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The Alamo

By James Edward Grant

"Green Leaves Of Summer"
- General Houston's arrived, gentlemen.
- Refreshments?
Thank you, Doc.
71 cold, windy, rump-bumping miles...
since yesterday!
You wouldn't have it
any other way, Lightfoot.
Company, stand to!
Attention!
As you are.
- Don Esparza!
- Mi general!
General Houston, may I
order the men to bivouac?
- The forced marches took it out of them.
- Foot soldiers may.
Feed the others, care for their horses...
...and tell them there'll be
another march within the hour.
Yes, sir! Sergeant!
- Doctor.
- Sam.
- Dickinson.
- General, sir.
General, it ain't none of my business,
but you ain't ate since yesterday.
I'll sit it on the table here.
Where's Jim Bowie?
When certain people ain't ate,
they're meaner than a bobcat!
Mr Dickinson...
I asked you a question.
Where's Jim Bowie?
He's indisposed, sir.
By God, if you mean drunk,
you say drunk, sir!
He's drunk, sir.
- What's your name?
- James Butler Bonham.
In Travis's command, sir.
Hm.
Neill, you go north with me.
Colonel Travis will be in command here.

- Major, sir.
- Colonel Travis.
- I'll send the commission through.
- Thank you, General.
- Let me assure you I'll do...
- We'll dispense with the amenities. Now...
I've been given command
of the armies of Texas.
But the fly in the buttermilk is
there ain't no armies in Texas!
A few good friends and some willing men.
I'm gonna have to knock
some of those men into an army...
...and to do that I need time.
You people right here on the real ground
are gonna have to buy me that time.
You have to keep Santa Anna
off the back of my neck...
- ... until I can get in shape to fight him.
- So you're ordering me to...
Dammit! I am ordering you to command!
How and what you do is your problem!
But, Sam, what about Jim Bowie?
Jim Bowie, as Mr Bonham
has informed us, is indisposed.
Yes, sir. But I'd like to point out...
...that Jim Bowie is leading
a hundred volunteers...
...whereas young Travis here
commands less than 30 regulars.
General Houston, I think
we oughta discuss this...
Clear the room! Gentlemen, I would have
a word with Mr Travis if you'll excuse us.
Con permiso.
Mr Travis, were you going to
complain to me about Jim Bowie?
Not complain, sir.
Of course Jim Bowie's drunk.
He took this town from General Cos.
He fought a battle.
And now he's drunk.
Seems kinda natural to me.
Or perhaps you question something

other than Bowie's drinking.

Are you gonna tell me that he's got
a lot of acreage around here?

That he's married into
the Mexican aristocracy?

Yes, sir.

I would trust Jim Bowie with my life.
More than that, I would trust him
with the lives of my family.
And more than that, I would trust him
with the life of Texas.

- Sir.

- That's all, Travis.

Travis!

I've never been able to like you.
But you are another one of the very few
men I would trust with the life of Texas.
For that, thank you, sir.
And it may very well be...
...that that life rests in your hands now.

Jethro! Is that you?

Yes, sir, General. This is me.

How are you still alive?

You had white hair when I was a boy
and now we look the same age.

Yes, sir.

But I've been a temperate and
God-fearing man all my life, sir.

Well, I guess my past is out!

Jethro, you tell your Mr Jim

I'm sorry to hear about his illness.

I wish him a speedy recovery.

And assure him of my undying affection.

Yes, sir.

And, General Sam, sir, he love you too.

And them words of yours
gonna put him right back on his feet.

- He got a colic, you know.

- I heard.

In the stomach.

Stay temperate, old man!

Neill!

Column right! Forward!

Yo-ho!

Take care, men!
You all right, Mr Jim?
Yeah.
Sit down, Jeth.
Ohh!
- Can I get you something, sir?
- No, no.
You just sit there.
Houston's gone?
Yes, sir.
Come and gone and me lying drunk.
Colonel Travis! Bowie's approaching!
Halt!
Carry on, sentry!
Recall work parties!
Prepare for flag ceremony!
Detail! Forward... march!
Present... arms!
Order... arms!
We stand here ready to do our duty...
...and cognisant of the will of God.
Captain Dickinson!
Dismiss the ceremony!
And, Captain, inform the men that
work details will be dismissed at 4.30...
...in order that family men may gather
their dependants within these walls.
Yes, sir!
- Lieutenant Blake!
- Yes, sir!
You will see to the quartering
of Bowie's volunteers.
Yes, sir!
You men will follow me!
Jeth, Blake'll show you
to our quarters. Set 'em up.
Yes, sir.
Colonel Bowie.
Santa Anna's got an army of 7,000 men.
So?
Well, you ain't gonna try to defend
this broken-down church...
...against 7,000 battle-hard troops?
Colonel Bowie.

You were drunk at the last officers' call.
And I would rather postpone
our discussion until the next.
At which time I will explain my plans...
...and give orders for
the implementing of those plans.
Hey, Jim!
Why do we have to work like this?
I volunteered to fight, not to build no fort.
How come we have to work like this?
Because old Sam told Travis,
Travis told me...
...and I'm telling you!
Somebody's comin' hellbent for leather,
sinking spurs at every jump!
Halt!
Corporal of the guard!
Post No. 1!
No civilians may enter the fort,
Seor Seguin. I'm sorry.
Juan! Silverio!
Let 'em through, Dick!
Captain Dickinson!
Yes, sir.
- Come to my office, please, Captain.
- Yes, sir.
Tengo noticias de Santa Anna.
Good afternoon, Colonel Travis.
We have news of Santa Anna.
- My son and I have...
- Good day, Seor Seguin.
Seor, even though you're
the alcalde of San Antonio de Bexar...
...it does not exempt you
from military prohibitions.
This establishment is
closed to all civilians!
I'm very sorry, Colonel Travis.
Had I known your restrictions
applied to me and my family, sir...
Now, wait a minute, Travis!
The Seguins have news of Santa Anna.
- We have a dozen rumours a day.
- You can't just...

Por favor, Juan, tell him.
Colonel, the Indians of San Blas...
...sent couriers to the vaqueros of
my properties along the Sangre de Cristo.
They say many soldiers crossed
the Baja Diablo two days ago.
That puts 'em a lot closer
than you thought.
The Indians guessed the number
of troops at over 5,000.
There are also large numbers of
mounted soldiers and supply trains.
Also, lower down on the Baja Diablo
another party of Indians saw signs...
- ... of shod horses crossing a ford.
- I'm sorry, Seor Seguin.
As a civilian, you cannot realise
how worthless this information is.
"Some Indian told some vaqueros... "
Anyway, thank you, sir. Good day.
You know the Seguins
are absolutely reliable!
- If you'll excuse me.
- I meant no personal offence, seor.
But I cannot make a plan
based on third-hand rumours.
I do not take personal affront,
Colonel Travis...
...else I should be forced to act
other than to simply bid you good day.
- Adis, Juan.
- Adis.
You're a damn fool, Travis.
A true gentleman, Seguin.
I dislike being rude to him.
Even allowing for exaggeration...
...Santa Anna must have
crossed the Baja in strength.
But I had to do it, Dick.
I'd say we have two or at best
three days before we see his banners.
The men were listening.
And I can't let that rabble know how weak
we are and how strong the enemy is.

- You couldn't do that, eh?

- No, I couldn't.

My honest and truthful
and plain-spoken friend.

You could, perhaps, but I couldn't.

Now, take a look at this.

This oblique rampart here...

Well, have sense, Dick! Why should
those men stay if they knew the truth?

It's different for Bowie, of course.

He's got a big stake in Texas.

A couple of million acres, I hear.

- Some of those men haven't got...

- Have you got any dollars or acres?

I've got an extra suit of clothes.

You know that.

Boy! So that's it!

San Antonio de Bexar.

It means Saint Anthony in English.

