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 knifesmith 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

: 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

Ahhhh... 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
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.
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.

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

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.

Great, John Kinney!

Well, who's Kinney?

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

What's that mena?

CHARLEY

DOC

DICK

STEVE

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...
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: