

# THE OUTLAWS

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

NOTE: THE TIME PERIOD IS THE MID-1800'S.

EXT. OLD WESTERN TOWN - EARLY MORNING

The sun rises quickly above this typical, dusty old town.

Way at the bottom of a road, two men on horseback slowly make their way into town.... As the early-risen townspeople busily go about their daily lives, the two men are careful not to expose their faces too much.

EXT. BANK - EARLY MORNING

Soon, the two men make their way to the town's bank, and keep their backs to everyone while tying their horses to a hitching post.... Turning toward the bank, they tip their hats back to get a good look, and survey the outdoor situation. Here, we FOCUS IN on their faces, SEEING them for the first time.

KIT YOUNGER (early 30's), a handsome man with dark hair, smiles and looks at his partner.

FREEZE-FRAME! NOW AT THE BOTTOM OF FRAME, THESE WORDS TYPE IN:

KIT YOUNGER            LONG CONSIDERED THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST

OCCUPATION: BANK ROBBER

JAMES WILDER (early 30's), also handsome, yet with dirty-blond hair, and more serious-looking, glances back at his partner.

FREEZE-FRAME! AT THE BOTTOM OF FRAME, THESE WORDS TYPE IN:

JAMES WILDER            LONG CONSIDERED HIMSELF THE FASTEST GUN IN

THE WEST            OCCUPATION: BANK ROBBER.

Kit and James step up onto the busy wooden boardwalk where two attractive ladies happen to be walking by.

KIT  
(tipping his hat)  
Good morning, ladies.

JAMES  
(smiling)  
Hello, ladies.

The ladies turn to each other, GIGGLING, as they continue walking by.

INT. BANK - MORNING

A typical bank of the Old West. The tellers are caged in steel bars, while the depositors patiently wait in line and TALK amongst themselves.

A HEAVY-SET GUARD sits near the front door, leaning back in his chair, half asleep.... A SECOND GUARD stands near the tellers, talking to a depositor.

KIT AND JAMES

casually walk through the front door to the center of the area. Everyone is unsuspecting. And like lightning, Kit whips out two guns, aiming one at the seated guard while scanning the crowd with the other. And James whips out one gun, taking aim at the other guard.

CROSS-CUTS

The seated guard snaps awake instantly, and suddenly falls backward in his chair, CRASHING to the floor.... Some of the depositors SCREAM.

KIT  
Good morning, everyone! This is a hold-up! Put your hands in the air, and if you do what we ask of you, nobody'll get hurt!

Hands immediately fly up, and everyone freezes.

JAMES

(to heavy guard)  
You, get up off the floor.  
Slowly. And take your revolver  
out of your holster with your left  
hand, and drop it on the floor.

HEAVY GUARD

(getting up  
cautiously)  
I got a wife-- and kids, too.

JAMES

And I'm sure they're precious,  
sir. Just do what I said, and  
you'll see them again.

The second guard is about to reach for his gun, when...

JAMES (CONT.)

(to second guard)  
You, sir!

The second guard quickly freezes.

JAMES (CONT.)

I noticed you're a leftie. So I  
want you to remove your revolver  
with your right hand, and drop it  
on the floor.

Reluctantly, the second guard does it, while the heavy  
guard does it quickly.

JAMES (CONT.)

Now, kick 'em over to me and back  
off!

The guards do as they're told, then James kicks both  
revolvers to the other side of the bank floor.

Suddenly, a young MALE DEPOSITOR GASPS, eyes growing wide.

MALE DEPOSITOR

Why-- it's Kit Younger and James  
Wilder!

James looks skyward, SIGHING.

KIT  
(with a broad smile)  
Thank you for that introduction!

Working his way through the crowd, James tips his hat to a group of ladies, who all smile and GIGGLE at each other.... Meanwhile, people all over the bank are already whispering among themselves, and we can hear James and Kit's names being mentioned repeatedly.

JAMES  
(to tellers)  
I believe you all know the routine.

And James moves from teller to teller, throwing his saddlebags onto the counter in front of each teller, while they fill up the bags with all their money.... Meanwhile, Kit continues to scan the crowd with both of his revolvers.

