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# The Man from Laramie

By Philip Yordan

We'll make camp here for the night.

I'd go a couple more  
miles before sundown.

- We'll camp here.

- You're the boss.

Come on, Mr. Lockhart, grub-time.

All right, I'll be along.

Standing here thinking about  
it won't bring him back.

No, but it reminds me of  
what I came here to do.

Hate's unbecoming  
in a man like you.

On some men it shows.

- Come on, let's have some coffee.

- All right, I'll be along.

Here we are.

You want something?

I got three wagonloads of  
supplies outside, from Laramie.

From Laramie? How did  
you get through?

- We were lucky. Where do we unload?

- I don't know.

Who does? Where's the boss?

Upstairs.

Anybody home?

Excuse me, ma'am.

I'm looking for the owner  
of the mercantile.

I'm the owner.

I see.

I have three wagonloads of  
supplies for you outside.

I was hoping those supplies  
would never arrive.

I thought you'd be anxious  
to get these goods.

They're paid for, you  
seem to need 'em.

I was all sold-out and was hoping  
I could stop being a storekeeper.

I'm sorry to disappoint you, ma'am.

Where do you want the

supplies unloaded?

Would you like a cup of tea?

What?

It's a long time since  
I've had tea with a lady.

That'd be kind of nice.

- Pull up a chair.

- Thank you.

- What's your name?

- Will Lockhart, ma'am.

Mine's Barbara Waggoman.

- Do you take sugar?

- Yes, when I can get it.

I've been in rooms like this before,  
but not in this part of the country.

My father brought these things  
from our home in Connecticut.

A man of very fine taste, I'd say.

Father had an appreciation for fine  
living, but he wasted it in this store...

emptying flour barrels and  
measuring cotton cloth.

I see.

There must be more to life than  
emptying barrels of flour.

Yes, I'd say so.

I've wanted to leave Coronado  
ever since my father died.

But the stage for Santa Fe stopped  
running because of the Apaches.

- Did you have any trouble getting here?

- No, we came from Laramie.

- Is that your home?

- No, ma'am.

No, I can't rightly say  
any place is my home.

But everybody should have someplace to  
remember and feel like they belong to.

I always feel I belong where I am.

It must be wonderful  
to feel like that.

Is there anyplace around town  
my men and I can find rooms?

- Right over the caf.

- Fine.

I guess I'd better start  
unloading those supplies.

We'll unpack them all and get  
them into the shelves for you.

- Thanks for the tea, Miss Waggoman.

- You're welcome, Mr. Lockhart.

- Bye.

- Bye.

- Do you sell many of these repeating rifles?

- No, too much money.

- Where'd you get this one?

- Indian traded it for supplies.

I wonder where an Indian  
would get a rifle like this.

He don't say. I don't ask.

Suppose you come out and help  
the fellas unload this stuff?

- They tell me you're from Snake River.

- Yeah.

We expect an honest deal here.

We've just had one,

I hope we get another.

I do, too. We can work the drive.

Pass.

I can't open.

See you in a minute.

'Evening, Miss Waggoman.

- Good evening, Mr. Lockhart.

- Nice evening.

You're the only one in town I know  
to talk to. Maybe you can help me.

How can I help you?

I just hate to make that trip  
back with three empty wagons.

I thought maybe you could tell me  
where to pick up a load of freight.

- There's some salt lagoons nearby.

- That's all?

- They're awful close to Apache land.

- Is this salt free for the taking?

It always has been.

We could harvest it ourselves  
then, couldn't we?

You were lucky to get this  
far without Indian trouble.  
If I were you, I'd head back to  
Laramie while the trail's still clear.  
I guess you're right about that.

- Good night, Mr. Lockhart.

- Good night, Miss Waggoman.

Miss Waggoman...

Yes?

That shipment I delivered to

**you:**

Yes, everything was there.

I just wanted to make sure.

- Good night, again.

- 'Night.

Visitors!

Do we fort up or run?

Just keep digging salt.

They're from town,

they're not Apaches.

- Who's running this bunch of thieves?

- These men work for me.

- What's your name?

- Will Lockhart. What's your name?

- That's the only introduction you need.

- That's fancy, what's it mean?

We're Barb riders and that's

Barb salt you're stealing.

- I was told this salt's free for the taking.

- It ain't. Not to strangers.

I was told wrong. If there's

any charge, I'll pay for it.

You can't buy your way out of this.

It's only salt they're taking.

It'd be different if it was cattle.

If we don't teach him a lesson, how

do we know what he'd steal next?

Any man says I'd rustle

cattle is a liar.

No need for that, Charlie.

And no need for your

gun either, mister.

Spud, let's see how good

you can use that rope.  
Go ahead, Spud.  
Jerk him down again if he needs it.  
Burn his wagons!  
I'll try your new model gun on your mules.  
A man without wagons don't need mules.  
- You want me to shoot those mules?  
- Anybody invite them on Barb land?  
Hold it, Dave!  
- Come on, boys, let's finish the mules.  
- Hold it, Dave.  
I don't need any  
help to finish this.  
- You were told to stay out of trouble.  
- I'm in no trouble, he is.  
Trespassing and stealing salt.  
You burned his wagons and  
killed his mules over salt?  
- Get out of here.  
- Give me that gun.  
Now get back to the ranch!  
You're forgetting your place, Vic.  
You work for my father. That  
means you work for me, too.  
I don't want to cross you.  
It's for your own good.  
Now take the boys and  
get back to the ranch.  
Say "please."  
Please.  
If you turn up around here again, you  
won't need mules to carry you away.  
All right, let's go.  
I want to thank you.  
- Is this your gun?  
- Yeah.  
I'm sorry about this.  
I figure you've had a bellyful of these  
parts and are anxious to get out of here.  
I figure this place owes me something  
and I'm going to make it pay.  
Let me straighten you out, mister.  
We've got enough trouble around  
here with the Apaches and Dave.

