

# **RAID ON COLUMBUS ©**

by

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FADE IN:

EXT./INT. CRAWFORD FARMHOUSE - DAY

A one-story farmhouse and small barn.

SUPER: "Missouri - 1901"

A SHERIFF, 35, and two armed DEPUTIES position themselves behind a wagon, in front of the farmhouse.

SHERIFF  
(toward house)  
All right, Crawford. I'm telling  
you once more. You're under  
arrest. Come on out.

PETE CRAWFORD, 40, crouches by an open window and rests a rifle on the sill. His WIFE, 35, huddles next to him.

CRAWFORD  
We need that water, Sheriff. My  
kin's grazed cattle on that land  
for three generations.

The Sheriff steps from behind the wagon and walks toward the farmhouse. He waves a piece of paper.

SHERIFF  
This paper says you ain't got  
rights to that water no more. It's  
property of the Larson Ranch.

CRAWFORD  
They been grabbin' land for ten  
years. Just 'cause they're the  
richest family in the county,  
doesn't give them that right.

SHERIFF  
Look, Crawford. Your cattle's on  
Larson's land illegal. You been  
warned. Now, you're going to jail.  
My orders are to take you in. You  
coming out peaceful?

Crawford levels his rifle at the lawman. Fires a warning shot. A bullet digs into the ground at his feet.

CRAWFORD  
Get off my land, Sheriff. Or  
somebody's gonna get hurt.

The Sheriff glares at Crawford.

He steps behind the wagon, where Deputies wait.

SHERIFF  
Start shootin', boys.

The Deputies hesitate. The Sheriff scoffs. He fires a shot at the farmhouse.

The others join in.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A half-furrowed field. YOUNG JESSE CRAWFORD, 17, a tall, lanky youth, behind a horse and plow.

He stops his work when there is an O.S. fusillade of GUNFIRE in the distance.

Jesse drops the reins. Hurries up a hill.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Jesse reaches the farmhouse. A grim-faced Deputy comes out of the dwelling.

DEPUTY

They're both dead, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Well, I told 'em to come out.

Jesse bolts to the door of the house. The Deputy holds back the youngster.

DEPUTY

You don't want to go in there, son.

Tears stream down young Jesse's cheeks.

The Sheriff cracks a smile at him.

Jesse's face turns red with anger.

YOUNG JESSE

Murderer!

Jesse rushes at the Sheriff. Knocks him down with a punch to the jaw.

The lawman scrambles to his feet. Draws his gun. And aims it at Jesse.

SHERIFF

Try that again, and you'll end up like your folks.

Jesse barrels into him.

The two grapple on the ground, and the gun goes off. The Sheriff stiffens and rolls over.

One Deputy pulls Jesse off. Another checks the Sheriff.

DEPUTY

My God. He's... dead.

Jesse's jaw drops.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Jesse and his LAWYER face the bench and an elderly JUDGE. The JURY and AUDIENCE observe the courtroom scene.

JUDGE

Jesse Crawford. You're found guilty of murder. Due to your age and the circumstances, I sentence you to fifteen years in the Missouri State Prison.

The lawyer steadies Jesse and puts his arm around the youngster's shoulders.

EXT. MISSOURI STATE PRISON - DAY

The cold steel gates of the prison glisten.

SUPER: "February, 1916."

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY

A door opens. A middle-aged GUARD comes out with JESSE CRAWFORD, now a handsome man in his early-30s, who retains his boyish appearance.

Jesse carries a duffle bag on his shoulder and wears old, ill-fitting clothes.

GUARD

Gonna miss you, Jesse. Got the money the warden gave you?

Jesse produces a roll of bills from his pocket.

GUARD

Enough for a new suit.

JESSE

And a ticket to California.

They reach the gate and shake hands.

Jesse steps through the door, into the free world.

EXT. ST. LOUIS STREETS - DAY

Horse-drawn carriages, wagons, PEDESTRIANS, and an occasional automobile fill the streets.

SUPER: "St. Louis, Missouri"

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jesse, now in a gaudy, baggy suit, gazes open-mouthed at the modern hustle and bustle.

He spots food in a street VENDER'S stall.

He digs out the wad of bills and buys a hot dog. A BYSTANDER eyes Jesse's money.

Jesse turns.

The Bystander bumps into him. He tips his hat in an apology and continues on his way.

After a few steps, the Bystander pauses. And stuffs Jesse's money into his coat pocket.

EXT. ST. LOUIS TRAIN STATION - DAY

PEOPLE bustle in and out of the terminal. PORTERS carry luggage. Train WHISTLES and ANNOUNCEMENTS of arrivals.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

A wall clock reads: "1:30".

Jesse strolls across the waiting area to the ticket counter. A TICKET AGENT, 60, greets him.

JESSE

One ticket to San Diego, on the two-forty train.

AGENT

That'll be twenty-four fifteen.

Jesse reaches in his pocket. No money.

Frantic, he continues to search. Backs away and lets CUSTOMERS behind him go to the counter.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY (LATER)

The clock displays: "2:35." Jesse fidgets on a bench in the corner of the room. Stares hopeless at the clock.

The STATIONMASTER stands on the train platform.

STATIONMASTER

Last call for Western Flyer! For Springfield, Oklahoma City, and points west. Now leaving on track three! All aboard!

A desperate Jesse hurries to the ticket agent.

JESSE

Mister. I had money for a ticket.  
But, I lost it. Honest. I got to  
catch that train.

The agent sees panic on Jesse's face and leans over.

AGENT

See here... If you want to take a  
chance, maybe sleep with the  
livestock? Train leaves the yard  
and stops a few minutes, to pick up  
freight cars. You might sneak on.

EXT. FREIGHT YARD - DAY

Multi-tracks run in every direction. Freight cars. Train  
engines. Large warehouses.

The last car attaches, and the train rolls out of the yard.

Jesse runs out from behind a boxcar. He races to the open  
door of the cold storage car.

Two train GUARDS watch Jesse toss his duffle bag into the  
car and hoist himself inside.

They signal each other and climb to the top of the train.

INT. COLD STORAGE CAR - DAY

Jesse settles down in a corner.

A trap door above him opens.

Jesse freezes and holds his breath, while a Guard climbs  
down the ladder.

The Guard's flashlight beam picks out Jesse.

GUARD #1

On your feet, ya damn bum.

Jesse gets up.

The Guard swings a wooden club. Jesse dodges the blow and  
scurries up the ladder.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Jesse's head pokes out the trap door..

The second Guard runs at him.

Jesse sprints toward the back of the train. Both Guards  
chase him.

The three leap from car to car. Jesse outdistances the two  
older men.

He reaches the end of the train and climbs down. Prepares to jump off. The train moves fast, and he hesitates.

Jesse ducks inside the car.

INT. CLUB CAR - DAY

PASSENGERS lounge at tables and view passing scenery. Drink, smoke, or play cards.

Jesse dashes through the crowded car.

He bumps into a PORTER, who carries a tray of drinks. The tray and drinks fall to the floor. Along with the Porter.

JESSE

Sorry about that, sir.

Jesse helps the Porter to his feet and exits the car.

The Guards rush in, barge their way through passengers, and knock over the Porter again.

INT. PULLMAN CAR - DAY

Jesse races into the pullman car and down a narrow corridor.

The door to a compartment opens.

A big plump LADY, 60, steps out, fusses with her hat, and blocks Jesse's way. He manages to squeeze past her.

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - DAY

Jesse slips through the baggage car and finds the next car locked. He turns and re-enters the pullman car.

INT. PULLMAN CAR - DAY

Panic on his face, Jesse heads to the nearest compartment door. Locked.

He finds an unlocked door and slinks into the stateroom.

The Guards hustle into the pullman car.

INT. BLANCHE'S STATEROOM - DAY

An empty stateroom. Jesse exhales a sigh of relief.

He cocks an ear. The Guards' O.S. FOOTSTEPS approach.

The frightened Jesse ducks into the bathroom.

INT. PULLMAN CAR - DAY

One of the Guards pounds a fist onto his palm.

GUARD #2  
Check the staterooms.

Each man takes a side of the corridor.

Further down, a stateroom door opens. BLANCHE PARKER, a lovely, well-dressed woman in her mid-40s, strolls out.

A distinguished GENTLEMAN, 50, follows her.

GENTLEMAN  
Remember, Blanche. Dinner tonight.

BLANCHE  
I won't forget.

She smiles. Heads to a stateroom. The Guards approach.

GUARD #1  
Ma'am. Have to search your room.

BLANCHE  
What for?

GUARD #1  
Some bum hopped on without paying.

GUARD #2  
He's got a weird suit on.

Blanche knits her brow, quizzical.

GUARD #1  
Can we look inside, please?

She flings open the door. The Guards peek.

BLANCHE  
You see? He's not here.

She forces them back. Slips into her stateroom and slams the door in their faces.

The Guards exchange grunts. Move down the aisle.

INT. BLANCHE'S STATEROOM - DAY

Blanche goes to a basin and washes her face.

She advances to the bathroom. The door handle won't budge.

BLANCHE  
I know you're there. Come out.

Jesse lurches into the room, wide-eyed.



BLANCHE

So, you're the one they're chasing after. I can tell by the suit. But, the guards didn't tell me how good-looking you were.

JESSE

Sorry, Ma'am. It's the only place I could hide. I'll go, just don't call anyone.

Jesse heads for the door.

BLANCHE

Wait. Might not be safe to leave. Go on, sit down.

Jesse sits. Blanche smiles, then presses the service button. His face pales.

BLANCHE

Relax.

A knock at the door.

Jesse retreats toward the bathroom, but Blanche blocks him.

She opens the door. The Porter appears in the corridor and spots Jesse.

PORTER

You! Hey, they're looking for him!

BLANCHE

Take it easy.  
(to Jesse)  
Where're you headed?

JESSE

San Diego. California.

Blanche goes into her purse and hands money to the Porter.

BLANCHE

That's for the young man's ticket. And, bring us two steak dinners. Oh, one more thing.

Blanche scribbles a note on a pad. Gives it to the Porter.

BLANCHE

Give this to the gentleman in "D".

The Porter flashes a puzzled glance at Jesse, and leaves.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

The passenger-laden caravan winds its way down the tracks, like a glowing centipede.

INT. BLANCHE'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Blanche sips wine and watches Jesse eat his steak. She freshens his glass.

JESSE

Thank you, Ma'am.

BLANCHE

Name's Blanche. Blanche Parker.

JESSE

I'm Jesse Crawford... Haven't had steak like this since I was a kid.

BLANCHE

(laughs)

Where you been? On a desert island?

JESSE

No. In prison. Fifteen years.

Blanche's laughter turns to embarrassment. A beat.

JESSE

I killed a man who murdered my parents.

BLANCHE

Fifteen years... I'll bet you missed out on a lot of things.

Blanche gazes at Jesse with sympathy. Puts her hand beside his cheek. Strokes her fingers through his hair.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

The train wheels click against the slick, shiny rails.

INT. BLANCHE'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Jesse and Blanche lie under the covers of the made-up pullman bed. Exchange kisses. Blanche sighs.

BLANCHE

What'll you do in San Diego?

JESSE

I got an aunt there. Never met her, but she's all the family I got. Maybe I can find a job and get a place of my own.

BLANCHE

Here's an idea... How about working for me, on my ranch in New Mexico?

JESSE

I was raised on a farm. We had a herd of cattle, though.

BLANCHE

I deal in... prime stock. They practically take care of themselves. How about it?

Jesse hesitates.

Blanche presses her lips to Jesse's and kisses him with great passion.

EXT. COLUMBUS - DAY

A small, western border town.

SUPER: "Columbus, New Mexico"

The train passes a busy military post. A sign at the gate says "Camp Furlong, 13th Cavalry".

EXT. COLUMBUS TERMINAL - DAY

A sign hangs from the railroad station: "Columbus". The train screeches to a stop.

PASSENGERS get off, including Blanche and Jesse.

Jesse passes the train Guards, and they glare at him.

LUCAS, a tall, lean man, 50, waits by a touring car. Blanche goes to him. Jesse carries her luggage.

LUCAS

How was your trip, Miss Parker?

BLANCHE

Good. Lucas, this is Jesse Crawford. Our new hired hand.

Lucas shakes Jesse's hand and grunts. Eyes the gaudy suit. The three leave.

EXT. COLUMBUS STREET - DAY

The touring car drives down the street and parks in front of a general store.

Blanche and Jesse get out. Lucas remains in the car.

Two older WOMEN come out of the store. Jesse smiles and holds the door for them.

The women stare at Blanche with disdain. Their behavior puzzles Jesse.

EXT. CAMP FURLONG - DAY

The complex consists of troop barracks. Horses. Equipment. Trucks. Other facilities.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

A makeshift courtroom. A LIEUTENANT, 25, waits in the back, a manilla envelope in his hand.

COLONEL SAMUEL DOVER, 55, MAJOR ROBERT STETLER, 45, and an OFFICER sit at a long table in front.

SOLDIERS and CIVILIANS observe from chairs and benches, along with two MILITARY GUARDS.

A teenage INDIAN GIRL sits on one side of the room, her face with severe bruises.

The girl's FATHER holds her hand.

On the other side, defendant Private CHARLES BULLIS, 30, a crude-looking, bulky man, 30.

Dover refers to slips of paper.

DOVER

Private Charles Bullis. Stand.

Bullis gets up and spits on the floor.

DOVER

Private Bullis, this court finds you guilty of assault and rape. Your army service record is a disgrace. You are sentenced to twenty years of hard labor.

The crowd buzzes at the sentence. Bullis shows no emotion.

