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# The Last Sunset

By Dalton Trumbo

I need some  
horseshoe nails.  
Well, I have all sizes.  
Some new and  
some old. Select.  
How much are they?  
I'm looking for a man  
named O'Malley.  
Fellow about your height, wears  
black pants and shirt, black boots.  
Carries a derringer.  
He always wears a loud-colored  
scarf around his neck.  
Has a hole in his chin.  
Here.  
It's worth 50 pesos  
if anybody's seen him.  
They are desolate  
they cannot help you.  
But, 50 pesos, seor? This man  
must be a very dear friend, no?  
No.  
Jack-boy!  
You be quiet.  
Good evening.  
Good evening.  
The name's O'Malley.  
How do you do, Mr. O'Malley?  
I'm Mrs. John Breckenridge.  
My husband's gone to  
Calvillo on business.  
Sorry to hear that. I was hoping to  
ask him for a night's hospitality.  
Mr. Breckenridge has always  
welcomed strangers to the plateau.  
I'm grateful to  
Mr. Breckenridge.  
Won't anybody take care  
of the gentleman's horse?  
Mr. O'Malley,  
this is Milton Wing,  
Mr. Breckenridge's  
ranch manager.  
Howdy.

This horse's been  
lathered up some.  
Well, I'd say that's because  
he was run some, wouldn't you?  
Guess so.  
This is Jose. Rosario.  
My daughter.  
Oh.  
She favors you.  
You're a lucky young lady.  
This is Melissa Linda Anthony  
Breckenridge. We call her Melissa.  
Well, how do you do,  
Melissa?  
Oh.  
Thank you.  
Well, I'd be most grateful to  
Mr. Breckenridge for my supper.  
Are you a cowboy,  
Mr. O'Malley?  
What have I done  
to give you that idea?  
You don't dress like one,  
so I just wondered.  
No, I don't like  
cows much.  
And the only way I really like  
a horse is when he's hitched  
to a nice two-seater buggy  
with good springs.  
I ran into a cowboy this  
morning up at the pass.  
Seemed to be looking  
for somebody.  
Tall man?  
Sure was.  
I never really met  
an American cowboy.  
You'd be disappointed.  
Was he riding a blue roan?  
That's right.  
What makes you think  
I'd be disappointed?  
Well, you see, cowboys

aren't very bright.  
They're always broke  
and generally they're drunk.  
Did he carry his  
gun on the left?  
Yep... 45 on the left.  
You may get the chance to meet  
one in the flesh real soon.  
You know this fellow?  
I know of him. We've  
never met, but we will.  
Mrs. Breckenridge, will you  
do me the honor of dancing?  
No.  
I dance vary rarely, Mr. O'Malley.  
And then only with my husband.  
He's to be envied.  
Then dance with me, Mr.  
O'Malley. I love to dance.  
I'd be delighted.  
Do you want to try it again? Sure...  
It's time for bed, Melissa.  
Oh, no, not yet.  
Yes. Gracias, muchachos.  
Are you going to sleep in  
the house, Mr. O'Malley?  
You know Mr. Breckenridge has a special  
room in the toolhouse for guests.  
Oh, well. Good night.  
Good night.  
I'll show him.  
Never mind,  
I'll show him myself.  
Here's your lamp.  
Your bed's up there.  
Why did you  
have to come back?  
I ran into somebody who told me  
your married name and where you were.  
I started riding  
that same day.  
You're lying.  
You came here to hide.  
There's someone on my trail,

sure. There always is.  
But I haven't been running away from  
him, I've just been coming to you.  
And now I'm here.  
And I'm not hiding.  
And I'm going to stay.  
No, Bren.  
You're leaving tomorrow  
and you're not coming back.  
Belle.  
I can't leave you now.  
I never did  
leave you, really.  
All these years I've remembered  
you as you were that night.  
A pretty girl coming down  
the steps in a yellow dress.  
And another boy  
asked me to dance.  
You began that awful whistle  
and just watched for a minute.  
Then you tore my flowers off  
and knocked him down.  
I know, but that's all in the  
past. That part of me is over.  
It took three men to stop  
you. You were killing him.  
I'm trying to tell you that I've  
changed. I'm completely different now.  
You'll see.  
You still got  
that yellow dress?  
I burned it.  
I'll get you another one.  
Oh, Belle. Belle...  
Belle, remember that night?  
The music floating down  
from your uncle's house,  
me sitting by my campfire,  
thinking of you dancing  
in the arms of other men  
and wanting to kill someone.  
And then I looked up,  
you were standing there.

