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# The Last Hard Men

By Guerdon Trueblood

Keep it together.  
All right, hold it right there.  
Set her down.  
Okay, now lift her up and swing her in.  
Let's put her to bed.  
Let's start driving spikes.  
On your feet, Provo.  
Move your ass.  
Son of a bitch! By God, we did it!  
Provo did it!  
What about these chains?  
Just lay them over the side, cut them.  
Move out of the way, let me in there.  
Get the gun.  
Don't think like that, Gant.  
It isn't smart.  
Well, take it.  
Shit, you ain't giving that gun  
to the beaner, are you?  
You want it?  
Hey, Zach, this time you take Shiraz.  
That skinny one.  
He's a son of a bitch.  
But he's the one  
who knows the lay of the land.  
He's only been in six months...  
brung up around Gila country.  
He could be some help to us.  
We can get rid of the sheep...  
and we keep the goats.  
Well, seven of us left.  
That's enough.  
Yeah, those other poor dumb bastards  
probably wind up in Yuma tomorrow.  
Yeah, they'll kill them.  
Any of you wanna die?  
No?  
Good.  
Come with me, I'll take you to a place  
where no one can lay their hands on you.  
- Who's giving orders?  
- You dumb son of a bitch.  
I've put up with greasers,  
all kinds of shitheads in my life.

I never took no orders from no breed.  
You don't take orders?  
No, not about to.  
Then you go.  
Now!  
Without a gun?  
Take his.  
You don't like his?  
Take mine.  
I think you'll leave without a gun.  
- Maybe.  
- Yes?  
Maybe I'll stick a couple of days.  
- You, Gant, you wanna leave?  
- Not me.  
Anybody else?  
Good.  
I'll tell you one thing now...  
what I think up here...  
I think maybe two,  
three minutes ahead of you.  
And that's what counts.  
Oh, damn, it's cold. Whoo.  
I'll be damned, it's ice.  
Yeah, they make it  
in big blocks like that now.  
Keeps this meat from rotting.  
We don't get out of here pretty quick  
we're gonna wish we never saw it.  
- He's damn near frozen.  
- Yeah, he's tough as a lizard, though.  
You okay?  
- Why don't we get out of here?  
- Soon enough, my friend.  
You know what I'm thinking?  
When they locked us up, it was 1897.  
My God, that was another century.  
- Gila Bend.  
- What?  
That's where we get off. Gila Bend.  
Lee Roy says there's horses there.  
- That's right.  
- And hacksaws, I hope.  
And then what?

Clean up, get some duds and move on.

Where?

- Tucson.

- What the hell for?

So, what the hell's in Tucson?

Samuel Burgade.

- Christ!

- Oh, shit.

Sam Burgade.

Why didn't you send for me?

Well, captain, I thought about it.

Maybe you should've thought  
about it a little harder, sheriff.

Well, maybe.

When's the last time

you spent a day in the saddle?

You think I forgot

how to ride a damn horse?

I didn't say that, now, but when?

That statehood rally a year ago.

I remember that.

That was about the day before

you put yourself out to pasture, wasn't it?

That's right. I put myself,  
just like I put you in that chair.

Now, sheriff, I know I'm retired  
from the territorial police...

but goddamn it,

you tell me who's with him!

This come in about 6:00.

That's 22 escaped,

they've captured or killed...

15 of them, so that leaves seven.

Yes.

Weed.

Yeah, he could track a duck  
across a pond.

Shiraz, the knife.

Lee Roy Tucker. That coyote sniffed  
under every boulder in the territory.

Mike Shelby, 19 years old, in for life.

Menendez.

That must be Cesar Menendez.

Real handsome-looking man.

