



Scripts.com

Lawman

By Gerald Wilson

Whoo-ha!
Ha ha ha!
Hey!
Choctaw!
Let her burn,
boys!
...and I hate
storekeeper's whiskey!
Have 'em mount up,
Harv.
Oh, my god!
Get 'em out of here.
Gimme that!
Sober up,
Choctaw!
Mount up!
We're ridin' back
to Sabbath now.
Yep.
Whoa. Whoa.
Aw, stay still.
Hyah!
Here.
It's my brother-in-law,
Marc Corman.
Who?
I'm Jered Maddox.
Cotton Ryan.
You the marshal?
What can I do for you,
Maddox?
Vincent Bronson,
Choctaw Lee,
Jack Dekker,
Vern Adams,
Hurd Price,
Harvey Stenbaugh,
Marc Corman.
Know any of 'em?
All of 'em.
Well,
that makes it easy.
Does it?
I want these men

brought in under arrest
by noon tomorrow.
I want 'em fed
and ready for travel.
You got papers sworn out?
I'll get 'em
if you need 'em.
Not from anybody in this
territory, you won't.
You've got jurisdiction.
I've got jurisdiction,
but you couldn't
have reason enough
to get papers from me.
Nobody could.
across the Kiowa.
On the way back, they hit
a town called bannock.
They drank their fill,
had their women,
shot up the town.
All just cowboy fun.
They killed an old man.
Kin?
No.
I'm just the lawman
in bannock.
Look at this town.
Nice quiet town.
Nice town to live in.
They got no railhead,
no digging up in the hills,
no reason to grow fat.
This town eats
because Vincent Bronson
puts their bread
on the table.
He owns the town.
He owns the county.
People around here owe him.
Those men on your list...
they stand in Bronsons shadow.
I can't move against
those men.

You carry the law.
Humph. I carry nothin'.
I sit there 'cause
Bronson says sit.
I've been paid for, Maddox.
You carry messages,
don't you?
I'm gonna take these men
back with me
or kill them
where they stand.
They got till
noon tomorrow.
Tell 'em.
That one of them
out there?
Corman.
You can take his name
off the list.
What happened?
He called me out.
What's the trouble?
What happened, marshal?
Better come inside, Sam.
One of you take Corman
to the undertaker's
and the rest of you
go on about your business.
As a member of
the citizens council...
you can get it secondhand
from the mayor.
How far from here
to the Bronson spread?
I wouldn't know.
Who's he, some
bounty hunter
or something?
Don't make an enemy
of him, storekeeper.
Step wide of him.
That's about it,
Mr. Bronson.
He said by noon

tomorrow.
And Marc Corman's
dead?
He's dead.
How'd it happen?
Came up against
the wrong man.
I don't know
the details.
Marc was a good man
with a gun.
He was a big mouth
who thought he was
a good man with a gun.
There's a cold hole
in the ground
between the 2 of 'em.
His family know?
I sent word.
I'll ride out there
in the morning.
How do you measure
this thing, cotton?
I think you got trouble,
Mr. Bronson.
Unless you say
he's all mistaken.
I wish he was.
There's no mistake.
We got a little drunk,
broke a bit of glass.
I didn't know
anyone was killed.
Tell Maddox Im sorry,
really sorry,
and Ill make it good.
I'll pay the damages.
I'll fix it up with
the old man's family.
Tell him Ill make it
all right with him, too.
Better still, arrange
a meeting tomorrow.
Ill... Ill deal

straight with him.
If he doesn't
want to talk?
Why shouldn't he?
Some men just
go to a thing
in a straight line,
Mr. Bronson.
They don't bend,
and they don't trade.
You're telling me
Maddox is like that?
He's got the mark.
That's too bad.
Then he's going to buy
himself a lot of pain.
Try him, cotton.
Talk to him.
He got you spooked, Ryan?
No, Harv.
I'm not on his list.
That all, Mr. Bronson?
Yeah.
All right, Harv.
Chew it out.
I don't like
askin' favors.
No one's asking you
to bend your knee,
Harv.
Just to talk.
Some worn-out tin star
wouldn't rate
cuttin' your cigars.
Ryan doesn't
rate him that low.
Ryan's a kicked dog.
Well, maybe that's
what makes him
a better judge of men
like Maddox.
There was a time...
it's in the past,
Harv.

What do you want to do,
ride into Sabbath
and gun him down?
Those days have passed.
Times have changed.
There are other ways.
You buy him.
And if he doesn't sell,
you buy the man above him.
Those killing days
were for younger men.
I'm on that list,
Vince.
I'm not ridin' his dust
back to bannock.
Neither am I.
The others
will be here soon.
I'd send
Jason and Crowe.
We'll talk then.
We don't need
the others.
We'll talk.
It's your land.
It's your grass.
You've never been
on wages, Harv.
What's out there
is as much yours
as mine.
Jered?
Hello, Laura.
Can I come in?
Sure.
It don't seem 10 years.
To me, it does.
Won't you sit down?
You look good, Laura.
You're a soft-tongued liar.
You live in Sabbath?
Near. What... what are you
doing here?
Oh.