Standing beside my fire in  
your yellow dress like a flame.  
Oh, Belle.  
Belle.  
Oh, please,  
keep away from me.  
I'm afraid of you.  
Whatever you say, Belle.  
Why do you wear  
your gun in your belt?  
Well, I like to know  
exactly where it is.  
In your belt, you can feel it right  
up there against you all the time.  
Papa says a derringer hasn't got  
any range. He always wears a Colt 45.  
Oh, I'm sorry  
to hear that, miss.  
Why?  
Well, no handgun's accurate  
beyond 20 feet.  
And no holster gun can  
draw as fast as a derringer.  
My papa greases the  
inside of his holster.  
I'm afraid that wouldn't  
do him any good.  
Also, the derringer carries  
a bigger slug, miss.  
You can call me  
Melissa, if you like.  
Well, let's just compromise.  
I'll call you Missy.  
What's the matter?  
Oh, it's only Papa.  
Good morning,  
child of my heart.  
Rosario, come  
get Papa's horse.  
Good morning, my dear.  
Good, I say, because it's one of the  
last we'll spend on this accursed ranch.  
Did you find trail hands?  
Just one.

But I'm sure two or three  
more will join us directly.  
Not many people want to  
work for a living these days.  
Oh, John,  
this is Mr. O'Malley.  
How do you do?  
Welcome, Mr. O'Malley.  
Permit me to offer you the  
hospitality of these poor acres.  
Thank you,  
Mr. Breckenridge.  
We have a saying down here in  
Mexico, to which I hardly subscribe.  
"Everything that's  
mine is yours. "  
It's a fine saying.  
I'll remember it.  
You'll join me in coffee?  
Thank you.  
O'Malley...  
I knew some O'Malleys  
in Virginia. Tidewater?  
I'm afraid they'd be lace  
curtain, my people were all shanty.  
After you, sir. Take that  
chair right over there.  
I take you for a man who's handled  
quite a lot of cattle in his time.  
Oh, I've done a little  
bit of almost everything.  
Well, I run about  
I plan to trail the herd up  
to Texas and sell them there.  
Now if you're at  
liberty, I could...  
Mr. O'Malley  
was trailing south.  
North or south doesn't make much  
difference to me, Mrs. Breckenridge.  
There, you see?  
I'm sure my wife echoes my sentiments in  
hoping you'll join us on the trail, sir.  
I don't think Mr. O'Malley

would be influenced by my wishes.

I hope you won't  
always think that, ma'am.

I'm sure that's not  
what she meant.

Touch up your coffee?

Thanks.

I'm willing to pay you  
a dollar a day, in fact.  
Plus a \$25 bonus when we deliver  
the herd in Crazy Horse, Texas.  
Crazy Horse?

That's pretty dangerous  
country you're going through.  
And you need two men you haven't  
got. Fast gun and a trail boss.

I don't know any more  
about cows than you do,  
so if I go as the gun,  
where's the trail boss?

Well, I haven't got one.

I wasn't able to find anybody.

I know one. Good one.

Think you can get him?

He'll probably be  
here by tomorrow.

Maybe even today.

You think he'll take the job?

He just might.

You see, this fellow and I are  
kind of bound up with each other.

But with or without him, my  
terms are gonna be pretty high.

Well, you just name  
your terms, Mr. O'Malley.

Only two.

First I take  
a fifth of the herd.

It's outrageous.

Well, I fight better when  
part of the property's mine.

But that's exorbitant.

You think about it.

All right. All right,



you've got your fifth. Good.  
Now, wait a minute, you said you had  
two conditions. What's the second?  
Oh, yes, the second.  
I want your wife.  
You're joking.  
No.  
If I get the herd through for  
you, I mean to take your wife.  
You? You and my wife?  
You and Mrs. Breckenridge...  
A dirty shirt Irishman  
and a Fitzleigh from Richmond.  
Yes, I'll accept your  
challenge. Yes, indeed.  
And you can go to work.  
You can go to work at once.  
Hold it, O'Malley!  
They told me you'd try to circle  
around to get the sun in my eyes.  
You did a little  
circling yourself.  
Insurance.  
The sun was in Jimmy Graham's  
face when you killed him.  
I don't remember.  
Well, a lot of  
people do.  
I got a warrant  
for your arrest.  
I'm taking you back to Frio  
County, Texas, to stand trial.  
Will you come voluntarily  
or will I have to take you?  
Say, it just happens that I'm  
just headed for Texas right now.  
Crazy Horse. Of course,  
it isn't Frio County,  
but you'd die a lot closer to home  
than if I had to kill you here.  
All right, let's go.  
I'm running these  
cattle up there.  
You?

Yeah.

With a drunken owner, no trail  
boss, a few vaqueros and myself.  
What do you want in that outfit  
you're willing to risk a hanging for?  
Why don't you ride over  
and find out?