Cut the head off a little gal  
in Nogales one time.  
Said he wanted her earrings.  
And Zach Provo.  
I thought he was dead.  
Well, he will be soon enough.  
You know, they got a pretty good bunch  
of boys over there in Yuma.  
Pretty good?  
For Zach Provo, that ain't good enough.  
You don't know him.  
He was a little before your time.  
A half-breed. Meanest Injun I ever saw.  
Ten years I chased him  
up and down the territory.  
First time I tried to take him,  
he plumb outdrew me...  
and left me for dead with a gut shot.  
I never knew a man could be so fast.  
Last time, though,  
he wasn't fast enough.  
Caught him clean.  
- You should have killed him.  
- Christ knows I tried.  
Well, don't you worry about it, Sam.  
We'll get him.  
Hell, we've got automobiles,  
telegraphs, railroads.  
I ain't heard anybody  
outrun a telephone yet.  
The Army tells me next year, gonna have  
some of them flying machines, Sam.  
Flying machines?  
No, you said it just now, the railroads.  
Zach Provo caught himself  
a ride out of Yuma.  
Yeah, I'm way ahead of you  
on that one, Sam.  
We're checking on every car  
in every train. They got dogs.  
Oh, he's in the water. He was anyway.  
Yeah. Let's see, the Gila...  
That's too low this time of year.  
The Colorado, but the current's

too strong to go north.

No...

he drifted down the Gila  
into Yuma and caught a train.

First train from Yuma's due in...

You got about 15 minutes to make it.

Fifteen minutes.

Get up! Get that new fire engine.

And get every deputy you can find.

- You coming, captain?

- Yeah, I believe I will.

Do you think the rest of them  
stuck to Provo?

With only two guns,  
they got no other choice.

My guess is he handpicked them.

What for?

Me.

You got authority to do this?

I'm Noel Nye, Sheriff of Pima County.

Well, I'm behind schedule.

I'll give you 10 minutes.

You'll give us what time we need.

Sam Burgade.

Lord God, captain,

I thought you was dead.

Well, I ain't dead. I'm retired.

- Sheriff?

- Yo!

Do you reckon they're in there?

We ain't heard nothing from inside.

You won't, neither.

They already jumped.

Smell it.

- That's gun oil.

- They're headed this way.

When they cleared Yuma,  
they threw out the ice.

Them was big blocks,  
take time to melt...

even as late as tomorrow morning  
the ground would still be damp.

We need to know where that is.

- That's as far west as we need to look.

- All right.

Buck, listen.

Now, you get on that telegraph...

you alert every town from here  
to Yuma, understand?

- Yeah.

- You have them find that ice.

- Go on.

- Okay.

Buck, tell them that

Sam Burgade wants to know.

And tell them murdering...

Tell them them boys was on the train.

They was on. Boys, come here.

Nothing.

Nothing out there.

- Are you sure that redneck knows?

- I knows.

A corral full of fresh horseshit  
means there's horses.

That means men gotta be riding them.

Nothing comes easy.

Well, when and if

we get the horses, what then?

We stick together.

I'll get us a stake.

All right, we stick together.

Nobody wants to get his ass blowed off  
on a horse, riding lonesome.

But we gotta take your word  
for it on the stake.

- Are you giving it?

- Yes.

Provo, here they come.

We're lucky. Only one man.

Whoa! Whoa!

A man needs two things in this world:

A good horse and a silver dollar.

Thanks, Jim.

All right, Noel, what's their next move?

Well, by the way they outfitted,  
they can go any direction they like.

No, you gotta think like them,  
not like you.

What about that gold  
he stole off of Santa Fe?  
The gold you couldn't find.  
It's buried up north somewhere  
in Navajo country.  
It won't do him no good down here.  
Well, he's gonna need more  
than a cash box in a general store.  
Yeah, now you're talking.  
You mean bait?  
That special shipment  
from the Denver Mint's...  
due in here Friday, isn't it?  
What the hell's wrong with you?  
You trying to tell everybody in town?  
You got a better idea?  
If you leave him, he'll talk.  
Kill him, they know we've been here  
for sure. Now, move it!  
Man finds that chili belly gonna  
think twice before he comes after me.  
Eye for an eye.  
Well, hell's fire.  
The line's gone dead.  
Lightning, I guess.  
Maybe so.  
Let's see what we got.  
"Ice thrown from train  
mile past south fork...  
Wellton junction.  
At dawn, we'll..."  
Well, we got most of it.  
- Much obliged, Bo.  
- Anytime.  
Yeah, Bo.  
Mind my horning in, Noel?  
No. No, Sam.  
You tell me, now.  
No, Zach Provo's yours.  
You can have him.  
Funny thing.  
I quit the law...  
because I thought it was over.  
What I knew how to do.



