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Lonely Are the Brave

By Dalton Trumbo

Time we took off, too.
What do you think, Whisky?
Mmm!
You little sugar-eater.
There, that's a good girl.
That's a good girl.
You're beginning to learn.
Try not to make a fool of yourself
the way you did yesterday, huh?
Oh, you're cute. You're
real cute, you are.
Yes, you are.
You stop that now. Come on.
Don't you...
Now, you stop that.
That's a baby.
That's right. You're doing just fine.
That's a real nice girl.
That's a real nice, sweet girl.
Come on over here. Come over here.
All right, you're
starting it again, huh?
Okay, baby.
Well, let's get it out of your system.
Come on.
Come on.
Turn right!
What do you think you're doing?
You did fine, little girl.
You gotta remember, when I
say, "Hup," you better hup.
You'll learn, pretty little fuzztail.
What I'm trying to teach you is
a little horse sense. Now, hup.
That's it. Now, come on.
Hi.
Hi.
Welcome home.
Been a long time.
Still painting.
I was expecting you, Jack.
Isn't that odd?
I heard a horse, and I
knew it was your horse.

It's a new horse.
Three-year-old mare.
Part range stock,
part appaloosa, still
a little bit spooky.
Well, must get it from you.
Well, don't just stand
there. You give me a kiss.
I must say, you haven't changed a bit.
You, either. Thanks.
Well, come on. Let me
get you something to eat.
There's coffee there on the stove. Good.
I'll take about six fried eggs.
If you got some ham to put
under them, so much the better.
Coming up. Hup.
What've you been doing with yourself?
I was afraid you were gonna ask that.
Oh, not herding sheep again?
Herding sheep again.
You know, you keep that up, you're
gonna end up on a dude ranch.
Probably.
I'm glad you came, Jack.
God, I'm glad you came.
Picked up a paper, said Paul
was heading for two years
in the penitentiary.
Started riding the same day.
There's nothing you can do to help Paul.
Well, I'm not so sure of that.
I'll mosey down and
have a talk with him.
We'll work something out.
We always did.
No, they won't even let you
see him until visiting day.
That's Wednesday.
By then they might have
moved him to the penitentiary.
You can almost always
arrange to see a fella.
He finish his book?

Half of it.
The other half'll
have to wait two years.
Hey.
How about Seth?
Seth's in school.
Already in school. Why,
that poor little devil.
How come Paul got mixed up smuggling
those wetbacks across the border?
He didn't smuggle anybody.
He just helped them after they got here.
He hid them and fed them
and gave them directions
about where to find work, that's all.
Well, what's wrong with that?
Oh, nothing. Nothing. It's
just a crime, that's all.
The immigration people warned Paul
twice, but he just kept right on.
Good for him.
Oh, sure, good for him, and hoorah
for two years in the penitentiary.
I get so mad I could kill him.
The reason you get mad at Paul
is you don't understand him.
Understand him? Just how
long is that supposed to take?
I've only been married
seven years, you know, Jack.
Yeah, but, basically
you're still an Easterner.
What are you talking about, Jack?
Told you, you didn't understand.
A Westerner likes open country.
That means he's got to hate fences.
And the more fences there
are, the more he hates them.
I never heard such nonsense in my life.
It's true, though.
You ever notice how many
fences there are getting to be?
The signs that they got on them.
No hunting, no hiking, no admission,

no trespass, private
property, closed area,
start moving, go away,
get lost, drop dead.
Know what I mean? I
don't even want to know.
Then they got those fences
that say, "This side's jail."
Or that side's the street. Or
here's Arizona, that's Nevada.
Or this is us, that's Mexico.
Hey, you're so hot, my ham's burning up.
Plate's there on the table.
Now, that one between here and Mexico
is the fence got Paul into trouble.
He just naturally
didn't see the use of it,
so he acted as if it wasn't there.
So when people sneaked across it,
he just felt they were still people,
so he helped them.
Jack, I'm gonna tell you something.
The world that you and
Paul live in doesn't exist.
Maybe it never did.
Out there is a real world.
And it's got real
borders and real fences.
Real laws and real trouble.
And either you go by
the rules or you lose.
You lose everything.
You can always keep something.
I don't know.
I don't understand men anymore.
Paul had a choice and he chose
jail instead of his family.
Why, Jack?
Doesn't he need us as
much as we need him?
You forgot the salt and pepper.
Now, you talk about that jail
sentence as if it was another woman
he was going out with.

