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# Sunset Over Lincoln

Gordon Clouser

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CLOUSER

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SUNSET

OVER

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SUNSET OVER LINCOLN

by

Gordon Clouser

A Thesis-Play

Submitted in partial fulfillment of  
the requirements for the degree of  
Master of Arts in English

University of New Mexico

1939







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1940  
cop. 2

This thesis, directed and approved by the candidate's committee, has been accepted by the Graduate Committee of the University of New Mexico in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

Geoff. Hammond  
DEAN

Oct. 28/39  
DATE

Thesis committee

T. M. Pearce

CHAIRMAN

Dane F. Smith

A. L. Camp

7/25/40 Dietw 8.10



This thesis directed and approved by the candidate's com-  
mittee, has been accepted by the Graduate Committee of the  
University of New Mexico in partial fulfillment of the require-  
ments for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

1947

DATE

THESE COMMITTEE

*[Handwritten signatures and text]*



In writing this play, I have tried to avoid the emphasis usually placed upon Billy the Kid. Most of the books and articles on the Lincoln County War have dealt extensively (and without too great a regard for the truth) with his exploits, and there seemed little to be gained in re-telling the story from the same old angle. It appeared to me that a far more promising field was the one offered by the Spanish-American element in Lincoln and the effect of the war upon them; hence the decision to make Ygenio Salazar my pivotal figure.

Some details may be the clearer for a few words of explanation. Ygenio's age at the time of the three-day fight appears really to have been fifteen. This, together with the additional facts that he did not marry until he was forty and that the Kid apparently had many admirers among the Spanish-American girls, gives some slight plausibility, I hope, to the invented part of the plot. There is also a story about a gun having been sent to the Kid in prison, or at least having been left where he could get it; however, the person named as bearer of the weapon was a man. As for the events immediately preceding the killing of Bell, I have done what Walter Noble Burns has admitted doing for his "Saga of Billy the Kid"— I have taken, of several stories, the one which best fits my requirements. The little incident of O'Polliard stopping for Morris on his dash from the burning house is one related by Eugene Manlove Rhodes. . . . In the main, I have tried giving the Spanish-







Americans' speeches among themselves as they would appear in translation, their speeches with Anglo-Americans in rather broken English; where this policy has been departed from, the variation was for a definite reason. No attempt has been made to show differences in pronunciation.

The general background for the play has been obtained from a number of sources. Such books as "Frontier Fighter," by Coe and Harrison, "The Real Billy the Kid," by Otero, "The Saga of Billy the Kid," by Burns, and "Pat Garrett's 'Authentic Life of Billy the Kid,'" edited by Fulton, were consulted. Santa Fe, Cimarron, and Mesilla newspaper clippings yielded rather one-sided versions of the war, as did copies of various affidavits filed with the courts by combatants. Additional information was gained through conversations with Mrs. Ruth Penfield (who operates the old McSween store in Lincoln), Edward Penfield, Jim Luna (nephew of Ygenio Salazar), Francisco Gomez (eye-witness of part of the struggle), Juan Maes, Wilbur and Louise Coe, James D. Shinkle, and Major Maurice Garland Fulton, the outstanding historian of the Lincoln County War.







## CHARACTERS

- BART HODGES - Typical, drooping-mustached old-timer.
- STOREKEEPER - A comparative new-comer to New Mexico.
- YGENIO SALAZAR - A most serious Spanish-American boy, nearly fifteen years old at the opening of the play.
- DONACIANO MARTINEZ - Genial paterfamilias, resident in Lincoln.
- JOSEFINA - His wife.
- MARIA - Their elder daughter, fifteen at opening of play.
- ROSA - The other daughter, several years younger.
- BILLY THE KID - (William Bonney) Soft-spoken, smiling, buck-toothed gentleman of the range.
- WILLIAM BRADY - Sheriff of Lincoln County in 1878.
- A.A.McSWEEN - Successful lawyer; Lincoln merchant and banker in partnership with Tunstall.
- J.W.BELL - Deputy Sheriff.
- BOB OLLINGER - Deputy Marshal
- PAT GARRETT - Sheriff of Lincoln County, 1880-1.
- J.J.DOLAN - The fighting member of the Murphy-Dolan-Riley business organization in Lincoln.
- JOHN W.POR - Cattle detective.
- TIP McKINNEY - Deputy Sheriff.
- PETE MAXWELL - Fort Sumner stockman.
- VILLAGERS
- BOYS
- IKE STOCKTON
- FIRST, SECOND, THIRD MEN



THE NAMES OF THE

1911

JOHN H. HARRIS - 1911

JOHN H. HARRIS - 1911

JOHN H. HARRIS - 1911

JOHN H. HARRIS - 1911

JOHN H. HARRIS - 1911

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JOHN H. HARRIS - 1911

JOHN H. HARRIS - 1911

JOHN H. HARRIS - 1911

JOHN H. HARRIS - 1911



McSWEEN MEN

TOM O'FOLLIARD  
HARVEY MORRIS  
JIM FRENCH  
DOC SKURLOCK  
CHARLIE BOWDRE  
HENRY (HENDRY?) BROWN  
JOHN MIDDLETON  
MARTIN CHAVES  
FRANCISCO SEMORA  
VINCENTE ROMERO  
JOSE CHAVEZ y CHAVEZ

MURPHY MEN

GEORGE HINDMAN (Deputy Sheriff)  
GEORGE PEPPIN  
J.B. MATTHEWS  
ROBERT BECKWITH  
MARION TURNER  
JOHN KINNEY  
ANDY BOYLE  
JACK LONG  
"OLD MAN" PEARCE  
FLORENCIO  
ANTONIO  
And others.



NOV 20 1964

TOM O'NEILL

HARVEY HOFFER

JOHN BARNES

BOB KENNEDY

CHARLIE HOWARD

HENRY (HARRY) JONES

JOHN WINDLESON

MARTIN CHASE

WILLIAM JONES

VINCENT WILSON

JOSE CHAVEZ



## SETTING

(For production in a large outdoor theatre)

Immediately in front of the footlights is the dusty road, Lincoln's one street. Beyond it at the center is a large open space, bounded on both sides and at the rear by a low adobe wall. The only structure inside this wall is at the left, a small set representing the McSween kitchen. There is a small window at left rear and a badly shattered door in the right wall.

Outside the wall to the left is the Tunstall-McSween store, a one-story building with a porch running all the way across the front. Somewhat to the left of its center is the heavy door, and at the right of the structure is a jackknife set, ordinarily forming part of the front wall, which may be swung out to show the kitchen of the Martinez home.

At the opposite side of the stage, just beyond the open space, is the Fort Sumner home of Pete Maxwell. At its right, protruding toward the audience, is Maxwell's bedroom; to the left, extending across the rest of the house, is the porch onto which the bedroom door opens. For the Fort Sumner scene a delapidated picket fence runs across a few feet in front of the house.

On a higher level across the road from the house is the upstairs courthouse room in which Billy the Kid was held under guard. At the right is a door, and in the rear wall there is a window which overlooks the road.

In a similar position on the other side of the audience is the set representing a corner of a village grocery store.



THE PROPOSITIONS OF A NEW THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE

It is the object of this paper to present a new theory of the universe, which is based on the following propositions:

1. The universe is a continuous whole, and not a collection of separate parts.
2. The universe is a dynamic whole, and not a static one.
3. The universe is a living whole, and not a dead one.
4. The universe is a conscious whole, and not an unconscious one.
5. The universe is a spiritual whole, and not a material one.

The first proposition is that the universe is a continuous whole. This means that there are no gaps or breaks in the universe, and that everything is connected to everything else. This is in contrast to the traditional view of the universe as a collection of separate parts, which are not necessarily connected to each other.

The second proposition is that the universe is a dynamic whole. This means that the universe is constantly changing and evolving, and that there is no fixed or permanent state. This is in contrast to the traditional view of the universe as a static one, which is unchanging and eternal.

The third proposition is that the universe is a living whole. This means that the universe has a life of its own, and that it is not merely a collection of dead matter. This is in contrast to the traditional view of the universe as a dead one, which is devoid of life.

The fourth proposition is that the universe is a conscious whole. This means that the universe has a mind or consciousness of its own, and that it is not merely a collection of unconscious matter. This is in contrast to the traditional view of the universe as an unconscious one, which is devoid of mind.

The fifth proposition is that the universe is a spiritual whole. This means that the universe is made up of spirit, and not of matter. This is in contrast to the traditional view of the universe as a material one, which is made up of matter.



Light tower

Courthouse  
Room

Audience

Footlights

Roadway

Maxwell  
home

McDween  
Kitchen

Low adobe wall

Porch  
Jackknife  
set  
McDween  
Store

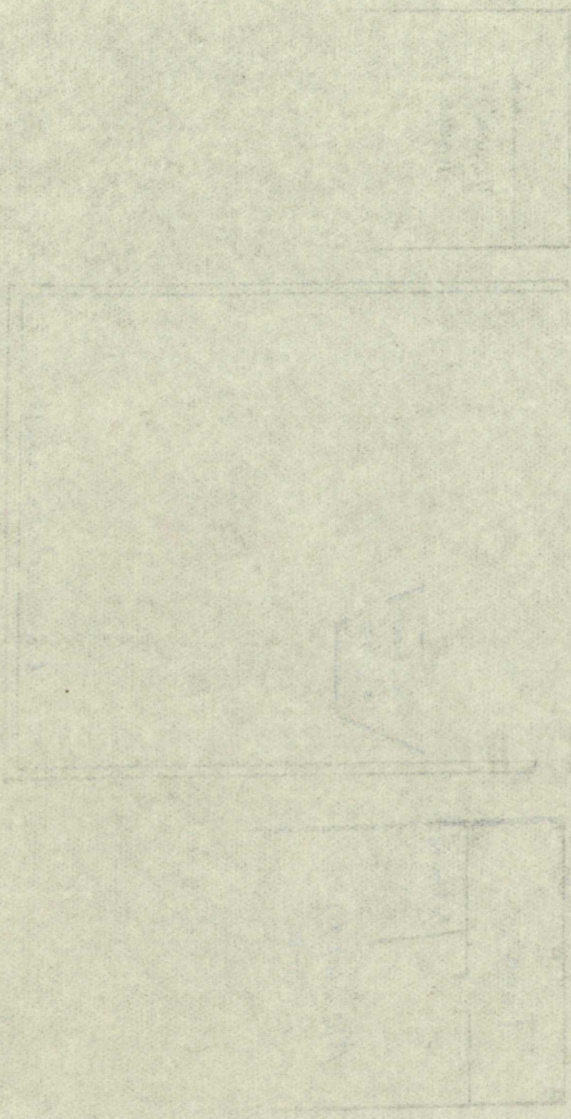
Light tower

Roswell  
store



Top-left  
Right

Top-left  
Right



Top-left  
Right

Top-left  
Right



The scene is a grocery store in Roswell, N.M., in the year 1903. The STOREKEEPER is busy behind his counter; outside it a drooping-mustached old-timer, BART HODGES, takes time out from reading a letter to slap his thigh and laugh heartily.)

BART

Blamed if he ain't gone an' done it at last!

STOREKEEPER

Who's that, Bart?

BART

Ygenio Salazar up in Lincoln. Know 'im, don'tcha?

STOREKEEPER

(Meditatively) No - o - o - - - yesh, believe I do. Sorta sober sort of fellow, isn't he?

BART

That's him; no sense of humor t' speak of. Bill says he just got hitched.

STOREKEEPER

Second time or third?

BART

Naw, first. He wasn't never married before.

STOREKEEPER

Always figured he was married, and that's what made him so all-fired solemn.

BART

(Folding letter, replacing it in envelope) Hunh-unh. (He leans on the counter, looking at STOREKEEPER.) Nobody ever tell you 'bout him an' Maria Martinez?



The above is a summary of the  
year 1965. It is a very brief  
summary and does not include  
all the details of the year.  
The details are given in the  
appendix.

It is a very brief summary of the year 1965.

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It is a very brief summary of the year 1965.



STOREKEEPER

Hope, can't say as they did.

BART

You missed somethin' worth listenin' to. Remind me to tell you sometime.

STOREKEEPER

(Handing BART a small parcel) How about now? Time to close up anyhow.

BART

Well - - - I would, only I guess I'd better get this steak to the old lady. She's gonna cook it for supper.

STOREKEEPER

Send it over. (He steps to the door and calls.) Manuel!

(A ten-year-old boy appears.)

MANUEL

You want me?

STOREKEEPER

Here's a nickel. You take this here meat to Bart Hodges' house the other side of the blacksmith shop. Tell Mrs. Hodges he'll be along directly. Sabe?

MANUEL

Si, senor.

STOREKEEPER

Andale! (The boy runs off.) Well, now that's taken care of. Pull up a box and make yourself comfortable.

(They sit down. BART starts rolling a cigarette.)



Wages, don't say we are rich.

You missed something, didn't you? (He looks at his watch.)

Yes, something.

(Heating back a wall and (the other side) the other side)

up against.

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

to the old lady. (The other side) the other side

Good is over. (The other side) the other side

(The other side) the other side

You want me?

Here's a nickel. (The other side) the other side

Here's a nickel. (The other side) the other side

He'll be along shortly. (The other side) the other side

Oh, no.

Antonia! (The other side) the other side

Full up a box and half a box. (The other side) the other side

(The other side) the other side



BART

Well, it's a right long yarn, J.B. Starts away back in January of 1878, jus' 'fore war sure enough broke out up there in Lincoln. Things'd been sorta smoulderin' for quite a spell. For one reason, Murphy an' some other cattlemen with kinda small herds claimed Chisum hogged the range an' said his round-ups took lotsa their critters, an' Chisum claimed the others all carried extra cinch rings, so bimeby --

STOREKEEPER

(Interrupting) Carried what?

BART

Extra cinch rings. . . . Oh! (He laughs.) That's right; you ain't been out here long. He claimed they rustled his stock every chance they got.

STOREKEEPER

Oh, I see.

BART

Yes'r. An' they was prob'ly some truth on both sides. Anyhow, Murphy'd been in Lincoln 'most ever since the Army'd mustered 'im out at Fort Stanton 'way back in '66. He'd got to be boss bull of the herd, too; made big money with his store an' had a lotta men workin' for 'im when one day he had a split with his lawyer, fella named McSween. McSween teamed up with a big Englishman named Tunstall who'd only jus' come to this section, an' the two of them set up a new store an' a bank an' started runnin' competition with Murphy. Took away a lotta his trade, too.







## STOREKEEPER

Nobody'd like that.

## BART

No, sir. John Chisum helped back the new store an' bank, an' that didn't make it set much better with Murphy neither. (The lights begin to dim.) Relations was kinda strained, you might say, an' both sides was hirin' more men at good wages. Billy the Kid come from Mesilla an' worked for Murphy a spell, but then changed over an' signed up with Tunstall. More money, I expect. Anyhow --

(The store blacks out. Winter moonlight pours down upon the road and the building which houses the McSween store. The jackknife set is open but dark. At the right, YGENIO SALAZAR starts singing "La Magica Mujer" in an uncertain tenor voice. From offstage left comes the sound of horses' hoofs. YGENIO, after a momentary pause, launches upon his last seven measures and is halfway through them before the three riders jog up. They slow to a walk.)

## O'FOLLIARD

(To the other riders) Listen to that boy! He sure needs some rosin on his bow.

## MORRIS

I'll tell a man!

## KID

He's all right. (YGENIO finishes the song. The KID reins in.) How they comin', Ygenio?

## YGENIO

Oh, bueno, yo creo.

## KID

Poco friloles, eh?







YGENIO

Un poco.

KID

Good. (To others) C'm'on, le's go.

(They start off right.)

MORRIS

Who is he, Billy?

KID

Ygenio Salazar, a kid from over Las Tablas way. (

(They pass a man walking from the right.)

Buenas

noches, senor.

DONACIANO

Buenas noches, senores.

O'FOLLIARD

(Not quite sure) Ho — Donaciano?

DONACIANO

Si.

O'FOLLIARD

They's a Las Tablas nightingale singin' his heart out under your window. Howd'ya explain that?

DONACIANO

muy facil, senor. This nightingale, he mus' have think that I am there.

(They roar with laughter.)



Un page

need. (To himself) "What a day!"

(They stand off a bit)

who is he, still?

Yegor's father, a rich man once, but now

(They pass a man with a cane and a hat)

nooses, and

there is a man, a man

(Not quite sure) "What a day!"

at.

There's a lot of things in the world

your window, and you can see

my little, and, this is the way

I am there.

(They pass a man with a cane)



KID

Wanta talk with you later on, Donaciano.

DONACIANO

When you wish.

KID

I'll stop by sometime tonight.

DONACIANO

Bueno, senor. You are welcome anytime.

KID

Bueno. Adios.

(They spur away. DONACIANO halts again just outside his house.)

DONACIANO

Ygenio --

YGENIO

(Emerging from the shadows) Sir?

DONACIANO

Come inside. This night air is not good for the lungs.

(He opens the door and ushers YGENIO in as the lights come up disclosing the simply-furnished kitchen. Seated upstage right are MARIA and ROSA, DONACIANO's two daughters; just left of center is JOSEFINA, his wife.)

See whom I have

brought. (He closes the door and walks to the fireplace at the left as the girls pretend surprise.)

JOSEFINA

Well! Ygenio!

YGENIO

How do you do, senora?



There is a very large...

...

...

...

I'll stop by...

...

...

...

...

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JOSEFINA

(Rising) Will you have a cup of coffee?

YGENIO

Yes, thank you, senora.

(She goes to the cupboard.)

DONACIANO

How is it, Ygenio, that you have never yet come courting to Lincoln where we have so many nice young girls? I think you might find some you would like.

YGENIO

(Not knowing what to answer) Y - - yes, sir.

DONACIANO

Even I have several daughters — nothing to brag about, of course, but passable. They are not beautiful, but they are both good girls, very obedient and lady-like.

(The GIRLS giggle.)

JOSEFINA

(Returning) He knows them, Donaciano.

DONACIANO

What?

JOSEFINA

He has known them for some time.

DONACIANO

He knows these paragons of virtue — has known them for —

JOSEFINA

Half a year.



JOHN

(Singing) All you have to do is love

JOHN

Yes, thank you, honey

(She goes to the telephone)

JOHN

Now is it, Yvonne, that you have never had any children in

Illinois where we have so many nice young girls? I think you

ought to have some young wife like

JOHN

(Not knowing what to answer) Yes, yes, yes

JOHN

Even I have several children -- nothing to worry about

course, but possible. They are all beautiful, and they are

both good girls, very obedient and intelligent

(The girls sing)

JOHN

(Singing) He loves them, loves them

JOHN

JOHN

JOHN

He has known them for some time

JOHN

He knows these paragon of virtue -- has known them for

JOHN

Half a year



## DONACIANO

He has known them for half a year and never once come courting? This is terrible! . . . (He shakes his head sadly.) Young men nowadays have no fire, no passion, no spirit such as they had in my youth.

(YGENIO feels that he is being misunderstood. He looks his protest but is too afraid of offending to disagree.)

## JOSEFINA

(Setting out cup, saucer, spoon, and sugar) How are your father and mother, Ygenio?

## YGENIO

Both are well, senora, thank you.

## JOSEFINA

And your Tia Paulita?

## YGENIO

She too.

(JOSEFINA fills the cup with coffee and gives it to YGENIO, then sets out a plate of cookies.)

## JOSEFINA

Venancio was in from the south two days ago. . . . You will have a bizcocho?

## YGENIO

Thank you.

(He takes one.)

## JOSEFINA

That part of the range needs water badly, he says.

## DONACIANO

What brings you from Las Tablas tonight, Ygenio? There are no dances on Friday.



It has known that this is a very important  
This is terrible. . . . The situation is  
nowadays have to live, as we have to live  
in my youth.

(YERINIA feels that it is better to live  
his process but in some ways it is better to live)

(Meeting one day, YERINIA, YERINIA, YERINIA,  
father and mother, YERINIA, YERINIA, YERINIA)

Both are well, YERINIA, thank you.

and your first husband?

She too.

(YERINIA feels the end of the world, the end  
YERINIA, then she is a child of the world)

YERINIA was in love and she was in love

a discovery

Thank you.

(He takes one)

That part of the young man's life, he was

YERINIA

What brings you from the world of the

dance on the street.



YGENIO

(Importantly) I have come to talk of important things with you and your senora. I have come to talk of — of business.

(JOSEFINA looks startled and frowns. The girls giggle and whisper to each other. DONACIANO smiles.)

DONACIANO

Then your topic is important, for without business how would we live? . . . I am glad to see you taking an interest in such things, Ygenio. Few young men can spare an evening from games or from courting for serious discussion of negocios.

YGENIO

Uh - - yes, sir.

DONACIANO

I congratulate you. But tell me, do you usually carry your guitar when you discuss business?

YGENIO

Y - - you mean this?

(He touches his guitar.)

DONACIANO

Yes.

YGENIO

Oh, th - - th - - that is just for pastime.

DONACIANO

I see. You sing to your horse as you ride along.

YGENIO

Y - - yes, sir.

DONACIANO

You find that he appreciates the music?

YGENIO

(Flustered) Oh - - oh, yes, sir. Very much, sir.







DONACIANO

Ah. It soothes his nerves, no doubt.

YGENIO

(Miserably, for the GIRLS are laughing) Yes, sir.

JOSEFINA

Donaciano! That is enough. (DONACIANO smiles.) You must not mind his teasing, Ygenio. Always he talks nonsense like that. I sometimes think he will never grow up.

YGENIO

Thank you, senora. I - - I do not mind.

(Pause)

JOSEFINA

Have you heard anything from your Tia Rosa lately?

YGENIO

(Rather glumly) Francisco was over day before yesterday.

JOSEFINA

Everyone is well there?

YGENIO

Everyone except Francisco himself. A horse threw him, and his arm is sprained.

JOSEFINA

Oh, that's too bad.

YGENIO

Yes, he can't work much. . . . Senor —

DONACIANO

Yes?