KIT  
Why can't you keep a secret in a bank?

Several of the depositors look at each other, shrugging, not knowing the answer.

KIT (CONT.)  
Too many tellers!

And Kit CRACKS UP over his own joke. James looks over at Kit with a stern face, while everyone else basically remains quiet.... Finally, a LITTLE BOY, who's clutching his mother's hand, starts GIGGLING to himself.

KIT (CONT.)  
Why, thank you, kid. Whew, tough crowd.

James shakes his head in disbelief, and resumes collecting money.

JAMES  
(to teller)  
C'mon. All of it.

Afterwards, he moves to the LAST TELLER, placing the FEMALE DEPOSITOR aside, while this teller quickly sets stacks of money on the counter.

JAMES (CONT.)  
(to depositor)  
Excuse me, ma'am.

FEMALE DEPOSITOR  
(nervous)  
Ahhh, yes?

JAMES  
(stuffing his bag)  
Did you get a receipt for your  
deposit?

FEMALE DEPOSITOR  
No, Mister Wilder. Not yet.

JAMES  
(to teller)  
Sir, would you kindly give this  
nice lady a receipt?

With amazing swiftness, the teller scribbles out a receipt  
and hands it to James, who hands it to the depositor....  
Confused, the depositor lets down her guard.

FEMALE DEPOSITOR  
... Thank you, Mister Wilder.

JAMES  
(tipping his hat)  
My pleasure, ma'am.  
(to the crowd)  
Alright! Listen up! I have an  
important announcement to make...!  
Everyone's money is insured by the  
Federal Government! Kit and I  
wanna make sure that all your  
money is replaced!

KIT  
(rolling his eyes)  
James, are you ready to get on  
with the robbery? Or do you wanna  
help balance their accounts as  
well.

JAMES

Now, everyone stay calm and don't do anything foolish, and you won't get hurt, okay?

Miraculously, most of the people answer back, "okay".... Then a YOUNGER FEMALE DEPOSITOR CLEARS HER THROAT and steps forward.

YOUNG FEMALE DEPOSITOR

... Ummm, excuse me, gentlemen.

Kit and James turn to her, and they smile.

YOUNG FEMALE DEPOSITOR (CONT.)

... Would-- would it be too much to ask-- for your autographs?

Kit and James look at each other.

YOUNG FEMALE DEPOSITOR (CONT.)

(beaming brightly)

This has been a most thrilling experience!

KIT

... I don't see why not.

JAMES

Me neither.

Next thing you know, several other depositors are stepping forward, BEGGING for autographs, too.

KIT

Now, hold on One at a time, folks!

The BANK PRESIDENT, a small, thin man with round glasses, looks up at...

INSERT - A WANTED POSTER

of Kit Younger and James Wilder, hanging up on the wall. It says: WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE \$25,000 REWARD.

## REVERSE SHOT

The Bank President pulls the poster down, and gleefully steps from behind the caged area so the bank robbers can autograph that as well.

JAMES

God, I hate that picture-- it's terrible.

KIT

I look pretty good.

## MONTAGE OF CUTS

Kit and James are autographing tens and twenties from their own saddle-bags, and happily passing them out to excited customers who want one.... Kit takes out a fifty and signs it-- but when he realizes it's a fifty, he stops and pulls out a twenty instead.... When they're finished, Kit and James begin backing up to the door.

JAMES

Remember, everyone! Stay inside the bank till we're outta town! And thank y'all for being so hospitable.

The excited customers are still trying to shake hands with the two outlaws, who attempt to break away from all this attention.... The two guards stand there and look at each other, completely dumbfounded by what has just transpired.

## EXT. BANK - MORNING

Kit and James quickly back out of the building, throw their saddle-bags onto the horses, leap on them, then GALLOP up the road-- all with a comical twist.

The two guards run out of the bank with their revolvers drawn, and start SHOOTING at Kit and James.

Kit's hat flies off, and he grabs it in mid-air, YELLING OUT.

JAMES  
You all right?

KIT  
Yeah! I'm fine!

