



Scripts.com

# The Lawless Breed

By Bernard Gordon

They don't look near so high  
from the outside.  
For a time, we were afraid they  
weren't high enough to hold you in.  
If you're taking a train,  
there's one leaving  
Huntsville this afternoon.  
Thanks, Chuck.  
Good luck, Wes.  
Good luck.  
Goodbye.  
Morning.  
What can I do for you?  
I'm Wes Hardin.  
John Wesley Hardin?  
That's right.  
I have a story here.  
Wrote it myself.  
It's about me.  
I think it might  
interest people.  
Well, I'd like to read your story, but...  
There's no hurry.  
I'm leaving town  
on the afternoon train.  
If you decide to make a book of it,  
I'd be much obliged.  
Where can I reach you?  
You'll find it in there  
on the last page.  
I have been tried for murder  
and condemned in a court of law.  
I have been tried  
by public opinion  
and my name connected with  
every major crime in Texas  
over a period of years.  
In the interest  
of truth and justice,  
I have set down the  
unvarnished facts of my life.  
My own story in my own words.  
Let people judge for themselves.  
I was born into a fine family

in Fannin County, Texas,  
on the 26th day of May, 1853.  
With the outbreak of the  
War Between the States,  
my childhood came to an end  
at the age of seven.  
My father raised a company  
to fight for Texas.  
My brother, Dave,  
was killed in Georgia,  
my brother, Joe,  
was crippled in Mississippi.  
The war ended, but peace  
didn't come to Texas.  
We were a proud people  
ruled by a foreign army.  
The Army of the United States.  
My father, J. G. Hardin,  
was a preacher  
and a circuit rider.  
He was a strong,  
God-fearing man,  
who carried his Bible  
like a six-gun  
and fought with the devil  
wherever he found him.  
Where did you get it, Son?  
I bought it.  
With gambling money!  
Don't back up, Son.  
Not when a man's coming at you.  
I don't back up from any man  
unless he was my pa.  
What would you do?  
Shoot him with that pistol?  
You've grown strong  
in the House of the Lord,  
yet your strength is  
the strength of the devil!  
I place your feet  
on a path of righteousness,  
yet you seek out  
the ways of sin.  
With the help of the Lord,

I may yet conquer the evil in you.  
Pray for forgiveness, for mercy.  
For understanding.  
I'll pray for you.  
WES. Jane Brown was an orphan.  
Her family had been lost  
in the war  
and she had come  
to live with us.  
We'd grown up together.  
Jane was about  
the prettiest girl in Texas.  
Wes.  
Wesley, he beat you again.  
Sometimes, it seems like he enjoys it,  
whipping and praying.  
Seems like the time has to come when  
a man doesn't take another whipping,  
even from his own Pa.  
Even from the preachingest Pa  
in Texas!  
I tell you, Jane,  
I'm going away.  
I'm gonna get me some money  
so we can get our own land.  
A place with green grass,  
real grass for horses,  
and water that runs... runs all  
year round and a white painted house.  
Yes, I know.  
You don't believe me.  
Wes, if you'd only  
be patient for a while.  
Study your law books...  
Law books!  
There's no more law in Texas.  
Only Yankee law!  
It won't always be that way.  
I'm tired of waiting.  
There's a million head of cattle in Texas,  
maybe more.  
Mavericks running wild  
on the range,  
belonging to nobody

because of the war.

A man just has to  
round up a few cattle  
and brand them and drive  
them to the railroad.

But there are thousands of men,  
older men with money and horses,  
that are working these mavericks.

All I need is \$200 or \$300 for  
an outfit and a good cow pony.

I can raise it.

I got a plan, Jane.

I'm going.

Will you come back for me, Wes?

I love you, Jane, I love you.

Jane.

Pa's wanting his dinner.

Wes, I'm sorry he whipped you.

I could hear it in the house.

Your brother's going away, Joe.

It might be best that he does.

I guess it's the only thing you can do,  
Wes.

Pa just don't understand you.

Jane! Joe!

Come in the house.

You better go now.

Good luck, Wes.

You didn't answer

my question, Wes.

I'll be back for you, Jane.

I'll be waiting.

Jane!

Goodbye, Wes.

Goodbye.

Goodbye.

Who is it?

Wes Hardin.

Hello, Preacher's Boy.

Evening, Rosie.

Anyone see you come into town?

Nobody.

Sure no Yankee soldiers saw you?

They couldn't see a white barn

if it was in front of them.  
Well, if they knew  
we were open after dark,  
they'd throw a lock on the door.  
Hello, Preacher's Boy.  
Hi, Gus.  
Out after dark  
in a place like this?  
If the Yankees don't get you,  
the devil will.  
I reckon I can take good care  
of the Yankees, Gus,  
but the devil will be  
busy with you.  
Marv, I'm back again.  
Yes?  
How much for the law books?  
Same as last time.  
I don't want a loan,  
I want to sell them.  
How about \$10?  
That's a lot of law for \$10.  
The books are worth 50.  
\$10.  
Give him \$30.  
Give you \$20.  
Make it \$25, you piker.  
You stay on your own side  
of the fence.  
I'll give you \$20.  
Sold.  
Make yourself a lawyer.  
Now that you're  
in the law business, Marv,  
maybe you can start collecting some  
of these bad debts around here.  
I sure will, as soon  
as I read up on it.  
And what are you gonna do, Wes?  
Gonna get me a farm,  
buy me some stock,  
breed the best horses in Texas.  
And you figure you can  
get it faster this way

if you're lucky.  
Maybe I'm lucky.  
Who knows?  
Sit in.  
What are you looking for?  
How to collect I.O.U.'s  
with interest.  
You know what interest means?  
Yes and no. It's...  
There are a lot of different  
kinds of interest, Marv. Yeah?  
Yeah, you take me for instance.  
Yeah, I got an interest.  
I got an interest in somebody that's got  
an interest in somebody else, I think.  
Ouch.  
Now that you're a lawyer,  
how would you figure that one out?  
Well, I...  
Don't forget the kitty, boys.  
I'll take one.  
I'll buy two and check.  
It'll cost you 50 to play.  
I got three kings.  
They're no good.  
I got a flush.  
You gave me four clubs going in  
and you just gave me this one.  
Where'd you get that card?  
You gave it to me.  
I gave you a heart!  
Why, you...  
Wes. Look out.  
Drop it, Marv!  
Put your hands up.  
You all saw it.  
He drew first.  
Get out quick, Wes.  
He's got three brothers.  
They won't ask who drew first.  
Put my money in my hat, Rosie.  
Keep your hands up!  
Put it in my saddlebag.  
First man out this door

gets shot!  
Stay put till you hear me ride!  
Wes, look out!  
Take care of yourself, Rosie.  
Take care of yourself,  
Preacher's Boy.  
- There he goes, down the road.  
- After him!  
He's getting away!  
All right, line up!  
Come on, move.  
Line up against the bar.  
All of you.  
I tell you it was murder.  
Murder in the first degree.  
Habeas corpus.  
That means he's real dead.  
What's the name of the man  
who shot him?  
Name? Oh, my name is Marv.  
Everybody calls me Marv.  
I've been tending bar here for...  
Not your name.  
The name of the man  
who did the shooting.  
Hey, mister...  
I mean, Lieutenant.  
I don't think he saw it.  
He couldn't see that far.  
You seem to see plenty  
around here. You see it?  
No, no, but he did.  
Did you see the shooting?  
I see nothing.  
Ain't seen my wife in a week.  
What time is it?  
Everybody's gone blind and dumb  
around here at the same time.  
Who runs this riding academy?  
Who shot him?  
Wes Hardin, the preacher's boy.  
Who are you?  
Ben Hanley.  
This is my brother.



Who are these two?  
We're all brothers.  
Corporal, report to  
headquarters, on the double.  
Tell them to alert all  
patrols for a Wes Hardin.  
You, miss, you.  
We'll need you as witnesses.  
Mister,  
you ain't gonna need  
no witnesses  
'cause there ain't  
gonna be no trial.  
Uncle John!  
It's Wes Hardin.  
Well, hello, Wes.  
Step down. Come on in.  
Maybe I shouldn't.  
I'm in trouble.  
Well, if you're in trouble,  
you've come to the right house.  
Step down, come on in  
and tell me about it.  
Put his horse in the barn, Gyp.  
Howdy, Aunt Em.  
Morning, Wes.  
Jim. Joe.  
Wes. Sit down, Wes.  
Have some breakfast.  
What kind of trouble  
you in, Wes?  
I shot Gus Hanley.  
Gus Hanley?  
You killed him?  
Holy smoke!  
You started up with that brood,  
you should have got them all!  
He'll get his chance at the rest of  
them as soon as they come a-running.  
Especially Dirk.  
He's cut five notches already.  
Wes, what I say is...  
You don't say nothing  
till you're spoken to.

There's something else.  
I think maybe I shot a couple  
of Yankees getting out of town.  
Yankees!  
What are you trying to do, boy?  
Start the war all over again?  
The Yankees don't count.  
But the Hanleys do.  
Does your pa  
know about all this?  
I expect he's heard  
about it by now.  
Joe,  
go saddle a horse and go on over to Bonham  
and tell old Jehovah  
that Wes is with us.  
John, that ain't a nice way  
to talk about your brother.  
Half-brother!  
Pa don't have to know  
where I am.  
I expect he don't care.  
I cut loose from him  
before all this.  
Joe, do as I say.  
Keep off the roads.  
There'll be patrols out looking for Wes.  
Joe, when you see Jane,  
tell her not to worry.  
Tell her I'll be back for her  
like I said.  
You ain't going to Bonham,  
not for a long time, unless it's in a box.  
When I'm ready  
I'm going back for Jane.  
We got plans, Uncle John.  
Don't matter about the  
Hanleys or the Yankees or Pa.  
Well, let the Yankees look for you.  
Let them all look  
'cause we won't be here.  
We'll be trailing a herd to Abilene,  
and you'll be with us.  
So, you're ready

to make a drive?  
We can be ready tomorrow morning.  
Can't we, boys?  
We can be ready sooner  
than that if you say so, Pa.  
Joe?  
Sure, Pa, we'll be ready.  
Good. Get back  
as soon as you can.  
Hey, Wes, what about Gus?  
Did he draw first?  
You beat him, huh?  
Well, what do you think?  
He's here, ain't he?  
The fastest horse in Texas.  
Yes, sir.  
Howdy, Uncle John, Bart.  
Hi.  
Well, if it ain't old Wes Hardin  
sitting out here big as life  
with half of Texas  
looking for him.  
You're a real unpopular boy.  
Got the three Hanley brothers  
looking for him in one direction,  
promising to shoot him on sight,  
got half the Yankee Army looking  
for him in the other direction,  
making the same promise.  
Hey, Zeke.  
That's a real good-looking  
pony you got.  
Must have cost you plenty.  
Nah, didn't cost me nothing.  
That fool Yankee Major  
down at the fort,  
he confiscated this horse from  
a ranch up near Nacogdoches  
and all I done  
was confiscate him back.  
You mean you stole him?  
Well, no, not exactly.  
You see, the Major wanted to play a little  
poker with old Zeke, so I obliged him.

He got more cards off the  
bottom than he did off the top  
and I got Rondo,  
I said I got Rondo.  
Hello, Zeke.  
Oh, howdy, Joe.  
Got the road brand  
on the last of them, Pa.  
We're ready to go  
whenever you are.  
Well, let's stop talking.  
Take them to Abilene, boys.  
Run them along, Gyp.  
Jim, send one of the boys  
back for the wagon.  
That pony of Zeke's got a good rein.  
Quick as a cat.  
Well, here comes old Chick Noonan.  
Wonder what he wants.  
Probably looking for  
a place to bury his money.  
Hi, John. Hi, Wes.  
What are you doing on the trail?  
Trying to pick up  
a little stray business?  
I pick up business  
anyplace I can find it.  
Business was good in Abilene.  
I had a special embalming and  
burying job on The Durango Kid.  
And if I do say so myself,  
when he was laid out,  
his own wife didn't even know him.  
She thought he was a stranger  
asleep in the parlor.  
Been any recent deaths  
in Bonham?  
No, not that I know of.  
Not to change the subject, John,  
did you ever buy that new black  
suit you said you was going to?  
No. Why?  
You never can tell.  
They come in handy sometimes.