That's not
an honest question.
I know what
you're doing here.
I was in town
getting some supplies,
and I heard about it.
Do you think you owe me
anything, Jered?
Say it out plain,
Laura.
My man,
Hurd Price,
he's one of the men
you want.
I guess it had to be
something like that.
He work for Bronson?
No.
We have a small farm
between here
and the high country,
and he takes work
from Bronson
when he can get it.
Let him go, Jered.
He never shot anybody.
He stands with the rest.
Sorry, Laura.
The hell you are.
Nobody has to die.
Just tell him to come into town
and give himself up.
What will happen to him
then?
He'll go back to bannock
and stand trial.
Will they hang him?
Circuit judge
is no hanging judge.
In fact, a man like Bronson
could buy him cheap.
I don't... I don't mean
just the judge.

I mean the town,
the good people with the rope.
My town, Laura.
Nobody gets a mob rope
in my town.
You know that.
I give you my word.
If he comes in peaceful,
there will be no hurt
come to him.
You never did
give much away.
Would you come, Laura,
if your man hadn't
been on the list?
No.
There's nothing left over
from before, Jered.
Good-bye.
He has until tomorrow.
I called you in 'cause
we've got trouble.
You remember last spring
we took a herd over
the Kiowa.
We hit a town called bannock
on the way back.
Do you recall?
None too clearly.
We shot up the town.
Seems an old man
took a bullet.
We thought it was nothing
but a lot of broken glass,
but...
seems now it's a bit more.
Now, the hard point
of the matter
is there's a lawman
the name of Maddox
in Sabbath.
Figures to take us back
and stand trial for murder.
One lawman?

Ryan thinks he's enough.
Cotton Ryan.
Choctaw, you may not
think much of Ryan
as he stands now,
but...
in his day, you couldn't walk
in the same sun as him.
Hey, where's
Marc Corman?
Marc Corman's
dead.
Corman's dead
'cause he called short
on this Maddox.
Marc Corman's dead?
I called ya here to hear
what you have to say.
Well, Vern?
I don't know,
Mr. Bronson.
I don't want trouble,
I appreciate ya askin' us
here for our opinion,
but it seems to me you got
some choice, and I don't.
I can't go back to bannock.
If I do, my land dries up
and blows away.
My beef gets scattered
into the high country.
I don't have the hands
to keep my spread tied down.
You know Id see ya
right, Vern.
I'd send some of the boys,
give my mark
to cover your losses.
Thanks, and I know
you mean it,
but I have
to work my own.
Well, what do you
suggest, Vern?

I don't suggest
anything,
and I don't aim
to do anything.
Just stay close
and mind what's mine.
And if he comes
after you?
I'll stop him
if I can.
Stop him first
and make sure.
I didn't kill anybody
that night in bannock.
I've got no quarrel
with the law.
You, Choctaw?
You give the orders,
Mr. Bronson.
I asked for
an opinion.
It was an
accident.
If that lawman
wants to lean hard,
then I say
we set him running.
I go along with Choctaw,
but, uh, as he says,
Mr. Bronson,
you give the orders.
Hurd?
Well, then,
I'd like to hear
what you
have to say, Vince.
Want your say,
Harv?
I say we tell the lawman
to peddle his law in bannock.
You got all the guns
you need, Mr. Bronson...
just for the asking.
Maddox needs a lesson

taught.
Can I say something, pop?
Now, I wasn't
ever in bannock,
but it seems to me
if pa here
is willing to pay
for the damages,
give the old man's family
something,
then this Maddox
has no cause to push.
If he does,
I think Harv's right.
There are 2 men
dead already.
That's a bit heavy.
I don't think
this Maddox runs easy,
and killing a lawman
is a certain way
for trouble.
I'll talk with him.
Maybe he has a Price.
Maybe he's
a reasonable man.
If not, all we've lost
is a few hours.
If we decide to go back,
I'll cover
any of your losses.
Most we'd face
is a fine, anyway,
if that.
We'll try it my way.
Our food's been
laid out.
Vern, Hurd, will you
gentlemen be my guests?
Choctaw, show 'em where
to get washed up.
When it comes down
to bedrock,
my word don't call much,

does it, Vince?
I'm just hired help.
No man means
more to me, Harv.
All I've got
is you and Jason.
But you're like some
yellow, dumb ladino...
all longhorn
and no brains.
We've got 10,000 head
of good cows,
a valley of sweet grass,
and money in the bank.
That didn't come easy.
We both us put 30 years
of sweat into it.
I don't want to drop it
on some dumb gunplay.
I don't like to see you
backing off, Vince.
You're making a mistake.
I don't see it that way.
Ride into Sabbath
in the morning, see Ryan.
Hear how he made out.
I want to step around this.
If Maddox is open, tell Ryan
to set up a meeting.
Send Jason.
I'm asking you.
Keep clear of Maddox.
Take Crowe with you.
It's a great life.
If you were
some cheap gunsel
with a big name
running out in
front of ya,
they'd all be
buying you drinks,
rubbing up
against you,
fixing up what they're

gonna tell the kids
and the ones
who weren't there.
But if you're a lawman,
you're a disease.
They need you,
but they hate you.
Comes with the job.
I saw Bronson.
He wants to talk.
Talk?
He wants to trade.
He says he's sorry.
He means it.
I know him.
He didn't know
anybody was killed.
He wants to make it
all good.
Something for
my pockets, too.
Why not?
You could hear
what he's got to say.
I just heard.
The old man was
just an accident.
They'll get a chance
to say their piece
in bannock.
Be reasonable,
Maddox.
Good night, Ryan.
There will be some dyin'.
It'll be their doin'.
Mr. Bronson?
What are you doing
out here, Crowe?
We just brought a couple
of hundred head up
from Bornite creek,
Mr. Bronson.
I saw a rider,
and, uh...

who else is with you?

Uh, Hitchins

and Jason,

sir.

You and my son are about
the same age, aren't you?

Uh, Jasons

a bit younger...

Ever been up here
before?

No, sir. I figured
it was private.

On this high ground,
you can see the whole valley
on a clear day,
from the sierras
to white wolf pass.

Now, there was the old
Comanche camp. We...
we broke 'em there.

Harvey and me
and my brothers.

Brother Jacob
died there.

They were fine people,
the Comanches.

Don't ever listen to any talk
that runs down an Indian.

We buried brother
Jacob here and...

my other brother Aaron
beside him.

They'd had enough
of guns and killing.

The dead
don't have much.

Crowe, did you ever
feel the world
turn beneath
your feet?

No, sir.

You best be getting
back down, son.

Choctaw, the kid

had the edge.
You're sand-blind,
Jack.
You take him on,
Jack.
\$5, Choctaw?
That's like stealing
from a blind man's cup.
That's fair.
I figure Crowes just
emptied your cup, Lee.
What do you say,
Crowe?
I guess
about even.
Even?
Sonny, you were
way behind...
again.
The top man takes
Dekkers money from him.
I want those cattle
down at the wolf pass
tomorrow night.
Crowe, you come with me.
We gotta go into Sabbath.
Sure, Harv.
Gonna fight on
that lawman, Harv?
Move your ass
out of here, Lee.
Wait a minute,
Mr. Stenbaugh.
I fancy a bit
of tin star.
I'll leave enough for you
to cut your first teeth on.
You're a gentleman.
Choctaw.
What do you think
he's gonna do?
Chew the hell
out of that law dog.
Maddox.

Mr. Maddox,
Mr. Maddox, your room...
what I mean is we
are getting a regular...
a drummer of
women's goods.
And jewelry,
and, well, you see,
I wasn't expecting you
to be staying over,
and, well, to put
a fine edge on things,
I need your room.
You see, he always expects
to get the same room,
and I... I can't...
oh...
is there something
you wanted?
Can't say there is,
minister.
A man comes to
the house of god,
he comes to seek.
I'm not a believing man,
minister.
Then why have
you come?
A man doesn't see
many churches like this...
in a town like Sabbath.
The shape of the house
of god is unimportant.
That's not so, minister.
The kind of church
a man builds to pray in
tells you a lot
about the man.
Further south,
there are some fine,
old adobe churches.
Mexican. They're
cool and dark inside
to give a man peace.

They're made
for kneeling.
This one's made for
standing upright.
There is no easy comfort
from god.
Tell me, minister,
you must know all
the people in this town.
Those who come to my church.
I don't see
a land office.
If I wanted to see
a map of the territory,
a map with the deed
boundaries marked on it,
who might be able
to oblige?
Why do you ask me?
I figured you'd be
the one man in this town
who would find it
difficult to lie to me.
Mr. Dusaine
is the legal expert.
He takes care
of all such matters.
Thank you, minister.
Good morning.
My, it's beautiful.
Oh! That's him!
Mr. Dusaine?
You have the deed maps
for this territory.
I'd like to see them.
And who, pray tell,
told you...
the minister.
Well, Im afraid that I would
need written permission
before I could allow you
to examine such documents.
Sir! I shall call
the marshal.

You do that.
Thank you, Mr. Dusaine.
Don't try to
soften me up, cotton.
Doesn't your lawman
want to talk?
Take it easy, Harvey.
Yes or no?
Why do you want
to push things
until they break,
Stenbaugh?
Let Bronson handle it.
You gonna
mealy-mouth,
or are you
gonna tell me?
He won't trade.
You can have your say
in bannock.
Did you crawl, Ryan?
I wasn't asked to.
I told Vince you weren't
the man to carry this.
Where is Maddox?
Climb down, Harvey.
You can't ride this man.
Run to hell, why don't you?
Maddox?
I'm Harv Stenbaugh.
Well, lawman?
What's your name, son?
Crowe wheelwright.
I've no business with you.
You've got business with me.
Drop that
gun belt.
I'm taking
you in.
No, you're not.
You got 2 ways
to move, lawman.
Run...
or take me.

Don't make me kill you, son.

What are you gonna
do about this?

He's shooting 'em
down in the street.

You all know
why you're here.

What I want to know is
what are we gonna do?

He wants to know what
we're going to do.

Marc Corman
and Harvey Stenbaugh
were our friends.

Do we care about
our friends?

Corman's widow, my sister,
and the little ones,
do we care about them?

Are we just gonna stand
around here and talk?

Talk never moved a thing
or pulled a stump.

Are we gonna stand
around and wait
while this killer
shoots down

whoever he wants
in our town?

He's a lawman.

What? What?

