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Last Train from Gun Hill

By James Poe

Where you going in such a hurry?
Come on, honey, not so fast, huh?
Slow down a little.

- Giddup!

- How about a drink, squaw-missy?

No!

Hi, Marshal!

Marshal Morgan!

- Marshal!

- Marshal!

Hey, what is this? A raid?

Where's Petey? He's not at the house.

At the reservation with his mother,
visiting her folks.

They'll be back this afternoon. Why?

Got a business deal cooking with Petey?

He was gonna show us the gun
you killed the Bradley boys with.

- He was, was he?

- And then how you did it.

- You've heard that story lots of times.

- You tell us.

- Come on, Mr Morgan!

- I got work to do.

- Come on!

- Come on!

All right! Come on.

What's this?

Feeding the kids hokey-pokey about
the old days. The Bradley Brothers.

I was at the window

when I first heard them, like this.

- That wasn't hokey-pokey.

- I don't think they believe half of it.

I opened the door very easy...

...very easy.

Where the ice-cream parlour is, there
used to be a dance hall, an evil place...

- Pink Poodle.

- That's right.

One of the Bradleys was up on the roof.

Jeb, over there with a shotgun.

And right across the street was Frank.

Boy, he was a real mean one!

Wish I'd been around in the olden times.

- Yes, those sure were the olden times.

- Must have been nine, ten years ago.

Don't even hear a gun
in the territory any more.

Be glad of that. Now, I was standing here
just so, my hands at my side.

And I tell you, I expected to hear
those guns go off any minute.

Bam! Bam!

- See those bullet holes?

- One was from Jeb Bradley.

- And the other from Frank.

- Now, don't go rushing me, boys.

Those Bradleys were a mean bunch.

- Then what'd you do, Marshal?

- Well, I tell you, sir, I drew.

Aimed...

What happened, son, tell me.

Here, calm down, son.

Here, tell your dad.

- Where's your mother?

- Back on the road.

What happened, Petey?

Andy, get some help!

Catherine!

Catherine!

Catherine!

CB:

GUN HILL:

Rick Belden! Where you been hiding
yourself, boy? Sure have missed you.

Is that right, Minnie? What did you miss
about me? I don't understand.

I don't have to draw no pictures for you.

- What happened to your face?

- Vamoose, Minnie. I'm busy right now.

Looks like somebody scratched you.

Somebody with long fingernails.

I told you to go.

Does me good to see somebody scratch
you for a change. It's nice and deep.

- I said mind your own business.
- That's no way to treat a girl.
- What else you got to say?
- Hold it...

Something to say?

Anybody got something to say, say it!

All right. Come on, kid, let's go.

- What do you want?
- Nothing.

It's your pappy.

You borrowed something
of his and didn't return it.

Let's go. Your pappy's mighty
unhappy about you, boy.

All right. Now, tell me again.

How did he lose it?

We stopped for a beer, Mr Belden.

Somebody must have thieved the horses.

- While you was having your beer, right?
- That's how it looks, Mr Belden.
- What town did you say this was?
- Pawley. You know Pawley, Mr Belden.

Oh yes, yes, I know Pawley. Ain't been
a horse stole in Pawley in ten years.

- They're very civilised in Pawley.
- Somebody didn't know the rules.
- Here he is, Mr Belden.
- Hey, hey, hiya, boy!

Hey, Pa!

- Have a nice trip?
- Fine.

Hear you came by train.

Where are the horses?

- I don't know.
- Lee says they got stole. Right?
- Yes. We was having a beer in Pawley.
- You took my saddle. Is that stole, too?

Yes, sir.

That saddle means a lot to me.

- Yes, sir, I know.
- I want it back.

I figured I could pay you for it. You can
take it out of my wages every month.

I don't want the money,

I want that saddle!

Anybody else take my saddle, get it stole,
you know what I'd do?

- Yes, sir.

- All right.

- What's that on your face?

- Nothing.

- Come here, let me look.

- Ain't nothing.

What do you mean?

Hey, that looks like a scratch, huh?

- Take a she-bear to lay a welt that deep.

- Yeah.

- One of those she-bears over in Pawley.

- Yeah, yeah.

You know, Rick would do better
fighting with men.

- Did you hear what Beero said?

- Yes, sir.

You gonna let him talk like that?