Why not?

You know, Sheriff, this is Mexico.  
Your warrant's no good here.

I'll serve it as soon as  
we cross the Rio Grande.

Is that the gentleman you were  
telling me about, Mr. O'Malley?

That's him.

They need a trail boss.

Mmm-hmm.

With just the two of us riding,  
I can always keep you in sight.  
But trailing cattle, it'd be too  
easy to catch a bullet in the back.

I hope Mr. O'Malley has discussed the  
possibilities of your joining up with us?

He has.

I'm not interested.

Why that's most unsettling.

I was counting on it.

You have any idea what  
you're getting yourself into?

There's nothing on that trail  
but rustlers and Indians.

And Johnny Rebs who crossed the border to  
steal what they couldn't win in a fair fight.

I do beg your pardon.

I almost lost a leg  
at Fredericksburg  
in as fair a fight as  
this world has ever seen.

I'm a Virginian and an officer  
in the armies of the Confederacy.

I'm from Virginia, too,  
except I served under Grant.

Oh, I beg your pardon.

Oh, forgive me. My dear,

allow me to present Mr...

Stribling.

Dana Stribling.

Mr. Stribling, my wife.

Almost forgot her.

I don't see how that

could be possible.

Well, bravo, you are

really a Virginian.

Why don't I show Mr.

Stribling around the place?

Might help him

change his mind.

That's a mighty

good idea, Mr. O'Malley.

It's right gracious of you.

Ma'am.

You know, I've got a nasty

feeling I've seen you before.

You were too drunk

to remember.

Bents Fort, Colorado.

So broke you were making

up rhymes for whiskey.

One free drink,

one free verse.

What's the matter?

Cost you a drink?

I'm gonna see that

you hang, O'Malley.

Ooh! Hanging's

a long-time proposition.

Well, Mr. Breckenridge, to

pull the 1,000 head of cattle,

you need two good point riders, four

swing riders, and one man on the tail.

You need a man to drive the mules, a

trail cook, a wrangler for the horses,

plus four horses in the

remuda for each rider.

I got plenty of horses

in the remuda.

My wife drove a chuck wagon

coming down here

and she's perfectly willing  
to drive one going back.  
And she's an  
excellent trail cook.  
Then she counts  
for two men.  
You've married well.  
You ride, miss?  
Oh, yes. I can even  
work cattle on a horse.  
Good.  
She can ride herd on the remuda.  
Give us another hand for the cattle.  
My daughter's a lady.  
A Southern lady.  
If I'm trail boss,  
my word goes  
when it comes to running  
the cattle, is that right?  
Well, whatever you say.  
We're ready to go.  
Melissa.  
We'll see how Milton's  
doing with the herd.  
Fine, Papa.  
Mrs. Breckenridge,  
it's not often I interfere  
in somebody else's business,  
but this is one of the  
times I think I should.  
O'Malley's a killer,  
and as soon as he crosses the border  
into Texas, I'm gonna see that he hangs.  
Until then, my advice to you is to  
keep your door locked when he's around.  
He can't tell  
one female from another.  
And he don't care much,  
either.  
Please,  
don't cause trouble.  
Why did you say those things  
about Mr. O'Malley?  
Because they're true.

I'm not a child, Mr. Stribling. I'm perfectly able to take care of myself. It won't happen again. It's a nice night, isn't it? Miss out on the nights, you miss half your life. Are you a killer? Now, why do you ask me that? What they say. Well, when you come right down to it, all men in their hearts are killers. But that's wrong. Maybe it is. I don't know. When a man kills, it means God let him, because God could stop him if he wanted to, couldn't he? I don't understand. Well, you asked if I'm a killer, I'm trying to tell you it's not an easy question to answer, but I have killed. But you didn't want to, did you? No. Do you like God? Do you like God? Well, of course, but... I don't know him really. Do you? Part of him. Someday I'm going to know all of him. Oh, not all of him, Missy. That'd be too much for anyone to know. It would blind you. Just learn to know rocks and trees and stars and sunlight. They're all part of God, too. Learn to know the sea.

