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The Tall T

By Burt Kennedy

Pa! Pa!

Yeah, I see him.

Jeff! Jeff!

- Morning, Mr. Brennan!

- Morning, Jeff!

Pa thought you was somebody else!

But I knew it was you. Soon as I seen
the claybank, I knew it was you.

- You got young eyes, Jeff.

- You headed for Contention?

Any water in that well of yours, I am.

This animal of mine ain't had a drop
since Sasabe Creek.

- Can I water him for you? Can I?

- Lf you like.

- Good morning, Pat!

- Good morning, Hank!

Mr. Brennan's going to Contention.

- Are you expecting company, Hank?

- Been a station man too long, I guess.

Getting so I cock a hammer
for near no reason at all.

Now mind you, don't let him drink
too much of that, Jeff, warm like he is.

You know I'm going to walk him first, Pa.

You've got a fine boy there, Hank,
he knows his stock.

He'll make a first-rate station man one day.

Not if I can help it, he won't.

Ain't a fit life being stuck off
in the middle of nowhere.

All the time by yourself knowing
nobody but stage drivers and shotguns.

Ain't no fit life at all.

- I always thought you were happy at it.

- Well... Thanks. I was.

When Jeff's mother was alive, I was.

Alone, it's different. My retire time
comes up next fall and I'm going to take it.

Man shouldn't ought to be stuck off by
hisself in this kind of country, Pat.

It ain't natural.

You wouldn't be half-meaning me
by that, would you, Hank?

Well, come to think of it, I guess I do.
It ain't right, your working that spread
of yours all alone.
I can't afford to hire
hands. Not yet, anyway.
Still a lot of building to do,
fences to run and such.
But if I get too lonely, Hank,
I can always talk to my stock.
Well, when they start talking back to you,
just remember what I told you.
I figure one bucket's enough, Mr. Brennan.
That ought to hold him, Jeff. Well, I
better get going before that sun goes high.
- What takes you to Contention, Pat?
- Hope to get me a seed bull.
That is, if Ten Voorde
will part with him at my price.
Ten Voorde! You still trying to do
business with that old goat?
- I'm still trying. Thanks for the water.
- Sure!
Mr. Brennan!
- Could you wait just a minute, please?
- Sure, son.
If it ain't too much trouble,
I'd sure wish you'd buy me
some striped candy.
Jeff, Mr. Brennan ain't got time
for that kind of foolishness.
Sure he does. Any special flavor, son?
I'd be mighty proud of cherry.
Cherry it is.
- See you!
- Good luck!
Pa, what's it like in Contention?
There's people there, Jeff. Lots of people.
Excuse me!
- Morning, Patrick!
- Rintoon!
I'm pointing toward the saloon.
Care to join me?
Like to, can't. Kind of short on time.
Well, it looks to me

like a big land owner like you
ought to be able to do as he pleases.
Not quite. But I can't say as I mind it.
- Hey, Pat. Why'd you buy up on the Sasabe?
- No exact reason.
One day it just come to me.
Figured it was time I had something
of my own. It ain't much. Just a start.
You know,
that Sasabe Creek country is wild.
- No more than working for Tenvoorde.
- Well, he did ride you a little rough.
And I never could figure that out.
But you know,
to the back of you, he'd always brag
and he'd say
you was the best ramrod he ever had.
I was the only one who would stay with him.
No, it was a lot more than that.
He thought a lot of you.
He thought a great deal of you.
I never did notice.
You still driving for Hatch & Hodges?
Well, ain't no choice.
The only stage line left in the territory.
You know, they're laying tracks over yonder
faster than a nervous hen.
They're going to be in Bisbee,
them rails, in about a month.
I heard that.
Yeah, they building them
a depot down there.
I was sitting down there
talking to a fella the other day.
He says it won't be long,
you'll get on one of them trains
and just go lunkedy-plunk all the way to
Tucson without even stopping once.
Why, it'll be coming in here in Contention
before long.
When that day comes,
you can hire on at my place, Ed.
Well, I'll take you up on that.
Come on, join me in that drink.

Nothing I'd rather, but being a man of property, there's things I gotta do.

- Well, what's more important than a drink?

- Well, for one thing, cherry striped candy. See you, Ed.

- Candy?

- Rinton!

Morning, Willard! Ma'am.

I understand you'll be driving our stage this afternoon.

Well, I'll be driving one, but I didn't know it was going to be yours.

