Django Kill... If You Live, Shoot!

By Franco Arcalli
My gold.
You won't get far, Oaks.
You won't get far.
Relax, hombre.
- The water.
- Relax, hombre.
So much gold for everyone, at the river.
Come on, take your clothes off!
Come on down!
You swim like a bastard.
Quit it! Stop joking around, you idiots!
The Mexicans are attacking us!
The guns, Joe! The guns!
Adelante!
Let's not waste any time.
Hurry up! Get it down.
Help me.
Come on, hurry up.
Hombre!
- Whiskey and women forever!
- Tequila, you mean.
- I'll buy you a ranch.
- More gold than in the Virgin's statue.
- Hug me, Miguel!
- I'll give you a kiss, hermanol
Nice things have to be earned.
This gold will last a lifetime.
When luck presents itself,
you have to grab it.
What a huge heist.
Oaks, what are you doing?
Talking to yourself?
Hey, listen.
Shouldn't we divvy up the loot?
I want to be in Mexico by nightfall.
I was talking to myself
about how huge this heist was.
Sure, we all did it together.
It was more of a party among friends.
Lots of gold, lots of laughter.
But it's time to divvy it up.
Don't you agree?
Divvy it up with whom?
The desert sun is messing with Oaks's head like tequila on an empty stomach. He says he doesn't know who to divvy up the gold with. Did you hear that? That's what he said. Sure, they heard me. They heard me. I've traveled too far to put my hands on these bags of gold. I've had to withstand the stench of your greasy skin. We're not divvying up gold with any dirty Mexicans. Stick 'em up! Quo pasa? You too. Hands in the air, greasy skin. Shoot! Don't let him get away! Shoot! it's not loaded, half-breed. Like all bastards, you're not that smart. Always working. Always working with a pickax and a shovel. That's our destiny. That's right. A nice big grave for the lot of you. You can play dice underground. Am I right, boss? Killing us without even offering us a glass of tequila first. It's just not right. Aren't you glad? You'll be able to speak your Spanish for all eternity. No gringos will be there to stop you. You can have a nice chat with the devil! What about you, half-breed? What will you speak? English or Spanish? I've never made such distinctions with my friends, and you know it.
You're a pig!
I've never felt closer to you,
with all the gold you're leaving me.
It's so hot.
We need some water.
What are you doing?
Don't let him get away!
The horses!
He's hamstringing the horses!
Get him! Quick, run!
- He's ruining the horses.
- Run, quick!
Bravo, muchacho.
Run! What are you waiting for?
Catch him!
Help the horses!
Wait! Don't shoot!
They're getting away!
You won't get far without the horses, Oaks!
Go the other way, Charlie!
The other way!
Don't let the horses escape!
Hurry. We're wasting time.
- Now we're really in trouble.
- We have to hurry.
- I have a bad feeling, Charlie.
- I say we mow them down.
You won't get far, Oaks!
Fire!
Here's your gold.
Yes, it's your gold,
the gold you died for.
We made bullets out of it.
It's deadlier than lead.
Now that you've seen the fire of death,
this is the only use you'll have for gold.
We will stay with you and serve you,
but you must tell us
about the green pastures you've seen
and from which you have returned.
You, who have seen them
in the blinding light of death,
you must tell us about the great herds,
about our people, our great dead chiefs.
You will tell us about all this, and we will follow and serve you.
No, Uncle!
Stop!
You're a bastard!
Bastard!
Get a load of this place.
What a shithole.
This is a strange place.
Let's not stop here, Oaks.
Where are we going to go without horses?
What are we going to eat?
The stones in the desert?
I'm hungry, guys-
And when I'm hungry, guys,
I'm not afraid of anyone.
I'm too hungry to be scared.
You're right, Pat. It's just a town.
There's nothing to be scared of.
Who said anything about being scared?
It's just that maybe we're not far enough away yet.
From what?
This is our path.
We've made our choices.
You stay here with the horses and don't move for any reason.
You guys, go to the general store.
Tean, Woody, Charlie, take care of the horses.
You two, come with me.
Good afternoon, hombres.
You've got a lovely town here. It's my first time in these parts, but I'm rarely wrong.
I can tell you're all nice people.
Do any of you have some horses for sale?
We're on our way up north, and we find ourselves without horses. The few horses we had... just gave out on us. So I thought, Let's stop here. And here we are. What are you waiting for, Norton?
Play your hand.
There.
Two pair, aces high.
I don't know why a man
with no horse would be laughing.
Cut it out, Evan.
We have horses,
but they're expensive around here.
Don't worry, boss.
We work hard, and we have money.