Don't you go starting any.  
That's what I owe you boys, with a  
little extra to get you back to Laramie.  
- Thanks, Mr. Lockhart. So long.  
- So long.  
Looks like the end of our freight  
line, doesn't it, Charlie?  
How about you, Mr. Lockhart?  
You heading back to Fort Laramie?  
- Fort Laramie?  
- Ain't that where you come from?  
I come from Laramie. I didn't  
say anything about a fort.  
I figured you were an army man.  
No, I'm heading back to town.  
I liked working for you, Mr. Lockhart.  
I sort of hate to leave you.  
Maybe this won't be the  
kind of work you like.  
If it's got to do with who's selling  
repeating rifles to the Apaches...  
I'd like to help.  
I've got a personal stake in  
finding this man. What's yours?  
I've always been a nosey man.  
While you're in town, I'll head up  
north and poke my big nose around.  
Up north? That's  
Apache land up there.  
In my case, that's not so  
dangerous. My mother was one.  
I've got a lot of relatives up there.  
I might pick up a little information.  
What are you sticking your  
neck out for, Charlie?  
I'm a lonely man, Mr.  
Lockhart. So are you.  
I don't suppose we spoke ten  
words coming down here...  
but I feel that I know you.  
And I like what I know.  
All right, Charlie.  
Come on. I'll help  
you up on that mule.

There we go.

- See you.

- Be seeing you.

- Mr. Lockhart.

- 'Evening.

I thought you'd gone

back to Laramie.

I had a little mix-up with some

gentlemen from the Barb ranch.

- They accused me of trespassing.

- Trespassing?

Just who does own those

salt lagoons, anyway?

I suppose they are part of the Barb,

but nobody's made a point of it before.

They sure made a point

of it this afternoon.

They burned my wagons

and shot my mules.

They seemed to know exactly

where to find me, too.

Don't blame me for what happened.

I warned you about the lagoons.

You warned me about the Apache.

You didn't mention the Barb.

The fellow that caused the trouble

was named Dave. Do you know him?

He's my cousin.

Your cousin?

Some cousin.

You don't choose your relatives.

This is the most unfriendly

country I've ever been in.

Why's everyone so touchy?

It's a one-man country and

Alec Waggoman's the man.

I think I've got to meet that man.

If you stay, you will.

I'm figuring on staying

around for a while.

- Is something bothering you?

- Yes, a lot of things.

Can I help you?

You have.



Just standing here looking  
at you makes me feel easier.  
You're a bachelor, aren't you?  
How'd you know that?  
Only a lonely man could find pleasure  
watching a woman unpack bolts of cotton.  
It's not so much what you're doing,  
it's just you're mighty nice to look at.  
I'm not even pretty.  
I suppose I've seen prettier  
girls in dancehalls...  
but you're sort of...  
beautiful, I'd say.  
That's the nicest thing  
anybody's ever said to me.  
And a stranger had to come all  
the way from Laramie to say it.  
I wish that was my only  
reason for being in Coronado.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Dave!

I told you not to start anything.

Let it alone, Davey boy,  
or I'll clip off a thumb.

Hold it, Vic.

I'm Alec Waggoman of the Barb.

- What's the reason for this?

- Ask your son.

I'm asking you.

Go out to the salt lagoons. You'll find  
12 dead mules and three burned wagons.

- They belong to me.

- Nobody asked you to come here.

I'm here, Mr. Waggoman,  
and I'm staying here.

This town better get  
used to the idea.

- Who are you?

- No one you ever heard of.

What do you want in this town?

That's the big question, huh?

You don't ask it very friendly.

I don't have to. I own this town.

I own as far as you can ride in  
any direction for three days.

So I hear.

Apache land is less than one day's  
ride from here. You own that too?

I have no quarrel with the Apache.

It's dirt farmers and  
fence-raisers I'm keeping out.

- Now, which are you?

- Neither.

Then what are you?

I come from Laramie.

You'd better keep  
travelling, stranger.

Stop in at the Barb in the morning  
and I'll pay you for what you lost.

I see you've already  
collected interest.

Vic, get the boys back to the  
ranch without any more trouble.

Any of you who can't go  
peacefully is fired.

Dave got what you should've given  
him a long time ago, Alec.

I'd like to thank you  
for what you did.

- Why do you think I did it?

- You have a fair sense of justice.

This is the only sense of justice  
folks respect around here.

Hop in and ride out  
to my ranch with me.

I appreciate the hospitality, ma'am.

I have rooms in the hotel.

Don't argue. I want  
to talk to you. Get in.

We'll pick up your horse.

This isn't exactly a  
horse I've got here.

I don't think you ought to  
go with that Canaday woman.

The Waggomans won't like it.

I kinda figured they wouldn't.

Come on.

Why did you fight Lockhart?  
It wasn't your quarrel, Vic.  
Alec was watching.  
I had to stand up for Dave.  
You act like Alec was your own  
father, instead of your boss.  
He's using you just  
like he used my father.  
When he no longer needs you, he'll  
drop you like an ordinary cowhand.  
Alec wouldn't do that to me.  
He knows if Dave were on his  
own, the Barb would fall apart.  
Does Dave know that?  
Alec won't be around forever.  
Then where would you be?  
Alec and me talked that over.  
When his time comes, he's leaving  
the Barb to Dave and me.  
That's the same promise  
he made my father.  
If he broke his word with his own brother,  
what can you, a stranger, expect?  
Your father was an  
easy man. I'm not.  
No one's breaking his word with me.  
This is no place for us. I want to  
leave and I want you to leave with me.  
- Where can we go?  
- Anywhere.  
That's the same as nowhere.  
We've been over this before.  
Here in Coronado,  
we've got something.  
Anywhere else we go, we're  
a couple of nobodies.  
You keep saying we've got  
nothing if we leave.  
If we have each other,  
doesn't that mean anything?  
I love you, Barbara, you know that.  
But I've worked my whole  
life for the Barb.  
I've got sweat and

blood in that ground.  
I'm not giving up  
what's rightfully mine.  
I know my uncle and my cousin.  
Neither one will give up a foot  
of ground without a fight.  
I don't want to see you hurt, Vic.  
Only you can hurt me.  
I want to be your wife...  
but if I can't get you to leave with me,  
I won't stay here to become your widow.  
I don't die so quick.  
- What do you think of the Half Moon?  
- What am I supposed to think?  
It'll go a lot smoother  
when you take over.  
I'm hiring you to  
be the new foreman.  
Sounds fine, but I'm  
not looking for a job.  
Now you've made  
enemies of the Barb...  
you can't stay here and stand  
up to them on your own.  
The Barb's been giving  
you trouble, too?  
Trouble?  
Twenty-eight years I've been  
battling Alec Waggoman.  
Keeping him from swallowing  
up the Half Moon...  
the way he swallowed up every  
other piece of grazing land.  
I'm at the point where I need help.  
I'm sorry, Miss Canaday.  
I'm not the man for you.  
You ain't afraid of the Barb.  
You proved that.  
I've got no quarrel  
with the Waggomans now.  
They agreed to pay me for  
my mules, my wagons...  
You'll take the money and  
let them run you out?

No, but I wouldn't be any  
good for you. I'm no cowhand.  
You're no muleskinner, either.  
I can tell that from the  
look of your hands.  
Just what are you  
doing here, Lockhart?  
You might say on account of some  
good wagons of mine that got burnt.  
Or you might blame it on a rope  
that dragged me through a fire.  
But you'd be closer if you asked  
me about my brother, just a kid.  
I can't realise yet he's dead.

- You want to talk about it?

- No.

I've thought about it too much to talk.

I'm going to do something about it.

So, you're here to hunt

a man and kill him.

I was wondering if...

Can I have one of  
your saddle ponies?

I'll pay you for it as soon as

I settle with the Waggomans.

I guess I can fix you up.

We'll go down to the corral after  
supper. Maybe you'll reconsider.

The supper sounds fine.

Do we fight or talk?

We gotta finish that fight someday.

I don't know whether I won or lost.

Will we call it a draw?

I'll settle for that.

Come on in, the old  
man's expecting you.

- 'Morning, sir.

- 'Morning.

Wagons like yours cost  
about \$75 apiece.

A good mule costs \$20.

That means the Barb owes you  
around \$600. I'll make it \$600.

- That's a little more than I paid.

- I'm satisfied if you are.

- I'm satisfied.

- Sit down.

You worry me, Lockhart,  
and I'm not easily worried.

What do you want from me?

Nothing to hide,  
nothing to worry about.

This is a new and hard country.

I've made hard decisions, but never  
done anything I was ashamed of.

You don't seem to have much  
trouble with the Apache, do you?

I respect them.

They were here first.

Whatever I got from them,  
I bought. I didn't just take it.

About six months ago, they massacred  
a cavalry patrol on your land.

What did you do about that?

Nothing.

They have a right to hunt on my  
land. That was part of our deal.

They shot down 12 men  
on a routine patrol.

Was that part of the deal, too?

I don't know who fired  
the first shot, do you?

I know the United States Cavalry.

What's all this got to  
do between you and me?

Everything.

I want to be friends with you, Lockhart.

I don't have to be, I want to be.

- Why?

- I'd like you to work for me.

We don't speak the same language.  
Maybe we could both bend a little.

I've never owned an acre  
of land, never wanted to.

You couldn't live with an  
acre less than you've got.

Just where do we bend?

I'm not trying to buy

your friendship.

I'm looking for a way to reach it. How do I do that?

Why am I so important to you?

I don't know you, you don't know me.

I don't know you, but I knew you were coming.

What?

I was expecting you.

You'll have to explain that.

You wouldn't understand.

I'll get you your money.

Vic, come in here.

Yes.

Get me \$600.

The cash is in the safe.

You put it there yourself.

I forgot that. I'll get it.

- It's quite an outfit you've got here.

- Biggest in the territory.

It'll be bigger yet, one of these days.

Doesn't seem like there's much spreading room left.

There's always room, Lockhart.

A ranch that stops growing might just as well be dead.

Some places get so big they just bust, you know.

Here we are.

\$50, \$100...

You'd better watch what you're doing.

Those aren't \$50s, they're \$100s.

- Give him \$600.

- Yeah, sure.

- There you are.

- Thank you.

- We're all settled up.

- Not quite.

- There's nothing to keep you here now.

- Any reason for me to leave?

My son's never been whipped before. He's not going to like it.

Nobody likes being whipped.

Most men get over it.  
Look, this is a big country. There  
are plenty of towns around.  
Why don't you be a good fellow and  
pick some other place to roost?  
I'll think it over.  
That \$600 comes out  
of your pay, Vic.  
My pay?  
What are you saying? Dave  
burned the wagons, not me.  
You should've stopped him.  
I've got thousands of cattle to look  
over. I can't be everywhere at once.  
You've got it all wrong.  
Maybe I've had it all  
wrong for a long time.  
When Dave's ma died, I figured  
the boy needed a tight rein.  
I thought he'd take it  
better from you than me.  
He don't need someone to  
get him into more scrapes.  
I swear I tried to stop  
him out at the lagoons.  
Next time there's a mix-up,  
you'd better stop him...  
or I'll bust you to a cowhand.  
Better yet, I'll fire you.  
- What's that?  
- You heard.  
Say it again.  
I said, "Next time Dave gets in a  
mess like that, you're fired."  
No one's firing me off  
this ranch. No one.  
I belong here as much as  
you and more than Dave.  
You're wrong again.  
I like you. I've  
always liked you...  
but Dave's my blood. Him, I love.  
And liking and loving ain't the same.  
You made me a promise. I get a



