

W.W.
 (sweating, but with
 dignity)
 Uh... I can assure you, Mr. Daggett...
 the events described within are
 based... on the accounts of
 eyewitnesses and...

LITTLE BILL
 (opening the book)
 Meaning the duck himself, I guess.

W.W.
 Duke.

LITTLE BILL
 (harshly)
 Duck, I says.
 (reading badly)
 "You have insulted the honor of this
 beautiful woman, Corcoran," said the
 duck. "You must apologize."
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL (CONT'D)

But Two Gun Corcoran would have none of it and, cursing, he reached for his pistols and would have killed them but The Duck was faster and hot lead blazed from his smoking six-guns."

He tosses the book on the desk, disgusted.

W.W.

(with dignity)

I believe that to be an accurate description of the events, sir... Albeit, there is a certain poetry to the language which...

LITTLE BILL

(standing up)

Well, Mr. Beauchamp, I was at the Blue Bottle Saloon in Wichita the night English Bob killed Corky Corcoran... an' I didn't see you there... nor no woman, nor no two-gun shooters, nor nothin' like that.

W.W.

(amazed)

You were there?

W.W. looks to ENGLISH BOB for confirmation but BOB's stare just gets nastier.

LITTLE BILL is warming to the subject, though, standing in front of the cell.

LITTLE BILL

First off... Corky didn't carry two pistols, though he should of.

W.W.

But he was called...

LITTLE BILL

Some folks did call Old Corky, "Two Gun" but not because he was sportin' two pistols, but because he had a dick so big it was longer than the barrel on that Walker Colt he carried. An' the only insultin' he done was stickin' that big dick of his in some French lady that Old Bob was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL (CONT'D)

sweet on,... Well, one day Corky walked into the Blue Bottle and before he knows what's happening, Bob takes a shot at him... and misses on account of he's drunker than hell.

W.W. is fascinated and he looks to BOB and BOB's eye is blazing and he looks back at LITTLE BILL who is beginning to act out the scene.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing)

Well, that bullet whizzin' by panicked Corky, an' he done the wrong thing! Pulled his gun in such a damn hurry he shot off his own toe. Meantime, Bob aims good and squeezes off another... but he's so drunk he misses again an' hits the thousand-dollar mirror behind the bar. Well, now the Duck of Death is good as dead 'cause this time Corky does right an' aims real good, no hurry...

W.W.

(beside himself)

And?

LITTLE BILL

Bam! That Walker Colt blew up in his hand... which was a failing common to that model. Now if Corky would have really had two guns instead of just a big dick, he could have defended himself to the end.

W.W.

You... you mean...

(looking at BOB)

English Bob killed him while...?

LITTLE BILL

Well, he wasn't gonna wait for Corky to grow no new hand. He walked over real close, bein' drunk, an' shot him through the liver.

W.W. stares first at ENGLISH BOB and then at LITTLE BILL, appalled.

41 EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

41

Night in the woods and NED, fussing around with his blankets not far from the camp fire.

NED

(irritably)

No sir, I did not give up robbin' an' stealin' on account of I got religion. I give it up 'cause I got too old for all this here nature.

MUNNY is lying in his blankets a few feet away, exhausted and-dirty and not a bit interested in NED's complaints.

NED

(continuing)

I give it up 'cause I hate sleepin' out in the air... fuckin' sticks in my food... an' fuckin' bugs in my food... an' fuckin' rocks under my back...

(crawling into the blankets)

... Shit, I sure do miss my fuckin' bed.

MUNNY

(irritably.)

Yeah... you said that last night.

NED

Last night I said I missed my fuckin' wife... tonight I just miss my fuckin' bed.

Lightning flashes and a horse whinnies and then the thunder cracks and rolls.

MUNNY

Well, I guess you're gonna miss your fuckin' roof soon enough.

Horses -- Night The horses, shying and skittish, and THE KID is rubbing his face tenderly on the Morgan and whispering in a soothing voice.

42 EXT. CAMP -- NIGHT

42

MUNNY and NED lying near the campfire and THE KID walks up and starts to fix his blankets.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

He looks at MUNNY thoughtfully. Something's bothering him, and finally he blurts it out as he climbs into his own blankets.

THE KID

Say, Bill. That business in Jackson County... did that really happen? I mean how they say it happened?

MUNNY

What business?

THE KID

(a frown, a pause,
then)

An' how there was two deputies up close pointin' rifles at you... had you dead to rights... an' how you pulled out a pistol an' blew them both away to hell... an' only took a scratch yourself.

(pause)

Uncle Pete told me he never seen nothin' like it, shootin' your way out of a scrape like that.

MUNNY

(uncomfortable). Well... I don't recollect.

THE KID

(amazed and dubious)

You don't recollect!

THE KID doesn't know whether he's been rebuffed or what, but seeing after a moment that his conversation with MUNNY is not getting anywhere he decides to have a try at NED.

THE KID

(continuing)

Say, Ned...?

NED

(curt)

Yeah.

THE KID

How many men you killed?

(after a long pause)

Ain't you gonna answer?

NED

I don't like the question.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

THE KID

(indignant)

Well, I gotta know what kind of fellas
I'm ridin' with, don't I? In case of
a scrape.

NED

How many you killed, Kid?

THE KID

Five. I killed five of 'em.

(pause)

That counts a Mexican I killed.

(pause)

He come at me with a knife.

There is a long pause and then a flash of lightning and a
roll of thunder and the nervous whinnies of the horses.

MUNNY

Get some sleep, Kid.

THE KID

You boys are crotchety as a couple
of hens.

Just then the rain starts and it sizzles in the camp fire
and the horses snort and NED covers his head with his
blankets.

NED

Aw, shit!

43 INT. COUNTY OFFICE -- NIGHT

43

W.W.

Actually, then, Mr. Corcoran was
faster on the draw than the D...
English Bob?

W.W. is sitting at LITTLE BILL's desk writing furiously with
a quill pen. It is still night and LITTLE BILL is lounging
in a chair and ENGLISH BOB is moaning and snoring in the
cell.

LITTLE BILL

Faster? Fast was his mistake. If he
hadn't been in such a goddamn hurry
he would not have shot off his toe
with his first shot and he would
have killed old Bob.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL (CONT'D)

(lecturing)

See, son, bein' a good shot an' bein' quick with a pistol... that don't do no harm... but it ain't much next to bein' cool.

LITTLE BILL pulls out his pistol very deliberately... not slowly, but not like a Hollywood fast-draw.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing)

A man who will keep his head an' not get rattled under fire... he will kill you like as not.

LITTLE BILL is pointing his pistol, aiming.

W.W.

But if the other fellow is quicker and fires first...

LITTLE BILL

He will be hurryin' and he will miss. That there is as fast as I can pull an' aim an' hit anythin' more'n ten feet away... unless it's a barn.

W.W.

But... if he doesn't miss?

LITTLE BILL

(laughing and holstering his pistol)

Then he will kill you. That is why there are so few dangerous men like old Bob there... an' like me. It ain't so easy to shoot a man, anyhow... an' if the son of a bitch is shootin' back at you... well, it'll unnerve most fellas.

(struck with an idea)

Look here, let me show you somethin'.

(He reaches into a drawer in the desk and pulls out a pistol.)

See this here pistol?

W.W. looks at the pistol uneasily and over in the cell ENGLISH BOB's one eye opens and he moves his head slightly because he senses something is happening.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

LITTLE BILL holds the pistol out to W.W.

LITTLE BILL
 (continuing)
 Take it.
 (as W.W. hesitates)
 Go on, take a hold.

Nervously W.W. accepts the gun as though it were hot. LITTLE BILL pulls some keys out of a drawer and tosses them on the desk.

LITTLE BILL
 (continuing)
 Them's the keys. All you gotta do is shoot me an' you an' English Bob can ride out free as birds.

W.W.
 (shaking)
 Is... is it... loaded?

LITTLE BILL
 Wouldn't be no good if it wasn't.
 You got to cock it, though.

W.W. looks nervously over at ENGLISH BOB and BOB's eye says, "Do it, do it, do it."

W.W. gulps and he pulls back the hammer and stands up and looks at BOB again and BOB is nodding "Yes, yes, do it."

LITTLE BILL
 (continuing)
 An' you got to point it.
 (pause)
 Go on, point it.

Slowly, with trembling hand, W.W. raises the gun and points it at LITTLE BILL, who looks calmly back at him.

LITTLE BILL
 (continuing)
 All you gotta do is pull on the trigger, mister.

W.W. gulps and sweat comes off his forehead and he points the shaking gun and BOB nods "yes" and W.W. bites his lip and then...

W.W. lowers the gun slowly. He can't do it. He wipes his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL
 (continuing)
 Hot, ain't it?
 (reaching for the gun)
 You never even put your finger on
 the trigger.

LITTLE BILL is reaching for the pistol but W.W. has a frightening idea and instead of giving up the pistol he steps backward toward the cell.

W.W.
 What if... what if I gave it to...
 him.

And he indicates BOB.

LITTLE BILL's eyes narrow like slits and tension fills the air.

LITTLE BILL
 Go ahead... give it to him.

ENGLISH BOB's eye lights up with anticipation and he tries to get up on one elbow.

W.W.
 (gulping).
 R-r-r-really? You r-r-really w-w-
 want...?

LITTLE BILL
 (like ice)
 Give it to him.

ENGLISH BOB is sitting up and reaching for the gun and his eye is on LITTLE BILL and W.W. reaches out with a shaking hand and ENGLISH BOB's hand just touches the gun and...

LITTLE BILL drops his right hand to his own gun and grips the butt and...

ENGLISH BOB hesitates, his gaze locked with LITTLE BILL's and the two men eye each other. Then, furious, ENGLISH BOB withdraws his hand... empty.

LITTLE BILL
 (continuing; grinning))
 Guess he don't want it, Mr. Beauchamp.

LITTLE BILL accepts the pistol from the trembling W.W. and, looking straight into ENGLISH BOB's angry eye, LITTLE BILL ejects five cartridges from the chambers of the pistol.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (4)

43

LITTLE BILL

(continuing)

You was right not to take it, Bob. I
would've killed you.

W.W. collapses into a chair and wipes sweat from his brow.

LITTLE BILL (O.S.)

We could use some rain, eh, Mr.
Beauchamp?

44 EXT. CAMP -- DAY

44

Barrrrroom! Thunder, lightning, rain in sheets and the albino
mare rearing and screaming and MUNNY landing in the mud.

MUNNY

You fucking no-good goddamn shit-
faced pig fucking dirty whore.

It is daylight but the rain is so thick you can't see more
than five feet and MUNNY crawls up out of the mud wearing a
slicker and looking like hell, already full of remorse for
his outburst.

NED rides up out of the rain leading MUNNY's horse and MUNNY
tries to mount again.

MUNNY

(continuing)

I didn't mean it, old gal.

The albino rears, but NED is helping and he holds the horse
and grabs the seat of MUNNY's muddy pants and half shoves
him into the saddle.

Up ahead, barely visible in the rain, THE KID is holding
back his horse impatiently.

THE KID

Let's go.