- Whiskey for everyone.
- Give it here.
I hope it's quality stuff.
You look like you've come a long way.
When you're looking for work,
it's worth the trip...
if the pay is good.
Yeah.
These days, it's good
to meet people who have work.
One look at guys like you is enough.
You can tell immediately
that you're really good guys.
You sure have a lot of dust on you.
You've crossed the desert.
You took the toughest road
to get to this place.
All the better for you.
You'll make money on the horses.
A business deal is like a card game.
Well, boss, we're in a hurry.
I told you, horses are expensive.
What, don't you like it?
It's what they paid us with.
- How many horses do you need?
- Nine.
Do you have more gold?
Of course.
I'll get them for you.
Richie, play something for these folks.
Flory!
What are you waiting for?
Come downstairs.
Our guests have come a long way.
They want to enjoy themselves.
- Let them hear your voice.
- Come on, let's hear it.
Put us in a good mood.
- She's pretty, isn't she?
- Very sophisticated.
And what a voice.
- Anything else?
- No, I think that will do.
Let's see what we have so far.
- I see you got a lot of food.
- We have a long way to go.
We're going north to work.
Jerky, beans, coffee, sugar.
Give us ten boxes of bullets, twelve gauge.
Ten boxes?
If you're going hunting,
you won't find enough game.
- Oh, we'll find it.
- just a moment.
I'll be right back.
- What is it?
- They're thieves, and they've got gold.
Scott, let's go.
That's everything.
Hang on. I'm tying the bags.
We have to join the others.
Oaks, listen.
Don't you think
it's a little too dark in here?
Idiot!
We're still dazed from the desert sun.
Don't move.
You're still weak.
But I feel fine.
My wounds are healed.
Can't we go any faster?
The horse is old. He's in no hurry.
Then we'll never catch up with them.
Hungry, thirsty men
without horses can't run far.
They'll have to stop.
There's a town up ahead.
Is it far?
No, it's just beyond those mountains, where the desert ends.
What's the town called?
I don't know what white men call it.
Our people used to call it The Field of Anguish.
Come with me.
Vamos, hombres!
- Hurry up! No one can get away!
- Come on, all together!
- What are you waiting for?
- They're shooting.
Hurry UP!
- Shoot! Shoot!
- He's on the roof!
- Don't let him get away!
- Quick!
- There he is!
- Careful!
Shoot! Shoot!
- There's another one!
- Get him!
- Got him!
- We got him!
- Good going, Larry!
- Don't let him get away!
- Hold him down!
- Go on, Larry!
Watch out!
- Let's give it to him.
- Give it to him good!
Don't let him go!
Help!
Hold him down!
- There he is.
- Down here!
- This way.
- Get him!
- Got him!
- Run!
- The rope!
- Here it is.
- Hold him tight.
- Your days are over, grandpa!
To the gallows!
You can stop yelling.
It's all over for you.
- Where shall we hang him?
- Near the watering trough.
Let's not waste time.
There are others.
He's hit! We hit him.
He's still alive.
What are you waiting for, Hawkins?
Hold him. Don't let go.
He's dangerous.
- You should have cut your beard.
- Here's a good, thick rope.
- Hold him!
- He won't cooperate.
Go on, boy, Pray!
- Pull!
- Assassin! Thief!
- You're done running around.
- Murderer.
Let's put him with the others.
Here, Slim!
Show him how it's done.
- Do a nice job
- A clean job.
You're through scaring good people.
Good, Slim, very nice.
Have mercy.
- Give me my cigar.
- Make him happy.
- Ready, Billy?
- Ready for justice!
What are you waiting for?
- Come on!
- All together!
Once more.
- I like how they swing.
- I bet they enjoy it too.
This is a town of honest people.
There's no room for thieves and murderers!
- Come on, keep going.
- Pull!
Enough.
That's enough.
Watch out for the blood.
He's dripping like a pig.
Look! They're still moving.
- They're thick-skinned.
- That's because they're devils.
Murderers! Thieves!
There can be no mercy for you in this town!
It's the hand of God that's striking you down!
- Look, he's dancing a jig.
- Get your accordion, Slim.
- Get a load of their faces.
- They look like fish out of water.
- There's another one!
- He's their leader!
- Don't let him get away!
- Let's go!
- Come on!
- Let's get him!
There he is!
Come on, boys!
Let's get him!
Stop!
Don't challenge the ire of honest men.
- Surrender!
- Watch out! Get down!
Let's end this. isn't there anyone
with some guts around here?
Watch out, Lister!
He killed him!
Don't do it, Pat!
Watch out!
