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Law and Order

By W.R. Burnett

Hey, give him one.
Gracias Seor.
Your deal, Luther.
Nice pot, Brandt.
First one tonight.
Keep the change.
Two bourbons.
It's called a Derringer.
You don't say.
Yep. It will fetch back
anything it goes after.
It looks to save girlies.
No, it's a handy weapon.
How many cards?
Give me two.
How many?
Hey mister, you've got quite
a cough there haven't you.
What are you? Portuguese?
Mexican.
Mexican, eh?
Si, Seor.
What are you doing for your cough?
I ride here from Chihuahua, Seor.
Trying to get to Denver.
Well, you'd better keep on moving.
You can cough longer there.
Gracias, Seor. Gracias, gracias.
How many cards?
Give me two.
Two.
How many?
I ain't staying.
How many cards?
Two.
How many you want?
I'll stand.
I'll take four.
[Gunshot!]
Your pot, Brandt.
I own this place. You fellows
put your guns away.
Leave that money on the table.
Don't you do it.

If you reach for that toy mister,
you'll never get that far.
Who are you?
That's got nothing to do with it.
"Frame Johnson" from Kansas.
There's a bit of chewing
tobacco on it, mister.
Come on, boys.
Adios, Mister Johnson?
I've already told you about
getting to Denver.
Si, Mister Johnson. Si.
Good luck.
Adios amigo, adios.
Saint Johnson... yes.
Wake up. Wake up.
What? What?
You just missed Frame Johnson.
What, Peace Officer Johnson?
Yes. Peace Officer Johnson.
He's the man that cleaned up Kansas.
The killing-est Peace
Officer that ever lived.
Frame... Johnson.
"My heart is like the
strings on my banjo."
"All broke for my pretty quadroon."
Let me have some more coffee, Deadwood.
Oh come on, let's get going.
This country is too peaceful for me.
What do you mean, Brandt?
No Indian country is peaceful.
Them Apaches are bad mothers.
No. It ain't Indians that's caused
all the trouble in the West.
It's the six-gun.
They made a mistake when
they passed that out.
Even made the skunks brave.
That was what Chuck was always saying.
Yeah.
Fine, how he looked that
morning in Dodge City.
Shot full of holes, he was.

And that white horse of his.
Beaten until it looked like a zebra.
They'd be here now I guess, if I hadn't
tried to put law and order in that town.
You jaw like you were done
with law and order forever.
This country don't want law and order.
You lost two of your best friends in
Kansas trying to enforce the law.
Yeah, that's why I want to put my
shooting irons away for good.
I reckon I can't do it alone.
No. If the West wants law and order,
it will have to get it without me.
The trouble with you Frame, you're
fifty years ahead of your time.
I agree with you, Frame.
I wouldn't mind settling down myself.
If I had a stake in a live
town to spend it in.
I might even send for Lotta.
Lord, I bet she's tired of traipsing
around from town to town.
I reckon it is just as tough being a
play-actress as it is being a gambler.
Well... what say?
Alkali or Tombstone?
Well Alkali might be
a sight more peaceful.
Tombstone don't sound peaceful.
Luther, what do you say?
Where do you want to go?
I don't care Frame.
Wherever you go suits me.
Well, there you are.
Brandt itches for the night life.
Frame wants peace and quiet.
Don't make no difference to me.
The life we're following, we're going to
get a belly full of lead sooner or later.
I tell what I'll do Brandt.
You want to go to Alkali.
I'll deal you one hand to showdown.
If I win, we go to Tombstone.

The bright lights.
And the bright lights.
Cut.
You superstitious?
Aces and eights?
The dead-man's hand.
Still want to go to Tombstone?
Tombstone it is.
Folks, go down to The Golden Girl
right now... and vote for Fin Elder!
What Tombstone needs is a
man like him for Sheriff.
Just get rid of the horse thieves.
I'm praying for every one of you.
If we don't put Fin Elder
out of the running.
A man's life won't be worth
a plug nickel in Tombstone.
What shall I do? If you don't vote
for him you get a bullet in the back.
What are you going to do
with all those Indians, Ed?
Run them over to vote for Fin Elder.
They can't write, can they?
They can make a mark.
I don't think they'll allow it.
Fin Elder says it is alright.
I got a dollar a head, for them.
Come on, boys.
Let's go looking.
Yep.
Fin Elder. 39 - 40.
Fin Elder. 39 - 52.
Fin Elder. 39 - 53.
Hey Kurt... here's a fellah who
don't want to vote for Fin Elder.
Oh... let me have him.
Did you hear that, Fin?
Here's a fellah that ain't
going to vote for you.
Kurt will take care of him.
Go easy with him, Kurt.
I'm going to learn you the best
way to vote around this town.

