"THE WILD BUNCH"

Written by
Walon Green:

and

Sam Peckinpah

Story by
Roy Sickner
CAST AND CREDITS

Warner Bros.-Seven Arts presents

THE WILD BUNCH

A Phil Feldman Production

Panavision(R) Technicolor(R)

Starring

William Holden as Pike
Ernest Borgnine as Dutch
Robert Ryan as Thornton
Edmond O'Brien as Sykes
Warren Oates as Lyle Gorch

Co-Starring

Jaime Sanchez as Angel
Ben Johnson as Teector Gorch

Also Starring

Emilio Fernandez as Mapache
Strother Martin as Coffeer
L.Q. Jones as T.C.
Albert Dekker as Harrigan

with

Bo Hopkins as Crazy Lee
Dub Taylor as Wainscoat
Jorge Russek as Zamorra
Alfonso Arau as Herrera
Chano Urueta as Don Jose
Sonia Amelio as Teresa
Aurora Clavel as Aurora
Elsa Cardenas as Elsa

Directed by Sam Peckinpah
Produced by Phil Feldman
Screenplay by Walon Green
and Sam Peckinpah
Story by Walon Green
and Roy N. Sickner
Director of Photography
Lucien Ballard, A.S.C.
Art Director Edward Carrere
Film Editor Louis Lombardo
Sound by Robert J. Miller
Script Supervisor Crayton Smith

Associate Producer Roy N. Sickner
Music by Jerry Fielding
Music Supervised by Sonny Burke
Production Manager William Faralla
Second Unit Director Buzz Henry
Special Effects Bud Hulburd
Associate Film Editor Robert L. Wolfe
Wardrobe Supervisor Gordon Dawson
Makeup by Al Greenway
Key Grip Bud Gaunt
Assistant Directors Cliff Coleman
and Fred Gammon

* * *

21969

388
FADE IN:

OUTSKIRTS OF A SOUTH TEXAS RAILROAD YARD (SAN RAFAEL)

A TRAIN ROARS PAST REVEALING IN THE DISTANCE FIVE MEN RIDING TOWARD CAMERA along the tracks. In CLOSE F.G. is the back part of a sign.

NARRATOR
To most of America in 1913, the Age of Innocence had arrived and the stories of the Indian Wars and the Gold Rush and the Great Gunfighters had become either barroom ballyhoo or front-porch reminiscences...But on both sides of the Rio Grande men still lived as they had in the '70's and '80's -- unchanged men in a changing land.

THEY WEAR THE KHAKI UNIFORMS OF THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY.
The horses bear the government brand and the saddles are regulation.

PIKE BISHOP, wearing lieutenant's bars, rides slightly ahead of the others. He rides stiffly, always slightly in pain. Pike is a not unhandsome, leather-faced man in his early forties. A thoughtful, self-educated top gun with a penchant for violence who is afraid of nothing---except the changes in himself and those around him.

Make no mistake, Pike Bishop is not a hero -- his values are not ours -- he is a gunfighter, a criminal, a bank robber, a killer of men. His sympathies are not for fences, for trolleys and telegraphs or better schools. He lives outside and against society because he believes in that way of life and if he has moments of sympathy for others, moments of regret, they are short lived. He is not a 'good man' according to the righteous... To them he is totally bad, and he wouldn't have it any other way.

Next to him DUTCH ENGSTROM wears the uniform of a sergeant. Dutch is big, good-natured with a fast gun hand, strong loyalty and, like Pike, a bone deep distaste for rules and regulations. He can sing, has more than his share of charm, but believes in nothing except two men, and Pike is one.

Behind them ride two brothers, LYLE and TECTOR GORCH, dressed as corporals. Lyle and Tector are big, tough, hot tempered and sudden. They work together, eat together and

CONTINUED
sometimes sleep together with the same whore. Brutal, vicious in a fight, illiterate, they are always pressing for an advantage and once they get it -- they never let go. They are without loyalty or honor, to anyone except each other and that is limited.

A fifth man wears the single stripe of a PFC. This is ANGEL. Angel is a good-looking, bilingual Mexican boy in his middle 20's who has seen so much blood and violence and cruelty under Diaz that he rebelled -- but his rebellion was not with Villa or Obregon, his was a one-man revolution against them all. He believes in his family, his village and the inherent dignity of man (some men at least). He is faster than his companions with a gun -- and a better shot -- but he can’t laugh at the loss of love or suffer the loss of pride -- Mexican pride -- a pride that can kill him, but if it does, he will have no regrets.

REACHING THE SIGN THE MEN STOP. Without speaking they begin to brush off their clothing and get their uniforms in order.

THE SIGN READS IN RAILROAD LETTERS: SAN RAFAEL, TEXAS

And underneath, someone has printed:

WELCOME TO SAN RAFAEL --
THE SEVENTH OLDEST TOWN IN SOUTH TEXAS
FOUNDED 1703, POPULATION 5
1911, POPULATION 2682
STAY ON AND GROW WITH OUR COMMUNITY

PIKE AND DUTCH STARE FOR A MOMENT AT THE SIGN, slightly bemused.

DUTCH
Make you feel welcome?

PIKE
(dryly)
It helps.

TECTOR
What’s it say?

ANGEL
(baiting him)
It invites us to stay with the community and grow. It is here, perhaps with time and small miracles -- that you could be taught to read.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

Tector looks at Angel for a long moment, then turns to Pike.

TECTOR
I never enlisted to serve with no smart-mouthed kid.

ANGEL
Nor I with dogs.

DUTCH
(grinning at Pike)
I'd like to transfer to another unit -- there seems to be dissension in the ranks.

PIKE
(to Tector and Angel)
I'll transfer both of you -- just one more word.

They look at him silently. He means it. Finally Pike spurs his horse and the group starts for town, CAMERA PANNING THEM PAST THE STATION AND BOX CARS into a side street.

EXT. MAIN SQUARE OF SAN RAFAEL - DAY

THE SQUARE SHOWS THE MEXICAN/SPANISH INFLUENCE AND IS CROWDED with weekend visitors. Men, women and children are milling about, shopping and idly trading gossip. The town has the look of turn of the century Americana along with its Spanish heritage. The group of soldiers enter almost unnoticed. Riding down the street they pass:

A LARGE TENT IN FRONT OF WHICH IS A BANNER ANNOUNCING a W.C.T.U. meeting, which, according to the SOUNDS of the bass drum and a sermon denouncing rum, is presently going on inside.

SPEAKER (OS)
Leviticus 10.9. Do not drink wine or strong drink thou nor thy sons with thee least ye die. It shall be a statute forever. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red when it giveth his color in the cup when it moveth itself aright at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.
SPEAKER (OS) (CONT'D)

(then)
That is in the good book...but here in this town, it is five cents a glass.
Five cents a glass, does anyone think that that is really the price of a drink? The price of a drink let him decide who has lost his courage and his pride and who lies a grovelling heap of clay not far removed from a beast today.

CONGREGATION (OS)
I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine, beer and cider, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of and traffic in the same.

AS THE GROUP RIDES AROUND THE SQUARE, THREE SOLDIERS, ABE, PHIL AND BURT, at the hitching rail on one side of the street, turn and keep pace with the group on horseback.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SQUARE THREE OTHER SOLDIERS, BUCK, FRANK AND CRAZY LEE, DO THE SAME.

PIKE AND HIS GROUP RIDE PAST THE GENERAL STORE AND THE SALOON. AT THE END OF THE STREET, THEY DISMOUNT ACROSS FROM THE YELLOW AND BROWN RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION BUILDING. As they swing out of the saddle the other 'soldiers' join them.

PIKE AND HIS COMPANIONS REMOVE EMPTY SADDLE BAGS FROM their horses and step onto the boardwalk or sidewalk that surrounds the square. Some passersby look curiously.

PIKE
(after a moment, a little awkwardly)
Fall in -- and follow me.

The men, with the exception of Tector, Phil and Abe, shuffle into a ragged column of twos.
PIKE MOVES DOWN THE FILE, looks around.

BUCK
Real quiet, 'sir.'

Pike looks at the horses, then at:

THE SIGN OVER THE ENTRANCE OF A BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET.
It reads: PECOS AND SOUTH TEXAS R.R.

PIKE PAUSES FOR A MINUTE and behind him the men surreptitiously touch their holstered forty-five automatics. Pike leaves the boardwalk, crossing toward the railroad office. Tector and Phil stay with the horses.

PIKE AND DUTCH, LOOKING AROUND AS THEY LEAVE THE BOARDWALK, ACCIDENTALLY BUMP INTO A LADY SHOPPER, WHO DROPS HER PACKAGE.

PIKE
(removing his hat)
Beg pardon, Ma'm.

DUTCH
(as she stops)
Let me, Ma'm.

Dutch picks up the package, Pike offers the lady his arm. She hesitates, accepts. Pike and Dutch, followed by the others, lead her across the street.

ON THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING OPPOSITE THE RAILROAD OFFICE ARE TEN MEN STRETCHED OUT BEHIND THE FALSE FRONT IDLY WATCHING THE CROWD BELOW, THEIR RIFLES AT THEIR SIDES. Behind them on the flat of the roof are open bedrolls, and the remains of at least three meals. It is hot, they have been there a long time, and they are tired.

PAT HARRIGAN, A DAPPER, SELF-IMPORTANT, BACK-SHOOTING RAILROAD EXECUTIVE SITTING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MEN -- ALL RAGGED HARCASES -- frowns a little as he watches the soldiers in the street below. It is hotter than hell on the tin roof and he is sweating heavily. He turns, edges forward, then nudges:

DEKE THORNTON SITTING NEXT TO HIM, his back against the wall. Thornton is a hard-bodied, quiet-spoken man, with a lined face and the embittered manner of someone who has changed sides to stay alive and while part of his life has gone out of him with the change, the personal integrity by which he has lived is still intact.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

HARRIGAN
(harshly)
The soldiers -- sit up -- take a look!

Thornton straightens, turns slowly, looks -- stiffens a little.

HARRIGAN
Pike?

THORNTON
(after a long moment)
He's there.

The bounty hunters react and prepare to fire. Over this shot is the sound of Pike calling to Thornton -- from the past.

PIKE REACHES THE DOOR AND WITHOUT PAUSING, murmurs 'goodbye' to the lady and enters, followed by the others.

ON THE ROOF, HARRIGAN WHIRLS ON HIS MEN as they begin aiming, ready to fire.

HARRIGAN
(hissing)
Hold your fire! -- We wait till they come out -- catch them in the act.
(to Thornton)
Then you kill him or go back to Yuma!

Thornton turns toward him, his face white, remembering:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY AND NIGHT - (MONTAGE EFFECT)
JAIL DOORS CLANGING SHUT

THORNTON, WRISTS LASHED TO THE BARS OF THE CELL'S window, is being whipped by a guard.

THORNTON on the rock pile is making little ones of big ones.

EXT. SAN RAFAEL - ROOF TOP - DAY

T.C. & COFFER, TWO OF THE MEN, POINT TOWARD TECTOR AND PHIL standing by the horses.

COFFER & T.C.
(simultaneously)
I can nail him!

THORNTON
(savagely)
He said wait!

T.C.
(whining)
What if they go out back?

COFFER
(disgustedly)
It's covered, you two-bit rednecked peckerwood.

The men settle slightly. Thornton remains tense -- then turns as:

HARRIGAN
That's all we needed!

INT. PAY OFFICE - DAY

THE PAYMASTER IS REPRIMANDING A CLERK.

PAYMASTER
What you meant to do does not interest me! What you did --

Then, seeing:

PIKE AND THE OTHERS waiting, he steps to the pay window, smiling with the thought that their visit means military business for the railroad. His mood changes as the men draw their guns and Pike steps towards him.

PAYMASTER
(reaching for air)
What is it?...What do you want?

DUTCH, LYLÉ AND THE OTHER MEN SWIFTLY MOVE behind the counter. Pike ignores the paymaster and turns to:

CRAZY LEE STRINGFELLOW, a young, compulsive killer with just enough sense to pour piss out of a boot (if the instructions were printed on the heel: (the instructions are---to pour, tip!).

PIKE
If they move, kill them.

C.L. grins happily and squats on the floor, his 12 gauge pump shotgun angled up at:

THE TERRIFIED PAYMASTER, HIS TWO ASSISTANTS AND MARGARET, A HATCHET-FACED HARRIDAN IN HER FIFTIES who enters the office carrying a wrapped package and is instantly shoved into a corner with the other prisoners.

ON THE STREET -- THE W.C.T.U. BASS DRUM BOOMS CLOSER as the parade picks up kids and other scoffing supporters as it moves around the square. People and their children are crowding through the trees to the boardwalk to watch the band and group of believers following them in a formation that is almost as rigid as their song and their faces.
ON THE ROOF TOP—HARRIGAN AND THORNTON NERVOUSLY WATCH THE BAND. THE OTHER MEN EQUALLY TENSE KEEP THEIR RIFLES TRAINED ON THE DOOR.

HARRIGAN

Damn them!

The parade moves toward the saloon.

THORNTON

They should have been told!

HARRIGAN

Told what!? Just how long do you think anyone in this manure pile can keep his mouth shut?

Before Thornton can answer:

T.C. SHIFTS TO CHANGE POSITION and his hand touches the tin roof, causing him to yelp with pain. The others snap a look in his direction, then freeze as:

TECTOR ON THE BOARDWALK LOOKS UP, SEES NOTHING, leans back against a rail watching the horses and the hymn singers.

After a moment, he smiles a little, beating time, as he remembers some forgotten march he watched from his daddy's shoulders.

IN THE PAY OFFICE—ANGEL CROSSES TO THE WINDOW AS THE NOISE FROM THE PARADE GROWS LOUDER. He looks out. Behind him:

PIKE AND THE OTHERS ARE LOADING SACKS OF SILVER into their saddle bags. They are almost ready to leave.

The paymaster, his assistants and the customer, their hands still up, watch C.L.

MARGARET

Trash -- Filthy trash!

C.L.
   (gently)
You just hush now --

ANGEL

People marching and singing coming down the street -- going to pass near the horses.
CONTINUED

PIKE
(grinning)
Well, we'll just join in.

Angel, turning away, hesitates, looking up through the window at:

SUNLIGHT GLEAMING OFF THE BARREL OF A GUN ON THE ROOF ACROSS THE STREET

ANGEL
Rifles -- one -- no three, maybe more, on the roof.

PIKE QUICKLY CROSSES TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS OUT.

PIKE
Waiting for us --
(softly)
Son of a bitch --

He turns and crosses quickly to the back door. Dutch follows. Pike opens it a little, looks out at:

EXT. REAR OF OFFICE - DAY

FRAME BUILDINGS AND BARE ADOBE HUTS SURROUNDED BY TRASH AND TIN CANS AND AMONG THEM THE INDISTINCT FIGURES OF RIFLES AND HATS -- they are surrounded.

IN THE OFFICE -- DUTCH JOINS PIKE AT THE DOOR and looks out, then curses softly.

DUTCH
How in hell could they have known we were coming?

PIKE
How in hell do I know?

DUTCH
Where do we go?

PIKE
Out front -- that's where the horses are.

He shuts the door, crosses toward the paymaster.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

C.L.
We going out back, Mr. Bishop?

PIKE
No, son -- we got company there too --
(as the boy looks at him)
Besides, when I travel, I like my feet
to dangle.

C.L.
(indicating the prisoners)
I kill 'em now?

PIKE
(after a moment)
No. You just hold them here and wait---
as long as you can--- after the shooting
starts.

C.L.
I'll hold 'em till hell freezes over
or you say different!

Pike, pushing the frightened paymaster in front of him,
hesitates, looks at C.L., then continues to the door, grabs
the handle, looks back again.

C.L. IS CROUCHED IN FRONT OF THE TWO ASSISTANTS AND MARGARET,
singing to himself, happy as a clam.

DUTCH, ANGEL AND THE OTHERS look at Pike. They are ready.

PIKE JERKS OPEN THE DOOR, KICKS THE terrified paymaster out
into the street.

ON THE ROOF -- THE BOUNTY HUNTERS OPEN FIRE AS THE DOOR FLIES
OPEN AND THE PAYMASTER STUMBLIES OUT INTO THE STREET INTO THE
MIDST OF THE BAND, screaming as the gunfire cuts him down.
The marchers are frozen for a brief instant, then scatter in
terror as:

PIKE AND THE OTHERS BURST OUT THE DOOR, FIRING AT THE MEN ON
THE ROOF -- RUNNING TO THEIR HORSES through the screaming,
terrified marchers.
IN THE OFFICE -- C.L. WATCHES THE ASSISTANTS AND MARGARET, IGNORING THE RIFLE SLUGS THAT SMASH THROUGH THE BUILDING AND INTO THE OFFICE. The sound of the band is drowned out by gunfire and screams. C.L. frowns a little.

C.L.
They was playing "Gather at the River." You know that one?!
(as they quickly nod assent)
Then sing it!

AND THEY DO, ALL OF THEM, THEIR VOICES RISING WITH FERVOR and C.L. joins them, marching up and down, waving the shotgun in time to the music.

A SERIES OF ANGLES

THE STREET IS A CONFUSED MELEE AS THE BANDITS RUN FOR THEIR HORSES, TRADING FIRE WITH THE BOUNTY HUNTERS.

MEN AND WOMEN, MARCHERS, BANDSMEN AND SPECTATORS RUN FOR COVER, some collide with the bandits, some hit by the crossfire fall wounded in the dusty road.

PIKE AND MEN FIRING BACK, REACH THEIR HORSES.

PHIL IS SHOT, GOES DOWN FIRING -- IS HIT AGAIN AND AGAIN AND DIES.

TECTOR GORCH IS WOUNDED HIGH ON THE SHOULDER AND IGNORES IT, STANDING CALMLY, FIRING UP AT THE AMBUSHERS WITH HIS 30.06.

A MAN IS HIT ON THE ROOF AND SCREAMS AND PITCHES FORWARD, falling to the street below as:

ANGEL AND LYLE BOTH FIRING rapidly, almost simultaneously kill one man and then another. Two others are wounded by the bandits' fire.

THE NIGHTMARE OF A PARADE CONTINUES TO MILL AS THE FLEETING BANDITS MOUNT their plunging horses.

HARRIGAN AND THE BOUNTY HUNTERS CONTINUE A BARRAGE OF FIRE then:

THORNTON TENSES, RECOGNIZING PIKE. He hesitates, then lifts his gun to fire.

PIKE, HAVING DIFFICULTY MOUNTING HIS HORSE, LOOKS UP, HESITATES, recognizes Deke, then snaps off a shot which misses Thornton and kills SHEP, a bounty hunter firing beside him. Thornton fires and:

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

THE TUBA PLAYER, RUNNING WITH HIS INSTRUMENT IN FRONT OF PIKE is hit and falls into the street.

THE WILD BUNCH SWING ONTO THEIR HORSES AND WHEEL them around, but two are hit, Burt is barely able to control his horse, the other, Abe, dies with his animal.

PIKE MOUNTS AND GALLOPS HEADLONG INTO THE FRANTIC CROWD, some of his men following, others splitting off in different directions. Behind them, two lie dead in the street.

IN THE OFFICE -- C.L., SINGING, MARCHING WITH THE ASSISTANTS, stops, looks out the window, laughs with delight at the excitement, turns:

THE TWO ASSISTANTS AND MARGARET ARE RUNNING FOR THE BACK DOOR. He lifts his shotgun, yells for them to halt.

IN THE STREET -- FRANK, WOUNDED EARLIER, FALLS FROM HIS HORSE, dumping his laden saddle bags. His foot hangs in the stirrup and his horse drags him after the others. The horse is shot and goes down -- Frank struggles to his feet, is cut down as:

DUTCH, FOLLOWING BEHIND, SWINGS DOWN AND PICKS UP THE BAG, then spurs through the crowd, past Frank and into the tent. Horse, man and tent go down in a cloud of dust and canvas. Then, the horse, Dutch still in the saddle, rises, breaks clear and races away.

