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# Rio Lobo

By Burton Wohl

Come on,

pick up your feet.

- This box is pretty heavy, Lieutenant.

- Gold usually is.

Come on, get a hold of it in there.

- Get in there with it, and stay there.

- Yes, sir.

Tell Colonel McNally the train's ready.

- We're waiting instructions.

- Yes, sir.

Tell Colonel McNally

the train is ready.

- Waiting instructions.

- Thanks.

I'm sorry to disturb you, Colonel.

You were told to, Lieutenant.

You'd have been sorrier if you hadn't.

Yes, sir.

- What do you want?

- A message from Plainsburg.

- What does Lieutenant Forsythe want?

- Further instructions, sir.

You tell the Lieutenant to get in that car,  
and stay there until I knock on the door.

Yes, sir.

- Sergeant, the gold's on the train.

- Did you hear that?

The Colonel says for you

to get in that car

and stay there

until he knocks on the door.

Good luck, Lieutenant.

Let's go.

Hey, Sergeant.

The train's left Plainsburg.

You all hear that?

Keep on listening.

Captain!

Message coming through.

- The train is on its way.

- Better get ready.

- Don't worry, Captain.

- We're waiting.

What time is that train due

at River Junction?

About 15 minutes, sir.

She'll take on wood and water.

- Who's in command?

- Captain Barrett, sir.

Well, you give Captain Barrett  
my compliments.

And tell him if anything goes wrong  
at River Junction,

I will personally see  
that he rues the day.

Yes, sir.

I can't see how you can hear a train  
by listening to the rail.

- Them rails is all put together...

- Shut up!

Keep quiet.

- Here she comes, Sarge.

- All right. Get back.

Don't let nobody see ya.

And don't come out till I tell ya.

It's hard to let that much gold go by.

When it gets as far as the Captain,  
we'll get it back.

All right, boys. Let's go.

Move it. Come on.

Let's get those ropes across the track.

Bigfoot, tell the Captain  
the train passed here.

Sure, Sergeant.

- Get 'em to tie them ropes well.

- Tie those ropes hard and fast.

Hank, move faster,

or the train will be gone!

Captain! They left River Junction.

James... you got enough grease?

We've got enough so when that train  
hits, it won't go nowhere.

- You'd better put it on extra heavy.

- Yes, sir.

- Yes, sir.

- You ready?

These hornets are getting mad.

Just listen to 'em.

They're mad all right.

- How does it look, Lieutenant?

- Well, it looks just fine.

- She's a comin', Captain.

- Everybody get out of sight.

And don't come out until you see me.

Beauford, get down from that tree.

- Train's left River Junction, sir.

- Good.

Once it gets here,

there's not much to worry about.

- It isn't here yet, Lieutenant.

- No, sir, but...

- So, do you mind if I worry?

- No, sir.

- May I say something, Colonel?

- Go ahead.

Is it because from River Junction  
to here is the worst part of the trip  
that you gave  
the gold detail to Lieutenant Forsythe?  
That's one of the reasons.

He's been with you  
quite a while, hasn't he, sir?

- Since the war began.

- Yes, sir.

That engine's sure pullin' hard  
up that hill.

We're slowing down, Lieutenant.

Watch her when she hits the grease.

The wheels are slipping  
and we have no traction.

Hornets!

We've got to get out of here.

- We're all set, Captain.

- Good. Billy Joe, get that wire down.

Blow off her steam.

All right, everybody on.

Cut loose.

Come on, get on.

Hurry up! Hurry up!

Jack, come on!

Get up, Jack!

Willie, you nearly didn't make it.

The wire's dead.

Could be the lines are down.

The wires are dead

between here and River Junction!

- Damn! Call in your outposts.

- Yes, sir.

Open the door.

- Captain, them hornets is sure busy.

- Yeah. I see 'em.

For God's sake, Harry, jump!

Let's go! Jump!

Get off the train.

- I can't see.

- Jump.

- Johnson, is that all of them?

- I'll find out, Captain.

Can't see a soul.

Give those hornets some smoke

and get them out of there.

I don't want 'em there when I go in.

It's all yours, Captain.

Yes, sir.

We're going faster than we figured.

Can you slow it down?

- Brakes don't do no good, Captain.

- We're gonna hit hard.

You'd better find a good hold.

- Good work, Sergeant.

- Have any trouble?

- Not much.

- Bide's handling the gold.

The horses are here.

You'll be all right, Jim.

- What happened?

- They greased the track.

They jumped us and knocked us out.

When I came to, the train was gone.

- Can you get this thing going?

- No, sir. All the steam is gone.

- So much booty!

- Hand me some.

We got plenty for everybody.

- We got the gold all right, sir.

- Get it loaded quickly.

It's heavy, Sarge.

Let's go. Keep it moving.

Corporal, get that wagon started.

Let's not take all day, men.

All right, move out.

- How is he, Corporal?

- He's got a bad cut on his shoulder.

- I'll be all right.

- What's the matter with your face?

- They threw a hornet's nest in the car.

- That's why we had to jump, sir.

- Where's Lieutenant Forsythe?

- Down the track. He's hurt pretty bad.

- Lieutenant.

- Yes, sir.

Stand at ease. Fall out and give 'em  
a hand here. Move forward!

Colonel McNally, over here.

Ned?

Sorry, sir. But we couldn't stay  
in that car with all those hornets.

I know. Can you feel this?

Colonel, those Rebs had to know  
beforehand about that gold.

- They sure as hell did.

- They sure got the jump on us.

- Can you feel this, Ned?

- No. It just feels numb, sir.

Can you move your head?

No. But it doesn't hurt, sir.

- I'll be all right.

- Your neck's broken.

I'm sorry

I can't wait here with you, but...

I know, sir.

Colonel...

- Catch 'em, will ya?

- I will.

Corporal, get up in that car  
and take a look-see.

Wyler, get on ahead of us,  
see which way they took off.

Probably south.

Colonel, the gold's gone.

They got it, sir.

I thought so.

Here, Colonel.

They had a wagon.

You can see the tracks. They split up.

Part of them went that way  
with the wagon and the rest out there.

The wagon was heavy coming in  
and heavy when it left.

The load could have come  
from this pile of stones.

Maybe that's what  
they wanted us to think.

- You mean the gold's on the wagon?

- Well, I'm goin' after the wagon.

You take half the troop  
and follow those that went to the east.

Cartel,

you and your squad follow me.

And Lieutenant... If you catch 'em,  
I want you to bring a couple back.

- And I want them to be able to talk.

- Yes, sir.

Follow me.

Jenkins. Check that trail.

- Colonel.

- What is it?

Here's a button from a Reb uniform.

Could have come this way.

- Could a wagon get up there?

- Not a chance.