I don't want to vote.
I ain't got no vote.
I don't want to vote.
I don't want to vote for him.
What you going to do?
[Gunshot!]
What happened, Kurt?
I dropped my gun and it went
off and the bullet hit him.
Sorry, Fin. I guess you lose a vote.
Come here boys.
Take that fellow over to Parkers,
the undertaking parlor.
Mark it up anyway.
He was going to vote for Fin.
Another bloody killing.
A reign of terror. That's what it is.
Quite a town.
Wow!
Don't seem to be no shortage
of six-guns around here.
Looks as though I'm still your Sheriff.
May as well have a drink with me.
Come on gents. What will you have?
No. Man-killer.
No use bellyaching you fellahs.
You may as well be good sports.
Look here, Elder.
Are you going to give us back the money
that was stolen to put you in office?
What are you driving at?
Ask your friends... the Northrups.
What are you drinking, Jake?
What will it be?
Why howdy Mister Johnson.
Don't you place me?
I'm Ed Deal from Dodge City.
Howdy.
Sure looks like old times.
Why howdy Mister Brandt.
Mister Luther. Deadwood.
Whiskey, whiskey, beer, sangria.
That's right.
That's Saint Johnson from Kansas.

Yeah?
Saint Johnson.
The old Frame Johnson, huh?
Yup.
From Kansas, huh?
Yup.
We've heard of you.
You're right famous
hereabouts, Mister Johnson.
Yeah, and who might you be?
I'm Poe Northrup.
These are my brothers. Walt and Kurt.
Howdy.
Howdy.
Aim to settle here?
Maybe.
Just looking us over, huh?
Before you make up your mind.
I reckon.
Do you figure to wear
a badge, Mister Johnson?
I ain't thought of it.
Well, it is a thankless job.
I allow you found that out in Kansas.
I ain't complaining.
Don't bite off more than you can chew.
Do you happen to give beds?
Oh Smith.
Yeah.
A bed for Mister Johnson.
Smith there will show you.
Dead, would you put the horses out?
Sure.
I hope you'll like our town.
So that's him, huh?
"Saint Johnson" the great.
Looks more like a preacher
don't he, than a two-gun man.
That's how he got his name, I reckon.
Hell, he'd better watch out
or he'll be a Saint for sure.
That's him alright.
I seen him hit a fellow once.
Put two bullets in him... before

he even struck the floor.
Them beds ain't buggy, mister.
Feel like home to you?
Here we be.
How much money you got, Brandt?
Well Frame, I'm pretty low.
Got a hundred dollars.
Can we buy a table?
Nope. Reckon I will buck the
house and raise myself a stake.
We've still got that reward
money from the Escalara Kid.
Fifteen hundred dollars.
That ought to be enough to buy a table.
You can have that if you want it.
Say, that's right nice of you, Frame.
Hey, boys.
Now, you know what I was saying about
trying to make you a good Sheriff.
I guess you all know what
kind of a Sheriff I'd make.
That must be why you voted for me again.
Let's give three cheers for the Sheriff.
Hooray... hooray... hooray!
I'll set them up, Fin.
Boys... none of you are paying for them.
You low-down cattle thieves.
You think you can go on stealing
my property. But you won't.
From now, I'm going
to fight with my guns.
You'd better shut him up, Williams.
And as for you... you dirty,
low-down yellow cur.
I want you to know I know
what is going on in this town.
[Three gunshots!]
You killed him.
You saw him reach for his irons.
There's plenty of witnesses here.
Well, he's passed it.
He was drunk, I reckon.
He'll have a long time to sleep it off.
I wonder what he was drinking?