Too much was changing.  
Modern times.  
I liked the world the way it was.  
Now it's coming back.  
Running back.  
Looks like Zach Provo's made it  
my time again.  
Your supper's on the stove.  
You know, if you was to get married  
to that Hal fella...  
you wouldn't have  
to cook supper for me no more.  
I'd have to cook supper for him anyway,  
so, what's the difference?  
And what makes you think  
I wanna get married?  
You mean to tell me I'm gonna be stuck  
with you for the rest of my life?  
I try to imagine how it would be.  
And as you know...  
Well, Hal isn't exactly...  
Like your daddy?  
I remember Mama telling me  
that when you'd walk into a saloon...  
men would jump out of windows  
to get out of your way.  
Your mama dearly loved to hear them  
Wild West stories about me.  
Tallest man in the territory.  
Oh, no more. That's all finished.  
Things are changing.  
Look out the window.  
Time was, you could see clear  
to the end of the world.  
No more. Time's changing.  
Some days you wonder where it all went.  
It's true, then?  
I heard.  
Are you going to get into it?  
- I am into it.  
- You retired.  
This is just a loose end.  
No, it isn't.  
- Do you have to go?

- Yes.

Why?

Because I never knew

how to do anything else. Look...

Honey, there's a man coming for me.

I can't just sit there on the couch  
and then wait for him.

Well, who? What kind of man?

Oh, a fellow named Provo

I put in Yuma prison a long time ago.

He's half Injun, all killer.

He wants to kill you. Why?

I reckon he's always been more than happy  
to kill any man wearing a badge.

But I gave him cause to remember me.

Hey, what about my supper?

I'm not a little girl anymore.

Tell me.

Well, it was his last job.

Blew up a Santa Fe express train,  
blew up four guards along with it.

We tracked him for four weeks.

Found him, finally, holed up in a hogan  
down Salinas Springs way.

We had to shoot

the hell out of the place.

I was the first one in.

Kicked through the doors,  
still shooting.

He was all finished.

Lying there, bad shot, looking up at me.

There was his woman.

Young Navajo girl.

- I still don't understand.

- She was dead.

- Killed in the shootout.

- Why didn't you ever tell me?

Well, it sure wasn't nothing  
to brag about.

You killed her?

Maybe.

No way to tell. Provo surely thought so.

You can't blame him for that.

Does he have a chance?

I reckon he's the only man that does.  
Susan?  
Sorry I'm late.  
Good evening, sir.  
Well, you be sure  
to take your shawl, now.  
It's cold down by the river.  
- Oh, Sam.  
- I've been down there.  
- You'll be here when I come home?  
- Yeah, I'll be here.  
Go on, now.  
Brickman.  
- Sir?  
- It's always nice to see you.  
You're welcome any time.  
Well, thank you very much, sir.  
What was all that...  
"always nice to see you"  
supposed to mean?  
He never said anything like that before.  
He's in a strange mood.  
He's going back to work.  
Got it.  
Someday, we'll compare scars.  
Let her be, Gant.  
Let me see what you got, honey.  
Come on, now.  
- She's carrying.  
- Who gives a damn?  
What you gotta do with greasers  
is teach them who's boss...  
before they're born, as after.  
Leave her be.  
There's some things  
a man's gotta have, Provo.  
You tell me about it.  
What's that?  
Provo, hey, it's just the telephone!  
Now.  
Shelby?  
I never thought you'd ever  
grudge a man a little fun, Provo.  
It's not the time for that.

