



Scripts.com

The Lusty Men

By Horace McCoy

One of the most thrilling
and surely one of the most
dangerous rodeo events--
cowboys riding
the wild brahma bulls.
Unlike the bucking horse
used in rodeos
who will try to prevent
stepping on or kicking a rider,
the brahma bull will
purposely stomp a contestant
with his sharp hoofs
or rip the rider with his horns,
oftentimes causing
fatal injuries.
The brahma bulls you see here
are well-known for
their mean dispositions
and are particularly treacherous
because they're
the only type bull
that will charge a man
with their eyes open.
That's why you'll
never see a brahma bull
in the ring with a matador.
The first bull rider today,
one of the all-time greats,
Jeff McCloud, Bandera, Texas.
Jeff's coming out
on a bull called razor,
'cause he's given
a lot of cowboys
a close shave.
Contestants ride the bull
holding onto a loose rope,
sometimes called a bullrope,
the other hand free in the air.
Should the cowboy touch
the bull with his free hand
anytime during
his eight-second ride,
he will be disqualified.
Keep your eyes

on chute number 1.
Take him out!
Thanks to the alertness
of our rodeo clowns.
He may be shaken up a bit,
but he's walked away from
tougher spills than this.
Now take a look
over at chute number 2.
Shorty west
from blackton, Idaho,
on a bull called round trip.
Shorty must have bought
a one-way ticket.
All right, you under there,
back out nice and slow.
What are you doing
crawling around under my house?
I didn't think
nobody lived here.
Somebody lives here.
What are you doing
crawling under there?
I was looking for something
I thought I'd lost.
I used to save my money
in this tobacco can
when I was a kid
and my folks lived here.
With my 2 nickels
in it after 20 years.
2 nickels was a load
of money to me then.
You Connie McCloud's boy?
I'm Jeff McCloud.
I'm Jeremiah watrus.
Howdy.
There's some coffee
in the house.
Come on in and sit.
- Did you know my old man?
- Not personal.
Well, the place
ain't changed much.

I bought it at a tax auction.
Got it at my own price.
Now I know why.
Could have had more fun throwing my money
out the window.
It ain't changed much
in here, either.
- Wash up if you've a mind to.
- I washed this morning.
I was born in this room.
That ain't much to brag about.
Where you from these days?
Oh, I move around a lot.
I can't get over it.
In 20 years,
you'd think it'd change.
Some things never do.
But there's been changes.
Sun's got a little hotter,
a little more
earth's blowed away,
a little less water.
That's about all the changes.
What made you come back?
I don't know.
I always thought someday
I'd make enough money
to settle down
on the old place, run a few head.
- You got the money?
- I had it... Once.
- What happened?
- I got kind of sidetracked.
Women?
No. No, women
don't sidetrack me.
Something else.
I'll be 62 come march.
Maybe if I was married,
I might fix the place,
or if I had kids.
It is kind of lonely.
I like a place
that's lonely, private.

You been married?
I figure it this way...
Marriage, it's lonely,
but it ain't private.
You got anything you own?
What I started out with,
a strong back and a weak mind.
A shack, some rocky ground,
a spavined horse,
and a busted windmill...
That's all I got.
That's still more than me.
Yeah, but you ain't 62 yet.
You a thinking man?
Oh, I can get in
out of the rain,
that's about all.
Me, I'm a thinking man.
This is what I think.
One of the things that's wrong
is that all the books
and rules on success
is written by successful men.
That's wrong. Fellas like you and me'd
get a lot more help
if those books was written by failures.
That would make sense.
That cowhand from
the jackhammer ranch,
him and his wife play games.
Is that bad?
Reckon today they'll
want to remodel this kitchen.
About the only thing
around here they ain't fixed over.
In their mind's eye, of course.
Do it regular every Sunday...
Come prowling around
with calf eyes,
saying
how much they'd like to buy the place.
You don't need
no urging to sell, do you?
Moon talk.

Where's a ranch hand
going to get \$5,000?
Well, I'll be getting on.
Figure to make
abilene by sundown.
Set still.
Sometimes they're right amusing.
No. I better
hit the road.
Kind of disappointing, I guess.
Man coming back
to his home place,
find it like this.
Kind of like
visiting a graveyard.
Yeah, something like that.
Well, good luck.
I hope we didn't
interrupt nothing.
Fella was born here.
Wanted to see
how the place looked after 20-odd years.
Scared us. Thought
maybe he was a buyer.
Him?
Them McClouds
is the most shiftless family
ever hit these parts.
He couldn't buy nothing.
McCloud!
That's who that is!
Jeff McCloud!
You know him?
Leave him alone, Wes.
He's the world
saddle bronc champ,
the first man ever
to ride zombie.
I was at the Cheyenne rodeo
the year you won
the all-around.
How big is this ranch
you ride for?
Oh, big enough.

That's the year you
rode zombie, right?
Think they can use another hand?
I'm sure rig will take you on.
I wouldn't get my hopes up
too high, Mr. McCloud.
Why not?
Lots of foremen
on the big spreads
won't give rodeo cowboys jobs.
Figures they're
all saddle tramps.
Don't they have
rodeos around here?
I ride
in one every year at the county fair.
Won \$40 last year.
\$40? Must be a big show.
40 or 100, I don't
like to see him rodeo.
You know, the year I was champ,
I won over \$25,000.
Easy come, easy go.
I'll take Jeff over to see rig.
You think
you can roust up another lamb chop?
I think so.
We usually eat early on Sunday,
but can you hold out

until 5:

For lamb chops?
Sure, I can.
We'll have a lab report
in the morning, rig.
In the meantime,
keep the calf in quarantine
until we find out about this.
Put him in that
middle stall, boys.
Picked this fella up
at Jeremiah's place.
He's hunting for a job.
Name's Jeff McCloud.

What outfit did you
work for last,
and why'd you quit?
I been rodeoing
the last few years.
Had a brahma bull set on me.
Sorry.
I can't use you.
Look, if you're thinking
I'm a rodeo tramp, you got me wrong.
I've hired rodeo cowboys before.
They're always practicing their tricks
and roughing up the stock.
When you need them most, they're taking
off for Fort Worth or Cheyenne somewhere.
If you want some recommendations,
I can get them for you.
What ranches you work for?
I worked the lazy w
and vern Jackson's place
up in the panhandle.
Managers of both places
will vouch for me.
How are you with horses?
Can you break colts
without making broncs out of them?
I got a special calling
for horses,
like some get the call
to be a preacher.
I can make them
do anything but talk Mexican.
One of my best cowboys
is sick with arthritis.
What'll you work for?
Oh, 140.
120's the best I can do.
You got yourself a hand.
I might as well tell you
we got
some strict rules on this place.
We don't run our cattle
'cause it takes the fat off.
We don't rope them

unless we have to.
We got good blooded stuff here.
We can't sell them with broken legs.
I'll show you the bunkhouse.
I'll meet you at the corral
and help you
pick out a string of ponies.
Hey, Jeff, you've
been around a lot.
You figure your old place
is worth \$5,000?
I'm a bad one to ask
about money matters.
The only way I could tell
how much a thing was worth
was by how bad I wanted it.
This is a nice little layout.
What did you have to do
to get it?
Get married.
Louise and me waited six months
until a married cowboy quit.
We got \$1,100 saved up.
We're going to buy
Jeremiah's place and stock it.
Call it the w-1,
right?
That's the general idea.
As soon as we get the money.
\$1,100 is pretty good
for 2 years of marriage.
Yeah. Who
does the saving?
Oh, she's the banker.
I just hand her my pay.
Ain't it surprising
how romantic women
can get about money?
Wes tells me
you once made \$3,000
in one day rodeoing.
And threw it all away.
I didn't throw it away.
It just sort of floated.