You and Miller come with me  
and the rest of you follow that trail.

If the gold was in the wagon,  
they're packing it now.

- They came into the water here.

- They went upstream or downstream?

Who can say?

All right. You two go downstream  
and I'll go upstream.

Hey, Johnny Reb,  
stay right where you are!

Yank, I'm unarmed.

That's what bothers me.

Turn around anyway.

- Don't drown him.

- I won't.

He hit his head, Captain.

Give us a hand here.

He's heavier than a baby whale!

- It's all quiet out there, Sergeant.

- Let's hope it stays that way, Captain.

You'd better leave that bandage alone,  
unless you want to start bleeding again.

- How do you feel?

- I hurt.

- You hit your head on a rock.

- I feel like a fool lettin' you take me.

I would, too.

You haven't got a bad leg.

That bandage fooled me.

Bide over there loaned it to me.

It's real blood, too, Colonel.

Made by a Yankee bullet.

- Who knocked me off my horse?

- Tuscarora, here.

I hurt a little, too, Colonel.

You're a big man.

You're the outfit

that's been taking our gold shipments.

- That's the fourth lot you've grabbed.

- The South needs money, Colonel.

I know you from someplace, don't I?

- You do.

- What's your name?

Pierre Cordona.

French mother, Mexican father.

From New Orleans.

Four or five years ago in Abilene.

- That's right.

- Something about a horse, wasn't it?

- Big bay horse. You stole it.

- The hell I did. I won it.

- You won a sorrel.

- The sorrel was lame.

When you play poker, you should know

what you are playing for.

I remember.



We were both on that big bay.  
I was in front and you were behind  
with a gun in my back.  
- Your friends wanted to shoot me.  
- I wasn't happy about it.  
Colonel, I'd feel better  
if you'd stay away from those rifles.  
Neither one of us got hurt.  
Tell me, what am I doin' in this rig?  
Well, Colonel, you used me  
and now I'm going to use you.  
This time you'll be in front  
and get us out of here.  
If we run into any Yanks,  
you'll be between us and them.  
- You'll get shot first.  
- I don't know where all our units are.  
If you don't know,  
you better guess pretty good.  
I would start doing  
a little thinking before we leave.  
- When are we leaving?  
- As soon as it's dark.  
- Do you have to tie my hands?  
- Captain's orders.  
Colonel, I'll be riding right behind you.  
I can throw this knife pretty good.  
- And it makes no noise.  
- I hear you.  
Douse that light.  
Them in the back, too.  
Get ready to move out.  
Captain!  
- What is it, Corporal?  
- Which direction is he taking us?  
South. I can't see the stars,  
but we should be headin' south.  
You're wrong. Which side of a tree  
does moss grow on?  
- The north side.  
- The moss is on this side.  
Right now we're goin' north.  
Sure. We're goin' north.  
Half of Sheridan's army

is south of here.

The only way we can go is around 'em.  
I don't know if I can get you through,  
but it's your idea, Captain,  
and you're stuck with it.

You better not be trying something,  
Colonel. You might be sorry for it.

Lead on.

Hold it, Colonel.

We're getting near water  
and I smell smoke.

- Take a look, Sergeant.

- Better keep an eye on the Yank.

- What do you think, Colonel?

- I can't keep track of every outfit.

Might be some of your Johnny Rebs.

- They're Yanks. A cavalry outfit.

- That'll be the 10th Ohio.

- They were 20 miles away yesterday.

- You're on track of where you are.

- I try to, Sergeant.

- Can we go by them?

- Better ask the Yank here.

- Best to go right by them, east.

Pass the word.

We're near a Yankee camp.

Keep your horses quiet.

Use your hands if you have to.

- How do I do that with mine tied?

- Cut him loose.

- You be mighty careful, Colonel.

- I will.

Go ahead. Slow.

See anything, Colonel?

Rebs on your flank. Look alive!

Get over here.

Every man for himself.

Separate and ride south.

We'll meet back by the bridge.

Don't lose that gold.

O'Brien, you and...

Don't get nervous, Sergeant.

Just drop that pistol.

Keep movin'.

Your Captain's over by that log.

- What happened to him, Colonel?

- He hit his head.

He's all right.

Wake him up.

- What's in that canteen, Sergeant?

- Corn liquor.

I could use a little of that myself.

Better be quiet.

Your Captain's in the wrong uniform,  
remember?

Well, Captain, how do you feel?

Back in the cave you said

you felt like a fool. Now I do.

I thought you gave in a little too easy.

When we was goin' north to get away,  
we was just goin' into trouble.

- You wanted that gold bad.

- Not as bad as I wanted you two.

Somebody in my outfit

had to be giving you information.

- I want him.

- And you want us to tell you.

Tell me and I'll cut you loose  
and turn my back...

The two of you will have

a good chance of getting away.

Otherwise... you're a prisoner  
in the wrong uniform.

- You know what that can get you!

- Yeah, I know.

And our boys lose all chance  
of gettin' more gold.

The war isn't over yet, Colonel.

All right. Over here!

- Captain. Hold up!

- Over here!

Captain! Just got this.

Damn! All this for nothing!

Give him a blanket, corporal.

Next man. You got boots and shoes?

- Chills and fever?

- No, sir.

- Any cramps?

- No.  
You will, when you have  
that pork. Drink this.  
- Next man.  
- Name, rank, unit.  
Bide, lance corporal.  
Tupelo Fusiliers.  
It was a small outfit, getting smaller.  
Last I heard, I was all of it.  
Length of internment, eight months.  
Give that to the paymaster. Next.  
- You were right.  
- I thought he'd be here.  
Cordona, Pierre. Captain.  
1 st Louisiana Cavalry.  
You'll get two dollars, Captain.  
Sign here.  
- You're entitled to your sword, Captain.  
- Could I have a pistol?  
- No firearms.  
- Never mind about the sword.  
Phillips, Tuscarora. Sergeant.  
1 st Louisiana Cavalry.  
- Pierre and Tuscarora.  
- You've got a good memory.  
Glad you weathered the storm.  
It's the simple life -  
no wine, no women, no song.  
- And no whisky.  
- I can remedy that.  
You don't mind  
drinking with a Blue Belly?  
- I'd drink with the devil himself.  
- I feel just like he does.  
We're headed in the right direction.  
- Hi, Colonel.  
- Hello, whisky for three.  
None of that cow purge!  
Give us some whisky.  
But, Colonel, this is planter's stock.  
Jamaican rum.  
- I paid dear for this.  
- And you charge dear for it.  
Give us that stuff on the bottom shelf.

Give me the bottle.

Colonel,

I know why you want to see us.

You haven't found the fella  
who told us about your gold shipments.

Who sold you the information  
about our gold shipments.

No, I haven't. But I will.