Imagine him accusing us of rustling.
Must be a long while
since we slept in beds.
Well... you don't have to hog it all.
Don't seem to be much law and order here.
It's come to a pretty pass when our women
are afraid to go out on the street.
I think we ought to hear
from our undertakers.
What do you think?
My brother and I feel that the good
thing was to send for Mister Johnson.
We do.
Yes.
It's time we took the bull by the horns.
Tombstone ain't the first town
that's had to put up a fight.
Dodge City did. Denver. Wichita.
And how were those towns cleaned up?
By fighting Peace Officers.
And that's what we got to have.
A man with an itchy trigger finger.
Why they say this Saint Johnson
has killed thirty five men.
That's one for every year of his life.
But you can't trust a
fellow like him too far.
I tell you that this will get us into
open warfare with the Northrups.
Well, what are you going to
do about these Northrups?
Let them rob our stages, run our
cattle, shoot us in the back?

I for one say:

We're all for hiring Mister Johnson.
Howdy.
Howdy Mister Johnson.
I'm judge Williams. Come on in.
Got to know The Golden Girl.
Oh yes. Meet Mister Dixon.
From the gun-store here.
Mister Berry. Mister Holt.
How do you do?

And the Parker brothers,
the town undertakers.
The boys are all counted... sit down.
How do you like Tombstone, Mr Johnson?
Smart town.
How would you like to
take a hand in running it?
How's that?
Mister Johnson. This county
needs a Deputy Marshall.
We think you are the man for the job.
I'd like to appoint you.
Nope. When I left Kansas,
I put my badge away for good.
Decent people here would like
to see this town cleaned up.
We would make it worth your while.
Sorry Judge. I have to turn you down.
Why, Mister Johnson?
A thankless job.
Well, the decent people of
the town would be with you.
That is, the law-abiding citizens.
You could bank on us to back you up.
See, Mister Johnson ..
There's a lawless faction here that's
running this town to suit themselves.
Regardless of other people's rights.
What about Fin Elder?
Oh, he's as bad as the rest.
What we need is a fellow like you that
won't draw in his horns. Take our part.
We are willing to pay you your price.
Money couldn't hire me.
I reckon this will about the
biggest job you ever tackled.
You seen what happened up at
The Golden Girl the other night.
Lots of fellahs would jump at the chance.
Pat Masterson, he's up in Denver.
Hickok. Ben Thompson. He'd do it.
No... you are the fellah.
I'm only wasting your time.
I've made up my mind.

I won't do it.
Don't be hasty.
Think it over.
No. I came here to settle down.
I'm sick of employment in gun play.
It's only got me a trail of dead
men and a heap of enemies.
All we want you to do is break
the power of the Northrups.
We'll back you up to the limit.
If this West is going to be a fit place
to live in, you've got to do your share.
You owe it to the West, Mister Johnson.
It is your duty.
We're appealing to you, Mister Johnson.
Old Northrup wants to bet a thousand
dollars you won't line up for this.
Yeah?
Yeah.
He told Ben Burley.
That's right.
Old Northrup, eh?
Yeah.
Where is the badge?
Well Mister Johnson, I'm mighty glad
that you accepted the badge.
And you can depend upon my
paper to back you to the limit.
Thank you very much.
How do you do, Mr Johnson. I understand
you're to stay with us for quite a ..
Well. Congratulations!
We need men like you.
Thank you. Goodbye.
Goodbye.
Hey, wait a minute.
Haven't I seen you in Wichita, Kansas?
No.
Wait a minute.
Get out of town.
I'll give you until sundown.
Come on.
Things are picking up.
Sure they are.

??????

25. 35. 45.

A few more holes like this and
you and me will be sitting pretty.
We will, we will.

45. 50.

80. 85. 90. 95. One.

Hey Luther.

Hi Frame.

What is it, Frame?

Brandt, Deadwood. Come here.

You've gone and got
yourself another badge, eh?

Why did you do it?

I had to.

I knew something would happen.

Things have been going too smooth.

I thought it was my duty.

Frame, you're a funny man.

I just can't figure you out. Have
you got to have yourself a star?

I thought you was through
enforcing the law.

I was ready to put my irons away.

Well .. the council prevailed on me.

Like they did in Dodge City.

And Wichita.

You saw what happened here the other
night. Having trouble with the Northrupps.

Well, that's different.