share of this ranch with Dave.  
I'm holding you to it.  
You've got nothing in your name, not  
even the saddle on the horse you ride.  
How are you going to hold me  
to it if I change my mind?  
You want to find  
out, Alec? Fire me.  
Go ahead, fire me.  
Looking at you, I see  
myself 20 years ago.  
I don't want to fight  
you, boy. I need you.  
But you need me, too. Let's  
both try and remember that.  
Alec, you oughtn't to push me.  
I don't like to be pushed.  
I'd push you right off the earth  
if I thought it'd help Dave.  
You're right, he is weak. All the  
more reason he needs your help.  
Keep both eyes on him, for me,  
and I'll be beholden to you.  
All right, Alec, but don't  
ever push me again.  
Hi, Charlie.  
You didn't spend much time  
up in Apache land, did you?  
My mother's relatives wasn't  
anxious for me to stay on.  
When I was a boy...  
my pa told me that I was lucky to  
have an Irish pa and an Indian ma.  
He said I'd have two  
places to come home to.  
Don't seem like I have any.  
About the only home I  
remember is an army barracks.  
Give me a little of that, will you?  
I guess we're not the homey type.  
Why don't you go back  
to Laramie, Captain?  
What do you mean, "Captain"?  
You talk like one. I used to

be a scout in the Cavalry.

It got so I could fix a man's rank by the tone of his voice.

Why are you trying to get rid of me?

'Cause there's big trouble coming and you can't handle it by yourself.

Suppose you just tell me what you found out?

Sure.

If you're looking for the repeating rifles, you're in the right place.

The young bucks are sporting 'em. They're expecting a couple hundred more.

- When? Who from?

- I didn't press the point.

If I'd been too nosey, I wouldn't have been able to ride out.

But they've got a contact.

Somebody's supplying them.

There weren't any guns in that freight we hauled.

No more wagons in for a month.

Where's the shipment coming from?

All I know is they're excited, like they're expecting them guns soon.

- In a couple of days, at most.

- Why do you think that?

'Cause they already paid for them, and nobody takes pay from the Apaches... without delivering.

Those guns might be here already.

Sounds more like it, but where?

They'd be pretty hard to hide.

- Are you expecting to meet someone?

- No.

Somebody's following you, but he's keeping out of sight.

I thought I saw the sun reflecting against a gun or a pair of spurs.

- Better let me ride with you.

- No, you go back to town. See you later.

Whatever you say, Captain.

Hold it, mister.

Speak your peace.  
- I wasn't doing nothing.  
- You followed me from the Barb.  
I mean no harm. I ain't got a gun.  
Come on. This hot sun  
makes a fella impatient.  
I'll just trying to  
earn an honest dollar.  
Not holding a steady job gives me time  
to pick up bits of news here and there.  
I guess I know everything private  
that goes on in Coronado.  
What's that got to do with me?  
You're a man that's looking for  
somethin' and willin' to pay for it.  
That depends on what the information  
is, and who's selling it.  
I ain't got no references, but anybody  
can tell you that Chris Boldt...  
is a man not to be trusted.  
That means nobody's secrets  
are sacred with me.  
Just who are you  
figuring on selling out?  
- You just name him.  
- It wouldn't be me, would it?  
Who put you on my trail?  
- Who are you working for?  
- Myself.  
You're lying.  
Come on, try again.  
Well, I can see we ain't going  
to do no business, so...  
if you'll lower that gun,  
I'll get on my way.  
Go on, go ahead.  
Don't ever come up  
riding behind me again.  
I'm Sheriff Tom Quigby.  
Pleased to meet you, Sheriff.  
I handle the law here in Coronado.  
I like things peaceful.  
It seems peaceful to me.  
It sure ain't, not

since you breezed in.  
I heard about your fight  
with Dave Waggoman.  
Dave's the kind of a lad  
that'll hold a grudge.  
You two meet up again and like  
as not, there'll be a killing.  
That's up to Dave.  
It's up to me to see  
that it don't happen.  
So, I'm suggesting you leave town.  
Why don't you take it up with Dave?  
It was him that started it.  
- Or do you take orders from the Barb?  
- I don't take orders from anyone.  
Will you excuse me? I want  
to bed down my horse.  
- Thanks for the knife.  
- Anytime.  
It's your neck.  
If you want a Christian funeral, leave  
some money with the undertaker.  
'Evening, Miss Waggoman.  
Good evening, Mr. Lockhart.  
Padre, this is Mr. Lockhart.  
Padre. Is this a  
private celebration?  
No, everyone is  
welcome at a wedding.  
He brought the supplies  
in from Laramie.  
It's a good thing you got here.  
I was running out of candles.  
These Pueblos are a lot  
different from the Apache.  
The Pueblos were cliff dwellers. They  
have lived in peace for centuries.  
The Apaches are hunters and warriors.  
They have never been anything else.  
Speaking of the Apache, do  
you know anything about...  
the massacre of a Cavalry patrol at  
Dutch Creek, several months ago?  
Only what I heard, that it was an

unprovoked and ruthless killing.

Did you know that the Apache  
used repeating rifles?

There was talk about that.

Was there any talk about  
where the rifles came from?

Some men will sell  
anything for a profit.

I suppose there's a man  
like that in every town.

Padre.

Excuse me.

I heard my uncle paid you  
for your mules and wagons.

That he did.

Then, I guess, you'll  
be leaving soon.

No, I think I'll stick  
around for a while.

Maybe you could invite  
me up to tea again.

Still around, Lockhart?

