



Scripts.com

The Last Outlaw

By Eric Red

1

..The Civil War
..Changed everything.
..Before the battle
..Of Bullrun,
..I was a boy.
..Before Gettysburg,
..I was a man with hope.
..Before Appomattox,
..I was a soldier.
..And then came defeat.
..So we hit the Yankee
..Where it hurt.
..We robbed his banks
..And were hunted as outlaws.
..I was still a soldier,
..Fighting for the cause
..That others had surrendered.
..Graff was my colonel,
..And I followed him.
..He kept us moving forward
..When the pain of
..Looking back was too great.
..Then came that day
..When I first understood
..That Graff would stop
..At nothing.
..The whole world had
..Become his enemy,
..And we were trapped inside
..Graff's dead soul.
..Once I saw that, I knew
..I had to make a choice...
..And that the killing
..And the dying...
..Had just begun.

Hyah!

Otis, get off
there.

Boys, get out of there!

They're here.

I want some men on top,
both sides of the bank.

Quit talking!

Come on!
Run! Tell everyone
I shoot first.
We hit 'em as they get
off their horses.
Keep your heads down!
Deacon, you head up
down the street.
Get your boys
across the road.
Tell me when
everyone's in position.
You've got to
do something.
There's money
in that bank.
There's people
in there.
They ain't gonna
get into the bank.
We'll hit 'em
as they dismount.
Here they come.
One foot in the stirrup,
one in the ground.
Whoa.
Ya!
Ya!
Please, don't shoot!
Shit.
They know we're here.
How many posse,
boy?
I don't know nothing
about no posse...
Sir.
Now, what
the hell is this?
Tie his skinny bones
to the window.
Come on, move it.
Tie them all to the windows
and make their faces show!
Knock down these beams

and clear this railing.
I see some
posse out there!
They gotta come out
the front.
There ain't
no back door.
No good, no good.
Whoa hoo!
Good day.
We got it all.
Yeah, ha ha!
Hoo hoo!
Dynamite, brother.
Dynamite?
What the hell
are you doing, Graff?
Take some men.
Get out back now!
Saddle up, boy.
You're gonna
burn these people?
They didn't
do nothing.
Don't you ever
question me, boy.
Saddle up.
He's got dynamite!
Oh, god! Oh, god!
Get on out of here!
[people screaming]
Please let us out!
Don't leave us here!
He's got dynamite!
Let's ride!
Ya! Ya! Come on!
Let's ride!
Get the tellers!
Get the tellers out of there!
Get 'em out of there!
Move it!
Ah!
Loomis!
Loomis is hit!

I got you, bastard!
Dynamite!
They're
getting away!
Sheriff, you're letting
them get away!
Not for long.
Gotcha.
Come on, now.
Hyah! Come on!
Come on!
Come on, come on!
All right. The posse's on our ass.
I can smell 'em.
Inventory.
I got one
went clean through.
Bullet busted
two of my ribs.
I took one in the leg.
Bone ain't broke.
That's what I got
a horse for.
Let me see your leg, boy.
It's just a scratch.
We gonna have to
leave you, soldier?
No. I can ride,
Graff.
I can ride.
I'm good.
Ammunition.
I got 11 .36
and 23 45.40.
16 12 gauges,
18 45.40's.
9 .45 colts,
23 45.70's.
31 45.40's,
and my knife.
I got a handful of bullets,
about 30 bullets.
Potts.
Count 'em.

I got 20 45.40's
and 8 44.40's.
He's two less than 30.
I got 12 45.44's.
Eustis?
Give Loomis 20 rounds.
Loomis is hit
pretty bad.
Maybe we should
tend to his wounds.
Stop means dying, boys.
We kick back here
for awhile,
We can tend
to yours, too.
Tending?
I'll show you tending.
Get up!
Here are them bullets.
You ain't gonna leave
me, are you, Eustis?
No, I ain't
gonna leave you.
I can see
you're hurtin'.
Try to get some miles twixt us and
that posse before I look at your leg.
Don't worry about it.
I ain't gonna leave you.
I can do it,
Eustis.
If they're not here,
they're not coming.
That hound dog's crazy.
You want another
man on it, boys?
There ain't no posse.
I know it, you know it,
we all know it.
Graff says there is,
so there is.
That's a bunch
of puppy shit.
There ain't no sign