Man, I'd hit him.

He's just joking, Pa.

What's your name? Come on, boy,
what's your name? What? I can't hear.

- Belden.

- Then be a Belden! Hit him!

No man jokes like that with a Belden!

Now, you hit him!

- Beero.

- Yes, Beero!

If you don't, I'll knock you
right through that wall. Hit him.

Beero, don't you pull your punches.

That's enough!

Come on, son, get up.

Get up.

Get out.

Rick, I told you before,
somebody insults you, you hit him!

I don't care if you win or lose,
but you fight, understand?

Sure, Pa, I understand.

So, you got mixed up with a...
a she-bear, huh?

Yeah.

Rick!

I want that saddle
and the man who stole it.

- Petey all right?

- Yeah. He's asleep now.

You and I track them from the wagon,
from where they killed my daughter.

We find them, even if they gone
to Mexico, we find them.

Don't have to, Keno.

I know who this saddle belongs to.

- Who?

- Belden.

- Craig Belden?

- Yeah.

Then we call the sheriff at Gun Hill
and have him hold him.

I know Belden better than I know you.
I used to work with him, ride with him.
He saved my life once. He'd never
get mixed up in a thing like this.

- We'd still better call the sheriff.

- Sit down.

Belden must have 20 or 30 men
riding for him. Could be any one of them.
I'm gonna deliver a saddle. Andy, get me
a ticket on the train to Gun Hill.

- I go with you.

- No, Keno.

I don't want you mixed up in this.

I go. She was my daughter!

She was my wife.

Kill him. Kill him slow. The Indian way.
I'll kill him... my own way.

- This is the car?

- That's right, lady.

- Sorry, but those are the rules.

- Right here! Been saving it just for you.

- Pardon me.

- Oh, no, thank you.

- Would you mind lighting it for me?

- No.

Thank you.

That's a mighty handsome saddle
you have there.

- How far you travelling, mister?

- Gun Hill.

Oh. I live there.

I've been to Laredo, in a hospital.

Have you ever been in a hospital?

No.

You married?

Sure you are. You got the look.

I can always tell the ones
that are married. You got any kids?

- One.

- Boy or girl?

- Boy.

- Ah, that's nice.

Say, what are you going to Gun Hill for?

I guess it's none of my business, huh?

If you don't wanna talk,
why don't you just say so?

- It's just that I don't feel like talking.

- All right.

It's not a good idea
to carry a gun where you're going.

I don't know who you are,
but you see, I know who that belongs to.

So do I.

- Hello, Linda.

- Hello. Where's Mr Belden?

He couldn't come.

I'll handle this. Take her out to the ranch.

I'm not going to the ranch.

Take me to the Harper House.

- Mr Belden won't like that.

- Take care of her. I'll tell Mr Belden.

All right.

- When's the night train for Pawley?

- Last train's at nine o'clock.

Thank you.

You work for Craig Belden?

You tell him I'm coming.

'Board!

- Do you know where I can hire a rig?

- Yeah. Right at the end of the street.

Thank you.

BELDEN CATTLE COMPANY

He showed up. The horse thief.

- He did, huh? Where?
- At the station, and he's got your saddle.
- You talk to him?
- He said to tell you he's coming.

He did, huh? Where's Linda?

Was she on the train?

She wouldn't come out here.

She went to the Harper House.

- Harper House? Why?
- I don't know, Mr Belden.

Well, let's take care of this fellow with the saddle first.

Probably fixing to collect himself a little reward.

Well, he'll get it. He'll get it.

- Take this saddle into the harness room.
- You need me, Mr Belden?

Have it cleaned up.

Matt?

Hello, Craig.

Matt Morgan! You old... And I was coming up here to shellac a horse thief.

- I wouldn't take \$1 million for this.
- I brought your saddle.
- I see you did. Where'd you find it?
- A long ways from home. Pawley.
- Catch the thieves?
- I will.

Ah, that'll keep. Come on in.

We got a lot of drinking to catch up on.

- A lot of years, Craig.
- Yeah.

Well, how do you like it, huh?

Not bad for an old saddle tramp.

- You haven't changed, except for this.
- Yeah.

Aw, the heck with it. Here.

We'll drink to old times and friendship.

You know, I don't think I've made a friend since you and me split up. I've... I've bought a few, though.