You're looking at a man who's been  
11 years without a woman.  
I'll get you all you can handle later.  
Well, shit, you calling  
that Mexican pig a woman?  
I think it's time.  
Lee Roy?  
Listen, I wanna thank you  
about bringing us here.  
We should talk about  
where we're going next.  
Well, anything you need,  
you just ask old Lee Roy.  
Ha, ha. Lookit here.  
Look, here's our stake.  
The gold shipment's gonna arrive  
in Tucson Friday from the Denver Mint...  
That's good.  
Lee Roy's getting off here.  
What's it say, kid?  
It's new money, though.  
- Here, you read it.  
- Hey, dumb kid. Don't be stupid.  
He can't read any Spanish.  
It's not Spanish.  
Look, it's right there.  
I'll translate.  
"Gold shipment.  
The shipment will be well protected  
under supervision...  
of the former captain  
of territorial police, Samuel Burgade."  
Well, I'll be damned.  
Provo, this is a trap.  
A lot of trouble.  
What?  
He makes a hell of a lot  
of trouble, I don't...  
I don't think we should disappoint him.  
- This is a trap.  
- Yes.  
For somebody.  
Gus Stanton,  
you talk like a plain damn fool.

I'm gonna be sitting up on the truck.  
What you think this is all about?  
I'll tell you what.  
It's about you getting yourself dead.  
Now, wait a minute.  
Wait just one minute.  
Nobody said anything was gonna happen.  
As president of this bank,  
if we could lose that shipment...  
- Oh, shut up, Gus.  
- Now, you listen.  
If we don't do it exactly the way  
we put it in the paper, Provo won't bite.  
He'll back off and fade away.  
I gotta be out there  
where he can see me.  
Here. What about right up here?  
He can see you real good.  
Get a good shot  
if you're sitting there, Sam.  
Let's get on down to the depot.  
Crank it up, go on.  
- There she is.  
- Guards and all.  
What the hell are all  
these people doing here?  
You put it in the newspaper.  
Push them back. Clear them out.  
We can't have these kids in the way  
if Provo tries to take that box.  
All right. Go home, ladies.  
Go on back, now.  
- Let's get this thing out of here.  
- He's cranking it, captain.  
- Go home.  
- Damn Fourth of July parade.  
Yeah, I know.  
Get them children inside. Go on.  
Get them kids off the street.  
Get back, go on.  
Get off the street, go on.  
It's not gonna work, is it?  
It'll work all right.  
- Miss Burgade?

- Yes?  
- Your father...  
- What's the matter?  
Is anything wrong?  
He's afraid for you.  
See, there's a lot of bad people in town,  
wants me to look after you.  
And who are you? I don't even know you.  
Oh, I know you, though.  
For a long time.  
Now, you give me any more  
goddamn trouble, I'll cut you.  
I'll cut you in a hundred places.  
In the eyes and the throat.  
You won't see or talk again.  
You won't be pretty no more.  
You know who I am?  
My father will kill you.  
He will try.  
And that's all I need.  
Now get up.  
Get some riding clothes on.  
Get some riding clothes on.  
Take that dress off.  
Take that dress off!  
Now, get out of that dress.  
Can you write?  
- I asked you if you can write.  
- Yes, you bastard, I can write.  
- Well, we made it.  
- Seems like it.  
You sure Provo ain't smarter  
than you give him credit for, Sam?  
He ain't here, Sam.  
God knows where he is,  
but he ain't here.  
What's the matter, Sam?  
Oh, Jesus.  
Damn. Blind.  
Stupid.  
I know it's rough on you, captain.  
We all appreciate  
what you're going through.  
I don't believe it'll be long...

