"BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID"

by

William Goldman
Not that it matters,
but what follows is true.
"BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID"

FADE IN ON

1
ALMOST THE ENTIRE SCREEN IN BLACK SHADOW

The upper right corner is the only color, and that is a white that almost stings to look at it -- it is the white heat of the afternoon sun, and the shadow, we come to realize, is the side of some building together with the shadow of that building on the ground. If we don't know quite what it is that we're seeing at this point, that's all right. CAMERA HOLDS ON THE SHOT, after a moment the shadow of a man begins to fill the upper right corner. As the shadow lengthens,

CUT TO:

2
A MAN

idly walking around a corner of the building. He is BUTCH CASSIDY and hard to pin down. Thirty-five and bright, he has brown hair, but most people, if asked to describe him, would remember him blond. He speaks well and quickly, and has been all his life a leader of men; but if you asked him, he would be damned if he could tell you why.

CUT TO:

3
BUTCH

stopping by a window, giving it a glance.

CUT TO:

4
THE WINDOW

It is heavily and magnificently barred.

CUT TO:

5
BUTCH

scowling briefly at the bars. He moves in toward the window to look through, and as he does, there begins a series of very quick cuts. (Butch, it might be noted here, is casing the bank, and what he is doing as his eyes flick from place to place inside is probing the place for weaknesses. But if we don't know quite what it is that he's doing at this point, that's all right too.)

CUT TO:
A DOOR
It is thick and solid metal and strong. CUT TO:

PAPER MONEY
being counted by ten skilled fingers. CUT TO:

A GUN
in a holster, belonging to a uniformed man in a guard's uniform. CUT TO:

A WINDOW
high up on one wall. It is, if anything, more heavily and magnificently barred than the first. CUT TO:

THE DOOR OF A BIG SAFE
It is behind shining bars and it is the kind of safe that has a time lock and --

BUTCH
eyes expertly flicking from place to place. Then he starts to walk around the bank again, and he isn't happy.

CUT TO:

A BANK GUARD
It is closing time now and he is slamming metal plates into place, the sound loud and sharp and final. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Butch, watching the Guard work.

BUTCH
What was the matter with that old bank this town used to have? It was beautiful.

GUARD
(continuing to slam things shut)
People kept robbing it.

CUT TO:
who starts to walk away across the street toward a barn of a building with a sign outside: "Macon's Saloon." In the middle of the street he turns and stares back at the bank. It is new, and ugly, and squat, and functional, and built like a tank.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BUTCH

BUTCH
(yelling back to the guard)
That's a small price to pay for beauty.

And from this CLOSEUP of Butch -

CLOSEUP - A MUSTACHED MAN

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Macon's saloon. It is a barn of a place, without much decoration, and it is all but empty now, giving an even greater impression of size. Almost the only action in the place comes from a game of black-jack in which the MUSTACHED MAN is dealing. (There are other tables set up ready for play, chips and cards neatly placed, but this is afternoon now, the sun slants in through windows, and the other tables are empty.)

CUT TO:

THE BLACKJACK GAME

The Mustached Man is dealing to A PLAYER.

PLAYER
Hit me.

The Mustached Man flicks a card.

PLAYER
Over.

He pushes back from the table. Hesitates. Then --

PLAYER
Gimme credit, Mr. Macon?

CUT TO:
JOHN MACON

He is a well-dressed, good-looking man in a big, rugged way. Not yet thirty, he gives the strong impression of power and maturity -- he has come a long way through a tough world and he has come fast. He is a man who, at all times, knows whereof he speaks.

MACON
(shaking his head 'no')
You know my rules, Tom.

He turns now, looks at the Mustached Man.

MACON
You just about cleaned everybody, fella -- I don't think you lost since you got the deal.

CUT TO:

THE MUSTACHED MAN

He says nothing.

CUT TO:

MACON

MACON
What's the secret of your success?

CUT TO:

THE MUSTACHED MAN

MUSTACHED MAN

Prayer.

CUT TO:

MACON

And he isn't smiling.

MACON
Let's just you and me play.

CUT TO:
MACON AND THE MUSTACHED MAN

The Mustached Man deals quickly, with no excess motion. The betting and the flicking out of the cards goes fast.

MACON

Hit me.

(he gets another card)

Again.

(another card comes fast)

Too much.

As the Mustached Man starts to take in the money --

CUT TO:

MACON

smiling now.

MACON

You're what's too much, fella -- whatever it is you're doing. You're one helluva cardplayer, and I know, because I'll be one helluva cardplayer, and I can't even spot how you're cheating.

CUT TO:

THE MUSTACHED MAN

doing his best to ignore what has just been said. He continues to carefully stack his winnings into even piles.

CUT TO:

MACON

on his feet. He wears guns, and his big hands are near them, relaxed and ready.

CUT TO:

MACON AND THE MUSTACHED MAN

MACON

(pointing to the money)

That stays -- you go.

MUSTACHED MAN

What if I stay?

Cont.
His reply is not arrogant -- just factual.

MACON

You won't.

CUT TO:

THE MUSTACHED MAN

He sits almost sadly, slumped in his chair. His head is down. Now --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

tearing up to the card table, talking as he comes --

BUTCH

-- we look a little short of brotherly love around here --

CUT TO:

MACON

standing there, his hands by his guns.

MACON

You with this garbage, get yourselves out of here --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND THE MUSTACHED MAN

Butch is pulling at the Mustached Man, who does not budge.
As he pulls, he talks to Macon --

BUTCH

Yessir, thank you sir, we were just on our way and --

Urgently now -- to the Mustached Man, who will not move --

BUTCH

Will you come on? --

CUT TO:
dropping down now beside the Mustached Man. This next is whispered and fast --

MUSTACHED MAN
-- I wasn't cheating --

BUTCH
(trying to budge the other man)
-- move --

MUSTACHED MAN
-- I wasn't cheating --

CUT TO:

Macon

getting a little impatient now --

MACON
You can die -- no one's immune --
you can both die --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND THE MUSTACHED MAN

Lower and faster even than before --

BUTCH
-- you hear that? -- now you got him mad at me --

MUSTACHED MAN
-- if he invites us to stay, then we'll go --

BUTCH
-- we were gonna leave anyway --

MUSTACHED MAN
-- he's gotta invite us to stick around! --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE MUSTACHED MAN

And here there will be a series of quick cuts, as his eyes take in everything around him. This will be not dissimilar in style to the moment with Butch casing the bank. While

Cont.
the cuts are going on, the following dialogue will continue overlapping and low between Butch and the Mustached Man. The cuts will include the following:

A. MACON'S HANDS

B. A WINDOW AND SUN STREAMING IN and does it hit anybody's eyes.

C. THE AREA BEHIND THE MUSTACHED MAN and is there anyone dangerous there.

D. MACON'S EYES

E. THE AREA TO THE SIDE OF THE MUSTACHED MAN and is there room to move.

To repeat: while these quick cuts take place (and if we don't know what they're for, again, that's all right), camera returns constantly to the Mustached Man in closeup, with Butch beside him, moving in and out, both of them talking fast.

BUTCH
--- he'll draw on you -- he's ready now and you don't know how fast he is ---

MUSTACHED MAN
--- that's just what I want to hear ---

BUTCH
--- face it -- he don't look like he intends to lose ---

MUSTACHED MAN
--- you're really building up my confidence ---

BUTCH
--- well I'm over the hill - it can happen to you -- every day you get older -- that's a law ---

The Mustached Man is clearly not leaving and as Butch realizes this ---

CUT TO:
BUTCH
rising, moving to Macon.

BUTCH
What would you think about maybe
inviting us to stick around?

MACON
What?

BUTCH
-- you don't have to mean it or
anything -- but if you'd just please
invite us to stick around I promise
you we'll go and --

Macon gestures sharply for Butch to get the hell back
out of the way and --

CUT TO:
36  BUTCH

He hesitates a moment, glancing down at the Mustached Man who still sits slumped in his chair. Butch shakes his head, then moves back out of the way.

BUTCH
(softly)
Can't help you, Sundance.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON MACON as the last word echoes. It registers, that word, and now Macon has a secret he tries desperately to keep behind his eyes: the man is terrified.

CUT TO:

37  THE SUNDANCE KID

for that is the name of the Mustached Man. He sits slumped a moment more, his head down. Then he slowly raises his head. His eyes dazzle. He locks dead into Macon's eyes. Still staring, he stands. He too wears guns.

CUT TO:

38  MACON

A brave man doing his best, he stands still and does not look away.

CUT TO:

39  SUNDANCE

He says nothing.

CUT TO:

40  MACON

and now the panic is slowly starting to seep out.

MACON
I didn't know you were the Sundance Kid when I said you were cheating.

CUT TO:

41  SUNDANCE

He says nothing. His eyes are on Macon's hands now.

CUT TO:
42. MACON'S HANDS
    still close to his guns.

43. SUNDANCE
    He says nothing. He just waits, stares.

44. MACON
    (the words burst
    out of him)
    If I draw on you you'll kill me.

45. SUNDANCE
    There is that possibility.

46. BUTCH
    moving in on Macon now.
    BUTCH
    No sir, you'd just be killing
    yourself.
    (urging now)
    So invite us to stick around,
    why don't you?

47. MACON
    He starts to speak, stops, and --

48. BUTCH
    -- you can do it -- easy --
    come on, come on --

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE

The man does not make unnecessary motions: he stands now as before, silent and staring, eyes bright, ready.

CUT TO:

MACON

MACON

(he can barely get the words out)

...stick around why don't you?...

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH

Thanks but we got to be going.

And as they move together along the path of gambling tables toward the door --

CUT TO:

MACON

watching them go.

MACON

Kid?

(a little louder now)

Hey how good are you?

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

Sundance makes no move, no reaction to having heard Macon's words.

BUTCH

Don't just stand here, show the man --

And he unexpectedly grabs some poker chips from a table, flips them high and --

CUT TO:

THE POKER CHIPS

red and blue, and spinning prettily, and --

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE
diving left and dropping and long before the move is done
the guns are out and roaring and as the terrible noise
sounds --

CUT TO:

ALL THE POKER CHIPS

and maybe one of them falls untouched through the noise,
but all the others, all of them, shatter, and --

CUT TO:

JOHN MACON

breathing the biggest sigh of relief anyone ever saw and --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

his guns quiet now, and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

staring at the one poker chip that lays intact on the
floor, indicates it to Sundance, as they move to exit.

BUTCH

Like I been telling you --
over the hill.

And they are gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

This is a series of shots which, for the first time,
really open up the story visually. Up until now, the
scenes have been "western" but they haven't attempted
to include any of that incredible feeling of awesome
size this kind of picture ought honestly to have. Now,
in this series of cuts -- some with Butch and Sundance
riding, some without -- we get it all. There is a
feeling of time passing, of distance, of changing terrain,
all of it leading to the culminating shots when the credits
end, and the effect by then should be considerable, for
by then we will be at Hole-in-the-Wall. A list of shots
might include:
CLOUDS
They are white, just like clouds ought to be, and they are fluffy, and they hang there in the sky, and pull back to reveal Butch and Sundance, riding along, above the clouds, which spread out below them, filling a canyon. As Butch and Sundance begin riding down into the clouds --

CUT TO:

A SMALL HERD OF DEER
startled and scared, veering one way, then another, then gone as Butch and Sundance come riding down.

CUT TO:

THE SUN, DYING
Butch and Sundance sit by a low fire, eating quietly.

CUT TO:

A SNAKE
It is hot and sunny and it makes its quick way toward a lake. As it starts to swim --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
riding slowly through the heat, skirting the edge of the lake, continuing on. They started their ride high up somewhere, they are now just as clearly down low. There is heat and dry rock and blazing sun and --

CUT TO:

A FLOCK OF BIRDS
flying up at a slow angle, and as they continue to soar, in the distance, there are mountains, and on top of the mountains, snow.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
starting a long climb now, working their way up a canyon. It is not easy riding and they take their time and --

CUT TO:
A BEND IN A STREAM

as the first cool sun rays begin to bounce off. Then --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

saddling their horses as the dawn brightens. Their
breakfast fire is already beginning to flicker away;
they have been up awhile.

CUT TO:

A MOUNTAIN STREAM BED

It rises toward a distant crest and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

working their way carefully up along the stream bed,
toward the crest.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

riding along the crest, picking up their pace a little
now because they are getting there and --

CUT TO:

A ROCK FORMATION

that is strangely shaped, almost like a gated entrance to
something, which it is, the entrance to Hole-in-the-Wall
and now --

CUT TO:

HOLE-IN-THE-WALL

It is a sloping green valley, concave in shape, its upper
rim coming in direct contact with a series of enormously
high cliffs which rise almost vertically. At the bottom
of the valley are a series of small lakes and streams.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

in the gated entrance made by the rock formation.

CUT TO:
CLOSEUP - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

staring out at all the desolate isolation.

BUTCH

Ahhhhh; home.

And they start to ride down into the valley.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

riding. As they move along, several of the cliffs behind them become momentarily visible, which is of interest for only one reason: the cliffs are filled with caves and every so often an armed lookout appears from a cave and signals and Butch, without ever breaking the rhythm of his speech, signals back.

BUTCH

Y'know, every time I see Hole-in-the-Wall again...

PAN TO the valley and the cliffs, glorious and desolate, breathtaking and lonely.

BUTCH'S VOICE

(o.s.)
...it's like seeing it fresh, for the first time...

CUT TO:

BUTCH

riding along, Sundance beside him.

BUTCH

...and whenever that happens I ask myself the same question: how can I be so damn stupid as to keep coming back here?

Sundance has heard this kind of speech before from Butch.

SUNDANCE

What's your idea this time?

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BUTCH

Bolivia!

BUTCH

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE
He gives Butch a look.

SUNDANCE
What's Bolivia?

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH
Bolivia's a country, stupid --
in Central or South America,
one or the other.

SUNDANCE
Why don't we just go to Mexico?

BUTCH
'Cause all they got in Mexico
is sweat and they sell plenty
of that back here. Now listen:
if we'd been in business during
the California gold rush, where
would we have gone to operate?
California, right? Well, when
I say Bolivia, you think
California because they're
falling into it down there --
silver mines, tin, gold;
payrolls so big we'd strain
our backs stealing 'em --

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE

He looks at Butch, shakes his head.

SUNDANCE

You just keep thinking, Butch; that's what you're good at.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

I got vision and the rest of the world wears bifocals.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE BASE OF THE VALLEY

Several plain cabins are visible. Outside the cabins there are a considerable number of men and horses.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

riding up.

BUTCH

(calling out, waving)

Hey, News --

CUT TO:

NEWS CARVER

a slender man of thirty. He is terribly busy taking care of his horse and makes no answer.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

pulling up beside him.

BUTCH

News, what're you doing?

NEWS

(looking up, suddenly, smiling)

Oh, hi Butch. Nothing, nothing. Hello there, Sundance.

Cont.
BUTCH
Sure y'are. You're getting ready to
do something. What?

CUT TO:

NEWS
He is not happy and his words, when they come, come fast.

NEWS
Just fixing to rob the Union Pacific
Flyer. Butch, that's all we had in
mind.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
Butch dismounts. Sundance stays still, watching.

BUTCH
(as he gets down)
You got everything I told you wrong --
when I left I said we might hit the
Flyer, but even if we did, it wasn't
this run but the one after, the return.
Now Sundance and me been out checking
the bank situation and --

HARVEY LOGAN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
No banks.

BUTCH
(looking around,
genuinely confused)
What?

CUT TO:

HARVEY LOGAN
in the doorway to one of the cabins. He is a big man,
thick and powerful. He was, in reality, a terrible man,
vicious and frightening, and some of that should show.

LOGAN
The Flyer, Butch.
looking around at his men as he talks and explaining, as a good teacher might --

BUTCH
Now how many times have I told you people: banks are better than trains. You can rely on a bank -- they don't move. They stay put and you always know there's money inside and my orders were --

CUT TO:

LOGAN
moving away from the cabin toward Butch.

LOGAN
New orders been give.

BUTCH
Harvey, I run things here.

LOGAN
Use to you did. Me now. (pointing off suddenly)
This don't concern you.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
silent, seated on his horse, looking down at them all.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND LOGAN

LOGAN
Tell him to stay out.

BUTCH
He goes his own way, like always.

Then he suddenly whirls to face the gang of men who stand bunched, watching. Butch moves toward them, talking as he goes --

Cont.
BUTCH
What's the matter with you people? --
before I came here you were starving
and you know it. You weren't even a
gang -- I formed you. News -- News --
read that damn clipping --

CUT TO:

NEWS
reaching into his pockets.

NEWS
Which one?

CUT TO:

BUTCH
hurrying to him.

BUTCH
Any of 'em.

News has taken out a batch of news clippings. Unfolding
the first --

NEWS
This here's from the Salt Lake Herald --
(he begins to read)
'Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch struck
again today, looting the --'

BUTCH
That's enough right there. 'Butch
Cassidy's Wild Bunch.' -- Hear that?
That's you and that's me. Harvey gonna
plan for you all? Harvey gonna do
your thinking and run things and --

He turns back to News, who has kept right on reading
throughout Butch's speech.

BUTCH
News, you can shut up now.

CUT TO:
He looks up at Butch for a moment.

NEWS
Not til I come to the good part.
(reading away again)
'Also known to have participated in
the holdup are Flat Nose Curry and
News Carver.'
(folding up the
clipping now)
I just love hearing my name in the
papers.

NOTE: As indicated, News continues to read from the
clipping while Butch talks. What he reads goes like this:

NEWS
'Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch struck
again today, looting the Montpelier
Idaho bank over close to twenty
thousand dollars. Cassidy's gang, all
notorious outlaws and desperadoes of
the first water, camped outside of
Ogden while they planned their robbery.
Cassidy and the Sundance Kid had half
a dozen outlaws with them on their
foray. Harvey Logan was one.'

From here, News is back into the regular dialogue scene
with Butch. If the above is too short, more can be
added; if, as seems likely, it runs too long, it can
obviously stand cutting.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND HIS MEN

BUTCH
Now let's just forget about Harvey
taking over. Okay, Flat Nose?

FLAT NOSE CURRY has been nicknamed for obvious reasons.

FLAT NOSE CURRY
You always told us anyone could
challenge you --

BUTCH
That's 'cause I figured nobody'd do
it.

CUT TO:
LOGAN

smiling, starting toward Butch again.

LOGAN

Figured wrong, Butch.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND HIS MEN

BUTCH

(a little
desperate now)

You can't want Logan --

NEWS

-- at least he's with us, Butch --
you been spending a lot of time gone --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BUTCH

BUTCH

That's 'cause everything's changing
now -- it's all going new on us --

CUT TO:

LOGAN

Guns or knives, Butch?

