

GUIÓN DE «LA DILIGENCIA»

WHITE SCOUT : These hills here are full of Apaches. They've burned every ranch building in sight. He had a brush with them last night. Says they're being stirred up by Geronimo.

CAPTAIN SICKELS : Geronimo? How do we know he isn't lying?

WHITE SCOUT : Naw, he's a Cheyenne. They hate Apaches worse than we do.

CAPTAIN SICKELS : Clear the wire to Lordsburg.

NON-COM : That's Lordsburg now, sir. They seem to have something very urgent to tell you, sir.

CAPTAIN SICKELS : Well, what's wrong?

NON-COM : The line went dead, sir.

CAPTAIN SICKELS : What've you got there?

NON-COM : Only the first word, sir.

CAPTAIN SICKELS : Geronimo.

BUCK : Whoa! Whoa! Steady, whoa!

MAN #1 : Well, so long, Buck.

MAN #2 : Nice trip, Buck?

BUCK : Oh, so-so.

WELLS FARGO AGENT : Howdy Buck. Got that payroll for the mining company?

BUCK : Yes, sir. Right here in this box here.

WELLS FARGO AGENT : Good. Give me a lift, Jim, will ya?

BUCK : Jim, I'll pay you that two bits when I come through.

JIM : Okay, Buck.

BUCK : Okay, now. Here are... hey, you kids get away from those wheels. Well, sir we run into a little snow up there, it wasn't quite bad, though you fellas better prepare for a good frost. Passengers out for Tonto.

BUCK : You better get out and stretch your legs, I mean your limbs, ma'am. We're gonna change horses here.

LUCY : Is there some place here where I can have a cup of tea?

BUCK : Well, yes, ma'am, you can get a cup of coffee at the hotel across the street there.

LUCY : Thank you, driver.

BUCK : You're looking a little...

LUCY : I'll be all right, thank you.

BUCK : Yes, ma'am.

NANCY : Why, Lucy Mallory!

LUCY : Nancy! How are you, Captain Whitney?

WHITNEY : Fine, thanks, Mrs. Mallory!

NANCY : Why, whatever are you doing in Arizona?

LUCY : I'm joining Richard in Lordsburg. He's there with his troops.

WHITNEY : He's a lot nearer than that, Mrs. Mallory. He's been ordered to Dry Fork.

NANCY : Why, that's the next stop for the stagecoach. You'll be with your husband in a few hours.

NANCY : Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Lucy. Sit down, darling. We'll have a cup of coffee. You must be tired from that long trip.

LUCY : Who is that gentleman?

WHITNEY : Hardly a gentleman, Mrs. Mallory.

NANCY : I should think not. He's a notorious gambler.

BUCK : Hello, Mink. Howdy, Frank. Well, Marshall, I'm looking for my shotgun guard. Is he here?

CURLY : Out with a posse, Buck. Trying to catch the Ringo Kid.
 BUCK : Ringo? I thought Ringo was in the pen.
 CURLY : He was.
 BUCK : Busted out? Well good for him.
 FIRST DEPUTY : It's my guess the Kid's aiming to get even with them Plummer boys.
 SECOND DEPUTY : It was their testimony that sent him to the penitentiary.
 BUCK : Well, all I gotta say is that he better stay away from that there Luke Plummer. Why, gosh, Luke's run all of Ringo's friends out of Lordsburg. Why the last trip there I seen him hit a rancher on the head with the barrel of his gun and well, he just laid it wide open like a butchered steer.
 CURLY : You seen Luke Plummer in Lordsburg?
 BUCK : Yessiree!
 CURLY : You boys take care of the office for a coupla days. I'm going to Lordsburg with Buck. Going to ride shotgun.
 BUCK : Oh, gosh, if I could just learn to keep my big mouth shut.
 AGENT : Here's the payroll, Mr. Gatewood.
 GATEWOOD : You know, ever since I opened this bank I've been trying to tell those people to deposit their payrolls six months in advance. It's good, sound business.
 AGENT : It's good business for you, Mr. Gatewood.
 GATEWOOD : Well, there's your receipt. Fifty thousand dollars. And remember this...what's good for the banks is good for the country.
 (00:04:43)
 DOC BOONE : Now, now, now, my dear lady!
 LANDLADY : Good riddance to bad rubbage. Now, get out and stay out! I'm keeping your trunk 'cause you ain't paid your rent.
 DOC BOONE : "Is this the face that wrecked a thousand ships, And burned the towerless tops of Ilium? Farewell, fair Helen.
 DALLAS : Doc, can they make me leave town when I don't wanna go? Do I have to go?
 SHERIFF : Now, Dallas, don't you go making no fuss.
 DALLAS : Do I have to go, Doc? Just because they say so?
 SHERIFF : Now, Dallas, I've got my orders. Don't blame these ladies. It ain't them.
 DALLAS : It is them. Doc, haven't I any right to live? What have I done?
 DOC BOONE : We have been struck down by a foul disease called social prejudice, my child. These dear ladies of the Law and Order League are scouring out the dregs of the town. Come on, be a proud, glorified dreg like me.
 SHERIFF : You get going, Doc. You're drunk.
 LANDLADY : Huh! Two of a kind. Just two of a kind.
 DOC BOONE : Take my arm, Madame la Comtesse. The tumbrel awaits. To the guillotine.
 LANDLADY : Oh, wait till I get my badge, girls. I'll join you.
 PEACOCK : If ever you go East, brother, come out to our house for dinner. No one in all Kansas City, Kansas sets a better table than my dear wife, Violet.
 DOC BOONE : Jerry.
 JERRY : Yeah, Doc?
 DOC BOONE : Jerry, I admit as one man to another, that economically I haven't been of much value to you. But, suppose you could put one on credit?
 JERRY : If talk was money, Doc, you'd be the best customer I got.

DOC BOONE : I'm leaving town, Jerry.
 JERRY : Honest?
 DOC BOONE : Yes, old friend, and I thought you might, out of memory of our many happy...
 JERRY : All right, Doc, just this one.
 DOC BOONE : Thank you, Jerry.
 JERRY : Here's a man goin' on the stagecoach with you. He's an Easterner, from Kansas City, Missouri.
 PEACOCK : Kansas City, Kansas, brother.
 DOC BOONE : To your health, Reverend.
 PEACOCK : I'm not a clergyman. My name is Peacock. I'm a...
 JERRY : He's a whiskey drummer.
 DOC BOONE : A what? Well! Well, how are you Mr. Haycock! I...
 PEACOCK : Peacock!
 DOC BOONE : Don't tell me, sir, I know, I know a familiar name and an honored name! I never forget a face or a friend. Samples? Hmm. Ahh, rye!
 BUCK : Well, Brownie, lookee here, Giddyap, whoa! Back up there...
 MRS. GATEWOOD : I want five dollars, Henry.
 GATEWOOD : Certainly, my dear, certainly. Well, what is it to be this time, my dear. A pair of shoes...
 MRS. GATEWOOD : I want to pay the butcher. Dinner's at twelve o' clock.
 GATEWOOD : Don't worry, my dear. I'll be there.
 MRS. GATEWOOD : I've invited the ladies of the Law and Order League.
 BUCK : All aboard for Dry Fork, Apache Wells, Lee's Ferry, and Lordsburg!
 MARSHAL : I'll take that, Dallas.
 DALLAS : Oh, thanks.
 DEPUTY : In you go, Dallas, and a pleasant voyage.
 MAN : Here's your baggage, Doc.
 DOC BOONE : Thank you, thank you, my friend. Curly, my shingle. Carry it with honour.
 PEACOCK : I'll take it, Doctor.
 DOC BOONE : Oh, no, no trouble at all. No trouble at all. Why, I'll carry it on my lap. Here we go. Here we go, everyone.
 MRS. GATEWOOD : Mrs. Whitney, you're not going to let your friend travel with that creature!
 NANCY : She's right, Lucy. And besides, you're not well enough to travel.
 LUCY : It's only a few hours, Nancy. I'm quite all right.
 NANCY : But you shouldn't travel a step without a doctor.
 LUCY : There is a doctor, dear. The driver told me.
 MRS. GATEWOOD : Doctor? Doc Boone? Why he couldn't doctor a horse.
 NANCY : Now, Lucy, darling, you must be very careful. Take good care of yourself. Oh, watch that step now.
 BUCK : Lady folks ride facing forward, please.
 NANCY : There you go.
 DEPUTY : Pleasant journey, Mrs. Mallory.
 LUCY : Thank you, goodbye.
 NANCY : Goodbye.
 DOC BOONE : Goodbye.
 (00:10:03)
 HATFIELD : Like an angel in a jungle. A very wild jungle.
 COWBOY : What are you doing, Hatfield? Talking to yourself?
 HATFIELD : You wouldn't understand, cowboy. You've never seen an angel, nor a gentlewoman, nor a great lady. I raise, gentleman.

MAN : Well, so long, Buck.
 MAN : So long, Curly.
 MAN : Nice trip, boys.
 CURLY : Wait a minute. Hold it, the cavalry's coming.
 BUCK : Steady, girl.
 BLANCHARD : Captain Sickels asks if you will deliver this dispatch in Lordsburg the moment you arrive. The telegraph line has been cut.
 CURLY : Sure.
 BLANCHARD : We're going with you as far as the noon station at Dry Fork. There'll be a troop of cavalry there and they'll take you on to Apache Wells. From Apache Wells you'll have another escort of soldiers into Lordsburg. But you must warn your passengers that they travel at their own risk.
 CURLY : At their own risk? Well, what's the trouble, Lieutenant?
 BLANCHARD : Geronimo!
 BUCK : Geronimo? Well, then I ain't going.
 CURLY : Will you sit down!
 BLANCHARD : Of course, the Army has no authority over you gentlemen. If you think it unsafe to make the trip...
 CURLY : This stage is going to Lordsburg. If you think it ain't safe to ride along with us, I figure we can get there without you soldier-boys.
 BLANCHARD : I have my orders, sir, and I always obey orders.
 BUCK : Oh...
 CURLY : Did you all hear what the lieutenant said?
 LUCY : Yes, we heard.
 CURLY : Well, me and Buck are takin' this coach through, passengers or not. Now whoever wants to get out, can get out.
 DOC : Courage, courage, Reverend. Ladies first.
 CURLY : How about you, Dallas?
 DALLAS : What are trying to do, scare somebody? They got me in here, now let 'em try to put me out. There are worse things than Apaches.
 CURLY : If you'll take my advice ma'am, you won't take this trip.
 LUCY : My husband is with his troops in Dry Fork. If he's in danger, I want to be with him.
 PEACOCK : Well, you see, brother, I have a wife and five children...you see...
 DOC : Then you're a man. By all the Powers that be, Reverend, you're a man.
 CURLY : All right, folks...
 HATFIELD : Marshal, make room for one more? I'm offering my protection to this lady. I can shoot fairly straight if there is need for it.
 CURLY : That's been proved too many times, Hatfield. All right, get in. We're late.
 HATFIELD : Tell them to move over, sir.
 CURLY : Close the door.
 BUCK : Oh, Curly, we...
 CURLY : Get going, Buck.
 BUCK : Oh, Bessie, Bonnie, Bill...Sweetheart, come on now, girl...
 DOC : Farewell, ladies. Goodbye.
 BUCK : Whoa...whoa...
 GATEWOOD : Room for another passenger?
 BUCK : Sure is, Mr. Gatewood. Goin' to Lordsburg?
 GATEWOOD : That's right. Just got a telegram, had to stop and

pack this bag.

BUCK : Hi, Bessie, hi there Bonnie, Blackie, Bill, ho! Bess, Bonnie, Queenie, steady girl, git along. Well, if there's anything I don't like, it's drivin' a stagecoach through Apache country.

CURLY : Funny ketchin' Gatewood outside of town that way.

BUCK : I just took this job ten years ago so I could make enough money to marry my Mexican girl, Juliette. I been workin' hard at it ever since...Bonnie get over. Whoa!

CURLY : At marriage?

BUCK : Certainly. My wife's got more relatives than anyone you ever did see. I bet I'm feedin' half the state of Chihuahua. Sweetheart!

CURLY : Don't it seem funny to you about Gatewood?

BUCK : Yeah. And what do I get to eat when I'm home in Lordsburg? Nothin' but frijole beans, that's all, nothin' but beans, beans, beans. Bessie, Bonnie, Blackie, girl, now get along.

(00:14:42)

GATEWOOD : Excuse me, ladies, uh, close quarter, uh warm today.

DOC : Your wife made if warm for me, Gatewood. She was chairman of our farewell committee.

GATEWOOD : Hmm-hmm. Fine-looking bunch of soldier boys back there. It always gives me great pride in my country when I see such fine men in the U.S. Army. Anybody know where they're going?

PEACOCK : Brother, aren't you aware of what's happened?

GATEWOOD : Happened? I, I don't follow you, Reverend.

PEACOCK : I'm not a clergyman. I'm...

DOC : My friend is a whiskey drummer. We're all going to be scalped, Gatewood. Massacred in one fell swoop. That's why the soldiers are with us.

GATEWOOD : He's joking, of course.

PEACOCK : Oh, no, he's not. Oh, dear, no. I wish he were.

DOC : It's that old Apache butcher, Geronimo. Geronimo, nice name for a butcher. He's jumped the reservation, he's on the warpath.

GATEWOOD : Geronimo? Why weren't the passengers notified? Why wasn't I told?

DOC : We were told, Gatewood. Weren't you told when you got that message from Lordsburg?

GATEWOOD : Oh, yes, yes, of course...I forgot...

BUCK : Steady now, string out, sweetheart! Now, doggone it, they're bringin' up her grandfather all the way from Mexico to live with us.

CURLY : I can't figure out how he got that message.

BUCK : Who, her grandfather?

CURLY : No, Gatewood.

BUCK : Sweetheart!

CURLY : Said he got a message.

BUCK : Sweetheart.

CURLY : The telegraph line ain't workin'.

BUCK : Sweetheart.

RINGO : Hold it!

BUCK : Whoa, steady! Whoa, whoa! Hey, look, it's Ringo.

CURLY : Yeah. Hello, Kid.

RINGO : Hello, Curly. Hiya, Buck, how's your folks?

BUCK : Oh, just fine, Ringo, except my grandfather came up...

CURLY : Shut up!

RINGO : Didn't expect to see you ridin' shotgun on this run, Marshal. Goin' to Lordsburg?

CURLY : I figured you'd be there by this time.
 RINGO : Nope, lame horse. Well, it looks like you've got another passenger.
 CURLY : Yeah. I'll take the Winchester.
 RINGO : You may need me and this Winchester, Curly. I saw a ranch house burnin' last night.
 CURLY : You don't understand, Kid. You're under arrest.
 RINGO : Curly...
 BLANCHARD : Everything all right, Marshal?
 CURLY : Everything's all right, Lieutenant.
 RINGO : Hope I ain't crowdin' you folks none.
 PEACOCK : Oh, no...the more the merrier.
 BUCK : Bonnie, Bessie, Blackie. Yo! Bessie! Ain't Ringo a fine boy?
 CURLY : I think so.
 BUCK : Hey, you're just smarter'n a trade rat. You knew all the time he was goin' to Lordsburg. Hey, reckon what he meant he saw ranch houses burnin'?
 CURLY : Apaches.
 BUCK : Oh, Apaches.
 GATEWOOD : So you're the notorious Ringo Kid.
 RINGO : My friends just call me Ringo. Nick-name I had as a kid. Right name's Henry.
 DOC : Seems to me I knew your family, Henry. Didn't I fix your arm once when you were, oh, bucked off a horse?
 RINGO : Are you Doc Boone?
 DOC : I certainly am. Now let's see, I'd just been honorably discharged from the Union Army, after the War of the Rebellion.
 HATFIELD : you mean the war for the Southern Confederacy, suh?
 DOC : I mean nothing of the kind, sir.
 RINGO : That was my kid brother broke his arm. You did a good job, Doc, even if you was drunk.
 DOC : Thank you, son. Professional compliments are always pleasing.
 PEACOCK : Yes, they are.
 DOC : What happened to that boy whose arm I fixed?
 RINGO : He was murdered.
 (00:20:20)
 HATFIELD : Put out that cigar. You're annoying this lady.
 DOC : Excuse me, madam. Being so partial to the weed myself, I sometimes forget that it disagrees with others.
 HATFIELD : A gentleman doesn't smoke in the presence of a lady.
 DOC : Three weeks ago I took a bullet out of a man who was shot by a gentleman. The bullet was in his back.
 HATFIELD : You mean to insinuate...
 RINGO : Sit down, mister. Doc don't mean no harm.
 BUCK : Be careful of Bessie up there now. Take it easy, hold it steady, girl. take a look and see if there ain't a stone in the hoof of that hoss down there.
 DOC : Well, if it isn't my old friend Sergeant Billy Pickett! Well, how are you, Billy?
 MRS. PICKETT : He's fine. Doc, and mighty glad to see you. Great heavens to Betsy, we didn't figure on no stagecoach comin' through, with them Apaches raisin' Cain. I was just tellin' Billy to hitch up the buckboard so we could take the young un's into...
 GATEWOOD : Wait a minute, wait a minute you mean to say there are no troops at this station?
 MRS. PICKETT : Ain't no soldiers here but what you see.
 LUCY : But my husband, Captain Mallory! I was told he was here.

MRS. PICKETT : He was, dearie, got orders night afore last to join the soldiers at Apache Wells.

BUCK : Well, that means we got to go back.

GATEWOOD : I can't go back. Oh, look here, driver, this stage has started for Lordsburg and it's your duty to get us there. And it's your duty, young man, to come along with us.

BLANCHARD : It's my duty, Mr. Gatewood, to obey orders. I'm sorry, sir.

BUCK : Oh, well, if you soldiers go back, Lieutenant, it means we all have to go back.

BLANCHARD : My orders are to return from here immediately. And I can't disobey those orders.

RINGO : I think we can get through all right, Curly.

BUCK : Oh, no, don't egg him on. Kid, I'm driving this here outfit and, well, the soldiers go back, so am I.

GATEWOOD : I call this a desertion of duty. I'll report you to your superior officers. And if necessary I'll take it up with Washington.

BLANCHARD : That's your privilege, sir. But if you give us any trouble here I'll have to put you under restraint.

GATEWOOD : Now don't lose your temper, don't lose your temper.

CURLY : I'll tell you how we'll settle it. We'll take a vote. Inside everybody. Come on, Buck.