The colonel speaks Spanish, you know.

Are you gonna pray, sir?

But why, sir?

I mean, there wasn't
no doubt we'd find her.

The colonel just wasn't sure which one
of these here creeks was the shortest cut.

He ain't been here in nigh 15 years.

Better make the signal, boy.

Yes, sir.

I hope this powder ain't damp.

You don't take it wrong

I ask you all these questions, Parson?

No, boy, that's how you learn. Asking.

Yes, sir.

So many times every day
you stop and give thanks.

Mostly I can't catch on to what
you're thanking the Lord for.

I mean, there's nothin' special.

I give thanks for the time and the place.

The time and place, Parson?

A time to live and a place to die.

That's all any man gets.

No more, no less.

- Fire the signal, boy.

- Yes, sir.

Must be Parson and the boy!

Think so!

Well, there she be, Colonel!

After 20 days of hard ridin'!

We gonna have to learn

the lingo they use down here, Davy?

Where do we go, Davy?

To the town or to the fort?

There's no fort. It's an old mission.

You better take a better look.

A lot of people movin' in there.

Them guns don't give it

no mission look to me.

Colonel...

What do C-A-N-T-I-N-A spell?

- Cantina. Do it mean what I think it do?

- It do.

It means out of these deerskins

and into our foofaraw!

Hey, you got my coat!

Hey, Pedro!

Hand me down that guitar.

Now I want you folks to all

clump in here close together.

I want you Texicans

to open up your ears...

...and listen to a little pure Tennessee.

Here's to the ladies

I love 'em all

Here's to the ones I recall

Here's to the ladies

Married or free

They all look pretty good to me

The big and small ones

The short and tall ones

Each one a lovely...

Halt!

Here's to the ladies

I love the ladies...

Captain Dickinson, split your patrol.

Send half each way down the river for

about five miles to look for any signs.

- Then report back to the mission.
- Yes, sir.
Forward! Yo-ho!
Sorry, sir!
She sorta come loose!
I'd like...
- I'd like to speak to David Crockett.
- You did.
That was David Crockett
from Tennessee?
Yes, sir. And I oughta know.
Me and him's neighbours back home.
Only live 40 mile apart.
Colonel Davy!
- Are you David Crockett, sir?
- That's my name.
I'm Colonel Travis,
commanding the garrison.
I figured.
Well, son, you'd better start growing up.
I'd like to speak to you
on a matter of gravest importance.
Sure. Let's find a corner.
Talking's dry work!
You're learnin' fast!
Colonel!
I'm resignin' from you.
I'm gonna marry up with Conchita
and be the man of this house.
Bsame a kiss, seorita.
I toss around a mess
of that proud Spanish, too.
Most important part.
Let's jig a little, mamacita.
Light there and rest easy, Travis...
...while I bed down this buck.
He just ain't got no head for whiskey!
- Parson!
- Yeah, Davy!
- Take him away.
- Yes, sir!
Let's wet our whistles.
Words are dusty.
I don't drink.

- Not ever?

- No.

I've heard of such.

Well, spread your wampum, Travis.

My title is colonel.

Me, I'm a colonel, too.

Wouldn't it sound kinda silly,
chattering colonel, colonel...

...like a couple of marsh shield birds?

Just speak right up and call me Crockett.

Don't bother to use my title.

Old drunken General Flatford gave it
to me in the Choctaw Indian War.

I'll call you Travis.

Very well, Crockett.

I'd like your permission
to make a speech to your men.

Well, they've heard many a speech
while I was congressifying.

What would you talk about?

Oh, about freedom... liberty.

Well, they don't need any such speech.

These men are from Tennessee.

I'd like to explain why I want them
to volunteer to fight against Santa Anna.

Oh?

Not so careless!

You can't get new clothes
this side of Nacogdoches.

Tag!

Tennesseans ain't exactly
against fighting...

...but they ain't much for listening
to speeches. What would you tell them?

Of the many and unendurable hardships
the people have been subjected to...

...under the tyrannical government
of this military dictator Santa Anna.

We have no rights in the courts,
no market for our produce.

He has forbidden trade with the North.

Davy!

I want a chance for my money back.

Why don't you leave Davy alone?

He done beat you 38 times hand-runnin'!

36!

38!

36!

This'll only take a minute, Travis.

Give me them feathers.

Gentlemen.

Balance your feathers.

Get set! Go!

- Gotcha that time, Davy.

- It was fair and square.

- If we can continue, I would like to say...

- One minute, Travis.

That was just for who gets first chance.

- Prepare yourself, Davy.

- I'm prepared.

He's still on his feet!

Oh, no!

- Oh, yes!

- Oh, yes!

And it's my turn!

39!

He'll never learn!

Let's get a bucket of water.

Kind of a game the boys play

back in Tennessee.

Even though time is running out,

I must postpone this interview...

...until we can be assured

of no interruptions.

Step down off your high horse, mister.

You don't get lard less'n you boil the hog.

Have one of these cigars.

I brought 'em all the way

from New Orleans.

Were you going to tell my Tennesseans...

...that a good many men...

...sound men all...

...had a plot to ease the suffering

of the people in these parts?

Or were you going to tell them

that Steve Austin, Houston and others...

...and you too, Travis, had planned

to declare for a republic?

To declare this the Republic of Texas?
Were you gonna tell 'em that, Travis?
I hadn't thought this was generally
known.
It isn't yet.
Not till Austin separates
the sheep from the goats.
Not till he decides who's on the right side.
Republic.
I like the sound of the word.
It means people can live free...
...talk free...
...go or come, buy or sell...
...be drunk or sober.
However they choose.
Some words give you a feeling.
Republic is one of those words that...
...makes me tight in the throat.
Same tightness a man gets when his...
...baby takes his first step or...
...his first baby shaves...
...and makes his first sound like a man.
Some words can give you a feeling
that makes your heart warm.
Republic is one of those words.
Crockett!
I have, I believe, learned
two things about you.
Worthwhile, I hope.
You're not the illiterate country bumpkin
you would have people believe.
You speak an excellent and
concise English when you wish.
The... uh... bad grammar is a pose.
A fella has to do a lot to get elected to
Congress. I've kissed many a baby, too.
The other is that you came
to Texas to fight with us.
Don't tell my Tennesseans that.
They think we came south
to hunt and... get drunk.
Whoo-hoo-hoo!
They... uh... seem
to have accomplished that.

Good evening, my almost-vanishing lady.

- Puedes irte, Juan.

- S, Seor Sand.

Trae el equipaje.

Incredible! I arranged for this carriage...

I would be heartbroken

if you left Bexar just now.

Even more so if you left

with my team of horses...

...which would bring

a pretty penny in these times...

...with two factions

buying anything on four legs.

Do you have business here?

I promised Mother.

Your mother?

Pray to the North Star.

Ten minutes every night.

A long line of star-worshippers.

It keeps the rheumatiz away.

It seems to me you're looking for trouble.

It do?

Let's go upstairs. Unless you prefer

discussing your business...

...in front of every drunken loafer in Bexar.

ndala, pues!

I suppose that overdressed ignoramus...

...is one of the riffraff

here to resist Santa Anna.

They'll find graves and nothing else.

Santa Anna will sweep across...

Overdressed?

I paid good money for these clothes.

Why?

Lady's luggage.

Gratuity for the boy. You forgot.

Dinero.

Son, I guess he isn't gonna tip you.

Another thing I promised Mother.

Never to get in situations

where people pointed guns at me.

Ma'am, it is possible that I am mistaken...

...but it seems to me you find this

gentleman's company distasteful.

Tell him to get out.

Thank you, sir, but there is no way in which you could be of help.

- And I am in no danger.

- I bid you good night, ma'am.

Gratuity for the boy.

Your property, sir.

Muchsimas gracias!

We are guaranteed the protection of the generalissimo himself.