How do we
know that?

Anyway, he ain't
the lawman here.

What happened
in bannock months ago
is of no concern
to us,

but we must respect
the law.

As your mayor, I say we
gotta protect our own.

This man has got

to be stopped.
What you got
in mind,
Harris?
We all go over to
the hotel, all of us,
and we go
meaning business,
and that means
going armed.
And we can tell Maddox
to get out of town.
Now, now,
wait a minute, Luther.
That sounds
like vigilante talk.
Shouldn't we stay
within the limits of...
Sam, Sam. It seems to me
that you, as mayor,
should be giving lead,
you know,
not trying to keep
your head on straight.
This town owes
Vince Bronson a lot.
Legally speaking,
there is a precedent
for forming
a citizens committee.
Only if there's
been a breakdown
in the formal
law services.
Well, Ryan is
broken down enough
to satisfy
any precedent.
Moss is right,
you know.
We're all beholdling
to Bronson,
and a Bronson man
was murdered.

Now, we can talk till sundown
and accomplish nothing,
or we can act.
Now, I say that we
call off this meeting
and do what we know
is right.
Now, Luther,
let's...
anybody here who calls himself
a man who wants out
better speak right now.
Anybody?
Well, then I think we got
our work cut out for us.
Oh, dear.
You know what that man
meant to me?
I held him
above all other men.
Closer even
than my brothers.
I want him, Ryan.
I want him broken.
I want his face
in the dirt.
And Ill hang
what's left of him
hang him for
the murderer he is.
I don't care how.
I don't care who,
so long as Im there
to see it.
It wasn't murder,
Mr. Bronson.
I call it murder.
I was on the prod...
I call it murder...
and I want something
done about it.
The great cotton Ryan,
you were good
with a gun once.

Oh, you were beautiful.
But fort bliss
was a long time ago,
wasn't it, Ryan?
I don't like men
sweating fear in my house.
You pay me, Mr. Bronson,
and I eat your dirt.
But that don't make
what you say right.
Get out.
When Im finished,
Mr. Bronson.
Leave him.
Harvey was on the prod.
He went after Maddox.
He put the horn in him,
and then he made
his move first.
Don't make the same mistake,
Mr. Bronson.
Don't go to a man
like Maddox with a hammer.
You want him.
I understand that.
I figured that
was your play.
But finish that thing
in bannock first.
Go back there.
You can buy
the whole town...
and the judge
that goes with it.
Ryan...
Im sorry.
We'll get Maddox.
Yes...
we'll get Maddox.
My heart isn't in it.
God's my witness, Jace,
I wanted no more killing.
I could've bought
that town with a whisper.

Ryan's right.
But not now.
Harvey's death
finished any chance
of doing it
without guns.
Damn you, Harvey.
He's in
the saloon.
Who is?
Let's go.
Which one has the words?
You're the
storekeeper.
Luther Harris,
ain't it?
Let me say
them for you.
You want me
out of your town.
What happened
some other time,
some other place
ain't your trouble.
I've seen men like you
in every town in the west.
You want the law, but you
want it to walk quiet.
You don't want it to put
a hole in your pocket.
You take courage from
each other, and you come armed.
Well, there
are enough
of you.
All you need is one man with
enough stomach to die first.
I'm not leaving until
what I came for is done.
So if you plan
to do anything about it,
do it now or go home.
How much?
For the meal.

Jesus, I thought
for sure they...
good evening,
cotton.
Lucas.
Cards?
A dollar a point?
You know I can't run
that high, Lucas.
You got my note for more
than I can ever pay,
and still
you want to play.
I'm not calling in
your note.
I'm not a great believer
in the milk of human kindness.
You got a rope on the man
who owes you.
Hit me.
Yours.
You got a weight
on your back, cotton.
Is that the gossip?
I've heard.
Besides,
you've been here
last night and tonight.
Now, you're not
an indulging man.
Call.
A man's pleasure
talks a lot.
Now, ain't
that pretty?
Hit me.
May I be of service,
cotton?
I got me a mess, Lucas.
And I haven't got enough
long boot to step out of it.
Let's play cards.
Well, cottontail Ryan.
Cottontail Ryan.

You wanted something,
Dekker?
Yeah,
I want something.
I want some more of
your cheap whiskey.
Service in your
place stinks.
And you're a damn fool
to come here.
He smells of trouble.
I'm all right.
Maddox!
Maddox!
I'm calling you out,
Maddox.
We've no quarrel, Crowe.
I'm gonna kill you,
Maddox.
I'm not gonna
fight you, boy.
Stand.
I don't plan on
dying for no reason.
Ease up.
You cheap little gunslinger.
You set me up.
So help me god.
Go on for your gun.
You want a chance?
Go ahead.
I don't know nothing
about those shots.
Go for your gun.
I wouldn't do something
like that. Believe me!
It came from
over there.
My town, Maddox.
Aah.
Aah!
Drop it.
Get up.
Ugh.