1944

Mr. It seemed to me that

the

Misses, for the first time

the

the first time I saw

the first time I saw

I suddenly

Thank you, very much

(Pause)

Have you heard anything

(After a pause)

Everyone is well

Everyone except

and is grateful

Oh, that's too bad

Yes, he can't

Yes



YGENIO

Marriage is a good thing, is it not?

(ROSA nudges MARIA.)

DONACIANO

Oh, yes; yes indeed. Why, if it were not for marriage and the home, we would be little better than wild Indians, than los Apaches.

YGENIO

I mean, everybody ought -- everybody ought to get married.

DONACIANO

I agree with you; you are absolutely right. Seldom have I seen a young man with such a clear grasp of this problem.

YGENIO

And even me -- I should marry too?

DONACIANO

Yes, of course, but Ygenio -- !

YGENIO

Senor?

DONACIANO

(Emphatically) Never marry a widow!

YGENIO

(Earnestly attentive) No?

DONACIANO

Never! It is bad enough to live with a woman disappointed in one man, but when she has been disappointed in two --

(He shakes his head sadly.)







YGENIO

That is bad, eh?

DONACIANO

That is indeed bad.

YGENIO

One should pick a woman who has not been married, then.

DONACIANO

It would be much safer.

(YGENIO becomes more explicit.)

YGENIO

One should marry a young woman — a girl?

DONACIANO

Whenever possible, Ygenio. But there is another thing to be remembered!

YGENIO

(Anxiously) Yes?

DONACIANO

Marriage is an expensive matter. All the money it costs!

YGENIO

(Confidently) Oh, I have thought of all that. (He stops in alarm, fearing that he has revealed too much.) I - - I - -  
I mean --

DONACIANO

Oh, of course. One can't think of business without considering that also. One must be a good hombre de negocios to support a family in these times.



That is bad, isn't it?

That is indeed bad.

Yes, sir.

One should give a woman the right to work, I think.

Yes, sir.

It would be much better.

(YERMINO becomes more excited.)

Yes, sir.

One should give a woman the right to work, I think.

Yes, sir.

However possible, Yermine, I think, to have the right to work.

Remembered!

Yes, sir.

(Angrily) Yes.

Yes, sir.

Marriage is an expensive matter, I think, for a woman.

Yes, sir.

(Angrily) Oh, I am a woman of all sorts.

After, I think, that he has married her, I think.

I mean —

Yes, sir.

Oh, of course. One can't think of anything else.

That also. One must be a good housewife, I think.

Especially in these times.



YGENIO

(Relieved, surer of himself) Yes, that is so.

DONACIANO

Tell me, how could one make a little extra money? As you see, I am a married man and need dinero as badly as the next one.

YGENIO

Well - - for myself --

DONACIANO

(Encouragingly) Yes?

YGENIO

I am going to open a store.

DONACIANO

Ah, fine! But won't that take a lot of money?

YGENIO

Oh, of course I'll have to work for a while, but I'll look around for the best wages before I take a job. Then it won't take so long, and soon I can go into business for myself.

DONACIANO

To own a store! Ah, that is what I would like to do.

YGENIO

But -- then why don't you?

DONACIANO

You forget, Ygenio; I am a married man with a family to support. If I had started before marrying, I might own Senor Murphy's store today. Now it is too late; expenses are too high.



JOHN

(Believed, answer of himself) Yes, that is so

JOHN

Tell me, how could you make a list of other people in your town?

I am a married man and need dinner on every day of the year.

JOHN

Well -- for myself --

JOHN

(Amusingly) Yes

JOHN

I am going to clean a house.

JOHN

Ah, that! But won't that take a lot of time?

JOHN

Oh, of course I'll have to work longer hours, but I'll manage it.

For the best wages before I take a job, then I'll have to

long, and soon I can go back to my old work.

JOHN

No one's home, and what is that I could like to do?

JOHN

But -- when my house is gone?

JOHN

You forget, Yegor! I am a married man with a family to support.

If I had started before working, I might not have been

there today. Now it is too late; expenses are too high.



YGENIO

(Visibly impressed) Because you got married?

DONACIANO

Because I got married. . . . How old are you, Ygenio?

YGENIO

Seventeen.

(JOSEFINA looks up in surprise. DONACIANO raises his eyebrows, and YGENIO flushes under his gaze.)

Well - - - almost. I'll be fifteen in February.

DONACIANO

(Musingly) Fifteen next month. Hmm . . . . Yes, Ygenio, you have time to become un hombre de negocios. You need not marry for several years, and meanwhile you can save money for your store.

YGENIO

But —

DONACIANO

You think it would take longer than two or three years?

YGENIO

No, but if I don't marry soon, maybe she will love someone else!

DONACIANO

Not if she is really in love with you first, Ygenio. (He rises; so does YGENIO.) She won't mind waiting if she knows you are really saving your money and working for her.



YORIN

(Visibly depressed) Because you are unhappy?

YORIN

Because I got married. . . . And old and young people

YORIN

Seventeen.

(YORIN looks up in surprise. YORIN'S mother and  
stepmother, and YORIN's father enter the room.)

Well - - - oh yes. I'll be fifteen in February.

YORIN

(Suddenly) Fifteen next month. Now. . . . Yes, YORIN.

You have time to become an expert at reading. For that you

entry for several years, and naturally you can only study for

your school.

YORIN

But -

YORIN

For what is worth take longer than two or three years?

YORIN

No, but if I don't study now, maybe she will love someone

else!

YORIN

Not if she is really in love with you. The girl who loves

so does YORIN. She wants that feeling of the heart and she

really wants your money and wishes for it.



YGENIO

You are sure of that?

DONACIANO

(Shrugging) Ask whom you will.

YGENIO

(Deciding) Then - - then I will not marry just yet.

(DONACIANO nods approval, and YGENIO picks up his hat and guitar.)

MARIA

Oh, don't go yet, Ygenio!

ROSA

Sing us another song first.

(YGENIO hesitates, looking at DONACIANO and JOSEFINA. ROSA coaxes.)

Just one more. They won't mind.

(DONACIANO strikes a match to his newly-rolled cigarette. He puffs a few times, blows a smoke-ring, and addresses it.)

DONACIANO

Moonlight . . a darkened room . . a caballero and his guitar! Ah, in my day —

JOSEFINA

Yes? In your day — ?

DONACIANO

(Smiling) Oh, I meant - - of course, when I was courting you, my dear.

JOSEFINA

(Amused, nodding) I see.



JOHN

You are sure of that?

ROBERT

(Thinking) Ask when you will.

JOHN

(Sighing) When? - When I will not wait just now.

(JOHN'S hand moves forward, and JOHN'S looks at his hand and frowns.)

MARY

Oh, don't go yet, Robert!

JOHN

Stay as another week, if you like.

(JOHN'S expression, looking at ROBERT'S and MARY'S, most anxious.)

Just one more, then, Robert!

(ROBERT'S expression changes as his hand is put on his chest. He puts a few lines, almost a sentence, and looks at it.)

JOHN

No, tonight. . . a dark night. . . a dark night.

Robert! Oh, in my day -

JOHN

Just in your day - ?

JOHN

(Sighing) Oh, I want - of course, when I am working.

my work.

JOHN

(Annoyed, sighing) I was



MARIA

Oh, Ygenio! Let's do that!

ROSA

You go outside in the moonlight, Ygenio. We'll put out the light here.

DONACIANO

Indeed not! Have you no regard for your mother? How could she sew without light?

MARIA

Oh! . . . Yes, that is right.

ROSA

I'm sorry, Mother. I didn't stop to think.

DONACIANO

Ygenio can be heard just as well from the next room.

MARIA

Yes, that's it! Ygenio, do! By the window on the south side.

ROSA

Please, Ygenio!

YGENIO

Well - - - all right; sure. (To JOSEFINA and DONACIANO) You don't mind?

JOSEFINA

If it gives Rosa and Maria pleasure, I do not mind.

YGENIO

Then - - buenas noches, Dona Josefina.



YENITA

Oh, Yenita! Let's do that!

HOSEA

You go outside in the moonlight, Yenita. Wait for me and the  
light here.

DOUGLASS

Indeed not! Have you no regard for your mistress? How could  
she see without light?

YENITA

Oh . . . Yes, that is right.

HOSEA

I'm sorry, Hoshea. I didn't see it either.

DOUGLASS

Yenita can be heard just as well from the next room.

YENITA

Yes, that's all! Yenita, do! By the window on the north side.

HOSEA

Please, Yenita!

YENITA

Well . . . all right; sure. (To DOUGLASS and DOUGLASS) You

don't mind?

DOUGLASS

It is given Hoshea and Maria, please, I do not mind.

YENITA

Then . . . please Hoshea, Don't forget.



JOSEFINA

Anda pues; buenas noches.

DONACIANO

Buenas noches, Ygenio. Remember — he travels fastest who travels alone.

YGENIO

(At door) Yes, sir. Goodnight.

(He leaves.)

MARIA

Come on, Rosa!

(They rush out left, closing the door but re-opening it almost immediately. MARIA pokes her head back into the room.)

May we close the door, Mother?

JOSEFINA

Yes, this once.

MARIA

Thank you.

(She disappears, closing the door once more. JOSEFINA turns to DONACIANO.)

JOSEFINA

That Ygenio!

(The KID rides up and stops outside. DONACIANO smiles, turns to the fireplace.)

KID

Que hay, hombre?

(He dismounts, sets about tying his horse.)

YGENIO

Como le va?



Anda must be a man of great

character

He was a man of great character, and he was a man of great

character.

He was

(At door) Yes, sir, I am

(No answer.)

He was

Yes, sir, I am

(They walk out, leaving the door open. The door is almost immediately closed.)

He was a man of great character, and he was a man of great

character

Yes, sir, I am

He was

Thank you.

(The door is closed. The door is almost immediately closed.)

He was

That is all.

(The door is closed. The door is almost immediately closed.)

He was

One day, I was

(The door is closed. The door is almost immediately closed.)

He was

Can it be?



KID

Donaciano aqui todavia?

YGENIO

Si, adentro.

DONACIANO

(Facing JOSEFINA, smiling) Oh, he's young, very young. Perhaps he has not the voice for singing that I had at his age, no, Corazon? (She smiles and makes a little gesture of ridicule.) But he will outgrow much of his foolishness — possibly more than I. He will —

(The KID knocks. JOSEFINA sighs in amused exasperation.)

JOSEFINA

Again?

(DONACIANO grins, shrugs, and then opens the door.)

KID

Evenin', Donaciano. Can I come in?

DONACIANO

Oh, Billy. Pase, pase.

(The KID enters, doffing his hat.)

KID

Thanks. (To JOSEFINA) Como 'sta usted, senora?

JOSEFINA

Buena; gracias, senor. Sientese.

MARIA

Sing, Ygenio. We are ready.

YGENIO

We must wait. A man has come to see your Papa.



Examination and review

St. Andrew.

Witness

(Facing JURY, witness, in, Court, to, the, Jury, in, the,

he has not the value of a dollar, but he has the value of a

dollar (the value of a dollar is not the same as the value of a

but he will not be satisfied with it, he will be satisfied with

that is, he will be satisfied with it, he will be satisfied with

(The JURY answer, and the witness is not satisfied with it)

Witness

Again

(Witness, in, Court, to, the, Jury, in, the,

Witness

Witness, in, Court, to, the, Jury, in, the,

Witness

Oh, Hilly, how, much,

(The JURY answer, and the witness is not satisfied with it)

Witness

Thank, (To JURY, in, Court, to, the, Jury, in, the,

Witness

Witness, in, Court, to, the, Jury, in, the,

Witness

Stop, I am, in, Court, to, the, Jury, in, the,

Witness

We must wait, a moment, in, Court, to, the, Jury, in, the,



(JOSEFINA goes into the next room, closing the door behind her. The KID tosses his hat to the table and sits down.)

DONACIANO

How is ever'thing on the Feliz ahora?

KID

quiet -- but not for long.

DONACIANO

So?

KID

Things're comin' to a showdown, soon. Murphy's gonna make somethin' outa that Fritz insurance money, sure's you're born.

DONACIANO

If he want for make trouble, is a good chance.

KID

An' he wants to, all right. He's been lookin' for a chance like this ever since McSween an' Tunstall started twistin' his tail with this new store. The boss still thinks it'll all be settled in court, but the rest of us know them birds an' wanta be ready. Tha's why I come here tonight.

DONACIANO

Eh? How you mean?

KID

We wanta be sure that you're gonna be on our side.

DONACIANO

He?



ROBERT: I've got into the next room, closing the door behind me. This kid looks like he's got a gun and a knife.

ROBERT:

Now he's everything on the table.

ROBERT:

Wait — not too soon.

ROBERT:

Not

ROBERT:

That's the point, to a showdown, soon. That's the point.

Something's got to give. That's the point.

ROBERT:

It's time for me to make a move.

ROBERT:

And he can't do, all right. He's been waiting for a chance.

Like this even when he's been waiting for a chance.

Well, with this new move. The boss will think he's got

settled in again, but the rest of the team will be

be ready. That's why I come here tonight.

ROBERT:

But how you mean?

ROBERT:

We can't be sure that you're gonna be on our side.

ROBERT:

Not



KID

Sure.

DONACIANO

But — is no matter, no es verdad? I - - I am of — of no importance —

KID

You got more schoolin' than most, an' folks like you; they trust your judgment. A lotta your people'll do what you do.

DONACIANO

(Shrugging) Posible que si. Pero — I mus' then be ver-ry — como se dice? — careful?

KID

Careful, sure — to get on the right side.

DONACIANO

But this insurance of el Senor Fritz — this ten thousan' dollar?

KID

Part of it's McSween's, his own pay an' what he paid them high-powered New York lawyers to help 'im collect.

DONACIANO

And . . . the rest?

KID

Oh, Murphy an' Dolan claim it — the buzzards! — say Fritz owed 'em a lotta dinere when he up an' died. But they've never showed no proof, an' McSween's tryin' to save the money for Fritz's heirs. . . . (Pause) Better throw in with us, Donaciano, an' buck this Murphy game.



Save.

REMARKS

But -- is no matter, no as I said -- I am not --

no importance --

You got more important than what, or I think I am sure

times your judgment. I think your opinion is so great

REMARKS

(Singing) Please don't let me know if you are

and so does -- and so

XX

Careful, sure -- to get on the right side.

REMARKS

But this instance of a good thing -- this is

believe

XX

Part of it's history, and you can find it in the

possibilities of your future to help in the

REMARKS

And . . . the way

XX

Oh, Murphy and John, I think it is the answer -- the

and I am a little thing when we are all together. But I am

knowing no good, and I am a little thing when we are

with a little . . . (Singing) . . . I am a little

conscience, and I am a little thing



(DONACIANO shakes his head.)

DONACIANO

(Firmly) No.

KID

How come? What's Murphy an' Dolan ever done for you?

DONACIANO

Nothing, posible que si. Pero — I will not fight for him too.

KID

Listen, Donaciano; when this thing breaks, everybody'll have to fight, one way or the other. Anybody that don't, both sides'll jump 'im.

DONACIANO

(Shrugging) That I no can help. (He rises to terminate the interview.) You are my frien' estill, but I do not fight for nobody.

(The KID hesitates; then he rises and picks up his hat.)

KID

Might be some nice dinere in it for you.

DONACIANO

Honey, she make no difference. I do not fight.

KID

You're makin' a big mistake, Donaciano. I know they got the sheriff with 'em, but we're gonna come out on top anyway.

DONACIANO

I hope you do.



(DRAFTING COPY - NOT FOR CIRCULATION)

(Priority) No.

110

How soon? What a happy day for the people of the world.

111

Nothing, people are all the same. They are all the same.

112

Listen, gentlemen: when this is the case, the people of the world

light, one way or the other. They are all the same. They are all the same.

There is

113

(Shouting) That is the way. That is the way. That is the way.

Intention. You are all the same. You are all the same. You are all the same.

Today.

(The old gentleman looks at the people and says to himself)

There is something in the air. There is something in the air.

114

Women, are you all the same? I am not like you.

115

You're making a big mistake, gentlemen. I am not like you.

What is the matter with you? What is the matter with you?

116

I hope you do.



KID

But you still won't trail along with us, eh?

DONACIANO

No.

KID

An' not with Murphy neither?

DONACIANO

No. I do not fight.

KID

Well, all right, if that's the way you want it. (He offers his hand.) Amigos siempre?

DONACIANO

(Accepting it) Amigos siempre.

KID

Bueno! (He puts on his hat and opens the door.) Oh, by the way — word's come through that Murphy's hired a fella named Ollinger, Bob Ollinger. Know anything about 'im?

DONACIANO

Si, un poco.

KID

Anything good?

(DONACIANO shakes his head.)

DONACIANO

Some they call him Bloody Bob. He likes for wear long hair and red shirts and pick his teeth with a knife.



END

Now you shall see I shall show you with me, and

THEY SAY

No.

END

And not with many nations

THEY SAY

No. I do not fight.

END

Well, all right, if that's the way you want it, I'll allow.

His name. (Angus answers)

THEY SAY

(Angus answers)

END

He gave on his hat and opened the door, and

way — words came through that doorway, and a light came

clinging, and clinging. How wonderful about that

THEY SAY

St. on page.

END

Nothing good

(DOWLING answers his name.)

THEY SAY

Now they call him bloody hell. He likes for some time with

and red wine and black his teeth with a smile.



KID

Show-off, eh?

DONACIANO

Oh, si, pero he like for kill tambien. I know tree, four men  
he murder, uno no mas que muchacho.

KID

He'll take some watchin', then.

DONACIANO

Oh, si, mucho.

KID

Bueno; gracias, senor. Adios.

DONACIANO

Adios, senor. Hasta luego.

(The KID leaves, closing the door behind him. He unties  
his horse, mounts, and rides off right. MARIA is heard.)

MARIA

Now you can sing, Ygenio.

YGENIO

All right. (Singing) Hay al pie de una ladera, una muchacha —

MARIA

(Interrupting) No, no, Ygenio; not that!

YGENIO

Eh?

MARIA

"La Magica Mujer"!







## YGENIO

Oh!

(DONACIANO smiles, shakes his head slowly. The room blacks out as YGENIO begins the song; then both song and moonlight fade, and the scene has come to an end.)



1950

101

(RECEIVED) MAIL ROOM  
PLEASE CUT AT THIS LINE  
NOONLIGHT 10:00 AM



(YGENIO is sitting in the sun on the store porch with several older men, one of whom is smoking a cigarette. The KID comes to the door, glances both ways, nods to the seated men, and walks off right.)

JUAN

You go now, Billy?

KID

Naw, I'll be back.

(He steps off the end of the porch and disappears toward the rear. Pause. Finally YGENIO wriggles a bit and breaks the silence.)

YGENIO

I think I'll go away.

FELIPE (eldest)

Eh? Go away?

YGENIO

Yes. I think I'll go away.

PEDRO

You don't like Lincoln?

JUAN

(Laughing) His novia doesn't give him enough encouragement.

PEDRO

Oh, so that's the trouble!

YGENIO

(Embarrassed yet pleased) I have no sweetheart.

JUAN

What? No sweetheart?



(YORINO is sitting in the room on the floor, looking at the  
several other men, one of whom is looking at him. He  
KIM comes to the door, glances back over his shoulder  
and walks off.)

YORINO

You go now, KIM?

KIM

Now, I'll be back.

(He stops at the end of the porch and disappears behind  
the trees. KIM finally YORINO notices a bit and crosses the  
alcove.)

YORINO

I think I'll go away.

KIM (aloud)

Why do you?

YORINO

Yes, I think I'll go away.

KIM

You don't like KIM?

YORINO

(laughing) His name doesn't give him enough credit.

KIM

Oh, so that's the verdict?

YORINO

(Embarrassed yet pleased) I have no objection.

KIM

What do you think?



PEDRO

There! You see, Juan, you were mistaken.

JUAN

Well-l-l-l, maybe so. But he was so musical —

PEDRO

Musical?

(YGENIO squirms.)

JUAN

Yes. Didn't you hear him singing last night?

PEDRO

Last night? (JUAN nods.) No. Everything was quiet except for that pig someone forgot to feed. Ai, how he did squeal! . . . But I heard no singing.

JUAN

Oh, my dear Pedro! How could you be so cruel?

PEDRO

Eh?

JUAN

That was no starving pig. That was Ygenio singing a serenade.

PEDRO

What! Ygenio?

(JUAN nods.)

JUAN

Outside Donaciano Martinez's window.

PEDRO

But why should Ygenio squeal — I mean, why should he sing outside anyone's window? He has no sweetheart; he said so himself.



There! You see, Juan, you were mistaken.

JUAN

Well-I-I-I, maybe so, but he was so nervous!

PERO

Mustn't!

(Ygenio coughs.)

JUAN

Yes. Didn't you hear him singing last night?

PERO

Last night? (JUAN nods.) No. Everything was quiet except

for that big someone forgot to feed. At, how he did scream!

. . . But I heard no singing.

JUAN

Oh, my dear PERO! How could you be so cruel?

PERO

But

JUAN

That was no starving pig. That was Ygenio singing a song.

PERO

What? Ygenio?

(JUAN nods.)

JUAN

Outside Donaciano Martinez's window.

PERO

But why should Ygenio sing? — I mean, why should he sing out-

side anyone's window? He has no sweetheart; he said so himself.



JUAN

Donaciano told me this morning that Ygenio sings to his horse.  
It's nervous.

PEDRO

Well, after last night I can understand that.

YGENIO

(Rather angrily) You listen to me, now! Enough is enough!  
You call me a pig —

JUAN

(Slapping YGENIO on the back) Wh-hy, Ygenio, we don't mean  
anything. We were just having a little fun.

YGENIO

Well - -

PEDRO

Pa' seguro! You are not such a bad fellow. Maybe some day  
you will even sing as good as I do! (He sings.) Ai, ai, ai,  
ai!

(They laugh.)

YGENIO

(Settling back) Anyway, I mean what I say. I'm going away  
from here.

FELIPE

Why, Ygenio?

YGENIO

Because I'm going to go into business soon.