You make it sound personal, Colonel.

A boy that I watched grow up  
was in that car that you threw  
the hornets into.

Was he hurt bad?

- We buried him the next day.

- I'm sorry.

We killed your friend,  
but you don't hold that against us.

What you did was an act of war.

But selling information, that's treason.

Rotten treachery for money.

- I want the name of that man.

- There were two.

I don't know their names.

We gave them money.

- They gave us the information.

- Can you describe them?

One was a big man.

Almost as big as you.

The other one... You were closer.

The other fella,  
even in the dark he stood out.

He was like an albino.

White hair, white skin. Smaller man.

- That's all.

- That's more than I had.

You fellas can do me a favour.

If you run into either of them,  
let me know.

You can be sure of that.

- Another drink?

- Let us buy you a drink.

What did you get  
when you signed out?

Two dollars.

- Where are you heading?  
- I'll just look around.  
I'm going back to Texas.  
The man who brought me up  
has a ranch in Rio Lobo.  
Two dollars won't get you very far.  
Since you've been locked up, our pay's  
been coming through regularly.  
That'll get you to Texas.  
You can owe me.  
I never thought  
I'd want to kiss a Yank.  
If we run into one of those fellas  
you're after, where can we reach you?  
Blackthorne, Texas.  
That's near your Rio Lobo country.  
The Sheriff there  
can get in touch with me.  
I see the Sheriff of Blackthorne County  
has earned some bounty money.  
One of these little hides  
can buy a lot of drinks.  
- Good to see you.  
- Thanks.  
I was wonderin' when you'd show up.  
I got your message  
that Pierre Cordona wanted to see me.  
Yeah. He got in last night.  
He's at the hotel.  
Come on in. I'll give you a drink.  
What's it all about, Cord?  
Can you tell me why you're here?  
Didn't Cordona grab  
a coupla army payrolls from the Yanks?  
That's right.  
I heard that you captured him  
and put him in a prison camp.  
You heard right.  
Cord, you're not fixing on causing  
any trouble? I wouldn't like that.  
Don't worry, Pat.  
Besides, you're too good  
for that young fella.  
There's no hard feelings between us.

The war's over.

Oh, that's good.

Then why do you want to see him?

The only reason Cordona  
could get away with those payrolls,  
was because some people on  
our side were selling him information.  
I'm after them.

Are you working for the army,  
or is this personal?

Both.

Sheriff, I'd say  
you were going to have company.

- Which of you is the Sheriff?

- I'm Pat Cronin. If there's anything...  
I want to report a murder. And I want  
the man who did it arrested.

- Where'd this happen?

- In Rio Lobo.

I'm sorry,  
that's out of my jurisdiction.

- You're not going to do anything?

- Excuse me. You said Rio Lobo...

Are you connected  
with the Sheriff's office?

- No, I...

- Will you please stay out of this?

Sheriff, does that mean  
you're not going to do anything?

It means I can't do anything.

I have no authority there.

A man was killed...

Unless a US Marshal  
or the Sheriff of Rio Lobo asks me...

You know the Sheriff of Rio Lobo  
and you know he won't ask you.

I know.

The man who committed the murder  
was one of his deputies.

I'm sorry, miss.

Well, so am I. I just thought...

So am I!

- Who is the Sheriff of Rio Lobo?

- Tom Hendricks.

- Blue Tom?  
- That's right. Ever run into him?  
I chased him enough,  
but I never got lucky.  
- How about that drink?  
- I'm out.  
As usual. I'll buy you one.  
Town's growing up, Pat.  
- Morning, Hank.  
- Morning. Can I help you?  
I'd like you to meet my friend  
Cord McNally.  
- Glad to meet you.  
- Thank you.  
- I'm looking for a Pierre Cordona.  
- Room 19.  
- Key's gone.  
- He's up there all right.  
Just a minute.  
He left a message about something.  
He'll shoot anybody who wakes him up  
unless the building is on fire.  
He gave me two dollars  
to see that nobody started a fire.  
Two dollars will buy  
a lot of sleep around here.  
- I guess we can wait.  
- How about that drink?  
And remember, you're buying.  
- Hello, Jane.  
- Hello, Sheriff.  
Sit down. Give us a bottle, Jim.  
Little Miss Busybody.  
She'll either be in the jail or the hotel.  
Chuck, take a look in the jail.  
- Nobody in the jail, Whitey.  
- All right.  
George, you go around the back.  
Come in that way.  
You two come with me.  
Pat.  
Well, young lady.  
You gave us quite a chase.  
Sheriff, this is the man that I wanted



you to arrest. He's the murderer.  
That may give the Sheriff  
the wrong idea about me.  
It was self-defence.  
He tried to knife me.  
That's a lie!  
Hold on, I can handle this.  
What exactly is your business here?  
Name's Carter. Whitey Carter.  
I'm a deputy from Rio Lobo.  
As to my business,  
I came lookin' for her. She's wanted.  
What for?  
She and the old man she lived with  
ran one of them medicine shows.  
You know, snake oil, crooked  
shell games, pick a few pockets...  
That's another lie. I didn't do anything.  
Sheriff in Rio Lobo just wants to talk  
to her, so I'll take her along with us.  
Just a minute. I'm the Sheriff  
of Blackthorne. I want to see a warrant.  
- A warrant?  
- For the young lady's arrest.  
I never thought about that.  
Without a warrant,  
you're not taking anybody.  
I got a warrant right here, Sheriff.  
Satisfied, Sheriff?  
Now, drop your gun and go sit down.  
All right, everyone stand still.  
No one gets hurt.  
Come on.  
Look out!  
- Did they hit you, Pat?  
- No, I did it myself when I hit the floor.  
You're getting too old.  
Hello, Captain.  
I'm glad you joined us when you did.  
I heard the racket and knew it was you.  
How did it start?  
This young lady here  
shot that white-haired man.  
- She really didn't want to go with him!

- Can you blame her?

This was one  
of the fellas you were hunting.

- Well, I never! Are you sure?

- I'm sure.

Is he dead?

- Unfortunately, yes.

- Did I kill him?

Not entirely, but you sure helped.

Well, I couldn't let him take me.

I'd rather be dead.

- You damned near got us all killed.

- I'm sorry...

Are you gonna faint?

- What'll I do with her?

- Bring her up to my room.

- Where is it?

- Up on the left. The door is open.

There's somebody in there.

Oh, I forgot.

Come on, Mable. Get out.

Come on. Move on.

- Why can't I sleep?

- I'll explain later. Come on.

Is that what I'm leaving for?

I thought you were a gentleman.

- You've been busy.

- Just keeping out of trouble.

Hank, go get the undertaker.

Never mind. Here he comes.

I heard some shooting, Sheriff.

Do you need me?