45 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY -- DAY (LITTLE LATER) (RAIN)

45

NED and MUNNY riding side by side through the downpour and
THE KID twenty yards ahead, barely visible. MUNNY looks like
shit and NED looks at him with concern, deliberates, then
reaches into his saddlebag and pulls out a bottle of whiskey
and offers it.

(CONTINUED)

NED

I brung this for when we had to kill them fellows.

(as MUNNY glances at it and looks away)

I guess we could use some now.

MUNNY

Not for me. I don't touch it no more.

NED

(exasperated)

God damn it, Bill, it's rainin'.

MUNNY

I know it's rainin'.

(looking ahead)

Give The Kid a drink, why dontcha?

NED takes a long pull on the bottle, recorks it, and puts it in his saddlebag. He looks sympathetically at his friend hunched unhappily in his saddle.

NED

You think The Kid really killed five men?

MUNNY just shrugs and looks back at the trail and keeps riding.

MUNNY

(after a while)

No.

NED

What he was talkin' about... how them deputies had the drop on you an' Pete...

MUNNY

Yeah?

NED

I remember how there was three of them deputies you shot... not two.

MUNNY

(dismissing it)

Well, I ain't like that no more, Ned. I ain't no crazy, killin' fool.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

NED
 (after a while)
 You still think it'll be easy shootin'
 them cowboys?

MUNNY shrugs and looks straight ahead into the rain. Of course, it won't be easy... and they both know it.

MUNNY
 If we don't drown first.

46 EXT. MAIN STREET -- DAY

46

A blazing hot day and ENGLISH BOB's battered face staring out of the mud wagon which is being loaded up by CHANDLER. In the distance the train whistle toots eagerly.

LITTLE BILL
 (to CHANDLER)
 Give them keys to the conductor and
 tell him he can loose the cuffs off
 of Bob soon as he's out of the county.

LITTLE BILL is standing beside the mud wagon and W.W. is standing next to him and a little knot of onlookers forms a semicircle.

ENGLISH BOB
 (talking through closed
 teeth)
 Mmmm pistols.

LITTLE BILL
 Oh, yeah.

LITTLE BILL unwraps a cloth and produces the ivory-handled peace-makers... smashed and hopelessly bent. And he gives them to BOB and looks him in his one furious eye.

LITTLE BILL
 (continuing)
 I guess you know, Bob, how if I see
 you again I'll just start shootin'
 right off an' figure it's self-
 defense.

That's fine with ENGLISH BOB. He glares back and the two men understand each other perfectly and then CHANDLER whips the horses and the wagon starts to roll.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

LITTLE BILL

(continuing)

I ain't stealin' your biographer,
Bob. Stayin' on was his idea.

And W.W. stands there beside LITTLE BILL and gives BOB a
shit-eating look and ENGLISH BOB just glares and rolls away.

47 EXT. MAIN STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

47

As the mud wagon rattles down the dusty street, ENGLISH BOB
sticks his horrid swollen face out the window and screams
insanely:

ENGLISH BOB

A plague on you! A plague on the
whole stinking lot of you! You're
uncivilized vermin, without laws or
morals! You're worthless savages! I
curse you! You're cursed! Cursed!

The WHORES, fanning themselves on Greely's porch, stare
dumbfounded as the madman rolls by raving. Then he's gone.
All that remains is the sound of his ranting, diminishing in
the distance and a cloud of dust settling on the hot street.

Sitting next to FAITH on the porch, ALICE fans herself grimly.

ALICE

Nobody's gonna come.

FAITH

Huh?

ALICE

After what Little Bill done to the
Englishman.

SKINNY steps out the door and blinks in the dazzling light
and wipes his face.

SKINNY

Delilah, them tables ain't clean.
Can't you get 'em clean?

DELILAH gets up and goes in, angrily brushing past SKINNY in
the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

SKINNY

(continuing; after
her)

Well, if you'd cover up your face,
maybe somebody'd want to fuck with
you an' you wouldn't have to do all
the cleanin'.

(to the others)

Whaddaya call them things that cover
the face?

FAITH

(looking straight
ahead)

A veil.

SKINNY

Yeah, a veil. Christ, it's hot.

There is a distant roll of thunder and SKINNY looks off at
the southern horizon, where storm clouds are gathering.

ALICE

(listlessly)

Rain's coming.

SKINNY

(emphatically)

Thank God.

48 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY

48

Thunder and lightning and the train chugging through the
storm. A second flash of lightning reveals three drenched
riders near the tracks and one of them is having trouble
controlling his white horse.

Of course it is MUNNY and as he tries to hold the shying
mare a flash of lightning lights up a passing railroad coach
and MUNNY gets just a glimpse of a strange battered face in
the window.

THE KID is handing the whiskey bottle back to NED and NED
offers it to MUNNY again.

NED

You sure, Bill?

And MUNNY just shakes his head and wipes rain from his eyes.

49 EXT. SOUTH ROAD -- NIGHT

49

Night and rain and THE KID is chuckling drunkenly and handing the bottle back to NED who looks at it and tilts it way back. They are riding along the South Road in the dark.

THE KID

(cheerfully)

I left you some... about a drop.

MUNNY is hunched in his saddle, shivering, his teeth chattering.

NED

You all right, Bill?

MUNNY doesn't look all right. He looks like shit... looks sick. He doesn't answer and NED looks worried and takes the last drops from the bottle and tosses it in the road near the ordinance sign, which is too dark to read.

50 INT. ALICE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

50

ALICE's room at night, the sound of rain beating hard on the roof. ALICE is playing cards with SILKY and FAITH when LITTLE SUE sticks her head in the door.

LITTLE SUE

A fella's askin' for you, Alice.

ALICE

Tonight? You ain't joshin'?

LITTLE SUE

(looking behind her)

This way, mister.

SILKY and FAITH pick up the cards to leave.

ALICE

Must be randy as hell to come out in this shit.

And then they look up because a water-soaked young man with very few front teeth and a ragged stubble is standing in the doorway squinting. It is THE KID.

51 INT. LITTLE BILL'S HOUSE -- DAY

51

Drip, Drip, Drip. A chamber pot on the floor of LITTLE BILL's house collecting water from a leak in the roof and LITTLE BILL is walking about in stocking feet, making a speech.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL

"No," he says, "you are wrong, Little Bill. That there is no Curly J, but a bobbed J." He had worked it over, you see?

W.W. BEAUCHAMP is sitting in a chair scratching frantic notes with a quill pen... and a splotch of water hits the paper and he glances up because there is a new leak.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing; oblivious)

"Jim," I says, "You are a liar and a horsethief." Now -- when he seen them others wasn't gonna help him none -- he started in to cryin' and sobbin' and sayin'...

(mimicking)

... "Don't kill me, Little Bill, don't kill me, please don't kill me."

W.W. is trying to write and trying to slide away from the leak without interrupting LITTLE BILL, who is delighting in his own narration, oblivious to the new leak.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing; in his own voice)

"Well, Jim," I says, "it makes me sick to see a man struttin' around and packin' two pistols an' a Henry rifle and cryin' like a baby."

W.W.

Did you... kill him?

LITTLE BILL

No... but I can't abide them kind... an' you will find a lot of them in the saloons... tramps an' drunk teamsters an' crazy miners... sportin' pistols like they was bad men, but not having no sand nor character... not even bad character.

W.W. is really getting wet and he is moving the chair.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

LITTLE BILL
 (continuing; on his
 own wavelength)
 I do not like assassins an' men of
 low character like your friend English
 Bob... but Bob ain't no coward who
 will cry to your face an' then...

W.W.
 Uh... Sheriff... Uh...

LITTLE BILL
 Huh? Oh
 (looking up sadly)
 Another one, huh? Shit, I guess I'm
 clean out of receptacles.

W.W.
 (trying a joke with
 effort)
 Maybe you should... hang the
 carpenter.

LITTLE BILL
 (jaw dropping)
 What?

W.W.
 (uneasy)
 Uh... hang the... uh... carpenter...

There is a sudden loud knocking on the door and BILL turns
 and goes to the door.

LITTLE BILL
 On a night like this? What the hell?

Opening the door he reveals CHARLIE HECKER, wearing a slicker
 and shedding water like a waterfall.

CHARLEY
 Three seedy-lookin' fellas come inta
 town, Bill. They're down to Greely's
 an' at least two of 'em got guns.

52 INT. BARROOM -- CLOSE ON WHISKEY BOTTLE -- NIGHT

52

NED is pouring the bright liquid into his glass and MUNNY is
 mesmerized by the dazzling highlights. Pull back. The two of
 them are sitting at a table in Greely's smoky, dimly lit
 barroom and the rain is beating on the roof and there is a
 checker game at a table fifteen feet away attended by GERMANY
 JOE SCHULTZ, TOM LUCKINBILL, a FARMER, EGGS ANDERSON, the

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

local RESTAURATEUR, and PADDY MCGEE the cooper. All of them are sneaking occasional, furtive glances at the strangers, as is FATTY, who is talking to SKINNY at the bar.

NED

... in hell's takin' The Kid so long?
You suppose he...?
(seeing MUNNY)
... Jesus, Bill, you look like shit.

MUNNY looks dazed and shakes his head to clear it.

MUNNY

You ... you remember Eagle Hendershot?

NED

(startled)
Huh? Uh ... yeah.

MUNNY

I seen him.

NED

He's dead, Bill.

MUNNY

His head was all busted open so's
you could see the inside.

NED

Jesus, Bill, you got fever. Take a
drink, will you?

MUNNY

(ignoring NED)
Worms was comin' out.

NED

(getting up)
Listen, Bill, I'm gonna see what's
takin' The Kid so long. Must be he's
gettin' an advance offa them sportin'
ladies.

NED starts for the back room, then stops and goes back.

NED

(continuing)
Say, Bill... if I was to... take a
little while myself... I guess you...
I guess you... I guess you don't
want to come?

(CONTINUED)

MUNNY shakes his head no and, as NED departs for the billiard room, MUNNY stares vacantly at the whiskey bottle.

LITTLE BILL (O.S.)
... Gimme your pistol, mister.

MUNNY
(looking up, startled)
Huh?

The big man in the dripping slicker is standing only ten feet away... LITTLE BILL. And LITTLE BILL is looking at him. MUNNY can feel everybody in the room staring at him.

LITTLE BILL
I says, "You'll want to give over your pistol."

MUNNY can see CHARLEY moving slowly along the wall on the left for position... and FATTY is over on the right, SKINNY beside him... and W.W. is by the door shifting nervously and the checker players are frozen in their seats and MUNNY can feel them all ... watching him.

MUNNY
Uh, no. No, I ain't drunk.

LITTLE BILL
(almost friendly)
Ordinance says you got to turn in your firearms to the county office day or night. I guess you didn't read it with the weather an' all.

MUNNY
(nervously).
Well... uh... I... I ain't got no, uh, firearms.

LITTLE BILL
(not friendly anymore)
Them friends of yours in the back, they carryin' pistols?

MUNNY
I... dunno. I mean, I guess not. No, they ain't carryin' no guns.

LITTLE BILL
You're spillin' your whiskey, mister.

MUNNY
Like I said, I...

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL

What's your name?

MUNNY

Uh, William ... uh ... Hendershot.

LITTLE SUE looks timidly in from the billiard room, bites her lip, and retreats quickly.

