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Quigley Down Under

By John Hill

Watch yourselves. Watch out there!

Hello, hello.

Either hurry up or let the man pass.

Partner, these people
have come a long way, too,
so I know you won't mind
them going ahead. Ma'am.

- Watch your step, ma'am.

- Excuse me. I'm next.

Old people should go last
or get the hell out of the way.

I'm so sorry, Mr. Quigley.

We seem to be holding that man up.

No, ma'am. I just spoke to him, and
he ain't in that big a hurry after all.

Come on!

- Where are you from, mate?

- Wyoming.

- That near Sydney?

- Bit further north.

Hey. I can tell you're a bloke
who's looking for somebody.

- No? Something?

- I could use a good horse.

It's a gentleman from the land of
the free and the home of the brave.

A drink, sir?

A place to rest your bones?

A woman, perhaps?

Ow!

Oh!

You're asking for bloody trouble
mixing in with this lot.

I don't reckon the lady's
all that anxious to get in your wagon.

Roy? Oh, Roy, it's you!

- I'm not Roy, lady.

- Every time there's a ship from America
I come down here looking for you.

Thank God you've come for me!

I'm sorry, Roy. I'm sorry.

I'm sorry for everything.

Does Crazy Cora belong to you?

Didn't say that. I said

she don't wanna get in your wagon.
The boss says we can
take some white tarts back,
'cause we're sick of black ladies.
So you just tell Cora to come quiet, and
we'll feed her regular and everything.
Please take me home, Roy.
Bugger off, mate.
Excuse me.
I'm new here,
so I ain't rightly certain.
Is everybody in this country
as butt ugly as you three?
What do you want?
Give him another one!
Don't let the bugger
get behind you, mate!
Back for more, he is?
Look out, Roy.
Sorry, Roy!
- You stay out of this!
- I'm sorry, Roy.
My name ain't Roy.
It's Matthew Quigley.
You?
You're the fella Marston
sent us to bring back.
We sure showed 'em.
Didn't we, Roy?
You got somethin' against
ridin' horses in this country?
We ride 'em when it suits us.
Bullocks eat and drink rougher.
You can put your saddle
on one of them, if you like.
Riding in the back of the wagon
with the women.
I should've known to bring my own horse.
- I wasn't talking to you.
- Don't worry, Roy.
Everything's gonna turn out just fine.
- What are you doing?
- I'm gonna bandage your head.
- No you're not.

- It must hurt real bad.
- I wanna help it get better.
- Quit!
You've helped me enough already.
I'm much obliged.
I don't know why you're being
such a big baby about this, Roy.
Just hold still.
Quit! Now who the hell
is this Roy, anyway?
Hey! Do you need a hand
with Crazy Cora?
Here.
Thank you.
Look, lady. I don't know no Roy,
so you just leave me alone.
Go on.
Yoo-hoo.
Good night, Roy.
Good night, lady.
- What the bloody hell is it?
- Redcoats.
Mr. Ashley-Bloody-Pitt and his heroes.
- Friends of yours?
- They're British.
Get that bloody thing
away from my team!
Why are you taking the body back?
We've got orders to bring in
all suspected cattle thieves.
- The bugger's dead.
- The trial will not be lengthy.
- Carry on, sergeant.
- We're looking for two deserters.
- Can't say I blame 'em.
- Have you seen 'em?
- No.
- New distractions?
Who's this chap on the back here?
- The Yank Marston's brought out.
- Yank?
Come to do for Marston what these
bog-irish convicts obviously can't.
Well, you just do your job

and stay out of trouble.

In our experience,
Americans are uncouth misfits
who have been run out
of their own barbaric country.

- Well, lieutenant...

- Major!

Major, we already run
the misfits out of our country.

We sent 'em back to England.

What are they, koala bears?

Kangaroos, I reckon.

Well, whatever they are, Roy, nature
sure played an awful trick on 'em.

I am fed up with you.

And I am fed up with Roy, whoever he is.