A WOMAN, BLIND WITH TERROR, SPINS TO THE GROUND as she runs into Pike's horse as it slides to a halt as Pike turns to help Dutch.

A TERRIFIED CHILD STANDS and holds its ears, screaming as the horses thunder past.

ON THE ROOF -- THE BOUNTY HUNTERS CONTINUE FIRING, IGNORING:

HARRIGAN AND THORNTON AS THEY TRY TO STOP THEM, KICKING THEIR RIFLES ASIDE, dragging them away from the wall -- but the men fight them off and keep firing.
AT THE FAR END OF THE STREET -- PIKE AND HIS MEN EMERGE FROM THE CLOUD OF DUST THAT COVERS THE SHAMBLES OF THE AMBUSH, AND RIDE FOR THE EDGE OF TOWN.

ON ANOTHER STREET A CITIZEN AIDS A PISTOL AND FIRES. THE SHOT HITS:

BURT'S HORSE, CAUSING THE ANIMAL TO CAREEN WILDLY. IT CRASHES THROUGH THE RAILING AND FALLS, THROWING BURT THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW OF A STORE.

IN THE OFFICE -- C.L. QUIETLY reloads his gun.

AS THE BUNCH NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN -- A FARMBOY STANDS UP IN A BUCKBOARD AND FIRES A SHOTGUN INTO THE FACE OF BUCK.

THE BIRDSHOT CATCHES BUCK IN THE FACE, BLINDING HIM. HE SCREAMS AND REELS IN THE SADDLE.

LYLE GORCH KILLS THE BOY WITH ONE SHOT and rides on.

BUCK HANGS DESPERATELY onto the horn as his horse follows the others.

ON THE ROOF -- THORNTON AND HARRIGAN FINALLY FORCE the bounty hunters to cease firing after the wild bunch.

PASSING THE RAILROAD STATION ON THE FAR SIDE OF TOWN--PIKE PULLS UP HIS HORSE AND WHEELS around to see if they are being followed, KICKING loose a lady's shawl tangled in his stirrup.

NOBODY IS FOLLOWING -- NOT YET. Pike spurs his horse and rides away, the others following.

(The six bandits remaining are Pike, Dutch, the Gorch brothers, Angel and Buck, now blinded.)

A SERIES OF ANGLES OF

THE CARNAGE LEFT BY THE GUNFIGHT

WOMEN AND CHILDREN are sobbing hysterically while townspeople move among the dead and dying, ineptly trying to help.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

THORNTON LOOKS AT THE SHAMBLES, then turns away sickened and slowly follows as the:

BOUNTY HUNTERS SCRAMBLE down from the roof.

IN THE PAYMASTER'S OFFICE -- C.L., HIS GUN RELOADED, LOOKS AROUND THE OFFICE, humming softly.

REACHING THE STREET -- THE BOUNTY HUNTERS RUN TOWARDS THE DEAD BANDITS followed by Harrigan.

THORNTON MOVES SLOWLY BEHIND THEM, cursing softly as he watches the men rush to bodies like a pack of wild dogs in a gut wagon -- they smell blood and have forgotten the leash.

COFFER AND THE SOUTHERNER, T.C. NASH, are stripping the pockets of one body while arguing over whose shot killed the man. Harrigan runs toward them.

COFFER
Well, just dig it out and see if it ain't my .06!

HARRIGAN
(pointing to the paymaster)
You stupid damn fools!...How could you shoot this employee and let the others get away?

T.C.
(quickly)
I didn't shoot that old boy...My first shot killed this man right here.

COFFER
(overlapping, crossing to another body)
He's lying! Him and them others was shootin' that old 'employee' full of holes while I was droppin' this bandit -- and them others too -- I must've killed all three of 'em, sir, while --
C.L. LAUGHS, FALLS FLAT, ROLLS AND BEGINS TO PUMP THE SHOTGUN
and everybody dives for cover and opens fire, riddling him
with bullets.

BUT HE TAKES THE MARSHAL, the deputy and one bounty hunter
with him before he is cut to pieces.

HARRIGAN AND THORNTON LOOKING DOWN at the shambles in the
room, turn as:

WAINSCOAT, THE MAYOR, ENTER, FOLLOWED BY A GROUP OF SHOCKED
AND IRATE TOWNSPEOPLE. BENSON, a beefy redneck rancher,
curses bitterly as he crosses to Harrigan.

BENSON
We're holding you -- your whole damned rail-
road responsible for this carnage --

HARRIGAN
Mr. Benson...!

WAINSCOAT
(almost screaming)
Innocent people are dead... women
mangled -- dying -- because you used
our town as a battlefield! You're
going to pay, sir -- your railroad
is going to pay for our blood!

HARRIGAN
(blowing up)
Without the railroad this place would
still be a lousy little pueblo, so
don't make any threats to me!

BENSON
(topping him)
You can't ambush innocent people on
our street!

HARRIGAN
(yelling)
We were preventing a robbery and attempt-
ing to capture a band of outlaws...!

WAINSCOAT
(louder)
You lured that gang in here... the rail-
road's been blabbing about a big silver
payload for weeks!

HARRIGAN
We represent the law!
MORE IRATE CITIZENS BURST INTO THE OFFICE. Thornton moves through them out the door.

IN THE STREET -- HE STOPS, looking at the dead and dying, listening:

BENSON (OS)
If it takes vigilantes -- if it takes federal troops -- I'll stop you and your hired killers.

HARRIGAN (OS)
I can assure you that there won't be any more trouble.... My men will follow --

BENSON (OS)
(cutting him off)
Your men enter this town again and they will be shot on sight!

Thornton ignores them, slowly rolling a cigarette, looking after Pike.

Harrigan exits, crosses to Thornton.

HARRIGAN
I pulled you out of jail to get that bunch -- and you failed -- !

THORNTON
(interrupting)
You gave the orders! If you want the job done right -- you keep the hell out of it next time -- ! You and the rest of your railroad trash! I'll do it -- but my way.

HARRIGAN
What makes you think there'll be a next time for you? What makes you think you're not going back behind bars for twenty more years?

Thornton's face twists as he hears again the clanging of cell doors and the whimpering of prisoners.

THORNTON
Because I'm all you've got --
(then, softly)
Because I know him.
(turning away bitterly)
Because you know I'll get him -- I'll kill him rather than go back.

CONTINUED
HARRIGAN
Twice he's made a fool of me -- He never
will again.
(then, turning to Thornton)
You know why you're here --
(before Thornton can
answer)
Not because you're good -- because I
want him dead -- at your hands -- the
hands of his old friend, his partner --

THORNTON
(after a moment)
I'll get him -- you have my word.

EXT. DRY ARROYO - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON EFFECT)

THE WILD BUNCH RIDES DOWN A STEEP TRAIL INTO A DRY ARROYO.
They are weary, but determined. Buck, last in line, covered
with blood, is swaying in the saddle. Although severely
wounded, he still clutches the bags of silver.

REACHING THE BOTTOM OF THE ARROYO THE MEN SPUR their horses
across the dry stream bed and up the steep bank on the other
side.

DUTCH AND PIKE ARE IN THE LEAD. BEHIND THEM THE OTHERS LUNGE
UP IN SINGLE FILE. Angel, second to last, reaches the top,
turns as:

BUCK, NOW COMPLETELY BLIND, FALLS BACKWARD OVER THE REAR OF
HIS HORSE, HITS THE GROUND AND SOMERSAULTS BACKWARDS TO THE
BOTTOM, still clutching the saddle bags.

ANGEL PULLS UP and calls to Pike.

ANGEL
Pijate.

BUCK, ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, MOANS WITH PAIN as he attempts
to crawl up the slope.

PIKE RIDES DOWN TO HIM, SWINGS OFF HIS HORSE and stands
looking down.
THE BLIND MAN, HEARING HIM, gropes in his direction.

PIKE GENTLY TAKES THE BAGS OF SILVER OUT OF BUCK'S HAND.
Buck lurches forward, grabbing at Pike who steps back. Pike crosses to his horse, and painfully climbs into the saddle.

BUCK
(dying, almost incoherent with pain)
I kin still ride...I can't see, but I kin ride...
(then)
No, I can't --
(then, yelling)
Finish it, Mr. Bishop!

PIKE DRAWS HIS GUN AND FIRES

BUCK, ON HIS KNEES, IS CAUGHT SQUARE BY THE SHOT AND HURLED OVER BACKWARDS. He slides several feet over the smooth, round pebbles of the wash, then is still.

Pike turns his horse and spurs it up the slope.

THE MEN WATCH SILENTLY AS PIKE RIDES UP and halts. They don't move, all looking down at Buck.

PIKE
(after a long moment, trying to cover the loss)
You boys want to move on -- or stay here and give him a 'decent burial'!?

TECTOR
(the sentimentalist)
Well, he was a good man --

PIKE
(bitterly)
He's dead!
(then)
And he's got a lot of 'good men' back there to keep him company.

LYLE
Too damn many.

DUTCH
(softly)
I'd like to say a few kind words for all the departed -- then perhaps a hymn or two would be in order -- followed by a church supper with a choir. CONTINUED
LYLE
(riding away)
Crazy bastards -- both of you!

Tector follows his brother, cursing.

PIKE AND DUTCH LOOK AT EACH OTHER silently -- try to grin -- finally make it -- then follow. The bunch is attentive, but now certain that they are not being closely followed, they can relax a little.

Pike and Dutch are side by side.

PIKE
(wearily)
Ten years ago it was some shaky drunk with a tin badge that hid in the gin mill till you cleared town with your grab...Now, they're waitin' for you --

DUTCH
With old friends.

LYLE
(pulling back to join them)
Old friends?

DUTCH
Deke Thornton.

LYLE
I thought he was your partner?

PIKE
(shortly)
He was -- but he got old and tired and when that happens, things change.

DUTCH
He changed -- you didn't!
INT. DENVER HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT.

The following scenes will be superimposed over 101 and 102.

The suite consists of three adjoining rooms and is very plush indeed.

TWO VERY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN in revealing night dress are hindering more than helping, a somewhat loaded Pike Bishop as he attempts to get into his clothes. The ladies are giggling and there is a great deal of grab-ass between the three.

THORNTON, fully dressed and looking very sharp in his big city clothes, enters from one of the adjoining rooms. ELIZABETH, a tall, lovely near-naked, dark-haired girl, follows him and takes his arm possessively. For a moment both watch:

PIKE'S girls effectively stop his half-hearted attempts and begin disrobing him.

THORNTON
(Sharply)
Come on pardner, let's get out of here.

PIKE
(Grinning at him)
You sound like you're all caught up.

THORNTON
Caught up enough to know we've overstayed our welcome!

PIKE
(Suddenly angry)
What in hell is the matter with you?

ELIZABETH
Stay -- please.

PIKE
(Continues)
We've got money to spend and not a worry in the world.

(then)
They're not going to look for us in their own backyard.

(CONTINUED)
(CONTINUED):

    THORNTON
    How can you be so damned sure?

He shakes off the girl, crosses to a sideboard, pours a drink.

    PIKE
    (Flatly)
    That's my business -- being sure.

There is a knock at the door and Thornton whirls. Elizabeth throws the bolt.

    THORNTON
    (Savagely)
    Hold it!

    PIKE
    (Grinning)
    Relax -- just a little champagne I ordered.

101-D ELIZABETH STICKS OUT HER TONGUE AT THORNTON AND OPENS THE DOOR and gunfire fills the room as:

101-E A DEPUTY SHERIFF STEPS INTO THE DOORWAY AND SHootS THORNTON high on the shoulder. Thornton is knocked sprawling. The Deputy moves into the room (followed by three other men) and fires at Pike but misses, as

101-F PIKE SLIPS PAST the screaming women into an adjoining room. The other men pursue Pike as the Deputy bends down and snaps Thornton's wrists together with handcuffs. The sound of gunfire is heard from the street outside, then two of the men re-enter the room. The Deputy looks up.

    DEPUTY
    Get him?

The man shakes his head.

101-G THORNTON, HIS FACE TWISTED WITH PAIN AND BITTERNESS, makes no attempt to struggle as he is pulled to his feet and moved out the door.
THEY ARE SILENT, RIDING, EVEN NYLE is embarrassed by this betrayal.

PIKE
He's had five years on the rock pile, Dutch -- and twenty more to go -- that can hurt a man.

LYLE
(after a moment)
Say -- I've heard it's like the old times in Argentina...Butch Cassidy down there making a killing...

PIKE
Bolivia...but it'll be over there too, pretty soon. Those mining companies will bring down a bunch of hardcases and Butch'll get his.

(then)
Every one of us is worth a year of drinking and whoring to any fool that can read a wanted poster and carry a gun.

DUTCH
(softly)
Deke Thornton isn't just any fool that can carry a gun and read a wanted poster.

PIKE
No -- but he takes a dim view of 20 more years in the Carcel --

(then)
We can hope he ain't on our tail -- but don't bet on it.

LYLE
(happily)
Tector and I have been stealing since the big depression and we ain't never been caught. This Thornton don't bother us none.

PIKE
(weary)
I don't really give a damn about Deke Thornton...I just know that I'd surely like to get the hell off this horse.

CUT TO:
INT. RAILROAD BUNKHOUSE - DAY

DEKE THORNTON STANDS A LITTLE BEHIND HARRIGAN WHO IS SEATED AT A SMALL DESK IN FRONT OF THE OTHER BOUNTY HUNTERS.

The interior of the room is tawdry, disorderly and smells bad. The bare walls are decorated with pin-ups from the Police Gazette.

The men sit attentively on the bunks and foot lockers. Harrigan is marking beside their names in a large ledger book. After making a notation, he looks up.

HARRIGAN
The hard money value of the men killed less my commission amounts to one hundred and fifty dollars.

THE MEN MUMBLE AND SHIFT. Harrigan holds up four wanted posters. The bounty hunters move closer for a better look.

HARRIGAN
Bishop...Engstrom...Lyle and Tector Gorch...are worth a total of four thousand five hundred dollars -- and you let them all ride out!

(after a moment)
Any one of these pelts would not only clear you with the company, but would mean a bundle of cash to raise hell with.

Harrigan stands, crosses to the door.

T.C.
How 'bout a little liquor money for tonight, Mr. Harrigan?

HARRIGAN
There won't be any tonight -- you move after them in ten minutes --

(turning back)
Get them -- get Pike and you're rich.

(then)
But if one of you quits on me I'll pay a thousand dollar bonus to the man who kills him.

THE MEN SILENTLY BEGIN TO PACK THEIR BELONGINGS. Harrigan motions to Thornton, then exits.
EXT. RAILROAD YARD - DAY

HARRIGAN AND THORNTON WALK AWAY FROM the bunkhouse into the deserted railroad yard.

HARRIGAN
Why should I let you go with them?

THORNTON
(wearily)
We've been over that before, Mr. Harrigan.

HARRIGAN
You could just ride off -- even join him again -- you'd like that, wouldn't you?

THORNTON
What I like and what I need are two different things.
(then)
Listen -- I don't want to go back to prison, Mr. Harrigan...not ever -- but it has to be my way...

HARRIGAN
All right.

THORNTON
I need good men! You saw what happened today.

HARRIGAN
(flatly)
You'll use what you have.
(then)
And you'll see it doesn't happen again -- or I'll see you dead or rotting for the rest of your life behind bars -- you try to run -- I'll be after you and so will they.

THORNTON
(angry)
I gave you my word.

HARRIGAN
We'll see what it's worth -- five minutes.
THORNTON LOOKS AT HIM WHITE WITH ANGER, then controls it — he is trapped. Finally, he nods and moves away, then stops and turns back, his anger almost beyond any control.

THORNTON
Tell me, Mr. Harrigan -- how does it feel?
(as Harrigan looks at him)
Getting paid for it?
(stepping closer)
Getting paid to sit back and hire your killings with the law's arms around you? How does it feel to be so damned right?

HARRIGAN
(after a moment, coldly)
Good, Mr. Thornton... it feels good.

THORNTON
(softly)
You dirty son of a bitch.

HARRIGAN
(grinning at him)
You have 30 days to get him -- or 30 days to Yuma. You're my Judas Goat, Mr. Thornton.
(motioning to the bunkhouse)
Use them -- lead them -- get Pike -- then kill them off. When you come back, I want all of them head down over a saddle.
(pointing to the bunkhouse again)
All of them -- head down over a saddle.
(as Thornton starts to speak)
30 days.

He turns and walks away whistling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BORDER RAILROAD CULVERT AREA (AFTERNOON EFFECT)

THE WILD BUNCH PULLS UP at the railroad which marks the border and look out into Mexico.

ANGEL
(softly)
Mexico lindo.

LYLE
What's so 'lindo' about it.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

TECTOR

Just more of Texas as far as I'm concerned.

ANGEL

You have no eyes.

And he rises ahead with Pike and Dutch across the tracks into Mexico.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARROYO SECO - BUCK'S FACE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

IT IS A MASS OF DRIED BLOOD WHICH THORNTON WIPES AWAY WITH HIS GLOVED HAND, then looks up at the eight bounty hunters who are sitting on their horses watching him.

THORNTON

(wearily)

All right!....How many of you killed this one?

COFFER SWINGS OFF HIS HORSE FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL OTHERS.

COFFER

I knewed I wounded three -- but I wasn't sure about --

THORNTON

(as the others yell in protest)

Jabali!...

JABALI, AN AGING NAVAHO INDIAN trots up to him.

THORNTON

This pelt should clear you up -- take him back to town...and tell Harrigan to get me a list of every Army garrison and payroll schedule on the border.

(to the others, crossing to his horse)

We got another half hour of light and they might be just up ahead counting their money.
EXT. BANDIT CAMP - DAY (SUNSET EFFECT)

PIKE AND HIS MEN RIDE INTO THE RUINS OF A SMALL RANCHERO. A young boy takes their horses while an old man and his wounded son (the father of the boy) watch. Behind them, an ancient woman pays no attention as she slaps tortillas into shape. Two small children watch, big-eyed.

THE MEN ARE QUIET WITH FATIGUE AS THEY DISMOUNT AND TIE THEIR HORSES. FREDDY SYKES, a skinny old man in tattered range clothes, crosses to Pike as he unloads his saddle bags.

SYKES
Them others ain't comin'?

PIKE
No.

SYKES
(after a moment)
None of 'em?

PIKE TAKES THE BAGS OUT OF THE CORRAL TO THE FIRE that burns near an adobe wall and drops them on a poncho, watches as the others do the same.

SYKES
(joining him again; worried)
But I got horses and gear for all them fellers like you said --

PIKE
They won't need them -- we will.

Sykes thinks this over, finally nods a little and turns away.

LYLE AND HIS BROTHER AND DUTCH STAND in a half circle around the poncho waiting. Angel, the last, drops his saddle bag, then crosses to the wall and drops down to rest. For a long moment the men look down at the pile of saddle bags.

LYLE
About the sharing up...

PIKE
(wearily)
The sharing up's going to be the same as always.

CONTINUED
LYLE

(whining; pointing to Angel)
Tector and I don't like the idea of him getting the same as us... He's just starting out and this is our stake for a new territory.

Pike looks at him silently. He has heard this kind of argument many times in the past and it is obvious he is sick to death of it. Lyle finally looks away at his brother.

TECTOR
And I figure a share to that old man for watching the horses is a share too much.

PIKE TAKES A KNIFE OUT OF HIS BELT, opens a saddle bag, takes out a sack of silver, kneels to slit the bag open.

LYLE
You hear me, Pike? -- I said it ain't fair...

Pike stands, flips the knife into the ground, faces the brothers.

PIKE
(softly)
If you two boys don't like equal shares why in hell don't you just take it all?

They look at him silently.