LITTLE BILL

Well, Mr. Hendershot, if I was to call you a no good son of a bitch an' a liar, an' if I was to say you shit in your pants on account of a cowardly soul... well, I guess then, you would show me your pistol right quick an' shoot me dead, ain't that so?

MUNNY

(trapped)

I... I guess I might... but like I said, I ain't armed.

LITTLE BILL pulls out his pistol and points it at MUNNY and makes a little motion with the barrel that means "get up" and MUNNY get up.

LITTLE BILL steps close to him and reaches out with his left hand for MUNNY's coat, revealing the Starr tucked in his belt.

LITTLE BILL

I guess you just carry it for snakes an' such.

MUNNY

Uh... yeah. Yeah.

LITTLE BILL

(cold)

There ain't no snakes in here, Mr. Hendershot.

MUNNY

Well, uh ... it ain't loaded.

LITTLE BILL takes the pistol out of MUNNY's belt and slowly and deliberately ejects five cartridges and he looks at MUNNY, who is sweating, and MUNNY just wants a way out.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (4)

52

MUNNY
 (continuing)
 Well, the powder's wet an' ...

Whack! LITTLE BILL brings the muzzle of the gun across MUNNY's temple and blood flows and MUNNY goes to one knee and LITTLE BILL kicks him hard, whump!

LITTLE BILL
 (turning to W.W.)
 Mr. Beauchamp, this here is the sort
 of trash I was speakin' of.

MUNNY is struggling to his feet and staggering weak-kneed to the table, where he grabs the whiskey bottle and breaks it off and turns groggily to face LITTLE BILL.

LITTLE BILL, unperturbed, advances on him and when MUNNY strikes desperately with the bottle, LITTLE BILL blocks his blow easily and slams him hard with the muzzle of the pistol and MUNNY goes down again.

LITTLE BILL
 (continuing; to W.W.)
 You will find these kind in the
 saloons of your prosperous
 communities.

Whump, he kicks MUNNY.

LITTLE BILL
 (continuing)
 But you will not find none of them
 in Big Whiskey.

MUNNY is on the floor on all fours, trying gamely to get up.

53 INT. ALICE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

53

NED pushing THE KID out the window of ALICE's room and THE KID isn't fully dressed and neither is NED, but he pushes him frantically into the rainy night anyway and ALICE is urging them on and LITTLE SUE looks ready to wet her pants.

ALICE
 (to NED)
 Hurry.
 (to LITTLE SUE)
 You know what to say to Little Bill?

LITTLE SUE nods "yes" but she is speechless with terror and ALICE hands NED's boots out the window to him.

54 EXT. ALICE'S WINDOW -- NIGHT

54

Outside the window, night, rain, and NED and THE KID trying to get dressed in the mud and ALICE sticks her head out the window.

ALICE

You got to look sharp for that old oak. You miss the oak an' you ain't gonna find it.

NED

(to THE KID)

Never mind your shirt, get them boots on.

NED is trying to get his own boots on and he goes down on his ass in the mud.

ALICE

The roof ain't much but ...

THE KID

What about Bill? What we gonna do about ...

NED

Come on, Kid. I hope them horses is still there.

55 INT. BARROOM -- NIGHT

55

MUNNY crawling along the floor of the barroom, covered with blood, heading for the door.

LITTLE BILL. Let the man out, W.W. He is desiring to leave the hospitality of Big Whiskey behind him.

MUNNY is crawling past W.W.'S legs and W.W. looks down at the miserable semi-conscious creature and he sees clearly the left hand and the three fingers as they fight for traction and then W.W. steps to the door and opens it and MUNNY crawls into the rain and the night.

56 INT. ALICE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

56

Slap! ALICE gets LITTLE BILL's big hand across the face.

SKINNY

Easy, Little Bill, she's gotta work, she's gotta turn a dollar a time.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

LITTLE BILL glares at SKINNY. They are in ALICE's room and CHARLEY is there and LITTLE SUE and W.W. and it is pretty crowded.

LITTLE BILL

(to ALICE)

If they was just here for the fuckin',
how come they lit out the back window?

ALICE

(defiant)

On account of they seen you was
beatin' on their friend.

LITTLE SUE

(bravely)

Th-th-they just c-c-come for the b-b-
billiards, Little Bill, honest.

LITTLE BILL

(snorting)

Billiards!

(to LITTLE SUE)

An' they was just passin' through?

LITTLE SUE

Th-th-they was g-g-goin to F-F-Fort
B-B-Buford t-t-to ...

ALICE

(nasty)

You just kicked the shit out of a
innocent man, you big asshole.

LITTLE BILL

Innocent of what?

57 EXT. SOUTH END OF TOWN -- NIGHT

57

The south end of town, night, rain and the albino mare walking aimlessly with MUNNY slumped in the saddle and then two riders come from between two shadowy buildings and it is THE KID and NED and they come alongside MUNNY, one on each side of him and NED lifts his slumped head up and looks at the battered face and winces and says with his eyes what THE KID says with his tongue.

THE KID

Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus.

58 INT. SHED -- NIGHT

58

Candlelight, NED and THE KID, and NED is sewing MUNNY's face with a needle and thread.

NED
Hold him, dammit.

It is some sort of straw-filled shed and they have stuck a candle on a board.

THE KID
(sickened)
Jesus.
(pause)
You done this before?

NED
(working)
Plenty of times.

MUNNY is only semiconscious and THE KID is holding his face still.

THE KID
His pistol must've jammed.

NED
Move the candle closer, I can't see.

THE KID
He wouldn't've took no beating like that if it hadn't of jammed. He wouldn't just give it over an' not shoot no one.

59 INT. SHED -- DAY

59

Daylight in the shed and MUNNY's face, waxy yellow, crude stitching, hideous swelling eyes vacant, breathing heavy.

He is lying in the straw and THE KID is looking down at him with distaste. THE KID is only partly dressed.

THE KID
He don't look so good.

The sound of the rain is different; it's still coming, but it isn't a storm anymore. The shed is an irregular shelter because one wall and various parts of the roof have collapsed and the woods outside are clearly visible.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

SILKY is sitting on some straw straightening her clothes and NED and ALICE are climbing out of a corner where they have obviously been at it and are in various states of dress.

THE KID

(continuing; to ALICE)

He didn't even pull his pistol, huh?

NED

(irritated)

He ain't as tough as you, Kid.

THE KID

Well, I guess I woulda at least pulled my pistol an'...

NED

Shit, Kid, you pulled your pistol... right outta the lady an' out the back window.

THE KID

That was your idea, I wanted to ...

SILKY

(getting up and
smoothing herself)

We gotta go.

THE KID

Huh? Already? Hey, I'm near ready for another advance.

SILKY

You're gonna use it all up before you get it.

ALICE

(about to leave)

No more advances on what you ain't done yet.

THE KID

Well, we're just waitin' on the weather. If the weather breaks tomorrow we could...

NED

(to ALICE)

We're gonna need more food... at least three days' worth...

(CONTINUED)

THE KID

Three days? We could kill em'
tomorrow.

NED

(a sharp look at THE
KID)

I don't kill nobody without him.

Indicating MUNNY.

THE KID

(frustrated)

We don't need him. The two of us
could do it.

The horses are partly under the roof and ALICE and SILKY are leading theirs out and nobody is paying attention to THE KID.

THE KID

(continuing; petulantly)

He ain't nothin' but a broken down
pig farmer.

ALICE

(mounting her horse,
to NED)

One of us'll bring food in the
morning. I guess you'll want some
whiskey.

NED

An' medicine if you got it...

THE KID walks over to the edge of the broken wall and from the other corner MUNNY moans loudly and then screams.

MUNNY

Ohhhhh, ooohhhh no. No, I didn't do
nothin'.

NED hurries over to MUNNY and THE KID is left there with the two whores, who are both mounted now and THE KID is embarrassed.

THE KID

Don't it make you sick, hearin' him
like that?

(as the whores turn
their horses)

Don't you ladies worry none ... Me
and Ned, we'll kill those two fuckers.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (3)

59

And THE KID has picked up two pieces of paper that the whores gave them earlier and they are charcoal sketches, one of DAVEY BUNTING and the other of QUICK MIKE and they are pretty fair likenesses.

60 INT. SHED -- CLOSE ON LANTERN -- NIGHT

60

Hanging from a beam in the shed and it is night again and the rain has stopped though you can still hear water dripping from the eaves. Widen.

THE KID

It was a lot of shit what my uncle told me, huh?

They are playing cards on the straw floor, NED and THE KID and NED doesn't look up from his cards.

NED

Depends what he told you.

(pause)

About Bill, you mean?

THE KID

All of it. About him, an' you an' Uncle Pete ... about robbin' the Rock Island Pacific ... an' about them Missouri banks.

NED

We done that stuff.

THE KID

Well, I guess Bill Munny wasn't no fearless killer an' bank robber like he said.

In the other corner of the room MUNNY gives a loud moan and both men look at him and then back at their cards.

NED

Kid, it ain't gonna mean nothin' to you, but the roof I built on my house, it don't have a leak in it ... not one.

(as THE KID looks perplexed)

Most folks think a school-house is the first sign of civilizin' ... but I say it's a good roof.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Well, that amazes THE KID, being stuck here with these train-robber bad men and now this shit about roofs and he just stares.

MUNNY (O.S.)

Claudia ... No ... Oh, Jesus, Claudia,
ohh ...

NED gets up and takes the lantern over to where MUNNY is lying and kneels beside him. MUNNY looks ghastly, at death's door.

NED

Claudia ... ain't here, Bill.

MUNNY

(reaching)

Ned... Is that you, Ned?

(holding NED's arm)

Ned, I seen... death.

NED

Easy, Bill.

MUNNY

I seen the angel of death, Ned, an'

I seen the river.

(panicked)

He's a snake, he got ... snake eyes.

NED

Who, Bill? Who got snake eyes?

MUNNY

The angel ... the angel of death.

I'm scared, Ned. Ned, I'm gonna die.

NED

Easy, Bill, easy.

THE KID has walked over and is watching and it fascinates and scares him and he watches and swallows hard.

MUNNY

I seen her ... I seen Claudia, too...

NED

(soothing)

Well, that's good now, ain't it,

Bill? Seein' Claudia an'...?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

MUNNY

She was all covered with worms. Oh,
Ned, I'm scared of dyin'...

THE KID can't take any more and he turns and walks away and NED tries to comfort MUNNY and MUNNY grabs him and pulls him close.

MUNNY

(continuing)

Ned ... don't tell anybody... Don't
tell the kids!... don't tell 'em
none of... none of the things I done.

And NED has tears in his eyes and MUNNY's eyes are staring and he is seeing something horrible and we...

61 EXT. SHED -- DAY

61

A vision, daylight, and the horse horribly bloody, screaming silently in agony while the sound is the sound of night and the shed and the rain dripping, but that doesn't diminish the agony of the bloody animal as the whip falls on the head and the eyes and we see the young man cruelly wielding the whip. It is MUNNY fifteen years younger and it is a picture of unbelievable cruelty and viciousness... because that is what he was like and what he remembers.

62 INT. SHED -- NIGHT

62

Night in the shed, a little moonlight coming in through the open wall. The lantern is out and the sound is the sound of MUNNY's labored breathing and NED and THE KID are in their blankets.

