



Scripts.com

# The Last Rites of Ransom Pride

By Tiller Russell

I was 11 years old  
when general Batista  
slaughtered half my village.  
I watched him  
torture my father  
and butcher my mother.  
The kids that survived,  
I took to Juarez.  
We roamed the streets  
like wolves.  
I came back the night  
of the general's wedding.  
Stole his straight razor.  
The general awoke to the sound  
of his own throat being cut.  
While the general bled,  
I sang to him.  
" 'Tis better to whisper  
the sun is rising.  
'Tis better to whisper  
the sun is rising."  
There's two kinds of people  
in the world, fellas.  
There's the wicked...  
And the righteous.  
And it's  
the wicked man's job  
to get  
the righteous man's money.  
This righteous tool here  
is used by the wicked  
to get that money.  
Sure, they're old.  
But they shoot true.  
Now, in the hands of a man  
such as Louie Chama, well...  
it could bring great wealth.  
- Huh?  
You don't fuck  
with Louie Chama.  
- Amigo mio  
The last thing Ransom Pride  
said to me was,  
' 'I was always a lover,

despite the killings.''  
The body of Ransom Pride  
belongs to me.  
And I understand there's someone  
here who believes otherwise.  
Mescal?  
You go on and tell  
that broke-dick son of a bitch  
he's mistaken.  
I stick my dick in you.  
Hmm.  
Your Ransom...  
he killed a priest.  
This priest  
was my brother by birth.  
And although his faith  
was misplaced,  
he remains my brother  
in death.  
Therefore, the body  
of Ransom Pride will be fed  
to the devil's  
black vultures,  
for there must be  
atonement.  
He has a brother.  
So this is your offer?  
A woman willing to buy back  
a man's soul...  
With the blood  
of his brother...  
Is beyond salvation.  
The puppies could be  
coming out tonight.  
Maybe I should think up  
some names for 'em.  
She's taken to me.  
Maybe she thinks  
I'm like him.  
How is it you consider  
yourself like Ransom?  
I'm sorry, Pa.  
I didn't mean  
we're the very same.

I just...  
- I just think that maybe-  
- No, finish what you said.  
I want to hear  
how it is  
you think  
you're like your brother.  
Whorin'?  
Runnin', robbin'?  
You're right, Pa,  
we're nothing alike.  
No, you're not alike.  
And you should  
get on your knees  
and thank the Lord in heaven  
you're not like him.  
He's coming  
to get me, Mama.  
Hey, Mama.  
I'm sorry.  
She had them pups?  
She's suffering, Pa.  
She...  
What's wrong  
with you?  
You like to watch  
that suffering?  
What?  
Nothing's wrong.  
Nothing's wrong.  
Come here, sweetie.  
Come here, sweetie.  
- Pa, please, please.  
- Come here. Come here.  
You know,  
what's wrong with you?  
- Pa.  
- Don't you let her suffer.  
You don't let her  
Come here, sweetie.  
God damn you.  
What's wrong with you?  
Where are the dead?  
I've often wondered.

The scripture tells us  
where the dead are.  
Well, see,  
my wife...  
The scripture tells us  
what becomes of the dead.  
all those who go  
to their graves unsaved  
shall know  
the torment of hell.  
Whore of Babylon.  
Ransom's dead.  
In Mexico.  
Father, I've sinned.  
I'm no longer worthy  
to be called Thy son.

**Proverbs 16:**

Don't you dare  
quote scripture to me, whore.

**Ezekiel 33:**

'And they come unto''-

**Thessalonians 4:**

Now, I swore  
I'd bury Ransom  
next to his mother.  
We owe him.  
You owe him, whore.  
You listen to me, bitch.  
You listen to me.  
Ahh. Get off me.  
Oh. Ow.  
Oh, no.  
No. I'm sorry.  
I'll leave. I'll leave.  
I'll get out of here.  
Sorry about your ma.  
How did he die?  
He got shot.  
A gun-runnin' deal.  
Took the first bullet  
in the back.

