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# Support Your Local Gunfighter

By James Edward Grant

That's kissin'!  
More champagne!  
Give the boys another 20 bucks.  
When you start running low, holler.  
There's more where that came from.  
Open up a bottle for yourselves too.  
It ain't every day when Goldie opens  
a joint in Denver and gets married to boot.  
Wish we could get off the train with you.  
That's one wedding I'd like to see.

- Yes, sir, yes, ma'am. Sure would.

- I wish you could too, boys.

- Right, girls?

- Yeah!

Did you ever see such a bunch  
of beautiful bridesmaids  
in your whole damn life?

Penny for your thoughts, lad.

They ain't worth it.

I was just thinking, better get some sleep.

We got a busy day in Denver tomorrow.

Busy wedding day!

Good night, baby.

- What's the next stop?

- Purgatory.

- Purgatory?

- Mm. Mining town. It ain't much.

Wake me when we get to Purgatory.

- Just me, not Miss Goldie.

- Yes, sir.

Man!

- The midnight on time, Ez?

- See what I'm writing, don't you?

- The midnight on time, Ez?

- I don't know more than you, Mr Barton.

But it seems kinda high class  
to write down that she is.

Don't look like you're wearin' a gun  
under that coat. Smart.

Ever heard of a man gettin' into trouble  
mindin' his own business, Ez?

How am I expected to mind  
my own business? I sent the telegram.  
Telegrams are supposed to be private.

From the telegrapher?

I sure would feel a lot better  
with weight on my hip, Pa.

If that party mentioned in the telegram  
shows up, you'd best be unarmed.

Ez, I told you to mind...

- The Sidewinder!

- Your sister's name is Patience.

Patience!

You stay out of this, Pa.

- What the hell are you doing?

- Teachin' them jackass miners a lesson.

Oh, you give me that!

I've told you not to shoot at people!

They had it comin'.

One of them said something vile.

He said "Does your mother  
know you're out, Cecilia?"

You consider that grounds  
for shootin' up the town?

- I knew what he meant.

- I sure as hell don't.

They are trying to ruin my good name.

I have sworn to go to Miss Hunter's  
College on the Hudson River, New York,  
for young ladies of good family.

Nothing's gonna stop me!

Except you killin' somebody.

- I only shoot at riffraff.

- You shot at us.

- I missed you.

- You couldn't hit a bull with a banjo.

- Watch that smart mouth.

- Hit him, Pa.

If I hit anybody, it's gonna be you.

Take her home, Oriville.

- Take your damn hands off me.

- Don't let her stop for a beer.

- She gets mean when she drinks.

- How come you called that girl Patience?

Can hear her a long way off  
when the wind's right.

Ain't enough late

to make it worthwhile changin' the board.

Sounds downright peaceful, don't it?

Calm before the storm,  
if that certain party is on board.

Yeah.

Well?

We'll say we know

you didn't get off at Purgatory.

We don't know where you did get off,  
but we know it wasn't Purgatory.

Don't open up, boys. Nothing but mail  
for Purgatory. No passengers gettin' off.  
It's bad manners to call the conductor  
a liar, so let's not. No sense openin' up.  
Nobody's gettin' off at Purgatory.

Evenin'. Or mornin', rather.

It's one in the morning.

- I got a watch.

- Just get off the train?

Ever hear of an eagle pickin' up a grown  
man and carryin' him across country?

- No, I can't say that I have.

- Well, you have now.

I come by eagle.

That's him, Pa. If only I had my rifle,  
I'd nail him between the shoulder blades.  
That'd be murder.

And it might be the wrong man.

It's gotta be him. Big, mean and ugly,  
and sneakin' off the train. What's next?

Give him time to get a room,  
then ask some questions at the hotel.

Let's wait in the Chinaman's back room.

- Pa, she's gonna get her another beer.

- So am I!

Can't you read? That sign says

"Take a key, go to bed. "

- That sign?

- That sign... must've gotten a few strays.

We got lots of shooting in this town.

Here, register.

- Your handle and your hometown.

- Already did.

Smith. Is that your real name?

Not that I'm nosey.

- Give me a room.  
- Ah, keep your shirt on!  
Oh, say, that's real silk, isn't it?  
You must be rich. Well?  
- Well, what?  
- You rich? Not that I'm curious.  
- Is there another hotel in this town?  
- Ah, keep your shirt on.  
Your silk shirt.  
That's a good one!  
Come on.  
Just as good a service as in  
the Palmer House in Chicago. Come on.  
Watch your step here. Come on.  
Your silk shirt!  
If you hear a lot of screamin',  
don't pay no heed.  
One of the miners  
has delirium tremens every now and then.  
His name's Smith too.  
Maybe you're related!  
There's two ways you can have  
the windows - open or closed.  
Closed is hot.  
Open, there's flies that eat you alive.  
- Let me help you unpack.  
- Never mind.  
No trouble. No trouble at all.  
What's them?  
I grabbed the wrong suitcase.  
- What are these things?  
- That's a Kewpie doll.  
I won one at the state fair  
the time I went to Denver all by myself.  
- And got rolled by some floozie!  
- Oh, shut up.  
Now, stop it. Let's go ask  
Martha Perkins about this man.  
- Have you got change for a \$100 bill?  
- No, I haven't.  
I'll get it changed someplace  
and pay you when I get back.  
Patience Barton, you get away from there!  
I could tell by that stupid face

he would have no imagination. Smith!  
You couldn't expect him to go around  
signing his own name in his business.  
Ah! Patience Barton,  
you give me my key back.  
Mister!  
Wanna buy a pair of spurs?  
No. I wonder...  
These ain't hardly been used.  
Gotta lot of wear left in 'em.  
Outlast a dozen horses.  
I don't ride.  
Has this town got a doctor?  
Big husky fella like you.  
What do you need a doctor for?  
Well, I'll tell the doctor that. If I tell you,  
I'd just get tired of repeatin' it.  
Has this town got a doctor?  
I don't know what I'm gonna say  
to the man when he sees this suitcase.  
- You'll think of somethin'.  
- Might have a secret compartment.  
I been through it three times.  
I told you, he got the wrong suitcase.  
Oh... I'm telling you,  
the man got the wrong suitcase.  
You let go of me!  
Hey, Pa, make him let go!  
I got him! I got him, Pa.  
Did you promise to marry that girl,  
or somethin' of the sort?  
Not even somethin' of the sort.  
I don't rightly know the lady.  
I stand with a bunch of fellas  
in front of the saloon. She walks by.  
I said "Does your mother know  
you're out, Cecilia?" Witty, like.  
She was gonna blow us to kingdom come.  
So many fast-weavin' cowboys.  
She just likes to shoot people.  
It seems to be all clear.  
- Where did you say that doctor was?  
- I still don't see what a big, healthy fella...  
He's probably shootin' pool in the saloon.

