



Scripts.com

Silver River

By Stephen Longstreet

Halt!

Major Ross?

Yes?

I'm major Wilson
from headquarters.

You can't take this wagon
train into the village.

Why not?

Lee has engaged our
entire army at Gettysburg.

The pay train is not
to enter the village.

Yes, sir.

Captain McComb?

You're in charge. I'm going
to reconnoiter up ahead.

You stay here with
the train. Don't move.

Saunders. Bring your men,
come with me.

They left us high and dry
with a wagon load of money.

We could start
a little poker game.

Poker? With
an army payroll? Not me.

Jeb Stuart's right on this flank.

You better get out of here, captain.

Look!

Get those first two
wagons down the road.

We'll make a run for it
with the pay wagon.

Pistol, take over the wagon.

Captain, what are you
doing with that money?

That's government
property.

I know it.

What are you going
to do with it?

Burn it.

Burn it?

Have you gone crazy?

That stuff's real.
Just as real to jeb stuart
if he got a hold of it.
It's getting
a little warm here.
Get on that
near wheel horse.
I'll pull the kingpin.
Lucky we thought
of burning that money.
We won't get anything,
but major Ross will
probably get a promotion.
He can have it.
I'd settle for a good bath.
I suppose you have an
explanation for this, captain.
Yes, sir. Enemy raiding
party nearly captured us.
But we managed
to destroy the payroll.
You mean you deliberately
set fire to it?
Speak up, captain.
Yes, sir. There
it is, or... was.
You had your orders
and disobeyed them.
Our lines were broken at
Gettysburg, I know that.
If the enemy had got
their hands on this money,
they could have kept
this war going forever.
Captain, we just learned that lee
is in retreat back to virginia.
We didn't lose
the battle, we won it.
I left captain McComb
in charge.
Told him not to move
from his position.
It seems that he took
matters into his own hands

and did, against
army regulations,
burn one million dollars of pay
of the union armies in the field.
Gentlemen of the court, we
must admit the allegations.
We have never denied the
facts as presented here,
nor that they were in violation
of the articles of war.
But I ask you to
consider the character
and record of
this officer.
Captain McComb
served under me-
therefore I know
whereof I speak.
I realize that
he was under orders,
orders not to move
from his position.
But gentlemen,
an order is not a god,
it is a guide.
This is a flagrant case of
direct and willful disobedience
of orders
and regulations.
Captain Michael McComb is to be cashiered
the service of the united states army,
forfeiting all pay
and allowances now due.
The findings and sentence
of the court have been approved
and will be duly executed,
by command of
major general howard.
Thank you, sergeant.
The war department gantry
opened your case, Mike.
I'm sorry, because I still
don't think you had it coming.
Well...

it's a hard, cruel
world, isn't it, major?
Well, I really wanted it
to work for ya, Mike.
I even saw
the adjutant general.
The adjutant general,
huh? Hmm, thanks.
I can't blame you
for feeling bitter.
Bitter? Ha ha,
I'm not bitter.
I'm grateful...
for the lesson.
Lesson?
Yes. I didn't follow their
rules, so they tossed me out.
But I'll follow them
from now on in...
except they're
gonna be my rules.
In other words, if there's
gonna be any shoving around,
next time I'll do it.
Anyway, thanks, major.
Well, good luck, Mike.
Come on, boys.
You lose.
This game is crooked.
I want my money back.
What do you got, only 6s
and aces under those dice?
Can't you make an 11?
Where's honest harry?
I want my money back.
Are you honest harry?
Wait a minute. Now somebody's
gonna get hurt here.
He's my friend. What do
you think you're doing?
We'll show ya.
How would you like a nice crack
in the skull with this?
I wouldn't like it.

A tulip!
Now you better start
kicking up the dirt
while you're still
on your feet.
Rough exterior but
a heart of gold.
Yeah. Hard and yellow.
Hey, pistol.
Yeah?
Can you still
blow a bugle?
A what? A bugle. Can you blow a bugle?
I guess I could
if I had a bugle.
Go get one.
Bugler.
Sound assembly.
Can they court-
martial you twice?
Blow!
columns in fours, men.
Columns in fours.
All right, line up,
line up, stretch it out.
Attention, left face!
Now then, men,
listen carefully.
I have orders I want
carried out immediately.
This camp is a disgrace,
and there's the cause of it
over there.
Honest harry's. Gambling.
Crooked dice, bad liquor.
You boys didn't lose your money,
you were robbed.
Attention. I'm gonna put
a stop to this.
Go in there and give them
a little of the old army boot.
All right, men. Break ranks.
Double quick.
Let's go!

You wanna get hurt?
Attention!
Well done, men,
I'm proud of you.
Now take these hoodlums
and ride them out of town
on a fence rail.
Don't treat 'em too rough...
just barely kill 'em.
Now where is the tulip?
There he is, over there.
He's out cold as a fish.
Well, take him and
throw him in the river.
This is a new one on me.
Stand aside, son. I have
a way with those things.
Here.
Thank you.
All right, boys.
There it is.
There's the money those
thieves stole from you.
Hey, don't break up
that gambling equipment.
The provost marshall might
need that for evidence.
When the provost
gets through with it,
we might just buy that in.
What are you doing?
I'm getting back
my mustering out pay.
Well don't use
your pockets.
Here. Use a barrel.
I'll get yours, too.
Pistol?
Yeah?
I have news for you.
I think you've just gone
into the gambling business.
Mike, we're in trouble.
That bunch of crooked freight

handlers attached our stuff.

What for?

Aw, some jacked-up charge
or other, but it's serious.
Fellow named Banjo Sweeney
bought the writ of attachment
and he's trying
to grab our equipment.

Well, forget it.

Cards.

I'm out.

Seizing properties on false
attachments is no dodge.

It won't work in missouri,
but it's sure legal
in kansas.

That's right, mister.

I want your bill
of lading, McComb.

Oh, we were just
discussing you, mr. Sweeney.

Well, there's nothing to
discuss. Just give me the bill.

Oh, wait a minute,
wait a minute.

After all, if you're going
to grab a man's equipment,
i think the least you could do is give
him the benefit of a little conversation.

I didn't come here for
conversation. Quit stalling.

I'm not stalling.

Why don't you sit down
and have a drink?

We can settle.

I'll get the sheriff.

He'll settle your hash.

Take one more step,
and I'll shoot you...
in the back.

You don't take
any chances, do you?

I never take chances.

It's too risky.

Hey! Hey, mr. Sweeney.
I've been looking
all over for ya.
Serve the writ.
Huh? Oh, yeah.
That's McComb right there...
with the gun.
Yeah...
yeah...
well...
what's the matter, boys?
Couldn't be that we crossed the
line into missouri, could it?
That's right. I'm sorry, mr. Sweeney.
You know, McComb, the way you
held that gun on him, i...
i really thought you'd
shoot him in the back.
Hey, pistol.
Take care of the purser.
See our stuff
gets off first, huh?
Um, your bet,
i believe, mr. Blakely.
Drink, soldier?
Here's what we collected
on deck for the boys.
Looks like they kept their
hands in their pockets.
Didn't dare disturb
the cabin passengers.
They're mostly yankees.
Give me that.
I just love to see
yankees and their money
part company.
I've never seen a handsome
gentleman who wasn't generous.
Thank you.
Purser?
Yes, sir?
When we get to st. Joe,
would you see that McComb's
stuff gets off first?