That's pretty stupid...
Breaking all your bones,
then letting the money go.
Some things you don't do
for the cash, there is in it.
Some things you do for the buzz.
One minute on a crazy horse.
A minute? 10 seconds
can make it feel like a lifetime.
And wind up with a snapped neck.
Or a dislocated collarbone
or have your brains
shook loose by a bronc.
I've come
out of those chutes a lot of times,
heard the crowd hollering,
a horse or a bull
jumping and twisting
underneath you.
I always felt the same thing.
For a little bit,
you're a lot more
than you are
just walking down the street
or eating or sleeping.
Maybe it's something
you can't explain to a woman.
'Cause it's a different
kind of buzz.
Thanks again for the supper.
It's been a long time
since I had a supper that good.
That's one of the reasons
they were standing in line
to marry her.
I guess a lot of people ask
what's the best horse
you ever rode.
Yeah, a lot of people.
Was it zombie?
I draw two-step
one time
and got bucked off.
She was good, but I

mark zombie better.
Was you ever scared?
Rodeoing?
Yeah, of getting hurt.
Well, I've been scared,
and I've been not scared.
Why did you quit?
Well, I busted the last
three ribs I had.
I still wouldn't have quit
if I hadn't caved in.
You been rodeoing a long time.
Yeah, 18 years.
Won the national when I was 17.
I started
cutting wild horses when I was 13.
I wasn't but 14.
They paid me 10 cents a head.
That's what I got.
A fella's bankroll
could get fat in a hurry rodeoing.
Chicken today,
feathers tomorrow.
Not if he played it smart
when he had the chicken.
You stay with those
lamp chops, man.
She cooks them good.
I hate to mention this,
but you're a working man.
You are, too, now.
About time to hit the sack.
We just ate.
We ate late.

4:

4:

I forgot people

get up at 4:

Well, good night.

Good night.

Sure enjoyed that supper.

Chow time!
Come and get it!
You got a lot of horse in chico.
Yeah. Working
off of him's no work.
Came out of king ranch
quarter horse stock.
Raised him from a Colt.
Know any better?
Oh, I used to a long time ago.
Horse like him's
worth \$2,000-3,000.
You could sell him
and help pay for
that ranch you want.
Aim to have both.
Show you something else.
"Calf roping, \$50.
Bareback, 25.
Bronc riding"...
Your wife know
about you spending all this money
on the rodeo?
I'll tell her
if I make out all right
next month at San Angelo.
You couldn't win hamburger money
against top professionals.
Not right away.
I know that.
But I learn fast.
You're a pretty sharp article.
You are for a fact.
You've had one thing in
the back of your mind.
I don't figure I've
done anything wrong.
I thought if I
could get you hired,
maybe you'd help me some.
At the rate Louise
and me are going,
it'll take us 15 more years
to get Jeremiah's place.

My wife's got more
Patience than I have.
Don't figure we'll ever
own a place of our own,
less'n we find some shortcut.
I know what I want,
and it won't take no 15 years.
You take \$125 out
of the bank last week?
That's right. I...
Forgot to mention it.
Well, I sort of been trying
to get around to it.
What was it for?
Oh, I sent it to San Angelo.
Entry fees in the rodeo.
That's something else
you forgot to mention.
Oh, I was going to
tell you when it was over.
I wanted to surprise you.
Surprise me with
what... A broken leg, a broken neck?
Look, I'm good.
Jeff knows.
He's been teaching me.
Jeff McCloud,
that great has-been.
What's rig going to think
about one of his hands
taking a vacation?
He knows I'm going
to San Angelo.
If he hears you've
been in a rodeo, he'll fire you.
The minute it looks like
a guy's losing his job,
his wife gets panicky.
That's why I didn't
tell you about the money.
Look, buster, nobody's
getting panicky.
I'm just trying
to keep us straight.

And stop kidding yourself.
You ain't the only guy
who tried to take me
from behind that counter
and set me up in business.
You ain't the biggest,
you ain't the strongest,
you ain't the richest,
and you ain't the prettiest,
but you're the only one
who wanted what I wanted...
A decent steady life.
I love you more than
anything in the world,
but I want to get my place.
I want to toss a rope
over my own cow just once.
You're a grown man, Wes.
You do what you like.
I aim to.
I'm going to San Angelo.
"Joe burgess, petey mendoza,
Jim Barney,
red Logan, Jack Nemo."
That's a pretty good lineup.
Hey, you draw high voltage
in the saddle bronc.
I know that horse.
"Bald eagle, blackout,
raw deal, Billy the kid."
That's al Dawson's stock.
Ain't that al Dawson's stock?
Something wrong with the stock?
No. I just never knew him
to work this far south.
I know your horse, though.
I won the day money
on him at St. Joe and Denver.
Hey, Nemo!
Well, what do you know?
Who's the dude?
What are you,
a lightning rod salesman?
Hear you been

dirt farming lately.
Pretty near.
Wes merritt,
meet red Logan and Jack Nemo.
Didn't see your name
on the entry list.
I'm just here with Wes.
Wes getting his feet wet today.
Welcome to San Angelo's
annual rodeo.
Starting this great
western celebration,
we proudly present
our very colorful grand
entry of riders and horses
in the serpentine ride.
Next will be
saddle bronc riding.
Our first rider this
afternoon is slim Avery,
who hails from Reno, Nevada.
I'd like to call your attention
to the two men on horseback.
They are our pickup men
who, immediately
after the whistle sounds,
take the rider
off the bucking horse
and transfer him safely
to the ground.
We draw your attention
to chute number 1,
where Wes merritt
of big Springs, Texas,
is coming out on high voltage.
I can't tell you much
about Wes merritt, folks.
He's a newcomer to the circuit.
An old friend of ours,
Jeff McCloud,
is traveling with Wes merritt,
teaching him the tricks
of the trade.
So let's watch

this boy merritt closely.
That's too much rein.
Shut up, will you?
Hey, red.
What are we hung on here?
Pass Wes merritt!
We move along now
to Pete mendoza
from Santa fe, new Mexico,
who's riding a horse
called April fool
out of chute number 18.
He's giving him a ride, folks!
Now, like I said, right here.
Forget about the crowd
now. Just relax.
Don't fight him.
Work with him.
It's like dancing with a girl,
only you let him lead.
We move now to chute number 1...
Wes merritt coming out
on high voltage.
Ok, let me have him!
Get after him, Wes!
Stay with him, Wes!
Good timing.
You know, he can
rope a little, too.
This boy will be a familiar
face on the circuit
from now on.
I rode him!
You might have
rode him right into some day money, too.
Next on our program
is calf roping,
an event against time.
Wes merritt
of big Springs, Texas,
who you just saw make
a fine saddle bronc ride,
is going to try his skill
in calf roping.

