

RETURN TO SILVERADO

Written by

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(Based on Characters created by Lawrence and Mark Kasdan)

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FADE IN:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD -- SAN ANDRES, MEXICO -- DAY

Smoke and distant fire by rifle, machine gun and shaking artillery.

Mustached PANCHO VILLA (30s) looks down from his horse at a coming AID, just outside the city walls.

Villa is surrounded by his DORADOS, a special bodyguard division from his native Durango, Mexico.

AID

Señor Colonel, no podemos avanzar en cara de fuego así. Silencie su cañón! (Supreme Colonel, we can't advance in the face of that fire. Silence their cannon!)

EXT. THE FRONT LINE

Machine gun fire blazing from a trench just outside the city's main gate.

The white LEADER (30s) of the gunners points and takes shots from his own position. High ranking and in a sea of Mexican soldiers, standing out as Caucasian.

Something draws his gaze left. The Dorados.

DORADO #1

Viva Villa!! (Long live Villa!!)

As Dorado horses leap toward the gate, the machine gun leader gives his gun to a SUBORDINATE and mounts his horse--joins the fearless charge.

Some of the Dorados glance at the white gunner, as soon he is leading them into the cannon fire.

WHITE LEADER

Ayyyaaahhhh!!!

Above cannon roar the yell is heard, spurring on the charge. Bullets rip past them from either side of the cannons; the leader aims his pistol at the gunfire, still heading directly at the cannons fortifying the city.

The blue Federal uniforms seen behind the cannons are far more fancy than the charging horsemen's.

POOF, the white leader's hat is blown off, and after a moment another bullet rips at his side, crippling him instantly.

As he lurches off his horse in agony, the Dorados gain and overtake the cannon position of the enemy.

A look of satisfaction precedes the machine gun leader passing out on the ground.

INT. VILLISTA HOSPITAL -- NEXT DAY

Villa himself looks over the injured white machine gunner, smiles a ruddy smile.

PANCHO VILLA

Bien, Emmett. Bien. Es hora de descansar. (Good, Emmett. Good. It's time to rest.)

EMMETT JR.

Ganamos? (Did we win?)

VILLA

Ganamos. Y tu... ganaste tu descanso. (We won. And you... you won your rest.)

EMMETT JR.

Home?

VILLA

(big accent)
Yes. Home...

Villa leans over and pins a medal on Emmett's shirt. Hugs him, leaves with ATTENDANTS in tow.

MUSIC AND CREDITS

EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAYS LATER

Emmett gingerly exits hospital with NURSES around him. He motions them away, is presented his horse.

A look back to make sure; all watch as he grunts his way onto the horse, kicks toward a supply horse, and takes the animals, gear and himself up the northern road.

TRAVEL MONTAGE

To music and titles, repeat great achievement of first Silverado movie, with scenes of beauty--the wild wilderness between Mexico and New Mexico.

Emmett riding, leading his supply horse, through peaks and valleys, desert and brush.

Stopping to camp by a river just as his dad did thirty years ago, drinks his coffee, warms by a campfire.

Upon crossing a stream, the view reveals sparse terrain and desert ahead.

On he treks, with nothing in sight except a little blur. The blur grows slowly as the music and title sequence fades.

EXT. DESERT TOWN -- DAY

As the blur becomes a young BLACK MAN (30s), the small outpost town emerges as well.

The black man staggers as if drunk. He throws a bottle to the ground, shattering it... Obviously, he *is* drunk.

He swirls on a dime sharply, draws his gun on Emmett as Emmett and horses approach.

BLACK MAN

Whose it? Don't sneak, 'cause I got the ansa' ta' all yo prayers!

Points at his drawn gun.

EMMETT

(hands up)
Cool it, friend.

BLACK MAN

I ain't yo friend. Unless... you my friend?

Emmett smiles, and the black man drops his gun suddenly.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

Emmett?

EMMETT

Hello, Mal.

They shake hands, Mal sobering in his shock.

INT. TOWN SALOON

Emmett ties up his horses and leads Mal into the bar, sits down. Motions to WAITRESS.

EMMETT
Coffee, black.

MAL
(sitting down with a thud)
Whatch you say!?!?

They both laugh.

MAL (CONT'D)
Emmett. Where you been?

The coffee arrives. Emmett pulls off his canteen, sliding the coffee cup Mal's way.

EMMETT
War.

MAL
The Spanish?

EMMETT
(smiling)
They *speak* Spanish...

MAL
(sipping coffee)
Mexico.

Emmett nods.

MAL (CONT'D)
You went up against that poacher,
Villa?

EMMETT
(more smiles)
Not quite. I'm his machine gun
captain...

Mal's eyes swell.

MAL
I never could figure you out.

EMMETT
You headed to Turley?

MAL
Silverado.

EMMETT
Anything left up there?

MAL
Maybe not. But if there is, Imma'
get it!

Mal starts to chuckle, but gets sick.

MAL (CONT'D)
'Scuse me.

He roars out the saloon doors to blow chunks in a gutter.
Hunches over, seen from inside. Returns.

EMMETT
You all right?

MAL
Better...

EXT. SALOON

The two men re-arranging Emmett's horses to fit a second rider.

EMMETT
So what's with the town drunk act?

MAL
(still sobering)
Who, me?

EMMETT
Yeah, you.

MAL
(serious)
Started when my daddy died. I
felt... *lost*.

Emmett considers.

EMMETT
Well, maybe it's time to find.

They mount their horses and getty-up.

EXT. TOWN OF TURLEY -- AFTERNOON

Top hats and the occasional automobile tittering through horsed buggies distinguish this from the Turley of 30 years prior.

Still dusty.

MAL

Still the same Turley.

Emmett smiles.

Saloon doors open, and with them--music and DAMES.

EMMETT

My dad told me stories about this place.

MAL

Your dad still around?

EMMETT

He's still around.

NOISE of horse and yelling startles our two heroes.

One young handsome RIDER emerges out of a swirl of dust, kicking and grunting his horse to top speed out of town.

Right by Mal and Emmett, heads left to right in a flash.

Their eyes follow the rider whose two fancy guns glint off his belt, a smile from his face. He's enjoying the chase.

After a moment, six male RIDERS and an old Police automobile roll out, kicking and siren-sounding.

Horses ahead, they look for their culprit, see some dust on the horizon, follow it out of town.

MAL

Was that Augie?

EMMETT

No. Close, though.

The handsome rider suddenly returns toward the town, full gallop, laughing now.

He notices Emmett this time, double-takes as he parks his horse outside the saloon. Enters.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
That's my other cousin, Phillip.

MAL
The wild one?

EMMETT
No. The tame one. There's Augie
over there--

A middle-aged COWBOY inside a business suit, walks into the bar after his cousin.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
He's the wild one. Used to be,
anyway.

Mal and Emmett wander toward the saloon.

And get there at the same time as the pursuit riders and police car.

INT. TURLEY SALOON

Looks as if someone just cut the music off, then asked everybody to act natural.

Amid eventual light music, AUGIE sits comfortably at the bar and sips coffee.

As he takes some bar nuts, the door opens with a crash and in come the posse. Just behind them, Emmett and Mal slip in relatively unnoticed.

POSSE #1
Where is he!??

Directed at Augie. Augie keeps eating and drinking calmly in his suit and cap.

POSSE #1 (CONT'D)
Hey!

Starts to approach Augie aggressively, when a fellow posse member stops him.

POSSE #2
Careful, he's a gunfighter from a
gunfighter family.

POSSE #1
(unheeding)
Hey!

He grabs at Augie, who grabs Posse #1's gun and points it at his head.

AUGIE
(smiling)
Lose this?

Gives Posse #1 the gun, continues to eat and drink.

POSSE #1
(stuttering now)
W-where he, where is he?

AUGIE
(calm)
Who?

POSSE #1
Your c-cousin.

AUGIE
You sweet on one of my cousins?

Man reddens.

AUGIE (CONT'D)
They are pretty. Way up in
Silverado, though, with their mom
and dad.

A COP pipes up for the first time.

COP
You know which one we mean. The
thief!

POSSE #3
The robber!

POSSE #4
He made love to my wife.

Emmett and Mal look at each other, try not to laugh.

AUGIE
Hmm. So not one of the girls, yer
sayin'. Emmett?

Augie and Emmett make short eye contact.

POSSE #1
Ph-Phillip, you son-sonovabitch!!

Augie moves very suddenly to his coat pocket, and all the posse and cops draw their weapons, back up a step.

He fishes out a law book.

AUGIE

Phillip, huh. Nice, boy--did he actually commit a crime that's in this book?

POSSE #4

He made love to my wife--

Posse #4 is swiftly hushed, the scene almost too funny for Emmett and Mal.

AUGIE

(perusing his book)

Adultery and fornication law. Here we go: *Indecent and Illicit affairs that violate basic morality including adultery, lewd acts, lascivious conduct, whoring--*

POSSE #5

Sergeant, arrest that man.

POSSE #1

S--such words!

POSSE #2

Outrageous.

POSSE #3

Scandalous.

AUGIE

Did you find Phillip in bed with your wife, sir?

POSSE #4

Well, uh--no, not exactly.

AUGIE

Go on...

POSSE #4

He was blowin' her kisses one day. Then I done saw him settin' next to her at Martino's Bar.

The posse gasps, while police get antsy.

AUGIE
Martino's on Main?

POSSE #4
Only one I known. Evil place.

AUGIE
So you never saw them have
intercourse?

Posse #4 almost falls over trying to punch Augie; held back.

POSSE #4
She never intercoursed with no one
but me.

Emmett and Mal turning red, holding in laughter.

AUGIE
But he made love to her.

POSE #4
(crying)
Blowin' kisses an' settin' in bars
is bad enough for me.

Posse #4 retreats now, being consoled by his neighbors.

AUGIE
And someone said Phillip stole
things?

POSSE #2
Stole my watch.

POSSE #3
Has a thievin' nature that boy.

POSSE #5
Wherever he goes, wives and money
ain't safe.

AUGIE
Beat you in poker again, did he,
Frank?

FRANK
(head down)
Yeah.

AUGIE
(to Posse #2)
Did you see Phillip steal your
watch, sir?

POSSE #2

Well, no, but it was gone the day
we worked the mine together side by
side. Couldn' a' been no one
else...

Chirping of support.

AUGIE

Is *this* your watch, Mr.?

Produces a solid gold watch.

POSSE #2

You stole it?

AUGIE

Yes, from the tree branch you hung
it on. I was just out surveying my
uncle's property and found it
there.

Gives Posse #2 back his watch.

AUGIE (CONT'D)

So, Phillip steals wives and a
watch, you say. There is your
watch, and your wives, are they
home or with Phillip now?

Mutterings of "home" prevail.

POSSE #1

Our wives are home now, b-but with
that devil around, they may not b-
be for l-long!!

Sounds of support and approval.

AUGIE

So you are afraid of my cousin,
Phillip. He is a handsome lad who
blows kisses to ladies, even talks
with them at bars. These are not
crimes, though, and the days of
posses stringing up people they
fear are over. I suggest you
fellas have a drink, some food, or
be on your way, my coffee's gettin'
cold.

Shock, dismay, disgust, pout--finally, exeunt.

As the posse and police break up, Emmett and Mal step forward toward a smiling reunion.

AUGIE (CONT'D)
Emmett.

EMMETT
Hi, Augie!

They shake hands warmly.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
You remember Mal?

AUGIE
I remember his dad.

Shakes hands with Mal.

As the last of the posse and police exit...

VOICE (O.S.)
They gone?

AUGIE
All clear, kid.

Phillip emerges from his hiding place behind the bar. With all the energy and charm of his dad, Jake, from the first film.

PHILLIP
Thanks, Augie.

Phillip then turns to Emmett and Mal.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)
Emmett! I thought that was you!!

Phillip athletically hops the bar and shakes hands.

EMMETT
You remember Mal Johnson?

Phillip nods, shakes hands.

PHILLIP
How's you dad?

MAL
Passed.

PHILLIP
I'm sorry to hear that.

MAL

Free and farming his own land. He died happy.

AUGIE

Went back to Georgia did he?