THE KID

He's gonna die, ain't he?

NED

Maybe.

THE KID

Well, suppose he does?

NED

(after a pause)

We'll bury him.

THE KID

That ain't what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

NED

You mean, am I gonna help you kill
them cowboys?

THE KID

I can't spot 'em myself, but you
could. That red-haired one, you could
spot a half-mile off, I bet.

NED

An' if I spot 'em?

THE KID

I'll ride up close an' shoot 'em!

NED

Just like that?

THE KID

I told you I'm a damn killer. I done
it before.

Pause, you can hear MUNNY breathing.

THE KID

(continuing)

I'm more killer than him.

NED

Yeah?

THE KID

Hell, yeah.

63 INT. SHED -- DAY

63

Daylight and the cut whore's face. DELILAH is leaning over
MUNNY, wiping his brow. He is lying in the straw looking up
at her and he looks like shit ... his face ghastly pale and
stubbled and covered with horrible cuts and bad stitching...
but his eyes are clear.

MUNNY

I thought ... you was an angel.

DELILAH

(embarrassed, getting
up)

You ain't dead.

DELILAH goes over to her horse and gets some packages out of
the saddle-bags. MUNNY tries to sit up, weakly.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

MUNNY

Some big guy beat the shit out of
me.

(feeling his sore
face)

I guess I must look a lot like you,
huh?

DELILAH

(angry, hurt)

You don't look nothin' like me,
mister.

MUNNY

I didn't mean no offense.

She doesn't answer.

MUNNY

(continuing)

I guess you're the one them cowboys
cut up.

No answer.

MUNNY

(continuing)

Ned an' The Kid, my partners, are
they...?

DELILAH

(coldly)

They went out scouting when they saw
your fever broke.

MUNNY

Scouting?

DELILAH

On the Bar T... looking for... them.

MUNNY

Oh. How long I been here?

DELILAH

(still cold)

Three days. Are you hungry?

MUNNY

Three days? I must be.

64 EXT. WOODS NEAR SHED -- CLOSE ON ROBINS -- DAY

64

PULL BACK. Four of them in the woods near the shed and MUNNY is watching them where he sits wolfing chicken hungrily, his back against the shed. DELILAH is watching him eat.

MUNNY

I thought I was gone. See them birds?
Most times I wouldn't even notice
them birds much. But I'm noticin'
'em real good 'cause I thought I was
dead.

DELILAH

I brought your hat. You... left it
down at Greely's.

MUNNY

That big guy lookin' for me?

As he looks over at her, MUNNY's eye falls briefly on her exposed ankle and DELILAH feels the look.

DELILAH

Little Bill? He thinks you went north.

MUNNY can't help it and his eye flicks back to the ankle.

DELILAH

(continuing)
Are you really going to kill them?

MUNNY

(unenthusiastically)
Yeah, I guess.
(suddenly)
There's still a payment, ain't there?

She nods and she moves so that more ankle is showing, but MUNNY's eye is drawn to her breasts as she moves, then he looks away quickly, guiltily, and they sit there silently until...

DELILAH

Them other two, they been takin'
advances on the payment.

MUNNY

Advances?

He can't help looking at her body and she knows it.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

DELILAH

(shyly)

Free ones.

Her body is getting to him.

MUNNY

(stupidly)

Free ones?

DELILAH

Alice an' Silky gave them... free ones.

MUNNY

(understanding,
embarrassed)

Oh. Yeah.

DELILAH

(shy, timid)

You want... a free one?

MUNNY

(looking away,
embarrassed)

Me? No. No, I guess not.

And DELILAH is hurt... crushed. She gets up and covers it by picking up the remains of the chicken and MUNNY is too embarrassed to look at her.

DELILAH

(covering her hurt)

I didn't mean... with me. Alice and Silky, they'll give you one... if you want.

MUNNY

I... I guess not.

(unusually perceptive
suddenly)

I didn't mean I didn't want one 'cause of you bein' cut up. I didn't mean that.

DELILAH keeps her back to him.

(CONTINUED)

MUNNY

(continuing; trying
to get up)

It ain't that at all. You're a beautiful woman. What I said before, how I might look like you... I didn't mean you was ugly, like me, hell no... I only meant how we both had scars.

He is standing weakly, supporting himself on the wall and his speech is so sincere and DELILAH wants to believe it.

MUNNY

(continuing)

You're a beautiful woman an'... if I was to want a free one, I guess I'd want you more than them others. It ain't... See... I can't have no free one on account of my wife...

DELILAH

Your wife?

MUNNY

Yeah. See?

DELILAH

(after a pause)

I admire that, you being true to your wife. I've seen a lot of... of men... who weren't.

MUNNY

(pleased and
embarrassed)

Yeah, I guess.

DELILAH

She back in Kansas?

MUNNY

Uh... yeah. Yeah. She's uh... watchin' over the little ones.

And MUNNY gives her what for him is his best social smile... sort of like a pig strangling.

65 EXT. BOX CANYON -- ANGLE ON BAWLING CALF AND RED HOT IRON -- 65
DAY

Coming out of the fire.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

It is midday in the box canyon and the four cowboys, TEXAS SLIM, JOHNNY FOLEY, LIPPY MACGREGOR and DAVEY BUNTING are branding strays and JOHNNY has the calf down ready for the pigging string but the calf kicks loose and knocks JOHNNY into the fire and the other three cowboys are guffawing, their sweaty faces full of the camaraderie of hardworking men who might get irritable by the end of the day but not yet. And then, like a flash, still laughing, young DAVEY is on his paint and riding like hell after the stray and it is beautiful to watch because he and the paint are like one.

Crack! A rifle shot and the pony does a violent somersault and DAVEY goes over in a spray of dirt and fifty yards away, TEXAS SLIM, LIPPY, and JOHNNY stare frozen in horror.

The downed pony spurts blood from his nostrils, and DAVEY's right leg is pinned under the dying paint's flank and they are maybe fifteen yards from the edge of the canyon and DAVEY's first thought is the pony.

DAVEY
Oh, Jesus, fella...
(shouting)
Boys, my pony's hurt...

And turning, he sees the three cowboys standing fifty yards away, frozen in their tracks.

DAVEY
(continuing)
Boys...

And they turn suddenly and run away toward some rocks and it is only then that the terror hits DAVEY and in a sudden panic he tries to get free of the horse.

DAVEY
(continuing)
Oh, Jesus, boys, my leg's broke. I'm
pinned, boys.

66 EXT. BOULDERS -- ANGLE ON NED -- DAY

66

His face covered with sweat, the Spencer against his cheek, and he is crouched among some boulders up the canyon wall about three hundred yards from DAVEY, and MUNNY is looking over NED's shoulder, and THE KID is trying to see, too, squinting desperately, but he can't see shit.

MUNNY
Finish him, Ned.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

THE KID

He ain't dead? You didn't get him?

MUNNY

(to THE KID, without
turning)

He got the boy's horse.

Looking down the barrel of the rifle, NED can see DAVEY struggling frantically to get free of the horse, and it is an easy shot and NED is sweating, his hand is shaking and he can hear MUNNY's voice.

MUNNY (O.S.)

Better get him 'fore he gets clear
of the horse, Ned.

And NED is shaking and crack, he fires.

67 EXT. BOX CANYON -- ANGLE ON DAVEY -- DAY

67

And dust kicking up a foot away and the extra terror gives him the strength to pull free of the horse.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Assassin assholes. You dirty asshole
sonsabitches.

68 EXT. BOULDERS -- DAY

68

MUNNY and NED and THE KID and NED is shaking.

THE KID

Did you kill him?

MUNNY

He's clear of the horse, Ned. Better
get him.

69 EXT. BOX CANYON -- ANGLE ON DAVEY -- DAY

69

And he is crawling clear of the horse, but his leg is broken and it's hard and he looks toward the rocks where his friends are hiding sixty yards away.

TEXAS SLIM (O.S.)

(from behind rock)

Behind you, Davey. Go for them rocks
behind you.

And turning, DAVEY can see a couple of boulders only fifteen yards away that will provide cover.

70 EXT. BOULDERS -- DAY

70

NED aiming and shaking.

THE KID

What happened? He ain't dead? What's goin' on?

MUNNY

(to NED)

If he gets behind them rocks, we ain't gonna get him... not without we go down there.

THE KID

What rocks? Why don't you shoot? What's goin' on?

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Fuckin' bush-whackin' assholes.

And looking down the barrel, NED can see DAVEY crawling for the rocks and it is an easy shot and he can't do it and he looks up at MUNNY and the agony in his eyes says it all.

THE KID

Ain't you gonna shoot? Is he dead?

MUNNY grabs the rifle and NED moves aside and slumps against a rock and MUNNY looks down the barrel and aims.

MUNNY

I ain't much of a shot.

71 EXT. BOX CANYON -- DAY

71

DAVEY crawling and crack! The dust kicks up eight feet away. He is ten yards from the boulders and it is agony to crawl.

LIPPY (O.S.)

Keep goin', Davey boy.

Crack! Dust puffs three feet from DAVEY's head.

72 EXT. BOULDERS -- DAY

72

MUNNY, the rifle at his cheek and THE KID leaning frantically over his shoulder, trying to see.

MUNNY

Shit!

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

THE KID

What happened, did you hit him?

Bang! Bang! Bang! Pistol shots from below and the bullets ping harmlessly among the rocks.

THE KID

They're shootin' at us.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

We'll kill you, you assholes.

MUNNY is aiming, he can see DAVEY, nearer shelter now. Crack! He fires and sees the dust spurt near DAVEY.

LIPPY (O.S.)

You assholes... you stinking ambushing assholes.

THE KID

Did you get him? Where is he?

73 EXT. BOX CANYON -- DAY

73

DAVEY crawling frantically and crack!... Dust explodes only inches from his head and he is pulling himself frantically and he is only three yards from safety.

74 EXT. BOULDERS -- CLOSE ON MUNNY -- DAY

74

And he is sweating.

MUNNY

How many shots I got, Ned?

NED is sitting there dazed, staring vacantly. Bang, Bang, Bang, return fire pings off the rocks.

MUNNY

(continuing; aiming)

How many left, goddammit?

NED

Two.

And looking down the rifle, MUNNY can see DAVEY's head disappear behind the boulder and crack, MUNNY fires again.

THE KID

Did you get him?

Bang, Bang, Bang, the pistol fire.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

TEXAS SLIM (O.S.)
Keep goin', Davey.

MUNNY is cocking and aiming for his last shot and he can see DAVEY's legs sticking out from the rock and they're not moving.

THE KID
Tell me... Christ...

JOHNNY (O.S.)
... Murderin' bastards...

LIPPY (O.S.)
... Fuckin' skunks.

Crack, MUNNY fires.

75 EXT. BOX CANYON -- ANGLE ON DUST PUFFING -- DAY

75

As DAVEY's legs disappear behind the boulder, and there is a low groan.

76 EXT. BOULDERS -- ANGLE ON MUNNY -- DAY

76

Sitting back against the rock, exhausted, covered with sweat and he holds the rifle up to THE KID.

MUNNY
Better reload it.

THE KID
You missed him? You didn't...?

MUNNY
I got him.

DAVEY (O.S.)
(scared, hurt).
Jesus, boys, I'm shot... They shot me...