before we find out  
which direction they took her.  
We're gonna contact  
the proper authorities down the line.  
We'll cut them off and bottle them up,  
and we'll get Susan back.  
All without getting up  
from behind that desk, Noel?  
You're not gonna trip up  
the likes of Zach Provo...  
with a big-city telephone wire.  
He is on horseback.  
To get him, you're gonna have to  
get on a horse and track him.  
The longer you sit talking about it,  
the farther he's gonna get.  
What's wrong  
with calling the governor...  
and requesting help from the Army?  
Surround this Provo with 1000 troops.  
He'd slip through them at night  
and be long gone...  
while you're still trying  
to figure out how he did it.  
You think he's just some  
raggedy-ass half-breed, don't you?  
Well, I have to tell you  
he beat me here, on my own ground.  
Go on, send a telegram  
to Phoenix. Try it.  
I'll bet you \$ 100  
he's already cut the wire.  
Hello, Millie? This is Noel. Noel!  
I want you to get through  
to Bo Simpson, depot.  
I'm gonna try to get a line to Phoenix.  
Yeah, I'll wait. I'll wait.  
I'll tell you where Provo's headed.  
He's northbound.  
I'm pretty sure where to.  
You all do what you want.  
I'm gonna get myself provisioned  
and get in his track...  
and I'm gonna stay there

till I get my daughter back.  
And then I'm gonna kill him  
and every son of a bitch with him.  
I've got no authority no more  
to call out a posse...  
but I'd be obliged for company.  
Yeah.  
Yeah, Bo.  
I do indeed.  
Well, that line to Phoenix cut out  
about 40 minutes ago.  
Been a long time  
since you go on trail, captain.  
That's right, amigo.  
Sam.  
- I'm obliged to you.  
- That's all right, Sam.  
I sent two boys up ahead,  
scout the flanks of Catalinas.  
We might get lucky. What do you figure?  
They got four, five hours on us?  
- What are you doing here?  
- I'm going with you.  
We got no place  
for greenhorns this trip.  
You're gonna have to kill me.  
That's the only way you'll stop me.  
Captain, one of them horses  
had a tiebar shoe.  
- More than likely to hold a soft hoof.  
- They went on up the canyon, all right.  
They ain't making pains  
about covering up their tracks.  
I told you they wouldn't.  
Is Burgade with them?  
You don't need to look to know that.  
Having second thoughts?  
A man who has to think twice  
ain't no man.  
- How do they look?  
- If we don't ride them too hard...  
Ride them too hard?  
Well, we're gonna have to.  
Who has to?



By God, I ain't moving another foot.  
What the hell's going on here?  
You got us up here on your say-so,  
and what've we got for it?  
Nothing.  
Nothing except that posse down there  
and this little girl.  
And she don't look like no stake to me.  
That's right.  
We keep her and they come kill us.  
When lead starts slapping  
these rocks here...  
you figure we're all gonna hide  
behind that juicy little butt of hers?  
That man that's chasing us down there...  
is the man I owe.  
And I need your help  
to pay off that debt.  
We ain't interested.  
You interested in \$48,000  
in Santa Fe Express Gold Eagles?  
- What?  
- I buried them 11 years ago.  
Some of it's down by Castle Butte.  
The rest of it's up high on a rim  
near Deadskin Rock.  
Is that an offer you're making to us?  
Four thousand dollars apiece,  
that's my offer.  
You interested, Shiraz?  
Sounds pretty good to me.  
Weed?  
- Can I trust you?  
- Yes.  
I believe I can.  
- Shelby?  
- You don't have to ask me, Provo.  
Gant?  
Now, hold on. What about him?  
He knowed.  
He knowed all along, didn't he?  
You in or out?  
Christ, man, for \$4000 in gold,  
I'd cut my old man in the town square...

and let the vultures feed  
on his carcass.  
I'm in, I'm in.  
But let me tell you just one more thing.  
Around a little woman like that,  
you just remember...  
we ain't in Sunday school.  
Hey, kid, you take care  
of her tonight, huh?  
Just remember, Shelby,  
he didn't give her to you.  
She belongs to all of us.  
Ain't that right, missy?  
Hyah! Hyah!  
Provo!  
Get her back up on the trail.  
Hey, Provo, I was just gonna sleep...  
You know, I was gonna sleep  
there for a minute.  
Oh! What's wrong? Stop it!  
Oh, Provo, I'm sorry!  
Well, if it ain't Sam Burgade.  
How are you, captain?  
My God, Dutch, how are you?  
Well, could be worse.  
Provo?  
Provo.  
No, thank you, Dutch.  
Son of a bitch came riding through here.  
Took my best horses.  
Ran the rest of them off.  
The boys are out there now  
trying to rustle them back.  
They had a girl with them.  
Yeah, pretty little filly.  
- Was she all right?  
- I'd say so.  
When those boys looked at her,  
she looked back at them.  
You know what I mean?  
Do you know her?  
She's my daughter, Dutch.  
Oh, Christ.  
- Which way they heading?