Ah, but please don't misunderstand me.

I don't want all of your lands.

Half will be sufficient for me.

I'm no glutton.

T eres el ms digno

descendiente de la liga de fuerzas!

El ms bajo de los cobardes!

Pero cmo es posible que tengas tan poca dignidad?

Cmo es posible que tengas tan poca vergenza?

Easy, Graciela, easy! I speak your language, but that's too fast for me.

Though I dare say

I'm better off not understanding.

You actually wanted me to agree to this?

This atrocity?!

I actually did and I actually do.

You're an educated woman, Graciela.

Intelligent.

Is there any other way

to restore your family properties?

Santa Anna's administrators rule Potos.

You... you expect me to marry you...

...with my father and four brothers newly buried in Potos... and my husband?

I expect it because it is the logical course.

To marry you? Logical?!

Of course!

I am acceptable to Santa Anna.

If he should be defeated, I will manage to become acceptable to his successors.

Oh...

That's the trick. To be acceptable

to the powers that be.
Let's not pretend
you're a broken-hearted widow.
You barely knew the man.
The marriage was as much arranged
as this one would be.
- Your family picked him up.
- That's the way of my people.
You'll say yes.
It's your only possible path.
Like all women,
you'll postpone the decision.
But you will say yes.
Forgive me, ma'am, but I was
having a smoke out on that gallery...
...and I couldn't help but overhear...
I wasn't eavesdropping.
But it rankles me when somebody tries
to force somebody to do something.
You haven't seen me before tonight,
but I am offering you my services.
If that fella's making you stay in Bexar...
...I'm ready, willing and able
to provide you...
...a transport to wherever you wanna go.
And on the other hand,
if you choose to stay in Bexar...
...I'm ready, willing and able
to see that he don't bother you.
Would you answer one question with
complete honesty, Mr... Tall American?
Ma'am, only modesty
restrains me from telling you...
...that I am widely known
for my truthfulness.
Would you so quickly offer to defend me
if I were 60 years old and wrinkled?
Or is it because
I am young and a widow...
...and you are far from home
and your loved ones?
But thank you, anyway, sir.
In any event...
...this is a matter in which

no outsider could help.

Mr Tall American!

I do believe that a woman in trouble,
even though 60 and wrinkled...

...could turn to you for help.

Good night, ma'am.

Adelante!

Ha!

Well, thanks, friend!

If you don't insist on having them
to yourself, I'll give you a hand.

Pleasure, friend.

You must be Jim Bowie.

The size and the shape is as described...

...and this knife is certainly
everything I heard it was.

- I'm Bowie.

- I'm Davy Crockett.

Well! I've heard a lot about you!

I've heard a lot about you, too.

I'd admire to buy you a drink,
or eight or ten.

Oh... Excuse me.

Did you have some trouble
with Emil Sand?

- Who's Emil Sand?

- Merchant.

- Tall fella? Butter-coloured hair?

- That's him.

I've had some words with him.

Intend to have some more.

- How about that drink?

- Honoured, Congressman Crockett!

Please, Jim! Don't call me that!

I've been trying to live it down.

Here's your extra coat, Davy. And a jug.

Thoughtful. You'd better
get some sleep, Smitty.

I'm not tired.

It's Mexico. Exciting night.

Yeah, well, you'd still
better get some sleep.

All right, Davy.

Night, Smitty.

Good night, Colonel Bowie... Jim.
Took a long time for
this night to get unexciting.
It sure did.
'Tis a mighty pretty one though.
I understand you moved down here
lock, stock, and barrel, Jim.
I didn't plan on moving.
Came for a visit and stayed.
- I gather you like it.
- Oh, Davy! If you only knew Mexico!
It's wonderful!
I thought she was a burnt-over
desert most of the time.
Nah... Most northerners
think that. It ain't so.
Big valleys between high mountains.
Just everything a man could want
in the way of country.
For looking at or... or for growing on.
But mostly...
Mostly it's the people, Davy.
They got...
This is kinda hard to explain, but...
...they got courage and they got dignity.
They ain't afraid to die.
What seems most important to me
is that they ain't afraid to live.
Today is important to them,
not the dollar tomorrow might bring.
I suppose the Yankee says that's lazy.
Me? I say it's a way of livin'.
And the womenfolk!
Well, Davy...
I figured you favoured the Mexican ladies.
They tell me you married one.
Yeah, I... uh...
I did.
I... uh...
Well, Davy, I...
I just ain't got, you know, your way
of putting things into... into words, but...
I got a fine family.
A wonderful wife and...

...two fine boys.

I guess I'm what you'd call a lucky man.

Now, that ain't a bad stab

at putting it into words.

I, uh, sent them up to Coahuila with

all the trouble around here, you know...

- May I speak privately with you, sir?

- Sure, but...

- Aren't you Seora de Lpez?

- Seor Bowie, I'm sorry.

- I did not recognise you.

- This place ain't fit for...

I know. But the matter is urgent.

Could I have a few private words

with this gentleman?

Sure. Excuse me.

I'll be inside, Crockett.

Crockett?

You are the famous David Crockett?

Well, I'm Crockett.

They named me Davy after an uncle

that didn't leave Pa the farm after all.

Mr Crockett, shortly after you left my

room I heard an altercation in the street.

I could hear the sound,

though I could not see from my window.

It sounded like a drunken brawl.

Well, sittin' right here I didn't hear a thing.

Well, anyway, I saw lights

in the old church...

...and people moving about.

And one of them was Emil.

And... a thought came to me.

As you may know,

Colonel Travis has ordered...

...all powder and ball

from the merchants of Bexar.

And he didn't find any

at Emil's warehouse.

It's my opinion... it's all hidden

in the basement of that church.

And... Mr Crockett...

The defenders of Texas are going to

need that powder against Santa Anna.

- And you're against Santa Anna?
- Bitterly. Of course.
And this... uh... Emil? He's for him?
Yes, he is.
Then, how did he figure you'd marry him?
Political arguments
don't flavour folks' supper.
Nevertheless, I am going to marry him.
Please let's not discuss it, Mr Crockett.
The name is Davy,
and I couldn't sleep nights...
Will you say goodbye
for me to Mr Bowie?
- Well, I...
- I can make my own way...
...and I hope the information is helpful.
Something interesting, Jim.
Parson, round up a couple of the men,
fairly sober, and meet us out in the street.
Where are we goin'?
- The church.
- Yeah, Davy.
Hey!
Parson!
- Why'd you run off without me?
- I told him to stay behind. He's drunk.
Stick to the point.
Why'd you run off without me?
Jim, this is Beekeeper. Jim Bowie.
- Hi.
- You can come along.
But hold your breath. Can they smell,
they'll be warned you're coming.
Excuse me.
- Grab that torch.
- Yeah.
Excuse me.
Well! Here, Parson.
Yes, sir.
- Rifles.
- Must be 50 of 'em!
- Plvora.
- That's gunpowder.
- Let me take a look at that stuff.

- Watch it!
- Stand back and stand still.
- Excuse me.
There must be a ton of it.
I'm sure gonna be looking forward
to seeing that soldier boy's face...
...when we bring this in.
It's a beautiful morning, Davy Crockett.
It is that...
...Mara de Lpez y Vejar.
My goodness! You remember all that?
Sure. I'm not as stupid
as I look from the outside.
- What's Spanish for breakfast?
- Desayuno.
Let's take a paseado out
and get some desayuno.
- Paseado?
- That means "walk".
That means "have walked".
But never mind. I'll get dressed.
Wait a minute.
First, write me a letter.
A letter?
- In Spanish.
- Of course.
To whom is the letter addressed?
To the Honorable Davy Crockett Esquire.
- You wish a letter written to yourself?
- Yep.
To the Honorable
Davy Crockett Esquire...
...former Congressman of
the United States of America.
Esteemed sir...
Hurry it up there!
- Seen Davy?
- Ain't nobody seen Davy. He ain't about.
First lie you've told today, Thimblorig.
- Mornin', Davy!
- Howdy!
Say, Davy, what kind
of a load you got there?
Presents for some friends.