Come on, sit down.

Hey... who'd ever think
that you'd turn out to be a marshal?
I finally figured out
the other side didn't pay.

To the law.

Matt.

I wish you'd joined me when I wanted
you to. I've got these parts sewed up.
I'll tell you what,
you can still be a partner.

- No, thanks. I like what I'm doing.

- Yeah?

I got this whole spread, I got nobody left
but Rick. That's my boy. My wife died.

- I didn't know.

- Nine years ago. That's the way it goes.

You work all your life for something and
then the reason you wanted it is gone.

- Here, let me give you another drink.

- Craig, tell me about that saddle.

Rick borrowed it. He was going
to Dodge City, he and his friend Lee.
They stopped at Pawley for a drink.

When they come out, the horses
was gone and my saddle, too.

- What day was that?

- Let me see, that was last Sunday.

- That's the day my wife was killed.

- Your wife?

Those fellas that got your saddle
murdered my wife.

- That's why I want them.

- Gee, I'm sorry, Matt.

Here I been talking about
a couple of damn horses.

No wonder you're after them. Anything
you need, you know where to come.

I'll ride with you.

You know, I was in my office
straight through the day that it happened.

It's funny your son didn't report
those stolen horses.

Probably never thought to. Nobody here

goes to a marshal, they all come to me.

- Yeah.

- Do you have anything to go on?

They could walk in here,

you wouldn't know them.

I wouldn't know them both, but...

I'd know one of them.

Well, that's better. How?

My wife got him across the face

with the lash. Petey was there.

Petey?

I got a son, too.

Nine years old and he was there, Craig.

Petey says she laid his cheek

open to the bone.

Well, that's something.

You know, a cut like that

would leave a mark for quite some time.

Yeah, I guess it would.

I think I'd better have a talk

with your son Rick and his friend.

Well, they're not here. They couldn't

tell you any different than they told me.

They was in a bar in Pawley,

and their animals got stole, that's all.

- Is that what your boy told you?

- Well, that's what they both told me.

- Which one's got the cut, Craig?

- What?

The mark where my wife lashed him

before they raped and murdered her.

- What are you talking about?

- Your son. He's a liar.

- Matt...

- He's a liar!

We got two saloons in Pawley.

They're both closed on Sunday.

Maybe I got it wrong.

Maybe it wasn't Sunday. How do I?

Which one's got the cut, Craig?

It was your boy, wasn't it?

- No, Matt.

- Wasn't it?

- No, Matt, it wasn't.

- I'll find out, Craig.
If it takes me years, I'll find him.
And he'll still have that cut.
Suppose I could locate them for you?
I'd take them both back to Pawley.
They'll stand trial for rape and murder.
Matt, you're my best friend.
I'd do anything in the world for you.
But leave that boy alone.
This is my son you're talking about.

- No. It's my wife we're talking about.
- You don't lay a finger on that boy!
You're leaving on the next train. I own
the sheriff, this town and every man in it.
You're leaving on the next train, Matt.
All right, Craig, the last train leaves
at nine o'clock. I'll be on it.
But there'll be two men with me, and
one of them'll have a cut on his cheek.
Beero!

- Sheriff Bartlett?
- Why do you want him?
I've got two John Doe warrants
to serve here.
- It's customary to tell the local officer.
- It won't be necessary in this case.
It's customary to cooperate...
We've got our own customaries.
Anyway, the sheriff ain't around.

- When's he coming back?
- He ain't coming back.
- What are you? Deputy?
- Don't matter much what you call me.
- I'm calling you yellow.
- It's your privilege.
I'm all for law and order, Marshal,
but a lawman's gotta take the long view.
You see that big hotel up the end
of the street? Owned by Mr Belden.
Those cattle pens by the tracks
east of town? Belden and Son.
He owns the livery stable, two saloons.
Some say he owns the Town Council.
So, like I tell you, a lawman's