BUCK : Oh, Curly, I don't want to.

MRS. PICKETT : Now you girls, set yourselves down and I'll get you something to eat.

CURLY : Now, folks, if we push on we can be in Apache Wells by sundown. Soldiers there will give us an escort as far as the ferry. Then it's only a hoot and a holler into Lordsburg.

BUCK : Well...

CURLY : We got four men can handle firearms, five with you, Ringo. Doc can shoot, if sober.

DOC : I can shoot...I can shoot.

CURLY : Now, Mrs. Mallory, I, I ain't goin' to put a lady in danger without she votes for it.

LUCY : I've traveled all the way here from Virginia. I'm determined to get to my husband. I won't be separated any longer.

CURLY : What's you vote, mister?

RINGO : Where's your manners, Curly? Ain't you gonna ask the other lady first?

CURLY : Well, what do you say?

DALLAS : What difference does it make? It doesn't matter.

GATEWOOD : I vote that we go on. I demand it. I'm standing on my legal rights!

CURLY : What do you say, Hatfield?

HATFIELD : Lordsburg.

CURLY : Four. You, Doc?

DOC : I am not only a philosopher, sir, I'm a fatalist. Somewhere, sometime there may be the right bullet or the wrong bottle waiting for Josian Boon. Why worry when or where?

CURLY : Yes or no?

DOC : Having that philosophy, sir, I have always courted danger. During the late war, when I had the honor to serve the Union under our great President Abraham Lincoln, ah...and General Phil Sheridan. Well, sir, I fought 'midst shot and shell and the cannons' roar.

CURLY : Do you want to go back or not?

DOC : No! I want another drink.

(00:25:20)

CURLY : That's five. How about you, Mr. Hencock?

PEACOCK : Peacock. Umm, I'd like to go on, Brother. I want to reach the bosom of my dear family in Kansas City, Kansas, as quickly as possible. But I may never reach that bosom if we go on, so, under the circumstances, you understand, Brother, I think it best we go back with the bosoms, I mean the soldiers.

CURLY : One against. Well, Buck?

BUCK : I...

CURLY : Buck says aye. That's six. I'm votin' your proxy, Kid. You go with me.

RINGO : Ain't nothing keeping me out of Lordsburg, Curly.

CURLY : There sure ain't. Well, folks, that settles it. We're going through. Set down folks, and eat your grub. Come on, Buck, we'll change them horses.

BUCK : Aw but Curly, ain't we gonna eat?

CURLY : We'll eat later.

BUCK : Oh.

MRS. PICKETT : Here you are, folks. Food on the table. Help yourself. You got a long ride ahead of you. You ain't drinkin', Billy?

RINGO : Sit down here, ma'am.

DALLAS : Thanks.

HATFIELD : May I find you another place, Mrs. Mallory? It's cooler by the window.

LUCY : Thank you.

RINGO : Looks like I got the plague, don't it?

DALLAS : No, no, it's not you.

RINGO : Well, I guess you can't break out of prison and into society in the same week.

DALLAS : Please, please.

HATFIELD : You're ill, Mrs. Mallory?

LUCY : No, it's just that I...I'll be all right. You've been very kind, why?

HATFIELD : In the world I live in one doesn't often meet a lady, Mrs. Mallory.

LUCY : Have you ever been in Virginia?

HATFIELD : I was in your father's regiment.

LUCY : I should remember your name. You're Mr. Hatfield?

HATFIELD : That's what I'm called, yes.

DALLAS : Why do you look at me like that?

RINGO : Just trying to remember. Ain't I seen you some place before, ma'am?

DALLAS : No! No, you haven't.

RINGO : Hm, I wish I had though.

DALLAS : I know you, I mean, I know who you are. I guess everybody in the Territory does.

RINGO : Yep, well, I used to be a good cowhand, but...things happened.

DALLAS : Yeah, that's it, things happen. Now they'll take you back to prison.

RINGO : Not till I finish a job, In Lordsburg.

DALLAS : But you can't, you're going there as a prisoner.

BUCK : All aboard for Apache Wells, Lee's Ferry...

CURLY : All right, folks, the horses are changed. We'd better get going...

BUCK : ...and Lordsburg, maybe.

CURLY : All right, get going, Ringo. Mrs. Pickett, tell Billy the buckboard's all ready.

MRS. PICKETT : All right, Marshal, we're ready.

BLANCHARD : I'll say goodbye now, Mrs. Mallory, and my compliments

to your husband.

CURLY : Come on, let's get going.

PEACOCK : I still feel that we ought to go back with the soldiers.

(00:30:58)

BUCK : Bridesmaid! Baby! Whoa! What'd you say?

CURLY : Nothin'.

BUCK : Well, why don't you say something? A feller gets nervous setting here like a dummy with nothing to do but think about those Indians.

CURLY : You say something. You been sitting here all day talking without making any sense.

BUCK : All right, I'll say something that makes sense, If I was you I'd let 'em shoot it out?

CURLY : Let who?

BUCK : Luke Plummer and the Kid. There'd be a lot more peace in this Territory if that Luke Plummer was so full of lead he couldn't hold his liquor.

CURLY : I ain't saying i don't share you sentiments, Buck, but you're a born fool.

BUCK : Oh, I know that.

CURLY : In the first place, Luke would kill the Kid in a gunfight. In the second place if Luke did get shot he's got two brothers just as ornery as he is. Naw, the only safe place for Ringo is in the pen and I aim to get him there all in one piece.

BUCK : Well, I'll be doggoned if I didn't do you an injury, Curly. I figured you was after the reward.

CURLY : Reward? Why the Kid's old man and me was friends, we used to punch cattle together. Besides, I could use that five hundred in gold.

BUCK : Bridesmaid! Steady! Steady, girl! Bridesmaid, in line!

GATEWOOD : I can't get over the impertinence of that young lieutenant! I'll make it warm for that shavetail! I'll report him to Washington. We pay taxes to the government and what do we get? Not even protection from the Army. I don't know what the government's coming to! Instead of protecting business men, it pokes its nose into business. Hm, why they're even talking now about having bank examiners, as if we bankers don't know how to run our own banks. I actually had a letter from some popinjay official saying they were going to inspect my books! I have a slogan, gentlemen, that should be emblazoned on every newspaper in the country. America for Americans! The government must not interfere with business! Reduce taxes! Our national debt is something shocking, over one billion dollars a year! What this country needs is a business man for President!