Let's go, Parson!
Halt! Who goes there?
Is that you, Bob?
Why, sure. Can't you see?
Then what kind of idiot nonsense
is this "Who goes there"?
Well, Travis - Colonel Travis, that is -
he says that I should...
I don't care what Travis said. Open
the gate before I shoot you off that wall!
Sentry! Open the gate for Colonel Bowie!
Near a ton of good powder here, men!
Get it unloaded!
That long one there, he's Davy Crockett.
- And three of his good men.
- Colonel Crockett.
Hello, Travis.
Looks like the answer to a prayer.
Colonel, I'd be pleased if you'd join me
in my quarters for some refreshment.
Proud to.
Oh, and you too,
Colonel Bowie, if you will.
I'm a stranger around these here parts.
What do you Texicans use
for drinkin' whiskey?
- Drinkin' whiskey.
- You got manners or ain't you?
Captain Dickinson,
this is Colonel Davy Crockett.
Morning, Dick.
Oh, and this is my cousin Mrs Dickinson.
- Colonel Crockett.
- Colonel Bowie.
Well, it's nice meeting you,
Davy Crockett.
I feel as if I know you already.
You see, part of my family
come from Tennessee...
...and, well, your name is a household
word there. At least in our house it was.
Thank you, ma'am.
It's nice to be well thought of.
- Mommy.

- Oh, yes, darling!
Oh! I've asked you
not to climb those stairs alone.
- Well, who's this?
- You say hello to Colonel Crockett?
Hello.
Every size they get to
seems to be the most lovable.
Will you gentlemen excuse me?
Goodbye, Colonel.
Goodbye.
Kind of a shame
kids have to grow up into people.
It's good we're all here, gentlemen.
A cigar?
Please, make yourselves comfortable.
I have some news.
Fannin is doing well at Goliad.
He has mustered
almost a thousand men...
...and should be ready to move south
by the first of the week.
A thousand? It don't seem possible.
It does sound too good to be true,
I must confess.
But we can only admit
our doubts to each other.
In the privacy of a room
and not in front of the men.
As far as the volunteers are concerned,
we're sure Fannin has a thousand men.
- I got a reputation for truth, Travis.
- I ain't.
Everybody says I'm a born liar.
But whether we talk out loud or quiet
don't seem to me the point right now.
The point is how many men has Fannin
and will he get here in time?
Whether he does or doesn't,
we'll be trapped here. And for no reason.
We should burn all of Bexar,
including this mission.
And annoy Santa Anna while he sweeps
north across the whole of Texas?

- That's Colonel Bowie's theory!
- We could hit and run!
Jump him at every creek crossing...
You seem to forget one thing, Colonel!
That I command!
And I have already
decided against your plan!
Now...
Let us attack a more important problem.
Colonel Crockett's Tennesseans.
Will they fight, Colonel?
Last time I saw 'em they hadn't shown
any strong feelings against fighting.
- Can you persuade them to come here?
- I can ask them.
And you're a very persuasive man
according to your reputation.
Build up the story that Fannin has
a thousand... no, two thousand men.
- Play down the size of Santa Anna's...
- We've been through this.
He wants me to lie to my men, too.
Keep 'em here with lies.
Let the truth of Santa Anna's strength
be known and there won't be a dozen left!
- You calling my boys cowards?
- Let us dispense with the pyrotechnics!
Remember this. My men are volunteers!
They're here because they wanna be!
But there's nothing to keep 'em
from gettin' outta here!
I'm aware that your men are militia.
And, like all volunteers, undisciplined.
Good day, Colonel Bowie.
Last night gave you a pretty good idea
of the discipline of my men.
Our position here is desperate.
And I feel sure that where Crockett leads
his men will follow.
Yeah.
That's a responsibility that's...
been kinda worrying me.
Thank you, gentlemen.
I'm gonna pass the word around.

What you Texans use for
drinkin' whiskey... is drinkin' whiskey.
And what's more important,
you got real good manners...
...seein' how you suffer the handicap
of having never been in Tennessee.
Davy, is it true that you fit
a four-day fight with Mike Fink?
Why, that's a blasted lie!
One of them stories
loose-mouthed people tell around.
Mike and me quit at sundown!
Wouldn't have been the fourth day
until, uh... next morning.
See you, men!
Let her rip, Parson!
Seora Lpez.
Don Juan, this is Mr Davy Crockett.
- I'm honoured.
- How do you do?
Seor Seguin is the alcalde... I mean,
the mayor of San Antonio de Bexar.
He's got a pretty busy town.
People are running like sheep
that have smelled a wolf pack.
I never said no such a thing!
When us took that powder in there, that
fella Travis asked if us Tennesseans...
...was gonna join up with him. That's all.
He never asked us
to fight his fight for him.
- Have some breakfast.
- Breakfast?! Tortillas?
Tamale!
Never get burnt drinking this stuff.
Well, I only know part of Texas and
none of these Texicans is related to me...
...so why should I fight for them?
Right. Ain't our ox that's gettin' gored.
Talkin' about whose ox
gets gored... figure this.
A fella gets in the habit of goring oxes,
whets his appetite.
He may come up north next

and gore yours.
Men, we're in a little fix, sort of.
The he-bull around here -
General Santa Anna. He's mad at us.
Yeah?
He's wrote us a letter.
I can't read it. It's in Spanish.
But the young lady will.
It is addressed to Davy Crockett and
the Tennesseans who accompany him.

Be it known:

You are interlopers in a country where
you are neither wanted nor welcome.
This is the order you are given.
Depart with all haste and at once,
because it has come to our attention...
...that you are possibly considering joining
the rebels now skulking in the mission.
This is not your fight. Depart.
Should you fail to abide by this order...
...I shall chastise you even unto death.

Signed:

Antonio Miguel de Santa Anna.
Huh!
Fella kinda fancies himself, don't he?
Sure does have a big-sounding name.
Givin' us orders. Who do he think he am?
Andy by God Jackson?
Riles me when somebody tells me
to go here or I can't go there.
I ain't never been run out of no place!
Except the time my old paw
kicked me over every acre...
...of that half-section back there in Ohio.
But I was just a shirt-tail kid then.
My paw had big feet.
What do you say, Davy?
Are we gonna let this man...
...tell us what we can or can't do?
Davy, maybe we'd better saddle up
and pay this fella a visit.
- Do chastise mean what I think it do?

- It do.

Davy, let's do saddle up and go learn that gentleman his manners.

We won't have to. He's wearin' out horses comin' toward us.

Well, I guess we can't stop him from coming.

But I reckon we can arrange for him to limp going back.

I was thinking these Texicans wasn't as neighbourly as they might be.

But here they've gone and arranged a nice fight for us visitors.

One thing I oughta tell you.

Santa Anna never wrote that letter.

I did.

Or rather... I had this lady here write it.

I was figuring how to tell you fellas about this Texican hoedown.

I wondered what Santa Anna would've said to us if he'd had a chance to say it.

Davy, I ain't never said

I ain't been whupped. I have.

But I give every one of them fellas a chance to dig in and get the job done.

But I ain't never took nobody's word that they was gonna chas...

- Chastise.

- Chastise. Much obliged.

- We're gonna stay, ain't we?

- I'm thinking it over.

What is there to think about?

You getting that old?

The man toed the mark and dared us!

- Chastise, he said!

- That's right! Chastise!

- But I wrote the letter!

- Don't you start weaslin'.

You said them'd be the words he'd write if he was to write us a letter.

Well, gentlemen, you've convinced me.

We'll fight.

- That's more like it!