I will when we  
get to California.  
Good. Find yourself a nice big boulder  
with the waves breaking against it.  
Look deep. Dream of  
seahorses and they'll come.  
Not many people know of it,  
not many people care,  
but the sea is a place where the seamen  
shoe the hooves of the wild sea-mare.  
Not many people have seen it,  
nor caught the faintest gleam of the  
ice-green cave in the deep green sea  
in the heart of  
the cold sea-stream,  
where the sea-mare hides her young  
sea-colt wrapped in a shy sea-dream.  
But practically all of the  
people known can absolutely say  
that the foam on the sea is a sign that  
you see the mare and her colt at play.  
Oh, I like that.  
Did you make that up?  
A drunk made that up,  
sitting in a saloon  
in Bents Fort, Colorado.  
Give him a subject, he'd write a verse.  
"One free drink, one free verse. "  
That must've been a part  
of God, too. God in him.  
Of course it was.  
God has a special love for drunks  
and fools and children like you.  
I'm not a child.  
I'm almost 16 years old.  
I'm a woman.  
Oh, Missy.  
Put it away.  
When I kill you, it'll be face-to-face  
with both of us on our feet.  
I'd like to believe that.  
You can.  
And here's something else  
you can believe, too.

Never talk to me again  
the way you did tonight.  
The truth hurts,  
doesn't it?  
The truth hurts.  
I'd like to know  
the truth about you.  
Just being sheriff isn't enough  
reason to follow a man this far.  
What was Jimmy Graham to you?  
Hmm?  
He was married to my sister.  
Your sister?  
Mmm.  
So that's where the bear  
sits, in the buckwheat.  
Pretty little girl  
Mr. Stribling!  
You left a calf behind.  
Where?  
He lost his mother.  
Well, we'll have to give  
him a new one. Come on.  
Come over here, miss.  
Now, blow your breath three or  
four times in each side of his nose.  
Go ahead.  
Keep on petting him.  
That's right.  
Now, stay right where you are so  
you're the first thing he sees.  
Get back on your horse.  
See, miss, cattle  
don't see very well.  
The only way this little fellow can  
tell his mother from any other cow  
is by her smell. When he  
loses that, he's an orphan.  
So we give him a new smell to  
follow. You're his new mama.  
Now, walk away slowly,  
see what he does.  
Thanks for saving  
that calf back there.

Why should you thank me?

Well, that calf  
could have been mine.

Yours?

Sure.

You see, part of my deal with Breckenridge  
was that I get a fifth of the herd.

A fifth?

Well, I delivered him the best  
trail boss in the business, didn't I?

That's worth something,  
isn't it?

Come on now, my fifth. Hey,  
there! Come on there, boy!

Mr. Stribling, you may  
make camp wherever you wish.

I'm riding on ahead  
to Tres Santos.

That's a pretty rough  
town, Mr. Breckenridge.

I think I can find  
extra hands there.

This time you can  
really count on me, Mrs. B.

I swear I'd sooner  
milk a wildcat.

Come on, Jack-boy.

Come on, Jack-boy.

Jack-boy, come on. Come on.

Come on, Jack-boy.

Come on. Come on.

Come on. Come on, Jack-boy.

That's a boy.

Your husband get back  
from town yet?

No. I hope he hasn't  
run into any trouble.

Maybe I ought to ride in,  
see how he's making out.

I wish you would.

All right.

Get me some tobacco,  
will you?

I don't know your brand.



Oh, any kind will do.  
Maybe you ought to come  
along. Pick it out yourself.  
Oh, it's not that important.  
Take your time. I'll just stick  
around here and keep an eye on things.  
Right, Jackie-boy?  
I only suggested  
you come along.  
Now I'm telling you to.  
On your way, cowpoke.  
That's an order,  
O'Malley.  
What did you say?  
Bren, please go with him.  
Don't make trouble for us.  
Whatever you want, Belle,  
that's the way it's going to be.  
Gentlemen, our cups  
are running dry of nectar.  
Patron, a drink for my friends,  
and everyone is my friend.  
Bartender, drinks all around.  
Gentlemen!  
Gentlemen, gentlemen.  
A toast to a great soldier,  
a devout Christian.  
To the bravest of the brave,  
General Stonewall Jackson.  
You're not fit to  
speak that name, sir.  
At whose side it was  
my privilege to fight  
during the long and tragic years  
of the war between the states.  
Gentlemen,  
I give you General...  
Reach for your gun, sir.  
I decline to shed the  
blood of a fellow Virginian.  
You decline every kind  
of a fight, don't you?  
It's right nice seeing  
you again, Breckenridge.