I got a lot of work for you. One there.

Two over here and one in the corner.

I'll get right at it.

What did you find out?

I talked to the stage driver  
that brought the girl from Rio Lobo.

He said he picked her up  
a couple of miles out of town.

She was tellin' the truth all right.

He was after her and he shot  
the old man with the medicine wagon.

What did Tuscarora say in that letter?

Only that he saw one of the men  
you were after. A man with white hair.

- That'll be Whitey from downstairs.

- Whitey worked for a rich Yankee.  
Tuscarora hasn't seen this Yankee.  
But you didn't come all the way  
to Blackthorne to tell me that.  
Tuscarora's in trouble. They're trying  
to take his old man's land.

- And you thought I'd join in?

- Two guns are better than one.  
Maybe we're after the same thing.  
Maybe I can help you.

Well, I reckon I'm in. I'll go as far  
as Rio Lobo and we'll find out.

- What did you just say?

- Well, how do you feel?

I don't know. Aren't you the man  
that came downstairs...  
...and helped us  
when we needed it.  
Pierre Cordona, Miss...  
What is your name?

It's Shasta - Shasta Delaney.  
You don't have  
any pants on, Mr Cordona.

- I didn't have time after the shooting.

- You have time now.

- Why don't you put them on?

- Cos you're lying on them.

- You don't have many clothes on too.

- Who took my clothes off?

- I did.

- Why?

- We flipped a coin and I won.

- I've never heard anything...  
Haven't you heard of loosening  
a person's clothes when they faint?

Oh, yes.

I guess I'm acting like an idiot, aren't I?

- I'd say almost.

- Yeah, I'd say so, too.  
You suppose I could have a drink?

- You're not gonna faint again, are you?

- No, Mr McNally.

Do you only take a drink  
when you're about to faint?  
I'd hardly say that, miss.  
You all right?

Oh, didn't I hear you say something  
about going to Rio Lobo?

- You did.

- Good. I'm going with you.

- You? Oh, no you're not.

- Don't be silly.

How much do you know about  
Rio Lobo? You've never been there.  
You don't know where to go,  
who to talk to or who's an enemy.

- I can help.

- Why do you want to go?

I want to get my wagon.

Old Charlie wanted me to have it.  
Every time I think about him I...

- Anyway, it's all I own.

- You can't ride in that outfit.

If you get me a horse

I'll be ready in ten minutes.

When you get the troops paraded,  
let me know. I'll be in the bar.

There she is.

I'll take that.

- How far is it to Rio Lobo?

- 70 or 80 miles.

- Took three days on the stage.

- It'll take us longer.

We forgot something.

Can she ride? Can you?

- Which side do you get on?

- Left side. I knew it.

- You're a good teacher, Frenchy!

- Yeah.

This looks a good place to bed down.

It's cold, but it'll get colder.

I'll see what I can find to make a fire.

Shasta, you don't have a bottle  
of that snake oil, do you?

- I just happen to have some.

- Good.

Hey, what are you so happy about,  
Colonel?

Well, I've had about  
the right number of drinks,  
and I am warm, and I'm relaxed.  
Well, if you gentle people...  
...can manage without me,  
I shall go to sleep. Good night.  
I'm freezing.

This will help.

Don't do that. I don't like it.

- I'm sorry. I was going to...

- I'm tired of being pawed.

What happened?

What made you say that?

- Why go into it?

- Because I'd like to know.

All right.

I was married.

It wasn't a good marriage.

He couldn't drink, but he did anyway.

And when he did, he wasn't good.

When he drank, he'd gamble.

And when he lost,

he thought he'd been cheated.

I don't know if he was or not.

But the other guy was faster  
and a good shot.

So I had to get a job.

Do you know

what it's like to work in a saloon?

- No.

- They never leave you alone.

Never.

Then good old Charlie Simms  
came along.

The only man who was ever nice to me.

And they killed him.

- Do you have any more questions?

- Yeah. What are you gonna do now?

- I'm going to bed.

- I mean after this is all over?

I going to get Charlie's wagon

and then I'm going to... I don't know.

You can't run a medicine show  
by yourself.

I'm pretty good at getting people  
to buy that Apache Herb Tonic.

Something will turn up.

It always does.

You know... I like you.

- Why?

- Cos you don't cry.

Oh, but I do. You saw me.

You cried for your friend,  
not for yourself.

There's a lot of difference.

Don't be nice to me, please.

Wait.

- I didn't figure...

- Didn't you want me to do that?

Sure I did. But I'm generally  
the one who starts it.

That's why I started it.

Cos now I know when it'll stop.

Well, I would...

Oh, good night.

Pierre, see these poles above me?

- Mm-hm.

- I can't figure out what they're for.

They're all burnt.

I'd say they were used  
by the Indians to bury their dead.

They put the bodies on the poles  
and burned them.

- Probably, you're sleeping on a skull...

- What?

Hey! Hey!

How about waking up?

- How did she get here?

- Ask her.

Hey, you!

- How'd you get here.

- When you were sleeping. It was cold.

Why me? Why didn't you pick on him?

He's young. I thought...

Well, you're older.

- You're comfortable.  
- Comfortable?  
I've been called a lot of things,  
but "comfortable"!  
I'll say this. You're a lot better  
than a hot brick to keep a man warm.  
It's nice to be appreciated.  
- Is that coffee I smell?  
- It is. Get up and have some.  
Rise and shine.  
Come on.  
- This is Rio Lobo. Take a look.  
- Looks quiet enough.  
It's too late to start anything now.  
Where does Tuscarora's girlfriend live?  
You said we could hole up there.  
Yes, she's on the edge of town.  
There's a corral nearby for the horses.  
Can we get there without being seen?  
Yes, if you can get across the street.  
- Take a look, Frenchy.  
- Right.  
It's me, Shasta. Hurry, Maria.  
Oh, Shasta.  
Listen, these are friends of Tuscarora's.  
They're here to help Mr Phillips.  
This is Captain Cordona.  
And this is Colonel McNally.  
- We need somewhere to stay tonight.  
- But the horses...?  
- It's not good to have them here.  
- Where's a good place?  
Over there's an empty house. See?  
You will find a corral on your right.  
- All right. I'll take them.  
- Be careful. They're watching.  
- Why did you come back here?  
- Maria, it's a long story.  
But first, tell me what have Ketcham  
and the Sheriff been doing?  
They've been after Phillips  
to sell his ranch.  
- Has he sold it?  
- I don't know.

I haven't seen Tuscarora  
since you went away.

Everybody is afraid here.

The Sheriff's men  
are watching everywhere.

- They're watching this house?

- Everywhere.

It's not safe for you to stay here.

We have to stay here tonight.

We haven't eaten.

I'm sorry, I didn't think.