- Getting used to the idea?

- Looks like I'll have to.

- I'm sorry I'm late, the old man kept me.

- Mr. Lockhart was filling in for you.

Never thought you'd find anything  
like this in Coronado, right?

Nor anyplace else.

I hope you're not going to be  
late for your own wedding.

I'm ready right now, Padre.

Even got my wedding suit on.

Think Alec'll give you a night off?

- I'd better be moving along. Good night.

- Good night.

I'll trouble you for  
your gun, Lockhart.

Hand it over.

What'd I do now?

You just can't let a day go by  
without picking a fight, can you?

Who's complaining now, Sheriff?

- Ever hear of a Chris Boldt?

- Yeah, I've heard of him.

When did you see him last?

About a half hour ago, he came out of an alley and pulled a knife on me.

He was there. He saw him.

I didn't see.

- What's the charge, Sheriff?

- Supposin' you tell me what happened.

I just told you. He pulled a knife on me, we wrestled around for a bit...

and he ran down the alley.

It's not all, Lockhart.

Chris Boldt is dead.

What?

I found him at the end of the alley.

He was knifed to death.

Let's go.

I want to see him alone, inside.

- How'd you get in this mess?

- I thought maybe you were behind it.

Should I want to get rid of you,

I won't use any half measures.

You said you owned the whole town.

Does that include the sheriff?

Quigby's an honest man.

I never interfere with him.

You'll need a lawyer and a friendly judge.

I've got them both. I'll try to get you out.

- Why are you doing all this?

- I want you out of Coronado.

Suppose you tell me the real reason why you're here.

- That's not easy.

- Why?

- Do you dream much, Lockhart?

- No.

You're a lucky man.

Ever since Dave's ma died, I've had the same dream several nights a week.

It's always the same.

A stranger comes into my home.

He's tall, lean, like yourself.

He has a voice like yours,

even walks like you.

I don't know anything about dreams.

He comes with a gun in his hand.

- He comes to kill my boy.

- What?

My Dave.

I know it's only a dream...

but I'd rest much easier if you

hadn't had come to Coronado.

I'd rest much easier,

too, if I hadn't.

Then take my offer and go away.

I appreciate the offer, but I

can't accept the conditions.

Why not?

You're not going to find the

answer to your dream around here.

You better look someplace else.

Tom.

- Hello, Alec.

- Hello, Kate.

What is it?

I just thought sometime we'd have more  
to say to each other than just "hello."

What else is there to say?

Nothing, I guess.

- Why'd you do it, Lockhart?

- You, too?

You get in a scrap with a man and  
five minutes later he's found dead.

- What should I think?

- You should think I killed him.

I came from Laramie to creep up a  
dark alley and knife the town drunk.

- Does that make better sense?

- If it did, I wouldn't be here.

Can you get me out of this place?

That's what I came for. I got the  
circuit judge to give me a writ.

- You're released to me until the trial.

- That's the best offer I've had today.

- You're a very fine woman.

- No, I'm not.

The Half Moon needs a foreman  
who the Barb respects.

You're the only man around  
here who fills that bill.  
I don't know anything about cattle.  
I wouldn't do you any good.  
You've got cause to hate  
the Barb. That'll do me.  
I've got grief enough of my  
own without taking on yours.  
I'll give you one minute  
to make up your mind.  
Either you take my offer or I'll tear  
up this writ and you can rot in jail.  
- You're just a hard, scheming old woman.  
- Ugly, too.  
Tom, let this rooster out of here.  
These beef tallies still  
don't come out right.  
You add them up.  
I'm not good at paperwork,  
Pa. You know that.  
No cowman is, but  
it's gotta be done.  
You can't hold onto 100,000 acres by  
riding horse in a buckskin jacket.  
You've got to develop  
a head for figures.  
Sure, Pa.  
You're not even  
listening to me, son.  
Sure, I'm listening to you, Pa.  
I always listen to you.  
Bring a chair over here.  
Come on, right here.  
There you are. Sit down.  
You know...  
you're just like your mother. She'd  
always listen, but never understood.  
I'm going to try, Pa.  
I'm going to try to be like  
you want me from now on.  
It hurts me to ride you, son.  
And if I do, it's only  
because I love you.  
I want to protect you



and be proud of you.  
I just want to be able  
to stand on my own feet.  
Vic won't let me.  
Don't blame Vic. He's only  
carrying out my orders.  
You still need him, boy. Believe  
me when I tell you that.  
I know you mean well, Pa,  
but it don't look good.  
Vic giving the orders  
when I should be the one.  
You will soon, son.  
You will soon. Just bide your time.  
You see...

- The Half Moon hired Lockhart.  
- I thought he was in jail.  
- Kate got him out on a writ.  
- You might've expected that.  
Stranger comes to town, you boys fix it  
so he gets a grudge against the Barb.  
Kate won't miss an  
opportunity like that.  
- Come on, Vic.  
- Where do you think you're going?  
Kate hired herself a gun,  
that's plain enough.  
Let her get away with  
this, she'll hire more.  
Nobody asked you.  
Keep away from the Half  
Moon, both of you.  
You've never run away from  
a fight. What's got into you?  
Times have changed. I used to  
crack down plenty. I had to.  
There wasn't much law then.  
It was the only way to build  
the Barb and hold it.  
And now you've gone soft, huh?  
You'll be taking over  
the ranch soon, Dave.  
Maybe sooner than you think.  
You'll need peace and friends.