These towns don't like lawmen.

Frame, you know that as well as I do.

Somebody's got to do it.

Someday six-guns will all be put away and
this will be a fit country to live in.

Until then .. well,

I'm going to do my share.

I'll try to do it alone. Peaceful.

Alone!

Oh, we'll be drug into it.

Not that I mind.

That settles it .. I'm willing.

Well, looks like in Tombstone here
we're going to get that lead breakfast.

I bet it's going to be
a pretty good show.
Hey Frenchie, what does this say?
Camille.
And at the top?
Lotta Starling.
Yeah? Hey Brandt, fellahs .. look!
Lotta's coming to town.
Sure enough. She'll be here Monday.
Well, can you buy that?
It is four years since I saw her last.
Down the panhandle, remember?
Good for a pan?
Ace, three.
Ace, King.
A seven, King.
Ace, six.
Ace, deuce.
King, deuce.
King, seven.
Rat .. I'll learn you.
Brandt was only giving him a hiding.
Fighting him.
Out of a clear sky, this
man starts trying to kill me.
Give me my guns and I'll show him.
Hold on.
What was he doing?
Why, he was drawing .. on her.
A drawing of her on the wall.
He defaced the wall. Destroying property.
Mister Fin.
This Brandt beat me up, and now they're
after throwing me in jail and fining me.
Give me my guns and I'll show you.
Frame .. turn this here
prisoner over to me.
I'll see to him.
Just a minute, Fin.
Mister Brandt is in my court at present,
and this man is in my keeping.
I hereby fine you fifty dollars
each on three counts.
I won't pay it. Not a red cent.

There .. I'm paying the
fines for you and this guy.
If you ever lay hands on
Kurt again .. I'll kill you.
Frame Johnson .. we're
in for a slice of trouble.
We'd better end it once and for all,
in quick time, and save a lot of killing.
Now here is my proposition.
I say that you and me, right here in
broad daylight, settle this man to man.
Go out on the street,
pull our guns and go to work.
I ain't making no fool plays, Poe.
Say Northrup .. I ain't no Peace Officer.
If you're spoiling for
a fight, I'll take you.
Careful, Brandt.
There's too many badges in this
town. Too many tin badges.
I'll take you.
You can't come sashaying
around us this way.
This man who's threatening
gun-play is going to jail.
You won't get another chance
like this, so you'd better take it.
They'll be a heap of
burying if you don't.
Ah, shut up .. I've got a gun on you.
Let's give it to them, Frame.
I'll keep the peace,
If I have to kill you.
Here is my back .. that
ought to steady your hand.
I'll murder you, you ..
Brandt ..
Put that away.
This is a court.
Let's have order here.
Never mind Judge .. he ain't
asking you to pull no guns.
What this town needs
is a gun-toting order.

Hey!
Get over here.
Are you Frame Johnson?
Yeah.
I'm Mike Jones from Elderville.
Seeing you're the United States Marshall,
I'm turning this varmint over to you.
He killed Joe Todd over our way and
there's a gang coming to lynch him.
Joe Todd, eh? What's your name, mister?
Johnny Kinsman.
"Johnny behind the deuce" they call him.
Don't let them get me, Mister Johnson.
I will stand trial and take my medicine.
But I ain't got no stomach for lynching.
Well, there is no accounting for taste.
They are coming. Let's be going.
Alright Jones, I'll take the
prisoner and all the responsibility.
Get off that horse and follow me.
Luther, get the men and Deadwood and
tell them to meet me up at Slack's Store.
I ain't trusting this gent to no jail.
Where we going mister? You're going to
stay be me, ain't you? And see I get ..
Just keep your mouth
shut and do like I tell you.
Mister Dixon, I got your mules.
You did? Yup.
Where were they?
Over at Joe Todd's place at Elderville.
By the way, Tom is dead.
Dead? Yeah.
Did you do it?
No. This fellow. A mob's coming
from Elderville to lynch him.
If I were you, I'd sit inside
and close up shop.
What? A mob? You don't say.
Yes, I do.
You just get inside and sit tight.
If we start shooting, lay on the floor.
You can't stop them.
There is too many of them.