I... That is, Mrs. Mims and I have hired the coach to take us to Bisbee.

You going to have a whole Concord for yourself?

Why don't you wait for the regular run?

It'll be by here at...

- Mrs. Mims?

- Doretta and I were married this morning.

We'll be ready to leave promptly at 3:00.

I trust you'll notify

Hatch & Hodges to that effect.

- And see to loading our luggage.

- You're trusting the wrong man.

I ain't doing no loading

and I ain't keeping up no schedule.

You can just trot yourself right down to the company store and ask the dispatcher.

- You took yourself a fine woman.

- Rinton,

when I pay for a coach,

I expect the service that goes with it.

You ain't half right, Willard,

seeing that you ain't the one that's paying.

I figured you'd want to keep

the few customers you got, Rinton.

I can do without his

kind, if it was up to me.

Who is he, anyway?

Old man Gateway's son-in-law,

as of this morning.

Married into the richest copper claim in this territory.

Then she must be Doretta Gateway.
Yep. She was scheduled to be an old maid
till Willard come along.
- She's plain as adobe wall.
- But not too plain for Willard, huh?
Nothing plain about
old man Gateway's holdings.
Folks say that he's worth just the other
side of one half-million dollars.
That's too much money, Ed.
Too much for one man to worry about.
It ain't for Willard.
He's a bookkeeper. Or he was.
They all say he'll probably make him
a full partner with the old man
- since he took Doretta off his hands.
- You know, she didn't look so bad to me.
You've been down on the Sasabe Creek
too long, Patrick.
That man made me so mad,
I almost forgot where I was going.
Come on and let me buy that drink for you.
Some other time, Ed. I gotta see Ten Voorde.
Well, suit yourself.
- Mighty sweet of you to take him a present.
- See you!
Come on, get ahold of him!
Get both those ropes.
Just grab him.
I couldn't have done that better myself.
Oh, you dropped your candy.
Thought that hitch post would hold him.
Well, now that explains it, don't it?
He wouldn't
know about horses, Mr. Ten Voorde.
They say he's got mostly goats
at his new place.
Now, I didn't know that.
They're holding them
a goat-roping at Gotebo next month.
You should ought to enter.
- That your new ramrod?
- Yep!
All mouth, ain't he?

Jace is just filling in till my old top hand comes back.

- You figure he will?

- Oh, I think so.

Soon as he gets shed of some of them fancy ideas he's got

- about owning his own place.

- Seems we've been over these words before.

And we're going to keep right on going over them till you come to your senses.

It just ain't right, the best ramrod in this territory throwing hisself away like you are.

Nobody can take hold of a ranch the way you can, Pat.

A man can turn his back when you're around. Now, just look at me.

Working my own stock like a common trail hand

- just because I can't trust the job done.

- Try firing a few. That'll do it.

You can start with that goat lover over there.

Mr. Ten Voorde,

I come to buy me a seed bull.

You did, huh?

Well, now, what did I tell you?

Just hand over your money and you get your bull. And it just ain't right.

Now, if you had to strain to get it, it'd be a whole lot different. Don't you see?

All I can see is I got stock to tend.

If you don't want to sell me no seed bull, just say it out in words.

- Well?

- Tell you what I'll do, Patrick.

I'll give you a chance to get your bull free.

Like the time you gave me a chance to get them yearlings free, and ended up with 50 of my dollars?

Well, I'm keeping that in a safe place for you, Patrick.

It's yours when you make up your mind to come back to work.

You think a lot of that

claybank of yours, don't you?

- Enough.

- All right, I'll make you a wager.

A bull of your choice against your horse.

And all you gotta do is ride him.

- Ride him? You mean the bull?

- To a standstill.

- I ain't interested.

- You ain't able.

- That's what you mean, don't you?

- Yeah, that's what he means.

The boys around here keep saying

as how you're really something.

Best top hand around.

You don't look on fire to me.

I'll float my stick with Mr. Ten Voorde

here. You've gone gentle, Brennan.

You say any bull of my choice?

How long you figure it will lay a man up

if that bull was to stomp him?

- That all depends.

- I figure two or three weeks.

Oh, I figured that.

That ought to be long enough to talk that
hard-head into coming back to work for me.

Give me his tail.

All right, boys, let me have him.

Be seeing you!

Rinton!

- You didn't have to run me near over.

- Well, I didn't see it was you.

- What happened, Patrick?

- I lost my horse.

- Kind of careless, ain't it?