gotta take the long view.
Far as I'm concerned, you can go and
get yourself killed any time you want.
on my grave as on yours.
And nobody'll even remember that I was
yellow, or that you died like a fool.
That's your long view, son.
Always take the long view.
I've got two warrants and I'm serving
them. I'm leaving town with two men.
And the long view is this:
Don't try to stop me.
- You lied to me about that saddle.
- Now, wait a minute, Pa.
- You lied.
- Listen, Mr Belden...
I listened to you before.
And you lied to me, both of you.
We were scared.
You know I wouldn't lie to you.
- You got plenty of reason to be scared.
- What are you talking about, Pa?
You know damn well
what I'm talking about!
That woman up in Pawley?
We didn't mean to hurt her, Pa.
Honest we didn't.
We were just trying
to have a little fun, that's all.
You said there ain't nothing prettier
than a Cherokee squaw.
It was an accident, Pa. She must have
hit her head on a rock or something.
- You know who that woman was?
- Nobody. I'll take an oath on that.
Just an Indian squaw.
Get out of here before I kill you.
You keep your worthless butt
off my property, you hear!
Rick!
- I thought I made a man out of you.
- It wasn't my fault. It was nobody's fault.
What are you making a fuss about?
She was just a squaw.

I'll tell you who she was.
That was Matt Morgan's wife!
You know what I think of Morgan.
You've heard me talk about him enough.
- That was my friend's wife you killed!
- It was an accident!
He's come for you
with a hanging warrant.
If I was Matt, I wouldn't serve
that warrant. I'd kill you.
- I can take care of myself.
- Yeah, you can!
I know how to handle a gun, and I ain't
running away. I'm going in to town.
- Take Beero and Skag!
- I don't need bodyguards.
Think you're up against some field hand?
It's Matt Morgan. Do as I say.
And don't you do a thing till I get there.
Beero! Skag! Get in here!
- What'll happen to Lee?
- He'll be drunk in an hour.
I gotta tell you something, Pa.
It wasn't Lee's fault.
He'll be drunk in an hour.
If Matt finds him, he'll be dead in two.
I just hope that eases Matt's hurt.
I'm looking for Rick Belden.
Do you know where I can find him?
- What do you want him for, Marshal?
- To talk to him and Lee.
- Never heard of them.
- Maybe you got the wrong town.
No, I got the right town.
- Maybe I'm talking to the wrong people.
- That's the only kind we got.
Before we're through,
you're gonna have two less.
That's right nasty of you, Marshal.
We heard talk about an Indian girl...
Hereabouts we don't arrest a man for
killing an Indian. We give him a bounty.
What'll it be, Marshal?
Whiskey.

It's none of my business,
but I've some free advice...

- Get out of town?

- That's right.

- How much?

- It's on the house, just like the advice.

You wouldn't know where to find them?

If they was standing right next to you,

I wouldn't tell you. I've got a family.

Yeah, I can understand that.

Isn't anybody here not afraid of Belden?

Sure, the graveyard's full of them.

I'm not afraid of Craig Belden.

- What are you doing in a place like this?

- I was raised in places like this.

That makes two of us.

They're saying

you're gonna get yourself killed.

- Is that what they say?

- It's what they say.

Just like Jimmy.

A fella I used to know. Just like you.

Always wanted to make everything right.

He had a heart as big as a house

and a brain the size of a pea.

You don't know where Rick Belden is?

No.

But I know where I'd look.

- Where?

- That gin mill across the street.

It's called Charlie's Place,

but Craig Belden counts the cash.

Thanks.

If any of the girls try and tell you how

wonderful you are, don't believe them.

I know, I used to deal there.

Just like Jimmy, stubborn as a mule.

Next time you see Jimmy, say hello.

We seem to have a lot in common.

Maybe more than you know. He's dead.

They shot him down in the street.

Six, deuce, pair of fives...

...ten, three.

- You're high, Charlie.

- \$5.

I'll call.

- Six. Where you going, Rick?

- I'll be back.

- He's fixing to get scratched again.

- Pair of tens.

- Can't a girl get some sleep?

- Sorry. Don't make any noise.

Rick, what are you doing up there?

Will you let him alone, Skag?

Come on, Rick! We're fixing to shoot
a little red dog. We need your money!

All right, everybody up.

Just keep away from those guns.

All right, on your feet.

All right, one at a time. In there.

Start moving.

Morgan, you must be out of your mind.

Get in there.

I need one of your jail cells
until train time, Sheriff.

The cells are all locked.

I wouldn't know where to find the keys.

Pretty bad bump you put on that
boy's head. Mr Belden ain't gonna like it.
He's got plenty of time to handle it.

Evening train ain't due for six hours.

You'll never get him on it.