Aah!
Come on.
Oh, dear, oh, dear.
Next time I see you,
I'll kill you.
God knows I got reason enough
to want to see you dead,
but I hate back shooters.
If you've got nowhere
important to go,
I got a bottle
in that desk.
Dekker's on your list.
He a Bronson hand?
Yeah. Stays close
to Choctaw Lee.
Choctaw's a gun hand,
fast and likes
his work.
Dekker's
a shadow walker.
He walks big when
he's with Choctaw,
but a back shooter
inside.
I knew it'd be him.
I saw him in town
earlier.
Thanks, Ryan.
I owe you
something, too.
I feel good.
I remember you
at fort bliss.
Well, that's
my trouble.
Everybody remembers me
at fort bliss.
That's all I got,
Maddox,
a bunch of yesterdays.
It's a long ride down
from the high country
with stops

all the way down.
In Abilene, I ran.
In Acadia city,
I hid in a cellar.
In Monmouth,
the Loring brothers
made me eat dirt.
What keeps pushing you?
I've been a lawman
for 20 years.
What stops you
running sand inside?
I guess the question
doesn't arise.
You know, after
killing Stenbaugh,
Bronson will come
for you.
It's always the same.
You post a man,
he has to come into town
to prove he's a man.
You kill a man, he's got
a friend or a kin,
just has to come
against you.
And for no reason...
no reason
that makes any sense.
And it don't matter
a damn
to the man
already in the ground.
Nobody wins.
You can stop it.
Ride out tomorrow.
It's not a private matter
with me, cotton.
The law.
The honest ones carry it hard
and clean all their lives.
Behind their backs,
the others buy it, sell it,
dirty it,

tie it into knots.
Who lives longer,
Maddox?
I was out
bringing in a killer
when the shoot-up
happened.
I could have chased
a few tracks
and let the
matter drop.
But Im the law
in bannock.
Anybody who goes
against the law
goes against me.
I don't know
any other way.
How many more
for one old man?
I don't call
the numbers.
Ryan, I never drew first
on a man in my life.
That's the only way
to stay clean.
You play it
by the rules.
Without the rules,
you're nothing.
Bronson won't
come alone.
I didn't figure
he would.
You think he sent Dekker.
He didn't.
Well, I don't know
that. Do you?
I know Bronson.
Either way,
it don't matter.
Good night, Ryan.
Let me go, cotton.
Let me go.

What's the matter
with you, Ryan?
Let me out of here!
You're through, Ryan.
Bronson's gonna walk you
into the ground.
You're all through,
cottontail.
Calculate you got about
It'll take me 5
to get to Maddox,
and Maddox 5
to get saddled.
I think he'd appreciate
a little hunting.
Or I can gun you down
trying to escape...
in the back.
You won't be so...
back shooter,
anytime you want out...
you just call.
Hold on, Crowe.
You look like
you got your teeth
set on edge, boy.
Now move!
I didn't know nothing
about Dekker.
You don't even
interest me, Crowe.
Where's your horse?
Tied up behind
the stables.
All right.
Let's go.
Listen to me, Ryan.
I didn't know about Dekker.
You ask him.
Well, Maddox called my name
down in front of everybody.
I ain't afraid
of him, Ryan.
You would be

if you had brains
enough to spit.
Well, I figure
Im faster than him.
Keep walking.
In every town
Maddox has worked,
the ground is full
of men who were faster.
Yeah. Well, I really am.
I aim to prove it, too.
It makes
a great epitaph.
You may be faster.
You may even be
better with a gun,
but Maddox
will kill you.
And that's a fact.
You'd be staring up
at nothing
before your gun
even got clear.
I know what Im
talking about, Crowe.
You might not
rate me very high,
but I know men
like Maddox.
You'd drive a man to hell,
wouldn't you, Jered?
Hello, Lucas.
Whose day for
choosing is it,
Price or Adams?
You know this Adams?
I know him.
What kind is he?
I wouldn't know.
But I know what you're
doing is wrong, Maddox.
You were wrong
in san Acoma,
and you're

wrong here.
Not from where
I stand.
You can't see
from where you stand.
I didn't want
to wake you.
Where were you?
Over at
Verns place.
Sorry.
Where are you going?
Go back to bed, Laura.
Where are you going, Hurd?
I want to know.
Go back to bed,
will you, please?
You're running,
aren't you, Hurd?
Do you have to, Laura?
No, I don't have to.
Damn you!
Always got to push
my face in it,
don't you?
You and this
god-cursed land.
Yes, Im running!
Does that make you
happier?
You said you'd
give yourself up.
Well, that was before
Harv was killed.
I'm talking
about you, Hurd.
I don't care about
Harvey Stenbaugh.
He doesn't make
any difference.
Harv Stenbaugh
was my friend.
You hated him.
You were

frightened of him,
and he never cared
about anything
unless it had the
Bronson name to it.
You lying bitch!
You are a nobody,
just a little nobody
to them.
I owe Vince
everything I've got.
You owe him what?
This piece of dirt
that wouldn't grow wheat.
And what do you
owe Harvey?
He kept you on your knees
saying thank you.
Hurd, they just don't care.
But you do.
Yes.
That's not what I see
every time I look at you.
You know what I see?
I see, "you're not much,
Hurd Price."
No, not a man, like
all the men you've known.
I didn't mean that.
Yes, you did.
And maybe you're right.
Maybe that is
what's in my face...
I don't think so.
I've tried, Hurd.
And I don't want
to see you dead.
I can't go in alone,
Laura.
The others won't
go in now...
not to surrender.
Here's Vern.
But Maddox promised nothing

would happen to you.
What did you
promise him?
I'll be back.
When you turn around,
keep your arms
straight out from the body.
I told you the next time
I saw you, I'd kill you.
I knew nothing
about Dekker.
So you said.
It's true.
I just wanted you
to know.
You ride for Bronson?
Yeah,
I ride for him.
Does he send
you out to do
his killing?
No. And he didn't
send me out here
this morning,
neither.
You just took it
upon yourself.
What for,
a pat on the head?
You killed
Harvey Stenbaugh.
You got a bad memory, son.
Stenbaugh had it
in mind to kill me.
He didn't have a chance.
You don't even care,
do you, Maddox?
No.
No, I don't care.
You say he didn't
have a chance.
He went for
his gun first.
When he does that,

he uses up
all his chances.
Do I have to keep
my arms up here...
till I say different.
You liked Stenbaugh?
Well, then
Im sorry, Crowe,
but he had
a lot of chances.
He didn't have to come
into town that morning.
He didn't have
to cross the street
and push it
to a shooting.
He could've
given himself up.
You wouldn't have
done no different.
You're wrong.
I wouldn't put living
down on cheap pride.
You can drop
your arms.
Still planning on
trying to kill me?
I don't know.
But I ain't
afraid of you.
I never said you were.
Any fish in that stream?
Some natives
and some bullheads.
Hungry?
I didn't come out here...
having breakfast
ain't gonna make
us friends.
You got another line?
In the saddlebag.
Ryan thinks
you're pretty good.
Says you could've killed me

any time you wanted to.
I say different.
I think Im faster.
You asking me
who's faster
or whether I could
kill you if I chose to?
Because
if it's the second,
the answer is yes.
You're pretty damn sure.
I'm pretty damn sure.
You think it's a game,
don't you?
A contest
between gentlemen.
You ever kill
a man, Crowe?
You're a cowman.
You carry a side-gun
for protection.
Snakes.
You learn to use it
sometimes fairly well.
Sometimes you
become really good.
But you're
still a cowman.
I'm a lawman.
You know what
a lawman is, Crowe?
He's a killer of men.
That's what the job
calls for.
There are nicer ways
to put it,
but it reads the same.
That's the difference
between us,
and it's all
the difference I need.
Maddox!
Being fast
don't count for much.

It's what you learn
in the trade.
You read a man.
You believe me?
About last night?
I don't think you'd
trail a man so hard
so early in the
morning just to tell a lie.
If you're heading for
Vernon Adams' place,
better expect trouble.
IHe'll be waitin'./I
Good morning,
mayor.
'Morning, marshal.
Nice morning.
Just a minute,
marshal.
He's left town.
Who?
He rode out
this morning, I heard.
We wanna make sure
he don't come back.
I just come
from the minister
and the church-going women.
Seems y'all got
the same complaint...
but none of you
have any reason
for me to post Maddox
out of town.
I told you we were
wasting our time.
He's running scared
of Maddox.
What we need is some
real vigilante talk.
Well, I heard
you tried that once...
then went scuttling back
to your wives.

Maybe if you
keep trying,
you can find some brave man
to shoot Maddox in the back.
Now I suggest you
fine, upright gentlemen
go about your business.
If you can't keep
the dirt off the street,
Ryan, we can...
and we will.
You're all mouth, Luther,
mouth and gut wind.
You won't do much more
than scratch yourself.
Look, down there.
What is it, Vern?
Maddox.
What are you gonna do?
End it here.
You sure it's Maddox?
I'm sure.
He hasn't
seen us, Vern.
We could get
through the pass.
I said if he came
after me, Id kill him.
Jesus, wait!
Come on,
come on!
Come on!
Over there!
Hold him still.
Bring 'em on up
hold 'em steady.
with the wolf creek
bunch, Mr. Bronson.
Mark 'em.
Some'll be Adams'.
Cut out his brand
and give 'em to him.
What do you mean,
you don't know?

I just don't know.
You knew last night.
Oh, did I?
I can't figure you, Crowe.
You ain't scared of him,
so what is it?
Well, maybe
I just don't think
it's the right way
to do things.
Maybe... I don't think
it's my fight.
I just don't know.
Maybe I don't think
it should take 4 or 5 guns
to go against one man.
He murdered Harvey.
I know what happened,
Jace.
I was there, remember?
I thought
we were friends.
We are...
and I didn't say
I wouldn't.
I just wanna think
on it.
Well, you better
think right...
if you wanna ride
for this brand.
Your run is over,
mister.
Drop your rifle.
Now the side gun.
Walk ahead.
That's far enough.
Turn around and sit.
You Price or Adams?
Adams.
Keep one thing
in mind, Adams.
Make it difficult,
you're a dead man.

Let's go.
How did you know
who I was?
I was in town
when you brought in
Corman's body.
And you thought you were
better than him.
No, I didn't.
I didn't kill anybody
that night,
and I can't afford
the time
to go back and
stand trial.
I got under 100 head
and nobody but a woman
and my old dog
to hold down that place.
If I'm gone more than
a week, I got nothing
to come back to.
You have no right
to take that from me.
Drop it.
I told you
to drop it.
What do you want,
Price?
I just come by to pay
my respects, Vince.
When's the buryin'?
Soon.
I'd appreciate it
if I could attend.
You'll be welcome.
Can I stay, Vince?
J-just for the night,
I mean.
You must excuse me.
She'll show you
to your room.
Thanks, Vince.
When are you going

after that Maddox?
When the dead
are buried.
He needs killin'!
No man needs killing.
I was only thinking
of Harv.
We're all thinking
of Harv.
It took guns
to get this land,
guns to keep it,
guns to make things grow.
The guns that pride
called out...
and each time,
we buried the cost.
I'll see you, Price,
at the buryin'.
I wouldn't think a few
beef and a scrub ranch
would be worth
dying for, mister.
We're leaving.
IO, omnipotent god.../I
alone and unbending
in thy heaven,
accept with mercy
into thy judgment
this, thy child.
Molded from the cold shard
and fired with a soul
warmed in thy presence
comes forth man,
to struggle
and move unbowed
through this harsh world
alone,
to be tested by life...
to be confused by passion...
to be tempted
and brought down by evil...
to seek for the light
that the soul knows

and never turns away from,
and then to return
from whence he came...
again, alone,
to stand in awed finality
before thy gaze
and give account.

Such is man's destiny,
and from the hardness
comes forth a purity
that soft men
can never find.

Such a man was this,
our brother,
who now we bury here.

Amen.

Amen.

Now let us each man
unto his own god pray.

And now let us sing
unto the lord.

we should've gone
together, Harv.

Hush!

He's not here.

I'm alone. He's run.

Got a prisoner here
needs a bit of care.

Got a hole in him.

Vern, where's Hurd?

He's run free,

Laura.

Can you get
the bullet out?

Not if I want
to kill him.

It'll have to be cut out
through the back.

Oh, gosh!

We can put him
in the bed.

He goes outside.

Get up.

He's hurt bad.

Someday Ill get a second
chance at you, Maddox,
and I won't miss.
Don't push it, Adams.
I've got some food
warming.
How do you like
the Price farm?
Over there
we grow corn...
for the weevils,
and out in back,
the potatoes
fried black in the ground
from the sun.
We do own
a few head of stock
to keep the Borefly
happy and the crows.
It's not much,
but I guess
it's more than
you got, Jered.
You married
to this Price fella?
No preachers
and no flowers...
but Im his woman,
Jered.
That food
will be done now.
Does he have to stay
out there all night?
He does.
You haven't
changed much.
Not much.
I hear canyon city's
a ghost town.
Digging's dried up.
The "golden promise."
Well, it had a good run
for its money.
Remember Bucky?

Where's Bucky now?
He's dead.
Charlottesville.
Somebody named
Yancey, I heard.
Buck tried to
take him in,
gave him too much
edge, I guess.
And Joe Wilmot?
Him, too.
Shot in the back.
Ben Tilson...
Luther Thompson...
bill Chrysler...
all gone.
Jack horn will
never walk again.
I'm sorry, Jered.
A lot of candles
to light.
Can I... take
something out to Vern?
Go ahead.
Get me something to
cut loose from these irons
and a gun
if you've got one.
Please, Laura!
No, Vern,
he'll kill you.
No, he'll go
after Hurd next,
maybe kill him.
Now, with a gun and
him not expecting it,
I could stop him.
Eat your food.
I'll get you
another blanket.
Promise me
that you won't try
to kill Maddox,
that you'll just go.

He'd come after me.
It turned colder. Can I
take him another blanket?
Laura...
thanks for supper.
Promise me, Vern,
that you'll go.
Just go.
I got
no more run in me.
If you get me a gun,
I have more than
a better chance
to get him.
He'll check me again
before he beds down.
He won't expect
nothing.
You've got to!
I was gonna
give it to him.
Do you want to know why
I was gonna
give him the gun?
He's hurt,
he's a friend...
there are a lot
of reasons.
I wanted to
because of you.
Because there's nothing
soft in you, Jered,
there's nothing forgiving.
Even this damn land
doesn't hold a man down
as hard as you do.
What made you
change your mind?
It wouldn't make
any difference.
You'd kill him
or go after him,
or he'd kill you.
I didn't want that.

The sword of Gideon.
How do you see yourself,
Jered?
What are you
asking, girl?
For me to let
Adams go?
Forget about Price,
Bronson and the rest?
Would that be
so terrible?
You know
I can't do that.
You hold
the law too high.
You always did.
Would it really
make any difference
if just once...
you can't play with
it like that, Laura.
There is no
"just once."
Next time
it might be a friend...
or money in your hand...
or maybe you get scared...
and then it becomes one more
"just once."
Soon you don't know
who you are.
You can't break
the rules, Laura.
Oh...
the rules...
I forgot
about the rules.
You think they
change the killing.
Because you never
draw on a man first,
you think
that really matters?
Do you know what