I'll raise you 200.
I've had enough.
Oh, miss Moore.
Don't get up,
mr. Chevige. I'm just collecting money
for the soldiers on deck.
Would you mind?
It's a pleasure, ma'am.
Thank you.
Of course,
of course.
Go away.
Go away before I shoot you.
In the back.
I'll call ya.
I happen to be trying
to help wounded soldiers.
Now would you
care to contribute?
Your pardon, ma'am.
I had no notion
i was addressing a lady.
Thank you.
Wait a minute.
The change.
Thank you.
Who's that?
That's Georgia Moore.
She and her husband own
the silver river mines.
Nice people.
Very nice.
And you're very generous,
too, with my money.
I'd make that pot
good if I were you.
Three aces.
I had no idea the frontier
could boast such charming ladies.
And speaking of
charming ladies.
What is this?
Our stuff was supposed

to come off first.
Did you pay off
the purser?
He wouldn't take anything.
He was a northerner, too.
You can't trust anybody.
Where's the fellow
who owns those wagons?
He's over here.
Well, you keep
an eye on the stuff.
Hustle up. Murphy,
pull up that team.
Say, these wagons yours?
Yep. Sam slade,
that's me.
Like to hire
some of them.
Sorry, mister, can't be done. Why not?
You're too late.
The lady's got 'em.
Set those crates down easy!
I didn't bring
that machinery
all the way out here
for you to ruin it.
All right,
take the cable off.
Wagon boss is a bit tough.
See what you can do with him.
We're liable to run
into rough weather.
Hello, mrs. Moore.
Or maybe you're mrs.
Moore's younger brother.
That's very funny.
What do you want?
I want a little help. You
remember me, don't you?
I'm the man who so graciously
contributed to your worthy cause.
I'd like to get
a couple of your wagons.
That's impossible.

Oh, just a minute.
This is business. I need
those wagons pretty bad.
Like to make you
an offer.
Sorry, the answer is no,
Mr. Whatever-your-name-is.
Mccomb, ma'am.
Mike McComb.
I need all I have
and more.
I've been trying to get this mining
machinery to silver city for six months.
Sorry.
Oh, that's all right.
I just thought
out west here
everybody tried giving the
other fellow a helping hand.
We also have a saying-
what's mine is mine.
I keep the wagons.
Pretty smart in those pants.
I'd look pretty
silly without 'em.
But a couple of drinks
ain't gonna hurt ya.
Sorry, son, I gotta
stick on the job.
I'll tell you what i
will do, though. What?
If you stick around, I might play
you a little game of horseshoes.
Give them horses
a smackin' big feed.
We're leaving the first
thing in the morning.
Whose stuff are
you hauling, sam?
Belongs to the Moore
company. Silver river.
What do you charge
a trip?
Plenty. But I ain't

got room this trip
to carry a humpbacked mouse.
He's got ethics. I offered
him twice the price
to carry our stuff instead.
But he's got ethics.
Well, I like a man
with ethics.
You sure got a way
with those horseshoes.
That was \$10 a game.
I know it.
Fifth game you won
in a row, isn't it?
I'm good at all kinds
of games. That's my nature.
Hey. You ever
play poker?
Poker? I said
all kinds of games.
"And I do, therefore,
transfer to said Mike McComb
"all my wagons and
freighting equipment
in payment of the said
sporting obligation. "
I think that'll do it.
Put your John hancock
here, sam.
I shoulda stuck
to horseshoes.
Well, so long,
mister.
No. Wait a minute, sam. You're
still my wagon boss, aren't you?
Yeah.
Well, how about getting that
Moore stuff off my wagons, huh?
Mike, how can you do that?
Do what?
Take those wagons away
from mrs. Moore?
She needs 'em.
Pistol...

allow me to
explain something
that may be a guide
to you in the future.
From now on, I am
interested only
in the needs of one
Michael j. McComb.
Have it your own way.
I will.
She's got an awful temper.
I wouldn't want
to tangle with her.
That's where you and i
are different, pal.
Hey, what are you doing loading
McComb's freight on my wagons?
These are our wagons
now, lady.
Where's slade?
He's over there
on the dock.
Get in your wagons.
Have you gone crazy,
sam slade?
Maybe, yeah.
I ain't sure yet.
Why are you doing all this?
Well, if it's all the same
to you, mrs. Moore,
i held a bad hand
last night.
I'm doing what the new owner
of this wagon outfit ordered.
What new owner?
You're lookin'
right at him.
All right, sam,
get 'em rolling.
Can I be of
any service, ma'am?
You cheap, double-crossing
tinhorn gambler.
I'll have you strung up

for stealing my outfit.
Why now, mrs. Moore,
don't scare me like that.
If you want to do business
with me, talk nice and sweet.
But I've got to get this machinery to
silver city. My husband's expecting it.
Then I'll be very glad
to do your husband a favor
and bring his little
wife home to him.
With the machinery?
With love and kisses,
but no machinery.
I've got no room. You
want a ride or don't ya?
No, thank you.
Maybe you're not so
anxious to get home, huh?
Not if I have
to go with you.
Now that kind of flattery will
get you nowhere, mrs. Moore.
Well, if you're not
going to ride with me,
there's a stagecoach
leaving in about a week.
Adios.
We're about to pass
your wagons, mrs. Moore.
We'll be in silver city first.
Might even organize a little
reception committee.
I have no further
interest in mr. Mccomb.
Mr. Mccomb. Certainly
glad to see you again.
We're having a
little trouble here.
So I see.
I know you've
got quite a load,
but if you could take
us into silver city,

I'd consider it
a great favor.
Why, mrs. Moore.
Having
a pleasant journey?
Can you take us?
You bet.
How much is this
gonna cost us, McComb?
Aw, mr. Sweeney, it's not
gonna cost you a nickel.
You're staying right here.
Then he's going to have
company. I'm not going.
You can't do this,
mrs. Moore.
Why, it'll be two days before
they get a new wheel out here.
I'd sooner ride
with the devil.
He ain't with
us this trip.
Oh, do come, mrs. Moore.
I insist.
Oh, come on, mrs. Moore.
I'll catch up to you
in silver city.
We're camping here
tonight, mrs. Moore.
Make my wagon
your home, won't you?
Certainly nice
country, charlie.
Yes, and plenty of 'er.
Any indians around here?
Shucks, no, and not within
a hundred mile of here.
I like you better in skirts.
Sorry to disappoint
you, McComb.
Where ya going?
To make my bed
and get some sleep,
if it's all right with you.

Sure it's all right,
but I had an uncle once,
slept away from
the wagons one night.
In the morning he woke
up without his hair.
Scalped.
Now how would you know whether
or not there are indians out here?
You've never been west
before, greenhorn.
Ain't you gonna
sleep in the wagon?
No, you take it tonight.
I'll bunk down here.
I'll go over and count
the horses again
and pick up a couple
of blankets.
Please, mrs. Moore.
You could at least
knock on the wheel.
What sort of
a man is your husband?
He's a gentleman.
Oh... isn't that a shame.
How long since
you've seen him?
You ask a lot of
questions, don't you?
You're the sort of woman
a man asks questions about.
Besides,
i like your answers.
I thought you made up
all your own answers.
Awful wet down here.
Good.
Oh, I'm so sorry,
mrs. Moore.
It was only pistol. He
didn't know you were there.
I'm sorry, mister.
Are you hurt?