DOVER

You are dishonorably discharged from the U.S. Army. You'll be taken to federal prison, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas in two weeks, by the Provost Marshall. Anything to say?

Bullis scowls. Sneers at the Indian Girl.

BULLIS

Yeah. Shoulda killed her when I had the chance. Damn squaw.

FATHER

I'll kill you, Bullis!

The Father jumps up and tries to reach Bullis. Soldiers restrain him.

DOVER  
Remove the prisoner.

BULLIS  
Colonel, you and the army can go  
fuck yourselves. You'll never get  
me to prison.

Military Guards lug Bullis away. The Lieutenant goes to  
Dover and hands him the manilla envelope.

LIEUTENANT  
Colonel Dover.

Dover takes out a dispatch.

DOVER  
(chuckles)  
Major Stetler. Read this. Another  
report on Pancho Villa.

Stetler reads the report.

STETLER  
Says Villa plans to cross the  
border and surrender.

DOVER  
Major, that's bullshit. Let's talk  
to the Federale commander at the  
border. He'll laugh his ass off.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Lucas sits in the vehicle, a cigarette dangles from his lip.  
He searches for a match, finds none.

Blanche and Jesse carry bundles out of the store. Jesse  
wears work clothes, a jacket and hat.

They load up and get in the car. Jesse cradles a package.

BLANCHE  
What's that, Jesse?

JESSE  
My suit.

BLANCHE  
You think you'll need it?

JESSE  
Sure. What am I gonna wear when we  
go to church on Sundays?

Lucas breaks into laughter. Blanche gives him a stern look,  
and he stops.

Jesse scratches his head, confused.

LUCAS  
Anyone got a match?

BLANCHE  
Lucas, if you want some tobacco, I suggest you chew that cigarette.

Lucas grunts.

EXT. CAMP GUARDHOUSE - DAY

The Military Guards flank Bullis and escort him into the guardhouse office.

INT. CELL ROOM - DAY

Three cells with four prisoners: PHILLIPS, tall and 35, MALONE, a baby-faced man in his early-20s; and DECKER and COMSKY, in their late-20s.

Sergeant TURNER, 35, shoves Bullis into Malone's cell.

MALONE  
Bullis. What'd they give you?

BULLIS  
Twenty fucking years.

COMSKY  
You're lucky this isn't the Polish army. They'd cut your balls off.

DECKER  
Yeah, you'd wind up a soprano.

BULLIS  
Shut your fuckin' faces!

COMSKY  
Don't worry, Bullis. You'll have lots of company. Decker and Phillips got ten years.

DECKER  
It's not fair. Hell, we was just trying to make some extra money.

COMSKY  
Stealing supplies? Dumb asses. At least I got to smack that officer around, the fucking bastard.

MALONE  
Yeah? All I did was stab a civilian.

COMSKY  
Uh huh. And, refresh my memory. Why'd you stab him?

MALONE

Son of a bitch said I cheated at poker.

DECKER

Did you?

MALONE

Hell, yes. How else can you win?

The others chuckle, except Bullis, who scowls.

PHILLIPS

Don't feel bad, Bullis. At least you got laid.

COMSKY

Hey, we all got fucked. By the U.S. army.

The prisoners laugh.

Turner brings in DOMINGUEZ, a Mexican-American, 20, and puts him in Phillips' cell.

BULLIS

Hey, Turner. What you bringin' that greaser in here for? He belongs in the Mexican army.

DOMINGUEZ

Shut your mouth. I'm American.

BULLIS

You mean, Americano?

PHILLIPS

Don't mind him. What's your name?

DOMINGUEZ

Johnny Dominguez.

BULLIS

What's the matter? Get caught stealin' tacos?

DOMINGUEZ

Fuck you, asshole!

PHILLIPS

Take it easy... So, what you in for, kid?

DOMINGUEZ

Late from furlough. Six months late. Time goes by fast, when you're with a beautiful woman.

PHILLIPS

Well, you might get a year.

DOMINGUEZ

Mother of God. Without a woman that long? I couldn't last a week.

BULLIS

Then you'll do what we all do, greaseball. Play with yourself.

COMSKY

Yeah. Put it between the bars.

The other prisoners laugh, except Phillips. He pats the angry Dominguez on the back.

EXT./INT. CIRCLE P RANCH - DAY

The touring car arrives at a gate. A sign above reads "Circle P Ranch."

Lucas nudges the car against the gate and it opens. The vehicle drives through. The gate swings shut behind it.

The ranch consists of a large house, barn, corral, and bunkhouse. The car passes several head of cattle and horses that graze.

A horse gallops past. The rider, DIANE, 25, a beautiful redhead, waves to the car.

BLANCHE

That's Diane. She works here.

Lucas smirks. The car stops at the large, two-story ranch house. Jesse and Blanche exit.

BLANCHE

Jesse. I have to tell you something. This isn't an ordinary ranch. And, my prime stock isn't cattle... I run a bordello.

JESSE

Huh?

BLANCHE

You know, a house of ill repute... A whorehouse, Jesse.

JESSE

Oh.

BLANCHE

And a gambling casino. My place is the best in the state. Maybe the whole country.



JESSE

Well, it'll be nice being around women for a change.

BLANCHE

Now, you know why those women in town shunned me.

Diane comes in from the corral. Hugs Blanche.

DIANE

Welcome back. Who's this?

BLANCHE

Diane, this is Jesse. He'll be working here.

Jesse's and Diane's eyes meet. He tips his hat.

Diane acknowledges with a nod.

DIANE

How was the trip?

BLANCHE

I made a good deal with the meat packers. How are things?

DIANE

Lydia did great. I got to clean up. See you later. Nice to meet you, Jesse.

Diane goes into the ranch house. Jesse gazes at her.

JESSE

I can't believe she's --

BLANCHE

A whore?

JESSE

She looks like somebody's sister.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM -DAY

Spacious, ornate, and luxurious. A bar, with couches and a victrola. Gambling paraphernalia. Doors to other rooms.

Blanche and Jesse enter. He's impressed. Whistles.

BLANCHE

My clients come from all over. Some officers from Camp Furlong. Gambling's honest, girls are clean. Wednesday night to Sunday morning. There's bank accounts for each girl. When they leave, they'll have money to start a new life.

JESSE

Blanche, I got a feeling I'm gonna like working for you.

Blanche kisses Jesse on the cheek.

EXT. CIRCLE P RANCH - NIGHT

Darkness falls over the ranch.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Blanche and Jesse sit at a long dinner table.

BEATRICE, a chubby black woman, 40, comes out of the kitchen. Sets down a big soup tureen.

BLANCHE

Thanks, Beatrice. Will you call the girls to the table?

BEATRICE

Ladies! Soup's on! Get in here!

Beatrice lurches back into the kitchen.

JENNY, 25, a busty brunette, appears. Nods a greeting to Blanche, raises an eyebrow to Jesse, and takes a seat.

Three more women arrive, all between 20 and 30. LI CHU, a Chinese girl with a stunning figure, MARIA, a lovely Mexican, and LYDIA, a vivacious Englishwoman.

They all smile at Jesse and join the others.

Beatrice carries in a platter of juicy steaks.

CLAUDINE, 28, a French brunette comes in. Behind her, GRETA, 30, a tall, strong-built German, with very large breasts. They mouth hellos to Blanche.

All the women dress in simple, unrevealing attire. They have a fresh, wholesome presence.

Diane breezes in, smiles at Jesse and sits.

BLANCHE

Girls, I want you to meet our new ranch hand. Jesse Crawford.

Jesse rises from the table with a bashful grin and almost knocks over his water glass. The girls titter. He bows.

BLANCHE

Jesse, this is Claudine, Lydia, Li Chu, Greta, Jenny, Maria. You've already met Diane.

As Blanche calls their names, each girl welcomes Jesse with a smile or polite nod.

JESSE

Pleased to meet you all.

He sits down and knocks his fork onto the floor. The girls giggle and pass food around.

They scrutinize Jesse. He flinches a bit, embarrassed. Then, he and Diane make eye contact.

DIANE

Where do you come from, Jesse?

JESSE

Missouri, Ma'am.

GRETA

You work at ranch there?

JESSE

No, ma'am. My folks were farmers. But, that was a long time ago.

DIANE

So, what you been doing with yourself?

JESSE

Not much... Look, I got to tell you. I just got out of prison.

Everyone freezes and gawks at Jesse.

BLANCHE

You don't have to explain, Jesse. I know you're a good person.

Jesse squirms in his chair.

JESSE

You ladies got to excuse me for being a bit nervous. But, I never saw so many beautiful women all together, in one place.

His innocence and compliment charms the girls. They smile at him with affection. Tension breaks.

Jesse stifles a laugh. He and Diane can't keep their eyes off each other.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Four beds, a table and chairs. A small stove.

Lucas plays checkers at the table with MITCH, 35.

Jesse carries sheets and blankets into the bunkhouse.

MITCH

You'd be Jesse, I reckon. I'm Mitch.

JESSE

Good to meet you. I'd shake hands, but --

Mitch sees Jesse's hands are full and gives a wave.

The men watch him go to an unclaimed bunk.

LUCAS

Good thing you got lotsa blankets. Stove ain't much good.

MITCH

Gets cold as a witch's tit some nights.

LUCAS

You like dinner with the girls?

JESSE

Uh huh, very nice.

MITCH

Ha. That's the first and last time you'll have dinner with them.

LUCAS

Yeah, we got that treatment when we started workin' here. Dinner with the girls. And a speech by Blanche Parker, tellin' us they was off-limits.

MITCH

(imitates Blanche)

"You don't shit where you eat."

The men laugh. Jesse continues to make up his bunk.

LUCAS

First, it was a son of a bitch, all that young stuff walkin' around.

MITCH

When we get a craving, we go into town and find some women.

JESSE

Blanche never made a speech to me.

LUCAS

She will... We heard you never worked a ranch before, just a farm? So, we'll go easy on you for now. Just feed the hogs and chickens, milk the cows. And clean the barn. You ride a horse?

JESSE

It's been a while.

LUCAS

Jesse, ridin' a horse is like fuckin'. You never forget how.

Lucas and Mitch snicker.

EXT. BARN - DAY

A rooster crows and ushers in the morning.

INT. BARN - DAY

A well-stocked barn. Two cows and four horses in stalls.

Jesse carries a milking pail into a cow stall. Eases a stool under the animal.

JESSE

Now, I haven't done this in a while. Might be a bit rusty.

Jesse milks the cow. It emits a high-pitched moo.

JESSE

Oh, cold hands. Sorry.

Jesse rubs his hands, then returns to his work. No protest from the cow.

JESSE

That better?

The cow moos, content.

DIANE (O.S.)

I think it is.

Diane steps in. She wears riding clothes.

JESSE

Oh, morning. Just making friends with the cow.

DIANE

She's Greta. Other one's Jenny. Lucas named them... You know, after the girls with big --

Diane gestures with her hands and indicates large breasts. Jesse chuckles.

DIANE

The girls know about it, except Greta. If she ever found out --

The two share a laugh. An awkward moment passes.

DIANE

Well... Blanche and I are riding in a few minutes.

Diane shuffles into a horse's stall. Strokes the horse, who responds to her touch.

JESSE

How long you been with Blanche?

DIANE

Almost a year. She's so good to me. To all the girls.

Diane saddles her horse.

She brings the animal out of the stall.

The two stare at each other. The barn door opens, and Blanche comes in.

BLANCHE

Good morning, Jesse. Diane.

JESSE

Morning.

DIANE

Oh, I forgot to saddle your horse.

BLANCHE

I see. Go on ahead, Diane. Jesse will help me.

Diane leads her horse out of the barn. Blanche grins.

BLANCHE

You like her.

JESSE

Don't worry. I won't break your rules. The fellas told me not to mess with the girls.

BLANCHE

Oh. I suppose that's probably a good idea. They might hold it against you.

Jesse lifts a saddle that hangs on a peg.

BLANCHE

Jesse. How about a drink with the boss tonight? After dinner?

JESSE

Yeah. I'd like that.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Jesse pitches hay from the loft down to several horses in the outside corral.

An O.S. SOUND of a shotgun BLAST reverberates against the barn. The horses in the corral stir.

Another O.S. shotgun BLAST rings out.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE REAR - DAY

Jesse runs in with the pitchfork. Gapes at Diane, Lydia, and Greta, in an open field.

Diane and Lydia hold shotguns. Greta kneels beside a skeet trap. The setup confuses Jesse. He lowers the pitchfork.

LYDIA

Pull!

Greta pulls a handle on the skeet trap. It releases a clay pigeon disk.

Lydia fires her gun and shatters the target.

JESSE

I thought someone was in trouble.

LYDIA

Skeet shooting. Very popular in England. Care to try?

JESSE

No. I'll just watch you all.

DIANE

All right, Greta. Pull!

Greta pulls the handle. The disk zooms into the air.

Diane aims. Pulls the trigger. Misses.

She puts the shotgun down and rubs her shoulder.

DIANE

Lydia, I get a black and blue mark when I shoot this gun.

LYDIA

The rules say, you must use that kind of gun.

DIANE

I'm not in any contest.

Diane goes to a gun case against the bunkhouse wall. Takes out a revolver.

DIANE

Okay, Greta. Pull!

Greta releases a disk. Diane fires the pistol and blasts the clay pigeon apart.

DIANE

That's more like it.

LYDIA

Come on, Jesse. You try.

GRETA

Ya. Go ahead.

Jesse puts the pitchfork down, and Lydia hands her shotgun to him.

He sights the weapon in the sky.

Hesitates.

JESSE

I forgot the word.

DIANE

It's "pull", Jesse.

JESSE

Okay. Pull.