TEXAS SLIM (O.S.)
You tramps... you murderin' tramps.

THE KID
(shaken)
He ain't killed.

MUNNY
(washed out)
Maybe, maybe not. Got him in the gut, I think.

77 EXT. BOX CANYON -- DAY

77

DAVEY lying behind the boulder and the whole front of him is soaking in bright red blood and the sun is beating down.

DAVEY

Oh, Jesus... I'm hurt... I'm hurt.
They shot me...

78 EXT. BOULDERS -- DAY

78

MUNNY sitting there, his back against the rock, staring vacantly and NED looks the same.

THE KID

(derisively)

Them assholes can't hit us up here.
Just wastin' bullets.

The cowboys must realize that, because they stop shooting and you can hear DAVEY moaning, and NED and MUNNY just sit there and sweat, and THE KID is pacing up and down.

THE KID

(continuing)

You think he's gonna die? You think
we killed him?

NED and MUNNY look into each other's eyes.

DAVEY (O.S.)

(Help me, boys, help me...

MUNNY

(flatly)

Yup... We killed him, I guess.

DAVEY (O.S.)

Oh, Jesus, help me boys, I don't
want to die... I don't want to die.

THE KID

(rattled, shouting)

Shouldn't've cut up no woman, you
asshole.

79 EXT. BOX CANYON -- DAY

79

DAVEY is lying there behind the boulder, drenched in blood, looking up at the blazing noonday sun.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

DAVEY
 (shouting)
 I'm dyin', boys.

He pauses then, and then he speaks in a normal voice, as though to himself, to express his amazement, to test reality.

DAVEY
 (continuing)
 I'm dyin'.
 (pause)
 I'm dyin'.
 (shouting, panicked)
 (Boys, I'm dying!)

80 EXT. BOULDERS -- DAY

80

MUNNY sweating and looking up at the sun, and NED staring vacantly.

DAVEY (O.S.)
 I'm thirsty, Slim, Jesus, I'm thirsty.
 (pause)
 Bring me a drink, won't you, Slim?
 One drink, Slim... I'm dyin', Slim...
 (pause)
 Boys, bring me a drink.

It is getting to all three of them and MUNNY looks up at the sun and then NED gets up and he walks over to a rock and he vomits.

DAVEY (O.S.)
 One drink... Please, boys... Just one d...

MUNNY
 (leaping up, shouting)
 Bring him some goddamn water, you assholes.

Boulders Nothing happens, you can't tell if the cowboys are behind there or not.

DAVEY (O.S.)
 Please, boys... I'm shot in the gut...
 I'm bleedin'... Bring me...

MUNNY
 (shouting)
 Will you take him a fucking drink for Christ sake! We ain't gonna shoot.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

There is a pause and MUNNY looks down at the boulders where the cowboys are hiding.

TEXAS SLIM (O.S.)
 (from behind the
 boulder)
 You ain't gonna shoot?

MUNNY
 No.

And then, after a long moment, MUNNY sees TEXAS SLIM come out from behind the boulder and run nervously toward the rock where DAVEY lies and he is carrying a canteen.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
 Don't you shoot him, you assholes.

THE KID is trying to see, but of course he can't.

THE KID
 They takin' water?

MUNNY
 Yeah.

MUNNY is watching and he sees TEXAS SLIM disappear behind the boulder where DAVEY is lying and there is a moment of silence... and then the voice, a scream of grief and anguish...

TEXAS SLIM (O.S.)
 (from behind the
 boulder).)
 Oh, Jesus, Johnny, they've killed
 him... They've shot up his gut...
 Oh, Jesus, they've killed young
 Davey... Oh, those murderin'
 bastards, they've killed our Davey...

And THE KID spits in the dust and NED wipes his forehead with his bandanna and MUNNY scuffs the dirt with his boot.

81 EXT. HILL -- DAY

81

Hooves on flat rock and the three riders, MUNNY, NED, and THE KID, are trotting their horses over a smooth slab of rock near a hill. They are silent, glum, then...

THE KID
 When we gonna double back?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

MUNNY

After a ways.

NED

(not looking at them)

Not me.

MUNNY looks up sharply, but NED just looks straight ahead.

NED

(continuing)

I'm goin' on down to Kansas.

MUNNY

We got to kill this other one first.

NED doesn't answer.

MUNNY

(continuing)

Shit, Ned, if we're lucky, we could kill him by nightfall... or maybe tomorrow morning. Then we could head back, all three of us, with the money.

NED reins in his horse and MUNNY pulls up, too, and then THE KID.

NED

(looking him in the eye)

You want the Spencer, Bill?

He holds out the rifle.

MUNNY

(lamely)

Shit, Ned, this ain't the time to quit.

THE KID

You're gonna lose your share. If you don't...

MUNNY

Shut up, Kid.

NED just holds out the rifle and after a moment MUNNY takes it and NED takes a box of cartridges from his pocket and hands them over.

NED

I'll see you, Bill. See you, Kid.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

And he turns his horse and heads off across open country at a trot and MUNNY watches him go till he's about fifty yards away.

MUNNY
(shouting)
Hold on. Ned.

And NED reins up and MUNNY gallops up to him and holds out the Spencer and the bullets.

MUNNY
I ain't worth a shit with it.

NED takes the rifle, sheathes it, gives a curt nod, and turns to go.

MUNNY
Me an' The Kid, we'll head over to the ranch an' as soon as we find him, we'll shoot him. Then we'll come back an' the three of us pick up the money an' head south together.

NED
Supposin' he don't go to the ranch?

MUNNY
I'll bet anything he won't go to town nor he won't ride out on the range. Right off he'll hole up at the ranch.

NED
(turning away)
I ain't waitin', Bill.
(looking back)
I'll look in on your youngsters when I get back.

MUNNY
(calling after him)
Ned, don't pay no mind to what The Kid said about the money. I'll bring your share along, hear? The Kid's full of shit, hear?

82 EXT. LITTLE BILL'S HOUSE -- ANGLE ON ROOF -- DAY

82

Late afternoon, and LITTLE BILL is crawling around up there with a bucket of tar which he has got on his moustache and his face and he looks up because he hears the clatter of hooves.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

ANGLE ON CHARLEY HECKER.

Galloping his horse up to LITTLE BILL'S house and CHARLEY is very excited and he swings off the horse in front of the porch and the porch is at once closer to completion and closer to collapse than last we saw it.

CHARLEY
(looking around,
breathless)
Little Bill, Little Bill...

LITTLE BILL (O.S.)
Yeah.

CHARLEY looks up startled and LITTLE BILL is looking down at him over the eves.

LITTLE BILL
(continuing; sheepish)
Makin' some repairs.

CHARLEY
(breathless)
They killed one of them cowboys.

83 EXT. MAIN STREET -- CLOSE ANGLE ON TORCHLIGHT -- NIGHT

83

Flickering on DAVEY'S waxy face and dead eyes as EGGS, GERMANY JOE, and PADDY haul the blood-caked body from the back of a buckboard. Widen. W.W. is looking on queasily, taking notes, and behind him the street is alive.

WIGGENS (O.S.)
...an' Parsons said how he seen three
men right after sun-up headed out
east an' one was ridin' a old blue
Morgan an' another was on a white
mare, only he didn't...

And only a few yards away from the buckboard, in front of the County Office, LITTLE BILL is being besieged by deputies and townsmen.

FATTY
Amos over at the stable says to ask
you if the County's payin' feed for
all the horses or if...

CHARLEY
... Witherspoon says he ain't gonna
sell us no more thirty-thirty shells
without we pay...

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

And the dogs, snarling, fangs bared, pulling at the leash and TOM LUCKINBILL is trying to keep control.

TOM

... use the dogs, then the county's gotta take responsibility for...

LITTLE BILL

(calmly)

Never mind about them horses, Fatty. Just you ride out to the Bar T an' make sure that other cowboy stays put an' don't expose himself, hear?

84 INT. ALICE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

84

ALICE's room and the WHORES. They are sitting glumly in the dim light of a single lamp. LITTLE SUE is wiping tears away and DELILAH is staring blankly.

DELILAH

(to no one in particular)

I didn't think they'd really do it.

ALICE

(nasty)

What did you think, they come clear up from Kansas to fuck us?

DELILAH

(vacantly)

That Kid... he's just a... boy. And that other one, Bill, being true to his wife...

ALICE

What wife? He don't have no wife.

DELILAH

(shocked, hurt)

He said...

ALICE

I told you, he don't have no wife, not aboveground, anyhow.

DELILAH just eats the pain raw and just then...

Smash! A rock comes through the window and you can hear someone shouting.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

VOICE (O.S.)

You fuckin' murderin' whores.

And they all sit there stunned. And then ALICE recovers and gets up and goes to the window and hurls the rock back.

ALICE

(shouting)

He had it coming! He had it coming for what he did...And that other one too... Both of them... For what they done.

85 EXT. COUNTY OFFICE -- NIGHT

85

LITTLE BILL and the crowd and the torches outside the County Office and suddenly there is a commotion and shouting and everybody turns north and...

FUZZY is riding into town at full gallop, shouting at the top of his lungs.

FUZZY

We got one. We got one of them fuckers, we got one...

BYSTANDERS part as FUZZY brings the horse up in front of the County Office and reins hard and addresses himself breathlessly to LITTLE BILL.

FUZZY

(continuing)

We got one of them fuckers, Sheriff. Out by Cow Creek, we...

LITTLE BILL

Alive?

FUZZY

Hell, yeah. A bunch of us Bar T boys went out lookin' on account of them killin' one of our own. We come across this fucker on a roan goin' south an'...

LITTLE BILL

He admit it?

FUZZY

No... But I guess he will soon enough. Had a Spencer rifle on him an' he was...

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

LITTLE BILL
Those cowboys messin' him up?

FUZZY
Uh... a little, maybe.

LITTLE BILL
(to CLYDE)
You an' Andy get the hell out there.
Find out where them other two went.

86 EXT. OUTHOUSE -- DAWN

86

Birds chirping cheerily and the outhouse door opens and BUCK BARTHOL steps out and stretches luxuriously.

ANGLE ON BUSHES

And THE KID holding his nose. The bushes are right behind the outhouse and the stink is terrible. THE KID is crouched there and he is doing an elaborate pantomime of his suffering for MUNNY's benefit.

87 INT. BUNKHOUSE -- ANGLE ON BUCK -- DAY

87

Coming into the bunkhouse. There isn't much light and the shadowy sleeping figures are more easily discernible by the snorts and snores they make than by their shapes except for THIRSTY and QUICK MIKE who are sitting, half-dressed at a table, rolling cigarettes.

THURSTON
See anythin' out there, Buck?

BUCK
Hell, yes I did.

MIKE looks up nervously.

BUCK
(continuing)
Seen about two hundred fellers packin' rifles... Fuckers got the place surrounded, says they want Quick Mike's ass... I says, "How much?" They says, "About five." I says, "Dollars?" They says, "Cents." I says, "Sold."

MIKE
Well, I ain't worried. I got protection.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

He indicates a nearby bunk. FATTY snoring on the bunk near QUICK MIKE.