What are you doing, stranger?
Do you want to get killed?
Damn them. I can't see.
Be careful, stranger.
No, it can't be him.
It can't be.
Go away!
Whoever you are, go away!
Where did you come from? Hell?
Go away!
I'm not dead like you!
What are you waiting for?
If you're not a ghost, shoot!
Shot!
He shot him full of lead.
- Yet he's still alive.
- Even better.
- He's in really bad shape.
- Sometimes it's better to be dead.
You're a good shot, stranger,
but you're a real butcher.
You really got him good.
You earned your 500 dollars.
Let's string him up with the others.
Give us a hand.
Lift him up. Grab his legs.
Wait a minute.
Wait, I said.
Put him down.
This man interests me.
I want him alive.
He has something to tell me.
There's plenty of time to hang him.
Why spare him? He's going
to end up on the gallows anyway.
- Pancho!
- At your service, Mr. Sorrow.
You're the expert. Take the lead
out of him and give him to me alive.
Come on, boys.
Help me get him out of here.
I wanted to hang him now.
- Mercy is not always a virtue.
- Who said anything about mercy?
I have some information on these men.
They're ruthless tramps,
thieves and murderers.
We know.
We've done our duty.
- They were hiding something under their rags.
- Sure, a depraved soul.
And we brought them to justice.
As far as I'm concerned,
you can have your justice.
I'm looking for something else.
Come with me, Willie.
He will talk.
And if not, someone else will.
- We're at your service, Mr. Sorrow.
- You'd better be.
Meanwhile, let's see what miracles
our friend Pancho can perform.
Herman O.
Hermano, we'd like to know
whether we're staying or leaving.
- I think I'll stay.
- We knew it.
Here. Give him something to drink.
Drink. it's good for your hair.
Pancho, you must save him.
I have no use for his corpse.
I'll do my best, Mr. Sorrow.
Go on. Do it.
Stop screaming.
It's just a scratch.
Keep going, Pancho. Hurry up.
He'll be better in no time, right?
And he'll be eager to tell us his life stow.
A horrific story full of crime and murder.
I don't want to hear it.
I'll leave.
I love autobiographical memoirs.
I can't wait to hear it.
I hope the word of good citizens like us
will carry a lot more weight
than the lies of a criminal.
No, Templer.
I'll have my usual raspberry syrup drink.
Good for you, Pancho. You got it.
He's as good as a real doctor.
- But this is gold
- Gold?
- Gold?
- Gold!
Hold him, Larry!
- Get the knife!
- What are you doing?
Stand back.
Back!
What have you done, you idiot?
You killed him.
Forgive me, Sorrow. I've searched for gold in vain my whole life, and he's full of it.
- It's true.
- He's full of gold, Mr. Sorrow.
A golden bullet.
Someone must be joking with us.
Why? isn't he dead?
Gold is an infallible way to kill someone.
No doubt about it, he's dead.
But he's an expensive dead guy for any gunslinger.
Thirty bucks a pop.
An investment with a good return.
I think I've earned my 500 dollars, right, Mr. Templer?
What? 500 dollars?
- Since when are you so generous?
- It's not for me.
- It's for the public good, Mr. Sorrow.
- Weeds must be killed at all costs.
You mustn't value gold much if you use it for bullets.
Gold has its uses.
Here are your 500 dollars, stranger...
if this is what you came for.
Right now, what I need is a bed.
You can pay me tomorrow.
I'm in no rush.
- Is there a room for me, boy?
- Yes, sir, right away.
- He looks like he came from far away.
- Like all vagabonds do.
What should we do with this guy?
Listen to me, Templer.
In this town, no one does anything for nothing.
You were in a hurry to kill them all, and the stranger gave you a hand.
Now that guy can't talk.
They were too dangerous.
We couldn't wait.
I'm not talking about them, but about what they had.
A load of gold.
That's what I want,
not that stranger's bullets.
Come up with that gold!
I don't have time to waste!
You're ill informed, Sorrow.
Or maybe one of them got away.
My boys are sharp.
They keep their eyes open,
and all the land around here is mine.
Nothing happens without my knowledge.
Hagerman is my witness.
I'm not the witness.
It is the Lord above who guided us.
We'll make him talk.
We'll make him talk.
Come on.
Here, look.
He signed with an X.
Why didn't you give him his money
and send him away?
He didn't want it.
He wanted to sleep.
Do you hear that?
He's not sleeping at all.
He's been pacing all this time.
Tomorrow I'll pay him, and he'll leave.
What about us?
Please, don't be weak.
- You have what you always wanted.
- Don't worry. I'll be ruthless.