Hey, Frame. I'm going
along home. Take this gun.
There ain't nothing a mob hates like
a sawed-off shotgun. It's all loaded.
Thank you Mister Dixon.
Where you folks going?
Stop talking. With the mob coming over
Northrup is calling up every man in town.
Young fellow, don't you know it's agin
the law to go around shooting up people?
Here they come.
Luther and Deadwood take the back door.
Don't shoot unless they force your hand.
But if they do, give it to them
where it will do the most good.
Are they sure enough coming?
Stay down and let us protect you.
Where's that punk?
We're going to string him up.
You get ten paces leeway
fellahs, and no more.
This here Johnny is going
to be tried fair and square.
And I won't stand for no interference.
Looks like it might turn
out to be a good show.
Whoa! You've moved up your
ten paces and two more besides.
Get back in your places
or I'm killing a few of you.
Be reasonable, Mister Johnson.
No use getting killed over a stinking
little coward who shoots men in the back.
Alright, come on and get him.
Let's give it to them, Frame.
Come on and get him.
Come on and get him.
Let's give it to them, Frame.
Well, ain't nobody coming?
Come on boys, let's take him.
Kill that Marshall.
Alright, come on, kill me.
Come on, what's holding you back?
Let's help them get this

Johnny-behind-the-deuce.

Shut up.

Brandt .. when I count to three,
let them have it.

One.

Two.

Hooray! Hooray!

You win, Frame.

As fine a parcel of cowards
as I've ever seen.

I thought for a minute you fellahs was
going to be in the way of our gunfire.

Stand up.

Johnny Kinsman.

Uhuh.

You've been tried according to the laws
of this county by a jury of your peers.

They found you guilty.

So I sentence you to be hanged
by the neck until you are dead.

And may God rest your soul.

Are they going to string
me up, Mister Johnson?

Yes, I guess they are, Johnny.

Going to waste no time, neither.

Let go of me. Mister Johnson,
make the leave me ..

Give him to me.

Yes, sir.

You'll take care of me, Mister Johnson.

Come on.

Sit down, Johnny.

Are they really going to
hang me, Mister Johnson?

I didn't mean to kill that fellah.

But he had it coming.

You can stop if you just say so.

They won't hang me Mister Johnson.

Look Johnny, I can't do anything now.

It's out of my hands.

We've got to obey the law.

You've been sentenced.

But they'll change the sentence
if you say so, Mister Johnson.

No they won't, Johnny.
Now, now Johnny.
Pull yourself together.
Come on Johnny, pull yourself together.
You got to act like a man now.
Johnny.
Here, want a cigar, Johnny?
Want me to light it for you?
Here.
Johnny, do you realize you're the first
fella to be hung legal in Tombstone?
Am I Mister Johnson?
Yes, sir.
You're the first man to be hung
in this county according to Hoyle.
You don't say, Mister Johnson.
Yep .. that's right.
Everybody will be watching.
Will you hang me Mister Johnson?
Looks like me, don't it Mister Johnson?
It sure does.
Doing everything according to Hoyle?
Yes Johnny.
Is there anything you'd like to say?
It was a very good trial.
I want to thank everybody
for taking such pains with me.
I'm right proud that I'm the first man
to be hung by the law in this county.
I'll see you all in heaven.
It ought to be a "Johnson".
Alright .. let her go.
Frame .. everything went off alright.
Congratulations Mister Johnson.
That was a slick job.
Goodbye to Johnny.
You did a nice job, Mister Johnson.
We thank you for the business.
Alright.
If you get time, come over to see him.
He's going to look wonderful.
It's been a great day for
Tombstone, Mister Johnson.
You've got to speak with us on this, Fin.

It's your duty as a Sheriff.
I'm telling you Williams,
this thing has gone far enough.
We're doing it for Tombstone.
You're making this town the
laughing stock of the West.
I suppose the next thing will
be a law putting men in skirts.
There ain't going to be no next thing.
This law ain't going to get far.
Frame Johnson knows what he's doing.
He's trying to run this town.
He's trying to take it over .. and he
ain't going to get away with it.
Better string along with us Williams,
before the shooting starts.
You fellows better do like the
ordnance says. Give up you guns.
Maybe you think Johnson is
man enough to take them.
It ain't a question of that.
A law is a law.
I'll make a few of my own.
And you'll observe them!
We're all with Johnson on this, Poe.
Remember this, Williams.
There ain't near as many of your
friends in this town as there is ours.
Oh come now, Walt. Be reasonable.
Give me your hand.
Alright.
I'll tell you the only way
to clean up this town.
Let me turn my shotgun loose
on that crowd down there.
All they need is a
double dose of buckshot.
That's enough, Brandt .. you
fellows have got to help me.
Give them a belly full of lead.
That's my advice.
I've got some news for you.
I'm going to appoint you Deputies.
How's that?

