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# Two Rode Together

By Frank S. Nugent

Thank you, Jesu.  
Senor, the widow Gomez  
has delivered a son this morning.  
A boy.  
Bully for the widow Gomez.  
But, senor, it has been  
more than a year ago...  
...since Senor Antonio Gomez  
has been buried in the church house.  
Well, there are some men you just can't  
trust to stay where you put them.  
You gamblers?  
Just get off the stage?  
You got eyes in your head, ain't you?  
It's what I'm paid for.  
Oh, the marshal, huh?  
All right, now.  
The stage is leaving  
in about 15 minutes.  
You fellas want a drink, there's  
a cantina down the street a piece.  
They're not too particular  
about their customers.  
- Look here, whatever your name is...  
- The name's McCabe.  
Guthrie McCabe.  
We was just passing through.  
Nice little town you have here.  
Did you say they serve  
good whiskey?  
No.  
Detail, ho!  
- Hi, Jim.  
- Hiya.  
- How are things out at Fort Grant?  
- Same as usual.  
Who is it? Is that Sergeant Posey?  
Sergeant Posey?  
I hardly recognised you.  
Haven't you put on some weight?  
Well, that's a nice...  
...dirty, thirsty-looking outfit  
you got there, Jim.  
- Forty miles.

- Forty miles, huh?  
Hey, you men!  
How about a nice cold beer?  
As you were.  
I haven't dismissed  
the detail, sergeant.  
No, sir.  
And before I do, I want one thing  
clearly understood.  
We're riding out of here  
in a couple of hours.  
And I mean riding, not floating.  
"Riding not floating," that's good.  
I'm gonna use that.  
And just because Marshal McCabe here  
has been generous enough...  
...to set us up to five or six beers...  
- I didn't say five or...  
...that's no reason to abuse  
his hospitality.  
- Hey, just one beer.  
- I count on your discretion, sergeant.  
That's all. Detail dismissed!  
- Hiya, Guthrie.  
- Oh, no. Oh, no.  
What?  
- Jim, good to see you.  
- Good to see you.  
- You know, l... No, wait a minute.  
- What?  
Jesu, fetch a ladder...  
...so that Sergeant Posey can get up  
on that poor, unfortunate animal.  
By George, he made it.  
Thank you, marshal.  
It'll be a pleasure  
drinking to your health.  
Follow me!  
Well, that was pretty funny, Jim.  
But if you think I'm gonna ante up  
for all the beer...  
...that hippopotamus  
of a sergeant can drink...  
...between now and the time you leave,

you got two more things coming.

- You're up for re-election, aren't you?

- Sergeant Posey can't vote.

I bet he can't even make  
his mark on the ballot.

- What about yourself? Want a beer?

- Yeah, sure.

I'll take this one. Cheers.

Now, Ward.

Ward, come here.

Oh, it's you, Mr. McCabe.

Was you calling my name?

Yeah, yeah.

I told you to take those drunks  
over to the courthouse.

Yes, sir, Mr. McCabe,  
that's what you told me...

...and that's what I done,  
didn't I, fellers?

But it wasn't no use. No use at all.

Was it, fellers?

Well, now, Ward,  
why wasn't it any use?

- Or am I supposed to guess?

- No, sir, Mr. McCabe.

Not that it calls for much guessing,  
and that's a true fact.

Well, what it comes down to...

...is that the judge hisself  
was drunk last night...

...and never even showed up  
in court today.

And so as I see it,  
they ain't but one thing to do...

...and that's just march  
these fellers back to the jail...

...until the judge sobers up enough  
to fine them legal and proper.

Now, come on, you fellers. Hurry up.

- One, two...

- Ward.

Turn them loose.

Now, you fellers listen to me.

By orders of Marshal McCabe,

I'm a-turning you loose.

Go on, you're loose!

You ain't turning us loose without buying us a beer, are you, marshal? You fellas don't mind drinking with gamblers and fort soldiers, do you? All right, Ward, buy them a beer and point them toward home.

Let's go, boys.

Belle?

- Look who's here.

- Hello.

Guth, how many times have I told you...

...I don't even wanna look at a man before 5:00.

Out! Outside, both of you.

Oh, now, Belle, honey, all we want is just a... All we want is...

You can have anything you want out on the veranda.

Well, that's a pretty broad statement.

That takes in a lot of territory, Belle.

Lieutenant Gary, I have nothing against you or the Army.

Well, I sincerely hope not, ma'am.

Ma'am?!

- What am I, your maiden aunt?

- No, ma'am.

- Call me Mrs. Aragon.

- Mrs. Aragon.

- Call me Belle.

- Belle.

Call me madam

if you're tired of living...

...but don't call me ma'am.

- No, ma'am.

And don't brush

that dust off in here.

Excuse me. I'm sorry, ma'am.

If you give me a broom,

I could sweep it up.

- Never mind. Never mind.

- It'd just take a second.