You've been lucky so far, Morgan.

The tough part's still ahead.

You'll turn this into a shooting gallery!

Get out!

- I want a room.

- Not here. Mr Belden's the owner.

You're breaking the law!

I am the law.

Morgan's got your boy, Mr Belden.

Don't worry, I've never killed
an unarmed man in my life.

Or a woman.

He got him, Mr Belden.

He's up in that far room.

He jumped us. Rick was upstairs.

Morgan came down with him, out cold.

Cover the place.

Rick! Can you hear me?

Yeah, Pa!

- Are you all right?

- Yeah, Pa!

Matt!

- Matt! I wanna come up!

- You got something to say, say it!

I told you to leave town!

Are you tired of living or just plain crazy?

I've got 20 men down here!

You turn Rick loose!

You know the answer to that.

He's cuffed me to the bed!

- Matt, now, this is your last chance!

- You through?

All right. All right, you called the turn.

Do me a favour, will you? Try walking
in front of that window again.

Hey!

No!

Pa, make them stop! He's got the bed
in front of the window! Pa!

Hold it!

- Aren't you gonna do anything?

- Why don't we rush him?

- After all, he's only one man.

- That's my son up there.

That's better. Not so noisy.

You're a goner, Morgan.

I know my old man.

Only way you'll get out of here's in a box.

Just so long as I got you with me,
that's the main thing.

- He can't stay holed up.

- Sooner or later, he'll have to come out.

- Charlie!

- Yeah?

- Get Doc Rainey, huh? Where's Skag?

- He couldn't make it back.

Why don't he have sense and quit?

He don't stand a chance in hell.

Rushing him don't do no good.

- Where are the other men?

- Over at the Horseshoe.

No, you wait. Soon they'll be stampeding
in here to get liquored up.

Killing, blood, a good gunfight,
makes them thirsty.

You'd think they'd be buying already.

Two men dead.

- Three. You're forgetting Skag.

- That wasn't a man.

But Matt Morgan. You've got to admire
somebody with that much guts.

OK, OK.

You look kind of lonesome, missy.

Not since I was 12 years old.

Like to buy you a little drink.

Later, missy, later.

- Hey, you think Morgan'll really make it?

- No. I wish he would, though.

- I'd love to see Craig's face.

- Yeah.

I'll tell you,

if Morgan does manage to get the kid
out of here, it could really hurt Craig.

Probably the only thing that would.

- Where are you going?

- My room.

What? In the Harper House?

The hotel where this Morgan's holed up?

You going in there?

- Why not? I live there.

- She's just pulling your leg.

She may walk in that lobby,

but not up them stairs.

- You know you're not going in there.

- Would you like to put money on it?

I got \$100 that says I not only go up, but
walk into Morgan's room and talk to him.

- I'll take half that bet.

- How about you, big mouth?

Well, of all the stubborn women,

you take the cake. All right.

- Who'll hold the bet?

- Put it in the cash register.

Linda!

Why didn't you come back to the ranch?

- So you could beat me up again?

- What did you expect after all I heard?

Rick told you those things. Rick hates me. He always has and you know it.

When he tells you lies about me, why believe him?

Why couldn't you just once believe me?

- 'Cause he's my son.

- What am I? Nothing?

- You know better than that.

- It's not gonna be that way any more.

- What are you talking about?

- Ten days I lay in that hospital.

Every day I swore that we were through.

I was through with this town and you.

But you came back.

You told me something once.

You said you'd marry me.

- Will you marry me?

- We can't discuss that now.

- You know how Rick feels...

- Rick! Rick!

- I've got my answer.

- Where are you going?

The hotel. To get a job,

I have to dress the part.

You ain't going back to work.

You don't leave me till I say.

- You'll do nothing until this is over.

- All right, but just until this is over.

What's this about you talking to Morgan?

Do you know him?

Yes. I met him on the train.

Linda, Morgan was my closest friend.

Now, I don't wanna see him killed.

But he's come for Rick.

No man's taking my son from me.

The only way he'll get out of here alive is if I get Rick back.

Linda, you go up there and you...

you talk to him. Maybe he'll listen to you.

Tell him I don't wanna kill him. He ain't got a chance. He's just being stubborn.

You need me now, don't you?

Linda, you do this for me now, will you?

Please.