I'll just prepare something for you.

I'm sorry. Someone's chasing me.

I've no other place to go.

- You don't have to go.

- What?

You can stay here.

- Could you put that light out?

- As you wish.

Thanks. Don't stand  
in the middle of the room.

- Can you see anyone?

- I don't see a soul.

- Would you like me to look?

- I'm looking.

- Yes, but I could go outside.

- You'd better put some clothes on first.

- As you wish.

- No, I didn't mean that.

- I don't think you should go out there.

- Well... we could stay here.

I have plenty of tortillas and beans  
and chilli and even some wine.

- Sounds good. I wish I could stay.

- Why not?

Because I think they're gone now.

I must get back to my friends.

- I'm sorry.

- I don't know how to thank you.

- You don't have to.

- My name is Pierre. What's yours?

- Thank you, Amelita.

- Wait a minute.

It's all right.



That smells good.

- Come in.

- Where have you been?

I put the horses away  
and I was hiding.

- Hiding? From whom?

- From the people that watch the town.

- I told you. Where were you?

- In a house of a girl.

A girl? Pretty fast worker.

Where did you meet her?

I crashed the door and there she was.

She's pretty. Dark hair.

- And I think her name's Amelita.

- I know her. She's a friend of mine.

- Well, she helped me.

- I hope you had fun.

Stop it.

What are we gonna do now?

We'll stay here tonight.

In the morning I'll go into town  
to see what I can find out.

Why don't we go into Phillip's ranch...

If they're watching this town,  
they're certainly watching the ranch.

- The Sheriff knows you, doesn't he?

- He does.

He'll want to know

what you're doing here.

He wants to know

all about any stranger.

Wrap up your wrist and say you hurt  
yourself and you're looking for a doctor.

The dentist's a friend of Tuscarora  
and Mr Phillips. He can tell you much.

I feel a toothache coming on.

I hope you have plenty of wine, Maria.

Thanks. See they get some water.

- I'll be back in a while.

- Be careful.

- It's been a long time, Maria.

- All right, boys, come on.

Tuscarora. Come here.

You wanna see me?

You just brought some horses  
into town. Are they yours?  
- They're ours.  
- I think some were stolen.  
That's a lie.  
No. Leave him alone!  
Stop it!  
Stop this wicked thing!  
That's enough.  
What's going on?  
We're teaching him some manners.  
He's been stealing horses.  
We gotta save enough of him to hang.  
Take him over to the jail.  
Come on. On your feet.  
- Bring the girl, too.  
- Why?  
Are you all right, lady?  
You'd better go on home.  
Go on!  
You're kinda new around here,  
aren't you?  
- Got in this morning.  
- Figure on staying long?  
- Bum tooth.  
- Doc, got a customer for you.  
Oh, and, mister...  
After you get that tooth fixed,  
just amble on out of town.  
Sounds like good advice.  
- Doctor...  
- Come on in, sir.  
Keep an eye on that big fella.  
See if he really has a bad tooth.  
- So you've got a bad tooth?  
- No, I haven't.  
- Get in the chair.  
- I told you, my tooth's all right.  
- Can't we just talk?  
- See that fella over there?  
He's checking out  
your story on your tooth.  
- Open real wide.  
- I can't talk with my mouth open.

I'll ask the questions,  
you just nod or shake your head.  
Now, that girl, Maria, the one that got  
knocked around... she send you?  
- Yeah.  
- I thought so, the way you bolted here.  
That hurts.  
Most of my patients yell a lot.  
Take a look out there.  
He's gone.  
Is that my tooth?  
No. Yours are fine.  
Tell me what's going on around here.  
The man running things is Ketcham.  
He came here right after the war.  
Hendricks killed our old Sheriff and  
Ketcham made him the new Sheriff.  
- Look out there.  
- Wish I could hear what they're saying.  
Don't have to... blackmail.  
If they do things  
the way they've been doing,  
Hendricks will send his bullyboys  
out to Old Man Phillips' ranch.  
They'll run off all his stock,  
so he's on foot.  
Then they'll tell him the way  
to keep his boy from being hanged  
is to sign over his ranch to them  
for a quarter of what it's worth.  
I know that old man.  
He's stubborn as hell.  
But he dearly loves that boy.  
So they'll keep him there till he cracks  
and signs over his land.  
Ketcham's been pickin' up a lot of land.  
- All of it that's any good, Mr...?  
- Doesn't matter.  
Well, Mr Doesn't Matter,  
I hope you can do something.  
- You got plenty of help?  
- Well, no. I haven't.  
God be with you.  
I still wish you luck.

We ought to give  
one more good yell.

They usually yell a lot  
when I give 'em a shot of this.  
That's the real stuff.

If you were a good enough actor,  
I wouldn't have used it.

That'll be a dollar six bits.

- Would four bits be just as good?

- Just as good.

- Thank you, Mr Doesn't Matter.

- McNally. I'll be seeing you.

You must hide. Maria says  
the Sheriff is sending some men here.

- Where can we hide in here?

- Under the bed. Hurry.

Wait a minute.

First, pour some water over my head.

- All of it?

- Yes, go ahead.

- Who is it?

- Open up.

- Just a minute.

- Hurry it up.

Just a minute.

- Anybody else in here?

- Well, you're here.

- I can't see. Who are you?

- Sheriff's office.

Nobody in here.

They're gone now.

- What are you laughing at?

- You wouldn't believe what he said.

- Those things are private.

- Do you really get away with that?

- Do you know what he said?

- What did he say?

"One more kiss before we die."

Can you imagine?

- That's stupid.

- It is not.

- Who is it?

- Me.

- What did you find out?

- Plenty.

They slapped Maria around  
this morning,  
put Tuscarora in jail  
for stealing his own horses,  
and they've gone to Old Man  
Phillips' ranch to force him to give in.

- Are we gonna let 'em?

- Not if we can help it.

I'm sorry I couldn't get here before.

- There were men.

- We had visitors.

- I was asking the way to Phillips' ranch.

- I'll take you.

- Not a chance!

- She can't stay here.

You know that, don't you?

I'll take the wagon.

- Why?

- It's all I've got left.

I might not get a chance  
to come back for it.

You have a lot of faith in us!

You're good,

but you're taking on a lot.

- Can you get out without being seen?

- With luck. Help me, Amelita.

I'll meet you east of town,  
half a mile from the little church.

I can show you.

Is there anything else I can do?

Pray a little.

We'll be back if things work out right.

It's very much for just two men.

I hope there'll be three  
when we see Mr Phillips.

- Will you show us the way?

- Yes. Follow me.

There are two of them by the gate.

I don't see the third one...

Wait a minute. See that shack  
behind the house?

- That looks like cigarette smoke.

- You've got good eyes.