CUT TO:

BUTCH

Going rapidly on, doing his best to ignore Logan.

BUTCH

-- everything's harder than it used
to be -- you got to plan more, you
got to prepare, you got to be damn
sure what you're doing or you're dead --

CUT TO:

LOGAN

moving in front of Butch now.

Cont.
LOGAN
Guns or knives?

BUTCH
Neither.

LOGAN
Pick!

BUTCH
I don't want to shoot with you, Harvey.

CUT TO:

LOGAN
smiling.

LOGAN
Whatever you say, Butch.

And suddenly a knife is in his hand and --

CUT TO:

THE MEN

and with the appearance of the knife they start to get really excited, and from here on in that excitement only builds as they surge toward Logan who is calmly taking off his shirt. Butch moves to Sundance.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

on his horse, waiting quietly as Butch approaches. Butch is doing his best to cover how he feels.

BUTCH
Maybe there's a way to make a profit on this -- bet on Logan.

SUNDANCE
I would, but who'd bet on you?

BUTCH
I made this gang. You know I did.
Now look at 'em.

CUT TO:

THE GANG

clustered around Logan. He is stripped to the waist and his body is brutal. Suddenly he calls out --

LOGAN
Sundance -- when we're done, if he's dead, you're welcome to stay.

CUT TO:
Looking out at Logan. Butch speaks quietly to Sundance.

**BUTCH**
Listen, I'm not a sore loser or anything, but when we're done, if I'm dead, kill him.

**SUNDANCE**
(to Logan, but in answer to Butch)
Love to.

**CUT TO:**

He fidgets a moment, then starts the long walk back toward Logan. Logan is younger and faster and stronger and Butch knows it, and knowing it doesn't make the walk any pleasanter. Still he moves forward, unarmed as yet, toward the other man.

**CUT TO:**

watching him come. In the sun his body glistens.

**CUT TO:**
BUTCH

moving through the gang toward Logan. He is unarmed and a knife is offered him by one of the gang.

BUTCH

Not yet.

(moving up to Logan now)

Not til Harvey and me get all the rules straight.

LOGAN

Rules? In a knife fight? No rules!

As he finishes speaking Butch delivers the most aesthetically exquisite kick in the balls in the history of the modern American cinema.

CUT TO:

LOGAN

For a moment he just stands there. Then he makes an absolutely indescribable sound and, as the look on his face moves from disbelief to displeasure, he sinks slowly to his knees.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

He goes on as if nothing whatsoever had happened.

BUTCH

Well, if there aren't going to be any rules, I guess we might as well get this fight started. Somebody say 'one-two-three-go.'

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE

(like a shot)

One-two-three-go.

CUT TO:

LOGAN

He is green now, and still on his knees. Butch approaches, nods, locks his hands together and, as if swinging a baseball bat, delivers a stunning blow to Logan's jaw. Logan falls and lies there.

CUT TO:
FLAT NOSE CURRY AND SEVERAL OTHERS
all hurrying to Butch.

FLAT NOSE
I was sure rooting for you, Butch.

BUTCH
(with great earnestness)
I know, Flat Nose. That's what sustained me in my time of trouble.
(looking around)
News? Now what's all this about the Flyer?

CUT TO:

NEWS
as he moves to Butch.

NEWS
Harvey said we'd hit 'em both, this run and the return. He said no one'd ever done that yet to the Flyer so no matter what we got the first time, they'd be sure to figure the return was safe and load it up with money.

BUTCH
Harvey thought that up?

NEWS
Yessir, he did.

BUTCH
Well I'll tell you something: that's just what we'll do.

CUT TO:

LOGAN
who is still out, as Butch drops to his knees beside him.

BUTCH
(slapping Logan's cheeks)
Good thinking, Harvey.

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE

and we don't know quite what he's doing. But he is dressed
differently from the preceding, and the sun is at a differ-
extent angle, so we do know this is a different time, perhaps
a different place. There is a, for the moment, unidenti-
fied and continuing roar and as it goes on, it becomes clear
that Sundance isn't paying any attention to it. But what-
ever it is he is paying attention to, he is concentrating
completely, almost like an Olympic high jumper before
attempting a seven-foot leap. Sundance continues his
intense concentration a moment more because whatever he
is about to do is damn dangerous and then his quick body
is in motion and --

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - SUNDANCE

running and --

CUT TO:

A PASSING TRAIN

curving below the rock from which Sundance hurls himself.
The train is not far below the level of the rock, so the
drop isn't dangerous -- what's dangerous is that the thing
is moving like hell and if he lands wrong Sundance is go-
ing to roll off and die and --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

landing wrong, but not completely, and he scrabbles his
body back onto the center of the top of the train car and
then --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SUNDANCE

sweating and happy to be breathing. He stays where he is
for a moment, getting collected, before standing and
starting his precarious way up toward the engine.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

moving along. (When this kind of thing is done in movies,
it's by John Wayne and it's easy apple pie. Well it isn't
easy, you can get killed up there, and that is very much
in Sundance's mind as he makes his way).

CUT TO:
INSIDE THE ENGINE

The ENGINEER and the FIREMAN are working. The Engineer is fifty and spare, almost a New England type. The Fireman is small, but with tremendous arms and shoulders and would speak a lot clearer if he had more teeth.

CUT TO:

THE EMPTY TRACKS AHEAD

The landscape whizzing by on either side. All very peaceful and S.O.P. and --

CUT TO:

THE ENGINEER

Taut, and without a word, his hands start to raise as we --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

quickly inside the engine, guns ready.

CUT TO:

THE THREE OF THEM

The Engineer has the responsibility of the train, and he acquits himself throughout as well as he can, considering the fact that he is always aware that he is liable to get killed at anytime. The Fireman, frightened at first, stays close to the Engineer. Gradually, as the scene goes on, he gains confidence.

ENGINEER

(low and clipped)

You want it stopped?

Sundance nods once.

ENGINEER

Where?

SUNDANCE

Here would be fine.

CUT TO:

THE ENGINEER

starting to slow the train.

CUT TO:
132 THE FIREMAN
looking at Sundance, maybe gathering courage to say some-
thing and --

CUT TO:

133 THE ENGINEER
making a quick move for a gun down out of the way and --

CUT TO:

134 SUNDANCE
on top of him like a shot, grabbing the gun away, and --

CUT TO:

135 SUNDANCE AND THE ENGINEER
The Engineer is almost panting and he can't stop.

ENGINEER
That wasn't so smart of me.

SUNDANCE
Not very.

ENGINEER
I don't want any trouble.

SUNDANCE
It looks that way.

CUT TO:

136 THE ENGINEER.
He starts to say something more, decides against it,
turns and works on stopping the train and --

CUT TO:

137 A SHOT OF THE TRACKS FROM INSIDE THE ENGINE
In the distance a figure can be seen standing in the center
of the tracks.

CUT TO:

138 SUNDANCE
as the toothless Fireman goes to him and points out --

FIREMAN
I bet that's old Butch himself.

176 Cont.
Sundance gives him a look.

FIREMAN

Oh, you wouldn't remember me, but
I worked the Great Northern Express
when you hit it near Wagner.

CUT TO:

THE ENGINEER

watching them.

ENGINEER

Shut up, Gummy.

FIREMAN

He ain't gonna shoot us -- hell,
if he was gonna shoot us, he'd
a shot us when you tried to shoot
him, right, Kid?

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

He says nothing.

CUT TO:

THE HEAD OF A TRAIN PASSENGER

as it appears from a window, looks around, trying to see
why the train is stopping. This is shot from the engine,
so that when other heads appear, as they will soon, they
will form an almost endless line of heads sticking out.

CUT TO:

THE FIREMAN

looking back toward the passengers, as another head sticks
out, then another and another.

FIREMAN

I'd like to tell you it was engine
trouble folks, but we're being
held up by the Wild Bunch and The
Sundance Kid would like for you
all to stay in your seats -- so
stick your heads in.

CUT TO:
THE PASSENGER CARS
More heads are sticking out now, all of them turning and babbling and asking questions of one another.

THE FIREMAN
shouting to the heads.

FIREMAN
Stick your heads in... stick your heads in...

THE PASSENGER CARS
with all the heads sticking out like turtles now, babbling and jabbering and --

SUNDANCE
firing. The bullets are not intended to kill. Just to come close. And they do. Very.

ALL CONCEIVABLE HEADS
disappearing in unison back inside the cars and --
SUNDADE AND THE FIREMAN

as Sundance starts out of the engine.

FIREMAN
(roaring with laughter)
That sure was a sight, I'm here to tell you.

SUNDADE
You sure are.

And he drops to the ground, starts moving along the passenger cars. Behind him, the Fireman clammers to the ground. During this, other members of the gang are visible, some of them standing, guns drawn, in the doorways of the passenger cars. The Fireman hurries along, falling into step with Sundance, who looks down at the little man a moment, then slowly shakes his head.

FIREMAN
Thought I'd watch.

SUNDADE
Bring the kids why don't you?

THE ENGINEER

He grins gummily.

EXT. EXPRESS CAR

Butch, gun in hand, is banging at the door. While the following dialogue goes on, other members of the gang can be seen planting dynamite beneath the car.

BUTCH
(he is clearly a little frayed)
You're just gonna get yourself blown up so open the door!

VOICE
(o.s., from inside the car)
I can't do that on account of I work for Mr. E. H. Harriman of the Union Pacific Railroad and he entrusted me --

Cont.
Butch has been hearing a lot of this these last few minutes.

BUTCH
Will you shut up with that E. H. Harriman business and open the door.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
moving up to Butch. The Fireman is half a pace behind.

BUTCH
(as Sundance approaches)
They got a patriot on their side.

FIREMAN
That's young Woodcock; he's awful dedicated.

NEWS
(hurrying to Butch)
Dynamite's ready.

Butch nods. News goes.

BUTCH
Woodcock?

CUT TO:

INT. EXPRESS CAR - WOODCOCK

He stands pressed against the door. Behind him is a good-sized safe. WOODCOCK is a young man with a soft western accent, an unexceptional but pleasant face. His sandy hair is slightly receding and he is right now scared to death and it shows. But his voice -- words well chosen, spoken calmly -- belies that fact.

WOODCOCK
Yes sir?

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
You know who we are?

Cont.
WOODCOCK
You're the Wild Bunch, Mr. Cassidy.
I understand that, but you gotta
understand that Mr. E. H. Harriman
himself of the Union Pacific Railroad
gimme this job and I never had such
responsibility before and since he
entrusted me to get the money through,
I got to do my best, don't you see?

CUT TO:

EXT. EXPRESS CAR - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH
Your best doesn't include getting
killed.

CUT TO:

WOODCOCK - INSIDE
His eyes are closed now as he presses hard against the door.

WOODCOCK
Mr. E. H. Harriman himself, he had
the confidence in me --

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Open the door. Or that's it.

Woodcock makes no move.

CUT TO:

BUTCH - OUTSIDE

BUTCH
Ya think he'd die for you, ya
lousy amateur?

There is no answer from inside the car.

BUTCH
Now, Woodcock!

CUT TO:

WOODCOCK - INSIDE
huddled up, waiting for the blast.

Cont.
WOODCOCK

I work for Mr. E. H. Harriman of
the Union Pacific Railroad --

CUT TO:

157

EXT. RAILROAD CAR

exploding, one wall just ripped away.

CUT TO:

158

WOODCOCK'S BODY

hurtling through the air, crashing down.

CUT TO:

159

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

followed by the rest of the gang pouring into the car.
While Sundance heads for the same --

CUT TO:

160

BUTCH

going to Woodcock, who is alive and crawling and a little
bloody.

BUTCH

You okay?

Woodcock makes a nod. As Butch helps Woodcock to get
comfortable --

CUT TO:

161

SUNDANCE

kneeling beside the safe outside the car, deftly wedging
several sticks of dynamite into place, lighting them, then
backing off fast and --

CUT TO:

162

THE SAFE

There is a muffled explosion and the door bursts neatly
open.

CUT TO:
as Butch approaches. Butch looks at the beautifully-blown safe.

BUTCH

Dammitall, why is everything we're good at illegal?

CUT TO:

NEWS

taking money from the same.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

watching him.

BUTCH

Hurry it up; give us our shares.

NEWS

There ain't what I'd call a fortune in here, Butch.

BUTCH

Just so we come out ahead, News; that's the main thing.

CUT TO:

A YOUNG, COMPETENT MARSHAL - NIGHT

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a crowd of citizens standing in a street, looking up at the MARSHAL. It is dusk. The Marshal is speaking in a very businesslike tone -- without much emotion.

MARSHAL

All right; they just robbed the Flyer outside our town, and that makes it our responsibility to get after them --

CUT TO:

THE SECOND FLOOR PORCH OF A BUILDING DOWN THE STREET

The building is Fanny Porter's, and it was as well known as any brothel-saloon of the period. Seated on the porch, listening to the Marshal talk, are Butch and Sundance.

Cont.
They are sprawled comfortably, hats pulled down. Between them on the table are two large steins and a bucket of beer. They are both a little buzzed.

MARSHAL'S VOICE

(o.s.)
-- now you'll have to bring your own horses --

CUT TO:

THE MARSHAL AND THE CROWD

MARSHAL
-- how many of you can bring your own guns? --

CUT TO:

THE CROWD

No one can. No hands are raised.

CUT TO:

THE MARSHAL

MARSHAL
Okay. Then how many of you want me to supply you with guns?

CUT TO:

THE CROWD

No hands are raised.

CUT TO:

THE MARSHAL

It is beginning to dawn on him now that he is not getting through to his audience.

MARSHAL
Come on now -- it's up to us to do something.

CUT TO:
THE MARSHAL AND THE CROWD

FIRST CITIZEN
What's the point? They're probably halfway to Hole in the Wall already.

MARSHAL
That's why we've got to hurry -- we can head them off --

SECOND CITIZEN
(aghast)
-- head 'em off? -- you crazy? -- we do that and they'll kill us.

There is general vocal agreement on this point from the crowd.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE - ON THE PORCH

BUTCH
(beaming)
I just eat this up with a spoon.

Sundance nods; as they fill their steins with more beer --

CUT TO:

FANNY PORTER

entering from a door behind them. It isn't easy running a successful brothel and she shows the strain.

FANNY
(moving up behind
Butch and Sundance)
All right, you two; I want you at my party.

She gestures to the open door through which she entered and --

CUT TO:

THE SCENE THROUGH THE DOOR

ONE YOUNG MAN is by a piano with HALF A DOZEN GIRLS. A song of the period is being sung. A home-made sign -- "Remember the Maine" -- is amateurishly strung along one wall.

Cont.
FANNY'S VOICE
(o.s.)
I'm losing my piano player -- he's
going off to fight in the Spanish-
American War.

CUT TO:

FANNY
(as she exits)
I'm giving him a send-off, so come
on.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
They each take a long drink from their steins -- Butch is
really buzzed by this time -- then they turn and glance
back through the door.

CUT TO:

THE PIANO PLAYER
He is sitting on top of the piano now, the girls grouped
around him, looking up at his face.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
staring inside.

BUTCH
Y'know, when I was a kid, I always
figured on being a hero when I grew
up.

SUNDANCE
Too late now.

BUTCH
You didn't have to say that -- what'd
you have to say that for?

As he drains his glass --
still trying to gather his posse. He is a clever man and he is using psychology now.

MARSHAL

Listen -- it's my job to go fight them -- you want me to go off alone and fight the Wild Bunch, fine with me -- you want your kids to know you let me do that? Fine with me, but I don't think that's what you want, is it?

CUT TO:

THE CROWD

There is no negative outcry whatsoever.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

whirling in his chair, grabbing Sundance, excited --

BUTCH

Hey-hey -- let's enlist and go fight the Spanish -- you and me in the war --

Sundance just gives him a look.

BUTCH

--listen, we got a lot going for us: experience, maturity, leadership. Hell, I bet we'd end up officers -- I'd be Major Parker --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

Parker?

SUNDANCE

CUT TO:
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH
That's my real name --
Robert Leroy Parker.

SUNDANCE
Mine's Longbaugh.

BUTCH
-- long what?

SUNDANCE
Harry Longbaugh.

BUTCH
You'd be Major Longbaugh then; what do you say?

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
You just keep thinking, Butch; that's what you're good at.

CUT TO:

BUTCH
(into his beer)
I got vision and the rest of the world wears bifocals.

CUT TO:

THE MARSHAL
and he is mad.

MARSHAL
You gonna go through life with your heads down? You gonna travel with your tail between your legs? You gonna shake at every sound you can't see what's makin' it? What do you say?

A NEW AND DIFFERENT VOICE
(o.s.)
'I say boys and girls --

As the voice goes on --

CUT TO:
THE SPEAKER

He is a SALESMAN and in a minute we will find out what he's selling.

SALESMAN

-- friends and enemies --

(big)

Meet -- the -- future.

As he says the word "future" --

CUT TO:

A BRAND NEW DAZZLING BICYCLE

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD

(o.s.)

The future what?

CUT TO:

THE SALESMAN

moving up alongside the Marshal.

SALESMAN

(the man has

leather lungs)

The future mode of transportation

for the weary western world.

MARSHAL

Now just what in the hell do you

think you're doing?

SALESMAN

You got the crowd together -- that's

half my work -- I just figured

I'd sell a little and --

MARSHAL

Well I'm trying to raise a posse

if you don't mind --

SALESMAN

I got a short presentation --

(to the crowd)

-- the horse is dead!

(to the Marshal)

-- you'll see -- this item sells

itself --

Cont.
(to the crowd) 
Soon the eye will see nothing but silk-ribboned bicycle paths stretching to infinity.

MARSHAL 
(to crowd) 
You gonna listen to him or you gonna come with me?

CUT TO:

THE CROWD

A CITIZEN 
How much those things cost?

CUT TO:

SALESMAN 

mounting his machine.

SALESMAN
An indecently paltry amount. 

(starting to ride)
A bicycle is cheaper to buy than a horse, cheaper to maintain, as fast over short distances and I promise you this --

And now he removes both hands from the bars --

SALESMAN
-- the pleasures it provides can be equalled only by the love of your lady.

CUT TO:

A BLONDE GIRL

moving up behind Butch. She has worked at Fanny's for a while but is still young enough so it doesn't show.

GIRL
Fanny says for you to come right now to her party.

Butch nods, stands. The Girl comes into his arms.

Cont.
GIRL
You ever going to make an honest woman of me, Butch?

BUTCH
There aren't enough hours in the day.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
He stands too.

SUNDANCE
I think I'll get saddled up and go looking for a woman too.

CUT TO:

BUTCH
moving away with the blonde.

BUTCH
Good hunting.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
Shouldn't be too hard; I'm not picky. Just so she's pretty and sweet and quiet and smart and refined...