MAL

No. Iowa. Cornfields so plush you'd think heaven dropped from the sky, decided to grow out the ground...

PHILLIP

(smiling)

So Mal's a poet now, what about you Emmett!?

EMMETT

I'll tell you on the way to Silverado...

PHILLIP

No way.

EMMETT

(double-taking)

Why not?

PHILLIP

Dad.

EXT. TURLEY SALOON

The four men stride toward horses.

EMMETT

What'cha do this time, Phil?

PHILLIP

Called him a coward, left in the middle of the night. Six years ago.

EMMETT

You haven't talked to your dad in six years?

Phillip shakes his head, ashamed, as Emmett and Auggie make eye contact. Agree without words.

AUGIE

Time to go...

EMMETT

You're coming with us, son!

They close in on Phillip, who resists.

Some of the posse and police are still around, and enjoy seeing Phillip get accosted at last.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Easy or hard, it's time to go back home.

Phillip sells his submission. Then bounces backward acrobatically, slips his cousins' grasp, climbs a pole and is on a high-up balcony before anyone can act.

PHILLIP

Haha! Not going.

AUGIE

Get down here. Or shall we set them loose on you again?

Augie points to the posse and police, gearing up for another chase.

Phillip considers for a while.

Hops down right onto his horse, takes off, looking back a moment:

PHILLIP

(yelling back)

Last one to Silverado sleeps in the barn!

The remaining three look at each other, crack a smile, then mount up quick.

EMMETT

There's flees in that barn.

Mal shakes his head, kicks his horse with conviction.

Augie trails with dignity in his finer dress, tips his bowler at the posse who scoff--then rears horse into a full gallop in pursuit of the others.

AUGIE

(to himself)

I hate flees.

The four gradually converge and ride together.

TREK MONTAGE

Glorious New Mexico to music, the guys riding over the same land traveled by Hobart's covered wagons of 1880.

Signs of more modern times crop up, more people and outposts, activity and a bridge over a river.

There is even a road, and a car driving on it, a contrast to our four riders.

EXT. ROAD WITH CAR -- DAY

Riders look to passing automobile and shake their heads.

MAL

Times have changed.

EMMETT

I saw an aeroplane during the war.

PHILLIP

They'll fly one up to the moon one day!

AUGIE

With you in it.

Men smile, make a turn toward some hills.

Then a valley.

Then: Silverado.

EXT. SILVERADO TOWN LIMITS -- DAY

The four ride in, splitting up with good-bye waves. Mal into the center of town, the other three toward a more remote area.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

The three arrive, tie up horses and head for the front door.

CLICK, the sound of a gun cocking, as out of the dark porch a voice glistens.

VOICE

Who the hell are you?

Instantly the three visitors throw up their hands.

PHILLIP

Dad?

Out of the shadows, Jake emerges--as handsome, just older, as ever, a shiny pistol pulled out of his old double holster and ammunition belt.

JAKE

You called me a coward.

PHILLIP

(with gun at him)

Six years ago, Pops--I'm sorry.

JAKE

Who are they?

Pointing his gun at the other too.

AUGIE

Howdy, Uncle Jake!

JAKE

Augie?

Augie nods and approaches.

EMMETT

Howdy, Uncle Jake...

JAKE

Emmett! You back from Mexico? See your dad yet?

Augie and Jake shake hands. As does Emmett.

Jake studies his son, Phillip, for a few moments.

JAKE (CONT'D)

There's some chili on the stove,
Phillip stay a minute.

The other two head inside for some chow. Phillips lingers nervously.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Where you been?

PHILLIP

Out, away--

JAKE

I know, where you been?

PHILLIP
Turley.

JAKE
All this time in Turley?

Phillip nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)
And you never wrote me. You know I
almost got hanged there?

PHILLIP
They almost got me too.

Jake smiles.

JAKE
(grabbing him)
Well, come here...

Gives his son a hug.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Welcome home, son...

PHILLIP
(tearing up)
Thanks, Dad.

JAKE
(still hugging)
Still think I'm a coward?

They part.

PHILLIP
(shy)
Naw, I was just mad...

JAKE
Still mad?

PHILLIP
(shaking his head)
Just hungry.

Jake opens the door, ushers in his son.

EXT. MIDNIGHT STAR SALOON -- NIGHT

Mal is at the bar drinking, whirling around on his stool.

MAL
Silverado!

Other PATRONS look back at him, continue with their gambling, drinking and socializing.

That's when a BLACK HAT rises from the rubble, under it a sharp, sun-wrinkled face.

Scarred and burned on one side, that eye drooped enough to improve his scary stare.

BLACK HAT
You Mal Johnson?

Mal's buzz is ruined temporarily.

MAL
What's it to you, mister?

Black Hat smiles.

BLACK HAT
Not much, although you should consider serving your country instead of your thirst for liquor every day.

Mal sees red a moment, then forces himself to relax.

MAL
You're with the military?

BLACK HAT
Is President Wilson the military?
(looking up)
I guess it is...

MAL
Secret Service?

BLACK HAT
Not anymore. I'm lookin' for your pal, Emmett.

MAL
So go look.

Black Hat eyes him hard.

BLACK HAT
(smiling again)
I'd wait at his uncle's house, but his uncle, well--

MAL
His Uncle Jake'll eat you up.

BLACK HAT
Nobody scares the U.S. Government,
boy.

Now Mal does the eyeballing.

MAL
What you want with me... *boy??*

Two GOONS rise from the riff-raff behind Black Hat.

BLACK HAT
I want you to go over to Uncle
Jake's house, be nice, and ask
Emmett to come out and play.

MAL
What's in it for me?

BLACK HAT
Besides being of service to your
country?

Mal just stares.

BLACK HAT (CONT'D)
How'd you like your daddy's farm
back.

Mal's eyes light up for a brief moment. He collects himself
and spins his stool away from Black Hat and the goons.

MAL
(to BARTENDER)
Coffee.

A hand reaches by him, places a piece of paper on the bar
counter.

BLACK HAT
That's the deed to the farm.

MAL
(looking straight ahead)
You took my granddaddy's farm in
Georgia, my pappy's farm in Iowa,
and now you're gonna turn around
and be friends--that it?

BLACK HAT

If you help bring in Emmett--we
just wanna talk with him.

MAL

What about?

BLACK HAT

Leave that to us. Mexico, Huerta,
Villa--a bunch a' stuff you don't
need to know about in a Silverado
bar.

MAL

Why not just wait him out over at
Jake's, he's bound to come out.

BLACK HAT

Ahh! I'm just makin' friends. Hell,
all of you could help us. Give our
country a peaceful border, and I'll
make sure your corn dreams become a
reality.

GOON #1

Hmm, Iowa corn!

GOON #2

Love to get me some!

They smile and giggle goofily.

MAL

Friends?

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE

Guys huddle around chili and drinks.

JAKE

He ain't very friendly. Has a mean
scar and looks like death. Calls
himself a patriot, though.

AUGIE

What's his name?

JAKE

Fogerty. Robert T. Fogerty.

PHILLIP

He been out here, Dad?

JAKE
(looking back)
He knows better.

Emmett stares off very seriously.

AUGIE
What's eating you, Emmett?

EMMETT
Fogerty. I heard his name when I
was in Mexico. Heard it cursed by
Villa's army over and over again.

PHILLIP
What he do to them?

EMMETT
He killed their hero, Francisco
Madero.

AUGIE
Wasn't it Huerta that did that?

EMMETT
That's what the press writes.

Everyone is confused except for Emmett.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
You see, Fogerty works for the U.S.
Government just like he says he
does. Everything else he says is a
lie. He takes national security and
his president so seriously as to
make them gods. He'll kill anyone
that doesn't follow their will.

AUGIE
Wasn't Madero for democracy?

EMMETT
(smiling)
Whose?

They all give up trying to figure this out...

AUGIE
What's he want with you?

Emmett can only answer with silent contemplation.

As chairs squeak, finally:

EMMETT

He wants me to kill a friend.

INT. GUEST ROOM, JAKE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Emmett is in bed, thinking.

MEXICAN REVOLUTION FLASHBACK

EXT. EMMETT'S DAD'S HOUSE -- 1910

Emmett walking away from his dad, mounting up, armed for a long trip.

Dad left with a newspaper, reading: "Mexican Northern Division Accepting American Recruits"

EXT. CHIHUAHUA/TEXAS BORDER TENT

Emmett signs up with General Salas' Northern Division.

Pancho Villa is in the background of the signing. As are GENERAL PASCUAL OROZCO and GENERAL VICTORIANO HUERTA. At that time Villa under their leadership, designated by less stripes on his uniform.

Huerta hard-looking and bald, glasses. Orozco sharp, young, handsome... each mustached.

MONTAGE FIGHTING + NEWS

--Battles fought, won and lost, great charges, retreats.

--"Huerta takes over Northern division" a newspaper says...

--Madero wins! Newspaper Headlines depicting this moment.

--Emmett and fellow Division Del Norte soldiers celebrate...

--MADERO raising his hands in victory, Zocalo, Mexico City

--"Ousted Porfirio Diaz exiled to Paris" reads one paper

--Top-hatted PORFIRIO DIAZ boards a boat in Veracruz, waves good bye

--"Madero Elected Mexican President" reads an October 1911 paper

--Madero makes a speech and raises his hands to the people

--"Orozco Rebels in the North, Madero Threatened" reads another paper

--"Villa Refuses to Join Orozco, Backs Madero"

--Emmett saluting Pancho Villa, accepting a promotion to machine gunner

--"Villa Forms His Own Army of the North"

--Huerta and Orozco plot together, are irritated--raising fists. Huerta balls up a picture of Villa in the newspaper, angrily throws it at the trash can of his tent

--"Villa sentenced to Death by Huerta, Spared and Imprisoned by Madero"

--Villa depicted in handcuffs, put in Mexico City prison

--Emmett and the Northern Troops, twiddling their thumbs, waiting and sad

--They rise up in excitement as news breaks! "Villa Escapes Prison! Outlaw Assumed to Head North"

--Finally: the shocker, "Ten Horrible Days in Mexico -- Madero killed"

--Evil is satisfied as General Huerta smokes a cigar next to his staff. Behind the general peeping out of a shadow is none other than Robert T. Fogerty

END MONTAGE

Emmett wakes up from his "daydream." Tries to sleep.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Mal and the thugs ride up, quietly dismount 100 feet from the front porch.

FOGERTY

(whispering to thugs)

You two circle around back, wait him out.

They get moving quietly in a circle toward the back of Jake's house.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)
 (whispering to Mal)
 You and I'll camp here.

Mal nods uneasily.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)
 Remember: you're working for the
 U.S. Government now.

Mal shakes his head.

MAL
 (whispering back)
 I'm workin' to get my farm back.
 And if you hurt Emmett or my
 friends: I'll be working to hurt
 you, mister.

Fogerty cracks an evil smile as he lights a cigarette.

Only calm and crickets know of the intrusion on Jake's little spread.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE

Emmett is sawing wood until: CLICK, a movement is heard outside his room.

Then a breeze comes up to make him unsure, branches against the house and glass.

To be sure he gets up quietly, grabs his holster and gun.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

The goons are playing a game with sticks, bored and stupid-- 100 feet from the back of Jake's house.

CLICK, a gun cocks behind them. It is Jake, armed, fully dressed with a rope in his non-gun slinging hand.

EMMETT
 (whisper)
 Evenin' boys.

They are about to cry out for their boss when Emmett stuffs his pistol into one of their mouths.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
 Shh. Wouldn't want you to wake anybody.

The goons are scared and ready for orders.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Just to be sure...

He pulls out two hankies, stuffs them into the goons' mouths, starts tying their hands and feet together.

Emmett leaves them looking like kinky lovers caught in a weird moment.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Ahh, your boss'll love this. See you soon!

And Emmett scampers off to his horse, unties it, mounts and is off down the road.

The activity catches the good eye of Fogerty, who taps Mal. In a moment they're on their horses following the sound of Emmett's.

Fogerty and Mal slow down where the goons are tied up, Fogerty grunting disgust and continuing on...

The goons protest at being left behind pathetically.