What do you expect me to do,  
run the Barb with a pencil?  
I'm not afraid to try  
anything you did.  
I hate to tell you this, but  
you're not the man I was.  
Copy me and you'll meet up with  
somebody who'll break you.  
Stop acting like a crazy colt  
and get a hold of yourself.  
Or you won't get a chance  
to run this outfit at all.  
I didn't spend a lifetime building this  
thing up for you to fritter it away.  
Now go over those beef  
tallies like I told you to.  
I want to see you, Vic.  
Come here.  
Look out there.  
Tell me what you see.  
Same old mountains.  
Yeah. Any snow on them yet?  
What's the matter, Alec?  
I'm going blind, that's  
what's the matter.  
I own 100,000 acres and I can't  
see more than 10 of them.  
Have you seen a doctor?  
Yeah, the best.  
That trip I made to Chicago  
wasn't to sell beef.  
I went to see a specialist. He said  
it's too late, nothing can be done.  
Six months to a year from now,  
I won't even be able to shave myself.  
- Did you tell Dave?  
- No, not yet.  
I'm telling you first because  
I expect more from you.  
When they know I can't see, the  
wolves will close in on this place...  
and tear it to pieces.  
Don't worry.  
Anybody crossing our boundaries will grab

only enough land to bury themselves in.  
I know you can fight, Vic.  
But that's not enough, alone.  
You've got to think.  
Even if you can't see, you can  
still do the thinking for us.  
I've been pretty hard on you.  
Maybe harder than you deserve.  
Maybe I've been jealous because  
you're not my son, too.  
Take care of my boy.  
Love him like a brother.  
And I'll love you like a son.  
All right, Pa.  
Take the east trail up  
into the high country.  
You'll find some of my cattle  
mixed in with the Barb herd.  
If we don't cut 'em out, they'll  
end up wearing the Barb brand.  
All right, boss. I'll  
ride up and have a look.  
Keep your eye on the cattle.  
Don't knife any more town drunks.  
Yes, ma'am.  
Give me the glass.  
It's Half Moon stock.  
- Come on, boys, let's corral 'em.  
- Dave.  
- Alec said to let things sit for a while.  
- They're grazing on Barb land.  
So they're eating a mouthful of grass.  
We've got plenty growing.  
Alec said, "If a steer swallows  
a blade of Barb grass...  
"...it becomes a Barb steer."  
You trying to change that?  
No, I'm just trying to  
follow Alec's orders.  
I heard you talking to  
him in the parlour.  
I heard every word you said.  
You're trying to make me look  
weak and yourself look strong.

You got Alec believing you're a plaster:  
Well, I'll show him the cracks in you.  
Are you all finished, Dave?  
I'm finished talking,  
but I'm not finished.  
Until Alec changes things,  
I'm telling the boys what to do.  
Not you.  
Go on, tell them.  
You're not going to give  
them orders much longer.  
It won't take all of us to corral a few  
steers. Ned and I can handle them.  
You and the rest of the boys  
can take care of our stock.  
Come on, Ned.  
Hold it here, men.  
What are you doing on Barb land?  
I'm checking Half Moon stock.  
You got Dave in the hand.  
Now there'll be the devil to pay.  
Take his gun from him.  
Give me his gun.  
Give it to me!  
Grab his arm.  
- You ain't going to kill him, Dave?  
- Do like I tell you!  
Look at it, Lockhart.  
Look at it!  
Why, you scum!  
Shove him off our land.  
I'm going to ride to town.  
Hold it, Lockhart.  
Get his horse.  
Have you gone crazy? Put out that  
fire before the Apache see it.  
I want them to see it and  
to come and get their guns.  
Get away from that fire, Vic.  
There's 200 repeating  
rifles in that wagon.  
If the Apache get them, they'll  
massacre the territory.  
By tomorrow, nothing will be

left of the Half Moon but ashes.  
You don't know the Apache.  
You can't make a deal to raid the  
Half Moon and leave the Barb.  
Once they get those guns,  
there's no stopping them.  
I don't care.  
Kate hired herself a gunfighter.  
I'm hiring myself some Indians.  
Look at my hand. Look at it!  
It hurts. It hurts bad.  
He did it and he's  
going to get his.  
Now, get back away from the fire.  
Listen, Dave, so far no one knows  
we sold a few guns to the Apache.  
But turn loose 200 of these rifles,  
you're going to start an Indian war.  
The Barb can handle it.  
They won't attack us.  
- There's women and kids in Coronado.  
- They're not mine.  
What about your father?  
Supposing he finds out about this?  
- Who's going to tell him? You?  
- Yes!  
Put out that fire or I'll tell him.  
That's the last order you're  
giving me, Mr. Hansbro.  
You, the old man, or anybody.  
You're all against me. You've  
always been against me.  
Who is this Lockhart? How do I know  
you didn't bring him here to gun me?  
I can't trust nobody no more.  
I'm going to fix things my way.  
I'm gonna give the  
guns to the Apache.  
I'm going to get even. I'll show  
you who's weak and who's strong.  
You're crazy!  
You hand me that towel, Barbara.  
Hold his arm steady now, because...  
this is going to hurt.

Have you done this before?  
I've patched up bullet holes in  
places I wouldn't like to mention.  
It's the sort of stunt  
Dave Waggoman would pull.  
Pity his ma isn't alive.  
She'd be real proud if she could  
see the way he's turned out.  
Don't talk so much, Kate.  
Dave Waggoman's ma was a pretty  
little piece of fluff from back East.  
She marched Alec to the altar  
before he knew what struck him.  
When she found out he was too  
much of a man for her...  
she made certain that his son  
didn't turn out to be like him.  
She petted and she pampered him  
until he was spoiled rotten.  
You must have known him  
before he was married.  
I was engaged to him.  
He stood me up...  
that uncle of yours.  
- You still love him.  
- After what he did to me?  
- If he asked you today, you'd marry him.  
Sure, but just to get my  
hands on the Barb Ranch.  
That ought to hold you.  
That's a real professional  
job, Miss Canaday.  
Looks like it's been done  
by a good army surgeon.  
You've been treated by army  
surgeons, Mr. Lockhart?  
I've seen them in action.  
I think we could all  
stand a pot of coffee.  
- Let me make it.  
- No.  
You take Mr. Lockhart into the parlour  
where he'll be more comfortable.  
Thank you.