We had the privilege  
of fighting alongside him  
under Stonewall Jackson  
at Fredericksburg.  
And he ran.  
That's not true.  
He didn't just run,  
he deserted us!  
That's just not true.  
I was wounded at  
Fredericksburg.  
Where were  
you wounded?  
Go ahead and show us where  
you were wounded, Breckenridge.  
Yes, sir. Show us.  
We would all like to see.  
Well, the wound is obvious.  
I limp...  
Drop your pants and  
show us your backside.  
You've no right to  
ask me to do that.  
Your pants.  
Or your gun.  
Show us your wound.  
Oh, God,  
is there no mercy?  
Show us the wound!  
Talking's all right,  
you can say anything you want,  
but no man has the right  
to make another man do this.  
Keep out of this.  
What's he to you, sir?  
Don't ask questions, mister.  
Just do what the man says.  
Let's get out...  
Now wait a minute...  
You shut up!  
Let's go, Mr. Breckenridge. I  
don't think we're welcome here.  
How'd my papa really die?  
Like we said,

some buffalo skinners  
started to make trouble and...  
Well, your father  
waded in to stop it...  
You make that up  
because of Mama?  
'Cause she knows.  
And so do I.  
Know what?  
That Mr. Breckenridge was too  
gentle to ever get into a fight.  
Maybe that was  
the good in him.  
Bedtime, Melissa.  
So early?  
It's not early,  
it's late.  
Goodnight, Mr. O'Malley.  
Goodnight, Missy.  
Well, I'm ashamed of you,  
Stribling.  
Poor Breckenridge isn't even cold yet  
and already you're thinking of his widow.  
You might be right.  
Forget it, cowpoke.  
She's mine.  
I'd worry about that if I thought  
you were gonna live long enough.  
Well, when the time  
comes, you'll see.  
Don't count on it.  
You'll never get the chance  
again to ruin a woman's life.  
You're still talking  
about that sister of yours?  
You like the truth?  
Here it is.  
Your sister put more horns  
on Jimmy Graham  
than a porcupine's got quills.  
By the time he  
got himself killed,  
he wasn't good for anything except maybe  
to stuff and hang over the fireplace.

That sister of yours, Stribling,  
was just a free drink on the house.  
And nobody ever  
went home thirsty.  
I mean nobody.  
If you two want to kill  
each other, go ahead.  
But at least wait until you cross  
the border and fulfill your contract.  
If you're not going to  
stick with it, get out now.  
By the way, O'Malley,  
three days after you  
killed Jimmy Graham,  
my kid sister took a length  
of rawhide and hung herself.  
Now what's wrong?  
Just pointing the wagon tongue  
toward the North star.  
Help us get our bearings  
in the morning.  
If that's such a good idea, why haven't  
we done it before, Mr. Stribling?  
Probably because I didn't need  
an excuse to talk to you before.  
Oh.  
I just want to  
tell you not to worry.  
I mean to bring that herd through  
in good shape, you can count on me.  
Good.  
There's one thing more.  
If you'll pardon my saying so,  
you know, sometimes  
it only makes grief worse  
when you bottle it up.  
Thank you.  
If you...  
When you're feeling better,  
if you need a friend to talk to  
about your plans for the future,  
I mean, your plans  
and Melissa's,  
I'd like to be that friend.

I'll remember that,  
Mr. Stribling.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
I didn't know there were any  
women connected with this outfit.  
Make any difference?  
Not to me,  
it don't.  
Women like that are worth \$1,500 a piece  
delivered to a Dutchman in Veracruz.  
That's more than  
a whole herd's worth.  
You're looking for somebody?  
Fellow named  
Breckenridge.  
Hired us to go through with this  
outfit to Crazy Horse, Texas.  
We heard he got killed.  
So we trailed you  
from Tres Santos.  
Figured you could really  
use some more hands.  
We got a paper he signed.  
Show him.  
Paper doesn't matter. We  
need men. Have you got names?  
Sure. Frank Hobbs.  
This is my brother Ed,  
that fellow over there calls  
himself the Julesburg Kid.  
All right.  
Let's get to work.  
Hey, kid.  
You hard of hearing?  
All right, we got a big herd  
of cows here. All round here.  
Now, bunch them up so we can  
move out of here right away.  
Well, now, you ought to  
move over there, lady.  
Let me handle  
them mules for you.  
I'll be right with you just as soon

as I tie my horse on behind here.  
You're hard of hearing. Well, you  
know, when I get through with you,  
you're gonna like them cattle so  
much you'll never want to leave them.  
Come on, Julesburg Kid, let's go!  
Let's go! That's it!  
Hold on! Hold on!  
Hold on, there!  
Sit on your horse, that's it. Come  
here, come here. Don't be that way.  
Come here!  
Whoa, whoa, whoa!  
Stay on your horse, there. Come  
on, stay on that horse. That's it!  
Now you got it! Come on!  
Let's go again, huh? Come on!  
On we go! That's it.  
Isn't this fun?  
Isn't this fun?  
Don't you reach  
for your gun again.  
Now work for your dollar.  
Hey, hold it, Missy.  
You know a funny thing  
about a horse?  
He can see a gopher hole  
about a mile off, and yet...  
Let me show you something.  
Look.  
And yet he can't even see a  
bird's nest right under his nose.  
There's no reason  
to be nervous.  
I'm going to take you  
alive. Remember?  
What did he mean?  
All he meant was you're going to have  
horses scattered all over the countryside,  
unless you get back  
to work pronto, miss.  
All right.  
We may be able to use a  
killer on this drive after all.