I never thought I'd live
to hear you use that word, Craig.

- 204, please.

- You can't go up there, miss.

- You know who I am?

- Yes, ma'am.

Do you wanna explain it to Mr Belden?

Thank you.

It's me, Marshal, Linda.

- Don't shoot.

- What do you want?

We're neighbours. I live across the hall.

Linda, honey,

give me a cigarette, will you?

Well, it looks like you've been
having yourself a time, Marshal.

Hold it. Keep away from that window.

You wanna get shot?

They can tell between you and me.

Tell Pa I'm tired of waiting.

Maybe Mr Morgan's tired of waiting, too.

No, he's just tired of living.

You better get going.

Marshal.

You can get out of this if you want to.

You just have to turn that kid loose.

Yeah, I know.

There's a drainpipe at the back.

You could shinny down it.

No, thanks.

Well...

I didn't really have to change.

It was kind of a bet.

I don't know. Seemed like a funny,
wild thing to do at the time.

Listen, Linda...

...I need help.

- You sure do.

- I know it's a big thing, but...

Don't listen, Linda!

Don't listen to nothing he says!

What is it you want, Marshal?

- I need a shotgun.

- A shotgun?

- A pistol's not enough for this.

- But I can't...

Please. If you want to help me,
that's what I need.

I can't. I'm too selfish
to stick my neck out.

I'm not like you.

I don't wanna die for law and order.

- I'm sorry, I really am.

- It's all right. I understand.

Linda, don't you go mixing in this!

Oh, shut up!

Oh, Miss Linda, did Rick say anything?

He asked for a cigarette.

I didn't give him one.

All right, you changed your dress.

Now prove you were with Morgan.

We watched out the window,
didn't see nothing.

You keep the money.

It wasn't a decent thing to bet on anyway.

What's the matter?

Oh, that poor fool up there in that hotel
room with his high-flown ideals,
a whole town standing around
waiting to see him get killed.

Not one of them'll put out
a helping hand to him.

- Including me.

- Why would you go against Belden?

You talk as though he's some sort
of god. He isn't. He's a man.

Just like that one up in that room.

Here. I've got the man that can prove
whether she was there. Here he is.

- You seen Rick? You was in the room?

- Yes.

- You notice anything new about him?

- He has a scar right here.

She was up there.

Hey! Does Morgan still think

he can take me?

He'd better not try.

Is he the man who was with Rick
at the killing?

Yeah.

Lee.

Let me buy you a drink.

Some whiskey for the...

...gentleman, Steve.

Lee...

...tell me what happened.

Far as we could see,
she was just an Indian squaw.

How did we know it was Morgan's wife?

Morgan ain't gonna take me back.

He ain't even gonna take Rick back.

- You're gonna stop him?

- It could be done, lady, it could be done.

If he won't come out and fight like a man,
there are ways to make him come out.

I could do it.

How about buying me another drink?

You can have mine.

You all right, Linda?

Yes, yes, I'm fine.

Matt?

Matt!

I'm coming up.

Jake. Henry.

Drop your gun, Craig.

- How can we settle this?

- The law's gotta settle it, not us.

I saved your life once. You owe me that.

You owe me one life.

I remember you saved my life.

But he took a life.

- He killed a woman! For the fun of it!

- Taking him won't bring your wife back.

My wife or somebody else's,
makes no difference.

I took an oath. The oath says
bring him in, that's what I'll do.

What do you want me to do?

You want me to beg?

All right, Matt, I'll beg. He's all I got.
Matt, maybe it was my fault.
It ain't easy to raise a boy
without a mother.
Yeah, I know, Craig.
What about Petey? You ain't getting out
of this alive. Now, you know that.
He'll be an orphan.
You thought about that?
You've already got me dead.
How did I die?
The only way I could die today is for
you to kill me, and that's your problem.
He's crazy. He don't care what happens
to him. Stop the talking and get me out.
Now, you just shut up.
I've tried to reason with you, Matt.
You just won't listen.
What happens from now on
is your doing, Matt.
I ought to kill you for that.
Why don't you? Why don't you kill me?
You saved my life. I've paid you back.
But from here on in,
they're all free shots.
Get out of here, Craig.
- Get me out of here, Pa.
- Take it easy. I'll get you out.
Steve, have you got another tablet?
My head's killing me.
Yeah, sure.
Here they are.
Hey, Morgan. You still figuring
to make the nine o'clock train?
Have to make your move pretty soon.
What time you got now?
How you gonna get me to the station?
Carry this bed?
Your father told you to shut up.
That was good advice.
You ain't gonna make it, Morgan.
Your son Petey's gonna be an orphan.
How'd I know she was your wife?
It ain't my fault you married a squaw!