88 EXT. MAIN STREET -- CLOSE ON NED'S FACE -- NIGHT 88

Nose bloodied, eyes blackened, as he rides down the Main Street of Big Whiskey escorted by six cowboys (including TEXAS SLIM, JOHNNY FOLEY, and LIPPY MACGREGOR) and CLYDE and ANDY. NED's wrists are tied and he looks sullen and... scared.

WIDEN. LITTLE BILL and W.W. BEAUCHAMP are standing on the porch of the Country Office when the little group pulls up attended by numerous onlookers. LITTLE BILL looks NED over colly as he addresses CLYDE.

LITTLE BILL

He tell you where them others is?

CLYDE

Nope.

LITTLE BILL

He give 'em names?

CLYDE

Didn't tell us nothin' but his own name... Ned Roundtree.

LITTLE BILL

Well, Ned, you'll want to tell me an' Mr. Beauchamp here all about them two villainous friends of yours, I guess.

(to CLYDE and ANDY)

Bring him in, boys, for I will be glad to know the names and the whereabouts of those other two murdering sons of bitches.

89 EXT. OUTHOUSE -- ANGLE ON MIDDAY SUN -- DAY 89

Blazing on high and an enormous farting sound...

ANGLE ON OUTHOUSE

After a pause, another vigorous fart and then silence broken only by the buzzing of flies, and then the sound of newspaper and suddenly the door opens and THIRSTY steps out and heads up toward the bunkhouse.

ANGLE ON THE KID.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

In the bushes, reacting to the smell and the flies are buzzing furiously.

THE KID

Sure is fuckin' ripe. I wish we'd get a breeze.

MUNNY wipes sweat from his face and looks up at the blazing sun.

MUNNY

It's gonna get riper yet.

THE KID

You still think he's in there?

MUNNY

(his eyes on the bunkhouse)

Yeah, he's in there.

THE KID

Well, he's holding on to his shit like it was money.

MUNNY

He's in there.

THE KID

Tell me right off if you see him.

MUNNY

Yup.

THE KID

You... you ain't gonna shoot him your ownself?

MUNNY

(tired of saying it)

You can shoot him.

THE KID nods, satisfied, but he's keyed up something ferocious and his fingers play nervously with his pistol.

90 INT. JAIL -- CLOSE ON NED'S FACE -- DAY

90

Jammed against the bars of the cell in the County Office. He has been tied to the bars outside the cell so that he is, more or less, spread-eagled in an upright position with his bare back exposed to LITTLE BILL and CHARLEY HECKER and W.W. BEAUCHAMP. Widen.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL

Now then, Ned... You an'... uh...
Mr. Quincy an' uh... What was that
young feller's name?

NED

Tate. Elroy Tate.

W.W. shakes his head at LITTLE BILL and holds out his notebook
for LITTLE BILL to see.

LITTLE BILL

That ain't what you said before,
Ned.

LITTLE BILL empties hot coals from the bowl of his pipe on
NED's shoulder and NED writhes and grits his teeth.

NED

Hell if it ain't.

LITTLE BILL

(looking at W.W.'s
notes)

Before you said Elroy Quincy out of
Medicine Hat an' Henry Tate out of
Cheyenne.

NED

Fuck if I did.

LITTLE BILL

(refilling his pipe)

Charley, go bring them whores here
that fucked these boys the night of
the storm.

CHARLEY

Strawberry Alice an' Silky?

LITTLE BILL

Yeah... an' fetch a bullwhip out of
the German's.

NED's face against the bars in covered with perspiration and
etched with fear as he hears the door close behind CHARLEY.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing; lighting
his pipe)

Now, Ned... them whores are gonna
lie different lies than you... an'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

LITTLE BILL (CONT'D)
 when your lie ain't the same as their
 lie... I ain't gonna hurt no woman,
 I'm gonna hurt you... not gentle
 like I been doin' but... b-a-a-a-ad.

NED swallows hard and sweats and waits.

91 INT. BUNKHOUSE -- CLOSE ON CARDS -- DAY

91

They are playing at the little table in the bunkhouse. Widen.
 QUICK MIKE, BUCK, THIRSTY, FATTY ROSSITER and OLAF HARKEN;
 and QUICK MIKE doesn't even have a pair and tosses his cards
 down in disgust and walks over to his bunk and starts to put
 on his boots.

BUCK
 (to MIKE)
 Where you goin'?

MIKE
 Take a shit.

FATTY
 (he has two Kings)
 Lemmee finish this hand, will you?

MIKE
 You gonna protect me while I take a
 shit?

QUICK MIKE walks over to a peg and hangs a gunbelt over his
 bare shoulder.

BUCK
 You could get bushwhacked.

MIKE
 (heading for the door)
 I'll fart on 'em.

THURSTON
 (starting to get up)
 I'll go with him.

MIKE
 You could wipe my ass, Thirsty.

THURSTON
 (sitting down)
 Hell with him. Man ain't polite, he
 oughta get shot.

92 EXT. outhouse -- DAY

92

THE KID in the bushes and he hears the door slamming shut up at the bunkhouse and he squints anxiously.

THE KID
(whispering)
Is it him?

MUNNY
(watching MIKE)
Yup.

THE KID is beside himself, his throat goes dry and he gulps for air and he brings the hammer back on his pistol and squints anxiously.

HIS POV

MIKE out of focus approaching from THE KID's POV and gradually MIKE comes into focus walking closer and we

CUT TO:

THE KID

Sweating, tensed for action and MUNNY looks over at him.

MUNNY
(whispering)
He's yours, Kid. Can you get him?

And THE KID is biting his lip and doesn't answer and QUICK MIKE is very close and THE KID brings up the pistol and gulps and doesn't shoot and then it is too late because MIKE has entered the outhouse. MUNNY is disgusted and he cocks the shotgun to do it himself.

THE KID is walking on eggshells approaching the door of the outhouse, pistol in his right hand, and he reaches his left hand to open the door but he is hesitant and...

MUNNY sees FATTY ROSSITER step casually out of the bunk house and MUNNY raises the shotgun and FATTY sees THE KID and screams.

FATTY
Assassins, boys, assassins!

Bawhoom! MUNNY lets go with the shotgun and FATTY dives back into the bunkhouse and...

THE KID is startled and looks over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

MUNNY

Shoot him, Kid!

And THE KID grabs the door with his left hand and opens it and there is MIKE sitting on the crapper astonished and one hand is on his holstered pistol but he's frozen and THE KID is pointing the Schofield at him but THE KID is frozen, too.

MIKE

No! No!

Blam! The Schofield jumps in THE KID's hand and MIKE gets it in the chest and there is smoke all over and THE KID stares at MIKE amazed and MIKE, who has a big splotch of blood on his chest stares back at THE KID amazed also and then...

Blam, THE KID shoots him again, this time in the face. Bang! Bang! Shots from the bunkhouse and...

Bawhoom! MUNNY blasts the bunkhouse with the shotgun.

MUNNY

Come on, Kid.

Blam, THE KID shoots MIKE's slumping body a third time and he seems hypnotized but...

Bang, Bang; shots are coming from the bunkhouse and MUNNY is screaming and THE KID tears himself away.

93 EXT. BUSHES -- DAY

93

MUNNY crashing through the bushes and THE KID is a few yards behind him and MUNNY stumbles and scrambles to his feet.

MUNNY

Did... you... get... him?

THE KID

(amazed)

Yeah.

94 EXT. OUTHOUSE -- DAY

94

The outhouse and MIKE's body and FATTY and THIRSTY and BUCK dashing past, waving their guns.

95 EXT. WOODS -- DAY

95

The albino mare and the Morgan in the woods and MUNNY and THE KID dash up to the horses, gasping for breath, and MUNNY tries to mount still holding the shotgun and the horse starts to prance around and MUNNY can't mount.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

MUNNY

Hold still.

Bang, Bang, Bang; Shots are whistling around them and looking back MUNNY can see his pursuers firing from cover fifty yards away.

MUNNY shoves two shells in the shotgun and hands it to THE KID who has just mounted.

MUNNY

(continuing)

Cover me, Kid, while I mount.

THE KID

(Panicked.)

I can't see 'em.

Bang, Bang, Bang.

MUNNY

Just shoot!

And Ka Blamm, THE KID lets go both barrels in the general direction of the enemy and then MUNNY gallops away half-on his horse, half-off, in an undignified escape, bullets whistling around his horse and THE KID behind him shouting.

THE KID

Where are you, Bill? where are you?
I can't see you! Wait for me.

And then they disappear and gradually the shooting stops.

96 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY -- DUSK

96

Open country at sundown seen from a low hill, and you can barely make out a lone rider approaching in the extreme distance.

ANGLE ON MUNNY

Standing on the rise and watching the rider in the distance.

THE KID

Is that what it was like, Bill, in
the old days... ridin' out with
everybody shootin'... smoke all over
an' folks yellin' an' bullets whizzin'
by?

THE KID is behind BILL sitting under a large oak drinking from a whiskey bottle.

(CONTINUED)

MUNNY

(absently)

Yeah, I guess so.

THE KID

Shit... I thought they was gonna get us. I was even... scared a little... just for a minute.

(pause)

Was you ever scared in them days?

MUNNY turns from watching the RIDER's slow approach and walks over to THE KID who can't see the RIDER from where he's sitting.

MUNNY

I don't remember, Kid. I was drunk most of the time. Give me a pull on that bottle, will you?

MUNNY takes a big pull on the bottle, returns it to THE KID, and walks back to the edge of the rise to resume his vigil.

The RIDER is a little closer now and the sun is a little lower. It is very beautiful.

THE KID

(drinking heavy)

I shot that fucker three times. He was takin' a shit. He went for his pistol an' I blazed away... first shot got him in the chest...

THE KID wipes whiskey from his chin. He has been working hard to make the hysteria he feels into a high... but it won't quite come.

THE KID

(continuing)

... Say, Bill...

MUNNY

Yeah.

MUNNY is watching the RIDER and the RIDER is closer.

THE KID

That was... the first one.

MUNNY

First one what?

(CONTINUED)

THE KID
First one I ever killed.

MUNNY
(preoccupied with his
vigil)
Yeah?

THE KID
How I said I shot five men... it
wasn't true.
(long pause)
That Mexican... the one that come at
me with a knife... I busted his leg
with a shovel... I didn't shoot him
or nothin'.

MUNNY is watching the rider and the rider is much closer,
but coming at a walk and MUNNY goes back over to THE KID for
a pull on the bottle and he's trying to make THE KID feel
okay when he says...

MUNNY
Well, that fella today, you shot him
all right.

THE KID
(forced bravado)
H-hell, yeah. I killed the hell out
of him... three shots... he was takin'
a sh-sh-shit an'... an'...

THE KID is shaking, becoming hysterical, he can't go on, and
MUNNY hands the bottle back.

MUNNY
Take a drink, Kid.

THE KID
(breaking down, crying)
Oh Ch-Ch-Christ... it don't... it
don't seem... real... How he's...
dead... how he ain't gonna breathe
no more... n-n-never. Or the other
one neither... On account of... of
just... pullin' a trigger.

MUNNY walks back to the edge of the rise and watches the
RIDER and it is a lovely sunset happening and he is talking
to no one in particular.

MUNNY

It's a hell of a thing, ain't it,
killin' a man. You take everythin'
he's got... an' everythin' he's ever
gonna have...