I don't think there's  
any danger in here.  
We better stand watch  
around here, just the same.  
We'll spread out  
among the herd tonight.  
Take your bedroll with you.  
Get as much sleep as you can.  
O'Malley and I  
will ride herd.  
If I were an Indian, I could've picked  
up some mighty easy scalps just then.  
I'm glad you weren't.  
Come here. I want to  
show you something.  
Don't be afraid. You won't need  
that shooting iron. Come on.  
Something out there you could live  
five lifetimes and never see again.  
Look.  
Saint Elmo's fire.  
Never seen it  
except on ships.  
I've never seen it  
anywhere. What is it?  
Well, a star fell and smashed and  
scattered its glow all over the place.  
There, you see?  
You laughed.  
You're getting  
used to me again.  
I was really thinking that  
you haven't changed a bit.  
How do you mean that?  
Oh, you've still got that  
wildness on the tip of your tongue.  
I've still got you  
in my heart, too.  
Look, Belle, I know this  
hasn't been a good trip for you,  
but, well, we're going to have  
smooth sailing from here on out.  
You really don't want  
smooth sailing, Bren.

You carry your own storm  
wherever you go.  
Only when I travel alone.  
Belle.  
Look at me. I'm trying to  
tell you how much I love you.  
No, Bren.  
You loved a 16-year-old girl.  
In another country.  
In another world almost.  
And you still think  
I'm that girl.  
You are.  
I'm not.  
The girl you remember died  
a long, long time ago.  
But the minute I look at  
you, she comes alive again.  
Can't you see that,  
Belle?  
Don't you know what  
I've done for you?  
Something only  
love could do?  
I stopped time  
from touching you.  
I trapped you in my heart the very first  
day I saw you, and I've never let you change.  
Oh, Belle, 100 years from now, my  
eyes could look at you and still see  
a pretty little girl  
in a yellow dress.  
You've said it all.  
Don't you see, Bren?  
I don't want to be  
loved as if I were  
a frightened, shivering,  
innocent little girl.  
I have to be loved  
for what I am.  
I'm a woman  
with the heart and the mind  
and the flesh of a woman.  
I'm not young and



I'm not innocent.  
There's so much more to me  
to be loved than just that.  
But you don't see it.  
Because you don't want to.  
You're up awful early  
this morning.  
Why, yes, I am.  
Do you think that's wise?  
Walking around here unarmed?  
Just wanted to see this  
little church in the daylight.  
Yeah.  
Lots of hopes, lots of  
prayers must've started here.  
Or ended.  
Babies being christened.  
Women burying their dead.  
Sometimes men, too.  
Men?  
I lost my wife and two  
daughters in an Osage war party.  
Oh.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm afraid I was only  
thinking of myself.  
To me, it's always seemed like  
the women who keep on living.  
Men kill or get killed.  
And women bury them.  
We're professional survivors.  
Belle, last night...  
I couldn't help seeing you  
and O'Malley talking together.  
And I had the feeling that you  
two have met before sometime.  
I mean, way before we began  
this cattle drive. Have you?  
I don't think you have the right to  
ask me that question, Mr. Stribling.  
But I give myself that right,  
because I mean to marry you.  
That gives me  
every right in the world.

Will I have anything to say  
about this marriage?  
Not until I ask you.  
And I can't ask until I  
square things off with him.  
Then you'll have  
a lot to say about it.  
Excuse me.  
No reason  
to be offended.  
But you might just as well  
forget you ever saw him,  
because I'm the man  
you're going to marry.  
I mean what I say, Belle.  
O'Malley!  
Hold up the herd!  
What did you think  
you were doing?  
I was protecting  
my fifth of the herd.  
You get on back there and get the  
outfit ready to stand off an attack.  
I didn't sign up  
to fight Yaquis.  
Well, I ain't about  
to fight them, either.  
Get the wagon and the remuda over here  
and we'll surround them with the herd.  
Get ready.  
Hold it.  
They've got Stribling.  
All they wanted was  
a little fresh beef.  
You could've  
got him killed.  
Not yet.  
How many herd  
did you have to give?  
One-fifth of the herd!  
O'Malley's fifth.  
Never did like cows  
much anyhow.  
Quicksand!