DUTCH DRIFTS AWAY A LITTLE TO THE SIDE OF PIKE. SYKES MOVES OUT OF THE BACKGROUND, a buffalo gun now dangling from one arm. The brothers tense. Angel laughs softly.

PIKE
(almost a whisper)
Well, why don't you answer me, you damned yellow-livered trash?

The brothers fidget, look at each other.

LYLE
Ah -- Pike, you know...
CONTINUED

PIKE
(his voice a whip)
I don't know a damned thing except
I either lead this bunch or I end
it -- right now!

LYLE
No, sir -- we divide just as you
say.

Pike looks at them a moment, then picks up his knife and
slices open a bag and turns it upside down and dumps the
contents onto the spread-out poncho watching as:

STEEL WASHERS POUR ONTO THE PONCHO

THE GROUP IS SILENT IN DISBELIEF staring at the pile of
worthless steel. Sykes eases up, takes a cautious look.

TECTOR
Rings! Steel rings!

DUTCH
(quietly)
Washers!

PIKE TURNS AWAY. LYLE TAKES ANOTHER BAG AND CUTS INTO IT.
More washers pour out.

PIKE
(under his breath)
Son of a bitch!

LYLE'S BOOT FLASHES INTO THE PIECE. The washers fly in all
directions. Lyle whirls on Pike.

LYLE
Washers...we shot our way out of
that town for a dollar's worth of
steel holes.

He kicks into the pile and scatters washers across the
clearing.

PIKE
They set it up!
LYLE
(yelling)
Who the hell is 'they'!?

SYKES
(laughing; cackling)
'They?' Why 'they' are just plain
and fancy 'they.' 'They.'
(dancing around them his
high laughter splitting
the night)
Caught you, didn't they? Tied a tin
can to your tail -- didn't they?
Lead you in and waltzed you out -- Oh
my what a bunch -- big tough ones --
standing around with a handful of
holes -- a thumb up your ass and a
big grin to pass the time of day with.

TECTOR SWINGS AT HIM, BUT THE OLD MAN DUCKS, then falls and
rolls away, still laughing. Tector starts to follow, Pike
steps between them.

PIKE
Railroad men -- Pinkertons -- bounty
hunters...
(then)
Deke Thornton.

SYKES
(in disbelief)
Deke Thornton? -- He was with them?

LYLE
(as Pike doesn't answer;
quietly)
How come you didn't know?

PIKE TURNS AWAY. DUTCH LOOKS AT PIKE QUESTIONINGLY, THEN
ALL TURN as the SOUND of laughter comes from behind.

ANGEL IS SITTING AGAINST THE WALL LAUGHING.

ANGEL
(to Tector)
Hey, gringo! You take my share.

TECTOR WHIRLS, HIS HAND FLASHING FOR HIS GUN.
BEFORE HE CAN DRAW ANGEL'S EXPRESSION TURNS serious and a
gun is suddenly in his hand covering the big outlaw. Angel
smiles again... then pleads mockingly.

ANGEL
Don't kill me, gringo... por favor...
Take my share of the 'silver' -- but
don't kill me, please.

Tector tenses, almost snarling with rage.

PIKE
Go for it!

Tector, looking at Angel's gun, half turns to Pike.

PIKE:
(continuing; softly)
Go on, fall apart!

Lyle and Tector hesitate, their hands on their guns -- Dutch
moves back into the shadows of the firelight, his rifle
drifting across Tector.

ANGEL SMILES AND SLOWLY replaces his gun.

DUTCH
Let's walk soft, boys...

LYLE, STILL MORE THAN HALF READY TO GO FOR HIS GUN,
hesitates.

TECTOR LOCKS AT PIKE, DUTCH, ANGEL, THEN slaps his gun into
his holster -- and moves away, but his hand is never far
from the weapon.

THE GROUP STANDS MOTIONLESS FOR A MOMENT, THEN SYKES REACHES
INTO HIS COAT, LIFTS OUT A BOTTLE, SITS BY THE FIRE and
hands it to Dutch.

Dutch sits by Sykes, takes a drink, offers the bottle to
Tector, Tector hesitates, then hunkers down and drinks.
Slowly the others follow suit.

DUTCH
(as the bottle moves around)
What's our next move?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

PIKE
Agua Verde is the closest -- three
days maybe -- then we sell the extra
stock -- get some grub and the news
and drift back to the border -- maybe
a payroll -- maybe a bank --

LYLE
(gently)
Maybe that damned railroad!

TECTOR
That railroad sure as hell ain't
getting any easier.

SYKES
(quietly)
And we ain't getting any younger.

For a moment, it looks like he'll get a smart answer in
return, then:

Lyle drinks and lifts the bottle to Angel who crosses to the
fire, drinks and passes it to Sykes.

PIKE
(finally)
We got to start thinking beyond
our guns -- them days are closin'
fast.

LYLE
(without malice)
All your fancy planning and talk
damn near got us shot to pieces
for some lousy bags of washers...
Now this was goin' to be our last
job before we head south...We spent
all our time and money getting ready
for this.

PIKE
(dryly)
You spent your time and money running
whores in Hondo while I spent my stake
setting it up.

LYLE CALMLY PICKS UP A WASHER, flips it to (or at) Pike who
catches it, looks at it, through it, drinks, tosses it back
on the pile.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

PIKE
(truthfully)
Looks like I'd have been better off running whores than making plans, stealing horses and buying uniforms.

THE MEN ARE SILENT FOR A LONG MOMENT. Then they break into soft laughter which builds slowly.

LYLE
(after a moment)
He -- he was making plans while me and Tector was --

He breaks up and can't continue.

DUTCH
(his laughter growing)
While you was getting your bell rope pulled by --
(standing; almost choking)
By two -- mind you, two -- Hondo whores -- while Pike's dreaming of washers -- you're matching two of them -- in tandem --

And the wild bunch falls apart in laughter -- even Pike is caught, but as he laughs, he knows that they are together again.

EXT. DESERT - DAY (SUNSET EFFECT)

DEKE THORNTON AND THE BOUNTY HUNTERS ARE GROUPED AROUND A FIRE EATING.

T.C.
How close you figure we are?

THORNTON
Not close enough... They're across the border by now.

COFFER
Deke -- you rode with Pike -- what kind of a man are we up against?

THORNTON
(after a long moment; softly)
The best --
(then)

CONTINUED
THORNTON (CONT'D)

He's never got caught.

(after a moment)
And he won't be if you boys don't learn your trade.

FESS
How was it -- then --
(as Thornton looks at him)
You know -- in the old days? I only come out here last spring.

THORNTON
(after a long moment)
You can saddle up or shut up -- take your choice --

COFFER
(after a long moment)
What will he do?

THORNTON
That's what I have to figure.

COFFER
Maybe they'll split up.

THORNTON
No -- not that bunch. They'll try again.

T.C.
How do you know?

But Thornton doesn't answer.

EXT. PIKE'S CAMP - NIGHT

PIKE AND DUTCH ARE SIDE BY SIDE IN THEIR blankets listening to Angel play the guitar. For several moments they are silent, then:

PIKE
Didn't you run some kind of mine -- in Sonora?

DUTCH
Yeah, I helped run a little copper -- nothing for us there except day wages, if it was running now -- which it ain't.
PIKE FINDS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO get comfortable. Groaning and wincing with pain he shifts on the bedroll.

PIKE
Why in the hell did you ever quit it?

DUTCH
Why in hell are you still goin'?

PIKE
I don't know any better -- maybe don't want any better.
(then, after a moment)
Hell, I wouldn't know what to do with 'better' if it poked me in the eye with a sharp stick.

DUTCH
(laughing softly)
You never gave it a chance, Pike.

PIKE
(angry)
I threw away more chances in one year that you will see in your whole life -- but that don't mean you have to be a damn fool like me.

Dutch sits up, rolls and lights a cigarette.

DUTCH
You got a halfway hard mouth, partner.

PIKE
What in hell do you want me to say --?

DUTCH
Just don't give me no lectures.

They are silent -- finally:

PIKE:
This was going to be my last, too... I'm not getting around any better -- like the red-haired lady said to the white-haired judge -- 'I only got so many miles left in my backside, Your Honor, and I aim to keep it moving while I'm still young enough to feel what it's there for.'
(as Dutch laughs softly)
I'd like to make a good score - then back off.
Dutch
Back off to what?
(as Pike doesn't answer)
Any real ideas for a next one?

Pike closes his eyes and leans back.

Pike
Pershing has got men spread over
the whole bonder. Everyone of those
garrisons is going to be getting
payroll.

Dutch
That kind of information is kind of
rough to come by.

Pike
(sitting up)
Well -- I don't figure it's going to
be easy, but it can be done.

Dutch
They'll be waiting for us.

Pike
I wouldn't have it any other way.

Cut To:

Ext. Thornton's Camp - Night

Most of the bounty hunters are asleep, only Thornton and Coffer are awake. Thornton sits up, begins to roll a cigarette.

Coffer:
If he's in old Mex -- do we follow
him?

No.

Thornton

Coffer

Why not?

Thornton

He'll be back.

Coffer

Harrigan said something about
thirty days --

Continued
THORNTON  
(after a moment)  
That's what he said.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIKE'S CAMP - NIGHT

DUTCH  
You must have hurt that railroad pretty bad -- they spent a lot of time and money getting that ambush set up for us.

PIKE  
(smiling at the memory)  
Well, I caught up to them -- two or three times -- There was a man named Harrigan -- He had a certain way of doing things -- So I made him change his ways -- when you do that to a narrow man -- he can't live with it -- from then on he's got to change you -- break you -- just to prove he's right -- there's a hell of a lot of people, Dutch -- that just can't stand to be wrong.

DUTCH  
Pride, I guess --

PIKE  
I guess -- but they can't ever forget it -- that pride -- that being wrong -- or learn by it.

DUTCH  
(after a long moment)  
And you -- and me -- did we learn -- being wrong today?

PIKE  
(softly)  
Well, I surely hope to God we did.

SYKES CROSSES TO PIKE, GIVES HIM a cup of coffee, moves away.

DUTCH  
Where'd you find him?
PIKE

(softly)
That toothless old wreck was a real gun about twenty years back -- used to run with Thornton and me -- killed his share and more -- around Langery -- Ambushed stages all along that old board highway... He had those Swede immigrants so scared they'd starve rather than go to town and buy beans for their kids, and there wasn't a sheriff in the territory to take issue --

He laughs, drinks the coffee and gags.

PIKE

(continuing)
And he ain't changed -- only now he does his killing with a coffee cup.

Dutch laughs and then both lean back listening as:

ANGEL, WRAPPED IN HIS SERAPE LEANING AGAINST THE WALL, plays the great ranchero songs of old Mexico.

LYLE AND TECTOR ARE ALSO AWAKE and listening.

DUTCH

(softly)
Pike, I wouldn't have it no other way either.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT SAND DUNE AREA - DAY

PIKE AND THE OTHERS (NOW DRESSED FOR THE TRAIL) RIDE ALONG THE TOP OF A HIGH DUNE. They are tired and dirty.

Near the edge they dismount to lead their horses to the bottom.

THE SAND IS LOOSE AND THE FOOTING EXTREMELY DIFFICULT as they start down in single file. Sykes is last, he leads his own horse, a pack animal, and three of the empties.
SUDDENLY SYKES SLIPS AND LOSES HIS FOOTING. He falls forward:

PULLING THE FIVE HORSES DOWN WITH HIM. Unable to control his slide he collides with Tector who is next in line. Tector's fall starts a chain reaction in which all the men slide to the bottom of the hill.

PICKING UP SPEED THEY TUMBLE TO THE BOTTOM and land in a giant cloud of dust. There is a profusion of coughing and swearing as the men and animals struggle to their feet.

TECTOR STANDS, CURSES AT SYKES, then picks up a stone and throws it at the old man who is hit and falls backward.

PIKE GRABS TECTOR AND SWINGS HIM AROUND.

PIKE
Leave him alone!

TECTOR
(raving)
He's goin' to get us killed -- get rid of him!

PIKE
(his anger growing)
We don't get rid of nobody -- we stick together -- just like it used to be -- when you side a man you stay with him -- !

(shaking him)
If you can't do that you're worse than some animal -- you're finished -- we're finished -- all of us!

Tector looks at him silently.

PIKE TURNS TO MOUNT THE HORSE. Placing his foot in the stirrup he stiffly starts to swing on. The leather breaks and he falls under the animal. Landing on his back, he lets out a loud shriek.
THE OTHER MEN LOOK DOWN AT HIM AS THEY MOUNT. Dutch, ready to mount his horse hesitates, but doesn't move to help.

PIKE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET. None of them move forward to help him and he doesn't expect them to. He is visibly miserable as he recovers the reins of his animal and tears off the broken leather.

LYLE AND TECTOR GRIN A LITTLE. Sykes turns away.

TECTOR
(piously)
'Pears 'Brother Pike' needs help, Brother Lyle.

LYLE
Riding with 'Brother Pike' and old man Sykes makes a man wonder if it ain't time to pick up his chips and find another game.

TECTOR
(suddenly yelling at Pike)
How in hell are you going to side anybody if you can't get on a horse.

PIKE LOOKS AT THEM, THEN STEPS onto the makeshift stirrup and mounts, concealing his pain, taking a few seconds to gather up the reins and position himself. In the b.g., Dutch swings onto his horse.

PIKE
We're about two hours from the Santa Caterinas.

He turns and rides toward the mountains, the men following.

SYKES RIDES UP BESIDE PIKE

SYKES
That was a mighty fine talk you gave the boys 'bout stickin' to-gether.
(as Pike doesn't answer)

CONTINUED
SYKES (CONT'D)

That Gorch was near killin' me --
or me him --
(then)
Damned old fool like me's not worth
takin' along.

PIKE

We started together -- we'll end it
together.

SYKES

By God, that's the way I see it --
that's the way it's always been with
me...Sorry 'bout Deke -- never
figured him that way.
(then, as Pike
doesn't answer)
Back in San Rafael -- my boy -- how'd
he do?

They ride for a while in silence as Pike thinks this over,
finally:

PIKE

Your boy?

SYKES

C.L. -- Clarence Lee -- my daughter's
boy -- not too bright, but a good boy --
He handle hisself all right? -- I told
him -- you do -- just what Mister Bishop
says -- Did he conduct hisself well?

PIKE

(after a long moment)
He did fine --
(then)
Why didn't you tell me he was your
grandson?

SYKES

Well, you had enough on your mind --
He had to pull his weight just like
the rest of us -- just wanted to know
he didn't let you down -- run when
things got hot --

PIKE

(after a moment)
No -- he did fine...just fine.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. BORDER (RAILROAD CULVERT AREA) - DAY

151

THORNTON AND THE BOUNTY HUNTERS follow the wild bunch's trail. They are hot and tired and with the exception of Thornton, are apprehensive.

Coffer pulls up, calls to Thornton:

COFFER

That culvert -- good place for them to make an ambush.

THORNTON

Go on - ride up and find out!

Coffer hesitates, his eyes wide with fear. Thornton draws his gun, pulls back the hammer.

THORNTON

(savagely)

Go on!

Coffer rides forward.

THORNTON

(to the others)

Next time I want advice from any of you scum I'll ask for it -- until then, keep your mouths shut and do what you're told!

COFFER

(turning back, calling)

All clear --

155

THORNTON RIDES UP TO THE CULVERT, HALTS, DISMOUNTS, STEPS INTO the shade, the others follow suit.

COFFER

From here on, it's Mexico, Mr. Thornton.

T.C.

Do we follow?

THORNTON

What's the closest town of any size?

COFFER

(pointing)

Agua Verde -- maybe two or three days. (then, pointing in the opposite direction)

Juarez -- five -- six days hard riding.

THORNTON

What's in Agua Verde?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

COPPER

Mexicans -- what else.
(then quickly, as Thornton
turns on him)
Headquarters for Huerta regulars
fighting Obregon, led by an old time
bandit named Mapache.

Thornton thinks about this, then mounts and rides back in
the direction they have come from.

COPPER

Don't we follow?

THORNTON

No -- we wait.

T.C.

(mounting)
How long -- Mr. Thornton.

THORNTON

Twenty-eight days.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESTROYED HACIENDA (SAN CARLOS) -- DAY

THE BANDITS ARE RIDING under a broad sky across through a
destroyed pueblo filled with silent ghostlike people, four
or five crying children, vultures and four men hanging
from a tree. In the distance is a high range of mountains.

Angel spurs his horse and rides up beside Pike.

DUTCH

(to Pike)
We're not going to find much down here.
That damned Huerta's scraped it clean.

ANGEL

(in Spanish)
May he die the death of a thousand
traitors.
(then)
My village is up there... in those
mountains.

PIKE

So --?
I wish to visit my family... I can do it and meet you in Agua Verde a day after you get there.

How?

Going this way, you will have to turn east when you get south of the range... I know the way to cross the mountains.

If you know a shorter way... show us.

Angel looks away and is silent for several seconds.

Ashamed of having us meet your people?

(sincerely)
Yes... They don't know about my life when I am out of the village.

Pike and Dutch both laugh softly, then Pike pulls up at a watering trough and dismounts as his horse begins to drink.

Far as I'm concerned, you can go.

(dismounting, joining them)
Far as I'm concerned -- he goes he don't come back.

That sounds right to me.

Looks like I'm outvoted.

TECTOR JOINS THEM

(dismounting)
What's the problem?

Wants to visit his folks alone -- thinks we're a little rank for his people.
LYLE
(as Tector drinks beside
his horse)
I think he can go straight to hell.

TECTOR
Probably wants to get a bunch of his
people and waylay us!

DUTCH
And take what?

Tector thinks this over, doesn't answer.

PIKE
(to Angel)
How do you want it?

ANGEL
(after a long moment)
I invite you to my village -- my home.
(then, looking at Tector
and Lyle)
Any violence -- any disrespect -- and
I will kill you.

Tector and Lyle look at him without expression for a moment, then:

LYLE
You got a sister?

ANGEL
...Yes.

LYLE
I would be proud to make her acquaint-
ance -- and that of your Mama, too.

TECTOR
(trying not to laugh)
And your Grandmaw too, sonny...

Angel looks at them, then mounts, rides toward the mountains
as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRY ARROYO - DAY

THORNTON AND HIS BOUNTY HUNTERS are riding back past the place
where Buck died. The men are sullen, some almost openly
defiant.
CONTINUED

T.C.
We go back with our tail between our legs Harrigan will have our hides.

THORNTON
(patientsly)
They'll be coming back -- and we'll be waiting for them.

COFFER
(whining)
We was supposed to go after them --

Thornton reins up, looks at Coffer, who looks quickly away.

THORNTON
You have something to say?

Coffer instantly lifts his hands in submission and shakes his head. Then, after a moment:

COFFER
They say Freddy Sykes is with them -- you rode with the old man, didn't you, Mr. Thornton -- you and Pike and the old man?

But Thornton rides on and doesn't answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEL'S VILLAGE - DAY

TECTOR AND LYLE ARE SEATED ON THE GROUND trying to duplicate the intricacies of a very complicated cat's cradle demonstrated to them by ROCIO, the lovely bright-eyed 13 year old sister of Angel. Both men are drinking tequilla, but both are sober, entranced and completely dominated by the girl. All three straighten as:

159

160 CARMEN, ANGEL'S MOTHER, CALLS from a nearby fire where she is preparing food with her mother.

CARMEN
Miha -- trigame auga por los frijoles!

The girl jumps to her feet, hands both men a bucket (or olla) and leads them down the bank to the river. (The natural beauty of this location should contrast with other landscapes in the picture. This village and its inhabitants represent a complete and green contrast to the arid world of the wild bunch).
ANGEL AND PIKE SEATED IN THE THATCHED SHADE OF A RAMADA WITH DON JOSE, ANGEL'S GRANDFATHER, WATCH SILENTLY. SYKES IS A FEW FEET AWAY. Angel watches dully, his eyes mirroring his agony. Pike laughs softly, watching.

