



Scripts.com

Young Guns

By John Fusco

CHAVEZ:

You want to play games, pendejo?

:

STEVE

You red-assed Mexican greaser. You do it with your horse! Mexican greaser!

:

STEVE

Greaser! Greaser... come on greaser, cut me there!

:

DICK

Hey, hey! Knock it off, knock it off, hey!

:

STEVE

Cut me there, Mexican!

:

DICK

Knock it off! You know better, Chavez!

:

STEVE

Navajo! Navajo!

:

DICK

Enough. John's back. Now wash it up and in your supper clothes! NOW! Both of you!

:

BILLY

Who are them?

:

TUNSTALL

They, William. Who are they. They are the boys of the dregs...the flotsam and jetsam of frontier society, if you will. We got room in the bunkhouse, my young man. If you don't want to stay...the Santa

Fe runs out of Albuquerque in the morning.

:

DICK

Glad you're back, Doc. Stile hold the rope, inside.

:

CHARLEY

John bring another hard case in?

:

STEVE

Hope it ain't another Mexican.

:

CHAVEZ

Mexican-Indian, you son-of-a-bitch!

:

TUNSTALL

If you do wish to stay...well...we have just the job for you.

:

STEVE

He ain't all there is he?

:

CHARLEY

Hey, did you know pigs are as smart as dogs? It's true. I knew a fella in El Capitan... taught his pig to bark at strangers. What you doing here, body? We work for Mr. Tunstall as regulators. We regulate any stealing of his property. We're damn good at it too. Mr. Tunstall's got a soft spot for runaways--- derelicts---vagrant types... But you can't be any geek off the street... you gotta be handy with the steel, if you know what I mean, earn your keep.

:

BILLY

Go on, go on, get!

:

CHARLEY

Not that I'm a pistoleer...or a knifsmith like that greaser... Chavez-Chavez, over there. I'm pugilist. But then I ain't expecting... you to know the explanation of that word... HOG BOY!

:

BILLY

Shit, you don't even know why I'm here.

:

CHARLEY

Sure I do. You're a runaway derelict, scudbottom vagrant, ain't you, like the rest of us? Footpad, maybe? Petty thief? Rob a bank? Kill somebody? Huh? Huh, kill somebody.

:

DICK

Regulators!

:

CHARLEY

Hey, you ain't a regulator boy, you can stay here with the pork. They're smarter than you anyway. You might learn something!

:

DICK

Cattle looks spooked in the lower forty, let's take a look.

:

BILLY

Smart ass!

:

TUNSTALL

Well now, look at those appetites. William? Have some more.

:

DICK

Have you ever worked beef before, Billy?

:

BILLY

Yeah... I worked a little out Fort Sumner way. Pete Maxwell's place. Did the chow line. But, I got a way with cattle.

:

TUNSTALL

Is that so jolly funny, Master Steven? That's no proper table manners.

:

CHARLEY

Got a way with hogs.

:

TUNSTALL

Congratulations, Charles... You and Steven will be doing the dirty crockery alone this evening.

:

CHARLEY

Sorry, John, it struck me funny.

:

TUNSTALL

And to William. Both of you.

:

CHARLEY

Apologies William. Just hacking on you, that's all.

:

STEVE

Yeah, we're just hacking on you.

:

DICK

Rumor has it, you killed a man, Billy? You don't seem like the killing sort.

:

STEVE

Yeah Billy, what'd you kill him for?

:

BILLY

He was hacking on me.

:

STEVE

There are plenty of men... who will never su-sede...

:

TUNSTALL

Succeed...

:

STEVE

Who will never succeed anywhere.

:

DICK

Got a whole roomful of them right here.

:

TUNSTALL

Well done. William?

:

BILLY

Yeah, sure.

:

TUNSTALL

Well, excuse me, Billy... Very sorry to offend you. But we're congregated to learn to read and write. You need more than the skill with the firearm to succeed in the new world, Billy. So take up the journal and start where the other boy left off. Or you can go straight back to your home on the streets.