- To Ten Voorde.

- Well, that figures.

- Rinton! We'll never get to Bisbee
if you insist on stopping to pass the time
of day with... With everybody we meet.

Patrick, I want you to meet Mr.

Willard Mims. He's a bookkeeper.

Hello, Willard.

Rinton, you are through!

I swear this is your last run on this line.

You know, after 20 years
as a top muleskinner,
that company's gonna be
sorry to see me go.

You won't be so sure of yourself
when we get to Bisbee.

Swing your saddle up here, Patrick.

Rintoon, I said...

You said I'd be sorry when we get to Bisbee.

Now, just get back in there, Willard.

Throw her up here, Patrick.

May I remind you, this is not...

- This is not the regular passenger coach.

- Do you want me to walk to Sasabe?

- It's only 15 miles.

- Well, that's your problem.

- Now, take that saddle off...

- Willard!

Willard, we can't let
him walk all of that way.

Well, if you ride, you ride up on the boot.

Much obliged. Ma'am.

I wondered why the regular stage
would be almost an hour early.

- I'm obliged to you, Ed.

- Well, thank Willard for that.

I'll be getting off at Sasabe station.

Hank'll lend me a horse.

- What's so funny?

- I was just thinking.

First time I ever been on a honeymoon.

- Much obliged for the lift, Ed.

- Anytime, Patrick.

- Hey, Hank! Hank!

- Jeff!

Jeff!

The regular stage ain't due here for an hour.

There ought to be somebody here.

Hey, Hank!

Rintoon, is there anything wrong?

Nothing we can't handle without you,
Willard.

- Jeff!

- Hey, Hank!

You all drop your guns and come on down.
Gentle now! Slow!
You folks in the coach,
let me see your hands, please.
Put them out there!
Driver, if you got anything down that
boot, you'd best hand-haul it out here.
I ain't got nothing you'd want,
but if you say so.
I swear you hit him in mid-air, Chink!
I was waiting for that old man
to try something.
- You didn't have to kill him.
- I would have sooner or later.
Funny thing about Chink there,
he keeps trying to prove he can shoot
better than any man alive. And he can.
Frank, candy!
You know, his pulling that saw-gun
just saved us some time.
Billy Jack, you shut your mouth.
Get them out of there.
Chink, look up on top of the coach.
- Ain't nothing up here but some old leather.
- How about the boot?
Ain't nothing here either, Frank.
- The mail. Where is it?
- I wouldn't know.
- Mister, you tell me!
- You made a mistake.
This isn't the regular stage.
It's not due for an hour.
The stage you want is due here at 5:00.
This is one I hired in Contention.
Mrs. Mims and I, we...
We're on our honeymoon.
We were just married this morning.
Just this morning?
- Is that right?
- Of course it is!
- Go in and check the schedule. You'll see.
- I'm asking this man. Well?
I wouldn't know.
He don't know nothing.

How come you riding shotgun

for a pair of new-weds?

- I wasn't. I got a place up on the Sasabe.

- Mister, is that true?

I suppose so. We picked him up

on the desert just outside of Contention.

That's true.

- Billy Jack, go in and check that schedule.

- Yo!

Billy! Hey, lady, come over here.

- Can you cook? Well, can you?

- Yes.

Billy Jack, take her inside with you.

I could eat.

He'll find the schedule.

Like I said, it's due at 5:00.

I can see how you made a mistake,
thinking we were the regular stage.

We're on our way to Bisbee.

will be pulling in here.

- Yes, sir.

- He's a talker.

What did you do with Hank?

- Who's he?

- The station man here.

He's over yonder in the well.

- And the boy?

- He's with him.

Frank! 5:

See! Look, you let us go and
we'll never breathe a word about this.

Ain't he something?

I swear, we won't tell a thing.

I know you won't.

You go along with what he said about
what's happened here?

If I said yes, you wouldn't believe me.

Yeah, it's dumb even talking about it,
ain't it?

- You know what's going to happen to you?

- I think so.

- Are you scared?

- Yeah.