FELIPE

Isn't Lincoln a good place for business?



...the ...  
It's curious.

Well, after that, I ...

(Rather ...)

You call me a ...

(Sighing ...)

...the ...

Well - -

Yes, ...

You all ...

all

(Not ...)

(Sighing ...)

from ...

My ...

Because I'm ...

I ...



PEDRO

It's the county seat. Everybody comes here. See how Senor McSween prospers.

YGENIO

Yes, Lincoln is a good place for business, but first I must earn some money for a stock of goods.

FELIPE

But can't you do that here too?

YGENIO

Yes, but I must do it quickly, and so I must look around to see where they pay the best wages. I think I'll go to Mesilla first.

FELIPE

To Mesilla? Psh! Right here in Lincoln County there are lots of Mesilla men, riding for Major Murphy. Frank Morton and Baker and Jesse Evans —

PEDRO

And that McDaniels fellow.

JUAN

And Bonney, who was just here. He works for Tunstall now, but he came from Mesilla.

FELIPE

Why would they come to Lincoln unless wages were better here? In the last few months wages have gone up to fifty dollars.

PEDRO

And it won't be long before they pay more.



1875-1880. The first of these was the  
success of the...

...

Yes, Lincoln is a good...

...

...

But don't you see...

...

Yes, but I want to be...

...

First...

...

to Kessler, that...

of Kessler and...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...



JUAN

That's right.

FELIPE

If fighting starts, they'll pay a hundred dollars a month for almost anyone. Of course, it will be dangerous . . .

YGENIO

(Amazed, bewildered) A hundred dollars a month!

FELIPE

And that isn't all. If the fighting lasts very long, both Murphy and McSween will go broke. No matter who wins, they will both lose. Maybe someone else could start a store then.

(JOSEFINA approaches with ROSA and MARIA. The MEN rise and tip their hats.)

Buenos dias, senora.

JOSEFINA

Buenos dias, senor.

(The other men murmur the greeting.)

YGENIO

Buenos dias, senora. Buenos dias, Maria.

MARIA

(Shyly) Buenos dias, Ygenio.

(JOSEFINA enters the store. At the door the two GIRLS look back, and the MEN once more tip their hats. The GIRLS enter the store; YGENIO stands looking after them.)

JUAN

No wonder Ygenio wants a store. Think of all the nice trade he would get.



1937

That's right.

Yes.

If lighting system, there'll be a hundred million a month for  
almost nothing. Of course, it will be dangerous.

Yes.

(Anxious, hesitating) A hundred million a month?

Yes.

And that limit will. If the lighting tests very long, they  
might not know when will be better. In water, they  
will not know. They would have to find a way to  
(1937) - progress with them and with the  
and the light.

Yes.

Yes, yes, yes.

(The other man answers the question.)

Yes.

Yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes.

Yes.

(1937) Yes, yes, yes.

(1937) Yes, yes, yes. At the back of the  
back, and the man who was the first. The first  
after the story, 1937, starts looking after them.

Yes.

My mother Yanda wants a story. Think of all the things  
he really got.



(FELIPE sits down.)

PEDRO

But you forget — girls don't mean anything to Ygenio. He sings only to his horse. . . . Poor girls.

JUAN

Poor horse, you mean. Maybe we should give it some hay for its troubles.

(YGENIO starts toward the door.)

PEDRO

I think we should. Where are you going, Ygenio?

YGENIO

I - - I am going inside. I must buy - - -

PEDRO

Yes?

YGENIO

(Embarrassed) Some - - some - -

PEDRO

Tobacco?

YGENIO

Y - yes. Yes, some tobacco.

PEDRO

Tobacco is nice, even punche.

YGENIO

Yes.

(He starts through the doorway.)



(Philip sits down.)

Philip

But you forgot -- didn't you -- didn't you forget to mention the

things only to his house. . . . I don't like it.

Philip

Poor house, you mean. Maybe we should give it some more for

its trouble.

(Trento starts toward the door.)

Trento

I think we should. Where are you going, Trento?

Trento

I -- I -- I am going inside. I must say --

Trento

Yes?

Trento

(Repressed) Some -- some --

Trento

Tobacco?

Trento

I -- yes. Yes, some tobacco.

Trento

Tobacco is nice, even panache.

Trento

Yes.

(He starts through the doorway.)



PEDRO

But what's that in your pocket, Ygenio?

YGENIO

(Pausing) Eh?

PEDRO

There in your shirt pocket. Isn't that tobacco?

YGENIO

Oh - - ah - - why, ah --

JUAN

You must be careful, Ygenio. Too much tobacco isn't good for young boys.

(YGENIO decides to abandon all pretense. He grins.)

YGENIO

(Agreeably) All right. I won't buy any tobacco.

(They laugh.)

JUAN

Come on, Pedro; let Ygenio get his tobacco, and I'll show you a real horse, one that can run two miles for every one yours does.

(They go around the left corner as YGENIO enters the store. FELIPE chuckles quietly to himself and gets out papers and tobacco. He rolls a cigarette, lights it, and settles himself comfortably against the wall. YGENIO peers out, sees that JUAN and PEDRO have not returned, and beckons. With a backward glance to be sure that her mother has not noticed her, MARIA slips out and joins him, giggling at her own daring. They move down to the right end of the porch and stand there, conversing inaudibly to the accompaniment of innumerable giggles from the girl. FELIPE, who has been watching them in mild surprise, turns his attention once more to his smoke and the gracious sunshine. From the left comes the thud of horses' hoofs. JUAN and PEDRO come around the left corner, look at YGENIO and MARIA, and laugh. The KID comes around the other corner.)







KID

'Lo, Ygenio. (Courteously, raising sombrero) Buenos dias, senorita.

MARIA

(In her best manner.) Buenos dias, senor.

JUAN

Hello, Kid.

(The KID stops short in the act of waving to JUAN and PEDRO, gazing past them at the approaching horsemen. JUAN and PEDRO also turn to look.)

PEDRO

Ollinger!

JUAN

Ollinger and Beckwith!

BECKWITH

(Offstage) That's him right there.

KID

Around the corner, senorita!

(He whirls her out of danger as FELIPE rises and hurries to the doorway, a comparatively safe point of vantage. JUAN and PEDRO retreat to the corner of the building, and YGENIO, still somewhat bewildered, joins MARIA as the KID walks back toward the NEWCOMERS. OLLINGER and BECKWITH walk their mounts through the dust in front of the porch and pull up a few yards from the KID.)

BECKWITH

No feud, Kid. Friend of mine just wants to take a look at our Apache-killer.

KID

So?







OLLINGER

Howd'y.

(The KID nods.)

BECKWITH

We've been out kind of looking around for strays.

KID

Lots of 'em 'round in the brush.

OLLINGER

Queer thing about that. First they're on one side of the hill, and then they're on the other.

KID

Better grass, mebbe.

OLLINGER

Like enough. Lots of loco mixed in with it, though.

BECKWITH

Apt to run into bad water, too, in strange country.

KID

Lotta gyp water right here in town, for that matter.

OLLINGER

I've saw many a steer dead at the wrong waterhole. Arsenic poisonin', usually.

KID

Arsenic - - an' lead?

OLLINGER

Could be.

KID

Tha's kinda common 'round here.



CHILDREN

Howdy?

(The kid nods.)

CHILDREN

We've been out here of looking around for things.

KID

Look at 'em 'round in the bush.

CHILDREN

Guess thing wasn't there. That they're on the side of the

hill, and then they're on the other.

KID

Better guess, maybe.

CHILDREN

Like enough. Lots of lots of things in the bush.

CHILDREN

And so run into bad water, too, in a hurry, maybe.

KID

Better try water, maybe, but in a hurry, too, maybe.

CHILDREN

I've seen some a piece back of the water, maybe.

Outstanding, usually.

KID

Arrows - and lead.

CHILDREN

Could be.

KID

That's kinda common 'round here.



BECKWITH

'Course they never know it till it's too late, but them strays'd be a lot better off back on the old home range.

(The KID eyes BECKWITH for a few seconds.)

KID

Grass better'n it used to be?

BECKWITH

Yeah. Ring-grass.

KID

(Nodding) The kind that grows up north 'round Santa Fe, eh? . . . Well, sir, y'know, some strays ain't got no use at all for that kind.

OLLINGER

(Sharply) Be a lot better for 'em if they had.

KID

Kebbe so. But then, they's still somethin' else — some strays is plumb partic'lar 'bout the comp'ny they keep.

(OLLINGER glares and hitches around into a position more favorable to a rapid draw.)

BECKWITH

Easy, Bob.

(The KID waits for them to make some move. OLLINGER's horse sidles away from BECKWITH's.)

KID

Make it easy on yourselves. (Sharply) But don't try to get any farther apart!



1947  
The first of the series was published in 1947.  
It was a book about the life of the people of the world.

It was a book about the life of the people of the world.

It was a book about the life of the people of the world.

It was a book about the life of the people of the world.

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It was a book about the life of the people of the world.

It was a book about the life of the people of the world.



BECKWITH

We don't want any trouble now. You think over what we said, Kid.

KID

An' you an' your pardner think this over: Folks hereabouts know more'n he might think 'bout his way of doin' things. . . An' not all of 'em like it a whole lot.

OLLINGER

Oh, they don't, eh?

KID

Tha's right. You dab your loop on the wrong "stray" 'round here, an' things'll happen.

(OLLINGER tenses, as if to draw, but BECKWITH interposes.)

BECKWITH

Nix, Bob! Not here.

OLLINGER

All right. (To the KID) But I'll be seein' you again, fella, soon!

KID

(Mockingly) Hurry back, sweetheart.

OLLINGER

(Furiously, to BECKWITH) Come on!

(They ride on. YGENIO and MARIA come around the corner, and the two MEN return from the other side. The KID doffs his sombrero and speaks to MARIA.)

KID

I'm right sorry, senorita. It jus' couldn't be helped, or I wouldn'ta done it.



THEY

we don't want any trouble now, I think you can see that

YES

THEY

but you can't see that either, you can't see that

know more about it than I do, I know more about it

and not all of it, I don't know all of it

THEY

Oh, they don't see

THEY

That's right, you can't see that either, you can't see that

here, and that's all

(SOUNDING DISTANT) Oh, I see, but I don't see it

THEY

Mr. Bob! Not here

THEY

And that's all, (to the man) I don't see it

Yes, yes

THEY

(SOUNDING DISTANT) Oh, I see, but I don't see it

THEY

(SOUNDING DISTANT) Oh, I see, but I don't see it

(They ride off, leaving the man alone, and the two men return from the other side, and the man

remains and speaks to them)

THEY

I'm right now, I'm right now, I'm right now

Yes, yes, yes



MARIA

Oh - - oh, I do not mind.

KID

Thank you.

(He resumes his hat and walks into the store. JUAN, PEDRO, and FELIPE follow him.)

JUAN

Heigh, Billy, you tol' him!

MARIA

Ygenio! Who is he?

YGENIO

Billy Bonney. He works for Senor Tunstall on the Feliz.

Sometimes they call him "The Kid."

MARIA

He is married?

YGENIO

Eh? No, I don't think so.

MARIA

What else do you know of him?

YGENIO

Oh, just that he came from Mesilla to work for Murphy, and then he quit to work for -- but why do you ask about him, when you have never seen him before today?

MARIA

Silly! Would I have to ask about someone I have always known?

YGENIO

Well . . . maybe not. But this Kid --



1914

On - 20, 1914

Dear Sir,

Thank you.

(The enclosed is a copy of the letter from the  
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION)

Respectfully,  
W. J. Connelley

Special Agent in Charge

Very truly yours,  
W. J. Connelley

Enclosed for the Bureau are two copies of the letter  
from the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

He is married.

Very truly yours,

W. J. Connelley

What else is the name of the

Oh, just that he was born in the State of New York.

Then he paid to work for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

When you have seen the letter from the

Very truly yours,

W. J. Connelley

Very truly yours,

W. J. Connelley



MARIA

(Interrupting) How do you call him?

YGENIO

The Kid. Billy the Kid.

MARIA

Oh, Ygenio, he is wonderful!

YGENIO

What?!!?

MARIA

This Kid. (She rolls the name on her tongue.) Billy. Billy the Kid. Billy the Kid.

YGENIO

(Impatiently) But, Maria —

(JOSEFINA appears in the doorway.)

JOSEFINA

Maria!

MARIA

(Obediently) Yes, Mama.

(She goes toward the door, the protesting YGENIO following her. JOSEFINA disappears, and her place in the doorway is taken by ROSA.)

YGENIO

But, Maria, what has he done that is so wonderful?

MARIA

(Ignoring his question) Oh, Rosa, have you seen him?

ROSA

Whom?



WILLIAM

(Interpreting) Now is the time

WILLIAM

The end. Billy and Ed.

WILLIAM

Oh, yes, he is wonderful

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

This end. (She tells the name of her company) Billy

The end. Billy and Ed.

WILLIAM

(Interpreting) The name is

(Interpreting) The name is

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

(Interpreting) Yes, name

(The group leaves the door, the protesting WILKINS following  
her. (Interpreting) The name is the name of the  
company.)

WILLIAM

But, name, what was the name of the company?

WILLIAM

(Interpreting his question) Oh, name, name the name

WILLIAM

WILLIAM



MARIA

Billy. Billy the Kid.

ROSA

Who is he?

MARIA

Oh, you would know if once you saw him. He is so handsome!

ROSA

(Pleasantly shocked and excited) Maria!

MARIA

(Warming to her subject) He has such lovely small hands. He is not so big, but he's very strong and brave.

YGENIO

(Exasperated) How do you know?

MARIA

(Promptly) I could see it! Oh, Rosa, you should have seen him make those other two run away!

YGENIO

But they didn't run!

MARIA

(Ignoring him) And how he did talk to them, especially the big one! Oh, I wish you could have heard him; he was wonderful!

YGENIO

(Urgently) Maria!

(She turns.)

MARIA

(Impatiently) Well? What is it?



WILL

Will, will the girl

ROSA

She is not

WILL

Oh, you would have it that you saw him. He is so handsome

ROSA

(Pleasantly shocked and excited) What?

WILL

(Looking to her sister) He has such lovely eyes! But he

is not so big, but he's very strong and brave.

WILL

(Exaggerated) How do you know?

WILL

(Pleasantly) I could see it! Oh, Rosa, you should have seen

him make those other two men easy!

WILL

But they didn't mind!

WILL

(Pleasantly) And how he did talk to them, especially the

big one! Oh, I wish you could have heard him, he was wonderful!

WILL

(Urgently) What?

(And turns.)

WILL

(Pleasantly) Well, what is it?



YGENIO

You mustn't talk like that.

MARIA

(Raising her eyebrows) No?

YGENIO

No. You must never talk about another man like that. What if somebody heard you?

MARIA

(As if surprised by the discovery) Oh! So I may not say what I please any longer!

YGENIO

I don't mean that. I —

MARIA

(Interrupting) I suppose that next I'll have to ask you before I even come to the store -- or must I stay at home all the time now?

YGENIO

I - - I - - Maria —

MARIA

(Sweetly) Have you any more orders, Young Master?

(ROSA giggles.)

ROSA

Maria, you funny thing!

YGENIO

(Angered) Maybe I'm not so old, but I know what is right.



JOHN

You mustn't talk like that.

MARY

(Sighing very heavily) Not

JOHN

Not. You must never talk about another man like that.

It doesn't hurt me.

MARY

(As if surprised by the discovery) Oh, so I am not

what I guess you thought

JOHN

I don't even think I --

MARY

(Indignant) I suppose that's what I'll have to put up with

I even come to the point -- or what I say at home all the

time now

JOHN

I -- I -- I --

MARY

(Sighing) Well, you may as well, I'm sure.

(Softly)

JOHN

Mary, you know what

JOHN

(Laughing) Maybe I'm not so old, but I know what is right.



## MARIA

(Showing her own anger) And so do I know what is right! I am not even promised to you, and already you try to boss me! Until I am married I can talk about anyone I please! I can say anything I want to about Billy Bonney. I can say he is wonderful; I can say I like him -- yes, and if I want to I can say I love him! . . . There! I am not married to you yet.

## YGENIO

(Angrier, less sensible) If you don't stop talking about loving him, I - - I - - I will kill him!

## MARIA

(Wounding him in the tenderest part of his pride) You! How could you? He is a man. (YGENIO chokes.) You are only a boy, not yet fifteen years old.

## YGENIO

(Hoarsely) That's enough! Now I will do it! I'll show you --

## JOSEFINA

(Sharply, as she comes to the door) Rosa! Maria! Is this the way you obey me? Come inside, this minute!

(ROSA meekly slips past her mother and out of sight. MARIA elevates her nose, turns her back upon YGENIO, and enters the store. JOSEFINA glances sharply at the boy and then follows her daughters.)

## YGENIO

(To the doorway through which they have gone) Just wait; I'll show you! Just wait; that is all!

(He chokes back an angry sob and turns away as the scene blacks out.)







(The store lights up.)

BART

Well, sir, Ygenio went home after his gun, all right, but he wasn't smart enough to keep his reason to hisself. He tol' his dad what he was gonna do, an' the ol' man put his foot down. He was boss of the spread, too, seemed like, an' Ygenio had to listen. The boy got into town a coupla times to see Maria, but she seemed to be gettin' more stuck on the Kid all the time.

A lotta things was happenin' in Lincoln then. Murphy'd attached McSween's store an' house for the ten thousan' dollars insurance money, an' then, prob'ly wantin' to git ridda all his competition while he had the chance, sent Billy Matthews out to the Feliz t' attach all Tunstall's stuff too, 'cause he was McSween's pardner in the store. The foreman, Dick Brewer, wouldn't stan' for that, but he tol' Matthews he could come back later with jus' one man an' see if any of the cattle was McSween's. 'Steads that, Matthews raised a big posse down here in the valley. Tunstall got back to the ranch, tol' his men to let 'em take the cattle, an' then started toward Lincoln with a coupla head of horses.

STOREKEEPER

And the posse rode after him, eh?

BART

Part of it. They caught up with Tunstall an' killed 'im, an' then rode back an' told Matthews that Tunstall'd started shootin' an' they hadta down 'im to pertect themselves.







## STOREKEEPER

But had he? Shot at them, I mean?

## BART

(Shrugging) Quien sabe? Don't seem reasonable, but tha's the story they swore to. . . . Anyway, Brewer got hisself swore in as special constable an' started out after the fellas was in that posse. They run down Morton an' Baker below here in the valley. Then on the way up to Lincoln they killed both pris'ners at Agua Negra. Shot another fella that stuck up for them, too.

## STOREKEEPER

Where'd Ygenio come in on all this?

## BART

He didn't; his ol' man was ridin' herd on him too close. Billy Matthews near done his job for him, though.

## STOREKEEPER

I never heard anything about that.

## BART

Oh, yes. Brewer an' the Kid an' others was indicted for the murder of Morton an' Baker, an', since Sheriff Brady was pretty much a Murphy man, he made it plenty hot for them. They didn't much like that, a'course, an' then too it was Brady'd give Matthews 'thority to raise that first posse. No, they didn't like Brady none too much . . . .

(His voice fades, and the store blacks out as the road and the adobe wall at the end of the McSween store porch are spotlighted. Of the six men at the left, behind the wall, four are lounging on the ground while the other two, MIDDLETON and BROWN, use sticks to wear notches in the top of the wall. Apparently they are enjoying themselves, for a roar of laughter goes up. As it subsides, BROWN sings.)







BROWN

"Oh, what are you doing, Maid Marian," said he,  
"With stick in hand and housemaid's knee?"

OTHERS

Come ti yi yippee, yippee yi, yippee ya —  
Come ti yi yippee yi ya!

MIDDLETON

(Falsetto) Faith, sir, I'm but cleaning His Honor's house.

BROWN

And what would you do if you saw a mouse?

OTHERS

Come ti yi yippee, yippee yi, yippee ya —  
Come ti yi yippee yi ya!

MIDDLETON

I'd take my stick an' I'd hit it on the head,  
Never leaving off until it was dead.

OTHERS

Come ti yi yippee, yippee yi, yippee ya —  
Come ti yi yippee yi ya!

KID

See anyone?

MIDDLETON

Not yet.

BROWN

How brave you are, Marian; 'Ive even heard tell  
That you told the sheriff to go to hell!



1941

"I'll, what are you doing, what's the matter?"  
"I'm stuck in here and I can't get out."

1942

Does it fit? Does it fit? Does it fit?

Does it fit? Does it fit? Does it fit?

1943

(Interjection) - "What's the matter? The machine is broken."

1944

And what would you do if you had a choice?

1945

Does it fit? Does it fit? Does it fit?

Does it fit? Does it fit? Does it fit?

1946

I'd like to know what you think of the plan.

Never leaving off until it's done.

1947

Does it fit? Does it fit? Does it fit?

Does it fit? Does it fit? Does it fit?

1948

See, you see?

1949

Not yet.

1950

Now please try and understand the whole thing.

That's just what the machine is doing.



## OTHERS

Goma ti yi yippee, yippee yi, yippee ya —

Goma ti yi yippee yi ya!

## MIDDLETON

I'm bold Maid Marian, an' I don't give a damn

## ALL

For even the Sheriff of Nottingham!

Goma ti yi yippee, yippee yi, yippee ya —

Goma ti yi yippee yi ya!

## BROWN

If the sheriff came by — (He stops, looking carefully down the road; then he and MIDDLETON duck.) Someone comin' outa the store.

(The KID, TOM O'FOLLIARD, and JIM FRENCH leap to the wall and peer cautiously through the notches. BOWDRE quickly picks up a quart bottle from the ground beside him, uncorks it, and gulps down several mouthfuls. He then wipes his mouth, picks up his rifle, and joins the others at the wall.)

## FRENCH

That's Matthews there in front, and George Hindman next to him. Can't see who the other —

## KID

(Interrupting) Dad Peppin.

## BROWN

An' that damn Brady closin' the door!

## KID

Get down, all of you. (They obey, turning to him.) Take off your hats so's they can't see you. Here's where we even things up some!