:

BILLY

'Young men who don't know how to do any kind of business... have no energy or application... had

better stay at home near their relatives so they can be taken care of.' 'They are not wanted here and will only come to grief... but men of enterprise are practically sure of success.'

:

TUNSTALL

Splendid! A Splendid reading, William! Thank you. Good-night gentlemen.

:

BOYS

Good-night... Tunstall.

:

BRADY

Good afternoon, gentlemen.

:

TUNSTALL

Good afternoon, John.

:

BRADY

John, Mr. Dolan and Mr. Murphy here are complaining about their merchandise wagon being plundered... on several occasions on their way into town. Quite frankly, John, they think you're behind it.

:

DICK

That's a fargin' lie and you know it!

:

TUNSTALL

Richard! Sheriff Brady... Mister Murphy is going to continue coming to you... and claiming I've taken his property until I'm pronounced a thief and shaken out of Lincoln. I've never touched his property. I have no cause.

:

MURPHY

Well, the Belted Earl has spoken. Look behind you,

Earl... all I see are hired thieves.

:

TUNSTALL

These boys are promising young men... acquiring an education.

:

MURPHY

Well, I had you pegged as the type that uh... that likes...educating young boys, Englishman. Rumor has it that you want to be bidding against me for the government beef contracts. It is just a rumor, isn't it?

:

TUNSTALL

Lawrence... You have a beef outfit and a store. And I have a beef outfit and a store. You're going try to make money and I'm going to try to make money. It's simple and it's fair.

:

MURPHY

You see our good Sheriff sitting up there on that horse? Do you know how much money he's got invested in my store? His life savings, John. And it's not just Brady who wants me to acquire those contracts. It's the Territorial District Attorney. The Chief Justice. The U.S. District Attorney. The Chief Justice. The U.S. District Attorney. The Santa Fe Ring. It's a family ring, John. And you don't come prancing in here with your fat foreign capital... and try to change things!

:

TUNSTALL

I made a very long steamship journey from London, Mister Murphy... So, I should be damned if I'm going to be dissuaded... by something as ugly as political corruption. So, I'd like you to take your threats and your sheriff... and get off my property!

:

MURPHY

You are ambitious, Earl. But you'd be better off selling ladies' undergarments in Hemstead.

:

BRADY

Alright men, that's enough. Clear the way!

:

MURPHY

This is a new country. We won't be bowing down to you no more, Englishman. Get ready for hell!

:

TUNSTALL

Back to work, chaps. Regulators! Let's dance!

:

MCCLOSKEY

Look at that body go...

:

STEVE

He ain't all there, is he?

:

CHARLEY

Well, he's there enough to be dancing with a pretty gal... while we sit around here pulling our tallywhackers.

:

MCCLOSKEY

Damn Straight.

:

TUNSTALL

We have to expose this ring, Alex. Can you get me in to see the Governor?

:

ALEX

Murphy's beat us to it. And he brought the Governor a nice fat campaign contribution. They're lightening

the yoke on you, John. Of course, they want me out, too. They figure with me gone, no lawyer would be crazy enough to represent you.

:

TUNSTALL

You've heard of English tenacity, haven't you? A toast to uh...enough grit to finish the last realm! Besides... if we gave in and left... who'd look after my boys?

:

CHARLEY

Uh, medicine...

:

LADIES

Oh...?

:

CHARLEY

Yes, I should receive my degree from St. Michael's in July...and then I should be practicing here in Lincoln until my missionary to in the islands.

:

GIRLS

How nice.

:

DOC

Howdy... My name's Doc...

:

MURPHY

What...what can I do for you young man?

:

DOC

Well sir, if you're an acquaintance of the young miss... I was wondering if I could intrigue the young lady to a dance?

:

MURPHY

Why, certainly.

:

DOC

Thank you. What's your name?

:

YEN SUN

Yen Sun.