Finally, we'll get married.
I'm tired of being your mistress.
Of course, we'll get married.
- Will you sleep with me tonight?
- No, not tonight.
I'm busy.
Listen.
He stopped pacing.
I should get twice as much as you.
- Are you crazy, Templer?
- But I discovered the gold.
Who helped you hide the bags?
Who caught the mules?
- I could have asked someone else.
- Oh, really?
What about all the money I've loaned you
over the years that you've never paid back?
Hagerman, I've made investments
that benefited the whole community.
You more than anyone, with your business.
I transformed this hellhole
into a prosperous, civilized town.
Besides, I've always paid you the interest.
Well, I have my merits too.
I've always defended our morals,
and you know it.
I've never tired of preaching
the fear of God and the law.
But we're not talking about merit.
In equal shares.
Or do you want a fight,
and I'll send Sorrow's men after you?
Blackmailer! Thief!
Don't insult me, Templer,
or you'll regret it.
You're a cockroach.
I can't wait to crush you.
Equal shares, I said!
Equal shares!
- I disagree.
- I don't care if you disagree.
This gold belongs to both of us,
and I won't be extorted by you.
We'll see about that.
Do you dare to threaten me?
- You're not getting anything.
- I'm taking my share.
- We haven't decided what your share is.
- Yes, we have.
- Leave it.
- You can't stop me. it's mine too.
- I said, leave it.
- I want what's mine.
Nothing is yours.
Who is it?
- May I come in, sir?
- What do you want?
I have a favor to ask you.
You woke me up.
- Is it full daylight?
- Yes, sir.

Well, what is it?
Aren't you going to say anything?
I want to ask you to take me with you.
With me?
- Where?
- Anywhere.

You've reminded me
that I'll have to go somewhere too,
but I don't know where.
You're good with a gun.
You can go wherever you want.
Take me with you.

Guns are useless, kid.
- Why do you want to leave?
- I don't want to stay in this house.

Or in this town. There must be
someplace better in the world.

Yes.
A few times, I've seen someplace better.
Well? Please, take me with you.
I can't.
I have to stay here,
right here in this town.
I'm sorry.

What's your name?
Evan!
- What's going on?
- Look at what your son did to me!

All the new dresses
you brought me from Denver.

He hates me.
He's a criminal. He'll end up on the gallows
like those men out there.
- Calm down. I'll buy you more.
- I don't want them!
- You always forgive him.
- It's not all his fault.
- You hate him too, Flow.
- That's not true!
- He hates me!
- Calm down. I'll punish him.
Help me get them down.
We knew you wouldn't forget your brothers.
It is well done.
They've been complaining all night.
The air was cold last night.
So, will you tell us?
- What?
- What it's like on the other side.
You've been there. Is it true
that the great pasture is full of bison?
They say the pastures are free and rich,
and that there is no more fighting.
Hey, you!
Listen to me.
Who told you to cut down those corpses?
You think you can do
whatever you want? No, you don't.
We're in charge here,
not the first mangy vagabond who walks in.
They'll hang there until they fall to bits.
This is a town of gentlemen.
We like order.
They have to set an example
and rot on the gallows.
Here's your 500 dollars.
Take it.
Take my advice and get out.
We don't like strangers, all right?
We don't like Indians,
and we don't like strange people.
We're all family men,
and we like everything in its place.
We like wholesome living, so get out!
I'm talking to you.
The great pasture isn't free.
And there's fighting on the other side too.
Then you'll need a horse.
Run, muchacho! Faster!
Run, run!
You can catch him!
The black one!
Well done, charro!
You caught him.
Quick, tighten the knot!
- Hold the horse, Sugar.
- Calm down, boy!
- Let me go!
- Don't let him get away!
- Where are the others?
- They're coming! Down there.
- Hold still, or else.
- What are you waiting for? Tie him up.
- Help!
- Damn horse! Hold him!
Que pasa? Damn it!
- Stop him!
Hold the boy!
Everybody stop now! Let him go!
Hey, stranger!
Come here.
Want to know what the deadliest disease is?
Sticking your nose in other people's business.
I didn't think this was business.
- I thought this was a game.
- It is a game.
The muchacho is our guest.
We've invited him to a party.
It will be a nice family affair.
It's not easy to refuse your invitations.
Well, in that case, you're invited as well.
I saw you shooting in town.
You're a good shot.
You can't afford to waste much ammunition with those expensive bullets.
- They're only for special occasions.
- We'll give you plenty of those.
If you're looking for work, come to my ranch.
What do you say?
Why not?
We can always work something out.