PIKE
Hard to believe.

DON JOSE
Not so hard -- we all dream of being a child again -- even the worst of us -- perhaps the worst most of all.

PIKE
(looking at him)
You know us, then --

DON JOSE
I know myself only -- where I have been, what I have done.

PIKE
Like to ride with us, old man?

And for a moment, the old man's eyes flash as he watches:

DUTCH AND THREE VILLAGERS SHOEING a very small, very mean mule. All four have been drinking a little and are thoroughly enjoying themselves as is the mule as he pitches and knocks them all sprawling.

DON JOSE
No -- I am too old.
(almost cursing, indicating Sykes)
Too old even to ride beside this ancient gringo.

SYKES LAUGHS AND DRINKS

SYKES
Hell, you ain't so old, partner.

ANGEL STANDS, TURNS TO THEM

ANGEL
(bitterly)
And the soldier who shot my father -- what was his name?

CONTINUED
DON JOSE
They were many -- who shot -- your father
resisted like a man and died like a man --
names in this matter have no importance.
(to Pike proudly)
I killed one!
(as Pike looks at him)
I lie -- I ran --

SYKES
Joe -- by God I like you. I like a
man who tells the truth.

ANGEL
(impatiently)
And the leader -- how was he called?

DON JOSE
(after a moment)
Mapache.

ANGEL
That is name enough.

PIKE
The Federal troops -- they don't
protect you --

DON JOSE
They were Federal troops! -- commissioned
by the traitor Huerta -- seven of the
village were killed -- our horses and
cattle and corn stolen -- all in the name
of Huerta, the killer of our President
Francisco I. Madero -- In Mexico, Senor --
these are the years of sadness.

ANGEL
(after a long moment, standing)
And Teresa?

DON JOSE
Gone.

ANGEL
(whirling)
They took her?
CONTINUED

DON JOSE

No -- she went with them because she wished to. She became the woman of Mapache -- and others -- she went with them laughing -- Drunk with wine and love.

Angel, knowing it's true, turns and moves away. Pike looks after him.

DON JOSE HANDS SYKES THE BOTTLE, SYKES DRINKS, HANDS IT TO PIKE who drinks.

DON JOSE

To him she was a goddess. To be worshipped from afar -- with music and flowers -- a deity to be followed and adored at a distance -- but Mapache knew she was a mango -- ripe and waiting...  

PIKE

So Angel lives with a dream -- while Mapache eats the mango --

DON JOSE

Just so --

(then)

You have been there -- with the dream?

PIKE

Many times -- and with the mango too,

SYKES

(cackling)

You just bet he has, Joe.

PIKE

I never could carry a candle to you, old timer.

DON JOSE

(to Pike)

And which do you prefer, the dream or the taste?

PIKE

I dream when I sleep -- and eat when I'm hungry.

DON JOSE

(laughing with Sykes)

Just so -- the both of you and Mapache -- and I --
ANGEL, SOME DISTANCE AWAY, watches evening come upon the quiet village and watches:

TECTOR AND LYLE moving from the pond carrying water, now surrounded by a dozen laughing children.

DUTCH AND THE THREE OLD MEN trying to pound a horseshoe on the mule.

HIS MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER AND other village women now basting a kid cooking over the coals and:

PIKE, SYKES AND HIS GRANDFATHER laughing in the ramada.

ANGEL TURNS AWAY, his eyes suddenly blind with tears. Then, turns and crosses to his Grandfather.

ANGEL
Where is Mapache?!

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD YARDS - SAN RAFAEL - DAY (SUNSET EFFECT)

THORNTON LEADS THE BOUNTY HUNTERS ALONG THE RAILS toward the bunkhouse. They have been riding a long time. The men are tired and bitter. Suddenly Coffer draws his gun and points it at Thornton's back. For a moment it looks as if he will shoot, then Thornton pulls up sharply, and kicks his horse to one side as:

HARRIGAN STEPS OUT OF THE BOXCAR (OR STATION OFFICE) stands waiting. Coffer's gun has disappeared.

THORNTON
Ride ahead, all of you.

And they do, riding toward Harrigan as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEL'S VILLAGE - NIGHT

MOST OF THE VILLAGE IS gathered around three or four fires eating the young goat meat...drinking tequila and mescal, watching:
ECTOR AND LYLE dance a Mexican Virginia reel as:

SYKES BLOWS ACCOMPANIMENT with harmonica along with two of the local guitar players.

THE VILLAGERS CHEER THEM ON, THEN TWO PRETTY GIRLS (ANNA AND LINDA) JUMP UP and dance with the Gorch brothers, learning the steps from the willing, if surprisingly bashful, teachers.

PIKE, A PIECE OF GOAT MEAT IN HIS HAND LISTENS TO THE MURMURING OF CARMALITA, A RATHER PLUMP AND QUITE PRETTY YOUNG GIRL, seated between him and Dutch, Angel, across the fire, raises his voice and repeats the question:

ANGEL
You must tell me -- where is Mapache?

HIS GRANDFATHER, WATCHING PIKE AND DUTCH AND CARMALITA, laughing softly to himself, finally turns, his smile fading.

DON JOSE
Why do you wish to know -- for your father -- or the whore?

Pike looks up as Angel fights within himself to find an answer.

PIKE
(finally)
It doesn't make any difference, kid -- our business is in Agua Verde --

For a moment Angel looks like he will explode, then he lifts a bottle of tequilla in salute to Pike.

ANGEL
As you say, Jefe -- to Agua Verde and 'our business.'

CUT TO:

EXT. AGUA VERDE PLAZA - DAY

PIKE AND THE OTHER MEN ARE WATERING THEIR HORSES under the shade of several large trees in the main plaza of Agua Verdes. The town itself is dull and sun colored like the surrounding country. Its most remarkable features are a great deal of soldiers exiting and entering a cantina-like building and a small, aging, ornate, church.
SYKES PURCHASES A TACO FROM A SMALL BOY and gulls at it while the contents run into his beard.

PIKE LIFTS A STIRRUP FROM HIS SADDLE on the hitching rail and examines the repair, then puts it on his horse. Tector and Lyle squat in the shade working at making a cat's cradle.

Angel is talking quietly to three Mexican peons some distance away.

DUTCH LEAVES THE BUILDING and joins Pike.

DUTCH
All soldiers -- not a bounty hunter in sight.

PIKE
We'll go have a drink, then try and sell the horses.

SYKES
Who's going to buy -- looks to me like this place has been picked clean.

ANGEL
(joiming Pike)
He's been here!

THE HORSES PUT THEIR EARS BACK and whinny nervously as an incredible noise is heard off scene. The men snap their heads around and look at:

A HUGE CLOUD OF DUST FROM THE EDGE OF TOWN MOVING DOWN THE STREET towards the plaza. Inside is the almost ghostlike appearance of a 1912 or 1913 touring car. Four mounted men are riding on each side and a host of small children are running, screaming, behind it.

THE CAR PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE CANTINA-LIKE BUILDING. SIX MEN GET OUT AND TWO OF THEM INSTANTLY BEGIN DUSTING AND POLISHING. The mounted guards take up positions around the vehicle. The group shows deference to a large man wearing general's braid, EL MAPACHE. Next to him is his second in command, ZAMORRA. The third man dressed in white linen is MOHR, a German military advisor. With him is ERNST, his aide.

PIKE AND THE OTHERS WATCH with interest as the men enter a cantina-like building. Then without a word they cross the
street, drawn to the vehicle. Angel is tense, knowing that his man has arrived.

PIKE
I seen one just like this in Waco...

LYLE
Run on steam?

PIKE
No...alcohol...or gasoline.

PREPARED SYKES EDGES UP CLOSE TO PIKE. He is anxious to make a statement and he speaks to him as he walks around the car.

SYKES
Pike...I heard about one they got up north that kin fly!

Pike nods sagely. Tector Gorch on the other side of the car hears the remark.

TECTOR
'scornfully')
That was a balloon,you damned old fool.

PIKE
No, the old man's right. They got 'em now with motors and wings -- cover 60 miles in less than an hour...goin' to use them in the war, they say.
(as Tector looks at him astonished)
This could cover 30 miles in an hour -- 'cording to the road, of course.

DUTCH
That could run a horse right into the ground.

PIKE
Not that easy -- these automobiles can't stand any rough ground -- or hot sun like a horse -- they're for show mostly.

TECTOR TOUCHES A FENDER AND ONE of the guards spurs toward him, cursing in Spanish. Tector backs off, hands in the air.

TECTOR
I was just going to touch the damn thing, not marry it.
ANGEL

Un gigante de máquina -- Ha de tener
una fuerza tremenda.
(A giant of a machine -- What force it
must have)

GUARD

La fuerza de 1,000 caballos.
(The force of 1,000 horses.)

ANGEL

Y el dueño -- un general por lo menos.
(And the owner -- a general at least.)

GUARD

Mapache? Más que un general -- un hombre
hecho para reinar todo México, si Dios quiere.
(Mapache? More than a general -- a man
to rule all of Mexico if God wills.)

ANGEL SMILES AT THE MAN, TURNS AND CROSSES TOWARD THE
CANTINA. PIKE STOPS HIM.

PIKE

You're here with us, pardner -- any
business you got with the general comes
after we finish ours -- and that is
selling horses.

ANGEL

(after a moment, shrugging)
As you wish.

He turns away, Pike grabs him, jerks him back.

PIKE

(gently)
You make one move to trouble and I'll
kill you -- understand -- we stick
together.

DUTCH

(before Angel can answer)
Angel -- who does this thing belong to?

ANGEL

(with due respect)
Es el carrazzo oficial de su excelencia
el Generalísimo Mapache.

Dutch turns smiling and tells the others.

DUTCH

The official carrazzo of the Pache
PIKE

Let's get some beer and talk to the general about his automobile and our extra horses...nice and easy.

The men turn and follow him into the cantina.

INT. CANTINA - DAY

THE CANTINA IS A LARGE MANY LEVELED ROOM IN A HALF DESTROYED HACIENDA FILLED WITH MEXICANS wearing the uniforms of Huerta's counter-revolutionary army and their ladies.

A small mariachi band wanders among the tables playing folk songs of the era. In certain areas horses are stabled -- a blacksmith shop is working, guns are being repaired, knives and bayonets sharpened...and food is being cooked for the troops by their women. Kids, as always, are very evident.

MAPACHE AND HIS GROUP ARE SEATED AT A TABLE which is in a covered area raised above the others. It is obvious from his position and respect accorded him that he is the local boss of the area. The German officer, Mohr, and Ernst, are sitting on one side of him. Lieutenant Zamorra is seated on the other side. Herrera is close by.

PIKE AND THE OTHERS MOVE TOWARDS A CORNER of the cantina eyeing the Mexicans with the kind of caution that men who are vastly outnumbered generally show. They sit quietly at a table, ignoring the suspicious looks of the soldiers.

AT MAPACHE'S LONG TABLE, the General and the Germans watch them with pointed interest. Mohr nudges Mapache and asks who they are. Mapache shrugs -- he doesn't know.

EMMA, A PRETTY WAITRESS, CROSSES TO PIKE'S table to take their order.

EMMA

Diga?

PIKE

Beers...six cervezas.

EMMA

Como?

Angel remains silent, looking at the General.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

DUTCH

Seis cervezas.

The girl leaves to get the order. The men at the table look
around the cantina. At a nearby table a group of men are
throwing dice and laughing loudly. The mariachis are gather-
ing around Mapache. Lyle shifts in his chair to look at them.

MAPACHE IS LAUGHING AND DRINKING. The German leans close
to Zamorra and speaks in Spanish.

MOHR

Do you know these Americans?

ZAMORRA

No.

The German settles back in his chair and begins placing
a cigarette in a holder.

TECTOR AND LYLE LOOK SUSPICIOUSLY AROUND AT THE MEXICANS
in the cantina. The other men tired from the trail only
half listen to them as the girl serves beer.

TECTOR

Probably talking about us behind our
backs.

DUTCH TURNS TO PIKE WHO IS QUAFFING a large beer.

DUTCH

I'm down to about twenty in silver...

PIKE

The Generalissimo has cleaned this part of the country...He ought to have it
to spare.

DUTCH

Generalissimo hell -- he's just a damn
bandit grabbing all he can for himself.

PIKE

(grinning)

Like some others I could mention?

DUTCH

No sir -- we don't hang nobody or
torture them -- I hope the people
here kick him and the rest of the scum
like him right into their graves.
ANGEL SITTING QUIETLY WITH HIS GLASS OF BEER WATCHES
MAPACHE, his eyes burning with hatred,

ANGEL
We will if it takes a thousand years!

Then suddenly, he reacts to the sound of a girl's voice off
scene.

TERESA
Vamos!...te va gustar el Aleman!

Angel spins around in his chair watching as:

TWO PRETTY MEXICAN GIRLS, TERESA AND ROSA, laughing and
giggling, pass the table.

ANGEL
Teresa!
He reaches out and grabs the better looking of the two by
the arm.

LYLE (OS)
Hey, boy...you know them cuties?

Teresa recognizes him, then pulls away.

TERESA
Dejame!

ROSA
Llamo los otros!

TERESA
No, Vete, ahorita vengo!

Pike and Dutch tense as Angel stands and jerks her toward
him.

PIKE
Let her go!

ANGEL LOOKS AT THE GIRL, furious and hurt.

ANGEL
Djaste el pueblo!

TERESA
Si deje el pinche pueblo. Y ahora
vivo con el generalisimo!

She jerks away from Angel and starts toward the other table.

CONTINUED
Angel watches her go. In the b.g., the group of Mariachis playing loudly have moved around Mapache's table. No one there seems to have seen the action.

PIKE

Take it easy!

He places a hand on Angel's shoulder.

DUTCH

(to Angel)

Qué pasa!!

PIKE

His sweetheart --

ANGEL

 stil watching Teresa)

She was my woman and she left the village.

TERESA SPLITS THE MARIACHIS AND STEPS UP BESIDE EL MAPACHE and begins kissing his ear.

TECTOR

(laughing)

Sure ain't your woman no more!

LYLE

Just look at her licking that big devil's ear.

Angel watches, his rage growing, then stands -- Pike goes for him, but too late.

ANGEL

(hisses)

Puta!

In a split second he draws and fires.

TERESA HAS JUST STARTED TO SIT ON THE BIG MAN'S LAP WHEN THE BULLET FROM THE FORTY-FIVE CATCHES HER IN THE STOMACH and hurls her to the floor. The others at the table duck for cover, their guns coming out.

ANGEL IS STARING AT THE GIRL AS PIKE THROWS A PUNCH DIRECTLY into the side of his head dropping him onto the floor, knocking him out. The others stand, hands on their guns.
THE ENTIRE AREA IS COMPLETELY SILENT. SEVERAL SOLDIERS ARE STANDING WITH THEIR GUNS COVERING PIKE AND THE OTHERS. Mapache and the others slowly rise, look at Angel, now realizing who shot the girl.

MAPACHE STARTS TOWARDS THEM. He pushes over chairs and shoves people aside as he approaches the group. Zamorra, the Germans and other members of his retinue are close on his heels.

PIKE AND THE OTHERS ARE SILENT AND UNMOVING AS MAPACHE STEPS up to the table and quickly scans the group. Angel gets to his knees, Mapache kicks him in the head and when Angel falls back, stamps him several times with his boot, steps away. One of Mapache's men starts to bash Angel's head with a rifle butt, Mapache stops the man with a gesture, then turns to the others.

MAPACHE
Que basura es este?

Mapache again kicks Angel.

ZAMORRA
Why did he try to kill His Excellency...?

PIKE
He didn't, he was after the girl...

Mapache is having difficulty understanding. He looks at Zamorra with a puzzled expression.

ZAMORRA
La muchacha...

DUTCH
Era su novia!

The Mexicans immediately respond to Dutch's explanation. Both Zamorra and Mapache smile.

MAPACHE
(pleased)
His fiancee??...

PIKE
He went a little crazy when he saw her with you.

Mapache laughs. His ego is pleased with the idea that he had taken someone's woman. He turns and explains grandly in Spanish to the rest of the cantina.

MAPACHE
Mato su vieja porque salio con El Mapache!

The soldiers in the cantina laugh and ad lib their response.
PIKE AND DUTCH TRY TO SMILE as do the Gorch brothers and Sykes.

MOHR IGNORES them, looking with interest at the U.S. Army .45 pistols that the men are wearing.

MOHR
(to Pike)
Are you men in Agua Verde for business?

PIKE
Thought we might sell a few horses.

MOHR
You must have been associated with the American Army, is that not so?

Tector and Lyle snicker slightly at the remark. Mapache and Zamorra turn, listening carefully to the conversation. The cantina is silent.

DUTCH
No -- we're not associated with anyone...

MOHR
I see...I was curious because of the equipment which you are carrying.
(as they look at him)
That pistol is restricted for use by army personnel. It can't be purchased or even owned...legally.

PIKE
(guardedly)
Is that so? -

MOHR
You're surprised at my interest?
(then as Pike doesn't answer)
Weapons are a specialty of mine.

Mohr bows his head slightly and clicks his heels barely audibly.

MOHR
I am Commander Frederick Mohr of the Imperial German Army. For the last six months I have been in Mexico helping fight against the revolutionaries.

ANGEL ON THE FLOOR IS CONSCIOUS, but unmoving, listening to what is being said. Several of Mapache's men stand around him.

MOHR
Unfortunately your government has chosen to aid the rabble in their so-called struggle for liberty...

PIKE
I never heard of any American troops fighting down here...
CONTINUED

... MOHR
They are aiding in diplomatic channels...
It would be very useful to us if we knew
of Americans who did not share their
government's naive sentiments.

PIKE
We have very few sentiments in common
with our government.

MAPACHE
Que diga?

MOHR
(in Spanish)
Generalísimo, I think we should ask
these gentlemen to have a drink with us.

And Pike, understanding that much Spanish, smiles as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

213 A MARIACHI IS BLOWING HARD AND SAD INTO A TINY BRASS
TRUMPET AS he looks at the body of Teresa being dragged
out. Emma and Rosa are still very much in evidence.

214 AT MAPACHE'S TABLE, PIKE, DUTCH, LYLE, TECTOR AND SYKES are
all seated at the raised table on the dais. Mapache seated
at one end is tired and looks half asleep.

In the b.g. Angel can be seen still on the floor. A couple
of guards are sitting near him.

215 SEVERAL MAPS ARE SPREAD OUT on the table.

Emma and Rosa crying softly, watch as the dead body of the
girl is dragged through a door at one end of the room.

Zamorra is seated next to the German listening intently.

PIKE
Of all those garrison rail spurs that
she is the easiest to hit -- But I've
got to figure where we can get cut with
the wagon.
HE POINTS TO A PLACE ON THE MAP, looks at Dutch who shrugs doubtfully.

DUTCH
(to Zamorra)
Why do you want us to
hit a train that's so close to the
border... The General could take an
army up there and get it.

MOHR
President Huerta is anxious to better
relations with the U.S. -- not destroy
them.

PIKE
Arms shipments are generally kept secret
... how did you find out about this one?

ERNST
Mapache has a superb intelligence force.
(indicating Mohr)
Organized under the supervision of my
superior officer.

ZAMORRA
(drinking, laughing)
Gentlemen, we are quite well organized
and well able to pay $10,000 in gold.
(as they react)
If you are not able to do the work we
will find someone else.

PIKE
(as the others react)
I -- we can do it...
(then)
But we're going to need special equipment.

ZAMORRA
Our accountant will arrange everything.

MOHR
(smiling at Mapache)
Soon you will be the best armed general
in Mexico.

Mapache raises his glass in a toast.

MAPACHE
A la conquista!