:

DOC

That's beautiful. You're a friend of Mr. Murphy's?

:

YEN SUN

He is my guardian.

:

DOC

How?

:

PAT

Hello there...

:

BILLY

Hello back... William Bonney, sir.

:

PAT

Pat Garret... pleasure. Excuse us, friend. We have a request for the band.

:

BILLY

Pat Garret. She'll love that I get to be as big as him. No... bigger!

:

DOC

So shows the snowy dove trooping with crows... As

yonder lady order her fellow's chose...

:

YEN SUN

Pardon me?

:

DOC

Uh... That's poem. I'm a poet. I wrote it.

:

MURPHY

I'm sorry young man... but we must be getting along.

:

DOC

We're getting along famously, thank you very much.

:

MURPHY

I'm sorry young man... but we must be getting along.

:

DOC

We're getting along famously, thank you very much.

:

MURPHY

I'm sorry I didn't recognize you, I was just informed that you're part of the Tunstall company.

:

DOC

Yes, I am.

:

MURPHY

Ahhh... Then I'll be expecting to see you follow... the Englishman out of Lincoln when he goes. You tell him... Tell that slug to leave no slime in the road behind him when he crawls back to Wharf Street.

:

DOC

Alex! How you doing?

:

ALEX

Someone break up your dance, Doc?

:

DOC

Yeah...yeah, he's the girl's guardian.

:

ALEX

Guardian? That's a gentle euphemism.

:

DOC

Why?

:

ALEX

He had a shirt ruined in the Silver City laundry. He took the celestial woman's daughter as payment.

:

DOC

What?

:

ALEX

She's house entertainment... as I understand it. Come on, you can dance with Susan... it's safer.

:

SUSAN

Yeah...

:

DOC

No...

:

EL LOCO

Out of the way, mister.

:

TUNSTALL

Ah, I do beg your pardon.

:

EL LOCO

Alright, you and me.

:

CHARLEY

No, no, no. No it's you and I. Isn't that right
John, you and I?

:

TUNSTALL

Yes, yes, it is, it is.

:

CHARLEY

You and I...

:

BILLY

Pugilist.

:

DOC

He's something, ain't he?

:

COWBOY

Happy New Year!

:

DOC & BILLY

Happy New Year!

:

TUNSTALL

Go on Billy... boys will be boys.

:

DOC

No! No! It's too many! It's too many! Let's get out

of here!

:

ALEX

Murphy's henchmen have to be brought in, J.P. I'm gonna take it to court and bring Murphy down.

:

J.P.

Have you talked to Sheriff Brady?

:

ALEX

Half the murderers... are members of his posse. He won't touch him! You're the Justice of the Peace, Wilson. You have the power to serve warrants through special constables.

:

J.P.

What special constables? No one's fool enough to go and after Murphy's people.

:

ALEX

Deputize them.

:

J.P.

McSween, those are just boys. Ain't one of them over twenty-one. Murphy's men will shred them in half within a day.

:

ALEX

Are you gonna deputize them?

:

J.P.

Hell no. No, I'm not, Alex. Not me.

:

ALEX

Alright, then you go tell them.

:

DICK

Bonney! Bonney! You weren't supposed to smoke anybody. We got warrants! We're the law!

:

DOC

Nine men lay dead or at death's door yesterday noon following a gunfight between Lincoln resident Henry Hill, forty-five, and what patrons have called a 'kid'. A local miner has identified the kid as one Henry McCarthy...also known as William H. Bonney, nineteen or twenty. In a flaming shootout, the kid, Billy, killed Mr. Hill then took on an onslaught of Hill's partisans bringing the damage to six verified slayings. Bonney is believed to be the captain of a deputized gang.

:

DICK

Captain?

:

STEVE

How come it doesn't say nothing about... about two I closed out?

:

CHARLEY

Shit, Dick, you sent a lamb into slaughter and he walked out a king sheep.

:

CHAVEZ

El Chivato. Billy The Kid.