Pull it tight.
Don't be afraid to hurt him.
- Pedro!
- Yes, sir.
Take a horse, as fast as you can.
Go and see his father at once.
Tell him I want all the gold he stole
from those stupid bandits he killed
in exchange for the life of his son.
All of it, down to the last ounce.
Run and tell him right away.
I'll be waiting to hear what he says.
Right away, sir.
A horse!
Muchachos, we'll all be rich!
What do you think, my friend?
I have faith in fatherly love.
He'll end up paying.
Meanwhile, our muchacho
will be the belle of the ball.
Jonathan!
What are you waiting for?
Where's our food?
Here it is. The food's ready.
- Finally!
- Beautiful!
- Good for you, Jonathan.
- Let me kiss it!
Get your knives.
Stop, behave yourselves.
You sit here, stranger.
I like you,
and I want you next to me.
See how I treat my muchachos?
Aren't you tempted to join us?
Come on, get back.
I want a thigh.
- Leave that piece to me.
- Give it here!
Eat and drink, and soon enough
you'll feel like one of us.
The pleasures of the table
open the door to the senses,
the senses to brotherhood
and brotherhood to manly actions.
I'd call them criminal actions.
Holding a mere boy prisoner-
ls there anything more manly than crime?
Don't tell me you haven't tried it.
You're too good with a gun.
Yes, I've had certain friends.
If you've committed any half-decent crimes with them, perhaps you understand me. Eating, drinking and contemplating your victim. There's nothing more sensual. You can count on that. My boys can feel it. I've taught them well. Look at how greedily they eat, how thirstily they drink, and, mostly, how they look at the muchacho. If I have to pay the ransom, so do you. They've taken my boy. What do I have to do with it? Your son's yours, my gold's mine. No one's touching my part. We're bound by the same secret. That's why we're partners. - You have to pay too. - No one has asked me for anything. Bastard! Would you have an innocent killed? I'm not killing anyone. It has nothing to do with me. It's your problem, just like in the Book of Ezekiel. Don't bring the Bible into this. Nothing has changed, Templer. I'm not giving you my gold. - Coward! Thief! - Stop, Templer, or I'll knock you down! You'll pay for this. Where are you? When am I going to get my answer? Calm down. Serve yourself. I'll be right back. When can I get my damn answer? Sorrow is waiting! Do you really want to make him mad? - Well? - Nothing. - He didn't give you his part?
- No, he refused.
So you're the sap who pays up?
- Would you sacrifice an innocent?
- What innocent?
What do you think they'll do to Evan?
He's just a boy.
- They're just trying to scare you.
- You're willing to risk it?
They can't know for sure
that you have the gold, you idiot.
Should we give up our share
for a moment of fear?
Deny it! Deny it!
Never admit anything. Deny it.
Here he comes.
Nothing to be done, Mr. Sorrow.
He says he's desperate,
but he doesn't have the gold.
He says he never had it.
He's begging you to spare his son.
I have a job for you, stranger.
You'll take the muchacho's corpse to his father.
Lister! You kill him.
Just a minute.
I think I know how the boy
could be useful to us.
I'll take care of the gold.
You really care that much about the boy?
Do you care about the gold?
All right. All right.
But you have to earn the boy's life.
You have to break his ropes
with a single shot
from ten paces away.
But I'll give you a handicap,
like they do with horses that run too fast.
First, you have to guzzle
half a bottle of whiskey in one swig.
Are you in?
I want to see if you're a good drinker
as well as a good shot.
Besides, the muchacho
is well worth a bender.
Quiet!
Drinking is like praying.
A man needs silence.
That's it. Keep going.
Well done. You did it.
Now you have to shoot from ten paces away.
Everybody freeze!
Stand still.
He broke your hand.
You let him get you, you fool.
All right.
I can respect a man who's quick.
The muchacho is yours.
You've earned him.
Untie him.
What are you waiting for?
Our friend just saved his life.
He can go on living.
You're in luck, boy.
If you'd had to count on your father,
you'd be dead by now.
Now your life is worth a golden bullet.
What's with the long faces?
Come on! it's a party!
What's going on?
Evan!
- Who fired that shot?
- I don't know, Mr. Sorrow.
It was a gunshot.
Come on! Wake up!
I can't find my shoes.
- Where did the shot come from?
- Outside.
From the stables, Mr. Sorrow.
What happened?
- It looks like a stupid accident.
- He was playing with my gun.
- This accident was intentional.
- I'm sorry for you, stranger.
Last night you saved his life,
but he gave up on becoming a man.
- What kind of man?
- A man willing to live without fear.