Yes, sir, Rosie,  
I've buried them in Abilene  
and I've buried them in Santa Fe  
and I've buried them  
in old Mexico,  
but I always like to get back to  
Bonham to take care of my friends.  
Sorry I missed planting  
Gus Hanley.  
And to think, Rosie,  
only three days ago,  
I was as close to Wes Hardin  
as I am to you right now.  
Chick, you're getting  
too sentimental. Now...  
Where did you see Wes Hardin?  
Why, four or five days ago,  
out on the trail to Abilene.  
He's with the Clements' outfit.  
Poor Wes Hardin.  
I wonder if he's got  
a black suit.  
Then what do you do?  
Well, then I give him  
a real nice hand.  
And then what?  
Well, then I give myself  
a little bit better hand.  
Yes, that's how come  
I'm riding Rondo.  
What do you do, son?  
I'll open for \$200.  
Two hundred! Why, there ain't that much  
money in the whole State of Texas.  
Yes, there is, Zeke.  
Right in my saddle bag.  
I'll get it.  
No, no, no need.  
I only got me but \$20.  
You got Rondo.  
You've got yourself a bet, son.  
How many cards you want?  
Two.  
Well, I guess

I'll only need one.  
Well, looks like a showdown,  
Wes. What you got?  
Four aces! What...  
I never gave you no aces.  
Yes, you did, Zeke.  
You gave me two on the deal.  
I give you a pair of...  
Looks like you've  
lost yourself a horse.  
Well, I'll be a full brother  
to a ringtail baboon!  
I'm through playing cards.  
My luck's against me.  
Your luck's all right, Zeke.  
You just need to practice up a little.  
Well, I just need a new deck!  
Clements' outfit hit town yet?  
Not yet.  
I hear they're due here  
this afternoon.  
Clements boys hang out in here?  
Well, we're just about official  
headquarters for all the Texas outfits.  
Of course, this hour in the morning,  
it's kind of quiet.  
What'll it be?  
We'll be back.  
Hey, Charlie.  
Run over to  
Marshall Hickok's office.  
Tell him Dirk Hanley and  
his brothers are in town.  
You tell him yourself.  
I ain't messing with Dirk  
Hanley or any of his kin.  
First thing we get into Abilene,  
I'm gonna get me a nice cold beer.  
Scoops of them.  
Corn liquor for a chaser.  
Then I'm gonna get me one of them nice,  
great, big 25-cent steaks.  
Then I'm gonna jump into  
a nice, hot tub

and wallow around like an  
old sow in the mud hole.  
Yeah, well, the first thing I'm  
gonna do is call on Madam Lucy,  
the French dressmaker,  
and buy Jane the fanciest wedding  
dress ever been seen in Texas.  
Long white veil and big plumes.  
Well, if your poker luck holds out,  
you can buy a half-interest in the bank.  
I don't want any bank.  
All I want is enough money to buy  
that horse farm for me and Jane.  
Zeke.  
Yeah. Hmm? Oh.  
Thought you and Wes was coming  
over to the bath house.  
I tried to get him  
over there, John,  
but he just couldn't wait  
to get into a poker game.  
You been here ever since?  
No, no. We went over to that dressmaker's  
and he ordered a fancy wedding dress.  
All satin and lace.  
Cost almost \$300.  
Why'd you let him  
come back here?  
Well, I couldn't stop him.  
"Oh, just a couple of hands," he says.  
Yeah.  
He's almost lost  
all of his money right now.  
He ain't got enough left  
to pay for that dress.  
Look, if he  
gambles away Rondo, I...  
I'll tell you  
all about our Nelly  
Nelly, the flower of womankind  
Which one of you is Wes Hardin?  
Who wants to know?  
Got word for him  
from Dirk Hanley.

Well, you can tell him  
we got word for him.  
If the Hanleys have come to Abilene  
looking for trouble with Wes,  
they're gonna get it.  
Take it easy, Son. Wes is big  
enough to take care of his own quarrels.  
I'm Wes Hardin.  
Dirk Hanley says you murdered his brother,  
Gus.  
Says he's gonna kill you.  
Says he's waiting outside  
the Beaux Belles Saloon.  
Well, what will I tell him?  
I got no quarrel  
with Dirk Hanley.  
Tell him I'm not coming.  
But tell him I'll be waiting outside  
if he wants to come and see me.  
If loudmouth over there is finished  
with his private conversation,  
maybe I can get on with my song.  
I'm all through, ma'am.  
It was real polite of you to wait.  
I was running into  
bad luck anyway.  
Uncle John,  
did you get good money for the herd?  
I'm going to need some  
to pay for Jane's dress.  
This is no time to be  
thinking about any dress.  
What are you gonna do?  
Like I said.  
Listen, Wes, when he comes to you,  
stand still, wait him out.  
He'll stop before he draws.  
You see him?  
I seen him.  
He says for you to come to him.  
He'll be waiting for you.  
That's what I figured he'd say.  
All right.  
You know what to do.



Going somewhere, Ben?  
Hold it!  
How much money do I have coming,  
Uncle John?  
Just about enough to pay  
for Jane's wedding dress.  
Lend me \$10, will you?  
I feel lucky again.  
Told you I was feeling lucky.  
You're way ahead now.  
Why not let it go at that?  
I haven't started yet.  
Hardin, you're under arrest!  
Hand over your gun!  
Who are you?  
The name is Hickok,  
so hand over your gun.  
There's two other Hanleys  
in Abilene, Marshall,  
so I'll be needing my gun.  
I was planning to offer you  
safe escort out of town.  
Thanks just the same.  
You're a brave boy, Hardin.  
I wouldn't like to have to kill you.  
You can have one hour to get  
out of town on your own.  
By that clock.  
Gunned down Dirk Hanley  
and backed up Wild Bill  
all in the same five minutes!  
I wouldn't be surprised,  
Wes Hardin, if you lived to see 21.  
Well, let's get out of here.  
Not me.  
You're pushing your luck, Wes.  
No, I'm not.  
I'm not going till I get  
Jane's wedding dress.  
When will that dress be ready?  
Well, tomorrow morning,  
they said.  
Gyp, you and Joe  
go over there with Zeke