I see 'em.  
- Think you can handle him?  
- Sure. I can get in behind him.  
All right.  
How about you?  
We can leave Shasta at the wagon  
and when we get through...  
How are you gonna get close enough  
to them?  
This comfortable old man figured  
he'd shoot 'em.  
How will you get into the house?  
Phillips will blow your head  
before he knows what side you're on.  
- Did you...?  
- Don't be sarcastic.  
- Do you have any suggestions?  
- Yes, I do.  
I'll drive the wagon in.  
You'll be in back.  
And get yourself killed?  
They killed Charlie Simms...  
I want them to pay for it.  
- I'm against it.  
- This is your first step, isn't it?  
If you fall down,  
you won't get another chance.  
- I will not permit it.  
- He's in love with me.  
- I didn't say that.  
- You said you thought you were.  
Are we gonna rescue an old man  
or stand here and argue?  
Give me two minutes  
before you start and I still don't like it.  
This thing between you two -  
kinda sudden, isn't it?  
It's not me, it's him.  
Are all Mexicans as sudden as he is?  
One little kiss  
and the balloon goes up.  
Let's get in the wagon.  
He's had his two minutes.  
Two minutes more and we'll know

if your idea was any good.  
When the shooting starts,  
don't forget to duck.  
Yes, Colonel.  
Let's go.  
Got a visitor.  
What in tarnation is that thing?  
Hold it right there, miss.  
- Where are you going?  
- My horses need water.  
- I thought I could get some here.  
- It ain't safe to go that way...  
Ain't that the girl  
Whitey Carter went lookin' for?  
- You the girl?  
- Yeah, I'm the girl.  
- You got any more snake oil?  
- Yeah, there's plenty in the wagon.  
Think I'll get some.  
Where have you been?  
They've been lookin' all over for you.  
I don't know...  
Oh, I guess I can tell you.  
I don't like Whitey.  
I didn't want him to find me.  
Everybody's got different tastes.  
You can't...  
- What was that?  
- Your friend getting some snake oil.  
What's a girl to do when a man  
keeps following her around?  
I'm tired. I haven't slept.  
Except for the other night,  
in a place where an Indian was buried.  
- It was awful!  
- Where was the Indian buried?  
I can't remember.  
It was just before somebody hit me.  
- They hit you?  
- I didn't see him, but he hit me.  
- Where?  
- There.  
You took long enough.  
I was running out of things to say.

That I can't believe.

- Hurry up.

- Just a minute.

What's goin' on out there?

Who's out there?

Speak up or I'll shoot.

Hold on a bit.

We're trying to help ya!

- Hold your fire, you fool.

- Don't come no closer!

- I'll go. He won't shoot a woman.

- Don't count on it.

Mr Phillips, let me in.

You just stay where you are  
out there.

What's goin' on?

Look out.

Stay away from that window.

- Where's Shasta?

- Inside.

- Who's out there?

- It's me.

- Who's me?

- Pierre Cordona.

- You Tuscarora's captain?

- Used to be.

Don't try nothing.

You, big fella,  
get down off that contraption.

Now get your hands up high  
and walk up here nice and easy.

You too, Cordona.

And keep 'em high.

Just keep them up there.

Keep your hands up  
and say something. Go ahead.

- What'll I say?

- I wanna hear you talk.

- If you quit prodding me...

- I knew it!

I can tell by your talking,  
you're a Yank.

- Didn't you tell him?

- He's a difficult man to convince.



You would be too, if you had a flock  
of no goods hanging on you.  
You said you was my boy's captain.  
How do I know that?  
Did he write to you  
about the first battle we were in?  
- Was he shot in the arm?  
- I guess you're who you say you are.  
What's this damn big Yank doin' here?  
This damn big Yank's  
after another damn big Yank  
and helping you in the process.  
- What's your name?  
- Cord McNally.  
Didn't Tuscarora tell you about me?  
He sure did.  
And I ain't gonna repeat what he said.  
Tell me about her.  
I'd have shot her, but she's got  
the best lookin' legs I ever seen.  
- I didn't have the view you did.  
- What's she doin' here?  
Whitey Carter  
murdered one of her friends.  
Old Charlie Simms.  
I heard about that.  
- Now I know who she is.  
- Whitey's dead.  
Best news I heard all year.  
- Who killed him?  
- She did.  
Well, I'll be a sucking mule!  
Legs like that and can shoot too.  
I'm obliged to you  
for getting me out of the fix I was in.  
- This calls for a drink.  
- I could sure use one.  
They got my boy.  
What do you plan on doing?  
Ride into town and bust open the jail?  
That's not for the young.  
What's it brewed with?  
Are you just gonna bust open the jail?  
The answer is no,

unless you want your boy killed.

- Think I'm a fool?

- That's not the question.

We need something  
to bargain with.

- Like what?

- Like Ketcham.

Ketcham?

Are you serious or crazy?

A little of both, but it's the only way  
to get your boy back.

- How do you get Ketcham?

- You know his ranch pretty well.

- I was there before he had it.

- How far is it?

Two... three hours.

- You comin' with us?

- Reckon I'm crazy too.

Is there a safe place to leave  
this young lady while we're gone?

Hank Pryor's place is on the way.

I reckon we can get there before dark,  
if we leave right away.

- I'm going with you. I can help.

- You're not going.

You've been trying to run this show  
since we met.

Listen to me and keep still.

You are not going!

- You tell her, Frenchy.

- Yeah.

I'd give every horse I own  
to get a chance at that fella.

Mr Pryor,

if we don't come back, you said...

I'm not gonna disappoint you.

I told you I'd get the girl to Blackthorne.

Thank you.

- Come on, Shasta.

- No.

What the...? Frenchy!

Are you comin' with us, or you got  
something better to do?

That's a silly question, Colonel.

You'd like to be doin' that yourself,  
wouldn't you?

No, Mr Phillips, not a chance.  
I'm just comfortable.  
You keep calling me Frenchy.  
I'm half-Mexican, you know?  
Yeah. Which half was kneeling  
and which half was kissing her hand?

- Where's Ketcham apt to be?  
- The big house.  
- What does he look like?  
- Big man. Black hair. Moustache.  
Could be anybody.  
Could be the man that was with Whitey  
when we paid the money.

- How many men has he got?  
- 15 or 20 hands in the bunkhouse.  
There's one over there,  
another farther to the right.  
And these men guarding the place,  
which you boys call sentries.

- Ketcham doesn't take many chances.  
- I can see three... no, four.  
There's one over by the gate.  
We'll have to get them first,  
get into that house,  
grab Ketcham,  
and use him to hold the rest off.