they call you, Jered?
"The widow-maker."
I have a harsh tongue,
Jered Maddox,
and then Im always
saying Im sorry,
and there's no use
your being out there...
wanting to be
in here and...
me in here wishing
that you'd come to me.
oh, you
took a damn long time...
how did you
get here?
Huh?
This place, I mean.
After canyon city,
there was tombstone.
Then I went north
to Ellsworth.
That's where
I met Hurd,
and he brought me
here.
Why do you stay?
I've used up
too many places.
Besides, I owe Hurd.
He's kind and tender...
when there's time
to be kind and tender.
He left you here.
He's frightened.
Terrible thing, to
be frightened, Jered.
You wouldn't know.
You don't leave a man
like him much.
Come back with me.
Would you quit?
I've thought about it.
and all you've got

is a gun and
not enough ground
to throw over you.
Come back
to bannock.
Laura.
I've always
loved you, Jered.
But I would rather have
this dead land and Hurd Price
than the cold waiting
that Id have with you.
Do you still carry
that whistle thing?
You mean the flute.
Do you?
In the saddlebag.
Play me something.
Any free land
around here?
I asked you
a question, mister.
Only high up.
South of the river
there's some for the buying.
Good land?
Men like you
don't buy land, Maddox.
You don't buy it,
and you don't work it.
Can't I handle this
myself, Mr. Bronson?
No.
Find Crowe?
Quit.
Rode out earlier
with his stuff.
This locks in
with you, Hurd.
You gonna ride
with us?
A man's got to stand
sometime!
I'll just get

my things.
Get Price an animal!
Whoa!
Hyah!
Hyah!
Hyah!
You need some breakfast.
I hear you might
have trouble
from the citizens.
Harris.
Seems he's trying to
throw a lot of sand.
What does a man like
that want, Lucas?
A name.
He hungers for the name
in bold, proud letters.
When Maddox comes back,
you could have
big trouble, cotton.
If Maddox comes back.
He'll come back.
He might need help.
I tell you, Lucas,
if I had somewhere
to run to, Id run.
But I don't,
so Ill stand.
And the storekeeper
and his friends?
I don't know.
You knew Maddox
from before?
You never said.
From where?
Claremont,
canyon city,
san Acoma.
Friend?
Used to be.
And now?
There's been trouble
between us.

I killed a man
in san Acoma.
Maddox called it
against me,
posting me
out of town.
He called it wrong,
but...
that's how
it stayed.
Harris and his friends
don't have the tail
for gunplay.
Such a man was this,
our brother
Marc Corman,
who now
we bury here.
Amen.
Amen.
Better get him
to a doctor.
Who is that woman?
Corman's widow.
Murderer!
Tell moss and Cobden
to meet at my store.
How? That's what
I wanna know, Luther.
The next time he steps
into the street.
You and moss,
upstairs.
Totts, Hersham, and me
here in the store
and out in the alley.
You mean cut him down,
just like that?
Just like that.
Does that bother you?
We're not gunfighters.
We can't do it straight out.
It's not as if
it was murder,

him a killer
and all.
More like
a hangin'.
He's standing on
the neck of this town,
that's for damn sure.
What's the matter,
Cobden?
I got no taste
for it.
Ah. I had you down
for a man.
You talk
a big noise, Luther,
but Maddox put water
between your legs
once before,
and I think maybe
the mold is set that way.
Ryan?
Be right out.
Doc says Adams can't
travel for a few days.
He's busted up inside.
When he gets better...
let him go.
Tell him he can go
back to his land.
The others, too.
Tell him it's finished.
I'm pulling out.
You?
What happened out there?
Nothing happened.
A man like you
doesn't let go that easy,
not for no reason.
I guess I just
looked around me.
Anyway, soon
there'll be no more towns
like bannock,
towns that need

a gun like mine.
I guess yours is
the right way, cotton.
Sit out the years.
Find a nice, quiet town,
one that pays
a better house toll.
Don't do it
my way, Maddox.
Quit clean.
Buy you a drink?
No, thanks.
Bronson just rode
into town.
There's 4 of 'em.
Who's he with?
His son Jason,
Choctaw Lee,
and Hurd Price.
I'd say you bought
more than you can chew
this time.
You figure you've got
a say in this?
I wouldn't want to see you
get it in the back.
We've done...
too many towns.
You don't owe me, Lucas.
Well, let's say
I need the action.
You and I sit at the
same table, Jered.
The virtuous
need us, but, hah!
They don't like
the smell.
Maddox?
Damn fools!
I'll go out
and talk to them.
Leave it be.
A man gets caught
in his own doing.

You can't change
what you are,
and if you try,
something always
calls you back.
Cotton?
I can't.
I got no stomach
for that kind
of shootin' anymore.
Which one is
Hurd Price?
The one on the end,
next to the old man.
Watch Lee,
on your right.
He's the gun hand.
Crowe!
Please let me talk
to 'em, Maddox.
Jason and me were
never in bannock.
We went to Abilene.
Hear me out.
Jason and me
are friends.
I'll kill you if
I have to, Maddox!
No need to, son.
Whoa!
Aah!
Oh! Ow...
there's been enough.
He's going.
He killed Harvey.
You can't let him go!
Maddox!
It's over, Jason.
I don't crawl.
He'll kill you.
Get your hands
off of me!
I'm not afraid
of him!

Harvey would walk
fire for you.
He's my son, Maddox.
Don't beg him!
Oh!
Ohh... ohh...
ohh...
ahh!
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
Ahh...