A man who never shies away from anything.
He chose darkness and silence.
The job I offered you is still open.
Take him back to his bastard father,
and tell him I want that gold he's hiding.
Or else my boys will soon
pay him another visit.
I'll take the boy, but I doubt
I'll be of much use to you.
I'm sure you will. it's in your interest.
Pablo, prepare his horse.
- Can you see anyone?
- Not yet.
Why is it taking them so long?
Well?
The stranger is bringing him.
- But what happened?
- I have friends up at Sorrow's ranch.
It seems that it was
a tragic accident, Templer.
My God, Flow.
He's here.
Go on. Take him.
Leave him.
Leave him.
Make room on the table.
- Calm down, Templer.
- My poor son.
I'm sorry.
- What's the matter with you?
- He was disgusted by such a father!
Hold him.
- Beat him up!
- Help me, Billy!
- What got into him?
- The stranger started it.
He has no respect
for a father's mourning.
- We should kick him out once and for all.
- That's right.
You'll have to give up that gold, Templer.
You'll have to give it up.
Are we going to let him leave,
just like that?
No, not now.
There are too many people.
They don't know you can't leave this town as long as you still have bullets. You have many yet to shoot. Once you've shot the last one, you can tell us the truth. I think the two of us have something in common... the same enemy. Templer is a dangerous man. He's violent. He's threatened me more than once. Why don't you come in? This is my house. I don't think the houses in this town are very welcoming towards guests. My house is different. If a stranger is tired from a long journey, he must rest. Please, come in. Why is it so important to you? Because I'm afraid. I've been threatened. You can shoot. I need protection. I'll pay YOU- Come. Come. Make yourself at home. I do everything myself. I have no servants. I don't trust them. Servants steal. If you only knew this town. Go on, eat. It'll do you good. I'll treat you well if you stay. You may not believe me, but I've helped everyone here. And now I'm afraid. An honest man can't sleep in peace in this town. Do you live alone? Unfortunately, yes. Well, it's as if I did. There's always a woman at the window.
Oh, so you've seen her.
Yes.
She's my wife,
but it's as if she didn't exist.
She's crazy.
I have to keep her locked in her room.
She wouldn't hurt anyone,
but she's lost her mind.
She's like a child.
I'm especially afraid for her,
if something were to happen to me.
Sorrow's men are raiders.
They'd find my house very tempting.
As for Templer, you've seen for yourself
what kind of man he is.
Besides, he lives openly in sin.
Maybe that's why the Lord's hand
punished him by killing his son.
You know, he's not married
to that woman Flow.
They've always caused a scandal
by living together.
Is it good?
Do you like it?
I want out!
I want out!
Do you hear that?
She always does this.
Poor woman.
What a mess.
Okay. Find the stranger and kill him.
He mustn't see another sunset.
Those two Indians are a nuisance.
We have to find an excuse to provoke him.
Do whatever you want, but I want
the stranger dead by tomorrow night, okay?
All right, sir.
I'll take care of it.
Here you go.
It's a good bed.
Don't leave me alone,
and don't fall asleep.
Did you hear that?
Like this.
Don't turn it off.
You can rest and still be alert.
I'm sleepy.
I'm sleepy, and I'm going to sleep.
I want to leave early tomorrow morning.
Good night.
I said good night.
So you're really here.
I heard your voice, steps, noises.
Don't you recognize me?
Yes, I saw you at the window.
I was signaling to you,
but you didn't understand.
What were you trying to tell me?
That you had to leave, get out of here.
This is no place for you.
You're different from the others.
You can't stay in this town.
You, at least, must save yourself.
- Save myself from what, death?
- No, from something much worse.
Living here is terrible.
Look at me.
- What's your name?
- Elizabeth.
- Are you sick?
- That's not true.
He wants me to think I'm crazy,
and I've accepted it.
Why? What did you do?
I fell in love with another man
a long time ago.
Ever since then,
he's kept me locked in that room.
- So you're not crazy?
- Yes, I am.
I don't understand.
Yes, because I need to be loved so badly.
And he let you out.
But Why?
So that you will defend his house,
his money, his stuff.
Where is he now?
No, don't.
Go away, while there's still time.
Do you really want to kiss me?
My love, my love.
- What's going on?
- Halt!
- It's Sorrow's men.
- Get your guns and go to the windows.
But don't shoot. Go!
Stop the horses.
Templer, open the door!
- What are we going to do? The gold!
- They'll find it!
We have to hide it.
Open up, Templer, or else!
There are many of us!
We could knock your house down!
Open up!
Come on, boys.
Let's stop wasting time.