DOC : What the country needs is more fuddle.

PEACOCK : What?

DOC : Fuddle!

GATEWOOD : Your drunk.

DOC : I'm happy, Gatewood. Boo!

CURLY : How come you're taking this road? It's gonna be cold up there.

BUCK : I'm using my head. Those breech-clout Apaches don't like snow.

DALLAS : Maybe you'd like to sit next to me? You could put your head on my shoulder.

LUCY : No, thank you.

HATFIELD : How are you feeling, Mrs. Mallory?

LUCY : Is there any water?

HATFIELD : Driver, canteen, please. Just a minute, Mrs. Mallory.

LUCY : Haven't I seen this crest before? Isn't this from

Greenfield Manor?

HATFIELD : I wouldn't know, Mrs. Mallory. I won this cup on a wager.

(00:35:02)

RINGO : How about the other lady?

DALLAS : Thanks.

RINGO : Sorry, no silver cups.

DALLAS : This is fine.

GATEWOOD : No.

PEACOCK : Please, doctor...

BUCK : Yow...yow...

BUCK : Whoa, steady, whoa...Howdy, Chris. Seven hours from Dry Fork. Pretty fast driving, amigo!

CURLY : Get the folks a bite to eat, Chris, while we change horses. We're pushin' right on to Lordsburg.

CHRIS : You come without soldiers?

BUCK : Oh, we weren't scared. We didn't see one Apache, did we, Curly?

CURLY : Where's the cavalry, Chris?

BUCK : Yeah, where is the soldiers?

CHRIS : There ain't no soldiers.

BUCK : Huh?

CHRIS : Soldiers have gone.

LUCY : Where's Captain Mallory? Where's my husband? Where is he?

CHRIS : You his wife, I think?

LUCY : Yes, where is he? Did he go with his men?

CHRIS : Si, senora. Leetle, what you call it, scrimmage, with the Apaches last night. Soldiers take Captain Mallory to Lordsburg. I think he get hurt, maybe.

LUCY : Badly?

CHRIS : Si, senora...I think so.

DALLAS : Mrs. Mallory, I'm awfully sorry, if there's anything I could...

LUCY : I'm quite all right, thank you.

HATFIELD : Marshal, come here, quickly.

DALLAS : Come on, Doc.

RINGO : Let's go, Doc.

(00:40:02)

PEACOCK : Poor woman...

GATEWOOD : A sick woman on our hands! That's all we needed.

BUCK : I...I feel kinda sick myself.

GATEWOOD : We're in a fine fix, my friends. It's a fine country we're living in. The Army has no right to leave a public place like this undefended.

RINGO : Looks to me like the Army's got its hands pretty full, mister.

DALLAS : Have you a wife?

CHRIS : Si, senora, I think.

DALLAS : Call her.

CHRIS : Yakima!

DALLAS : Ringo, go into the kitchen, and get hot water, lots of hot water, please.

RINGO : Yes, ma'am. Hey, Chris, Done la concina? (Where's the kitchen?)

CHRIS : A qui esta, Keed. (Here it is, Kid).

HATFIELD : A fine member of the medical profession! Drunken beast!

DOC : Coffee. Give me coffee...black coffee, lots of it!

DOC : More, more...

CURLY : Isn't that enough, Doc? That's four?
 DOC : More, blacker, stronger...
 CURLY : You'll have it coming out your ears in a minute.
 DOC : Keep 'er coming, Curly.
 CURLY : All right, Doc...Now drink it down, Doc. Drink it down.
 RINGO : Get it down.
 CURLY : That'll make you feel better.
 RINGO : All right, Doc?
 HATFIELD : Isn't that drunken swine sober yet?
 CURLY : He's doing the best he can.
 HATFIELD : Well, hurry.
 CURLY : Tin horn.
 RINGO : How are you feeling?
 DOC : Fine. Thanks! Again!
 RINGO : Sit down here, Doc.
 CURLY : Keep the fire going, Chris. Plenty of hot water.
 PEACOCK : Savage!
 CHRIS : That's my wife, Yakima, my squaw.
 PEACOCK : Yes, but she, she's a savage.
 CHRIS : Si, senor, she's little bit savage, I think. Get into the kitchen, pronto, and get some hot water, go on, quick.
 GATEWOOD : There's something funny about this. That woman's an Apache!
 CHRIS : Sure, she one of Geronimo's people, I think. Maybe not so bad to have Apache wife, eh? Apaches don't bother me, I think.
 CURLY : All right, Doc?
 DOC : All right. All right. All right, Dallas.
 YAKIMA : Al pensar en ti (When I think of you)
 Tierra en que naci (Land where I was born)
 Que nostalgia siente mi corazon (What sadness fills my heart)
 En mi soledad (In my loneliness)
 Con este cantar (With this song)
 Siento alivio y consuelo en mi dolor (I feel relieved and consoled in my pain)
 : No men, get out.
 : Las notas tristes de esta concion (The sad notes of this song)
 Me traen recuedos de aquel amor (They bring me remembrance of that love)
 Al pensar en el (When I think of him)
 Vuelve a renacer (Is born again)
 La alegria en mi triste corazon (The happiness in my sad heart)
 CURLY : Ringo!
 BUCK : It's them vaqueros! They've run away.
 CURLY : Yeah, with the spare horses.
 (00:45:00)
 BUCK : Them coyotes gimme the creeps. They sound, well, it sounds just like a baby..... black eight.
 BUCK : It's a baby.
 DALLAS : It's a little girl.
 BUCK : It's a little girl. Well, I'll be doggoned. Why didn't somebody tell me?
 HATFIELD : How is Mrs. Mallory?
 DALLAS : She's going to be all right.
 BUCK : Well, I'll be doggoned. Did you know? Well, I'll be doggoned.
 PEACOCK : Don't do that.