Isn't it?
Maybe it is.
Maybe he had to have
one more fling with her
before the old man with
the white hair moves in.
Fling with who?
Girl Paul and I grew up with.
Kind of a wild-eyed
little mountain girl.
Her name is Do-What-You-Want-To-Do-And-
The-Hell-With-Everybody-Else.
Probably an Indian girl,
they all got names like that.
Men are idiots.
You're an idiot, Paul's an
idiot, you're all idiots.
These eggs are gonna be rock-hard,
Jack. Come on and sit down.
You make me nervous.
Is there anything else you want?
A bath.
I'm beginning to smell
like a wild animal
that hasn't even been rained on
for about five years.
Hey, you're not going to
Coffeyville, Kansas, are you?
No, I'm hauling privies
to Duke City, New Mexico.
You're hauling what? Privies.
Hundred and fifty-six privies.
High-tailing down the road at 70
miles an hour. How do you like that?
What kind of emergency do you suppose
they got in Duke City, New Mexico?
I feel about four pounds lighter.
It's always hard to get
'em on over clean socks.
Well, you got awful big feet, Jack.
No, that's not it.
Your feet swell after a bath.
I'm not sure whether
it's good for 'em or not.

There!
Gotta give that little
mare a drink before I go.
Money in that bandoleer.
Want you to use it if
anything goes wrong.
What can go wrong?
Hard to tell. Probably nothing.
What are you gonna do, Jack?
Already told you.
I'm gonna give that little mare a drink.
Give her some grass in the
morning if I'm not back.
Do that?
Do that.
Tell Seth I'll see him later, huh?
Jack, what are you gonna do?
Well, about every six months I
figure I owe myself a good drunk.
Rinses your insides out,
sweetens your breath,
tones up your skin.
Well, then, buy a
bottle and drink it here.
Getting caught drunk in
public's about the easiest way
I know of breaking into jail.
It's more fun, too.
Be careful, Jack.
Don't make any trouble.
Trouble's what I came here to fix up.
You be a good girl, Whisky.
I'll be back pretty soon.
Okay, I'll be careful.
And keep the change.
Hey, watch it there,
fella, I almost spilled...
My fault, amigo.
I'm sorry.
Now, why'd you throw that bottle?
I never saw you before in my life.
Try and watch it, huh?
You sure you got the right fella?
We haven't even been introduced.

My name's Burns.
What's the matter, cowboy?
I only got one arm.
You ain't afraid to fight
a one-armed man, are you?
You know, a fella can get hurt
falling backwards off a chair?
Are you positive it's
me you want, amigo?
I'm not afraid of you, cowboy.
I don't give a damn
how many arms you grow.
If you're not satisfied
with the arm you've got,
why don't you chop it off?
I lost that arm in Okinawa.
What did you do?
Oh, I didn't do anything.
Let's have a drink and talk it over.
You're afraid, you cobarde.
Never call a man that, no
matter what. Never do it.
I might kill you for
calling me a thing like that.
Just stand where you are, boys.
This fella wants action,
I'll be glad to accommodate him.
Do it one arm behind my back.
If any of you boys
interfere, I use two hands.
All right, maldito.
Use your left arm, amigo.

BARTENDER:

Listen to me, you...
Not two hands!
One arm, amigo.
You fight with your left hand,
just like him. See, mister?

MAN:

That's him. The cowboy on the bottom!
Okay, the fight's over. Break it up.
Hey, I'm down here. Hurry up, will you?

JACK:

All right, cowboy, let's go.
I thought you guys never would get here.

MAN 1:

MAN 2:

Okay, Joe, can him.
Cell blocks are full. Have
to throw him in the tank.
This way, Pop. Just
because I got no money,
that's a crime?
Called vagrancy.
All it does is fill your belly
and keep you off the streets
for a night or two. Yeah, yeah.
King of England don't
carry no money, either.
Would you arrest him if he showed
up in this stinking gut-trap
cesspool of a pest house
passing for a town, would you?
Can it talk?
I can talk all right.
Identification?
He hasn't got any.
Tobacco, matches, \$6 in bills,
38 cents in change, pocket
knife, and a dried-up ear.
An ear?
Yeah, looks like a bull's ear.
You mean to say you got
no identification at all?
That's right.
No draft card, no social security?
No discharge, no insurance,
no driver's license?
No nothing?
No nothing.
Look, cowboy, you can't go
around without identification.
It's against the law. How are

people gonna know who you are?
I don't need a card to figure
out who I am. I already know.
Okay, who are you?
John W. Burns.
Jack for short.
You sure of that?
Sure enough to bet you
can't prove I'm anybody else.
Where do you live?
Anywhere I feel like.
Now, what the devil does that mean?
Well, it means I don't have any address.
You've got to. Where do your folks live?
Missouri.
Occupation?
Sure.
Well, what is it?
Cowhand.
You a veteran?
Wasn't everybody who could stand
up straight for five minutes
without falling over backwards?
Yeah, just about.
What's the charge? Drunk?
And disorderly.
Meira's Bar on North Highland Road.
Fight?
Him and Lopato. Good one.
That one-armed guy?
Cowboy here was using one arm, too.
You shouldn't have tangled
with that fella, cowboy.
He's mean. He could have stuck you.
That all you got against him?
That's it.
Look, we're loaded today.
Even the tanks are full.
This fellow's sobering up pretty quick.
What do you say we turn him loose?
Okay by me. Let him go, Phil.

PHIL:

just answered a call.

You mean you're going to turn me loose?
When I'm in a condition like this?
That's right, cowboy.
Look, you just go wherever
you're staying and sleep it off.
Okay, but first I'm going back there
and I'm gonna kill that one-armed
leftover from a pig litter!
Get your arms off me, flat foot!

MAN:

Hey!
Tobacco,
\$6.38,
one pocketknife,
one dry ear.

MAN 1 :

MAN 2:

JACK:

MAN 1:

One dry, pointed ear.
Here's a receipt for what
you brought in. Can him.
Tank?
Yeah. Run him through the showers first.
You know something, buddy.
From a ten-day common drunk,
you've built yourself up to a year.
Congratulations.
Good afternoon, Miss Kennedy.
Good afternoon, Mr. Johnson.
Oh, Mrs. Johnson called.
She wants you to remember that
shopping list she gave you.
All right.
Busy, Floyd?
Sure gave me a start, there, Sheriff.
Put that comic away.
Remember that girl on Lead Hill
they found belly-down in the road

with a knife in her back, and
the coroner called it suicide?
Sure. Day before yesterday.
I want you to drive out and
serve a writ on that coroner,
then turn around and come straight back.
Don't I get to stop
off for a bite first?
No, and button your pants.
Hi, Morey.
Harry.
That dog.
Same fire plug, same time every day.
You'd think he was under contract.
Red light's going, Harry. Have
you got any time for the machine?
Machine? Right.
This is CS-1, over.
Roger, Highway Patrol. CS-1 out.
Yep.
Got Caruso's new barber
pole third day in a row.
It's on the route now.
Don't know how he does it.
What was that signal, Harry?
Signal? State Highway
Patrol. Just a routine check.
Locate McNeill, wherever he is,
send him out for chewing gum.
McNeill? Right.
When I tell you to watch
that machine of yours,
you say, "Machine? Right."
When I give you a message for
McNeill, you say, "McNeill? Right."
There's something about the
way you make a question of it
and then say, "Right,"
that gets on my nerves.
Nerves?
Right.
Head count.

GUARD:

Got another customer.

GUARD:

Okay, boys, relax.

When is suppertime around here, anyway?

Brother, if I was in your condition,
I would pay less attention to the flesh
and more to the salvation
of my eternal soul.

REVEREND:

know whereof I'm talking about,
you poor abandoned Philistine, you.
The temptations of the flesh.
I fought 'em my whole life through.
Then how come you're in here, Reverend?
I said I fought 'em. I
didn't say I fought 'em off.
Sometimes I lost.
But believe me, it takes a
lot more to tempt a preacher
than it does you stumblebums in here.
When I lost, I lost big!
You a real preacher, Reverend?

REVEREND:

let's look at it this way.
Always had the urge to preach.
And if you got the urge,
you're already halfway home.
What kept you from getting all the way?
My temptation was women.
You ain't a preacher any more
than I'm a sway-backed goose.
And I don't think
you've got sense enough
to pound sand in a rabbit hole.
You are not in a state of grace.
Hi, Paul.
Jack.
You old son of a gun.
Glad to see you, fella.
So am I.
What happened to your face?

Oh, a bunch of guys I ran into
down in some saloon gave it a new look.
Guess they didn't like the old one.
Come on, let's sit over here.
All right, let's have it.
You didn't get into a fight,
you picked one, didn't you?
Me, pick a fight?
You're a great guy, Jack.
Oh, sure.
The only man on Earth who'd break
in to jail just to see an old friend
off to the penitentiary.
Breaking into a jail's the
easiest thing a fella can do.
I guess you found that out for yourself.
Yeah.
See Jerry?
She's a little burned up right now,
but these things aren't
hard to straighten out.
What's outside that wall?
Bernal Boulevard.
Yeah, it would be.
Overlooks an alley in the
back of a department store.
You see Seth?
No, he was in school.
Darn, I wanted to see that little fella.
Come on, let's join the parade.
Okay.
Floor's harder than I thought.
Don't step on this Indian here.
I'm not sure, but I
think he carries a knife.
Smart Indian.
When do they begin shoving
supper through that slot?
Shouldn't be long now.
I'm so hungry, every
time I take a deep breath
my stomach squeaks like a wet balloon.
Okay, Cliff.
Hey, amigo. Look at

those mountains, huh?
Chow down!
Come on, let's get the
squeaks out of your stomach.

MAN:

Good afternoon, college boy.
Hey, you.
Too good to talk to me?
You too smart to have
anything to do with me?
What do you want?
Come here, college boy.
Come here!
Take it easy. Temper like
that, and one of these days
you'll find yourself riding through
town with your belly to the sun,
your best suit on, and
no place to go but hell.
Believe me, buddy, you better watch it.
Come on, let's sit over there.
Hey, cowboy, what's your name?
John W. Burns. Let's eat.
Jack, for short.
Okay, Burns.
Okay, John W. Burns.

GUARD 1 :

There's not much music in these bars.
I'm afraid the sons of guns are solid.
Are you sure you didn't
get kicked in the head?
What do you mean?
You act like a man who thinks
he's going to break out of jail.
Come here, college boy.
You crazy fool.
Nothing crazy about
hacksaws in a jailhouse.
Do you know the penalty in
this state for jail breaking?
Never broke one in this state.
Five years.

It'll take 'em an awful
long time to catch us, amigo.
Don't worry about that.
You know,
a fella just might be
able to crawl through
by cutting only one bar just about here.
Go through on your side. One shoulder
at a time. Slow and easy, like.
Hey, when do these lights go out?

Around 9:

Guards?
They're gone.
Well, then let's get to work.
Jack, I've got two years as it is.
I'm not gonna break
jail and risk five more.
I mean that.
Sure, amigo, but give
yourself a fair shake.
Wait till we get one of
those bars cut, then decide.
Long time between now and sun-up.
You might change your mind.
Not a chance.
But I'm sure gonna change yours.
You were in a bar fight.
You'll get 30 days at the most.
You wanna risk five years
in the penitentiary for that?
Not 30 days, amigo. I'd get a year.
A year? I hit a deputy.
They charged me with criminal assault.
Criminal assault? How did you...
I had to. They wouldn't let me in.
I'm telling you, I won't
serve a year in this place.
I couldn't.
My guts get all tied up
just by thinking about it.
I'd go nuts. I'd kill somebody.
You know, amigo, I'd
kill somebody. Sure.

Yes. I guess maybe you would.
Look, amigo.
I've got two hacksaws.
It'll take two men.
You don't want to get involved.
Which one of these involvements is mine?
Come on. We'll work the same bar.
The same place. She'll cut fast.
Hombre, what do you fellas do?
Working our way through college.
Makes trouble for everybody.
Not if you don't see it.

MAN:

sharpening your toenails?
Brushing our teeth.
You sure got bony teeth.
Hey.
If I hear somebody coming,
I'll give you the word.
Thanks, amigo.
She's all cut through, boss.
Good.
Let's see how this son of a gun bends.
Hand me that blanket rope.

PAUL:

You'd be surprised how flexible
a man can be when he has to.
Let's hide all the gear. Come on!

GUTLERREZ:

Yeah?
I want you!
Jack, what are you...
Nose of mine cracks easy.
Man gives me fair notice, no
reason I shouldn't prop up a little.
Telephone call.
In the office.
Who'd be calling me this time of night?
It's a surprise.
Come on.
I'm all right.

What a phone call.
What did he use on you?
Just his fists.
Lucky I had these.
Hate to lose those big ones.
Navajos took off, huh?
Well, time to get moving.
Daylight pretty soon.
Well?
Listen, amigo.
I know a place in Sinaloa
just aching to hide us.
Good cabin, lots of rain.
You'd write your book, I'd run
a cow or two, Jerry could paint.
And Seth, he'd learn.
Like we used to talk about. Natural man.
You got a bad case of something.
I don't know what it is, but it
sure loused up your good sense.
You think they should've given
you two years for what you did?
No. Then why let 'em win?
Nobody's winning.
I knew what it was going to cost
and I went right ahead and did it.
Now I have a debt to pay off.
You can pay off a third, amigo.
Jerry and Seth, they pay the rest.
I know.
In a half hour, Jerry'll be
frying eggs for both of us.
I'm not going to break jail.
You shouldn't have come
here in the first place.
I'm staying here.
Can't you understand that?
How many times do I have to tell you?
Okay.
Okay, amigo.
Jack.
You've gotta go. I know that.
But it's different with me.
I can take jail because I've got

two people out there waiting for me.
I've got something to go back to.
Don't you see? I...
I don't want Seth to grow
up and be the way we were.
I don't want Jerry and Seth to
have to run from anything, ever.
If I broke out tonight,
they'd be running alongside me
for the rest of their lives.
Do you understand, Jack?
Sure, I understand.
You grew up on me, didn't you?
No, Jack. I just changed.
Yeah, that's what I mean. You changed.
God.
God, Jack, I hope you make it.
I'll make it, all right.
You take a loner, he travels awful fast.
Who is it? Who's there?
Me.
I was hoping you'd wake up.
You were in jail, weren't you?
In and out.
Was Paul all right? Sure.
Has anything happened? Paul's just fine.
He sends you his love.
You broke out of jail, didn't you?
What else could I do?
Are the police after you?
Well, I hope not yet, but they will be
before that sun is very far up.
Well, if you're on the
run, you'll need some food.
You sure feed me good.
What did they do to you?
I got roused a little.
Well, it's just lucky I
washed that shirt of yours.
You can't go anywhere that way.
Well, thanks.
You men just make me sick.
You just act like children, all of you.
Why, even Seth or that crazy

horse of yours out there
would have better sense than you do.
Here you are, all cut up and
running away from the police.
And there's Paul sitting there in jail,
and all you do is grin about it.
Believe you me,
if it didn't take men to make babies,
I wouldn't have anything
to do with any of you.
Well, at least you'll have some food.
Oh, thanks.
You know, those paintings of yours,
I never did understand
the darned things.
But whatever point they're
making, they sure make it big.
They're lousy.
I could use that ammunition
I left in that bandoleer.
I'll get it for you.
Thanks.
Here, I'll take part and you take part.
Oh, no, Jack...
That little mare, if she wants action,
she's sure gonna get it,
next two or three days.
I don't know.
Maybe you'd be better
off if they caught you.
Maybe, but I'd like to put it
off for as long as possible.
Jack. Hmm?
Will I ever see you again?
Sure will. These things blow over.
You'll see me some evening
when things are peaceful again.
Jack.
Jerry.
Jack! Jack!
I always missed you, Jerry.
I always will.
You wanted too much.
I didn't want enough.

I didn't want a house, didn't
want all those pots and pans.
I didn't want anything but you.
And it's God's own
blessing I didn't get you.
Why?
'Cause I'm a loner clear
down deep to my very guts.
You know what a loner
is? He's a born cripple.
He's crippled because the only
person he can live with is himself.
It's his life, the way he wants
to live it. It's all for him.
A guy like that, he'd
kill a woman like you
because he couldn't love you,
not the way you are loved.
You'll change someday, too, Jack.
I could have, maybe.
I can't now. Too late.
Paul did, though.
You know I tried to
get him to break jail?
I knew you'd try.
I was afraid he'd do it, too.
He turned me down cold.
And it's not because he
wants to spend two years
with that wild-eyed little
mountain girl you were jealous of.
You know, Do-What-You-
Want-To-Do-And-The-Hell- With-Everybody-Else?
Forget her. You've got
her backed off the map.
I don't know what you've
done to him, you and Seth,
but he's a good three times
bigger than he ever was before.
That sun's still coming up.
If I had a big kiss, I could probably
beat it to the top of that hill.
Thanks.
God keep.

Roger, CS-2, I got that fine.
This is CS-1, over and out.
Hey, Morey?
I got the report on that cowboy.
Yeah?
John W. Burns, Socorro, New Mexico.
He's born 1919, Joplin, Missouri.
He served seven months in a US
Army disciplinary training center
at Incheon, South Korea, for
striking a superior officer.
February 22nd, 1951.
February 22nd.
He was just celebrating
Washington's birthday, that's all.
Wounded in action, November 4th, 1951.
Election day.
Purple Heart, Distinguished
Service Cross with oak leaves.
Discharged at Fort Dix, New
Jersey, February 14th, 1952.
Valentine's Day.
(ASNAPS FLINGERS)
Broke out of disciplinary
training center, June 14th, 1951.
Flag Day.
Anything on the two Navajos?
A couple of previous plain drunks.
Bill Hassler from the
news wants to see you.
That fathead. What does he want?
I didn't tell him you were in,
but the story on the jailbreak.
Then tell him I'm out.
There goes that dog again.
Atta boy!
Faithful Fido.
Now, cut across and
hit that barber pole.
CS-1, over. Go on.
Roger. I got Floyd.
Switch on the speaker.
Speaker? Right.

GLYNN:

When do I get off for
lunch? Where's Johnson? Over.
I'll take that.
Floyd, the boys upstairs tell me that
the cowboy and Bondi were chummy.
Get over to Bondi's house and
see what you can find out. Over.
You want me to check or
have lunch first? Over.
Cut out the horsing around,
get over there now. Out!
I bet you're way above the
foothills already, cowboy.
I'll just bet you are.
Whoa! Whoa!
You little witch, when I
say "whoa", you better whoa.
You gotta have everything
first, don't you? Huh?
No danger of you bloating up.
Get about one good
swallow every five minutes.
Green grass, too.
You never had it so good.
Don't worry, Whisky, I'm
not going anywhere just yet.
Damn.
This is CS-1. Come on in, Floyd. Over.

GLYNN:

When you see boot prints,
you've got a right to assume
those high heels fit into a stirrup.
And I was right. I found a trail, Morey.
Then farther up, I come on a
place where somebody had cut a hole
in that barbed wire fence
at the edge of the mesa.
It was a new cut, no rust
on the end of the wires.
Trail goes straight east to
the mountains, Morey. Over.
Floyd, that's good work. Come

on in and get something to eat.
Over and out.

MOREY:

ranger at El Sangre
and tell him to check on any campfires.
Get the relay station up on the
rim, tell 'em the same thing.

HARRY:

Don't blow it all away. Feed's
gonna be scarce for a while.
Gonna have visitors, little gal.
See that rim up there?
It's a good long climb.
Once we get to the other
side of it, we're home, baby.
Judas priest!
Judas, Morey!
Well, don't stand there hollering
Judas! Keep on trying to get Glynn.
Okay.
CS-3 calling
CS-4. Over.
Hello, CS-4, this
is CS-3. Over.
They still don't get us, Morey.
Now, they'll be able to hear
us when they hit the rim.
Call them other fellas and see if...
What? What'd you say, Morey?
I said call them other fellas and
see if they're still on the road.
Tell 'em not to take the car up
the wash. They'll never make it.
Have 'em go south another mile.
And ask the State if we're
ever gonna get that airplane.
Airplane? Right!
Burns!
Come on back!
You can't get away!
Come back!
Whoa.

Stop that, Whisky. Stop that.

Come on.

Hi there, CS-4.

This is CS-3. Over.

Hey, I been trying to get you for
a while. I read you fine now. Over.

Yeah. Hold it. Here comes Morey.

Wait, I'll switch 'em on the speaker.

The general's been

calling you, too, Morey.

That you, Glynn?

GLYNN:

We're up here on the southeast rim.

I never saw such country, Morey.

I'm staying near the car where

I can see the whole works.

MOREY:

He's moving ahead along the rim trail
to see what he can find close up.

Okay, and out.

Now, what's this about a general?

From the air base. General

Desalius. He wants to talk to you.

Well, get him!

CS-3 calling...

Why don't you two do a little
scouting over in Bear Canyon?

Don't get lost.

Sheriff Johnson here to talk
to General Desalius. Over.

Hello. This is General Desalius.

Yes, sir. Just a moment, sir.

It's General Desalius.

This is Johnson. What

can I do for you, General?

We're pretty busy out
here right now. Over.

General Desalius here.

I understand you're
hunting an escaped convict.

We're only 12 minutes away.

Can you use a helicopter

and a brace of Air Police?
I'd like to give my personnel a
little practical experience. Over.
Thank you, General. We
don't need the Air Police,
but we sure could use a helicopter.
We're moving to the
bottom of the west wall
at the mouth of Agua Dulce Canyon.
Whoa there.
Now you stay here and behave.
I'm gonna take a look around.
Sorry, have to keep moving, baby.
There it is! There it is!
Now, this is CS-3 ground to helicopter.
Can you hear me? Over.
What's the matter? Can't you get 'em?
Well, yeah, but he's so close
we can't hardly hear him.
Give me that mike!
Ground to helicopter!
This is Sheriff Johnson!
Can you hear me? Over.
Yeah, he can hear you. See? He's waving.
All right.
Cruise up and down Bear Canyon.
That's the big canyon to the south.
And keep an eye out
for a lone man on foot
or leading a horse or riding.
Report anything you see. Over.
Observer to Sheriff Johnson.
Do you want us to drop
down and pick him up? Over.
You can try if you want to.
If you can't land, just stay with him
until we can get there. Okay? Over.
We can pick him out of
a treetop if we want to.
You'd think we were chasing a ghost.
Invisible horse, invisible cowboy.
Harry, throw me that canteen.
I haven't got enough spit
left to wet a stick of gum.

Roger, CS-1. This
is CS-3. Over.
CS-3 out.
That was the State Police, Morey.
They got two patrol
cars in Scissors Canyon.
They're moving four men into
Bear Canyon, and two to the rim.
And they're sending that
airplane just as fast as they can.
Let's get out of this stinking arroyo.
I got a feeling we're being left behind.
Whoa, whoa. Whoa, baby.
Whoa, baby.
Whisky! Whisky!
Come here, girl. Come on.
Steady, Whisky.
Come here, girl. Come on, Whisky.
Come on. Come on. Come on.
Whoa, baby.
Whisky!
Whoa, baby. Whoa.
Whisky! Hold it! Hold it!
Hold it! Hold still!
Damn you, hold still!
Take it easy, Whisky. For
God's sakes, take it easy!
Come on.
Looks like they couldn't make it, Morey.
They must be walking
the rest of the way.
Hey, something's coming in, Morey!
Plug in the speaker!

PILOT:

him! He's right below us.
Man with a gray hat leading a horse.
Never mind that. Give me the binoculars.
He's trying to hide in the rocks.
He can't make it. We got him, all right.
Can't land here. No room for the prop.
We'll lower a rope ladder.
I'll climb down and get him.
Looks like they're getting

some practical experience.
Hey! Somebody's shooting!
Get out of his line of fire.

PILOT:

but he's awful smart.
He's trying to hit the tail
rotor. Let us down easy.
He got the tail rotor, all right.
Get a fix on us,
Sheriff! We're going down!
Judas priest!
Get that, that General
what's-his-name.
Tell him to send an ambulance.
Tell him his personnel just got a
belly-full of practical experience.
Hurry!
Where are those binoculars?
CS-3, calling Air Base. Over.
CS-3 calling Air Base. Over.

DEPUTY:

No wind, no nothing!
It just sank like a rock in a well.
It didn't sink, you fool.
Our cowboy's just shot down
the Air Force, that's all.
Get over there and
help 'em. Both of you.

Hurry up! HARRY:

I just wanted to report to you that...
What a mess!
...the helicopter you sent us has
been shot down by the fugitive,
and has crashed just below us. Over.
Yes, sir, General
Desalius, just a minute.
I'll get Sheriff Johnson. Over.
Now if I can only spot that cowpoke.
That general sure wants
to talk to you, Morey.
Well, get him!

I've got him.
I'm gonna get him on the
speaker. He's awful hot.
Sheriff, this is General Desalius!
What have you done with my helicopter?
I didn't do anything with it,
General. The fugitive shot it down.
Your men aren't badly hurt,
but you'll have to
haul that flying machine
out of here piece by piece. Over.
Do you know how much my
helicopters cost, Sheriff?
Do you? Do you have any notion at all?
No, I don't know,
General, and I don't...
\$120,000! \$120,000!
You didn't let me finish.
I don't know what it cost and I
don't give a damn! Over and out!
Turn that thing off!
I'm going over there
and set for a while.
Call the State and have them
put armor plate on that plane
they ain't sent us and ain't going to.
Call Glynn and see how Gutierrez
is doing on the rim trail.
Call Herrera and ask if
he's sleeping or tracking.
Keep calling 'em all. Keep
'em talking. Keep 'em moving.
CS-3
calling CS-4.
For two bits I'd call
the whole thing off.