EXT. EMMETT'S DAD'S HOUSE -- DAWN

All is quiet but the morning birds, a rooster crowing its excitement.

Dust dances on the front porch, as the lamp that is on turns off suddenly.

Mal and Fogerty arrive in a fury of hooves.

FOGERTY

You wait here.

MAL

(mock salute)

Yes *sir*.

FOGERTY

(knocking)

Emmett. This is Robert Fogerty,
United States Defense Department.
Like a word...

The door unlatches and opens, seemingly by itself.

They walk in, Mal called over finally.

INT. EMMETT'S DAD'S HOUSE

Darkness.

FOGERTY

Emmett?

A flame lighting a pot of coffee lights Emmett Jr and EMMETT SR for a brief moment.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

Can we get a light?

Emmett Sr. flips on what is the dining room lamp.

EMMETT SR.

What can we do for you, sir?

FOGERTY

Gotta chair?

Emmett Sr kicks at a chair, which slides under Fogerty perfectly.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

Much obliged.

They all gather in the dim light, Mal standing behind, the other three taking their seats.

EMMETT

What's Mal doin' here?

MAL

(stepping into light)

He's got the deed to my old farm, said if I help him it's mine.

FOGERTY

Haha, seems everyone mistakes my role. True I said I'd help him if he helps me... but it's not just me, but our country. And if you help our country, the rewards are so great, you can't number'em.

EMMETT SR.

We can try.

Emmett Sr and Fogerty laugh at this attempt at levity.

EMMETT SR. (CONT'D)

What say we get to the point, Mr. Fogerty?

FOGERTY

Very well, Emmett, I want your boy.

EMMETT SR.

Sounds weird, Bob--want him for what?

FOGERTY

He knows. We've got some problems on our southern border.

EMMETT SR.

Villa?

FOGERTY

Villa.

EMMETT SR.

And you want my boy Emmett to use his position in Villa's army, his friendship with Villa, to betray the Mexican Colonel and kill him, right?

FOGERTY

We don't like to use the word "kill."

EMMETT SR.

Which word do you prefer, sir?

FOGERTY

We... that is President Wilson's office and I, are of the opinion that our border would be a safer place if Colonel Villa were neutralized.

EMMETT SR.

Neutralized?

FOGERTY

Yes, neutralized.

EMMETT SR.

Hmm. Sounds like killing.

The room smiles in the low light.

FOGERTY

Well, it's like this: there's a lot of fighting we don't understand down there, but we do want to get behind the first faction that can succeed as a democracy.

EMMETT SR.

Because our system of government is the *only* one to have, is that right?

Fogerty smiles defensively.

FOGERTY

We can declare war, and things get so messy. Or, your son Emmett could use his trust, infiltrate this enemy to American peace and destroy it--

YOUNG EMMETT

It??

FOGERTY

Him, Villa... with him gone the violence at our border stops.

EMMETT

Sounds like somethin' Huerta would say, not Wilson.

Fogerty freezes a moment, his confidence wavering enough to be noticed.

FOGERTY

True, Huerta's strength seemed to calm our fears for a moment, but the United States has no intention to back a military dictator on our southern border.

EMMETT

So who are we backing, then?

FOGERTY

(grim smile)

Not important right now. I have orders to neutralize Villa, and that is why I've come to you here in Silverado. You are our best hope at peace between the United States and Mexico...

EMMETT
I never thought I'd be a border
savior!

All but Fogerty smirk at this notion.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
What if I refuse to help you--I
mean the United States Department
of Defense?

FOGERTY
(fighting a grimace)
You don't want a lecture on Treason
Law do you? At this hour of day??

NOISE distracts the meeting a moment. Emmett Sr. flips the door open to reveal the goons, haggard and out of breath, dismounting in a rush.

EMMETT SR.
Your goons?

FOGERTY
(calling out to them)
You men stay out there. Try not to
get tied up...

The door closes.

EXT. EMMETT'S DAD'S HOUSE

The goons look at each other with contempt, slap at each other futilely.

Then find some sticks and continue their game.

INT. EMMETT'S DAD'S HOUSE

The men settle down.

FOGERTY
Where were we?

EMMETT
Treason.

FOGERTY
Ahh! Who needs it. I sure hope you
do the right thing and join us.
We'll leave as soon as you can put
some gear together.

EMMETT SR.

Wait a minute, Emmett just got here. He's been fighting in Mexico more than a year, and you're telling him he's got to go back there now?

FOGERTY

These are trying times for all of us. I'd rather be home with my family in Virginia. I'd rather not be scarred for life from a Pancho Villa shell explosion...

Fogerty puts his ugly face into the light.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

But I am...

Fogerty rises.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

I'll be back through here in two hours. If all goes well, you'll be back here within a week's time. In and out.

EMMETT

How many times has Huerta said that about Villa?

Emmett unable to disguise a proud smile.

FOGERTY

Two hours. Come with me, or hide out 'til the Marshall gets you for treason.

EXT. EMMETT'S DAD'S HOUSE

The goons rise up quick.

FOGERTY

Let's go boys! Let Daddy and son work things out.

They all mount up, Fogerty looking back as he rides.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

Two hours!

With a big kick and grunt, the three are off on the road back to town.

Mal and the Emmetts look off in a gloomy mood.

EMMETT SR.

You better say hi to your mom.

A rooster crows again, as Emmett Jr. pensively drags himself back into the house.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

As Emmett's house bustles, Jake's just begins to wake up.

Three pretty WOMEN occupy the kitchen area, Jake's wife, BEVERLY, the other two their sprite daughters, SUSAN and HOLLY--dressed for the day's work, aproned.

Augie groggily enters, half-dressed and bumps into a fourth WOMAN, this one middle-aged and very pretty.

JAKE

Augie, meet Eloise, boarding here until she finds something permanent.

They shake hands.

JAKE (CONT'D)

She's the new school teacher in town.

They keep shaking hands.

JAKE (CONT'D)

That's still her right hand, maybe give it back.

AUGIE

Yes, hi, hello.

He giggles and returns Eloise's hand.

ELOISE

You forgot something.

Augie looks down toward his zipper.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

Your shirt?

Augie makes a mad dash for his room to make himself appropriate for breakfast.

Jake smiles, shaking his head while Eloise joins the other ladies in the kitchen.

JAKE
Phillip!!

Phillip marches in, ready for the ladies, combed, dressed, even wearing his fancy two-gun rig.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Take those guns off!

Jake unbuckles them, swats his son on the butt toward breakfast; places the guns on a high shelf near the front door.

They all gather around the table.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Phillip, the prodigal son, has returned. In his honor we would like to have him say grace this morning.

All are smiling.

PHILLIP
I haven't said grace in six years.

AUGIE
What about Grace Faxson, you remember her?

Everybody laughs except Phillip, who smiles embarrassedly.

PHILLIP
Quiet down, ex-gunslinger.

ALL
Ooohh..

AUGIE
I could still take you.

JAKE
(hands raised)
Grace, boys, grace!!

PHILLIP
Everybody bow. God keep us healthy and strong, and keep Augie's mouth serene and quiet, as we go about the day humbly doing your will. Amen.

ALL

Amen.

Augie eyeballs his cousin, some giggling over Phillip's half-selfish prayer. All dig into breakfast.

JAKE

You two behave, now.

BEVERLY

Where's Emmett? I thought he stayed over last night?

JAKE

He cut out early, must have gone up to see his dad.

SUSAN

We should all go to town. Both Phillip and Emmett back on the same day!

HOLLY

Better yet, why not have somethin' here?

They petition Mom and Jake, who grin, agreeable.

JAKE

Why not? Bev?

BEV

Why not...

MUSIC begins to play, blending to:

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Bar-b-que grilling while music and DANCERS whirl.

The breakfast party plus some other NEIGHBORS have gathered to dance, mingle and eat.

KIDS as well, a family affair...

No Emmett.

BEV

Where's Emmett?

EXT. EMMETT'S DAD'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Fogerty and his men twiddle their thumbs in silence, waiting for Emmett.

FOGERTY
Where *is* that boy??

Only crickets answer.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

The music and party swells, Emmett appearing out of nowhere to dance with one of his cousins.

Not long before she passes Emmett onto her FRIEND.

COUSIN
This is Maribel Walters.

EMMETT
Tom Walter's daughter?

Maribel nods and smiles. Interests Emmett; they dance...

JAKE
Now that Emmett's here... Stop that music!

The MUSICIANS feel bad...

JAKE (CONT'D)
How about our musicians: Carl, Stephen, Mr. Hinkle... Give 'em a hand!!

All clap and applaud. Feel better...

JAKE (CONT'D)
Now that Emmett's here, I just wanted to say--hey Emmett where's your dad?

Emmett lifts up his palms and shrugs.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Well, we're almost all here, anyway--wait, there he is!

Emmett Sr. is a dot on the horizon but charging fast on his horse.

Emmett Sr. dismounts into the party yard, out of breath.

EMMETT SR.

Son, you can't stay here. That government spy's on his way to gobble you up, take you down to Mexico!

The party is upset about this.

JAKE

I'd like to see them try to break us up.

Jake stops his speech, heads inside for his two gun rig; comes out with that around his belt and two shotguns in his hands.

Throws one of them over to Augie, who knows what to do.

Phillip runs in, himself--returns with his two-gun set.

EMMETT SR.

I didn't wanna start the first world war!

But for good measure, Emmett Sr. goes to his saddle, grabs his rifle.

EMMETT JR.

Calm down everybody, calm down. You can't fight against these guys. They're three today, but'll come back with a hundred tomorrow. Better I should go with 'em, do the job they want me to do, and come back in a couple weeks...

Just as he says this, Fogerty and his men show up.

FOGERTY

Smart, Emmett, exactly what I was tellin' ya. Come with us now, this can all be over with pronto.

Two KIDS role up on Fogerty and his men, point some play guns at them.

KIDS

Bang, bang, bang--yer dead, mister.

Funny to all but Fogerty.

SUSAN

But Emmett just got home!

HOLLY

And he's hurt. You see his stomach
Mister Scary Government Man?

Some chuckle as she stomps over and pulls up Emmett's shirt
to reveal a horrible 3-week old gunshot scar.

Fogerty points to his face.

FOGERTY

That's how a lot of men end up
around Pancho Villa, ma'am.

JAKE

One more night here with his family
and friends ain't gonna slow you
down much, Fogerty--have a heart.

Fogerty looks around him, takes in the sight.

FOGERTY

I have a heart, Mister, a heart for
our country and its safety. While
you dance, our borders are
threatened by unrest. You wanna
risk war with Mexico again, their
troops right here in your front
yard, go ahead. We'll risk it one
more night. But Emmett: you ain't
here when we come for you at sun-
up, and you'll never see me again.
The Marshall will be havin' that
pleasure until you're behind bars.

Fogerty looks to his men, all of whom mount up and ride
toward town.

Music starts to chime up again...

JAKE

Behind bars?

EMMETT SR.

Callin' it treason.

The party revs up to full-swing once again, Jake showin' his
old moves.

JAKE

Look at yer mom go, Phil!!

Phil laughs at his mom and dad's display on the dance floor.

Augie is serious, though, and steps away toward the house.

INT./EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

We follow Augie in as he picks up a bag, steps out.

Augie goes to his horse, puts on a hat strapped to the saddle. Checks the saddle bag and the one from inside for money. Counts it. Checks his watch.

Satisfied, he mounts up and steals into the night, unnoticed.

Well...

ELOISE
(to no one in particular)
Where'd Augie go?

Everyone else at the party is feelin' it, Emmett and his dad smiling, the dad swirling *his* wife, REBECCA, around to compete with Jake.

EMMETT SR.
See, son, your mom's got it too!

Emmett Jr. covers his face, embarrassed.

EXT. THE ROAD TO ALBUQUERQUE -- NIGHT

Augie is charging up the road, full gallop, occasionally passed by a faster car.

EXT. ALBUQUERQUE TRAIN STATION

Where Augie comes to a stop at last. He mutters some instructions to an attendant, who takes his horse.

A train grunts and smokes as Augie heads for the ticket window to pay his fare.