of no Goddamn posse.
Graff's always
right.
He always saves our
asses, like in that town.
What about back
at that town?
He said that bank
would be unguarded.
He forced us across
2 1/2 days of rough terrain
To this unguarded bank
where we were ambushed.
We ate lead, Eustis.
He got us out.
He got us in.
[Whistle]
Hey, Eustis.
It's just that
we blew the shit
Out of that posse.
There ain't
no damn posse.
What do you savvy,
Lovecraft?
I savvy
what I savvy.
You boys savvy
what you savvy.
Graff's our leader.
That's all of it.
We follow his lead.
Got to be the way it is.
Doggone it!
What are you doing?
You're hurtin', too.
Maybe if we stop
for a little while.
We could make sure
these wounds don't fester.
What about Loomis?
You know these
boys are hurt?
They need tending.

Yeah, I know.
I ain't seen
no posse.
I ain't seen
them neither.
Don't mean there
ain't one, though.
There probably is,
but we gotta rest.
A few more miles, the boys are
going to be looking to you.
Is that
what you savvy?
Whichen' ever
way this goes,
I'm with you.
Hee yah. Come on.
[Whistling]
Oh, what the hell
is this?
Shut up, Potts!
It's a song.
I'm a good old rebel
Good going, Lieutenant.
I'm singing
the song, Potts.
I ain't singing
that song.
I don't care a damn
You gonna sing
a damn song?
You're sick. You just
gotta do something.
Shut up, Potts.
Shit.
Full of holes,
come on!
Shut up, Potts.
What's the problem
singing, Potts?
[Trying To Sing]
Loomis!
What's his problem?
Whoa, Buck.

Easy boy.
Leave him.
Eustis.
Worthless
piece of shit.
He's done.
[wWhistle]
Graff says
to leave him, Eustis.
Come on.
Lovecraft,
what you savvy?
I savvy Graff's
going one way
And Eustis ain't.
Aaaaahhhh!
Lovecraft, fuck him!
Loomis, I can help you.
But you gotta ride.
You, all right?
Eustis...
Aaahhhh!
Loomis.
You gotta ride.
Eu! Don't dally.
Come on.
Hang on, Loomis!
Hang on!
..A soldier obeys...
..Or dies.
..But I couldn't
..Leave Loomis.
..And yet, even as I rode
..To help him
..I knew the life I was
..Trying to save
..Was not Loomis',
..But my own.
Loomis, you ok?
I said leave him.
We never leave nobody.
Never.
Well, let me
simplify things.

Graff, he's one of us.
We can't leave him.
You can't ride, son.
[Thunder]
He used to be rich.
Graff had himself a plantation
down Mississippi way.
A wife,
three daughters.
Blue coats came when he was
off with forest cavalry,
Burned the place
to the ground.
They raped his wife and daughters
in front of each other
And then shot them. I was
with him when he heard.
It was the night before
the battle of Atlanta.
And I saw his eyes.
Something...
Something died in them,
boys.
He never cracked
at that battle
And it was
the bloodiest of the war.
I learned everything
I know'd off him.
Now I'm gonna run
you all to Mexico,
Get you there
as safe as I can,
Same as he'd a done.
Then I'll be free.
Nobody ever stuck their
hide out for me before.
That's about all
I can do for you.
I know I said we'd
never leave you,
But I hope we don't have
to leave that leg behind.
Thanks, Eustis.

Maybe it'd be
better if you rode
On the back
of old John with me.
Oh no. I'm good.
You're not
that good.
I had 30 men
back in that town.
We was preparing to
come out into the hills
Looking
you vermin.
Figured it might
take a month.
By the grace of God,
you found us.
I'm much obliged,
outlaw.
Where's the money,
Graff?
Any of y'all
got a smoke?
I want to kill him now.
I sure could
use a smoke.
Give him a cigarette,
for Christ's sake.
Here you go.
Your men have stolen
thousands of dollars
Of my bank's money.
You talk, damn you.
Sharp.
Go ahead.
Pull the trigger.
Suits me.
Sharp!
You better talk,
drummer boy.
You done killed
10 of my men.
Now I've got you.
Now I want Eustis

and I want Philo
And Goddamn you,
I want all the rest!
Maybe I do, too.
McClintock,
We ain't gonna get
nothing out of this outlaw.
We's wasting our time
while them other outlaws
Is getting away.
Now, let's send
him to hell!
He ain't no use
to us.
Maybe I am.
I know where
the money is.
It's with my men.
And I know
where they'd be.
Are you saying you will
track down your men for us?
Why on earth would
I trust you, Graff?
My boys shot me.
Bullshit!
I shot ya!
400 yard shot
with my long rifle.
All my boys
here saw I
You have it
your way, boy.
Go ahead
and shoot me.
This time, pig shit,
do it right.
Get him on a horse.
We're taking
him with us.
Maybe he can be
of some use to us.
Whether he lives
or dies is of no account.