and tell them that dress has  
to be ready in one hour.  
Well, John, we can't...  
Go on! I want a wedding dress  
back here before 6.00!  
Come on, fellers, come on.  
Jim, how about buying your dad a drink?  
I need one.  
Ere morn's gushing light  
Tips the hue with its ray  
Please, Mr. Texas,  
you got to get out of my place.  
Wild Bill, he will  
be back soon, huh?  
You go someplace.  
Go home.  
It's getting late.  
Go home and sleep, huh? You tired?  
Forget it. Have the girl sing it again.  
Give her this.  
Hey, Trixie!  
That big boy from Texas,  
he wants you to sing it again.  
Again? What's the matter?  
Is he hard of hearing?  
Here, he's paying you for it.  
I'll sing as long as  
these keep rolling in.  
Play, play, play.  
Sing loud. Sing loud.  
Open-eyed laddies  
love listening to me  
In the voyage of life  
Come on. Wes, here it is!  
Here's the dress.  
Now, lookit.  
Now, let's go.  
Happy?  
How do I know  
it's gonna fit her?  
What do you want me to do?  
Put it on?  
Let's get somebody, Joe...  
Sylvester.

What's the matter?  
What's the matter?  
Let one of the girls  
try this on.  
Put on the dress?  
Look at the time.  
We want to get him out of here.  
He wants to see how it looks.  
Oh, si, si. Emma, come here, come here.  
Emma. Come here.  
Lola, Lola, come here!  
Come here.  
Josephine, come over here!  
Hold it up there.  
Hold it up.  
Wes, lookit. You like this  
'cause this is a nice girl, huh?  
You like that?  
Nope. Her eyes are too black.  
Too black! Lola!  
Try it on to Lola.  
Lola. She's a  
nice girl, too, huh?  
Eh? Eh?  
No, she don't look like a bride.  
Who then? Me? Me?  
Wes, look at this.  
Perfect! Perfect!  
That's nice, huh?  
Let's see your feet.  
Feet.  
No, too big.  
Look at the time,  
I figure it'll take just about  
one minute to fix that clock.  
Marshall, in one minute I'm gonna  
be as far away from here as I can.  
Pick up my money, Uncle John.  
Wes.  
Oh, Wes, you shouldn't be here.  
I told you I'd be back.  
Your father will hear us.  
Never mind.  
I've come back to marry you.

Look, Jane,  
we've got enough money to buy that farm,  
just like I promised you.  
Lots of pasture and trees.  
Wait till you see what I've  
brought you from Abilene.  
Look, Jane.  
Oh, a wedding dress.  
Try it on.  
No! It's bad luck.  
I want you to now.  
It's so beautiful.  
But where did you get  
all that money, Wes?  
I didn't steal it.  
I didn't mean that.  
I'm lucky, Jane,  
luckier than a man  
has a right to be.  
You mean like  
when you killed Dirk Hanley?  
I heard.  
The Hanleys came looking for me.  
Oh, come on, Jane,  
let's get out of here and never come back.  
I got a bad feeling  
about this place.  
But we can't go now, Wes.  
Why not?  
Because I promised your pa  
he'd be the one to marry us.  
What'd you do that for?  
Shh. Wes, be quiet.  
Wes! Wait! I've got other plans.  
I'm gonna go talk to him.  
Wes. Wait, Wes.  
He gave me a home.  
He has a right. I know.  
But I just have a feeling it's  
gonna be a funeral service  
Pa says over me,  
not a wedding service.  
If you go to an early grave,  
John Wesley, it won't be my doing,

it'll be God's will.  
Then I guess it's God's will  
I'm still here.  
He's had plenty of chances.  
Jane, get into  
some decent clothes.  
I'm not marrying you to Jane  
until you're free of the law.  
If I turn myself in, they'll hang me.  
Is that what you want?  
Hear me out.  
The Yankees are leaving, more every day.  
The curfew has been lifted.  
The only charge that will be brought  
is the murder of Gus Hanley.  
It wasn't murder.  
He drew first!  
Then you'll get off,  
if you have a fair trial.  
I'm going to send for Judge Ames,  
the best lawyer in the county.  
What if you're wrong?  
What if I don't get  
a fair trial?  
If I'm wrong,  
I'll take up the gun and get you free.  
I believe you would.  
We're going to need the finest  
legal advice that money can buy.  
Now, I plan to bring Foster  
and Pratt down from Dallas.  
Of course, my boy,  
that's gonna cost a good deal of money.  
More money than you have,  
I'm afraid.  
How much, Judge?  
How much you got?  
I got \$1,200.  
Well, you're at least  
\$700 or maybe \$800 shy.  
I'm very sorry, my boy,  
but the scales of justice hang  
in a very delicate balance.  
There's nothing like money

to tilt it our way.  
Now, you be at Sheriff Webb's  
office Monday morning.  
We'll be waiting there  
for you. Good day.  
There goes our farm, Jane.  
And he's not even sure  
he can get me a fair trial.  
You got to raise more money,  
Wes, to make sure.  
You got any ideas?  
I got one.  
I don't know if it's any good.  
That horse of yours,  
you said he was fast?  
They're holding some races over  
in Collin County this week.  
I was thinking they wouldn't know  
about Rondo. If you're lucky...  
I don't think  
you should go, Wes.  
There'll be drinking,  
painted women, gambling.  
And there'll be trouble.  
Wes.  
Please don't go.  
I'm not looking  
for any trouble, Jane.  
The way you wear that gun,  
you won't have to look for it.  
You'd be safer here.  
All right, I'll go  
without my gun.  
I'll ask Uncle John  
and the boys to come along.  
There won't be any trouble.  
I'm sorry to keep  
picking on you.  
I know you've had to  
give up all your money,  
all your plans, because of me.  
We need that money, Jane.  
And when I get back, Sunday, I want  
you to be wearing that wedding dress.