As he begins his list of qualifications --

DISSOLVE TO:

ETTA PLACE - TWILIGHT

As Sundance's list is spoken, her face, at first faint, comes more and more clear. She is very much as described — she is in her middle twenties, and has dark hair pulled back tight into a bun. She wears neat, starched clothing, and it is impossible to tell what her figure might be like. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL that she is in a schoolhouse, and it is twilight. There isn't really enough light to work, but she works anyway, sitting at her desk, grading papers. From somewhere outside the schoolhouse comes a night sound, and it startles her.

CUT TO:
THE WINDOW AND THE NIGHT BEYOND

Nothing moves.

CUT TO:

ETTA

There is a clock on her desk. She glances at it, brings the papers into a neat pile, and gets up, goes to the door. As she opens it —

CUT TO:

THE DOORWAY

and Etta is turning off the inside light, moving into the dark night, quickly closing and locking the door and hurrying now around a corner of the building.

CUT TO:

A SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT

She almost runs to it. The night is very dark and there is wind. The house is set off by itself behind the school. It is a one-story affair, obviously the kind of place built by the town to house the schoolmistress.

CUT TO:

ETTA

entering her small house. Closing the front door she moves across the tiny living room into the bedroom, undressing as she goes.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - ETTA

entering the bedroom, pulling off her blouse. There is a small light by the bed and as she gets it on, in this shadow-light, it is clear that she is really a terribly pretty thing. She wears a white slip and it contrasts picely with her sun-darkened skin. She has a fuller body than she showed before. She begins to take off her skirt and is almost done before she whirls and freezes and damn near screams and —

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

gun in his lap, seated happily in a corner of the room, watching.

Cont.
205 Cont.

SUNDANCE.

(gesturing
with his
gun)

Keep going, teacher lady.

CUT TO:

206 ETTA

She does not move.

CUT TO:

207 SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE

It's all right, don't mind
me --

And now he gestures with his gun again --

SUNDANCE

-- keep right on going.

CUT TO:

208 ETTA

She makes a nod, then nervously manages to undo her
skirt and as it slips to the floor --

CUT TO:

209 SUNDANCE

He is enjoying himself.

SUNDANCE

Don't stop on my account.

CUT TO:

210 THE TWO OF THEM

She stares at him a moment, then begins to take off
her slip. As she does so --

Cont.
SUNDANCE
I'll tell you something, teacher lady -- you're not so bad. Outside you're all stiff and starchy and prim, but underneath it all, not so bad.

Her slip is off now and her body, is also revealed to him. It is a splendid body.

SUNDANCE
Okay. Let down your hair.

CUT TO:

211 ETTA
She hesitates a moment before reaching back behind her head with both hands. Her fingers work quickly and in a moment her hair tumbles down over her shoulders.

CUT TO:

212 SUNDANCE
watching appreciatively.

SUNDANCE
Shake your head.

CUT TO:

213 ETTA
She shakes her head and her hair loosens up, covering her shoulders now, thick and gloriously black.

CUT TO:

214 SUNDANCE
He tilts his head a moment, carefully examining the girl.

CUT TO:

215 ETTA
as she stands there. She looks wild.

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE

Slowly he begins to rise from the chair and move across the silent room toward her.

CUT TO:

ETTA

not looking away, watching him come.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

very close to her now. Beside them is the bed.

CUT TO:

ETTA

unafraid, she stares at him.

ETTA

Do you know what I wish?

SUNDANCE

What?

ETTA

That you'd once get here on time.

And her arms go around him, her mouth finds his, and locked, they fall toward the bed. As their bodies fall --

CUT TO:

BUTCH'S HEAD

just his head -- gliding past a window at dawn. He might be a balloon floating by, for that is the impression his floating head gives. As his head goes by, Butch whispers a few words, much in the style of the melodrama villains of the time.

BUTCH

You're mine, Etta Place; mine do you hear me?

Cont.
THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Sundance and Etta asleep in bed. As her name is called out, Etta stirs.

CUT TO:

221 BUTCH

as his head glides by another window, then disappears a moment before reappearing again, floating gracefully past another window as, from inside, we watch his disembodied head circling the house.

CUT TO:

222 ETTA

eyes open now, not entirely certain of the vision that confronts her and --

CUT TO:

223 BUTCH

as he passes the window by the bed again.

BUTCH

Mine I tell you; mine!

CUT TO:
as she gives a laugh, grabs a robe and --

THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE

opening and Etta standing there. It is a beautiful early morning, barely dawn, and she turns, smiling, as around a corner of the house comes Butch. He is riding a bicycle, which accounts for the gliding impression he has been giving.

BUTCH
(pulling up
beside her)

Meet -- the -- future.

And he gestures for her to get on the cross bar.

ETTA
Do you know what you're doing?

BUTCH
Theoretically.

BUTCH
pushing off after Etta has hesitatingly gotten on the bike. It's downhill but it's still precarious at first and they almost tumble until he gets the hang of it, but once he's got it, he never loses it, and as they begin to pick up speed we are into:

MUSICAL INTERLUDE NUMBER ONE

There are going to be three of them before the film is over. This, the first, is a song sung while Butch and Etta ride the bike. The song will be sung by male voices, and the feel of it is terribly contemporary, because in fact, the sound of the songs of this period are shockingly close in feel to the popular music of today.

What we hear will not be a song like "Bicycle Built for Two". The song will be poignant and pretty as hell and, like the songs, for example, in "The Graduate", they will make an emotional comment on the scene, not a literal one; they will have an emotional connection with the scene, not a literal one.
BUTCH AND ETTA

spinning along, through a stunning aspen grove just after
dawn, the sun slanting across them as they go and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND ETTA

with Butch swerving skillfully through a close packed bunch
of aspen, almost like a halfback in heavy traffic, and after
he has completed the move he says something that makes Etta
smile, then something else that makes her laugh and as she
starts to break up --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - ETTA

laughing, as we PULL BACK TO REVEAL Etta, seated high on
the branch of a tree, watching down below as Butch rides
around and around and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

starting warily to stunt, not all that sure at first that
he can really do it well, but in a minute he is riding with
his back to the handlebars, slowly, then faster, and --

CUT TO:

ETTA

applauding, and as she does --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

trying a lunatic move, a headstand on the handlebars as
the bike spins steadily down along a road lined with wooden
fences. Now --

CUT TO:

ETTA

watching fascinated as in the distance, Butch begins to
actually do the handstand, and --

CUT TO:
BUTCH

handstand completed, riding gracefully into a wooden fence
and getting pitched on his ass over the thing to the ground
and --

CUT TO:

ETTA

roaring, as we --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

muttering, getting to his feet, looking around for his derby,
seeing it, but not seeing something else which we now --

CUT TO:

A LARGE BULL

and it has large horns, and it is moving toward Butch, who
glances around, as we --

CUT TO:

ETTA

crying out and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

running like a mad bastard with the bull behind him and
as it closes the gap Butch tears for the wooden fence,
diving back to safety.

CUT TO:

THE BULL

staring balefully through the fence.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

staring angrily back through the fence at the beast.

CUT TO:
A STREAM
the sun starting to bounce off it as Butch and Etta come riding across, their feet up in the air and it is a REFLECTION SHOT we have been looking at and now, as the song starts to climax --

CUT TO:

A QUIET TOWN
no one moving, the shops empty --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND ETTA
spinning by, as seen from inside the empty shops.

CUT TO:

ANIMALS SCATTERING
chipmunks, badgers, as Butch and Etta come sailing along and as they do --

CUT TO:

A BOY
maybe ten, staring after them through a wood fence, and the bicycle rivets him, and he calls out and A GIRL, maybe nine, runs up, and he points out to Butch and Etta gliding by, and as he points he imitates riding and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND ETTA
riding along the road with the wooden fences lining one side and the Boy and Girl chasing after them and the thing is, the girl is faster, because after awhile the boy slows and stops, but the girl keeps right on running, not closing the gap but not losing ground either. Then she too starts to tire. She stops. She makes a little wave after the bike --

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - BUTCH AND ETTA
back in the trees again, the brighter light hitting them, the whole thing lovely and fresh.

CUT TO:
CLOSEUP - BUTCH AND ETTA
riding along. The song ends.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND ETTA
as he begins slowly now to ride back toward her house.

ETTA
You've come to get him for the Flyer?

BUTCH
(nods)
And not a day too soon -- I'm broke already.

ETTA
Why is there never any money, Butch?

CUT TO:

BUTCH
I swear, Etta, I don't know; I've been working like a dog all my life and I can't get a penny ahead.

CUT TO:

ETTA
Sundance says it's because you're a soft touch and you're always taking expensive vacations and buying drinks for everybody and you're a rotten gambler.

CUT TO:
BUTCH

Well, I guess that has something to do with it.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND ETTA

as they peddle along.

ETTA

And after the Flyer?

BUTCH

Sundance tell you about Bolivia?

Etta nods.

BUTCH

You think I'm crazy too?

ETTA

(she means this)

Not with what they're finding in the ground down there; and if you happen to be a thief.

BUTCH

You're like me, Etta --

ETTA

(she has heard this before)

-- sure, sure, sure; I got vision and the rest of the world wears bifocals.

Butch laughs, leans forward, kisses her gently on the cheek. She looks at him for a moment. Then --

ETTA

Butch? Do you ever wonder if I'd met you first if we'd been the ones to get involved?

CUT TO:

BUTCH

We are involved, Etta; don't you know that?

CUT TO:
ETTA

He has said this last straight and for a moment now she
is absolutely uncertain of herself. Then --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

BUTCH

I mean, you're riding on my bicycle
-- in certain Arabian countries
that's the same as being married.

CUT TO:

ETTA

She breaks out with a laugh, holds him very tight and --

SUNDANCE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Hey --

CUT TO:

EXT. ETTA'S HOUSE - SUNDANCE - DAY

standing in the doorway.

SUNDANCE

What're you doing?

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA

as Butch rides close to the house.

BUTCH

Just stealing your woman.

SUNDANCE

Take her, take her.

BUTCH

You're a romantic bastard; I'll
give you that.

ETTA

(whispering to
Butch)

I love that man; do you know why?

Cont.
BUTCH

No. Why?

ETTA
(ruefully)
I was sort of hoping you did; I
sure as hell don't.

And on her words, there begins a series of quick cuts, all
adding up to the very clear impression that what is hap-
pening now is that The Flyer is being stopped a second time.
Among the flash impressions are:

A. SUNDANCE
moving along the train top.

B. THE FLYER's GIGANTIC WHEELS
starting to slow.

C. SEVERAL OUTLAWS
jumping into position between the cars, guns
drawn and ready.

D. A TRAIN CONDUCTOR
standing very still, his hands raised.

E. A CAR FULL OF PASSENGERS
sitting deadly quiet and nervous as hell
and now --

CUT TO:

EXT. EXPRESS CAR

as Butch approaches. Behind him now comes Sundance.

BUTCH
Okay, okay, open up.

A VOICE
(c.s., from
inside the car)
I work for Mr. E.H. Harriman --

BUTCH
(delighted)
Hey, Woodcock.

CUT TO:

WOODCOCK - INSIDE THE CAR

He is banged up and bandaged, but mobile, and sort of
happy to hear from Butch again too.

WOODCOCK

Hi, Butch.

CUT TO:
BUTCH - OUTSIDE THE CAR

BUTCH
You okay? That's wonderful -- let's have a look at you --

CUT TO:

WOODCOCK - INSIDE
and he isn't buying.

WOODCOCK
Now Butch, you got to have more respect for me than to think I'd fall for that --

CUT TO:

BUTCH - OUTSIDE

BUTCH
You can't want to get blown up again --

WOODCOCK'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Butch, if it was only my money you know there's no one I'd rather have steal it, but I am still in the employ of Mr. E.H. Hart --

A NEW VOICE
(o.s., and very loud)
Start this train!

CUT TO:

AN ELEPHANT OF A WOMAN

standing on the stairs of the nearest passenger car. She drops heavily to the ground and bulls her way toward Butch and Sundance.

VERY LARGE WOMAN
(as she comes)
I'm a grandmother and a female and I've got my rights!

CUT TO:
BUTCH
watching her come.

BUTCH
I got troubles of my own, lady, so --

VERY LARGE WOMAN
You don't frighten me -- no man
frightens me --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

as the woman pushes by him to get at Butch. There is a
strange expression on Sundance's face and it is hard to
tell just what it is. But what it isn't is a smile.

SUNDANCE
We got no time for this.

CUT TO:

WOODCOCK - INSIDE THE CAR

pressed against the door, listening.

VERY LARGE WOMAN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
You may cow the others but I
remain unafraid -- I've fought
against whisky, I've fought against
gambling, I can fight against you --

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s., whispered
almost)
Sundance will you put your guns down --

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
I'm telling you, we got no time --

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
-- but what's the point to violence --

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
-- it's the only thing that Woodcock
understands.
(louder now)
Woodcock?

Cont.
WOODCOCK

I hear you.

VERY LARGE WOMAN'S VOICE
(o.s., almost
incoherently)
-- no -- no --

WOODCOCK
What are you going to do to her?

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Whatever you force me to.

WOODCOCK
Well leave her alone! -- you're after the money -- the money's in here --

VERY LARGE WOMAN'S VOICE
(o.s., she is frightened now)
-- please -- all I want is the train to start -- somebody -- please --

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Open the door Woodcock, or tell her good-bye.

WOODCOCK
(torn, enormously upset)
But I got my job to do.

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
And I got mine.

VERY LARGE WOMAN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
-- help me -- please --

CUT TO:

270 BUTCH, SUNDANCE AND THE VERY LARGE WOMAN - OUTSIDE THE TRAIN

Sundance holds her firmly, his hand over her mouth. Both his guns are in their holsters. Butch goes on with his imitation of the woman, just as he's been doing.
270 Cont.

BUTCH
-- oh dear God won't someone do
something? --

CUT TO:

271 WOODCOCK - INSIDE
angushed.

WOODCOCK
Nobody kills innocent people.

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
You do, Woodcock -- she's on your
conscience, not mine --

And now there is the sound of a gun being cocked --

CUT TO:

272 BUTCH - OUTSIDE
going on magnificently.

BUTCH
Our Father who art in heaven --

CUT TO:

273 CLOSEUP - WOODCOCK

WOODCOCK
Stop!

And as he throws the door open --

CUT TO:

274 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND THE VERY LARGE WOMAN - OUTSIDE
THE TRAIN
standing there and --

CUT TO:

275 WOODCOCK
shaking his head as he realizes he has been had.

WOODCOCK
How'm I ever gonna explain this to
poor Mr. Harriman?

CUT TO:
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

getting into the car; Sundance carries a box of dynamite sticks and as they are inside they both stop dead.

BUTCH
Woodcock -- what did you have to
go and get something like that for.

CUT TO:

WOODCOCK

standing beside the biggest railroad safe anyone ever saw.

WOODCOCK
I'm sorry Butch, but you blew that
last one so easy I just hadda do
something.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

as Butch indicates the box of dynamite.

BUTCH
Gimme that and get some more.

And as he reaches for the dynamite --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

working quickly, efficiently inside the railroad car. He is beginning to perspire now as he continues to wedge in
the dynamite.

CUT TO:
THE SAFE
really loaded up with dynamite now and --
CUT TO:

THE CENTRAL DYNAMITE FUSE
As Butch lights it, it begins to sizzle and burn toward the dynamite sticks and --
CUT TO:

BUTCH
getting the hell out of there and fast. Then --
CUT TO:

THE SAFE:
just before a cataclysmic explosion rocks it. For a moment there is just the flash of blinding light, then deafening sound. The whole goddam railroad car has been blasted away to its foundation and as the sound diminishes, something fills the air: money.
CUT TO:

A VIEW OF THE SKY
as pieces of paper money flutter this way and that in the breeze.
CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
as Sundance starts to laugh.
SUNDANCE
Think you used enough dynamite there, Butch?
CUT TO:

THE MONEY
fluttering this way and that on the breeze. It seems to fill the air. Then --
CUT TO:
starting off after the money, some of them crawling across the ground, others are jumping into the air, trying to clutch the fluttering bills.

BUTCH

starting to laugh at his own stupidity and --

SUNDANCE

roaring and --

THE GANG

pursuing the money as the wind blows it along. They might almost be a convention of butterfly collectors as they scrabble around, jumping and crawling and turning and --

BUTCH

as slowly his laughter dies. He is looking off at something.

TRAIN ENGINE PULLING SINGLE CAR

in the distance. It might be noted here that whatever color the Flyer's cars are, this single car is something very distinctly different.

BUTCH

still looking off at the engine and the strange single car. Sundance is beside him now and they both watch. Around them, members of the gang still scramble around gathering up bits and pieces of money.

THE ENGINE PULLING THE SINGLE CAR

drawing closer and closer and --
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

watching it come.

BUTCH

Now what in the hell is that?

CUT TO:

THE CAR
drawing closer, and now there is music under it all, nervous and fast, but not loud, not yet, as the train and the single car continue to come toward camera.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

looking at each other in absolute bewilderment.

CUT TO:

THE CAR

It is still some ways off but the music is faster now and starting to get loud as the car continues to come toward camera, steadily and swiftly, and the music builds and builds and then without warning we are into: THE LONGEST TRAVELING SHOT IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. The camera starts to move toward the car. As the camera starts, the car stops and just waits there, and the music is louder than ever now as the camera picks up speed, moving toward the car which stands dead still on the tracks as the camera comes and comes and now the camera is really moving, going like a goddamn shot toward the car and the car still waits, and now the music is starting to deafen and Craig Breedlove must be driving the camera as it roars toward the car, close now, really close, right up almost on top of the goddamn car and just as it seems as if it's going to smash right into the side of the car, the entire side of the car swings open and down, and the camera recoils, like a human face would recoil after receiving a terrible blow, and out of the car right into the eye of the camera comes riding -- THE SUPERPOSE. The Superposse consists of perhaps a half dozen men. Taken as a group, they look, act, and are, in any and all ways, formidable.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH

Whatever they're selling, I don't want it --

Cont.
And he spins, shouts to the men gathering up the money --

BUTCH

Leave it!

CUT TO:

THE SUPERPOSSE

riding like hell. They are still a good distance away.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

vaulting onto his horse, grabbing Butch's horse's reins and leading the animal over to Butch who is in the midst of his men, stinging them to leave the money and take off.

CUT TO:

THE SUPERPOSSE

at a distance, but closer now. One of them reaches for a rifle.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

dragging men away from the money which still lies scattered thick across the ground. Gradually, most of the gang commence to run for their horses, but News and Flat Nose still chase the money.

BUTCH

(to News and Flat Nose)

Ya crazy fools --

He gestures wildly toward the Superposse --

BUTCH

-- ya think they been sent here to help us?