Greta lets the handle go. The trap spits out a disk.

Jesse aims and fires. A miss. He offers the gun to Lydia.

LYDIA

Don't give up after one shot.

JESSE

All right. Pull?

Greta releases a pigeon. Jesse fires and misses again.

He sets his jaw in determination. Reloads.

JESSE

One more time. Pull.

Another target flies. Jesse's shot finds its mark. The disk shatters. The women cheer.

LYDIA

Now, you've the hang of it.



JESSE

Want to make sure it wasn't an  
accident. Pull, Greta!

Jesse blasts another clay pigeon. He reloads.

JESSE

Pull! And, pull!

Two targets release within seconds.

Jesse fires in rapid succession and turns them into powdered  
debris. Greta whistles.

He returns Lydia's shotgun.

JESSE

Thanks, ladies. That was fun.

The women gape at Jesse. He retrieves the pitchfork and  
moves off.

EXT. CIRCLE P RANCH - NIGHT

A half-moon. Light streams from the ranch house windows.

Vehicles park in front. O.S. MUSIC plays from a phonograph  
record, mixed with LAUGHS from PARTYGOERS.

An army vehicle screeches to a halt outside the door.

Major Stetler climbs out. His driver, the young Lieutenant,  
hands him an overnight bag.

STETLER

Pick me up Sunday at nine. I have  
to go to church with my family.

The Lieutenant rolls his eyes, unseen by Stetler.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

The long dining room table fits flush against the wall.

A buffet covers the table, and a portable liquor cart stands  
next to it, with cigars and cigarettes. A fireplace blazes.

PATRONS occupy gambling tables. Lots of activity. Except  
for DOCTOR HALL, early-40s, and attractive. He sits by  
himself, with a glum expression.

Diane and Greta deal poker at two tables. Claudine runs  
other games.

Jenny and Maria mingle with CUSTOMERS. Li Chu serves  
drinks. Blanche circulates among guests.

The women dress in sexy garments. Jesse observes, decked  
out in semi-formal clothes, with slicked back hair.

The victrola winds down. Jesse turns the crank and brings it up to speed.

Major Stetler plays at Diane's table, along with JIM VAN HORN, 55, a tall, broad man.

Van Horn throws down his cards in disgust.

VAN HORN

Major, you're one lucky S.O.B.

STETLER

Right, Big Jim. But, even when you get good cards, you have to know what to do with them.

A poker PLAYER gets up and leaves. Blanche strolls over.

BLANCHE

Go easy on the liquor, boys. Don't be like Big Jim. Last time, he got so drunk he didn't know where he was. Had to sleep by himself.

VAN HORN

Where else can I really relax?

BLANCHE

Just don't want you to miss out on any fun.

Blanche glances at Doctor Hall, who pouts.

BLANCHE

What about your friend?

VAN HORN

He'll be okay.

Blanche excuses herself with a nod, then leans into Hall.

BLANCHE

Doctor Hall, you don't seem to be enjoying yourself.

HALL

Well, I enjoy watching.

BLANCHE

Are you disappointed in my girls?

HALL

Oh, no. They're all lovely.

BLANCHE

Why don't you pick one?

Hall scans the room. His eyes focus on Diane.

BLANCHE  
Redheads, huh?

Blanche goes to Diane and whispers to her.

Diane approaches Hall. Blanche takes her place as dealer.

Lucas motions to Jesse, who follows him to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A beer keg rests next to a large tub of ice. The men pass Beatrice, who bastes a roast in the oven.

LUCAS  
Wouldn't have bothered you, but my  
trick back is actin' up.

Beatrice scoffs at Lucas and arches an eyebrow.

LUCAS  
Got it when I used to bust broncos.  
Afraid all I can lift is that tub.

Lucas bends down. Grasps the handle of the tub, then winces in pain and rubs his lower back. Jesse's eyes soften.

JESSE  
I got it, Lucas.

Jesse places the keg inside the tub and lifts it.

LUCAS  
Let me give you a hand.

JESSE  
Rest your back, Lucas.

Jesse carries the tub through the door. A devilish grin comes over Lucas' face.

BEATRICE  
Lucas, you rascal.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse sets down the tub and tests the keg spigot.

Claudine escorts HENDRICKS, 40, upstairs.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Doors on both sides lead to rooms. Claudine and Hendricks head down the hallway.

INT. DIANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hall slumps in a chair. Diane pours whiskey into glasses. The two toast each other and drink.

Diane waits on the edge of the bed.

HALL

I shouldn't have come up here.

DIANE

You want me to leave, Doctor Hall?

HALL

No... Guess you think I'm strange.  
See, I'm a surgeon. Last year, I  
operated on my wife. But, I  
couldn't save her. She died.

Tears stream down his cheek. Diane gets misty-eyed.

HALL

I went into seclusion. My friend  
Van Horn talked me into coming  
here. Said I should try to forget.

Diane takes Hall's hand, and leads him to the bed.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Blanche remains at Van Horn's table.

VAN HORN

(very drunk)

Got you this time, Major. Full  
house. Queens over kings.

STETLER

Don't beat four deuces.

VAN HORN

Damn. I don't believe it.

STETLER

I'm hungry. Gonna take a break.  
How about the rest of you boys?

VAN HORN

(to the others))

Go ahead, I'll stay and play  
solitaire. Maybe I'll win a hand.

Stetler and the others laugh and leave Blanche alone with  
Van Horn.

BLANCHE

I hope Diane is able to cheer up  
your doctor friend.

VAN HORN

Doctor? He ain't no damn doctor.

BLANCHE

What?

VAN HORN

He's president of the Albuquerque Coat Hanger Company. It's all an act he puts on. Before he takes a gal to bed, he gives her a big sob story. To get her sympathy.

BLANCHE

You're joking.

VAN HORN

Last month, he told a girl at Barnaby's he ran over his daughter, backin' his car outa the driveway. Poor girl cried her eyes out. More she cried, the more he loved it.

O.S. woman's SCREAMS from upstairs silence the activity.

Jesse dashes up the stairs. Blanche and others follow.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jesse rushes to a door. Locked.

CRASH!

He puts his shoulder against it and breaks in.

INT. CLAUDINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse gulps at the sight.

Claudine stands on the bed and holds a pillow against her body. Hendricks, in red silk pajamas, snaps a bullwhip.

Claudine screams. Hendricks moans and cries. He cracks the bullwhip toward her.

CLAUDINE

Get this crazy pig away from me!

Lucas and Blanche elbow past curious guests.

Jesse grabs the whip from Hendricks, who sinks to his knees and sobs. Blanche comforts Claudine.

HENDRICKS

(to Jesse)

Yes, beat me! I've been very bad!

Jesse tosses the whip onto the bed. Blanche covers Claudine with a robe.

CLAUDINE

That crazy man not want to make the love. Want me to hit him with whip. I say no, he try to whip me.

BLANCHE

You'll be okay. Go to my room.

Claudine stares daggers at Hendricks.

CLAUDINE

Degenerate pig.

She spits at the air and storms out.

BLANCHE

Mr. Hendricks, I won't have any of this perversion at my place.

JESSE

On your feet, Mister.

Jesse picks up Hendricks by the collar.

HENDRICKS

Oh, yes. Beat me. Please?

JESSE

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

BLANCHE

Jesse, get his bag. Lucas. Drive him into Columbus.

(to the others)

Okay, everyone, excitement's over.

The crowd disperses.

Jesse hands Hendricks his clothes. The man takes them and dresses in a hurry.

Lucas notices the whip on the bed. Picks it up.

LUCAS

Damn. You're weird.

Hendricks scowls. Stuffs the whip into his jacket pocket.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Hall and Diane stand in the corridor. Blanche motions to Diane and takes her aside.

BLANCHE

(to Hall)

Excuse us a moment. Doctor.

Hall goes back into the room.

INT. DIANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hall removes his shirt. Smirks, as Diane returns.

HALL

Now, where did we leave off?

He goes to Diane and kisses her. After a long embrace, Diane backs off.

DIANE

I have to leave... It's that time of the month for me. You know?

HALL

What?... Oh well, that's no problem, it doesn't bother me.

DIANE

But, it bothers me.

Diane exits the room. Hall grits his teeth and pouts.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Things back to normal. Gaiety returns.

Jesse resumes his post. Diane descends the stairs and relieves Blanche at the card table.

Lucas escorts Hendricks downstairs.

Hendricks tries to speak to Blanche, but Lucas leads him straight to the door.

The victrola music slows. Jesse cranks the handle. The music tempo resumes.

EXT. CAMP FURLONG - DAY

A military vehicle waits outside Dover's headquarters, the Lieutenant at the wheel.

SUPER: "March 8, 1916 - Two weeks later"

INT. DOVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dover sits behind a large desk. Opposite him, Major Stetler and a Mexican CABALLERO of 60.

DOVER

Senor. You're sure Villa broke camp this morning?

CABALLERO

Si, Colonel. Ashes of the campfire were still warm. They went South, I think back to Durango.

STETLER

Maybe those rumors about an attack are wrong?

DOVER

That Villa is a wily fox. I don't trust him. Major Stetler, the fort is now on twenty-four hour alert. Double the guard.... Senor, you've done a fine job.

Dover hands the Caballero a handful of silver dollars. The Mexican nods at Dover. Goes out the door with Stetler.

EXT. DOVER'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Caballero and Stetler go to the military vehicle.

The Mexican gets in. Stetler leans in to the Lieutenant.

STETLER

As of now, We're on twenty-four hour alert.

LIEUTENANT

So, no weekend at Blanche's place.

STETLER

Dover's not spoiling my fun. Lieutenant, I'm giving you a big responsibility. But, I'm sure you're up to it. You cover for me.

The Lieutenant makes a face.

EXT. COLUMBUS TERMINAL - DAY

A train arrives at the station.

PASSENGERS get off, with MAJOR HENRY DELANY, 50, the Provost Marshall, among them.

Delany wears identical pistols on either side of his gun belt. A large billy club straps onto the belt.

INT. CELL ROOM - DAY

Turner enters with Delany, who examines each cell. Then, he stands at attention and takes out a piece of paper.

DELANY

I am Major Henry Delany, Provost Marshall. My orders are: transport the following men to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

(reads from the paper)

Charles Bullis, Harold Comsky, Augustus Decker --

The prisoners chuckle at Gus Decker's real first name. Delany glares at them for a moment. He continues.



DELANY

Thomas Malone, and Ivan Phillips.  
We leave oh-eight-hundred tomorrow.  
Anyone gets out of line --

Delany removes the billy club from his belt. Waves it at the men.

DELANY

I'll crack his skull open. Try to escape, and I'll shoot you. Never lost a prisoner yet. You will follow my rules.

BULLIS

Shove your rules up your ass.

Delany fumes. Goes to Bullis, who sits on his cot.

DELANY

Who is this sack of shit, Sergeant?

TURNER

That's Bullis, Major. On your feet, Bullis.

Bullis gets up and moseys to the bars.

DELANY

Bullis, eh? Think you're a tough guy? Give me any trouble, you'll wish you were dead.

Delany strikes his billy club against the bars, next to Bullis' face. Bullis glowers and doesn't move a muscle.

Turner leads Delany out of the cell room.

DECKER

Man. He means business.

BULLIS

That shithead ain't takin' me to any prison.

DOMINGUEZ

Why didn't you tell him to his face? You were mighty quiet.

BULLIS

Shut your damn greaser mouth.

DOMINGUEZ

I think maybe you're afraid of the Major. Huh, chickenshit? Chick, chick, chick.

Dominguez continues to taunt Bullis. The others laugh at his antics.

EXT. MEXICAN-AMERICAN BORDER - NIGHT

A barbed wire fence stretches into the distance. Two Mexican VILLISTAS slice it with wire cutters.

Shadows of mounted RIDERS wait in the distance.

A large gap expands in the fence. The group rides through.

EXT. CAMP FURLONG - NIGHT

GUARDS patrol their posts. Across the railroad tracks, the town of Columbus sleeps.

INT. CELL ROOM - NIGHT

A light from the guardhouse office spills from the crack under the door.

Prisoners sleep, except Bullis. He lies on his cot. Stares at the ceiling.

O.S. hoofbeats THUNDER and pierce the silence of the night.

Bullis goes to the barred window. Squints to see.

He flinches when he hears a series of O.S. SOUNDS. First, a rifle SHOT and a flurry of GUNFIRE. Then, an EXPLOSION.

Men shout. The prisoners wake to O.S. MACHINE GUN FIRE.

EXT. CAMP FURLONG - NIGHT

Confusion and terror. TROOPERS run wild through the streets. They fire at Villista raiders.

Shouts of orders in English and Spanish. Unintelligible due to deafening battle NOISES of gunfire and explosions.

A swarthy, 40-year-old rider pauses in front of the guardhouse. His horse rears.

It's PANCHO VILLA.

VILLA  
Death to gringos!

Guardhouse Soldiers return fire. A bullet just misses Villa. He gallops away.

INT. CELL ROOM - NIGHT

The prisoners strain their eyes through barred windows.

DOMINGUEZ  
Jesus. That was Pancho Villa.

Mexicans pass the guardhouse and fire. Bullis and the others drop to the floor.

Bullets whiz through the bars and dig into the wall.

DECKER

Hey, Turner! Get us out!

COMSKY

We're gonna get killed!

An EXPLOSION rocks the guardhouse. Tears off the office door. Smoke bellows into the cell room.

Turner stumbles in. His face bleeds, uniform torn.

He collapses in front of the cells.

PHILLIPS

Christ. I think he's dead.

BULLIS

Who gives a shit? See if he's got keys on him.

Dominguez reaches through the bars. Searches Turner's body. And finds a set of keys.