PEACOCK : Dr. Boone!
 CURLY : Come on, boys, three cheers for old Doc Boone!
 ALL : Hip, hip...
 PEACOCK : Quiet!
 BUCK : Well, we oughta be...
 PEACOCK : Quiet! Mrs. Mallory...
 CURLY : Oh!
 CHRIS : Kid, I know why you want to go to Lordsburg. I like you, I know your Pop, he was a good friend of mine. If you know who's in Lordsburg, you stay away, I think.
 RINGO : You mean Luke Plummer?
 CHRIS : Luke, Ike, and Hank, all there together. I saw them.
 RINGO : Sure of that, Chris?
 CHRIS : Sure. I can tell you the truth, I know...
 RINGO : Thanks. That's all I wanted to know.
 CHRIS : Si, you crazy if you go. I think you stay way, Kid. Three against one is no good.
 RINGO : You oughtn't to go too far, Miss Dallas. Apaches like to sneak up and pick off strays. You, ah, visiting in Lordsburg?
 DALLAS : No, no, I have friends there, and maybe I can find work. Say, look, Kid, why don't you try to escape? Why don't you get away?
 RINGO : I aim to...in Lordsburg.
 DALLAS : Why Lordsburg? Why don't you make for the border now?
 RINGO : My father and brother were shot down by the Plummer boys. I guess you don't know how it feels to lose your own folks that way.
 DALLAS : I lost mine when I was a kid. There was a massacre in Superstition Mountain.
 RINGO : That's tough, especially on a girl.
 DALLAS : Well, you gotta live, no matter what happens.
 RINGO : Yeah, that's it. Look, Miss Dallas. You got no folks, neither have I, and well, maybe I'm taking a lot for granted, but I watched you with that baby, that other woman's baby, you looked well...well, I still got a ranch across the border. It's a nice place, a real nice place...trees, grass, water, there's a cabin half built. A man could live there, and a woman. Will you go?
 DALLAS : But you don't know me. You don't know who I am.
 RINGO : I know all I want to know. Will you go?
 DALLAS : Oh, don't talk like that.
 (00:50:30)
 CURLY : What you doin' out here, Kid? Stick close to the reservation.
 CHRIS : Curly! Oh, Curly! Oh, Curly! Curly!
 CURLY : What's wrong, Chris?
 CHRIS : My wife, Yakima, she run away. When I wake up she was gone.
 CURLY : The way you come bustin' in here you'd think we...
 RINGO : Oh...
 CURLY : Excuse me, Kid. ...come busting in here, you'd think we were being attacked. You can find another wife, Chris.
 CHRIS : Sure I find another wife! But she take my rifle and my horse! Oh, I never sell her, I love her so much. I beat her wid de whip, and she never get tired!
 DOC : Your wife?
 CHRIS : No, my horse! I can find another wife easy, yes, but not a horse like that. Mala Yakima.
 GATEWOOD : I knew that woman was a thief.

CURLY : What's the matter with you, Gatewood?
GATEWOOD : My valise! Where's my valise? Which one of you have got it?
BUCK : Here it is. I been usin' it for a pillow. I didn't think you would mind.
GATEWOOD : I told you to keep your hands off my things?
BUCK : Yes, sir. If that squaw of yours finds some Apaches and bring 'em back here...
CHRIS : My wife's people won't bother me, I think.
BUCK : They bother me, I think.
DOC : Chris, is this bar open?
CHRIS : Sure, all the time, senor, si. Here you are, Doc.
GATEWOOD : Well, what are we wasting time for? Let's make a break for it.
HATFIELD : We've got a sick woman to think of.
GATEWOOD : Do you want her to stay here and be butchered, with the rest of us?
HATFIELD : Why don't you ever think of someone else in your fat, worthless life?
GATEWOOD : Do you realize...
CURLY : Easy, easy, quiet, boys, quiet. We ain't been butchered yet. But you're right, we'd better get goin' for Lordsburg as soon as we can.
RINGO : Might be a good idea, Curly, if, uh, Doc took a look at the patient
BUCK : Yeah, and Little Coyote.
GATEWOOD : Won't you join me, Doctor?
DOC : No, thanks.
DOC : Good morning. Well, you're looking pretty chipper. You're up early, Dallas.
LUCY : She didn't go to bed, Doctor. I'm afraid she sat up all night, while I slept.
DALLAS : Oh, I slept a lot in the chair. Well, anyway, it was nice to stay awake and hold the baby.
DOC : Hmm, we've got to get you to Lordsburg, Little Coyote. That's what the boys christened her last night when she squalled. Little Coyote. How do you feel?
LUCY : Fine, thank you. A little tired...Doctor, do you think my husband.
DOC : Never mind him! The best medicine he can have is to see you two safe and sound. You just make up your mind you're going to get there.
LUCY : I have made up my mind.
DOC : That's the stuff.
LUCY : I am going to get there.
DOC : You need strength, so get all the rest you can. Dallas, do you suppose you can fix up a little broth?
LUCY : She has already.
DOC : Good! How about making some coffee for the boys? Now you get some sleep, Mrs. Mallory. And don't look so proud. I've brought hundreds of those little fellows into the world, once upon a time, and the new one was always the prettiest.
DALLAS : Doc...Ringo asked me to marry him. Is that wrong for a girl like me? If a man and woman love each other, it's all right, ain't it, Doc?
DOC : You're going to be hurt, child...worse than you've ever been hurt. Don't you know that boy's headed back for prison? Besides, if you two go into Lordsburg together, he's going to know all about you.
(00:55:00)
DALLAS : He's not going into Lordsburg. All I want is for you to tell me it's all right.

DOC : Gosh, child, who am I to tell you what's right or wrong? All right, go ahead, do it if you can. Good, good luck.

DALLAS : Thanks, Doc.

DOC : Ringo.

CURLY : Well, Doc?

DOC : Both doing nicely. She's a real soldier's wife, that young lady.

GATEWOOD : Good, good. Then we can leave immediately.

DOC : Well, not for a day or so, if you want my professional advice.

GATEWOOD : What do you mean a day or so? Stay another day? Why?

DOC : Where were you when the stork came last night, Gatewood?

HATFIELD : I refuse to allow Mrs. Mallory to travel until she and the child are out of danger.

GATEWOOD : What do you mean danger? Aren't we in worse danger here?

PEACOCK : I don't wish to intrude, but, I've had five children, I mean my dear wife has, and much as I dislike discussing it in this hour of our trial, I, I believe the doctor's right.

DOC : Spoken like a man, Reverend.

GATEWOOD : I say we ought to leave here before the Apaches find us. That's common sense.