As News and Flat Nose mutter "coming", "right away", "just one sec", etc., Butch gets the hell on his horse and --

CUT TO:
THE SUPERPOSSE

all of them with rifles out now and --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

riding. Several members of the gang form close beside him. Several shots ring out. Sundance stops, looks back, and --

CUT TO:

NEWS AND FLAT NOSE

and Flat Nose isn't moving anymore. News, severely damaged, does his best to crawl. There is another shot. News lies still.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

as Butch rides up to him. Sundance is staring back and Butch follows his stare.

CUT TO:

NEWS AND FLAT NOSE

dead.

CUT TO:

THE SUPERPOSSE

bunched tight together.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

watching motionless for a moment. Then --

SUNDANCE

Butch?

BUTCH

What?

SUNDANCE

They're very good.

And with that they take off and --

CUT TO:
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

catching up with the rest of the Gang; then --

CUT TO:

A CAMERA SHOT FROM AN ENORMOUS HEIGHT

It is as if two great black centipedes were racing. In front, The Wild Bunch, moving like crazy. Behind them, The Superposse, not losing ground. The terrain ahead of them is flat. On either side lie hills.

CUT TO:

THE WILD BUNCH

still from above but lower down. The sound of the horses is loud and for a moment, that is the only sound. Then BUTCH's voice is heard --

BUTCH

(shouting it out)

Scatter!

And like a sunburst, The Wild Bunch fragments, every man taking a different direction, except Butch and Sundance, who ride together.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

reaching the crest of a hill. Sundance is first and as he gets to the top he pauses just for a moment, glancing back. Butch is just a step or two behind, almost to the top himself.

BUTCH

How many of 'em are following us?

SUNDANCE

All of 'em.

BUTCH

(stunned)

All of 'em?

He is beside Sundance now at the top of the hill and he too pauses, looking back.

CUT TO:
THE SUPERPOSSE

still bunched, coming after them. In the distance and
safe, the rest of the gang rides away.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

furious, pointing out the rest of his men --

BUTCH

What's the matter with those
guys?

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

taking off, Butch a step behind.

CUT TO:

THE SUPERPOSSE

They just keep coming.

CUT TO:
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
riding just as fast as they can.

THE SUPERPOSSE
They are going at exactly the same pace as before. They are all in the same position in the pack. Nothing has changed. They are like a machine.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
going, if anything, faster than before. But the strain is beginning to tell. The sun was high when this began. Now there are shadows. And on their faces, strain.

THE SUPERPOSSE
coming on, more like a machine than ever.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
They are approaching a spot where several trails are indicated. At the last moment they veer left, following the least likely path.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
riding on. The shadows are deeper now. So is their strain.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
Abruptly they halt.

BUTCH
I think we lost 'em. Do you think we lost 'em?

SUNDANCE
No.

Cont.
Neither do I.

And they are off again, riding flat out.

CUT TO:

A WATERING PLACE

Sundance stands beside his horse. Butch sits slumped astride his. As the animals drink --

SUNDANCE

Horses aren't good for much more.

BUTCH

Me too.

(as Sundance remounts)

We just got to get to Fanny's, that's all. Once we get to Fanny's we'll be fine.

CUT TO:

FANNY PORTER - NIGHT

in her brothel, looking concerned.

FANNY

Trouble?

Butch and Sundance move into the shot. Butch nods.

BUTCH

Bring me Sweetface.

CUT TO:

A LONG SWIRLING SHOT

that moves and moves across the main floor of the brothel to the stairs. No one is ever still -- Butch and Sundance make their steady way to the stairs throughout the shot, and the rest of the activity spins around them. Sundance, to a bartender who has come running up:

SUNDANCE

-- get our horses -- they're out
back --

Butch is talking to SWEETFACE now. Sweetface has the visage of an aging cherub, soft and pink. Compared to him, Cuddles Zacall looks like Mike Mazurki.

Cont.
...BUTCH
-- listen you dirty old man -- I
know you're a lying thief and so do
you but who'd ever think it to
look at you, so move yourself out
front fast --

SUNDANCE
(to the bartender --
almost at the stairs)
-- feed 'em good and get 'em out
of sight --

BUTCH
(his is on the
stairs now -- to
Sweetface)
-- you seen us ride through town not
ten minutes ago -- you do this right
I'll get you an old dog to kick --

And as he and Sundance take the stairs two at a time, the
SWIRLING SHOT ends and we --

CUT TO:

329
AN ABSOLUTELY GLORIOUS TANGLE OF LONG BLONDE HAIR

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a room upstairs. There are whiskey
bottles and glasses on a table. Sundance stands by the
curtained window, looking out. Butch is in a chair, locked
in a tight embrace with the owner of the blonde hair. Her name
is AGNES and we met her already when she came to get Butch to
come to the piano player's party. Agnes is no Phi Beta Kappa
from Bryn Mawr.

CUT TO:

330
BUTCH
as the embrace ends. Eyes still closed, he gently rubs his
cheek against Agnes'. Holding her close, he speaks in a
soft tone.

BUTCH
Do you realize you're driving me
crazy looking out that window? I
swear to you, Sweetface can handle
this easy. He wouldn't dare louse it
up -- he's that scared of me.

CUT TO:

331
SUNDANCE
still watching out the window.

176
THE VIEW OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - NIGHT

Sweetface is visible across the street, whittling intently. It is dusk now, with the sun about to die.

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
How can I give Agnes the concentration she deserves with you with your nose all the time out the window?

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sundance has not moved from the window. Butch is still fondling Agnes.

AGNES
You're really something, Butch, you know that?

BUTCH
Could you be a little more specific there, Agnes?

CUT TO:

THE VIEW OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

Sweetface looks up quickly, then just as quickly he is back to his whittling. There is a pause. Then the Superposse is visible. The second they appear --

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s., sharp)
Butch!

Butch moves to the window and locks out. Agnes is still very much in his arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

The Superposse comes to a halt. Sweetface looks up.

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Okay, Sweetface -- give 'em the smile.

Cont.
Sweetface smiles. Then he stands and moves toward the Superposse with his hand cupped to an ear, indicating a hearing infirmity.

CUT TO:

BUTCH, SUNDANCE AND AGNES

watching.

BUTCH

I swear if he told me I rode out of town ten minutes ago, I'd believe him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Sweetface is nodding now and pointing down the street. The Superposse moves off. Sweetface sits back down and begins whistling again.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

Butch gives a genuine sigh of relief and even Sundance relaxes. Agnes discreetly begins to undress. Sundance takes notice of this.

SUNDANCE

(as he goes to the door)

No, no, don't ask me to stay.

And as he closes the door --

CUT TO:

AGNES

continuing to undress. As she does, she speaks of her feelings for Butch. Two things are a little odd about the moment: (1) they are across the room from each other, and not in bed, as the tone of her talk might logically indicate, and (2) there is a definite rote quality to Agnes' words.

Cont.
AGNES
You're the only real man I ever met Butch -- it's not just because you got all that money to spend on people -- it's you --

CUT TO:

BUTCH
while this is going on. He is doing his best to get his damn boots off.

AGNES
(o.s.)
-- the way you're always looking to see am I happy or not -- a lot of the other girls -- they might want you for when you got money to spend on people -- me, I don't care for clothes and money and jewels and furs and --
She stops because from outside there is the unmistakable sound of horses hooves coming closer and closer and --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
throwing the door of the room open, tearing across to the window, and as Butch joins him -- ZOOM TO Sweetface, surrounded by the Superposse. As they draw their guns, without a second's pause, he points dead at the window where Butch and Sundance are hiding, and as he does --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE - NIGHT
silhouetted against the glow left by the sun as they race across a flat rooftop. They jump to a lower building, tear across that, and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
with the CAMERA at ground level, POINTED UP as their two bodies fall, thud heavily to the ground.

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE
on his feet, helping Butch, then the two of them taking
off around a corner and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
racing toward the next corner of the building, reaching
it, stopping dead.

CUT TO:

MEMBER OF THE SUPERPOSSE - BACK TO THEM
rifle in hand -- the reason for their halt. He guards
the Superposse's horses which are in background.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
as they dive for him. Butch hits him around the middle,
pinioning his arms, while Sundance clobbers the Guard's
head with the butt of his pistol. The Guard falls without
a sound.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
moving off in one direction, beckoning for Butch.

SUNDANCE
Our horses are over here --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

CUT TO:

BUTCH
Get 'em, then get me.
And he breaks into a run toward the Superposse's horses.

CUT TO:

THE HORSES
as Butch reaches them. They are enormous animals and
they do not move as he comes up. Quickly he goes from
one to the next, untying each in turn until they are
all freed. Then --

Cont.
BUTCH
(his voice urgent, but not loud)
Okay, move.
The horses stand there.

BUTCH
Move I told you.
He leads one horse a few steps. Louder now --

BUTCH
It's okay, go on now, go on.
The horses do not budge. Louder than before --

BUTCH
Get out of here!
The horses stay where they are.

BUTCH
(big)
Ya fatheaded beasts get gone!

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
riding up, leading Butch's horse.

SUNDANCE
You're the fatheaded beast -- quit shouting.

Butch mounts, about to take off. He glances back one time.

CUT TO:
THE SUPERPOSSE'S HORSES

They stand very still, waiting.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH

(Shaking his head)

Somebody sure trained 'em.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

Riding off, top speed into the early darkness.

SOME WOODS - NIGHT

Above, a little moon. Butch and Sundance ride by.

MORE WOODS

Thicker. It is dark here. Butch and Sundance appear, riding slowly. It is ugly riding, the branches of trees constantly whipping out at them.

DEEPER WOODS

The trees are attacking them now as they ride slowly past, doing their best to protect themselves.

DARKNESS

The woods are still very deep. Abruptly Butch reins up.

BUTCH

Why are we killing ourselves?

It's night. What if they're not even after us?

SUNDANCE

What if they are?

And he rides on without pausing. Butch rides after him.
360 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
riding. Their faces are cut now, their clothes torn.  
CUT TO:

361 A CLEARING - NIGHT
Sundance rides into it first, stops.

SUNDANCE
Which way?

BUTCH
(stopping beside
him)
Hell, it doesn't matter -- I
don't know where we've been and
I've just been there. So they
can't be following us. We're safe.

SUNDANCE
You really think so?

BUTCH
I will if you will.

He rides off. Sundance rides after him.  
CUT TO:

362 THEIR TWO HORSES
riderless. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the crest of a
hill. The horses are safely tied. It is still very much
night. At the crest of the hill, Butch and Sundance sit,
staring out the way they came. For a moment nothing is
said. Then --

BUTCH
How long you figure we been watching?

SUNDANCE
Awhile.

BUTCH
How much longer before you think
they're not after us?

SUNDANCE
A while longer.

BUTCH
How come you're always so talkative?

SUNDANCE
Born blabby.  
CUT TO:
BUTCH

He smiles, stands, stretches.

BUTCH

I haven't rode so much since I quit rustling. That's a miserable occupation; dusk to dawn, dusk to dawn, no sleep, rotten food -- (and suddenly his tone changes --)

Hey --

SUNDANCE

(as Butch crouches down beside him)

I see it.

CUT TO:

A LONG SHOT OF THE DEEP WOOD - NIGHT

through which they have just come. And now, for the first time, the Superposse begins to take on an almost phantom quality. For what we see, very faintly in the distance, is a slowly moving glow. The glow never stops moving. It never moves fast, but it keeps coming toward them.

BUTCH'S VOICE

(o.s., whispering)
Torches, you think?

SUNDANCE'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Maybe. Maybe lanterns.

BUTCH'S VOICE

(o.s.)
That's our path they're following.

SUNDANCE'S VOICE

(o.s.)
Dead on it.

BUTCH'S VOICE

(o.s.)
I couldn't do that. Could you do that? How can they do that?

CUT TO:
CLOSEUP - BUTCH'S FACE

worried. His words are the first mention of what will become a litany.

BUTCH

Who are those guys?

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

riding.

THE GLOW BEHIND THEM

in the woods. It just keeps on coming.

EXT. TRAIL - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

riding side by side, talking as they go. They have been going over and over this.

SUNDANCE

-- you sure this'll work?

BUTCH

Positive.

SUNDANCE

You were positive Sweetface was scared of you.

BUTCH

This'll work.

THE TRAIL WHERE IT DIVIDES

Butch and Sundance come riding into view, side by side still, and Sundance takes a deep breath, times his move, then switches horses, clambering on behind Butch. When the trail divides, Butch and Sundance on one horse go off one way, while Sundance's horse is supposed to take the other way, only the horse starts to follow them. Sundance takes a swipe at it with his hat and both shout for the animal to take off.
SUNDANCE'S HORSE
stopping.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
riding on.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE'S HORSE
It takes the other trail. It runs into the darkness and
is gone.

CUT TO:

BUTCH
pacing. PULL BACK TO REVEAL the crest of another hill.
This one more rock-like than the one preceding, as the
terrain is starting to change. Sundance rests on his
haunches, staring back down the way they've come. The
one horse is in the b.g. It is still dark, but getting
close to dawn now.

BUTCH
(continuing his
nervous movement)
Once they divide up, we'll take
'em; no trouble at all, right?

SUNDANCE
Maybe.

BUTCH
For a gunman you're one helluva
pessimist.

SUNDANCE
All the laughing boys are gone.

And with that he snaps his fingers, points --

CUT TO:

THE VIEW OF THE SUPERPOSSE
coming steadily ahead.

Cont.
BUTCH’S VOICE  
(o.s.)  
They should get to where we split any time now.

The glow of the Superposse stops.

SUNDANCE’S VOICE  
(o.s.)  
They’re there.

BUTCH’S VOICE  
(o.s.)  
I wonder how many’ll come our way? -- I wish we had rifles -- they got rifles -- but what the hell, we got surprise going for us, right? --

The glow of the Superposse separates now. One glow begins MOVING TOWARD CAMERA. The other begins going in a different direction.

CUT TO:

BUTCH  
up and pacing again. He takes out his guns, starts to check them over as he moves.

BUTCH  
-- so far they’re doing what we want, so do you think this is a good place to try and take ’em? -- down closer to the trail maybe or --

SUNDANCE’S VOICE  
(o.s., big)  
Dammit.

As Butch whirls --

CUT TO:

THE SUPERPOSSE  
Slowly, the two glows are moving back together. They join up, and now there is but a single glow again, and again, slowly, relentlessly, the glow begins MOVING TOWARD THE CAMERA.

CUT TO:
CLOSEUP - SUNDANCE

For the first time now he is worried, and it shows.

SUNDANCE

Who are those guys?

CUT TO:

THE GLOW OF THE SUPERPOSSE

as it continues to move slowly toward them --

OUT

CUT TO:

SHERIFF RAY BLEDSOE

asleep in his bed. He is in a small room connected to a small jail. One window looks out at rocky terrain.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

entering. Bledsoe stirs, sees them, then suddenly erupts from his bed.

BLEDSOE

What are you doing here?

BUTCH

Easy Ray --

BLEDSOE

(riding roughshod through anything Butch starts to say to him)

-- hell easy -- just because we been friends doesn't give you the right -- what do you think would happen to me if we was seen together? -- I'm too old to hunt up another job.

(glaring hard at them)

At least have the decency to draw your guns.

(Butch and Sundance draw)

You promised you'd never come into my territory --

Cont.
B-399 Cont.

BUTCH
--and we kept our word, didn't we, Ray?

SUNDANCE
-- we never pulled off anything near you --

BUTCH
-- everybody in the business we told, 'leave old Ray Bledsoe alone' --

SUNDANCE
-- we been good to you, Ray --

BUTCH
-- now you be good to us -- help us enlist in the Army and fight the Spanish.

BLED SOE
You are known outlaws.

We'd quit.

SUNDANCE
(exploding)
You woke me up to tell me you reformed?

SUNDANCE
It's the truth, Ray, I swear.

BUTCH
No; let's not lie to Ray. We haven't come close to reforming. We never will.

(he is desperately honest now)
It's just -- my country's at war and I'm not getting any younger and I'm sick of my life Ray.

BLED SOE
(There is a pause.
Then --)

BULL!

Cont.
BUTCH
All right. There's a certain situation that's come up and -- it could work, Ray -- a lot of guys like us have joined up; we could too if you'd help us -- either fake us through or tell the government how we changed -- they got to believe you; hell, you never done a dishonest thing yet and what are you, sixty?

BLEDGEOE
You've done too much for amnesty and you're too well known to disguise; you should have got yourselves killed a long time ago when you had the chance.

SUNDANCE
We're asking for your help, Ray!

BLEDGEOE
Something's got you panicked and it's too late. You may be the biggest thing ever to hit this area, but in the long run, you're just two-bit outlaws. I never met a soul more affable than you, Butch, or faster than the Kid, but you're still nothing but a couple two-bit outlaws on the dodge.

BUTCH
Don't you get it, Ray -- something's out there. We can maybe outrun'im awhile longer but then if you could --

BLEDGEOE
-- you just want to hide out till it's old times again, but it's over. It's over, don't you get that? It's over and you're both gonna die bloody, and all you can do is choose where.

( softer now)
I'm sorry. I'm getting mean in my old age. Shut me up, Sundance.

CUT TO:
THE GLOW OF THE SUPERPOSSE

seen in the distance.

SUNDANCE

the gag in his hands.

BUTCH

reaching the rear door, opening it, going out. A moment later, Sundance follows him.

BLEDSOE

staring after them; moved. CAMERA HOLDS on the old man a moment. Then --

THE SUN

and it is blinding.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

riding the one horse and riding as fast as they can, considering the terrain, which is a narrow path bordered on both sides by enormous boulders. This is mountainous territory starting now and the horse slips, rights itself, and they continue to move with no slowing of pace until we --
A MOUNTAIN STREAM - DAY
Butch and Sundance ride across it, then double back almost immediately into the stream and ride in the water for awhile. Then they move out of the stream, and almost immediately double back again, recrossing it surprisingly, picking up the pace now, and then --

CUT TO:

NARROW TRAIL - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE - DAY

seated on the horse. They are motionless and so is the animal as they all three wait in a narrow part of the all but invisible path they have been following. Now --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

This shot takes a long long time, as they wait, hardly breathing, and listening for the least conceivable sound. First there is nothing. Then, as their ears get accustomed, there is wind. The wind picks up. It dies. It starts up again and Butch and Sundance still wait, motionless, wanting to be damn sure they are safe and through the wind another sound begins to drum in now; faint but always growing, it is the hooves of the Superposse and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE'S HORSE

starting off in overdrive and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

going as fast as they can along a difficult trail. They are more worried than before and they neither of them bother to hide it as they work their horse along as best they can and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

making a difficult cut on their horse moving into an area that is bounded by boulders and it's miserable terrain to ride through but they keep on going, sweaty and beat and --

CUT TO:
ANOTHER ANGLE - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

riding along faster than before, trying another change
direction, then another, never slowing for a second
and --

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

seated motionless on their horse again. This is another
long, long, listening shot only they are breathing a
little harder now from their efforts and it's hard to
get perfectly quiet but they make it and then as before,
there is no sound, nothing. Then, again as before, there
is wind. Then the wind dies. Then as it starts to build
again there comes the sound right behind them of a rock
slipping down and the sound means the Superposse has them
dead but Butch jerks around desperately getting his guns
out and Sundance's are already free and he fires and
fires and as the sound explodes off the boulders --

CUT TO:

A LITTLE DEAD LIZARD

It has caused the sound they'd heard, the little rock
rolling a little way and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

looking at each other, both of them with their guns out,
and there isn't anything to say, because they are both
of them scared and they know it and it shows. Sundance
puts his guns back. Butch does the same. They look
away from each other and start to ride.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOULDER AREA - THE HORSE

riderless. It stands still, drinking water from a small
stream as we pull back to reveal Butch exhausted, lying
half in, half out of the water, rubbing his face with a
bandana.