Wes merritt's time
is 14.2...
Which is good time
in any man's rodeo.
Our next calf roper
is Craig dunlap of Logan, Utah.
Sing hallelujah, honey!
I won two day moneys!
I could have gone
for the average, too, but I got bucked off.
Did you get hurt?
No, I bounced.
Smell it, honey.
Don't it smell sweeter
than all the roses?
\$410. That's more
than 2 months' wages.
And I made it in two minutes.
There's more where
that come from.
As long as you didn't get hurt.
I wasn't even scratched.
I told you, I bounced.
I told rig we're
moving out tomorrow.
Moving out?
I'm going to rodeo.
Let me get this straight.
You quit?
We're leaving here?
Jeff and me figured it
out on the way back.
Everything he knows
about rodeoing, he'll teach me.
He'll help us get someplace.
How did Mr. McCloud
become an expert on getting someplace?
He took the same
shortcut you're planning to take.
Where did he wind up
18 years later?
You got him all wrong, honey.
He's doing me a big favor.
We'll split the money we win.

What's he going to win?
Split what you win, you mean.
Big-hearted
McCloud.
If he could still ride,
would he share it with you?
That ain't the point.
'\$400 for 2 minutes'
work, that's the...
If it was that easy,
every rodeo hand would be rich.
I want that ranch.
So do I, but what good's the ranch
going to be if you're crippled?
You got to have
as much guts as me.
How much money
can we save on what I make?
I'll be bent over double
before we save \$5,000.
My old man spent his whole life
working for somebody else.
All he left behind was a big grocery bill
and a worn-out saddle.
Well, that ain't for me.
I know what I want,
and I know how to get it.
Jeff McCloud's
our big chance to do it!
You think McCloud's
a pretty great guy, don't you?
I want you to do
something for me.
If I can, sure.
Get this rodeoing
idea out of my husband's head.
Well, that's
a pretty large order.
You put the idea into his head,
you can get it out.
Can I?
That 400 bucks he won
really touched him off.
He thinks he can do

that good every day.
You know he can't.
You know he was lucky.
He's got his mind made up.
We've been doing good,
real good.
Don't let him throw it all away.
He'll listen to you.
Look, this rodeoing's
his idea, not mine.
Then don't go with him.
If you don't go, he won't go.
He's only trying to get
something he wants.
I want it, too,
but not that way,
not rodeoing.
How else is a cowhand
going to get it?
The only way a cowhand
can make real dough is rodeoing.
Wes is good. He'll make
a potful of money.
Of which you'll take half.
It'll still
leave him more than he'll make here
if he works all his life.
I just want to see
one guy in this world
get what he wants, that's all.
A pretty good deal
for you, wasn't it, latching on to Wes?
Latching on?
They tell me Wes found you
in a tamale joint.
They tell me anything's
better than working in a tamale joint,
even marriage.
I'm going to explain
something to you.
My folks were fruit pickers.
My pa was a drifter.
I grew up in tents and camps.
I never knew what

a pair of silk stockings was like
until I was 19.
We never had a house.
Got so I was always jealous
of people who lived in houses
and stayed in one place
and had somebody to love.
That's all I could
ever think about.
I picked Wes out to marry,
and I picked him real slow
and real careful.
And I didn't pick him
for the wild horses
he could ride
or gold belt buckles
he might win.
But if he
still wants to go in the morning,
I'm going with him,
because there's one thing
I'm not going to let you do,
and that's turn him
into a saddle tramp like yourself.
Redheads...
What gives a guy the idea
that redheads are any different?
All they got is bad tempers.
Wes?
Like I said,
as soon as we
get the ranch money together,
I quit.
Is it a deal?
It's a deal.
Well, what are we waiting for?
Come on, chico.
The barns are over that way.
And 20.
10 more.
Let's go ahead.
10 bucks.
That's a bet.
10 more for me.

Craps.
That cleans me out.
How about loaning me 50 bucks?
Sorry. Not today,
burgess.
What's the matter,
you scared you won't get it back?
Gracie said nobody
should loan you no more money.
Who you shooting craps
with, me or my wife?
I got to get
some shut-eye.
I'm roping this afternoon.
One thing I hate is a tightwad.
I'm quitting.
That's the last thing
you're about to do.
I'll cut that money loose!
Hey, hey, take it easy.
Hey, you're
kicking up a lot of dust, cowboy.
Today just ain't your lucky day.
You try the dice tomorrow.
It ain't the dice.
Thanks. He's been hitting
the bottle pretty hard.
A man shouldn't shoot crap
if he can't stand to lose.
Ain't that. He got gored
with a brahma in Cheyenne.
A horn caught him in the cheek.
I wasn't going to use it
unless I had to.
Think I'll lay down
a while before the show.
You're McCloud, ain't you?
Glad to see you.
Well, come on, Wes.
We better grain chico.
You hungry?
No. That's a terrible
scar he had.
Yeah. Brahmas

are pretty spooky.
A bronco will shake you
loose and then leave you,
but a bull will keep
right after you.
They're mean,
keep on getting meaner,
but the bulls that fight,
that's what people pay to see.
A cup of coffee
and a half-pound of raw hamburger!
Coffee don't
float a hammer, I ain't drinking it!
Rusty!
Either you're getting heavier,
or I'm getting weaker.
Once on the other side,
like in the good book.
Figured they ground you up
for dog food long ago.
No. The dogs took
one bite and quit.
Hiya, book.
I knowed you couldn't stay away.
He says in Cheyenne,
"that's all. I'm washed up."
This old crow bait's
going to be washed up
when he's holding flowers
on that fancy shirt
and the rodeo band's
playing soft and sweet.
My name's booker Davis.
This here filly here
is my daughter rusty.
Hello, rusty.
I'm Wes merritt, Jeff's partner.
Partner? Man,
sew up your pockets.
You're new, ain't you?
Got 2 bits?
Ok, let him have a look.
You ever see anything
like that before?