He boards, and the train whistles then grunts its way to the eastern night.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

The party petering out, Phillip alone on the dance floor with a new CUTIE.

Some of the cousins and parents snicker at the couple from the fringe.

PHILLIP

(to Cutie)

Pay no mind to those doubters. You mean the world to me, Nancy.

CUTIE

Charlotte.

PHILLIP

Charlotte, that's what I meant.

He smiles into Charlotte's eyes until she smiles back and kisses him.

JAKE

Listen up!! Before we break up tonight, I just wanted everyone to say hello to Emmett Jr. here while we've got him. Wish him well, and when he gets back in a couple weeks, I nominate *his* dad to host the next one of these!!

Emmett the dad smiles and all cheer.

EMMETT SR.

Yer the party-boy, Jake, Becky an' me can't ever top this!

Jake shows agreement, kisses Beverly.

INT. THE TRAIN -- CONTINUOUS

Augie organizes his belongings, then searches up the aisle for a conductor.

Finds one.

AUGIE

Sir.

CONDUCTOR

Yes, sir, how can I help you?

AUGIE

When might I stop and make a telegraph to my home?

CONDUCTOR

Why, if you just write your message, we can leave it at the next stop.

(MORE)

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

They'll post it tomorrow first thing, unless it's some sort of emergency?

AUGIE

No, no. Tomorrow is fine, thank you.

CONDUCTOR

(tips cap)

Sir.

We follow Augie back to his berth. He gets out some paper and a pencil, writes...

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

Party broken up-- just Jake, his wife, Phillip, and both Emmetts remain.

JAKE

Anybody see Augie?

PHILLIP

Eloise said she saw him dart off on his horse while everybody was dancin'.

JAKE

(grabbing his wife)

Was there anybody else dancin' out there?

All smile at Jake's romantic spirit.

PHILLIP

Me an' Nancy were pretty hot, too.

EMMETT JR.

Charlotte.

PHILLIP

That's what I meant.

INT. THE TRAIN

Augie hands his note to the same conductor.

CONDUCTOR

I'll forward this on our next stop, it'll go out first thing tomorrow morning.

AUGIE
Thanks again, sir.

The conductor tips his cap and moves along down the aisle, Augie's letter in hand.

Augie pauses and looks out the window, trees and brush whizzing by, mountains slowly moving, the moon still.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

Time to say good bye.

EMMETT JR.
I'll be by in the mornin'--

EMMETT SR.
If we don't get you outta here tonight.

EMMETT JR.
I'll go with them. Don't want y'all to suffer from my predicament.

JAKE
What about Villa? (beat) What're you gonna do?

That same lost look comes over Emmett's face.

INT. THE TRAIN

Augie still staring out the window, gets distracted by a GENTLEMAN and his rattling newspaper.

GENTLEMAN
Howdy.

A British accent accompanies the drawl.

AUGIE
Hello.

GENTLEMAN
(reaching a hand out)
Bob Roberts the name. Journalism the game.

AUGIE
A British journalist in New Mexico?

BOB
Always wanted to see this country.
I'm here for the golf match.

AUGIE
The what?

BOB
Surely you've read the papers? The
big showdown between Ray, Vardon
and the Yanks?

Augie smiles.

AUGIE
I heard the game is catching on,
Vardon's a top British player,
right?

BOB
(giggling)
Well, we'll claim him after all,
won't we?

Over Augie's head, which shakes.

BOB (CONT'D)
He's a Jersey lad, but can he
play!!

AUGIE
(polite)
Yes, I'm sure. So there's a big
match out east is there?

BOB
Brookline, Massachusetts--September
18th and 19th.

A long quiet suggests the end.

BOB (CONT'D)
So what brings you east, Mr.--

AUGIE
People just call me Augie. I'm
going to meet the President.

BOB
Wilson! Fine man. A golfer I
understand. Nothing like our Harry
and Ted...

AUGIE
You mean Vardon and Ray?

BOB
Yer catching on, yes!

AUGIE
I bet you ten dollars an American
wins that big tournament in
Massachusetts.

Bob looks like he just swallowed a whole hot pepper.

BOB
Well, we'll see about that...

That's all, and with little bows the men break up, Augie
heading back for his own berth.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE -- NEXT MORNING

Emmett Jr. rides up, full of gear packed for a two week trip
south to Mexico.

As soon as he does, Fogerty, the goons and Mal ride up.

MAL
Sorry about this, Emmett.

EMMETT
I like Mexico.

They try to smile, as Fogerty points the way.

FOGERTY
(to his horse)
Yah!

And off they go...

TRIP MONTAGE

Mountain, desert and prairie, the five men riding south along
the same land that Emmett passed coming north several days
prior.

They notice someone following them at some point, the goons
checking their guns.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- EVENING

Night falls and they make camp.

FOGERTY
You two take the first watch, see
if that stranger comes.

The henchmen scramble and perch on a rock looking down on the trail.

EMMETT
Don't bother.

FOGERTY
What?

EMMETT
That's just my cousin, Phil.

FOGERTY
What's *he* want?

EMMETT
(glancing at Mal)
Maybe wants to work for the
government too.

A sound spooks the goons.

GOON 1
Who's there?!?!?

They both draw their guns.

Phillip saunters out with both hands up, riding without reins.

PHILLIP
Well it ain't Pancho Villa.

FOGERTY
What're you doin' here, boy?

PHILLIP
I ain't no boy, and if Emmett here
can help your government, I can
too.

FOGERTY
You mean *our* government, boy.

Phillip is tempted to get mad at "boy" remark, shakes his head.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)
 Glad to have you. We could always
 use another gun against someone
 like Villa.

The goons holster their weapons, as all prepare a fire for
 food and warmth.

EXT. CAMPFIRE -- LATER

The six men get ready to sleep, the goons laying down.

EMMETT
 So what's the plan, Fogerty?

FOGERTY
 Re-enlist. Come back to Villa's
 Division del Norte. Take back your
 machine gun post.

EMMETT
 That it?

Fogerty smiles.

FOGERTY
 Battles are dangerous. Friendly
 fire happens. See to it that
 Colonel Villa gets hit by some, and
 you get to go home to Silverado.

EMMETT
 And President Wilson approves of
 this tactic?

The goons rustle and look at their boss.

FOGERTY
 The President, like me, will do
 anything for a peaceful United
 States.

Emmett is skeptical, looking off into the night.

INT. THE TRAIN -- NIGHT

Augie looking out his window, concern on his face as well.

The conductor passes by.

CONDUCTOR

Another cool one. I think Fall is here.

AUGIE

Yeah.

CONDUCTOR

A blanket tonight, sir?

AUGIE

Yeah, sure. When do we get into Chicago?

CONDUCTOR

(checking his watch)

Oh, I'd say we're about on time. Should be in at 4:30 tomorrow afternoon. Then you'll get on another train to Washington D.C.

AUGIE

When does that one leave?

CONDUCTOR

If it's on time, seven o'clock. Gives you a couple hours to poke around Chicago. Ever been?

AUGIE

No. Really haven't traveled much outside New Mexico. I studied law at the University of Missouri, but never poked about while I was out there. All business, if you know what I mean.

CONDUCTOR

Know exactly what you mean. Well, I hope you find some pleasure in this trip, sir. I'll be back with a pillow and blanket.

Augie nods and looks out the window some more.

INT. EMMETT SR.'S HOUSE -- FLASHBACK -- YEARS AGO

Emmett Jr. is born, Augie about thirteen years old, wide-eyed.

EXT. SILVERADO DIRT ROAD -- 5 YEARS LATER

Augie is teaching little Emmett how to be a cowboy, lasso and toy guns out.

A little TODDLER ventures out from a porch.

JAKE'S VOICE
Phillip, get back here!!

Little Phillip hot dogs over to a gun on the ground, picks it up--waves it around, shaking his little butt.

FLASHBACK INTERRUPTED

INT. TRAIN

The conductor returns to Augie with the promised pillow and blanket.

AUGIE
Much obliged.

The conductor nods and hustles up the aisle.

As he does a voice calls out from Augie's little flashback.

JAKE'S VOICE
Phillip!!

EXT. CAMPSITE ON THE TRAIL SOUTH -- NIGHT

Phillip at peace sleeping next to the fire. He cracks a smile in the firelight.

EMMETT
What're you grinnin' at?

PHILLIP
(eyes still closed)
Nancy...

EMMETT
You mean Charlotte.

PHILLIP
(opening eyes, then
closing again)
Yeah, Charlotte...

Big smile...

INT. CHICAGO-BOUND TRAIN -- FIRST LIGHT NEXT DAY

A loud CHOO-CHOO welcomes the sun. Augie twitches, opens his eyes, then closes them in-between worlds.

AUGIE
Eloise...

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAWN

Fogerty wakes with a frown.

FOGERTY
Villa...

The goons, Mal, Emmett and Phillip all are up, eating and packing.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)
Let's ride!!

Emmett and Mal look at each other, in a bit of dread...

As they ride off, making dust...

INT./EXT. CHICAGO TRAIN STATION -- AFTERNOON

Augie arrives, stumbles past Bob the British reporter again.

BOB
Ten bucks, huh?

AUGIE
Anytime...

Bob grinds his teeth, deep in thought.

AUGIE (CONT'D)
Don't worry yourself too much, Bob.
Good chance we won't see each other
again...

BOB
Oh, nonsense! Whatever business you
have in Washington, you must find a
way up to Brookline!!

AUGIE
If I make it up there, it's a
gentleman's bet for sure.

They shake hands.

BOB
A gentleman's bet. You'll lose, you
know!

Augie smiles. Waves and walks off, the Brit heading toward
another train.

AUGIE
So long, Bob!

The Brit waves, shoves off as the conductor appears again.

CONDUCTOR
That's your train to Washington
over there. Don't be late. It
leaves promptly at seven.

AUGIE
Yessir. And thanks.

With a last salute the conductor moves on as Augie lets
curiosity take him into the station lobby.

Then out the front doors leading to the downtown Chicago
skyline.

AUGIE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
A river through buildings. I'll
be...

Bikes traverse his path, RING RING, a HORN of a boat,
seagulls from the lake flying over buildings and river.

A very cool breeze comes over, makes Augie wince.

AUGIE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
The windy city, huh...

Cars and horses buggy by, and Augie makes his way to a bridge
ledge looking out over water.

CARRIAGE DRIVER
Whoa!!!

Augie dodges a near-accident, apologizes with a wave, and
approaches the rail.

The DING of a trolley mixes with another foghorn. Occasional
waves of dust and soot make Augie cough and reach for a
handkerchief.

A NEWSPAPER BOY pitches his story.

NEWSPAPER BOY
 The Brits Invade!! United States
 Open of Golf to start next week!

Augie rubber-necks to see the headline. Smiles thinking about Bob.

AUGIE
 (to himself)
 I like our chances.

He turns from the river, makes a long circle away from the station, then back. Looks up at an advertisement for an art show at the Art Institute of Chicago.

AUGIE (CONT'D)
 (reading)
Contemporary Spanish Artists... Que bueno!

A couple BLOKES play chess outside a cafe. Augie watches their game a moment, goes in for a coffee.

EXT. THE ROAD INTO EL PASO -- DAY

Mal, Emmett, Phillip and the three government goons enter the medium-size border city.

Modern buildings of ten-stories are seen, as the men calmly ride through, south toward the bridge to Juarez, Mexico.

A KID dressed up as Pancho Villa shoots a cap gun at Fogerty, who scowls the child back to his mother.

FOGERTY
 (to Emmett)
 You ready to cross?

EMMETT
 It'll be mostly *Federales* in Juarez. You'll feel right at home.

Another scowl.

EXT./INT. TRAIN STATION -- CHICAGO

Augie sips from a canteen, re-entering the station, finding a seat in the lobby.

Looking right, he sees a tough looking group of GUYS. They are athletic and boisterous, some fiddling with their bags.

On a closer look, Augie sees a New York Giants baseball jersey being tucked away, then he looks at other bags to see baseball gear: mitts, gloves, bats and balls.

A surly plus-sized suited MAN oversees. The scene excites Augie enough to rise and approach.

AUGIE
You the New York Giants?