This walleyed bastard bitch  
claimed the body.  
There ain't nobody left  
but me and you.  
We'll do this for him.  
How do we get him back?  
I got that worked out.  
Come on.  
It's time  
you got weaned.  
This is my father's.  
Ransom took him  
when he left.  
He should have taken  
better care of this horse.  
Belongs to you now.  
See that you earn it.  
Champ.  
Come on.  
Champ.  
Champ.  
Don't do that.  
Well, well.  
Welcome back,  
Captain.  
Or should I say  
Reverend?  
Ransom's whore got him killed  
down in Mexico.  
And now she come back  
and took his brother.  
The one who killed Edna  
when he come out?  
Graves...  
you mention my wife again,  
I swear to God,  
I'll kill you  
with that whore on your lap.  
You're the one who put  
the blame on him for that.  
Whore got a name?  
Yeah.  
Juliette Flowers.  
Goddamn, Captain.

I guess she's growing  
a conscience.  
Was a time she'd have  
murdered y'all in your sleep.  
Yeah, in certain parts  
of Mexico,  
they sing corridos  
about that half-breed girl.  
Yeah.  
Ain't no place in the world  
my father hates more  
than Mexico.  
Quantrill and bloody Bill said  
leave him for dead in Kansas.  
He was shot up  
too bad to ride.  
What'd I do?  
Did I leave you, Graves?  
No.  
I didn't leave you.  
Stayed right there  
with you.  
There's a debt here  
I guess I come to collect.  
Asking for help...  
oh, that's  
a hard thing to do.  
I guess you could ask God  
to help you.  
And maybe  
the Christ Jesus.  
I don't need God's help  
for this, Graves.  
I need a son of a bitch.  
Mr. Graves  
wants to see you.  
Your uncle  
has a job for you.  
Captain, behold  
the answer to your prayers.  
How is it you're  
still living, Matthew?  
You know, you ain't  
the only one that Jesus saves.

Matthew was the toughest  
son of a bitch.  
But the meanest  
was Early Pride.  
He had no conscience  
whatsoever.  
God damn it,  
you fucking whore.  
- Who in the hell are you?  
- That's my sister's boy.  
Been here since she passed.  
Well, he's disturbing.  
I don't like the looks of him.  
No, neither do I.  
Son of a bitch is uglier  
than a three-peckered goat.  
But he don't mind  
getting his hands bloody  
when a man needs killing.  
Or a woman.  
A half-breed bitch  
name of Juliette Flowers  
took my boy to Mexico.  
I-I know her.  
I know who that is.  
That's that  
Juliette Flowers.  
She-she-she's that girl  
This is kin to you?  
I don't care  
what you do to her.  
hell, you can stammer her  
to death if you want.  
But you just make sure  
she ain't breathing  
when you finish.  
Now, get away from me.  
I heard  
he was barely 15 years old  
when he and my uncle rode  
into Northfield with McCluskey.  
- What, you heard?  
- Yeah.  
Hell, me and Early was barely



weaned from the tit  
when we got recruited  
by Quantrill.  
Back then, Shepherd,  
he seemed like a man,  
but looking at it now, hell,  
he wasn't much more  
than a boy himself.  
Well, we killed every man,  
and we killed every child,  
and we killed  
every goddamn dog,  
and we rode all the women.  
And when they  
couldn't ride no more,  
we killed them.  
Reverend's gonna ride down  
on us like some kind of hell.  
He'll put a strap to me,  
but he'll kill you.  
I doubt it.  
It felt like  
he always hated me.  
'Cause of your mama?  
It was like I was to blame.  
Ransom said  
it wasn't my fault.  
The old man  
would get whiskey-ed up  
and start cussin' me.  
Ransom would never let him  
lay a hand on me.  
After he'd pass out,  
Ransom would always say,  
'It ain't your fault.'  
Somebody here to see you.  
Have 'em wait.  
I'm doing this.  
You'll want  
to hear this.  
Now.  
Yeah?  
This man tells me that...  
Ransom killed a priest