It's the money
that matters.
You can shoot
him later.
I'm going to
enjoy it, outlaw.
I'm going to
enjoy it.
According to this map,
The Mexican border
is 50 miles due south.
Obvious route is to take it
Straight down across
the Texas line
To the Rio Grande
and the border right here.
This is the logical route,
But maybe it's too logical.
Just say Graff's right
And there is a posse.
There ain't
no Goddamn posse.
I know it,
you know it,
We all know it.
There's no posse.
The law will figure
we're heading south.
Someone will be
after us.
What about
Canada?
Them bones say
anything about Canada?
What's wrong with that?
What's your
savvy, Eustis?
I say we head east.
Where?
East.
No, no.
You know what's east?
New Jersey is east.
It's no good

to go east.
New Jersey?
That don't sound bad.
Hell, I ain't
goin' east.
I say we head east
for awhile,
Throw them off our trail,
thene head south.
Right here we got
water and medical.
We know the trail.
Head east.
Bullshit.
What do you savvy
there, Lovecraft?
I savvy it don't make
near bit of sense.
There you go.
That's why
it makes sense.
Bullshit! It don't
make no Goddamn sense!
You with me?
Philo?
You think that's
best, Eustis?
I'm asing
what you think.
Are you with me
or not?
Ow! You jack ass, Potts!
I say your plan
is shit, Eustis.
Shit?
Shit.
Where do we go then?
We head south, straight
for the Goddamn border!
There ain't nothing
on our ass but hair, Eustis.
There ain't
no Goddamn posse.
There isn't.

He's right. Potts is right.
If there is?
Then we should
probably head east.
I think East
is probably good
If we want to
avoid the posse.
The best idea,
go east.
East.
Well, shit.
[whistling]
Pipe down, outlaw.
I hate that song.
I hate it!
I don't need
no pardon
for anything I done
Quit singing it.
[all singing song]
Quit singing
the Goddamn song!
Ain't that your song,
Marshall?
I fought with
General Grant, drummer boy.
Five flags strong.
War's over.
War ain't never
gonna be over.
[men continue singing]
Shit. It's just a song.
Come on. Yeah.
Hah hah!
Why we heading
this way?
We ought to be
riding due east.
Speak when you're
spoken to, outlaw.
Sure is mighty
pretty scenery.
Them boys of his is

heading for the border.
Why would
they head east?
Because they gonna
be thinking
We're gonna cut
them off.
Could be right.
He's trying
to lead us off.
Think about it, Marshall.
Graff, we're going to
listen to you this one time.
But if this is a trick
Or if we don't find
those outlaws by noon,
I'll have you shot.
See you at noon,
drummer boy!
Keep your eyes
down, boys.
This is the way
we usually come.
They could be close.
I'll be.
It's them.
Better hit 'em now
before they see us.
They can't see shit.
The sun's
on their backs.
Do something.
That's what
you pay me for.
Ain't it,
McClintock?
They're out of range,
Marshall.
I hit you from further
out than this.
Just watch me,
outlaw.
Just watch me.
My boys gonna know

we're on them.
Just watch me.
Yoll fuck it up.
You ain't gonna
make that shot.
Shut up, outlaw.
You got a strong
cross-wind.
Shut up.
That's a high wind. I'd
recalculate about an inch up.
And maybe a quarter
inch to the right.
Do it!
The posse!
Shit.
Shit! Goddamn fucks!
No posse, huh, Potts?
What's up there,
women?
We should've gone south!
We should've gone south!
Shut up and ride!
Cease fire!
You're wasting ammo!
Cease fire!
Fucked it up,
Marshall.
You made me miss.
Y-you just missed,
that's all.
I never miss.
I never miss!
Sure, he never
misses, right?
They're getting away,
gentlemen.
They're getting away.
Let's ride!
Ok, boys, mount up!
Mount up! Let's go!
Come on! Come on!
Let's ride! Mount up!
I never miss.