Sure is
the worst-looking leg I've ever seen.
20 years rodeoing done that.
Leg busted nine times,
kneecap, five,
and the ankle, four.
Booker's got
the most busted leg in the world.
Nobody'll ever beat it,
'less they jump off
a New York skyscraper.
Last time booker broke it,
doctors wanted to cut it off.
It was up in Denver.
He got some crutches
and headed for new Mexico.
A big blizzard come up.
Had to pull into a motel.
Had no sooner got in bed
than my leg started
hurting pretty bad.
Finally, I pushed my bed
over to the window
and stuck my leg out.
Soon the leg froze up,
and the pain went away.
Next morning, I thawed it out
and drove on to Santa fe.
I won four firsts that day.
Get the griddle hot.
Put some coffee on.
We got to feed these fellers.
Old book used to be
one of the best bronc riders.
What happened?
Punchy. Bronc shook
his brains loose.
He's head wrangler
for Dawson now.
Who pulled in?
I don't know, but
they've been through a lot of mud.
Sure have.
Nice-looking filly.

Yeah. Well
quartered up.
Looks fast.
Depends on the track.
It depends on the jockey, too.
Get lost.
Howdy.
Morning, ma'am.
Is there a ladies' room around?
Honey, there ain't
no ladies' room around here.
In fact, there ain't no ladies.
If you want
to wash up, right there.
All the comforts.
How much did you lose?
Ain't none of your business.
Last time out, you won \$45
and lost 52 that night
playing poker.
Now look at you...
Drunk, dirty, and scared.
Scared?
Scared of what?
Nothing.
Don't you ever
tell me I'm scared.
Come on back to the trailer
and get me some coffee.
Your husband going to rodeo?
Bull riding?
Well, don't let him.
don't let him ever start.
If he rides one,
he'll keep on riding.
The day will come
when a bull will
stomp and Gore him.
Then he'll have to
show he ain't scared,
but he is.
He'll start drinking
to hide it...
A pint of whiskey, two pints,

play cards, craps, anything...
To hide how frightened he is.
Every time you hear
that loudspeaker
announcing they're coming out,
you know
he's going to be there drunk and scared.
Your heart will stop inside you.
So don't let him.
You just get in?
Yeah. Drove all night.
Husband's bedding down
his horse, I guess.
This spigot's
closest I've been to water for 24 hours.
Come to my trailer.
Have a hot cup of coffee.
I'm Rosemary Maddox.
I do trick riding.
Louise merritt.
Coffee sounds like a good idea.
Merritt... Don't think
I know any rider named merritt.
This is our first time up.
Oh. Know any
rodeo people?
Just one...
Jeff McCloud.
McCloud? You don't
look like somebody
who'd know Jeff McCloud.
Thanks for the compliment.
He's my husband's partner.
We're traveling together.
Hey, is this yours?
The man said so
when he signed the receipt.
Do you like it?
Looks like a hotel.
It is a hotel.
Where'd you pick up Jeff?
Texas. Only
you might say he picked us up.
Married long?

Two years.
Recommend it?
It's what I always wanted.
Don't you get
bored stiff keeping house?
No. I like
keeping house.
Cooking's all right,
if you got to cook.
Me, I like
fried shrimp somebody else fried.
The shower's
working... real hot water.
Have one while the coffee perks.
Thanks a lot.
I sure could use one.
There's a robe
hanging up there somewhere.
Do you like Jeff?
No more than
any other sidewinder.
Anybody up?
I didn't know you had company.
Louise merritt, Ginny Logan.
Hi. You drove in
with Jeff McCloud, didn't you?
He's darling,
isn't he, Rosemary?
Red thinks the sun
rises and sets on Jeff McCloud.
Red's my husband.
He's the craziest man I know.
My husband.
Ain't he
the craziest man you ever met?
I wanted something, but what?
Sugar.
Sugar?
Ain't it crazy
the way I forget things?
Are you going
to sit with us in the grandstand?
Us wives always sit together.
I suppose so.

Why, when red's
on a bull or bronc,
I get so excited, I scream.
I just scream.
I'm three trailers down
toward the stables.
Uh, just follow the horses.
Well, see y'all later.
Jeff ever make a pass at you?
Don't get mad, honey.
I only asked.
You're pretty.
That's enough to make him try.
For three years,
all Jeff McCloud
had to do was whistle,
and I'd come running.
What happened?
He stopped whistling,
and I stopped running.
Well, make yourself at home.
I'll be back.
Thanks a lot.
If you're looking
for Rosemary, she's gone out.
I wasn't looking for Rosemary.
I was looking for al Dawson.
He's the stock contractor
on this show.
Booker tells me he takes
his morning coffee here.
Must be an expensive brand.
Maybe it works in reverse.
How do you want it, hot or cold?
As long as it's clean.
Hot this way, cold that way.
Anytime your plumbing
don't work,
just call McCloud.
Is Wes all right?
He's over at booker's, resting.
Got a big day coming up.
Hey, you're real little
with your shoes off.

You're real little
with your shoes on.
Rosemary's tall.
She's more your type.
Rosemary's nice,
but little's nice, too.
Outside.
Hasta luego.
That's Spanish for
"if the shower don't work,
call McCloud."
You need any help?
This ain't the first time
I've been away from home.
I haven't been run over yet.
Well, if you need me, I'm here.
I'll whistle.
Good morning.
Well, good morning.
Howdy, al.
Hi, Jeff.
What you doing here?
Oh, just having a little coffee.
Thought you quit rodeoing.
No. I changed my mind.
Coffee, al?
No. I had mine.
I understand, uh,
Rosemary's
trick riding with you.
I plan to follow
your circuit myself this season, al.
I'm hazing for Wes merritt.
Oh, yeah. He rode for me
down in San Angelo.
I'll need a horse.
I'll sell you one.
Who's in the shower?
Lady.
McCloud!
Yeah?
Throw me a towel.
I'll get it.
Over there.