- Now you're talkin', Davy!

First, the young lady and I
will take a pasear.
Gather up your possibles
and I'll meet up with you later.
- Con permiso.
- Your Spanish is improving.
It kinda cheers me to see
the colonel with that lady.
Last couple of years he had me worried.
Lately he ain't been looking
at the girls like he was starved.
Being in Congress
has ruined many a good man.
All I hear is Crockett the bear-killer...
Crockett the Indian-fighter...
Crockett the brawler...
Crockett has brains.
Kept it hidden a number of years.
- You like my Tennesseans, Flaca?
- Oh, yes.
Could strain 10,000
and never come up with 23 better.
Every one of those men has been
at my elbow, save the boy Smitty...
...when some difficulty arose.
Some of them don't bathe as often
as polite folks would think necessary.
But every one of them
smells sweet to me.
And I was the one that said
this country was burnt-over sand.
It's green and growing.
Like those green pastures they talk about.
Lord above! That's one beautiful tree!
This tree must've been growed...
...before man put his first
dirty footprints on this prairie.
Kind of a tree Adam and Eve
must have met under.
You know something, Flaca?
I guess I saw
who knows how many trees...
...before I ever took
a long, thoughtful look at one.

Mostly I looked at a tree to see was there
a bear in it or an Indian behind it.
Davy, what's going to happen to us?
I mean, to you and me.
I'm gonna tell you something, Flaca,
and I want you to listen tight.
It may sound like I'm talking about me,
but I'm talkin' about you.
In fact, I'm talking about
all people everywhere.
When I came down here to Texas,
I was looking for something.
I didn't know what.
It seems like you added up my life...
...and I'd spent it all either stomping other
men or in some cases getting stomped.
Had me some money
and had me some medals.
But none of it seemed a lifetime
worth the pain of the mother that bore me.
It's like I was empty.
Well, I'm not empty any more.
That's what's important.
To feel useful in this old world.
To hit a lick against what's wrong,
or to say a word for what's right...
...even though you get walloped
for sayin' that word.
I may sound like a Bible-beater
yellin' up a revival at a camp meeting...
...but that don't change the truth none.
There's right and there's wrong.
You gotta do one or the other.
You do the one and you're living.
You do the other and you may be walking
around, but you're dead as a beaver hat.
I'd hoped for a horse, but there's
nothing wrong with a good strong mule.
My things!
All my luggage is in the buggy!
Had my men take care of it.
Your geegaws may be rough-packed
but they're all there.
You are sending me away. You...

You talked about the fight
against evil but you...
You are sending me to safety.
Flaca, you have an important name.
You know a million words
and how they should be used.
I'm sending you to fight your war,
to talk up a howling mob.
I'll stay here and hit a lick.
I hope you can drive a mule.
His name's Jess, they told me.
He seems a good, honest mule.
Maybe I'll never see you again.
If that's what's written,
that's what's written.
When it's time, it's time.
Talkin' only makes it the harder, Flaca.
So stir up that mule.
Davy, I...
You never pray, do you, Davy?
I never found the time.
Sir! Tennesseans.
Colonel Travis!
Crockett and his men.
Go down and open the gate.
I'll just holler down.
Your orders were to go down,
not holler down, Mr Dennison!
Yes, sir.
Crack shots, those Tennesseans.
Twenty times their number's
what we need, and more.
Oh, I'm sorry, Will. Such gloomy
remarks are for your ears alone.
Isn't that Bowie
galloping up to catch 'em?
I can just hear him pleading his cause.
Crockett seems to me the type of man
that would choose Bowie.
What you mean is
he isn't the type of man to choose me.
Oh, Will. Depend on you
to say it the most brutal way.
Most facts are brutal!

Just look at that great knife fighter
yapping at Crockett.
Cut, slash, and run!
Let's get mounted. Cut, slash, and run!
Cut, slash, and run.
Cost Santa Anna a hundred troops
at every creek crossing...
...between here and the North.
Sounds reasonable the way you put it...
...but Travis has a point, too.
Takes thinkin' on.
Hey, Jim!
Halt! Who goes there?
Bob, I swear I'm gonna shoot you
off that wall. Are you blind?
That's what I was told to holler every
time.
Well, don't holler at me!
Idiot.
You think on it, Davy. You'll side with me.
What is it?
Tennesseans, Nell. 23 of 'em.
All the way from home.
Do you recognise any, Jocko?
Is my brother Malachi with them?
He was a fella to go
where there was trouble.
He was that.
But, Nell, you know Malachi was hung.
Or so some folks told us.
Colonel Crockett. I am glad you were able
to persuade your men to join us.
Well, they insisted, sort of.
Our heartiest welcome!
Ladies and gentlemen...
...we are proud to welcome
these patriotic men...
...who have travelled 1500 miles
to join us in our hour of need.
- Sergeant Lightfoot!
- Yes, sir?
You will have your men
raise a cheer for our gallant allies...
- ... from the illustrious state of Tennessee!

- Yes, sir!
- Hip! Hip!
- Hooray!
- Hip! Hip!
- Hooray!
- Hip! Hip!
- Hooray!

Captain, you will attend to
the billeting of these men.

After you are quartered, I will take you
on a tour of the emplacements.

This way, gentlemen.

Crockett! Davy Crockett!

- We're from Tennessee.
- Well, howdy, folks!

We seen you when you came
to Stink Wells...

...to speak about that job for the Congress.

- You shook hands with me.
- I'll do her again.

He didn't vote for you, though.

- Other fella gave him four bits.
- I'm sorry.

Don't be. Glad there were
enough sensible folks like you...

...to vote me out of that job.

Well, later on we'll have
a real old home talkfest.

Right now we've got to get quartered
and bedded down. Would you excuse us?

You should have voted for him, Jocko.

Soldados! Soldados!

Columna a la izquierda!

Of our 24 pieces of ordnance,
five are these six-pounders.

Something's stirring in town!

Ladies will take cover, please!

Men, to your battle positions!

Los documentos!

Los documentos.

- Teniente, cumpla con sus rdenes.
- S, seor.

Captain Dickinson,
are your men disposed?

At their posts, sir!
No one will fire unless I so order!
Those people are under
the protection of a flag of truce.
Columna alto!
From Generalissimo Antonio Lopez de
Santa Anna, absolute ruler of Mexico...
...to the rebel commander
who deems himself in command...
...of the rebels occupying the mission.

Be it known:

The province of Mexico known as Texas...
...has shown itself to be
in active and treasonous revolt...
...against the rule of
Generalissimo Santa Anna.
The generalissimo issues
the following order.
All occupants of the mission
will leave at once...
...leaving all arms
and ammunition behind them.
If this order is not followed
with dispatch...
...the generalissimo will reduce
the mission by assault.
There will be no quarter given.
Columna a la derecha!
Marchen!
Well, what do you think, Jim?
I hate to say anything good about
that long-winded jackanapes...
...but he does know
the short way to start a war.
The Sixth...
The Sixth Vera Cruzano Fusiliers.
They're bivouacking about
a mile south of our west bastion.
Light artillery, lancers, some engineers.
Not one unit of heavy assault troops yet,
and it still adds up to 2,000 men.
That'll be to our advantage, Dick.
That main body must be

strung out for miles.
The assault infantry,
heavy artillery and supply trains...
They won't be here for four or five days.
The actual battle can't start until then.
Oh, there'll be an occasional sortie
feeling out our defences.
But they won't commit to an attack until
Santa Anna is here with his main force.
- Then what?
- Then Fannin will be here.
More troops arriving every hour.
Prettiest army I ever did see.
Yeah.
If I take my men out, do you go with me?
Davy, you know this old mission
can't stand up to Santa Anna's army.
- My way's the only way.
- Travis says that Fannin's coming.
Travis says! I wouldn't take Travis's
word that night's dark and day's light.
Blowin' on a horn. That's all.
Chicken in the bread bag,
pickin' up the corn. That's all.
Flies in the buttermilk.
Shoo, fly, shoo! That's all.
Ants in the sugar bowl.
Two by two. That's all.
- I carried twice as much!
- You're twice as big.
Patrol's in trouble!
Doggone it, Beekeeper!
I thought you wasn't gonna open
that corn liquor till nightfall!
It's only a half-hour till dark.
Besides, it's my keg, ain't it?
Well, all right. Give me some of that stuff!
I'm so scared I could drink all of it!
Maybe I will.
What'd you see, Irish?
More than I wanted to, Jim.
A lot of men arriving.
And they got the durned
blastedest cannon ever I did see!