He unlocks his cell. Comes out with Phillips, who opens the other cells, while Dominguez examines Turner's body.

Bullis goes to Turner and shoves Dominguez aside.

BULLIS

Outta my way, asshole!

He takes the dead man's gun belt and straps it on. Draws the pistol from the holster.

He bolts through the doorway into the guardhouse office. The rest of the prisoners follow.

INT. GUARDHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

The explosion leaves a large hole in the building. Two Guards lie dead among the debris.

Rifles scatter on the floor.

Bullis holsters the revolver. Picks up a rifle and goes to an overturned desk.

He rummages through drawers. Finds ammunition boxes.

EXT. GUARDHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Several Villistas ride down the street and fire weapons.

Bullis takes aim with his rifle. Shoots one of the Mexican riders off his horse.

Deafening sounds reverberate from the gun battle.

COMSKY

Bullis, what are we going to do?

BULLIS

I don't give a fuck what any of you do. I'm gettin' the hell out.

Bullis run down the street. His fellow prisoners follow.

Structures in the camp are ablaze. In the distance, fires in the town light up the area.

Delany reaches the guardhouse.

He fires both pistols at Villa raiders as they pass, and hits several of them.

He steps through the hole, which still smoulders.

Moments later, he comes out again.

EXT. CAMP FURLONG - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Horses stream out of the burning stables. Too fast to be caught by the prisoners.

Delany runs around a corner and gets sight of Bullis' group. A cynical smile crosses his face.

He takes dead aim at the prisoners.

DELANY

You! Prisoners! Drop your guns, or I'll kill you all!

The men whip around at the sound of his voice.

Bullis drops down and fires his rifle at Delany, who takes cover and returns the gunfire. The other prisoners scatter.

Bullis crawls out of range. Winds around a building.

He bumps into a military truck. His eyes light up.

No key in the ignition. He growls.

BULLIS

Damn it!

He continues to circle. Turns another corner and sees Delany from the back.

DELANY

I said, give up!

Bullis levels his rifle at Delany. Shoots him in the back.

Delany spins around. Rolls onto his side. Tries to get up.

Bullis struts to Delany.

BULLIS

Sorry to spoil your perfect record.  
You just lost your first prisoner.

Bullis fires a bullet into Delany's body. He's motionless.

The prisoners join Bullis. Malone examines Delany.

MALONE

Not so tough now, is he?

COMSKY

How do we get out of here? All the  
horses are scattered.

BULLIS

There's a truck just sittin' over  
there. But no keys.

MALONE

Shit. I can start it.

Bullis leads the five men to the truck.

Malone gets in, crosses ignition wires. It starts.

The rest pile in the truck.

Bullis shoves Malone over and gets behind the wheel.  
Dominguez steps a foot into the rear of the truck.

PHILLIPS

Dominguez, what are you doing?  
You'll only get a year.

DOMINGUEZ

I'm not spending a year without a  
woman.

PHILLIPS

All right. It's your ass.

Dominguez squeezes into the vehicle. The truck drives off.

EXT. COLUMBUS STREET - NIGHT

Several buildings burn in the town. RESIDENTS attempt to  
put out the fires and fight Villistas at the same time.

The truck skids around a corner, turns onto the main street,  
and moves out of town.

EXT. CIRCLE P RANCH - NIGHT

Dim lights from the ranch house outline Blanche's touring  
car and four other vehicles.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

A late-night poker game with Van Horn, Stetler, and two other diehard Players.

Blanche steps in from the kitchen. She wears a robe and carries a cup of coffee and a sweet roll.

Blanche sits at the poker table.

VAN HORN

Gentlemen, let's raise the stakes.  
Whoever wins the next hand takes  
Blanche upstairs.

BLANCHE

I'm retired, boys.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Jesse, Lucas, and Mitch sleep in their bunks.

EXT. CIRCLE P RANCH - NIGHT

The stolen truck bolts through the open gate. It moves toward the ranch house.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Jesse and Lucas wake at O.S. SOUNDS of FOOTSTEPS.

JESSE

(whispers)

Lucas. You hear that?

LUCAS

Yeah, I heard a car, too. I'm  
gonna see what it is.

JESSE

I'll go with you.

Lucas won't wait. He opens the front door and squints.

CRUNCH!

A rifle butt slams against Lucas' head. He falls to the bunkhouse floor with a loud thud.

JESSE

Lucas!

Mitch wakes with a start and jumps out of his bunk.

MITCH

What the fuck?

Jesse heads toward Lucas.

Malone brandishes a rifle and drives Jesse further into the room. Comsky follows, armed with a pistol.

JESSE  
Who the hell are you?

MALONE  
Shut up. Comsky, get us some light  
in here.

Comsky lights the overhead lamp.

MALONE  
(to Jesse and Mitch)  
Get dressed. Pronto.

Comsky checks the fallen Lucas.

COMSKY  
Hey, this asshole's dead.

JESSE  
What? You sons of bitches!

Jesse advances on Malone, who pokes the rifle into Jesse's stomach and stops him cold.

COMSKY  
Malone, you stupid bastard.

MALONE  
I didn't hit him that hard. Maybe  
he just had a soft skull. Ha, ha.

Jesse clenches his teeth. He and Mitch dress.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Bullis levels a pistol at Blanche and the poker Players.

STETLER  
How the hell did you get out of the  
guardhouse, Bullis?

BULLIS  
Too bad there's no phone here,  
Major. You missed the excitement.  
Pancho Villa paid us a visit.

STETLER  
What?

BULLIS  
Yeah. Town's on fire, so's half  
the camp. A bomb blew open the  
guardhouse. We walked right out.

Stetler gasps.

BULLIS

By now, the Mexican flag's probably flying over the fort.

Bullis snorts a cynical laugh. Phillips herds GUESTS and women downstairs.

Dominguez escorts PEOPLE from ground level bedrooms. They wear robes, sheets, and blankets wrapped around them.

Decker shoves Beatrice forward.

BEATRICE

Stop pushing me. How dare you?

DECKER

Quiet, mammy.

Beatrice joins Blanche and the rest of the girls. Everyone talks at the same time.

Bullis fires two shots into the ceiling.

BULLIS

Shut up!

The room becomes silent. Comsky and Malone force Jesse and Mitch through the front door.

Outside, dawn breaks. Jesse and the other men go to Blanche and Diane.

JESSE

They killed Lucas.

BLANCHE

Murderers!

Bullis laughs hard. Counts on his fingers.

BULLIS

Here's the deal. We want horses. Supplies. Money. Dominguez, clean out the rooms. Find some clothes instead of these rags.

Dominguez bolts up the stairs.

Bullis focuses on the poker Players.

BULLIS

You, high rollers. Empty your pockets. Decker, have your girlfriend rustle up some grub. And supplies. Comsky, you and Malone get horses saddled.



COMSKY

We got the truck. What do we want with horses?

BULLIS

Where we're goin', there ain't no roads. Or gasoline.

Comsky nods. He and Malone lead the ranch hands outside. Decker goes to Beatrice and takes her arm.

BEATRICE

Take your hands off me. I ain't cookin' for none of you pigs.

BULLIS

(to Blanche)

Lady, tell her to behave herself. Or, you'll have one fat, dead coon on your hands.

Blanche gestures to Beatrice, who nods, then barges past Decker in a huff, toward the kitchen. Decker trails behind.

BULLIS

(to Blanche)

All right, Madame. Where the hell is your safe?

BLANCHE

Safe? I don't have a safe.

He strikes her across the face.

DIANE

Stop it!

Phillips blocks Diane's way.

BULLIS

Now. Where's the fucking safe?

BLANCHE

In my room.

BULLIS

Good. Phillips, see to it.

BLANCHE

Go Hit me again. I won't open it.

BULLIS

No?

Bullis jams his pistol against Diane's head. He cocks the hammer and smiles.

BLANCHE

All right.

Phillips follows Blanche.

Van Horn edges toward his jacket, which drapes over a chair.

Bullis' eyes fall on Li Chu. She tries to cover her body with a blanket.

Bullis flashes a lurid grin.

BULLIS

Nice body, for a Chink.

Beatrice and Decker return from the kitchen.

She brings a bowl of chicken and pitcher of milk. Decker munches a chicken leg and carries a loaf of bread.

Van Horn reaches into the jacket pocket and takes out a small caliber pistol.

He fires and misses.

Bullis turns. Shoots Van Horn dead.

Beatrice throws up her hands. Chicken and milk spill all over Decker.

BULLIS

Anybody else wanna be a dead hero?

EXT. CORRAL - DAY

The sun rises. Malone and Comsky watch Jesse and Mitch saddle horses in the corral.

Jesse turns to Mitch.

JESSE

We've got to do something.

MITCH

You crazy? Give 'em what they want. They'll leave.

Comsky leans against the corral fence.

COMSKY

You got a cigarette?

MALONE

No. How about this?

Malone offers him a plug of tobacco.

MALONE

Tastes just like licorice.

Jesse works his way through the horses, toward Comsky and Malone. Wraps a bridle around his hand.

Comsky takes a bite of the chaw. Chews for a second. Gags and coughs. He spits it out.

COMSKY

Yeech! Tastes like horseshit!

Malone guffaws.

Jesse climbs onto the top of the corral fence. Leaps at the two men and knocks them to the ground.

The three roll around in the dirt.

Jesse flails the bridle at his captors. Looks for help from Mitch, who freezes in fright.

Jesse struggles with Malone. Comsky gets free. Draws his revolver. Presses it to Jesse's temple.

COMSKY

Oughta blow your head off... Finish saddlin' them horses.

Jesse returns to the corral. Shakes his head at Mitch.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Saddled horses wait, tied off in front. Supplies weigh down two of the animals.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Van Horn's body lies in a corner, with a sheet over him. Bullis and his men wear a variety of civilian clothes.

Jesse, Blanche, Diane, and the others huddle together, in chairs and on the floor.

Bullis stuffs wads of bills in his pockets from the loot on a poker table. Puts the rest in a sack.

Dominguez bounds down the stairs, with two fedora hats and a couple of dress jackets.

DOMINGUEZ

Found more stuff. Maybe this'll fit your fat head.

Bullis tries on a jacket and hat. Decker comes in with several canteens.

DECKER

Should be enough to get us across the border.

BULLIS

Wish we had a map.

DOMINGUEZ

Don't worry, I know the way to Mexico City. Straight down.

BULLIS

That's where you'll be if you get us lost. Six feet under.

Dominguez chuckles and exits.

BULLIS

(to Blanche)

Well, Madame, thanks for the supplies. And the donations.

Bullis leers at Li Chu.

BULLIS

What do you know? I just got me a hankerin' for some Chinese food.

He grips Li Chu's hand. She resists.

BLANCHE

Leave her alone.

Bullis crumples some bills and throws them at Blanche.

BULLIS

She's a whore, ain't she? Here, I'll pay for her.

PHILLIPS

Let's go. Forget about her.

BULLIS

We'll leave when I say so.

Bullis drags Li Chu into a hallway. She screams.

Malone blocks Jesse's way with a rifle.

INT. BLANCHE'S ROOM - DAY

Bullis throws Li Chu on the bed. He pulls off the blanket to reveal her naked body.

Bullis unstraps his gun belt. It drops to the floor.

Li Chu grapples with Bullis and spits in his face.

BULLIS

Bitch!

Bullis slaps her. Li Chu rakes her fingernails across his face, and Bullis cries out.

The Chinese girl kicks him hard in the groin. Bullis grunts and doubles over.

Li Chu runs out.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Li Chu reaches the lounge.

Bullis stumbles into the room. Pistol in hand.

He fires two shots into her back. Li Chu propels forward and collapses.

Screams of horror.

Blanche rushes past Malone to the dead Chinese girl and cradles her in her arms.

Bullis swaggers over to Li Chu and scowls.

BULLIS

Lousy whore.

Enraged, Blanche attacks Bullis, slaps and punches him.

Bullis shoves her away, raises his gun. and fires a shot into her mid-section.

A look of surprise flashes on Blanche's face.

She staggers, trips over Li Chu's body, and falls down.

JESSE

Blanche!

Jesse rushes toward her. Malone hits him in the back of the head with his rifle butt.

Jesse crumples onto the floor, unconscious.

The girls try to reach Blanche, but Decker draws a pistol and waves it in front of them.

Dominguez observes the carnage from the front doorway. His screwed-up face shows revulsion.

Bullis steps over the two bodies and swaggers out the front door. The other outlaws follow.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

The men mount their horses.

Bullis rides to the army truck. Fires into the engine.

The others join in. Shoot radiators, tires, and windshields of the other vehicles and disable them.

Comsky and Malone drive the rest of the unsaddled horses out of the corral.

Bullis and his men gallop away.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Li Chu's blanket-covered body lies next to Van Horn.

Diane attends to Jesse. He regains consciousness.

Others gather around Blanche. Major Stetler examines her, frowns, and shakes his head.

Jesse struggles to his feet and clears his head. He stumbles to Blanche and kneels beside her. Diane follows.

Blanche opens her eyes. Takes Jesse's hand.

JESSE

You'll be okay, Blanche. Hang on,  
we'll get a doctor.

Blanche manages a weak smile. Tries to speak, but can't.

Her body stiffens, then goes limp.

Tears come to Jesse's eyes. The men are silent. The girls weep over Blanche's dead body.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

Survivors of the ranch bow heads. Three wooden caskets lie in open graves.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Mitch ties off a pack on his horse. Diane, Lydia, and Greta watch him.

DIANE

You sure you want to leave?

MITCH

Well, Ma'am, after what's happened,  
I think it's best.