Pike nudges Lyle who raises his glass; the other men follow
suit. Mohr smiles and elegantly raises a drink.
CONTINUED

MOHR

Prosit!

ERNST

Prosit!!

PIKE AND DUTCH DRINK, put down their glasses.

PIKE
With your permission...I need a bath,

ERNST
(grinning)
With my permission -- You all need a bath.

LYLE
Well, I don't need no bath...Tector and me need some of them senoritas.
(to Zamorra)
How 'bout that boy, can you fix us up?

ZAMORRA

Porque no?

Zamorra yells to JUAN JOSE, an aide, standing nearby.

ZAMORRA

Oye!...Traeles unas viejas! Andale!

MOHR
(standing)
Gentlemen, you will excuse me, I'm sure.

PIKE AND DUTCH LOOK AT HIM, THEN STAND.

DUTCH

I'm sure.

DUTCH follows Pike to Angel where they lift him off the floor.

PIKE

We better get him cleaned up...
MAPACHE CROSSES QUICKLY TO THEM, drawing his gun.

PIKE
Por favor, General -- but I need him.

MAPACHE
I give you someone much better.

PIKE
(flatly)
I choose my own... with your permission.

Zamorra joins Mapache, looks at Pike whose hand is close to his gun, turns to the General.

ZAMORRA
Mi jefe, dejé que se lo lleven.

Mapache replaces his gun.

MAPACHE
Take him. It is not important to me---take him!

Then he looks away as:

JUAN JOSE APPROACHES THE TABLE WITH TWO BEAUTIES, ANNA and LUCHA. Lyle and Tector turn and react with delight.

TECTOR
Hey!...Here come our sweeties!

LYLE
(laughing softly)
More than enough to go around... (as one girl sits
on his lap)
And then some!

He turns and beckons to Pike and Dutch who, with Sykes, are carrying Angel out of the saloon, but they ignore him.

CUT TO:

INT. BOX CAR - DAY

HARRIGAN AND THORNTON ARE SEATED AT A TABLE STUDYING PAYROLL SCHEDULES. Munition schedules and maps. The other bounty hunters are scattered around the car grumbling about the inaction.
HARRIGAN

And you want to gamble everything this
one shipment will be attacked?!

THORNTON

If they're in Agua Verde that's what
they'll go for.

HARRIGAN

If?! Why not Juarez?

THORNTON

Because we would have heard!!
(then, patiently)
If they are in Agua Verde they will have
seen Mapache.

HARRIGAN

(disgusted)
And who in the hell is Mapache?

THORNTON

A killer for Huerta who calls himself
a general -- with enough guns he can
become a power in northern Mexico --
my guess is Pike will try and get
them for him.

HARRIGAN

The train will be guarded by regular
troops!!

THORNTON

Not regulars -- green recruits and not
worth a damn! I'll need twenty trained
men -- not recruits or this gutter trash
you've given me.

HARRIGAN

You'll get the job done with what you
have -- that's our bargain.
(then looking at the
calendar)
Twenty-four days.

INT. STEAM HUT - DAY

AN ANCIENT WOMAN POURS A BUCKET OF WATER ONTO THE STONES IN
CONTINUED.

CENTER OF AN ADOBE STEAM HUT. The structure is about twenty-five feet in diameter with a small open oven in the center surrounded by a great deal of rocks. Light comes in through a tiny hole in the center of the ceiling which also allows smoke to escape.

PIKE, ANGEL AND DUTCH are sitting on a bench against one wall. Angel has been cleaned up, but looks beaten.

SYKES IS IN ONE CORNER, thoroughly enjoying himself.

The men are all nude and stark white against the mud color of the walls. As the woman exits, Dutch stands and empties a bucket of water over himself and the others. They all gasp with relief. All have towels around their waists and none are completely sober. Pike's leg is heavily scarred and he is in pain. He stands and drinks, gets closer to the fire, messaging his leg.

DUTCH
I don't see how you stand it!

PIKE
Some day I'm going to build me one of these and live in it.

(then to Angel)
I don't know why I didn't just let him kill you.

ANGEL
(irate)
I'm not going to steal guns for that devil to rob and kill my people again.

DUTCH
Very noble.

SYKES
I didn't see no tears runnin' down your face when you rode in from San Rafael.

ANGEL
(angry)
They were not my people -- nor yours -- I care about my people, my village, Mexico.
ANGEL GETS UP OFF THE BENCH and dumps a bucket of water on his head. Pike looks at Dutch. Both drink from a bottle.

SYKES
Listen, boy, you ride the trail with us your village don't count -- if it does -- you jest don't go along.

ANGEL
Then I don't go along!
PIKE AND DUTCH LOOK AT ANGEL through the steam.

DUTCH
One load of guns isn't going to stop him from raiding villages. You ought to be thinking about all that money you'll have.

PIKE
(expansively)
Take them a large bag of gold when it's over.

DUTCH
A small bag.

PIKE
Move them a thousand miles away and buy them a ranch -- two -- three, ranches.

DUTCH
One -- a very small ranch.

ANGEL
They'll never leave...You see, it's their land -- and no one will ever drive them away.

SYKES
(solemly)
I'll drink to that sentiment -- and to love --

(singing softly)
But when all is said and done --
I'll drink to -- gold.

Salud!

CUT TO:

INT. BODEGO - NIGHT

IT IS LONG AND NARROW AND SHADOWY and Lyle, Tector and their two ladies are exploring it very carefully and with great dignity -- candles in hand.

LYLE
The dons of Spain built this some three hundred years ago --

He belches, then looks about in awe at the huge casks.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

TECTOR

I'm all for them don's.

TECTOR SUDDENLY SWINGS A MATTOX ON TO a six foot cask which rests on top of two others of equal height, it bounces out of his hand. He draws his gun and fires as does Lyle. Liquid gushes down.

LYLE STEPS UNDER IT, lifts his face, drinks, then drags his lady beside him.

LYLE
(as the torrent pours over them removing his hat)

Have a dollop, honey -- there's enough here for both of us.

And she does, tasting the good wine, laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAM HUT - NIGHT

PIKE AND DUTCH EXCHANGE LOOKS AND HAVE ANOTHER DRINK. AS ANGEL PALES. Both are ready to write Angel off and forget about the problem.

ANGEL

Would you give someone a gun to kill your mother, or your father, or your brother?

DUTCH LOOKS AT PIKE. Pike thinks it over. Both have another pull on the bottle.

PIKE

Son -- twenty thousand cuts a lot of family ties.

ANGEL

No -- you gringos are no different. I have seen how Lyle takes care of his brother.

He takes the bottle, drinks, then throws it on the rocks.

CONTINUED
ANGEL (CONT'D)

My people don't have guns so Mapache takes the food out of their mouths and clothes off their backs. With guns my village could fight. If I could take guns to my people I would go with you -- but not just for gold.

THE MEN ARE MOMENTARILY SILENT. Angel lifts a bucket of water, spills part of it on his head, passes it to Sykes who drinks a little of the water, spits it out, puts the bucket down, pours two bottles of tequila into it, drinks again -- smiles, passes it to Angel, who drinks and passes it on.

DUTCH
(drinking)
All we'd need is for El Mapache to find out we armed some village...

SYKES
Let him find out. Mr. Bishop --
(as Pike looks at him)
You know as well as I there ain't no way of collecting from Mapache 'cept off a lot of dead bodies -- mostly ours, the way he thinks.

Pike considers this -- looks at the old man, finally nods.

ANGEL
I would take guns... if Mapache found out, you would say I stole them.

DUTCH
How many cases of rifles did Zamorra say were in that shipment?

PIKE
Twenty.

DUTCH
Give him one.
PIKE
(after a long moment)
You can have one case and one case of
ammo. You'll give up your share of the
gold.

DUTCH
He'll have to show up with us when we
deliver...

ANGEL
I will!

PIKE
(softly)
I know you will...

Then they all turn as:

TECTOR AND LYLE AND THEIR LADIES enter, somewhat wet and
stained with wine.

LYLE
(awkwardly)
I'd like you to meet my fiancee.

TECTOR
(tears in his eyes)
They just got engaged.

FOR A MOMENT THE GROUP is frozen, looking at the bride to
be, her bridesmaid and the best man and groom, then all
stand together and bow.

PIKE
Pleasure, Ma'am.

ANGEL
Tanto gusto, senorita.

DUTCH
Mucho gusto, senorita.

SYKES
(softly to himself)
Son of a bitch.
(then)
Trot them on in, boys -- I'm hell on
packin' mules, but I'm a delight with
a pretty girl.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

Tector and Lyle and their girls look at him as both Pike and Dutch nearly fall off the bench, laughing too hard to drink their health as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROKEN DESERT AREA (DEEP ARROYO) - DAY

PIKE AND DUTCHE ARE RIDING AHEAD OF A LARGE WAGON (LOADED WITH BARRELS) DRIVEN BY SYKES. The others are riding behind. The walls of the arroyo tower above the men. Pike is tense in the saddle as the pain in his leg becomes almost unbearable.

DUTCH
You never told me how you got all tore up like that...

PIKE
I met a woman I wanted to marry...

Pike grins a little at what now seems an absurd thought.

SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE SCENE IS PIKE IN JUAREZ:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

PIKE COMES IN THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR WITH AN ARM LOAD of groceries and too much to drink.

AURORA STANDS WAITING FOR HIM. She is very beautiful and very angry.

Buenas noches mi amor.

Aurora swings and catches him full handed across the face, the groceries scatter on the floor -- Pike bounces off the wall, looks at her, tries to grin.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

AURORA

No, never. You are late. Two days late.

Pike is startled by this, starts to protest, realizes it is true, tries to make apologies. Aurora turns and stalks off.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

PIKE IS SHOVING POTS AND PANS AROUND, attempting to cook dinner, while Aurora sits watching stony faced until he turns away, then she can hardly keep from giggling.

AURORA

(finally)

You need help?

PIKE

No!!

He picks up a pan with a hot handle, drops it, spilling hot stew or soup on his foot, hops around cursing looking at the shambles on the stove and on the floor.

AURORA STANDS LOOKING AT HIM WITH LOVE, then smiling softly crosses to the side-board and pours him a drink. He takes it, suddenly both are laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

PIKE AND AURORA STAND IN THE SEMIDARKNESS SLOWLY DISROBING. Suddenly Pike embraces her and pulls her to the bed. They begin to make love, then:

THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN AND LUKE, a skinny bad mouthed Texan steps into the room, a double barreled shot gun in his hands ready to fire.

AURORA SCREAMS and throws herself in front of Pike. Luke fires, the charge killing her as Pike dives out of bed --leaping for his gun on a nearby table.

LUKE FIRES AGAIN, the blast catching Pike across the thigh and knee. Pike goes down. Luke crosses to the bed and sits watching him writhing almost bleeding to death on the floor.
EXT. DESERT - DAY (DAWN EFFECT)

A TRAIN CHUGS ACROSS THE FLAT STRETCH of desert. The small steam locomotive pushes a flatbed and pulls a succession of three cars.

Another flat, a passenger and a cattle. The train moves toward the only object in sight:

A RICKETY TRACKSIDE WATER TOWER AND MAINTENANCE SHOP

AEM of the car, the rail...

IN FRONT OF THE ENGINE TWO ARMY ORDINANCE GUARDS RIDE ON THE FLAT car, wearily checking the track for obstructions.

ON THE SECOND FLAT CAR TWO MORE ARMED GUARDS sit on crates of weapons and ammunition, gazing at the passing scenery.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

THORNTON AND NINE OTHER BOUNTY HUNTERS SLOUCHED ON THE WOODEN BENCHES. WIDE AWAKE.
AT THE REAR OF THE CAR, A DOZEN VERY YOUNG ARMY RECRUITS are sprawled across the seats near their beefy first sergeant, FRANK MC HALE, who is snoring loudly.

INT. CATTLE CAR — DAY

THE CATTLE CAR IS LOADED WITH THE HORSES OF THE SOLDIERS AND THE BOUNTY HUNTERS.

The soldiers' horses are roach-maneled and unsaddled.

At one end of the car, the railroad livestock man is asleep on a pile of straw, an empty jug at his side. The animals of the bounty hunters are standing saddled, with the cinches loosened.

INT. PASSENGER CAR — DAY

THE TRAIN SLOWS AND A FEW OF THE SOLDIERS lift their heads and look out the windows.

Seeing nothing but the vast empty plain, they quickly resume their slumber.

INT. PASSENGER CAR

A RICKETY WATER TOWER AND TINY maintenance shack -- no horses, wagons, nothing.

INT. PASSENGER CAR

THORNTON TURNS back to his seat.

EXT. TRAIN — DAY

THE ENGINE PULLS TO A STOP UNDER THE RICKETY TOWER. THE FIREMAN CLIMBS OUT OF THE CAB AND INTO THE TENDER. He reaches up and grabs the lanyard and lowers the spout.

THE FIREMAN FINDS HIMSELF GAZING DIRECTLY INTO THE BARREL OF A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN: HELD BY ANGEL. The fireman gasps and takes a step back.

ANGEL SLIDES OFF THE SPOUT AND ONTO the tender. He covers the fireman and the two men crew. The crew turns and Angel smiles and puts his finger to his lips, then gestures. The fireman and the crew begin to take on water.
PIKE, DUTCH AND LYLE step out from behind the maintenance shack and climb swiftly onto the tender. Pike slips toward the engine compartment.

DUTCH TURNS TOWARDS THE GUARDS ON THE flat car behind the engine.

LYLE SCRAMBLES AROUND THE ENGINE TO HANDLE the two men on the flat car in front.

DUTCH LOOKS DOWN AT THE GUARDS ON THE SECOND FLAT CAR. THEY ARE LOUNGING WITH THE GUNS SEVERAL FEET AWAY. He whistles and they look up. While he covers them:

ANGEL CLIMBS DOWN from the tender onto the flat car over the crates toward the coupling joining the flat to the passenger car.

ON THE FRONT FLAT CAR the two guards turn, freeze as Lyle moves around the front of the engine and whistles, his shotgun covering them.

IN THE CAB, PIKE IS STANDING WITH his hand on the throttle looking up at Dutch.

AT THE COUPLING ANGEL GRABS THE PIN and starts to pull on it.

IN THE CAB PIKE WATCHES DUTCH, WHO WAVES HIS HAND, motioning Pike to ease the train back. Pike's hand moves on the throttle.

THE COUPLING MOVES SLIGHTLY AND ANGEL LIFTS THE PIN.

INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

THORNTON FROWNS AS THE CAR moves slightly. He stands, and walks toward the front of the car. Through the window on the door, he sees:

ANGEL SCRAMBLING OVER THE CRATES TOWARDS THE TENDER.
THORNTON DUCKS BACK AND STARTS TO DRAW HIS gun, pauses and turns back into the car. Silently he gestures to the bounty hunters.

The soldiers in the back of the car continue to sleep as Thornton and his men move past them toward the horse car.

REACHING THE SERGEANT, still snoring loudly, Thornton hesitates, then decides against it and enters the horse car.

IN THE CAB, PIKE EASES THE THROTTLE FORWARD.

THE ENGINE AND TENDER AND FLAT CAR PULL" SLOWLY away from the passenger and cattle car.

THE GAP IS BECOMING LARGER BETWEEN THE PASSENGER CAR AND THE FLAT CAR WHEN DUTCH SEES:

A MAN JUMPING A HORSE OUT OF THE CATTLE CAR. It is one of the bounty hunters. Another horse quickly follows. Dutch turns and yells.

DUTCH

They're coming!

GORCH ON FRONT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE WHIRLS AROUND and looks back for an instant as Dutch yells. The two guards jump for their weapons. Lyle turns back, watches them, then kills both as they pick up their rifles.

IN THE CAB, PIKE POOURS ON THE COAL.

STEAM POOURS OUT OF THE CYLINDERS AND THE WHEELS SPIN ON THE RAILS.

AS THE WHEELS GAIN TRACTION AND THE TRAIN LURCHES FORWARD, DUTCH PITCHES FORWARD, FALLING OVER THE EDGE BETWEEN THE TENDER AND THE FLAT CAR, turning in the air, catching the tender with his hands and his feet precariously balanced on the coupling.

OVER THE RAILS, DUTCH HANGS ONTO THE IRON HAND GRIP ON THE BACK OF THE TENDER. His feet are bracing him on the bouncing coupling. He is inches above the rail.
ON THE FLAT CAR THE TWO GUARDS SCRAMBLE OVER THE CASES AND GRAB THEIR GUNS. They start forward.

DUTCH LETS GO and, hanging on with one hand, manages to get his gun out of the holster. He fires blindly over the edge.

IN THE CAB, PIKE AND ANGEL WHIRL at the sound of the shot. Pike instantly kicks the engineer and fireman out of the cab, then turns to climb onto the tender.

ANGEL (ahead of him)
Yo voy!

Pike hesitates, then turns back to the throttle.

DUTCH DUCKS AS SHOTS FROM THE GUARD splinter wood near his face. He is barely able to hang on and is slipping down closer to the rails.

EXT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

SOLDIERS ARE POURING OUT OF THE PASSENGER CAR WATCHING:

IN THE DISTANCE THE TRAIN AND THE PURSUING BOUNTY HUNTERS. Hurriedly, they enter the cattle car.

INT. CATTLE CAR - DAY

AS THEY REMOVE THEIR HORSES, SOME TRYING to resaddle in the car.

EXT. TRAIN COUPLING

DUTCH PULLS THE TRIGGER AND HIS .45 clicks empty.

THE GUARDS EDGE FORWARD TO FINISH HIM.

ANGEL FIRES AND ONE GUARD DROPS SCREAMING OFF THE FLAT CAR. The other guard panics and scrambles back over the crates. A second shot catches him in the small of the back, hurling him over the edge of the car.

ANGEL RUSHES FORWARD, and bracing himself on a stanchion, grabs Dutch by the jacket and pulls him aboard.
EXT. LIVESTOCK CAR - DAY

THE RECRUITS ARE SCRAMBLING around outside the car. Some are climbing in through the open door. Inside the horses can be heard kicking and neighing.

SGT. MCGHALE
(screaming)
Order! Dammit!...Corporal, get those men out of that car...get the animals out!

(then, looking off)
Corporal -- ride back to the telegraph at Todos Malos and tell 'em that Pinkerton gang has robbed the train and we are in pursuit!

As the corporal mounts and rides off, the sergeant continues to watch:

THE TRAIN ROLLS OFF INTO THE DISTANCE FOLLOWED BY THE BOUNTY HUNTERS.

THORNTON LEADING HIS MEN IS ABOUT a mile and a half behind the train.

THE TRAIN NEARS A WAGON ROAD WITH A NARROW BRIDGE THAT CROSSES IT AND SUDDENLY the wheels lock. With a shower of sparks it slides to a stop beside:

A LARGE WAGON ON THE RIVER SIDE OF THE CROSSING. The bandits scramble off the train and begin loading cases of guns onto the waiting wagon. Sykes and Tector Gorch assist them. The wagon is directly beside the car and the unloading is very rapid.

PIKE CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE CAB WATCHING:

THE CLOUD OF DUST OF THE APPROACHING BOUNTY HUNTERS. He yells down to the men:

PIKE
Get the guns off and get on out of here!

He turns and scrambles down inside the cab.

Outside the men quickly finish loading and the wagon pulls up alongside the cab.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

DUTCH

We're ready!

PIKE

Not yet — I want to return a favor.

He yanks the throttle into reverse and jumps off the locomotive onto the wagon.

THE HEAVILY LOADED WAGON WINDS DOWN A STEEL TRAIL INTO THE CANYON BESIDE THE SMALL RICKETY BRIDGE.

In the b.g., the train picks up speed heading back towards the scene of the robbery.

THE BANDITS PULL THE WAGON UP BESIDE THE RIVER BANK WHERE THEY HAVE PRE-RIGGED A CABLE CROSSING.