- At one in the morning?

- This is a real upside-down town.

They've got three shifts of miners  
and they come on and off work all day.

- He answers to the name of Doc Schultz.

- Thanks.

- Sure you don't want to buy the spurs?

- No.

Hey, a cowboy's got to be pretty down  
to be willin' to sell his horse irons.

My horse went first, then my saddle.

But I'm sober now.

What I've got left is these here spurs...  
and a mighty empty belly.

Oh, well, here. You eat on me, huh?

Thanks, friend. The name's Jug. Jug May.

- Latigo Smith. Now, you enjoy your food.

- I can't thank you enough.

Don't cry.

Money's the least of my troubles.

\$100? Mister, you gave...

I ain't never even seen one.

I...

I ain't never even seen a...

If I hadn't been hurried, I could've  
gotten him right between the eyes.

- You don't take after your sainted mother.

- I hate this town.

If I don't get back east to Miss Hunter's  
College on the Hudson River, New York,  
I am gonna hate it a whole lot more,  
and everybody in it!

Well, you ain't exactly loved  
by one and all around here.

- Enough, Oriville!

- Can't you do anything with her?

This is a family matter, Martha Perkins.

I'll thank you to stay out of it! Come along.

18, black and even. Everybody wins  
again. Care to place a little bet, sir?

- You lookin' for trouble, mister?

- No, sir.

Do I look dim-witted enough  
to play that game?

Against the house rules  
to answer that kind of question, sir.  
Howdy. Do you play pocket billiards?  
- Not now. Are you Doc Schultz?  
- Says so on my licence.  
Toss me that piece of chalk.  
Thank you.  
Listen. If a man tells his lawyer  
that he killed a gent or two,  
the lawyer can't tell anybody?  
I don't see how that concerns me,  
but you're right.  
The relationship is a sacred one.  
The same with a doctor. A doctor  
can't tell anybody what anybody's got.  
You must have a very interesting disease.  
- It's worth \$500 to you.  
- Getting more interesting by the minute.  
Of course, I'll have to blow  
your head off if you tell.  
I ain't never seen leprosy.  
If that's what you've got, I wouldn't know.  
It ain't leprosy, but can't we go  
someplace where we could be alone?  
Well, that sounds like a sound idea.  
My office is right up the street there.  
Gonna change your mind about a bet, sir?  
Have to be an idiot to play roulette.  
Do I look like an idiot?  
- No, sir.  
- And don't you forget it.  
Fire in the hole!  
- What the hell was that?  
- Third shift.  
First and second set  
the dynamite charges and fuse them.  
Third does most of the blasting.  
Sometimes this goes on all night.  
Purgatory sits on the top of two mines.  
Barton owns one, Colonel Ames the other.  
Been fightin' each other trying to tunnel  
to the mother lode for two years now.  
- The mother lode?  
- Centre of town, according to geologists.



Like buildin' a railroad  
from east and west.

Whoever gets there first  
gets to drive the golden spike.

- And the other one gets the shaft.

- Gets the shaft.

Yah!

She shoots at people, too.

Nicest girl in town.

I sure am curious  
about that ailment of yours.

- This is your office?

- I doctor pack mules too.

Got a pain in the ass?

Come and see Doc Schultz.

This is better now. Well...

What's your problem?

Doc, you promise  
you won't tell anybody, huh?

On my hypocritic oath.

- In all my born days!

- I was a little drunk at the time.

I could've guessed that.

Where's the young lady now?

Never mind. Can you take her off, Doc?

- You mentioned \$500.

- Cash.

Well, if I ever knewed anything  
about tattooin', I've forgotten it.

I'll have to read up on the subject.

You're gonna be around a few days?

Just long enough to get this thing off,  
then I'll be long gone.

You ain't runnin' away from the lady?

No, of course not.

But if she should show up,  
you haven't seen me, huh?

- How would I know her?

- She's got a lot of this gold-coloured hair.

She's got a lot of everything, but mostly  
she's got a lot of this gold-coloured hair.

- What shall I do?

- Come back in a couple of days.

- That'll give me time to read up.

- Well, you're the... doctor.  
Just a minute, I'd like to speak to you.  
I don't know you, mister,  
and I don't see any reason to start.  
I want to offer you  
very profitable employment.  
I'm in business for myself.  
Doc! Who is that fella?  
None of your business. Speaking of which  
all you mine-owners are a despicable lot.  
You hire people to kill people that  
other people hire to kill your people.  
And you go elsewhere with your medical  
business and I have to doctor jackasses.  
Get outta here. I got business to attend to.  
Anybody ever tell you  
you've got a rotten bedside manner?  
- Out!  
- You talk too much. I can't understand.  
Hey...  
Like to place a bet, sir?  
Sorry, sir, I didn't know it was...  
Ask me that one more time,  
I'll put a plate in your skull.  
Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir.  
- Sarsaparilla.  
- What?  
I would write it down but I don't figure  
you could read it. Soda pop.  
- Don't hardly anybody want soda pop.  
- Don't you drink?  
Only to be sociable.  
And I don't feel sociable right now.  
Dimwits.  
- Who?  
- Idiots playing roulette.  
- Oh! Some people like it.  
- Suckers. The worst kind of suckers.  
The house gets the best of it.  
No, they oughta take all the roulette  
dealers out and string 'em up.  
House got eight per cent the best of it,  
even if the wheel is straight, and it ain't.  
Eight per cent! That means that one out of

every 12 times you haven't got a chance.  
Anybody who plays roulette oughta have  
their head examined. Just lock 'em up.  
They oughta burn all roulette wheels.  
\$4600 on number 23.