- Northeast.  
Oh, they'll stick with him now.  
He'll buy them off  
with that Santa Fe gold...  
and take them into the reservation.  
Just act friendly, keep smiling.  
Keep your hands away from your guns.  
What if they try to hold us?  
They don't know how.  
He says there's a spring...  
over there across the wash.  
Take them over there and make camp,  
then you come back.  
And Gant...  
you keep those pants buttoned.  
- Shelby?  
- Yeah?  
You keep your eye on that girl.  
Yeah, I will.  
Provo is taking his time.  
He'll make out all right.  
- He's one of them, ain't he?  
- He is, but we ain't.  
Hey, Mike...  
what say we climb  
in that little saddle there?  
Provo said no.  
Oh, but, Provo ain't here.  
Yeah.  
Yeah, I know.  
But I am.  
You ever see anything  
as wet behind the ears as that?  
Oh, ho, ho.  
Now, you sure you know  
how to use that thing, kid?  
Yeah, pull this little thing right here.  
Well, you just...  
Just relax a little bit.  
Oh, you little Judas.  
You son of a bitch!  
- What are you laughing at?  
- He shot you in the ear.  
You son of a bitch, you!

Did you hear the shot? Did you hear it?  
Look at that! Kid shot him  
in the ear! Look at him.  
Thank you.  
There it is.  
We take your gold.  
But we do this only  
because you blood brother.  
Burgade. Burgade.  
Burgade.  
All we want is the girl.  
We'll make no arrests.  
Take no prisoners.  
We just get the girl  
and leave the reservation.  
I don't think you understand.  
That girl is his daughter.  
We know.  
We ain't about to change their minds.  
I'm a sworn officer of the law.  
As a sworn officer of the law,  
I got no authority...  
to go on the reservation  
and hunt down Provo. My hands are tied.  
Now, it gravels on me, captain...  
I can't help you out,  
but that's the way it goes.  
I'll ask you to come back with us.  
Well, like you say,  
you got no authority on this land.  
You go on back if you have to.  
I'll go where I have to.  
I know where you're going,  
six feet under.  
That's where you're going.  
They got seven guns to your one.  
Everybody's gotta die,  
nobody's gotta give up.  
Look at you.  
You can't even get on a horse.  
You ain't been out three days,  
you can't even ride.  
That is, by God, enough!  
If I don't keep after him,

he's got no more use for Susan.  
He'll turn his dogs loose on her.  
He don't care nothing for her,  
he wants me.  
If I can't do nothing else,  
I can offer him some kind of a trade.  
Now mount up!  
I'll ride with you  
till we get out of sight.  
Then I'll cut north  
and pick up his trail.  
I'm coming with you.  
Be damned if you are.  
I wasn't asking your permission.  
We best step down, let the horses blow.  
The deeper we get  
into this reservation...  
the rougher it gets.  
It's nothing like Massachusetts.  
Planning to stay here in the territory?  
Yes, sir.  
- What kind of work do you do?  
- Hydroponics.  
It's a special kind of agriculture.  
Grow crops in sand.  
Use chemicals for fertilizer.  
We use horse manure.  
You know,  
you ought to let your hair grow.  
Keep your head warm in the winter,  
sun off your neck in the summer.  
Short hair ain't right for a man.  
What about that there pistol?  
You know how to use it?  
Yes, sir.  
I was once pretty good with it.  
Targets, anyway.  
- Never shot at a man?  
- Never had cause to.  
I guess there is a difference.  
Man is generally a little bigger.  
Those are horseshoe tracks. It's them.  
These mountains run about 30 miles  
into deep gorge country...