- My name is Matthew.

- Well, pardon the hell outta me.

I can't believe you would
talk to me like that, Roy.

I oughta wash your mouth out
with soap if I had some.

Lady, you are about

half a bubble off the plumb,
and that's for sure and for certain.

Just because the road is rocky, doesn't
mean your spirits should get rocky, too.

When do we get to Marston's ranch?

Been on his bloody land
for the last two days.

Things seem different here.

They say God made Australia last,
don't you know?

After he got tired of making
everything else the same.

Well, I've seen some pretty country,
that's for certain.

What are you doing so far from home?

There hasn't been anyone else but you.

You know that, don't you?

You can take me if you want to, Roy.

God Almighty, lady. Go to sleep.

Whoo-hoo!

Hey, look at that.

Hey-up!
Good to see you.
Get back to work.
Here you go, lads.
Wait till you see
what we've got for you.
Matthew Quigley.
Elliott Marston. Welcome to Australia.
Well, sir, your men already welcomed me.
Coogan, Mr. Quigley's luggage.
Take it to the lodge.
Mr. Marston, you said you'd
pay me 50 dollars in gold coin
- just for showing up.
- You don't waste much time.
I spent three months on a boat
just gettin' here.
You intrigued me, Mr. Quigley.
Twenty-one men answered my
advertisement, from all over the world.
Canada, India, England.
They just wrote letters.
But you... had a way with words.
My advertisement stated that I wanted to
hire the finest marksman in the world.
Have I?
Uh-huh.
The legendary Sharp.
You know your weapons.
It's a lever-action breech loader.
Usual barrel length's 30 inches.
This one has an extra four.
It's converted to use a special
.45-caliber, 110-grain metal cartridge
with a 540-grain paper-patched bullet.
It's fitted with double set triggers
and a vernier sight.
It's marked up to 1200 yards.
This one shoots a mite further.
An experimental weapon
with experimental ammunition.
You could call it that.
Let's experiment.
Whitey, take that bucket

and ride out until I signal.
Tell me when you want him to stop.
Your man able to hit
something that far away?
I don't know him.
I never saw him before.
He'd have to be a good shot all right.
'Bout there'll do.
Bullshit.
Are you quite certain, Mr. Quigley,
that you wouldn't like
the bucket a bit closer?
Jesus Christ!
Quite certain.
Told you. Only my Roy could
hit a coyote from that distance.
Very impressive. You're hired.
Would you excuse me for a minute?
There's some business
I have to attend to.
You might find this interesting.
Nice shootin', Roy.
Mr. Marston?
I think there's been a mistake.
The one they call Crazy Cora.
I'd appreciate it
if your men leave her alone
- till you and I have a chance to talk.
- Whatever you want.
You are deserters from
Her Majesty's armed forces.
The penalty for your crime is death.
You were caught on my land.
I could have you shot for trespassing.
Look, you let us stay here,
guv'nor, we'll serve you proper.
Better than this
convict scum you've got.
Well, unfortunately, your commanding
officer Major Ashley-Pitt and I
have an understanding,
and so, I'm afraid,
you'll be sent back
to face the firing party.

But I see no reason why you
should be trussed up like animals.

Mr. Dobkin.

This is my preferred weapon,
Mr. Quigley.

Do join me for dinner.

You've got to admit, the Yank's
a damn good shot with a long rifle.

Oh, sure. But you give me
a weapon like that,
and I could beat him with my eyes shut.

Easy to say, O'Flynn.

You've got a lot to learn.

I ain't got a lot to learn. Look at you,
Dobkin. You've been here 12 years,
and all you've got to show for it
is cold mutton.

He's in, getting a fancy dinner.

Huh?

You were actually in Dodge City?
William Hickok must have been there.

Spent a night there once.

I was pretty tired.

Dodge City's a nice place
to get some sleep.

Are you familiar with
the army revolver, Mr. Quigley?

Well, sir, I never had much use for one.