- We'd better not kill him, then?  
- No, we'd better not kill him.  
- Well, Frenchy?  
- I'll take the one in front of the house.  
I'll take the one on the left  
and the one in front of the bunkhouse.  
Leave one for me.  
Could you sneak up  
on that fella at the gate?  
I can sneak up on a coyote  
if I have a mind to.  
You better give me a little start.  
No sense in letting this go to waste.  
Remind me  
to ask Tuscarora a question.  
About what?

He said you were a saintly old man  
who didn't hold with all the vices.  
I don't hold with them at all.  
That don't stop me from taking a saintly  
pleasure when I get a chance.  
- Why don't you blow a bugle?  
- Ready? If you ain't, I'll go by myself.  
- Where's the old man?  
- There.  
Did you get the fella at the gate?  
He's at another gate  
looking for Saint Peter.  
That big man at the desk,  
he's the one I gave the money to.  
Sergeant lke Gorman.  
I've waited a long time for this.  
Sergeant Major Gorman,  
how does it feel?  
Remember Lieutenant Forsythe?  
Well, here's one for him.  
- Get up!  
- Only for a while.  
McNally, give him one for Tuscarora.  
Right, let's talk to your people.  
Tell 'em they move a finger  
and I blow your head off. Yell out.  
Do you hear me? This is Ketcham.  
Don't move. Don't do anything.  
- Do you hear me?  
- Yeah, we hear you.  
Tell 'em to get our horses.  
And one for you.  
Bring their horses  
and one for me.  
All right.  
Find out where he hides them deeds  
and all the stuff he's been stealin'.  
You don't think  
I'd keep them here, do you?  
Where do you keep 'em?  
Where are they?  
- At the bank.  
- Where?  
- In the bank.

- Where?

They're here.

Behind that cabinet. In a safe.

Take a look.

It's locked.

Here they are, McNally.

All the stuff we were lookin' for.

Look out!

Fire! Help me, please!

- Phillips, help me, please.

- Let him burn.

Don't let him burn

till he signs these papers.

- Are you ready to sign?

- I'll sign anything.

All right, Frenchy.

Ketcham, take a look at this.

The triggers are wired back.

See what happens

if my thumb slips off.

And my thumbs ain't as strong

as they used to be.

We got your horses.

What shall we do with them?

Bring 'em up to the house.

Come on, let's go.

One man hold the horses.

The rest of you clear out.

We're coming outside.

Do what he says.

Don't try anything.

You take the sorrel. That one's mine.

Can you cover him while I get up?

All that fighting in there

wore me out.

All right, Ketcham, move out.

Let's hold it up here.

I can't keep riding like this.

Would you rather walk?

- Anybody following us?

- Didn't see anyone.

Let's talk a bit. You want your boy

out of jail, don't you, Mr Phillips?

Damn right I do.

- How do we get him out?

- We use Ketcham.

And how long do you think  
before Hendricks will have us too?  
You and your military mind. You gotta  
know the answer to everything.

- What'll we do?

- All right.

Us civilians ain't  
the fools you Yanks think.

- There's a fort at Longhorn Springs.

- That's right.

- We'll take him there.

- What'll Hendricks be doing?

He'd rather see Ketcham dead  
than the army get him.

- You got something in mind?

- Yeah.

We don't take Tuscarora out of jail,  
we join him there and fort up. You...  
I go into Longhorn Springs  
and bring in the cavalry.

- That's smart for a captain, Frenchy.

- Thank you, sir.

You ought to be back  
by late tomorrow afternoon.  
If we run into trouble,  
we can hold out till then.  
Stay on this trail till you hit  
the stage road, then take the west fork.  
Good luck, Colonel. Sir.

Don't forget my thumb is gettin' tired.

Don't go over rocks. My horse might  
stumble and we'd have an accident.

Let's go.

- What are you doin' here?

- We went to Phillips' ranch.

Barter's dead,  
Minton had a broken shoulder,  
and Chester had been cold cocked  
pretty bad.

He said a girl drove  
in that medicine show wagon.

He was lookin' it over

and that's all he could remember.  
It coulda been three of 'em. The wagon  
was gone and so was Phillips.  
- Anybody see where the wagon went?  
- Couldn't find any tracks. Too dark.  
Spence, you take five men  
and guard the north road.  
Morton, you take a few more.  
Leave some on the south road close in.  
The rest of you go to the west fork.  
Stop everybody going out and in.  
Shoot anybody that tries to get by.  
Now move.  
- What are we stopping here for?  
- Tuscarora's girlfriend.  
Maybe I can find out how things stand.  
Can you handle Ketcham?  
If you hear a loud noise,  
it'll be Mr Ketcham dying.  
You got him! I'm glad.  
In case you don't know,  
that's Spanish for "pig", Ketcham.  
Much has happened tonight.  
The men came from the Phillips ranch  
and told what you had done  
and the Sheriff was very angry.  
Would you like to see  
what he does when he's angry?  
Amelita, show him.  
Amelita?  
Take a look.  
Go on, take a good look.  
The Sheriff did it.  
- Why?  
- To make me talk. To punish me.  
He did it and then he laughed.  
- Someday I'm gonna kill him.  
- You'll have to beat me to it.  
I'm gonna kill him someday.  
Be careful. The Sheriff has  
many men outside hunting for you.  
And others waiting for you in the jail.  
We've got the edge on him.  
We got their boss.

- I will pray for you.

- Good night.

They don't know we got Ketcham yet,  
but they know

we've been to your place and got you,  
so they'll probably be waiting for us.

- You still wanna try?

- With or without you, Colonel.

That's good enough for me.

Move.

We're gettin' near the jail, Mr Ketcham.

My rheumatism is bad,

so don't put a strain on my finger.

You in the jail!

Tell Hendricks to step out.

Blue Tom, we've got

your friend Ketcham here.

And there's a sawn-off shotgun with  
the triggers tied back right behind him.

He wants to tell you something.

Sergeant Major, you louse this up

and you won't live to know it. Talk.

Hold your fire, Tom.

Do anything he says. Don't try anything.

- You hear him?

- I heard.

Get all your men out of the jail.

You heard him. Come on out.

Now, everybody drop their guns.

- What d'ya say, Mr Ketcham?

- Do it. For God's sake, do it.

All right, drop 'em.

Everybody ease over and keep going  
till you're in front of that hotel.

Hendricks, you hold it.

There's still somebody in that jail,  
Ketcham.

Tom, don't try it.

Get whoever's in there out.

All right, Barney, come on out.

Drop your gun

and get over with the rest of 'em.

You wanna step down, Mr Phillips?