BROWN

(Doffing his hat) In deference to the Sheriff of Nottingham.

O'FOLLIARD

(In mock reproof) Tut, tut! Such frivolity! (He solemnly removes his hat.) In deference to the dead.

(There is a burst of laughter, quickly hushed. The KID works the lever of his rifle, inspects the cartridge, and snaps the gun shut again.)

BOWDRE

Not takin' no chances, are you, Kid?

KID

I'll take no chances on that son of a bitch of a Brady! . . . Now listen. We all take Brady for the first shot, an' then, when he's down, shoot 'cordin' to how we're placed here. Tom an' me'll take the man on the north; you two (Indicating BROWN and FRENCH next in line) cut down the fella in the middle, an' you two (To MIDDLETON and BOWDRE) the one on the south. Got that straight?

BOWDRE

Sure.

FRENCH

Simple.

KID

All right, then. Get set an' wait for the word. Remember -- Brady first.

(They turn to their notches to watch the sheriff and his party. BROWN takes one look, decides he has time for a drink, and reaches for the bottle.)



BRADY

(Dropping his hat) Is he married to the girl of his dreams?

WILLIAM

(In mock reproach) Yes, but I'm afraid the answer is

removes his hat. In deference to the dead.

(There is a group of ladies, mostly married. The girls  
seize the lower of his skirt, imitating his movements, and wave  
the fan more vigorously.)

WILLIAM

Not again, no chance, no girl, right?

BRADY

I'll take no chances on that sort of a thing at a party.

Now listen. We all take away for the first shot, and then

when he's done, about twenty for the second shot. Now

and we'll take the man on the second shot (imitating BRADY)

and return next in line) and then the girls in the circle, and

you too (To WILLIAM and DOROTHY) The rest on the circle. For

that strategy.

WILLIAM

Sure.

WILLIAM

Simple.

BRADY

All right, then. Get out and call for the next, William.

Brady first.

(They turn to their partners to which the single girls  
greet. BRADY takes one look, decides to pass this for a while  
and reaches for the bottle.)



## BROWN

(Voice relatively low) Oh, the widows may pine, and the widows may pout — (He takes too large a gulp and chokes.) Rotgut whiskey burns your insides out! (He turns to the wall.) Coma ti yi yippee —

## KID

Shut up!

(They settle their rifles in the notches, the ends of the barrels barely reaching the far side of the wall, and wait tensely. After a while from down the road comes the scuffle of feet, the noise half-deadened by the dust. SHERIFF BRADY is talking as they appear.)

## BRADY

He's ridin' to a fall, an' that mighty soon; you mark my words.

## HINDMAN

Gotta hand it to the little rat, though — he's got nerve.

## BRADY

Oh, sure. No argument there, but that's just what'll put his neck in the noose. He's had a little success to puff him up, and soon he'll get reckless.

(He stops to inspect a bootheel, and the others stop to wait for him.)

## MATTHEWS

He can't get reckless any too soon to suit me. I've got a score to settle with that little horsethief.

(The group starts forward again.)

## BRADY

Had that heel fixed yesterday, and damned if it ain't loose already. It's gettin' so a man can't depend —



THREE

(Voice faintly, far) Oh, the window was open, and the

without my foot -- the window was open, and the

without my foot -- the window was open, and the

without my foot -- the window was open, and the

THREE

THREE

(They notice their illness in the morning, the end of the  
particular party remaining on the side of the wall, and the  
it. After a while back down the wall, and the  
the other half, followed by the other. (The other half is  
so they appear.)

THREE

He's right, to a fall, and that night, and you were my wife.

THREE

Good, that is to be little bit, though -- but not better.

THREE

Oh, yes. The window was open, and the window was open, and

back in the room. He's not a little window, but it's not

and soon he'll get married.

(He goes to inspect a window, and the other goes to

wait for him.)

THREE

He can't get married any more, because he's not

going to marry with that little window.

(The group starts forward again.)

THREE

And that's how it was, and that's how it is, and that's

always. Let's go, let's go, let's go.



## KID

Get 'im!

(The six reports come almost as one. BRADY stops with a jerk, shudders convulsively, staggers a few steps, and falls. The others flee as the ambushers pump shots furiously after them. PEPPIN darts back of the McSween kitchen, and MATTHEWS finds shelter behind the corner of the Maxwell home. HINDMAN, running down the road, is hit, stumbles, falls, and then tries to drag himself to safety. He is hit again and collapses.)

Damn it! I wish we'd got Matthews! (Reloading)

Watch sharp, now. There's the bait; mebbe we'll hook another Murphy.

(They watch all directions. From the right of the audience comes a cry.)

## JOSEFINA

Donaciano! Donaciano! They are killing people down there in the road!

(HINDMAN raises his head, then drops it again with a groan. BOWDRE trains his rifle upon the wounded man once more, but the KID stops him.)

## KID

Let 'im groan. That'll fetch 'em if anything will.

(They settle back to watchful waiting. From the left of the audience come the voices of several men.)

## FIRST MAN

Two men down there in the road.

## STOCKTON

Only two? They was enough shots for a army!

## THIRD MAN

Who are they?

## FIRST MAN

Can't make out. Whole buncha fellas back of the wall there.



Get 'em!

(The air reports some alarm as well. When they see a faint, shadowy speckling appearing in the sky, and the others like as the shadows of clouds, they are all startled. They are all looking at the sky, and some are running down the road, in all directions, and some are to drag himself to safety. He is all alone and alone.)

Scene III. A wild and desolate landscape.

Watch out, now! There's the only hope left in this world.

Watch.

(They watch all directions. From the right of the road, some come a step.)

THEY ARE

There's no chance! They are killing people here, they are

the road!

(BENNETT takes his rifle, then, when he sees the green, he looks at the rifle upon the ground, and then, when he sees the rifle upon the ground, he looks at the rifle upon the ground.)

THEY ARE

Let 'em go. They'll take 'em if they can't kill 'em.

(They settle back to waiting, and the last of the audience some few voices of several more.)

THEY ARE

Two men down there in the road.

THEY ARE

Only two! They are enough to do a party.

THEY ARE

Who are they?

THEY ARE

Don't make out. Don't make out. Don't make out. Don't make out.



HINDMAN

Water! . . . For God's sake, water!

JOSEFINA

No, Donaciano, you couldn't help. They would only kill you!

(HINDMAN groans.)

STOCKTON

Why the hell couldn't they 'a' killed 'im? Of all the damned poor shootin'!

THIRD MAN

That's the Kid an' his gang by the wall.

FIRST MAN

Waitin' for someone else to come out.

STOCKTON

(Scornfully) And all the brave men of Lincoln stay safely outa sight!

FIRST MAN

What the hell! He don't mean nothin' to me.

STOCKTON

Yeah, I can see that.

FIRST MAN

Well, I don't see you doin' much —

STOCKTON

(Interrupting) Then look again.

(He steps into view, entirely unarmed.)

THIRD MAN

Hey, Ike!



WINTER

Winter. . . for not a snow, water.

WINTER

No, Bonaventura, you couldn't help. The world only said yes!

(WINTERMAN groans.)

WINTER

Why the hell couldn't they? Killed half of all the world!

poor shooting!

WINTER

That's the kid and his gang by the way.

WINTER

Wait! for someone else to come off.

WINTER

(Scornfully) and all the power and of America and world!

once again!

WINTER

What the hell! He don't mean nothing to me.

WINTER

Yeah, I can see that.

WINTER

Well, I don't see you doing much --

WINTER

(Interpreting) Then look again.

(He steps into view, extremely annoyed.)

WINTER

Hey, look!



## FIRST MAN

The damn fool!

(As STOCKTON starts toward HINDMAN, the hunters look at the KID questioningly. He shakes his head.)

## KID

Haw, that's Ike Stockton. No sense shootin' him.

(STOCKTON glances cursorily at the wounds, lifts HINDMAN's head.)

## HINDMAN

(Huskily) Water!

(STOCKTON hesitates for a moment.)

## STOCKTON

All right.

(He puts HINDMAN down and hurries off between the buildings.)

## FRENCH

Damned poor huntin', if you ask me.

## MIDDLETON

Bait don't seem to be workin'.. Why'n't you get out there, Tom?

## BOWDRE

What say, Kid — let 'im have another?

## KID

Haw, he's got his. Save your shells.

(STOCKTON returns with a hatful of water.)

## STOCKTON

Here you are.

(He lifts HINDMAN's head and helps him to drink. As he does so, he sees BILLY MATTHEWS by the Maxwell house, in his turn waiting for a shot. The KID fidgets, looks up and down the road.)



The team fell!

(The STOUTER, a stout, round, middle-aged man, with a large nose and a friendly smile, stepped forward.)

Now, what's the matter, my good friend?

(STOUTER, looking at the man, who was now on his feet, and looking at the man who was now on his feet.)

(Heckling) Well!

(STOUTER, looking at the man, who was now on his feet, and looking at the man who was now on his feet.)

All right.

(He says, "I'm not a doctor, but I'll give you a hand.")

Thank you.

Thank you very much, sir. I'm not a doctor, but I'll give you a hand.

Thank you.

Well, don't you see, my good friend, I'm not a doctor, but I'll give you a hand.

What say, sir? -- Well, I'm not a doctor, but I'll give you a hand.

Now, don't you see, my good friend, I'm not a doctor, but I'll give you a hand.

(STOUTER, looking at the man, who was now on his feet, and looking at the man who was now on his feet.)

Have you any?

(The little FISHY, a small, thin, middle-aged man, with a large nose and a friendly smile, stepped forward.)  
Doesn't he look like a fish? -- Well, I'm not a doctor, but I'll give you a hand.  
(The road.)



KID

Oh, well, guess they's no chance. I could use them guns, though. . . . C'mon, Tom, let's get 'em.

(They start out. STOCKTON, realizing that he is between two fires, plays for time. He raises his hand.)

STOCKTON

Wait a minute, Kid.

(The two stop.)

KID

What for, Ike?

STOCKTON

Give the guy a chance to die first, can't you?

(HINDMAN's head rolls limply against STOCKTON's arm.)

KID

He looks dead enough now.

(STOCKTON looks down.)

STOCKTON

Yeah, guess so. (He stands up, emptying the water from his hat.) Well, he's all yours. I don't want any of him.

KID

No one's offerin' you any.

(STOCKTON walks away; the KID and O'POLLIARD move forward, thus coming into MATTHEW' range. The KID picks up BRADY's rifle, but a bullet from MATTHEWS knocks it from his hand. O'POLLIARD leaps back to safety; the KID hesitates briefly, long enough for MATTHEWS to get in one more shot, and then he too runs back to the wall as the scene blacks out.)



KID

Oh, well, guess they're no chance. I could use some sleep.

though. . . . I'm not, I'm not.

(They start out. STOCKTON, realizing that he is between two fires, plays for time. He raises his hand.)

STOCKTON

Wait a minute, Kid.

(The two stop.)

KID

What for, I say?

STOCKTON

Give the guy a chance to die first, can't you?

(WINSTON's head rolls lightly against STOCKTON's arm.)

KID

He looks dead enough now.

(STOCKTON looks down.)

STOCKTON

Yeah, guess so. (He stands up, emptying the water from his

hat.) Well, he's all yours. I don't want any of him.

KID

No one's offering you any.

(STOCKTON walks away; the KID and O'NEILL move forward, then coming into MATTHEW's range. The KID picks up WINSTON's rifle, but a bullet from MATTHEW's machine is from his hand. O'NEILL jumps back to safety; the KID hesitates briefly, long enough for MATTHEW to get in one more shot, and then he too runs back as the wall as the smoke clears out.)



(The store lights up.)

BART

A lotta folks who'd been friendly to the Kid changed after that murder. Mattera fact, the whole state was sorta shocked, an' McSween lost a lotta sympathizers. (The STOREKEEPER nods.) Natur'lly, Ygenio was plenty sorry Matthews didn't get the Kid, 'cause his own chances looked sorta slim 'long about then. But sometime in the middle of July his dad hadta go to Fort Sumner, an' Ygenio loaded up his ol' single-shot rifle an' come to town.

(The Roswell store interior blacks out, and the porch of the Lincoln store is illuminated again. MORRIS and O'FOLLIARD are sitting there, looking at a rifle.)

MORRIS

Not a thing. No jolt, no fall, no rough stuff, or nothing. She just all of a sudden don't work.

O'FOLLIARD

That's queer. When'd it happen?

MORRIS

Just now, ridin' into town. I was carryin' Betsy all cocked an' ready, same as the rest of you, an' when I got here the hammer wouldn't come down.

O'FOLLIARD

Even if you pull the trigger?

MORRIS

Naw, look.

(He points the rifle up and pulls the trigger.)

O'FOLLIARD

Lemme see it.



(The story begins...)

One

A little while ago I was sitting in my room...

that night. I was sitting in my room...

and I was sitting in my room...

Suddenly, I heard a sound...

I turned and saw...

something in the middle of the room...

and I was sitting in my room...

(The second story begins...)

the little story is about...

one sitting there, looking at a picture...

Three

Not a word. No talk, no talk...

She just all of a sudden...

Four

That's queer. When I was...

Five

Just now, riding in the car...

and, really, some at the head of the...

hundred wouldn't seem so...

Six

Even if you will the...

Seven

Now, look...

(He points the rifle up and points the trigger...

Eight

Leave me...



(He takes it, turns it with the hammer toward the ground and shakes it, then tries the trigger again.)

MORRIS

I'd have been in some mighty hot chili if Turner and his bunch'd got here ahead of us.

O'FOLLIARD

(Looking closely at the hammer) Yeah. Got a pocketknife?

MORRIS

Here's a sheath-knife; will it help?

O'FOLLIARD

Hunh-unh. Blade's too thick. Cut me a sliver somewhere. . . .  
No chance of Turner bein' here, though. He's most to Fort Sumner by now.

MORRIS

(Whittling a stick) Yeah, most likely. (He laughs.) Won't he tear his hair when he finds out how we fooled him!

O'FOLLIARD

(Squinting at the lock) What little hair he has left.

MORRIS

He'll sure 'nough be out for blood when he does get here, though. That's twice we made a monkey outa him, and it won't set well.

O'FOLLIARD

Well, I'll be damned! Here's your trouble.

(MORRIS leans over but stiffens suddenly.)

MORRIS

Someone comin' down the road!

(O'FOLLIARD thrusts the rifle at its owner and snatches up his own weapon before he looks at the approaching rider.)



and others it, then twice the number again.)

WOMAN

I'd have been in some danger for this is a very bad time

and I'd not have been at it.

WOMAN

(Looking closely at the woman.) Yes, but a look at the

WOMAN

There's a short time; all it might

WOMAN

Thank you. It's too thick. But as a river, it's not

He speaks of further work, but I don't want to go

Thank you very much.

WOMAN

(Whistling a note.) Yes, that's likely. (The woman)

He says this when he knows that we are not at it.

WOMAN

(Whistling at the boat.) What little bit of work is left

WOMAN

He'll sure enough be out for this, but he's not at it.

That's what he made a number of times, and it's not at it.

WOMAN

Well, I'll be damned! There's no work.

(WOMAN looks over her shoulder and whistles.)

WOMAN

Someone's coming, down the road!

(WOMAN looks over her shoulder and whistles.)

Up his own way, before he looks at the woman's back.



O'FOLLIARD

(After a tense pause) Oh, that's Ygenio Salazar, that Las Tablas kid. (He relaxes.) He's all right.

MORRIS

Good. . . . You found out what was wrong with Betsy?

O'FOLLIARD

Yeah. Here, see this? Little chip of rock wedged down back of the trigger, 'tween it an' the guard. Right where you'd never think of lookin'.

MORRIS

Unh-hunh. . . . Somebody's horse musta kicked it up, huh?

(He dislodges the chip with his knife.)

O'FOLLIARD

I s'pose. . . . Say, listen; this Ygenio's a pretty slick shot, ain't he?

MORRIS

Fair to middlin', anyway.

O'FOLLIARD

Then we'd be doin' McSween — an' us — a favor to hire him, wouldn't we?

MORRIS

Why, sure! Things are gonna get pretty hot here soon enough, and the more rifles we have on our side the better.

O'FOLLIARD

What'll we offer 'im?







MORRIS

What difference does it make? We won't have to pay him.

(He tests the action of his rifle as YGENIO walks his horse in from the right.)

O'FOLLIARD

All right. . . . Que hay, Ygenio?

YGENIO

Que huvot?

MORRIS

Hello, Ygenio.

YGENIO

The Kid around somew'ere?

O'FOLLIARD

Not right now. He rode off half an hour ago; said he'd be back soon.

(YGENIO dismounts and sits disgustedly on the porch.)

Wanted to see 'im, did you?

YGENIO

Si.

O'FOLLIARD

Well, while you're waitin', we got a proposition for you. I hear you're quite some businessman.

YGENIO

If ever I get a chance.

O'FOLLIARD

Here's your chance, then. We want you to sign up for McSween.



When difference about it was made to me, I was given  
the letter and the money and the horse in time the day.

All right, I will pay for the

the money

hello, Yvonne.

The kid around here

Not right now. He says all right

good.

(Yvonne's husband is a man of great

power and is a

21.

well, this you are asking, and I am not sure

how you are going to answer it

If ever I had a chance.

Here's your chance, then, to



YGENIO

Sign up?

O'FOLLIARD

Sure. Work for 'im; fight for 'im. Pay's good, an' so's the grub.

MORRIS

Not much hard work, neither.

O'FOLLIARD

Lotsa target practice, though.

YGENIO

(Hesitantly) No - - - I think my father, he would not like it.

O'FOLLIARD

(Laughing) What difference does that make? You're here in Lincoln, an' he's over at Las Tablas. . . . 'Sides, you're not a kid any more; you're a man, an' you don't hafta take orders from him or nobody else.

YGENIO

(Impressed) Yes - - that is true . . . . But if I work for McSween, I can only kill Murphy fellows?

MORRIS

Well! How do you like that?

O'FOLLIARD

What's the matter? Wanta shoot ever'body in town?

YGENIO

No, only —



WOMAN

Oh, yes

WOMAN

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

Oh, yes

WOMAN

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

WOMAN

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

WOMAN

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

Oh, yes

WOMAN

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

WOMAN

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

WOMAN

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

WOMAN

Oh, yes, I'm right here, I'm right here, I'm right here

WOMAN

Oh, yes



O'FOLLIARD

Come on, Ygenio; you're too good a businessman to let any little personal feud stand 'tween you an' the best wages you ever heard of.

YGENIO

(Interested) What wages?

MORRIS

Seventy-five a month and found.

O'FOLLIARD

Mighty good pay, ain't it, Ygenio?

YGENIO

Ye - e - es, but I think I look around. That is good business. Hebbe Murphy pay more.

MORRIS

Murphy? Not a chance! He don't have enough money, an' he'd be too damn miserly anyway.

O'FOLLIARD

Besides, since when's it good business to turn down a hunderd dollars a month?

YGENIO

A hunderd? But he say —

O'FOLLIARD

I know, but he was wrong. It's a straight hunderd a month, over three times reg'lar cowpuncher pay. Ever hear of any such wages as that?

YGENIO

No, but —



STELLA

Come on, Stella; you're the good friend to let me  
live! I'm not a bad person, I'm not a bad person,  
you ever heard of.

STELLA

(Indignant) What's wrong?

STELLA

Seventy-five years old and young.

STELLA

Right good girl, isn't it, Stella?

STELLA

Yes - yes, but I think I know what you mean.  
Nurse Murphy was wrong.

STELLA

Murphy, not a character! He doesn't have enough money, and he's  
he can't make money.

STELLA

Besides, since when's it good to have a nurse?  
Delicate & young.

STELLA

A mistake! But he says -

STELLA

I know, but he was wrong. It's a mistake to have a nurse,  
over these things they're not important - yes, but they are.  
each says so that!

STELLA

No, but -



O'FOLLIARD

(Interrupting) An' do you for a minute suppose those Murphy coyotes would pay you that much?

YGENIO

No, but —

O'FOLLIARD

(Determined to close the deal) Then wait a minute. Don't say nothin' more till I show you what we'll do. Tha's a pretty old rifle you got there, ain't it?

YGENIO

Pretty old.

O'FOLLIARD

An' it's a single-shot. (He calls.) Oh, Martin!

(MARTIN CHAVES appears in the doorway.)

CHAVES

Que quieres, Tomas?

O'FOLLIARD

Bring us one of the guns from that case you opened today.

CHAVES

Right away.

(He disappears.)

O'FOLLIARD

An', Harvey, see can you scare us up a cleanin' rod an' some cloth.

MORRIS

(Rising) Sure thing.

(He enters the store.)



(Intermittent) - The first time I saw him was in 1942.

cooperated with me in the same way.

He was a very nice man.

No, but -

He was a very nice man.

(Intermittent) - He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.

He was a very nice man.



O'FOLLIARD

They opened a case of bran' mew Winchester repeaters today. Factory grease still on 'em, an' they're the sweetest-shootin' guns in the world. Ten shots jus' as fast as you can work a lever an' pull the trigger.

(CHAVES emerges with the gun.)

Here she is.

(He takes the rifle and rubs some of the grease from it with his sleeve and trouser-leg before handing it to YGENIO.)

Here.

Handle her; see if I'm not tellin' you the truth.

(MORRIS comes out of the store with the rod and cleaning rags. YGENIO is extremely interested.)

MORRIS

She's a daisy, ain't she?

(O'FOLLIARD selects a cleaning rag.)

O'FOLLIARD

Lemme get the grease outa the barrel, an' you can try a couple shots.

(YGENIO surrenders the weapon.)

CHAVES

Que pienses, Ygenio?

YGENIO

Oh, este es muy buen rifle.

CHAVES

No hay otros mejores en todo el mundo. Quarenta pesos, sin provecho por el Senor McSween.



They opened a case of brand new Winchester repeating rifles.

Factory crates still on top, and they in the morning, the

guns in the world. For those that as fast as you can

never on, until the trigger.

(GENTLE whisper with the gun.)

Here she is.