No, it's just
bent a little.
Pistol, take these over to
mrs. Moore with my compliments.
She's gone.
Gone?
How far can she get?
As far as your horse
will take her.
Take 'em on down to
the wagon yard, sam.
You ain't aimin' to settle in
silver city, are ya, stranger?
Oh, I might. Why?
Well, if I was you,
I'd keep moving.
Any particular reason?
You wouldn't
like it here.
Bad for your health.
Oh, well, that's certainly
very kind of you boys
to be so considerate
over a stranger.
Here. Hold my horse, sonny.
All right, boys.
Out you go.
We were just-
you're too young for
this game. Come on, kid.
Come back when you're
old enough to shave.
Move over.
Hello, McComb.
Open for business?
What kind?
Strictly on the level.
Maybe you remember.
I was figuring on a layout
like this for myself.
Too bad your equipment
didn't get here.
I was coming to that.
Mccomb, you need a partner.

I do?
Who do you suggest?
You're looking right at him.
What do you say?
I'd say you'd better have
a drink and forget it.
I don't need any partners.
Is there an undertaker
in this town?
Yeah.
Your boys seem
to be a bit rough.
You wouldn't want them
to get hurt, would ya?
Nobody's gonna get hurt. They're
just celebrating our partnership.
Banjo, I seem to remember
telling you once before
i never take chances.
It's too risky.
But maybe I do
need a partner.
A silent partner.
When he comes to, tell
him he's out of business.
Now get him out of here.
A glass of milk.
Primitive, but persuasive.
What?
Your method of
settling a debate.
What are you selling?
You sound like a lawyer.
I am a lawyer. Business
is a little slow at the moment.
It might surprise you,
sir, to know that
one of our great
universities of learning
once pronounced me
its potential best.
I am still potential.
Well, how about
a potential drink?

Always.

That's a gentleman's drink.

Beck is my name, sir.

John Plato Beck.

Thank you. McComb.

Michael j. McComb.

To your health, sir.

Thank you, sir.

Someone else here

to see you, Mike.

Who is it?

I think you better make yourself
scarce. This is personal.

The lady's husband.

You're McComb?

That's right.

I'm stanley Moore
of the silver river mine.

What can I do for you?

My wife tells me you took
over our freight wagons.

Those wagons were
neither hers nor yours.

I bought them faithfully.

Did she tell you that?

Yes, she did.

Can I offer you a drink?

McComb, I'm in kind of a spot.

To get my machinery
i need those wagons.

Will you lend them to me?

Lend them to you?

Mr. Moore, I operate
strictly on a cash basis.

If you want to buy those
wagons, they're for sale.

How much do you want?

Oh...

\$6,000.

I haven't that kind
of money on hand.

Will you take shares in the silver
river mine? A dollar a share.

What do you say,

your honor?
That stock
worth anything?
Might be. It's a gamble.
Well, I'm
a gambling man.
I think you've got
a deal, mr. Moore.
Oh, have you met
my lawyer, mr. Beck?
We've met.
I have a client?
It looks like it.
Have you got an office?
Just down the street, sir.
My hat.
Let's go.
All right.
Get rid of this.
If you'll just sign one of
these blank forms, mr. Mccomb,
I'll make out the bill
of sale for the wagons
and give it to mr. Moore
in the morning.
All right.
Here we are.
Very pretty.
I hope our little deal
works out profitably for you.
I hope so, mr. Moore.
Now, if you'll pardon me.
Give my regards to
mrs. Moore, won't you?
Yes, of course.
Interesting couple,
the Moores.
Hmm.
Good looking wife.
He's to be envied.
You sound like
a lonely man, mr. Mccomb.
Man is only lonely when he
depends on other people, mr. Beck.

I don't.
As a student of human nature,
you excite my curiosity.
Where'd you come from and
what are you looking for?
I'm looking for a lawyer who
can mind his own business.
Sorry.
Gibbons' decline and fall.
I seem to remember a quotation
from that. Let me see...
"no clash of arms,
no matter of rebellion
can pluck from his grasp
what he had won. "
Sounds as if
you knew it.
Oh, I read a book once.
Heh heh.
Well, caesar was ambitious.
He lived by it, and
he died because of it.
A bad exchange, that,
isn't it, mr. Beck?
Death for ambition.
But, of course, there's
an answer for that, too.
Ambition should be
made of sterner stuff.
Of course, you've
got to be lucky.
Even caesar couldn't
make his own luck.
Oh, caesar didn't
have bad luck.
That was bad judgment.
He trusted a friend.
Remember? Brutus.
Good night.
You shouldn't have
waited up, darling.
I couldn't sleep.
He didn't give you the wagons.
I knew it would be like that.

You've got him all wrong,
Georgia. We made a deal.
What kind of a deal?
A fair one.
He doesn't even know
the meaning of the word.
I think you're
being hard on him.
He's just a businessman.
Stanley, you're not in
boston. You're in silver city.
The only dealing McComb
knows is double dealing.
What did you give him
for the wagons?
It wasn't money.
Well, what then?
Some shares in the mine.
Oh, I know he's
a little smooth,
but he's plenty smart, too.
Stanley, how many shares
did you give him?
6,000.
Don't worry, it'll be all
right, darling. You'll see.
Do you remember me?
You bet I do.
Sam. How are you?
Still pitching horseshoes? Some.
But I ain't playin' poker.
Had a tough run of luck,
mr. Mccomb.
Taking a party upcountry.
But the trouble is-
i know. You need
a stake, huh?
Uh-huh. I thought
that maybe- pistol.
I guess we sort of owe
you a favor anyway, sam.
Take care of him,
will ya? Good luck.
This is getting

monotonous, Plato.
More and more of
this paper every night.
That's true enough.
Tell the dealers not to
accept any more of this stuff.
After tonight I want gambling
losses paid off in cash.
Wait. Local merchants
are accepting these vouchers.
Well, I'm not.
Aren't the mine owners going
to redeem these things?
They'd like to.
What do you mean,
"they'd like to"?
I've gone over the whole
problem with the mine owners
and, believe me,
it is a problem.
They're forced to
issue these vouchers
because you and your gaming table have
corralled all the money in the town.
Then let them get
some more money.
Haven't they heard there's a little
thing called a mint in san francisco?
You know, if there was a local bank,
these vouchers could be redeemed.
I think I'll take a little
ride in the morning
and find out what goes on
in this mining business.
Good morning.
I just thought I'd come
up and take a look around.
You're poaching.
Oh, I wouldn't say that.
I'm a stockholder,
remember?
I remember a lot
of things about you.
Good.