MAN
They are; I just babysit.

Some of the players chuckle.

AUGIE
Which one's Mathewson?

CHRISTY MATHEWSON raises a finger and grins.

AUGIE (CONT'D)
And Thorpe?

Three players point at grinning JIM THORPE.

AUGIE (CONT'D)
Geez, my cousins won't believe
this! Can I have an autograph?

The big man motions to one of the bags, a baseball is produced, along with a pen from his pocket.

All the guys gather around and sign the ball.

PLAYER 1
You sign it, coach!

AUGIE
John McGraw?

McGraw waves everyone off.

MCGRAW
Like I said, I'm just a babysitter.

AUGIE
They say you're a great leader.

MCGRAW
Remember this, son. One percent of
ballplayers are leaders of men. The
other ninety-nine percent are
followers of women.

Gets ROAR of laughter from his players. Augie giggles too, gratefully receiving the autographed ball from McGraw himself.

AUGIE

Thanks, sir. And good luck...

MCGRAW

Well, guys like Mathewson over there are supposed to give us our good luck, but thanks just the same.

Augie smiles, raises the ball and walks toward his train.

EXT. EL PASO/JUAREZ BORDER

Our crew is crossing the Rio Grande, FEDERALES quickly out of hiding to check credentials.

Fogerty flashes a big badge.

FOGERTY

Soy amigo de Huerta. (I'm a friend of Huerta)

Emmett spits at the name.

The Federales notice.

FEDERAL 1

(pointing at Emmett)
Y el? (And him?)

FOGERTY

También. Disculpe, que tiene el gripe ese cabrón. (Him also. Sorry he spit, he's got a cold, the jerk.)

A couple Federales laugh at this.

FEDERAL 1

Y para adonde van? (And where are you going?)

FOGERTY

(smiling)
Vamos a matar a Villa si mismo--que te parece? (We're going to kill Villa himself--what do you think?)

The Federales laugh again.

Fogerty stops smiling to let them know he's serious.

FEDERAL 1

Entonces, pásale, y buena suerte.
(Then pass, and good luck.)

The Federales stand down, letting our six riders pass into provincial 1913 Ciudad Juarez.

300 Federales occupy the pueblo, some mixing with plain-clothes shop-owners, some marching.

The concentration of Federales increases as the boys ride south through town.

A walled garrison protects the southern entrance to Juarez, and upon arriving there, more questions.

FEDERAL 2

Quienes son? (Who are you guys?)

As Fogerty charms another Federal, Emmett and Mal converse privately while perched.

MAL

I'm real sorry about this, Emmett.

EMMETT

What, tryin' to get your farm back?
I'd be right where you are if I
were you. And I wouldn't apologize
for it.

MAL

Thanks.

Emmett nods as Fogerty returns.

FOGERTY

Villa's still in San Andres.
Probably getting drunk off his
victory there.

A gleam in Emmett's eye betrays his pride in that victory.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

They talked of a white machine
gunner who heroically led the
charge there last month.

Emmett forces his smile to stop.

EMMETT
 (facetious)
 Must a' been some battle.

Fogerty reaches over and gives Emmett a "friendly" tap on the stomach.

Emmett winces from his injury there; the goons giggle before getting doused with canteen water by their boss.

FOGERTY
 Time to get serious boys. We make a plan now. Whatever happens we stick to it. Emmett, you and your crew, plus one a' mine will enlist with Villa again at San Andres.

They all look at each other and gulp.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)
 Relax. I'm not gonna have you try anything right away--that'd be suicide.

EMMETT
 This whole mission is suicide--

CRASH. Fogerty throws his canteen down in anger, rattling Federales from their work in the background.

Fogerty remembers himself, dismounts, picks up his canteen and smiles at the Federales.

FOGERTY
 You all wanna get back to your families, your home, your farm (looking at Mal)...

They acknowledge with nods.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)
 Then do what I say.

That same old look comes over Emmett...

INT. TRAIN TO WASHINGTON D.C. -- NIGHT

Concern over the face of Augie as well, as his train smokes off into the night.

From a viewing dock he finds his berth--crashes a moment as if for sleep.

Rises, fiddles with his breast pocket, pulls out his law book.

Shakes his head. A CONDUCTOR interrupts...

CONDUCTOR 2
Anything wrong sir?

AUGIE
No, I'm fine, thanks.

He's not it seems, as the conductor punches Augie's ticket and moves along.

Finally Augie makes the sign of the cross across his chest. Breathes deep, leans back to sleep a moment.

EXT. TOWN OF SAN ANDRES, CHIHUAHUA -- NIGHT

Campfires burn in the next-to-nothing tiny town. Activity bustles as armed peasants patrol.

Our six are crouched off their horses, viewing down from a desert butte.

FOGERTY
Here's where we part. I'll be watching--it's one thing I'm really good at.

No one denies this as they look at each other.

GOON 1
Which one of us is goin'?

FOGERTY
You really need to ask, Pee-Wee? Johnson goes.

JOHNSON
(to Pee-Wee)
Seniority, Pee-Wee. Seniority.

FOGERTY
Knock it off. Mr. Seniority, Emmett's got it on you and'll be leading.

Johnson's eyebrows raise in slight protest.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)
Goes for all of you.

Fogerty reviews everyone's face, warns Johnson with a glare. Phillip stirs.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)
Kid, you've been quiet--you okay
with your cousin leading this
expedition?

PHILLIP
Sure, boss. I'm better at handguns,
he's better at machine guns, so I
guess he wins!

FOGERTY
Shhh!

The shushing quells any giddiness.

Villa himself rides out to the town entrance, looks out, as if waiting for something.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
There he is...

A regal leadership quality exudes from the mounted Mexican leader...

FOGERTY (CONT'D)
(psychotic)
You're mine, Villa...

EXT. SAN ANDRES TOWN ENTRANCE

Emmett, Mal, Phillip and Johnson ride up with Emmett in the lead.

ACCENTED VOICE
Emmett!

Emmett turns as the others stop.

EMMETT
Rodolfo! Que dice, cabrón?
(Rodolfo! How's it goin'?)

RODOLFO
(pointing)
Quienes son? (Who are they?)

EMMETT
Nuevos victimas!! (New victims!!)

Rodolfo eyeballs the men.

RODOLFO
Poco verde? (A little green?)

He pokes a stick at Johnson.

EMMETT
(laughing)
Si, falta entrenar. Vamos a ver...
(Yeah, they need training... We'll see.)

Rodolfo nods ascent, thin veiled distrust included.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
El Patrón, donde esta? (Where's the boss?)

RODOLFO
Por que? Quieren matarle?!?!? (Why, you guys wanna kill him?)

Forced laughing.

EMMETT
Nada mas firmamos y luchamos.
(nothing more than signing up again and fighting.)

RODOLFO
(serious again)
Pues.

He looks at all the men one more time.

RODOLFO (CONT'D)
(thick accent)
He is over there.

Points to a little lighted tavern a block away, heavily guarded.

Rodolfo looks over the men as they ride slowly forward.

EMMETT
Stay calm. You guys are the green recruits, so any nerves you *do* feel will seem natural...

MAL
You smell that?

The others nod.

MAL (CONT'D)

I could eat!

A woman passes by, pretty... but armed, ammunition belts crisscrossing her chest.

PHILLIP

(checking her out)

Me, too!

EMMETT

All right, focus now.

Emmett and the others dismount at the guard post, tie up their horses.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

(to GUARD)

El patrón esta? (The boss is there?)

The guard nods.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Dígale que Emmett esta con tres nuevos reclutas... (Tell him that Emmett's here with three new recruits)

The guard salutes, hustles into the tavern.

A moment later, Villa himself comes to the door, smiles at Emmett.

VILLA

Ven todos. (Come in, all of you.)

The four men enter the welcome light and smell of good food offered by the tavern.

INT. THE TAVERN

Mostly MEN, some armed, dirty, standing or sitting around a big map of Mexico.

Food and drinks abound, no one is sloppy, Villa sharp.

VILLA

Siéntense. Ya comieron algo? (Have a seat. Did you guys eat yet?)

Mal betrays his hunger when Villa glances at him. The Mexican leader promptly calls to a WAITRESS for some food to be brought. They all sit, just as the food arrives.

EMMETT

Gracias, Patrón. (Thank you, sir.)

VILLA

El estomago, como esta? (How's the stomach?)

EMMETT

(holding his side)

Mas para el lado, pero mejor, Patrón, mejor. (It's more my side, but better, sir, better.)

VILLA

Y ahora, que? Mas pelear? Mas luchar aquí con nosotros, afuera de su familia? (And now what? More fighting? War with us here, away from your family?)

EMMETT

Esta vez, lleve mi familia, mi primo Felipe, mi amigo Mal, y este Señor Johnson que no conozco bien pero yo se que el quiere ayudar en la causa de Madero. (This time, I brought my family, my cousin Phillip, my friend Mal, and Mr. Johnson here--who I don't know very well, only that he wants to help the Madero cause.)

Villa looks over the new recruits, especially Johnson.

VILLA

Es ejercito Americano. (He's American military.)

Johnson is uncomfortable with the staring. He backs his chair out, slow at first--then he kicks his chair back as he draws his weapon.

POW. Johnson slumps, leaving Rodolfo's smoking gun trained on empty space.

Rodolfo and Villa recover quickly from this, crack smiles. Emmett smiles too, finally cueing Mal and Phillip to sip drinks and relax.

VILLA (CONT'D)
Pinche Gringo. (Fucking white boy
 American.)

The whole tavern breathes again, as Villa's MEN carry off the
 dead body of Johnson.

VILLA (CONT'D)
*Y ahora, estamos con familia y
 amigos solamente.* (And now, we are
 here with family and friends only.)

A guitar begins to strum, some sing.

VILLA (CONT'D)
*Listo para escuchar a mis planes,
 Emmett?* (Ready to hear my plans,
 Emmett?)

Villa calls to an ASSISTANT.

VILLA (CONT'D)
 (to Assistant)
Lleve Blanco. (Bring Blanco)

The assistant salutes and double-times off.

VILLA (CONT'D)
 (to Emmett, heavy accent)
My other white friend.

The assistant hurries back, salutes, and makes way for
 BLANCO.

VILLA (CONT'D)
*Amigos, les presento a Emil Luis
 Holmdahl.* (Friends, let me
 introduce Emil Lewis Holmdahl.)

EMIL
 Just Emil, fellas, how do you do?

They all shake hands.

VILLA
 (heavy accent)
*Machine gun expert. Like you,
 Emmett?*

EMIL
 I've heard all about you Emmett;
 I'm only here to fill the gap when
 you left.

PHILLIP

That's a big hole. No one's got
Emmett's heart.

Emmett motions Phillip to take it easy.

EMIL

I bet that's sure. Where are you
guys from? Emmet you're from New
Mexico right?

EMMETT

Yeah, we're all from there. You?

EMIL

My people are Swedish, but I'm from
Fort Dodge, Iowa.

MAL

Fort Dodge? I gotta farm near
Newton.

EMIL

Ah, just to the south, corn for
days...

Mal can only look off into the distance and remember.

MAL

Yeah...

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. STATION -- NEXT EVENING

Augie groggily deboards at his destination, quickly hunts
down his horse and belongings.

Tips the ATTENDANT.

AUGIE

Which way's the White House?

ATTENDANT

You see the Washington Monument?
It's up from there about a few
football fields.

AUGIE

Thanks.

Augie gives him another coin, mounts his horse and starts his
ride.

EXT. TRAINING FIELD -- SAN ANDRES -- DAY

Bombs and gunfire, some machine gun.

Phillip plucks the thorns off a cactus like his uncle did near Silverado thirty years prior.

Then Emmett and Emil crank up their machine guns and blow the cactus completely into nothing.

PHILLIP

You guys are cheating. You can't miss with those things.

EMIL

That's the whole idea.

EMMETT

(to Emil)

When do you think the boss wants to ride for Torreon?

EMIL

I'd give it ten more days of training and recouping. This was a nice victory here in San Andres, and the boss is still taking it in a bit.