All right, folks,  
the third race is a sweepstake,  
winner takes all.  
All right, boys,  
let's get them up to the starting line.  
Come on, come on,  
let's get them up there.  
All right, line  
those horses up here, boys.  
- Get in line, a straight line.  
- Yes, sir.  
Turn them around,  
get in a straight line.  
We're not gonna start this race until  
all of them are in a straight line.  
Get those horses in a line. I won't start  
this race till the horses... Clem, get back!  
Get set, go!  
Come on, Wes! Wes!  
Wes!  
Judge,  
how much is in the pot for the winner?  
How much, Charlie?  
Let's see.  
That's \$385.  
Aw, and to think I had to lose  
that horse in a crooked deal.  
Don't forget, folks,  
all bets will be paid off  
at Jack Martin's saloon  
after the last race.  
Hey, you! I'll bet you \$500 against  
the \$385 you can't outrun my buckskin.  
You got yourself a bet.  
So have you.  
Gyp, cool him out.  
Hey, Wes, \$385 is a lot of money.  
You better be...  
Put up your money, mister.  
Easy come, easy go.  
Wes, have a drink on the hearse?  
Thanks, Chick.  
Hey, Wes.  
Well, Rosie.

You come up here by yourself?  
No. No, quite a few of us came  
up from Bonham today. Oh, yeah?  
Including Ike Hanley  
and Sheriff Webb.  
That's why Chick Noonan  
brought along his hearse.  
Aw, Sheriff Webb's got  
no cause to make trouble.  
But Ike Hanley has,  
and you're walking around without a gun.  
Ah, you're wrong, Rosie. I'm going  
back to Bonham and give myself up,  
after I get married  
to Jane on Sunday.  
Yes, you're gonna buy a farm and  
settle down and raise horses, huh?  
That's right, but there'll always  
be a place at the table for you.  
You'll make a fine farmer.  
And you'll make Jane very happy,  
wondering every day when  
you're gonna get killed.  
Don't worry about it.  
I don't know why  
I should care about you.  
Why do you?  
Maybe it's because you and  
me are both the same kind.  
Living high on the hog today because we  
don't believe tomorrow's gonna come.  
All right, Preacher's Boy,  
have it your way.  
Goodbye, Rosie.  
Wes.  
Yeah?  
Take care of yourself.  
I aim to, Rosie.  
Who's that peacock?  
That's Rosie McCoy,  
a friend of mine.  
Where's she from?  
Bonham. She works  
for the Hanleys.



You say she's a friend of yours?  
The best friend I have,  
excepting you.  
Hey, what's going on  
there, mister?  
Just shedding a little weight.  
Well, then, I guess we'll shed a  
little weight, too. Take her off, Gyp.  
Hey, mister, if you're  
gonna ride bareback,  
you better put some glue on  
the seat of your britches.  
I'll be all right.  
You better get some for him.  
He can ride frontward,  
backward, sideways,  
standing up  
and without a bridle.  
What's going on here?  
This feller fancies  
himself a rider.  
Yeah, wants to ride  
without a saddle.  
Oh.  
It's all right by me.  
Fancy feller, huh?  
Yeah.  
Okay.  
Yeah.  
Here. Here's a hundred and a quarter.  
How much money you got?  
Hundred and a quarter.  
On Rondo.  
All right, boys,  
let's get them up to the starting line.  
Get them even, boys.  
I want them even.  
Steady, get set, go!  
Come on.  
Come on, Wes.  
Come on, Wes!  
Come on, Wes!  
Come on, Wes!  
Come on, Wes.

Come on, Wes.  
\$885.  
We'll take our money now, judge!  
You'll take your money at Jack  
Martin's saloon like everybody else  
at the end of racing.  
Well, well.  
We'll get it, anyway.  
I tell you I can't  
go through with it, Ike.  
I've known that boy  
all his life.  
What you mean is you're scared.  
Why not?  
He's the fastest draw in Texas.  
But he ain't looking  
for trouble from you.  
Now just handle it  
the way I told you.  
Yeah.  
Suppose he doesn't try  
to resist arrest?  
Here's \$500 that says he does.  
Come here.  
Take a look.  
He ain't even wearing a gun.  
Won't be a minute, boys.  
Be right out.  
- Where do we get paid off?  
- Over here.  
Over here.  
Let me see your tabs.  
Want to count it?  
Count it, Uncle John.  
She's all there.  
Got your money, Wes?  
I've got it, Sheriff.  
Then start walking.  
You're under arrest  
for killing Gus Hanley.  
You're a bit out of your territory,  
ain't you, Charlie?  
It's legal.  
I'm making a lawful arrest.

John, you keep out of this.  
Keep your hands  
where I can see them.  
There's no sense in your  
arresting me today, Charlie.  
You must've talked to Judge Ames.  
Ike knows about it.  
Never mind the talk.  
I'm not looking for any trouble here,  
Charlie.  
Jane and me are  
getting married tomorrow.  
I'm not turning myself in  
till Monday, like I agreed.  
And I'm keeping my word.  
Come on, Uncle John.  
You're resisting arrest.  
Whoa.  
Let's get out of here.  
We been here long enough!  
Where do you think you're going?  
I'm going back to Bonham,  
like I said.  
That's the first place  
they'll look for you.  
I'm going home to get Jane.  
Aw, Wes, why don't you  
stop talking like a fool?  
You ain't going back  
to get nobody.  
You're heading right for the Rio Grande,  
right now. Ain't that so, John?  
Well, if he says he's going back for Jane,  
he's going back.  
And I'm going with him  
to see that he gets there.  
It's only a short piece, Uncle John.  
I can make it myself.  
Boys, go on back to the ranch.  
And if a posse comes along,  
keep them talking as long as you can  
and then send them on the wrong road.  
You understand?  
Wes, you're hurt!

I'm all right.  
What happened?  
Charlie Webb tried to shoot me down.  
Ike Hanley put him up to it.  
I told him I'd turn myself in  
after the wedding like I promised,  
but he wouldn't listen.  
So you killed him?  
Yes, I killed him  
and Ike Hanley, too.  
You're a plague on the earth,  
John Wesley.  
Sure, lots of people think that.  
There's a whole posse of  
them after me right now.  
But don't start praying for  
my eternal soul, not yet.  
I'm getting out of here,  
clear out of Texas,  
Jane and me.  
We'll get that farm, Jane,  
just like I promised you. Then we'll...  
Sure, I know, the place with the  
white painted fence, the green grass  
and the water all year round.  
I don't believe that  
anymore, Wes.  
I don't think you believe it.  
No. You'll never have  
that place. Not now.  
You'll never have more than six  
feet of ground. Jane, listen.  
Because you'll never  
stop killing.  
I never killed a man  
except in self-defense.  
Why did you kill Gus Hanley?  
I told you! He tried to kill me first!  
And Dirk Hanley?  
He came looking for me.  
Jane, we haven't got time.  
Uncle John's waiting on the  
other side of the crick.  
What are you trying to prove?