He mounts his horse and gallops off. The women wander toward the ranch house.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

They see Jesse ride in. He has a stoic expression and reveals no emotion.

He ties off his horse.

DIANE

What are they going to do?

JESSE

Nothing... Sheriff says they got no authority in Mexico. The army's busy looking for Villa.

DIANE

So, those killers are going to get away with it?

JESSE

No. I'm going after them.

The women gasp with surprise.

LYDIA

Why, Jesse? You've got no attachment to this place. You've only been here a couple of weeks.

JESSE

Listen... I lost my family a long time ago. Had nobody in prison. Blanche took me in. After fifteen years, finally felt I had a family. And, nobody messes with my family.

DIANE

But, one man against all them? Jesse, it's suicide.

JESSE

What else can I do? I owe it to Blanche... The fort will give me some supplies. Pictures of the prisoners. I'm leaving tomorrow.

Jesse brushes past the women and storms toward the bunkhouse. Shared glances and raised eyebrows.

EXT. CIRCLE P RANCH - DAY

The sun comes up and melts the morning frost.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Jesse strides to his saddled horse. Ties on a duffle bag.

He looks around. Diane, Lydia, Greta, and Maria line up on horseback, near the corral.

They wear jackets and riding clothes, shotguns and rifles strapped across their saddles.

Jenny and Claudine stand alongside them.

JESSE

What the hell are you doing?

DIANE  
What do you think?

Jesse scoffs.

JESSE  
You're crazy.

DIANE  
We talked it over last night.  
We're not letting you go alone.

LYDIA  
We cared for Blanche too. We all  
know how to use a gun.

JESSE  
Uh huh. But, you're still not  
going.

GRETA  
If you not take us, we go alone.  
This is free country, ya?

JESSE  
Ladies, you don't need to prove  
anything to me. But, it's rough  
country out there. Rough for a  
man. But, four women?

DIANE  
We're not out to prove anything.  
We can take care of ourselves.

MARIA  
And, I bet you don't know Espanol?

JESSE  
What happens to the ranch?

JENNY  
Claudine, Beatrice, and me will run  
it. We'll... scale down  
operations. If we need to hire a  
man, we will.

He scans the mounted women, one-by-one. All set their jaws  
in determination.

Jesse exhales a heavy breath.

JESSE  
So... Maybe, if you flirt with the  
fort commander, the army'll give us  
more supplies.

The women cheer. Beatrice hurries out. She carries two  
large baskets.



BEATRICE

Here's some fried chicken to munch  
on the road. And doughnuts.

JESSE

Beatrice, this isn't a picnic.

BEATRICE

You got to eat... Mr. Jesse, you  
take care of my ladies. And  
yourself, too.

Jesse nods. Beatrice gives the baskets to Greta and Maria.  
She goes to Jesse and hugs him.

Beatrice, Claudine, and Jenny watch Jesse mount up. He  
waves to the entourage.

JESSE

See you, ladies.

Jesse digs his heels into his horse's flanks. The animal  
rockets out like a wild bronco.

The women hesitate for a moment, then gallop after him.

EXT. ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesse urges his horse to go faster. Supplies weigh down the  
animal, and the women close the gap. The race continues.

Jesse peeks over his shoulder and sees the women gain on  
him. He slows down. Allows them to catch up.

The women surround him. Out-of-breath, but tenacious, with  
grim expressions. Jesse manages a half-smile.

JESSE

All right. We'll stop at Camp  
Furlong. See how long you last.  
But, the minute I hear any  
complaining, or if you start to  
slow me down --

GRETA

Be sure you keep up with us.

Jesse snickers. He leads the ladies down the road.

EXT. TERRAIN - DAY

Jesse and the women steer two army mules with canvas  
tarpaulins over supplies. A Colt-45 automatic straps onto  
each rider's waist.

They reach the crest of a knoll. Survey the flat, arid  
terrain below.

JESSE  
That's Mexico.

EXT. LA ASCENCION CANTINA - DAY

Hot and dusty. The cantina adjoins adobe huts.

Mexican MEN bunch inside a horse-drawn wagon.

Armed VILLISTAS on horseback guard them. LIEUTENANT GONZALES, a powerful man of 30, supervises his group.

WOMEN plead with the Villistas.

EXT. LA ASCENCION OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Bullis and his band ride in, clothes dirty and dusty.

They pass a sign: "La Ascencion" and spot the village.

The weary men continue toward town.

INT. LA ASCENCION CANTINA - DAY

Bullis' group arrives.

Villistas eye the gringos.

A young Mexican MALE flies through the cantina swinging doors. He falls to the ground.

The youngster tries to run off, but Villistas drag the protesting man to the wagon.

The cantina OWNER, a pot-bellied, middle-age man, who wears an apron, rushes out.

OWNER  
(pleads)  
Por favor! Es mi unico hijo!

Gonzales guffaws. The Owner goes to the young Male and comforts him.

PHILLIPS  
What's going on?

DOMINGUEZ  
Recruits for Villa's army. They  
took his son. Poor bastard.

BULLIS  
Who gives a crap? I want a drink.

The Owner sneers at Bullis.

The Villistas ride toward them and flank the Americans.

Gonzales pats Bullis' horse.

GONZALES

You got some nice horses, Senor.  
General Villa could use them.

BULLIS

Yeah? Well, they ain't for sale.

Gonzales yanks on the reins of Bullis' mount.

Bullis lowers his hand toward his gun. The Villistas level their weapons.

DOMINGUEZ

Don't be crazy, Bullis. Let me  
talk to them.

Dominguez dismounts and takes Gonzales aside.

The others watch and sweat with anxiety.

Gonzales grins at the Americans.

GONZALES

(to his men)

Amigos! Nuevos voluntarios!

His men lower their guns. Dominguez and other Villistas mount up.

Bullis extends his palms at Dominguez.

BULLIS

Well?

DOMINGUEZ

I told him, if Villa could use our  
horses, he could use us. We've  
joined up.

BULLIS

Dominguez, you asshole.

DOMINGUEZ

Listen. It's this, or we're dead.

COMSKY

Shit.

BULLIS

Okay. We'll go. For now.

The wagon moves off. Villistas escort it and Bullis' group.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Dawn. Jesse and the women pack the horses, douse the campfire, and refill canteens from a nearby stream.

They mount up.

EXT. PLATEAU - DAY

In the distance, the Sierra Madre Occidental foothills, with fir trees and snow caps.

Bullis' group and the Villistas ride through rugged terrain. The gringos focus straight ahead.

Bullis turns, spits, and scoffs at the soldiers behind him.

EXT. LA ASCENCION CANTINA - DAY

Jesse's caravan stops. He dismounts and ambles into the cantina. The women remain behind.

Several CHILDREN, a few WOMEN, and an OLD MAN stare at the ladies with curiosity.

Maria rubs a sore backside. Greta holds her head high.

INT. CANTINA - DAY

Patrons gawk at Jesse.

OWNER

What will you have, senor?

Jesse takes out photos and spreads them on the bar.

JESSE

Seen any of these men?

The Owner goes through the pictures and squints.

He takes out a pair of spectacles. Examines the photos.

OWNER

Ah, si. Two days ago.

JESSE

Where'd they go?

OWNER

With Pancho Villa's army.

JESSE

You're sure?... Where'd they head?

OWNER

To join him. Namiquipa.

Jesse nods and tosses a coin on the bar.

EXT. LA ASCENCION CANTINA - DAY

The women water horses at a trough and fill canteens from a nearby pump.

Jesse returns and consults a map.

JESSE

They're bound for somewhere that's  
a hundred fifty miles from here.

MARIA

Oh, no.

JESSE

Don't worry, Maria. I'm sending  
you all back.

DIANE

What?

JESSE

Somehow, they joined Pancho Villa.  
If we meet up with his army, who  
knows what they'll do to you?  
Probably rape you all.

GRETA

Is that so?

DIANE

We're not exactly virgins here.

Jesse smirks. Sees their stubborn faces.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Jesse's caravan passes a dry creek bed. And, a  
rusted-out car.

B. Dust swirls gather on the flatlands.

The wind intensifies. They cough, unable to breathe.  
Horses and mules stop.

The group covers their faces with kerchiefs. They dismount.

C. Jesse leads the expedition through the heavy dust storm.

A variety of protective articles cover the muzzles of the  
animals, including colored panties and bras.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. PLATEAU - DAY

A winding river flows alongside a village. A large wooden  
barge chugs toward the town.

The weary troupe continues their journey.

EXT. GALENA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A river town. Adobe houses. An inn with an outdoor cafe.

The barge docks at a pier.

Jesse leads everyone down the street.

Two young male MEXICANS leer at the women. Diane and Maria glare at the unsavory pair.

JESSE  
I want to talk to the barge  
captain. Meet you at the cafe.

Jesse rides toward the pier.

The women stop at the inn. Tie off the animals and sit at a large table in the cafe.

A WAITER comes over. Speaks badly-broken English.

WAITER  
Good... afternoon... ladies.

DIANE  
Oh, he speaks English.

LYDIA  
You call that English?

WAITER  
What... you... have?

LYDIA  
How about a hot bath?

WAITER  
Que?

MARIA  
Vino, por favor.

The waiter hustles off.

The two Mexicans who leered at the girls come and sit at a nearby table. They grin at them.

EXT. PIER - DAY

WORKERS and CREWMEN load supplies onto the barge. Written across the bow, the name: "Santa Maria."

The CAPTAIN, mid-40s, wears an ornate naval uniform and cap. Jesse goes to him.

JESSE  
Captain. You speak English?

CAPTAIN  
Speak good English. What you want?

JESSE  
How far down the river do you go?

CAPTAIN

Stop at El Valle, Las Cruces, y  
Namiquipa.

JESSE

Namiquipa, good. How long to get  
there?

CAPTAIN

Two days. But, senor, why go  
there? People are fighting.  
Villa, the Federales. Your General  
Pershing has crossed the border  
with troops, to look for Villa.

JESSE

I'm looking for somebody too. You  
have room for five passengers?

CAPTAIN

Five?... Hmm...

JESSE

And, we got five horses and two  
mules.

CAPTAIN

Senor, I cannot take the animals.  
Sell them here. Pick up fresh ones  
in Namiquipa. I help you.

JESSE

Well... All right.

CAPTAIN

Bueno. We go to sell your animals.  
Ship leave in two hours.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

The four women eat and drink wine.

GRETA

Ach, du lieber. Hot.

Greta drinks wine to put out the flame from the spicy food.

MARIA

Keep drinking, Greta. After a  
while, you won't feel a thing.

The women chuckle.

The two Mexicans finish their drinks. Stand over the  
ladies' table. They grin and expose their teeth.

The first man stares at Greta. His eyes focus on her  
well-endowed chest.

MEXICAN #1  
(to his friend)  
Grandas testas... Me gustaria jugar  
con ellas, y conseguir algo de  
leche.

He and his friend roar with laughter.

GRETA  
What they say? They talk about me,  
ya? I want to know, Maria.

MARIA  
I don't think you do.

GRETA  
Tell me.

MARIA  
Uh... You have big breasts. He'd  
like to play with them. And, uh.

GRETA  
And what?

MARIA  
And, get some milk.

GRETA  
Tell that animal. I never let him  
touch me with his filthy hands...  
Go on, tell him.

Maria turns to the man.

MARIA  
Ella dice, que tus manos estan  
demasiado sucias para tocarlo.

The man glowers at Greta.

MEXICAN #1  
Bueno.

He spits on his hands and rubs them on his pants.

MEXICAN #1  
Ahora, ellos estan lo  
suficientemente limpios!

He reaches over and grabs Greta's breasts with both hands.

Greta jumps up and punches the Mexican in the jaw. He falls  
to the ground.

The other women applaud.

MEXICAN #1  
Tu gran vaca!



He stands and chokes Greta. Maria leaps on his back. Wraps her arms around his neck. He can't shake her off.

The second Mexican pulls Maria away and throws her to the ground. His friend and Greta continue to struggle.

Diane and Lydia go to help Maria and Greta.

The first Mexican shoves Greta into them. She knocks over Diane and Lydia like bowling pins, but stays on her feet.

Lydia and Diane help each other up.

MARIA

Okay, I'm through playing nice!

Maria jabs a wine bottle into the second man's stomach. He doubles over in pain.

The German girl grapples with her attacker. The two roll around on the ground.

Lydia tries to help Greta.

DIANE

(to Lydia)

Look out!

Lydia catches a stray elbow on the nose. She stumbles backward, and Diane catches her.

Maria attacks the second man from behind. The Mexican hits her with a forearm and knocks her down again.

He swings at Diane, who ducks under the punch.

She grabs his leg. Flips the man on his back.

The Waiter comes out. Sees the melee. Throws up his hands.

WAITER

Stop! Por favor!

Diane assists the dazed Maria to a chair.

DIANE

You need a break.

Greta and the first man face off. She swings and misses.

The man punches her in the shoulder. The big German girl staggers back.

She retaliates and plants a foot in the man's groin. He grunts in agony.

GRETA

Deutschland, uber alles!

Greta delivers a right cross.

The man tumbles onto the table, which shatters.

Greta gets him in a headlock. The second Mexican gets to his feet.

Greta throws her adversary into his companion. The two men smash together and fall down.

The first Mexican draws a knife and goes after Greta.

A pistol SHOT rings out. A bullet digs into the ground at the Mexican's feet.

Jesse stands with a gun in hand. The barge Captain accompanies him.

JESSE

Fight's over.

The man drops his knife. Freezes.

Maria picks up her chair. And hits the Mexican over the head with it.

The man collapses.

The second Mexican recovers and runs off.

Jesse grins at the battered, but triumphant women.