:

GUY

Damn. Murphy's gonna want blood, brains and balls for this.

:

DICK

Hey Doc, don't be stupid!

:

DOC

What?

:

DICK

You know they're gonna be looking for us.

:

DOC

Yeah, I'll be back in a minute.

:

YEN SUN

I cannot accept those, thank you.

:

DOC

You walk awful fast for a little thing don't you?
Come on, Yen, I just wanna talk.

:

YEN SUN

You must like trouble.

:

DOC

Trouble? You think I look like... trouble. I'm a
poet... carrying flowers of all things.

:

YEN SUN

And a gun. A big gun.

:

DOC

It's a big town. Come on Yen... please? STOP! Look,
if you don't wanna take these, that's fine. But you
take a message to your guardian... You tell
L.G.Murphy that the Regulators are gonna clean own
us like they own a little China girl for the price
of a shirt. Okay? You tell him that. Yen, I'm sorry.

:

DOC

Advices from Lincoln say the young lad... of lightening rapidity, iron nerve and marvelous skill, apparently single-handedly... took down Morton and Baker of the Murphy-Dolan faction... including a miraculous shot of fifty yards. There's a picture here. It says 'Billy the Kid' but it ain't Billy.

:

DICK

Let me see that. Hey, that's me. That's bullshit. The papers don't get anything right!

:

DOC

Advices from sources say that the kid, a left-hander, is tall...handsome and unequaled in the elements... that appeal to the holier emotions. Jesus Christ! This country needs a hero! However, Murphy of Lincoln has hired none other than John Kinney... and his Dona Ana Bunch to help hunt down Billy the Kid and the gang.

:

CHARLEY

Great, John Kinney!

:

BILLY

Well, who's Kinney?

:

DOC

It says here... he's an ex-soldier who suffered an injury and is now a bounty hunter.

:

STEVE

What's that mena?

:

CHARLEY

It means he can whip some ass.

:

DICK

Hey Doc? Can you come here for a minute?

:

DOC

Yeah. What's up?

:

DICK

Well, we can't go North because Murphy's got men coming out of Fort Sumner. We can't go South because he's got Brady coming in.

:

DOC

Yeah.

:

DICK

East is no good cuz we got John Kinney coming up now. We can go west through the Valley of Fires but there's the...Mescalero Reservation.

:

DOC

And they're having a good year with scalps, no thanks Richard.

:

DICK

I don't know what the hell to do. What the hell is he doing?

:

CHAVEZ

We've come to a place where we are lost, no? When an Indian is lost, he must reach into the spirit world to find the way. On the Spirit Road, he'll be shown a sign. This is the way to the Spirit Road. We're lost right now... But I'll find us a way.

:

STEVE

Oh Christ, Chavez! That's all we need, is some more of your red-ass... Navajo mambojahambo... We're running out of time here, Chavez.

:

CHARLEY

Is that any good? Chavez, what is, what is that?

:

CHAVEZ

Peyote.

:

DOC

Yen Sun, it's me, Doc.

:

YEN SUN

I know what you desire. You've come to lay me and cut me into tiny pieces with a knife. You're a bandit who eats children and old people.

:

DOC

I eat meat and potatoes. Who told you that?

:

YEN SUN

My benefactor.

:

DOC

Your benefactor? That's the man that eats people. Yen, if you want to stay here, tell me now and I'll go. Do you wanna stay here?

:

YEN SUN

In China, girls are not necessary. When we have floods, fathers let the girl babies wash by. My benefactor has made me necessary.

:

DOC

He's not made you necessary, he's made you a slave.
I'm sorry. Necessary...is something you can't do
without. I can't do without you.

:

YEN SUN

I keep the flowers that you offered me... in a
little room...inside my head. Inside my heart.
Often, you come in and ask me to dance. I often say
yes.