(He takes the rifle and looks over it. The gun is in his hands and the trigger is in his hands.)

Wait.

Handie says: see it's not falling, you see.

(KORRIS comes out of the store with the gun and a package. KORRIS is extremely nervous.)

KORRIS

Here's a delay, isn't it?

(KORRIS looks at the package and says: "It's not falling.")

KORRIS

Handie says: see it's not falling, you see.

Handie.

(KORRIS looks at the package and says: "It's not falling.")

KORRIS

One planned, Yentia?

KORRIS

Of, take as my hand rifle.

KORRIS

No have other major as code of mine. (KORRIS says: "It's not falling.")

Handie says: see it's not falling, you see.



O'POLLIARD

Yes, sir, forty dollars they cost, right outa the box, 'thout a cent of profit for nobody.

(He slips several cartridges from his belt into the rifle.)

They's prob'ly some grease I didn't get, so she mayn't throw jus' exactly where you hold 'er, but try 'er out.

(He hands the gun to YGENIO.)

See how smooth she handles, an' how fast she throws lead.

(YGENIO hesitates.)

MORRIS

Go ahead. Try for that bird there on the torreon.

(He points off left. YGENIO fires.)

Another!

(YGENIO fires two more shots.)

Good!

CHAVES

Hay esta!

O'POLLIARD

You got 'im! That's mighty slick shootin', fella!

(He eyes the boy, who is fondling the rifle.)

Ever think

you'd get a gun like that an' a hundred dollars a month for —

YGENIO

(Interrupting) You mean — I can have it — for keep?



CORRECTION

Yes, sir, forty dollars they cost, right out of the box, a cent of profit for nobody.

(He slips several cartridges from his belt into the rifle.)

"They're good," says George.

"Ain't got," as the man's name is, exactly where you hold

'em, but try 'em out.

(He hands the gun to YOUNG.)

See how smooth she handles, and how

fast she throws 'em.

(YOUNG hesitates.)

YOUNG

Go ahead. Try for that bird there on the horizon.

(He points off left. YOUNG fires.)

(Another)

(YOUNG fires two more shots.)

Good!

CHASER

Hey, wait!

CORRECTION

You got 'im! That's mighty nice shooting, pal!

(He eyes the boy, who is fumbling the rifle.)

Ever think

You'd get a gun like that and a hundred dollars a month for —

YOUNG

(Interpreting) You mean — I can have it — for forty?



O'POLLIARD  
 Sure — providin' you use it for us on the Murphies. How  
 about it? Is it a deal?

(YGENIO hesitates only momentarily.)

YGENIO

All right. I do it!

O'POLLIARD

Good boy!

MORRIS

That's the stuff!

O'POLLIARD

(Shaking YGENIO's hand) I knew you'd do it.

CHAVES

(Approvingly) Ygenio es muy buen hombre — y un señor de  
 negocios.

O'POLLIARD

Yes, sir, an' he's made the best business deal of his life  
 right here today. . . . Well, Ygenio, might's well make your-  
 self to home. Unsaddle an' turn your bronc into the corral.

YGENIO

All right.

(He walks to the horse, gathers up the reins, and stands  
 looking up the road.)

MORRIS

What you lookin' at?



name — (provisionally) you are to have a name for the horse.

about 100. Is it a horse?

(YORRIN) Heated with a name.

YORRIN

All right. I do it.

YORRIN

Good boy.

YORRIN

That's the story?

YORRIN

(Speaking YORRIN's name) I know you're in.

YORRIN

(Angrily) YORRIN as my name is.

negotios.

YORRIN

Yes, sir, and he's made the horse.

right now today.

self to horse. Unstable and...

All right.

(He walks to the horse, looking up the road.)

YORRIN

What you looking at?



YGENIO

Those fellow slow down, maybe, or they be in town by now.

MORRIS

What!

O'FOLLIARD

What fellas?

CHAVES

Cuales hombres, Ygenio?

YGENIO

Estos caballeros que vienen por el camino -- como treinta o quarenta, yo creo.

O'FOLLIARD

Thirty or forty!

MORRIS

It's Turner! Couldn't be anyone else. He found out how we tricked him.

O'FOLLIARD

Didn't go to Sumner after all.

(CHAVES picks up a rifle from the doorway and starts down the porch.)

CHAVES

I'll ride for McSween!

O'FOLLIARD

Take Ygenio's horse; it's good for that distance!

CHAVES

Bueno!

(He grabs the reins and swings to the saddle.)



YONKIO

These fellow also down, maybe, or they be in town of now.

MORRIS

What!

O'POLLARD

What fellow?

CHAVES

Quaintest homestead, Yonkio?

YONKIO

That's a beautiful one, Yonkio, for a certain -- some friends.

Quaintest, to some.

O'POLLARD

Thirty or forty?

MORRIS

It's Yonkio! Can't be anyone else. He found out how to

tricked him.

O'POLLARD

Didn't go to summer after all.

(CHAVES picks up a rifle from the doorway and starts down the porch.)

CHAVES

I'll ride for Westwood!

O'POLLARD

Take Yonkio's horse; it's good for that distance!

CHAVES

Good!

(He grabs the reins and swings to the saddle.)



O'FOLLIARD

Tell 'im to get here in a hurry with every man he can scrape up!

CHAVES

Bueno; adios!

(And he is on his way.)

O'FOLLIARD

We'll get a coupla cases of shells over to the house. Ygenio, you carry our guns.

(With MORRIS he runs into the store, where he can be heard yelling.)

Charlie! Turner's right on our tails!

You an' George hold this place till the others get in.

(YGENIO seems regretful for a moment, then fingers the gun and brightens up.)

YGENIO

Oh, well, mebbe the Murphies kill him. If not, I make money now and shoot him after wages go down. That is much better business.

(O'FOLLIARD and MORRIS come out, each carrying a heavy case of cartridges. YGENIO gathers up the rifles. Near the end of the porch they pause.)

MORRIS

Look there!!!

O'FOLLIARD

It's them, all right.

(There is a slight pause. MORRIS puts down his box.)



1914

Tell me the name of the man who was with you on the night of the murder.

George.

George, what?

(And he is on his way.)

George.

He'll get a couple of days of it, but he'll be back in the city in a week.

You carry on your side.

(With a look of surprise, he looks at the man who is standing before him.)

Yellow.

Answered: I am a man of the law.

You are George's hold-up man, are you not?

(With a look of surprise, he looks at the man who is standing before him.)

Yes, and I am a man of the law.

George.

Oh, well, maybe the law is not so strict as you think it is.

Now and about his other side, I am a man of the law.

business.

(O'FARRELL and GEORGE look at each other and then at the man who is standing before them.)

case of evidence. (With a look of surprise, he looks at the man who is standing before him.)

and of the man on the other side.)

George.

Look there!!!

George.

It's there, all right.

(There is a slight pause. Then the man who is standing before them looks at the man who is standing before him.)



MORRIS

Giime old Betsy. I'll try her out an' give Turner a warm welcome all at the same time.

O'FOLLIARD

Well, wait a minute. We'll take the shells, an' then you can fool around as much as you wanta.

(He and YGENIO, each carrying a case and a rifle or two, hurry around the corner. MORRIS, after a glance to see that "Betsy" is in shape again, drops to one knee and steadies his rifle against a post. He fires two shots off right, then pauses disgustedly.)

MORRIS

Dammit! High again.

(He takes careful aim and fires once more as the scene blacks out.)



WOMAN

Glenn old Betty. I'll try her out and give her a warm  
welcome all at the same time.

O'LEARY

Well, wait a minute. Well, wait the while, now, then you  
can feel around as much as you want.

He and TOMMY, each carrying a case and a rifle or two,  
hurry around the corner. TOMMY, after a glance to see that  
"Betty" is in shape again, drops to one knee and ejects his  
rifle against a post. He fires two shots off right, then  
passes diagonally.)

WOMAN

Damn! High again.

He takes careful aim and fires once more as the man  
blinks out.)



(The Roswell store lights up.)

BART

An' right there that three-day scrap starts. Musta been sorta tame nosta the time, but on the last day things perked up consid'able. That mornin' the Murphy men representin' the law managed t' set the McSween house afire. Some say it was under cover of the soldiers from Fort Stanton; others say they slipped up whilst McSween's men was holdin' a confab. Anyway, by that night the fire'd drove the fighters holdin' the house into the kitchen, the on'y room left — an' ever'body knowed that couldn't stay there very long . . . . .

(The store blacks out. The new scene is the kitchen of the McSween home, battered door at the right, shattered window at the rear. The stove has been dragged over to re-enforce the door. The men, except for one watching from the window, are sitting or standing in dejected attitudes out of range of the two openings. All are weary, singed, smudged. McSween sits in a corner, his Bible open upon his knees.)

TURNER

(Outside, calling) Had enough, you fellows in there?

KID

(Wearily) Aw, go to hell!

TURNER

No need to commit suicide. You haven't got a chance unless you surrender.

(The KID aims his rifle through a hole in the door.)

BOYLE

Good God, Marion, don't fool around with 'em. We got 'em where we want 'em, ain't we?







TURNER

Sure, but —

(He is cut short by the report of the KID's rifle.)

All right; think it over while you cook a little longer.

(A shot is fired by a MURPHY MAN to the left of and somewhat above the audience.)

SKURLOCK

(Inside) "Bake"'d be closer to it — bake like a lotta damned johnnycakes.

O'FOLLIARD

Be burnt johnnycakes soon, looks like.

YGENIO

(Dully) And I will never see her again.

KID

Who's that, Ygenio?

YGENIO

I will never be un hombre de negocios, with a store. I will never marry Maria.

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

(Savagely) Aw, callete!

SKURLOCK

(Seconding him) Bad enough 'thout your moanin'!

KID

Maria Martinez? (YGENIO nods.) She's a mighty nice girl, all right, from what I've heard.



TURNER

Same, but --

(He is out about the report of the "Lion")

All right; think it over with you and

think longer.

(A shot is fired by a MURPHY MAN to the left of and  
answered above the audience.)

SIXTH

(MURPHY) "Hark!" he exclaims to it -- "Hark like a latter

damned Johnny."

O'ROURKE

He must Johnny's room, look like.

YESSIE

(MURPHY) And I will never see her again.

END

What that, Yessie?

YESSIE

I will never be an honest as a negotiator, with a stone, I will

never marry her.

CHAS. Y. CHAS.

(Savagely) as, called

SEVENTH

(Seconding him) Had enough "about your account!"

END

Maria's husband (YESSIE's mother) "She's a right one."

All right, from what I've heard.



(YGENIO gripe his new gun convulsively, as though he were considering settling his score with the KID then and there. A rifle cracks outside, and part of the windowsash crashes in. YGENIO realizes the futility of further continuing his one-sided feud, relaxes somewhat, and looks up at the KID.)

YGENIO

I was going for kill you, Billy — but I forgive you.

(The others look around quickly, listen carefully.)

KID

What?

YGENIO

I forgive you. You are pretty good fellow after all.

KID

You gone crazy?

YGENIO

No, but we are all kill soon now.

O'FOLLIARD

Little ray of sunshine!

MORRIS

(As though finishing a line of a song) — In the darkness of the night.

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

Darkness of the night! Those damn fire —

KID

(Mildly protesting) But, Jose, if the fire went out, how'd we light our cigarros?



(YERBIA trips his jaw and immediately, as though he  
were considering nothing of it, says to the KIM: "Now  
there, a little more careful, and you'll be the winner."  
YERBIA replies: "I'll be the winner, and I'll be  
winning his one-sided fight, unless someone, and I mean  
at the END.)

YERBIA

I was going for him, but, oh, I forgive you.

(The others look around quickly, listen carefully.)

KIM

What?

YERBIA

I forgive you. You are really good fellow after all.

KIM

Yes, yes, sorry.

YERBIA

No, but we are all still enemies.

YERBIA

Little boy of mine!

YERBIA

(As though YERBIA had a heart of stone) — In the darkness

of the night.

YERBIA Y. CHANG

Darkness of the night. Those who live —

KIM

(MILLY protesting) But, I mean, if the line went out, how

we fight our slightest



YGENIO

(Seriously) Some matches are here.

(With the exception of CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ and SKURLOCK, the listeners laugh, MORRIS' laugh changing to a cough.)

MORRIS

God damn this smoke!

O'FOLLIARD

Don't you worry 'bout bein' killed, Ygenio. A .45 wouldn't have no chance 'gainst that head of yours.

(A volley of shots from the outside. Splinters fly from the door. Gunfire continues intermittently to the climax of the scene.)

KID

Seems like enough other guys wanta kill me 'thout you, Ygenio. What's your grudge?

YGENIO

You know.

KID

Not hardly. I done nothin' to you.

YGENIO

(Bursting out) You take Maria away from me!

KID

(Amazed, for YGENIO is obviously sincere) Wait a minute; let's get the straight of this! I took Maria Martinez away from you?

YGENIO

Por seguro!

O'FOLLIARD

Well, I'll be damned! So that's why you wouldn't sign up at first!



1934

(Sincerely) Some friends at home

(With the exception of the first letter, the  
letters have been in the hands of the  
author since they were written in 1934)

God bless this world!

Don't you worry about that, I'll take care of it

have no chance to find out about it

(A volley of shots from the British  
the fact that the British are  
the scene.)

There is the same old story about the British

What's your answer?

1934

You know.

Not really. I am not really

(Thinking out) You have said that

(Amused, for you are in a position to

see the results of this)

1934

For myself

Well, I'll be damned

1934



KID

(Turning) What?

O'POLLIARD

Ygenio. He wouldn't hire out with us 'cause if we was a-payin' 'in he couldn't shoot none but Murphies. But he talks so much 'bout bein' a good businessman, I only thought he was holdin' out for more cartwheels.

KID

(Turning to YGENIO) You come to town lookin' for me?

YGENIO

Si.

O'POLLIARD

Yeah, he asked where you was, first thing.

KID

An' when you took this job, you jus' put off killin' me till later on.

YGENIO

If I shoot you, I lose my job.

KID

All right. Now listen, Ygenio. I'm not tellin' you this 'cause I'm scared of you, but I figure you for a pretty game little guy. I didn't take Maria away from you, see? I only seen her three or four times, an' I ain't said a dozen words to her in my life. Just spoke in passin', 'cause I never even got introduced to her. You can ask any of the boys 'bout that. . . . Mebbe she's throwed you over, but I ain't cut you out.



END

(Turning) Sister

O'NEILL

Yessie. He wouldn't live out with us 'cause if we was a family  
'In he wouldn't shoot none but Murgatroyd. But he talks no more  
'bout being a good businessman, I only thought he was honest  
out for more carterwheels.

END

(Turning to YESSIE) You come to town looking for me?

YESSIE

St.

O'NEILL

Yeah, he asked where you was, first thing.

END

But when you took this job, you was, 'out of town' we still  
later on.

YESSIE

If I shoot you, I lose my job.

END

All right. Now listen, Yessie. I'm not believe you this  
'cause I'm scared of you, but I figure you for a pretty good  
little guy. I didn't take him away from you, 'cause I don't  
know her three or four times, and I ain't said a dozen words  
to her in my life. Just spoke in passing, 'cause I never even  
got introduced to her. You can ask any of the boys 'bout that.  
... Maybe she's thrown you over, but I ain't and you ain't.



(YGENIO looks gloomily at the KID.)

YGENIO

I know.

KID

Bueno.

(He holds out his hand; YGENIO takes it. The others turn back to their own affairs.)

YGENIO

She jus' love you, and you don't know. I would not have want for shoot you, only mebbe she love me again if you are dead.

KID

Tell her I got a sweetheart in Fort Sumner.

YGENIO

(Dejectedly) I tell her already. . . . But is no matter now; in one hour we are all be dead.

SKURLOCK

Unless we're sensible.

KID

An' what's your idea of bein' sensible, Doo?

SKURLOCK

Send out word we'll surrender to old Dudley an' his soldiers.

KID

(Sneering) Surrender to a buncha niggers!

SKURLOCK

Well, that's better's stayin' here an' bein' roasted alive!



(The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the above mentioned cases.)

1. Mr. J. H. Smith

I have

known

(The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the above mentioned cases.)

2. Mr. J. H. Smith

She just love you, and you know it.

and for about you, only about you, and you know it.

Good.

Well now I got a question for you.

3. Mr. J. H. Smith

(The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the above mentioned cases.)

is one thing we can all do.

4. Mr. J. H. Smith

Unless you can answer me.

5. Mr. J. H. Smith

And what's your answer to me?

6. Mr. J. H. Smith

Send out word to all the people that you are not here.

7. Mr. J. H. Smith

(The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the above mentioned cases.)

8. Mr. J. H. Smith

Well, what's the answer to me?



CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

(Rising) Eso es lo que digo yo!

KID

An' what'd happen if we sent out word, an' if they did let us give up to Dudley? D'ya think he'd take us to Fort Stanton? Not on your life he wouldn't! He'd dump us into the calaboose here under Murphy an' his crew. How much of a chance would we have then?

FRENCH

Damn slim one.

SKURLOCK

Better'n we got if we stay here. Some of them fellas ain't fifteen yards away, an' none of 'em's more'n thirty! An' here we are in the last room.

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

An' those damn fire in the roof.

O'POLLIARD

What're we gonna do, Kid?

SEMORA

Si! Tu denos que agamos, Billy.

YGENIO

Sure, we do it — w'atever you say.

KID

All right, then; here's what we'll do. They're close up on us, sure, but the light's bad — too flickery — an' they can't do no good shootin'. Poor enough shots anytime, far as that goes. So we wait long as we can — till the fire comes through the roof too devilish hot — to leave the rest

(Next page)



(The line) I see as is the case for

And that's what I'm saying to you, that if you  
as give us the right to be in the country, we  
don't have to go to the front, we can stay  
at home and work, and that's what we want.  
We want to be in the country, we want to be  
in the country, we want to be in the country.

Then this one.

Butter's not got it, we want to be in the  
country, we want to be in the country, we want  
to be in the country, we want to be in the  
country, we want to be in the country.

And those are the things that we want.  
We want to be in the country, we want to be  
in the country, we want to be in the country.

All the things that we want, we want to be  
in the country, we want to be in the country,  
we want to be in the country, we want to be  
in the country, we want to be in the country.

All right, that's what we want, we want to be  
in the country, we want to be in the country,  
we want to be in the country, we want to be  
in the country, we want to be in the country.  
We want to be in the country, we want to be  
in the country, we want to be in the country.



KID

(Continues.)

of the fire die down more an' make the light still worse. Then we open the door an' make a run for the river. Once we get over the wall, we'll be safe.

SKURLOCK

Yeah, an' to get there we only gotta duck bullets from thirty or forty Winchesters!

KID

Listen, you! Who's boss here, you or me?

(They face each other tensely. CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ swiftly scans the faces of the rest and sees no encouragement there.)

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

No go, Doc.

(SKURLOCK relaxes.)

SKURLOCK

(Surlily) All right, Kid. You whistle; we'll dance.

KID

Bueno. . . . Take it easy, all of you. (MORRIS coughs.)

All we gotta do is figure out some order for makin' the run, an' nen wait for the right time. Wanta cut the deck to see who leads off?

O'FOLLIARD

Sure.

SKURLOCK

High spade goes first.



(Continued.)

of the time the door was shut, and the light was  
Then we open the door and go in and see the light  
we get over the wall, and all the way

Then, and so get over the wall, and all the way  
on the way to the wall, and all the way

Then, and so get over the wall, and all the way  
on the way to the wall, and all the way

So go, too.

(Singing)

(Singing) All right, all right, all right

Then, and so get over the wall, and all the way  
on the way to the wall, and all the way  
who leads all

Then.

Then, and so get over the wall, and all the way



FRENCH

Who's got cards?

MORRIS

Here's some. Maybe not all there, but I guess there's enough.

(He hands them to the KID)

KID

All right, gen'lemen, here's a chance to try your luck. Win or lose, you don't leave empty-handed; all you gotta do is hold out your hand, gen'lemen, an' Jimmy Dolan'll do his level best to put a lily in it. Who's first?

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

You first, Kid.

KID

All right.

(He cuts and turns his card up.)

Behold!

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

La reina!

SKURLOCK

Queen of spades!

(There is silence for a moment.)

O'POLLIARD

Billy, what'll you take for that card?

KID

Not sellin', Thomas. But I'll bet anyone five dollars, even money, this queen'll be beat.



THURSDAY

What's got you?

THURSDAY

Here's some. Maybe not all there, but I guess there's some.

(He hands them to the kids)

KID

All right, gentlemen, here's a chance to try your hand.

or face, you don't leave empty-handed; all you gotta do is

hold out your hand, gentlemen, and I'll hand it to you

level best to put a fifty in it. What's the bet?

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

You first, kid.

KID

All right.

(He puts the money in his hand.)

Special

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

La reina!

THURSDAY

Queen of spades!

(There is silence for a moment.)

O'FALLON

Bill, what'll you take for that card?

KID

Not sellin', Thomas. But I'll bet anyone five dollars

money, this queen'll be beat.



MORRIS

That's a good bet. I'll take it.

(He hunts around in his pockets.)

There you are, pal. Five  
cartwheels that's comin' back home jus' twice as big.

KID

Here, Charlie; hold these. (BOWDRE obliges.) Night's well  
draw, now you're here.

BOWDRE

Sure.

(He draws, turns up his card.)

KID

Jack of hearts. (SEMORA draws.) Trey of diamonds. (FRENCH  
draws.) Seven of clubs. (MORRIS draws. Pause.) Ace of spades!

(There is silence for a moment. MORRIS shrugs and grins  
ruefully. The KID collects from BOWDRE.)

Tough luck, Harve, but I'll buy you a drink in San Patricio  
tomorrow.

MORRIS

I'll remind you of that.

KID

All right. Anybody wanta go second?

O'POLLIARD

I do.

(SEMORA, YGENIO, and BOWDRE also volunteer.)

SEMORA

How about me?



SCENE

That's a good day. I'll take it.

(He looks around in his pocket.)

There you are, dear. Five

centimeters that's coming back home for twice as big.