HATFIELD : I wish you were ten years younger, Gatewood.

GATEWOOD : Don't let my white hairs stop you.

BUCK : Wait a minute, I...

CURLY : Wait a minute...

BUCK : Aw, Curly, I haven't said a word...

CURLY : Now you shut up. If we argue this thing out right we'll get somewhere. Let's all sit down and talk sensible. Come on, Buck, sit down.

DOC : There's a young woman in the kitchen making coffee. She needs help.

RINGO : Thanks, Doc.

DOC : Say, Kid, how old were you when you went to the pen?

RINGO : Oh, I was going on seventeen...

RINGO : Morning, ma'am.

DALLAS : Morning.

RINGO : I, uh, laid awake most of the night, wondering what you'da said if Curly hadn't busted in. Guess you was up kinda late, too, I heard you moving around. You didn't answer what I asked you last night.

DALLAS : Look, Kid, why don't you try to escape? There's a horse out there in the corral. Curly won't go after you because he can't leave the passengers in a fix like this.

RINGO : I got to go to Lordsburg. Why don't you go to my ranch and wait for me?

DALLAS : Wait for a dead man? You haven't got a chance. It was three against one when the Plummers swore that you killed their foreman and got you sent up. It'll be three against one in Lordsburg.

RINGO : Well, there's some things a man just can't run away from.

DALLAS : How can you talk about your life and my life when you're throwing 'em away? Yeah, mine, too! That's what you're throwing away if you go to Lordsburg!

RINGO : What do you want me to do?

DALLAS : Would it make us any happier if Luke Plummer was dead? One of his brothers would be after you with a gun. We'd never be safe. I don't want that kind of life, Ringo.

RINGO : Well, I don't see what else I can do.

DALLAS : Go now, get away, forget Lordsburg, forget the Plummers. Make for the border and I'll come to you.

RINGO : Do you mean that?

DALLAS : Yes, I do.

RINGO : Will, you go with me, Dallas?

DALLAS : Oh, I can't leave Mrs. Mallory and the baby. I'll come to you from Lordsburg. I swear it.

RINGO : Well, I oughta have my rifle.

DALLAS : I've got one...right here. I got it last night, while they were all asleep.

RINGO : You mean you thought of this last night?

DALLAS : Yes, don't ask any more questions, not now.

BUCK : Oh, gosh, Curly, there ain't no Apaches behind us. We can still go back to Tonto.

GATEWOOD : No, I insist we go on to Lordsburg.

CURLY : What do you think, Chris?

CHRIS : Geronimo between here and Lordsburg...with my horse, I think.

DOC : My horse has gone... She has gone astray... With the sun...

BUCK : Quiet, Doc. This is a serious matter, ain't it?

DOC : My dear Buck, if I have only one hour to live, I'm going to enjoy myself.

PEACOCK : Doctor, I don't begrudge my samples, but I think...

BUCK : Now you hush up! I've stood enough of you. Now this is a serious problem and I'm the only one who is talking sense. Now if Curly...

CURLY : If we can get to the ferry, we'll be all right. The question is what are we going to do about that lady and her baby.

HATFIELD : Doctor Boon has settled that for us, suh, and I demand respect for his professional opinion.

DOC : Hatfield!

CURLY : Ringo! Ringo! Ringo!

DALLAS : Hurry, Ringo.

CURLY : Ringo!

DALLAS : Hurry! Goodbye!

(01:00:00)

DALLAS : Ringo, don't stop! Go on, go on! Keep riding...Ringo, go on, go on...Curly, stop. Let him go!

RINGO : You don't need them, Curly. I ain't going to run away.

CURLY : I'll say you ain't.

RINGO : Look at them hills.

CURLY : Apaches!

RINGO : War signals.

BUCK : Bridesmaid! Yow...yow...Hey, Curly, why don't you take them cuffs off the kid? He's mighty handy with a gun.

CURLY : You drive them horses. I'll take care of the Kid.

BUCK : Oh!

GATEWOOD : Can't you drive any faster? Thick-headed lout! We've got to make that ferry. A man works all his life to get hold of some money so that he can enjoy life and has to run into a trap like this.

PEACOCK : Trap, Brother? You mean the Apaches? There's been no sign of them.

GATEWOOD : You don't see any signs of them. They strike like rattlesnakes. If you hadn't insisted on waiting for her, we'd have been across the ferry by this time.

HATFIELD : You talk too much, Gatewood.

GATEWOOD : Your threats don't faze me, Hatfield. You're nothing

but a tinhorn gambler.

HATFIELD : How would you like to get out and walk?

GATEWOOD : You can't put me out of a public conveyance!

DOC : Now, now gentlemen, gentlemen!

RINGO : Take it easy, Gatewood. We may need that fight before we get to the Ferry.

GATEWOOD : You wouldn't be much good in a fight, you jailbird.

HATFIELD : Oh, leave the Kid alone. He's handcuffed.

PEACOCK : Gentlemen, please, let's not forget the ladies, bless them. Let's have a little Christian charity one for the other.

CURLY : Well, folks, we're coming into Lee's Ferry now.

BUCK : Lordsburg next stop. Nice girl, get along, get along. Curly, look! Look at the ferry, it's burned, too.

CURLY : Hatfield, stand guard over there.

GATEWOOD : Where's the Army? What are the soldiers doing?

DOC : Curly, what can I do?

CURLY : Stay there, Doc. Ringo, come here, I need you.

GATEWOOD : Are they going to let Geronimo pillage and burn the whole country?

CURLY : Will you give me your word you won't try to escape again?

RINGO : I give you my word...to Lordsburg.

CURLY : Get in the coach with them women?

RINGO : I gave you my word.

DALLAS : Ringo, don't.

CURLY : Buck, drive into the river up to the hubs.

BUCK : Baby, Bridesmaid, Yow! Come on, Baby, whoa, girl, steady now...

RINGO : Look out, Curly.

CURLY : Kid, take your suspenders and cross-tie them wheels.

BUCK : Sorry about the saddle, Kid.

CURLY : Ready, Kid?

RINGO : All set.

CURLY : Ready, Buck?

BUCK : All ready, Curly.

CURLY : Here we go. Just sit tight, folks, and you'll be all right.