What on...
Hey! Hey!
That ain't Rosemary!
No, that ain't Rosemary.
Not a good horse in the bunch.
They wouldn't do to cut a steer.
That's what I mean.
Bunch of hammerheads
and stiff-legs,
but they pay off with a crowd.
How about these brahmas?
They're monsters.
They sure look mean.
How about something to eat?
I ain't hungry.
No, neither was I on
my first big-time rodeo.
I ain't scared.
I don't know what it is.
You've seen people,
you've seen horses,
and you've seen a calf.
Maybe it's just you're scared
of making like
a fool in front of the crowd,
even though you
know you'll never see them again.
What you signing up for?
Saddle broncs, bareback,
calf roping, and bulldogging.
The toughest broncs
is always them
you rode some other place.
Cowboys ain't tough
like they used to be.
Two years ago in Phoenix,
a steer kicked me in the eye.
I covered my face with my hands.
Old John Anderson says,
"are you hurt, book?"
I says, "I believe so."
Took my hands off my face.
Old John fainted plumb away.
Another cowboy

come running up to me.
I said, "something's dangling.
I believe it's my eye."
He said,
"well, it sure is."
So he got me a doctor.
Took 17 stitches around my eye.
Next day I won first prize
in the saddle bronc riding.
Now ain't that a windy?
Hoot Martin told me
that same story.
That's where I heard it.
Could I talk to you
in private, Jeff?
Yeah.
Couldn't borrow
a couple of bucks, could I?
I know I ain't
paid back what I got in Cheyenne.
Don't worry about it,
as long as you're keeping books.
I'm keeping books,
right up to the penny.
I'll settle with you one day.
Chico's faster
than these horses.
Judging
a horse is like judging a woman.
You can't tell
by their head or their mane.
I knowed a girl,
had a pretty face,
but she was so bowlegged,
a hog could run between her legs
and never graze
neither one of them.
If it ain't my wandering cowboy.
How you been?
I can't complain.
I want you to meet
Wes merritt, my partner.
Jim-Bob Tyler.
If you don't

pay your association dues,
he headlocks you.
He's a director.
I hear you cooled
off high voltage in San Angelo.
He'll cool off a lot
before he's through.
Ain't you doing any riding?
No. I'm just along to see
that Wes don't get
on a horse backwards.
Might do a little hazing later.
Saddle bronc,
bareback, bulldogging,
and calf roping?
Sounds like a full day's work.
No bull riding?
I got to get him
home in one piece.
I can ride anything
anybody else can.
Just like all rookies.
He's too big for his britches.
Once again, it's la fiesta
de los vaqueros time
in Tucson, Arizona,
and our flag bearers are leading
this very colorful
grand entry parade.
Starting the action
this afternoon
is one of the oldest
of our contest events...
The saddle bronc riding.
Let's go to chute 5,
where Mickey clayborne
from peekskill, New York,
is getting ready to
come out on double-cross.
Is that Bob in a sling?
Sure looks like it.
He's promised not to ride if his arm hurt.
That's the second time sky high's refused.
Can't understand why Dawson keeps him in the string.

Having trouble with sky high,
so we'll move
to our next contestant...
Wes merritt
of big Springs, Texas,
riding devil dancer
out of chute number 3.
Now you can see how a man
can stand and sit
at the same time
while riding a bronc.
An event requiring
skill and teamwork
between horse and rider
is next on our program...
Calf roping.
See you later, honey.
Calf roping is an everyday part
of a cowboy's life.
When a cowboy sees a sick calf
or an unbranded calf,
he relies on two things to catch the little fella...
His rope and his horse.
Our first roper this afternoon
will be buster burgess
of butte, Montana.
Buster tied his calf
in the excellent time
of 14 seconds flat.
That's second-best
so far.
He ought to wind up
in the day money, grace.
The next man to rope
is Wes merritt
of big Springs, Texas.
He's going to try again.
The rules say that Wes
is allowed two loops.
Time for Wes merritt
is 21.4 seconds.
Cheer up, Louise.
It happens to the best of them.
Our next event is bulldogging,

a favorite among rodeo fans
because of its spectacular
and dangerous action.
Burgess' time, 11.2.
30 feet's a pretty
long score, ain't it?
Yeah. The steer's got
a big head start.
When chico overtakes him,
you'll be going
30 miles an hour.
I thought you'd like to know,
this steer set up
on me last go around.
Thanks, slim.
Get down early.
You might override and miss him.
Our next bulldogger
is Wes merritt
of big Springs, Texas.
Let's get the job done.
Hazing for Wes merritt
is a familiar name
and face to rodeo fans,
Jeff McCloud.
Let's make it good.
Reckon he's in Mexico by now.
Now you can see
how dangerous
this contest really is.
It's quite a jolt to the dogger
when he grabs dirt instead
of a steer's horns.
Action moves once again
to the bucking chutes.
Our first event...
Wild brahma bull riding.
In the interest
of public safety,
we ask all spectators
seated in the front rows
and folks standing
along the fence
not to wave anything

at these bulls
to attract their attention.
Brahma bulls have been known
to jump an 8-foot fence
from a standing start.
These four-legged packages
of dynamite
are not exactly household pets.
Ready?
You were smart
not to sign up for these bangs.
I did sign up.
Did you ever ride a brahma?
A lot of horses.
No bulls.
Who'd you draw?
Yo-yo.
Hey, boys,
this fella
drew yo-yo.
He's never rode a bull before.
Bad bull, huh?
Only been rode once in his life.
Red, tell him
what yo-yo done to stubby Johnson.
He threw stubby
halfway across new Mexico.
Then he run him down
and near gored
and stomped him to death.
He's kind of mean.
Arnold Barry on spitfire.
Look, when you get throwed,
let the clowns take care of him.
Just lay still.
That bull's liable
to eat you up alive.
Maybe I won't get throwed.
That's one thing you
don't have to worry about.
You'll get throwed, all right.
Next rider in
this action-packed event
is Chuck Peterson

from calgary, Canada,
riding a bull called night life.
Let's give our rodeo clowns
a big hand
for their daring and skill.
Buster burgess
of butte, Montana,
is coming out of chute 5
on a bull named time bomb.
Burgess can go anytime now.
First aid
to the arena immediately.
Don't touch him, boys.
Wait till the doc gets here.
Cliff Roberts
of Alexander, Louisiana,
will ride spring fever.
That was a rough one,
bull wetting his horn like that.
Good thing you're
not riding any bulls.
I am.
You what?
I went back and signed up.
Why?
I ain't wearing diapers.
You take things
the wrong way, Wes.
I'm in this business
to make money.
The more
events I enter, the more I make.
If an accident scares me,
I'll find out right now.
You're substituting
guts for good judgment.
Am I?
He is riding
a bull called yo-yo.
Yo-yo's a very
famous bull.
He's never been rode
to the limit.
You draw yo-yo?

You know about him?
Sometimes he spins,
sometimes he doesn't.
If he unloads you,
don't do like burgess did.
You just freeze.
Let the clowns handle the bull.
Good luck.
Remember what I told you.
Take a dive.
Ain't no disgrace.
Are you kidding?
Never was a bull
that couldn't be rode.
Never was a cowboy that
couldn't be throwed.
Eat a little dirt
if you have to.
Here's a flash, folks.
Wes merritt's riding
the first bull of his career.
I'm not going to let him.
Sorry, lady.
He's not going
to ride that bull.
Let me have him!
Give it to him, Wes!
Come on, let's go.
You've just seen history made.
Wes merritt rode yo-yo
to the finish.
I should have listened
to you and booker.
How'd I get out here?
You rode him, man.
That's the way to make money...
While you're asleep.
You rode yo-yo
to a standstill.
First day on the circuit,
and you're a big man.
- Who, me?
- Sure, you.
Nice going, Wes.