One is that I don't like ya.
Going somewhere?
Think I'll come
along with ya.
What do you think
you're doing?
Aw, I'd like
to talk business.
Everything going smoothly
at our mine, I hope.
Take it up with my husband.
I'm going to see him now.
Oh, in that case,
we'll take our time.
Why don't you
leave us alone?
Because I've met
your husband.
Just what are you
trying to say?
Just that I don't think you dislike
me as much as you think you do.
I think you're
just scared.
You're a fool, McComb.
You've got the wrong woman.
Glad to see you, McComb.
Thanks. You make me feel
like one of the family.
I guess you're up here
about the stock.
Yeah. I'm not getting
any returns.
Well, you might as well know.
You won't get any.
With that smelter
going up?
I can't finish putting it up.
I'm about cleaned out.
I'm sorry
to hear that, Moore.
Something about a losing
investment I don't like.
You never take a chance,

do you, McComb?
Not if I can help it.
I know a lot of people
who don't know
what to do with a chance
when they get it.
I've got some more above
ground, but no credit.
If I have to,
i might be able to sell out
to a syndicate
in san francisco.
Too bad to take
such a loss.
Why take it?
That's right, stanley.
Mccomb has plenty of money.
If we get
our smelter up now,
the other mine owners
have to come to us.
Why not let him advance
what we need?
That sounds like
a very good idea.
I might even
consider it for a...
shall we say...
a third interest in
silver river properties?
You don't
ask for much.
I don't know.
The way things stand, i...
i think maybe we'd better
accept McComb's offer.
Good. Then we'll
all be partners.
Why don't you
fellows get smart?
The mine owners will
never pay off in money
as long as you keep
taking their paper.

So don't let them
feed you that malarkey
about the cash
coming later.
They'll keep you working for
nothing. It's in the greed.
And let me tell you
another thing.
Mike McComb's in with 'em.
That don't sound
right, banjo.
Mike's a gambler.
Hey, McComb!
What's banjo sweeney selling?
Patent medicine?
Looks like trouble,
Mike.
Bar that door.
That one, too.
The mine owners are
upstairs waiting for you.
Well. Silver city's most
distinguished citizens.
And mrs. Moore.
I had no idea there were
to be ladies present.
I'm here as a mine owner,
mr. McComb.
We're not paying a social call.
We're having trouble with the mines.
Ah, trouble,
trouble, trouble.
Indeed, we all have our
troubles, do we not?
You're the cause
of our troubles.
You won't let the miners
gamble unless they have cash.
You know we've been
paying them off in paper.
Then pay them off
in cash. Suit me better.
Well, the truth is, there's
no loose money around.

Now these gentlemen and
this lady here thought maybe-
maybe they'd better do less
thinking and more mining.
Anyway,
why come to me?
Don't be a bunch
of sheep!
Go in there and
make them pay up!
I think I may have
a possible solution.
Some of you aren't
going to like it,
but it's going to be
my way or not at all.
I'll set up a bank.
How's that
for an idea, Plato?
He's right, gentlemen.
He has all the cash and he could
guarantee the weekly payroll.
This is going to
cost us something.
What is it, McComb?
Mrs. Moore, it's
a hard, cruel world.
Naturally it's going
to cost you something.
I want a cut of stock from
every mine in silver city.
That's robbery!
No, no, no.
That's business.
Of course, there'd be
an additional fee. Say 10%-
also payable in stock.
Plato, I'm proud of you. Sometimes
i think you earn your salary.
Well, I suppose there's
nothing else we can do.
You win, McComb.
You're in the banking
business.

I'll go welcome
my new depositors.
All right, all right,
cool off, boys.
I've just been
having a little talk
with the mine owners
inside here
and they seem to think
it would be a good idea
if I were to set up a bank.
All right.
I'll guarantee my bank
will meet all
the paper you hold
and pay you off in cash.
How is that?
How are you boys doing
with those doors down there?
Knock 'em down and come on in
for a drink on the bank.
Put those bags on the table
then go back to the palace
and get the rest of the stuff.
What do you think of it?
I like 'em better
with two sleeves.
Oh. Meet my new tailor,
mister...
anyway, he once made a suit
for the prince of wales.
Mike, with the money
you're making,
you can afford to
get them ready made.
Make him a new vest.
Plato says
I'm now a gentleman.
Going on the theory that
clothes make the man.
No offense, Mike.
Not bad.
Mr. Mccomb, if you please. Oh, sorry.
I don't understand it. First you

loan the money here at the bank,
then you win it back at the
gambling tables across the street,
put it back in the bank,
then loan it out again.

But are we making
anything?

That's high finance,
pistol. Explain it to him.
He might not be so wrong.
This system could backfire.
Better think about it.

Don't you think I've
thought about it already?

We're not stopping
here. We're expanding.

Carson city,
all over the state.

First I'm going to
open gambling houses.

After that, banks.

People will
like that idea.

Give them someplace
to put their money.

Right in their pockets.

Mr. Mccomb will have no
pockets unless he stands still.

This just come over the wire.

This isn't addressed to me.

Why, I thought you'd
like to see it first.

Look who's coming.

Huh?

Hey. This'll be
the biggest thing
that ever happened
to silver city.

Have we got his
brand of whiskey?

Put some more ice in that
punch bowl. It's all melted.

Don't worry, dear. Everything's
going to be all right.

What difference does it make? The whole evening's spoiled anyway. Oh, I'm sure the president will be here most any minute now. I'd give \$1,000 to get my hands on that Mike McComb. You can just bet he's responsible for this. I don't think it was very nice of him after all the trouble we went to. He loves trouble- especially when he's making it. Excuse me, Mrs. Moore, but I heard the president was over at McComb's place. Oh, that's perfect. Just perfect. He'll no doubt fleece him in a card game. Darling, darling, don't get so upset. Oh, I'm so mad i could spit. Now, Georgia. Men will be men. McComb is not a man. He's a- mr. President, mr. Chevige, our host and the owner of the biggest mine in silver city. That interests me greatly. Mr. President. Uh, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Howbote, Mrs., um... Moore. Ah, yes, of course, the head of our entertainment committee. And Mr. Moore. A pleasure,

mr. President.

Mr. Moore.

Three cheers for the
president of the united states!

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

I appreciate the ovation.

Thank you, thank you,
thank you.

Now, mr. President, let me
introduce you to the punch bowl.

Cigar, general?

Thank you.

How about some punch?

No, no, no, no, no.

Mccomb is an amazing man.

Pardon me, mrs. Moore.

I wonder if you could spare
your husband for a moment?

The boys would like to have you
join us for a little talk, Moore.

Georgia?

Of course.

There's one or two
other matters,
but you already know
most of the story.

I think you can tell
the other gentlemen.

Do you have everything
you want, general?

Everything but a dance
with you, mrs...

Moore.

I wish all men were
so easily pleased.

While we're in here talking,
McComb is out there
making policy
with the president.

I hardly think the president
came all the way out here
just to patronize
the punch bowl.

You're entirely right,

gentlemen.
Shut that door.
I can tell you
it's no accident that
the president of the united
states came to silver city.
Although his visit's
unofficial,
what he told me is
of vital importance.
Well, if it was so important,
why didn't he talk to all of us?
I imagine the president
has a pretty fair idea
who he wants to talk to.
Besides, aren't we all in
the mining business together?
Mccomb's right, gentlemen.
Aside from personal feelings,
we can't operate
the mines without him.
Let's hear what
he has to say.
Very smart. Plato,
you were there this afternoon.
Give them the picture.
Well, as you all know,
a first great nation
is a nation with surplus
international credits.
Britain has her empire.
Kimberly diamond mines,
the silver of india,
the gold of iran
and the tin of malaya.
Russia has
the steppes of siberia,
rich in a hundred resources.
What about the gold of
california, oregon, colorado?
True. The 49ers gave us
the gold exchange,
but, gentlemen,
that's not enough.