END

Here, Charlie; hold these. (He looks at his watch.)

Now, now you're here.

SCENE

SCENE

(He looks, turns up his head.)

END

back of her. (He looks at his watch.)

(He looks at his watch.)

(He looks at his watch.)

(He looks at his watch.)

That's just, dear, but I'll say you're a bit late.

SCENE

SCENE

I'll be right with you.

END

All right. Somebody wants to see me.

SCENE

I do.

(He looks at his watch.)

SCENE

Now about me?



YGENIO

Me!

BOWDRE

I'd jus' as soon get it over.

KID

Well - - - to settle it, guess I'll just have to arrange it like it looks best to me. You, Francisco, (Indicating SEMORA) number two. Charlie, number three. We'll let the Patron here be the fourth, an' I'll make number five. Vincente, you come after me, Ygenio next, then Jose, Doc, Jim, an' Tom last. Got that, all of you?

O'FOLLIARD

Yeah, but Billy —

KID

Listen, Tom; if we start arguin' 'bout places, we'll be here all night. An' we only got a few minutes. Fire's comin' through pretty bad.

O'FOLLIARD

Oh, all right.

KID

Le's make sure of this, now. Harvey's first, Francisco second —

BOWDRE

I'm third.

FRENCH

Then the boss an' you.

ROMERO

I'm six.



1998



YGENIO

Numero siete.

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

Ocho.

SKURLOCK

Nine.

FRENCH

Ten.

O'POLLIARD

An I'm loss-tail.

MURPHY MEN

(Outside) Come on out, Kid! Nice an' cool here. Come on out, Biscuit, before you get black in the face! (Etc.)

(The KID grunts, then turns again to his men.)

KID

Better not take any rifles; slow us down too much. We'll use 'em till our turn comes, cover up the runner a little that way.

O'POLLIARD

Sure. An' by the time I start, they're gonna be plumb outa shells. I'm gonna give Ol' Man Kinney's mustache a yank as I go by.

(The KID fishes out tobacco and papers and starts on a cigarette.)

MORRIS

Jus' take care not to get yours caught in the crotch of a tree out there. Couldn't make any time draggin' a cottonwood along with you.

(The KID offers his tobacco and papers.)

KID

Anybody wanta roll a smoke?



YOUTH

Went along.

CRUISE T. DAVEN

John.

REUNION

Miss.

THEY

Yell.

C. WILLIAMS

An I'm home-bell.

WENT NEW

(Singing) Come on out, kids, this one's good here. (Singing)

and, Elmer, before you get stuck in the road (Singing)

(The KID grunts, then turns again to the boy.)

KID

Section not come any further; show us down the road. (Singing)

Bill can turn some, cover up the runner a little like me.

C. WILLIAMS

Since. And by the time I start, there's gonna be some more and...

I'm gonna give it, then KID's gonna be a real one. (Singing)

The KID likes out tobacco and cigarette. (Singing)

elaborate.)

WENT NEW

The, take care not to get your caught in the center of a tree.

out there. (Singing) make any like (Singing) a good-looking kid.

with you.

(The KID looks his tobacco and general.)

KID

Anybody wants half a sock?



SKURLOCK

We got enough smoke.

FRENCH

Nix; what I want is a drink.

KID

In jus' about three minites, when you cross the Bonito.

(He searches his pockets for a match. ROMERO silently whispers a prayer, crossing himself at the end.)

MORRIS

I'm not even going to see the Pretty River. Whooosh! -- to San Patricio!

(A burning stick from the roof falls near the KID.)

KID

Much obliged.

(He picks up the stick, lights his cigarette, and grins at YGENIO. He then drops the stick into the stove and leans back to enjoy his smoke.)

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

(Resentfully) Tu te ves muy contento!

KID

Well, why not? No use gettin' excited.

(He lets the smoke roll lazily from his mouth. There is a pause during which tension rapidly increases among the others.)

YGENIO

Please -- if anyone get out, tell Maria goodbye for me.

MORRIS

Why, sure thing, Ygenio.

O'POLLIARD

Tell 'er yourself tomorrow.



STURGEON

He got enough smoke.

WINTER

Yes; what I want is a drink.

KID

In fact, about three minutes, when you cross the bridge.

(He watches his pocket for a moment, then he looks at his watch, crossing himself at the end.)

MORRIS

I'm not even going to see the pretty river, Morris.

See what!

(A burning stick from the roof falls near the kid.)

KID

Thank obliged.

(He picks up the stick, lights his cigarette, and goes at YARN. He then drops the stick into the stove and looks back to enjoy his smoke.)

CHAVEZ Y CHAVEZ

(Resentfully) To be very contented!

KID

Well, why not? No use getting excited.

(He takes the smoke roll easily from his mouth. There is a pause during which he looks rapidly around the room.)

YARN

Please -- if anyone got out, tell Morris goodbye for me.

MORRIS

Yes, sure thing, Yarn.

O'NEILL

Well, or yourself tomorrow.



(The KID takes a last drag at the cigarette and tosses it to the floor.)

KID

All right, le's get ready.

(He crosses to McSween.)

Better get set, ol' boy. We goita run the gauntlet.

(MCSWEEN closes his Bible and rises slowly.)

O'FOLLIARD

Here's a gun, Mr. McSween. You'll need one out there.

MCSWEEN

(Pushing the weapon aside) The sword availleth naught.

(The KID shrugs.)

KID

Well, you're number four. When your turn comes, run hard as you can for the back wall, 'cause after you're 'crost it they can't see you.

(MCSWEEN stares straight ahead, lips moving.)

Help me with this stove.

(They move the stove away from the door.)

Jim, you're next to last, ain't you?

FRENCH

Yep.

KID

Then smoke 'em up through the window till your time comes. The resta you, listen. The fella that's runnin' bends over till he's outa the door, an' the others pour it to 'em over his head. Sabe?







SEURLOCK

Yeah, let's get goin'.

KID

Over here, then, in your order. Start from this side of the door.

(They take their places.)

Ready, Jim?

FRENCH

All set.

(The KID throws open the door, and a roar goes up outside.)

MURPHY MEN

Yeeeee!! Here they come! Now we get some action! (Etc.)

(FRENCH and others inside start shooting.)

KID

Now, Harve!

(MORRIS starts for the wall.)

MURPHY MEN

There's one! Get 'im! It's Morris! (Etc.)

(They fire a scattering volley; MORRIS falls and lies still.)

BOYLE

(Outside) ONE!!!

(A yell of triumph goes up around him.)

O'FOLLIARD

(Choking) The bastards!

(SEMORA starts, is met by a ragged volley, and falls somewhat beyond MORRIS.)

BOYLE, OTHERS

TWO!!!



Yeah, let's get on it.

Over here, then, is your...  
door.

(They pass through doorway)

Ready, then.

All set.

The all... when the door...

Yeswell! Here's a...  
(PUSHES door, looks inside)

(PUSHES door, looks inside)

It's...

Now, answer!

(HORNES speaks from the hall)

Answer me!

There's only one...  
(They find a...)

(Contable: 1211)

(A... of...)

...

(Choking: ...)

(SPEAKER: ...)  
approach...)

...

END



(The word has not left their lips before BOWDRE leaps out. He fires several shots with his pistol and leaps the fence unhurt. Exclamations of disgust from the MURPHY MEN.)

MURPHY MEN

Hell!!! What kinda shootin's that? Bet we get the next one!

By God, we'd better! (Etc.)

KID

(Sharply) Run!

(He gives MCSWEEN a push, but the man stops, hesitates, and then walks out into the yard.)

MCSWEEN

(In a hollow voice) Here I am.

(One rifle cracks, then others. MCSWEEN sways and falls face downward.)

MURPHY MEN

THREE!!!

(BECKWITH rests one hand on the Maxwell wall and waves his rifle with the other.)

BECKWITH

I got 'im! I got McSween!

(The KID fires from the doorway and then leaps forward, shooting as he runs. BECKWITH sags over the wall.)

MURPHY MEN

The Kid! Kill 'im, boys! Get him! (Etc.)

(But the KID reaches the wall safely.)

God Almighty,

damn!!! Ever see such shootin'? Hey, he got Bob.

(BECKWITH is pulled back into the shadow.)

Is he dead?

Yeah, plugged dead center. Those sonsa bitches!! What's the matter, Kinney?



(The word has not left their lips before BOWEN jumps out  
his two heavy boots with his pistol and looks the two men  
down. Exclamations of disgust from the two men.)

MURDERER

Bell: What kind of a man's hand? Don't you get the next one!

By God, you'd better! (Exit)

END

(Gongol?) (Exit)

(He gives MURDERER a push, and the man stumbles, falling  
and then walks out into the woods.)

MURDERER

(In a hollow voice) Here I am.

(One rifle cracks, then another. MURDERER jumps and falls  
face downward.)

MURDERER

THREE!!!

(MURDERER reaches one hand on the Russell wall and waves  
his rifle with the other.)

BOWEN

I got that! I got MURDERER!

(The RIFLES fire the doorway and then follow MURDERER  
as he runs. MURDERER stops over the wall.)

MURDERER

THE KILL! KILL! (Exit)

(But the RIFLES resume the wall again.)

God bless!

(Exit) Ever see such shooting? Not, he got MURDERER!

(MURDERER is pulled back into the shadows.)

Is he dead?

Yeah, played dead so good. (Enter some soldiers.)

the winner, MURDERER!



KINNEY

Nicked m' ear, the little horsethief!

(ROMERO runs from the kitchen.)

DOLAN

(Outside) Look! Another one!

(ROMERO is shot down near SEMORA.)

MURPHY MEN

FOUR!!!

(YGENIO darts out, is hit, and falls face upward not far from the door.)

MURPHY MEN

FIVE!!!

(The others make their dashes in rapid succession, all of them escaping but followed by a rising tide of imprecations and exclamations of disgust. O'FOLLIARD halts his flight by MORRIS and lifts his friend a few inches. The shooting stops. O'FOLLIARD sees that MORRIS is dead, puts the body down gently, and darts for the wall. No more shots are fired at him.)

LONG

Of all the damn half-wits! Why didn'cha nail 'im?

KINNEY

Why the hell didn't you shoot him yourself? You had plenty of time.

LONG

God, oh, damn! 'Cause I didn't have m' gun loaded!

(Pause)

TURNER

Is that all of them?

KINNEY

Oughta be. Eleven altogether.







DOLAN

Yeah, that's the crop. C'm'on.

(He jumps the Maxwell wall; the rest of the men follow him. KINNEY produces a bottle.)

KINNEY

Five of 'em. Five good McSweens. That calls for a drink.

(He drinks, and others crowd around him. DOLAN looks into the kitchen.)

BOYLE

Let's have a real celebration! Florencio, round up the coons an' bring 'em down here.

FLORENCIO

Bueno!

(He goes off left at a run. DOLAN turns MCSWEEN over.)

DOLAN

The great McSween.

(He moves on to the others.)

Ygenio Salazar. . . . Harvey Morris . . . .

Vincente Romero . . . . Francisco Semora.

BOYLE

(Looking at YGENIO) This kid don't look any too dead to me.

(He kicks YGENIO heavily, then grasps his belt and thumps him against the ground a number of times.)

TURNER

Didn't know he was with this outfit.

DOLAN

Just joined up before the fight started, 'cordin' to what I heard.

(BOYLE thrusts the muzzle of his rifle against YGENIO.)



THE

Yeah, that's the cream. (The cream is the best.)  
The judge has decided on a fine of \$100 and costs.  
his. KIMMY, however, is satisfied.

KIMMY

Five of 'em. Five good. (The judge is satisfied.)

(The judge, and others, look at him.)  
into the kitchen.)

THE

Let's have a real celebration! (The judge is satisfied.)  
and bring 'em down here.

KIMMY

Good!

(The judge is satisfied.) (The judge is satisfied.)

KIMMY

The great kitchen.

(The judge is satisfied.) (The judge is satisfied.)

KIMMY

Victorious home. (The judge is satisfied.)

KIMMY

(Looking at KIMMY) This is the best way to do it.

(The judge is satisfied.) (The judge is satisfied.)  
him against the ground a number of times.

KIMMY

Didn't know he was also this way.

KIMMY

Just joined up before the judge is satisfied.

Good!

(Looking through the window at the judge is satisfied.)



KINNEY

Aw, don't waste another shell on him He's done for.

BOYLE

Eh? Think so?

KINNEY

Sure. Here; they's just about two more swigs left in this bottle.

ANTONIO

(By MCSWEEEN) Mira, companeros!

(He waves a book aloft.)

LONG

What is it? . . . Well, I'll be damned! A Bible.

DOLAN

What?

LONG

Yeah. The Bible!

DOLAN

The poor damn fool!

(FLORENCIO hurries on from the left with two old negro musicians.)

FLORENCIO

Aqui estan, Andy!

BOYLE

Good! Now somebody bring some whiskey down from the Big House.

DOLAN

Take your music along up there. We don't deliver drinks.

BOYLE

All right. Come on, boys. Up to the bar!



ELMER

Mr. Don's waste another shell on him? It's done for.

BOYLE

Mr. Don's not

ELMER

Mr. Don's not? That's just about two more miles left in this

boiler.

ANTONIO

(Mr. Don's not? That's just about two more miles left in this

(No waves a back shift.)

LOBO

What is it? . . . Well, I'll be damned! I think

BOYLE

What?

LOBO

Yes, the boiler!

BOYLE

The poor damn fool!

(FRANCISCO bursts on from the left with two old negro

musicians.)

FRANCISCO

And so, Andy?

BOYLE

Good! Now somebody bring some whiskey down from the big house.

BOYLE

Take your waste along up there. We don't deliver orders.

BOYLE

All right. Come on, boys. Up to the boat.



(They raise a straggling cheer.)

BOYLE

Play, you coons! Get goin'!

(The Negroes hasten to strike up a lively tune.)

TURNER

Some of you fellows collect those guns and bring them along.

(They start up the road. BOYLE and KINNEY burlesque a dance along the way, and the gun-collectors bring up the rear. They move offstage right.)

Everything is still for ten or twelve seconds. Then YGENIO stirs cautiously, looks around, and drags himself painfully to the wall. Failing in his first attempt to crawl over it, he collapses at the foot. His second attempt is successful, and the scene blacks out.)



(They raise a struggling cheer.)

SHOUT

Why, you fools! Get going!

(The Negroes hasten to strike up a lively tune.)

TURKEY

Some of you fellows collect these guns and bring them along.

(They start up the road. BOYD and EIGHTY hasten to dance along the way, and the gun-collectors bring up the rear. They move offstage right.)

Everything is still for ten or twelve seconds. Then YONKIO stirs cautiously, looks around, and breathes himself painfully to the wall. Yelling in his first attempt to crawl over it, he collapses at the foot. His second attempt is successful, and the scene closes out.)



(The Roswell store lights up.)

BART

Well, sir, took six months in bed, but Ygenio finally come around all right. That battle really ended the Lincoln County War, but ol' Felipe was right; nobody won, 'cause the cost'd ruined Murphy too. The Kid an' some others took to rustlin' cattle for a livin'. Then in October of 1880 Chisum an' the big cattle companies got Pat Garrett elected sheriff, an' he camped right on the Kid's trail. By Christmas Pat'd caught 'im in that ol' stone house at Stinkin' Spring. Then come Mesilla an' trial for killin' Sheriff Brady.

(The store blacks out. From the darkness another voice rolls out an excerpt from the KID's death warrant.)

VOICE

Therefore you, the Sheriff of the said county of Lincoln, are hereby commanded that on Friday, the thirteenth day of May, A.D.1881, pursuant to the said judgement and sentence of the said court, you take the said William Bonney, alias Kid, alias William Antrim, from the county jail of the county of Lincoln where he is now confined, to some safe and convenient place within the said county, and there, between the hours of ten o'clock, A.M., and three o'clock, P.M., of said day, you hang the said William Bonney, alias Kid, alias William Antrim, by the neck until he is dead.

(The scene is once more the Martinez kitchen. MARIA is listlessly measuring some flour into a mixing bowl, and ROSA is at the door, peering off right. She turns back toward MARIA.)



(The crowd's cheer rises up.)

SAID

Well, sir, took six months in bed, but I'm finally come  
around all right. That battle really cost me a lesson  
downy far, but of course was right; nobody was, I mean  
the crowd's mind was right too. The kid and some others took  
to resisting cattle for a living. Then in October of 1880  
Chas. and the big cattle company got the government  
sheriff, and he caught right on the kid's trail. He started  
was paid enough to be in that old stone house at  
Spring. Then some cattle and trial for killing sheriff Brady.  
(The crowd breaks out. From the darkness another voice  
rises and an answer from the kid's quarters.)

VOICE

Therefore you, the sheriff of the said county of Lincoln, are  
hereby commanded that on Friday, the thirtieth day of May,  
A.D. 1882, pursuant to the writ of habeas corpus and removal of the  
said county, you take the said William Henry, alias Kid,  
alias William Arthur, from the custody of the sheriff of  
Lincoln where he is now confined, to some safe and convenient  
place within the said county, and there, between the hours of  
ten o'clock, A.M., and three o'clock, P.M., of said day, you  
bring the said William Henry, alias Kid, alias William Arthur,  
by the neck until he is dead.

(The scene is once more the Western kitchen. KID is  
floodingly murdering some thing into a mixing bowl, and KID  
is at the door, passing off right. The crowd back behind KID.)



ROSA

I cannot see anything of him.

(MARIA drops disconsolately into a chair. ROSA comes closer.)

MARIA

I don't think he will come.

ROSA

This is Tuesday. Only three more days . . . . . Teresita  
Baca took Billy some fried trout at noon today.

MARIA

He likes trout.

ROSA

Hers were not as good as the ones we cooked for him.

MARIA

Soon maybe he will not be able to eat anybody's trout.

ROSA

Maybe Ygenio will come soon and bring it with him. He's been  
gone all afternoon.

MARIA

He said he wouldn't get it for us.

ROSA

He always says that when you ask him to do something for Billy,  
but most of the time he does it. I think he'll do it today too.

MARIA

He was angry when he left.

ROSA

He soon forgets. Maybe he is coming now.



I cannot see anything of it.

(Went's Group also includes a small group of children.)

Went:

I don't think so with me.

Went:

This is Tuesday. Only three days ago.

Even though Billy says that he is not.

Went:

He likes to.

Went:

Went was not as good as the other two.

Went:

Soon after he will not be able to get out of bed.

Went:

Went's friends will come and visit him.

Went all afternoon.

Went:

He said he wouldn't get it.

Went:

He always says that when he is in bed.

but most of the time he does it. I don't know.

Went:

He was angry when he left.

Went:

He soon forgot. Wrote me a letter.



(She goes to the door.)

MARIA

Is he?

ROSA

No-o-o-o, I can't see him. . . . There is a wagon turning in at the courthouse.

MARIA

(Rising) A wagon?

ROSA

Yes, with some lumber on it.

MARIA

But why should they want —

(She stops abruptly, horrified.)

Rosa!

ROSA

What? What's wrong?

MARIA

Do you think it could be for — — for building —

ROSA

Oooh! Maybe it is!

(MARIA sags into her chair. YGENIO rides up from the left.)

Look, Maria! It's Ygenio.

(She runs out.)

Oh, Ygenio,

we're so glad to see you!

(He ties his horse to a post.)

Someone just drove in with a load of lumber for making the scaffold!



(She goes to the door.)

MARIA

Is not

ROSA

No-o-o-o, I can't see him. . . . There is a wagon turning

in at the courtyard.

MARIA

(Rising) A wagon?

ROSA

Yes, with some lumber on it.

MARIA

But why should they want --

(She stops abruptly, horrified.)

ROSA

ROSA

What's wrong?

MARIA

Do you think it could be for -- for building --

ROSA

Good! Maybe it is!

(MARIA runs into her chair. YERKIN rises up from the  
left.)

Look, Maria! It's Yerkin.

(She runs out.)

YERKIN

We're so glad to see you!

(He ties his horse to a post.)

Someone just drove in with a

load of lumber for making the scaffold!



(He glances briefly off right, and then enters.)

MARIA

Ygenio! Did you bring it?

(He looks at her silently, then sits down.)

Did you?

YGENIO

No.

ROSA

Wasn't he home? Didn't he have it?

YGENIO

He was there, yes, but why should I get into trouble for Billy the Kid?

ROSA

Why, you fought together. Together you fought Murphy and Dolan and Riley.

YGENIO

(Studiously avoiding MARIA's gaze) What difference does that make? We just worked for the same outfit.

(ROSA is speechless, MARIA furious and voluble.)

MARIA

You won't help one of your own men? You will not so much as raise a finger to keep him from hanging?

YGENIO

(Ashamed but nonetheless steadfast) Why should I? He is nothing to me.

MARIA

(Blazing) And to think that once I respected you!



The first time I saw him was in the summer of 1941.

He was

about 35 years old, tall, thin, and very handsome.

He had a very pleasant personality and was very friendly.

He was

very

He

He

wasn't his name, I don't know it.

He

He was there, yes, but I don't know his name.

Bill the boy

He

yes, you fought together, together in the same way.

John and Billy.

He

(Slightly smiling) I don't know his name.

asked we just wanted to know his name.

(He is smiling) I don't know his name.

He

You won't help me if you don't know his name.

what a figure he made in the world.

He

(Slightly smiling) I don't know his name.

nothing to say.

He

(Smiling) I don't know his name.



Hi?

YGENIO

MARIA

To think that ever I had a glance for a timid little rabbit of a man who could fight for his friends as long as he was paid for it, and then ran away and would do nothing when the money was gone! Would you be brave enough to fight again, do you think, if I could borrow a hundred dollars for you? Would you help your friends for another month?

YGENIO

You - - you know as well —

MARIA

(Interrupting) Of course I couldn't give you a new rifle, but would a nice sack of beans do — for your store?

YGENIO

(Starting up) I don't have to be insulted by you. I am not a murderer.

MARIA

For murder one must have courage.

YGENIO

At least I don't hide behind walls with five others to shoot men down without warning!