Break the door down.
Carlos, Pablo, Vince, Jonathan, get up there!
You, hold the horses.
Go on!
Give it your all!
This is no time for social calls.
The saloon is closed.
We're in mourning.
Listen to him.
He almost sounds sincere.
Come on, boys.
Get to work and search the house!
Guapa.
Well, now.
Are you ready to talk?
Where did you hide it?
I let you search everywhere
so you could see for yourselves.
Now you have.
There's no gold here,
and you want to know why?
Because the gold is at Hagerman's.
He has it.
If you're lying, you'll be in big trouble.
They're here. They're coming.
You must save me.
They're outside. Look.
No! Don't show yourself at the window.
This is why I invited you here.
Shoot! Defend me!
You invited me here to defend
your house, your wife, your life.
Or is there something else
you wanted me to defend?
- Which house is it?
- I don't know.
- There's a light on down there.
- Vince, this is going to be fun.
There's Willie.
This is the house.
Hagerman!
Fork over the gold
if you don't want any trouble.
This is what you're defending.
- Give it to them, my love.
- Wretch!
- I don't want them to hurt you!
- You crazy hag, what are you doing?
Leave her alone!
Hagerman, open up!
We know you have it.
Open up!
- Look. There's someone upstairs.
- Open up, Hagerman. Templer confessed!
Fork over the gold!
We're running out of patience!
That's not him, Willie!
Watch out!
It's the stranger!
- The gold! Willie, it's the gold!
- Shoot!
- Shoot him!
- Here you go! Take the gold, if you can!
Shoot!
You bastard! You traitor!
Shoot!
Traitor!
Gather the horses.
In the saddle. Let's go!
Don't be afraid.
It's all over.
You damned hag!
You're a snake in the grass!
You and that dirty half-breed.
Is this how you defend me?
I'll crush you both.
You'll see what Hagerman's made of!
Try to forget.
Please don't be sad.
What about love?
Doesn't it count for something?
Doesn't it help at all?
Love is impossible...
as long as certain people walk the earth.
Yes, that's true.
I see them from my window.
They're horrible.
My gun!
I gave you the power to walk
over serpents and scorpions,
and over any enemy power.
Nothing will harm you.
Whoever among you covets greatness
will become a servant.
And whoever among you wishes
to be first will be the servant of all,
because the son of man himself
came not to be served,
but to serve and give his life
as ransom for many others.
God, what a day.
Get me something to drink.
That'll teach you
to give my address to your friends.
This will take care of both of you.
He took it while we were sleeping.
Why? Where did he go?
I must find him.
He's not alone.
There are too many of them.
I'm afraid you won't come back.
- Do you want me to stay?
- No.
You're the only one
who can face them. You must go.
I'll come back for you.
Remember.
If you don't take me away
from this prison, it's all over for me.
I'll be lost.
- He's riddled with bullets.
- He sure is.
Strange that he left his gun.
It's empty-
This gun looks familiar.
Wait a minute!
This is a golden bullet.
Murderer!
What are we waiting for?
Let's kill him.
Come on!
It's time to end this.
- Flory! Where is Flory?
- I haven't seen her all morning.
She's always been a hussy.
I bet she's involved somehow.
- Go and get your guns!
- Yes, let's go!
Come on, Larry!
Hey, you! You!
Quick, come here!
My God, something terrible's happened.
I still can't believe it.
Hagerman killed Templer,
and he wanted to kill me too.
I ran away.
I'm so frightened.
Only you can help me.
- How did it happen?
- It was at the saloon.
We had just come back from the funeral.
I'm in big trouble, you know.
They'll blame me for Templer's death.
Who will believe me over Hagerman?
We weren't even married.
He'll kill me or have me killed.
My God.
Do you want to be rich?
What do you mean?
Say what you mean, for once.
I'm serious.
The gold, Templer's gold.
If you help me,
we'll split it between us.
- Where is it?
- At the cemetery, hidden in Evan's coffin.
I'll never have the courage
to go and get it.
But there's enough there
for both of us to live on forever.
If anyone dares to touch Evan's coffin,
you had all better beware.
Isn't what's happened enough for you people?
You're rotten, more rotten than any corpse.
That gold belongs to no one.
Don't you see it's my only hope?
How can I leave this place?
You're crazy.
They'll kill me, and they'll kill you too.
Old Colt.
- Are we ready? Let's go.
- Let's move.
Let's get the bastard.
- He'll dance on the gallows!
- This'll be fun!
We're protecting our families.
Order will return to our town.
Let's crush the bastards.
- That's right, Hagerman.
- Wise words.