Watch where you ride!  
Throw me a rope.  
Let's have a rope.  
Think you might find a way  
to tear up that warrant?  
Not a chance.  
Hold your hands  
over your head.  
The big guy is stuck  
in the quicksand.  
Don't get the wrong idea,  
Stribling.  
If Belle didn't need you  
to get these cattle through,  
you'd be on the bottom now,  
alongside your horse.  
That's the way I figured.  
I killed Frank Hobbs.  
Well, there she is.  
We made it.  
Sure is beautiful.  
I got plenty of vaqueros  
to help us make the crossing.  
Crazy Horse is on the other  
side, just beyond that ridge.  
When do we cross over?  
First thing in the morning.  
You mean we're going to  
have to make camp again?  
When there's a town  
in plain sight?  
Well, it's too late  
to try today, Melissa.  
All right, let's get these  
cattle moving towards the river.  
You know, Missy, you and your  
mother could make the crossing now,  
and spend a comfortable  
night in town. I'd like that.  
We've come this far, Melissa. We  
might as well spend one more night.  
Well, I sure would  
like a nice bath.  
You know, this is our

last night in Mexico.  
Let's celebrate.  
Let's have a fiesta.  
A fiesta? Can we get  
all dressed up? Why not?  
O'Malley? O'Malley?  
Yes?  
We're going to have a fiesta  
tonight. Will you dance with me?  
Sure will. Dance with  
you all night long.  
Oh, Mr. O'Malley, if you decide  
not to cross the border with us,  
I'll be glad to send your  
wages after I've sold the herd.  
I'll think about it.  
I'm only a sham.  
I haven't any slippers.  
I wouldn't wear boots.  
Do you like it?  
Very much.  
It was my mother's.  
Could've been  
made for you.  
Melissa, where did  
you find that dress?  
In your trunk.  
It's been torn.  
Oh, yes, it is.  
Did you know that, Mama?  
Yes. Someone gave me  
a corsage of primroses.  
And a very jealous boy ripped them off  
and stomped on them. Tore the dress.  
I think that's romantic.  
Well, some day I'll give  
those primroses back to you.  
Dance with me.  
Pretty little girl  
in the yellow dress  
When are you going to give  
Your heart to me?  
I intend to keep on asking  
Until you answer yes

Pretty little girl  
In the pretty  
little yellow dress  
I looked and  
saw you standing there  
Like fire-glow  
on a winding stair  
So young you were,  
so proud, so fair  
With candlelight  
to preen your hair  
Pretty little girl  
in the yellow dress  
Your watch, O'Malley.  
When you...  
Hey. You're a long ways from your  
wagon. What are you doing here?  
Are you going to  
cross over?  
I don't know.  
I haven't decided yet.  
If you stay here in Mexico,  
I'm staying here with you.  
Why do you say  
a thing like that?  
Because I love you.  
Oh, Missy, you  
only think you do.  
And you mustn't...  
Don't say that I mustn't.  
I've loved you from the  
very first minute I saw you.  
And now I'm all filled up  
with love for you.  
Have you said anything  
like this to your mother?  
No. Not yet.  
Besides...  
Besides what?  
You've seen the way  
she looks at Mr. Stribling.  
She won't be lonely  
for me for much longer.  
Missy.

Look at me.  
And listen to me.  
Now you're young, too young... I'm not.  
Girls here marry when they're much  
younger than I am. In Mexico, I'm a woman.  
Why is it you always make such  
a ruckus over being a woman?  
Because it's important.  
I can sew, keep house and cook  
better than any woman you ever knew.  
Of course you can.  
And one these days, a boy'll  
come along... I don't want a boy.  
I want you.  
You want someone who'll fill your  
heart with warmth and sunlight.  
You want a young man,  
not me.  
All I can do is throw  
a cloud over you...  
I'm not afraid of clouds.  
I'm not afraid of anything.  
If you can see so much beauty just  
by looking into the ocean waves,  
why can't you see just a  
little something to love in me?  
Oh, Missy, I do.  
I do, Missy.  
I look at you and  
all I see is loveliness.  
Please try to get  
used to me.  
And if you don't love me  
right now, please try to learn.  
Oh, Missy.  
I've loved you  
all my life.  
Take me with you  
wherever you go?  
For as long as you want,  
thanking God every step  
of the way that I found you.  
There's Texas.  
It's a lovely sight.