The cafe is wrecked. The Captain gasps.

CAPTAIN

These are your companions?  
Caramba. Senor, it is good you  
sold your animals quickly. We  
leave at once. Those men are the  
mayor's cousins!

EXT. PIER - DAY

The women board the Santa Maria with their weapons.

Crewmen and Workers gape at the beautiful, dusty women.

A wagon rattles to the pier, Jesse and the Captain aboard, with saddles and bedrolls.

CAPTAIN

(to crew)

Vamos a salir de aqui!

The Crew runs to the wagon and unloads it.

Billows of black smoke puff from the smokestack. The barge casts off.

A run-down car squeals to a halt alongside the dock. A sign on the vehicle door reads: "Policia De Galena."

A POLICEMAN and the two battered Mexicans from the cafe pile out of the car. The pair shake their fists at the women.

The Policeman hollers.

JESSE

I hope we don't get you into trouble for this.

CAPTAIN

Do not worry. When I return, everything is bueno.

JESSE

Oh?

CAPTAIN

Si, senor. The man you sold your fine horses to? He is the mayor.

The ship continues down the river. The women jeer and wave to their opponents.

EXT. BARGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A crescent moon. Silence, except the chug of the Santa Maria's engine.

Majestic mountains flank the river.

The women sleep under a makeshift tent.

Jesse stands at the bow. Leans against the railing and looks straight ahead.

Diane joins him.

JESSE

Can't sleep either?

DIANE

Not used to sleeping on a boat. You too?

Jesse stares into the distance with a somber expression.

JESSE

Just thinking... I'm leading four women into Mexico, after a bunch of murderers. If we find them, some of us might get killed.

DIANE

We know that. Are you afraid?

JESSE

Yes. But I had to do this. All those years in prison, I didn't accomplish much. Read some books.

Diane smiles.

JESSE

See, when you're locked up, your whole life's planned out. Now, I'm on my own. I can't turn back. But, if I get killed, what have I really done? Not a damn thing.

DIANE

You made yourself a promise. Now, you're having doubts. That's all.

JESSE

I kind of feel I'm still that kid who went to prison. Trying to catch up to himself. And be a man.

DIANE

Jesse. The boy already caught up with the man. When he decided to do something about those murderers.

Jesse thinks a moment. Embraces Diane. They kiss.

EXT. BARGE - DAY

Middle of the afternoon. The Santa Maria anchors off the river bank.

Diane and the girls swim naked in the river. Laugh and enjoy themselves.

Jesse and the Captain observe.

DIANE

Hey, Jesse. Come on in.

The other girls urge Jesse to dive in. The Captain gives Jesse an encouraging nudge.

Jesse ducks behind some supplies and undresses.

A Crewman goes to the Captain and whispers. A beat.

CAPTAIN

(to Jesse)

Senor. My crew. The dirtiest bunch in Mexico. Now, they all want to take a bath.

Jesse smirks. Removes the rest of his clothes. Dives into the water.

The Captain motions his Crew to move away from the bathers.  
Jesse swims to the women, who giggle.  
He heads toward Diane, who is off by herself.  
The two meet. Go underwater. After a moment, they surface.  
They embrace and kiss with passion.  
Other women watch Diane and Jesse swim around a bend and go out-of-sight.

The Captain watches and sighs.

EXT. NAMIQUIPA WINERY - NIGHT

The courtyard of an abandoned winery. A dilapidated adobe wall surrounds the courtyard.

Villista headquarters.

Bullis' men, the Villistas, and some local WOMEN celebrate.  
They pass bottles of wine and tequila.

A mariachi BAND provides MUSIC, while a young, voluptuous girl DANCER twirls.

DOMINGUEZ

I want to dance!

Complete gaiety. Except for a somber Bullis.

Dominguez bows to the Dancer and embraces her.

A FAT WOMAN offers a bottle to Bullis' group. They shun her and decline.

Bullis takes the bottle and grabs her around the waist.

He pulls her close and whispers.

The two leave, arm-in-arm, through the gate.

COMSKY

Clever bastard.

A beat later, Bullis retreats back into the courtyard. With Lieutenant Gonzales.

GONZALES

Senor. It is not safe for a gringo to be walking out there. Someone might shoot you.

Gonzales escorts Bullis back to the others.

A Villista MESSENGER gallops into the courtyard and rushes to Gonzales.

Dominguez bends the Dancer over, ready to kiss her. Gonzales takes the Messenger aside. A beat.

GONZALES  
Amigos! Agua Caliente!

Excited war whoops. The men scatter in all directions.

BULLIS  
What the hell's going on?

GONZALES  
Saddle horses, gringos. We go to General Villa.

DECKER  
Now? We can't wait till mornin'?

GONZALES  
A revolution waits for no one.

Bullis scowls.

Gonzales tugs Dominguez from the embrace of the Dancer.

EXT. NAMIQUIPA PORT - DAY

Dawn. The Santa Maria reaches the pier.

SUPER: "Port Of Namiquipa"

The Captain goes to a DOCK WORKER. They converse, out-of-earshot.

Jesse and the women disembark.

CAPTAIN  
Senor. The men you look for?  
Those gringos?

JESSE  
They're here?

CAPTAIN  
No, they leave last night, with the Villistas. To Agua Caliente.

JESSE  
Damn. How far's that?

CAPTAIN  
Maybe fifty miles. There is a short cut, but a hard ride. Through snow and mountains.

Jesse sighs.

CAPTAIN

One day, maybe two... Senor, go home. They be killed in the revolution. Or by bandits.

JESSE

I've got to find them.

CAPTAIN

Be careful. I hate to see harm come to you. Or your beautiful women.

EXT. TERRAIN - DAY

Jesse and the women ride with the mules, up a slope  
All appear tired and weary, except for a stoic Greta.

EXT. AGUA CALIENTE - DAY

A dreary little town. With small abode huts. Part of Pancho Villa's FORCES encamp around a large farmhouse.

SUPER: "Agua Caliente"

RAMON DIAZ, an old thin man of 70, with white hair, cleans a bugle that hangs around his neck.

Gonzales stops his army at the farmhouse. Several Villistas escort him inside. Armed GUARDS salute.

An unconcerned Dominguez flirts with a young Woman.

MALONE

Christ, keep it in your pants.  
Ain't we got enough problems?

The door opens. Guards and Diaz stand at attention.

General Pancho Villa appears.

He struts out the door, followed by Gonzales and GENERAL BELTRAN, a short man of 50.

The men cheer at the sight of Villa.

Diaz blows a rousing battle cry, full of sour notes and a vibrato that sputters.

Villa smirks, then examines Gonzales' men.

VILLA

So. These my volunteers, eh? Good job, Gonzales. But, why do gringos want to fight for me?

BULLIS

Uh... Well --

DOMINGUEZ

-- General Villa. We believe all  
oppressed people should be free.

VILLA

(chuckles)

Bueno, bueno! My army grows.

(indicates Diaz)

Even the old man with bugle want to  
ride with me. But, he is too old.

BELTRAN

He drives us crazy with that bugle.

VILLA

I leave him behind. To practice.

Villa and the rest of his men laugh.

VILLA

All right, muchachos! Manana,  
Guerrero! A la victoria!

Another deafening cheer. Diaz punctuates it with another  
bugle call.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

A fierce snowstorm. Jesse's group in heavy clothes. They  
twist around a narrow pass, single-file.

Below, a thousand-foot drop into a gorge.

They cross a fissure. Each rider's weight causes the crack  
to widen.

The last rider, Maria, approaches the gap.

Her horse steps on the weakened area. The ground collapses.

Horse and rider fall into a deep chasm, and Maria cries out.

The others halt and retreat back to her.

Maria sprawls on top of the injured animal.

JESSE

Hang on! We'll get you out!

Jesse dismounts and tosses a rope to her.

Maria fastens it around her waist. Jesse and Greta pull her  
out of the opening.

She tests her leg and limps a bit.

MARIA

I'm okay. But, the horse --



The animal squeals in pain and thrashes around. It tries to crawl out of the crevice, but can't.

JESSE  
I think his leg broke.

The horse continues to scream and squirm.

DIANE  
He's suffering!

GRETA  
Get him out!

JESSE  
There's no way!

MARIA  
Then, put him out of his misery!

JESSE  
I never put down a horse before.

DIANE  
Somebody do something! It's  
terrible!

Lydia dismounts. Draws her revolver and shoots the animal dead. Diane and Maria scream.

Silence.

Lydia lets out a deep sigh, then returns to her horse.

Greta motions to Maria.

GRETA  
Come. We share.

Jesse and Diane help Maria mount behind Greta.

EXT. VALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Twilight. Sunrise an hour away.

Silhouette figures of Villa and his band ride slow and silent into the valley.

A small adobe town in dark shadows.

BULLIS  
Wish we stayed at the last town.  
Might have gotten away from there.

They come to a set of railroad tracks.

BULLIS  
There's a break.

DECKER

How so?

BULLIS

You stupid asshole. Where there's tracks, there's a train. And a way out of here.

MALONE

I don't see no fuckin' train.

Bullis glares at Malone. The band approaches the town.

EXT. GUERRERO STREET - DAY

Villa's men ride triumphant with him.

SUPER: "Guerrero"

TOWNSPEOPLE line the street or follow him on foot.

TOWNSPEOPLE

(various)

Viva Villa! Nuestro heroe! Viva  
La Revolution! Generalisimo!

Villa flashes a broad smile and tips his sombrero.

Girls throw flowers. Boys offer men food, wine, and live chickens to Villistas.

EXT. CARRANCISTA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Villa's army commands the Federale garrison.

SUPER: "Carrancista Headquarters"

Villa's soldiers lead CARRANCISTAS troops into barracks. Jubilant Villistas pass out food and wine to comrades.

Phillips drinks from a wine bottle. Passes it to Malone.

PHILLIPS

We're lucky bastards. Ride in,  
Federales asleep. Town falls  
without a shot.

MALONE

Phillips. If you was in front of a firin' squad, you'd be happy. Just 'cause they ain't pulled the damn trigger yet.

A shrill, O.S. train WHISTLE gets Villa's attention. Bullis' eyes widen.

Villa motions to Gonzales. Gestures toward the tracks.

GONZALES

Vayan, hombres!

A bunch of the soldiers whoop and mount horses.

BULLIS

(to Dominguez)

They're gonna attack the train?  
See if we can go with them.

Dominguez whispers to Gonzales, who nods, then laughs.

GONZALES

You want to go to San Isidro and  
capture the train? No, no! You  
gringos stay here with me! I don't  
want you to get hurt. Ha, ha!

Gonzales laughs again. Bullis spits on the ground.

Several troops stream out of Guerrero and head for the small  
village across the valley.

EXT. RIVER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A narrow river at the outskirts of Guerrero. Some soldiers  
bath in the shallow water.

Villa sits on a folding chair.

An aide prepares to remove Villa's boots. Villa stops him,  
when O.S. SOUNDS of GUNFIRE come from the distance.

VILLA

Prismaticos!

Gonzales hands him a set of binoculars.

Villa makes his way to a high point. Scans the area around  
the nearby village.

VILLA'S POV - San Isidro

Villista troops gallop away from the village and head back  
to Guerrero. Federale SOLDIERS pursue them.

BACK TO SCENE

Villa's scowls.

VILLA

Federales! Amigos, take cover!

The bathers dress in a panic.

Villa draws his gun and leads his men down an arroyo,  
alongside the garrison.

Soldiers scatter behind structures.

The battered men from San Isidro reach the river.

Villa opens fire at the oncoming Federales riders.

VILLA

Fuego!

The rest of the Villistas join in. Federales seek cover from gunfire.

Villa moves forward and fires at the enemy.

BULLIS

Smile, greaser.

Bullis raises his pistol. Aims at Villa's figure, which bobs in the distance. He pulls the trigger.

The bullet hits Villa in the leg.

He goes down and holds his knee in pain.

Gonzales and several men go to the wounded leader.

BULLIS

Let's get the fuck out!

Bullis leaps on his horse. Gallops away at a furious pace.

The other Americans hesitate, then follow him.

Gonzales sees the gringos escape.

GONZALES

Stop! I shoot you!

He fires at them.

Malone turns and shoots back.

Bullets tear into Gonzales. He spins him around. The Lieutenant falls down, dead.

The gringos pass Villistas and townspeople, too busy with their fight against Federales.

EXT. TERRAIN - DAY

Bullis and his band skirt the battle and head toward the tiny village of San Isidro.

Several FEDERALES on horseback shoot at the gringos.

PHILLIPS

Damn it! We're on your side!

Bullis' gang returns fire and kills several Federales.

A bullet strikes Phillips in the side. He almost falls off his horse, but Dominguez steadies the wounded man.

EXT. SAN ISIDRO TRAIN STATION - DAY

A steam locomotive prepares to leave. Some Villistas lie dead and wounded.

Several wounded Federales soldiers and VILLAGERS pile into the train, along with supplies.

SUPER: "San Isidro Station"

A Federal TRAIN OFFICER supervises the operation. He watches the gringos approach.

DECKER

Don't shoot! Americanos!  
Americanos!

Federales hold their fire.

Bullis and his men ride to the puzzled Train Officer.

TRAIN OFFICER

Americanos?

COMSKY

Villa captured us. We got away.

The soldiers lower their weapons.

Bullis and the rest dismount. Dominguez helps the injured Phillips off his horse.

TRAIN OFFICER

Your friend, he is wounded?

BULLIS

He's fine. Where's this train headed?

TRAIN OFFICER

Chihuahua City. We must leave before Villa comes. But, this is military train. We can't take you.

Bullis sulks. Pulls out a roll of money. Holds it out to the Train Officer.