Now, both Kit and James grab handfuls of money from their saddle-bags, and throw it into the air. Instantly, townspeople dash out into the middle of the road, grabbing the cash as it's raining down.

In disbelief, the two guards stop SHOOTING, throw down their hats, and STAMP their feet, CURSING repeatedly.

HEAVY GUARD  
Damn!

SECOND GUARD  
Dammit! Damn it all to Hell!

HEAVY GUARD  
Double damn!

#### MONTAGE OF CUTS

We SEE the CLATTERING entanglement of horse-hooves.... Kit Younger grips his saddle-bag. James Wilder grips his saddle-bag also.... And from a HIGH SHOT, we SEE the two outlaws GALLOPING out of town.

DISSOLVE TO

#### EXT. DESERT - MONTAGE OF SHOTS - DAY

The sky overhead is filled with the brightness of the sun.... The heat ripples from the desert floor, blurring everything in view.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. DESERT - DAY

From a picturesque WIDE SHOT, we SEE Kit and James slowing their horses down, then stopping to rest. Apparently, they've been riding for hours.

In a CLOSER SHOT, Kit drops a wet cigar he's been smoking, on the dusty ground.

KIT

I think we're safe.

JAMES

... We're never safe anymore.

KIT

Hell, James, you worry too much.

JAMES

I have to worry. For both our butts. You don't worry about anything!

KIT

(overlapping)

What's to worry about? We're doing fine. We have a lotta money saved and we're on our way home.

JAMES

That's exactly what I mean...! I mean, look! You almost got your head blown off back there, and ya-- ya just don't worry about gettin' shot! Or hung for doin' what we do!

KIT

Life's too short! Hell, we decided we're retirin' from this line of work, right?

JAMES

That don't stop what we already done! It's our faces, Kit. Everywhere we go, we get recognized! That's never gonna change.

KIT

That's why goin' to Mexico'll be good for us! Nobody'll recognize us there.

JAMES

Just be careful... We still got a couple days ride, then on to Mexico.

KIT

(grinning)  
Can't wait to get home. I'm gonna take a long hot bath.

The horses sway from side to side as the men reach for their cigars. Kit strikes a match, leans over in his saddle, and lights James' cigar. Then he lights his own.... Afterwards, the two men kick their horses, the horses WHINNY loudly, and they THUNDER OFF in a cloud of dust!

INSERT - THE SMOLDERING CIGAR BUTT

lies on the ground alongside a horse-hoof track.

EXT. OLD WESTERN TOWN - DAY

Back in the town we just left, the sun beats down on this hot and humid day. The townspeople mill about their daily routine.

Soon, we SEE a whole new crowd of horsemen riding into town-- A FEDERAL MARSHAL and his POSSE OF THREE, looking lean, clean, and very mean.... The very appearance of these fellows starts drawing the attention of the townsfolk.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Eventually, the four men stop their horses in front of the bank--where the Bank President and his two guards stand outside, DISCUSSING the events of earlier that morning.... The President and guards watch these fellows cautiously.

BANK PRESIDENT

Can I help you, gentlemen?

The Marshal chews on his cigar, eyeing the President and his guards.... The President looks at the Marshal's coat hanging open and sees...

INSERT - TWO LARGE GUNS

hanging on his holster.

REVERSE SHOT

The President's eyes widen at the sight. The guards, who also see the guns, are very uneasy and keep their hands close to their own guns.

MARSHAL

(low, gruff voice)

... You can start by tellin' us which way those men went. The ones who took your money.

BANK PRESIDENT

Now, why would I do that?

The Marshal looks at the heavy-set guard who is holding...

INSERT - THE WANTED POSTER

of Kit Younger and James Wilder-- which has their autographs on it.

## CROSS-CUTS

The heavy-set guard tries discreetly to hide the poster behind him.

MARSHAL

I'm hired by the Federal Government to put these men out of business, that's why.

And the Marshal exposes the badge pinned inside his coat.

BANK PRESIDENT

(chuckling nervously)  
Oh-- OH! Now, why didn't ya say so in the first place? It was awful. Absolutely terrifyin'!

MARSHAL

(smirking)  
Do tell.