Hey, do we cross the border  
in the middle of the river  
or when we get  
to the other side?  
Well, I don't know.  
Well, you like everything  
legal, don't you?  
Oh, yeah.  
You still want to  
serve that warrant?  
That's right.  
I'm not accepting it,  
you know.  
That's what I figured.  
What's that do  
to our showdown?  
Maybe we ought to get  
the work done first.  
Gives us one more hand.  
I'll come for you at sundown.  
I'll be waiting for you.  
Ho, there. Come on.  
I'll meet you back here  
as soon as I get cleaned up.  
I'll be waiting!  
You could stop this thing  
if you didn't hate him so.  
I don't hate him.  
I did, at first.  
It's hard to keep on hating  
somebody you've come to know.  
Then let him go.  
Forget about him.  
I was almost hoping  
he wouldn't cross over.  
Please.  
Sorry, Belle.  
Belle.  
What is O'Malley to you?  
Or what was he?  
I knew him years ago,  
when I was a girl.  
I haven't seen him since.  
Until he came to the ranch.

Were you in love with him?  
I thought I was.  
I was afraid of that.  
You can't think  
there's anything now?  
No, Belle.  
I'll meet you  
back here for supper.  
Oh, Dana.  
Please. If you really love me, you  
won't gamble your life away like this.  
Remember,  
it's my life, too.  
Belle, I do  
really love you.  
Oh, then don't fight him.  
There must be  
a way out. Find it.  
Oh, promise me you will.  
Good afternoon, Mrs.  
Breckenridge. You look beautiful.  
I had to see you, Bren.  
I have to talk to you.  
All right. Let's talk.  
I want to thank you for all  
you've done for me and Melissa.  
That's all right.  
But don't you think you should get out  
of the country, before something happens?  
What could happen?  
Well, if you  
stay here, you'll...  
Either you'll have another murder  
on your hands, or you'll be killed.  
You're not thinking about me.  
You're worried about Stribling.  
You love him. You don't want to  
see him killed. That's fair enough.  
I'm not thinking  
of Stribling.  
You're a real woman,  
Belle.  
Sorry that cowpoke won't live  
long enough to know what he's got.



It's not Stribling.  
It's Melissa.  
She told me.  
I can't let you  
take her, Bren.  
I won't.  
Look, Belle.  
Missy'll be safe with me.  
Nothing bad will ever happen to her  
while I'm with her. I promise that.  
But it won't last, Bren.  
She's so young, it can't.  
It will.  
You see, Missy and I need each  
other. I don't know how it happened,  
but she loves me in a way  
she'll never love any other man.  
You don't know  
what you're saying.  
But I do. I want Missy.  
And she belongs to me.  
I love her more than  
I love my own life.  
Don't you know why?  
Bren, you must.  
She's your daughter.  
It's true.  
You know it's true.  
What're you trying  
to do to me, Belle?  
Do you think I wouldn't  
know my own daughter?  
Even if I never saw her  
before, I'd know my daughter.  
The minute I looked  
at her, I'd feel it.  
You're lying.  
What a dirty thing to do.  
You're lying. You're lying.  
You're lying.  
Seor O'Malley.  
Seor O'Malley.  
Missy.  
O'Malley?

What's wrong?

Oh, nothing.

I was just thinking what a beautiful girl you've turned out to be.

Beautiful, beautiful girl.

Missy, let's take a walk.

Wonderful.

Got my things all packed.

Good.

Are you going to have to fight Mr. Stribling?

We decided on tomorrow, but we leave today.

You know, I feel as if I've been looking for you all my life.

Without knowing who you were or even what you looked like.

Then I found you.

And now,

I'll have you forever.

Forever?

Mmm-hmm.

You know something, Missy?

I'm old enough to be your father.

What difference does that make?

Well, it means that some day, you'll be alone.

I won't be with you anymore,

and so you'll have to find someone else to love.

That's silly. I couldn't love anybody else but you. I couldn't.

There's something wrong with us, Missy.

But why?

Because if you ever really love, you have to go on loving.

It's like a mountain spring. If it stops flowing, there's no more spring.

And if you stop loving, just because something happens to me,

there's no more Missy.  
You mean, you'd want me  
to find somebody else?  
If you really loved me, you'd  
have to find someone else.  
And the day you found him, and gave  
him all the love you once gave me...  
Oh, Missy, Missy.  
On that day, all the angels  
in heaven will shout for joy.  
And the stars will bend low  
to chime your wedding bells.  
And I'll hear them.  
And I'll smile.  
And then I'll  
go to sleep again,  
content.  
Missy?  
Are you all through?  
I'm not sure.  
Because I'm  
not listening.  
Already I'm a bore.  
No.  
It's time to get  
our horses.  
I'll pick up your  
saddlebags at the hotel.  
You wait for me  
right here.  
You'll come right back  
to me, won't you?  
When that sun  
goes down over there,  
just below  
the rim of the hills,  
I'll come  
right back to you.  
O'Malley!  
It wasn't even loaded.  
He told me to give you this,  
in case anything happened.  
Primroses.  
You said you'd

give them to me.