- Mister, I can't take that kinda money.  
- 4600 on 23.

Boss!

Boss, this fella just bet \$4600  
on number 23.

Spin her.

Number 22. The man loses.

It just comes over me every so often.

Nothing I can do about it.

Number 23 just pulls at me.

Well...

- They say money isn't everything.  
- Is if a man's hungry.

That reminds me. How much  
you got left of that \$100 I gave you?

- None.  
- None?

I ate up \$20 of it. I bought a girl some  
wine. She had a sick mother in Salt Lake...

- You gave her the money?  
- Seemed like the thing to do.

You idiot! That's the surest way  
to make an enemy out of a woman.

- It is?  
- I learned that a long time ago.  
- You did?

- Well, let's take a walk.  
I need the air and time to think.

- Young man, about that job...  
- I told you not to bother me, mister.  
- The man said something about a job.  
- I don't like to work. It tires me out.  
- How are we gonna eat if we don't work?  
- We?

I figured we'd ride together.

- Ride? Horses?  
- Yeah.

I told you, I don't ride. I'm a train man.  
At least carriages.

A man has got to be numb on both ends  
to earn his livin' sittin' on a horse.

- I just don't like horses.

- That's close to treason in these parts.  
Lively place.

This is a two-shaft town.

Only one of them works full time.

- Half the jackass miners drink in places...

- A woman run that saloon?

- Hm?

- Does a woman run that saloon?

Miss Jenny.

You still got them spurs

you was trying to sell me? Give me them.

- You threw one away.

- I did just that.

- Open up another table.

- Yes, Miss Jenny.

- Miss Jenny?

- That's right.

I brought you this.

- From Slim.

- Is this a joke?

Ma'am, I rode over 300 miles  
to bring you that spur.

It's hardly a jokin' matter,  
a poor boy dyin'.

Just me and him out on the prairie all  
alone, the wolves howlin' in the distance.

"Lat" he said to me.

"There's nothing I got left in this world  
except this one spur. "

"I want you to take it to my only true love,  
Miss Jenny. "

Of course, I knew

who he was talking about right off.

All those lonely nights on the trail, he'd  
hardly ever talk about anything but you,

- and what a heart of gold you had.

- I kinda remember.

There must've been a Slim.

Oh, bartender!

Give this gentleman a drink.

- Is that other boy with you?

- Yes, ma'am, I am. My name's Jug May.  
Give them both a drink, and I'll have one.  
About this Slim.  
He was in love with me, is that it?  
Ma'am, there was never  
a truer love, nor nobler.  
Of course, I can understand  
why the boy felt that way.  
- Oh?  
- Yes, ma'am, I can understand.  
"Miss Jenny," he said,  
"she's not like other women. "  
He said that real often. "Miss Jenny,  
she's kind and generous to a fault. "  
"Just give a man her last dime. "  
- You're not lyin' to me?  
- May I be struck down if...  
- You all right?  
- If that's the third shift, I am.  
Sorry. Sometimes it comes  
without warning.  
Getting back to Slim. He really said  
those nice things about me?  
Yes, ma'am. Even dying,  
he said them nice things, and more.  
- I'm touched.  
- Not as much as you're gonna be.  
There's a name for a man like that.  
- Mornin', Patience.  
- Mornin'.  
- Looks nice.  
- Thank you.  
Try this.  
Oh, I like it. We'll take this one.  
You sure got good taste in pickin' hats,  
Miss Jenny, just like everything else.  
It'll embarrass me, you paying.  
Let me have the money.  
You just stand there and be embarrassed.  
I'll pay the man.  
- Boy, have you got brass.  
- Hm?  
Asking a woman for money like that.  
- You think that's wrong, huh?

- The way I was brung up...  
- A woman brought you up, didn't she?  
- Yeah.  
You see?  
I mean, it ain't generally done.  
Did you ever know a woman to show  
any slowness in askin' you for money?  
No, now that I think about it.  
I just made one mistake, though.  
Askin' her in the daylight.  
Come across much easier at night.  
Hm...  
- Morning.  
- Morning.  
- You buyin' yourself a new hat?  
- No, the lady's buyin' him one.  
Is it gonna make or break your day  
if I do or don't buy a hat, stranger?  
Oh, I don't want to be a stranger to you.  
My name's Colorado. Colorado McGee.  
Well, you said that like you expected  
I should have heard of you.  
I never have, so what do you want?  
I wanna know if you're as fast  
as they say you are, Swifty.  
- What'd you call me?  
- Swifty.  
I'll call you Mr Morgan if you like.  
I'm goin' out in that street  
and wait for you to come out.  
If you don't, me and everybody else  
in town is gonna call you a yellow dog.  
- Gunfight?  
- You catch on.  
Well, you just go on out there.  
I'll be out on the count of ten.  
- You hit that fella from behind.  
- Just as hard as I could.  
- Get me one of those irons over there.  
- What's that gunfighter got against you?  
I never saw him before in my life.  
Oh, Miss Jenny. I'm awful sorry that a lady  
like you had to see a crude thing like this.  
Let's go up to the hotel and get some

smelling salts and you can lay down.  
From the way this guy is wearing his gun  
in his holster, looks like he's left-handed.  
It was his right trigger finger you busted.  
Miss Jenny,  
would you turn your head, please?  
Give me the iron.  
If I'd known you were gonna send  
this pipsqueak against Swifty Morgan.  
- Look, Mr Barton...  
- Don't take offence, lad.  
But you've never killed anybody outside  
of this county. You're just local stuff.  
Swifty Morgan is known  
from Canada to the Mexican border.  
If you've got a better idea, Taylor,  
let's have it.  
- Buy this Swifty Morgan.  
- Ames has already bought Morgan.  
All gunfighters have a price.  
They're a low order of humanity. Lice.  
- Look here, Mr Barton.  
- Shut up!  
We offer Morgan enough money  
to make him double-cross Colonel Ames.  
- That sounds good.  
- Now, wait a minute.  
How can you be sure  
that Colonel Ames sent for Morgan?  
I have a way of knowin'  
what goes on in the Colonel's house.  
- He's sparkin' his old-maid sister.  
- Why, you young...  
I seen you out bicycle-ridin' with  
his sister propped up on the handlebars.  
You oughta be ashamed of yourselves,  
actin' like that at your age.  
Set an example for young people instead  
of carryin' on like a randy old goat.  
Her lookin' like a winterkilled persimmon.  
- Get him outta here.  
- Kid, get out.  
All I can say is I'd hang my head in shame  
was I kin to you...