Emmett nods, holds his stomach and remembers.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. HOTEL LOBBY -- DAY

Augie approaches counter, hat and spurs shining and jingling.

AUGIE

(ringing bell)

Hello?

An balding male ATTENDANT (50s) answers.

ATTENDANT

Mr. Hollis, how can I help you?

AUGIE

Any protocol about seein' the President? I mean, should I ring first?

ATTENDANT

(considering)

Well, if it's an urgent problem,
and I see you've come a long way so
it probably is... I'd just knock on
the front door?

AUGIE

They let you do that?

ATTENDANT

Probably talk to a guard or two--
but hey, he's not a king you know!

They smile.

AUGIE

Thanks.

Augie turns and spurs out to jump on his horse and ride up
Massachusetts Avenue toward the White House.

EXT. EMMETT SR.'S HOUSE -- DAY

A POSTMAN knocks at the outside gate, as Emmett Sr. stoops to
tend to his vegetable garden.

EMMETT SR.

Yes?

POSTMAN

Urgent telegram for Emmett Jones?

EMMETT SR.

(rushing over)

Yeah, that's me--thanks.

He grabs the telegram, reads. Looks up with concern.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Emmett and Jake together like old times but greyer.

JAKE

Nothing we can do. Our boys are
gone, Augie's trying to help 'em--
just like we would've done.

EMMETT

I can still shoot.

JAKE

So can I, but we both learned *not*
to shoot.

Eloise pops in a moment.

ELOISE

Oh, I'm sorry Jake. Hello, Emmett.

EMMETT

Hello, Miss Eloise.

ELOISE

Heard from Augie yet?

Eyes aflutter.

EMMETT

He's okay, on the road to
Washington D.C. Gonna ask the
President to help my son.

ELOISE

Hmm...

Lost in thought a minute.

JAKE

Hey, Eloise, what's that in your
hand?

She pulls out a large official memo of some sort.

ELOISE

Oh, "Rules for Teachers, 1913
Revision" -- just something the
school board gave me.

She hands it to Jake.

JAKE

(reading outloud)

"You must not marry. You must not
keep the company of men. You may
not smoke cigarettes. You may not
dress in bright colors..." God
forbid our children see our
teachers being *human*!!

EMMETT

Oughta' hold teachers to the same
standard as anyone. Why the extra
rules?

ELOISE

Maybe when women get the vote in this country, teachers will have more freedom...

JAKE

(still reading)

"You must not loiter downtown in any of the ice cream stores. You may not ride in carriages or automobiles with any man except your father or brother." Well, Eloise, I hate to tell you this, but I guess you're grounded.

EMMETT

Can you keep the company of *old* men like us?

Eloise shyly backs away...

JAKE

Come'on now, we won't tell!!

Eloise takes back her rules, bows and exits.

EMMETT

Sounds like the stuff Mal had to go through back in the day.

JAKE

Someday they'll be one set of laws and rules, decided on by the people.

EMMETT

You mean not by someone in the school board?

JAKE

School board. Life's the best teacher.

EMMETT

Amen to that brother.

Emmett eyeballs the wall where Jake's guns hang, remembers back to his prime.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE -- DAY

Augie dismounts at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, walks his horse up to the first police guard post.

POLICE 1
Can I help you, sir?

AUGIE
I'm here to see the President.

POLICE 1
Your name, sir?

AUGIE
Augustus Hollis from New Mexico.

POLICE 1
You have an appointment?

AUGIE
Not yet.

POLICE 1
You'll have to speak to his
secretary.

AUGIE
It's urgent, to do with national
security and the border with
Mexico.

The GUARD cranks the phone at his station.

POLICE 1
(into phone)
Someone wants to see the President.
Says it's to do with Mexico.

AUGIE
And Robert T. Fogerty.

POLICE 1
(into phone)
And Robert T. Fogerty.

After a moment, the guard hangs up the phone.

POLICE 1 (CONT'D)
(to Augie)
Someone's comin' out.

AUGIE
Thank you, sir.

The guard nods, and they both wait, Augie finding a post on
which to tie up his horse.

VOICE
You seen Fogerty?

Augie turns around, surprised the voice came from behind him.

AUGIE
Yes. Yes sir.

Augie reaches a hand toward a well-dressed blonde MAN, two police GUARDS behind him.

MAN
(shaking hands)
I'm Joe Tumulty, and you are?

AUGIE
Augie Hollis, sir. I just wanted to warn the president that a man claiming to be in the Secret Service has just recruited my cousin to kill Pancho Villa.

TUMULTY
Come inside, we'll talk about it.

The guards open up, and Augie follows Joe Tumulty into a side entrance to the White House.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE

They sit down in the first unpopulated room they find.

JOE
Where did you see Fogerty?

AUGIE
In Silverado, New Mexico. He rounded up my cousin and a friend, made them go on some expedition in Mexico.

JOE
Kill Villa?

Joe has to think about this a moment. Sits back in his chair, stares at Augie.

EXT. SAN ANDRES RAILROAD

Villa inspecting his winnings.

VILLA

*Aquí, mas deseo para nuestro causa:
trenes!! (Here, more hope for our
cause: trains!!)*

Seven railroad trains full of Federal supplies glisten in the September heat.

VILLA (CONT'D)

*Después de ganar Torreón, vamos a
visitar Señor Orozco en Chihuahua.
(After winning Torreón, we will
visit Mr. Orozco in Chihuahua
City.)*

Slaps a train car and storms off with an AID in tow.

Emmett, Phil and Mal take in this scene, along with the mounting Northern Division army.

One of the SOLDADOS tries to get Emmett's attention.

SOLDADO

Pss!

Emmett's about to answer, when he sees the soldier is Fogerty. Who soon motions for a private meeting off the main road.

EXT. PRIVATE NOOK, SAN ANDRES

Emmett takes a look at Fogerty's disguise. Doesn't take much. Look scruffy, poor and armed, and you fit in the Villa's army.

EMMETT

You look like you need a bath.

FOGERTY

Shut up. Who got Johnson killed?

EMMETT

Um, that'd be Johnson, I guess.

FOGERTY

What happened? All I see is a body being carried out, and you three Silverado boys dancin' a jig, safe as songbirds.

EMMETT

Johnson got nervous. Villa smelled something on him...

Fogerty considers.

FOGERTY

Time to act. You get near Villa,
take him out as a service to your
president, and you get to go home.

EMMETT

Won't be easy. His aids are with
him every step. Then there's
Fierro, always at your back.

FOGERTY

Fierro?

EMMETT

Rodolfo Fierro, Villa's right hand.
He's the one who dropped Johnson.

Fogerty thinks another moment.

FOGERTY

Then wait for the battle, and hit
Villa with some unfriendly fire.

Emmett gets that look again...

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Joe and Augie in a staring contest.

JOE

I believe you Augie. And I believe
your cousins and friends are in
danger. (beat) Robert T. Fogerty
went rogue just after Madero took
the presidency. Began to support
Huerta, and we lost track of him.

Augie has trouble concealing his concern.

AUGIE

So who does Fogerty work for?

JOE

(eye to eye)

It's no longer in fashion to speak
of the devil, Augie. Fogerty's a
fiend and so is his new boss.

AUGIE

You mean Huerta?

JOE
 (nodding)
 Thanks for coming, I'll speak to
 the President about this.

VOICE
 Speak to President about what, Joe?

It's PRESIDENT WILSON.

Augie and Joe stand up at attention, prompting the President
 to motion them back down.

The President sits, a GUARD posted up behind him.

PRESIDENT WILSON
 John, please leave us alone a
 minute and shut the door?

John the guard complies.

WILSON
 The guard out front tells me
 something about Fogerty and Mexico.

JOE
 Meet Augie Hollis, sir, from
 Silverado New Mexico.

They stand and shake hands.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Fogerty's recruited Augie's cousins
 and a friend to go down and kill
 Villa in your name, sir.

Anger burns in the President's eyes.

EXT. PRIVATE NOOK, SAN ANDRES

Fogerty squares up Emmett for final instructions.

FOGERTY
 Focus, Emmett. Think about what
 Villa means to you. Then think
 about your family, about Silverado,
 about getting back home for good.

EMMETT
 Okay, Fogerty. You ever thought you
 might do your own dirty work,
 though?

(MORE)

EMMETT (CONT'D)

I mean, you have a disguise, can probably shoot--why me and not you?

FOGERTY

Maybe I like turning a patriot out of a traitor.

Emmett's eyes take offense.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

Maybe I never underestimate my opponents, and know that Villa smells trouble better than most.

EMMETT

Maybe you better stay clear of the battlefield in Torreón, Fogerty. Lot of unfriendly fire...

Emmett's old concerned look has a flicker of hope.

EXT. UNION STATION, WASHINGTON D.C. -- AFTERNOON

Augie, his gear and horse being seen off by Joe Tumulty, uniformed and plain-clothes GUARDS.

JOE

Thanks for comin', Augie. I'll send two of my best men with you, and the President will notify General Pershing at the Texas border.

They shake hands.

AUGIE

It's been a pleasure and an honor. Please tell the President.

JOE

(smiling)

I will. (beat) Huh! And he was going to try to get up to Brookline for the U.S. Open!

AUGIE

Oh, who won?

JOE

Don't know yet, you'll have to check the papers tomorrow morning--playoff is today.

AUGIE
Ray and Vardon?

JOE
Yup... and one American, name of
Ouimet...

Look of hope in Augie's eyes reminds of Emmett, a turning point.

JOE (CONT'D)
When you get to El Paso, just head south across the border, follow my guys, they know what they're doing. Our intelligence has Villa in San Andres, Chihuahua now, gearing up to attack nearby Torreon any day.

AUGIE
(nodding)
Thanks, again sir.

JOE
Thank you, Mr. Hollis, and good luck to you.

There are motions and signs and whispered words between Joe and his men.

JOE (CONT'D)
These are the men who'll go with you, Robertson and Hayes.

The plain-clothes officers tip their hats, as does Augie.

Another set of BASEBALL PLAYERS pass by, this time gear indicates that they are the St. Louis Browns.

Augie's distracted by this, then waves to Joe, and Joe waves back before leaving with the majority of the guards.

The three men walk their horses to a loading area.

OFFICER 1
Mr. Hollis, I'm Pete Robertson.

They shake hands.

OFFICER 2
Bob Hayes, sir, nice to meet you.

More hands shake.

AUGIE

You guys been down to Mexico much?

The officers just look at each other and smile.

ROBERTSON

That's classified, sir. Just know you're in good hands.

AUGIE

Good? Jesus said he wasn't good. Let's all just stay sharp, and we'll be alright.

They make their way to the train entrance.

AUGIE (CONT'D)

Was that the St. Louis Browns baseball team I saw?

HAYES

Yeah, they're in town for three against the Senators.

ROBERTSON

Walter Johnson'll eat 'em up!

They board the El Paso train.

AUGIE

He the one with thirty wins?

HAYES

ERA of about 1.0, yup!

ROBERTSON

300 strikeouts last year, they should build a monument to him after they finish Lincoln's!

INT. EL PASO TRAIN

The three guys find a seat.

AUGIE

Wonder how Ouimet's doin' at Brookline...

ROBERTSON

So you follow all the sports out west?

Augie nods.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

Married?

Augie shakes his head once, looks out the window for some peace, sees a reflection of Eloise in the glass as Fall turns Virginia trees gold, whirling by...

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Eloise has bags packed and a carriage awaiting.

Jake and his wife, his daughters seeing her off...

ELOISE

Thanks for everything, I'll come back to visit often.

JAKE

Are you sure you want to do this?

Eloise is flattered and smiles.

ELOISE

The room I'm renting now is closer to school, and it just makes more sense for my work--but thanks Uncle Jake!

She kisses Jake on the cheek, hugs Beverly his wife, shakes hands with the gussied up daughters and boards her buggy.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

(blowing a final kiss)

I'll miss you all. Come visit me!!

They all yell their various good-byes, blow kisses back to Eloise as the carriage rides down the road.

JAKE

(pouty)

I still don't know why she's gotta leave.

BEVERLY

It's you or Augie wanna marry her?

Jake is embarrassed.

JAKE

What!?