- Let's clean this town up
- We'll look everywhere.
- Let's stick together.
- Don't scatter.
- Do you see anyone, Larry?
- We have to circle the whole town.
- Death to the bastards!
- Let's all go look down there!
- Everybody together!
- To death with them!
- Gregory!
What is it?
It's intolerable seeing dirty Indians
in a town like ours.
- There they are, the two redskins.
- Let's start with them!
We have to cleanse the town
of dogs, Indians and strangers.
- Let's send them to the Great Spirit.
- Yeah, let 'em have it!
- Let's do it.
- Get him!
- Down.
- On your knees, you dog!
Don't shoot.
It would be a shame.
I've always wanted a scalp.
- Done.
- A perfect success.
Well done.
- Aren't I a good hairdresser?
- You're a real pro.
I heard him go plop.
Hurry! They're looking for you.
They want to kill you.
- Where's your friend?
- They killed him.
Killer!
- Run!
- This Way!
Stop! You can't get away!
Go on, Willie, give it to him!
Get back. This man is ours!
Nice hit!
Traitor!
Now you'll deal with Sorrow.
Where is he?
What did you do to him?
You care about him, don't you?
He's in the hands of a man
who might hate him more than I do.
Come here.
Come on!
The only way you're getting out
of here is if you die, you whore!
Stop, Carlos.
That's enough.
So, you won't talk?
You're being stupid.
I offered you a job with the boys.
I liked you.
We could have been friends,
but you chose to double-cross me.
I want to know where the gold is,
and you're going to tell me.
Not so much for the gold,
but because you've disappointed me, deeply.
Sure.
You could have been one of us,
but you defended that shopkeeper's house.
You sided with that oozy.
But now I'll make you tell me everything.
Carlos, why don't you let loose
our little pets, our secret persuaders?
We have to leave now,
but you won't be alone.
You can choose your companions yourself.
Which do you prefer?
Desert snakes, vampire bats
or the black lizard of darkness?
I leave the choice up to you.
You'll have plenty of time.
Are you done, Carlos?
Let's go.
Forget about the theatrics.
It's no use, Sorrow.
You'll never have me.
You'll talk.
I've broken men much stronger than you.
Enjoy your solitude.
Let's go, Carlos, and leave him to it.
Willie, Jonathan, Carlos!
Are you ready?
You can go!
Our prisoner talked, finally!
You can go.
The gold is hidden in the cemetery.
Find it! Search everywhere
and come back soon.
Go On, go!
The cemetery.
Are you talking to yourself, friend?
Are you lonely?
Do you want some company?
The cemetery.
They should be back before daylight.
Don't you want a drink?
- How did you get in?
- I played an old song on my ute.
That's a good corporal.
Give me a drink.
Give me a drink.
You old drunkard.
I'm coming.
You don't understand. It takes a uniform
to make a young man look good.
Handsome and depraved,
with death always close at hand.
Drink, you old sponge.
You have more vices than I do.
More!
Damn it!
There's nothing in here!
We've been had!
The gold has to be here.
The stranger talked!
It's here!
We have to find it!
Come on! Get your shovels!
Dig! Find it!
Dig!
We have to find it!
Come on! Faster!
Put your backs into it!
Wait.
Quick!
Take as much as you can.
Hurry UP!
Here.
Quick, they're coming.
Now! Go!
- The master's horse.
- Catch him!
He must have broken his lead.
- He's acting crazy!
- Try to stop him!
- Don't let him out. Stop him!
- The other way, Santos!
Grab his bridle!
- Something's wrong.
- I got him!
Watch out! Dynamite!
Your time...
Time... Your time...
Your time has come.
Cabron!
Your time... Your time...
What did you do, you miserable wretch?
- Look at that fire.
- It's the entire upstairs.
- Downstairs too. Look!
- The stairs are on fire!
How did it happen?
Look at the ames.
Do something!
Everything's on fire, even the ground oor.
Who can get close to that?
Feel the heat!
- The store!
- Hurry, go.
Let's thank the Lord
that the church didn't catch fire!
- I've never seen anything like it.
- Too bad. It was a nice house.
- But where's Hagerman?
- I don't know.
With all the people who owe him money,
you know how it is.
If he were caught in there,
it would be good for a lot of people.
- Did you hear a scream?
- I thought I heard one too.
We can't get closer.
Feel the heat.
- Good thing the house is detached.
- The whole town could have gone up in ames!
Let's stand back.
It's dangerous to stand here.
- It could collapse at any moment.
- It's over.
Look at me!
Look at me!
Courtesy of YAFI
(JAGA BKS)