before he died.  
What?  
That priest  
was the younger brother  
of a woman they call  
Maria la Morena.  
She kept Ransom's body  
in recompense.  
Apparently,  
Juliette Flowers  
aims to swap out your live boy  
for the dead one.  
Buenos dias, nia.  
She's deaf.  
She's pretty too.  
Dice que es bonita tambin.  
I'll bet  
you didn't know,  
first time they laid eyes  
on each other,  
when Ransom got throwed  
in the same Mexican jall  
where they was holding  
Juliette Flowers.  
They was fixing  
to hang her  
for gut-stabbing that man  
beat that whore  
to death in Juarez.  
And Ransom,  
Well, he got arrested  
for being drunk  
and pissing  
on the statue of some saint.  
Hey, when we catch her,  
don't kill her right away.  
Make sure she can't hurt us,  
but don't kill her right away.  
Just...just tie her up.  
Tie her up  
so she can't do nothing.  
Why weren't you with him?  
What the hell of a difference  
does that make?

He was gonna come back  
for you, you know.  
Yeah, well, he never did.  
He's supposed to be  
looking out for me.  
Instead, he was running  
around Mexico with you.  
Not now, Ransom.  
Show some patience.  
Patience is a virtue  
I do not possess.  
Yeah, well, you ain't much for  
wisdom or temperance, neither.  
I feel like I'm back in Glory  
finishing up his chores.  
For whatever reason,  
he honestly believed  
certain tasks were beneath him.  
'A man with vision  
can't be bothered  
by pissant details.'  
How many times  
I hear that?  
That goddamn ranch  
in Michoacn.  
Never even been there,  
but he'd get it in his head  
we were gonna get it.  
When we got it,  
he was gonna get you  
and bring you down here.  
His pride  
wouldn't let him get you  
when he was hiding out,  
sleeping in caves.  
I'll hide the horses.  
You got any whiskey?  
You got any whiskey?  
I-I-I tell ya-  
I'll tell ya  
one thing, Matthew.  
That Ransom Pride  
was a lucky son of a bitch.  
He killed a federal judge

back in Tyler.  
He jumped out  
a second-story window,  
didn't even break his foot.  
He was a lucky  
son of a bitch.  
Luck had nothing  
to do with it.  
Serves him right  
for trying to do  
a gun-running deal  
by hisself.  
Shouldn't go and do  
something like that.  
Whoa.  
What?  
You think they've been here?  
They've been here, haven't they?  
Hyah, hyah, hyah.  
Wherever you are,  
good enough place as any  
to start over.  
I'm ready to start over.  
Now, how are you  
gonna start over?  
You ain't even  
begun to start.  
This is as good  
a time as any.  
If you're gonna  
start something,  
by God, you ought to...  
You ought to finish it.  
And whatever you do,  
it better goddamn  
be worth it.  
'Cause when you-  
when you make an investment,  
a commitment...  
You follow through.  
You know the difference  
between an investment  
and a commitment?  
Hmm? Yeah.

You take a plate  
of ham and eggs.  
Now, the chicken...  
is invested.  
The pig...  
is committed.  
If I had my life  
to live over,  
I would live very, very little  
of it the same.  
When you hear folks say  
that they wouldn't change  
their life,  
I think they're either  
liars or fools.  
Life is about learning.  
And if you respect life  
and you learn from it,  
you would, of course,  
not do things the same way.  
To start with,  
if I had my life  
to live over,  
I would never say no  
to a woman.  
And I would do nothing  
purely for money.  
If we were to sell  
them pistols in Tres Piedras...  
How dare you heat me up  
for the sole purpose  
of selling  
some shitty old gun?  
We won't be in Tres Piedras  
more than a couple of hours.  
Oh, I ain't going.  
Ride in.  
We do the deal.  
Then we ride out.  
I ain't going.  
Well, I gave him my word.  
Yeah, you gave your word  
to Louie Chama.  
You gave him your word