BEVERLY
 (clutching her husband)
 Ah, Jake. With a little place of
 her own, Augie can go see her
 without all of us around.

JAKE
 What's wrong with all of us!?

BEVERLY
 (shaking him off)
 Remember romance?

She pokes at him, then runs away into the house.

The daughters giggle and shake they're heads.

DAUGHTER 1
 They're embarrassing.

DAUGHTER 2
 Oh, they're cute...

LAUGHTER and chasing sounds issue from the house.

EXT. TRAINING FIELD -- SAN ANDRES

BOOM, a big bomb, more bombs, gunfire, machine guns.

Scarecrow targets, cactus, signs. One of the scarecrows has a
 big picture of General Huerta on it.

BOOM -- blown to shreds.

Villa laughs behind his shooters: Emil, Emmett, Mal and
 Phillip among them.

VILLA
Eso, muchachos, eso!! (Like that,
 boys, like that!!)

Drum beats.

POINT IN TIME MONTAGE -- 6 POINTS

INT. EMMETT SR.'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Emmett Sr. Alone, worrying about his son. He looks at
 pictures of Emmett Jr., old pictures of he and his friends in
 Silverado.

A newspaper reading "Villa Quiet, Almost Too Quiet" on a table. A picture of Villa and his men.

Emmett Sr.'s wife approaches with a comforting hand, and a candle for her husband's reading.

WIFE

He'll be all right.

They just look at each other, generate some hope.

EXT. ELOISE'S NEW PLACE

She unpacks and heads for her new front door. Tips her MAN, enters.

INT. ELOISE'S NEW PLACE

She sets up a few items, places a candle, lights it, says a prayer.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE

Jake and Beverly, the two daughters gather around gaslight and a candle themselves.

Jake reads from the Good Book.

JAKE

(reading)

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

INT. EL PASO TRAIN

Augie and the guards, the guards asleep, Augie looking out the window, fighting nerves.

JAKE (V.O.)
 (continuing reading)
*Thou preparest a table before me in
 the presence of mine enemies: thou
 anointest my head with oil; my cup
 runneth over.*

INT. SAN ANDRES TAVERN

Villa eating with maps out, Mal, Phillip, Emmett and Emil
 peering at plans and eating as well.

JAKE (V.O.)
*Surely goodness and mercy shall
 follow me all the days of my life:
 and I will dwell in the house of
 the LORD for ever.*

VILLA
*Cállense todos. La bendición,
 Emmett? (Quiet everybody. The
 blessing, Emmett?)*

EMMETT
*Gracias, Dios, por estos alimentos
 que tenemos de tu abundancia a
 través de cristo nuestro Señor.
 Amen (Thank you, God, for the
 goodness of your bounty through
 Christ our Lord. Amen)*

EVERYONE
Amen

EXT. THE TAVERN, JUST OUT OF TOWN

Fogerty hunched over a cup of beans, he and Pee-Wee around a
 small campfire.

Fogerty halts Pee-Wee's chomping, prays silently.

FOGERTY
Amen

PEE-WEE
Amen.

END POINT IN TIME MONTAGE

INT. THE TRAIN -- DAWN

The guards are up, talking. Wakes Augie.

They hand Augie an evening paper they had acquired.

ROBERTSON

The conductor gave us this...

"OUIMET! OUIMET! OUIMET! USA! USA! USA!" is a heading, something about winning the eighteenth U.S. Open also in the text.

HAYES

We beat the Brits!

ROBERTSON

Better than war, isn't it?

Augie smiles as he looks over the article.

AUGIE

I just won a bet.

HAYES

How much?

Augie just shakes his head and smiles.

AUGIE

That's classified.

Drums begin again.

ON SCREEN IMAGE -- MAP OF NORTHERN MEXICO

To the beat of the drums, we see the line of travel down from San Andres, Chihuahua to Torreon, Coahuila.

The sound of hooves, an army on the move.

TRANSPOSING WAR IMAGES

Flickers of fighting, artillery fire, advancing of men, Villa leading on his horse, Emmett and Emil machine gunning and leading other machine gunners -- Mal and Phillip just riding and picking targets with their guns.

Mal using a rifle like his dad used to do, and Phillip his fancy pair of shiny pistols.

Flags raised, PEASANTS with guns, some only with sticks and machetes.

WOMEN soldiers as well, the attractive one we saw walking in San Andres, others shooting and fighting alongside their men.

8000 of Villa's versus 3000 Federales... a three-day victory.

EXT. TRAIN DEPOT -- EL PASO

Augie and the guards arrive, find their horses, strap gear, and go in double-time.

As the dust flies and hooves pound...

EXT. EMMETT SR.'S HOUSE

Emmett Sr. and his brother Jake gear up one last time. Methodical and dramatic, the big comeback...

Then both their wives race out with buckets of water and douse the heroes before their ride could begin.

BEV

You two are too old to be playing
war, now come inside, dry off, and
help us with dinner!!

The brothers look at each other. Pout a couple moments, then dismount from their horses and comply with their wives.

INT. TORREON TAVERN -- NIGHT

Some happy at win, some injured, all are tired, as Villa gets out his map again.

SOLDADO 1

*Patrón, usted es el nuevo
gobernador!* (Boss, you are the new
governor!)

Another soldier carries a telegram note, runs to Villa's table.

SOLDADO 2

Aquí dice: "Los líderes de la región del norte han nombrado a General Pancho Villa el honor de ser Gobernador del Estado de Chihuahua, México..." (Here it says: "The leaders of the Northern Region have named General Pancho Villa the honor of being Governor of the State of Chihuahua, Mexico...)

As some of the soldiers celebrate:

VILLA

Mas dinero, mas dinero, mas dinero... Para la causa, para Madero, Madero, Madero. (More money, more money, more money... For the cause, for Madero, Madero, Madero.)

SOLDADO 3

Viva México!! (Long live Mexico!!)

VILLA

Viva La Revolución! (Long live the Revolution!)

ALL

Viva la Revolución!

A guitar begins to strum, SINGERS sing, and DANCER soldados and soldadas dance.

As this happens, Villa slips out, Fierro quick to follow.

EXT. TORREON ROAD

Villa walks at a brisk pace, Fierro barely keeping up...

A ghost-like FIGURE moves with them in the background unseen but to the audience.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD

The tracks hold the seven cars won by Villa at San Andres.

One of them has a cross over it and has been turned into a hospital tent.

From the tavern party, to the pain of injury; Villa enters.

INT. HOSPITAL CAR -- NIGHT

MEN cry out in pain, NURSES and DOCTORS tending.

Villa visits the sick and hurt while Fierro watches the door.

The same ghost-like figure passes by while Fierro isn't looking.

EXT. CAMPSITE OUTSIDE TORREON

Emmett, Mal, Emil and Phillip rest under the stars.

MAL

Reminds me of Iowa. Sometimes we worked the corn fields so late, I'd make me a bed and sleep under the stars.

EMMETT

The bigger we make our cities, the more we'll lose this.

PHILLIP

But we'll always have Silverado: not too big, not too small!

EMIL

Thought you said you stayed in Turley, Phil...

PHILLIP

I'm all over the place. (smiles)
You never know where I'm gonna strike next--

CLICK. The cock of a gun, Fogerty's shiny pistol closing in on Emmett's head.

The other three rustle as Emmett freezes.

EMMETT

(warning his friends)
Don't.

FOGERTY

(to all)
That's right: don't. Don't even think about it. Especially you, Emil: you wanna stay in General Pershing's good graces, stay outta this.

Fogerty purveys the scene, as the others "think about it."

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

You forgot our little deal, Emmett.
And it seems you're back in Villa's
army, deeper than ever. I need you
to strike this morning. I'll go in
with you, take care of Fierro...

Emmett has that concerned look again, moreso with the gun to his head.

FOGERTY (CONT'D)

All for the glory of God, the
President and the United States of
America..

Phillip giggles; prompting Fogerty to draw another gun and point it at him.

PHILLIP

(hands up)
I was only foolin' about.

FOGERTY

(fake smile, then serious)
I'm not.

The sun begins to rise in the west.

EXT. SAN ANDRES CAMPSITE -- CONTINUOUS

That same sun lifts over Augie and the two presidential guards.

After a brief stretch, Augie grabs and eats some jerky, offers to Robertson and Hayes.

They run through the drills of preparation against the pink and blue sky: shirt, hair, hat, swig from canteens.

ROBERTSON

Time for some coffee?

AUGIE

(shaking his head)
Not today.

They pack with more efficiency, roll up bags, stamp out last bits of campfire, look around, pack trash in bags, a last bit of jerky and swig--then up onto their horses, riding through town, then south toward Torreon.

AUGIE (CONT'D)

Yah!

They hustle their horses into overdrive, past a sombrero with a man under it, sleeping.

The man rises with the commotion briefly, goes back to sleep.

EXT. TORREON STREET

Emmett walking proudly through town, leading his horse by the reins. Tied to the horse and fifteen feet back, being half-dragged, is his new prisoner, Robert Fogerty.

A good fifty feet back, Mal, Phillip and Emil trail, leading their horses down the street.

MAL

(whispering to other two)
How are they gonna get outta here
after they make their move on
Villa?

EMIL

They're not, this is a suicide
mission.

PHILLIP

Don't underestimate Emmett. He's
got a plan--

MAL

Hope it's better than Fogerty's.
One sniper on a hill as backup?

Mal and Emil shake their heads, but Phillip glistens with hope for his cousin.

EXT. TORREON TAVERN

Villa's makeshift headquarters is just waking up, when a LOOKOUT sees the action outside.

LOOKOUT

*Patrón! Viene Emmett con
prisionero!* (Boss! Emmett's coming
with a prisoner!)

Villa starts to peek out of the tavern, when Rodolfo Fierro steps in front as a guard.

RODOLFO
Que onda, Emmett? (What's goin' on
 Emmett?)

Villa peering out over Fierro's shoulder.

FOGERTY
 (breaking free, drawing)
*Puto Villa, que viva Huerta y Los
 Estados Unidos!!!* (Long live Huerta
 and the United States!!!)

Emmett is next to draw, fires two into Fogerty's side; Fierro next, enraged and fast.

Fierro doesn't miss, two to Fogerty's head. The U.S. rogue agent can only fire shots into the air before he falls.

VILLA
*Pinche Gringo, Dios mío, otro puto
 asesino Americano!!* (I can't
 believe it! Another damn' American
 assassin!!)

Emmett and Fierro holster their weapons, look at each other.

VILLA (CONT'D)
*Y Emmett? Que tipos de amigos
 tienes?!?!* (And Emmett? What kind
 of friends do you keep?!?!)

There's a pause of serious looks between Emmett and Rodolfo, but Villa leads them all into laughter, starting with a big smile.

Fierro approaches Emmett, slaps him affectionately on the cheek. Villa beckons...

VILLA (CONT'D)
 (still laughing)
*Ven, Emmett. Mis planes para
 Chihuahua...* (Come here, Emmett. My
 plans for Chihuahua City...)

Villa points inside.

Mal, Emil and Phillip shyly follow, checking faces to see that they are trusted still...

MAL
 (to himself)
 There goes Iowa.

PHILLIP
(overhearing, whispers to
Mal)
Search his clothes for the deed!

MAL
Nah, probably fake anyway.
Silverado's home now... if we ever
get outta *here* alive!

Phillip pats Mal on the back for support, as some AIDS lift Fogerty's body away.

EXT. TORREON HILLTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Pee-Wee is looking down through a rifle scope; it is evident he has witnessed his boss getting killed.

PEE-WEE
Time to go home!

Starts to gear up fast and skedaddles.

EXT. THE ROAD TO TORREON -- DAY

Augie and the guards burning the road up, full-gallop.

They pass by some railroad tracks, follow them south.

Soon, almost asleep at the saddle, they are woken up by an engine hauling seven railcars.

Before they can react, they find themselves in the middle of a great military march to the north.

ROBERTSON
This is Villa's army.

That same attractive female soldado rides by Augie and the men.

HAYES
My kind of army!

Augie scratches his head, reaches for his canteen.

VOICE
Augie!!

Augie looks through the dust to see Phillip yelling from out of one of the train cars.