The big strikes
in gold are over.
Do you know what we need now
to make this country the
great creditor of nations?
Silver.
In simple language,
gentlemen,
here's the word
from the president.
You've got to produce
more silver,
even if it means working
the mines 24 hours a day.
Digging faster,
shipping faster,
you've got to produce
more silver.
Up until now, of course,
everybody's been digging silver
to see how much of it they could
stick away in their own pockets. Fine.
But the picture's changed.
Silver city has become more
important than all of us.
On what we do right here depends
the very future of america.
I visualize this
territory around us here
as the foundation
of a vast empire.
And if you're smart, it'll begin
right here with the men in this room.
If we try, we'll
double the silver output.
Depend on me.
I thought you'd see
it my way, gentlemen.
Uh, pardon me. Mine
and the president's.
Well, drop around
to the bank tomorrow
and we'll go into detail.
So what else could we do?

We burnt the million dollars.
What a fire. I had \$35,000
worth of ashes on my hat.
And for that, they threw him
out of the army.
That's gratitude.
They threw you out
once, didn't they?
No... twice.
You've got a pretty
good job now, though.
Our dance, I believe,
mrs. Moore.
Yes, it has been nice.
Oh, you'd better.
People might think
you don't like me.
I don't want to dance with you.
Take me back, please.
Why, mrs. Moore, I think you
wanted me to ask you to dance.
You're aggressive,
aren't you?
Mm-hmm.
But like a child.
First you want a circus
all done up in gold braid
and then you want-
you.
I'm not interested.
May I offer you
a toast, mrs. Moore?
To what we both
really want.
You seem to have
spilled your drink.
Lovely party, isn't it?
What will
i own, Plato?
How about
a million acres, Mac?
All the country you can
see to that far ridge.
Clear across the valley

to those peaks.
And as far north
as you can see
across that
snow-capped ridge.
I tell you,
it's a big undertaking,
and it'll cost you
a pretty penny.
Plato...
you're looking at a man
who once burnt \$1 million.
Out there... I see
100 million.
Buy it tomorrow.
Sam slade. Sam,
who'd you tangle with?
Ran into a pack
of indians.
Black rock range.
Black rock?
Yeah.
I was freightin' in
a camping outfit
for eastern fellas,
prospectors.
Shoshonees killed
all of them.
We'd better keep this
quiet or we'll liable
to throw the whole town
into a panic.
Gun and a little bit of silver.
All that's left of sam slade.
Little enough for a man
to leave, isn't it?
Come in.
Hello, Moore.
Hello, Beck.
I know it's late,
but I've been to town
several times today
looking for you.
Oh? What's on

your mind?

You know, we've been getting
out a lot of ore, all of us.

Mines are working
at full capacity.

Still, it's not enough.

I know it.

Got any suggestions?

That night at chevige's
i told you

i thought there was still
untouched, undeveloped fields.

Sure, I remember.

We need new fields.

Well, we're not the only ones
who think so.

I heard a prospecting party
went out just the other day.

That means other companies
have the same idea.

We can't let them
get away from us.

Where is this country?

Black rock range,
about a day's ride away.

That's the shoshonee
indian country, boy.

I know.

And, uh, you think there
might be silver there?

I'm sure of it.

Of course, that's
pretty rugged country.

After all,

you're a married man.

You're wife,

she might not like it.

I'm a mining engineer, McComb.

Here, let me

show you on the map.

The range of mountains
runs right along here.

They have the same type of
outcroppings on that range

as we have here where we're
getting silver right now,
and I believe that if we
go right in this area,
we have an excellent chance
of making a big strike.
I want to go out there and
take a few samples of the ore.
If they prove to be as rich as I have
every reason to believe they will,
we can double our output.
Good night, Beck.
'Night.
Good night, sweet prince.
Lights of angels,
sing thee to thy rest.
Looks like a long drink.
It's gonna be a long night.
You silly old...
Plato, you still need that
stuff to see you through a night?
I will for what
i want to say.
Oh, a speech, huh?
It's a good speech.
A speech about
the truth.
I used to like
the truth, Mike.
Well, we all do, don't we?
Ha! Not you,
you run from it.
My speech is about
the human soul.
Do you believe in
the human soul?
I believe in myself.
Then you're wasting
your time.
You know why?
All right... why?
Because you're
no good, Mike.
You're no good.

The defense rests.
Did you ever read the bible?
Not lately, no.
Well, it's all
written there.
The whole story about
a king called david.
You know what he wanted, too?
A woman.
A woman he saw one day
bathing in the garden.
Mm-hmm. Go on.
And david desired this woman,
and he lusted for her...
but she was the wife
of one of his captains,
and he sent the captain
off to the wars,
and he placed him in
the full of the battle,
and this captain was killed,
and the king took the wife of
this slain captain for his own.
And that's not all.
You've forgotten something.
What?
The king loved
that woman, didn't he?
David loved her with
an all-consuming passion.
Didn't he?!
That's not important!
Of course it's not important, not
to you, you cold boston codfish.
You and your sermons.
You get 'em out
of a bottle, Beck.
You want to make up rules
for other people to live by
because you've forgotten
how to live yourself.
You're a drunk and
sanctimonious hypocrite-
don't do it, Mike.

Don't send Moore to
that shoshonee country.
Don't do it.
Don't do that.
Not even you.
Aw, don't do it, Mike.
All right, take it up to the
cookhouse and check it in.
Hello, i, uh... want to have
a little talk with you.
What about?
Oh, about your husband.
Why talk to me? My husband
takes care of his own business.
Besides, he's gone.
Gone? I didn't think-
Georgia,
he's gotta be stopped.
Oh, I guess you've
thought it over
and now you're going
to change your mind.
Leave stanley alone. He knows
mining. It's his business.
Look, there's something
I've got to tell you.
He's gone up in the black
rock range. I know that.
I don't think you
understand, though.
I just found out the
shoshonees are on the warpath.
You know what that
means, don't you?
They already killed
a party of prospectors.
Shoshonees?
How long ago did he leave?
At dawn this morning.
I'm going after him.
Mccomb, I want to go, too.
No, you'd better stay here.
I'll take some of your men.
We ought to be able

to catch him.
Get on your horses
and follow me.
Get on your horses
and follow me.
Pardon me.
I, uh...
we didn't get there
soon enough, Georgia.
Well, king david, I see you've
brought the warrior home.
I believe we've been too hasty
in discharging our obligations
to the late mr. Moore.
We've written no epitaph.
Well, I'll speak one.
Nature might stand to
all the world and say
this was a man,
a man betrayed.
I don't believe
i need to identify
the gentleman who
victimized him.
He was among us today,
not to mourn,
but to claim the rewards
of his treachery.
Good morning, mr. Mccomb.
Good morning, edwards.
Well, what do you think
of this site?
Oh, it's excellent,
excellent,
but do you think a castle
will blend with this landscape?
Blend? In the landscape?
Look, edwards, I don't intend
to blend with any landscape.
I intend to fill it.
Yes, sir.
Now, look. I want a big
magnificent house, gothic style.
I want it built

in white marble. White.
But there's no marble in
this part of the country.
Then get marble.
And look, edwards,
on both sides of the main entrance
i want wings stretching out.
Mr. Mccomb, I'd like to talk this
over at greater length with you.
I'm still rather confused.
Hurry it up, edwards.
Good-bye.