:

DOC

I want to ask something else of you now. I want you
to go with me to Roswell. There's a railroad going
to New York city. Two days we can be on the train...
We can be in another country. In a city, together. I
can't stand him. He gets an idea in his head and you
can't get..., get rid of it. If I stay with him much
longer, I'll be as stiff as a photograph. The only
chance I have is to get hellbent for leather now!

:

YEN SUN

They would chase us.

:

DOC

I'm used to that.

:

YEN SUN

Don't... I am unclean... that is not for a young
man.

:

DOC

I used to ride with the dirty underwear gang out of
Liberty, Missouri. Then John Tunstall taught me...
that the past is like an old yellow-back novel. When
you're start a new one. Okay? You're necessary. Yen,
go with me, Yen Sun.

:

YEN SUN

No! No!

:

DOC

Come with me.

:

MURPHY

Open it! Yen Sun!

:

BILLY

It's for you, Alex.

:

ALEX

You weren't supposed to touch Brady!

:

BILLY

Sheriff Brady sent the men who killed John.
It's a good move for us, Alex.

:

ALEX

Was it Billy?

:

BILLY

Yes it was!

:

ALEX

Have you seen 'The Independent'? The Governor's
revoked your deputation powers. You're now wanted
by the legitimate law as well as you are by those
outside the law. You're not only being hunted by
John Kinney and Murphy's men... you're being hunted
by troops! Fort Stanton, Billy. The U.S. Army! The
government's put a two hundred dollar bounty on your
head. You were supposed to serve eleven warrants and

expose the Ring. Instead you went out and you went on the warpath... on a rampage! Now Richard's dead! And we're living up here like fugitives! What the hell do you think you're doing out there?

:

BILLY

I don't know... Maybe I'm trying to get President Hayes to look this way. They'll let Murphy and his bankers get away with anything and I can't allow that! The more bastards I dust, the more news stories they write. The more troops they send out after us, the more President Hayes is gonna have to raise an eyebrow. Come down and see for himself what's going on here. He'll find out who's really doing the killing.

:

CHARLEY

Alex? What are you gonna do?

:

ALEX

I'm gonna try to reach the President myself... legally. It won't be easy to get past the Governor, he's got so many.

:

BILLY

You know, I got plans for the Governor, he's got so many.

:

DOC

Alex, what if you can't get in touch with Hayes?

:

ALEX

I go back to Lincoln and re-open John's store. Try to deal with that. That's what John would want.

:

BILLY

We'll escort you.

:

ALEX

You'd be a death sentence to anybody right now, Billy. I don't want your help.

:

BILLY

Alex... You didn't see what they did to John... We did!

:

ALEX

Christ, Billy...

:

SUSAN

Thank you Billy. Billy, please go to old Mexico. Please.

:

BILLY

Gentlemen, let's ride.

:

ALEX

What the hell happened, Doc?

:

DOC

There's a whirlwind out there. When you're in it, you can't get out. I'm sorry. I was wondering if you remember that China doll? You know at the dance.. fandango? I was wondering seeing that you're lawyer and all... maybe there was a legal way...

:

ALEX

I don't even have enough ground to stand on anymore, Doc, I mean it...

:

DOC

Okay, yeah... okay...thanks. Take care of yourself,

Alex. Okay.

:

BILLY

Well, what the hell's the matter with him?

:

STEVE

I don't know, Jesus, he's belly-achn' about something or another... About something he read in the newspaper... he got mighty spooked.

:

CHARLEY

Dirty Steve told me, Billy... told me what they're writing in the papers.

:

DOC

Steven told him about the party that Sheriff Peppin's planning for us.

:

BILLY

Party? Oh, you mean the hanging.

:

CHAVEZ

...chivato.

:

CHARLEY

Goddamn it, Billy? You ever see a man hanged? His face turns flat purple... and his eyes come up on him.

:

BILLY

Yeah, I seen Red Smitty hang. Seen his head come clean off! It was a hell of a sight!

:

DOC

Billy? I don't think Charley wants to hear about Red

Smitty. I think that what he'd like to hear is that we're not going to hang.