MARIA

No, you're the storekeeper who would buy his stock of goods with blood-money, money for the men you killed! Oh, if I were a man!



Mr.

My

To think that ever I had a chance to see a man who would fight for his friends as long as I would for it, and then van away and not be there any more was great. Would you be so good as to let me know what you think. If I could borrow a number of letters for you, I would help your friends for another number.

My

You - - you know as well -

My

(Interesting) Of course I would like to see you a great deal.

But would a nice man of yours do - the same to me?

My

(Starting up) I don't know if he would do it for me.

a number.

My

For number one and two and three.

My

At least I don't like to see him with his hands on his head.

men down without resistance.

My

No, you're the strongest and most powerful man I know.

with blood-money, money for the man who killed.

were a man!



YGENIO

If only you were! No man may say such things to me!

MARIA

I would be in no danger. Storekeepers are like puppies; they raise a great fuss but are afraid to do anything.

YGENIO

Afraid?

MARIA

Yes, afraid! You make a great deal of noise about how Billy rustled cattle, and how he shot men from ambush; you say you won't help him because of that, when all the time the truth is that you're afraid!

YGENIO

(Stuttering with rage) I - - I - - I tell you --

MARIA

Oh, yes, you do much telling; for months now we've been hearing you. And at times we have grown very tired with listening, but always we have said to ourselves, "Patience; we must hear him out. The coward must always explain fully that he is not afraid."

(YGENIO tries to speak but cannot. MARIA continues.)

"But I tell you -- " Telling, telling, always and forever telling! Never any doing, never any action, any proof -- nothing but talk, talk, talk, while a fine brave man hears them building the scaffold to hang him! Have you no decency, no honor at all? Must your comrade die because you are too timid to do the smallest thing that might help him?



YORRIS

It only you were! He can say such things to me!

MARIA

I would be in no danger. Secretaries are like puppets!

They raise a great fuss but are afraid to do anything.

YORRIS

Alvally?

MARIA

Yes, Alvally! You were a great deal of noise about how Bill

married Eddie, and how he shot you from behind; you say you

won't help him because of that, when all the time the fact is

that you're afraid!

YORRIS

(Interjection with rage) I - I - I tell you -

MARIA

Oh, yes, you do mean nothing for nothing now we've been

you. And at times we have grown very tired with fighting, but

always we have said to ourselves, "Patience, you must have this

one. The reward must never expire. Only that he is not a coward."

(YORRIS tries to speak but cannot. MARIA continues.)

"But I tell you -" Calling, calling, always and forever.

Calling! Never any doing, never any action, and great -

nothing but talk, talk, talk, while a fine brave man beats

then waiting the scaffold to hang him! Have you no decency,

no honor at all? And your comrades die because you are too

stupid to do the simplest thing that might help him!



YGENIO

(Shouting) I am not timid!

MARIA

(Also shouting) Then why don't you do something?

YGENIO

(At the top of his voice) Because he took you away from me!!!

(MARIA stares at him; then tragic resignation shows in her face. She droops, slowly covers her face with her hands, and quietly subsides into a chair. ROSA goes to her. YGENIO is instantly uncomfortable, more gradually penitent. He finishes lamely.)

.. . . . That's why.

(A considerably soberer DONACIANO enters, having heard some of the altercation on his way in.)

DONACIANO

What's been going on here?

(He sees YGENIO and the weeping MARIA. Pause)

Oh. . . . Just as usual, eh?

(YGENIO nods, and his answer can scarcely be heard.)

YGENIO

Yes, sir.

ROSA

But, Papa, Maria only asked him to --

(She catches herself.)

DONACIANO

To do what?

ROSA

To - - to --



(Continued)

(Also attached)

Let me say to you

that I am very glad to hear that you are well and happy and that you are all getting on your feet again. I am sure that you will be able to do so in the near future.

I am sure that you will be able to do so in the near future.

I am sure that you will be able to do so in the near future.

I am sure that you will be able to do so in the near future.

I am sure that you will be able to do so in the near future.

I am sure that you will be able to do so in the near future.

I am sure that you will be able to do so in the near future.

I am sure that you will be able to do so in the near future.

I am sure that you will be able to do so in the near future.



DONACIANO

Well?

ROSA

To get her — a — a small pistol.

DONACIANO

A small pistol?

ROSA

(Very sorry she started this) Y - - yes, sir.

DONACIANO

Why?

ROSA

For - - for Billy.

(DONACIANO sighs. He does not seem angry, merely sad that his daughter should be so irretrievably caught up in the tragic destiny of the KID. He turns to YGENIO.)

DONACIANO

And you refused?

YGENIO

(Still none too proud of his action) Yes, sir.

(DONACIANO nods slowly, then turns and looks at MARIA. He sighs again, and when he speaks his voice is at its gentlest.)

DONACIANO

Do you realize what you are asking, Maria? . . . Think, think carefully, before you blame Ygenio too much. . . .

He had hopes of some day winning you for his own bride, and only a most unselfish man could do what you ask of him now.

(Pause. To ROSA) Where is your mother?



Will?

To get her -- a -- a small picture

A small picture?

(Very sorry she started when I said so)

Why?

Why?

For -- for Alice?

(Doubting again, he drew her down and said that his laughter should be as infectious as the tragic feeling of the time)

And you returned?

(Still more and more of her returned, she said)

(ROBERTS: He says again, and when he says it, he is not at all certain)

Travis?

Do you realize that you are making a mistake?

Think carefully, before you give him the answer

He had hopes of some day winning for his daughter

only a most excellent and well-to-do man

(Pause. He looks at her)



ROSA

She has gone to see Felicia Baca.

DONACIANO

When she comes back, tell her that I've gone down to the Fritz ranch to look at a horse, and that I may not be home until seven or later.

ROSA

Yes, sir.

(DONACIANO looks pityingly at MARIA, then drops his hand upon her shoulder.)

DONACIANO

Courage, Maria!

(He pats her shoulder and goes out. For a few moments there is silence, and then MARIA raises a tear-stained face to ROSA.)

MARIA

There is - - no chance now.

ROSA

This is only Tuesday. In three days much can happen.

MARIA

You say that, but you don't believe it. In three more days they will kill him.

ROSA

We will pray to the Holy Mary; all night we will pray and burn candles in her honor.

(YGENIO fidgets.)

MARIA

We have prayed before. Night after night I have implored Her aid — and yet on Friday they will take him out and hang him!



THE

She has gone to see her father.

THE

When she comes back, tell her I am waiting.

With much to look at, I am sure.

Until seven or later.

THE

Yes, sir.

(DONALDSON looks at her, and then at the clock.)  
Upon her shoulder.

THE

Outrage, what!

(The girls are standing and looking at each other.)  
There is nothing, and that is all. I am sure.  
[Exit DONALDSON.]

THE

There is - a no chance now.

THE

This is only Tuesday. It is not yet Wednesday.

THE

For my part, I am not at all sure.

They will tell me.

THE

We will pray for the Holy Spirit.

and live in her name.

(THEY ALL LAUGH.)

THE

We have prayed before. Right at the end of the world.

and you are the only one who will not be saved.



(She clings to ROSA and bursts into tears. YGENIO becomes steadily more uncomfortable. He turns his hat around and around in his hands and looks about as though seeking some way out of this unpleasant situation.)

ROSA

Don't worry, Maria. There is enough time still; he will be out of jail before Friday.

(But the sobs do not abate. YGENIO, extremely embarrassed, sidles over to the door, but once there hesitates, wavers, and then moves back toward MARIA.)

YGENIO

(Hesitantly) Ma - - Maria --

(The sobs increase. YGENIO is nearly put to flight, but he makes one last effort.)

Maria! Don't cry. . . .

I don't want you to cry. . . . Maria, I brought it with me. I - - I - - You may have it.

(The sobs cease abruptly.)

ROSA

What?

MARIA

You mean -- the pistol?

YGENIO

(Miserably, for he knows what he is doing) Yes. You may have it. . . . Here.

(He hands her a light, double-barreled derringer.)

ROSA

Oh, Ygenio!







(MARIA fondles the weapon, laughing through her tears, then suddenly clasps it to her heart and, to YGENIO's surprise and consternation, leans against ROSA and once more bursts into tears.)

YGENIO

But, Maria — I — I thought you wanted it!

(Several sobs.)

MARIA

I — — — I did!

(And the sobs begin afresh.)

YGENIO

But you don't now?

MARIA

Of course I do!

(Another torrent of weeping. Then she suddenly throws her arms around YGENIO, kisses him, and whirls away just as quickly to the table. There she stands, smiling wryly and drying her tears.)

ROSA

Now! Billy will get out! Didn't I tell you?

(MARIA nods happily.)

MARIA

Everything will be all right now. . . . Ygenio, I didn't mean what I said to you. You aren't afraid, and I'm sorry I said you were.

YGENIO

(Slumping into a chair) Unh!

MARIA

Rosa, some vanilla. We'll make him a vanilla cake.







ROSA

All right.

(She runs to the cupboard. YGENIO is lost in the gloom of his sacrifice.)

MARIA

He liked the last vanilla cake we sent him.

ROSA

Oh, but this one!

(She brings the bottle.)

MARIA

We must wrap the pistol, too. (To YGENIO) Will cloth be all right for wrapping?

YGENIO

Eh?

MARIA

For wrapping — will cloth be all right?

YGENIO

I guess so.

MARIA

Will baking make the bullets explode?

YGENIO

(Shrugging) Who knows? One can only try. . . . . Bell is a good man, too.

ROSA

Who?

YGENIO

Bell. Bob Ollinger is not worth much, but Bell is a good man. It's not right to kill him so the Kid can live.



All right.

There's a lot of things  
of his mother.

He liked the last version of the book.

Oh, but this one.

(The bridge for the bridge.)

What?

We must wrap the bridge, not the other way.

Right for wrapping.

What?

Not.

What?

For wrapping — not for the other way.

What?

I guess not.

Will be the same for the other way.

What?

(Struggling) The bridge is the same.

Is a good way, too.

What?

What?

What?

Well, not different for the other way.

It's not right for the other way.



MARIA

Oh, Billy wouldn't kill Bell; he says Bell is nice to him.  
He'll just tie him up while he escapes.

(YGENIO sighs.)

YGENIO

Maybe so.

MARIA

Oh, he will. Rosa, we must have a nice clean cloth, about  
so big, (She indicates the size.) and then everything will  
be fine!

(The scene blacks out.)







(The new scene is the courthouse room in which the KID is being held captive. It contains two cots, a table, two chairs, OLLINGER, BELL, and the KID.)

OLLINGER

Yes, sir, it's sure a comfort to know that the right guy gets the girl in the end. Ygenio's waited quite some time, but she'll marry him now.

KID

You think so?

OLLINGER

Bound to. All his competition'll be hangin' by its neck — that is, unless it tries to get away. There's where I'll come in, me an' thirty-six buckshot.

(He pats his gun.)

KID

Purty heavy load, ain't it? Ain'tcha 'fraid it'll blow the hammers back in your face an' mebbe spoil your classic nose?

OLLINGER

It's my reg'lar load for skunks; always use it.

KID

Speakin' of skunks, don't ever bite yourself. You'd get blood-poisonin' sure.

OLLINGER

Well, anytime you want thirty-six separate cases of lead poisonin', jus' make a break. I know you don't like the idea of hangin', an' I'm waitin' for you, Horse-thief, jus' waitin'.







KID

(Relaxing on the cot) Waitin' for a chance to murder another fella that ain't got a gun. Brave, you are.

(OLLINGER leaps over to the KID, thrusts the gun against his stomach, and snarls.)

OLLINGER

You close your dirty trap, or I'll close it for you — permanent!

(BELL rises as though to interfere.)

BELL

Bob!

KID

(Without stirring) You don't dare.

OLLINGER

I don't, eh?

KID

No, 'cause you wouldn't have a good excuse for Pat Garrett when he gets back. Pat don't think much of your way of doin' business, an' Bell here'd give him the straight of it.

OLLINGER

(Hesitating, then drawing back) All right, Ladies' Man, I can wait. I'd like to feed you these (He indicates the gun.), but I'll enjoy that little solo dance of yours too, if you wait that long. Either way suits me.

(There is a timid knock at the door. BELL opens it for a small BOY.)

BELL

Hello. What do you want?



(Repeating on the 10th) ...  
...  
... his ... and ...

You also ...  
...  
...

There is ...

...

...

...

(Without ...)

...

I don't ...

...

No, ...

When he ...

Business, ...

...

(Repeating, ...)

can ...

but I'll ...

well that ...

(There is a ...)

a small ...

...

Hello, ...



BOY

Please — este caka — sel lo podre dar al Senor Bonney?

BELL

Yo creo que si.

(He takes the cake.)

OLLINGER

What? A cake?

(He strides over to BELL.)

Don't you remember what Pat said? No gifts of any kind! I'll take care of this.

(He takes possession of the cake, then turns on the BOY.)

You! Back where you belong! Andale!

(The frightened youngster scurries out.)

BELL

But listen, Bob —

OLLINGER

(Sniffing) Vanilla — fresh made. (To the KID) From Maria, eh?

KID

How do I know? You scared the kid away before I could find out.

OLLINGER

Don't suppose you ever told 'er about that gal o' yours up in Sumner, did you?

KID

(Shrugging) Why should I?



327

Flence -- came down -- and is going for a shower.

THE

To come out at.

(He takes the cake.)

CLARENCE

What a sweet

(He reaches over to her.)

Don't you remember what I've said to you?

of any kind! I'll take care of this.

(He takes possession of the cake, then turns to her.)

Yes! You're right!

belong! And that!

(The frightened woman enters out.)

THE

But listen, Bob --

CLARENCE

(Smiling) Yes! -- I've said. (To the girl) I'm sorry.

and

THE

How do I know? You know the old man before I could find out.

CLARENCE

Don't suppose you ever told her about that girl or woman?

In summer, did you?

THE

(Smiling) Why should I?



OLLINGER

What if I told 'er?

KID

Go ahead. She wouldn't believe you anyway.

OLLINGER

(Sneeringly) Lady-Killer Kid.

KID

Don't I get my cake?

OLLINGER

Not so fast, not so fast. You'll get it — provided it's not much good — after I see that it won't upset your delicate little stomach.

(He breaks off a piece and munches it.)

KID

Say!

BELL

Bob, that's goin' kinda far, ain't it?

OLLINGER

Want some?

(He holds it out to BELL.)

BELL

No. Give it to the Kid.

OLLINGER

When I get ready.

(He breaks off another piece.)

An' that's — Say, this's damn heavy for as good cake as it is! I wonder - - -



What is it?

Oh, that's the old one.

(Sighs)

Don't I get any more?

Yes.

Not so fast, but not slow.

Not much more - that's all.

Here it is.

(He breaks off a piece of wood.)

Say!

Yes.

Good, that's good.

Yes.

What now?

(He looks at the wood.)

Yes.

No, give it to me.

Yes.

When I get ready.

(He breaks off another piece.)

That's all.

As good as all.



(He looks at the KID, who regards him steadily.)

KID

What?

(His eyes on the KID, OLLINGER feels over the cake.)

OLLINGER

You were almighty anxious to get your hands on this. I wonder — Here it is!

(He breaks the cake and brings out a small parcel wrapped in white cloth. He unwraps it and balances the tiny pistol in his hand.)

A derringer! As nice a little derringer as I've seen! Light, too — for a derringer — but damned heavy for cake.

(He rises, smiles mockingly.)

Where's that chance in a million now, my fine corpse?

KID

Still there — for me, that is. But as for you — you never hear 'bout the fella that ate the dead man's grub?

OLLINGER

I'm gonna find out who sent this little gift; I can locate that brat in ten minutes. And when I do — then maybe somebody's little sweetheart will —

(He is interrupted by the strident notes of a metal triangle down the street.)

BELL

Dinnertime. Better get it while it's hot.







OLLINGER

Yeah, Maria can wait that long.

BELL

An' hurry back. I'm plenty hungry myself.

(OLLINGER is now in high good humor. He leans the shotgun against the wall by BELL.)

OLLINGER

Have a piece of cake, Kid!

(He tosses the remains across the room.)

KID

You mangy pup!

(OLLINGER laughs tauntingly as he slams the door. The KID stares after him for a few seconds, and then all his bravado seems to leave him. He drops despairingly upon the cot, head in hands. Below, OLLINGER heads down the road.)

OLLINGER

Thanks for the dessert, Kid!

(BELL feels a certain amount of sympathy for the KID but doesn't know exactly how to show it. He starts to rise, then drops back. Finally he gets up and walks to the table, pulling a pack of cards from his pocket.)

BELL

C'm'on, Kid; let's have a little monte.

(The KID looks up and manages a grin.)

KID

Make it blackjack; mebbe my luck'll change.

BELL

All right. Wanta bank?

KID

Yeah.



Yes, I'm sure you will like it.

And I'm sure you will like it.

And I'm sure you will like it.

Yes.

Have a pleasant trip.

(The car is seen driving away.)

You are right.

(The car is seen driving away.)

Yes.

Thank you very much.

(The car is seen driving away.)

Good-bye.

(The car is seen driving away.)

It is a beautiful day.

All right.

Yes.



BELL

Here you are.

(He shoves a box of matches across in front of him and sits down. The KID seats himself on the edge of the table and counts out matches.)

KID

Ten . . . fifteen . . . . nineteen, twenty. There you are.

(He looks up.)

That enough to start on?

BELL

Sure.

KID

Five more, twenty-five. . . . Now.

(He pushes them across the table, takes up the cards and riffles them briefly, offers the deck for a cut, and then deals a card face downward to BELL and another to himself.)

What's your bet?

(They look at their cards, and BELL pushes out several matches. The KID does likewise.)

BELL

Let's have one.

(The KID deals one, face upward.)

Again.

(Another card. BELL ponders for a moment.)

All right, I'll try it. Hit me.

(The KID deals him another.)

KID

How about it?

BELL

All yours. That made twenty-two.



Have you a...

(It shows a lot of... also down... and counts out...)

Jan... fifteen...

(He looks up.)

That enough to start on...

Sure.

Five more, counter-...

(The women then...)

William then...)

a card two...)

(They look at their...)

reaches. The...)

Let's have...

(The...)

...

(Another...)

(The...)

Not about it?

All yours. That's...



(He turns up his hole card; the KID grins as he rakes in the matches.)

KID

Tough luck.

(He scoops up the cards and riffles them.)

BELL

Good thing matches don't cost as much as they used to.

(The KID offers the deck for a cut.)

Run 'em.

(The KID deals a card which slips off the table at BELL's left.)

KID

(Dealing his own) Sorry.

BELL

That's all right.

(Right hand on the table top, he leans over to pick up the card. The KID drops the pack and lunges with both hands for the gun stuck in BELL's belt. He straightens with the pistol in his possession.)

What the hell, Kid!!

KID

Easy, Bell. I don't wanta kill you, but I can't have you makin' no noise. Get 'em up.

BELL

(Raising his hands) This's a fine return for the favors I've done you.

(The KID slips first his left and then his right hand from the cuffs. He throws the manacles down.)



the house of the late father in the morning.

111

Two days later.

(The people of the country were still in the same state of mind.)

112

Good things were being done, and the people were beginning to feel better.

(The king was still in the same state of mind.)

113

(The king was still in the same state of mind.)

114

(The king was still in the same state of mind.)

115

Things were still the same.

(The king was still in the same state of mind.)

116

117

Every day, the king was still in the same state of mind.

making no notice of the king's state of mind.

(The king was still in the same state of mind.)

118

(The king was still in the same state of mind.)



KID

Sorry, but I can't help that. Get up. I'm gonna lock you up across the hall — an' don't try to grab that shotgun as you go by!

(Hands in the air, BELL walks toward the door. The KID, shuffling after him, stumbles somewhat over the handcuffs on the floor, and BELL makes a dash for freedom. The KID recovers.)

Stop!!

(He aims down the stairs and fires. There is a hoarse cry, then the sound on the falling body. The KID picks up OLLINGER's shotgun and hurries over to the window. Below, OLLINGER runs out into the middle of the road and stands looking at the courthouse. Everything is quiet there. Revolver in hand, he starts toward the building.)

KID

Hello, Bob.

(OLLINGER looks up as the KID, leaning from the window, pulls the trigger. He falls, and the KID lowers the shotgun, then deliberately raises it again and fires the rest of the buckshot into OLLINGER's body as the scene blacks out.)



KID

Sorry, but I can't help that. Get up. I'm gonna look you  
up across the hall -- and don't try to grab that shotgun as  
you go by!

(Hands in the air, BELL walks toward the door. The KID,  
smiling after him, scurries forward over the handballs on  
the floor, and BELL makes a dash for freedom. The KID pauses.)

Stogie!

(He aims down the stairs and fires. There is a report  
over, then the sound on the falling body. The KID picks up  
OLLINGER's shotgun and hurries over to the window. Below,  
OLLINGER runs out into the middle of the road and stops  
looking at the courthouse. Everything is quiet there.  
Revolver in hand, he starts toward the building.)

KID

Bella, Bob.

(OLLINGER looks up as the KID, leaning from the window,  
pulls the trigger. He falls, and the KID lowers the shotgun.  
Then deliberately raises it again and fires the rest of the  
bullet into OLLINGER's body as the scene blackens out.)



(The Roswell store lights up.)

BART

Any idea where the Kid stopped first?

STOREKEEPER

Not at Ygenio's place ?

BART

Yes, sir, he sure did, first crack outa the box. . . . Well, the Kid disappeared, an' nobody 'round here heard anything of 'im. Most folks thought he'd slipped over the border into Old Mexico, but one night over in White Oaks a bum stopped John William Poe an' told 'im the Kid was in Fort Sumner. Poe give 'im a dollar an' told Garrett, but Pat didn' take much stock in it.

STOREKEEPER

But he finally went up there, didn't he?

BART

Yeah, Poe fin'ly talked 'im into takin' a look-see. They collected Tip McKinney here in Roswell an' took a day an' a half gettin' there. Garrett sent Poe ahead into town 'cause nobody didn't know 'im, but he couldn't find out nothin'. That night they watched the house where the Kid's girl lived, but still didn't see nothin' suspicious. . . .