It's a recent invention of
your countryman, Colonel Colt.

God created all men. They say
Sam Colt made 'em equal. More or less.
That's what I like about you Americans.

You're people of action, not words.

That mint jelly on your lamb.

It's my own creation.

No, I'm a student of your American West.

I've read a great deal about it.

Tell me about dingoes.

Ten pounds a month
for shooting wild dogs
seems like a whole lot for not much.

Besides, you got enough men
and guns outside

to kill every dingo
within ten miles of here.
Unless you're talking about deserters.
Did you know that your American Indian
is a race that has no word for "wheel."
No concept of farming.
No understanding of land ownership.
Is that a fact?
From what I hear, you found a solution
to that problem in your country.
I guess that depends on
whether you're an Indian or not.
You see, in many ways...
our two nations are quite similar.
We both brought civilization
to the Stone Age.
Unfortunately, in this country
we have failed in one regard.
We have been unable to domesticate
the most backward people in the world...
...the Australian Aborigine.
Don't mind him. He's harmless.
My parents were slaughtered
by Aborigines, Mr. Quigley.
They attacked so fast my mother
was found dead still holding her sewing.
Nowadays they butcher
our sheep and cattle.
Her Majesty's government
allows the local settlers
to deal with the matter their own way.
It's official policy.
It's called "pacification by force."
But the real issue...
...is that, primitive as they are,
the Aborigines have learned
to keep out of rifle range.
Which brings us to you... Mr. Quigley.
What the hell?
No! Stay right where you are.
No man knocks me out of my own house.
Don't just stand there. Get him.
- Has he got the rifle with him?
- He keeps it right beside him.

I said, get him!
He's just sitting in there
with that big gun.
Keep down. Kelly, up there.
Carver, take the side.
Brophy, around the back.
Fancy American shooter.
Eating real fancy, eh?
Go on, kick him in the back! Give it
to him in the back. Go on, that's it.
Leave Roy alone!
Get her off me!
Throw him in the wagon. Haul him
two days from here and dump him.
Let Australia kill him.
And that crazy woman, too.
You forgot the gold.
What did he say?
- You forgot the gold.
- Marston.
He paid him in gold.
He's right.
Leave us some water
and you can have the gold.
- I can have the gold anyway.
- That's what I thought you'd say.
Yah!
Yah!
Go on!
Come on! Yah!
Yah!
I wish people would quit
hitting me on the head.
Don't worry.
On a new job, it's quite common
for things not to go well at first.
- We should...
- What?
I remember, my granddaddy told me
how, when you're lost in the desert,
you should sleep during the day
and walk at night.
Your granddaddy tell you that?
He also tell you we'll die in the desert

without those horses?
What good are horses if we die first?
Once in a while she actually
makes a little sense.
- What did you say, Roy?
- Never mind.
Good morning, Major.
Marston.
What can I get for you?
Some refreshment?
That's very kind, sir.
I'd be obliged if you would
identify for me two dead bodies.
Two men absconded.
But I imagine this is
a couple of newcomers
who wandered off together, recently.
A man and a woman?
Two men. One has been stabbed
and one shot through the head.
Coogan and Miller.
It would appear that the man
and the woman are still missing.
Yes, it would, wouldn't it?
Don't worry, Major.
I have no doubt I'll find them.
Hey, lady.
You OK?
Think so.
What are they gonna do to us?
I reckon they already done it.
They gave us water.
But that don't make sense.
They let me keep it when every white man
with a rifle's trying to kill 'em.
- Except you.
- They don't know that.
Don't they?
Something tells me you and I
were on the shady side of dead.
This is a special place.
Bet they used magic on us.
That old man over there,
looks like he's... some kind of chief,

or medicine man, or something.

What's this? There.

More than likely something
that came out of the south end
- of a northbound kangaroo.

- You mean kangaroo shit?

Very kind.

- Do you think they're safe to eat?

- You got a better idea?

Much obliged.