:

CHARLEY

You mess your trousers they say. Gals watching and everything.

:

BILLY

If we get caught, Charley, we're gonna hag. But there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.

:

CHARLEY

We gotta do something before they catch us. You all gotta let me do something.

:

BILLY

Okay, Charley.

:

STEVE

Damn Charley, this is your last wish. Did your little carrot wet, you could've done that back in Juarez.

:

DOC

Some kind of a special woman, Dirt Face. You'll understand that one day.

:

BILLY

Alright gentlemen, square up and shell out for Charley. We'll be in the den. Just yell if you need any help.

:

BILLY

Pat Garret.

:

PAT

That's right.

:

BILLY

What are you doing here? No one's supposed to come in here.

:

PAT

Going back to Louisiana for family business. Wanted to see the boy who's become such a sensation.

:

BILLY

How'd you find me here?

:

PAT

I'm a tracker. Gonna be hell as sheriff, if they elect me.

:

BILLY

What are you saying, Pat?

:

PAT

The officials have asked me to run.

:

BILLY

Well, then I'm asking you to run too. That way! Or I'll take your shittin' scalp like I did Brady's.

:

PAT

Billy...I ain't the law yet. And I ain't here to get your ass hairs up. I come to tell you some bad news about a friend we share. McSween, Tunstall's lawyer.

:

BILLY

What about Alex?

:

PAT

He's gonna die. Tomorrow. He and his wife at his house. Murphy knows he's coming back to Lincoln tomorrow. They're gonna wait till he's home and go pay a visit.

:

BILLY

What time are they expecting him?

:

PAT

Supper time. I figure you were the only fellow with the pluck to get up some...McSween partisans across the border. I ain't been to Louisiana for a spell. I'll see you, Billy.

:

BILLY

Hey. Garret? Are you my friend?

:

PAT

Yes, I am, Bill.

:

BILLY

Regulators! Hey, Charley. Maybe you should stay. You can't shoot worth a piss anyhow! Besides, your gal's crying. She's really giving me a headache.

:

DOC

Charley, you got a wife now. You should stay.

:

CHARLEY

It's ain't easy having pals.

:

DOC

Alex!

:

BILLY

Alex!

:

ALEX

What in the name of...

:

BILLY

Alex, let's go. The word's out. They're gonna come
kill you.

:

ALEX

Damn it, Billy. I told you not to come here. I'm not
leaving my house.

:

BILLY

Alex, if you stay here, they're gonna kill you. And
then I'm gonna have to go and kill all the guys that
killed you. Now, that's lot of killing.

:

ALEX

You heard me, Billy.

:

SUSAN

Alex, maybe...

:

ALEX

You heard me!

:

SUSAN

We can't just stay here and hope that the good lord
saves us from an all out...

:

ALEX

I'm sick... I can't go to old Mexico.

:

DOC

Don't fret, Alex. The trip's been postponed. They're coming around the front.

:

BILLY

Shit!

:

DOC

Advices from Lincoln report that Chavez Y Chavez moved to California..where he changed his name and took work on a fruit ranch. Josiah 'Doc' Scurlock is reported to have left the West for the East...taking with him a celestial bride, her mother and fourteen brothers and sisters. Susan McSween went on to see both her husband's and John Tunstall's dreams to fruition...by becoming one of most prominent cattle women of all time. Governor Axtel was forced to resign by President Rutherford B. Hayes... and both the Murphy-Dolan faction and the Santa Fe Ring collapsed. William H. Bonney... also known as 'Billy the Kid'...continued to ride, never leaving New Mexico. He was caught in Fort Sumner... by Sheriff Pat Garret and killed. Sources report that he was unarmed and shooting the dark. He was buried with Charley Bowdre at Old Fort Sumner. Advices report that sometime later, an unidentified person... ..snuck into the graveyard and chiseled an inscription. The epitaph read only one word... 'Pals'.

:

END: