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The Tin Star

By Joel Kane

Just getting the feel of these guns.

Where's the sheriff?

Sheriff?

- What's wrong, Mr. King?

- Who's that man?

I don't know.

Hickman. Morgan Hickman.

Better take his gun,

he's killed someone.

You won't need to take my gun.

Won't need this anymore either.

"Luke Jameson, murder and robbery.

\$500 reward. "

- A bounty hunter.

- Yep.

I tracked down Jameson.

He tried to shoot it out.

A fair fight. You won't find
any bullet holes in his back.

Don't like outlaws brought in dead?

Our officers bring in
their prisoners alive.

Your officer didn't bring in
Jameson at all.

I'm not the law.

I work inside it for money.

Same as you do

if you're in a legal business.

I believe the banking business is legal.

I'm also mayor.

My friends are businessmen,
except for Judge Thatcher
and Dr. McCord.

You got a bone to pick
with a freight company.

They put a hunk of money
on Jameson's head.

He robbed the freight office,
killed the agent.

Wanted him dead or alive,
which is kind of a hint, sounds like.

We're not here to argue.

This is a law-and-order town.

- Collect your money and get out.

- Suits me fine.
- How soon can I collect?
- Soon as I can manage it.
I gotta mail in your claim, and I can't
take your word it's Jameson.
I wouldn't know him from Adam.
There's one man in town ought to
recognize the corpse. Bart Bogardus.
- Jameson's his cousin. Or was.
- Get an affidavit from Bogardus.
I'll have to sign the claim, so will you.
When will it be ready?
First thing tomorrow morning.
You can unload my packhorse, sheriff.
I gotta find me a place to stay.
I'd like a room.
Haven't got a room.
Maybe you can find me one.
I said, I haven't got a room.
Any other hotel in town?
Nope.
Where can I put up my horses?
Livery barn's that way.
Can't miss it on your way out of town.
Now, don't be scared,
I'm not gonna hurt you.
I'm gonna take you home.
Got a real nice coop.
- Howdy.
- Howdy.
- What are you up to, son?
- Catching pigeons.
Get out of that hayloft!
Ain't I warned you to keep out?
Now get out of here and stay out.
I don't want your kind around here.
- What do you want?
- Put up my horses.
- You know who I am?
- I didn't ask.
Bogardus is the name.
Bart Bogardus.
Jameson was kin of mine.
Well, every family's

got one black sheep.

- Some of them got two.

- Take your horses and get out.

It's your barn.

Hey, mister, can I ride your horse?

Big enough to get on, are you?

Better get off.

It's a long walk back.

- I live here.

- Where?

- Kip, where have you been?

- The barn.

- You promised to keep out of there.

- I ain't afraid.

Well, I am.

Thanks for fetching him home.

Wouldn't know anyplace a man

could put up, would you?

Well, you'd have to share

a bedroom with my son.

- I don't mind if he don't.

- I don't mind. Come on.

More coffee?

If you don't mind.

Get up, Kip. You've finished.

- You live here all alone?

- I have my son.

Why don't you live with us.

Then I can ride your horse.

Kip.

Fact is, I would like to stay,
if your mother would put up with me.

She'd be glad. Wouldn't you, Mom?

If Mr. Hickman wishes to stay,
he can stay.

You wanna see my pigeons?

Not tonight.

Don't bother Mr. Hickman.

I just asked. I caught them
in the livery barn.

- You have enough pigeons.

- No, I haven't.

I'm raising them.

Two have laid eggs already.

- You wanna see my pigeons?
- Be quiet.
- I better look at my horses.
- I'll go with you.
I hope you don't mind.
Bet he shows me his pigeons.
Wanna see my pigeons?
Lead away, captain.
- Can you see them?
- What are you gonna do with them?
When I raise enough,
I'm gonna sell them and buy a horse.
Maybe a dog too.
- Take a long while, won't it?
- Yeah, but I'll do it.
- Mom?
- You go to sleep now.
Nice boy you got.
Well, I hope he doesn't pester
you with all his talking.
- I like kids.
- They like you.
I had a boy once.
You lost him?
Him and my wife both. Same time.
I guess what got me
remembering was...
...watching you make your own dress.
I used to sit and watch her
the same way.
It was nice.
This isn't mine.
It's for a lady in town.
The way you make your living?
When I can find the work.
Well, I'm afraid that's all for tonight.
Getting late.
- Say, am I keeping you up?
- Oh, no, no.
I'm gonna sleep out here
on the bunk.
You can go to bed anytime.
I don't like to take your bed.
Why don't you let me bunk here?

Because I'll be up before you.

You'll need a light to find
your way in the bedroom.

- I'm sorry, I forgot your name.

- Nona Mayfield.

Mayfield?

You heard my name
mentioned in town?

No, but...

Mayfield, I mean...

Your boy looks part Mexican.

- I got nothing against Mexicans.

- Well, how about Indians?

Kip's father was an Indian.

Very well, you can move out
in the morning.

There's no use arguing, Ben.

You told me when you took that badge
it was gonna be only temporary.

Look, Millie, I guess

I might as well tell you.

What I'm hoping for, if...

Well, if I can show them,
if I can make good...

You'll make good.

In the graveyard.

What do you want, Ben,
me or that badge?

- I can't quit until they want me to.

- I won't be around.

Oh, well. Morning, Millie.

What's the trouble?

She wants me to give up my badge.

How do you like that?

Well, Millie,

that's your papa's badge.

We'd hate to see

it on any man

who didn't keep it clean

and bright like he did.

As for Ben here, young as he is,

he's the only one we could find.

Would you rather see it

pinned on Bogardus?

I don't care.
I only know there's not gonna be
any tin star in my life, never.
Where would you be
if your mama had said that?
I saw what Mother went through,
never knowing what was gonna
happen. Well, finally it did happen.
I'm gonna be a wife, not a widow.
I read something once,
sticks in my mind:
"From this nettle, danger,
we pluck this flower, safety. "
Your father plucked that flower.
Folks felt safe to raise their babies,
not be afraid.
But somebody had to walk
through the nettle patch.
Let someone else do it.
So nobody does it.
That's how the wrong men
get hold of things.
Well, here's a man walks
through the nettle patch,
takes all the flowers for himself.
- I have no use for bounty hunters.
- Well, that makes it unanimous.
Miss Parker's father
was sheriff here for 20 years.
If you find it too chilly in here,
you can wait outside.
I don't mind the chill,
I'm after money.
Oh, that reminds me.
The coroner's certificate,
my formal affidavit
that Jameson died suddenly,
but thoroughly, of one gunshot.
Well, I'm riding out
to look at a bird's nest.
Abe Pickett's already got 11 kids.
All girls.
Now his Annie is as big
as a barrel again.

There's the kind of woman, Millie,
to build up this country.
Stay here and witness our signatures.
My claim ready?
Yeah, you can sign it.
No good unless you sign it too.
You don't have to tell me my job.
I've gotta check it over first.
I'll just wait,
make sure it's signed right.
You sign my claim yet?
Did he sign it?
- It's Bogardus, he'll kill you.
- Let go.
What are you up to, Ben?
- I gotta arrest you, Bogardus.
- You're not gonna arrest nobody.
- Gotta do what the law says.
- A man's gotta defend himself.
That half-breed had it coming.
Now, that's far enough. Hold it.
Now, let's talk this thing over.
- I gotta take your guns first.
- First you listen to me.
I drewed in self-defense.
I got witnesses.
Even if I didn't, no sheriff's
gonna disarm no white man
for shooting a mangy Indian.
You an Indian lover?
- I know what I gotta do...
- Hold it!
Now, don't try that again.
Go inside, I'll buy you a drink,
and we'll talk this over
like two growed-up men.
Hey, witnesses.
- Sheriff's trying to shoot me.
- No, I just want your guns, that's all.
Nobody pulls a gun
without he means to kill.
Everyone in the street
can see what you're up to.
Now, just take it easy,

and I'll go with you.

You made a mistake pulling that gun
on a man like me.

There was no reason
in the world to do it.

I don't like having no one
lay a gun on me.

No, sir.

Hadn't ought to done it, Ben.

Why, there ain't a man in town
lay a finger on me if I was to...

Excuse me for butting in, sheriff,
but you forgot to sign my claim.

- Lock him up.

- Give me that hat!

Get going.

- I ain't had a chance to thank you.

- Sign my claim.

If it hadn't been for you...

I'm just looking out
for my reward money, is all.

Yeah.

If I had seen him pulling that gun
from back of his hat,
I'd have triggered him, I think.

- Ben, you almost got killed.

- Would have been a big mistake.

- What did I do wrong?

- Everything.

You listened to what he was saying
instead of seeing what he was doing.

- You pulled your gun too early.

- No, he'd have pulled his first.

You walk right up to a man,
chances are he won't gunfight.

Because at 3 feet, he knows
he'll get hurt, maybe killed,
even if he draws first.

Pulling your gun, you just goaded him
into trying to get you.

You better take off that tin star
and stay alive.

- Do you hear that, Ben?

- Look, Millie, I ain't gonna quit.

Woman's strongest argument:

Bang the door.

She's right, though. She knows
what's wrong with that badge.

Man pins it on,
he can't take it off.

They'll give you a nice funeral.

See my claim gets off, will you?

I wouldn't expect no bounty hunter
to appreciate this badge.

I wore one a lot longer
than you ever will.

- Afternoon, ma'am.

- Afternoon.

- I'd like to see Mr. Hickman.

- Come in, Owens.

I... I'd like to talk to you outside.

What's on your mind?

Well, I'd like to talk to you alone.

Nothing you can say to me
she can't hear. What is it?

I... I got a room for you.

Got a room.

Well, I mean, I... I got you
a room at the hotel.

I went to Buck Henderson,
and he's giving you
the best place he's got.

I like it here.

- Anything else on your mind?

- No.

Well, yes. Is it true what you told me,
that you used to be a sheriff like me?

Not like you.

Well... Well, how come you quit?

That's my business.

Look, will you come outside?

It's got nothing to do with her.

What's wrong with Morg?

Nothing.

Well?

Well, I'm in trouble.

- Bogardus out of jail?

- Cleared in court. Had witnesses.

You give him his guns back?
Best Judge Thatcher could do was
fine him \$50 for resisting arrest.
How long you had that badge?
Since Sheriff Parker got killed.
Nobody else wanted it, huh?
Yeah. Bogardus.
- He wanted it for a shooting license.
- That's how come he didn't get it.
Town don't want prisoners
brought in dead.
Yeah, I know, they only want
sheriffs brought in dead.
- How come they picked you?
- Well, I'm only temporary.
You're more temporary than you think.
Yeah.
- Well, I guess I got a lot to learn.
- You won't have time to learn.
I would if you'd show me.
- Take off the badge. Quit.
- I can't.
I'll be gone in a few days.
A few days might mean the difference.
It might.
Don't cock your gun
with the ball of your thumb,
it can slip in a gunfight.
Hit the hammer with
the whole joint of your thumb.
Your gun comes out cocked
as you jerk it for action.
There's a lot more to gunfighting
than just shooting at a mark.
You gotta keep cool,
have absolute confidence.
You lack confidence.
That's how you let Bogardus stop you.
- Yeah.
- And to have confidence,
you gotta keep a cool head.
Don't take any chances
you don't have to, but wait,
then end the fight with one shot.

- Wait?
- It's that time you wait
that means the difference between
missing a man and killing him.
- I don't wanna kill nobody.
- Then take your guns off.
A man ain't to be shot
without a chance to surrender.
Or make his fight.
As long as you wear that badge,
you gotta walk up,
tell him to throw them up and then
watch which way his hands move.
If they go up,
you got yourself a prisoner.
If they go down, he's dead,
or you are.
A decent man doesn't wanna kill,
but if you shoot, you shoot to kill.
How about hitting them in the arm?
That hokey-pokey gets you killed.
Guys brag about shooting a gun
out of a man's hand.
They're lying. They shot to kill.
- A wounded man can still kill you.
- Well, you did it.
With Bogardus, you hit his gun.
That wasn't my fight, that was yours.
I could take a chance.
What if you missed?
He'd have killed you,
or I'd have had to kill him.
Now, try it again.
Trunk's floated out.
- See that snag sticking up there?
- Yeah.
Draw fast, but don't snap shoot.
Take that extra split second.
- That was a man, you'd be dead.
- I got more shots.
You're dead.
You're not taking your time.
- I'd be dead if I slowed down.
- I didn't say to slow down.

Be fast when in action.
Be fast with your muscles,
but deliberate here.
Take that second,
pull the trigger once.
That's what counts, the first shot.
Point dead-center, fight's over.
Well, you didn't expect me
to hit it, did you?
Did you?
Let's see you try.
Well, it's kind of far.
That was just a matter of luck.
Who's that?
- Howdy, sheriff.
- Howdy.
- What are you shooting at?
- Just a mark. Where you going?
Town. Zeke and me
has run out of groceries.
The McGaffey brothers,
Zeke and Ed.
They got a place
the other side of Red Canyon.
Got some Indian blood,
haven't they?
You notice everything, don't you?
I notice you're wearing
your guns too low.
That's where Sheriff Parker wore his.
Parker's dead.
- How did he get it?
- A stagecoach got held up.
He suspected somebody,
but he wouldn't talk.
Well, one day his horse
came in without him,
and they found his body right here
with a rifle bullet through his head.
- Feel better?
- Yeah. Wanna see?
Tomorrow. More to your job
than handling guns.
There's things in town you gotta learn.

That your second shot of whiskey?
I can hold my liquor.
Sure, gives you more confidence.
Wrong kind of confidence.
Well, look, I'd get laughed at
if I took beer.
See anyone laughing at me?
Do as you please.
What else have I gotta learn?
Stop acting so mean
and surly all the time.
I know why you do it. You figure
it makes you seem older and tougher.
People gotta like a sheriff,
or they'll look the other way
when he needs them.
You think I'm cheating?
How's this for a few drinks?
- Sit down.
- Look, I gotta...
Sit down.
The first thing you should have noticed
is they weren't wearing guns.
Learn what to stay out of.
If you step into a fight,
make sure you're the better man.
Me and the old lady put on
a better fight than that one.
Have you ever been
up against a better man?
If you live long enough,
which isn't likely,
you might be the better man.
I only wanna be good enough
to keep this badge.
Then study men.
Paste this in your hat:
A gun's only a tool.
You can master a gun
if you got the knack.
Harder to learn men.
There's one you're gonna have to lick
before you're through.
Well, let's call it a night.

- See you in the morning.

- Afraid so.

Thanks, Morg.

I'm not sure I'm doing you a favor.

What's keeping Morg?

You've been stalling me for an hour.

Go to bed now.

Can't go to bed till Morg comes.

It's impolite.

I don't think he'll mind.

- Morg!

- Hello.

Look, Morg! I'm a sheriff.

- Your shirttail's hanging out.

- Don't I look like a sheriff?

You look more like the sheriff
than the sheriff does.

- Bed. Come on.

- Can I ride your horse tomorrow?

Sure.

- Hope I haven't kept you up.

- No.

I wanted to talk to you.

I was wrong about you last night.

You sure?

Well, maybe I was right last night,
but not today. Not now either.

I shouldn't have gotten mad. I'm just
so used to everybody hating Indians.

We're raised that way.

Well, I wasn't.

My father was an Indian agent.

He respected Indians and liked them.

So did I. I grew up with some
who were really fine men.

When you grow up hating them,
you don't get rid of it easy.

I know.

They say the only good Indian
is a dead Indian.

When they find one with a man's pride
and courage to stand up as an equal...

...they kill him.

And it isn't called murder.

They've just made him
a good Indian.
And it doesn't even end there.
Not when there's a boy to hate
and a woman to take it out on.
It's Kip I'm thinking of.
He's worth fighting for.
How come you've stayed on
in a town like this?
Because of a friend. One friend.
Kip was sick when we got here,
and I didn't have a penny.
The doctor saved him. Not only that,
he found this place for us
and got some ladies in town
who wouldn't speak to me
- to let me do their sewing.
- That old fellow, McCord?
Dr. Joe.
I don't care what any of them say.
The more they're against me,
the more I'll stand up for Kip.
Can you understand that?
Same with me, only it's not a boy,
it's something inside me,
pride maybe.
When they try to run me out,
I gotta stay.
- How long will you stay?
- Till I'm paid what's owed me.
Maybe it'll make things worse for you,
my staying here.
You're welcome as long as you like.
Kip's a lucky boy.
Any of you seen Ben Owens?
There he is,
coming to town with Morg Hickman.
I thought Ben Owens had sense.
He's been out with him four days.
Keep an eye on him.
I'll fetch the mayor.
Sheriff? Ben?
I wanna see you a minute.
Wait for me in my office.

- What's the matter, doc?
- Go inside. I wanna talk to you.
- What happened?
- Keep that in your mouth, Millie.
- I told you, Dr. Joe, I don't want to...
- You keep that in your mouth.
- She's running a fever.
- I was merely walking by when he...

Who is the doctor here,
you or me?

Keep that in your mouth
so I can get a reading.

Well...

Know what day tomorrow is?

It's your birthday. It'll be the biggest
birthday you ever had.

The whole town's turning out.

See all the kids you ever delivered,
including me and Millie.

Won't mean a thing
if I don't get my birthday present.

What's that?

- I want you two to get together.
- So that's what you're up to.

You were a sweet little thing
when you were born.

Now, behave yourself.

This big lummoX of a sheriff here
was mean as all get-out.

Bit my finger when I spanked him.
But he's grown up to be all right.

I wanna see you two McCord babies
get married and raise more babies,
like God intended.

Why don't you marry him?

You know why, and so does he.

He can't run away from responsibility
any more than you can.

- Women.
- She hates this badge, doc.
- She wants me to take it off. I won't.
- You will if they take it away from you.

The whole town's stirred up about you
hanging around with that Hickman.

- Every day, you're together, nights too.

- I know what I'm doing.

He's a bounty hunter.

You're a sheriff.

He used to be a sheriff.

- Who said so?

- He did. He told me.

You believe him?

Well, he wouldn't lie to me, doc.

Fifty years of my record.

History of the town's

written down here.

Here we are.

I won't read the year and the date.

You know it.

"Heavy snowfall. Had to go horseback
to get to the Owens' place.

"Delivered to Elizabeth Owens,
a healthy 8-and-a-half-pound boy. "

Now I'm gonna add

a postscript, as follows:

"Baby grew up to be a good sheriff
with one bad fault.

"He believes everything he's told. "

You think he lied to me?

Well, let's just say I'm skeptical.

And Mayor King's no fool.

I want to see you keep that badge.

Thanks, doc.

- Morg, did you lie to me?

- What's that?

You told me you wore a badge once.

- That's right.

- How come you took it off?

None of your business.

I gotta know, Morg.

How come you quit?

- I found out I was a fool.

- You think I'm a fool?

Any man that wears that badge is.

I know why you like it.

Everyone slaps you on the back,
tells you how important you are.

Decent people look up to you,

they're all your friends.
I've seen it before.
Sheriff I knew in Kansas years ago
had it bad like you.
Always took his prisoners alive.
Proud of it.
Finally, his wife had a baby, got sick.
Doctor said they'd die
if they didn't move to a drier climate.
They had to have a thousand dollars.
So he went to his friend at the bank,
but it seems like money
and friendship didn't mix.
He said he was sorry, but this was
business, had to have collateral.
Well, he didn't have collateral.
Already owed money, doctor's bills,
but he had a lot of friends,
businessmen around town.
He figured they'd put up the collateral.
Same story.
And how'd he pay it back
if he quit and moved west?
What did he do?
Well, there was a man wanted.
Big reward, dead or alive.
So he went after him.
Took a long time.
Took him a long ways from home,
but he tracked him down.
The fellow tried to shoot it out,
so he killed him. Brought him in,
collected the thousand dollars.
By that time,
his wife and baby had died.
Never had much use
for that tin star after that.
Well, here they come.
- You're waiting to collect your reward?
- Right.
We telegraphed the freight company.
They authorized the bank to pay it.
Thanks.
You'll have to sign for it.

Better look it over.
Well, I guess
I had collateral this time.
I'd suggest you leave town.
You couldn't pay me
enough money to stay.
Sheriff, we wanna see you.
We'll call a meeting tomorrow.
- Tomorrow's McCord Day.
- Oh, yes.
The day after tomorrow.
I guess doc was right.
They're gonna take my badge.
You're lucky.
Well, I don't care what they say.
I'm gonna give them a fight.
- Thanks for everything, Morg.
- You know, you look like a sheriff.
Sorry I'm gonna miss
that council meeting.
Me too.
Sheriff! Sheriff!
- What happened?
- Holdup. Shot Johnny Biggers.
Get the doctor. Johnny was
riding shotgun. I got him inside.
- How is he?
- Very bad.
Come on, folks, stand back.
Give him some air.
Here's Doc Joe.
- You want us to get him out, doc?
- No, not yet.
- Well, where did it happen?
- Other side of Abe Pickett's ranch.
Two men, faces covered.
Johnny shot one of them. The other
shot Johnny as we were getting away.
How is he, doc?
He's dead.
Mighty brave man, Johnny Biggers.
If I was sheriff, I'd get two for one.
McCall.
Sloan.

Hardman.

- Three is enough, Ben.

- I want one more.

You got one, sheriff.

Morg?

You lost your sidekick.

Next sheriff's posse, I'll be the boss.

Ben, three of us is enough.

Four, counting you.

Jim, show us where they jumped you,
and we'll get started.

Here's the place to pick up their trail.

One was hit in the right shoulder.

Dropped his gun when Johnny fired.

Let's go.

Hey, Morg, where have you been?

I've been waiting for you.

Oh, I had a little business in town.

- What's that?

- That little paint horse?

- Name's Dinky.

- Is he yours?

- Yours.

- Mine?

Dinky! Mom, look! I got me a horse!

Look, Mom! I got a real horse!

- Kip, you didn't say thanks.

- His name's Dinky.

My own horse!

Ain't he a beauty, Mom?

Wait, Kip! Wait!

Kip, you haven't said thanks.

Oh, he didn't even thank you.

He sure did.

Didn't you see his face?

- You're too generous.

- Don't fool yourself.

A man lives alone like me,
he gets kind of selfish.

He gives you anything, be sure
he's getting his money's worth.

You wanna give me something,
how about coffee?

All right.

- Howdy, doc.
- Well, howdy, Ben.
- No luck?
- Well, not yet. One's hit, though.
- We saw some blood a while back.
- Was he wounded bad?
Don't know. Clark said he got
buckshot in the shoulder.
- Where you going?
- Didn't you pass Abe Pickett?
- He passed us, going hell for leather.
- He rode into town the same way,
said his Annie had begun to holler.
I know Annie.
Fine, dependable woman.
Helped her bring 11 girls.
Always starts to holler three,
four hours before her time.
That's the kind of wife to have for a
man who lives way out past nowhere.
Be sure you get back
by tomorrow morning.
Don't fear, I'm not gonna miss
my birthday party.
- See you tomorrow.
- See you tomorrow.
Abe?
Abe.
- I've been asleep?
- About two hours.
She's here?
I'll read you the record.

"2:
my 75th birthday.
"Delivered Annie Pickett
of a 9-pound boy. "
Boy?
"Annie says she will name him
Joseph Jefferson McCord,
"after yours truly, J.J. McCord, M.D."
You sure it ain't just another girl?
Well, I hope I'm not too old
to know the difference.

You better get in there
and see for yourself.
Annie! Annie, honey!
Annie?
Annie, honey?
Annie?
Well, Bessie,
you're kind of like Annie Pickett.
A world of patience
with us doggone men.
I'm gonna get some sleep.
You know the way home
better than I do.
Doc!
- Ed McGaffey.
- Oh, yeah.
- Can you come out to our place?
- Who's sick?
My brother, Zeke.
- I'm not sure I know the way.
- Well, just follow me.
Get away! Go on, now.
Come on, get out!
Well.
You're hurt bad.
Tell him how it happened, Ed.
We was hunting deer back
in the canyon. Buck jumped up,
and Zeke stepped in between just
as I was pulling the trigger. Sorry.
It was my own fault, Ed.
Hold that lamp closer.
Now, this is gonna hurt, son.
Well, old girl,
you've had your sleep.
My turn now.
Gonna be a fine day.
McCord Day.
How do you like that?
McCord Day.
Zeke gonna be all right?
Well, he should have
been treated sooner.
Think he knowed?

He knowed the minute
he laid eyes on you.
No, Ed! Ed, you can't!
No, Ed!
Ed! Don't!
Quiet! Quiet, everybody!
Dr. Joe is on his way in!
Hooray!
Remember, Sergeant Plummer will
blow his bugle when it's time to start.
The fiddler will lead the music.
Try and keep time.
- Sing loud so Dr. Joe will hear you!
- Hip-hip-hooray!
All right, get ready!
Here he comes!
- Dr. Joe?
- Doc?
- Where was he?
- Abe Pickett's.
I guess you'll find it here.
He always wrote down all his calls.
- You see it?
- Something else here too.
Here's what he wrote last.
"Ed McGaffey stopped me in the dark.
Said his brother was sick.
"Zeke sure was sick.
Gunshot wound, right shoulder.
"Took out load of buckshot. "
- Ed McGaffey.
- They killed Jim Biggers too.
I wanna be on this posse.
- You'll get every man.
- Count me in.
All right, sheriff.
Better organize your posse.
You better get home.
We have unquestioned proof
of who killed Dr. Joe.
To make sure of the immediate
capture of Ed and Zeke McGaffey,
the town council
is putting up rewards.

A thousand dollars
on the head of each man.
Dead or alive?
- Bring these men in.
- They ain't men, they're breeds.
- That's got nothing to do with it.
- I say they ain't men.
They'll fight and fight dirty,
like all breeds.
If rewards ain't for dead or alive,
they'll bring some of us in dead.
All right, dead or alive.
Get your posse together.
Sheriff! Hey, sheriff! Let's get going.
I'll give you a word of advice.
That's a tough posse,
and they're mad
and they're too many.
Show them who's boss
or you're in trouble.
Well, come on, then.
I never hunt with a pack.
All right. If you won't join me,
don't fight me. Keep out of it.
Your mayor sees it my way now.
There's a chunk of money
on each head,
dead or alive,
which means dead.
I'm gonna bring them in alive.
You'll never get near with that army.
They'll hear you coming for miles.
Sheriff, let's get going!
- Takes one man alone to do this job.
- What are we waiting for?
Come on, men, let's go!
- What are you gonna do?
- I'm gonna give you your last lesson.
You think you ought to
hunt him alone?
Well, it's safer than
hunting with a pack.
A fellow could get trampled.
- Where's Kip?

- Outside.
- He wasn't there when I came in.
- He wouldn't leave his pony.
Pony wasn't there either.
Kip? Kip?
Kip?
Kip?
Was he here when
the posse come by?
I'm sure he was.
He's playing sheriff again.
- He's followed them.
- There'll be shooting. He'll get hurt.
I'll find him.
His horse is too small to follow
that posse. I'll catch him.
Get in there!
- They're not here!
- Not in the barn!
Then burn the place down!
Come on, let's get the McGaffneys!
Come on!
Hey, wait for me!
Where's your posse?
I left them. Don't call them mine,
they follow Bogardus.
I told you. Sheriff don't crack down
on the first man disobeys him,
- his posse turns into a mob.
- Well, that's what it is, a mob.
Thought you was a man took his time.
I'm looking for a boy.
Yeah, a couple of them.
Name of McGaffey.
- Name's Kip. You seen him?
- No, I ain't seen him.
I'm warning you, Morg.
I don't want them shot.
They're gonna get
what the law says, a fair trial.
You lunkhead. I'll collect
those rewards when I get ready.
Now, I don't give three hoots
for the McGaffneys or you.

I'm looking for a boy.

- Thought you was looking for a boy.

- I am.

- I'm tracking the horses.

- They're here. So is the boy.

I can handle this.

You're gonna stay here.

Am I?

- Somebody's following the dog.

- I'll get him with the rifle.

You all right?

- I tried to catch a dog and was shot at.

- Who shot?

I don't know.

Hiding up in the cave.

You take my horse. You come on
the sheriff, you stay there.

- Where's the boy?

- Holding the horses.

- Stay and cover me.

- No, you don't.

You can't take them alive.

- I can if you keep out.

- You'll get killed.

Then it'll be your chance.

I guess there's only one way
to teach you.

Go ahead.

Ed?

Ed?

This is Ben Owens.

Can you hear me?

Now, Ed, don't shoot.

I swear both of you
are gonna get a fair trial.

Now, you just put down your guns
because I'm coming up there.

He shot me.

You got a new part
in your hair, that's all.

- Bullet bounced off that thick skull.

- Well, he shot me.

- Stay here and cover me.

- No, wait.

Here, take it, Morg.
You're the most pigheaded
law mule I ever run up against.
My name's Hickman, boys.
Lot of money on your heads.
I'll collect it either way you like.
You ain't collecting nothing.
I got the sheriff, I'll get you.
You didn't get the sheriff.
He's covering me
with his guns, below.
He's covering you in hell.
We seen him drop.
Sheriff! Throw a couple of shots!
Not this way,
you might hit a cave rat.
Or a bounty hunter.
You're a bad shot, McGaffey.
Except when you sneak up
on an unarmed old man.
Better throw out your gun.
Let them go through, sheriff.
Kip will pick them up.
If you had as much sense
as your horses,
you'd throw out your guns
and come out.
I gotta get out of here!
I gotta get out of here.
Zeke! Stay here!
Stay! Stay down!
Throw out your gun, Zeke.
Well, you took them alive.
Yeah.
Go on.
Kip? Oh, Kip!
Are you all right?
You're not hurt, are you?
Take them on into town.
Will they let me keep him?
- Sure. He's your dog now.
- Gee, what a day.
We caught two outlaws,
me and Morg did.

- Did they confess they killed Dr. Joe?
- The older one did.
Hope they get hung.
I kind of feel sorry
for the younger one, Zeke.
I got a hunch he'll get off.
Do some time, is all.
You're not staying for the trial?
Oh, I'll be moving on come morning.
But you can't!
What about the rewards?
- They go to Kip.
- Kip?
Sure. He found them.
That's the hard part. The rest is easy.
You had the right idea, Kip.
One-man posse.
But you can't do that.
The money's yours. You just can't.
- What are you gonna do with it?
- Give it to Mom.
That's what I thought.
Won't we never see you again?
Can't I go with you?
Better stay with your mother.
She don't wanna stay here no more.
Bogardus.
Looks like there might
be trouble in town tonight.
Ben's got the McGaffey's locked up.
Yeah. That's just the trouble.
Bart! Hey, Bart!
Hey, Bart! Sheriff got the McGaffey's.
Got them in jail.
Want something, Mr. Bogardus?
Gonna have a sociable tonight.
Whole town's invited.
I promised the McGaffey's a fair trial,
and they're gonna get it.
They sure are.
Got a big white man's jury here.
The verdict's already in.
I figure Ed McGaffey's
gonna get hung,

but he's gonna get hung
the way the law says.
If you don't stand up for law and order
now, it don't mean nothing.
Now, who's coming with me?
Step up to the bar, boys.
The drinks are on me.
He didn't get no place with them.
He didn't try.
Sheriff! What'd they say? Sheriff?
- How many volunteered?
- Not one.
As officer of the court,
I have to keep out,
but I suggest you be
sworn in as deputies.
- We can't do that.
- You're respected, levelheaded men.
Just your presence here, backing
up the sheriff, will avert violence.
What's going on?
They wanna get the McGaffneys
and hang them.
- Well, you can hold them off.
- Just what I'm saying, Hickman.
- The sheriff can use you as a deputy.
- Not me.
- We can't mix up in a thing like this.
- We can't stand up against the town.
That's the sheriff's job.
- Get the prisoners out of town.
- Take them out the back way.
They got a good jail in Dry Fork.
Hold them there for trial.
You won't get them a mile out of town.
It's murder.
Yes, it is.
- Well, we've done all we can.
- Yeah.
Be sensible, Ben.
Get your prisoners out of town.
Well, Ben, I guess I'll have
to turn tail and run too.
I hope you understand why.

- Yes, sir, I do.
- You're a good sheriff.
I didn't think you'd make it
when you put on that badge.
Know when to give up, Ben.
Don't get hurt. We need you.
Well, how do you like this?
Well, were you ever
through a thing like this?
- Yeah?
- Try and hold them.
With a shotgun.
Talks louder to a crowd.
What do I do now?
Wait.
They gotta get wound up first.
Takes time and plenty of liquor.
Mob's only as tough as its leader.
You only got one man to lick:
Bogardus.
How come they're so quiet?
Because they're ready.
Bring out your prisoners, sheriff.
Jury's awaiting.
My prisoners are gonna
be tried fair, Bogardus.
Fair and fast, sheriff.
The rope's all ready.
You gonna fetch them out,
or do we go get them?
You're a brave man when you've got
Why don't you come on
and get them by yourself.
Come on, Bogardus!
Come on, Bogardus,
you was a whole posse today.
Didn't get no prisoners, though.
Aren't you man enough
to come and get them now?
Come on, what's keeping you?
Put down that gun or
I'll tear you apart.
You fight with your mouth and with
your hat. Don't reach no further.

This thing might go off, both barrels.

Would you hold this, sheriff?

I'd like to talk to Bogardus.

All right, I put down the shotgun,

Bogardus. Now tear me apart.

What's the matter, you paralyzed?

Tear me apart!

What do you need,

a little persuasion?

Come on.

Dinky! Dinky, we're going.

We're going, Dinky.

Morg!

- You're not leaving now?

- Yep.

Well, what about the trial?

It'll be a fair trial. That's what you promised them, sheriff.

- How about Kip's reward money?

- I'll write you where to send it.

Morg, don't go.

Stay and be sheriff.

Let me be your deputy till I learn.

You've got nothing more to learn.

Maybe I learned from you.

A man can't run away from his job.

Neither can a woman.

Dr. Joe told me.

Well, doc's right.

I'll find me a town needs

a sheriff. You got one here.

You say yes, Millie,

and stop worrying.

I'll worry the rest of my life.

So long.

- Bye.

- So long.

- So long, folks!

- Bye, Hickman!

- So long, Hickman!

- Good luck!