Pipsqueak!

I figure we can hire Swifty away  
from Colonel Ames for \$5,000.

That's a lot of money.

We'll lose a lot more  
if we don't get to the mother lode first.

We'll never get there  
if we don't get back down to diggin'.

As treasurer of the company, this calls  
for a meeting of the board of directors.

- We are the board of directors.
- I move that we spend the 5,000.
- I second the motion.
- You can't, you're chairman of the board.
- There is parliamentary procedure.
- Ames ain't worrying about procedure.

He's got four gunmen sittin' on top  
of our mine, keeping us out of the ground.

He'll keep keepin' us out  
till we start fightin' fire with fire.

Taylor!

Look.

- Colonel Ames.
  - He walks like he owns the town.
- He will if we don't hire Swifty Morgan.

Last time I wore that dress was  
at the governor's ball 20 years ago.

This hat... There wasn't  
a man nor a bird dog in Purgatory  
that didn't point  
when I walked down the street.

Do you think

I look like a lady of the evening?

- What's a lady of the evening?
- Miss Abigail, you do lead a sheltered life.

Do you think I could pass  
for one of those girls at Miss Jenny's?

- You mean a dance-hall girl?
- Dance-hall girl.
- I wouldn't know. I've never seen one.
- They go past your window every day.

I always keep the shades drawn  
when they do.

- Where am I gonna put this?



- There's room back...
- What on earth?
- I'm gonna do me some blasting.
- In Jenny's place?
- In Jenny's place.
- You're not gonna get yourself in trouble?
- No, but I know somebody who is.

Wait.

For you know who.

Miss Abigail, I don't know why  
you're so dead set on marryin' my pa.

He ain't very smart  
and he snores somethin' awful.

Don't be indelicate, dear. Your father has  
characteristics that you don't recognise.

Also, such a marriage would give  
my dear brother apoplexy. Drat his soul.

Abigail?

Speak of the devil.

The servants tell me that Barton's horrid  
daughter has sneaked into this house.

- Open up!
- She's not in here, brother.

Stop banging on that door.

I insist that you open this door, Abigail.

Oh, very well.

Satisfied?

I will be when you stop sneaking off  
with Barton, riding that damn bicycle.

We haven't been riding in over a week.

Taylor's got a flat.

- He'll have more than that.
- You touch one hair on his head...

One grey hair. He's an old man.

- Snow on the roof but there's fire...

- Abigail! Have you no shame, woman?

What about you, keeping

Taylor's workers out of the mine?

How else will I get

to the mother lode before he does?

His shaft is right in town.

I have to tunnel twice as far.

- That doesn't give you the right...
- Right? I'm talking about gold.

Gold! That's all you ever think of.  
All Taylor Barton thinks about  
is courting you so he can spy on me.  
And I tell him everything  
he wants to know.

- He's using you, Abigail.
- He sure is!
- Mornin'.
- Mornin'.
- Who are you?
- I'm the new girl.
- You is?
- I just got in this morning from Frisco.

In fact, that's my name - Frisco.

Well, it's nice work. It has its ups  
and downs, but it is nice work.

- Beat it.
- Put 'em up.
- What are you gonna do with that?
- Kill you.

With that?

I'm a rotten shot and  
I'm tired of missing you.

Do you mind tellin' me  
why you're shootin' at me?

So I can go to Miss Hunter's College  
on the Hudson River, New York.

- Put 'em up, I'm gonna kill you.
- Why should I put my hands up for that?

I don't feel right  
about killing you in bed.

Do you think you could jump up and grab  
me, then I'd get mad and light the fuse?

It's your Christian duty  
to tell me why you're going to blow me up.

- The mine.
- The mine?

If my pa don't get to the mother lode,  
we won't have any money.

If we don't have any money, I can't go  
to Miss Hunter's College, understand?

No.

- What's all that got to do with me?
- Don't play the innocent, Swifty Morgan.

- You know Colonel Ames sent for you.  
- You think I'm the famous Swifty Morgan?  
You're getting me angry.  
If I get angry, I'll light this fuse.  
I don't want to do that,  
but I am not Swifty Morgan.  
Liar! Now, my pa is sparking  
Colonel Ames' old-maid sister.  
She told him that Colonel Ames  
sent for you, Morgan.  
- What's this, a hold-up?  
- Show her the inside of one of the boots.  
- Huh?  
- The inside of the boots.  
I had those boots made in Amarillo  
over a year ago. Now, look inside.  
Go on, look.  
"Latigo Smith"?  
\$60 boots. A man certainly  
would have his name in 'em.  
Well, you probably took them off  
some poor, dead fella that you shot.  
Why, you're the Barton girl!  
What you doin' here?  
Your sainted mother was  
one of the nicest ladies in the Baptists.  
Down the back stairs with you  
before anybody sees you.  
You have not seen the last of me yet,  
Mr Swifty Morgan.  
Hello, ladies' man. "I love Goldie. "  
- I warned you about that.  
- Not to mention it to anybody else.  
Well, I've studied up on tattooining.  
I think I can do the job for you.  
But in easy stages.  
Gonna take a couple of weeks.  
Whatever you say.  
Doc, does that 500 have to be in cash?  
Well, Miss Jenny's certainly got 500.  
Then again, she's had  
a lot of experience with men like you.  
- What do you mean, men like me?  
- Give you anything but cash money?

Well, there's one thing  
that don't change about women.  
That's the fact that they're changeable.

- Where'd you learn about women?

- I worked at it.

- Hello, Patience.

- What's wrong with him, Doc?

You know a doctor can't talk  
about his patients, Patience.

Doc, you and me are the only friends  
each other's got in this scurvy town.

What would happen  
if we got mad at each other?

Oh, he's just got a little trouble  
with his chest.

Him?

- He looks strong as a horse.

- You've taken a dislike to him, ain't you?

- I hate professional gunslingers.

- Him a gunslinger?