Go on.

I don't eat things
that are still moving.

Gonna shoot it first?

Mm-hmm.

- Yo? Yo?

- Yo.

Yo? Yo!

Yo!

After you cut this strip out
of this big piece of kangaroo...

There we go. Take...

Here.

Swing your arm. Just roll your wrist.

You gotta keep that loop open.

See how that loop stays open?

You look at what you're throwing at.

Swing the rope and throw right at it.

Then you just pull him in.

You just wait till you try this.

But you gotta guess what it is.

That little girl is so darling.

She sure is.

Not as darling as Roy Junior.

God Almighty, lady, not another Roy.

I don't know about you, but my stomach
thinks my throat's been cut.

Roy was hunting sage hens
when the Comanches came.

I grabbed the baby and a pistol,
and I hid in the root cellar out back.

The Indians tore up our sod house.

I was real quiet,

but then the baby started crying.

I tried to shush him and suckle him,
but he just wouldn't stop.
One Comanche, I remember, he acted
real drunk and wore my green apron.
He must have heard something.
He started hollering and coming closer.
So I put my hand gentle-like
over my baby's mouth.
"Don't cry. Daddy'll be home soon."
The Indians found us,
but they just laughed.
They was drunk, didn't wanna
hurt anybody, and rode away.
At sundown, Roy came home, but I was
still afraid to come out of the cellar.
I was afraid of what he'd do
when he saw I'd smothered our son.
I ought to find some way
to mend this petticoat. Look at that.
Roy...
He just buried the baby,
put me in the wagon,
and we went 70 miles
to Galveston without stopping.
He never said a word.
Put me on the first ship he found.
It was headed to Australia.
Then he said,
"Don't want no woman that would
kill my son to save herself."
And he turned and he walked away,
and he never looked back.
I know, 'cause I watched
to see if he would.
This thing is just falling apart.
It's just...
I'm tired.
Don't exactly talk your ear off
saying goodbye, do they?
The Johnsons were always like that.
What?
Remember the church social last year?
They ate everybody's jams and pies
and left without saying a word.

It's our own fault for
inviting 'em again this year.
Why would they do that?
That's why.
Oh, no. No!
No. Stay back!
No!
Over there!
No!
Shit.
Of all the damn fool things
I ever did see!
You trying to get your head blown off?
Anyone who believes in magic...
is crazy.
Don't be running off like that.
I could have used
some help up there, you know.
Well, I got my rig back.
But no saddlebags,
which means I can't make my reload.
We got one horse and two canteens.
And a rider got away. Which means
Marston'll know where we are.
Yeah. And we don't.
- I'm cold.
- You got the blanket.
Maybe we could share it tonight.
There's something
I wanna talk to you about.
If we do, there'll be something
I wanna talk to you about.
When summer comes, let's drag up
some wood for a real cabin.
- 'Cause, Roy, sod walls...
- Matthew.
Matthew Quigley.
I ain't sharing my bed till I'm certain
you know who's in it. Now say it.
If we had a wood cabin
we could get glass windows.
We'll see.
The sea's gotta be west.
That's how we're headed,

but you sure wouldn't know it.

Ow! Hell!

Do you see that?

I sure did. Biggest ant I ever did see.

- What's my name today?

- Matthew Quigley,

same as any other day.

How's about you and me taking off
all our clothes and going swimming?

What are you? Crazy?

There ain't no water.

Why, shame on you!

Well, you...

What about last night? You...

I what?

Oh, never mind.

- How's that, then, Mr. Marston?

- Pretty good, O'Flynn. You've improved.

Wear your holster a bit higher,
then grab your gun on the way up.

- But I'm faster, aren't I?

- Yeah.

- Think I'll ever be as fast as you?

- You mean if you practiced a lot?

- Yeah.

- No.

Not again.

Where are the others?

Dead. All dead.

Quigley. He was everywhere.

Four more. I don't believe this.

Did you see him?

- It was too far away.