Something like this.

12 or 14 foot long maybe!

- He sure draws pretty, don't he?

- Frightening!

12 or 14 feet long. Are you sure, Irish?

- Well, yeah...

- Finn!

Yes, sir!

You were ordered to report to me,
not to hold lecture courses. Get up here!

All right, Will... uh... Colonel Travis.

Hey, Travis! With a cannon like that...

...them Santa Anna fellas can just sit up
there and give us what for, can't they?

There's no such cannon

in the North American continent.

They have some in Europe,
according to last reports.

Acting Lieutenant Finn is exaggerating.

Fuego!

She's a big one, Davy!

And she's shooting from over here!

Battery One! Is your gun ready?

We're primed and ready, sir!

Give it full elevation!

Yes, sir!

The gun is ready, sir!

Fire!

Kinda short there, Colonel, Mr Travis!

I'm sure I'm glad I seen that there cannon
sitting out there on that prairie.

For a minute I thought
they was shooting at us...

...from one of them countries
over in Europe.

Oh, my goodness!

No!

Oh, no! They wouldn't dare!

Man, that ain't no fair way to fight a war!

Well, I guess we'd better do
somethin' about that, Crockett.

- Plain as can be.

- About an hour after dark?

Good.

Thimblorig, 15 men.

Right after dark.

All sober.

Boo!

- Halt!

- I lost the bet.

I bet my friends I could sneak up
on you without you hearing me.

Friend, you like to got a hole in your head.

Ha!

- Tie him loose.

- Kick that fire out and kill our silhouette.

Let's go. Company One, let's go!

- Everything set?

- Yes, sir.

All right. It's time, men.

- Open the gate!

- Colonel Travis, sentry here!

- Somebody jumped me!

- I'll say they did!

Shoved me down, tied me up, and
some of them stepped on me goin' by.

And never so much as

a by-your-leave from every one of them.

Dammit!

- Return to your posts.

- Yes, sir.

Close the gate!

Well, you'd better get
your men mounted, then.

- See if you can give them any help.

- Yes, sir.

Detail! Stand to horse!

Get the powder!

- Where's the mud?

- It's comin'. Here it is.

- Qe es?

- Es un caon!

Clear out! I'll cover!

You heard the man.

- Come on, kid! Get outta here!

- I can shoot.

- Golly! What a gun!

- Go on! Grab a horse!

Cannon party!
No one will fire until
you can identify your target!
Yes, sir!
Let's give 'em a hand, boys! Knock on it!
Pick 'em up! Pick 'em up!
Everybody rides double!
Come on! Pick 'em up!
- Hold the gate! Hold the gate!
- Somebody's still outside!
Close the gate!
Good work, Smitty!
We never missed you.
Good thing the kid did.
That horse folded with me.
- You all right, Jim?
- Sure.
- Oh, Mr Smith! You've been hurt!
- Oh, it's all right.
- Let's take a look at that.
- Doctor!
Mm. No bones broken.
All you need is a little
Doctor Beekeeper's fix-all.
See? I...
Pretty close.
- Bowie?
- Oh, he's all right. Turned a horse over.
- Jethro?
- Yes, sir.
Tell Colonel Bowie
I wish to speak to him at once.
Yes, sir.
Over here, where we can
have a little privacy.
Yes, sir.
- Post this area.
- Yes, sir!
Will, considering the way
things turned out, I...
Dick, leave this to me.
Colonel Bowie.
I have had just about
enough insubordination.

You have?
All right. Let's get to it. When and where?
I hear you're a good shot,
so let's choose pistols.
I assumed you would choose
the ruffian's knife.
- Gentlemen, I beg...
- Dick, act for me!
Time?
I suggest after this war is over.
Yes.
The minute...
the very minute this war is over.
- Jim?
- That's fine with me.
One last word, Bowie.
This evening's episode...
By going on a mission without orders
you endangered this command.
If it had not been for
the intervention of Captain Dickinson...
...a large number of volunteers
would now be dead out there...
...instead of at their posts in here.
I demand your word of honour that
there will no repetition of such conduct.
Or else I shall be forced
to order your arrest.
Travis...
Don't you worry any more
about arrest or insubordination.
I take my people out at daybreak.
Colonel Travis...
I'm an old man...
...but you're wrong.
That Jethro...
Reminds me of a story...
Please, Crockett!
No homespun wisdom.
No cracker-barrel philosophy.
None of the backwoods wit
for which you are famous. Good night!
You'd better slack off on me, mister.
This code of honour business

doesn't bother me a bit.
When there's trouble
I come from any direction...
...as sudden and surprising as I can.
My only concern here is 23 Tennesseans.
So you'd better let me know
what's in your mind.
I'd have thought that would
have been obvious to you.
It's as simple as this.
There's Santa Anna with 7,000 men.
Up here is the Sabine River.
Somewhere around here...
...Sam Houston is trying
to organise an army.
And right in between... is the Alamo.
Santa Anna can't go around and leave
a fort along his lines of communication.
He must reduce the Alamo by storm.
Every minute of time
we buy for Sam Houston...
...is another precious minute
in the life of Texas.
And nobody is ever going to say
that William Barrett Travis...
...did not buy every minute possible.
Makes sense.
Why didn't you tell Bowie that?
A commander does not have
to explain his every decision.
You explained to me.
I have great respect for you, Crockett.
But I have none for that
knife-fighting adventurer.
I figured any fella that shouldered
a gun was deserving of respect.
But then I'm not... a real soldier.
I never fought anybody but Injuns.
Less'n you count the British.
Crockett.
I must ask you to forgive
my rudeness earlier on to you.
I'm an easy forgiver... at times.
Good night, Travis.

Crack out a couple of jugs
and bring that guitar.

What are we gonna do, Davy?

Serenade.

Well...

I hope you told that long-winded idiot
what you think of him.

- I'm not rightly sure what I think of him.

- What's all this?

Well, I figured we'd crack a jug
and tell each other our troubles.

Now wait a minute, Crockett.

Don't try your winnin' ways on me.

My mind's made up.

Well, we can have a farewell drink.

You mean you're stayin'?

That's what I figure, Jim.

All right. We'll have a drink or two or ten.

But you ain't gonna get me drunk
and change my mind.

Of course not!

Water patrol! Let's go!

Rise and shine! Up and at 'em!

Beekeeper, come on! Show a leg!

Get out of there!

Thimblerrig, come on! It's your duty.

- It's your duty!

- You don't have to wake us all!

- I'll get 'em up, Sergeant.

- Thanks, Parson. Thanks.

Hey!

Two dollars American
if you take out my patrol.

Two dollars? This morning

I wouldn't take your patrol for ten.

- I would!

- Got yourself a deal, Scotty.

Well, Davy, it looks like you done it again.

It do.

- And Bowie?

- Looked like a tie to me.

Your duty!

Good morning, Colonel.

He's still sleepin'.

I'll take care of that, Jethro.

Aaagh!

Hey!

Ow!

Crockett!

Crockett!

- Crockett, what the devil...

- Good morning, Smitty. Doc.

- Davy.

- Good morning.

Well!

You got yourself famous.