BANK PRESIDENT

(pointing)  
They rode outta town, that'a way, hours ago. Who knows where they are now.

MARSHAL

Don't worry-- we'll catch 'em.  
It's just a matter of time now.  
(to his posse)  
Let's move out!

And the Marshal and his posse THUNDER UP the dirt road and out of town.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. DESERT - MONTAGE OF SHOTS - DAY

The sun hangs high overhead.... Various cacti are scattered among the desert floor.... And we SEE a diamond-back rattlesnake sunning itself.

From ANOTHER ANGLE of the sun shining brightly, we also SEE Kit and James moseying along a beaten desert trail. They reach a bend in the trail, and as they approach the other side, both men come to a dead stop and freeze in their tracks.

THEIR POV - SIX BANDITS

also on horseback, stretched across the trail, waiting. They take notice of the saddle-bags our outlaws are carrying.

LEAD BANDIT

Senors, what is your hurry? It is a most beautiful day.

CROSS-CUTS

Neither Kit nor James speak. They have already sized up the situation, seconds after being confronted. They both know which bandits each of them is accountable for. This is not an unusual situation for them.

LEAD BANDIT (CONT.)

Senors, are you deaf? I asked you a question!

KIT

(calm)

... We have a great distance to travel.

LEAD BANDIT

Why don't you drop your bags? Your horses will ride faster without all that weight.

The bandits' hands inch slowly toward their guns.

JAMES

(firmly)

The bags stay... And we must be on our way.

LEAD BANDIT  
(overlapping)  
Drop your bags and you can go!

Kit and James are silent, their eyes never leaving the bandits, which would prove certain death. Then...

JAMES  
Kit. What do you think we should do?

KIT  
... I think we should drop 'em.

A creepy smile slides across the lead bandit's face. Then suddenly...

#### MONTAGE OF RAPID CUTS

James whips his gun from his holster. The bandits scramble to pull off a shot. But Kit is already FIRING both his guns with both hands. The bandits FLY OFF their horses, CRASHING to the ground, and their horses STAMPEDE away.

#### CROSS-CUTS

Within seconds, it's over!... The smoke and dust eventually settle to reveal all six bandits lying dead, their blood seeping across the sand.

KIT  
(sarcastic)  
Thanks for the help.

JAMES  
What're you talkin' 'bout? I hit most of 'em!

KIT  
(cocky)  
You're losin' your touch, James.

JAMES  
No way, kid.

After reloading, Kit and James both twirl their weapons with the greatest ease, then sink them back into their holsters. They light their cigars, and now they're on their way again.

Meanwhile, above the dead bodies, buzzards are circling overhead.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. DESERT - MONTAGE OF SHOTS - DAY

Kit and James ride toward the hazy, painted mountains. And above them, the thick clouds roll across the vast blue sky.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Marshal and his posse travel the plains where Kit and James had traveled earlier-- when the Marshal abruptly motions for them to stop.

THE MARSHAL

dismounts his horse, taking a hard look around. Then he squats down to the ground, surveying the area around him.... And that's when he sees-- a cigar butt, lying only a few feet away from the hoof-tracks that were left behind. The Marshal reaches forward, picks it up, and studies it. Then...

MARSHAL

Yup. It's them alright. They're a day, maybe more ahead of us.

CROSS-CUTS

The Marshal stands and remounts his horse, once again peering around the landscape. Then he lights his own cigar, and takes a couple of hard puffs.

MARSHAL (CONT.)

Let's move out!

One of the bountymen SPITS OUT a wad of chewing tobacco which...

INSERT - THE SPIT WAD

hits the dirt and goes SSSSSS, evaporating in a puff of hot smoke.

REVERSE SHOT

The four men nod to each other, then pull back hard on their reins. The horses REAR back, then GALLOP AWAY in the outlaws' direction.

MONTAGE OF CUTS

We SEE spurs jabbing into the horses' sides.... The posse GALLOPING alongside each other.... Horse hooves KICKING UP dirt and dust.... And from a WIDE SHOT, we SEE the men RIDING HARD across the desert.

INT. SECOND BANK - DAY

We FOCUS ON a smiling MALE BANK TELLER.