TRAIN OFFICER

Well. It is emergency, no?

The Train Officer grins and takes the money.

He hands Bullis a cigar.

TRAIN OFFICER

You stay with your horses, in the freight car.

DOMINGUEZ

Bullis, Phillips is bleeding bad. I don't know if he can make it.

BULLIS

Fuck him. Leave him behind.

PHILLIPS

(weak)

Dominguez, I'll be okay. Take me with you, please.

The Train Officer motions to two SOLDIERS.

TRAIN OFFICER

Take these hombres and their horses to the cattle car.

EXT. TERRAIN - DAY

Jesse and his weary band plod through the foothills.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The locomotive ascends a steep incline.

INT. BOXCAR - DAY

Dominguez replaces a bloody bandage over Phillips' wound.

He pours canteen water onto a kerchief and wipes Phillips' face. Bullis smokes the cigar, unconcerned.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train rattles down the hill.

EXT. TERRAIN - DAY

Jesse's group reaches a bluff. The locomotive moves past, below them.

They ride down a gully to a shallow pool of water.

JESSE

Fill your canteens. We're a couple hours from Agua Caliente. Let's rest here, have some grub.

MARIA

Who can eat? My ass is killing me.

Several Mexican RIDERS appear, armed with guns and rifles.

RIDER  
Hey, gringo. What you doing here?

JESSE  
Uh... Prospectors. For gold.

RIDER  
Gold? Ha, ha. No gold here.

He points to his gold tooth.

RIDER  
Only here.

The Rider turns to his companions.

RIDER  
Este idiota dice que estan buscando  
oro.

The Mexicans laugh.

RIDER  
You lie. Where you go with these  
beautiful women?

JESSE  
That's not your business.

The Mexican frowns. Aims his gun at Jesse's head. Cocks  
the gun hammer back.

DIANE  
We're here to see Pancho Villa.

The Rider scoffs.

RIDER  
You want to see our leader?

DIANE  
We must talk with him.

RIDER  
Talk? Maybe you want to kill the  
General? For reward?

DIANE  
Oh, no! We don't --

RIDER  
You are Carrancistas! Federales!  
Or, spies for Americano Pershing.  
We take you to General Beltran.

The Mexicans gather the group's weapons.

EXT. AGUA CALIENTE - DAY

Late afternoon. Hot and humid.

SUPER: "Agua Caliente"

INT. COMMAND ROOM - DAY

The inside of the farmhouse converts to Villista headquarters. Maps tack onto walls. Two desks.

Jesse spreads photographs of Bullis and the others on a desk, in front of General Beltran.

The women sit on a broken-down couch and a couple of chairs. The Rider stands by Jesse. Armed GUARD in the doorway.

Beltran examines the photos and shakes his head.

BELTRAN

Senor, I do not care what these men did. They now fight for the revolution.

JESSE

They're murderers.

BELTRAN

Heroes! They help Villa win victory at Guerrero. But, they're not here. Even if they were, I cannot turn them over to you.

DIANE

You're letting criminals go unpunished?

BELTRAN

Everyone in Villa's army is a criminal. Carranza would like to put us against a wall and shoot us.

JESSE

Is that what you'll do to us?

BELTRAN

I don't know. Maybe I only shoot you. Keep the women here. To make my men happy.

JESSE

You're not soldiers. You're bandits.

The Rider shoves Jesse back into his chair.

An O.S. BUGLE call blares outside.



BELTRAN

Tell the old man to stop blowing  
that horn.

O.S. HOOFBEATS reverberate. Everyone freezes.

A beat later, a Villista SCOUT bursts through the door.

SCOUT

Villa General esta herida!

BELTRAN

El esta aqui?!

The Scout nods. Beltran and the Rider follow the Scout out the door. The Guard keeps an eye on Jesse and the women.

JESSE'S POV - WAGON

Jesse peers out the window and detects a wagon next to the building. Several VILLISTAS escort it.

Soldiers lift Villa from the wagon bed. A bandage wraps around his knee.

BACK TO SCENE

The men carry Villa inside.

Maria stares at Villa, as they transport him into a bedroom.

Beltran goes into the bedroom, with a middle-age DOCTOR. Maria gets up and follows them.

INT. VILLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Villa rests on a four-poster bed. The Doctor reaches into his medical bag. Maria enters.

BELTRAN

What you doing here?

MARIA

I come to see General Villa.

Villa gazes at Maria. Manages a weak smile.

DOCTOR

Let her stay. She can help.

VILLA

Si. I need a woman's gentle touch.

Maria goes to his side. The Doctor takes scissors from his medical bag. She assists him and removes the bandage.

DOCTOR

You are lucky, General. The bullet  
went through the bone.

Villa moans. Maria takes his hand and comforts him. The Doctor cleans the wound.

BELTRAN  
Carrancista bastards.

VILLA  
No. A gringo shot me.

Maria pauses. She and Beltran exchange glances.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train grinds to a halt. Blocked by a blown-out bridge.

The Train Officer and MOTORMAN jump out and look down at the gaping ravine below.

Bullis leans out the livestock car.

BULLIS  
Why'd we stop?

TRAIN OFFICER  
Villistas blew up the bridge. We must go back to the last station for equipment to fix it. You get off here.

BULLIS  
Shit.

INT. BOXCAR - DAY

Bullis backs into the car.

BULLIS  
Okay. End of the line.

The men go to their horses. Except Dominguez, who examines the injured Phillips.

BULLIS  
C'mon, Dominguez. Get him back on his feet.

DOMINGUEZ  
Phillips is dead.

BULLIS  
Tough shit. Leave him.

DOMINGUEZ  
We can't do that.

BULLIS  
Then, you stay with him.

Bullis and the rest ride the horses out of the boxcar.

Dominguez stares at Phillips for a moment.

He makes the sign of the cross. Mumbles a quick prayer.  
Leads his horse to the opening.

INT. VILLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

A clean bandage covers Villa's leg wound. He concentrates on the photos of Bullis and others.

Maria wipes his face and chest with a damp towel.

VILLA

Maria. You would make a good wife.  
I think I marry you.

She smiles. Villa kisses her hand. A beat.

The door opens. The Guard lets Jesse inside.

JESSE

General Beltran says you're going  
to let us go.

VILLA

Si, Americano. My men saw gringos  
take the train

He hands Jesse the photographs.

VILLA

When you catch those pigs, kill  
them twice. One time for you, and  
one time for me. Leave at dawn.  
One of my men will guide you.

JESSE

Thank you, General.

MARIA

Jesse. I'm not going... I've  
decided to stay. These are my  
people. They need me.

JESSE

Well... All right. I guess I  
understand... Good luck, Maria.

He kisses her on the forehead. The Guard sticks his head through the doorway.

GUARD

General? Ramon Diaz esta aqui.

VILLA

Bueno. Entra.

Diaz comes in, the bugle around his neck. He stands at attention, proud.

VILLA

Ramon Diaz, this is Senor Jesse.  
Tomorrow, you take him and his  
friends to Chihuahua.

DIAZ

My General. Don't send me away.

VILLA

Ramon. This is important mission.  
It is my order.

DIAZ

Si, si, General. Comprendo. I  
know the way.

VILLA

Bueno. Now, get rest.

JESSE

General. When I return to America,  
I will tell everyone, Pancho Villa  
is a fair and just man.

VILLA

Ha, ha. Gracias, but I no think  
they believe you. Buena suerte.

Diaz salutes. He and Jesse leave the room.

Villa turns his attention to Maria.

VILLA

Now, tell me, Maria. Would you  
like a gold wedding ring, or a  
silver one?

Maria giggles. Villa kisses her.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - DAY

Diaz bows to the women in a gracious manner.

DIAZ

I be proud to escort so much  
beautiful ladies. And, I protect  
you with my life.

The women's eyes light up and react to Diaz's declaration.

Scattered O.S. GUNFIRE in the distance continues throughout  
the scene.

Beltran gets up from his desk. The Villista Rider bursts  
into the house.

RIDER

General Beltran!

Beltran rushes out the door with the Rider. He returns a moment later.

BELTRAN

You must leave at once. Guerrero has fallen to Pershing. A patrol heads this way.

VILLA (O.S.)

Que pasa aqui?

Beltran hurries into Villa's bedroom.

DIAZ

Come. We go into the hills.

EXT. AGUA CALIENTE - DAY

Jesse, Diaz, and the women ride into the foothills. The O.S. sounds of GUNFIRE surge.

EXT. TERRAIN - DAY

Bullis and his weary troupe ride over the rocky terrain.

COMSKY

Jesus. We been ridin' all night.

MALONE

I'm hungry, damn it. There's no game around. Not even a lizard.

DECKER

They're smart. They want no part of this fuckin' country either.

Bullis stops at a ridge. A small farming village nestles in the valley below.

BULLIS

There's your food and water.

The men's spirits lift.

EXT. PUEBLO DE LA PAZ - DAY

A sleepy village. Adobe huts around a plaza.

A small cantina doubles as a general store. At the edge of the village, a modest mission.

SUPER: "Pueblo De La Paz"

An elderly PADRE comes out of the mission. He rings a bell mounted in front.

The little village awakens. PEOPLE go about chores.

Bullis' band passes villagers, who carry farm implements.  
The natives cower.

PADRE

Buenos dias.

Bullis and the others dismount.

DOMINGUEZ

Buenas dias, padre.

BULLIS

Cut the crap. Ask Friar Tuck where  
we can get some food.

PADRE

Oh. Americanos. The cantina is  
not open yet. Better you should go  
on to the next village.

BULLIS

We'll wait.

MALONE

What the hell's the name of this  
jerk-water town?

PADRE

This is Pueblo De La Paz. The  
village of peace. We are a  
peace-loving people.

MALONE

Oh? Ain't you heard? There's a  
revolution goin' on.

PADRE

We know. But, the people do not  
care who wins. Both the Villistas  
and Carrancistas leave us alone.  
Not many strangers come here.

BULLIS

Good. We may stick around.

PADRE

After you eat, you must move on.  
My people do not like strangers.  
Especially those with guns.

BULLIS

I don't give a fuck what they like.

PADRE

You cannot stay here. You must go.

Bullis draws his gun and cocks it.

DOMINGUEZ

Bullis, are you crazy?

PADRE

You do not frighten me. Come.  
Give me your guns. I will feed  
you. And return your weapons when  
you leave.

A few VILLAGERS gather around and eye the strangers.

The padre moves toward Bullis. He reaches for the gun.

BANG!

Bullis fires a shot into the padre's chest.

The priest reels backward. Hits the ground with a thud.

Some of the village women scream. It stuns other citizens  
for a moment. They go to the padre's aid.

Malone smirks. Comsky and Decker shake their heads.

DOMINGUEZ

Bullis, you bastard!

Dominguez draws his pistol. Aims it at Bullis.

A shot rings out.

Dominguez spins. Crumples to the ground, dead. Malone  
holds a smoking gun. He grins.

The padre gasps and dies. Women sob and moan.

The shots bring FARMERS in from the field. They carry  
picks, shovels, and machetes.

The farmers advance on Bullis' men.

MALONE

Hey! Move the hell away!

The Americans crowd together. Bullis opens fire on the  
farmers. Malone follows suit, along with Comsky and Decker.

The smoke clears. Half-a-dozen Mexicans lie dead and  
wounded. The others scatter like scared rabbits.

BULLIS

Stupid greasers. Let's open up  
that fuckin' cantina.

Malone snickers. He and Bullis lead their horses away.  
Comsky and Decker hesitate, then follow.

EXT. CANTINA - DAY

The men reach the cantina and tie up the horses. Bullis and Malone kick in the door and barge in.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO DE LOS ARENALES - DAY

WORKERS and Federale TROOPS load supplies onto a flatcar.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Pieces of railroad equipment. Diaz, the Train Officer, and Jesse's group gather around a body covered by a blanket.

The officer lifts the blanket and reveals Phillips' body.

JESSE

Yeah, he's one of them. How far is that bridge from here?

TRAIN OFFICER

Half a day by horse, senior.

JESSE

Could you take us there with you, when you go to repair it?

TRAIN OFFICER

Well, senior... I don't know.

The women plead with their eyes.

TRAIN OFFICER

All right, si.

EXT. CANTINA - NIGHT

An eerie full moon. In the cantina, a GUITAR plays a sad Mexican SONG, O.S.

INT. CANTINA - NIGHT

Decker pours drinks behind the bar.

Comsky holds the bar railing and wobbles back and forth.

Bullis drinks and smokes cigars at a table.

The cantina OPERATOR, 55, plays guitar. His WIFE, 40, cowers, while Malone slow dances with their reluctant teenage DAUGHTER.

The song ends. The drunken men applaud.

The Daughter attempts to get away from Malone. He pulls her to him and kisses her.

The Operator advances toward Malone. Bullis stops him.



BULLIS

Get your ass back there and play.  
I'll tell you when you can stop.

OWNER

No, por favor.

Bullis throws the Operator against the bar. The man slumps onto the floor.

The terrified Mexican scrambles to his feet. Sits on a barstool and plays the guitar.

Malone holds the protesting girl in his arms and dances. Bullis pushes him aside.

BULLIS

You had her long enough.

Bullis snatches the Daughter. Engulfs her in his grasp and dances with her.

After a few steps, he quits and admires her young face.

BULLIS

No more dancing. I know something better we can do.

He drags her toward a back room door.

DAUGHTER

No! Mama! Ayudame!

The Wife gets up. Malone shoves her into a chair. The Operator lowers his head.

Bullis pulls the screaming girl into the room.

COMSKY

Hey, Bullis. Save us some.

He guffaws. The men continue to drink.