BUCK : Honey, chile. Steady, steady, Bridesmaid. Come on, girl. Easy now. Whoa, girl. That's the girl. Whoa, take it easy.

(01:05:00)

BUCK : All aboard for Lordsburg, Lordsburg. Say, Curly.

CURLY : Yeah, what?

BUCK : Do you think I ought to charge Mrs. Mallory's baby half fare? Sweetheart!

GATEWOOD : Well, we'll soon be in Lordsburg. Well, sorry I flew off the handle, Hatfield. My apologies, Doctor. No hard feelings, I hope.

PEACOCK : All in all, it's been an exciting, a very interesting trip, has it not?

DOC : Well, now that the danger is past, Mr.

PEACOCK : ...Peacock.

DOC : And ladies and gentlemen, since it's most unlikely that we will ever have the pleasure of meeting again socially, I'd like to propose a toast...Major, Gatewood, Ringo, your health.

GATEWOOD : Thanks.

HATFIELD : Thank you, sir.

BUCK : Get on, girl. Get on, get on, yow, yow, yow, yow, yow, yooow, yooooow.

GATEWOOD : I warned you, I warned you of this danger. I told you not to wait for that woman. Let me out of here, I tell you.

HATFIELD : Get back, you fool.

BUCK : Yow, yow, yooow.

GATEWOOD : We'll all be killed, we'll all be slaughtered!

BUCK : Yow, yow, yow, yooow!

DOC : Will you shut up! I've got a patient here. Get back, you fool.

GATEWOOD : Take your hands off me, you drunken fool.

CURLY : Get the leader.

BUCK : Yow, yow, yow, yo, yo, yo!

(01:10:00)

CURLY : Kid. The leaders, kid. Get the leaders.

DOC : Curly, more ammunition.

LUCY : Do you hear it? Do you hear it? It's the bugle! They're blowing the charge!

HATFIELD : If you see Judge Greenfield, tell him his son...

CAPTAIN : Thank heaven you're safe, Lucy.

LUCY : Where's Richard? Is he all right?

CAPTAIN : He's all right, don't you worry.

WOMAN #1 : It isn't a bad wound.

CAPTAIN : We'll take you to him immediately.

WOMAN #2 : Where's the baby, dear?

NURSE : I'll take the baby.

LUCY : Dallas, if there's ever anything I can do for...

DALLAS : I know.

VOICE : Orderly!

(01:15:20)

FAT MAN : It's the Ringo Kid!

THIN MAN : Yeah.

LUKE : Aces and eights.

GAMBLER : Dead man's hand, Luke.

FAT MAN : Ringo Kid's in town.

THIN MAN : Yeah, driving the stage.

LUKE : (in Spanish) My brothers.

SPANIARD : Si, patron.

LUKE : Cash in.

SOLDIER : Easy now. Easy. That's right.

PEACOCK : Goodbye, Miss Dallas. If you ever come to Kansas city, Kansas, I want you to come out to see us.

DALLAS : Well, thanks, Mr...

PEACOCK : Peacock.

MAN #1 : Hello, Buck! You got through all right!

BUCK : All right, Jim.

MAN #2 : All right, folks, you're all right. Unload.

BUCK : Well...Lordsburg.

MAN #3 : Thank you, thank you, Doctor. Well, thank you.

CURLY : Well, Kid.

RINGO : Curly, how long will they give me for breakin' out?

CURLY : Oh, about another year.

RINGO : You know where my ranch is?

CURLY : Yeah.

RINGO : Will you see that she gets there all right?

CURLY : Dallas?

RINGO : Yeah. This is no town for a girl like her. Will you do it?

CURLY : Sure.

SHERIFF : Hiya, Marshal, get my man through all right?
 CURLY : I don't need 'em.
 GATEWOOD : If you don't want to lose your business, Sheriff, you'd better take care of him yourself.
 SHERIFF : What's your name, Mister?
 GATEWOOD : My name is Gatewood. Ellsworth H. Gatewood.
 SHERIFF : Oh, Gatewood! You didn't think they'd had the telegraph wire fixed, did you?
 GATEWOOD : You let me go...
 RINGO : Can I meet you back here in ten minutes? I gave you my word, Curly. I ain't going back on it now.
 CURLY : No ammunition.
 RINGO : I lied to you, Curly...got three left. (to Dallas) Come on.
 (01:20:20)
 DALLAS : Good night, Kid.
 RINGO : Is this where you live?
 DALLAS : No!
 RINGO : I got to know where you live, don't I?
 DALLAS : No, don't come any further. It's all been a crazy dream! I been out of my mind, just hoping. Say goodbye here, Kid.
 RINGO : We ain't never gonna say goodbye.
 DOC : Can I have that?
 LUKE : Give me the shotgun...shotgun!
 GIRL : Luke, Luke, please don't.
 DALLAS : Well, Kid, I...I told you not to follow me.
 RINGO : Dallas! I asked you to marry me, didn't I?
 DALLAS : I'll never forget you asked me, Kid. That's something.
 RINGO : Wait here.
 BUCK : Whoa! Ringo said he'd be passing this way in six or seven minutes.
 LUKE : Come on.
 DOC : I'll take that shotgun, Luke.
 LUKE : You'll take it in the belly if you don't get outa my way.
 DOC : I'll have you indicted for murder if you step outside with that shotgun.
 LUKE : We'll attend to you later.
 DOC : Don't ever let me do that again.
 (01:25:53)
 GIRL'S VOICE : Luke!
 EDITOR : Hey, Billy! Billy, kill that story about the Republican Convention in Chicago and take this down. The Ringo Kid was killed on Main Street in Lordsburg tonight and among the additional dead were...leave that blank for a spell.
 TYPESETTER : I didn't hear any shooting, Ed.
 EDITOR : You will, Billy, you will.
 A PLUMMER : I missed him at four feet.
 DALLAS : Ringo, Ringo, Ringo...
 CURLY : Ready, Kid?
 RINGO : Thanks, Curly. Curly's going to see that you get to my place across the border. Well...goodbye, Dallas.
 DALLAS : Goodbye.
 CURLY : Maybe you'd like to ride away with the Kid?
 DALLAS : Please.
 DOC : Well, they're saved from the blessings of civilization.
 CURLY : Yeah...Doc, I'll buy you a drink.

DOC

: Just one.