2ND BANK TELLER #1  
Hello, can I help you?

CROSS-CUTS

Kit lifts his revolver in the air and moves the barrel toward the teller's face. Slowly, the smile melts off his face as he eases back away from the gun.

KIT

Why, yes, you can. That would be mighty kind of you. Would you please have someone escort me to the vault?

James, with his guns drawn, shakes his head in disbelief.

JAMES

(to himself)

I can't believe I let him talk me into this.

At that moment, James has one of his revolvers pointed at the head of the bank's only SECURITY GUARD. James pulls the guard's revolver out of his holster.

JAMES (CONT.)

I'll take that, if you don't mind.

The depositors of this bank watch in petrified silence.

2ND BANK TELLER #1

(staring at the barrel)

Oh, uhhh--uhhhh, Miss Reynolds! Miss Reynolds, would you please come out here?

A finely-dressed, young and attractive woman, MISS REYNOLDS, enters the room with her head buried in a stack of papers.... Kit immediately takes notice of her.

MISS REYNOLDS

I'm coming, I'm coming! But when you get a chance, you really should take a look at these--

Miss Reynolds looks up and stops. Instantly, she realizes what's happening.... Smiling, Kit walks over to her.

2ND BANK TELLER #1

(nervous)

Miss Reynolds-- would you be so kind as to show this gentleman to the vault.

KIT  
Good day, Miss Reynolds. I'm Kit.  
And that over there, is my  
partner, James.

James nods with a smile.

MISS REYNOLDS  
(smiling back)  
I know who you both are... Come  
this way with me, sir.

KIT  
I'm right behind you, miss.

And without hesitation, Kit and Miss Reynolds head out of  
this room, and to the back room.... Meanwhile, James  
continues scanning the crowd with both revolvers.

JAMES  
(to himself)  
I can't believe I let him talk me  
into this.

And he throws some empty sacks onto the teller counter.

JAMES (CONT.)  
Okay, load 'em up. And everybody  
else! Stay where you are and  
listen up!

The teller begins loading the money into the sacks quickly.

JAMES (CONT.)  
Y'all probably don't know this,  
but your money is insured by the  
Fed'ral Government--

James is suddenly interrupted by a loud, quick MOAN coming  
from the back. James freezes, with a look on his face  
like: Did I hear what I just heard? The bank teller has  
that same look-- as well as some of the customers.

JAMES (CONT.)  
... Kit and I want to make sure  
that all your money is replaced!

We HEAR another MOAN coming from the back.... James looks around, with interest.... And all around the bank, mischievous grins and smirks are creeping over the customers' faces. In fact, one FEMALE CUSTOMER cups her hands over her young DAUGHTER'S ears-- and the security guard tries desperately to stop himself from bursting into laughter.

Now loaded with money, James snatches the heavy sacks and starts backing toward the door. He peers out the window, trying to see if anyone's coming.

JAMES (CONT.)

Kit! let's get going! come on!

KIT (O.S.)

... I'm comin'!

JAMES

Kit!

Another BANK TELLER'S eyes widen as she watches James.

2ND BANK TELLER #2

Why, you're James Wilder! Aren't ya?

JAMES

Yes, I am. And yes, that is Kit Younger. And NO, I'm NOT gonna give anybody my autograph, so there! KITTIT! LET'S GO!

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

At that moment, Kit and Miss Reynolds are kissing passionately, while simultaneously straightening their clothes, and both are stuffing wads of cash into Kit's empty sacks.

MISS REYNOLDS

(passionately)

Kit, take me with you.

KIT

I'd love to, honey, but-- we're on the run and that's no life for you.

Kit unbuttons Miss Reynolds' dress even more.

MISS REYNOLDS

What're you doing, Kit?

KIT

This is for you, m'dear.

And he good-naturedly stuffs cash into her underwear. Miss Reynolds GIGGLES even more.

JAMES (O.S.)

Kiittttt...!

KIT

Damn, James! Hold on to yer spurs!

(to Miss Reynolds)

We gotta move.