(The store lights fade. The Maxwell house is bathed in moonlight, and in the distance a male quartet is singing "El Caputin.")

QUARTET

No me mates, no me mates con pistola ni punal;  
Matame con tus ojitos y tus lavios de coral.



(The following is a list of names)

any other names that are listed below

names of

Not as follows:

and

For, with a view to, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

names of

Not as follows:

and

For, with a view to, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

the old Government, and for the purpose of

names of

Not as follows:

and for the purpose of



## QUARTET

(Continuing) Con el caputin, tin, tin, tin,  
Que esta noche va llover —

Con el caputin, tin, tin, tin,  
Que sera el amanaser.

Que trabajos pasa un hombre quando quiere una mujer!

Bebe vino se emborachan y se acuestan sin senar.

Con el caputin, tin, tin, tin,  
Que esta noche va llover —

Con el caputin, tin, tin, tin,  
Que sera el amanaser.

(GARRETT, POE, and MCKINNEY appear, walking down the road from the left.)

## GARRETT

(Disgustedly) I was afraid of this all the time; never did think the Kid was here anyway.

## POE

I still think he's somewhere around here. That fellow Rudolph was too nervous.

## GARRETT

Just your imagination. We'd better be startin' for Roswell. If people hear we've come on such a wild-geese-chase, we'll have all Lincoln County laughin' at us.

(POE steps.)

## POE

But listen, Pat —

(The others also stop.)



(Continuing) Con el capulin, tin, tin, tin,

que este noche va alover --

Con el capulin, tin, tin, tin,

que este es el momento.

que cuando pasa un hombre cuando quiere que se vaya

Se va vino se emborrachan y se emborrachan sin parar.

Con el capulin, tin, tin, tin,

que este noche va alover --

Con el capulin, tin, tin, tin,

que este es el momento.

(GARRITY, FOR, and HOLMQUIST appear, walking down the road from the left.)

GARRITY

(Diagonally) I was afraid of this all the time; never did

think the kid was here anyway.

FOR

I still think he's somewhere around here. That fellow

Belcher was too nervous.

GARRITY

Just your imagination. We'd better be starting for home.

If people hear we're coming on with a wild-goose chase, we'll

have all kinds of funny laughs at us.

(FOR steps.)

FOR

But listen, Pat --

(The others also step.)



GARRETT

Well?

POE

Isn't there someone here in Sumner who'd be bound to know if the Kid was in town?

GARRETT

Oh, a couple, prob'ly.

POE

Who?

GARRETT

Beaver Smith, Pete Maxwell —

MCKINNEY

This's Maxwell's place right here.

POE

Know 'im pretty well, do you, Pat?

GARRETT

Pete? Sure, ever since I come here.

POE

Then maybe he'd tell you the truth.

GARRETT

(Doubtfully) An' mebbe not. If he talked, an' the Kid ever found out about it, Pete could start measurin' himself for a nice pine overcoat.

POE

Still if he knew it'd be kept quiet — if you talked with him now, when nobody could see you or even know you were in town —



Wells

1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold air. It was a sharp contrast to the warm interior of the vehicle.

2. As I walked towards the building, I noticed a few people standing outside. They were all dressed in winter coats and hats.

3. The building was a large, multi-story structure with many windows. Some of the windows were dark, while others were brightly lit.

4. I noticed a sign on the wall that said "Wells". It was a simple, rectangular sign with the word in bold letters.

5. The air inside the building was warm and smelled like old books. I noticed a few people sitting at tables, reading or talking.

6. I noticed a man in a suit standing near the entrance. He was looking at his watch and seemed to be waiting for someone.

7. The man in the suit looked at me and smiled. He said, "Welcome to Wells. How can I help you?"

8. I told him that I was looking for a room. He led me to a small, cozy room with a comfortable bed and a desk.

9. I noticed a small table with a lamp and a chair. The room was clean and well-maintained.

10. (The man in the suit) He showed me to the room. It was a small, cozy room with a comfortable bed and a desk.

11. I found out about it, and it was just what I needed. I was looking for a place to stay, and this was perfect.

12. I also liked the location. It was close to the center of town, and there were many shops and restaurants nearby.

13. I noticed that the man in the suit was very helpful. He gave me a map of the town and showed me the way to the room.

14. I also noticed that the man in the suit was very friendly. He smiled at me and made me feel welcome.

15. I was very happy to find a place to stay. I was looking for a place to stay, and this was perfect.



GARRETT

All right, if it'll make you feel any better.

(They start toward the house.)

He sleeps in  
this corner of the house. You fellows wait here.

POE

Bueno.

(He and MCKINNEY stop. GARRETT walks on to the house.)

MCKINNEY

Got any papers, Poe?

POE

A few. Here you go.

(POE sits down to wait. MCKINNEY sifts out tobacco on his paper, passes the "Makings" to POE, and squats on his heels.)

MCKINNEY

Be glad to get bedded down.

(He licks the cigarette.)

Joints've got to creakin' again.

POE

Rheumatism?

MCKINNEY

Yeah, guess so. Got it up in the mountains last winter.

(He strikes a match, lights his cigarette, and holds the flame out to POE, who by this time has manufactured his own smoke. They settle back, puffing leisurely. Pause. From the bedroom window comes the faint sound of voices. Then the KID, bareheaded, bootless, and carrying a butcherknife, crosses the grass and steps upon the porch. He sees POE and MCKINNEY, stops short, and flashes his gun.)







KID

Quien es?

(POE laughs amusedly as he rises.)

POE

Don't worry, fellow; we're not going to hurt you.

MCKINNEY

Haw.

KID

Quien es?

(He backs to the bedroom door.)

MCKINNEY

Take it easy; take it easy. He need to get spooky.

POE

Sure not; put your gun down.

(The KID pauses in the doorway.)

KID

Quien es?

(No answer. He disappears into the room.)

MCKINNEY

Crazy damn sheepherder!

POE

They all get that way sooner or later.

(The KID can be heard inside.)

KID

Pete, quienes son esos hombres afuera? . . . . (Sharply,  
as he sees GARRETT) QUIEN ES?!



110

Q110-001

(1978 January 20th at 11:15 AM)

111

1000 1000, 1000 1000, 1000 1000, 1000 1000

1000 1000

1000

112

Q112-001

(The books to the bottom level)

1000 1000

Take it easy, take it easy, take it easy, take it easy

There were not four but five

(The KID was not in the house)

Q115-001

(No answer, the 1000 was not there)

1000 1000

Gray then disappeared

113

They all got out of the house at 10:00

(The KID was not in the house)

114

face, please see the back of the book

so he was happy (The KID was not in the house)



(The flash and roar of first one shot, then another, come from inside the room. The two deputies jump back, drawing their guns; then GARRETT leaps through the doorway.)

MCKINNEY

What the hell, Pat!

POE

What's goin' on? What happened?

GARRETT

I got him — the Kid!!!

POE

What!!

MCKINNEY

The Kid?

(PETE MAXWELL, clad only in his nightshirt, dashes through the doorway. POE shoves a pistol against his stomach.)

POE

Reach!

MAXWELL

My God!

(He thrusts his hands high into the air.)

GARRETT

(Quickly) Not him — that's Maxwell!

POE

Oh! all right; sorry. . . . But, Pat, you musta killed the wrong fellow! That wasn't the Kid.

MCKINNEY

Jus' some loco sheepherder. You sure pulled somethin' this time, Pat.



(The flash and roar of fire and shot, then another, come from inside the room. The two desperadoes jump back, fleeing their guns; then GARRATT leaps through the doorway.)

GARRATT

What the hell, fell?

FOY

What's goin' on? What happened?

GARRATT

I got him -- the kid!!!

FOY

What!!!

GARRATT

The kid?

(PETER WAXWELL, dead only in his right arm, slumps through the doorway. Foy shows a pistol against his stomach.)

FOY

Really?

GARRATT

My God!

(He thrusts his hands high into the air.)

GARRATT

(Gutty) Not him -- that's Maxwell!

FOY

Oh! all right, sorry. . . But, fell, you musta killed the wrong fellow! That wasn't the kid.

GARRATT

Yes, some face disappeared. You sure pulled something, fell.

Time, fell.



GARRETT

It was the Kid, I tell you! I recognized his voice.

(There is a gasp from the bedroom, and then come the voices of the approaching VILLAGERS.)

VILLAGERS

Que es?      Tiros!      Dos de ellos!      Desde onde?  
Maxwell's, yo creo.      (Etc.)

GARRETT

Pete. Get some kind of light.

MAXWELL

A - - - a - - a candle? Will a candle do?

GARRETT

Sure, sure, anything!

(He pushes MAXWELL off on his errand. The VILLAGERS, entering from the left, stop as they see the little group.)

MCKINNEY

You ain't goin' in there, Pat?

GARRETT

Gonna see if he's still alive. (In a lower voice.) Keep half an eye on those fellows. A lot of them're his friends.

POE

I'm still afraid you shot the wrong man, Pat.

GARRETT

I tell you this was the Kid! I've talked to 'im an' heard his voice a thousand times! I'd know it in my sleep.

(There are startled comments and questions from the VILLAGERS.)



BARRETT

It was the kid, I tell you! I recognized his voice.

(There is a gasp from the bedroom, and then comes the  
voices of the approaching VILLAINS.)

VILLAINS

One eat! Three! Don't eat! Don't eat!

Maxwell's, go over. (Who?)

BARRETT

Fate. God some kind of light.

BARRETT

A - - - a candle! Will a candle do?

BARRETT

Here, now, anything!

(The business MAXWELL did on his way. The VILLAINS,  
entering from the left, stop as they see the little group.)

VILLAINS

You ain't got in there, kid!

BARRETT

Seems to me it's still alive. (In a lower voice.) Keep

half an eye on those fellows. A lot of them're his friends.

BARRETT

I'm still afraid you shot the wrong way, kid.

BARRETT

I tell you this was the kid! I've talked to him and heard

his voice a thousand times! I'd know it in my sleep.

(There are startled comments and questions from the  
VILLAINS.)



FIRST VILLAGER

The Kid?

SECOND VILLAGER

El Chivato — Billycito!

THIRD VILLAGER

Hay esta Garrett — Pat Garrett!

FOURTH VILLAGER

Quienes son esos otros?

FIRST VILLAGER

Yo no se.

(MAXWELL returns with a candle.)

MAXWELL

Here . . .

(GARRETT takes it.)

GARRETT

All right. (To POE) Cover the door there, an' you, Tip, the window.

POE

Got it.

MCKINNEY

Go ahead.

(GARRETT creeps up by the window, holds up his hat to draw the fire of any living enemy, then lights the candle and places it on the sill. There is silence. He becomes bolder, peeps in, and finally gazes openly. POE slips over toward the door; MCKINNEY joins GARRETT at the window. . . . Pause.)







MCKINNEY

Well, damned if it wasn't the Kid!

GARRETT

(Slowly) A lot of people'll breathe easier now. . . . .  
There'll be no escape this time.

(He drops his pistol into its holster. MCKINNEY is doing the same as the scene blacks out. The Roswell store lights up.)

BART

An' that's the way it all ended. Kinda hard on the Kid, y'might think, but him an' his kind hadta go. Law an' order was comin' to New Mexico, an' the Kid was outa date; he couldn't last. The gunman went like the buffalo an' the Injun. . . . Well, there's your story, J.B.

STOREKEEPER

Yeah, but what happened to Ygenio?

BART

Oh! (He laughs.) Coupla weeks after the Kid was killed, I was up in Lincoln overnight, an' whaddaya think I heard?

STOREKEEPER

What?

(BART grins.)

BART

Ygenio Salazar, singin' another serenade outside Maria's window!

(The light fades, and from the darkness comes the uncertain tenor voice of YGENIO SALAZAR singing "La Magica Mujer." This too fades as house lights come up, for the play is over.)



WOMAN

Well, damned if it wasn't the kid!

GARRETT

(Slowly) A lot of people'll breathe easier now . . .

There'll be no escape this time.

(He drops his pistol into his holster. WOMAN is doing the same as she opens the door. The house is dark up.)

BART

And that's the way it all ended. Kids hard on the kid, 'night

think, but him and his kind had to go. Law an' order was coming

to New Mexico, an' the kid was outa date; he couldn't last.

The gunner went like the bullet an' the law. . . . Well,

there's your story, J.E.

STONER

Yeah, but what happened to Yonkers?

BART

Oh! (He laughs.) Couple weeks after the kid was killed, I

was up in Lincoln overnight, an' whatya think I heard?

STONER

What?

(BART grins.)

BART

Yonkers Salazar, stogie, another someone outside Maria's win-

dow!

(The light fades, and from the darkness comes the uncertain tenor voice of YONKERS SALAZAR singing "La Bodega Mayor." This too fades as house lights come up, for the play is over.)



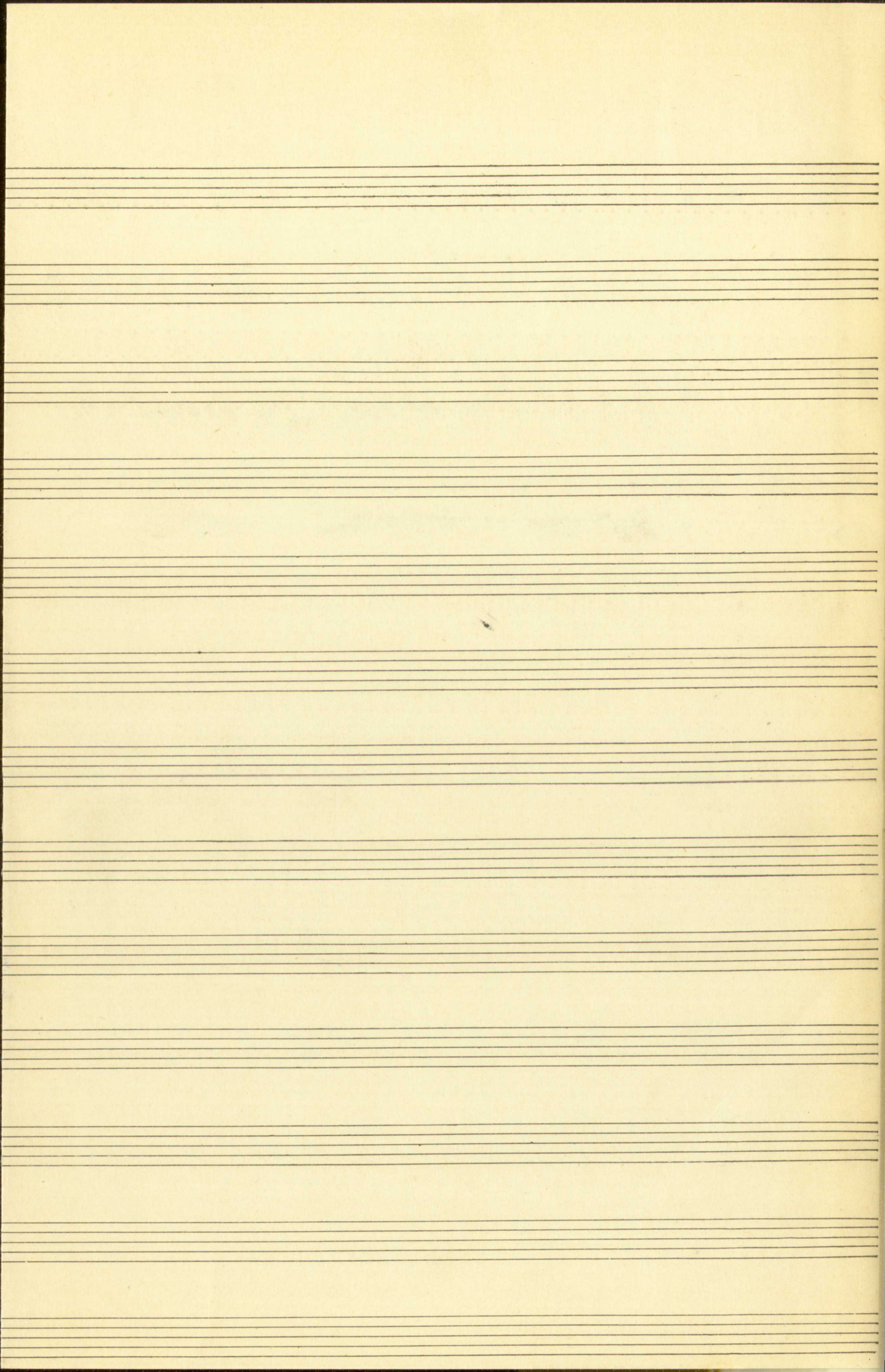
# EL CAPUTIN

*f*  
No me ma-tes, no me ma-tes con pis-to-la, ni pux-  
ali Ma-ta-me con tus o-jos y tus la-bios de co-  
ral. Con el ca-pu-tin, tin, tin, tin, que esta no-che va llo-ver. Con el ca-pu-  
tin, tin, tin, tin, que sera el a-man-e-ser.

# LA MAGICA MUJER

*p*  
Un-a lin-da y ma-gi-ca mu-jer me en-can-to con so-lo su mi-rar. Es vi-sion o' *crese...*  
no se que o' es tan so-lo un an-gel sin i-gual. Con un be-so ar-dien-te que me dio, con sus la-bios de co-  
*mp*  
ral me ma-to, me ma-to. Ay, y to-di-to su a-mor a' mi me lo en-tre-go, en mis bra-zos yo ten-i-a, re-cla-  
na-da a' mi Ma-ri-a. Ven-te, ni-ña, ven-te; yo que-ro dar-te be-sos mil y mil,  
que el que te a-do-ra siem-pre se-ra Tu-yo pa-ra ti.





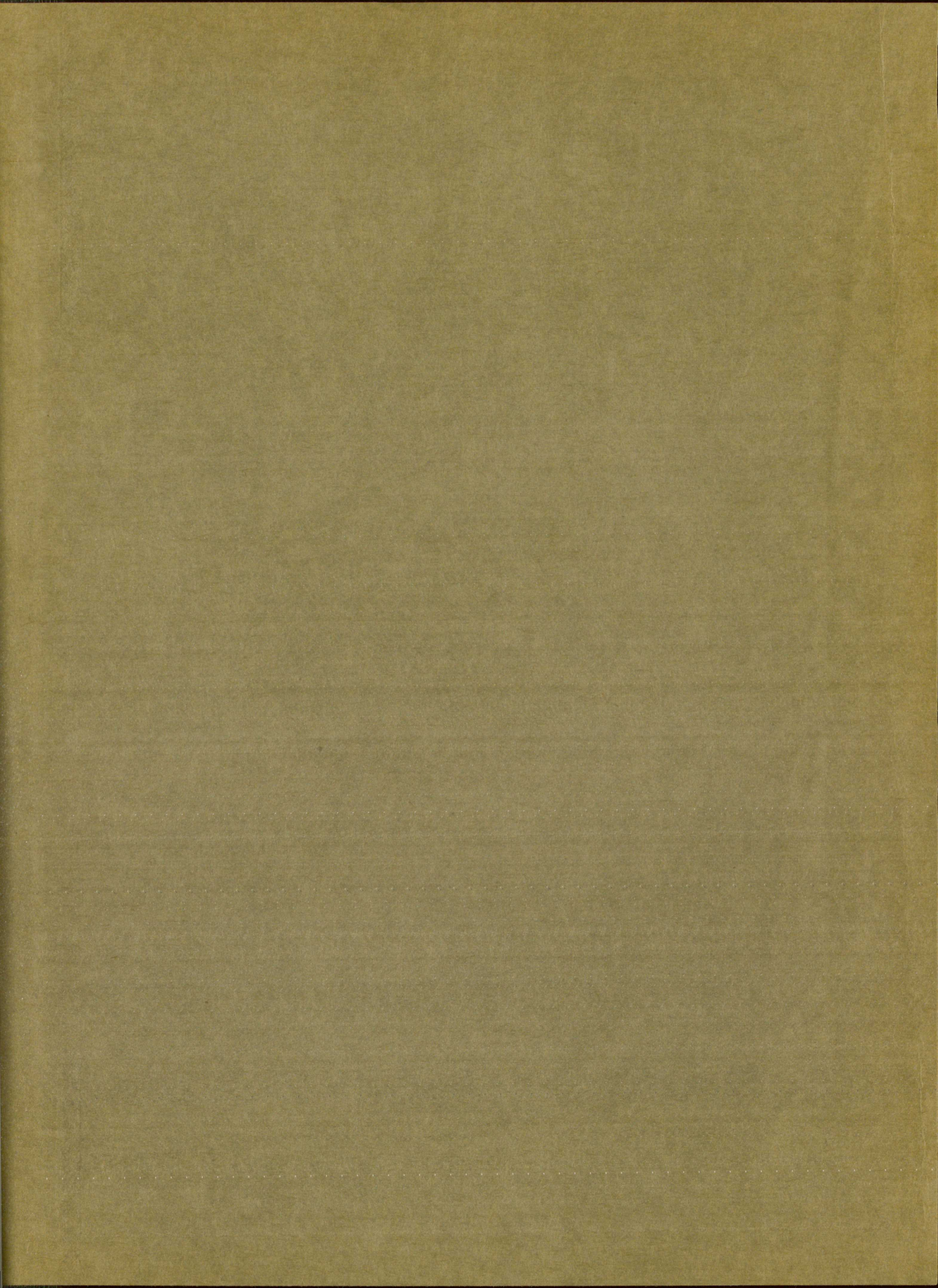














Date Due	
FEB 17 '41	
OCT 18 '44	
NOV. 2 '44	
OCT 4 '45	
OCT 17 '45	
NOV 19 1949	
ON RESERVE	
ON RESERVE	
MAY 1 0	
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JUL 5 1951	
DEC 14 1951	
NOV 25 1968	
JUN 23 1970	
JUN 13 1970	

Special care should be taken to prevent loss or damage of this volume. If lost or damaged, it must be paid for at the current rate of typing.





## IMPORTANT!

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