I rode him, honey.
I rode him.
What's the matter?
You're shaking like a leaf.
I never want to go
through that again.
A new
world's record... 10 seconds flat.
You busted me.
That's against the rules.
Come on, cowboy.
Show us how
you rode yo-yo.
I'm pretty beat...
don't be like that,
Wes. Come on.
In such cases,
the thing to do is this.
Get a beer and cool
that loud mouth off.
One little ride, Wes.
Beat it.
He's got a horse.
Come here.
Right here.
Wes merritt.
Sure, Wes.
Nice going today.
Wes merritt.
\$879.14.
Check or cash?
Cash!
Hi, everybody.
I hope you saved
a little for me.
I've got gasoline money coming.
Man, where's
this rodeoing been all my life?
There'll be a lot
of days when you come up empty.
I've got
\$439.57 coming.
I don't know much
about reading and writing,

but I've got
an aptness for figures.
He gets half, remember?
I won't let him forget.
I owe you the change.
I'll owe you.
Come on, champ.
Winner has to buy the drinks.
We'll bring him back
in great shape.
Hey, you a pretty good drinker?
How's that?
I never saw you drink.
Just asking.
He's got to work in the morning.
There are a few things
he can do by himself.
If you want a drink, take it.
If he can't, ring the bell.
Cut it out.
People will think
you don't like each other.
Tell them about
the wild horse stampede.
I couldn't count them.
Part-wild horse myself.
Never been curried
below the knees.
Never been curried
above the neck, either.
You said it,
but I come
by my wildness natural.
Once, my ma was loping
across the great plains
on a paint horse.
Kiowas was after her.
She was about ready to foal.
Suddenly, she got a pain
in her stomach.
She got off the horse,
and I was born.
While I was being born,
the paint horse had a Colt.

The kiowas was closing in.
She jumped on the horse,
I jumped on the Colt,
and I've been riding
horses ever since.
You been riding
a lot of bulls, too.
How about a little
drop for me, sugar?
You just pour it
till it runs over.
I'm going to put
my brand on you, sugar.
That's my brand, sugar.
You catch on fast.
Hi. Al, I'd like you
to meet Louise merritt.
Oh. We sort of
met before.
Somebody got a lid?
Looks like this place
is going to boil over.
Hey, grace.
Burgess all right?
You poor dumb fools.
Kidding yourselves.
Calling this a sport!
A bunch of
crazy men paying for the privilege
of getting yourselves killed.
My husband did it
with \$25 of borrowed money.
Relax, baby.
We'll take care
of the hitching-up.
Oh, my aching head.
We'll take care of that, too.
Right here.
This way.
He don't drink too good.
He's going to have
a balloon head.
Maybe he won't be able to rodeo.
I don't care

if he never rodeos again.
Still want
that ranch, don't you?
I had what I wanted.
That little 2 x 4 cabin?
- Happiness.
- For you, maybe.
- How about him? Maybe he wasn't happy.
- He was until you came along.
If he'd stuck
to the jackhammer...
Lady, the world's
full of prizes.
Every fella likes
to take a shot at them.
If he misses, fine.
But at least he tried.
You tried.
What did you win?
I made a thousand
bartenders rich in my time.
I've thrown away
the down payment for a dozen spreads
over a crap table.
I had 18 great years
all by myself.
Wes has got you.
If I'd had somebody like you,
it might have been a different.
What would it have changed?
Maybe nothing. Maybe everything.
You don't believe me
a little bit, do you?
I never met a man
who didn't do a little lying.
You can believe what
you want to about me,
but you're keeping the books.
They ain't lying.
Wes is doing real good.
Getting his brains kicked out,
that's how good he's doing.
He's trying to do it
all in one season.

The big ones
are coming up now...
Livermore, salinas,
Cheyenne, Pendleton.
We ought to get
together on this.
We could be friends.
I haven't got so many friends.
I could do with one more.
Let me give you some advice.
When you sit down
to a big dinner,
just loosen your belt.
More fun that way.
Thanks for the hitch-up.
Ok, Jeff.
See you in livermore.
He minds you well.
Horses are a lot like women.
They mind you a
little bit for love,
but a lot more from fear.
It's easier to get
a horse afraid of you than a woman.
Where's Wes?
No telling.
Hey, anybody in there?
Come on in.
Are you all right?
Grace gave me a cup of coffee.
Sure needed it.
I'm sorry about how
I acted at the hotel.
All these years,
waiting for something
to happen to buster,
telling myself
I wouldn't blow my top,
training myself not to.
Then it does happen, and...
Well, it was like
I never told myself nothing
or never practiced at all.
Couldn't help it.

This is all I got to show
for 15 years of married life.
It's not much.
Get out of this
while the getting's good.
Rodeoing will make
an old woman of you
before your time.
Well, let me get
my things together,
and you can have the trailer.
I bought this rig.
You what?
We have to have
a place to sleep, honey.
Besides, grace needed the money.
You send the entry fees
to Pendleton?
Yes, I did.
Why ain't you dressed yet?
It's almost showtime.
I'm tired, Wes.
I'll stay here.
What's the matter, honey?
Nothing's the matter.
It's just that after Cheyenne...
Aw, Cheyenne.
That bull
was spooky, that's all.
I can't sit
in that grandstand and watch anymore.
I'll be here when you come back.
Look how excited Ginny gets
when red's coming out
of the chute.
She don't worry him.
Ginny ain't the worrying type.
Now, honey, nothing's
going to happen to me.
I'm dumb, and I'm lucky.
Come out to the show tonight,
and afterwards we'll celebrate.
You been spending
an awful lot of money.

We've got the money to spend
for the first time in our lives.
All week long, you been
yapping about money.
Don't make me sound like a nag.
Well, then stop worrying.
You get me riled up.
I'm all in one piece.
That's how I want you to stay.
You better go.
You'll be late.
If you still want to
go out afterwards,
all right, we'll go.
That's more like it.
Starting off with red clauson
from kearney, Nebraska,
on a horse called politician.
They've got this one
named right.
He don't seem able to
figure where he's going.
Now out of chute number 2,
Wes merritt,
from big Springs, Texas,
on a horse called
acey-deucy.
He's already
won more prize money
in his first year of competition
than any other newcomer to rodeo
that I can remember.
Outside!
Wes is in trouble!
Watch it!
Somebody give
that cowboy a hand!
That was a rough one.
He's a lucky cowboy
to be walking away
from a spill like that.
And now, ladies and gentlemen,
we go to chute number 7
for Walt Matthews

coming out on ride away.
That's a pretty sky.
Leg giving you trouble, book?
Either my boot's too little,
or my leg's too big.
Seen Wes?
No.
How long you think he'll last?
He'll be
around long enough to buy some cows.
Cows. Wind pudding
and air sauce.
He won't buy no cows.
He won't?
Town shoes, a fancy car,
and bourbon...
That's all he'll ever buy.
All right, booker,
quit grandstanding.
What do you got to say?
The boys been saying
you've changed.
Yeah. My whiskers
got longer.
You're waiting around
for something to happen.
You're reading the tea leaves.
What's going to happen?
I don't know,
but I'll tell you,
there's only two things
ever kept you
in one place for long...
A crap game or a woman.
I ain't seen you
with a pair of dice for weeks.
Is Wes here?
Not yet.
Probably looking at chico.
Something wrong with chico?
He's got a little colic.
What's cooking?
What'll you have?
What are you offering?