the Grand Canyon.  
Provo won't put his back to that.  
He's gotta keep going northeast  
till he makes a stand.  
Or an ambush.  
We'll wait a spell.  
- What for?  
- Sundown.  
Sign's hard to read in the rocks...  
but they headed up that dry streambed.  
They could double back  
and set up a trap.  
I don't see much point  
in walking into it.  
They're not far.  
Maybe two, three miles.  
When we don't show,  
Provo will send someone back...  
to look for us.  
Why don't we go fishing?  
How's that?  
That'll do. Yeah, that will do fine.  
Well, we best get on up the hill.  
Don't never cock a rifle...  
till you're ready to use it.  
Best to leave this here, anyway.  
In plain sight.  
Are you sure...?  
Are you sure someone's coming?  
Provo has gotta get worried.  
He might even think we're lost.  
He'll send out a stalking horse.  
Send a what?  
A man, to show himself.  
Someone we're sure to recognize...  
to put us on the trail.  
It's an old trick.  
You...  
You told the sheriff you're gonna try  
and trade your life for Susan's.  
Did I?  
Provo is not a man about to bargain.  
Not when he's got all the chips.  
No, he wants only one thing.

Me, alive.  
Then he'll find some mean way  
to kill me.  
He'll take his time...  
because it will come on him...  
that killing me is gonna leave  
a great big hole in his life...  
where his hate was.  
I don't reckon the man's got  
anything else to live for.  
Yeah, that's my ace in the hole.  
I want to kill him...  
but he wants to kill me slow.  
That's it.  
Comes to a showdown, he'll hesitate...  
and that's when I'll get him.  
Weed.  
You move an ear, you're a dead man.  
- Put that gun away.  
- I'm just trying...  
I don't want you shooting me.  
Pull his boots off.  
Come on, hurry it up.  
You're losing your touch, George.  
What you gonna do with me, Burgade?  
Maybe cut you up a little.  
Let you bleed to death, maybe.  
- You tell me what I want to know.  
- And if I do?  
Then I'll tie you to the tree  
and leave you there...  
till I finish my business  
up the mountain.  
- Then I'll come back to you.  
- That's mighty white of you.  
Choose between you killing me  
and the law hanging me?  
- You gotta do better than that.  
- Do I, George?  
Do I, you son of a bitch?  
Where are they? Where's my girl?  
- For Christ's sake.  
- Come on, you bastard!  
What about if Weed

fell off a cliff last night...  
and busted his stupid neck?  
If he fell off a cliff,  
Burgade pushed him.  
Now he knows where we're at.  
He's out there someplace  
looking at us right now.  
I'll show you.  
Get up.  
Get up, goddamn it!  
I don't say it twice.  
He's down there.  
Why don't you wave to him?  
Go on, wave to him.  
- Wave to him!  
- You're insane!  
No.  
No.  
I'm dead.  
Dead.  
The only thing that kept me alive  
all those years...  
and at Yuma...  
was knowing I'd be standing here  
with you one day.  
I planned it.  
I planned it right down to the blue sky.  
Samuel Burgade.  
Burgade!  
Everybody who came  
to that Yuma prison, I'd ask:  
"What about Sam Burgade?"  
I found out what he was doing...  
where he lived, and you.  
Even that school you went to  
back in Virginia.  
And all the men you was going with.  
I knew you'd be home on Fridays  
doing the wash for him.  
There it is.  
There it is.  
You see it?!  
Yeah, in the trees, a flash.  
Lens of his glass.



- Got a seat right in the front row.

- Oh, no, don't touch me!

I know what you're gonna do.

Not me.

What they're gonna do.

No! Please don't hurt me, please!

You, up there! All of you, down here!

Run, run, run!

Take her, she's yours.

- You serious?

- Try me.

- No!

- Shiraz, come on.