This wouldn't have happened  
if you hadn't come here.  
My coming had nothing to  
do with the trouble here.  
The seeds of it were planted long  
before I ever heard of Coronado.  
I don't mean Coronado.  
I mean me.  
You?  
What have I done to  
you, Miss Waggoman?  
I was so sure and now I don't know.  
You don't know about what?  
How I feel about everything.  
I'm very sorry if I've  
upset you, Miss Waggoman.  
Stop calling me Miss Waggoman.  
Shall I call you Barbara?  
Don't go!  
- I mustn't stay.  
- No, please.  
Just for a minute.  
I feel like something will be  
said that shouldn't be said.  
You know, you've got orders from  
Kate to entertain the patient.  
Please.  
All right.  
Did you know Daniel Boone was 84 years  
old when he crossed the Rockies?  
Yes, everybody knows that.  
I know all about Daniel Boone.  
How many children he had...  
the towns that were  
named after him.  
Ask me, just ask me.  
Coffee's ready.  
Shall I serve it in here?  
I'd best be getting home  
before it gets dark.  
What did you say to her?  
I declare, I can't understand  
that Waggoman family.  
- Barbara's the nice one.

- She sure is.  
We'll have a cup of coffee.  
Don't touch him.  
Who did it?  
It was Lockhart. He must've circled  
around from Half Moon and waited.  
- Come on, boys.  
- Hold it, Fritz.  
Alec's still the boss.  
He's giving the orders.  
What do we have to wait for?  
We know he did it.  
How do you know?  
Did you see him do it?  
- Who else could it be?  
- That's for Alec to decide.  
Now, get back to the  
bunkhouse, all of you!  
There now.  
I don't know what I  
would've done without you.  
I'll fix breakfast.  
- Bacon and eggs do?  
- Yeah, fry 'em hard.  
Army style?  
The army's a good place for a fella  
that's alone. I kind of miss it.  
Why'd you ever leave it, then?  
I'll get it.  
- 'Morning, Sheriff.  
- 'Morning.  
- 'Morning, Kate.  
- Come in, Tom. What's the trouble?  
Dave Waggoman's dead.  
- How'd it happen?  
- That's why I'm here, to try and find out.  
I heard what Dave did to you,  
and maybe you had good cause...  
- but killing's killing.  
- I didn't kill him.  
He headed for town, I came here.  
His men'll tell you that.  
You could've doubled  
back and met him.



- I didn't kill him.  
- I don't believe you did...  
but the men at the  
Barb think different.  
Vic's holding them down. How  
long he can, I don't know.  
How's Alec taken it?  
He just sits there in the  
parlour staring at Dave's body.  
When he comes out of his shock, I wouldn't  
give a plug nickel for your life.  
I'm not running away from  
something I didn't do.  
I rode all the way out  
here just to warn you.  
I guess the rest is up to you.  
You tell Alec Waggoman I'll be  
right here if he wants to see me.  
I feel real sorry about Dave, Alec.  
- I'm going with you, Alec.  
- It was my son he killed.  
- You're no match for Lockhart.  
- I've got to do this alone.  
I don't want anybody following me.  
Stay in town, all of you!  
Hold it, Waggoman!  
- Is that you, Lockhart?  
- I'm right here.  
You think I killed your boy?  
Go ahead, even the score.  
You came here to kill, didn't you?  
There's just one man I have reason  
to kill and I haven't found him yet.  
Take your gun.  
You'll need it the  
next time I see you.  
You've got to believe me.  
I didn't do it.  
I'm not the man in your  
dream, Mr. Waggoman.  
Sit down, Vic.  
You shouldn't be doing  
bookwork with your eyes.  
Sit down.

I've just finished going over  
bills for the past six months...  
and I found we ordered a wagonload  
of fence wire from New Orleans.  
Since when do we use fence wire?  
We paid for a wagonload  
we didn't get.  
It's too much money for fence wire.  
There was something  
else in that wagon.

- Are you asking or telling me, Alec?

- I just want the truth.

You don't have to defend Dave  
any longer. I just want to know.

A wagonload of supplies  
is quite an item.

Why didn't you tell  
me it was missing?

How could I? What could I  
say, "Your son is a thief"?

We're alone in this room, Vic. We  
don't have to hide our feelings.  
If you think Dave was selling guns  
to the Apache, I want to know it.

Dave was wild, yes, but he  
wouldn't do a thing like that.

No, not that.

Say something!

If you want me to agree with  
you, I'll agree with you.

I've got to know for sure.

This I've got to know.

- We're going to find that wagon.

- Forget about it.

How can I? All I've got left to  
hang onto are a few memories.

If he was selling guns to the  
Apaches, I don't even have that.

Nobody said there were  
guns in that wagon.

I can't live with a lie. I've got  
to know one way or the other.

There are not so many places they  
can hide a wagon in this country.

We'll find it.  
Supposing we find that wagon?  
Supposing there are guns in it?  
Will that make you feel any better?  
Yes, because then I'll know the  
man I buried was not my son...  
just a stranger.  
Looks like you've been  
sitting there for two weeks.  
Yeah, and I just ate a pound of  
dust with this can of beans.  
- You got yourself in a real box this time.  
- Yeah.  
Someone sure is doing a  
fine job of messing me up.  
You've decided to  
go back to Laramie?  
Still trying to get rid of me, huh?  
No, sir. This is just one  
more reason for me staying.  
I found some wagon tracks.  
- Where?  
- Right along this creek here...  
due south of them mountains. Peculiar  
thing, only found one single track.  
One and only one wagon got through.  
- Where were they headed, Apache land?  
- Seemed like they were headed nowhere.  
I lost the trail right at  
the foot of the mountains.  
Let's see if we can pick it up.  
You couldn't hide a stray dog  
down there, let alone a wagon...  
even from my eyes. Must  
be up above somewhere.  
How could a wagon get up there?  
There'd have to be a  
trail, plenty wide.  
I know every foot of  
these rocks. We'll find it.  
Let's go back. We're not  
doing any good here.  
Even if the wagon's there,  
you don't want to find it.