"Michael j. Mccomb. "
"Mike McComb,
who brags he once burned
"a million dollars
of army payroll
"and ran
a roulette wheel into
"the largest silver
syndicate in the west,
"expanding his interests
into cattle, wheat and lumber,
"is now building
a castle in the desert
from which to rule
his growing empire. "

Hello, chevige.
Where is McComb?
Haven't you heard?
Mrs. Moore is coming in
on that san francisco
stage this afternoon.
You'll find him
down there.
Stage from san francisco.
Welcome home.
It's nice to be back.
I've brought my carriage
here for you.
Thank you.
You look well.
Do i?
What am I talking about?

You look beautiful.
Can this be
the old Mike McComb?
No.
You've been gone
a long time.
If you didn't come in today
i was coming after you.
I don't want you to make
any plans for a week.
Every day for a week.
We're the same kind
of people, you and i.
Maybe that's the trouble.
I'm not sure if we'd
be good for each other.
One minute we're
fighting like wildcats,
the next we're in love.
It certainly took you
a long time to say that.
I never wanted to.
You just did.
It's not as simple as that.
It would be if you'd
just stop talking.
I don't think it's
going to be so difficult
for us to get along.
You almost had me
fooled for a minute,
but you haven't changed
a bit, Mike McComb.
Everything out there,
as far as you can see,
will be yours.
It's empty land.
Now, maybe, but it's not
going to stay that way.
One day,
you mark my words,
there'll be cities
out there.
Railroads, water,

things growing.

A whole new world created
from a silver river.

They'll remember you then.

Me?

Sure.

They'll say it was all done
for the love of a woman.

Let's be honest, Mike.

You were taking care of yourself
long before I ever came along.

I'm sure nothing in the world
could have stopped you, or can now.

I don't want to be stopped.

It isn't going to be as easy
as taking those wagons
away from me.

Mr. Burns?

What's this?

An invitation to
Mike McComb's housewarming.

I'll go.

It ain't gonna be that warm.

Everything in the house
is imported from europe.

Mr. Blake, mr. Chevige, and one for
the attorney.

Don't miss
this party, men.

800 cases
of real champagne.

Look at this. Well, what do you expect?

Very fancy,

but I'm not going.

I'm going to stay home
and so's my wife.

You'll go, gentlemen,
and so will your wives.

The king is now in his castle.

This is not an invitation.

It's a command. Louie!

I'll trade you mine
for another drink.

Yes, sir, everything
in that room's imported.
Look at that clock.
Got that from switzerland.
Got some cheese from there, too.
You'll get some of that later.
Now that's the front door. That's
where you came in. You saw that.
Now upstairs are the bedrooms.
Ten of 'em.
One big one. And that
light hanging up there...
that's imported, too.
All the way from
philadelphia.
If we have time later
I'll take you down
and show you
the wine cellar.
Full of imported wine,
beer and cigars.
Now you see that door
and that ceiling?
Mike had that taken right
out of a french castle.
Cost us a fortune.
And here, this is
the dining room in here.
Wait till you see that.
Wait till we see it? We've
been here for over an hour.
Yes, mr. Porter,
all this is very lovely,
but where are our
host and hostess?
We're terrible,
keeping them all waiting.
You just say the word and
I'll throw them all out.
You'll do nothing
of the kind.
You look beautiful.
Thank you.
Well, hello, chevigee,

seen the house?
What a lovely gown,
mrs. McComb. Thank you.
Dinner is served.
Shall we go in?
Your kind indulgence,
ladies and gentlemen.
I'd merely like to say
how happy I am
to think that so many
of our invited guests
found time to grace our table.
Indeed, it's not often
that a man finds himself
honored by the presence
of so many...
so many loyal,
trustworthy friends.
Huh, chevige?e?
Oh, uh, yes, yes,
to be sure.
Now, if I may,
I'd like to propose a toast.
To the silver queen,
mrs. Mike McComb.
Well, I seem to remember
my father telling me
on an occasion
somewhat similar to this-
be brief, be sincere,
and be seated.
We're greatly indebted
to mr. And mrs. McComb
for their gracious
hospitality.
Much happiness to them.
Now I'll tell one.
Ha! Plato.
With a respectful bow
to our beautiful hostess,
i propose a toast
to mr. McComb,
my old friend.
Indeed, we should

all honor him.
His name marks
our schools, our banks,
and one day, maybe,
our finish.
Ladies and gentlemen, you're
in the presence of a great man.
A mighty man.
Are there any takers?
Easy, Plato.
Easy is the word.
Remember to say "please"
and "thank you" to mr. Mccomb.
He likes to be thanked.
Mr. Mccomb is offended
by my conduct.
He believes in the dignity
of man-one man.
Why should caesar
be a tyrant then?
Ask Mike McComb.
He knows all about tyrants.
But let's look at the man.
The whole man,
the good and the bad.
Ladies and gentlemen,
this is no whole man.
Let's consider him,
then, a serpent's egg.
And kill him in the shell.
Get out of here.
Get out,
you drunken old fool.
You're no good, Mike.
You're rotten!
Rotten clean through!
You hear me? I'm through
with you, finished.
You think you run
the world now
but that won't last,
king david.
See that he gets home
all right, pistol.

Did I ever tell you
the story of king david?

Let me tell her
that story.

Later.

Shall we go into
the drawing room?

I'm afraid I can't stay.

It's been a pleasure, sir.

Good night, mrs. Mccomb.

Good night.

Good night, mr. Mccomb.

Good night, mrs. Mccomb.

Mike.

Lovely housewarming,
wasn't it?

I hope you don't mind
everyone's leaving so early.

Mind? I wonder why we bothered
with them in the first place.

But Plato. I don't understand
his acting like that.

Oh, it was just
the liquor talking.

What did he mean
about king david?

What did he mean
about david?

Who knows what goes
through the mind of a drunk?

One minute he's
talking about caesar
the next about
serpent's eggs.

But it was so strange.

Forget it.

Oh, good morning,
mr. Mccomb.

Morning, mr. Mccomb.

Morning, mr. Mccomb.

Morning, mr. Mccomb.

Good morning, mr. Mccomb.

Morning, mr. Mccomb.

Well, it's about time

you got back.

I've been trying to
get in touch with you.

Have you?

Well, the mrs. And i
thought we'd leave
business to the rest of you for awhile.

Ah.

The harvard lampoon.

Very educational.

Somebody must've
left it here.

I've been keeping my
eye on things, Mike.

Did you get those
reports I sent you?

I haven't been doing much reading
lately. What is it, shaeffer?

These were will require your
immediate attention, mr. Mccomb.

I don't know what
you'll say to this,
but mr. Chevigee
and the other mine owners
have withdrawn their money
from this bank
and have arranged to transact
their business in san francisco.

San francisco.

That's a long way.

They, uh, call themselves
the western combine.

Short and simple.

What does that mean
to us, Mike?

I'm not sure.

They still have to have
their payrolls met in my bank.

Only from now on,
shaeffer,

i only want the payrolls of
the silver river mines met.

Is that clear?

Yes, sir.