In perfect order Dutch and Angel begin attaching the ropes to the tongue of the wagon as Sykes unhitches.

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS RIDE THEIR HORSES DOWN A STEEP SLOPE AS THE TRAIN RUSHES PAST.

WITH ANGEL LEADING, THE HORSES ARE PULLED into the river. Large barrels on the side of the wagon serve as floatation gear. The current catches it and begins to swing it on the rope downstream and across the river.

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS ARE RAPIDLY CLOSING THE GAP. In the distance they can see the bandits, now in mid-stream.

OUTSIDE THE CATTLE CAR, RECRUITS ARE LINED UP saddling their horses.

INSIDE, THREE OF THEM ARE STILL CHASING THEIR PANICKY HORSES AROUND.
OUTSIDE, A SOLDIER YELLS:

SOLDIER
Sergeant! They're coming back...
Look!

THE ENGINE IS ROARING TOWARD THEM FROM THE DISTANCE.

MC HALE is
(realizing what happening)
Get those horses away from the car!
Get them out of there!

INSIDE THE CAR, THE MEN HAVE CAUGHT AND SADDLED ONE HORSE. Which is now bucking, the saddle hanging under its belly. The other rears as the Sergeant yells again.

MC HALE is coming!

And it is at about forty miles an hour. The Sergeant turns and runs.

INSIDE THE MEN RUSH FOR THE DOOR.

ON THE TRACK THE ENGINE SLAMS INTO THE CARS.

IN THE CATTLE CAR, HORSES AND MEN ARE HURLED AROUND IN THE CAR by the impact.

THE HORSES REHITCHED, PIKE AND THE OTHERS WORK TO FREE THE WAGON BOGGED IN THE MUD ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE RIVER.

ON THE OPPOSITE BANK, THE BOUNTY HUNTERS PULL UP AND BEGIN FIRING.

ANGEL, LIGHTING A BIG CIGAR MOVES AWAY FROM PIKE AND THE OTHERS.

PIKE ROPES ONTO THE WAGON FROM the front and pulls with his horse.

SYKES IS IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT AND DUTCH is next to him, lying prone on the wagon returning the fire of the bounty hunters.
LYLE AND TECTOR ON HORSEBACK SPUR up to the wagon.

PIKE

Get on those rear wheels! ...

The Gorch brothers scramble down into knee-deep water and begin to push.

DUTCH AIMS AND FIRES.

A MAN STAGGERS OUT from half cover and drops to his knees.

DUTCH FIRES AGAIN and another man drops. The bounty hunters back up and hunt better cover.

THORNTON SPURS FOR THE SHAKY BRIDGE.

ANGEL, HIDDEN IN THE BRUSH AT THE FAR END OF THE BRIDGE... puffs on the cigar watching Thornton.

THREE FUSES ARE IN HIS HAND. HE LIGHTS ONE WITH HIS CIGAR.

IN THE RIVER BELOW THE BRIDGE, PIKE AND HIS MEN PUSH AND heave against the wagon slowly moving it up onto the bank. Then:

SEEING THORNTON STARTING ACROSS THE BRIDGE, PIKE raises his rifle but the range is far and the wagon has begun to move.

THORNTON FORCES his terrified animal across the tottering structure, then whirls as a bullet whines past his head. The shot has come from behind. Above and through the trees he can see:

THE CAVALRY DISMOUNTING AND CONTINUING to fire.

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS WHIRL around and return the fire.

(cheering)

Don't shoot! ...It's the army, you idiots!

But his words are drowned out in a volley of firing. Some of the soldiers start for the bridge. Three or four of the bounty hunters quickly mount and spur on to the bridge after Thornton.
THORNTON FORCES HIS animal forward, stops, recognizing:

PIKE AT THE WAGON. PIKE looks at him a moment, then yells at his men and pulls the wagon up out of the mud and labors up the slope.

ANGEL WATCHES THE FUSE BURNING under the bridge toward the far banks where the bounty hunters are beginning to fall back to the water:

THORNTON FOLLOWED BY THREE OTHER BOUNTY HUNTERS rides forward.

Angel lights the remaining two fuses, mounts and spurs after Pike and the wagon.

SOME OF THE BOUNTY HUNTERS PUSH THEIR HORSES DOWN THE SLOPE TOWARD THE WATER AWAY FROM THE SOLDIERS, who led by McHale, are closely flanking them. The firing is general now.

THE WAGON GOES UP THE RIM OF A GULLY, then down the other side and out of sight.

IN THE COVER OF THE GULLY, DUTCH AND THE GORCH BROTHERS mount up and follow Sykes up the gully.

PIKE TURNS HIS HORSE, SPURS BACK THE WAY HE CAME. At the top pulls up as Angel joins him. Both turn, watch as:

FIVE STICKS OF DYNAMITE GO OFF in the shallow water on the far side of the river among the bounty hunters.

Horses go down, men are thrown into the river. It is a shambles. A few bounty hunters struggle downstream.

THORNTON, TWO THIRDS ACROSS THE BRIDGE pulls up, looks back as do the three bounty hunters behind him, then at:

THE DISTANT FIGURES OF PIKE AND ANGEL. Pike lifts his hat in a mocking salute.


PIKE WATCHES WITHOUT EXPRESSION. ANGEL GRINS WITH SATISFACTION. Finally both turn and ride after the wagon followed by scattered ineffective shots of the soldiers.

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE RIVER, MC HALE STOPS A GROUP OF SOLDIERS from following on horseback.

MC HALE

Halt...! Halt dammit!
That is Mexico -- and we can't
 go there -- not yet.
EXT. BOUNTY HUNTERS' CAMP (RIVER AREA) - DAY (SUNSET EFFECT)

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THORNTON HAVE RE-
GROUPED ON THE MEXICAN SIDE OF THE RIVER, still wet and dazed
from the river. A huge mesquite wood fire is burning in the
centre of camp and several men have placed boots and articles
of clothing around it. Three horses, unsaddled, are tied to
a picket line in the b.g.

T.C.
Sure would like to get ahold of my fool horse.

COOPER
Some Mex kid's probably ridin' him home
right now.

JESS
I don't see how I could'a lost both my
boots! ...They always was hard as hell
to get on but that little ole river just
sucked 'em right off!

T.C.
That little ole dynamite helped some.

ROSS
They was waiting for us.

COOPER
Dollars to doughnuts that same kid
that's ridin' T.C.'s horse is wearing
your boots right now.

JESS THINKS: THIS OVER, THEN REACHES QUICKLY FOR HIS SHIRT
EXTENDED ON A POLE TOWARDS THE FIRE, WHICH HAS BEGUN TO BURN.
He drops it onto the sand and stamps on it. The men watch,
silent, but slightly amused.

T.C.
What do you reckon we ought'a do now?
...Go back?...Them soldiers was shooting
at us.

JESS
You see Thornton!... I never did see him
come up!

T.C.
See him!... I was with him! But I never
seen him come up either.

COOPER
If you're asking me, I think we ought'a
go after them bandits and make that swim
worth something.

CONTINUED
ROSS
(the fourth
bounty hunter)
I'd like to take some good pelts
back... or at least maybe steal
something down here.

T.C.
Why go back at all -- just rob
every Mex we see.

COFFER
You don't know this country -- step
out of line and every Mex you see will
be shooting your ass full of holes.

T.C.
Well, I'm sure as hell going to steal
me a horse!

THORNTON IS STANDING ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING looking at
the men around the fire. He is tired and has obviously ridden
a long way and shows the effects of the explosion: ripped
clothes, a bloody gash on his face -- a twisted knee that is
bad enough to make him limp through the remainder of the film.

THORNTON
Steal us some grub -- I got the
horses.

THE MEN WHIRL AROUND AT THE sound of Thornton's voice.

T.C.
Hey... you find my horse?

ROSS
We thought the dynamite must've got
you or them soldiers.

JESS
Or that damned river.

THORNTON
"Them soldiers" are going to get us all
if they ever get the chance... Who
started firing at them?

The men look at one another momentarily.

CONTINUED
COPPER

(lying)
Well, Old Huey started firing up at 'em. I even tried to stop him...
Then one of them bandits nailed him from across the river.

ROSS
Them soldiers started shooting first!

Thornton, without answering, steps to the fire.

THORNTON
How many rifles? And how much ammunition?

AD LIB
(as they look)
Got mine...damn little...twelve rounds...I'm clean...44's but no 30's...40 round - lost mine.

THORNTON
We'll use what we got.

COFFER
Are we going after them?

THORNTON
We are! -- unless you'd like to go back and face a firing squad.

JESS
(whinning)
How, in hell am I goin' to fight without boots?

THORNTON
Your problem.
(then)
Saddle up -- we're riding out.

In the b.g., a horse whinnies as the men look at him dumb-founded.

JESS
Now...?

THORNTON
Now!!

And they jump as we:

CUT TO:
EXT. ROUGH COUNTRY NEAR (THE RIVER) - DAY (SUNSET EFFECT)

DUTCH IS EXAMINING THE HOOF OF ONE OF THE WAGON HORSES. PIKE is beside him. Sykes is still on the reins, Angel is sitting on the cases of guns. The Gorch brothers are both riding horses on either side. Dutch looks up, shakes his head.

PIKE:
Lyle! ...Put your horse in the traces!

LYLE HANDS A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY TO TECTOR and nudges his horse forward. As he swings off, it is obvious that he is a little drunk.

PIKE:
And you better dry out -- we got no cause to celebrate.

TECTOR
Well, we got all them guns, Pike.

PIKE
And we got a hell of a long way to go with a considerable number of people just waiting to take 'em away.

LYLE AND DUTCH BEGIN PUTTING LYLE'S HORSE INTO THE TRACES.

SYKES
Where's the General supposed to meet us?

PIKE
Agua Verde -- or before -- and when he does, don't look for no open arms.

DUTCH
What about Thornton and them others?

PIKE
Last I saw he was ridin' four sticks of dynamite into the river.

SYKES
Don't count on him stayin' there. (as Pike looks at him)
You know him -- I know him -- he'll be along.

PIKE
(after a long moment)
Yeah -- he'll be along.
HE CROSSES SLOWLY TO HIS HORSE, his weariness showing, puts his foot in the stirrup, hesitates.

THE GROUP WATCHES SILENTLY.

PIKE STEPS UP INTO THE SADDLE, the pain twisting his face. For a long moment no one moves, then:

LYLE PULLS A BOTTLE out of his jumper, hands it to Pike. Pike drinks, hands it to Sykes who drinks, hands it to Angel who drinks, hands it with a touch of a smile to Tector who hesitates, then half grins himself; drinks and hands it to Lyle. Lyle looks at the bottle, upends it over his mouth, a few drops spill out into his mouth, looks at the bottle in disbelief, tosses it gently aside.

LYLE
(to Pike, simply)
It'll be a cold day in hell 'fore I do that again.

And suddenly they are all laughing.

PIKE
Let's move.

And they do, still chuckling as we:

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN RAILROAD STATION - DAY (SUNSET EFFECT)

A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR SNAPS AWAKE as a message comes over the wire. As the machine clicks, he diligently writes the message. When he is finished he hands it to JUAN, a small boy who is dressed in a poorly fitting uniform.

OPERATOR
Por el generalísimo! Andale!

The boy runs out of the building and into the street.

EXT. MEXICAN RAILROAD STATION - DAY

MANY UNIFORMED SOLDIERS ARE DEPLOYED AROUND THE TRAIN while they load horses into old boxcars -- also loading are:
WOUNDED SOLDIERS, MAPACHE’S CAR AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND OTHER CIVILIANS who are part of Mapache’s encampment. Most climb on top of the box cars where they set up housekeeping... building fires, cooking food — ignoring the sporadic rifle fire that is beginning to grow in volume as:

THIRTY OR FORTY BIG HATTED REVOLUTIONARIES probe for the weakness of Mapache’s position at the railroad station.

Note: Mapache’s soldiers show signs of having recently suffered a beating and it is obvious that they are retreating.

JUAN RACES FROM THE OFFICE THROUGH THE SOLDIERS TOWARD THE END OF THE TRAIN where:

MAPACHE STANDS LOOKING OVER THE NEARBY HILLS with field glasses. Beside him are his lieutenants, one MAYOR (PEREZ), the two Germans and ten or twelve soldiers. One soldier is hit and falls dying.

PEREZ
Mi general -- tenemos que irnos!

Por favor.

ZAMORRA

Mapache ignores them.

Juan, rushing toward Mapache, almost falls as Herrera jerks him to a halt.

JUAN
(officiously)
Telegrama de San Antonio para su excelencia, el general. (A telegram from San Antonio for his excellency, the General.)

HERRERA
(reaching for the message)
Yo lo llevo!

JUAN PULLS IT AWAY. HERRERA GRINS, and understanding his wish to deliver it personally, steps aside. Juan runs to Mapache, skids to a halt and salutes.

JUAN
Mi General... telegrama de San Antonio.

The general returns the salute solemnly and opens the paper, reads it.

MAPACHE
Los gringos se robaron el tren!

CONTINUED
Mohr smiles. Mapache is obviously pleased. He looks up at the Germans.

**MAPACHE**
The gringos take the guns...

**MOHR**
Sie haben die Geware gestolen!

**ERNST**
Ach so!...Gut --
(patting Mapache on the shoulder)
Sehr gut. mein General!

**MOHR**
(indicating the approaching Villistas)
It is important this news be kept from Villa until the guns are in our hands.

**ZAMORRA**
(beginning to panic as the firing grows heavier)
We must go!

**MAPACHE**
(shouting towards the mountain in Spanish)
The next time I will destroy you --
(turning to Herrera; in Spanish)
Send men immediately to meet the guns on the road to Agua Verde -- take possession and return here.

**HERRERA**
And if the gringos object --?

**MAPACHE**
(simply)
Kill them.
MOHR
(in English)
My General -- if they are successful in this venture possibly they can be useful in others.

Mapache thinks this over, turns to Herrera. Nearby another man is hit and falls.

MAPACHE
(in Spanish)
Bring them back with you -- overcome their objections -- reason with them -- convince them of our good intentions.

HERRERA (in Spanish)
And if they still object?

MAPACHE (in Spanish)
Kill them!

HERRERA SALUTES AND LEAVES. Mapache gestures and the others quickly jump aboard the train. Mapache is the last, looking back at the hills with hatred as the Villistas charge and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCKY HILL NEAR BROKEN ARROYO COUNTRY - DAY

DUTCH IS LYING PRONE BEHIND SOME ROCKS trying a paper cone over the front of a pair of U.S. Army binoculars. Pike stands beside him. With the cone adjusted he rolls over and looks out across the valley plain broken with arroyos.

DUTCH
Still heading east.

PIKE
Are they bluffing or did they really miss it?

DUTCH
I'd say they missed it.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS THE BOUNTY HUNTERS ARE WINDING ACROSS THE ARROYOS
DUTCH AND PIKE SNAKE BACK FROM THE LIP OF THE ROCKY hill that dominates the area.

THE WAGON IS BELOW THEM hidden in a gully. The other men are lounging underneath it. Pieces of brush are tied behind the rear wheels of the wagon to brush away the trail. Pike and Dutch stand and move back toward the wagon.

DUTCH
Only five left — didn't figure them to come down after us. How much can we be worth?

PIKE
A lot depends on how hungry they are...

(then)
You stay up there and look for big hats...I'm going to start rigging the fireworks.

Dutch turns, crawls back and lifts the glasses. Pike walks down near the wagon and prods Angel, who is sleeping, with his boot.

PIKE
I need some help.

ANGEL QUICKLY GETS TO HIS FEET and follows Pike to the wagon. Pike reaches into a box near the seat and removes a piece of fuse.

PIKE
Get that case of explosives near the back.

Angel climbs on the wagon. Lyle, hearing him, crawls out from underneath. His brother also awakens and starts moving around. Sykes, hat over his eyes, looks up but doesn't move.

LYLE
Whatta you want with the dynamite?

PIKE
Protection.

(as they look at him)
I figure the General will plan to collect without payment, then kill us if we have any objections. The only reason he might change his mind is if something could happen to these guns.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

There is a noise off screen and they both look up.

TECTOR AND LYLE, using the heavy-bladed Bowie knives, have pried open the strange shaped box. Lyle, his eyes bright, reaches in.

TECTOR

Pike -- take a look --

LYLE STRUGGLES, LIFTS UP A MACHINE GUN OF THE PERIOD.

LYLE

You know how to work one of these things?

Pike stands, then grins a little and crosses to the wagon.

PIKE

Whatever I don't know, I'm going to learn.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS NOW IN AN AREA OF BADLANDS have stopped on a small rise and are looking out over miles of the same type of country.

JESS

I don't know how we lost 'em except maybe in that big valley where the ground was so hard.

COFFER

There wasn't but one way they could have taken a wagon out of there, this here is it.

THORNTON

They didn't take it out...

T.C.

We ain't gonna make it too much further without something to eat.

CONTINUED
A SERIES OF ANGLES

Showing the wagon moving into a deep arroyo. Pike is now driving.

EXT. BOTTOM OF DEEP ARROYO

SYKES IS AT THE REINS OF THE WAGON, PIKE BESIDE HIM. The horses are at a walk. Angel, Dutch are mounted, the Gorch brothers are lying on top of the wagon, one on each side of a bulky tarp-covered object.

PIKE
(looking off)

HOLD UP!

TWENTY MEXICAN SOLDIERS RIDING OUT FROM A BEND IN THE ARROYO SOME DISTANCE AWAY. Seeing the wagon, they pull up.

PIKE SLIDES INTO THE FRONT SEAT NEXT TO SYKES. Without a word, Sykes lights his cheroot and Pike reaches behind him and takes the end of a fuse.

Angel and Dutch let their rifles drift over.

DUTCH
Mapache's?

PIKE
Just hope they don't belong to Villa.

HERREÑA, THE LEADER OF THE MEXICANS, WALKS HIS HORSE A FEW steps forward and waves his hand.

(Note: He speaks English, but badly, very badly)

HERREÑA
Hola!...We are friends...We are from el generalismo Mapache!

PIKE
Tell that one in front to come over here...Alone!

DUTCH
Oye! Jefe, ven tu solito!

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

The Mexican turns to his companions for a short discourse. Then he turns and rides toward the men on the wagon.

**HERRERA**

I coming...we are friends...
all of us...I bring love and affection from el general --
We are comrades -- you and he
-- all of us.

PIKE, DUTC\H AND THE OTHERS watch silently as he rides up to the wagon.

HERRERA STOPS AND REMOVES HIS HAT, smiles, looks at the heavily loaded wagon.

**HERRERA**

Que bueno---What bravery you have to have done this magnificent act for the liberty of Mexico.

Angel laughs, spits, Herrera looks at him for a moment, smiles, shrugs, turns to Pike.

**HERRERA**

I am to escort you to the general.

NOBODY ANSWERS AND NONE OF THE GUNS pointed at him are lowered, he seems undisturbed.

**HERRERA**

Tell me what is you wish?

PIKE LIFTS THE END OF THE FUSE

**PIKE**

(to Dutch)
Tell him to come closer!

**HERRERA**

I hear -- I am coming, my friend.
HERRERA STILL GRINNING BROADLY edges his horse closer to the wagon. Pike holds the burning end of the cheroot about an inch from the fuse.

HERRERA SEES THE FUSE AND QUICKLY follows it back to the wagon with his eyes.

THE WHOLE WAGON IS RIGGED TO BLOW, dynamite and fuse all over it.

PIKE LIFTS THE CHEROOT AND THE FUSE

PIKE

You see this?

He tickles the end of the fuse with the dead ash on his cigar.

HERRERA

Quidado!

PIKE

It's a very fast fuse...any trouble and no guns for the general.

Herrera is solemn as he ponders for a moment, then begins to smile.

HERRERA

Hey!...very smart!!! That's very smart for you damn gringos... So nobody can rob the guns!