Hope this thing don't go off



while I'm climbing down.  
Step off, Sergeant Major.  
Let's go to jail.  
Don't worry, Mr Ketcham,  
we'll get you outta there.  
That's a good idea, Sheriff.  
Why don't you try it? Please try it!  
No, Tom, forget it. He wants you  
to try something. He's crazy.  
He's right. Got another barrel left.  
Get in there.  
We'll be here a day, maybe two.  
Then the US Cavalry will be here.  
- I should have taken you this morning.  
- You should have tried.  
I couldn't say hello this morning,  
but I'm glad to see you.  
- How do you feel?  
- Fine. Except for some sore ribs.  
I'll stay back here with Ketcham  
in case his friends try something.  
Don't you worry none, Ketcham.  
You're gonna be the first to die.  
- Where's Captain Cordona?  
- He's gone for help.  
How long are we gonna be here?  
Till he comes back with the cavalry.  
Douse that light.  
Mr Phillips,  
is that the only tune you know?  
I don't know this one,  
that's why I keep practising it.  
Colonel, you have any trouble  
gettin' back into town?  
They had men out,  
but we had Ketcham.  
You suppose they have men  
watching the roads too?  
Hendricks is not stupid.  
What if they catch the Captain  
before he gets help?  
Then we're in more trouble  
than we've been in since the start.  
Mr Phillips, is there any way

of getting you to stop that?  
Yeah, I'd stop for a drink.  
Well, if there's one, I'll get it for you.  
Where are you going?  
In the jail.  
This is Doc Jones, the dentist.  
Can I come in?  
Let him in.  
You're taking a chance coming here.  
I don't think so.  
They're not watching the place.  
Don't bet on it.  
I brought some food and beer.  
- Better see Ketcham gets a bite.  
- He don't get no beer, does he?  
Neither do you, unless you promise  
not to play that harp.  
I'll stop.  
- Who's there?  
- Shasta.  
- What are you doing here?  
- I couldn't stand waiting, not knowing.  
I took one of Mr Pryor's horses.  
Nobody saw me.  
Hey, you in the jail.  
- What d'ya want?  
- I got a message.  
I don't wanna  
get shot delivering it.  
Here it is.  
See what it is.  
- They got Frenchy.  
- Is he all right?  
Evidently.  
They wanna trade him for Ketcham.  
- So there'll be no soldiers.  
- Where do they want the trade off?  
There's a barn by a creek  
at the other end of town.  
I know where that is.  
They'll be at the barn  
with Frenchy an hour after sun up.  
- We're to bring Ketcham.  
- Is that all it says?

- That's all.  
- What will they do after the trade?  
There's more of them than us.  
What do you think they'll do?  
- What's it gonna be, Colonel?  
- Looks like we have no choice.  
You that delivered the message,  
you out there?  
I'm here.  
Tell Hendricks we'll be there  
after sun up.  
And if we see anybody  
on the way over there,  
he's gonna lose his boss.  
I'll tell him.  
Anybody got the time?  
Two hours to sun up.  
Anything I can do?  
He ought to take  
all that stuff Ketcham signed,  
and get them back to the owners.  
They won't know Ketcham signed these  
till after the trade.  
Thanks.  
Thanks, all of you.  
I wish you luck.  
Luck, he says!  
We need more than luck.  
We need a miracle.  
How about it, Sergeant?  
You think you can pass one?  
Colonel, it don't seem  
like you want to say it, so shall I say it?  
It's time.  
All right, bring him up.  
Shasta, you'd better wait  
four or five minutes after we're gone,  
then beat it over to your friends.  
If we lose, get out of town quick.  
Colonel...  
- I just wanted to tell you...  
- I'll be seeing you.  
You'd better wipe that smile  
off your face,

or I'll do it for you.

Hold it a minute.

Stay at this end of town

and you won't get hurt.

Look out.

It's all right, Colonel McNally,

they're friends.

- What are you doing here?

- They came to help.

They won't be much help

unless they're real good.

- Doc gave you the deeds, didn't he?

- Sure.

But what are they worth

if you lose?

- You know what you're getting into?

- We promised you in the trade,

but we didn't say

what condition you'd be in.

- Can any of you shoot?

- Bide's a good shot.

Remember him? His bandage on the

Captain's leg got you that headache.

- Remember, Colonel?

- I remember.

- We all fought in the war, Colonel.

- All right, you're in.

Somebody watch that back door.

You got more help than you think.

There's men behind that wall.

Could surprise those fellas

and out-flank them.

- Bide, how deep is that creek?

- It changes. Three, four... six feet.

- Deep near the bridge?

- Ought to be.

I got an idea. Can you hold up

this trade to give me time?

- Not for long...

- Bide, give me your gun.

- What do you plan to do?

- Ain't got time to explain, Colonel.

I can't hold up any longer.

Hendricks. Hendricks!

What do you want?

- Are you ready?

- I'm ready.

You start Ketcham, we'll send Cordona.

I'd like to take a look at Cordona.

Bring him out.

- Satisfied?

- Whenever you're ready.

Hey, Colonel,

he's got where he wants to be.

All right, Ketcham.

Now, you're gonna walk across there  
slow and easy.

- Unloosen your belt.

- What for?

To keep your hands busy.

Now walk.

That's far enough.

Here's your man.

Move.

All right. Take it nice and easy.

Hold it right where you are.

There's about six guns on you,  
don't move.

- Well, Sheriff, what'll it be?

- I want Ketcham.

I want him too. He's no use to you.

He's signed all those deeds  
back to their rightful owners.

- You're broke, both of you.

- Is that right, Ketcham?

No. Wait a minute, Tom.

He's lying. Don't shoot!

You yellow...

Get back in here, you fool.

Take it easy.

Stop your squawking. You ain't hurt.

Scattergun's useless.

Don't mind if I shoot, do you?

Makes me feel better.

There's a lot more than three out there.

They're gonna be tough to run out.

- Pete, you got the dynamite?

- I can get it.

- Can you use it on the cantina?
- Throw it through the window.
- Take Greg to back you up.
- Come on, Greg.

See those fellas?

They're trying to get around us.

- Colonel...

- I saw him.

Get a match.

Look out!

We'd have had that  
dynamite in our laps.

Sure lucky I brought you along.

That ought to set 'em back.

Look behind you.

Let's get outta here.

- Where are you going?

- We're licked, Sheriff.

Come back here, you lousy...

Come on back here.

- Where're you going?

- After Hendricks.

- They're running, Colonel.

- Well, Hendricks can't run far.

Look out!

Glad you brung me?

Spread out. This thing isn't over yet.

Turn around, Sheriff.

I want you to see who's gonna kill you.

You got your town back.

I... I told you I'd kill him.

- I told you, didn't I?

- You told me.

I had a right to.

I'm gonna always wear this mark.

And every time I look at it,

I wanna know I had the right to kill him.

If you hadn't done it,

somebody else would have.

Now, you wanna give me a lift?

Mr McNally,

you make a person feel...

Please, don't say comfortable.