Well, you're honest about it,
I'll say that for you.
That well's going to be chock-full.
Wait a minute.
What are you listening to him for?
I told you, we won't say a word about this.
If you don't trust him, keep him here.
I don't know this man.
I'm not speaking for him anyway.
I'd be inclined to trust him
before I would you.
Hey, talker. Why don't you start running for
the well and see if you can make it?
- Man, be reasonable!
- Look, you're not leaving here
and you're not going to be standing here
when that stage pulls in.
Now you can yell and carry on,
but that's the way it is.
- What about my wife?
- Well, I can't help her being a woman.
- All right, Chink.
- No, no, wait!
No, you can't do this!
I'll give you anything you want,
anything at all, only... My wife!
- Do you know who she is?
- No, who?
- She's old man Gateway's daughter.
- So?
So, he just owns the richest copper mine
in the territory.
Well, don't you see?
You've got the daughter of a millionaire.
His only daughter!
What do you suppose
he'd pay to get her back?
- I don't know, what?
- Anything you ask.
Look, here you sit
waiting for a two-bit holdup
and you've got a gold mine
right in your hands.
- How do I know she's his daughter?

- You must have talked to the driver.
Didn't he tell you?
- Well?
- He told me.
You wouldn't be lying
to stay out of the well, would you?
Of course he's not. Look,
it's only 20 miles back to Contention.
- I could take a note to Mr. Gateway and...
- And we'd never see you again.
Would I save my own skin
and leave my wife here?
I think you would.
Well,
then there's no use even talking about it.
You and you, over there
and sit on that bench.
Billy.
Pick up the guns.
Get the horses.
Mister!
Put old man Gateway's name on that,
and where to find him.
- Lf I give it to him myself...
- You're not going to give it to him yourself.
You're going to stop on the main road
to Contention, one mile this side,
and you're going to give that note to
somebody passing in.
It tells old man Gateway that
you've got something important
to tell him about his daughter.
He's to come alone.
When he gets there, you tell him the story.
If he says no,
he doesn't see his daughter again.
If he says yes, he's to bring 50,000
in U.S. Scrip
to a place up back on the Sasabe.
And he comes alone.
- Lf he doesn't have that much cash on hand?
- That's his problem.
Why can't I go right to him and tell him?
Billy Jack's going along to bring you back,

and I don't want him any place
he can get cornered.
When Mr. Gateway comes out with the
money, then you'll let us go. Is that it?
Yeah, that's it.
Billy Jack!
- When do we leave?
- Now.
Could I say goodbye to my wife?
She's going to worry about me.
We'll say goodbye for you.
That boy puts his wife on a stake
and then wants to kiss her goodbye.
You figure me that one.
What I can't figure
is why you only asked for 50,000.
- I'm not greedy.
- We don't have a need for this one, Frank.
You unhitch two of them mules.
I'll worry about him.
We might as well do it now as later.
- We're taking him with us.
- What for?
'Cause I say so.
That be good enough reason?
Come on, Frank. We could run him down the
well and both take a bust at him. Come on!
Just unhitch them mules.
- I'd like to bury that man before we go.
- Put him in the well.
- That ain't no fit place.
- What's your name?
- Brennan.
- Well, Brennan, don't push your luck.
He goes in the well.
Lady, you're going to have to step up
on this mule just like your friend.
We've got no more horses.
Hold!
Chink, you put that man to chopping
some wood and then take care of the stock.
I'm going to find this lady
something to cook.
Hey, lady, come over here and sit down.

We can't build a fire without cutting wood.

Take it.

Lady, settle down someplace.

Ain't you going to eat? Well?

I'm not hungry.

- You?

- Coffee's all.

Well, pour him some.

What have you done with my husband?

You know, you cook good.

A woman should cook good.

I have a right to know.

I suppose you do.

Chink, you tell this lady here

where her husband is.

Contention. Billy Jack took him there

to see your old man.

My father?

Talk has it he owns the richest copper stake

in this territory.

- Having you here kind of makes us partners.

- I don't understand.

Your daddy's gonna have to pay

to get you safe back.

- And if he doesn't?

- He'd better.

I ain't never shot me a woman before,

have I, Frank?

Chink, you shut up and eat.

My husband is all right, then?

Billy Jack will fetch him here

in the morning.

- I see.

- Do you?

Come dark,

you and him stay the night in there.

And me being either one of you,

I wouldn't come anywhere near that door.

- That plain, Brennan?

- Yeah.

That's good. That's good.

- Mr. Brennan.

- Yes, ma'am.

They must have known all the time about

our being on the way to Bisbee.

How else would they know

who my father is?

They were probably in Contention and
they heard my husband charter the coach.

- That's likely the way it was.

- Just wait till my father hears about this.

He'll have every man in the territory
out here.

I hope he doesn't do that.