Now when they talk about Jim Bowie...

...they'll tell about the man that pulled him out from under the troops.

Gee! Will they?

Jim, the kid wants to know about that sand bar episode.

- Oh, come on, Crockett!

- That's the truth.

- He's never heard anything but hearsay.

- Gosh, yes, Mr Bowie!

- All the fellas back home talk about...

- By the way, Smitty...

Say goodbye to Jim.

Are you going someplace, Colonel... Jim?

No.

No, I'm not goin' noplac.

That's just Crockett's idea of a joke.

Now you get well, Smitty, boy.

And thanks for your help.

- What are you doin'?

- It was rumoured we were leavin'.

I'll tell you when we're leaving.

Get that gear put away.

Crockett.

By God, boy! You're bad-tempered!

Don't you ever try to make a fool out of me again!

- Once is enough.

- I make up my own mind.

Never thought otherwise, Jim.

I was wondering... You think there'd be a mouthful of that corn juice left?

We could kinda
cut the tar out of our throats.
That's a great idea, Davy!
That's a great idea!
I still say you're bad-tempered.
Amigo!
Halt! Who goes there?
Don't shoot, amigo!
A message for Jim Bowie.
In the sombrero!
Jim!
Fella says there's a message
in this hat for you.
Huh! Kind of a strange way
to be sending messages, ain't it?
Yeah.
Maybe Santa Anna surrendered.
What is it, Jim?
I never... knew the night...
...could be so dark.
My... my wife...
She...
She's... dead.
I lived through it, Jim.
It's hard.
It was the plague.
The damn plague!
Oh, God, dear God!
Oh, Davy... she...
She was so small.
So tiny. So very tiny.
She wanted to stay in Bexar
to be near me, but...
...I made her go to Coahuila.
I made her go!
My man Parson...
He's a kind of a preacher.
He keeps sayin'...
...little do we mortals know.
Hold your head up, Jim.
Colonel Bowie...
You've had a communication
from outside these walls.
This is against my orders.

What information have you received?
Bowie, hand me that letter!
You may die tonight.
That little lady, Jim.
She won't like it.
Colonel Bowie...
Please accept
my most profound sympathy...
...and my regret for having
disturbed you at such a moment.
This in no way impairs your right to call
me on the field of honour at a later date.
But I wish to express my sorrow for you...
...and present my apology for
being such a boor at such a time.
Travis...
You can't help bein' you...
...and I can't help bein' me.
- What's that all about, Sergeant?
- 32 cases hospitalised today, sir.
Well... Tell 'em to move over
after last night's party...
Oh, no, sir. Women and children.
Another officers' call.
See for yourself. It's all like that.
Sir.
Gentlemen.
- Doctor.
- It's as simple as this, gentlemen.
I had 32 cases
of mild dysentery this morning.
I tested the salt pork barrel the rations
were issued from. It's tainted.
So is every other barrel in the warehouse.
Sergeant.
Barring the pork, I figure we have...
...three or four days' full rations
to serve to the garrison.
You see the dilemma, gentlemen.
We are almost out of food.
However, Santa Anna does not
suffer under the same handicap.
Therefore our course is obvious.
If you'll follow me.

? Vuelve, el gitano, vuelve

Ol!

I can think of more comfortable places
to watch that show from.

Quiet!

Dick.

Yes, sir?

It's a half-hour to daybreak.

Have your men stand to horse.

Yes, sir.

The night herders.

Two to each one of 'em.

Don't miss.

There'll be a lot of hungry kids.

Take 'em.

Smitty.

Grab a horse off that picket line
for Smitty.

Get a good one.

Colonel Davy?

Can I ask you fellas

something face to face?

Sure thing, kid.

Are you really sending me because
I'm a good horseman like you said?

As I live and breathe!

You're smarter than Beekeeper
and you swim better than the gambler.

It ain't that you don't think I'd be
worth my salt when the fighting starts?

Smitty, let me tell you something.

Of all the men in this outfit, I'd pick you
to side me if the goin' was rough.

- You see?

- Gee!

Get on this horse.

There's nothing out there,
kid, but dark.

Good luck, Smitty.

It'll take him quite a few days
to get to Houston.

That's what I figured.

The south side's all taken care of.

Get a horse.

Now all we can do is wait.
That's the hardest part.
It sure is.
Column halt!
Carry on, Dick.
- Good luck.
- Thank you, Will.
Best of luck, Dickinson.
Forward, yo-ho!
If they don't shoot pretty quick,
we've got to go anyway.
Let's take 'em!
Hold your fire!
Hold your fire!
Pick your targets!
Fire!
Fire at will!
Second rank, fire!
Fall back! Fall back!
Fall back!
Fire!
Fall back!
Second rank!
Fire!
Fall back!
Third rank!
Ready?
Fire!
Cease fire!
Close the gate!
There's one thing for sure.
He's a bearcat for nerve.
I'm grateful for that.
I'd hate to look at a coward
over a duellin' pistol.
You're not much for this forgive
and forget business, are you, Jim?
No.
Beef for supper.
Yes, sir.
Hog never rightly could pass for meat.
But beef!
The big he-bull himself!
Let's go!

Ladies to cover!

Men to your posts!

- Captain Dickinson.

- Yes, sir.

Order all men fed in relays.

Full issue of ammunition.

Yes, sir.

That's the best-dressed army I ever saw.

Fancy clothes don't make a fightin' man.

They're just off two years

puttin' down revolts.

They're fightin' men.

Generalissimo Santa Anna has just

arrived with the main body of his army...

...and has only now become aware...

...that there are women

and children in the mission.

He wishes that the ladies

receive his apologies...

...and be informed he has

never attacked a position...

...without the enemy

being given the opportunity...

...to evacuate women and children.

According, you have one hour in which

to evacuate these noncombatants...

...who will be provided with transport...

...to proceed to such destination

as is their choice.

Signed:

de Santa Anna, ruler of Mexico.

Your answer?

My compliments to the general

for his gallantry.

We will evacuate our noncombatants.

Single men will remain at their posts!

Married men will arrange

transport for their families!

- Sue, you'd better hurry.

- She won't go.

Save your breath, Will.

Your ever so persuasive breath.

All right, say it.

It's a sorry man
that can't make his wife obey.
You seem to forget, Dick,
that I too am married.
I've got to do what I think
is the right thing.
I'm a soldier's wife.
My child is a soldier's child.
We'll stay.
Very well, Sue.
Dick.
Don't be angry with me.
I'm not angry.
I'm proud.
- Dick, take your patrol.
- Yes, sir.
Married men, return to your posts!
Open the gate!
Captain Dickinson!
Escort! Forward!
Yo-ho!
Ma'am, I ain't got no woman to say
goodbye to. Could I tell you goodbye?
Surely.
Get up, boy! Ya!
Jocko, Nell.
It's time.
Go on, Jocko. Do the best you can.
I can't.
I can't.
I just can't do it, fellas.
Colonel Bowie.
This is a request and not an order.
But I suggest that,
as desperate as our needs are...
...that family's needs are more desperate.
Get in that line, Jocko,
and move out with your people.
You can see how it is.
It's more than a man can bear.
She's never said a word of pity for herself
in the ten years she's been blind.
Will Travis!
Just who do you think you are?

Mrs Robertson, I can assure you that no blame will attach itself to your husband. Get movin', Jocko, or I'll help you along with the toe of my boot.

Shut up, Jim Bowie!

And you and Travis listen close.

My man ain't goin' out. He's just as much a man as either one of you. Maybe more.

In spite of he ain't rich like you, Jim, or fancy educated like you, Will Travis. Now, Jocko, you get back up on that wall. Cos you're just as good as any man that ever trod leather.

And it's your right.

And I can't see, but I'm just as good as any woman in Texas.

And it's my right to go and leave you.