Wait up!
Three each way!
Loomis,
ride with me!
Well, they split up.
No shit.
That's real
helpful, outlaw.
Real helpful.
Trails converge
about a mile up to East.
No problem.
Take your men
to the right.
Yes, sir.
Let's go, boys.
Follow me.
Hyah! Come on!
Loomis, let's
see that leg.
It ain't bleeding
no more.
We're on 'em.
Ya! Ya!
How the hell
did they find us?!
Graff was right!
I knew he was right!
He was right
about the posse!
I shoulda' shot!
I swear to Christ,
I shoulda' shot that kid!
Whoa.
Watch out.
Be careful
now, boys.
Grubb, stay high.
The rest of you
watch the rocks.
That's where
they came out.
Let's go after them.
Be a damn good

place to hit us.
Grubb.
Yes, sir.
Take some of your
men and check out
The tracks on
the other side.
Come on. Ya!
Get in there.
Marshall, these
tracks head downstream.
Follow 'em!
Come on, boys.
Seems ok.
Let's go.
Hold on, Marshall!
They go back
into the river!
Stay back!
They're behind us!
(yelling)
All right, all
right, let's move!
It's time
to regroup!
We gotta get
out of here!
Eustis, I'll
do one more.
Potts!
One more.
Let's go!
Lovecraft,
what's wrong?
Huh?
Nothing.
Give a hand, Grubb!
Damn.
They've got a lot to answer for.
Mr. McClintock?
I reckon we need
to talk to you.
Me and the boys.
Well, sir, we quit.

But you can't.
No, we can, sir.
We're volunteers
and we get the right.
You can't stop us.
But you've shot
none of the outlaws.
You haven't got the money.
It isn't done.
As far as we're
concerned it is.
We keep chasing them,
we'll get tired and shot.
Now, the Marshall's
been shot.
He's the one
we signed with.
Need I remind you men
of the reward
That my bank has offered
And the \$1000 a head bounty?
Being that you've failed
to capture anyone but Graff
And the outlaws
still have the money,
You get not one dime.
Not one dime.
Come on, boys,
we're gone.
Trash.
Shit.
We're wasting
our time here.
Maybe the boys
that stay can
Split the shares of
the ones that left.
How's that?
What'd he say?
Right.
Find out what he said.
Right.
What about the shares of
the boys that were killed?

You can have that.
That include
the Marshall's share?
Shit. All right,
Goddamn it.
Yes.
Well, that
could be a deal.
All right,
say we stay.
Who's going to
lead the posse?
You?
May I make a
suggestion, gentlemen?
Hey, Eus,
Seeing as how you're
the leader and all,
Would you like to
enlighten us as to
The whereabouts
of that saloon?
How about it, Eustis?
A shot of whiskey would
be a good pain killer.
I have powerful
thirst. How about you?
Once we hit
the outpost,
We're 20 miles from the Rio
Grande and the border.
You think the posse
would be headed there,
Whats left of them?
There ain't no posse now.
We blew the shit
out of them.
They're heading back
to that sorry-ass town.
Whooooo!
Whooooo!
Any of you boys
ever been to Mexico?
Nope.

You?

I haven't, but I've heard
hellacious stories.

Like what?

Them Mexican senioritas, they
got nipples on their titties
About the size of
a confederate silver dollar.

Bullshit!

No way, Potts.

I hear they beg for it.

Is that true,

Eustis?

That might be true.

Well, I don't know

about you boys,

But this is my last job.

I'm gonna retire

down Mexico way.

Use my share to buy me
a nice hacienda by the sea.

Get myself a nice

Mexican woman on one hand,

A bottle of whiskey

in the other.

Plant my feet in the sand

And watch those

long pretty sunsets.

Mexico,

Damn.

Sounds so good it hurts.

Philo,

they got Philo!

Blew his face off!

On the ridge!

Graff.

Boys, ride!

[whistle]

Come on!

Fuck! I knew it!

All those men

up on the ridge.

They'll shoot every

single o of us.