That you're above the laws of man and God?  
Not God, not his laws.  
Your laws, your whip.  
But you never made me crawl.  
I was never afraid  
of you or any man.  
No, you're not afraid of anyone  
so long as you have a gun,  
so long as you can kill!  
You talk like him.  
If you'd come away with me when I wanted,  
if he hadn't interfered,  
there wouldn't have been  
any more killing.  
There'll always be more, Wes, because you'll  
always have to prove you're not afraid.  
You'll always have  
to kill to prove it.  
Ah, you're talking crazy.  
How do you feel when you kill?  
Do you feel bad  
or do you feel good?  
Do you feel good, Wes?  
Tell me. Tell me!  
I stayed too long.  
Wes Hardin.  
Don't open that door.  
What would you do?  
Shoot me down, too?  
Who is it?  
Bud Jenkins.  
I'm the Marshall.  
Sheriff Webb's been killed.  
We've got a posse around the place.  
We want Wes Hardin to come out  
or we're coming in after him.  
Get away from the door.  
Don't, Wes. Don't.  
Put up your hands,  
Hardin, and come toward us.  
I'm staying right here.  
I killed Ike Hanley and  
Charlie Webb in self-defense  
and you all know it.

You killed an officer of the law  
during the performance of his duty.  
You killed him  
while resisting arrest.  
What are you gonna do, Wes?  
If they catch me,  
they'll string me up without a prayer.  
I'll try to make the crick.  
I'll cover for you.  
Go on upstairs, Joe.  
I'll try and make it through the back door.  
Pa! Pa!  
I heard the shots, Wes.  
Sure looks like you stopped some of them.  
Let's get over here.  
If I tied you on the saddle,  
you'd bleed to death before we went a mile.  
Over here. That's it.  
Get down there. There.  
Here's his horse.  
I'll be right back as soon as I can, Wes.  
You'll be all right, boy.  
Tell Jane I'm all right.  
He's not around here.  
He must've taken to the hills.  
Hang on, Wes,  
this is gonna bite.  
Where are we?  
We're in the Territory  
heading for Kansas.  
No.  
No, we're going to Bonham.  
I told Jane  
I was coming back for her.  
You can't go back  
to Bonham, Wes.  
I told you I was  
going back to get her.  
No, Wes, no.  
There's no need for you to go back.  
Jane's dead.  
They killed her.  
They couldn't get me  
so they killed her.

Yeah, and if you go back,  
they'll get you.  
Morning, gentlemen.  
Good morning, Captain.  
Sorry to keep you waiting.  
Captain, our readers want to know how,  
in actual practice,  
the Rangers can succeed  
in enforcing the law  
where the present  
sheriffs and marshals fail.  
Well, in a practical sense,  
the importance of a police agency like  
the Rangers can best be illustrated  
by this man Wes Hardin.  
This notorious killer has escaped  
apprehension for six years  
simply by hopping  
from county to county.  
But with the Rangers, they can pursue  
him anywhere on a statewide basis  
and, with a little help  
from the Governor's Office,  
can go beyond the boundaries of  
Texas and bring this man to justice.  
Yes, Duncan?  
Gentlemen, you can tell your  
readers we'll bring in Wes Hardin.  
Sure, Captain, but when?  
When? They'll read about it  
in the papers.  
Rosie?  
Rosie.  
What is it? Where's my boot?  
I can't find my boot.  
Here it is.  
Maybe you better hang it on  
your watch chain.  
Yeah. Guess I'll have to.  
Going out to look for a card game?  
Mmm-hmm.  
Saloon on the corner  
seems lively enough.  
Where's my money?

Pretty thin bankroll.  
Yeah.  
Well, it won't always  
be like this, honey.  
Running all the time,  
living with riffraff.  
Rich in the morning,  
poor at night.  
Someday were gonna have that farm.  
Sure, Wes, the farm.  
With green grass  
and white painted house  
and water that runs  
all year round.  
You wouldn't take that farm if  
somebody put it in your lap  
tied up in ribbons.  
Why wouldn't I?  
How many times have you had  
enough to buy a farm twice over?  
We had \$3,000 in Waco.  
And there was a time in Houston  
when you were 8,000 ahead.  
But did you ever even  
look at a farm, Wes?  
What are you trying to say?  
I'm trying to say I don't  
like your fancy dream.  
You hang on to it because it makes you feel  
better than the gamblers, the riffraff.  
Maybe even better than me.  
And I don't want you  
to feel better than me, Wes,  
'cause I love you the way you are,  
the way you really are.  
One of these days,  
I'm gonna surprise you, Rosie.  
I'm gonna win me a wagonload of money.  
Then we'll settle down.  
Might even do it tonight.  
Feeling lucky.  
Good. You might win enough  
to pay for dinner.  
And if I don't?



We'll eat anyway.  
Grandma, what would  
I do without you?  
Oh! Why, you pig.  
I'll be back for supper.  
When did  
Mr. Swain check in?  
Last night.  
Thank you.  
Who was the nosy Parker?  
From the sound of him,  
I'd say he came from Texas.  
What did he want to know?  
All about you and your brother.  
He's probably a business  
friend of my brother's.  
Then your brother must be doing  
business with the Texas Rangers.  
I saw a star under his coat.  
Raise 200.  
I'll call.  
Wes. Oh, Wes,  
a man just stole my diamond ring.  
He's still at the hotel.  
Hurry, before he gets away.  
Sorry, gentlemen.  
I hate to leave in the middle of a game,  
especially when I'm ahead.  
Oh, wait a minute,  
I've got three kings.  
I'm sorry, three aces.  
Wes, Wes, never mind  
the money. My ring. My ring.  
I'll be back, gentlemen.  
What is it?  
Wes, the Rangers, they're here!  
What would the Rangers  
be doing in Kansas?  
I don't know, but there's one of  
them at the hotel looking for you.  
Get out of here, Rosie.  
There's gonna be some shooting.  
No, Wes, no.  
Go back to the hotel.