THE KID

(trying to pull himself
together)
Well, I gu-guess they had it...
comin'.

MUNNY

We all got it comin', Kid.

ANGLE ON RIDER

At the foot of the rise and it is LITTLE SUE and...

ANGLE ON MUNNY

Pulling the saddlebags off and LITTLE SUE is still mounted.
They are under the oak tree and it is dusk and THE KID is
just sitting there with his bottle.

MUNNY

I was watchin' you... seein' if you
was followed.

LITTLE SUE

(scared to death)
Silky an' Faith, they rode off to
the east an' two deputies was
followin' them.

MUNNY has lit a little candle and spread a blanket and he is
opening the bags to count the money.

MUNNY

(pouring out the coins
and bills)
You wanna help me count, Kid?

THE KID is leaning against the tree in a semi-stupor.

THE KID

I trust you, Bill.

MUNNY

Well, you don't wanna trust me too
much. We'll take Ned his share
together so you don't figure I run
off with it.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE SUE
 (startled)
 Ned's share?

MUNNY
 (counting)
 Yeah, he went south ahead of us. I
 guess we'll catch him before...

LITTLE SUE
 (blurting it out)
 He's... He's dead.

MUNNY
 (counting)
 No he ain't. He went south yesterday.

LITTLE SUE
 They... they killed him. I... thought
 you knew that. I thought you knew
 because...

MUNNY
 (looking up)
 Nobody didn't kill Ned, he went south
 yesterday. He didn't even kill nobody.
 Why would anybody kill Ned?

LITTLE SUE just looks back at him, scared, trembling.

MUNNY
 (continuing; realizing)
 Who killed him?

LITTLE SUE
 Little Bill. The... the Bar T boys
 caught him and Little Bill...

MUNNY
 He hanged him?
 (as LITTLE SUE shakes
 her head no)
 Shot him down?

LITTLE SUE
 N-no. He!... he beat him up. He was
 making him... answer questions...
 and beating him up... and then...
 Ned just died.
 (pause)
 Little Bill didn't mean to kill him...
 he said he was sorry an' all... but
 he said it was a good example anyhow.

(CONTINUED)

MUNNY

(outraged).)

Good example! Good example of what, I'd like to know? He didn't even kill nobody... he couldn't do it no more.

LITTLE SUE

They got... a sign on him says he was a killer.

MUNNY

(flabbergasted)

A sign on him?

LITTLE SUE

In front of Greely's. It says, "This here is what happens to..."

MUNNY

(incredulous)

They got a sign on him in front of Greely's?

THE KID just has his head in his hands, it's too much for him and LITTLE SUE is scared shitless of MUNNY.

MUNNY

(continuing)

The questions Little Bill asked him... what sort of questions was they?

LITTLE SUE

About where you an' him...

(indicating THE KID)

... was... an' where you was from... an' what your names was... an'...

MUNNY

What'd Ned say?

LITTLE SUE

L-lies... at first. About how you was just passin' through and didn't kill nobody... an' Little Bill kept askin' questions, mixin' him up, catchin' lies... an' then he'd beat on Ned an' Ned would cry and lie some more an' then... then...

MUNNY

Then... what?

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE SUE

A cowboy come in sayin' you killed Quick Mike in the shit house at the Bar T...

MUNNY

An' Little Bill killed Ned for what I done?

LITTLE SUE

Not on purpose. But he started hurtin' him worse... makin' him tell stuff. First Ned wouldn't say nothin'... but Little Bill hurt him so bad he said who you was...

MUNNY looks up sharply. LITTLE SUE is scared, her voice quavers...

LITTLE SUE

(continuing)

... He said how you was really Three Fingered Jack out of Missouri... an' Bill said "Same Three Fingered Jack that dynamited the Rock Island and Pacific in '69 killin' women and children an' all?" An' Ned says you done a lot worse than that, said you was more cold-blooded than William Bonney or Clay Alisson or the James Brothers an' how if he hurt Ned again you was gonna come an' kill him like you killed a U.S. Marshal in '73.

MUNNY

Didn't scare Little Bill though, did it?

LITTLE SUE

N-no, sir.

MUNNY

Lemme see that Schofield, Kid.

THE KID

Wha... what f-for?

MUNNY

(sharply)

Lemme see it.

(CONTINUED)

THE KID
 (giving it to him)
 Sure. Sure, Bill.

MUNNY takes the pistol and begins to check it methodically, inspecting the load first... and THE KID watches nervously, shifting from foot to foot.

THE KID
 (continuing)
 You... you could keep it, Bill. I
 ain't... gonna use it no more, I
 ain't gonna kill nobody.

MUNNY, still checking the gun, glances up and meets THE KID's uneasy gaze.

THE KID
 (continuing)
 I... I ain't like you, Bill.

MUNNY looks back at the pistol, checks the sights.

THE KID
 (continuing)
 You... gonna take... the money?

MUNNY
 (to LITTLE SUE)
 You better get on back, miss.

And LITTLE SUE, still mounted, breathes an enormous silent sigh of relief and turns her horse away hastily and MUNNY, satisfied with the pistol, sticks it in his belt and walks over to his horse and pulls his sawed-off shotgun out of the bedroll.

THE KID
 You could have it. All of it.

MUNNY
 (checking the shotgun)
 I thought you wanted to buy spectacles
 an' fancy clothes an' all.

THE KID
 I'd rather be blind and ragged than
 dead, I guess.

MUNNY looks at THE KID who is behaving bravely but is trembling anyway, scared, and MUNNY's eyes are full of brutally painful memories.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (8)

96

MUNNY

Shit, Kid. I ain't gonna kill you.
You're... the only friend I got.

97 EXT. NORTH ROAD -- NIGHT

97

Moonlight on the ordinance #14 sign on the North Road and two riders come up slow, MUNNY and THE KID, and MUNNY reins up and then THE KID does, too. MUNNY takes the saddlebags off his horse.

MUNNY

(giving THE KID the
bags)

This here money, take my share an'
Ned's an' leave it with my youngsters.
Tell 'em half goes to Sally Two Trees
if I ain't back in a week. The rest
is yours... you could buy them
spectacles.

THE KID

Are you... Are you gonna... kill
Little Bill?

MUNNY

(holding up the whiskey
bottle)

I guess you won't mind my keepin'
the bottle.

THE KID

You're gonna kill him, ain't you?

MUNNY

Stay clear of folks you might see.
There's plenty out lookin' to hang
you. Go on now, skedaddle.

MUNNY slaps THE KID's horse and THE KID sets out at a trot and MUNNY watches him disappear into the night. When he is alone and he can't hear THE KID's horse anymore, MUNNY uncorks the bottle and takes a long deep drink.

98 EXT. GREELY'S PORCH -- ANGLE ON NED'S BODY -- NIGHT

98

In the upright coffin in the flickering light of a torch standing next to it and, of course, NED looks bad and the crudely scrawled sign over the coffin says, "This is what happens to assassins around here."

99 INT. BARROOM -- ANGLE ON LITTLE BILL -- NIGHT

99

In the crowded bar and he is shouting to make himself heard over the din.

LITTLE BILL

All right, I'm gonna say just one more time so it's all clear an' then don't ask me no more.

The place is packed with tired, dusty men and they are not really jubilant so much as they are excited by the hysteria of events.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing)

Now each of you that posse'd today has got one drink comin' off the county budget...

THURSTON

Yahoo.

LITTLE BILL

... An' whoever rode yesterday, gets one drink for that...

PADDY

Yippee.

EGGS

I told yuh two, I...

LITTLE BILL

Hold it, hold it. After them two, it's outta your own pocket... Hear me, Skinny?... An' we're pullin' out early tomorrow an' chase these fellas clear to Texas so I wouldn't spend much of your own money.

There is a general whoop and hubbub as LITTLE BILL turns back to his conversation at the bar with CHARLEY, FATTY, CLYDE, ANDY and W.W. BEAUCHAMP.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing)

Now if we divide up into four parties an' hit all the farms an' trails in a circle, we're bound to find some one who seen them skunks an'...

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE BILL is suddenly conscious of his own loud voice in a sudden silence that has swept the bar like a brushfire and, turning, he sees what everybody is staring at.

MUNNY, with his 10-gauge shotgun leveled from the shoulder, is standing thirty feet away in the doorway. Taking a couple of sideways steps to get the door behind his back and sweeping the twin barrels in an ominous arc, he surveys the scene.

MUNNY
(a little drunk)
Which fucker owns this shithole?

Nobody says a thing. SKINNY stares pop-eyed from behind the bar and the sweat starts on his forehead and LITTLE BILL is thinking coolly and everybody else is swallowing hard and looking at the shotgun.

MUNNY
(continuing; to FATTY)
You there, fat man, speak up.

FATTY gulps and then SKINNY screws up his courage and steps from behind the bar and gives it every bit of dignity his fear will permit.

SKINNY
I... I own this establishment. I
bought it from Greely for a thous...

MUNNY
(to the men round
SKINNY)
Better step clear, boys.

And SKINNY looks from side to side as people step away from him and he wants to say something desperately, he wants to live, he wants...

LITTLE BILL
Hold on, mist...

Bah-whoom! MUNNY fires and smoke belches and...

SKINNY is blown back against the wall and he falls to the floor a bloody mess and...

LITTLE BILL is reaching for the Spencer which is leaning against the bar near his leg but he freezes because...

MUNNY has turned the shotgun on him and MUNNY sees NED's Spencer there and his eyes show how he feels about it.

(CONTINUED)

For a moment, while the smoke clears, the bar is silent, and there are nervous glances cast at the bloody body of SKINNY, but LITTLE BILL keeps his eyes on MUNNY.

LITTLE BILL

(continuing)

Well, sir You are a cowardly son of a bitch, because you have just shot down an unarmed man.

It has become a very formal moment and there are, figuratively speaking, only two people in the room, MUNNY and LITTLE BILL... and W.W. BEAUCHAMP is watching them, scared to death, but this is it, what all those Easterners dreamed about, the showdown in the saloon.

MUNNY

(the shotgun pointed right at LITTLE BILL)

He should have armed himself if he was gonna decorate his saloon with the body of my friend.

LITTLE BILL

I guess you are Three-Fingered Jack out of Missouri, killer of women and children.

MUNNY

(a little drunkenly)

I have done that... killed women and children... I have killed most everything that walks or crawls an' now I have come to kill you, Little Bill, for what you done to Ned.

(to the others)

Now step aside, boys.

And as the DEPUTIES nervously move aside, LITTLE BILL helps to isolate himself by stepping forward boldly.

LITTLE BILL

He's got one barrel left, gentlemen. After he has used it, pull your pistols and shoot him down like the cowardly, drunken scoundrel he is.

LITTLE BILL looks back at MUNNY bravely and...

MUNNY looks down the barrel at LITTLE BILL and after a tense moment he pulls the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

Click. The hammer falls, but it is a misfire and what happens next happens in maybe five seconds as all hell breaks loose.

LITTLE BILL

(drawing)

Misfire! Kill the son of a bitch!

And LITTLE BILL aims carefully and... MUNNY hurls the shotgun at him and...

Blam!... LITTLE BILL fires wildly as the shotgun hits him and...

CLYDE has his pistol out and is pointing it at MUNNY and...