- How far?

- Three quarters of a mile, maybe.

- That's impossible.

How long from the time the bullet struck
until you heard the report of the rifle?

Two, maybe three seconds.

Matthew Quigley is really
beginning to annoy me.

Dobkin. How many men
can we send out there?

These and two others.

Six men are still on a hunting party.
All right.
There's 50 pounds, in gold,
to the man who brings Quigley in.
So keep practicing.
- If we're lost, you can tell me.
- We're lost.
- I can take bad news. Tell me straight.
- I don't know where the hell we are.
No sense in taking time
to make it sound better than it is.
I reckon we're going in circles.
You flower things up,
I'll see right through it.
So just tell me, honestly, are we lost?
No. I know exactly where we are.
That's good. 'Cause, frankly,
I was getting a little worried.
Don't know where we're going,
but there's no use being late.
Yah!
Come on!
Get the bloody hell outta here!
Quick! Come on, hurry up!
My back's broke.
Your gut's shot, Hobb.
There ain't nothing I can do for you.
You can kill me.
Where's Marston's station from here?
- How far's the nearest town?
- Why should I tell you?
'Cause if you don't, I'll let you live.
You know, I'm new here,
so I'm kinda curious.
Do you think the dingoes
will get you first? Or the ants?
Quigley, don't leave me like this!
Quigley! Marston's station's
two days' ride southwest.
Meekathanga's only 20 miles
past the billabong.
Talk straight, Goddamn it!
Or I'll get the ants myself.
It's a town, a day's ride

past the dry riverbed.
That way.
Now finish me.
You got one shot left in that shooter.
Make the most of it.
All right. All right. Sweet thing.
You're the sweetest little thing.
Sweet, little thing.
I reckon we should keep moving
till we find some help.
I reckon we should stop for the night.
The baby's hurt, weak. He needs shelter.
The kid's probably tougher than we are.
That little fella
was eatin' like his bellybutton
had been rubbing a blister
on his backbone.
Yeah, he was eating,
but he needs some milk.
I don't recall seeing a whole
lot of milking cows around here.
There should be a town
to the southwest.
I reckon we could make it
in a hard day's ride.
We can't make it.
He should stay here with me.
You can make the ride faster without us.
Well...
Just leave me
the extra rifle and pistol.
You know how to use a shooter?
I am a native-born Texican.
There's enough water for two days,
if I ain't here drinking it.
What do you think?
What? What's the matter?
You.
You're the only man on this continent
that would ask me what I think.
- That ought to do you.
- Thanks for the lizards.
You've checked the guns three times.
There's food and water. We're fine.

Get going.

If you run into any of his own people,
you'll give 'em Little Bit, won't you?

You gotta promise me.

Sure could use something else to wear.

He'd be better off with them.

You know that, don't you?

If you see any dresses that aren't
too costly, red's my favorite color.

Red or even pink,

but red's my favorite.

I should be back in two days.

If I ain't back in three...

- You'll be back.

- You bet.

Highly unusual calibration,

Mr. Quigley.

- This will take some time to duplicate.

- No, sir, it won't.

You can substitute a 450,
number two British musket lead.

- Marston ain't gonna wait.

- Marston? He's a murderer.

He mixes flour with poison
to kill the Aborigines.

- Yes, this is a cruel, uncivilized...

- Papa. Let the man eat.

He's got a long ride
ahead of him tonight.

I was able to find
some condensed milk for the baby
and tins of beef for you and your woman.

- Ma'am, she ain't exactly my woman.

- Klaus, come over here.

Mr. Quigley,

I would like you to meet my son.

Pleased to meet you.

I know who you are.

You're the American.

The one who's been
helping the Aborigines.

Is that the rifle

I've been hearing about?

You can take a look at it,

if you'd like, son.

- It's so heavy.

- Well, you get used to it.

Son, I hid my horse
in the gully out back.

I'd be much obliged
if you'd bring it up.

Yes, sir.