He's not going to let
these men get away with this.

He's got no choice.

If they form men to ride this way...

Well, they've killed
and they'll kill again if they have to.

- I'm sorry you getting involved in this.

- It hadn't been my day.

You have a place near here, haven't you?

Yes, ma'am. On the Sasabe.

They'll be worried about you, won't they?

At my place? No, ma'am. I'm alone.

Mrs. Mims,

you'd better try and get some sleep.

- Mr. Brennan.

- Yes, ma'am.

My husband, he was rude to you.

I'm sure he didn't mean to be.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Go have a look.

Pour yourself a cup of coffee.

Have a seat. Over there.

That wasn't a head I seen poking out that
door last night, was it?

- Lf it was, why didn't you shoot at it?

- I about did.

Lucky thing it disappeared, whatever it was.

- The lady, is she still asleep?

- Yeah.

Too bad about her.

Guess she's one of the plainest females

I ever seen. Her hair, the way it is.

And she could do something about her

clothes to let you know she's a woman.

It's no wonder she come off with
a low-grade husband like she did.

- He ain't much.

- You got a wife up on your place, Brennan?

No.

You should have.

Ain't right for a man to be alone.

- They say that.

- Well, I ought to know.

Billy Jack and Chink, I don't like them.

Sometimes I get the feeling
they ain't even along.

Always talking the same words.

Women, drinking and the such.

I ain't narrow-thinking,

but a man gets tired of that all the time.

A man gets awful tired of that.

- You cook good coffee.

- Brennan.

Talk.

- What about?

- Your place. What's it like?

- It's not much. Not yet, anyway.

- You got stock on it?

- Some.

- Work the ground?

I plan to. Yeah.

I'm gonna have me a place someday. I've
thought about it. I've thought about it a lot.

A man should have something of his own,
something to belong to. To be proud of.

- You figure you'll get it this way?

- Sometimes you don't have a choice.

Don't you?

- Now look, Brennan...

- Frank!

Here they come.

Grab the horses, Billy Jack.

- Well, it's all set.

- What did he say?

He said he'd bring out the money.

Is that right, Billy Jack?

Did he say he'd bring out the money?

That's what he said.

- You expect any funny business?

- Nope!

He can scare up that much money, can he?

He said he could, but it'd
take him most of the day to do it.

- Means he'd be out sometime tomorrow.

- That's right.

You give him the directions, Billy?

Like you said, right at the mouth of
the barranco chock-full of willow.

- Do you think he can find it?

- I made him say it twice every turn.

- How'd he take it?

- How do you think he took it?

Mister, I'm asking you.

Well, of course he was mad. But there
wasn't anything he could do about it.

He's a reasonable man. I think you
made yourself a pretty good deal.

Yeah. Now do you want to stay out here
or go back in?

What?

You don't hear so good.

You mean, you'd let me go?

Mister, we don't need you anymore.

Billy, get him his horse.

I could go back now and lead
old man Gateway back here in the morning.

- Sure you could.

- My wife, she's all right?

Still asleep.

Listen, you know

I'd rather stay here with her,
but if it means getting
old man Gateway out here faster,

- then I think I'd better go.

- I know what you mean.

- Don't you want to see your wife?

- Well,

the quicker I get traveling, the better.

She'll understand.

- We'll see you tomorrow then?

- About the same time.

Yeah.

- All right to get going?

- Sure.

- Now?

- Sure.

Bust him, Chink.

Get rid of him, Billy.

What do you suppose

is the matter with her?

Hey, lady, don't you realize

what you just got out of?

- She didn't know he did it.

- No, I don't guess she would, at that.

Lady, don't you know

that boy was selling you?

This whole thing was his idea

to save his own skin.

He was ready to leave you again just now.

Then I got awful sick of him,

way down deep inside.

That was some boy you was married to

who would do a thing like that.

Look, what he did was wrong,

but you going along with it,

then shooting him down, that was all right?

If you can't see the difference,

I ain't going to explain it to you.

How many does that make?

- He was the seventh.

- When do you figure on eight and nine?

Tomorrow before we leave,

you can count on it.

- Lf your boss gives the word.

- Don't worry about that.

I figure I can count on mine in the back.

You can count on getting yours in the front.

I'd kind of like to watch your face.

But you can make a run for it right now

if you'd like to make it interesting.

Better than just standing there

and getting it.

- I'll wait till tomorrow.

- Suit yourself.