CAMERA TRAVELS with Kit and Miss Reynolds, out of the vault, out of the back room, and into the main area-- and Kit's shirt is still unbuttoned, and Miss Reynolds' dress is still slightly open.

JAMES

Kit, what the hell are you doing back there? We're wastin' too much time!

KIT

(reaching for his gun)

Don't worry, I got the money.

Then Kit realizes his gun's not there! Spinning around, he finds Miss Reynolds standing there, holding a sack of money-- and pointing his gun right at him. Slowly, Miss Reynolds sashays toward Kit, still aiming at him.

INSERT - THE BARREL OF THE GUN

directly onto Kit's heart...

## CROSS-CUTS

Kit stares into her eyes.... And suddenly, Miss Reynolds grabs Kit by the collar, and gives him one long, wet KISS.... The first bank teller's mouth drops open.

## INSERT - THE GUN

While KISSING Kit, Miss Reynolds slides the revolver down from his heart, down his chest-- and into his holster.

## REVERSE SHOT

Kit finishes KISSING Miss Reynolds, and she hands him the sack of money.

JAMES

Kit! Let's move!

KIT

... I gotta go, Miss Reynolds.

MISS REYNOLDS

Bye...

Kit tips his hat, then he quickly makes his way to the door.

## EXT. SECOND BANK - DAY

Just like before, Kit and James toss their loot onto their horses, scramble upon them in a comical way, then THUNDER out of town.

## INT. SECOND BANK - DAY

As the customers relax and SIGH in relief, Miss Reynolds is still staring off into the distance.

EXT. DIRT ROAD- DAY

Kit and James are still GALLOPING AWAY from the scene of the crime.

JAMES

Kit! I'm gonna shoot you!

KIT

What's wrong with you?!

JAMES

Are you crazy?! We got bounty hunters from here to Hell and back-- lookin' for us already! Then you go and talk me inta pullin' another job! Then, you up and decide-- "Hell! It's time for a little romp in the hay!"... Well, hell, Kit! I oughta just shoot ya my own damn self and save everybody else the trouble!

KIT

(smiling)

... She was beautiful, though, huh?!

WIDE SHOT - THE OUTLAWS

continue GALLOPING out of this town, and into the vast unknown.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. THE DESERT - MONTAGE OF CUTS - DAY

A large black locomotive is heading in our direction.... We SEE its black steam BILLOWING from a steam engine.... The large steel wheels rolling along the track.... The CONDUCTOR leaning out the side to check the path.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE - DAY

Inside the dining compartment, the passengers are CONVERSING and eating in luxury.

EXT. HILLTOP PLATEAU - DAY

Kit and James ride casually along a trail, overlooking a canyon. It's late afternoon. The sun is shining, not a cloud in the sky. And they stop riding a moment to admire the expansive vista.

JAMES  
Incredible view.

KIT  
God, I love this country.

Far away in the distance, a TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS, ever so faintly.

KIT (CONT.)  
What was that? A train?

Both Kit and James lean forward in their saddles, looking down into the canyon.

THEIR POV - THE CANYON

Their eyes are drawn to a trail of smoke far, far away. And there it is, snaking its way through the landscape.... The TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS again.

REVERSE SHOT

JAMES  
Well, whaddya know. It is a train.

KIT  
... And it's coming our way.

James turns to Kit, and Kit looks over at James. Suddenly, they both LAUGH OUT loud.

KIT (CONT.)  
Remember our first train job?

JAMES  
(sighing)  
... Yeah. We never did catch it.

KIT  
(a twinkle in his eye)  
... We can catch this one.

James stares at the train, and SIGHS again heavily.

JAMES  
... I don't know, Kit... We're supposed to be on our way back home.

A long, dramatic beat follows as James continues watching the train, thinking. Then...

JAMES (CONT.)  
Come on, we can catch it at the bend in the river.

KIT  
(beaming)  
Now, that's the James Wilder I know!

James jabs his spurs into his horse's side.

JAMES  
Yaahhh...!

And his horse takes off down the canyon wall, followed closely by Kit and his horse.

#### MONTAGE OF SHOTS

We SEE Kit and James working their way down a steep canyon wall.... The locomotive picking up SPEED....