You fellows have got to help me.
This is too big a job for just one man.
You mean .. we're going
to be Peace Officers?
And help enforce the law?
I thought you'd back me up.
Brandt! A Frame Deputy.
Law-and-Order Brandt. Look at him!
I'm going to do battle for the right.
Come on, let's get going.
Hold on, Brandt.
We've got to keep the peace.
There will be no killing, no gun-play.
It's all crime, Frame.
Let's get at them.
We're taking orders mighty fast.
We're needed as Deputies.
Here they come now.
Well, let them come.
Can't you fellahs read?
I reckon we can.
Alright, get inside and hang
up your guns. Go on, get in there.
None of them Johnsons
is going to get my guns.
I don't blame you Kurt.
Put those guns away.
Got a gun?
Back in the house.
Alright. Keep moving.
You men ought to be ashamed.
Go and help you husband, ma'am.
You and Deadwood, take main street.
Luther, you come with me.
Hooray for Frame and his Deputies.
Hooray for the new Deputies.
Alright you .. come on.
Ben! They're going to lock me up.
Hello Mabel. Just a moment.
Say, what's the idea?
Oh, just in the line of duty.
You dirty tin-horn. You lousy ..
You made a great mistake, Frame.
You never should have done it.

Hold your horses Mister Williams.
I knew it wasn't practical.
I was against it from the start.
The whole town is against you.
You never should have made them
Deputies .. it don't look right, Frame.
The town has got the idea that
you four are out to take it over.
You've gone too far, Frame.
"Tombstone is sick of Saint Johnson."
"Get out of town."
"Otherwise the other five of these
will be delivered later. In the belly."

"Signed:

Where is your nerve Mister Williams?
I'll save this for Northrup.
I can't stand a man that don't
kill a bottle once he starts.
You're a sight drunk Kurt,
pull yourself together.
Deal, you're a fool to tag
along with them Johnsons.
You're liable to get
your head blowed off.
Hand over that gun, Kurt.
Get back, Luther Johnson.
Drop that gun, you hear.
Keep away from me or I'll shoot.
[Gunshot!]
Stay back.
He's dead.
Who fired the first shot?
Luther Johnson did.
It ain't so, Fin. I didn't let
him have it until I had to.
I've got to arrest you.
Hand over your gun.
Get back.
I had to do it, Frame. He was blazing
away at me. You'd have done the same.
Come on you fellows, get out of here.
Go to Elderville and get the Northrups.
Go on. Get out, all of you.

I got to arrest him.
You ain't arresting nobody.
You got to turn him over, Frame.
I won't .. I believe
what my brother says.
That ain't the point.
He's got to be put under arrest.
Northrup had no business carrying a gun.
Come on, Luther.
You'd better make out a warrant for him.
[door knocks]
Come in.
Frame.
You got to turn Luther over.
It's your duty as a Peace Officer.
Luther killed Kurt Northrup in self
defense. You ain't going to get him.
Fin Elder's got a warrant for him.
If he tries to serve it, I'll kill him.
That's final then, is it?
You won't give him up?
No, I won't give him up.
If that's the case, I'll have to ask
you to hand over your badge.
You see I've got to protect myself.
I've got interests here.
I ain't going to hand over
my badge, nor Luther neither.
So you've turned dog too,
eh Mister Williams?
I'm sorry if I seem to let you down.
The whole town is against you, Frame.
They seem to think your only
idea in disarming the town was to ..
Fix it so you can run it your own way.
So that's it, eh?
Alright, we'll put our guns away, too.
We'll clean up this
town without any guns.
If that's the case, what's to prevent
Fin Elder from taking over?
You won't get out of this room unless you
promise to get the warrant and tear it up.
Alright .. I will.