MUNNY is pulling his pistol from his own belt and he drops to one knee and...

Blam!... CLYDE fires and misses and... LITTLE BILL is about to squeeze the trigger when...

Blam!... MUNNY shoots him and...

Blam!... LITTLE BILL shoots just as he is hit in the chest and...

Blam! Blam!... FATTY fires wildly and...

MUNNY is aiming, too, and Blam!...

CLYDE gets it in the face and...

Blam!... Blam!... FATTY isn't even aiming while...

ANDY aims carefully, he can kill MUNNY but...

MUNNY turns and points his weapon at ANDY and...

Instead of firing, ANDY panics and tries to turn his body sideways to ward off the blow and...

Blam!... MUNNY fires and...

ANDY gets it high in the ribcage and...

CHARLEY turns and runs for the back and...

Blam! Blam!... FATTY is backing up and firing from the hip and then he turns to run and...

MUNNY aims deliberately from one knee and Blam!...

FATTY goes down, shot in the back...

(CONTINUED)

And suddenly... there is a terrible silence that is broken only by the awful, dying groans of CLYDE and the coughing of the BYSTANDERS hiding behind tables and chairs in the thick black smoke and...

MUNNY is still down on one knee, pointing his pistol and looking through the thick smoke for someone to shoot, but it seems there are no threats left.

MUNNY

Every asshole that doesn't want to get shot, best clear out the back quick.

And they scramble over each other, dashing toward the billiard room, and MUNNY stands up and looks around and he looks at CLYDE who is groaning, his face covered with blood, and everybody else, LITTLE BILL, ANDY, and FATTY are still, and then FATTY seems to move and MUNNY levels his pistol and what happens is W.W. crawls out from half-under FATTY and W.W. is covered with blood and he is shaking like a leaf.

W.W.

I... I... think I'm... shot.

MUNNY

You ain't shot.

W.W.

(seeing the pistol)
P-p-p-please, I'm not armed.

As MUNNY lowers the pistol, W.W. looks around.

W.W.

(continuing)
M-m-my G-god. You killed Little Bill.

MUNNY

(cuspicious)
You sure you ain't armed?

W.W.

I never c-c-carry arms. I'm... a writer.

MUNNY

A writer? What do you write... letters an' such?

W.W.

B-b-books.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

W.W. (CONT'D)

(amazed)

You... you killed five men... single-handed.

MUNNY

(wearily)

Yeah.

MUNNY walks over to the bar, keeping his eye suspiciously on W.W., and reaches for a bottle with his left hand. The hand is shaking like palsy and he tilts the bottle and drinks sloppily with effort, the pistol still in his right hand.

W.W.

Wh-wh-who did you kill first?

MUNNY

Huh?

W.W.

(reciting)

Wh-wh-when confronted by superior numbers, the experienced gunfighter will fire on the best shots first.

MUNNY

(drinking).)

Yeah?

Unnoticed on the floor, LITTLE BILL is conscious, though blood is coming out of his mouth and he has been written off. One hand is shifting on his pistol and he can hear CLYDE moaning sporadically.

W.W.

Little Bill told me that. You killed him first, didn't you?

On the floor, Little Bill is fighting for consciousness, fingering his pistol.

MUNNY

I was lucky in the order.

(bitterly)

I always been lucky killin' folks.

W.W.

(absorbed)

Who was next? Clyde? Or was it...?

(CONTINUED)

MUNNY

(suddenly ominous,
pistol pointing)

I could tell you who was last, mister.

W.W.'s eyes pop as he gets the idea and he backs up fast, and then he turns and bolts out the back, and watching him go, MUNNY turns his back on the fallen body of LITTLE BILL.

LITTLE BILL, on the floor, raises up his pistol in his shaking hand and aims at MUNNY's back, maybe six feet away, and he is shaking bad as he draws the hammer back and...

MUNNY hears the click and he turns and sees LITTLE BILL aiming, but it is too late and...

Blam! Smoke and fire from LITTLE BILL's pistol and LITTLE BILL's arm collapses from the effort and the pistol falls with a bang.

MUNNY

(continuing)

Missed again, asshole.

And MUNNY steps over to him and kicks the pistol away from LITTLE BILL's outstretched hand. LITTLE BILL is bleeding from the mouth, having taken a shot in the lung, and he is very weak and all he can do is look up at MUNNY and speak weakly.

LITTLE BILL

I don't... deserve this... to die
this way. I was... building a house.

MUNNY

(aiming his pistol
point blank)

"Deserve" don't mean shit, Little
Bill.

LITTLE BILL

(the pistol in his
face)

I'll see you... in hell, you three-
fingered asshole.

Blam! MUNNY shoots LITTLE BILL and then he looks around and CLYDE is still groaning and that is the only sound. Then, suddenly, he is all business. He walks quickly over to CLYDE and shoots him once with the Spencer and the groaning stops. Then he goes over to LITTLE BILL's body and pokes around in the pockets and pulls out some shells for the Spencer. He shoves those in his pocket and he goes to the bar and picks

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (7)

99

up the bottle of whiskey and walks over to the door. Standing to one side, he kicks it open. Then he sets down the rifle and the bottle and starts to reload the Schofield and while he loads it, he shouts out the door.

MUNNY

I'm comin' outta here... an' any fucker I see out there, I'm gonna kill him... an' any fucker takes a shot at me, I ain't just gonna kill him, but I'm gonna kill his wife an' all his friends an' burn his fucking house, hear?

The pistol is loaded and MUNNY sticks it in his belt and he takes a long pull on the whiskey bottle and wipes the dribble from his chin. Then, he picks up the rifle in the other hand and looks out the door.

100 EXT. MAIN STREET/GREELY'S -- NIGHT

100

The street, and it is dark and quiet, shadowy buildings, the knot of tethered horses, a couple of torches stuck in the ground, sputtering.

MUNNY (O.S.)

Nobody better shoot on account of I'm as mean as I say... maybe meaner. I am a damn badman an' you will not find a worse one in hell.

And MUNNY steps out of the door warily, and looks around and all he sees are the shadowy buildings and all he hears are his own boots on the wooden porch. Glancing nervously at the dark buildings' blank stares he walks past the upright coffin where the waxy face of NED stares gruesomely in the light of the flickering torch and he gives it a glance, wanting to say he's sorry, but the idea is ludicrous and he steps off the porch and walks toward the white mare.

101 EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

101

W.W. BEAUCHAMP and CHARLEY HECKER and GERMANY JOE crouched in the alleyway between two buildings across the street and CHARLEY has a rifle and they can see MUNNY mounting his horse.

GERMANY JOE

(whispering)

Go ahead, shoot him.

CHARLEY just shakes his head and offers the rifle to GERMANY JOE. And GERMANY JOE doesn't want it.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

GERMANY JOE
(continuing)
I endt no dehpoody.

W.W. is watching MUNNY's unbelievably awkward and prolonged mounting procedure and he can't believe it, he can't believe what the Old West is like and it shows on his face.

102 EXT. MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

102

MUNNY riding down the dark, lonely street at a trot and he starts to shout at the top of his lungs:

MUNNY
You boys better bury old NED right...
and you better not carve up nor
otherwise harm no whores... or I
will come back an' kill more
sonsabitches, hear?

And there are tears running down MUNNY's cheeks.

103 EXT. SOD HUT -- DAY

103

Daylight and PENNY sweeping in the doorway of MUNNY's sod hut in Kansas. She is intent on her work until she hears the snort of a horse and looks up and her jaw drops, and her face lights up like the sun itself and, dropping the broom, she dashes toward him.

ANGLE ON MUNNY

MUNNY walking across the field, leading the mare. He is covered with dust and heavily stubbled from the trip. PENNY dashes up to him and throws her arms around him and he is overjoyed, but he doesn't have any way to express it except through awkwardness and embarrassment.

MUNNY
(fondly)
Ain't you a lady!

And he puts his arm around her and they walk toward the house.

104 EXT. HOG PENS -- ANGLE ON WILL -- DAY

104

Working in the hog pens in back, concentrating on the job.

MUNNY
Place looks good.

And WILL whirls around and sees MUNNY standing there beside the house and his first instinct is to run to him and then

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

he remembers his dignity and stands there like a man, but the grin is liable to break his face.

WILL

Hullo, Paw.

MUNNY

I guess you lost some hogs to the fever.

WILL

Three.

MUNNY

Three? That ain't bad considerin'.

WILL is pissing in his pants with pride and pleasure and he joins his father and they walk around the house together.

WILL

That fella come by... Tom.

MUNNY

(stopping)

Tom?

WILL

The one you rode out after... the one that had the pistol...

MUNNY

The Kid, yeah...

WILL

Only he wasn't carryin' no pistol this time.

105 INT. SHED -- DAY

105

WILL and MUNNY in the shed and WILL is digging deep into a huge pile of straw.

MUNNY

(worried)

He say anythin'... The Kid...?

WILL

(digging)

Tom? Only how... how if you didn't... didn't come back in a week...

(upset)

... how he was to take half the money to Sally an' say you was...

(CONTINUED)

MUNNY

(gently).)

Well, I come back, didn't I?

And WILL has exposed the saddle-bags and MUNNY moves in and opens them and gold coins and wads of bills spill out.

WILL

(upset)

Did you... did you...?

MUNNY

(counting)

Did I what?

WILL

All that money... I mean... did you...?

MUNNY

(counting)

Steal it? Naw, I didn't steal it.

WILL

No... I meant...

MUNNY

(turning)

What?

WILL

K-k-kill somebody?

MUNNY

Who said that?

WILL

N-nobody... only you took your shotgun an' that pistol an'...

MUNNY

(bothered, putting
his arm around WILL's
shoulders)

Before I met your maw, God rest her soul, it used to be I was kinda... wicked... drinkin' spirits an' gettin' into scrapes an' all. Only she made me see the error of my ways an'... I ain't like I was no more.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

WILL
 (relieved)
 I guess you didn't kill nobody then.

MUNNY
 (it is an effort)
 Naw, son, I didn't kill nobody.

106 EXT. GRAVE -- DAY

106

The grave of Claudia under the trees and MUNNY walks up to it and maybe we hear music or maybe just the wind, but the words begin to crawl across screen, supered:

"They were married in St. Louis in 1870 and they traveled north to Kansas where he engaged in farming and swine husbandry. She bore him two children in the eight years of their marriage and when she died, it was not at his hands as her mother might have expected, but of smallpox."

ANGLE ON MUNNY

We are looking at him by now and there is nothing easy on his face, no big emotions, he is just looking at the grave. Written words crawl across screen:

"Some years later, Mrs. Ansonia Feathers made the arduous journey to Hodgeman County to visit the last resting place of her only daughter".

ANGLE ON GRAVE

We are looking at the stone now and the words continue:

"William Munny had long since sold the place and disappeared with the children... some said to San Francisco where it was rumored he prospered as a dry goods merchant under a different name".

CLOSE ON Eyes of WILLIAM MUNNY The eyes of the husband and the pig farmer and the man who shot down five men in the Big Whiskey saloon. Written words:

"And there was nothing on the stone to explain to Mrs. Feathers why her only daughter had married a known thief and murderer, a man of notoriously vicious and intemperate disposition".

FADE OUT:

THE END