- I... I'm sorry, Mrs. Mims.

- Why didn't you tell me?
- Why didn't you tell me that he was...
- It wouldn't have helped.
He could have been doing it for all of us.
Yes, ma'am.
- But you don't believe that, do you?
- You knew your husband better than I did.
Terrible things have happened
these past two days,
yet all I can do is think of myself.
All I can do is look at myself and feel very
foolish! And do you know why?
Because I know now
that he never cared for me!
That he married me for his own interests!
I saw him killed just now and I
couldn't even feel sorry for him.
All I could do was think that he didn't
love me! That he didn't care...
Now you listen to me, Mrs. Mims.
Your husband married you for your money.
You know it and I know it.
But you're alive and he's dead
and that makes the difference.
You can cry and moon about being
a fool until they shoot you tomorrow,
or you can start thinking about saving
your skin. But I'll tell you this.
It'll take both of us
working together to stay alive.
- They said they'd let us go.
- You think they'd do that?
They've killed four people
in less than two days.
And the only reason they've kept me around
this long is because they thought
they might've needed me in case something
went wrong in Contention.
No, Mrs. Mims, we've got until your father
gets here tomorrow, that's all.
I don't care what happens to me.
Well, I care about me.
I'm not going to be shot in the belly
because you feel sorry for yourself.

They're going to kill us, Mrs. Mims.

Think about that for a while.

- Well, what can I do?

- I don't know.

We've got to keep our eyes open,

watch every move they make.

And when our chance comes,

we've got to take it.

I'm scared.

So am I.

Hey, that's a big buck, Chink.

He was in a full run, I hit him smack

in the middle, near tore him in two.

Billy Jack, you get Brennan to dress down

enough for supper. You do the cooking.

That's woman's work!

I said you'll do the cooking,

I'm not going to have burnt meat

'cause that lady's

in a state over her husband.

You want I should take a plate in

to the woman, Frank?

Eat.

You'd never know she was around,

would you? Quiet like she is.

Them's the kind you gotta watch, Billy.

I had me a quiet woman once.

Outside she was as calm as Sunday,

but inside, wild as mountain scenery.

Gotta ride out that way again one day.

- Where's that, Chink?

- Sonora Town.

Hey, I was there once.

Once? You mean you've never been back?

What for?

- How old are you, Billy?

- I don't know. Young mostly. Why?

Just happens there's over 10 head of

female to every man in Sonora. That's why!

- Who said?

- I said. Ought to know.

I guess I romanced over half of them.

Been there yet,

if I haven't pulled a leg muscle.

I was bucking horses across the line
and selling 'em tame up in Bisbee.
You never told me that, Chink.
You never asked me. Course a good amount
of 'em are nothing but hurrah gals.
But the way I look at it, a woman's a woman.
Ain't that right, Frank?

- Lf you say so.

- See?

Hey, Chink, when that fellow gets here
with the money,
what say we both swing down that way,
toward Sonora.

I swear you're getting older all the time,
Billy. Ain't he, Frank?

Yeah. All the time.

You're quite a hand at that.

Suppose you're wondering
how come we keep you around.

- Am I?

- Plain face truth is I like you, Brennan.

- There ain't many men I can say that about.

- Many say it about you?

There was then when they did.

Yeah, time was I was looked on with
a fair amount of respect where I come from.

- Where's that?

- Wyoming.

You're a long way from home.

I have to be. Why there's them would see me
hang if I was to ride there again.

Strange, the law wanting to do me that way.

Me, I never tripped a hammer
on a man in my life.

I leave that to young guns like them two
over there. Look at 'em.

Billy Jack, no folks, no schooling.

Been fighting and cheating his way
since he was first able to walk. And Chink,
the same. Shot his first man dead
when he was 12. His old man.

Caught him beating his mother
with a broken tequila bottle.

Nothing but animals.

You run with them.

Well, I can't help the way they are.

Nobody can help their kind.

Nobody tries.

Well, I sure don't know

why I like you, Brennan.

You talk back, you act proud

when you should be bowing down.

I sure don't know why.

But I'll tell you this.

Your hill's gonna get higher to climb

come tomorrow morning.

When that money gets here, Billy Jack and

Chink'll be all for killing you and the lady.

- And you?

- Like you say, I run with 'em.

Mr. Brennan.

I'm sorry for the way I acted this morning.

I hoped you'd understand.

Maybe I do, better than you think.

But right now, you need a way to stay

alive more than you need sympathy.