You didn't mean that, Frame?
About taking off your guns?
And it goes for you too,
all of you. Take them off.
What's come over you Frame? You crazy?
After what's happened today,
we've got to take them off.
Are you out of your head?
Don't be a jackass. You'll be murdered.
I'm running this show.
Take off those guns.
I'm sorry, Poe.
Give me that gun.
Take this side.
Who is that?
[Gunshot!]
[Gunshot!]
That was a shotgun.
Brandt!
Brandt!
Brandt.
Brandt.
Get the Doctor.
Yes, sir.
Who done it, Brandt?
I never saw them .. saw nothing.
I feel queer-some, I tell you.
For you, Frame, it is a showdown.
I'm not tore in half.
Pull off my boots.
I swore to my Ma I wouldn't
die with them on.
You ain't going to die, Brandt.
No use our playing poker, Frame.
I ain't going to grow much older.
Where is Luther and Deadwood?
Right here, Brandt.
You won't lie down on me?
No, Brandt.
There is a few things I want
that you should tend to.
You mind that ..
That madam back in Dodge City?
She loaned me sixty dollars once.

Pay her back.
I'll tend to it.
I owe forty to that barkeep in Wichita.
Take care of that, too.
I don't want them cussing
my ghost for a tin-horn.
I'll look after it.
I reckon that's all the dollars
I've got in my possibles.
You can have my pistols, Frame.
Deadwood can take my .. ring.
Luther can have my saddle
and the fixings.
See that Lotta gets my watch and chain.
That about breaks the bank.
Bury my shotgun with me.
I reckon they wouldn't have got
me Frame, if I'd had my shotgun.
I'm going to give them all
back their guns tomorrow.
Every last man.
I'll bet a blue chip they'll
be needing them.
Oh, I'd like to be
there for the fireworks.
I'm reaching the bottom of the .. deck.
Tell Lotta I loved her.
Aces and eights.
Hello! All of you, come back!
I ain't going to kill you.
I only want you to hear
we're getting out tomorrow.
This is our last night in town!
I ain't keeping the peace no longer!
I'm giving up my star and
we're striking out for good!
Load your guns .. celebrate!
Tomorrow, you'll be shot of us forever.
Hide and hair will be gone.
But there is some reckoning
to be done before we're quits!
As God is my judge!
I'll get even with you down
to the last drop of blood!

I swear it!
Let me get the town up, Poe. They'll
never get out of that Golden Girl.
All of them.
We're going to do our own
killing in our own way.
Come on.
Come on, Walt.
Sure is a long night.
Morning will come soon.
Yeah.
There's a rooster crowing.
Why don't you stretch out on the
bed and try and get some sleep?
I wish it was me lying over there.
Don't talk, Luther.
What we going to do with Brandt's mare?
Take her along with us I reckon.
I knew it.
I sure wish the sun would rise.
Deadwood, get Ed Deal.
Deal, I want you to tend
to Brandt's funeral.
This will cover it.
Bury this with him.
I'll tend to it Mister Johnson.
Take these saddle-bags
up to the OK Corral.
Then come and get our horses.
Want a drink, boss?
Leave him alone.
Let's have one more
drink to this town.
Before we're on our way.
Luther.
The Northrups are up at the
OK barn. Waiting for you.
Yeah?
Well Deadwood, here's where we get our
bellies full of lead .. for breakfast.
Come on.
Alright boys, come on.
Let them have it.
This side.

Stay where you are Luther. I'll get him.

Deadwood .. where is Luther?

Luther!

Frame.

Luther.

Luther.

Did we get them all?

Every last man.

Another town cleaned up.

You were right Luther.

They don't want peace.

Don't say that, Frame.

You'll be keeping the
peace as long as you live.

It was my fault, Luther.

No, it wasn't.

We're all bound to go sooner or later.

You're just fifty years
ahead of your time.

So long, Frame.

Luther.

Luther.

Where you going, Frame?

Judge, take care of the boys.

He's dead?

Well, you wanted law
and order and you got it.

But this isn't the end.

After we're gone they'll be
other bad men in other towns.

Breaking the law and toting guns.

Unless somebody has
got the guts to stop them.

You put an end to gun-toting
in Tombstone, Frame.

Tombstone is only one town.

T-G