HARRY:

Get on 'im, will you? Over and out.
Son of a gun!
Heading straight for the
rim, aren't you, cowboy?
You know, I believe if you'd turn
loose of that horse, you'd make it.

Harry! Get me Glynn and
Gutierrez up on the hill.
Get 'em quick! Right.
Find a way outta here.
It's all over, John W. Burns.
I know where you are.
So step out beside your horse
and put your hands up, John W...
Please.
Please.
My treat.
Now, hold still, you little whey-belly!
You been nothing but trouble
since the first day I found you.
You're no good and you know it.
Besides, there's no way
up there for both of us.
Unless you can climb a rope.
Just stay here and eat.
They'll pick you up when they
find that gorilla over there.
Just take it easy.
Just take it easy.
You're worse than a woman.
What the hell!
Whoa, whoa.
All right, come on.
Come on.
Come on, come on.
All right, girl.
Oh, Whisky, girl.
You gotta listen, Whisky.
You stop playing.
Stop playing.

MAN:

Gutierrez down there!
There's something wrong with him!
Let's go!
Take it easy, Whisky.
The biggest stand of
timber I ever did see.
All right, Whisky, girl!
Just another 50, 75 yards

and we got pine trees
rolling all the way to Mexico!
Hup! Let's go!
Come on! Whoa, whoa. Whoa.
Come on, Whisky. Make an effort!
Just one more effort! Come on!

GLYNN:

Run, you little devil! Run,
beauty! Run, sweetheart!
You son of a gun, you did it.
Yep, you sure did.
Crazy fool.
Huh? What's that?
Got any gum?
What'd you say, Morey?
You got any gum?
No, no, I don't buy gum. I don't use it.
Then stop hunting for it.
Whoa, whoa.
Whoa there, girl. Whoa.
Well, son of a gun.
Well...
Well, Whisky, girl. You're
gonna be of some use after all.
Whoa, come here.
Okay, baby.
Think I'll cut across to Highway
60. Stop off at Banake's Diner.
You could use a good
steak, couldn't you?
Steak? Right!
You pay attention, you sweet,
brainless little cayuse.
Manzano Mountains on the
other side of that road.
Lead us straight to Mexico
on a carpet of pine needles.
Now, when I say "Hup..."
Whoa, whoa! Not yet, baby!
But when I say it,
you just better do it.
Hup!
Come on, Whisky.

Oh, my God!
Hup! Hup!
God help me.
You're all right, buddy.
Blankets! Blankets! Somebody
get me some blankets, quick!
I've got some in my car! Just a minute!
Take it easy, buddy. Take it easy.
Gonna be all right.
You're gonna be all right.
Just take it easy, buddy.
I'll go on ahead and call an ambulance.
You're gonna be all
right, buddy. All right.
You're gonna be all right,
buddy. You just take it easy.
Here. Here, gimme.
Just take it easy. Gonna be all right.
You just take it easy,
buddy. I'll put this up.
Thank you. Take it easy.
Keep that traffic moving, John!

WOMAN:

No, better not move him.
He's gotta take it awful easy.
What happened? Did you hit him?
Somebody's gone for
an ambulance, Officer.
Why doesn't somebody put that
poor animal out of its misery?
Check that horse.
Sure, Morey.
Excuse me.

TROOPER:

Is this the man you've been looking for?
I can't tell.
Man I'm looking for, I
never saw him this close.
All right! Everybody stand
back and let the ambulance in!
Move back! Cut it over!
All right, stand back.

Give him a chance.
He's gonna be all right.

HINTON:

easy. Sure you are, buddy.
I killed her, Morey.
Let's go home.

TROOPER:

back to the cars, folks.

MAN:

He ain't gonna die, is he?
How do I know?
We got a report to make out. Come on.

TROOPER:

All right, come on! Let's go!
Keep it moving! Come on! Faster!
Faster, faster! Come on!
Let's go!
Come on! Keep moving!
Faster! Faster!