The Wife weeps. The Operator sighs, gives a furtive look at the back room.

MALONE

C'mon, old man. Play.

The man strums a melancholy song.

EXT. TERRAIN - DAY

A dust cloud approaches Jesse's group.

A wagon rattles past, with Several MEXICANS and their belongings in back.

Diaz gallops to the wagon and converses with the occupants.

He rides back to the group, excited.

DIAZ

The gringos, they are in Pueblo De La Paz. They take over the village.

LYDIA

Should we wait until night?

DIANE

No. They might leave.

JESSE

Diane's right. I say we go after them, now.

Jesse scans the women, one at a time. They all nod.

EXT. PUEBLO DEL LA PAZ - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Horses and mules tether by the mission.

Jesse puts on a serape.

Diaz removes his gun belt. Hides a pistol under his shirt.

A VILLAGER hands Diaz a sombrero. The old man puts it on Jesse's head.

DIAZ

Buena suerte, Senor Jesse.

Diaz blesses himself.

The ladies check their weapon. Cross the road with Jesse and Diaz.

They stop. Jesse and Diaz snake around the buildings and attempt to appear like local residents.

Puzzled Townspeople watch from windows.

Jesse motions for the women to join them, on the side of an adobe house, opposite the cantina rear.

EXT. REAR OF CANTINA - DAY

Jesse and Diaz leave the ladies at the adobe house and creep to the rear of the cantina.

Jesse peers through the back room window.

INT. CANTINA BACK ROOM - DAY

A shirtless Bullis sleeps on a bed. An arm drapes around the semi-nude Daughter.

The girl awakens. Spies Jesse through the window.

Jesse gestures for silence.

The anxious girl pulls out of Bullis' grasp. Bullis wakes up. Jesse stands over him.

BULLIS  
(drowsy)  
Huh...?

Bullis reaches for his pistol. Jesse smashes his gun barrel across Bullis' head and knocks him unconscious.

Jesse covers the Daughter with a blanket.

Diaz enters the back room. Jesse peeks into the bar through a narrow slit in the door.

INT. CANTINA - DAY

The frightened Operator and Wife sit at a table.

Malone sprawls on the floor. Decker slumps across the bar. Both semi-conscious.

Comsky staggers behind the bar. Pours a drink and spills most of it. Empty bottles litter the room.

Comsky empties a bottle. Throws it against the wall. It shatters in pieces.

The noise causes Decker to stir and moan.

COMSKY  
Ah, shut up. Never knew a Polack  
who couldn't drink any three men  
under the table. Nostrovia!

Comsky downs his drink.

INT. CANTINA BACK ROOM - DAY

Jesse stuffs Bullis' gun in his trouser pocket.

He notices a coil of rope that hangs from a hook on the back of the door.

Jesse grabs the rope and takes Diaz aside.

JESSE  
(whispers)  
I'm taking him with me. See if the  
girl can get her folks in here.  
Then, move them out.

Diaz nods.

Jesse slings Bullis over his shoulder in a fireman's carry and goes out the rear door.

EXT. REAR OF CANTINA - DAY

The women watch Jesse carry Bullis and the rope.

He lays Bullis on the ground, the rope coiled beside him.

INT. CANTINA - DAY

Comsky mumbles to himself. Examines several bottles.

The Daughter signals her parents.

The couple scampers into the back room. Comsky turns and sees them.

COMSKY

Hey, Bullis. I think they want  
their daughter back. What's left  
of her. Ha, ha. Move over, I'll  
be right in.

Comsky tucks a bottle under his arm and teeters toward the back room.

INT. CANTINA BACK ROOM - DAY

Comsky eyeballs the empty room. Arches an eyebrow.

COMSKY

Where the fuck is everybody?

He flings open the rear door.

EXT. REAR OF CANTINA - DAY

Comsky spots Diaz and the family.

COMSKY

Where the hell do you think you're  
going? Alto. Stop!

Diaz turns and shoots at Comsky. He misses.

The drunken Comsky draws his revolver. Fires several shots. One hits Diaz in the stomach.

The old man falls and gets off one another round. A bullet tears into Comsky's head.

Comsky falls lifeless and sprawls across the doorway. The cantina family scatters.

Jesse rushes to the wounded Diaz.

INT. CANTINA - DAY

The gunfire sobers up Malone and Decker, who wake up and stumble to their feet.

MALONE

Who the fuck's shooting?

DECKER

Hey, Bullis? Comsky?

The men see the back room door open. They rush inside.

INT. CANTINA BACK ROOM - DAY

The two gaze at Comsky's dead body.

DECKER

Jesus God.

Malone slams the rear door.

EXT. REAR OF CANTINA - DAY

Jesse helps Diaz to the side of the adobe house and leans him against the wall.

Diane tends to his wound.

Greta helps Lydia tie final rope knots to bind the unconscious Bullis.

Diaz looks up at Jesse.

DIAZ

You will tell the General? That  
this old man died bravely?

Jesse nods.

DIAZ

Senor Jesse, my bugle. She very  
old. Like me. Take care of her.

Diaz removes the bugle from around his neck. Hands it to Jesse. And dies.

JESSE

Son of a bitch! That's it!

Jesse edges closer to the cantina.

JESSE

You in there! Throw out your guns,  
and come out!

INT. CANTINA BACK ROOM - DAY

Malone and Decker share puzzled looks. They crowd around the rear window of the back room.

MALONE

Who the fuck are you?!

INTERCUT BACK ROOM/REAR

JESSE

From the Parker ranch! You killed  
four people!

DECKER

God damn. It's that ranch hand  
from the whorehouse.

JESSE

I got Bullis here!

MALONE

Fine! Keep him!

Malone fires through the rear window. The glass shatters.

Jesse ducks out of range. A gun battle rages.

JESSE

Greta. You and Lydia stay and keep  
them busy. We'll go round front.  
Get them in a crossfire. Keep an  
eye on Bullis.

Greta and Lydia nod. They continue to pepper the cantina  
with bullets. Jesse leads Diane away.

EXT. CANTINA - DAY

Jesse and Diane sprint into the plaza. Take cover by a well  
that faces the front of the cantina.

INT. CANTINA BACK ROOM - DAY

Malone and Decker shoot at Lydia and Greta. They dodge  
bullets through the window.

Malone turns his back on the window. Reloads.

He glances into the bar area of the cantina.

MALONE'S POV - FRONT OF CANTINA

Malone sees Jesse and Diane head toward the cantina.

BACK TO SCENE

MALONE

Decker!

Decker turns. Malone motions toward the cantina. Decker  
nods and rushes through the doorway.

Malone remains in the back room. Fires at Greta and Lydia.

INT./EXT. CANTINA - DAY

Decker shoots at Jesse and Diane through the front window.

The two drop to the ground and seek cover.

Jesse and Diane hide behind a water trough. Decker uses the bar as a shield.

Glass from windows and bottles flies around the room. The gun battle rages.

EXT. REAR OF CANTINA - DAY

Lydia crouches low. She shoots at Malone with a rifle.

Greta uses a pistol and stands over her.

GRETA

I'm going in.

Lydia nods.

She empties her rifle at Malone, while Greta runs to the rear of the cantina.

The determined German girl jumps over Comsky's body. Kicks the rear door open.

INT. CANTINA BACK ROOM - DAY

Malone sees Greta burst through the doorway.

The two fire. One shot hits the statuesque Greta in the upper arm, near her shoulder.

Greta's bullet strikes Malone in his side.

Greta drops her pistol and slumps down to the floor. The gun slides away from her.

The impact throws Malone backwards. He hits his head against the wall, which knocks him unconscious.

Greta struggles to get up, but can't.

INT./EXT. CANTINA - DAY

The gun battle in front of the building rages.

Decker squats and moves from the bar to the front door, which is riddled with bullets.

The door threatens to collapse, as holes in the structure compromise its integrity.

Jesse spots Decker and shoots him in the chest.

The off-balance Decker slams into the weakened front door. He falls through it and fires his weapon.

A barrage of gunfire catches Decker. He collapses lifeless onto the wooden platform.

JESSE  
(to Diane)  
Stay here.

Jesse scrambles to his feet, leaps over Decker's body, and dashes into the cantina.

INT. CANTINA BACK ROOM - DAY

Gunfire from the nearby adobe house stops.

Greta's gun lies on the floor next to Malone. She tries to reach it.

Malone sees Greta's weapon and picks it up.

He stands and aims at her head.

MALONE  
You die, bitch.

Jesse bursts into the room.

Before Malone gets off a shot, Jesse fires.

His bullet hits Malone in the throat, and the baby-faced man staggers.

Malone slumps through the rear window, dead.

Diane runs into the room.

Jesse peers out the rear door.

JESSE  
Lydia!... Lydia!

No response. He hesitates. Glances at Diane and Greta.

DIANE  
I'll take care of her.

Jesse runs out the rear door.

EXT. REAR OF CANTINA - DAY

Villagers file into the street, one-by-one.

Jesse heads to the side of the adobe house.

Lydia lies dead.

The rope that tied Bullis, wraps around her neck. Her rifle is gone. So is Bullis.

Diane helps the wounded Greta to the adobe. They gasp.



GRETA

I left her. It's my fault.

JESSE

No... I should have checked him more careful.

DIANE

How the hell did he get loose?

Enraged, Jesse speeds toward the mission.

EXT. REAR OF MISSION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bullis carries Lydia's rifle and mounts a horse at the back of the mission.

He pokes the animal with his boots, rides off, and reaches the side of the mission.

Jesse appears.

The two men fire at each other and miss.

Bullis' horse rears up and throws him to the ground. The rifle flies from his grasp and lands far away.

Bullis darts inside the mission chapel. Jesse pursues.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Jesse enters, gun drawn. Pauses.

JESSE

Give it up, Bullis. Your friends are dead. I'm taking you back.

He passes a large statue of the Virgin Mary.

Bullis sneaks from behind the sculpture. Leaps onto Jesse and knocks the gun away.

They struggle. Bang against the chapel's wooden pews.

Bullis punches Jesse in the jaw and knocks him to the floor.

He tries to kick Jesse in the head. Jesse dodges the blow and grabs hold of Bullis' foot.

Jesse gets up and still holds the foot.

Bullis hops on the other foot, tries to keep his balance and throw a punch.

Jesse drapes Bullis' leg over the backrest of a pew. Slams it onto the wood. Bullis cries out in pain.

Jesse winds up. Delivers a tremendous blow to the man's nose. Bullis drops like a stone.

Bullis tries to get up, but collapses. Jesse picks him up by the back of the neck.

BULLIS  
Who the hell taught you to fight  
like that, asshole?

JESSE  
It's the only thing I learned in  
prison.

Jesse drags him toward the front entrance.

Bullis' mouth gapes open. A mental light bulb switches on in his brain.

BULLIS  
I know you! From that cathouse...  
You must be crazy. Why?

JESSE  
You wouldn't understand.

BULLIS  
Think you're takin' me back? It's  
a long ride, mister.

JESSE  
Give me one excuse to blow your  
damn head off.

EXT. MISSION - DAY

The two burst through the front door.

Diane and Greta stand there. Greta wears a bandana as a makeshift bandage on her arm.

Several VILLAGERS wait with them. Men, women, and children. Armed with machetes. Pitchforks. Other farm implements.

The cantina Operator leads the Villagers.

Jesse knits his brow and looks at Diane for explanation.

DIANE  
They want him, Jesse.

JESSE  
What? Tell them we have to take  
him back to America. So he can be  
punished.

Diane shakes her head "no".

Villagers edge toward Jesse and Bullis, whose eyes bug out in terror.

BULLIS

Hey! Don't let 'em take me. I'm  
an American! Like you!

JESSE

This is wrong. Don't do this.

The people push Jesse aside. They snatch Bullis. He  
screams and pleads.

Two villagers block Jesse's way and brandish their  
improvised weapons.

The rest yank Bullis into the plaza.

Diane goes to Jesse. Holds and restrains him.

DIANE

Forget it! They won't listen!

Citizens of Pueblo De La Paz surround Bullis.

They strike him with their tools, again and again.

Bullis cries out in agony, as they beat and butcher him.

GRETA

He deserve it.

His screams stop. But, the people continue their massacre.

The villagers finish the slaughter, separate, and move off.

They leave a bloody, mangled mass of flesh, that used to be  
Bullis. Several beats.

O.S. HOOFBEATS. A patrol of American SOLDIERS rides into  
the village.

A LIEUTENANT in his mid-20s, stops in front of Jesse and the  
two women.

LIEUTENANT

You okay? We heard gunfire.

The Lieutenant stares at Bullis' mutilated body, horrified.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The patrol moves out of Pueblo De La Paz.

Jesse, Diane, and Greta ride alongside the Lieutenant.  
Greta wears a new bandage on her wounded arm.

Diane notices Diaz's bugle that hangs around Jesse's neck.

LIEUTENANT

When we make it to Rubio, I'll give you some supplies. See that your friend gets medical attention.

A young SOLDIER rides to Greta. He admires her beauty and looks at her wound.

SOLDIER

You were lucky, ma'am. A few inches lower, and --

GRETA

(flirts)

Oh, ya. I don't know what would happen if I lost my breast.

SOLDIER

You'd still be beautiful.

Greta grins at the young man.

LIEUTENANT

You sure covered lots of ground in Mexico. Didn't happen to run into Pancho Villa, did you? Ha!

Jesse and the women smile at each other.

LIEUTENANT

'Cause if you had, you wouldn't be alive today. He hates gringos.

Jesse thinks for a moment.

JESSE

Guess we were lucky.

The caravan continues. Diane takes Jesse's hand.

FADE OUT.

THE END