What is it, Rosie?

All the time we've been here and  
you won't even bother to unpack.

Or hang up the curtains.

Complaining about  
your housekeeper again?

Yes.

Listen, Wes,

I was born on a farm.

My father marched away

from a farm,

tall and brave in

a fine new uniform.

I never saw him again.

My mother died on a farm,

giving birth to his son.

I saw plenty of farms

after that, too.

People sweating and digging

their lives away.

I saw them slaving so they could save

up a few pennies for that rainy day.

It never rains, Wes, it pours.

It doesn't have to be that way.

Well, that's how it is.

If the weather doesn't get you, the  
grasshoppers do, the taxes or the mortgage.

Or the State of Alabama starts a

war with the State of Georgia,

and you get killed by some fool

bullet meant for a general.

So you never hope and you never plan

because someday you might get hurt?

If that's the way

you want to say it.

Well, I know a card game, too.

I know that if you want to win,

you've got to take a chance.

You gotta add something

to the pot.

Yeah, but you can't win, Wes,

if you're holding my kind of cards.

How do you mean?

I mean you, Wes.

Now you have to sweat from sunup  
to sundown every day for a year  
to earn \$1,000, if you're lucky.  
You used to be the kind of man  
who would sit in a card game  
and win that much money  
in one night.

Haven't you been  
thinking about that, Wes?  
Sure, I've thought all about that,  
but this farm is what I want.  
Yeah, yeah, you want it now.  
It's new, it's a toy.

And when you get tired of it, you're  
gonna wander into town, pick up a hand,  
and have to shoot your way  
out of town again.

A man can change, can't he?  
Prove it to me, Wes.  
Prove it.

Because you got no right  
to ask me to change  
until you can prove it.

Rosie!

Rosie! Come here, quick.

What is it?

Wes.

What is it?

Come in, Parson.

Come in. Come in.

Is this the bride?

It sure is.

My, what a pretty dress.

And such a lovely bride!

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered  
together here in the sight of God..."

No trace of Hardin since you let him  
get away from you in Kansas City?

No, sir,

and I don't think he's in Texas.

Why?

Well, these recent killings  
don't fit his pattern.

He's never been a thief

or a bandit or a bully.

I think the local officers just charge every unsolved shooting to Hardin.

He's a killer all right,  
but he's brave and...

John Wesley Hardin has made the name of Texas stink in the nostrils of justice,  
and I want him brought in here no matter where he is.

Yes, sir.

His brother and uncle still live up near Bonham, don't they?

Yes, sir.

Well, he's bound to get in touch with them or drop in on them sooner or later.

Yes, sir. We have a man staked out, checking every move and watching the mail.

I'd like to take a run down there myself, sir.

Good. Don't get too fond of him, Duncan.

If you want to sing his praises, we'll give you a chance to recite a eulogy over his grave after we hang him.

Yes, sir.

That's all.

Yes, sir.

We'll bring him in, sir.

All right, bring him in alive, if you can.

Hi, honey.

I'm hungrier than a bear.

Well, you ought to be.

Your food's been waiting an hour.

Now it's all cold.

Well, I'm sorry.

The buckskin mare's been having a little trouble.

And your corn pudding's all burned.

I always promised myself I'd never try to tie you down,  
tell you when to come

and when to go.  
I act like a nagging old wife!  
Well, now, what's the matter?  
The corn pudding's  
not that important.  
The mare's about  
to have her foal.  
Well, horses aren't the only  
thing born on a farm, Wes Hardin.  
Rosie!  
You mean you? Us?  
If it'd been a mare,  
you'd have known weeks ago.  
Wes! Wes!  
Wes! Wes.  
"...and we expect the baby  
around the end of October.  
"I am sure it will be a boy and  
I'm going to name him after you."  
Women.  
Since when is  
the Good Lord letting on  
whether it's boys or girls  
coming into this world?  
"We have a real fine farm here  
"and we both wish that you and Joe  
could come for a visit sometime soon."  
Maybe we could, Pa.  
Maybe next winter  
after the boy is born.  
I'll be back  
day after tomorrow, Rosie.  
Will you be all right?  
Sure, Wes.  
Oh, Wes...  
Aw, there won't be  
any trouble, Rosie.  
I've been to  
horse auctions before.  
No. No, no,  
it's not that, Wes.  
It's something I've been wanting  
to say to you for a long time.  
You remember

when I was being stubborn,  
when I said I didn't think  
you could ever change any?

Yeah?

Well, I was wrong.

I know what's happened to me.  
Nothing's gonna change me back  
to the way I was, Wes, nothing.  
I guess all a person needs  
is half a chance.

I feel safe here, Wes,  
and settled.

And I don't care if I never see to  
the other side of the next mountain  
because this is where I want to be,  
with you.

Sure, honey.

I always heard women get nervous  
and fidgety around this time.

They get their heads  
full of queer ideas.

Well, you go right on talking.

Wes, hurry home.

Oh, Dan?

Will you do me a favor and take  
him over to the livery stable.

Tell them I'll be back  
in a couple of days.

Mr. Swain, I'll do that.

That's him.

Round-trip ticket  
to Pensacola, please.

Pensacola?

Where's Dick Taylor today?

He took the day off for himself.

I'm filling in for him, Wes.

Put your hands up, Hardin.

You're under arrest.

You're making a mistake, mister.

My name's Swain. Who are you?

A Texas Ranger and I said  
put your hands up!

Don't shoot!

I want him alive.