before talking to me.  
What'd he say?  
He wasn't talking to you.  
Hola, chiquita.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
Huh?  
Have you seen  
Juliette Flowers?  
Oh, you're a pretty girl.  
Yeah, I know you have,  
you little fucking whore.  
Huh?  
You seen her,  
you fucking whore?  
We don't have time  
for you to go  
wetting your pecker.  
You gonna kill somebody,  
you show some goddamn respect.  
Put your little  
pig sticker  
back in your britches  
and remount.  
Remount.  
Hang on, son.  
- Hold still.  
- What are you doing?  
Here.  
What the hell  
are you doing?  
His windpipe's  
crushed.  
Got to stick this tube  
down his throat,  
or he'll choke to death  
on his own blood.  
Hold his head.  
Easy, son.  
Hang on, son.  
Hang on.  
An hour southwest of here,  
there's a man.  
Now, he ain't exactly  
a surgeon,

but he can keep  
a rooster allve.  
Son, you're gonna  
be okay.  
You're gonna be  
just fine.  
Now, I need you  
to get to your feet.  
Come on.  
Let's stand.  
Stand up.  
Come on.  
You can do it, son.  
I'll get the horses.  
What the hell you doing?  
What the hell you want  
with that for?  
Because I want it.  
And when we kill that whore,  
I'm gonna cut  
something off of her too.  
Like hell you will.  
He said kill her,  
that's all.  
Didn't say nothin'  
about cutting her.  
You want to make a black ass  
fool out of yourself,  
you go right ahead.  
If you shame me,  
I will kill you.  
This ain't it,  
but we got to chance it.  
The boy's hurtin'.  
We got a boy out here  
tore up bad.  
He's in a lot of pain.  
We have something  
for pain.  
My name is Cerce.  
And this  
is my brother Solomon.  
He's dying.  
Now, do you mind

if I inquire  
if y'all got  
any particular destination,  
or y'all just wanderin' around  
out here?  
- Tres Piedras.  
Every equinox, we are obligated  
to make a pilgrimage  
to this festering parcel  
of land,  
where we perform  
for illiterate imbeciles  
and pathetic whores,  
and they mock us.  
Why?  
Four 6s beats  
Jacks over Queens.  
You mean somebody won you  
in a card game?  
Maria la Morena.  
There's a vicious,  
hungry evil  
feeding on Solomon's poor,  
wretched bones.  
He'll expire first.  
Then I will pass away.  
And in those last few moments  
before I die...  
For the first time  
in my life,  
I shall be alone.  
After she died, something dark  
and vicious come on him.  
The old man, he just up  
and cracked in two.  
Son of a bitch  
used to take us  
to this old prairie dog town  
north of Glory  
with a couple .22 rifles.  
Now, I didn't mind killing  
the little critters,  
but Champ...  
tore them up



something fierce.  
Goddamn,  
Champ could shoot.  
Ahh.  
So, uh,  
what's it like?  
What?  
Mm, being a...  
uh...  
It's great.  
What's it like  
being a...  
You ever been to Mardi Gras  
down in New Orleans?  
As a matter of fact,  
I have.  
- It's like that?  
- Oh, yes.  
I once ate pussy  
standing up.  
I come here for a piece  
of Juliette Flowers.  
Which one of you  
sorry motherfuckers  
wants breakfast in hell first?  
Come on,  
you fuckin' whore.  
Oh, sweet Jesus.  
Oh, I'm punctured.  
Oh, I'm shot.  
Mama, don't let me die.  
Come on, you little  
black ass bastard.  
Do it.  
I was born dead.  
Oh, my God.  
There's nothing  
we can do.  
You could get me  
a whiskey.  
We'll bury him.  
If we should meet  
in Tres Piedras,  
it'll be as strangers.

After they shoot me dead,  
you take me back  
to Glory.  
You swear it.  
Juliette,  
you swear it now.  
I swear I'll take you  
back to Glory  
and bury you  
next to your mother.  
# Fly away  
on them ole wings #  
# Black as they may be #  
# Believin'  
what you leave behind #  
# Is burned up  
and junk debris #  
# As you die  
like a saint on high #  
# Alongside gamblers  
and thieves #  
# So fly away  
on them ole wins, now #  
# Black as they may be #  
# Black as they may be #  
That's first time  
I seen it.  
What?  
Somebody die.  
Ain't pretty, is it?  
No.  
It's worse you're the one  
pulled the trigger.  
We need to change  
your bandages.  
- They're all right.  
- We're gonna change 'em.  
How are we gonna  
get him back?  
We're gonna trade  
for him.  
What are we gonna trade?  
Whatever she wants.  
What do we got?