BUTCH
(as he lies there)
You're just wasting your energy
doing that.

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE

He is climbing a large boulder to get a view of the countryside.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

lying in the water, shouting up.

BUTCH

They can't follow us over rocks.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

on top of the boulder now, staring out.

SUNDANCE

Tell them that.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

He struggles to his feet and begins walking to the boulder where Sundance is. As he moves, he starts going faster, running now across the ground and when he reaches the boulder he leaps onto it, scratching his way up alongside Sundance.

CUT TO:

ROCKY TERRAIN - A LONG, LONG SHOT

with the blinding sun bouncing off rocks making everything hard to see. But there, in the great distance, is the Superposse. Looking at them is like looking at a mirage.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

squinting, shielding their eyes, trying desperately to see.

CUT TO:
MIRAGE SHOT

It is very hard to make out what is going on, but perhaps all the Superposse, save one man, are on horseback, and perhaps that one man is on his haunches, staring at the ground.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

Squinting out.

BUTCH
(genially)
They're beginning to get on my nerves.
(not so genially)
Who are those guys?

SUNDANCE
You remember when you and Etta and me went to Denver last summer for a vacation?

CUT TO:
CLOSEUP - BUTCH

He is absolutely stupefied by the question.

BUTCH
Now there's a really important
topic, considering our situation --
I'm sure glad you brought that up --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SUNDANCE

He is as pensive right here as Butch is agitated.

SUNDANCE
That night we went gambling,
remember?

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE:

BUTCH
Sure, Kid, I remember. We ate
supper at the hotel first. I
had the roast beef and Etta
ordered chicken and if I could
only remember what you had I'd
die a happy man.

SUNDANCE
(ignoring Butch; going right on)
Look out there --

And as he points --

CUT TO:

MIRAGE SHOT

It is still very hard to make anything out with clarity,
but it appears that all the Superposse are still on horse-
back, save one, who is still on his haunches, staring at
the ground.

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
We got to talking with some
gambler that night. And he
told us about the Indian. A
full blooded Indian except he
called himself with an English
name. Sir somebody --
427 Cont.

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Lord Baltimore.

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
That's right. He called himself Lord Baltimore and he could track anybody. Over anything. Day or night.

428 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
lying on the boulder, staring out.

BUTCH
So?

SUNDANCE
That guy on the ground -- I think it's him --

429 MIRAGE SHOT
They appear to be almost statues.

430 MIRAGE SHOT - THE MAN ON THE GROUND

It is as if Butch and Sundance are straining their eyes to the point of pain trying to see clearly. The Man on the Ground might indeed be an Indian -- but the sun bouncing off the rocks is just too strong, the distance just too great. During this --

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
I can't quite see him clear.

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Me either. But it might be.

CUT TO:
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

Sundance still stares out. Butch turns to him.

BUTCH

Except he works out of Oklahoma --
Lord Baltimore's strictly an
Oklahoma man and I don't know
where we are but it isn't Oklahoma,
so it couldn't be him, it couldn't
be him.

SUNDANCE.
(nodding)
I guess.

CUT TO:

MIARGE SHOT - THE MAN ON THE GROUND

He stands slowly, then gestures dead in the direction of
Butch and Sundance. As he does --

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
But whoever he is, he sure the
hell is somebody.

The Man on the Ground mounts. The Superposse begins to
move forward again, steadily, inevitably, and --

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON TRAIL - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE - DAY

both of them on the one horse, riding as fast as they can.

CUT TO:

VERY HIGH SHOT.

of a trail leading through a canyon. The terrain now is
wilder, rockier, increasingly isolated, increasingly
beautiful. Below now, Butch and Sundance can be made out.
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL The Superposse behind them,
closer now, moving as steadily and smoothly as a machine.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

on the horse. Butch is going on nervous energy now and it
shows. They come to a break in the rocks and he stares
back, we know at what.

Cont.
BUTCH
Damn them anyway. Aren't they hungry? -- aren't they tired?

SUNDANCE
Got to be.

BUTCH
(anger building)
Then why don't they slow down? Hell, they could speed up and that'd be fine too -- it'd be a change. They don't even break formation --
(shouting)
Do something!

CUT TO:

MIRAGE SHOT
The Superposse moves on as before.

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
They're like their horses -- somebody sure trained 'em...

CUT TO:

AN EXTREMELY ROCKY AREA - DAY

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
Sundance leads the horse now as they scramble along as fast as they can. When the terrain allows for it, they run.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
running, until without warning Butch trips and falls heavily down.

BUTCH
(grabbing the rock that tripped him)
Ya stupid rock!

And he SMASHES it down against a boulder --

CUT TO:
walking, terribly out of breath. Their faces drip sweat.

Butch?

What?

Who's the best lawman?

Best how? You mean toughest or easiest to bribe?

Toughest.

(without hesitation)

Joe Lefors.

(nodding)

Got to be.

Why? --

You crazy? Joe Lefors never leaves Missouri -- never, and you know it.

But he wears a white straw skimmer, doesn't he? That's how you know it's Joe Lefors, by that white straw skimmer.

CUT TO:

MIRAGE SHOT

SUNDANCE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Well? That guy in the middle...?

The Superposse is too far away to tell anything exactly. But the man in the middle does appear to be wearing a hat that might indeed be white, that might be made of straw.

CUT TO:
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

wedged between some rocks, staring out at the Superposse --

BUTCH
(almost a whisper now)
Who are those guys?

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE TERRAIN - DAY

It is even rougher now, verging on the mountainous. And really very beautiful.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

stumbling along, leading the horse. The way they are taking is the flattest way possible, but now, more and more, there are paths that lead up into the mountains.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

making their way. They are completely exhausted now, beat down to the ground. Their clothes are ragged and torn and so are they. They pause for a moment, gulping down air, pulling it into their lungs and --

CUT TO:

MIRAGE SHOT

The Superposse is moving on foot now, their horses following along behind them. But they move fast and seemingly without effort, as if in a dream.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

glancing back, pushing on.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE MOUNTAINS

It's later in the afternoon now.
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

sending their horse the way they have been going while
they cut off and up, into the mountains.

THE HORSE

going.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

moving up higher into the mountains.

THE TWO OF THEM

making their way. They are following a fairly wide path
and making good time. Below them, a mountain stream is
occasionally visible.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

catching their breath a moment, glancing back the way they
came.

BUTCH

I figure they followed the horse,
don't you?

SUNDANCE

No.

THE PATH

far below them. The Superposse moves into view, on foot.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

watching as the Superposse becomes visible.

BUTCH

If you're so smart, why aren't
you rich?
THE SUPERPOSSE

They move on foot as they moved on horseback: bunched together, silently, without strain.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

going like sixty.

CUT TO:

THE PATH THEY ARE FOLLOWING

as it curves along. Below, the stream is widening and going faster, something it continues to do. Shadows are starting to lengthen. Soon, dusk.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

doing their best. The path is narrower now, but still wide enough for them both to move side by side and they force themselves along it.

CUT TO:

THE PATH

curving up. They race along it, then begin to slow as the path starts to narrow.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE PATH

They are moving Indian file now, Sundance leading.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE TWO OF THEM FROM THE STREAM BELOW

At this distance, perhaps fifty feet, as they move through sunlight and shadow, they seem very, very, small.

CUT TO:
THE PATH
widening now, and they pick up the pace.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE PATH
widening more, and now they are both of them running flat out, heedless of where they are and --

THE SUN
just starting to edge down over the mountains and --

THE STREAM
quite wide and fast now, and still in sunlight, while all around it there is shadow; the effect is stunning as it swirls around and around --

THE PATH - AT DUSK
ending.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
standing there, just standing there gaping at the dead end the path has led them into.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
(together)
DAMMIT!

A LONG SHOT - THE TWO OF THEM
standing there stunned, the sound echoing over and over and --

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
whirling, starting back the way they came and --
471 THE SUPERPOSSE
moving up toward them.

472 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
watching them come.

BUTCH
What I figure is we can fight or we
can give.
(Sundance nods)
If we give, we go to jail.

473 CLOSEUP - SUNDANCE
shaking his head.

SUNDANCE
(with all the meaning
in the world)
I been there already.

474 BUTCH
nodding in agreement.

BUTCH
Me too. If we fight they can stay
right where they are and starve us
cut --

He glances up now and --

475 THE MOUNTAIN ABOVE THEM
High up, there are open flat places where a man could fire
down on them.

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
-- or they could go for position
and shoot us --
BUTCH
-- or they could start a little rock slide and get us that way. What else could they do?

SUNDANCE
They could surrender to us but I don't think we oughtta count on that.

CUT TO:

BUTCH
He laughs, but the moment won't hold.

BUTCH
(flat and down)
What're we gonna do?

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
You always been the brains, Butch; you'll think of something.

BUTCH
Well that takes a load off; for awhile there I was worried.

He looks back down the way they came and --

CUT TO:

THE SUPERPOSSE

The man in the white hat is gesturing and now the Superposse begins to split, some of them moving onto a higher path that leads above where Butch and Sundance are.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

watching them climb.

SUNDANCE
They're going for position all right.

Cont.
Sundance takes out his guns, starts to examine them with great care.

SUNDANCE
We better get ready.

BUTCH
(getting his guns ready)
The next time I say let's go somewhere like Bolivia, let's go somewhere like Bolivia.

SUNDANCE
Next time.

CUT TO:

THE SUPERPOSSE
They continue to make their way up, moving quickly and silently across the mountain.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
(watching them get into position)
You ready, Butch?

BUTCH'S VOICE
(c.s.)
No!
And as Sundance turns -- the camera zooms to closeup of Butch. He is smiling.

BUTCH
We'll jump!

CUT TO:

THE STREAM BELOW
It is fifty feet down and going very fast.

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE
Like hell we will.

Butch is really excited now -- all this next is overlapping and goes like a shot.

BUTCH
No, no, it's gonna be okay -- just so it's deep enough we don't get squished to death -- they'll never follow us --

SUNDANCE
-- how do you know? --

BUTCH
-- would you make that jump if you didn't have to? --

SUNDANCE
-- I have to and I'm not gonna --

BUTCH
-- it's the only way. Otherwise we're dead. They'll have to go all the way back down the way we came. Come on --

SUNDANCE
(looking up
the mountain)
-- just a couple decent shots -- that's all I want --

BUTCH
-- come on --

SUNDANCE
-- no --

BUTCH
-- we got to --

SUNDANCE
-- no --

BUTCH
-- yes --

SUNDANCE
-- get away from me --

Cont.
484 Cont.

-- why? --

BUTCH

SUNDANCE

-- I wanna fight 'em --

BUTCH

-- they'll kill us --

SUNDANCE

-- maybe --

BUTCH

-- you wanna die? --

SUNDANCE

-- don't you?

BUTCH

-- I'll jump first --

SUNDANCE

-- no --

BUTCH

-- okay, you jump first --

SUNDANCE

-- no I said --

SUNDANCE

(big)

BUTCH

What'sa matter with you?

(bigger)

SUNDANCE

I can't swim!

Blind mad, wildly embarrassed, he just stands there --

CUT TO:

485

BUTCH

starting to roar.

CUT TO

486

SUNDANCE

anger building.

CUT TO:

176
BUTCH

You stupid fool, the fall'll probably kill you.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

starting to laugh now and --

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM

Butch whips off his gun belt, takes hold of one end, holds the other out. Sundance takes it, wraps it once tight around his hand. They move to the edge of the path and step off.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

falling through the twilight.

CUT TO:

THE BIGGEST SPLASH

ever recorded.

CUT TO:

THE STREAM - DUSK

going like hell. Then --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

alive in the water. Music begins, the same music that went on during Butch and Etta's bicycle ride, and as the music picks up, so does the speed of the current as it carries them along, spinning and turning and --

CUT TO:
THE SUPERPOSSE

frozen in the twilight on the mountainside. As they stand there --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREAM - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE - TWILIGHT

from high above, swirling happily along. HOLD ON Butch and Sundance in the twilight; they move in and out of shadow, sputtering and coughing, holding tight to the gun belt and as the music hits a climax, they are swirled safely out of sight...

FADE OUT
FADE IN

496  ETTA'S PLACE - ON HER DOORSTEP - LATE NIGHT

Etta's arms are locked around her legs; her chin rests on her knees. She looks half dead.

CUT TO:

497  CLOSEUP - ETTA

She just sits there waiting, hunched over, motionless. One gets the feeling she was born in that position, and when she dies, she will never have moved.

CUT TO:

498  THE NIGHT

It is too dark to make anything out clearly until we --

CUT TO:

499  BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

moving out of the darkness toward Etta. They have come a long way now, and there is nothing left. They manage to keep walking.

CUT TO:

500  ETTA

rising as they close the gap. Without a word she moves to meet them and her arms go around them both. They stand that way a moment, Etta and her men. Then --

ETTA

The papers said they had you.

SUNDANCE

Was it Lefors did they say?

ETTA

(a little hesitant nod)

Joe Lefors? ... I think that was the name ...?

SUNDANCE

And their tracker?

ETTA

Tracker?

Cont.
BUTCH
Was it Lord Baltimore?

ETTA
I think so ... the paper's inside.

Butch hurries into the house. For a moment, Etta holds just Sundance, but their game has never been to show anything, no matter what, so she drops her arms.

SUNDANCE
Got enough to feed us?

ETTA
Don't you know I do?

CUT TO:

501

ETTA
turning. She starts toward the front door. With her back to Sundance --

ETTA
They rumored you were dead and --

CUT TO:

502

SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
-- don't make a big thing out of it.

CUT TO:

503

ETTA
She nods once, continues silently toward the house. Then --

CUT TO:

504

SUNDANCE

watching as Etta moves away.

SUNDANCE
No ... it's okay; make a big thing out of it.

CUT TO:
starting to whirl toward him but before the move is half
done he has her and she completes the spin with his arms
already around her and it's dark, and they don't embrace
for long, but still, we can see it: they care for each
other. They care.

CUT TO:

SUNDAUCE AND ETTA

entering. Etta goes to stove where a large pot is simmer-
ing and probably has been for days. She reaches for
plates and during this --

CUT TO:

SUNDAUCE

Now why would those guys join up and
take after us?

BUTCH

(folding the paper
away)

Forget it -- a bunch like that won't
keep together long.
ETTA

concentrating very hard on fixing their food.

ETTA

You didn't finish the article, Butch -- they're hired til you're dead.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

stunned.

ETTA

She looks at them briefly, nods.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

Who by?

SUNDANCE

CUT TO:

ETTA

piling food onto two plates, being very careful not to spill.

ETTA

Mr. E.H. Harriman of the Union Pacific Railroad. He resents the way you've been picking on him so he outfitted a special train and hired some special employees -- you've spent the last few days avoiding them -- it's really sort of flattering, if you want to think about it that way.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA

BUTCH

Hell, a setup like that's costing him more'n we ever took --

ETTA

Apparently he can afford it.
CLOSEUP - BUTCH

wild and upset and angry.

BUTCH
That crazy Harriman -- it's bad business -- how long do you think I'd stay in operation if every time I pulled a job it cost me money? -- if he'd just give me what he's spending to make me stop robbing him, I'd stop robbing him -- he probably inherited every penny he's got; those inherited guys, what do they know?

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE AND ETTA

SUNDANCE
You say they're hired permanent?

ETTA
No, no, no -- just til they kill you.

She brings food to table and --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

up fast, moving to door -- he is upset now too --

SUNDANCE
That means they're still after us, Butch -- it's gonna be like yesterday all over again -- they'll show here sooner or later --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

I vote for later.

And as he begins ravenously to eat --

CUT TO:

TWO PLATES

rapidly emptying of food.
520  ETTA
sitting on the front steps while behind her at the table,
Butch and Sundance eat.

SUNDANCE
Hey Etta --

Very pensive, she stares out, in the same waiting position
as when they came back. Now she rises --

ETTA
I'll get you some more.

CUT TO:

521  BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
as Etta takes their plates, goes to stove.

SUNDANCE
Butch and me been talking and
wherever the hell Bolivia is,
that's where we're off to.

CUT TO:

522  ETTA
at the stove. She nods, says nothing.

CUT TO:

523  BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA

BUTCH
We're just gonna hide out til it's
safe and maybe keep our hand in a
little -- if that lousy Harriman
wants to spend some money tracking
us down, let's let him really
spend some money.

SUNDANCE
Butch speaks some Spanish --

BUTCH
You know, I can wrestle with a
menu okay.
SUNDANCE  
(to Etta)  
You speak it good. And it'd be  
good cover for us going with a  
woman -- no one expects it -- we  
can travel safer. So what I'm  
saying is, if you want to come  
with us, I won't stop you, but  
the minute you start to whine or  
make a nuisance, I don't care  
where we are, I'm dumping you flat.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

Don't sugarcoat it like that,  
Sundance -- tell her straight --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - ETTA

For a moment, she says nothing. Then, starting soft,  
building as she goes --

ETTA  
I'm twenty-six, and I'm single,  
and I teach school, and except for  
being twenty-six and single and a  
librarian, that's the bottom of the  
pit. And the only excitement I've  
ever known is sitting in the room  
with me now. So I'll go with you,  
and I won't whine, and I'll sew  
your socks and stitch you when  
you're wounded, and anything you  
ask of me I'll do, except one thing:  
I won't watch you die. I'll miss  
that scene if you don't mind ...