- That's Swifty Morgan.

- And I just started taking a likin' to him.

I'd have had him shot by now  
if Pa hadn't taken my Winchester away.

Patience, you gotta stop  
shooting at people.

If you wasn't such a miserable shot,  
there wouldn't be a young male here.

I heard you took a shot  
at Elmer Price yesterday.

- Why, he asked me to marry him.

- That's reason enough to shoot at a man?

Doc, you seen Elmer? Ugh!

- Good morning, Doc.

- Mornin', Elmer.

Mr Morgan.

- What'd you call me?

- We know you're Swifty Morgan.

We have a proposition for you.

We want you

to double-cross Colonel Ames.

- There's \$5,000 in it.

- Well, look...

\$5,000?

- Cash?

- Cash.

So, you think I'm Swifty Morgan?

I look to you like the best gunman  
in the whole Southwest?

I knew it the minute I saw you. That  
sharp, hawk-like gaze, the way you stand.

I hate to say this,  
but that's Swifty Morgan.

Uh... Swifty, come over here.

Come on, come over here.

These gentlemen know who you are,  
there's no use denying it.

Now that's settled, he would appreciate it  
if you didn't bandy his name about.

He's modest, Swifty.

These gentlemen have a proposition.

I suppose it's all right if I handle  
the business details like I usually do.  
You just go ahead and finish your game  
while I talk to these gentlemen.

It's all right. Go ahead.

- Keen eye.

- Killed 50, they say.

Exaggeration. 32, to be exact.

Suppose you spread your cards  
on the table, gentlemen. And the cash.  
The cash is in my safe. And it's best  
if we aren't seen together too much.

You slip out and bring the money  
to my room in about 15 minutes?

- You called me Swifty.

- Short and friendly for Swifty Morgan.

That's who they think you are. They're  
willin' to pay to back up that mistake.

I'm supposed to pretend

I'm Swifty Morgan? Goodbye.

They're willing to pay.

- How much?

- A thousand dollars.

We'll split it 50-50.

That means 400 for you.

Seems fair. But I think...

No, you don't.

That's part of the deal. I do the thinkin'.  
You stand around and look tough.  
Stop that! I told you, you're not  
to reach for that gun, no matter what.  
If somebody spits in your eye,  
somebody casts doubts on your mother,  
you refer the matter to me.  
If I'm Swifty Morgan,  
I've got my reputation to consider.  
I've got me to consider.  
Pride.  
If you start thinking, the deal's off.  
No \$400.  
I'm getting better. You watch.  
If it ever comes to gunfightin',  
you'll never last.  
- Sure you ain't fast?  
- No, I'm slow.  
It's just you're even slower.  
They come sneakin' in,  
lookin' at the register,  
tryin' to find  
the room number of Mr Smith.  
I tried to tell 'em I got four Smiths.  
Thank you. We wouldn't  
want to keep you from your work.  
I suppose, the way they come sneakin' in,  
you're another one of them gunfighters  
that these jackass miners keep hirin'.  
I suppose they're gonna hire you so  
you can shoot some other mother's son  
and then some other mother's son  
can shoot you.  
Martha, for the love of heaven,  
unhinge your jaw and depart.  
You see now why I demand  
my rent in advance every day?  
Another Smith. Just more of 'em comin'  
all the time, gettin' themselves killed off.  
- The money, gentlemen?  
- Is Swifty in there?  
Yes. The money?  
Before we go and talk to Mr Morgan.  
A little superstition of his.

He leaves all the money matters to me. I thank you not to mention the transaction. Sorry. Didn't mean to startle you, Swifty. That was close. Don't ever come up on my blind side like that.

No, sir, Mr Morgan.

That's close enough. What do you want?

- I came to see the killings.

- What killings?

You for one. And those others.

It should be quite a show. After all, there's four of you and one of Swifty Morgan.

- I thought Morgan was on our side.

- There have been some changes made. Morgan, he took the Colonel's money, then turned around and took money from the other mine-owners.

It don't sound like fair dealings to me. I know you fellas will teach him that honesty's the best policy.

- You all look like mighty brave men.

- When's he coming, this Swifty Morgan?

Well, he should be along at any minute. Here he comes.

You boys stay here.

I'll circle around, slip in behind him.

- I'll go with you.

- Hey, wait for us.

They ran away, Mr Morgan.

All four of 'em ran away when they heard you were comin'.

Act like you're disappointed.

Ran away, did they?

Well, I'm sure disappointed.

- They went thataway.

- I'll let 'em go. They learned their lesson. I'm a peaceable fella, really.

- Unless I'm riled.

- Bravo.

- Here comes Mr Barton.

- You did it, Mr Morgan. You did it.

First time I saw you, I said "He is more than the stupid cowhand he looks like. " I heard you say it.

Three cheers for Swifty Morgan who  
saved this town from that octopus Ames.

Hip, hip, hurray! Hip, hip, hurray!

Hip, hip, hurray!

Well, what are we waiting for?

Gentlemen, start your jackasses.

Let's go to work.

Swifty.

- Swifty! I'll see you around, huh?

- Where are you goin'?

- I gotta get somethin' off my chest.

- What if them four fellas come... back?

Don't crowd my gun, son.

- How long has he been like that?

- Ever since he heard about the gunfight.

Can't stand the sight of blood.

Come on, Doc. Drink it down.

- Don't you think he's had enough?

- It's his own remedy.

Has me keep it behind the bar  
in case he's needed when he's drunk.

Drink it down, will you, Doc?

"That no life lives forever;

That dead men rise up never;

And even the weariest river  
winds somewhere safe to sea. "

Boys, put him in my bed.

Be as good as new in a couple of hours,  
then he can take care of you.

Say, what is this strange sickness  
you got? Do you mind my askin'?

Just enough to bust you in the mouth  
if you ask again.

- Evening, Elmer.

- Howdy.

Silver dollars, Charlie.

And a pink lady.

Hear tell Taylor Barton's gonna throw a  
big wingding at the mine tomorrow night.

Gonna have dance-hall girls,  
music, the works.

- That's how I ruined my best Colt .45.

- Huh?