You.  
What'd you say?  
Come here.  
Now, I'm tired of trying  
to talk Mexican to you.  
The woman  
that killed these men.  
When did she leave?  
No woman, huh?  
Is that what you said?  
You listen to me.  
I want you to ride up  
to Bandera, Texas,  
and you find a man  
named Shepherd Graves.  
And you give him this.  
Comprende?  
Si.  
Yeah. I bet si.  
You sure  
you can do this?  
If it was  
the other way around,  
my brother would do it  
for me.  
One shot.  
Square in the head.  
Tsk, tsk, tsk.  
Ah.  
A young life...  
filled with sorrow.  
There is...love.  
But it is stained  
with blood.  
There is fortune,  
yet...  
there is misfortune.  
You just cost me \$500.  
This is a better trade.  
No.  
Get your ass outside.  
\$500...  
\$500 to buy  
your brother's body back

from a bunch  
of voodoo Mexicans  
and wet-nurse your ass  
up to Glory.  
What were you thinking,  
huh?  
You think  
you were gonna do,  
shoot her, kill them,  
put Ransom on a horse,  
and ride out of there?  
How does that woman  
have this kind of power  
over my offspring?  
The only thing  
more ignorant than a boy  
is a boy who thinks  
he's a damn man.  
Get that off your head.  
You're not a damn Apache.  
\$11 .  
sliver dollars.  
You know what I did back there  
was right, Champ.  
I know you hate me for it.  
I know you hate me  
for a lot.  
I try every day  
not to hate you, Champ.  
'Cause I loved  
your mother.  
I know she's a part of you.  
But it's hard,  
'cause she's gone...  
'cause of you.  
I'm willing to have  
a truce between us,  
if you're willing.  
Let's do that  
for your mother.  
Yeah.  
Are we agreed, Champ?  
Champ. Champ.  
God damn you, boy.

I'll come and-  
Champ.  
Champ.  
I'm glad we could agree  
on a price.  
I've waited  
my whole life  
to get fucked  
by a pig.  
- Ugh.  
We've decided  
to stay.  
Three years ago,  
someone made a terrible wager.  
Four 6s beats  
Jacks over Queens.  
We cannot allow  
this precious time we have  
to be stained  
with ridicule.  
The motorcycle.  
So why not  
a quick death?  
With dignity.  
Hyah.  
Son of a bitch.  
Where's-  
Cocksucking-  
Ugh. Aah.  
Whoa. Wait.  
- Come on.  
- Aah.  
When my pa stepped on,  
I should have went ahead  
and pulled the trigger.  
Well, who in the hell  
would have known  
that son of a bitch  
would show up in Mexico?  
Ransom wouldn't even  
have blinked.  
He'd have shot her  
and said, ''Hello, Pa.''  
Well, you ain't ever

gonna be Ransom.  
I don't want you  
to be.  
Whoa.  
Matthew...  
I never saw you back down  
or break your word.  
Couldn't have been  
no more than 13  
when I give him  
this medal.  
The war was over.  
These two Yankee sons of bitches  
come up on our cabin.  
Me and Early Pride  
hid under the floorboards,  
but they got Matthew.  
Big Union sergeant  
held his hand down on the table.  
Lieutenant pulled out  
a hatchet.  
Said, ''I'm gonna start  
cutting things off  
''untli you tell us  
where them other  
little rebel bastards  
is hid at.''  
They chopped  
his finger off.  
They was laughing.  
Cut off another finger.  
blood dripped off the table  
through the cracks onto me.  
And I hollered out,  
''We're down here.''  
When they looked down,  
Matthew grabbed the hatchet,  
swung it at that Yankee,  
and damn near chopped  
his head clean off.  
The other one  
run for the door.  
Matthew buried it  
in his back.

I won't rest  
until I see her dead.  
You will witness  
her death.  
But it will be  
by my hand.  
Come out there  
where I can sight you.  
Whoa.