HOLD on Etta's lovely face a moment --

DISOLVE TO:

A SMALL SUITCASE

CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL Etta, dressed for travel. The  
house is dark as she picks up the suitcase, goes to door,  
looks around her little home one final time, then --

CUT TO:
waiting outside. Etta goes to Sundance who reaches for her bag. Butch takes a final glance around and as he turns his head, CAMERA PANS TO the night and everything existing in it. It is a gigantic, long PAN SHOT and everything the camera touches has its own beauty and as the camera continues it's way, it goes by Etta's dark house and there, leaning against the side of the house is Butch's bike and the second the camera hits it — ZOOM TO Butch, closeup, bawling it out at the top of his lungs —

BUTCH

The future's all yours, ya lousy bicycles!

As his words echo —

CUT TO:

THE BIKE

as the CAMERA CONTINUES IT'S MOVE. As it goes, the night darkens, until we are for one second looking at a black screen and then there is a bright white flash and we are beginning —

MUSICAL INTERLUDE NUMBER TWO

Like the first, this does not make a literal connection with the action on screen; again, the two connect emotion- ally, and as a matter-of-fact, since what takes place on screen is happy and "up," the song here will more than likely be a poignant one. Among the moments cut to here are:

THE BRIGHT WHITE FLASH

mentioned above — this is the flash from a portrait photographer's camera and as the flash ends, Sundance and Etta are visible, both of them dressed as elegantly in formal attire, standing side-by-side. Then there is ANOTHER SHOT.

A. BUTCH

is seen, similarly dressed.

Then there is ANOTHER SHOT:

B. THE THREE OF THEM

And as the photographer escorts them cordially to the door of his studio, the door opens and we see —
EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY - 
ETTA, BUTCH AND SUNDANCE - DAY

And that's why they are happy during this, because they've 
never been there before and it's new and so incredibly 
different -- the buildings loom gigantic and the streets 
seem jammed and there are streetcars and horse-drawn 
carriages and drummers on the sidewalk hawking medals and 
silly games and flags waving from the building windows and 
men with sandwich boards advertising things like lunch and 
watch repairing and --

AN UMBRELLA - IN THE RAIN

and as we PULL BACK, we see the three of them hurrying 
under it and then there are more umbrellas as we continue 
to PULL BACK and the whole street is hurrying along trying 
to beat the rain and --

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA - 
A SUNNY DAY

veering down the street in a shiny black car with red 
wheels. Sundance is driving, and as a horse-drawn carriage 
passes them, we go to --

EXT. TIFFANY'S - DAY

It was in Union Square at this time, and there were street-
car tracks in front and the sign said "Tiffany & Company" 
and more often than not, there were horse-drawn carriages 
lined up and from here we are --

INT. TIFFANY'S

Butch is selecting Etta a ring and she is touched; he sees 
the price of the ring, whispers to her and she surrepti-
tiously goes into her purse, but she doesn't have enough 
so she glances at Sundance who hands her some money she 
passes on to Butch who casually pays for the ring and the 
next thing we see is --

A HIGHLY UNTRUSTWORTHY FACE

clearly the face of a man who makes a somewhat shadowy 
living, and the Untrustworthy Face doesn't look happy and 
as we PULL BACK, we see why, because now we are in a 
shooting gallery of the period and the Untrustworthy Face 
runs the gallery and the reason he isn't happy is that 
Butch and Sundance are firing, and as they fire, targets 
go down, and as the targets fall, Etta wins toys and prizes, 
more and more of them, as we MOVE from Butch and Sundance 
firing to the Untrustworthy Face stunned and starting to 
perspire, to Etta, the pile of prizes in her arms continues 
to grow. Etta cannot help laughing, and as Butch and 
Sundance continue to upset the balance of payments in the 
shooting gallery, we see --
INT. A TERRIBLY ELEGANT RESTAURANT

There are headwaiters and musicians and Butch and Sundance and Etta are eating. They are wonderfully well-dressed and the whole look of the three of them fits right in with their surroundings, and then Sundance and Etta are dancing, and they do it well, as well as any other dancers on the floor, and as they continue to spin and turn, we see a number of things very quickly, and they all share one thing: elegance. A fine red wine is poured into a fragile goblet; a headwaiter bows; a silver tray cover is pulled up, revealing a beautifully cooked game bird, and the feeling of splendor and elegance builds along with the music until the interlude ends and we --

CUT TO:
A pair of boots walk onto the patch, stand there. Then another pair of boots move up to the first; finally, a pair of shoes encasing a lady's feet move up and stop. There is moment's pause before we FULL BACK to REVEAL Butch and Sundance and Etta, standing on what might be called a street in a pit of a town that in no way resembles the French Riviera -- horrid little low adobe huts stretch out and an occasional pig grunts by: we are in Bolivia. Butch glances at Sundance who is close to a homeric anger. In the distance, a stagecoach pulls away.

BUTCH
(to Etta)
Just think: fifty years ago there was nothing here.

Sundance gives Butch a look.

BUTCH
It's not as bad as it might be -- you get more for your money in Bolivia than anywhere -- I checked --

SUNDANCE
-- what could they sell here you could possibly want to buy? --

CUT TO:

THE BOLIVIAN STREET - DAY

It really is terrible. You wouldn't wish the place on your mother-in-law.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH
All Bolivia can't look this way --

SUNDANCE
How do you know? -- this might be the garden spot of the whole country-- people may travel hundreds of miles just to get right where we're standing now -- this might be the Atlantic City New Jersey of all Bolivia, for all you know --

Cont.
BUTCH
I know as much about Bolivia as
you do about Atlantic City
New Jersey, I'll tell you that
much --

SUNDANCE
You do? I was born in New Jersey;
I was brought up there, so --

CUT TO:

BUTCH
genuinely surprised.

BUTCH
You're from the East? I didn't
know that.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
The total tonnage of what you
don't know is enough --

CUT TO:

ETTA
moving to them, doing her best to pacify --

ETTA
I'm not sure we're accomplishing
as much as we might. Now, if --

SUNDANCE
Listen: your job is to back me up
because you'd starve without me.

ETTA
(bit ing the words
out)
I -- shall -- commit -- that -- to
-- memory.

SUNDANCE
(to Butch now)
And you -- your job is to shut up.

CUT TO:
546 BUTCH

moving to Etta.

BUTCH

(softly; consoling)
He'll feel a lot better once we robbed a couple banks.

CUT TO:

547 SUNDANCE

staring around him.

SUNDANCE

Bolivial

CUT TO:

548 EXT. A SMALL BANK IN A DIFFERENT, BIGGER TOWN - DAY

The bank is on the town's busiest street -- a few people straggle by. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Butch and Sundance casually watching the bank from across the street.

BUTCH

(as they start toward the bank)
Now, when we get inside, remember, the first thing we do is head straight for the --

SUNDANCE

-- I know how to rob a bank -- don't tell me how to rob a bank --

BUTCH

Boy, a few dark clouds appear on your horizon, you just go all to pieces.

549 INT. THE BANK

as Butch and Sundance appear in the doorway.

CUT TO:

550 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

peering around, trying to get their bearings.

CUT TO:
551 A LARGE ARMED GUARD
watching them. He is seated but now stands, begins
moving forward.

552 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
watching the GUARD approach, both of them ready.

553 THE ARMED GUARD
He stops. There is a pause. Then --

ARMED GUARD
Buenos dias; le puedo servir?

554 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
Sundance looks at Butch, waiting for him to say something.
Butch just stands there, stunned. Then --

555 INT. A CHEAP HOTEL ROOM
Butch and Sundance and Etta sit, huddled together. Etta
is teaching them Spanish.

ETTA
All right, pay attention now.
This is a robbery: esto es un
robo.

BUTCH
Esto es un robo.

ETTA
(to Sundance)
We're supposed to be doing unison
recitation.

SUNDANCE
I don't know why I have to do any
of this -- he's the one claimed he
knew the damn language --

Cont.
555 Cont.

ETTA
We've gone over this before --
your line of work requires a
specialized vocabulary --

BUTCH
That's right -- I got nervous --
I didn't know the words -- shoot
me.

SUNDANCE
You've had worse ideas lately --

CUT TO:

556 ETTA

She means what she's saying --

ETTA
I simply cannot tolerate this
kind of outburst -- both together
now -- this is a robbery: esto
es un robo.

CUT TO;

557 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
(together -- Sundance
a trifle sullenly)
Esto es un robo.

CUT TO:

558 ETTA

Throughout, her vocal intonations are of the same
machinelike quality achieved by Berlitz instructors.

ETTA
Raise your hands: manos arriba.

CUT TO:

559 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA - DAY

They are walking along a hot, quiet street now. The
lesson goes right on.

Cont.
CLOSEUP - ETTA

ETTA
All of you -- back against the wall.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Butch and Sundance and Etta, eating in a crummy restaurant.

BUTCH
(doing his best)
Todos ustedes -- arrismense a la pared.

ETTA
(to Sundance now)
Give me the money.

CLOSEUP - SUNDANCE

It's on the tip of his tongue. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Sundance and Etta in bed.

SUNDANCE
What was that again?

ETTA
(impatient)
Give me the money.

Sundance embraces Etta suddenly. He's all over her, nuzzling her, holding her to him --

Cont.
ETTA
That's not going to work and we're going to stay up all night til you get this -- give me the money.
(she knocks on the wall by the bed)
You still thinking in there?

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
What the hell else is there to do?

ETTA
(to the wall)
Try this one: Where's the safe?
Open it.

A-571 BUTCH - IN THE NEXT ROOM
He is rapidly running his finger down a crib sheet.

BUTCH
That's a hard one -- just lemme think now --
(and he's found it on his sheet)
Donde esta la caja? Abrala.

ETTA'S VOICE
(o.s.)
That's very good, Butch.

B-571 ETTA AND SUNDANCE - IN BED

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
You're just a good teacher, Etta.

ETTA
For the last time: give me the money.
C-571  SUNDANCE

The answer is so close now it's killing him.

CUT TO:

D-571  ETTA

ETTA

You'd starve without me.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-571  A BOLIVIAN STREET - DAY

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Butch and Sundance and Etta. Etta is looking out the window. She is dressed, purse in hand.

ETTA

Someplace out there must sell horses. I'll get the best I can with what we've got left.

(she goes to the door)

But don't expect much.

(as she exits)

And don't stop -- begin at the beginning and go right through: This is a robbery.

And on these words --

CUT TO:
THE SAME ARMED GUARD AS BEFORE

As before, he speaks --

GUARD
Buenos dias, le puedo --

Sundance's gun hits him once on the head and as he falls senseless -- PULL BACK to REVEAL Butch and Sundance in the bank, guns drawn --

BUTCH
Esto es ... es ...
(yanks out his crib sheet)
Robo!

CUT TO:

EVERYONE IN THE BANK

Before Butch can even finish, they all quietly raise their hands and back quickly against the wall.

CUT TO:
574  BUTCH

jumpy as hell — reading, first more or less to himself
making sure he's got it right, then out loud.

      BUTCH
      (to himself)
      Raise your hands.
      (out loud)
      Manos arriba.

      CUT TO:

575  SUNDANCE

moving nervously among the people in the bank, frisking
them for weapons as he goes.

      SUNDANCE
      They got 'em up -- skip on down --

      CUT TO:

576  BUTCH

reading.

      BUTCH
      (to himself)
      Raise them!
      (out loud)
      Arriba!

      CUT TO:

577  SUNDANCE

      SUNDANCE
      Skip -- on -- down!

      CUT TO:

578  BUTCH

      BUTCH
      (to himself)
      Back against the wall.
      (out loud)
      Arrime a la pared.

      CUT TO:

579  SUNDANCE

      SUNDANCE
      They're against-the-wall-already!
BUTCH

furious.

BUTCH

Don't you know enough not to
criticize someone who's doing
his best?

(going to Sundance,
shoving the paper
at him)

Here -- you're so damn smart,
you read --

CUT TO:

581 THE BANK PEOPLE

standing quietly confused, hands raised, looking at each
other.

CUT TO:

582 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

each of them carrying small bags of money, tearing out
of the bank and --

CUT TO:

583 ETTA

in the shadows by a building. She is dressed in men's
clothing and she waits expectantly, staring out of the
shadows. She holds the reins of three horses, none of
them much worth looking at. As Butch and Sundance come
running into view, she quickly mounts her horse, leads
the other two toward them and --

CUT TO:

584 PEOPLE FROM THE BANK

pouring out onto the street, looking around, then
starting to call out:

BANK PEOPLE

Bandidos -- Bandidos Yangui --

CUT TO:

585 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA

riding just as fast as their horses will go out of town
and --

CUT TO:
HALF A DOZEN BANK PEOPLE

running into the office of the local constabulary -- "corregidors" they were called.

Bank People jabbering to the CHIEF CORREGIDOR -- a lean, uniformed officer.

BANK PEOPLE

-- Bandidos Yanqui -- Bandidos Yanqui --

CUT TO:

EXT. BOLIVIAN COUNTRYSIDE - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA

riding on, except all the horses are rotten and already starting to show strain. The three keep riding full out and --

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTABULARY - THE CHIEF CORREGIDOR

racing into a room where THREE ASSISTANTS sit playing cards.

CHIEF CORREGIDOR

-- Bandidos Yanqui --

And as the men quickly stand --

CUT TO:

EXT. BOLIVIAN COUNTRYSIDE - THE FOUR CORREGIDORS

riding out of town. Their horses are fresh and powerful-looking and there is no question that they look competent as hell and --

CUT TO:

THE FOUR CORREGIDORS

in open country now, riding quickly and well and --

CUT TO:

THE TERRAIN

there are rocks and groves of trees now as The Four Corregidors continue their efficient way and --

CUT TO:
THE FOUR CORREGIDORS

riding like hell in one direction, a no-nonsense quartet, and as a terrible barrage tears into them, a hat flies off, their horses rear in sudden panic, and The Three Assistants take off without a moment's hesitation, back in the opposite direction, back the way they came. The Chief Corregidor hesitates for only a moment, but when another barrage of bullets sounds, he takes off in the same direction as his men: away.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA

staring after the disappearing Corregidors.

BUTCH

(gesturing after them)

Isn't that a beautiful sight?

(a note of triumph)

We're back in business, boys and girls -- it's just like the old days!

And with these words we begin -- MUSICAL INTERLUDE
NUMBER THREE. This accompanies a series of South American robberies. There is dialogue in and out, and it is entirely possible that the song, for example, would be entitled "Bandidos Yanqui" and would be loud and rhythmic, like one would expect a Spanish-titled song to be. But not necessarily -- again, here as before, the connection is not literal between scene and song: the song might be a simple Quaker-type tune extolling the virtues of labor. Or any number of other notions. In any case, the robberies go like this:

CUT TO:

INT. BANK #2 - TWO BOLIVIAN BANK CLERKS

Their hands are raised, their backs against a wall, and they are watching as, in the b.g., Butch and Sundance busily rob the bank.

FIRST BANK CLERK

(whispering to the Second Clerk)

Bandidos Yanqui.

The SECOND CLERK looks blank. The FIRST CLERK repeats, a little louder.

FIRST BANK CLERK

Bandidos Yanqui.

Cont.
The Second Clerk just shrugs -- he's never heard of them.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK #3 - AN ELEGANTLY DRESSED BANK EXECUTIVE

moving toward an enormous bank vault. As he goes, he
gestures about proudly, showing off his bank.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

dressed extremely well. Sundance carries a satchel and
both he and Butch are clearly very impressed with the
quality of the bank they are depositing their money into.
As they approach the vault door, Butch gestures and
Sundance hands the BANK EXECUTIVE their satchel. The
Bank Executive smiles and --

CUT TO:

THE VAULT DOOR

swinging open.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND THE BANK EXECUTIVE

BANK EXECUTIVE

(still smiling)
So you see how foolish your
fears were?

SUNDANCE

(as they enter
the vault)
No one could get in here, that's
for sure.

And suddenly there is a gun in his hand and --

CUT TO:

THE BANK EXECUTIVE

BANK EXECUTIVE

Who are you?
happily scooping up money, stuffing it into their satchel --

BUTCH

We're from the Red Cross.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK #1 - TWO BOLIVIAN BANK CLERKS

(Note: Not the same two as before). Their hands are raised, their backs against a wall, and they are watching as, in the b.g., Butch and Sundance busily rob the bank.

FIRST BANK CLERK whispering to the SECOND CLERK as he nods toward Butch and Sundance.

FIRST BANK CLERK

Bandidos Yanqui.

SECOND BANK CLERK

(interested -- he's heard of them)

Si?

Si.

FIRST BANK CLERK

CUT TO:

EXT. BOLIVIAN COUNTRYSIDE - A BAND OF CORREGIDORS

riding like crazy in one direction before getting blasted. They immediately wheel around and take off like hell back the way they came and --

CUT TO:

INT. BANK #5 - BUTCH

robbing a bank alone -- it is a very small place and there is but a single TELLER.

BUTCH

(stuffing a little money into a bag)

C'mon, there's gotta be more around here --

TELLER

No, Senor --

BUTCH

Where's the rest?

TELLER

Senor, I swear --

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE

moving like a streak across the bank, launching into a
dive, and Butch turns, but too late, as Sundance knocks
him sprawling, grabs his gun and the bag of money.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

blind mad, starting slowly to rise as we --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

covering Butch while he barks orders to a group of
CUSTOMERS lined against a far wall --

SUNDANCE

-- get the Corregidors --
the Corregidors --

As one of the Customers runs off --

CUT TO:

THE TELLER

As Sundance hands him back what Butch stole.

SUNDANCE

Rest of the money safe?

The Teller nods, pats an innocent-looking drawer --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

hurrying to the drawer as Sundance whirls, covers the
stunned Teller and the Customers.

BUTCH

We do nice work.

CUT TO:

THE CUSTOMERS

lined up, their hands raised, watching as, in the b.g.,
Butch and Sundance rob the bank.

FIRST CUSTOMER

(whispering to the
man beside him)

Bandidos Yanqui.

Cont.
Second Customer raises his hands a little bit higher in the air, turns and whispers to the man beside him.

SECOND CUSTOMER
Bandidos Yanqui.

Third Customer immediately turns, and whispers to the man beside him --

THIRD CUSTOMER
Bandidos Yanqui --

And as the whisper moves down along the row, with the steady repeated whisper of "Bandidos Yanqui," the THIRD MUSICAL INTERLUDE ENDS.

CUT TO:

610

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA - NIGHT
dining in as nice a restaurant as Bolivia has to offer. It is early evening, a lovely night, and the restaurant offers a fine view of the street. Butch and Sundance are looking just a little older now; not much, just a little.

BUTCH
(raising a glass)
I'd like to propose a toast to Bolivian law enforcement.

They drink. A waiter appears, with a large tray of food, puts it down nearby.

CUT TO:

611

BUTCH AND ETTA
watching as the waiter sets about serving them. The food looks really good.