We should've shot
that fuckin' kid!
Money in our pockets.
There's your
first \$1000.
Minus a few cents.
I'm gonna cut me
the trigger finger
Off the notorious
horace Philo.
You ain't gonna
touch that boy.
That's one of
my men.
You gonna show him
proper respect.
Graff, let's get
back on the job.
You know what
we gotta do?
We gotta give them
the money back.
Graff don't give a shit
about that Goddamn money!
He wants us!
The posse will lay off if we
give them the money back!
Bullshit!
Eustis, Graff ain't nothing
without that posse.
We gotta give
them the money.
Come on.
No, Wills, no!
I got the money!
Oh, shit.
I'm gonna kill
the son-of-a-bitch.
Lovecraft, should we go
and give them some of it?
No!
We're not going
to catch him!
He's got

my Goddamn money!
He's heading straight
for the black gold.
The posse's
up there!
I'm gonna shoot
the son-of-a-bitch!
Potts, hold up!
Potts, wait!
He'll be that far ahead
when he gets there!
Give it up
Potts!
There goes all
our Goddamn money, Eustis.
Shit.
[hissing]
Hey, Graff!
Graff!
Whoa.
Who's that?
It's the money.
Something's wrong here.
I don't like it.
He's given back
the money, by god!
Looks like
a trick to me.
Yeah, wait on it.
Just wait on it.
Wait here.
Careful, boys.
We've been
hit once already.
It's all here.
The money's all here.
We can go back now.
You've done
a great job.
Oh, the money!
You want
the money, sir?
Go get it.
Gunfire!

Let's go!
They hit us again.
I don't see 'em.
They got your boy.
That's McClintock
and the damn money.
The money's
history, boys.
So are you, outlaw.
Leave off him,
Grubb.
Need him to catch
them son-of-a-bitches
To get
the \$1000 each.
Fuck 'em.
We blast Graff,
With Philo,
we got \$2000.
I'm with Grubb!
Shoot this
son-of-a-bitch
And get back
for the reward.
That's right.
I say we keep him
alive long enough
To catch them,
then kill him.
What the hell
are you saying?!
Get the whole \$8000.
To hell with y'all.
I'm gonna shoot him.
Back up, Grubb!
Fuck you.
Shit!
That settles that.
Much obliged.
Come on, Potts!
Pleasure.
Ok, Eustis.
Oh! Ow, ow, ow, that hurt!
That hurt!

I saved you.
I saved your asses.
Whoa!
Oh, lucky shot!
Lucky shot!
Come on, Potts!
Hit him!
Stay down, Wills.
Come on, Potts!
All right, Potts.
That's enough!
My Goddamn money.
My Goddamn money!
Kick him over
here, Potts!
Kick him over
here, come on!
Right in the nuts!
You son-of-a...
Son-of-a-bitch!
Leave my ass
behind, huh?!
Should have
shot the kid, huh?
Should have
shot the kid!
There you go!
All right, Potts.
You can't kill him.
He took
my Goddamn money!
And maybe
saved our skins.
Maybe not.
[singing from a distance]
..Graff had a new gang.
..And he'd hung us all
..To the end of the earth.
..But I was the one
..He wanted.
..This was a private war.
..And I had to take the chance
..That he and I...
..Could find a private truce.

My kind of place.
Whiskey, sir.
It's already
paid for, sir.
Inventory,
Lieutenant.
Ammo.
What is it
you want, Graff?
Philo had 21 52s.
When I threw his skinny
ass over a horse,
He had two left.
The way
I calculate it,
You're all down
to 35 rounds maximum.
Is that right, Graff?
Listen, boy.
The posse's got
more than 2,000 rounds.
I'm trying to
talk to you, Graff.
And I'm trying to
talk to you, too boy.
A leader's got to know
how many bullets his men have.
You're the leader
now, Eustis.
And I want to
make a deal.
You want me to call
the boys off?
What you got
to offer?
I don't know.
I don't know
what to offer you.
You already got
all the money.
You owe me
more than money.
A lot more.
You owe

me evething.
What would it
take, Graff?
I want you to
give me, give me Loomis,
He ain't
no good to you.
Son-of-a-bitch
wasn't nothing to begin with.
That might do it.
Or how about Potts?
That Potts will give you a
whole belly ache of trouble.
You're the leader.
Give me Wills
Or Lovecraft.
You can't trust
any one of them.
Goddamn one of them is a negro.
The other one
is a fool.
You know I can't
leave anyone.
Think you could stop
me from takin' out
Any one of them son-of-a-bitches
anytime I want?
There ain't no deal you
can do with me, boy.
We had a deal.
You were
my Lieutenant
And you
turned on me.
You shot me,
Eustis.
You left me
for dead.
Now's the time
for reckonin'.
Here's the deal,
son.
You're the last.
So you make