- Stop.  
- Get out of my way, boy.  
- Please.  
- Get out of my way, boy.  
- Stop. Pa.

Don't you dare  
try to steal her from me.  
My deepest regret  
is letting you live  
at Tres Piedras.  
And unlike Lazarus,  
you'll not rise  
from the dead.  
Gospel of John 11:35.

- Jesus wept.

I won't.  
I'm gonna kill you now.  
But it's gonna take  
some time.  
First, I'm gonna shoot you  
in the stomach.  
And you're gonna  
holler out  
for the Lord Jesus Christ  
to save your soul.  
But He's not gonna hear  
a word you say  
through  
those whore lips.  
They've had their last dalliance  
with my offspring.  
There is a God  
above your God  
who you will stand before  
and answer to

for your cowardice  
and hypocrisy.  
Maybe.  
It's all right.  
You're all right.  
Where is he?  
He's dead.  
I'm gonna go  
bury my brother.  
# The time is near #  
# For the great tribulation #  
# This young man #  
# Would have been aware  
of this #  
# For it is written #  
# In a Christian Bible #  
# Of the four horsemen #  
# Of the apocalypse #  
Sweet Ransom.  
The woman you loved in life  
has now betrayed you  
in death.  
You must suffer dearly,  
knowing that she has lain  
with your brother.  
Be assured,  
the day of reckoning is at hand,  
for before the sun sets,  
her flesh will nourish  
a few black vultures  
while your bones  
shall rest at the altar  
of Santa Muerte.  
This very morning,  
Ransom,  
Juliette Flowers  
will awaken to the sound  
of her own throat  
being cut.  
It's all right.  
I'll be right back.  
The night of her wedding,  
a young bride  
wept in the garden.



The general lay asleep  
in his bed  
while a child climbed  
the walls of the hacienda,  
slipped his straight razor  
from its case.  
The general awoke...  
...to the sound  
of his throat being cut.  
As he lay there, dying,  
this little child sang.  
I waited  
in my wedding dress  
while my general bled.  
And it was your voice  
I heard singing.  
Aah.  
I buried your father  
on this side  
of that goddamn river.  
You killed your father.  
You killed your mother.  
Ow.  
What's that feel like?  
Aah.  
Aah.  
What's that feel like?  
After Ransom was laid to rest  
next to his mother,  
Champ and I set out  
for Tulsa.  
Then we drifted west  
to New Mexico.  
July of '39,  
Champ died of malaria  
at the Mesilla Valley Hospital  
in Las Cruces.  
I attended the burial  
with our only son,  
Jackson Pride.  
Champ's headstone  
bears a quotation  
from his brother, Ransom.  
"I was always a lover,

despite the killings."  
# Tarnished and disgraced,  
I lay down #  
# A black sparrow  
come to me in a dream #  
# He whispered,  
A, enlightenment #  
# B, endarkenment #  
# Hint, there is no C #  
# A, enlightenment,  
B, endarkenment #  
# Hint, there is no C #  
# A, enlightenment,  
B, endarkenment #  
# Hint, there is no C #  
# And heaven pours down rain  
and lightning bolts #  
# And heaven pours down rain  
and lightning bolts #  
# Tremblin' and a-shakin',  
I looked down #  
# A black sparrow  
was tattooed on my hand #  
# He whispered,  
A, enlightenment #  
# B, endarkenment #  
# Hint, there is no C #  
# A, enlightenment,  
B, endarkenment #  
# Hint, there is no C #  
# A, enlightenment,  
B, endarkenment #  
# Hint, there is no C #  
# And heaven pours down rain  
and lightning bolts #  
# And heaven pours down rain  
and lightning bolts #  
# Oh, A, enlightenment,  
B, endarkenment #  
# Hint, there is no C #  
# A, enlightenment,  
B, endarkenment #  
# Hint, there is no C #  
# A, enlightenment,

B, endarkenment #  
# Hint, there is no C #  
# And heaven pours down rain  
and lightning bolts #  
# And heaven pours down rain  
and lightning bolts #  
# Oh, come on #  
# Oh, ah #  
# Ahh #  
# Ahh #  
# Ahh #