What do you wanna

cause her trouble for?

- She never hurt you.

- I don't wanna hurt you, kid!

- Now move!

- What about yesterday...

when you didn't want anybody

to touch her?

She would've screamed yesterday.

I want her to scream today.

You don't die for women.

You kill for them.

Run! Run! Run!

- Get her!

- Wahoo! Damn.

No, don't do it!

Oh, those murdering bastards.

No, it's what they want.

Stop!

No!

Stop!

No!

No!

Oh, no!

Hold her damn feet!

She nicked you!

Come on, you son of a bitch.

Burgade!

Burgade!

Burgade!

Burgade!

I don't wanna hit you again.  
They're fucking your daughter!  
- Let me shoot.  
- What about Susan?  
I'll get closer. I won't miss.  
For the love of God.  
He didn't come.  
He should've.  
He will.  
If he doesn't come for her by sunrise,  
string her up to this tree.  
And when he sees her  
jerking on them ropes, he'll come.  
- He'll come.  
- What if he don't?  
He will.  
Remember in the prison, I told you:  
Him thinking of himself all the time...  
as being one of the Lord's own angels?  
If he stays down there  
and lets her die...  
it will be all over anyway.  
Before the week is out, he'll stick a gun  
in his mouth and pull the trigger.  
- Are you all right?  
- I...  
I don't know.  
Susan.  
She's lying where they left her.  
- Is she...?  
- She's got some clothes on.  
I saw her move.  
Maybe she's not hurt too badly.  
- Not hurt?  
- She's alive.  
That's what it comes down to, isn't it?  
If she can survive it,  
we sure as hell can.  
I guess maybe you're some tougher  
than I figured you for.  
Yeah.  
They don't seem to be moving out.  
Half-moon comes up about 10:00.  
Won't be bad light for shooting.

How can we do that with Susan up there?  
We've gotta take the chance.  
If she stays with them, she's dead.  
Shut up.  
- And Provo?  
- He's still down there.  
Sitting and waiting.  
As soon as she's burning good,  
get going.  
Hey, they're burning us out!  
They're burning us out!  
The fire, it's coming up the mountain.  
Shiraz, get the horses.  
Gant, get the other blanket.  
I'll get the girl.  
Menendez!  
No, not that way.  
The horses are down here.  
Not today, amigo.  
He's coming.  
The son of a bitch is coming.  
Shelby.  
- Run, Susie!  
- Get away from her, kid.  
Run, Susie! Run to the right!  
Get away from her, kid.  
Come on, the blankets.  
All right, you pig.  
I lost the damn bastard in the rocks.  
He's gonna chase us  
all the way to Canada.  
Nobody can chase you  
if you don't run, kid.  
Listen, amigo. You go down there  
behind those rocks. I'll stay up here.  
We'll catch him in a crossfire  
when he comes up, huh?  
There he is.  
Why didn't you shoot him?  
I can almost see that gold from here.  
Listen, kid, see that rock over there?  
Look. See that rock?  
At the base of that rock  
is an old oak tree.

Fifty paces north  
is where all that gold's buried.  
Now, you take your girl...  
and go down  
on the back side of this hill...  
in them rocks, and you wait.  
Think about all that gold.  
Now move, go on.  
If you'd come over that ridge  
five minutes ago...  
you would be a dead man.  
Down below, I saw the ones you killed.  
There's only two of them left.  
Provo and the kid, up there with Susan.  
That's Menendez.  
- You got it straight now?  
- Yes, sir.  
Well, I think I ought to be  
the one to go up there.  
Appreciate the offer.  
But this is the way  
I used to make my living.  
Give me 15...  
Better make it 20 minutes.  
It's a mighty rough hill.  
Remember, three shots,  
then get that horse going.  
Stop shooting!  
Susan.  
Captain.  
This is gonna take a long time.  
Drop it.  
Drop it.  
No!  
Stop it!  
Not yet.  
Not yet.  
Now.  
I take your heart.  
Susie.  
Help me. Please.  
Susie.