Man started talkin' to me



when I didn't wanna be talked to.  
Bent the barrel over his head.  
Excuse me.  
16, red and even.  
Ball rolls. Place your bet, sir.  
Number 14, red and even.  
Place your bet, sir.  
All bets down.  
Six, black, even.  
Boss!  
He just bet \$4600 on number 23.  
Spin her!  
Hey!  
You missed one.  
That post there. You missed it.  
Why don't you get married?  
Keep you off the streets.  
You can go right ahead. I know just how  
you feel. I do the same thing often myself.  
- You beat your head against posts?  
- Not posts. Mostly the walls in my room.  
Sometimes it's a tree, occasionally a rock.  
- Do you play roulette?  
- No. It's on account of this town.  
Sometimes I feel like I'll never get out  
of it, and then I wanna curl up and die.  
When I feel like that, I just want  
to beat my head against something.  
- You don't like this town?  
- Do you?  
No, I don't like anything  
west of Riverside Drive.  
- Where's that?  
- New York City.  
- On the Hudson River?  
- Yeah, I was born and raised there.  
- Tell me about it.  
- Tell you what about it?  
All.  
Well, let's see. They don't carry guns.  
They got a cop on every street corner  
to keep people from shootin' one another.  
And they don't ride horses.  
No, they got carriages and streetcars.

I think I'm getting homesick.  
- Me too.  
- You've never even been there.  
I'm homesick for it.  
I don't understand how you could leave  
there to come to this damn, rotten West.  
- My mother's fault.  
- Your mother?  
"Go west, young man" she said.  
She said it a thousand times.  
I'd always been told a boy's best friend  
was his mother, so... here I am.  
Frisco, Dodge, Lodestone, Denver.  
Sure wish I was back there, though.  
I thought you came out west  
for your health.  
- My health?  
- Your chest.  
- My chest?  
- Doc told me about it.  
- He did?  
- Me and Doc, we're real close friends.  
- He wouldn't have told anybody else.  
- You better not tell anybody else or I'll...  
I'll kill Doc and you won't have  
another friend in this town.  
I don't know why you're so sensitive.  
A lot of people have the same thing.  
- They do?  
- People come out west for weak chests.  
You don't cough  
as much as most of them.  
No, I don't...  
Fire in the hole.  
Would... Would you like to take  
a walk, Miss Patience?  
Oh... Are you sure the night air  
wouldn't be bad for your...?  
Not bad at all.  
No, not bad at all.  
- Sure is romantic, ain't it?  
- Yeah, it sure is.  
Uh... Latigo.  
That thing you have, is that contagious?

I mean, could I catch it from you?

No.

Not unless you...

- No, you couldn't catch it even then.

- Good.

I never thought I'd get to kiss a man  
who'd been to New York City.

I mean, actually, in person, New York City.

Say, did you hear bells?

Yeah.

I don't know what Miss Abigail sees in Pa.

He's as dull as dishwater.

"Good night, sweet prince. "

Good evening, sweet prince.

It ain't good manners to spy on people.

Is it good manners for you to pay  
clandestine attention to my sister?

My intentions are nothing  
if not honourable.

We share the same ancestors  
as far back as Adam and Eve.

I desire no closer relationship to you  
than that. Take him inside.

If Pa gets killed, I'll never get to Miss  
Hunter's College on the Hudson River.

On top of which he'll be dead.

I see a situation here  
where an honest man could make a dollar.

- Come on.

- Where are you goin'?

Among my other bad habits,

I'm a Peeping Tom.

- Stop it! Take your hands off me.

- She kicks like a mule.

Taylor! My darling,  
what are they doing to you?

Nothing so far.

And what we do depends on you.

Oh, I wish I hadn't bought you  
that book on Napoleon.

- Colonel, this is ridiculous.

- Indeed it is.

But not for long, because  
one of two things is going to happen.

First, you will get  
your workers out of the ground  
and promise never to see my sister again.  
- Or second, the other thing will happen.  
- What other thing?

My boys will take you out in the swamp  
and put a bullet through your thick head.

- That's murder.  
- I've studied law.

Of course it's murder.

What are you gonna do?

I'm gonna save your father's life  
and make an honest dollar.

that book five years ago Christmas.

- Where do you think you're going?

- In there.

- You ain't.

- How are you gonna stop me?

Like this.

Let me give you some advice,  
my ugly friend.

Swifty Morgan's pal.

Sorry. I didn't know who you was.

Excuse me, will you, mister?

- Latigo.

- Evening.

Your window was open.

I couldn't help overhearing all the jabber  
you folks were tossing back and forth.

So I'll tell you what's gonna happen.

Light me. Me and Swifty Morgan will take  
over this trouble you miners are havin'.

The way I see it, the race  
to the mother lode is just that. A race.

Now, me and Swifty,

we're gonna be around just to see  
that everything is run fair and square.

Let me get this straight. You and Swifty  
Morgan, by the power of Swifty's gun,

are gonna tell us

what we can and cannot do?

Long-winded way of sayin' it,

but that's about it.

You're laughing.

- I just thought of something very funny.

- Are you agreein', or what?

I don't see what else

I can do for the moment.

What about Miss Abigail and Pa? You're not gonna let the Colonel separate them?

Me and Swifty Morgan

stand foursquare in favour of love.

You're laughin' again. Don't you think you oughta let the rest of us in on it?

In due time, young man.

In due time.

- Morning.

- Morning.

I've been up all night worrying.

- What about?

- Swifty Morgan.

What if he finds out I've been pretending to be him and comes lookin' for me?

- That ain't gonna happen.

- What if it does?

Jug... you let me worry about Swifty Morgan.

Butcher, what would happen if during that wingding Barton's throwing at the mine a dynamite jackass was unloaded in an elevator and accidentally blew up?

- The shaft would cave in.

- Take time to dig it out, wouldn't it?

- Probably hold up operations for a week.

- Maybe more.

What if Swifty Morgan catches us?

You let me worry about Swifty Morgan.

- Morning.

- Good morning.

You have to wait. This gentleman is first. No hurry.

You have much sadness in your face, seor.

Just stop to think. You always get darkness just before the storm.

On the other hand, it never rains but it pours.

Every cloud got a silver lining.

Troubles never come singly.

- Are you gonna shave me or not?

- Si, seor.

The squeaky wheel always gets the...