That'll bring 'em around.
It should.
Where's Beck?
I haven't seen him.
I looked in all the bars.
He must have left town.
Left town?
Probably out looking
for a new saloon.
Looks like chevigee and the
boys haven't wasted any time.
Hello, Beck.
Hello, chevigee.
We learned
you were in town.
We'd like to talk over
a little proposition.
Now since you handle a
lot of McComb's business,
we thought...
I'm sorry, gentlemen.
I have plans of my own.
Besides, I'm not in sympathy
with your war over silver.
It's rumored that you're
going into politics, mr. Beck.
Why did McComb move
his offices out here?
We're working
24 hours a day.
Got our own
telegraph wire in there.
Mrs. McComb, I think you'd
better tell your husband
i can't get his price
for the warehouse.
He oughta settle
for half.
Keep trying, mr. Taylor. Mr.
McComb never settles for half.
Mrs. McComb, I've
been waiting for hours.
Well, make
yourself comfortable.

What goes on here?
Mccomb rushed me
out here from denver.
Now he lets me sit here
and cool my heels.
If that doesn't work,
try cooling your temper.
Name's rice,
mrs. Mccomb.
I'm from
the san francisco telegram.
They call you the silver
queen, don't they, ma'am?
That's right.
Well, what do you
think of the silver war?
Where I come from,
this is a skirmish.
Pardon me, gentlemen.
Tracey, you were the one
who talked me into
buying this land for half a
million dollars, weren't you?
Now when I want you
to sell it for a profit,
you mean to say
it's not worth it?
No, it isn't,
mr. Mccomb.
Aw, what are you
talking about?
Tell 'em there's gold in it. Come on.
What goes?
Not so good.
Looks like the bottom's
dropping out.
It's down
another 50 points.
Now listen, all of you.
I don't know where chevige
and the rest of the combine
are getting their money, but
they're getting it somewhere.
That means I've gotta

match 'em dollar for dollar.
Mike, maybe I'm wrong,
but wouldn't it
be a good idea
to put the properties on
the market one at a time?
Well, of course.
I thought that was understood.
Don't make it look
like I'm selling out.
For instance, tifton,
whenever you sell a ranch
wait awhile before
you list the next one.
Those, uh, dance halls are
worth something, aren't they?
Aw, no. No, I don't wanna sell those.
After all, that's
where the ready cash is.
That's something
tangible.
Don't forget
that's where you started.
You ain't gonna
sell 'em, are you, Mike?
Oh, pistol just
likes the girls.
Hmm.
I think you'd like
to see me get rid
of those dance halls,
wouldn't you?
All right.
Sell 'em, tracey.
Now, you all understand
the plans, do you?
Mccomb, a message from the east.
The eastern syndicate lend
support to smash McComb.
Ah.
So that's where they're getting
the money, is it?
Gentlemen, disregard
everything I said.

I want every penny of cash
you can lay your hands on.
You get it?
Sell everything.
I said everything.
You heard me, didn't you?
All right, gentlemen, be kind
enough to get out of here.
I got business.
Mike, there are newspaper reporters
out there from all over the country.
They've been
waiting for hours.
Maybe you'd better
see them now.
Oh, let 'em wait.
Well...
i never did like
things that came easy.
This time, it looks they're
gonna give us a run for the money.
I know.
But we'll give 'em
as good as we get.
Better.
I'm glad you said
"we", Mike.
You don't think I've
forgotten you, do you?
Georgia, I'd be no good
without you anymore.
Are we going
to beat them?
You bet we will.
I've already forced some of
their mines to close down.
And before
I'm through,
I'll close every mine
in this territory.
You said this was
between you and chevigee.
But when you start talking
about closing the mines,

I- I just
don't understand.
Mr. McComb, a reply
from thompson in san francisco.
Read it.
Urgently need \$300,000
cash.
We can thank McComb
for all this.
Yes, and them a livin' in
that fancy house of theirs yet.
Well, boys, how do you like it
since McComb shut down the mines?
Talking ain't gonna open
'em up again, sweeney.
If I was in your shoes,
I'd go and have
a talk with McComb.
Well, you ain't
in our shoes.
We haven't even got 15
cents to buy a drink with.
You stick with me and I'll buy
you all the drinks you want.
Where'd you get all
the pay dirt, sweeney?
I got the right
kind of friends.
And I don't mean him!
I'll vote for him if he
can open up the mines again.
Why don't you
get smart?
Beck used to work for McComb.
He probably still does.
Now, take these
to my office,
and pick me up

around 8:

Yes, sir.
Whoa, boy.
Plato! Plato Beck!
Hello, Georgia.

We've missed you.
Well, I haven't been far
from the sound of Mike's name.
They're talking about
him all over the state.
I hope you haven't
been listening
to the wrong side
in your campaigning.
Georgia,
I've got to listen.
That's my business
from now on.
Listening for
the truth.
Why don't you
come out to the house?
I know Mike would
love to see you.
I've been meaning
to call. Only...
that's all
been forgotten.
Good! I'd love to talk to Mike.
You see, he's part
of my campaign.
Oh?
What have I been
telling you?
What do you think Beck's doing
in that buggy with Mrs. McComb?
Come on.
Get wise to yourselves.
Take a look at this.
The silver queen herself.
Let's have three cheers for
Beck and the silver queen.
The former
Mrs. Moore!
Shut up,
you idiot!
What's the matter,
Beck?
You know

all about it.
Everybody knows about it except
stanley Moore, and he's dead.
King david killed him.
King david McComb!
Get out of my way.
Ha ha ha ha!
The prodigal returns.
Plato.
I'm glad to see you.
I knew you'd come back sooner or later,
you old reprobate. Here,
let me have your hat.
Georgia, let's get him a drink.
No, thanks.
Remember when
i told you once, Mike,
a man should have roots?
Well...
mine are here.
Yes, but...
the town's not
the same, Plato.
Towns should never
stay the same, Mike.
They should change,
get better.
This one can,
with your help.
Same old Beck.
Except, uh, I never
heard you preach sober.
I'm not preaching,
Mike.
I'm running for senator.
Senator?
Well, well.
Senator Beck, eh?
Well, what's your
platform gonna be?
The decline and fall of
the roman empire or what?
No. The decline and fall
of the silver empire.

As a matter of fact, Mike,
I've been talking about you.
Have you?
Thanks for the boost.
I'm not sure you'll
like what I'm saying.
I'm not so sure either.
You've gone over to the
western combine, haven't you?
No.
You've got it
all wrong, Mike.
It's the people.
The people against the
western combine, too.
Funny thing about voters.
They don't like to be
caught in a private war.
Yours or anybody else's.
Aw, you make
me sick.
Senator Beck, huh?
Georgia, I seem to remember
dragging the senator
out of a gutter once.
Or was it
a bar room floor?
Buying him his whiskey,
putting a clean shirt on his
back when he didn't even have one.
And now he's come to
pass judgment on us.
Look, Beck, you go back
and tell your voters this.
I made silver city
and I can break it.
Sooner or later, you
and all the rest of them
will come crying to me
like a pack of dogs.
I'm sorry, Mike.
Eh, you're always sorry.
I'm sorry for you
this time.