You can go back if you  
want to. I'll find it myself.

Don't go any further.

What is it you don't  
want me to find?

I lied to you. I didn't find  
Dave's body on the trail.

- Why would you lie about that?
- I found him near the guns.
- I didn't want you to find out.
- When a man starts lying, he can't stop.
- What else are you hiding?
- Listen to me.

My whole life, I've worked  
and sweated blood for you.

I was the only son you ever  
had, but you couldn't see me.

Half the time you never  
even knew I was there.

I loved you like only a boy  
who never had a father could.

So, I'm asking you  
once more, don't go.

I will see what's on that plateau.

- Listen to me, you old fool...
- Take your hands off me!

I tell you, don't go!

That wagon must've been loaded heavy.

Look how deep those tracks are.

This is where it ends,  
right here in the creek.

You go downstream there,  
and I'll go up the draw here.

How is he?

- Still unconscious.
- Keep nothing from us. We want to know.

Alec's strong.

He's got a fair chance  
to pull through, but...

Finish what you started to say.

He's blind.

It's no surprise, his sight's  
been failing for years.

The fall just hurried

it up, that's all.

I'm real curious to find out who pushed him.

- Pushed him?

- You don't think he fell?

With his eyes, he had no business on a horse.

There's nothing wrong with his horse's eyesight.

Somebody pushed him all right.

The same one who killed Dave and Chris Boldt.

Who?

I'm afraid Alec is the only one who can tell us that.

I have another call to make.

Sit with him until I get back.

You already know who it is, don't you?

- What makes you say that?

- If you do, I want you to tell me.

If I knew, I wouldn't be waiting for Alec to come to.

What are you afraid of?

- Why should I be afraid?

- I don't know.

- I don't know, but you are.

- I knew it'd come to this. It just had to.

It didn't have to.

Somebody made it happen.

When my father was dying, he told me to leave.

He said everything here was built on greed, killing, and that it'd go on that way.

I wouldn't listen. I saw only what I wanted to see.

Tell me what you're thinking.

I've got to know.

I'm not sure.

I came as soon as I heard.

How did he die?

He's not dead, Vic. Not yet.

- How did it happen?

- We don't know. He's still unconscious.

- Maybe I can get him to...  
- Take it easy.  
- I've got to see him. I've got to know.  
- The doc says his chances are just fair.  
He may not wake up at all. You barging  
in there won't help things any.  
Why don't you pour  
yourself a cup of coffee?  
I heard he fell.  
But Alec was too good a horseman  
to fall out of a saddle.  
Do you have any idea who'd want  
to get rid of the old man?  
Alec made a lot of enemies when  
he was building up the Barb...  
but that was long ago.  
- If I could just see him...  
- Just sit down and relax.  
Kate's in there with him.  
I can get him to talk. I know  
him better than anybody else.  
Lockhart, he's asking for you.  
Who's there?  
It's Will Lockhart, Mr. Waggoman.  
Good.  
Good. Come over here, Lockhart.  
Come here, close to me.  
Sit down.  
I got going over those old bills.  
I found out about the  
shipment of rifles.  
He made Dave do it.  
He made Dave sign the order, too.  
He wouldn't tell me  
where they were...  
but I know every hiding  
spot in this country.  
He killed Dave.  
He tried to kill me, too.  
Who?  
The man in my dream.  
He didn't come from far  
away to kill my boy.  
He was right here, in my house...

pretending he loved me like a son.

Vic.

That's the man you're looking for.

Where are you, Kate?

Here I am, Alec.

Don't go away, Kate.

I've never left you, Alec.

Hold it, Vic.

Unbuckle your belt.

Turn around.

I came 1,000 miles to

kill you, Hansbro.

- You're crazy! I never did anything to you.

- I'm not going to rush it.

- I've waited a long time for this.

- What are you talking about?

I never laid eyes on you till  
that day at the salt flats.

- You've got no cause to shoot me.

- Shooting's too good for you.

What did I do to you?

Tell me, I've got a right to know.

I guess a man's got a right to  
know what he's going to die for.

- The Dutch Creek massacre.

- I wasn't there. I never even heard of it.

My brother was there, along with a  
whole patrol of kids just like him.

You sold the Apaches the guns they used.

It's as if you pulled the trigger yourself.

Give me a chance!

I'll give you the same  
chance you gave Alec.

They're coming for their guns.

Kill me and they'll kill you.

Get over behind that wagon.

- What are you going to do?

- Do as I tell you! Get over there.

Kick that rock out  
from under that wheel.

Get the wagon moving. Push!

Come on, get back here.

They paid for these guns.

- If they don't get them, they'll kill us.

- Push!  
Get up that front wheel.  
Pull up on that wheel.  
Come on, do as I say! Harder!  
Come on, harder!  
Come on, back here.  
Get away from me.  
Get away from me.  
I feel like such a fool.  
At my age, too.  
You look like a bride.  
When's the wedding?  
Just as soon as he's  
well enough to stand up.  
That won't be very long.  
He's sitting up now.  
Where are you, Kate?  
He needs me. Isn't that wonderful?  
- Good-bye, Miss Waggoman.  
- Good-bye, Mr. Lockhart.  
When you go East, you'll  
pass through Laramie.  
If you should ask for a Captain Lockhart,  
anyone will tell you where to find me.  
I'll remember that.