- Jenny!

- Goldie!

- If you aren't a sight for sore eyes.

- This is call for a celebration.

A bottle of champagne, Fred.

Private stock. Sit down.

- What you doin' in town, dearie?

- I'm lookin' for a man.

The woods is full of them, the mines are,  
and the lone prairie  
is lousy with cowpokes.

- So take your choice.

- This one was very special.

Here's to us!

- Where is this man?

- I don't know. That's the trouble.

- He run out on you?

- That or he got misplaced.

It's hard to misplace 'em.

- This one was special, huh?

- Bottled in bond, 14-carat, the best.

Mine answers the same description.

From the minute this man walked  
into my place carryin' a spur...

- Spur?

- Just one.

He says

"Ma'am, I've brung this a long way. "

"From Slim - boy from Texas, dies  
in the prairie with your name on his lips. "

- How did you know he said that?

- Because he said the same thing to me.

Goldie, your man is my man.

They're one and the same!

You mean he's here in Purgatory?

Let's think of a nice, clean way  
to get him murdered.

- Ladies.

- It's him!

- It's my Lat.

- Let's keep the record straight.  
I'm not your Lat. I'm neither one's Lat.  
I'm sorry if I caused you any grief.  
I'm sorry if I took your money.  
But I'm gonna tell you something.  
It's about love.  
Love don't work unless both people give.  
You gotta give till it hurts.  
Fight!  
Fire in the hole.  
What's goin' on?  
Lat!  
Lat...?  
Oh, Lat...  
Boy, I tell you, Latigo, I just get plum sick  
that the Sidewinder almost bushwhacked  
you when you first come to town.  
Not to mention hittin' you  
with that there chair. You hear that music?  
Boy, there's people just dancin' in the  
streets over what you done for this town.  
A man should spread happiness  
as he walks through life. Ow!  
- Hey, y'all just as good as new now.  
- Thanks a lot, Doc.  
Lat, I got drunk last night to get up  
the nerve to have to tell you somethin'.  
Somethin' I should have  
told you from the start.  
I was gonna put  
jackass liniment on your chest.  
Make you think that tattoo  
was comin' off, even though it wasn't.  
- But when Patience got involved...  
- Involved?  
I just couldn't cheat the man  
she was gonna marry.  
- Marry?  
- The Sidewinder?  
- That's what she told me.  
- Well, she told you wrong.  
Ow! Damn it!  
Marry?  
The Sidewinder?

Lat?

I thought I oughta see you face to face.

I hope I didn't hurt you too much.

I'm all right. The doc just said so.

- I just couldn't help feeling the way I did.

- I understand.

I mean, what if we'd kept going together,

gotten married, and you'd been killed,

and then I'd gone to identify the body?

I'd have looked a fool.

There you'd be, laid out, with

some other woman's name on your chest.

- Wouldn't that be awful?

- I understand. Let it go.

Or went to a picnic

and you got some ants in your shirt

and you had to rip it off

and everybody would see your chest?

I wish you did have TB

instead of that damn, rotten tattoo.

I'll be damned. That's the first time

I ever seen the Sidewinder cry.

Well, she's a sensitive girl.

- Everything under control, Mr Morgan?

- Better be.

Or I'll know the reason why.

Oh, darling, isn't it wonderful? No more

trouble between you and my brother.

I wish you'd known him before he started

reading that blasted book about Napoleon

and sticking his hand in his coat.

Let's dance.

You sure you know about blasting?

I got all my fingers and don't talk

in a high voice. Let's get at it.

I don't like this.

What happens if Morgan finds out?

You let me worry about Swifty Morgan.

Take us down.

- You're not dancing, Mr Smith?

- That makes two of us, Colonel.

- I should be. This is a happy occasion.

- It is?

It isn't every day



you get to meet Swifty Morgan.

- Could you point him out to me?

- There he is, right over there. That's him.

I'm surprised you didn't recognise him  
by the cold, deadly look in his eye...

- Thought of somethin' funny again?

- As a matter of fact I did, yes.

- Colonel, isn't it time you let me in on it?

- It's precisely the time.

- So that's Swifty Morgan?

- In the flesh.

But that gentleman

has a beautiful head of hair.

Swifty Morgan is bald as an egg.

- An egg?

- An egg.

Surely, sir, you jest.

What action do you suppose Swifty would  
take when he uncovers that fraud?

That cow-nurse

who is using his famous name? Oh!

I'll have to think it over.

I never sent for Swifty Morgan.

Just wrote out a few telegrams  
pretending to,

because I knew my fool sister would tell  
Barton I'd retained the famous gunman.

But I sent him a telegram today,  
telling him an impostor was

representing himself as Swifty Morgan.

- Why aren't you laughing, young man?

- Somehow I just can't seem to make it.

My shaft!

- Take a week to dig that out.

- Maybe longer.

By that time, the real Swifty Morgan  
will be in Purgatory.

- What the hell does that mean?

- Tell them what the hell it means, Smith.

Good night, gentlemen. Good luck.

Latigo?

Look, Mr Barton, I know

what you're thinkin' and... you're right.

There's a train pullin' out

to Denver tomorrow night. Be on it.

Both of you!

Like I said, a man should spread happiness as he walks through life.

I think we've been spreadin' it a little thick.

Tickets. Tickets, please.

Ma'am?

- You got a ticket, mister?

- In my hat.

Say, aren't you Swifty Morgan?

That's right.

It sure is a pleasure to have you aboard, Mr Morgan.

Where are you headed?

Purgatory.

- Hey, you.

- Me?

You.

Give me a cigar, Charlie.

- Light me.

- There you go.

Stay out of this.

Light me or I'll stomp you.

- You're gonna let that...?

- I know what you're gonna say.

Excuse me.

Hey.

I'm not reformed quite enough to put up with slobs like you.

Bartender, sarsaparilla.

- I'm glad you done that. He told on you.

- He...

- He what?

- He told on you.

He told me

them mine-owners gave you \$5,000.

- You told me it was just \$1,000.

- You got a right to be sore.

- I ain't sore.

- You're not? Why?

When you come along, I was hungry.

You give me a \$100 bill.

I hadn't even seen one before.

Two bits.