the best of it.
Shit.
Fuck it.
Well, what happened?
Where's the bottle?
Where's the whiskey at?
Don't ask
me no questions.
So long as I lead,
you follow my orders, Potts.
Where the fuck are you
going to lead us to?
I said don't
argue with me, Potts.
We got this posse
halfway up our ass.
Got 50 miles of hard ground
in every direction.
Where the fuck are
you going to lead us?
To hell and back
if I say so.
You got a problem with that,
I'll blow your fool head off.
Potts.
What?
I'm just trying to save
you, all you boys.
Know what I say?
I say, you ain't
fit to lead shit,
Useless.
Fuck you.
Ah! Fuck you! My leg!
Oh, my sore leg!
Fuck, wait!
My leg! Stop, stop!
Fuck!
Aaahhh!
We're going to Mexico.
Nothing's changed.
Like I said,
we're going to Mexico.
Want to go

to Mexico?
For me?
I don't know.
I don't know.
Oh, no, no,, no.
I don't believe
in that voodoo shit.
Lovecraft,
get off your ass.
Going to Mexico.
Straight there.
Straight there.
Up on the ridge!
It's Graff!
It's Graff!
He's up on the hill!
Where's Loomis?
I don't know. He was
just on my ass.
Eustis!
Whoa, shit!
Gotta go and get him.
No, you'll be
torn to pieces!
Someone's got
to get him!
Ain't letting
anybody get killed!
We don't
leave anybody!
[Loomis] somebody help me.
Somebody help me.
Holy shit.
Help!
He took my arm!
That son-of-a-bitch.
Eustis!
Goddamn!
Aaaaahhhh!
He got his
fuckin' leg.
I can't take anymore.
You're the leader
now, Eustis.

[Loomis]
somebody help me!
Help me!
Eustis!
Ah! Oh! Oh!
How's it feel,
being the leader?
Making all
the decisions?
[Loomis]
somebody kill me, please.
Taking control
of the situation.
[Gunshot]
[Groaning]
Take me home.
Aaaahhhhh!
That's two down,
Eustis.
Who's there?
Who was it?
No, he's gone.
What happened?
Graf was here.
He shot a horse.
Could've shot me
and he didn't.
Goddamn him.
He didn't.
He shot
my fuckin' horse.
Oh, Goddamn it.
All right,
we gotta ride, boys.
Goddamn it!
Wills, put
your horse down
And ride with Lovecraft.
Oh, that
son-of-a-bitch.
He had to be over there
In the hills
when he shot Loomis.
But then he was here.

[Horse Whinnies]
But how did
he get here?
How does a man
appear and disappear?
Come on, Wills.
No.
Lovecraft!
Huh?
Ride!
Oh, shit.
It's too much weight!
Eustis, wait!
Eustis!
This horse ain't
gonna make it!
The horse
is giving out!
Aaaaahhhh!
Hold up!
Whoa! Whoa, boy!
Steady, boy!
Hold on. Ok.
Damn horse.
Goddamn horse.
My horse could have
carried three guys.
You lost your horse,
Wills.
Walk or ride, it don't make
no difference no more.
Huh?
What are
we going to do?
He was your horse, Wills,
I can't do nothing.
I'm sorry.
Lovecraft, mount up.
Huh?
Do it.
You're not just going to
leave me here, is ya?
You can't
leave me here.

Huh?

I can do this for you.

Well, I guess

nobody lives forever, right?

Good luck.

I'm done.

I'm done.

But I tell

you one thing.

I'm gonna take a couple

of them guys with me.

You all ride

hard and ride fast.

Lovecraft, you make it

down to old Mexico,

You kiss

a couple of them

Pretty señoritas

for me.

That'd be good.

And remember

the good times.

I mean, shit Potts, 30

banks is a lot of banks!

Lot of banks, man.

And Eustis, you

tell your grandkids

That Frank Wills...

You tell 'em Frank Wills

died a strong man.

That'd be good.

That'd be good.

You oughta go.

Bye, Wills.

So long, Wills.

Say hey to Philo for me.

Oh, just fucking go.

Go.