I'm going to win
this fight.
And when I do,
I'll wipe you
and the western combine
off the map.
This country
has a chance to grow,
and I'm going to see
that it gets that chance.
Beck, you're still a
sanctimonious old hypocrite.
Good-bye, Georgia.
If you need me,
you'll find me in town.
I'll see you
to the door.
Georgia.
What's the matter
with you?
Plato said he was
sorry for you.
I'm sorry
for both of us.
That needs
a little clearing up.
Like most of
Plato's parables,
it doesn't seem
to make much sense.
He was right, Mike.
In town, the people are desperate.
It's like
a graveyard.
Then I hope
they rest in peace.
That's their funeral.
You can't mean that.
But I do mean it.
I've got to mean it.
Even if you
don't like it.
You almost sound as if-as
if you want me to quit

in the middle
of a fight.
I don't want you
to fight me.
But Georgia,
you're my wife.
Yes.
But I think
you've forgotten.
I'm a fighter, too.
You don't even understand
what I'm trying to say, do you?
I think I do.
It seems to me that-
the babblings
of a reformed drunk
have turned even you
against me.
That drunk was
your friend once.
Friend?
I expect nothing
from friends.
But I did think I could count
on the loyalty of my wife.
I was reminded,
you took another man's.
Ah.
Now we're getting to it.
Beck told you.
I didn't hear it
from Beck.
Banjo sweeney
was in town.
Sweeney.
I never wanted to blame
you for stanley's death.
I wanted to believe you did
everything you could to stop him.
I knew what
people were saying.
But I loved you, so I believed in you.
Now you don't.
Is that it?

I thought
you changed, Mike,
but you haven't.
Change?
Why should I change?
I never pretended to be anything
different than what I am.
And you always knew
what I was after.
But I didn't know how
you intended getting it.
Mike, call off
this fight. Please.
Let's start again.
Call it off. I'll never
call it off, Georgia. Never.
Then I can't
stay and watch it.
I'm leaving you.
You seen
banjo sweeney?
No, I ain't.
Where's sweeney?
He's not here.
He's gone to
san francisco.
Liar.
I tried to tell you
there's a run on the bank.
We're through.
What are you
talking about?
Get carson city.
Tell them to send us a couple
of hundred thousand dollars.
There isn't any bank
at carson city.
It didn't open today,
mr. Mccomb.
Then get leadville.
It's closed, too.
Get outta here. Get out
or I'll blow you out.
Put up that gun,

pistol.
Shaeffer, pay off
all those people.
But mr. McComb, I'm not sure
we have enough money to...
if you do,
you're bankrupt!
Pay them off.
Give them
everything we got.
Quiet down.
You'll get your money.
Quiet down, everybody.
Georgia?
Get your hands off that.
Everything goes,
McComb.
That picture stays,
unless you want to
go out of here feet first.
Come on, jim, terry.
Let's get this other stuff.
They sure cleaned the place
out, didn't they, Mike?
Sure did.
I like it that way.
More room.
Look, Mike,
i haven't got big money,
but I got a few dollars. It's yours.
I was just thinking
of the time
we burned a million
dollars, remember?
I sure do.
Seen a lot of changes
since then, haven't we?
Yeah.
You know, chevige and
the boys are back in town.
They're running some
windbag against Beck.
Really?
Very interesting.

You didn't come here to talk politics, though. What's on your mind, boy?

Oh, nothing.

I just thought you'd like to know I saw Georgia. You know, Beck is making a speech today at the silver river mine. Georgia's working with him.

Is she?

She, uh-she looks well, I hope. She looks great.

Good.

She's gonna be on hand today for the big rally. Why don't you come out, Mike?

I don't know.

I'm not interested in politics.

I thought you'd like to know.

Well, I guess I'd better be going.

Look, Mike, why don't you two get together? Maybe you can straighten this thing out. Of course, it's none of my business. That's right.

It's none of your business.

Our opposition just passed by- John Plato Beck.

And Mrs. McComb was with him. What's she doing with Beck?

Maybe McComb is in this.

You don't have to worry about

McComb. He's washed up.

Mr. Sweeney's
right, gentlemen.

The only person we have
to worry about is Beck.

The voters know where
to place their confidence,
and that's in
everest t. Walker.

Well, if want to get back into the
silver business, you'd better be right.

The president's commission
will certainly take
the recommendation
of our new senator.

Naturally.

I think you fellas are
just making a lot of talk.

Plato Beck
hasn't got a chance.

You're sure of that,
mr. Sweeney?

A sure as shootin',
mr. Chevige.

Understand?

You can take my word for it.

I see some very fine
old bourbon...

ladies and gentlemen.

I am winding up my campaign
at silver river

because it's here
that the nation looks
for economic support.

We have pledged ourselves
to the government,

but there are those among us who
have broken that pledge.

And it is our responsibility
to expose them.

I propose to call them by name-
all right, boys,

break it up.

Keep your places!

Shut up.
We're going right on with
this meeting. Shut up, Beck.
These men are here
to intimidate us!
Michael, let me walk. I-
doctor. Quick.
They didn't want me
to talk either.
I had important
things to say, Mike,
and I wanted to make
my peace with you.
Funny thing, Mike...
my speech was going
to be about you.
Georgia...
you tell him. You know
what I want to say.
I'll tell you what he told me.
In every age, every country,
a few leaders are born.
Not many. Just enough
to keep things going.
You were that kind of man, Mike.
He'd always hoped
you'd find out.
But you built an empire
just for yourself,
and then you destroyed it.
Plato was trying to
pick up the pieces,
fit them together again.
There's no one left
to do that now... but you.
Plato Beck's dead.
What are you going
to do about it?
What are you going to
do about it, McComb?
Speak his epitaph?
No, I don't have any words
that would do him justice.
I just keep thinking that

the men who killed him
are celebrating right now
in silver city.
But something's
got to be done.
So who feels like doing it?
We've lost everything
as it is.
Now McComb wants to
take us into town
and get our skin
full of lead.
So you're going to
let him go alone.
What a bunch of yellow-
bellied skunks you are.
Get in those wagons
and go with him!
Hanson, you take your men
in from the other side.
Cover every street
out of town.
Tear that sign down, take
it out of town and burn it.
All right, you men disperse.
Come in from the east.
Mccomb's coming into town
and he's got all
his miners with him.
Get on your horses and
let's get out of here.
Get the ropes, boys.
Lynch him! Lynch him!
String him up!
Hold it, men, hold it. Look.
I'd like to see him strung
up as much as you would,
but don't let's
have a lynching.
That's what we
came here for!
I know it. Beck wanted to make
his speech today, didn't he?
He never finished it.

He wanted to tell you who was
responsible for most of your troubles.
I can tell you that. Me.
I can remember,
right in this town,
pledging to the president
of the united states himself
that we here in silver city would
keep the silver river flowing.
We didn't do it. But it's not
too late to make a new beginning.
First we'll open up the mines,
and this time we'll keep 'em open.
Pretty soon you're going to see
some important changes around here,
big changes.
These men are gonna get
what's coming to them,
i promise you,
but don't let's do it
by mob violence.
We've all had enough
of that, haven't we?
Let's open the mines!
We want to go back to work.
Take 'em and
lock 'em up.
We'll give 'em
a fair hearing.
I'm proud of you, Mike.
What's the matter?
I was just thinking what
a wonderful chance I had
to shoot banjo sweeney
in the back,
and I passed it up.
You haven't changed
a bit, Mike McComb.