Get his gun?  
He hasn't got one.  
All right, take him along.  
John Wesley Hardin,  
the jury having found you guilty of  
the murder of Sheriff Charles Webb,  
it now becomes my duty  
to pronounce sentence.  
Frankly, there's no doubt in my mind  
as to what punishment you deserve,  
but this court, jealously guarding  
the traditions of American justice,  
refuses to sentence you in accordance  
with the demands of popular opinion.  
And, again,  
we refuse to sentence you for other crimes  
which you are alleged  
to have committed,  
but for which you  
have not been tried.  
In the matter of the murder  
of Sheriff Webb,  
the prosecution has failed  
to bring forth any witnesses  
who saw the actual commission  
of this particular crime.  
Some of the alleged  
witnesses are dead.  
Others have failed  
to come forward.  
Therefore, it is the sentence  
of this court,  
that you be confined  
at hard labor  
for a period of 25 years in the  
State Prison at Huntsville.  
Twenty-five years  
in the State Prison!  
Has the prisoner  
anything to say?  
Yes, I have, Your Honor.  
If you and the jury weren't  
afraid of public opinion,  
I never would have

been convicted  
because I shot Charlie Webb in  
self-defense and you all know it.  
Maybe I did wrong,  
maybe I deserve to be punished,  
but I'm not a murderer.  
I never killed a man who  
didn't try to kill me first.  
Take him away.  
Keep the place, Rosie,  
no matter what.  
I will, Wes.  
I promise.  
The little fellow, Rosie,  
tell him.  
Tell him I never...  
I will, Wes.  
I will.  
Wes. Wes.  
Wes. Wes. Wes.  
Wes! Wes! Wes!  
Twenty-five years!  
Time enough for  
a child to grow up,  
time enough for a man to think,  
time enough to die.  
Today, on  
the 20th of March, 1894,  
in the 16th year  
of my imprisonment,  
I have received a full pardon  
from Governor J. S. Hogg.  
I append the document as an appropriate  
note on which to end this narrative.  
Henry Johnson.  
I've warmed your dinner  
for the last time tonight.  
What's keeping you?  
I was reading a story,  
Amy, a true story.  
What kind of a story is it?  
I don't know yet, Amy,  
because I don't rightly know  
how this story is going to end.



Wes!

Wes!

Wes!

Why didn't you tell us  
you were coming?

I wanted to come home  
this way, Rosie.

Kind of like I was just coming back  
from that horse auction at Pensacola,  
a long time ago.

The place looks fine, Rosie.

You're looking so pretty.

Prettier than I remembered.

Dreamt of you, Rosie,  
every night and every day  
for all these years.

I dreamed of you  
for so hard that

I couldn't rightly remember  
what you looked like anymore.

I nearly went crazy trying to  
draw a picture of you in my mind.

I know, Wes. I know.

A woman dreams, too.

We tried to keep the place together, Wes.

We got some good horses.

We whitewashed the stables every spring  
and we tried to get the house painted.

Is that him?

Yes.

What sort of a boy is he, Rosie?

John's almost a man now.

He's worked like one since he was 12.

He's been waiting

a long time for this day.

We both have.

Hello, Son.

You must be...

Yep.

Your ma said you were grown-up,  
but I didn't expect to see a man.

Ma says if I keep on growing,

I'll be as tall as you.

You're strong, too.

You've worked hard,  
haven't you, Son?  
I don't mind working.  
Well, now that there's two of us, maybe you'll  
have time for some fun once in a while.  
Nice pony. Is he yours?  
I guess he's rightly yours, now.  
Well, you worked the place, Son.  
I figure everything here  
belongs as much to you as to...  
You ought to remember this, Pa.  
It's yours.  
Sometimes people come out here asking  
to see it. I keep it loaded, too.  
Is this how you  
used to do it, Pa?  
How come you never put  
any notches on your gun?  
John, did you see your father?  
Where are you going?  
Wes. What is it? What's wrong?  
What did you say to him?  
I hit him, Rosie.  
I hit him.  
Why? Why?  
That gun!  
He put it on  
and it was me, 20 years ago.  
Thinking I could  
lick the world with a gun!  
I went crazy and I hit him.  
It'll be all right, Wes. You'll  
explain it to him. It'll be all right.  
I don't think it will, Rosie.  
He'll be out looking for trouble.  
Don't say that.  
He's a good boy.  
He'll be out  
looking for trouble!  
What do you mean?  
It's happened before.  
It's happened to me. I remember.  
My pa and me!  
I'm going after him.

I'm gonna bring him home.  
Hello, John.  
What can I do for you?  
Whisky.  
I didn't know  
you'd started drinking.  
You seen your Pa?  
The boys said they seen him coming  
through town a little while ago.  
Look, I came in here for a drink,  
not to answer a lot of dumb questions.  
All right, all right.  
Whisky. What makes you  
so tough today, Hardin?  
'Cause your old man is home?  
Figures the old man will  
back him up.  
Why don't you shut up!  
Think you're man enough?  
Why don't you make me shut up?  
Maybe he'll show us his pa's famous  
trick of carrying a gun under his vest  
so he can shoot a man in the  
back when he ain't looking.  
You better go on home, son.  
No sense in starting anything with him.  
You know... You know,  
if I was Wes Hardin,  
and came home from the pen after 16 years,  
first thing I'd do  
is un-limber my six-gun and start  
banging away at the nearest target.  
Especially if I was coming home to a  
swell-looking woman like Mrs. Hardin.  
Easy, Son, easy.  
You stay out of this.  
It's my fight.  
There's not gonna be any fight.  
Here's his gun. Keep it.  
All right, the boy's not armed now,  
and neither am I,  
so see that you don't shoot  
off anything but your mouth.  
I'll take care of you another

time with a horse-whip. Come on.  
I ain't afraid of you, Hardin,  
even if you have got a gun under your coat,  
so draw and fire.  
What did I tell you?  
Didn't you see him reach?  
Give me my gun!  
No. Don't give it  
to him.  
Somebody get Doc Barker.  
I thought you said he had a gun.  
He reached, I tell you.  
You all saw it.  
He was wearing a gun under arm  
when he killed Webb.  
Don't try anything.  
I'll get him for this.  
No, you're not gonna live  
the way I lived  
and end up like this  
on a dirty floor.  
It'd be my fault, Son.  
Don't you understand?  
Leave it alone.  
He'll get his,  
but you leave it alone.  
Swear it to me.  
I swear it, Pa.  
I swear it.  
Keep him quiet for a couple of weeks,  
Mrs. Hardin, and he'll be all right.  
I'll come out and have another  
look at him this evening.  
Thank you, Doctor.  
Now, John, you drive real slow.  
Sure, Ma.  
Remember the last time we rode in a wagon,  
Rosie? A long time ago.  
Yeah, but this time  
is different, Wes.  
This time we know  
where we're going.  
John?  
Yes, Pa?

Let's go home.