3,000 yankees...

are sniffing

southern dust

before they conquered us

they died...

they died

of southern fever
of southern
steel and shot
and I wish it were
three million
instead of what we got
Get up, get up!
Get up now! Get up!
Three down.
We'll dig in here
And wait for them
to ride in.
Bullshit!
Let's just go
to Mexico, Eustis!
We cross that river
into Mexico.
We'll be safer
in Mexico.
Not from Graff.
Ain't no place
we're safe.
We gotta kill him.
He can't be killed.
It don't make
no difference.
We're all gonna die.
Would you shut up?
Just shut up.
Where the fuck are they?
He was right behind us.
Appear and disappear
Disappear
and appear.
They ain't coming.
Then we go get him.
Same drill, inventory.
I got a full pistol load
and two rifle shot.
I got four in my pistol,
two in my rifle.
Two rounds.
Then we spread out.
Potts, you ride

10 minutes west.
Lovecraft,
10 minutes south.
I'll go
10 minutes north.
Regroup here
in 20 minutes.
If you spot Graff,
stay put.
Anybody ain't back
in the full 20 minutes,
The others go
where he went.
If you get a clean
shot at Graff, kill him.
Otherwise, don't fire.
Let's go.
Didn't see nothing.
Me neither.
We'll give Lovecraft
a few more minutes.
[Horse Neighs]
There's a horse.
Shit, that's Buck.
Here, Buck.
Oh, shit.
Graff.
Shit.
I don't give a good Goddamn
where they came from.
[Horse Neighs From Distance]
You didn't find him?
No.
What's wrong,
Lovecraft?
Long, hard ride.
Just a little
uneasy, that's all.
Yeah, well I reckon
it ain't over yet either.
We got plenty now.
Graff, I guess.
Graff?
Yeah.

Graff?
Ain't you
gonna reload?
Yeah.
Reload, Lovecraft.
Don't push me,
Eustis!
You're the gang
leader, ok?!
That don't mean
you own me!
You hear?
I'll do it
in my own time!
All right.
That's right.
It's been a long,
hard ride.
We've taken some
terrible punishment.
But we can't
crack now.
We can't lose
our heads.
We don't know where
Graff and that posse is.
They could be
seconds away.
Reload now.
I--I don't have
to reload.
I--I got a full one.
You had two rounds.
Yeah, but I uh...
I found four-- four
rounds in my pocket.
I just rembered,
is all.
You had two rounds.
This cut jacket,
you know.
It has too many
damn pockets.
These for me,

Lovecraft?
What you talking
about, Eustis?
These bullets.
These to kill
me with?
You turned on us.
You saw Graff.
I uh...
Lovecraft!
Go on now,
you turned on us.
No, I uh...!
Graff knew I'd be
keeping track ofaff the shells.
That's the way
we always done it.
Don't you see?
He set it up.
He knew I'd find out.
You turned.
No, I...
That was the lesson.
That one of my men
was gonna turn on me.
But you?
Damn it, Eustis!
We're all gonna die.
Graff's gonna
kill us all.
And we can't
stop him.
He's not human
anymore.
You know! You killed
him and he came back!
And he keeps
coming back!
You made a deal
with Graff.
You saw the way
he killed Loomis.
You want to die
like that?

I'm your friend,
Eustis.
There are better
ways to die.
Go ahead, then.
Do it.
Do it, Lovecraft.
Save your skin.
You can do it.
Pull the trigger,
Lovecraft!
Graaaaaaaaaaffffffff!
Giddyup! Ya ya ya!
It's four.
Look.
The Rio Grande.
Border of Mexico.
Come on,
let's go swimming.
Haaaa!
Go on there!
Go on, now!
Git! Git!
Haaahh haaahh!
Let's go!
Whoa!
Come on, Eustis!
Ride, ride!
Come on, boy!
Come on, Eustis!
Come on, Eustis!
Last one across the river
don't get no puddin'!
Aaaaa! Goddamn it!
Mexico, Potts!
Go ahead!
I dropped my hat!
Gotta cross the border
and get in the river!
I'm shot!
I'm shot, Eustis!
That's five.
I can't. He shot me
through the back.

Go, Potts!
Cross that river!
We can make it!
Easy, Potts,
we're almost there.
[coughing]
There it is,
Mexico, Potts.
Mexico.
My insides
are comin' out.
Let's go, Potts. It's
right there, Mexico.
That ain't Mexico.
Where are all
the women at?
Holster your weapon.
Holster it.
You couldn't even count
Your Goddamn bullets.
Eustis.
Inventory.