Klaus, after you get Mr. Quigley's
horse, saddle up ours as well.

Yes, Papa.

He didn't get all that
from a "wanted" poster.

Everyone knows about you.

The Aborigines who come to town to trade
with us talk about the "spirit warrior."

I've been called a lot of things,
ma'am... Never that.

Yeah.

Get the others.

Young fella,
where'd you get this saddle?

Shh!

Don't cry.

Daddy'll be home soon.

Shh! Shh!

Don't cry. Hush, baby.

Hush, baby. Hush, baby.

Shh, shh.

Shh. Daddy'll be home soon. Shh.

Daddy'll be home soon.

Daddy'll be home soon.

Shh, shh.

Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry.

Daddy'll be home soon.

Daddy'll be home soon.

Oh!

No, you cry. You wanna cry?

You cry if you want to.

Go on, darling, cry!

Hell, let's both make some noise!

Shall We Gather

at the River

Yes, we will gather at the river

The beautiful, beautiful river
Yes, we will gather at the river dd
Git!
Did you see that? I got the one
wearing my green apron!
Run, you damn cowards.
Get your yellow butts outta here!
Six...
You'll be hot after this.
One, two...
By the time you return
with the woman and the baby,
I will have your cartridges ready.
Until then.
Much obliged, but...
never had much use for one.
I know I can't repay you
for what you've done, but...
- No, please.
- No, you take it.
- It's Marston's.
- In that case...
Are you certain you won't
stay the night? You need the rest.
No, ma'am.
Klaus should be here
with the horses by now.
I'd best be getting back.
- Get back inside.
- What?
Now!
- Get here!
- No!
Around the front. Oliver, with me.
Check the lane.
- What the hell's going on?
- He's out the front.
Get out!
We got him. Watch the windows.
Upstairs.
Get 'round the back.
You, with clean water. Quick!
Hmm.
Oh, shit!

He's done for.

The bloody place is falling apart.

Quigley! Hey, get 'round here!

Nobody could live through that.

- Did you see where he went?

- It's pitch black there.

- He couldn't have made it.

- Why not?

- Go down and have a look.

- No, no. You go. I'll stay here.

Excuse me.

I give up! Quigley!

Hey, don't shoot.

There. See? Look. Nothing.

You might wanna try your luck

with that belly gun.

Then again, you might not.

That's what I figured.

Mama.

Mama.

Mama!

Klaus, my...

Why?

Now, you take a good look.

Even if you kill me,

Marston'll catch ya. He's coming for ya.

I ain't gonna kill ya.

'Cause you're gonna go tell Marston

I'm coming after him.

Now git.

Get here. Get here quick!

- Don't bother to knock, will you?

- Quigley's coming.

He's killed two for sure,

Paddy and Oliver.

Quigley said to tell you he's coming for

you. He'll get us all. I know he will.

Oh, shut up.

One man, and he's beaten all of you.

Brophy, you and Mitchell

ride with me as far as the gap.

Dobkin, get every available man.

I'll find Ashley-Pitt.

- Yes, sir.

- And get him out of here.
He's bleeding all over the rug.
Lady?
You OK?
No, no. It's all right.
What happened?
The Comanches came.
But Little Bitty's just fine.
I killed the Comanches, and he's just...
He's just fine, honey.
You're quite a woman, Cora.
You get any sage hens?
I got the next best thing.
They didn't have a red one.
Oh.
- No matter. Is it pretty?
- Looks good on me.
- I missed you.
- You did?
Who'd you miss?
- You.
- Me? Not that other fella?
You.
I don't want you to go.
You sure look pretty
in that new blue dress.
If you go after
Marston, he'll kill you.
Kid, next time she talks like that,
pee all over the dress.
You have every right
to your happiness, Cora.
I don't suppose I can convince you.
No, sir.
I will see to it that
she gets out of here safely.
Thank you.
You know something, lady?
I ain't figured you out yet.
Good. Crazy people are blessed
that way, don't you know?
I'll never see you again, will I?
Mmm.
You sure look pretty

in the morning sun.