PIKE

Nobody!...nunca nadie!

DUTCH

(after a moment)
Don't you think you should tell your soldiers?

The Mexican makes a face as if he doesn't understand.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

HERRERA

Why? I am not afraid...they
are not afraid -- you blow up
the wagon you die -- or we
kill you pretty soon -- but
we are amigos --

PIKE

(quietly)

Now.

DUTCH

Show him!

TECTOR AND LYLE JERK THE TARP OFF THE MACHINE GUN. Lyle
arms it.

HERRERA LOOKS AT THE GUN and his eyes widen. He turns.

HERRERA

Oyen muchachos!...Tienen la
caretta como bomba con unhisible!
...y machina!!

Still smiling he turns back to Pike and Dutch.

HERRERA

El general waits en Agua Verde... to meet with you.

PIKE

Go on back and tell the General
that one of us will be there
tomorrow for the trade...any
trouble -- no guns?

Herrera takes one last look at the guns then he wheels his
horse and rides off.
375  PIKE TURNS TO THE OTHERS AS THEY begin to relax.

       "PIKE
This isn't over yet!"

376  HERRERA RIDES HIS HORSE TO THE BEND IN THE RIVER then,
reaching his men, reins his horse up and turns him around.
He whistles loudly and calls out:

       HERRERA
Muchachos...

377  FIFTY SOLDIERS FROM HIDDEN POSITIONS ON TOP OF BOTH sides of
the arroyo ride out and look down.

378  BEHIND THE WAGON 30 MORE APPEAR, STOP.

       HERRERA
(after a moment, laughing)
Vamos!

All the soldiers whirl and ride away.

379  PIKE AND THE MEN breathe a sigh of relief as the Mexicans
ride off.

       PIKE
(to Angel and Dutch)
Ride ahead a hundred yards and check
the washes...
(to Tector)
You and I will cover the flanks --
(to Lyle)
Keep on the gun -- watch the rim.

       SYKES
(as Pike steps off the
wagon)
Give me that cigar --
(as Pike does)
Anything moves, I blow her sky high.

       LYLE
(sitting up)
Listen, old man --!

       PIKE
(grinning at Sykes)
I'll tell you when --

CUT TO:
380  EXT. BLUFF - DAY

THORNTON, COFFER AND T.C. are down behind some rocks.
Thornton is looking DOWN THE ARROYO with binoculars while
Coffer covers the glasses with his hat.

THORNTON
Movin' fast -- looks like they bluffed
off about 50 federales --
{then sliding back}
Why due east?
{as Coffer shrugs}
Well, let's go find out.

T.C.
{trying to conceal his hate}
Beggin' your pardon, Mr. Thornton --
but our stock needs water and grain --
and so do we.

THORNTON
{after a moment}
I don't give a damn about you -- but
I do about the stock.

He turns and slides down the bluff. Coffer and T.C. look at
each other, then follow.

EXT. BANDITS' CAMP - NIGHT

381-382  ANGEL, CROUCHING NEAR THE WHEEL OF THE WAGON RESPONDS
SUDDENLY TO AN OWL'S CALL. He arises and crosses to Pike,
who is sitting near a tree with a rifle across his lap.
There is no fire, but enough moonlight to see.

ANGEL
My people are here for the guns.

Pike looks at him then looks around the camp.

PIKE
Where?

Angel smiles, then turns and calls softly.

ANGEL
Ignacio?...Quien hablas por mi pueblo?

Distinctly Indian voices answer from the surrounding tangled
undergrowth.

VOICES
Si Angeleito...Soy Ignacio -- Ya estamos!
PIKE AND THE OTHERS MOVE INTO COVER, their guns coming out. Lyle in the wagon traverses the machine gun.

ANGEL
(to the others)
They have come for the guns.

DUTCH
We haven't heard from Tector.

PIKE
(from the shadows)
Call 'em in.

ANGEL
Vengan, Muchachos!

THE MEN LOOK AROUND. IT IS STILL, SILENT, NOTHING MOVES, then suddenly:

A PEASANT DRESSED IN WHITE is standing near the thicket. Lyle and Sykes turn.

ANOTHER IS STANDING BEHIND THEM. Then:

THREE MORE ARE CROSSING TO THE WAGON, TECTOR GAGGED AND BOUND BETWEEN THEM. As they enter the clearing, they politely remove their hats. Soon there are five, two of them are leading a small donkey. Angel crosses to them as they group in the center of the clearing. All carry machetes.

PIKE
(his gun out, still hidden in the shadows)
Cut him loose!

ANGEL SPEAKS, LED BY IGNACIO, THEY QUICKLY FREE TECTOR and hand him his weapons with murmured apologies. Tector looks at them, whistles, softly.

TECTOR
Never saw anything like it -- never heard 'em, never saw 'em.

ANGEL
(to Pike)
They apologize and ask you to forgive them for their lack of trust but only by caution do they remain alive --
TECTOR

Hell, I forgive them! I just want to join 'em!

PIKE JOINS DUTCH AND THEY WATCH quietly. They have mistrusted people for so long themselves they can understand mistrust in others. Freddy Sykes laughs softly.

ANGEL AND THE INDIANS cross to the wagon.

ANGEL
(climbing on the wagon)
Llevas una caja de rifles.
(Take a case of rifles.)

PIKE
(crossing to him)
Don't break that fuse...

Angel lifts a crate.

ANGEL
I won't.

Pike looks at Ignacio waiting to take the crate, the man's machete glints in the moonlight.

PIKE
They part of your village?

ANGEL
They are part of the village but not from it -- they are puro indio -- and these mountains belong to them.

PIKE
How long have they been around?

ANGEL
What?

PIKE
How long have they been following us... close?

ANGEL EASES THE RIFLE CRATE DOWN, TWO PEONS TAKE IT. He turns to Ignacio.

ANGEL
Cuanto tiempo nos sigas?
The Indian begins a big explanation in a dialect only Angel understands.

IGNACIO
Desde ante ayer, cuando salieron de la llanura grande. Hey otros grupo de gringos...ellos se fueron a uno Ranchito.

Pike looks at Angel.

ANGEL
They've been with us since we left the big plain...He says those others went to a little Ranch.

DUTCH
(joining them)
Ever see anyone that could sneak around like these?

Angel uncovers a case of munitions and hands it down.

SYKES
They fought 'paches for a thousand years -- that's a sure way to learn.

PIKE
If they ever get armed and led, this whole country'll go up in smoke.

SYKES
(softly)
That it will, son, that it will.

THE INDIANS ROPE THE TWO CASES ON THE BURRO. They work smoothly, each man knowing his job. Angel climbs down off the wagon, murmurs a farewell to Ignacio and the others, and they disappear into the shadows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SQUARE (AGUA VERDE) - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON EFFECT)

THE FUSE BURNS DOWN ON A SKY ROCKET AND THE MISSILE SHOOTS INTO THE AIR AND EXPLODES. A burst of laughter follows.

MAPACHE AND HIS MEN are playing with fireworks while they wait for the guns.
TWO SOLDIERS DRAG FORWARD A PEON (SEEN BEFORE WITH DUTCH IN ANGEL'S VILLAGE). One of them waves aloft a shotgun and tells Mapache that it belonged to the man. Mapache, completely absorbed in lighting a Roman candle, answers without turning.

MAPACHE
Matalo! Pues!...
(Then kill him!)

MAPACHE LIGHTS THE FUSE AS THE TWO SOLDIERS THROW THE MAN down on the ground and shoot him.

As he dies, Mapache lights the Roman candle and shoots it into the air, then at the soldiers who run for cover, revealing:

PIKE RIDING IN THROUGH THE MAIN GATE.

THE GENERAL SEES PIKE AND CROSSES TO HIM IMMEDIATELY, laughing with pleasure. Mohr and the other Germans run to join him as does Zamorra and Herrera.

MAPACHE
Gringo!...You bring the guns!
(shouting to his men)
Ya estan los gringos y las armas!
(The gringos are here with the guns!)
(then noticing the wagon is nowhere in sight)
(to Zamorra)
Donde estan las armas?
Zamorra looks up at Pike.

ZAMORRA
The guns?

PIKE
Don't worry we got 'em...hidden. As soon as I get my share of the gold I'll tell you where four cases are...
$2500 worth...
(then)
The others are waiting at the wagon and unless I return pretty damn quick they blow it.

Zamorra smiles, admiring Pike's caution.
CONTINUED

MAPACHE
(laughing)
You fix it pretty damn good. You fool me!

ZAMORRA
Our accountant will pay you immediately.

Zamorra turns and yells to Herrera.

ZAMORRA
Trae la caja!
(Bring the strong box!)

MAPACHE
When you come with all my guns?

PIKE
Quicker I get back, the quicker the next load'll get here.

HERRERA BRINGS A SMALL WOODEN STRONG BOX. Kneeling on the ground he opens it and counts out two small bags of gold, and hands them to Zamorra. Zamorra hands them to Pike.

PIKE
About two miles up the arroyo... three cases of rifles, one of ammunition, are in the brush behind it.

ZAMORRA
(to Herrera)
Trae las armas!

Herrera runs for his horse.

MOHR
I understand you have a machine gun—-

PIKE
Our contract was 16 cases of rifles and 8 of ammunition—for $10,000—-not a machine gun.
(then, as Mapache frowns)
It is our gift to the General.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

Zamorra translates this for Mapache who beams at Pike with genuine pleasure.

MAPACHE

(meaning it)
You fight con Mapache hay mucho dinero -- muchachas bonitas -- la vida dulce!

ZAMORRA
The General wishes you to join him -- and become rich -- he respects you.

PIKE
(turning to go)
I'll think it over.

ZAMORRA

(smiling)
Wait, por favor...In case he can't find them.

400  PIKE LOOKS AT HIM, LOOKS AT MAPACHE

MAPACHE
(to Pike in Spanish)
Go --
(to Zamorra)
I trust him.

Zamorra shrugs, Pike grins then turns and rides out.

EXT. CAMP (NEAR AGUA VERDE) - DAY

401  A BOTTLE SLAMS AGAINST A ROCK AND THE CAMERA WHIP PANS TO SHOW Tector Gorch leaning on the wagon grinning.

They are in a small shallow depression between two hills. High enough to provide a vantage point of the village and the surrounding area -- hidden enough by brush and broken country to provide maximum cover.
402 SYKES SEATED NEAR THE ROCK picks glass shards from his clothes, turns to Tector.

SYKES
(after a moment)
Pike must have found you under a rock somewheres.

TECTOR
(grinning)
You going to whip me?

SYKES
(Nope -- But you better hope I don't get riled enough to start doggin' you when this is over.

TECTOR
You'll never get a chance to dry gulch me, old man.

SYKES
(grinning at him)
We'll see.

LYLE
(to Tector)
Take the watch --

403 DUTCH, CAREFULLY EXAMINING TWO GRENADES, looks up as Tector Gorch moves up the bank of the wash.

LYLE
(crossing to Dutch)
He's been gone a long time!
(then)
What's that?

DUTCH
Grenade -- you pull this pin then throw it and find a hole. From what I hear it gets the job done.

LYLE
We could have used a few of them in San Rafael.

TECTOR
(calling)
Pike's comin'!
Dutch gets to his feet, putting the grenades in his jumper pocket and crosses to meet Pike as he rides in.

Dutch
(calling)
Any trouble?

Pike
Just carryin' all this weight.

He holds up two bags of gold.

Tector
He got it!...Look, Lyle, he's carryin' gold! Pike -- I want to go next.

Pike rides his horse into the camp and dismounts

Pike
(to Lyle)
You and your brother take in the next load and the machine gun -- then Dutch and Angel. Sykes, you follow them and pick up the pack horses...leave the wagon.

Dutch
How's the generalisimo?

Pike
(dismounting)
Openin' boxes like he thinks it's Christmas.

Ext. Agua Verde - Day

Mapache waits as two men bring him the machine gun, the weapon cradled between them. Zamarra awkwardly feeding a belt into the breech, finally gets it ready to fire. The two Germans are watching with amusement and disdain. In the background, Lyle and Tector are riding out the gate.

Mohr
It must be mounted on the tripod...

Mapache ignores them, grabbing the butt of the gun.

Mohr
Er ist doch verruckt!
ZAMORRA SHOVES HOME THE BOLT AND MAPACHE PULLS THE TRIGGER. The gun suddenly comes alive and the two men holding it are bounced around the area by the wild recoil.

THE GUN SWINGS WILDLY, MAPACHE HANGING ON -- his finger locked down on the trigger.

THE GERMANS AND OTHER BYSTANDERS DIVE FOR COVER as bullets clatter through the area. Finally the two soldiers, unable to support it, let it drop to the ground.

BUT MAPACHE STILL HANGS ONTO THE TRIGGER AND THE WEAPON continues firing. Now like a rivet gun driving bullets into the earth,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AGUA VERDE - DAY

DUTCH AND ANGEL ENTER THE COURTYARD. Mapache, Zamorrra and Herrera watching the Germans mount the gun on the tripod, turn; then Herrera crosses to his horse and mounts, waiting.

DUTCH
We brought the last of it.

Mapache gestures. Zamorrra hands two bags of coin to Dutch who opens them -- looks -- it's gold.

DUTCH
At the head of the arroyo -- in the wagon.

Zamorrra speaks to Herrera, who rides off with ten or twelve soldiers.

DUTCH
(turning to go)
You can keep the wagon -- we'll take the horses.

MAPACHE
Como no...?

SUDDENLY ANGEL, WATCHING HERRERA RIDE THROUGH THE ARCH, TENSES. A group of soldiers are beginning to slowly close the massive iron gates.

ZAMORRA
How many cases did you take from the train?

CONTINUED
DUTCH
Fourteen. We lost two on the trail.

MAPACHE
(laughing, points at Angel; in Spanish)
He stole them... He stole them for his people. The mother of his girl told us. I lost the girl, so now she gives me an Angel.

ANGEL WHIRLS HIS HORSE AND SPURS FOR THE GATEWAY, BUT AS HE APPROACHES, THE HEAVY WROUGHT IRON DOORS begin to swing shut.

MAPACHE
No lo matez!... Lo quiero vivo!

AS ANGEL NEARS THE GATE, A SOLDIER SWINGS A LARIAT AND CATCHES THE TWO FRONT FEET OF HIS HORSE.

THE HORSE GOES OVER JUST SHORT OF THE ARCH SLAMMING ANGEL into the wrought iron gate.
A group of soldiers pick him up and drag him back.

DUTCH SITS ON HIS HORSE UNMOVING, apparently unconcerned as Angel is brought before Mapache.

MAPACHE
Supieron ellos?

ANGEL LOOKS AT DUTCH, THEN SHAKES HIS HEAD.

ANGEL
No!... Yo los robe mientras dormian.

ZAMORRA
(to Dutch)
He took two cases when you were asleep...

MAPACHE LAUGHS, highly pleased at the idea of a Mexican robbing the Americans.

MAPACHE
(to Angel, in Spanish)
Next time be more careful who you shoot -- the mother of your sweetheart became angry when you killed her daughter -- so she betrayed you -- que familia, eh?
418 CONTINUED

DUTCH
(interrupting him),
I'm wasting time here.

MAPACHE
(turning to him)
Y Angel?

DUTCH
He's a thief -- you take care of him.

MAPACHE
(gesturing at the gold)
Dame lo.

DUTCH
(angry)
What for?! We delivered.

ZAMORRA
Two cases short -- one bag, por favor.

419 DUTCH THINKS ABOUT THIS VERY BRIEFLY, then tosses him a bag.

MAPACHE
Un vieje bien.

Yeah.

DUTCH

He turns and rides off, Angel watching him.

EXT. ARROYO - DAY

420 SYKES IS HELPING HERRERA AND HIS SOLDIERS LOAD THE CASES ONTO
PACK ANIMALS AS DUTCH RIDES UP.

DUTCH
(quietly)
They got Angel...some people would betray
their mothers for two dollars and one drink.
(than)
Unhitch and bring the horses -- leave the wagon.

SYKES
We got to get him out.

DUTCH
(angrily)
How -- ?

But Sykes can't answer and Dutch rides off.
EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

THORNTON, BELLIED DOWN-ON A RIDGE TOP, WATCHES THROUGH BINOCULARS AS DUTCH, better than a mile away, disappears in the distance.

The others are mounted at the bottom of a small ravine below him.

THORNTON
(turning to them)
Dutch Engstrom...going from the village.

COFFER
$1000 dead or alive.

T.C.
Bet they sold the guns.

THORNTON
Coming out one at a time.
(then, crossing to his horse)
We'll get down at the bottom of the wash and see if we can thin the odds a little.

He mounts and they ride off.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

DUTCH HAS DISMOUNTED AND IS TALKING TO PIKE AND THE OTHERS.

On a ridge above camp, using binoculars, they look across the badlands below and at the town far in the distance.

LYLE
Well, he had guts --

PIKE
(softly)
We're just lucky he didn't talk.

DUTCH
Yeah -- he played his string out right to the end.

TECTOR
He loved that girl!

LYLE
Her own Mama turning him in -- just like Judas --

PIKE LOOKS AT HIM A LONG MOMENT, then turns away.

DUTCH
Sykes says we got to go after him. CONTINUED
LYLE
How in hell can we do that?! They
got guns and 200 men... Besides,
chances are he's dead by now.

PIKE
finally)
No way... no way at all.

LYLE
(pointing)
There's Sykes.

PIKE LIFTS THE GLASSES WATCHING:

SYKES IN THE FAR DISTANCE RIDE TOWARD THEM.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

SYKES, MOUNTED BAREBACK ON A HORSE AND LEADING THE OTHERS,
trots up the dim trail toward the hideout.

THORNTON AND HIS HUNTERS, THREE MOUNTED, WATCH from the
cover of brush-covered ridge some distance away, then:

JESS CHANGING HIS POSITION TO GET A BETTER SHOT, STICKS HIS
BARE FOOT IN A SMALL CLUMP OF CHOLLA -- He jumps at the fiery
pain and nearly falls, and for an instant:

HIS RIFLE CAN BE SEEN OVER THE TOP OF THE RIDGE.

SYKES TENSES FOR A BRIEF INSTANT AS THE SUN HITS THE BARREL
OF THE RIFLE and he catches the reflection in his eye.
Then he has spurred his horse into the brush at the side of
the trail.

THORNTON CURSES AND RUNS TO HIS HORSE as the bandits open
fire.

PIKE AND THE OTHERS WATCH SYKES SPUR INTO THE BRUSH. TINY
PINPOINTS OF LIGHT APPEAR IN THE ROCKS ABOVE HIM. After a
moment the noise of firing reaches them.

Dutch takes the glasses, watching.
THORNTON AND THE OTHERS SPUR after Sykes, firing.

THEN SYKES IS HIT and falls forward over the horse's withers.

EXT. BADLANDS - MOVING SHOT - DAY

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS THUNDER after Sykes.

COFFER
(yelling)
I got him -- I got him.

Thornton is silent, his face bitter.

PIKE GRABS THE GLASSES, WATCHES THE BOUNTY HUNTERS ride after Sykes.

LYLE
Mapache?

DUTCH
Thornton -- they got Sykes. He's hit bad.
(than, turning away)
Damn Deke Thornton to hell.

PIKE
(softly)
What would you do in his place. He gave his word.

DUTCH
(turning on him, almost yelling)
Gave his word to a railroad.

PIKE
It's his word!

DUTCH
That ain't what counts -- it's who you give it to!!

LYLE
(as Pike doesn't answer)
We kin stay right up here and kick hell out of 'em.

Pike turns and looks over the camp.

PIKE
No water.

CONTINUED
DUTCH
Make a run for the border?

PIKE
They'd be after us every step of
the way -- I know Thornton. No,
I'm tired of being hunted -- we go
back to Agua Verde and let the
General take care of those boys.

LYLE
You're crazy! He'd just as soon
kill us as break wind.