To you? Pot roast.
I like pot roast.
And potato pancakes?
I like potato pancakes.
You brought good cooking
to the trailer camps.
Be fine with me
when I take it out, too.
Well, we got enough
money for the ranch.
4,100.
4,100? You need 5,000.
You don't know that Jeremiah.
You don't know Jeremiah.
You really want him
off the circuit, don't you?
Don't you?
I want whatever you want.
Hey, look who's back
in Pendleton.
She's having
a big party tonight.
We're all invited.
What do you want, doll,
some more branding?
Hey, babs! Hey!
Well, I'll square things
with her later.
I got a surprise for you.
Whose idea was this, yours?
I thought you'd be pleased.
With what?
I ain't in no hurry
to go back scratching
a living dirt farming.
What's wrong with this life?
Steak for dinner,
money in the bank.
You got what you wanted.
Somebody ask you
to stick your nose in this?
Fella always said
I had a big nose.
I thought that's what

we were rodeoing for.
Let's go back where we
can breathe clean air.
There's nothing wrong
with this air.
All I smell's the money I win.
You like how it smells.
You don't?
It stinks!
When I found you,
you couldn't put
4 quarters together to make a dollar.
Who had the ambition, you or me?
That's right, me.
I'm sick of this yap, yap, yap.
And one thing more...
I'm getting fed up
with you freeloading
on the money I win.
Sounds like
a declaration of war.
Well, it leaves us
that much more
of the pot roast to eat.
He'll go to that party
and get drunk, won't he?
He's not just going there
to count the bottles.
Why don't you just take it easy,
and I'll wait table?
I'm supposed to sit
here, waiting for him
to come staggering
through that door.
Then I'm supposed to
put my arms around him,
make him black coffee,
stick an ice bag on his head,
take off his boots,
and put him to bed.
The pot roast is real good.
I'm no fun.
That blond dame
with her dress cut down

to her kneecaps...
She's fun.
Yeah.
Well, she's something.
Well, I'm through saving
his pennies for him.
I'm through washing his
socks and his shirts.
I'm through worrying about him
and cleaning up after him.
He ain't 2 years old,
and I ain't his mother.
Ever think you might,
uh, fall in love
with somebody else?
Just asked.
It happens
every day of the week.
Men! I'd like to fry 'em
all in deep fat!
What you looking for?
My one decent pair
of silk stockings
to go with my one decent dress.
Say, you don't happen to own
any of that black
lingerie, do you?
No.
By the way, where are we going?
I'm going to the party.
Wes is kind of mean.
Well, so am I.
Why don't you just
eat this nice supper
and wait it out?
I'm tired of being
a good little wife
who waits things out.
Oh, he'll be back.
He might be drunk,
but he'll be back.
Last time, I booted that blonde.
This time, she's going to...
Sure must be nice to have a wife

that gets that mad about you.
You make a good pot roast.
Wow!
You may not need that
black lingerie after all.
I'm so thirsty,
I could drink water.
Don't you ever pass out?
Oh, liquor don't bother me.
He's going to teach her
how to sing.
I bet she could
learn real good, too.
Hi, Jeff. Jump in.
Hi, Louise.
Hi, Ginny.
Hi. Hello, Alice.
Howdy, booker.
Glad you showed up.
Ain't you going
to kiss the bride?
Who's the lucky girl?
Me.
Rosemary and al got hitched
about an hour ago.
Really, al?
I got the papers and everything.
How about a real kiss now?
Better talk
to your husband about that.
Go ahead. You kiss
a man's bride, it means goodbye.
Goodbye, honey.
Hi, Louise.
Come on.
Have a drink with us.
Any gin left?
Sure, Wes.
Don't save it, man.
Pour it.
Who's going to be
champion bull rider this year?
Why, you, honey.
Who can

bronc-ride longer,
bulldog better,
calf-rope quicker than any man here?
You, honey.
Thanks.
Hey, you drinking?
Why, sure.
It's a party, isn't it?
Here, honey.
Wipe it off.
What?
You got something on your face.
Let me, honey.
That's some dress
she's wearing, ain't it, Louise?
Yeah. I can't tell
whether she's outside
trying to get in
or inside trying to get out.
I'll finish the repair work.
You hold this.
I'll bet babs thinks
you're pretty cute,
don't you, honey?
Well, he is.
Yeah, that's what he is,
all right. Cute.
I got a real cute husband.
I'll bet babs is crazy about
other people's husbands.
Who, babs?
Oh, she's been married twice.
Legally?
There we are.
That's better.
Now you look almost like
the man I married.
Thank you, sugar,
but I can't let
every little blonde
kiss him just because he's cute.
Why not lock him up?
I wish I could,
but he's grown-up,

and he's making a lot of money.
But I ought to
do something, sugar.
That's your problem, honey.
Of course it is.
Do you think
this is a good idea?
Look at me!
You look
just like a faucet. Doesn't she, Wes?
Why did you come,
to start a fight?
To stop you from making
a bigger fool
out of yourself than you are.
Thanks for telling me.
Get going!
Go on, get out!
This is my party!
I'll call
the manager! Aah!
Well, it's been a lovely party,
and I've had a lovely time.
This lady just kicked us out.
All right, cowboy.
Claim second money.
Come on.
I told you once before.
Stop sticking your nose
in my business.
Well, I picked him real
slow and real careful.
I got married
for a home. I got one.
I wanted to get away
from working...
He just kissed a little blonde.
It don't mean anything.
It won't look so terrible
tomorrow morning.
I wouldn't see him
tomorrow morning or any morning.
When he sobers up,
he'll say, "honey, I'm sorry,"

and you'll forgive him.
I won't.
Sure, you will.
That's a wife's profession...
Forgiving her husband.
Please help me.
Get him away from here.
It's his only chance.
It's my only chance.
He puts on his own pants.
He buttons his own shirt.
If he does that,
he can run his own life.
But he doesn't.
Either you beat the money,
or the money beats you.
That's all
you care about... the money.
When you're finished with Wes,
you'll get yourself
another cowhand.
You're only thinking
of the money.
Just a minute.
Let me tell you something.
When Wes asked me
to come into this,
maybe I told myself
that the money
was making up my mind,
but it wasn't.
I was lying to myself.
The only thing that kept me
stringing along was you.
Hope's a funny thing.
You can have it
even though there
ain't no reason for it.
You can tell me
to shut up and move on,
like anybody at your door
trying to sell you
something you don't want.
I'm just waiting to hear