BUTCH
(to Etta)
I don't know that we'd ever eat out in places like this without you -- you're ugly and you're mean, but you're good cover--

ETTA
You'll turn my head with talk like that --

And as she glances to Sundance --

CUT TO:
only he isn't there now, just an empty chair, and then quick --

BUTCH AND ETTA

looking around confused and --

SUNDANCE

and he is doing something very strange: his body pressed flat, he is standing against the closest wall of the restaurant, hiding, and he cannot take his eyes from the street.

THE STREET - NIGHT

It is dark, but not too dark to make out Three Men moving by the restaurant. The man in the middle wears a white straw skimmer. ZOOM TO Butch, frantically saddling up his horse.

SUNDANCE AND ETTA

watching him. This is a dimly lit stable, and Sundance guards the door. Etta moves between them.

SUNDANCE

-- I say let's go find him --

let's get it done --

BUTCH

We might lose -- we just saw two men with him -- he might have twenty, we don't know --

ETTA

You don't even know for sure it was Lefors --

BUTCH

I'm a helluva guesser.
ETTA
He can't arrest you here --
there are laws against that.
And he can't take you back
either.

SUNDANCE:
He's not about to take anybody
back -- he's going to finish us
right here. He's just gonna wait
until we pull another job and then
hunt us down like before, and if
he misses us, he'll wait for the
next job and get us then. So
let's finish it now, Butch, one
way or the other.

BUTCH
and he is smiling.

BUTCH:
He's waiting for us right?
Well, let him -- we'll drive
him crazy -- we'll outlast the
bastard -- we'll go straight!

And on the word "straight" --

CLOSEUP - PERCY GARRIS - DAY

GARRIS
So ya want jobs --

The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL GARRIS standing on the
steps in front of his office at the Concordia Tin Mines,
high in the Bolivian mountains. He is a flinty banty
rooster of a man, with an incongruously mellifluous voice.

GARRIS
-- you're from the U.S. of A.
and you're seeking after
employment. Well, you couldn't
have picked a more out of the way
place in all Bolivia, I'll tell
you that.
619 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

standing at the foot of the steps below him.

BUTCH

We're awful interested in
learning about mining without
any of those big city distractions.

CUT TO:

620 GARRIS

GARRIS

Ordinarily you got to wait to
work for Percy Garris, but this
ain't ordinarily, bingo.

It might be mentioned here that Garris is a world class
tobacco spitter, and his speech is punctuated with the
words "dammy" or "bingo," depending on his accuracy.

CUT TO:

621 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH

Then there are jobs?

CUT TO:

622 GARRIS

advancing on them.

GARRIS

Yes there are jobs, there are
lotsa jobs, don't you wanna
know why?

SUNDANCE

Okay. Why?

GARRIS

Dammy -- cause I can't promise
to pay you, don't you wanna
know why?

BUTCH

Okay. Why?

CUT TO:
GARRIS
On account of the payroll thieves, fellow citizens, that's why, bingo. Every mine around gets its payroll from La Paz and every mine around gets its payroll held up --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
as Garris moves toward them again.

GARRIS
Some say it's Bolivian bandits, some say the Bandidos Yanqui, can you hit anything?

And he points to their guns.

SUNDANCE
Sometimes.

GARRIS
Hit that -- And he pitches a plug of tobacco a good distance away.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
stepping back, getting ready to draw. Then --

GARRIS' VOICE
(o.s.)

No, no -- (and he moves into view)

-- I just want to know if you can shoot.

He grabs one of Sundance's pistols from its holster, shoves it to Sundance.

GARRIS
Shoot.

Sundance grabs the gun, fires, and --

CUT TO:
THE TOBACCO PLUG
undisturbed as the shot misses.

BUTCH
stunned, looking at Sundance.

SUNDANCE AND GARRIS

SUNDANCE
Can I move?

GARRIS
(confused)
Move? What the hell you mean, move?

But before the words are half finished --

SUNDANCE
dropping, drawing, firing, all in one motion and as his gun erupts --

THE TOBACCO PLUG
obiterated.

SUNDANCE
rising.

SUNDANCE
(explaining; simply)
I'm better when I move.
GARRIS
(he is not unimpressed)
Considering that I'm desperate, and you're just what I'm looking for, on top of which you stem from the U.S. of A., we'll start in the morning.

BUTCH
You mean you're hiring us?

SUNDANCE
(as excited as Butch)
We got jobs?

GARRIS
(nodding)
Payroll guards.

And as the occupation is named --

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - THREE MEN ON MULEBACK

riding down the mountain. Garris rides ahead, singing "Sweet Betsy from Pike" in a loud and lovely voice. Butch and Sundance lag behind.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

They have never done this kind of thing before and are both in a sweat, anticipating attack.

BUTCH
(low and tense)
I think they're in those rocks up ahead --

Sundance points to the other side of the trail.

SUNDANCE
No -- the shrubs --
(a whisper)
Butch, I see them moving --

CUT TO:
GARRIS

glancing balefully around at the two of them.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

riding nervously on.

BUTCH

I'm telling you they're in the rocks --

SUNDANCE

You take the rocks, I'll take the shrubs --

THE ROCK-SHRUB AREA

as Butch and Sundance ride slowly through -- Garris has ridden through it already and has stopped up ahead of them, still glaring back.

GARRIS

Will you two beginners cut it out!

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

riding up to him.

BUTCH

We're just trying to watch out for ambush, Mr. Garris.

SUNDANCE

We've never done this kind of work before -- we want to get it right --

GARRIS

(exploding)

Morons! -- I got morons on my team! -- nobody's gonna rob us going down the mountain -- we got no money going down the mountain -- when we get the money, on the way back, then you can sweat!
FOUR PAYROLL BAGS

being pushed across a counter. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Garris in a bank by the counter, signing for the payroll money as Butch and Sundance stand aside, watching him.

GARRIS
(taking the bags)
Jones -- gimme a hand with these --

SUNDANCE
(whispered)
Which are you, Smith or Jones?

BUTCH
(shrugging)
Live.

And as he starts toward Garris --

THE THREE OF THEM

riding out of La Paz, starting back up toward the mountains.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND GARRIS

in the mountains now. Garris rides with the payroll bags. Butch and Sundance are more nervous than ever, whirling and turning as they ride.

GARRIS
'Bout a half hour more we can start to worry.

He points to an enormous rock a considerable distance up ahead of them.

GARRIS
Once we pass that rock.

SUNDANCE
They might try something here.

GARRIS
(shaking his head)
Better cover up there.

Cont.
They are riding through an area with smaller rocks and boulders around them, and Butch and Sundance finger their guns constantly on the alert. Garris rides calmly ahead.

Then --

**GARRIS**

Got to relax, you fellas; got to get used to Bolivian ways; got to go easy, dammy, like I do --

CUT TO:

**643 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE**

continuing their constant straining around.

CUT TO:

**644 GARRIS**

(chattering on)

-- course you probably think I'm crazy but I'm not -- bingo -- I'm colorful; that's what happens to you when you live ten years alone in Bolivia -- you get colorful --

And as a sudden unexpected blast of gunfire starts --

CUT TO:

**645 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND GARRIS**

rolling off their mules.

CUT TO:

**646 THE AREA AROUND THEM**

as more shots ring out. No one is visible.

CUT TO:

**647 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE**

wedged together behind one rock as the firing at them continues.

**BUTCH**

It's not us so it must be the Bolivians.

CUT TO:
THE AREA AROUND THEM
Still more shots pour down, narrowly missing them, but still no one is seen.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
wedged behind the rock. Butch's face is visible. Sundance's, behind him, is not.

SUNDANCE
Butch...

Butch is trying desperately to locate where the firing is coming from.

What?

BUTCH

SUNDANCE
Butch!

BUTCH
I'm right beside you --
(suddenly Sundance hits him on the back)

Hey --
(as Sundance hits him again)
Cut it out!

Sundance turns and we see his face now. He is terribly moved.

SUNDANCE
What are we doing here?
(Butch says nothing)
You got to tell me -- I got to know -- what are we doing? -- I'm not sure anymore -- are we outlaws? -- you're smart Butch so you tell me --

BUTCH
(and now he is moved too)
We're outlaws. Outlaws, I don't know why. Cause we're good at it. I been one since I was fifteen and my wife left me on account of it and she took our kids on account of it and I'm not sure anymore either.

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE
You had a family? I didn't know that.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BUTCH
He says nothing.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
Let's find Garris and get the hell out of here.

He gestures toward a neighboring rock and as the firing continues --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
diving from their rock to Garris', rolling over and up and --

CUT TO:

GARRIS
dead. The payroll bags are beside him.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
They hover over Garris for just a moment until firing increases in intensity. Then Sundance grabs for a payroll bag, brings out a knife and as he begins to slit the bag --

CUT TO:

THE ROCK BEHIND WHICH THEY ARE HIDING
The firing continues. Suddenly a payroll bag comes flying out from behind the rock and soaring high into the air.

CUT TO:
THE PAYROLL BAG

It arcs down and as it hits, coins come spilling out through a cut in the side.

THE SECOND OF THE FOUR BAGS

flying through the air, landing and --

THE THIRD AND FOURTH BAGS

and while they are still in the air --

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

breaking from cover and running away like crazy down the mountain. A few scattered shots land near them as they continue to run away...

A LARGE PILE OF COINS

and, beside it, several smaller piles. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL half a dozen armed Bolivian Bandits. They sit silently on their haunches watching as one of them, the LEADER, carefully divides up the money. The only sound is that of the coins falling.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

moving onto a flat piece of ground, a bit above the bandits. They stand still, their guns in their holsters.

THE LEADER

He glances up, sees them. He makes no move to draw, but points instead.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

motionless and still as the other bandits look up at them.
waiting, still on their haunches. There is no sound.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
Tell him we were hired to take it back -- it's our job -- tell him the money isn't ours.

BUTCH
El dinero ... no es nuestro ...

SUNDANCE
Tell him we need it.

BUTCH
El dinero ... lo necesitamos ...

CUT TO:

THE LEADER

He cannot believe what he is hearing.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND THE BANDITS

No one makes a move.

SUNDANCE
Leave the money and go.

BUTCH
Dejan el dinero y vayanse.

LEADER
Dejan el dinero y vayanse?

BUTCH
Si.

CUT TO:

THE BANDIT LEADER

Slowly, he stands.

CUT TO:
BUTCH
What do you think?

SUNDANCE
Not so good. Try telling him again, it's not our money.

BUTCH
El dinero... no es nuestro.

SUNDANCE
No es nuestro.

CUT TO:

THE BANDITS
A second man stands now. Then a third. Still no sound.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
Can you take the two on the right?

BUTCH
Listen, there's something I think you ought to know -- I've never shot anybody.

SUNDANCE
This is one helluva time to tell me --

CUT TO:

THE BANDITS
They are all standing now. Silent.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
-- try the two on the right --
I'll work my way over if I can --
go for the guy, dead center --
that way if you miss a little you'll still hit something --

CUT TO:
CLOSEUP - SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
-- you got a wife and kids and
you never shot a soul --
(bewildered;
almost sad)
I just don't understand anything
anymore.

CUT TO:

THE BANDITS

The Leader is saying something to his men but the words
aren't clear.

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

Please go. Please. For favor.

CUT TO:
THE LEADER

"For favor?"

(it strikes him funny)

"For favor?"

And he goes for his guns and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
drawing and firing, Sundance first, Butch after him and

CUT TO:

THE BLOODBATH

CAMERA STAYS on the Bandits and in the next sixty seconds the action FREEZES sixty times, and the first SOUND that we HEAR is the deafening blast of gunfire as Butch and Sundance's bullets thud home and from left to right, the Bandits start to die. And the left to right move is the first move the CAMERA makes, PANNING across the dying men, some of them with their guns still in their holsters, and then as the gunfire ends, another sound begins, just as loud and just as terrifying and this sound is a scream. It doesn't come from any one bandit, it isn't even connected in any actual way with any one man, but it is the loudest scream anyone ever heard and it peaks almost immediately and then it really starts to build as the blood starts pouring from the Bandits, from their chests, mouths, eyes. And once the left to right move is over, THE CAMERA BEGINS ITS SECOND MOVE, and the direction of the second move is down, as gradually, the Bandits, no longer able to stand, start slipping gracelessly to earth. And every second the action freezes them in their final trip, and the scream keeps them company, and even though the trip is short, it still takes time for all six to slip and stagger and crumble awkwardly to their knees and beyond, toppling sideways and backwards and forwards, but always down, colliding finally with the hard earth which is red now with their blood as it leaves their dying bodies and as the scream ends, the blood continues to drain ceaselessly into the ground...

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

staring at the holocaust. Butch is shattered; Sundance is numb.

Cont.
SUNDANCE
(very quiet)
Well, we've gone straight; what'll we try now?

CUT TO:

682 EXT. CONCORDIA MINES - NIGHT
Garris' mule moves into view. Garris is strapped to it. As the mule comes close to camera, the payroll bags are visible, strapped tight to Garris' body. As the mule moves on --

CUT TO:

683 ETTA - BY THE FIRE - NIGHT
She is pouring coffee. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a campsite. It is night and it is cold. Sundance sits near the fire, finishing a plate of food. He nods when Etta puts his coffee down beside him.

CUT TO:

684 ETTA
moving to Butch with another cup of coffee. He sits off by himself.

CUT TO:

685 BUTCH
as Etta comes up. He and Sundance both look a little older now. Not much. Just a little.

ETTA
(as she gives him his coffee)
Done?
(Butch nods)
I'll take your plate then.

She picks it up -- the food is untouched.

ETTA
Full?
(Butch nods again)
Good.

She starts away. As she does --

CUT TO:
ETTA
There's other ways of going
straight, you know.

CUT TO:

BUTCH
He makes no reply.

CUT TO:

ETTA
pouring coffee for herself, sitting beside Sundance.

ETTA
There's other ways of going
straight, you know.
(she sips
her coffee)
There's farming -- we've got the
money; we could buy a little place.

SUNDANCE
I don't know how to farm.

ETTA
What about a ranch, then?

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Closest we ever came to ranch work
was back in our rustling days --

CUT TO:

BUTCH
We weren't much at it even then,
and it's hard. The hours are
brutal. No, you got to be a kid
to start a ranch.

CUT TO:

ETTA
It was a silly idea; sorry.

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE
watching the fire.

CUT TO:

BUTCH
watching the night.

CUT TO:

ETTA
sipping her coffee. After a moment, she closes her eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CAMPSITE

The fire is out now; it is very late and very cold -- when they speak, the three of them, you can see their breath white in the darkness. Sundance and Etta lie under one blanket, their backs to each other. Butch, wrapped in a blanket, is off by himself. This scene is written for the CAMERA to be IN CONSTANT MOTION, moving above the three people lying below; sometimes it comes down close to them, sometimes it rises away. But it never stops moving.

ETTA
(wide awake)
Hey?

SUNDANCE
(wide awake too)
Hmm?

ETTA
Maybe I might go back ahead of you.

SUNDANCE
You mean home?

ETTA
I was thinking of it.

SUNDANCE
(he doesn't want her to go)
Whatever you want, Etta.

 Cont.
ETTA
Then maybe I'll go.

SUNDANCE
(to Butch)
Hey?

BUTCH
(he is also
wide awake)
Hm?

SUNDANCE
Etta's thinking of maybe going
home ahead of us.

BUTCH
(he doesn't want
her to go either)
Whatever she wants.

ETTA
I'll go then.

Hey?

BUTCH
Hm?

ETTA
Remember what you said once about
leaving us?

ETTA
(she remembers)
No; what did I say?

BUTCH
That you wouldn't stick around
to watch us die.

ETTA
Now Butch you know I never said
anything like that.

BUTCH
Then that's not why you're going?

ETTA
(of course it is)
Of course it isn't.
BUTCH
I didn't think it was ...
And now, as the CAMERA MOVES to the night, it HOLDS for just a moment on the silent darkness. Then, as a very distinct hissing sound becomes increasingly audible --

CUT TO:

THE PAINT FLICKERING IMAGE OF AN EVIL-LOOKING MAN
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a makeshift movie theatre -- it is really nothing more than a large-sized tent -- on the edge of a decent-sized Bolivian town. The theatre is crammed with Bolivian peasants, all of them hissing the evil-looking man on the screen. Seated among the Bolivians are Butch and Sundance and Etta. The hissing stops suddenly, turns to a gasp and

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN
An innocent, beautiful, helpless young Girl is totally unaware that the evil-looking Man is creeping up behind her.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA
Butch and Sundance are drinking more than a little. Etta is dressed for travel. She looks weary.

ETTA
(opening her purse, consulting a timepiece)
I ought to get over to the station --

SUNDANCE
We'll walk you.

ETTA
It's just down the street.
The hissing grows louder and --

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN
The evil-looking Man is carrying the Girl across a moor.

CUT TO:
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA

BUTCH
Listen, if there's one thing about us, we got manners --

ETTA
(firmly)
It's just down the street.
(softly)
Really.

There are cheers from the audience now so --

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN

A blond handsome man appears, begins chasing the evil-looking Man and Girl. A title comes on reading: "The Cliff" and then the evil-looking Man is visible, holding the Girl over a precipice. Then another title comes on reading: "In the Nick of Time."

SUNDANCE'S VOICE
(o.s., while the title is on)
These guys can't read English.

BUTCH'S VOICE
(o.s.)
These guys can't read Spanish.

CUT TO:

THE AUDIENCE

cheering wildly now.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE AND ETTA

watching the screen as the Hero and Villain struggle on the precipice. The Hero falls, clutches the edge with his fingertips. The Villain stomps on them but the Hero fights his way back, and now it is the Villain's turn to fall and clutch the edge. The Hero does his best to save him, but too late. The Villain falls to eternity. The cheering is tumultuous. During all this --

ETTA
They just ship them straight down from America -- they're supposed to be very popular up there now.

Cont.
BUTCH
Hey, you'll write to us, won't you?

On the screen, the Hero holds the Girl. Then the title: "The End". Then a plain white light beams onto the screen as the next picture is gotten ready.

CUT TO:

ETTA
nodding, slowly starting to stand.

ETTA
There's something I'd like to say to you both --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
looking at her.

CUT TO:

BUTCH, SUNDANCE AND ETTA
with Etta on her feet now.

ETTA
(catching their look)
Oh, you thought I was going to be sentimental and embarrass you, admit it.
(shaking her head)
All these years and we don't know each other at all.

She starts to go, stops suddenly, as the next one reeler begins and the title "The Wild Bunch" flickers on the screen.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
riveted.
A TITLE READING: "THE WILD BUNCH ARE ALL DEAD NOW BUT
ONCE THEY RULED THE WEST"

This is followed by a picture of a gang of men in shadow
watching the approach of an oncoming train.