Now we've cuddled nice and said all our goodbyes, but I'll say it again. We'd be fools not to face it.

You're likely to go and get yourself killed in this battle.

I don't know what you're going to say at the gates of heaven...

...but I'm gonna say no woman ever lived had herself a better husband than you.

Now go on!

- Hip! Hip!

- Hooray!

- Hip! Hip!

- Hooray!

- Hip! Hip!

- Hooray!

Captain Dickinson!

Yes, sir.

Have the Doctor set up the hospital in the chapel.

- You will take charge of Battery No. 4.

- Yes, sir.

Clarines! Suenen al ataque!

Adelante!

Hold your fire.

Hold your fire.

Take 'em!

Straight frontal attack!
We need more men up here!
I'll get some strength from Dickinson.
North wall! Hurry it up!
- Who is it?
- It's the Parson.
Clarines! Suenen al retiro!
Hold your fire!
Hold your fire! They're retiring!
See did any of our boys get hurt.
I'll be below gettin' washed on
the outside and wet down inside.
We've been lucky today.
Check the damage.
Officers' call in ten minutes.
Bring on another.
Sure killed many a brave man today.
It's funny. I was proud of 'em.
Even while I was killin' 'em
I was proud of 'em.
Speaks well for men
that so many ain't afraid to die...
...because they think right's on their side.
Speaks well.
- Post this area, Lightfoot.
- It's already done.
All right, Sergeant.
- Report!
- 50 casualties.
28 dead, 22 wounded.
Morale... high.
Morale ain't gonna help us much
if Fannin don't get here... and quick!
- Ow, Doc!
- Quit squawking.
You oughta be laying on your back.
You'll never walk.
Santa Anna didn't have much respect
for us today, and he got burned.
Now he's gonna be comin' at us
with a battle plan from all four sides.
We already been cut down by a third.
How long do you think we can hold out?
Santa Anna won't attack again today.

He'll clear the field of
all the dead and wounded.
Fannin will be here by tomorrow,
even without a forced march.
With his 500 men...
...we can hold this fort for a month.
500? I thought it was a thousand.
- 500.
- Bonham's approaching, sir.
Good. Fannin should be close behind.
Well?
Colonel Fannin isn't comin'.
His men were ambushed. Murdered!
There won't be any help.
Have all volunteers
assembled in the compound.
Well, that's it.
I'm taking my men out.
Cut through to the North.
You comin'?
It seems like the better part of valour.
Men...
Jim Bonham has brought
news as sad as death.
Colonel Fannin has been ambushed.
We can expect no help.
I stay here with my command.
But any of you who wish to
may leave with all honour.
Failing reinforcements,
the Alamo cannot hold.
But do not go with heads hung low.
No man can criticise your behaviour.
Here on these ramparts...
...you have bought a priceless
ten days of time for Houston.
You have bled the enemy army.
You are brave and noble soldiers.
Open the gate!
May God bless you.
Close the gate!
Hold up there, bub.
You're in dangerous territory.
Where you headin'?

I'm lookin' for General Sam Houston.
Got a message for him.
Well, you've come to the right place.
Corporal of the guard! Post No. 3!
- What is it?
- He wants to see General Sam.
Come on, bub!
- The lad has a message for the general.
- Yes, sir.
You'd better get down, and get yourself
some beans and a little sleep.
No, sir!
I've gotta get back to the Alamo.
Yesterday I read you Fannin's message...
...telling us he cannot reach
the Alamo in time.
Today I have this... from the Alamo.
They are surrounded...
...and we can't help them.
Now, tomorrow...
...when your recruits
start to whine and bellyache...
...you tell them that 185 of their friends...
...neighbours, fellow Texicans...
...are holed up in a crumbling adobe
church down on the Rio Bravo...
...buying them this precious time.
I hope they remember.
I hope Texas remembers.
A time to be sowing
The green leaves of summer
Are calling me home
It was good to be young then
In the season of plenty
When the catfish were jumping...
It may not be as comfortable,
but it's safer in here.
He's had a hard day.
Will...
I'm sorry.
What for?
I guess I've said some
pretty rude things to you.
Well, at least, I thought 'em.

You're a wonderful woman, Sue.
Forget it.
Dick, stay here as long as you can.
Probably won't need you till morning.
I've only added to your worries, haven't I?
I know I must be very selfish.
I couldn't think of facing
the world without you.
A time to be reaping
A time to be sowing
The green leaves of summer
Are calling me home
It was good to be young then
To be close to the earth
Now the green leaves of summer
Are calling...
What are you thinkin', Davy?
I'm not thinkin'.
I'm just rememberin'.
Well, I sure done a heap of things
I shouldn't have done.
Seemed urgent at the moment.
Got myself a heap of sins to answer for.
Wish I hadn't did 'em.
I reckon old Saint Pete's gonna slam them
Pearly Gates right smack-dab in my face.
There ain't no Pearly Gates.
When you're dead, you're meat for
the worms. That's all there is to it.
You don't believe in no afterlife?
No hereafter?
Tales for children! Bunkum and bosh!
I say this.
I believe.
I can never find a way to argue down
you that don't believe.
But I believe in the Lord God Almighty...
...all knowing and all forgiving.
And I believe that good
shall be triumphant in the end...
...and that evil shall be vanquished.
I believe in a hereafter.
Me, too. I figure a man's
got to believe in those things...

...does he want to believe in
the good things about man.
About his very own self.
The real good things.
Like courage and honesty...
And love.
Jethro!
Yes, sir.
This is somethin' I promised Mrs Bowie.
- Know what it is?
- No, sir.
That's your freedom.
You're a free man, Jeth.
Thank you, sir.
You'd better get your belongings together
and get on over the wall tonight.
It's gonna be more than
a little rough around here.
Good luck, Jeth.
Thank you, sir.
Uh... Colonel Bowie,
you say I'm a free man?
That's right.
Well, if I'm free...
...then I got a right
to decide what I'm gonna do.
Seems to me that's what
you men are fighting for.
So I... reckon I'll...
I'll stay.
Look!
Gentlemen, good luck.
Get to your battle stations.
What's that?
It's sure loud.
A la carga!
- Adelante!
- Adelante!
Fuego!
Get Bowie out of here!
Get him into the chapel!
- I'm all right.
- Hold still, Colonel.
- I said I'm all right!

- Colonel Crockett says...
Don't start that again!
Aaaagh!
Battery No. 3! Come on!
Get to the infirmary!
Fire!
Crockett!
Crockett!
North Wall.
Half of you men!
Throw up a barricade here!
Throw up a barricade!
You stay on that wall!
Do this mean what I think it do?
It do.
Aagh!
Aagh!
Tennessee babe
with the sweet-sounding name
Dear little rose of the South
You are so sweet that
the neighbours all claim...
- Muchsimas gracias.
- Pues nada.
Where's Daddy, Mommy?
- # Sweet Lisa
- # Sweet Lisa
Just look at the way you have grown
- # Oh, Lisa
- # Oh, Lisa
- # Dear Lisa
- # Dear Lisa
Oh, Lisa, my baby
My darling, my own
Tennessee babe,
save your dimples for me
Don't let a one get away
Oh, Lisa, my darling
Though you're only three
You'll be a grand lady some day
Corneta!
- # Lisa
- # Oh, Lisa
- # Sweet Lisa

- # Sweet Lisa
You'll be a grand lady some day
Let the old men tell the story
Let the legend grow and grow
Of the thirteen days of glory
At the Siege of Alamo
Lift the tattered banners proudly
While the eyes of Texas shine
Let the fort that was a mission
Be an everlasting shrine
Once they fought to give us freedom
That is all we need to know
Of the thirteen days of glory
At the Siege of Alamo
Now the bugles are silent
And there's rust on each sword
And this small band of soldiers
Lie asleep in the arms of the Lord
Lie asleep in the arms of the Lord