what the lady
of the house has to say.
Don't let Wes end up
the way you did.
You mean a washed-up,
beat-up bronc rider.
I didn't mean that.
All I meant was...
don't let him wind up crippled.
That's all you
really care about is Wes, isn't it?
It's funny
how the people you never figure
ought to be together always are.
All right, Mrs. merritt,
I'll go back and tell him.
I made my pitch.
The lady just didn't buy.
We'll come back here
after we close the joint.
I do think I ought
to kiss you just once
for all the times I won't.
Ain't that pretty,
out here in the corridor
playing post office?
Somebody's going
to get real fed up with you
and beat your
head in with a rake handle.
Your friend?
Be the first thing
you've done on your own
since I knew you.
You've just been dragging
your foot in my stirrup.
You got anything to say,
say it at the stables.
Playing me for a sucker.
Taking half my dough.
Why? Because
you ain't got guts to ride yourself.
All that fancy talk
about being through with rodeoeoing.

You'll never be through
as long as you ride
somebody else's shoulders.
You're yellow!
You ain't got guts enough
to ride a dead mule.
You bounce real good.
Bronc riders.
I never met a bronc rider yet
that wasn't a wild man.
But if they weren't wild men,
they wouldn't be bronc riders.
You still sure?
Ginny, you keep an eye
on Mrs. merritt.
She'll need a place
to sleep tonight.
Remember once a party
in butte, Montana.
Big hotel.
Fella's wife
kissed another fella,
and this fella...
Once again, it's my pleasure
to describe to you
an outstanding event
in the world of sports...
The annual Pendleton roundup.
Passing before us now,
an exciting display
of old glory,
followed by our friends
the yumatella Indians.
Adding more color
to this review,
the serpentine ride
by the cowboy contestants
in the center of the arena.
What do you say, Bobby?
You sweetening up the kitty?
Get off his back.
You might ride for second.
Well, I'm just kidding.
What do you think you're doing?

What's it look like?
Signing up, huh?
Calf roping, steer
tying, bulldogging,
bareback, and saddle bronc.
Everything
but ladies' trick riding.
I owe you \$350 entry fee.
Just a minute, Jeff.
You letting
this ruckus with Wes get under your skin.
That's my business, gentlemen.
Let's talk this over.
Take that money
and hand me one of those numbers.
You out of your head?
You ain't rodeoed all season.
You're
in no condition to compete.
The only thing
you've got to worry about
is keeping those chutes loaded.
Wouldn't let
nobody use them but you.
Won the average
four years at calgary with them.
Set a record
they been shooting at for 20 years... 9.3.
I'll be satisfied with 14 flat.
I hear you've signed up
for four events.
Quit yapping.
Ain't nobody in your class.
Now we're going to see
some records broke.
But you ain't competed all year.
Honey, I got told
two things yesterday.
One was to keep my nose
out of other people's business.
That's pretty good advice
all around.
Our first contestant
in calf roping

will be Jeff McCloud
of bandera, Texas.
Jeff's making
his first appearance
after a year's layoff
because of a leg injury.
I'm sure rodeo contestants
and rodeo fans alike
are happy to welcome Jeff
back to competition.
Guess he's a little overanxious,
but he's going to try
for a second throw.
You're going away.
Because of Wes?
No, honey, because of me.
Did you hear about Jeff?
No. Did he leave?
I wish he had.
He's going to rodeo today.
He signed up for four events.
No matter
what booker says, he ain't in shape.
Everybody knows it but Jeff.
They say
he's just doing it to show Wes.
No, that isn't it.
Maybe it's because
he needs the day money.
That isn't it, either.
Where is he?
Over at the chutes.
Wes merritt
of big Springs, Texas.
The time for Wes merritt
is 21.4 seconds.
It looks like Jeff McCloud
is going all the way.
He's next up in bulldogging,
and he's chosen for his hazer
a lifelong friend
and old-time rodeo great
of past years,
booker Davis.

Man be in trouble
if he front-holds
a steer this big.
I reckon I'll throw him
with a half Nelson.
Have him in shape
to throw him right.
If I have to,
I'll bump him in your lap.
Jeff's time...
11.6 seconds.
Sure bedded him down in a hurry.
That's good enough
for day money.
You had him in there
all the way for me.
To the chutes now
for the saddle bronc riding.
Our first contestant,
Bob Elliott
of newhall, California.
Next out, Wes Merritt.
Wes will try his hand
on one of al Dawson's
top broncs... Black widow.
Over to chute 8, where Pete fox
from rapid city, south Dakota,
is coming out on war paint.
Looks like war paint
is really on the warpath today.
Tough break, Pete.
I think red
just stayed out too late last night.
Oh, he did pretty good.
Hear you entered in
the saddle bronc riding.
Well, you heard right.
Picked a tough horse.
I remember saying
the same thing to Wes.
I can handle anything he can.
Everybody knows Wes
ain't in your class.
Everybody but me.

Now to chute number 6,
where Jeff McCloud
of Bandera, Texas,
the former saddle bronc
champion of the world,
will come out on a horse
called lightning rod.
All right. Let me out.
Look at that cowboy stick!
A great ride.
He's the best.
He's much of a man.
Our pickup men
seem to be having trouble
getting to Jeff.
Jeff McCloud is in trouble.
And he's got his foot
caught in the stirrup.
At chute 2, Craig Bentley
of Salinas, California,
is coming out on the drifter.
In here, boys.
Out of chute number 2,
Wes Merritt, Big Springs, Texas.
Come on, Wes.
You're next out.
What were you trying to prove?
I used to make my own money.
I used buy my own whiskey,
take my own falls.
A fella just likes to know
if he can still do it.
Isn't one man enough
for you to worry about?
He ain't bad hurt.
He's showing how tough he is.
Broken rib. That's nothing.
I remember...
I told you to lay still.
That rib's
sticking through his lung.
You're nothing
but a no-good, washed-out,
beat-up bronc rider.

All you know is
how to bust a gut.
The more bones you break,
the bigger man
you think you are.
Broken bones,
broken bottles, broken everything.
There never was a bronc
that couldn't be rode.
There never was a cowboy
that couldn't be throwed.
Guys like me last forever.
Where's Jeff?
He's dead.
Wes Merritt
of Big Springs, Texas,
coming out of chute number 3
on a horse called meditation.
Pass Wes merritt!
You couldn't use
two extra hands, could you?
Sure, booker.
Rusty, me and you
is going back to Texas.
Now our next rider,
Rocky Davis from Austin, Nevada,
coming out on quicksand.
This is Rocky Davis'
first time on the circuit,
so let's give him a warm welcome
with a big hand.