I can't help the way I feel.

Did you love him?

- Married him.

- That's not what I asked.

- Did you love him?

- Yes. Yes, I did.

Mrs. Mims, you're a liar. You didn't love him

and you never for one minute thought

he loved you. That's true, isn't it?

Do you know what it's like to be alone

in a camp full of rough-neck miners,

a father who holds a quiet hatred for you

because you're not the son

he's always wanted?

Yes, I married Willard Mims because

I couldn't stand being alone anymore.

I knew all the time he didn't love me.

But I didn't care.

I thought I'd make him love me. And

by the time that he asked me to marry him,

I'd lied to myself inside for so long

that I believed it was me he cared for

and not the money.

Now this.

So, what have you lost,
outside of a little pride?

Afraid you can't get another man, is
that it? Afraid what people might say?

Even if Willard did marry you
for your money, at least he married you.
He was your first and last chance as far as
you were concerned, so you grabbed him.

You think nobody'll have you because you
bite your lip and hang your head.

But let me tell you something.

You're as much woman as any of 'em.

A lot more than most.

But you got to realize,
if you don't think anything of yourself,
how do you expect anybody else to?

- I can't help how I feel.

- Lf you can't, who can?

You can't always sit back
and wait for something to happen.

Sometimes you got to walk
up and take what you want.

I'll be back and when I get back,
you two be ready to leave.

Frank, you're sure you don't want
I should go along?

I'm sure.

Fifty thousand. That's a lot of dollars.

You might need some help getting back
here again.

I said I'm sure.

- What do you want?

- Water.

Well, get it.

Brennan, from now on when you walk,
you walk noisy
or you're going to get your head
blowed off before you figured.

Thanks.

You boys are going to like it in Mexico.

Then again, of course,

he just might swing north.

Hard to find a man in that piney country.
What'd you mean by that remark
you just passed?
Frank was talking to you.
Did he say anything would make you
pass a remark like that? Well, did he?
- What do you think?
- I think you're just saying words.
Then you got nothing to worry about.
What is it?
- Billy Jack!
- Yeah.
Keep an eye on 'em.
- Where are you going, Chink?
- I'm gonna circle high around
and make sure Frank don't
ride away rich and leave us poor!
- Chink and Usher have gone.
- Gone?
Now. It's now or...
- Unbutton your dress.
- What?
Just do like I tell you!
Billy Jack will come in here.
Act surprised, embarrassed.
Then smile at him.
Once he comes through this door,
don't let him turn around.
Coffee?
What's the matter with it? You make it?
Ain't you gonna look in on the woman?
What do you mean?
You can't be so young
I have to draw you pictures.
Have they been seeing her?
They went in there yesterday morning
while you were gone.
Don't look at him.
Come on!
In! Quick!
Stay here, I'll get you a horse.
See that lone peak? Ride right at it.
You'll hit the Sasabe.
When you do, swing south. It follows on

into my place. You'll be safe there.

- Well, what about you?

- I'm going to finish this.

They come,

I'm going to finish this once and for all!

- But why?

- Some things a man can't ride around!

I'm staying with you.

For two days you've been telling me
what to do and what not to do.

Not anymore. If you stay, I stay.

Back, get back!

Billy Jack?

Billy Jack!

Well, take it.

Chink! Chink!

Chink, come on out!

I'm going around those rocks.

When I get even with Chink's horse,
let go at the door and don't stop shooting
until the gun's empty.

Chink!

Billy Jack!

Chink!

Hold it!

- You been busy, ain't you?

- Drop your gun!

Now your saddle bags!

Fifty thousand!

- Shame having to give that clear up!

- What have you done with my father?

Sent him on back to Contention, lady.

Told him you'd be along.

- Too bad about them in there.

- Is it?

Turn around, Usher.

Did that, I wouldn't be able
to ride out of here peaceful.

That's what I full intend to do.

I'm gonna walk over there to my animal
and ride on out like I never even been here.

- I wouldn't try it.

- You won't do me with that scatter gun.

Not in the back. I kept you alive, Brennan.

Wasn't for me, you'd be in that well back
at that swing station. Remember?

- I remember.

- I figured you would.

- I'm gonna start walking.

- Don't do it, Frank.

So long, Brennan. Lady.

Brennan!

Now you just stop that. It's all over.

We'll have to ride back to Contention.

They'll want to know what happened.

Come on, now. It's gonna be a nice day.