CUT TO:

THE AUDIENCE

starting to hiss.

CUT TO:
and a title reading: "Ruthless evil men, they stopped at nothing" followed by a CLOSE UP of the gang. (NOTE: in this "movie", all the actors should be dressed as the real people were dressed, and they should look like the real people as much as possible.)

CUT TO:

THE AUDIENCE

hissing louder now.

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH
(to Sundance)
Did it say we're dead? We're not dead.

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN

and a title reading, "Their leaders were Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid." This is followed by a SHOT of "Butch and Sundance" grappling with a small child.

CUT TO:

THE AUDIENCE

as suddenly the hissing doubles in volume and --

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN

as "Butch and Sundance" are tying the child to the railroad tracks in order to stop the oncoming train and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
-- we didn't do that -- never --

Cont.
--- damn right we didn't -- Etta, you tell 'em --

And as he glances around for her --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP -- ETTA -- NIGHT

She is just leaving the theatre now and this is the first of a series of shots of her -- all of them walking shots as she moves away and into the night -- all of them closer and getting closer.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT THEATRE -- BUTCH AND SUNDANCE -- NIGHT

Butch whirls back to the screen as suddenly the audience is cheering like crazy and --

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN

as the Superposse appears. The cheering SOUND grows louder as the "Superposse" take out guns and begin FIRING.

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN AND BUTCH AND SUNDANCE WATCHING IT

BUTCH
(as "Harvey Logan"
 is gunned down)
Hey that's Harvey--
(grabbing Sundance now)
They didn't get Harvey then --
you think they got him later?

SUNDANCE
-- I don't know, I don't know --
(as News Carver
is shot)
-- they just got 'News' --

He turns quickly, glancing back to where Etta exited.

CUT TO:
CLOSEUP - ETTA

Walking. The SOUND of the crowd inside the theatre is terribly loud in the night. She continues to move away.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT THEATRE - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE WATCHING THE SCREEN

BUTCH
(as "Flat Nose"
Curry dies)
-- there goes 'Flat Nose' -- my
God, they're getting everybody. --

The audience is SCREAMING now and Butch turns on them --

BUTCH
Shut up, you people --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
(riveted on
the screen)
Butch --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
(grabbing Butch
now)
Look -- they're coming after us!

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN

as the "Superposse" takes off after "Butch and Sundance".

CUT TO:

BUTCH

turning again to the screaming audience --

BUTCH
This isn't how it was -- it
wasn't like that -- shut up --

CUT TO:
THE SCREEN

The "Superposse" is closing the gap on "Butch and Sundance".

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

staring at the screen and --

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN

as "The Superposse" draws nearer, nearer and

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

on their feet now, caught up in the action on screen, talking softly, almost in spite of themselves --

BUTCH

-- They'll never get you --

SUNDANCE

-- move -- you can do it -- move

BUTCH

-- come on you guys --

SUNDANCE

-- all the way --

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

(Together)

-- come-on-you-guys --

But on the screen, the Superposse continues to close in.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

And this next sequence consists of quick cuts to:

A. BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

watching the screen

B. THE ACTION ON THE SCREEN

C. THE AUDIENCE

cheering wildly, the SOUND always building.

Cont.
D. ETTA

walking away, her face always growing as the CAMERA COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER to her.

On the screen, the Superposse forces Butch and Sundance into a corner where they can't ride any more and Butch and Sundance get off their horses and try to climb to safety up the rocks that have cornered them, but the Superposse is too quick for them, too smart, and before Butch and Sundance are halfway up the rocks, the Superposse is already firing and the audience is SCREAMING itself crazy as Butch gets winged and the explosive nature of the SOUND carries through the night to Etta, who continues her walk away from it all, and on screen now, Butch is hit again. Sundance too, and they slip and slide down the rocks as the Superposse continues to fire on them. Butch is dead as he slides to earth. As Sundance dies, Etta's stunning face fills the screen. HOLD ON Etta ... HOLD ...

FADE OUT
FADE IN ON

731 EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - SHOT FROM ABOVE

a mule train moving slowly along. It is a payroll train and the four men that accompany it are armed. The trail is narrow, the going, slow. The sun is blistering.

CUT TO:

732 A SECTION OF JUNGLE

Foliage is terribly thick and nothing is visible beyond it. Then, something moves and --

CUT TO:

733 BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

crouched in the jungle beside the trail. They both look older now. Not a little. A lot. Butch is nervous, continually swatting away flies.

BUTCH
(whispering - the payroll train is close)
No more of this jungle work for me.

SUNDANCE
(whispering back)
You're getting to be an old maid.

CUT TO:

734 THE FOUR PAYROLL GUARDS

They stand tight together, arms raised. Sundance covers them while in the background, Butch gathers up the payroll money. The Guards look at each other, silently mouth the words "Bandidos Yanqui" and stand very still.

CUT TO:

735 BUTCH

as he works away.

BUTCH
You can keep your old maid remarks to yourself, if you don't mind, -- Hey, c'mere.

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE

moving to Butch, always watching the Guards.

SUNDANCE

What?

BUTCH

Whoever owns this Alpoco Mine
must be a millionaire --
(his points to
the payroll --
it is big)
we'll never be able to carry it
all.

He reaches for the nearest mule -- it is a large, silver-gray animal. They start to work, transferring payroll bags to mule.

BUTCH

If it isn't one thing, it's
another.

CUT TO:

THE MULE

loaded with the payroll. Butch starts to lead it off.

BUTCH

(as he goes)
Tell them not to move.

SUNDANCE

What's the word?

BUTCH

Quietos.

And he disappears into the jungle.

SUNDANCE

(to the guards)
Quietos.

CUT TO:

THE FOUR GUARDS

They are alone with their mules now. Sweat pours down their faces. They do not move ...
A STREET IN A SMALL TOWN - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

walking along. They lead two mules, the large silver-grey one and one other. The silvery-grey mule carries the payroll money which has been adequately concealed beneath a blanket.

SUNDANCE
There's better cover in the jungle.

BUTCH
Look -- I gotta right to my opinion and my opinion is there's snakes in the jungle, so I'll work in the mountains and I'll work in the cities, but from now on, jungle work is out.

BUTCH
This must be San Vicento, you think?

SUNDANCE
(nods)
Isn't there supposed to be a good place to eat here?

CUT TO:

A SMALL WHITE-HAIRED MAN

He owns the restaurant. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Butch and Sundance, talking to him.

BUTCH
(miming eating)
Comer? Si?

WHITE-HAIRED MAN
gestures
Si. toward a patio

Butch and Sundance start off in the direction the man indicated, leading their mules. The man smiles as they go. Then his smile abruptly dies and --

CUT TO:

THE SILVER-GREY MULE

It is branded.

CUT TO:
742 INT. TINY RESTAURANT - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

seated alone, starting to eat.

CUT TO:

743 EXT. RESTAURANT - THE SILVER-GREY MULE

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the restaurant owner and two POLICEMEN peering from behind cover at the mule.

RESTAURANT OWNER
(whispering as he points to the mules)
El mulo es de Alpaca Mines.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Cierto?

RESTAURANT OWNER
(raising his right hand)

Si.

The First Policeman whispers something to the Second, who moves off quickly.

744 INT. RESTAURANT - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

Butch takes a bite of food, throws his fork down, stands. Sundance manages to continue to swallow the stuff.

BUTCH

The Specialty of the House and it's still moving.

SUNDANCE

Bitch, bitch, bitch.

CUT TO:

745 THE DOORWAY OF THE TINY RESTAURANT

Butch moves into it and stands there in the sunlight until a shot almost takes his head off and --

CUT TO:

746 BUTCH

diving down back inside the room. Sundance is crouched, guns ready.

BUTCH

That settles it -- this place gets no more of my business.

CUT TO:
SUNDANCE
moving around the room, from window to window.

THE VIEW OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

There is a wall that surrounds the restaurant with just
the open patio in between. Beyond the wall, no one is
visible.

A VIEW FROM ABOVE

Spaced around the wall are close to TWENTY POLICEMEN,
all of them armed.

INT. RESTAURANT - BUTCH

moving close alongside Sundance as he completes his
move around the tiny room.

BUTCH
What do you think?

SUNDANCE
Can't tell.

BUTCH
I bet it's just one guy.

Sundance takes off his hat, raises it to a window. As
he does this --

EXT. RESTAURANT - HALF A DOZEN POLICEMEN

rising up behind the wall, blasting away.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
(pulling his hat back)
Don't you get sick of being
right all the time?

CUT TO:
753 THE WINDOW

as seen from beyond the wall. Again the hat appears and again, half a dozen policemen rise and fire and --

CUT TO:

754 A NEIGHBORING WINDOW

and Sundance framed there, firing back and --

CUT TO:

755 A TALL POLICEMAN

spinning and falling, lying quiet on the ground.

CUT TO:

756 THE MULES

in the far corner of the patio. The sound of gunfire increases steadily. The mules stand motionless.

CUT TO:

757 THE TALL POLICEMAN

lying on the ground. Then -- PULL BACK TO REVEAL several other policemen, lying sprawled out too.

CUT TO:

758 INT. RESTAURANT - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

It has been all shot up. The tables are turned over for protection. Butch is crouched behind one window, Sundance behind another.

Cont.
SUNDANCE

(loading his pistols)

This is all I got left.

BUTCH

Me too --

(he starts to crawl along the floor to a different window)

-- now we can either stay here until we run out and get killed, or we can go get some more.

He points.

THE MULES

all the way across the patio from the tiny restaurant.

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

crouched by a window, staring at the animals. The Silver-Grey Mule is behind the smaller pack mule.

SUNDANCE

Which one's got the bullets?

BUTCH

The little one.

SUNDANCE

(starting to crawl toward the door)

I'll go.

BUTCH

This is no time for bravery:
I'll let you.
THE PATIO
From where they are, the mules are a long, long way.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE ROOM
Sundance is by the door now. Butch, across the floor, watches him.

BUTCH
Hey?
Sundance glances at him.

BUTCH
I gotta be the one to go.

SUNDANCE
Why you?

BUTCH
I could never give you cover. You can cover me.

Sundance says nothing.

BUTCH
I'm right. You see that, don't you?

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SUNDANCE

SUNDANCE
You go.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BUTCH

BUTCH
Why am I so damn smart all the time?

And as he shakes his head --

CUT TO:
766  THE PATIO

and, far across, the mules.

CUT TO:

767  THE HEAD POLICEMAN

rifle in hand, staring in at the room where Butch and Sundance are.

CUT TO:

768  INSIDE THE ROOM

Butch and Sundance stand by the door. Silently, Butch hands Sundance his pistols.

CUT TO:

769  EXT. RESTAURANT AND PATIO - THE HEAD POLICEMAN

staring in across the patio toward where Butch and Sundance are. Then, as he watches, the door to the room silently opens. The Head Policeman raises his rifle, aims it dead at the door.

CUT TO:

770  THE DOOR

completely open now.

CUT TO:

771  THE HEAD POLICEMAN

waiting. Then --

CUT TO:

772  SUNDANCE

vaulting through a shattered window, moving out into the sunlight of the patio, two guns in his hands, two more in his holsters, and as he comes he fires, and starts to turn and as the first turn happens --

CUT TO:

773  BUTCH

barrelassing out the door.

CUT TO:
now, firing with both guns, turning around and around, firing as he spins and maybe he wasn't the greatest gunman that ever lived but then again, maybe he was and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

running like hell then diving to the ground, rolling up and running again and --

CUT TO:

THE HEAD POLICEMAN WITH SUNDANCE

in the b.g. He is about to fire when suddenly Sundance changes the direction of his turn and the Head Policeman has to drop for safety behind the wall.

CUT TO:

BUTCH

streaking, diving again, then up, and the bullets landing around him aren't even close as --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

whirling and spinning, continuing to fire and --

CUT TO:

SEVERAL POLICEMEN

dropping for safety behind the wall and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH

really moving now, dodging, diving, up again and --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

flinging away one gun, grabbing another from his holster, continuing to turn and fire and --

CUT TO:
TWO POLICEMEN
falling wounded to the ground and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH
letting out a notch, then launching into another dive
forward and --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
whirling, but you never know which way he's going to
spin and --

CUT TO:

THE HEAD POLICEMAN
cursing, forced to drop for safety behind the wall and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH
racing to the mules, and then he is there, grabbing at
the near mule for ammunition and --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE
throwing the second gun away, reaching into his holster
for another, continuing to spin and fire and --

CUT TO:

BUTCH
He has the ammunition now and --

CUT TO:

ANOTHER POLICEMAN
screaming as he falls and --

CUT TO:
BUTCH

his arms loaded, tearing away from the mules and
they're still not even coming close to him as they
fire and the mules are behind him now as he runs and cuts
and cuts again, going full out and --

THE HEAD POLICEMAN

cursing incoherently at what is happening and --

SUNDANCE

whirling faster than ever and --

BUTCH

dodging and cutting and as a pattern of bullets rips
into his body he somersaults and lies there, pouring
blood and --

SUNDANCE

running toward him and --

ALL THE POLICEMEN

rising up behind the wall now, firing, and --

SUNDANCE

as he falls.

BUTCH

crawling.
SUNDANCE

half up now, going the best he can, and --

CUT TO:

THE POLICEMEN

pumping bullets and --

CUT TO:

SUNDANCE

his left arm hanging, going for Butch, starting to pull
him toward the safety of the room and it's not far away
but bullets are landing all over now, and first one of
them is hit again, then the other, and --

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE ROOM

as Butch and Sundance come falling through the door and
lie there, The firing continues. Sundance manages to
get the door shut and then there is no sound except for
their agonized breathing. They are both wounded terribly,
but that fact never for a moment enters into their
conversation, either here or later.

Butch pushes himself up into a sitting position...

BUTCH

...I thought you were gonna cover
me...

SUNDANCE

(sitting now too)

...I thought you were gonna run...
if I'd known you were just gonna
stroll along --

BUTCH

Stroll!

They are both doing what they can with their wounds now --
muttering to themselves as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT AND PATIO - THE HEAD POLICEMAN

standing nervously at attention, saluting. PULL BACK to
REVEAL over a hundred members of the Bolivian Cavalry. A
YOUNG CAPTAIN rides at their head; beside him is the
POLICEMAN who had been dispatched earlier.

Cont.
Mi Capitan.

The Captain is a young energetic man, handsome and volatile -- he dismounts rapidly while behind him, his troops remain on horseback. As he looks around --

CAPTAIN

El enemigo?

The Head Policeman points to the small room where Butch and Sundance are. The Captain glances at it briefly, then back to the Head Policeman.

CAPTAIN

Cuantos hombres?

HEAD POLICEMAN

(holding up two fingers)

Dos.

CAPTAIN

(furious)

Dos hombres?

HEAD POLICEMAN

(trying to get a word in)

Capitan, por favor --

CAPTAIN

Dos hombres?

-- Bandidos -- Bandidos Yanqui --

Captain pointing at the room where Butch and Sundance are.

CAPTAIN

Bandidos Yanqui?

HEAD POLICEMAN

Si, mi Capitan.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN

Ahhhhhhhhhh...
THE CAVALRY

dismounting, beginning to move into position around the outside of the patio and --

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT AND PATIO - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

watching; quick glimpses of the running cavalrymen are visible. They are still bleeding as badly as before.

CUT TO:

THE SUN

crimson red and falling. There is a sharp metallic sound and --

CUT TO:

ONE OF THE FOUR SIDES OF THE PATIO

The Troops are sharply slipping their bayonets onto their rifles. The Captain moves quickly along his men, making sure that everyone and everything is ready, and as he turns a corner --

CUT TO:

ANOTHER WALL LINED WITH TROOPS

As the Captain approaches, this Group snaps on its bayonets, and again there is the sharp metallic sound. As the Captain continues his efficient military way --

CUT TO:

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

crouched close together by a window, peering out toward the setting sun.

BUTCH

I got a great idea where we should go next.

SUNDANCE

Well I don't wanna hear it.

BUTCH

You'll change your mind once I tell you.--

Cont.
Shut up.  
BUTCH

Okay; okay.  
SUNDANCE

It was your great ideas got us here.  
BUTCH

Forget about it ...  
SUNDANCE

I never want to hear another of your great ideas, all right?  
BUTCH

All right.  
SUNDANCE

Good.  
BUTCH

Australia.  

CUT TO:

He just looks at Butch.  

CUT TO:

I figured secretly you wanted to know so I told you: Australia.  

CUT TO:

That’s your great idea?  
BUTCH

The latest in a long line.
SUNDANCE
(exploding with
everything he has
left)
Australia's no better than here!

BUTCH
That's all you know.

SUNDANCE
Name me one thing.

BUTCH
They speak English in Australia.

SUNDANCE
They do?

BUTCH
That's right, smart guy, so we
wouldn't be foreigners. And they
ride horses. And they got thousands
of miles to hide out in -- and a
good climate, nice beaches, you
could learn to swim --

SUNDANCE
Swimming's not important, what
about the banks?

BUTCH
Easy, ripe and luscious.

SUNDANCE
The banks or the women?

BUTCH
Once we get the one we'll get
the other.

SUNDANCE
It's a long way, though, isn't it?

BUTCH
(shouting it out)
Everything always gotta be perfect
with you!

SUNDANCE
I just don't wanna get there and
find out it stinks, that's all.
BUTCH

Will you at least think about?

SUNDANCE

He considers this a moment.

SUNDANCE

All right, I'll think about it.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

BUTCH

Now after we ---
(and suddenly
he stops)
-- wait a minute ---

SUNDANCE

What?

BUTCH

You didn't see Lefors out there?

SUNDANCE

Lefors? No.

BUTCH

Good, For a minute I thought we were in trouble.

THE CAPTAIN

He nods and as he does, one group of men begins to load
their weapons, the bullets slipping into the chambers and --

THE SUN DYING.

There is the continuing sound of rifles loading and...

THE CAPTAIN

moving almost into a run around the perimeter of the walls,
making sure everything is ready, and as the men stand taut --
CLOSEUP - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

listening as the sounds come to them, the metallic sounds of the military, and then the Captain's voice is heard, starting to call out one word, over and over and --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE CAPTAIN

Over and over as he gestures forward toward the tiny room where Butch and Sundance are:

CAPTAIN
-- ataque -- ataque -- ataque --

CUT TO:

ONE GROUP OF MEN

 vaulting the wall, moving forward and quickly.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER GROUP OF MEN AND ANOTHER

all of them vaulting the wall and starting to run and --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - BUTCH AND SUNDANCE

THE CAMERA FREEZES THEM. And as it does, a tremendous fusillade of shots is heard, then another, even louder, and more and more shots, building its tempo and sound. The shots continue to sound. Butch and Sundance remain frozen.

FINAL FADE OUT

THE END