Bye.

Everything ready?

There are two men at the front
and one at the back.

Scotty's riding up
to patrol to the ridge.

Mr. Marston, the men were wondering
if the man who kills Quigley
will get the 200 pounds in gold.

The reward you posted.

Who asked you about it?

Cavanagh.

Have Cavanagh guard the front porch.

Tell him to wear my coat and hat.

Marston. He's around the back.

What the hell is he doing?

Emptying his revolver. He wants it
freshly loaded for the night.

Do you think he's losing his cabbage?

Maybe Scotty's got Quigley.

"Anyone can leave safely before dawn
except Marston.

- Most cordially, Matthew Quigley."

- He must think I'm stupid.

This means he's gonna try and spring
something on us during the night.

All right. Nobody sleeps.

Give me that.

Stay awake.

Marston!

Mr. Marston!

- They're gone.

- What?

- Three men ran off. Giniven, Kelly...

- Why the hell didn't you stop them?

Where is he?

He's gotta be way up there,
in the cutting.

So much for Cavanagh's reward.

That bastard's been sitting waiting
for two idiots to line up in his sights.

All right.

We'll do the last

thing Quigley expects.
Come on.
He's cleared out.
Let's get back to the station.
Get up there.
Ya!
Ya!
I'm hurt, Quigley.
I'll do you no harm.
You throw that hogleg away. Easy.
On your feet.
Jesus!
Brophy, get 'round to the side there.
Make it harder for him. I'll cover you.
This rock's covering me fine.
Move, you gutless bloody wonder.
Close in on him.
Brophy!
I can bounce the next one
clean through ya. How brave are ya?
I'm coming out.
That ain't real brave, but it is smart.
I got him! I got Quigley!
Got a gift for you, Mr. Marston.
Quigley, alive.
- Well, half alive.
- Good work, you two.
Well, well, well.
Mr. Quigley...
good of you to drop in again.
What? Nothing clever to say?
The great Quigley.
This is what you were all afraid of.
Bring him over here and stand him up.
Stand up.
Cut him loose.
Now put his rifle...
on the ground in front of him.
No.
Throw it away.
O'Flynn, go and get my second revolver.
I know how much you'd like to have
your rifle with you, at this moment,
but I think you'll find that

I've got a much better idea.
Stick it in his belt. Go on!
I seem to remember you're not too familiar with Colonel Colt's revolver, so this will be your first lesson.
Don't worry. Mr. Dobkin and Mr. O'Flynn will ensure that it's a fair contest.
I'll just back up a few paces.
And to your left a bit. That's it.
Now you're right in front of my old pistol target.
Some men are born in the wrong century.
I think I was born on the wrong continent.
Oh, by the way, you're fired.
This ain't Dodge City.
And you ain't Bill Hickok.
I said I never had much use for one.
Never said I didn't know how to use it.
Somewhat the worse for wear...
This appears to be Quigley.
I think you have a lot to explain, sir.
Not that it will do you any good. Sergeant.
In pursuance of a warrant, duly attested by a justice of the peace, you are hereby charged with numerous and serious crimes, including murder...
In short, this paperwork says...
...that we can hang you.
I ain't gonna swing on no gallows.
Well.
You can always be shot...
on the way to your trial.
While trying to escape, of course.
Or you can die right here, bearing arms against the army of Her Majesty the Queen.
The decision...
All right, come on!
- When's the next boat leaving?
- For Europe or the Americas?
America.
Let's see here.

I've got one leaving
this afternoon for San Francisco.

Mm-hmm.

Your name, sir?

Name?

Roy.

Roy Cobb.

How many?

Two.

I got something I wanna say to you.

I got a couple of things

I wanna say to you, too.

Remember, once, you told me before you'd
make love to me I had to say two words?

What's that?

Matthew Quigley.

prepared by Tantico