- I haven't got any money.
- On me.
- Thanks, Jug, that's real nice of you.
- You fed me when I was hungry.
- Let's drink up and get moving.
- Where to?

Anywhere as long as it's away from here.

I ain't leaving.

Now, Jug, you know full well that the real Swifty Morgan is coming to this town.

He's gonna put bullet holes in both of us no end.

Except for one of us - me.

I ain't gonna be here.

- I'll be here.
- Why will you be here?
- Cos if I run, people will think I'm scared.
- I'm scared. Ain't you?

Yeah, but I ain't gonna run.

What do you care what people think here?

- I got my pride.
- That won't stop a .45 slug.

You know somethin'?

You're the smartest fella I ever met.

- You are a minority.
- You aim high.

Saddle-poundin' jobs have never interested you none.

That's what I'm gonna do. Aim high.

I know I may not have too much of a chance with Swifty Morgan.

- But suppose I down him.
- Well, supposin' you don't.

The odds are about a thousand to one.

You'll just end up an unknown character under a wooden cross on Boot Hill.

Everybody winds up dead.

The smart ones try to postpone it as long as possible.

My mind's made up.

Jug, I don't want to be responsible for gettin' you dead.

Now, let's blow this town

and live to be a ripe old age, huh?  
My mind's made up.  
It's my chance to be somebody.  
No chance - that's what you've got. Swifty  
Morgan is greased lightning with a gun.  
I been practisin'.  
You just snap your fingers  
when you want me to draw.  
Oh, come on, Jug.  
I'm slow, Jug, but you're the slowest.  
Well, I might get in a lucky shot.  
I got a feeling you're goin' on a long trip.  
Now, why not go alive?  
You don't have to stay. You take off.  
As soon as that killer hits town, I'm  
cuttin' out that back door. Muy pronto.  
- Excuse me, sir.  
- Why?  
You gonna do something  
I might take exception to?  
Oh, no, sir.  
Not while I'm in my right mind, sir.  
- I'm the stationmaster here.  
- All right. So far, so good.  
You're the stationmaster here  
and you're in your right mind.  
- I'm also the telegrapher.  
- Congratulations.  
I know about the telegram Colonel Ames  
sent you and the telegram you sent back.  
- How do you know who I am?  
- Anybody could look at you and see.  
There is a man that killed  
40 other men in cold blood.  
- It shows, huh?  
- Plain as the hair on your... On a goat.  
All right, I'm Swifty Morgan. Now what?  
That telegram you sent saying you was  
coming to deal with the impostor...  
- What about that telegram?  
- I took it to the Ames place.  
But the Colonel's sister grabbed it,  
ripped it open and yelled  
"So that filthy rat is coming here!"

- Meanin' me?  
- Begging your pardon, sir, meaning you.  
She showed it to Miss Patience.  
That's a girl.  
- That figures.  
- Miss Patience started yellin'.  
"That filthy murderer, Swifty Morgan,  
is comin' here,  
and that boy that's been posin' as him  
has to get out of town. "  
So I suppose this impostor took off  
as fast as a horse would carry him?  
- No, sir.  
- He didn't?  
No, sir. Right now,  
he is down to the Eagle shootin' pool.  
Well, now, here's what you do.  
You trot on down to the Eagle and tell  
this faker to come out in the street.  
You tell him that the real, genuine, 100  
per cent, dyed-in-the-wool Swifty Morgan  
is waitin' for him.  
Sir, I'd really rather not get mixed up  
in this if it's all the same to you.  
It is not all the same to me.  
- He's out in the street.  
- Who's out in the street?  
Swifty Morgan is out in the street.  
The real Swifty Morgan.  
When you go out, he'll shoot you  
so full of holes you'll look like a strainer.  
He's real put out about you  
takin' his name in vain.  
Don't go out there, you idiot.  
Let's go out the back door.  
- It's that time, friend.  
- Yeah, I guess it is.  
Lat!  
- There ain't no ladies allowed in here.  
- I ain't no lady. I'm Patience Barton.  
- Swifty Morgan's out there on the street.  
- I know. I was on my way out to see him.  
- He ain't after you, he's after him.  
- I got him into this. I'll get him out.

Listen, Lat, if you get killed, I'm gonna have to marry one of these local crumbs.

Patience.

There are some things

a man can't ride around.

Then again, maybe he can.

I've gotta see this.

I've gotta see this.

You there, in the saloon.

This is Swifty Morgan.

- Come on out.

- I already am.

What the hell

do you think you're doin'?

If I were you, I'd aim high.

If you hit this dynamite, you'll blow

the whole town up. You along with it.

You tryin' to make a fool out of me?

- No, I'm trying to kill you, Mr Morgan.

- You can't gunfight sitting on your ass.

As a matter of fact, it doesn't belong

to me. It belongs to Taylor Barton.

- I stole it.

- Like you stole my name?

- Sorry about that.

- Not as sorry as you're gonna be.

Swifty Morgan hits only

what Swifty Morgan shoots at.

I'm sorry about that too.

Any time you feel lucky, mister.

Fire in the hole!

I shot myself.

Don't let me die with my boots on, mister.

Lat!

- He did it! He did it!

- He struck the mother lode!

- We're rich!

- No, ma'am.

The claim belongs to Taylor Barton.

His mule done it.

- You hear that, Abigail? It's my ass!

- Mine too.

- Lat!

- He's all right, honey.

Take more than a little dynamite  
to kill Latigo Smith.

- You said you couldn't ride.
- I said that whorehouse was a gold mine.
- The tattoo. It's gone. It's been blown off.
- The hell you say!

Now we can get married  
and have a picnic.

Boss!

Latigo just put \$10,000 on 23.

I'm backin' his play.

Spin her!

I'll be damned. 23.

Sure is good

to have Mr Latigo on board again.

Serve the champagne, Sam. But not till  
the folks have time to catch their breath.

Now, the way this story ends,  
those two go to Denver to get married.

Patience never gets to go to Miss Hunter's  
College on the Hudson River, New York,  
but seven of her daughters do.

Taylor Barton, he gets his flat fixed  
and marries Miss Abigail.

The colonel goes broke. Swifty Morgan  
is still tryin' to get his boots off.

And me?

I go on to become a big star  
in Italian Westerns.