It don't take no guts to kill a man
when he's cuffed.
It takes guts not to.
Be too easy on you.
You'd die too quick.
I know an old man who'd like to kill you,
Belden. The Indian way. Slow.
And that's how I'm going to do it.
Slow. But the white man's way.
First you'll stand trial.
That takes a fair amount of time,
and you'll do a lot of sweating.
Then they'll sentence you.
I've never seen a man who wasn't sick
when he heard the sentence you'll draw.
After that, you'll sit in a cell and wait.
Maybe for months, thinking how
that rope'll feel around your neck.
Then they'll come around
some cold morning, just before sun-up.
They'll tie your arms behind you. You'll
start blubbering, kicking, yelling for help.
But it won't do you any good.
They'll drag you out to that platform,
fix that rope around your neck
and leave you out there all alone
with a big black hood over your eyes.
You know the last sound you hear?
A thump when they kick the catch
and down you go.
You'll hit the end of that rope like a sack
of potatoes, all dead weight.
It'll be white hot around your neck.
Your Adam's apple'll turn to mush.
You'll fight for breath,
but you haven't got any.
Your brain'll begin to boil. You'll scream
and holler, but nobody'll hear you.
You'll hear it...
...but nobody else.
Finally, you're just swinging there,
all alone and dead.
What are you doing back here?
It's loaded. It's just a sawed-off, but it's

the only thing I could get my hands on.
This is gonna mean
a lot of trouble for you.
I've been in trouble since
the day I was born, Matt.
I'm sorry.
I heard about your wife.
Lee Smithers told me.
- Where is he?
- He's in the bar. You can't get him.
I'll come back for him.
Why don't you give up?
- You don't understand me.
- I understand you'll get killed!
You should see those people lined up
in the street, waiting to see it happen.
The human race stinks. I'm practically
an authority on that subject.
You must have loved her very much.
You... you'd better get out of here now.
Good luck to you, Matt Morgan.
Thanks, Linda.
All right, Beero. Get in back.
- Let me go!
- Dawson!
Let me go!
Dawson!
Let go of me!
She took a gun up to Morgan!
A shotgun!
Yes, sir, Mr Belden. I... I saw.
Linda?
I hope he makes it.
- Linda...
- I really do. I'm praying for it!
Linda...
Mr Belden, the hotel caught fire!
The back's burning!
Let's get those water buckets!
- How did it start?
- Somebody set it to get him out.
- What fool did that?
- Luke! Jake!
- Get buckets.

- Form a brigade.

Rick!

Matt, I'll make you pay for this.

One shot, Craig, just one...

and I'll blow his head off.

Get out ahead of me.

Tell your men not to use their guns!

They may get me, but one twitch
on this trigger is all it takes.

Don't shoot!

Sheriff, untie the horse.

Do what he says.

Untie the horse, Bartlett.

- What are we gonna do?

- Nothing now. Wait.

Another block and he'll be at the station.

Don't you worry, Rick!

I'll get you out of this!

- Who's that?

- Smithers.

I hope your friend

doesn't try anything foolish.

- All right, Morgan, you can stop there!

- Lee, don't start nothing.

Don't worry.

- Morgan, I was in on it. Wanna draw?

- Lee, don't!

- You damn fool! Get away!

- Stay out of this!

You had your chance!

Come on, Morgan, draw!

- Morgan, draw!

- Lee, don't!

- Come on!

- Lee, don't!

Rick!

Rick! Rick!

Rick, no! No, Rick!

Rick.

Dead.

Matt!

- It's all over.

- No, it's not, Matt.

It's over.

I told you I was gonna kill you.

Now I'm gonna do it. Draw!

Don't try me. Please.

Draw!

All right, Craig.

If that's the way you want it.

That's the way I want it.

You draw.

Craig...

Matt...

What was your boy's name, Matt?

Petey.

Petey.

That's right, Petey.

Raise him good, Matt.