PIKE
He's so tickled with the guns
he'll be celebrating for a week
and happy to do us a favor.
Thornton ain't going after us in
there. While they're busy pick-
ing over Freddy, we'll
take the back trail off this
mountain and head for town.

The others look at him silently. Finally:

DUTCH
We take our gold?

PIKE
We take one sack to pay our way.
Bury the rest -- together.

They think this over, then nod.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

THE BOUNTY HUNTERS CRASH through the brush into a small
clearing, then split up, looking for tracks. The country
around them is a maze of rocks and thick mesquite and
chaparral. Sykes' horse, blood running down its flanks,
is standing in the clearing, grazing.

T.C.
He can't be far.

COFFER
Lots of blood over here -- then
it stops and no tracks.
CONTINUED

T.C.
We'll find him. Ten dollars says he's dead by now.

THORNTON
It'll take us a day to find him if he is -- if he isn't, he's holding a gun on us right now.

THE MEN TENSE, THEIR WEAPONS coming up.

THORNTON
We'll go after the others.

JESS
Just leaving him here? He's worth money.

THORNTON
(softly, bitterly)
Jess, you come back tomorrow and watch the buzzards. They'll show you where he is -- you might even get a pair of boots.

Jess thinks this over and grins, then the smile fades.

JESS
But what if he ain't dead?

THORNTON
Your problem.

He turns his horse and rides away, the others following.

SYKES, HIDDEN IN THE ROCKS and brush above them, slowly lowers his rifle and sags back. His leg is dark with dried blood and he's weak. Around the wound is a crude bandage made from his shirt -- with a tourniquet twisted tightly above it. After a moment, there is a noise and he looks away at:

THE FIGURE OF A MEXICAN PEON -- BLURRED AND INDISTINCT AGAINST THE RAYS of the late afternoon sun, a machete dangling from his hand.

EXT. CAMP AREA - DAY

PIKE AND THE OTHERS NOW MOUNTED, look over the camp.
IT APPEARS UNTUCHED

TECTOR

If I didn't bury it, I wouldn't know where to look.

PIKE

Come on.

They ride off. For a long moment the clearing is quiet, then:

ENERO, A YOUNG MEXICAN BOY steps out of the brush.

EXT. HACIENDA COURTYARD AGUA VERDE - DAY

MAPACHE'S SOLDIERS ARE HAVING A VICTORY CELEBRATION in the courtyard of the hacienda. A fire is burning and pigs and goats are being barbecued.

MAPACHE, ZAMORRA AND THE GERMANS are sitting at the table.

TWO SOLDIERS LEAD ANGEL (who has been badly beaten) down into the courtyard. His hands are tied and he is stumbling with fatigue. They tie a long rope from his neck to the pack saddle of a donkey. One of the soldiers calls to Mapache.

1ST SOLDIER

Ya listo, mi General!

MAPACHE GETS UP FROM THE TABLE and crosses to the area where he can view the whole courtyard. Zamorra and the Germans join him.

THE SECOND SOLDIER steps to the animal and leads it at a run around the courtyard, Angel dragging behind it. Mapache and the others watch without expression.

EXT. PLAZA GATE - DAY

PIKE AND DUTCH AND THE GORCH BROTHERS dismount and enter.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

THEY MOVE INTO THE COURTYARD AND STOP, watching the animal dragging Angel around. Finally the soldiers and animal stop, exhausted, in a

CONTINUED
corner of the yard and the soldiers return to their party atmosphere. Angel lies unmoving.

PIKE
I hate to see an animal treated like that.

DUTCH (savagely)
No more than I do!

PIKE
Maybe we could buy him.

They are silent for a long moment. Finally:

LYLE
Just thinking about him is asking for trouble.

PIKE
We could use another gun.

MAPACHE, ZAMORRA AND THE GERMAN ADVISORS NOW GROUPED around the fire see the men.

MAPACHE
Los Bandidos Gringos...Come here, amigos!

PIKE AND THE OTHERS PUSH THROUGH the large group of festive Mexicans towards the table. As they walk toward Mapache:

ANGEL IS DRAGGED PAST THEM by two soldiers and dropped in front of the general.

MAPACHE
(laughing)
You come for your friend?

Pike and the others stop a few feet away.

PIKE
I want to buy him back...

Dutch and the others look at him surprised,

PIKE
(continuing)
I'll pay you his share of the gold.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

ZAMOPRA
We kept his share of the gold.

MAPACHE
Oyen muchachos!...Quiere comprar e7 traidor este!
(Listen boys...He wants to buy this traitor)

The soldiers respond with laughter.

MAPACHE
How much?...He don't look worth too much...Levantase!

Two men jerk Angel to his feet. He is groggy and unresponsive.

MAPACHE
Maybe he won't live too long!

PIKE
I'll give half my share to get him back.

MAPACHE
(laughs)
No, I don't need gold...I don't sell that one.

MAPACHE TURNS AWAY and mumbles something to Zamorra.

PIKE
You've had your fun with him...

ZAMORRA
(cutting him off)
El generalisimo is happy with victory!...

Zamorra grabs a bottle of tequilla off the table and tosses it to Pike.

ZAMORRA
Go and drink...there are women in the village...But don't be foolish and change his mood.

PIKE HOLDS THE BOTTLE and looks at the table, seething with anger. Then, suddenly he calms.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

PIKE
Want to go hunting, General?

Mapache looks at him confused.

PIKE
(pointing)
Five government men out there -
Policio - they want the guns back.

Mapache turns to Zamorra who translates.

MAPACHE
(to Herrera happily,
in Spanish)
Five gringos want to take our guns --
Maten los.

HERRERA
Si, mi General!

He turns, barks orders to his men, then mounts and rides out,
followed by twenty soldiers.

DUTCH
Goodbye, Thornton.

ZAMORRA GESTURES AND JUAN JOSE crosses to them.

3RD SOLDIER
Quieren muchachas?

Pike looks at Angel for a moment, then turns away.

PIKE
Why not?

The group moves through the celebration out the main gate
and into the village beyond.

EXT. CAMP GROUND - DAY

THORNTON IS ON THE RIDGE TOP SEARCHING THE BADLANDS WITH
HIS GLASSES as his men search the area behind and below him.

COOPER
Don't look like nobody was ever here,

T.C.
(pointing at horse tracks)
Well, they was.

Then they look up as:
THORNTON RUNS DOWN THE SLOPE TOWARD THEM

THORNTON

Army patrol -- coming this way.

Instantly the men mount and ride out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NATIVE HUT - DAY

PIKE IS SPRAWLED OVER A NATIVE HAMMOCK, drunk. He lifts a bottle of mescale and takes a drink.

ON THE FLOOR OF THE HUT A SAD BUT NOT UNATTRACTIVE WOMAN is sitting looking at a handful of silver in her hand. In one corner a baby whines as the flies bother it.

Through an open door leading to another room, the drunken voices of the Gorch brothers can be heard as they bargain with DELORES, a very reluctant prostitute.

LYLE (OS)

You said dos for two!

TECTOR (OS)

And here's your dos and one to grow on 'cause you did real well, honey.

DELORES (OS)

Doce -- es mas que dos doce para cada uno.

PIKE WATCHES THE WOMAN AND THE BABY FOR A MOMENT LONGER THEN SUDDENLY SWINGS OUT OF THE HAMMOCK and steps into the adjoinging room.

LYLE GORCH LOOKS UP AT HIM BLEARILY FROM A HAMMOCK. Tector is on the floor embracing the disheveled woman.

Pike watches them, weaving a little:

PIKE

(finally)

Let's get Angel...

TECTOR IMMEDIATELY REACHES FOR HIS GUN and stands as if he has just been given an important order by a commanding officer. Lyle rises more slowly, begins to check the loads in his pistols.

CONTINUED
Continued

LYLE

Why not?

Pike turns and moves through his room. Tector and Lyle follow. Behind them the woman begins her complaints again.

EXT. NATIVE HUT - NIGHT

PIKE AND THE GORCH BROTHERS COME THROUGH THE DOOR. DUTCH IS SITTING WITH A BOTTLE BACK AGAINST THE WALL listening to the plaintive sound of a distant guitar. He looks up as they come out.

DUTCH

(rising)

Angel?...

PIKE

Yeah.

THEY CROSS TO THEIR HORSES, THEIR DRUNKENNESS LESSENING with every step.

Pike and Dutch pull rifles or shotguns from their saddle scabbards as do Lyle and Tector, then they move up the village street.

FOUR MEN IN LINE AND THE AIR OF IMPENDING VIOLENCE IS SO STRONG around them that as they pass through the celebrating soldiers, the song and the laughter begin to die.

INT. RUINED HACIENDA - NIGHT

MAPACHE, THE GERMANS, ZAMORRA, HERRERA AND SIX OR SEVEN of their officers and a handful of women are seated at a long center table. Food and liquor bottles are spilled everywhere, the mariachi band plays for:

CHITA, A SCARED, NOT UNATTRACTIVE GIRL who is trying to please the general by dancing on the table.

At other tables are more officers and perhaps thirty or so enlisted men. The machine gun mounted on its tripod is in a far corner.

ANGEL LIES ON THE FLOOR, nearly unconscious, almost unrecognizable from the beating he has taken.

Continued
CONTINUED

Mapache watches the dancer, then angrily kicks her off the table. She falls heavily to the floor, then Mapache saying:

PIKE AND THE OTHERS ENTER THROUGH THE LARGE ARCHES and stand watching.

MAPACHE
(half angry)
Hey, bandidos? What you want?

ZAMORRA
(quickly)
Hey, this ---
(pointing to Herrera)
Dog lost those gringos you wanted --
but we kill 'em tomorrow -- now you go on and get out of here!

PIKE
We want Angel!

Mapache stares at them without answering.

ZAMORRA
You are very stupid...very stupid!

SUDDENLY MAPACHE LURCHES UP FROM THE TABLE, CROSSES TO ANGEL AND LIFTS HIM TO HIS FEET. Half dragging him, he steps in front of the Americans. Around him many of the soldiers are rising.

PIKE WATCHES UNMOVING AS MAPACHE PROPS up Angel from behind, grins at them.

MAPACHE
You want him...?

He takes a knife and cuts the rope binding Angel's hands.

ANGEL BARELY ABLE TO STAND, REACTS with disbelief.

PIKE AND DUTCH WATCH without a movement, without a sound.

MAPACHE
(softly)
Take him...

TECTOR AND LYLE IGNORE MAPACHE, THEIR eyes drifting over the Mexicans who are slowly edging forward, some beginning to grin.
ZAMORRA, STILL SEATED at the table pours himself a drink, the clink of the glass against the bottle loud in the silence. Beside him the Germans rise slowly.

Mapache, still holding Angel from behind, leans over his shoulder and whispers in his ear:

MAPACHE
(gently)
Vete, Angelito...te esperan los gringitos...

ANGLER STANDS FAST, then curiously he takes a step forward.

PIKE AND THE OTHERS REMAIN MOTIONLESS

ANGEL'S FACE BEGINS to brighten with hope and he takes another step, then:

MAPACHE GRABS HIM BY THE HAIR and his other hand flashes across the boy's throat as he shoves Angel into the Americans, the blood splattering them from his severed throat.

AS PIKE STEPS BACK TO AVOID Angel's falling body, he draws his forty-five automatic and fires twice into Mapache.

THE BULLETS DOUBLE HIM AND HURL HIM INTO HIS MEN. As he crumples:

DUTCH FIRES INTO THE TOP OF HIS HEAD, then the room explodes with gunfire.

ZAMORRA AND TWO OF THE OTHERS scramble for cover while drawing.

Mohr runs for the machine gun. Rifle fire erupts from the courtyard as the soldiers rush forward and die as:

ONE OF DUTCH'S GRENADES explodes amongst them.

PIKE, FIRING WITH AMAZING rapidity empties his .45, shoves it in his belt, cocks the lever on the rifle, moving slowly but steadily into the shadowed corners of the room -- killing men, firing, being shot at and hit in return.
DUTCH EMPTYING his .44, throwing another grenade, is hit, draws his .45, continues firing, moving with Pike, covering his back.

THE SOLDIES HUNT COVER and die -- more pour in from the courtyard and die caught in the cross fire.

TECTOR AND LYLE YELLING with the lust of battle charge toward the table, emptying their guns.

MOHR REACHES THE MACHINE GUN, begins firing. Kills a number of soldiers as it gets away from him.

PIKE KILLS HIM with his last two rifle shots and the German dies with his finger locked on the trigger.

THE GUN SWINGS, cutting a swath of death across the room, killing six soldiers, wounding Dutch.

PIKE THROWS THE RIFLE as he slips a new clip in the .45, whirls as:

ZAMORRA PUTS three rounds into Dutch.

PIKE KILLS ZAMORRA AND HERRERA, then a soldier has driven a bayonet through his gut and into the wall.

DUTCH, ON THE FLOOR, KILLS THE SOLDIER

MEXICANS CONTINUE FIRING AT THE AMERICANS from all sides and the Gorch brothers, badly wounded, but still on their feet still are blasting away at them from the middle of the room, then Tector, laughing, picks up the screaming, terrified Chitas and rushes the crowd, using the woman for a shield. She tosses her head and dies as bullets slam into her soft body, then he is hit again and goes down on one knee.

A SOLDIER, UNSEEN BY TECTOR, steps into a doorway. He aims at Tector with a revolver and fires into him from several feet away. The bullets tear into Tector and he drops the woman and dances out into the room. As he is hit from all sides, he whirls around, seeing:
THE MAN IN THE DOORWAY, he fires his last shot into the man's body. The man plunges forward screaming. Tector stands up straight as bullets pour into him. Finally, he crumples fast and falls.

LYLE, HIT SEVERAL TIMES, SCREAMING WITH RAGE, standing over Tector is wild-eyed, firing madly into the crowd. A bullet splashes into his cheek and he runs at the nearest of his attackers, firing, scattering them, killing most.

TECTOR RISES, CLICKS HIS EMPTY pistol at the mob. A soldier rushes him from behind with a machete and the cross fire of his own men kills him as he swings the weapon into Tector's back. Tector falls to the floor, writhing in pain, cursing, pulling down a soldier, strangling him as he dies.

LYLE STAGGERS, BULLETS PUMPING into him, then falls – dead before he hits the ground. The soldiers continue to fire into his body.

DUTCH LIFTS A SOLDIER AND TOSSES him against the wall, then falls as bullets cut into him. He rolls, then crawls under the tables dragging the useless lower half of his body. Although in pain, he is grinning strangely. He removes a carbine from a dead soldier and props himself on a bench. Taking careful aim, he fires and a soldier drops screaming and kicking. Methodically he aims and fires again, and again and again, a man dying each time he pulls the trigger.

PIKE WATCHES AS HE TENSES, FINALLY JERKS THE BAYONET out of his body, runs firing at five of the soldiers who are rushing the room -- kills two, reaches the machine gun, pulls Mohr away from the gun, jerks back the bolt and staggers as a soldier empties his pistol into him from behind. Pike himself turns and dies.

DUTCH SWINGS THE RIFLE, firing, crippling the soldier, then:

ANOTHER SOLDIER, HIS UNIFORM STAINED WITH BLOOD, draws his knife and hardly able to move, falls on Dutch -- the weight of the fall burying the weapon deep into Dutch's back. Crumpled together, both men die.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

FOR A FEW SECONDS THERE IS STILL sporadic gunfire as the remaining soldiers fire into the bodies of the wild bunch.
CONTINUED

Then it stops. A mortally wounded man suddenly screams in agony and writhes on the floor and dies. Another, pistol in hand, rises, staggers to the gateway, teeters for a moment, then falls, firing blindly into the dust. Somewhere outside the wall, a cur yelps and runs away into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AGUA VERDE - GATE - DAY

505A THE BOUNTY HUNTERS led by Thornton, ride through. It appears deserted.

EXT. HACIENDA COURTYARD - DAY

506 IN THE COURTYARD A SMALL GROUP OF WOMEN wrapped in black robes are burning candles and moving among the dead bodies that spill out of the large room of the hacienda and into the yard. It is a scene of carnage, blood now black in the sun, a million flies and the walls lined with waiting vultures. There is no sign of soldiers anywhere. A few of the bodies have been dragged into the courtyard. Most, including Pike, Dutch and the others, including Mapache, lie where they fell.

507 THE BOUNTY HUNTERS, LED BY THORNTON, RIDE UP TO THE ARCHES AND DISMOUNT, their horses snorting nervously at the smell of blood and the stench of death. At the end of the courtyard where five corpses are heaped in a small pile, a lone vulture stands patiently near them.

As the bounty hunters approach and the bird labors reluctantly into flight, the men dismount.

Thornton, looking in through the broken wall, turns away. Coffer and T.C. enter, whistle softly.

COFFER

It's them.

THORNTON

You'd have one hell of a time proving that a week from now, in Texas.

COFFER

We could try... Hell, a pelt's a pelt, it don't matter what condition it's in.

T.C.

Picked clean -- not a gun on 'em...

Thornton walks slowly among the bodies.

CONTINUED
T.C. (OS)
This boy here's got some gold in his teeth...Let me see your knife, Coffer.

COFFER
(crossing to Thornton)
Hey, Thornton, should we load up?

THORNTON
(walking away)
Suit yourself.

T.C.
We going to wait here for Jess or meet him on the way?

But Thornton doesn't answer; reaching his horse, he mounts and rides away.

Coffer and T.C. and Ross look after him.

ROSS
(pointing to the bird
on the walk)
If Jess is counting on buzzards to lead him to old Sykes, he's got a long wait -- we got 'em all.

They laugh and go to work.

EXT. GATE - AGUA VERDE - DAY

THORNTON COMES THROUGH THE GATE, ties his horse, sits down, his back against the wall. Except for a dog and two silent women, the village appears deserted.

Thornton rolls a cigarette, begins to smoke it, waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATE AGUA VERDE - AFTERNOON

COFFER, ROSS AND T.C. ride out leading four pack animals, each carrying a body.

Thornton looks up, he doesn't move.

COFFER
You ain't comin'?

CONTINUED
Thornton shakes his head,

T.C.
(nervous)
Maybe we better wait here for Jess.

COFFER
No -- we'll pick him up on the way --
I want to get out of this goddamned
place -- anyways these boys will start
going ripe on us by tomorrow -- we got
to move --
(then; to Thornton)
You sure you ain't coming?

Coffer shrugs and drinking out of a half full tequila bottle,
rides off, followed by the others who ignore Thornton as
completely as he does them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATE - AGUA VERDE - LATE AFTERNOON

510

THORNTON HASN'T MOVED. Then from the distance come three
slow-paced rifle shots -- Thornton sits up -- waits, then
there is a fourth -- Thornton settles back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GATE - AGUA VERDE - EARLY EVENING

THE SUN HAS PASSED THE MOUNTAINS AND AS the light goes
a cold wind kicks dust across the empty street of the
village. Thornton stands, looking off at:

512

FREDDY SYKES, DON JOSE, ENRICO, THE YOUNG GOAT HERDER,
IGNACIO, and a handful of Angel's compadres sit watching
him. They are leading the bounty hunters' horses, the
sacks of gold are tied to Sykes' saddle.

SYKES
Didn't expect to find you here,
Deke.

THORNTON
Why not -- I sent 'em back -- that's
all I said I'd do.

CONTINUED
SYKES
They didn't get far --
(then)
You the one that shot me?

THORNTON
Don't know -- does it make any
difference?

SYKES
(after a moment)
I reckon not.
(then)
What are your plans?

THORNTON
Drift around down here -- try and
stay out of jail --

SYKES
Well, come along -- we got some work
to do --
(riding away)
It ain't like it used to be, but it's
better than nothin'.

THORNTON TAKES A DEEP BREATH, THEN HALF GRINS, unties his
horse, then mounts and follows.

FADE OUT.

THE END