They wave at each other, Augie putting his water away, leading himself and the guards to catch up with that train.

AUGIE
(yelling to Phillip)
Where are you going?

PHILLIP
Chihuahua City!

Soon the train barrels on out of hearing reach; Augie and the guards stop to talk.

ROBERTSON
Chihuahua City is where Villa's rival, General Orozco, is bunkered.

INT. ONE OF TRAIN CARS

Villa and his closest MEN gather and strategize, an everpresent map on the ground.

VILLA
(to ATTENDANT)
Enviaste la telegrama? (Did you send the telegram?)

ATTENDANT
Si, Patrón, la envié... (Yes, boss, I sent it...)

VILLA
Y la respuesta? (And the answer?)

ATTENDANT
(nervous, reading with shaky hand)
"Venga a tomar, hijo de puta!!"
(*"Come and get it, you son of a bitch!!"*)

Villa laughs.

VILLA
(addressing the car)
Orozco! De una vez mi amigo, amigo de Madero!! Ahora un cobarde en legión con HUERTA!! (Orozco! Once a friend of mine, friend of Madero!! Now a coward in legion with HUERTA!!)

All spit at the sound of General Huerta's despised name.

VILLA (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
"...tomarlo, si." (looking back at
 Emmett, heavy accent) *We will take
 this city tonight.*

Emmett is inspired.

WAR MONTAGE #2 -- CHIHUAHUA CITY -- NIGHT

BOOM. Bombs and machine gun fire, the train cars unload,
 SOLDADOS and Villa's DORADOS mount up and charge.

Chihuahua City is well guarded, and Villa's straight-on
 attacks are thwarted, time and again.

FEDERALES led by PASCUAL OROZCO--dark, dignified, mustached:
 advance out of the shadows of the city walls and push Villa
 back to his trains.

-- Villa paces in his train car

-- Fierro advises, both of them frustrated

-- Phillip, Mal, Emmett and Emil charge forward as ordered;
 Emmett and Emil setting up their machine GUNNERS, Mal and
 Phillip using their rifle and pistols respectively.

-- Phillip is wounded, shot in the leg

-- Villa inspects his hospital car as he is like to do,
 Phillip now among the wounded soldados of his army

-- Mal, Emmett, and Emil visit Phillip in the hospital car
 after one of their attacking shifts

END WAR MONTAGE #2

EXT. VILLA'S HOSPITAL CAR -- 2ND NIGHT OF BATTLE

Augie and his guards roll up, get water for their horses.

AUGIE
 (to SOLDADO)
El gringo, "Emmett?"

The Soldado points to the hospital car, prompting Augie to
 start inside.

AUGIE (CONT'D)
(looking back, to guards)
You guys stay here a minute, I
wanna catch up with Emmett...

ROBERTSON
Ask about Fogerty--

Augie nods and enters the car.

INT. HOSPITAL CAR

MEN, WOMEN and even CHILDREN dying in their cause, wounded,
recovering.

Phil is still one of them, spots Augie and waves. Draws
Emmett's eyes over, Mal and Emil as well.

AUGIE
Boys!

Emmett and Augie shake hands.

EMMETT
Where'd you go the night of the bar-
b-que?

AUGIE
Long story. Let's just talk about
Fogerty, first--where is he?

The guys all look at each other, smirk.

EMMETT
Uh, he's pretty dead, he and one of
his goons.

AUGIE
So you're free to go?

EMMETT
Yeah, well--we all kinda' signed up
with Villa for a little while.
Thought we owed it to him, bringing
Fogerty down here to try to kill
him and all...

Augie shakes his head a moment, recovers.

AUGIE

I'm glad you're all okay. I brought a couple pretty strong fighters along, but I'll have to check to see if they are cleared to fight for Villa. They're *really* working for the government.

Emmett points for the door.

EMMETT

I think it's time for some of our "long stories..."

They chuckle, and head out. Mal stays with Phillip, Emil joins Augie and Emmett.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Oh, Augie--this is Emil, one of the toughest warriors you'll ever meet.

They meet eyes and shake hands earnestly.

AUGIE

A pleasure.

EMIL

Hello, Augie.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR

The boys find a few stumps and boxes on which they sit.

Augie springs up, grabs something from his saddlebag.

EMMETT

Where you goin'?

Augie brings back the autographed baseball, as Mal and Phillip join--Phillip using a crutch.

AUGIE

The New York Giants baseball team signed it, I met Christy Mathewson, Jim Thorpe--there!

Points to Thorpe's autograph.

AUGIE (CONT'D)

Coach John McGraw spoke to me. Oh and then I went to the White House and met the President.

They all stop blinking.

MAL
The President?

PHILLIP
Of what?

Augie shakes his head at Phillips humor attempt.

EMMETT
You met Woodrow Wilson?

Augie nods and smiles, takes back his ball from Phillip who looks as if he's about to throw it somewhere for a strike.

AUGIE
I had to ask about Fogerty; I just knew he was crooked.

PHILLIP
You ever heard of "telegrams,"
cousin?

MAL
(joining in fun)
Or "telephones?"

AUGIE
(shaking them off)
I knew I had to go there, speak to
someone at the White house in
person. Show the urgency...

EMIL
All that and your cousin, Emmett,
got the drop on Fogerty, did it
himself.

BOOM! An artillery shell lands close.

EMIL (CONT'D)
I guess the fighting's starting
again...

Villa and Fierro pop out of one of the train cars.

VILLA
Emmett!!

Emmett's called in to a strategy meeting.

Fierro eyeballs Augie and his two service guards, is too tired to worry about them.

Emmett motions for Emil to join them, who hustles over...

The other guys swarm just outside the door, waiting for Emmett's instruction.

AUGIE
 (to his guards)
 You guys okay siding with Villa a bit?

ROBERTSON
 It'll be fine. This whole mission is classified, Augie.

HAYES
 You won't go blabbin' to everyone about who we are, and who we work for, right?

Augie raises his eyes, shakes his head emphatically.

AUGIE
 No.

ROBERTSON
 It'll be fine...

HAYES
 Classified...

Augie nods along and smiles.

AUGIE
 Classified...

Emmett peaks his head out of the meeting.

EMMETT
 We're now *Federales*.

The guys stare at each other in shock as Emmett disappears back into the meeting with Villa.

INT./EXT. TRAIN WITH THREE CARS -- NIGHT

Villa waves good bye and good luck to Rodolfo Fierro from inside a departing train.

VILLA
 (loud whisper)
Suerte, Amigo!! (Good luck, friend!!)

FIERRO

Hasta mañana, Patrón!! (Until
tomorrow, Boss!!)

Villa nods, waves, and a train filled with his Dorados and soldados departs north for Juarez.

Also on board this train are all our heroes: Mal, Phillip, Emil, Augie, Emmett, and Augie's guards.

They wear captured Federal uniforms.

EMMETT

(to English-speakers)

We'll make a stop at every station,
let the garrison at Juarez know
we're comin'...

PHILLIP

No element of surprise?

EMMETT

Look at your uniform, we're
Federales now.

AUGIE

(trying to help Phillip
see)

You heard of the Trojan Horse,
Phillip?

PHILLIP

No. Blind Pete never mentioned
it...

Emmett double-takes on mention of "Blind Pete."

EMMETT

You never met Blind Pete!

PHILLIP

Yeah, well my dad talked about him
all the time...

MAL

They're all just sayin' we won't
spring the surprise until we're
inside their fort. Right?

Emmett and Augie nod, thank Mal for summation with grins.

PHILLIP

You think we can send a telegram to
Pa when we stop?

EMMETT

(shaking his head)
It's not that kinda' stop. Stay
focused, help Villa out here, and
we'll be back in Silverado by
Christmas.

PHILLIP

What about Thanksgiving?

AUGIE

Quiet, Turkey.

Some giggle.

EXT. STOP #1 -- RAILROAD TO JUAREZ -- NIGHT

Villa steps off the train with two ATTENDANTS.

They brake open the deserted telegraph office, one attendant
providing that muscle, the other Morse code skills.

The latter preps the machine, sits down, waits for Villa's
message.

VILLA

*Dícales: "Refuerzos Federales están
en camino." Eso ahora, nada mas
hasta la próxima parada... (Tell
them: "Federal Reinforcements are
on the way." That for now, nothing
more until the next stop.)*

INT. TRAIN

The boys talking about the mission.

EMMETT

I sure hope we left enough of a
force under Rodolfo to make 'em
think we're still in Chihuahua...

Villa and his attendants reboard; the train starts moving
north again.

VILLA

*Dos mas paradas, dos mas mensajes,
y llegamos. Listo para luchar para
la causa una vez mas, Emmett? (Two
more stops, two more messages, and
we're there. You ready to fight for
the cause one more time, Emmett?)*

EMMETT

Viva la revolución! (Long live the Revolution!)

ALL

Viva México!! (Long live Mexico!!)

Some are about to shoot their guns in excitement, but Villa reminds them to be quiet.

The English-speakers laugh at Emmett a little, but the spirit in the train is good.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE -- SILVERADO -- MORNING

Jake is sipping coffee, reading a book, Beverly and the two daughters (still sprightly) bustling between the kitchen and the dining area.

JAKE

The paper come yet?

BEVERLY

Here it is...

She drops it, the headline reading:

"Rebels Fool Federales in Juarez, Take the City"

Jake takes in the title, then reads on:

"Posing as Federal soldiers, Pancho Villa's seasoned rebel army parked their Trojan Horse of a train in the middle of town..."

JAKE

Nice goin', boys!

BEVERLY

What?

JAKE

Oh, I wonder if our boys are involved in this--

Hands her back the front page.

All Beverly gets here is worried. Contrast to Jake's pride.

BEVERLY

War, war, war...

She shakes her head, plops the paper down and returns to the kitchen.

JAKE
(quiet this time)
Nice goin', boys...

COMING HOME MONTAGE

NIGHT -- Loud train sounds roar, as the Silverado-bound heroes try to sleep aboard a north-bound train.

Emmett, Phillip, Mal and Augie, bruised and scraped--Phillip with the bullet wound and crutch lying by his seat.

DAY -- more roaring train through endless plain, antelope play while birds of prey soar and squawk.

The men still sleeping.

NIGHT -- trees wiz by, a CONDUCTOR passes, checks on four sleeping men.

The conductor hears a sound on the ground beneath Augie: his autographed ball had leaked out a bag pocket.

The conductor sneaks the baseball back into Augie's bag, fastens it--all the while... snores...

MORNING -- distant announcement of "Silverado" gets closer, closer...

END COMING HOME MONTAGE

EXT. SILVERADO STATION -- MORNING

The train hisses under the bustle of human and horse traffic. Sparse automobiles add their honks and mutterings, as four sleepy WARRIORS deboard at last.

MAL
Silverado!!

EMMETT
Home.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE

A fiddle plays, FOLKS dance, barbecues smoke while Phillip limps around looking for a partner.

AUGIE
 (to Emmett and Mal)
 All these pretty girls, what's
 Phillip doing?

EMMETT
 He's looking for Nancy--

MAL AND AUGIE
 Charlotte!!

They laugh.

JAKE
 (approaching)
 You boys eat?

BOYS
 Yep.

JAKE
 You boys find a sweetheart yet?

They look at each other, bow out of that one.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Augie? What about Eloise?

Augie wakes up.

AUGIE
 She here?

BEVERLY
 (joining)
 Nope, she's waiting for you up the
 road...

JAKE
 She moved out, Augie. Got a place
 of her own.

Jake raises his eyebrows at his nephew, trying to stir him
 into some action.

AUGIE
 Does it have an address?

EXT. 1424 MAIN STREET -- SILVERADO

Augie, dressed and combed to the nines, knocks on Eloise's
 door. Takes off his hat in a hurry. Pats his hair once.

Eloise answers in a hurry, expecting someone else.

The two become a cacophony of fidgets and apologetic hair adjustments, until Augie produces a rose from his jacket pocket, gives it to her.

ELOISE

Thanks...

She opens her door to him, as we back up and away for a view of Silverado. Time is sped until the sun sets, and still no activity at Eloise's door.

FADE OUT.