Well, what will you have?  
What he could use most is a bath.  
Now, don't keep saying  
things like that to me.  
I'm sorry, that's one service  
we don't provide.  
Not that it doesn't  
have its possibilities.  
- Beer suit you?  
- You read my mind.  
With most men  
that's not too difficult.  
And not too interesting either.  
I can tell when a man  
walks through that door...  
...whether he prefers  
blonds or brunettes...  
...drinks whiskey or beer...  
...plays blackjack or poker...  
...is a cheapskate or a high roller.  
- Is that a fact?  
Well, how do you peg old Jim here?  
Oh, excuse me.  
- Beer, blonds and solitaire.  
- Solitaire, that's me.  
And that'll be four bits, Guth.  
He hasn't got a dime.  
You called it. I haven't got a dime.  
Except I'm not so sure  
about blonds.  
No man ever is.  
- That's true.  
- Well, Jim...  
...what brings you to town?  
Orders.  
Well, sure. I didn't think you'd ridden  
40 miles for fresh air and sunshine.  
My orders are  
to accompany you to Fort Grant.  
- Accompany me?  
- That's right.  
And I'm to use any means  
short of handcuffing you  
Any means short of handcuffing you

to persuade you...  
...to accept the major's invitation.  
And if you don't accept,  
I will handcuff you.  
Sit down, Belle, join us.  
What, has there been  
a murder out at the fort or...?  
Somebody run off  
with the sutler's wife?  
- Nope.  
- Why not?  
- It wouldn't be a case of stealing?  
- No.  
What soldier's got anything  
worth stealing?  
- That's very true.  
- No. I can't agree with that at all.  
- You're... You're not gonna tell me?  
- No, I'm not gonna tell you.  
Well, I don't know, Jim.  
That's an awful long ride.  
Forty miles. You know, that's...  
No, no, that's not so far.  
And I have my duties here  
to think of.  
McCabe, I don't put  
my foot down often.  
And that's one of the things  
I like about you, Belle.  
Just one of the things.  
But it's a very rare quality in a woman,  
and I admire you for it.  
What time did you say  
we were gonna leave?  
- Three o'clock.  
- Three o'clock. Fine.  
Oh, Belle, get the cook  
to build me a steak, will you?  
And well-done this time.  
Not raw like it was last night.  
You didn't eat here last night.  
Or the night before.  
Well, come to think of it,  
I didn't, did I?

No. No, that's right,  
I guess I didn't.  
Detail, ho!  
Fall out for water.  
- Fifteen minutes.  
- Fifteen minutes!  
It's harder than my saddle.  
You're in great shape,  
sitting on that porch.  
You know, I still can't figure it out.  
I can't figure it out. No fuss.  
No argument.  
What made you decide  
to come along?  
Ride all night  
on some wild goose chase.  
I'll tell you this, you didn't  
decide me to come along.  
- I'll tell you that.  
- I didn't figure I did.  
Those things come one in a box?  
- Don't you ever buy your own cigars?  
- Sure. I bought two last payday.  
- That was three months ago.  
- Here.  
Thanks a lot.  
Hey, I got a match.  
Gee, I'm surprised  
you can afford matches.  
I can handle that, all right.  
Why did you come?  
Well...  
If you must know, it was mostly  
to get away from Belle.  
Belle? Why?  
- I thought you two were kind of:  
- I know, I know, I know.  
Well, to be completely  
ungentlemanly about it...  
I... Not that I ever pretended  
to be otherwise.  
- We were, we were.  
That's what I heard.  
And...



...just lately she started calling me "Guth."  
I noticed that.  
Guth. The first time I heard it I thought she'd got something stuck in her teeth.  
Guth, Guth, Guth. But she didn't have anything stuck in her teeth.  
It was in her craw...  
...and a few nights ago she got it out.  
Yeah, go ahead. What happened?  
Well, that's not a subject you can discuss in mixed company...  
...especially when one of the parties is...  
Matrimony.  
- No.  
- Matrimony.  
Holy smoke. Matrimony.  
And, of course, in this case, when one of the parties is sort of...  
You know, she carries a stiletto right there in her garter.  
I know.  
And we were sitting around the place talking...  
How do you know?  
Well, you just told me.  
Say, she actually proposed, huh?  
- You didn't know about that before?  
- About what?  
About the stiletto?  
How would I know about that before? Come on.  
What do you mean?  
Did she propose? No.  
She didn't, if you mean getting down on one knee.  
She didn't do that.  
You have to give her credit for more animal cunning than that.  
No, no. As I...  
As I remember the approach...  
...it was that she didn't see why I was satisfied...

...with just 10 percent of her take...

...when she was willing

to go for fifty-fifty.

You mean to tell me you're getting

10 percent of Madam Aragon's place?

- Don't tell me you didn't know that.

- I didn't know about that.

I get 10 percent of everything

in Tascosa.

Holy crimanetta.

What? This goes along

with the job of marshal.

- You're a dirt...

- It's no secret about it.

- You're a dirty thief, McCabe.

- Everybody knows it.

Wait a minute.

You don't think I could live

on the marshal's salary, do you?

- A measly \$100 a month, Jim?

- Well, that's 20 more than I get.

I know, but look...

Look at you.

Look at you. Jim, Jim.

You're a man of simple wants.

I just require a little more, that's all.

- Oh, come on, that's a lot of hogwash.

- Horses are watered, sir!

All right, Posey.

The men refill their canteens?

Well, the men did,

but I didn't notice you refilling yours.

That's right. I'm afraid I haven't.

There you go again.

Just when I think I got you

trained real good...

...you go forgetting things like now.

It's just downright

discouraging, lieutenant.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, sergeant.

It won't happen again.

Hey, Slim! Fill mine up

while you're at it, will you?

- Now, see here, civilian...

- Posey. Posey.  
Marshal McCabe's our guest.  
He's afraid of getting  
his fancy boots wet.  
And me with my feet killing...  
Well, there goes another man  
with simple wants.  
Eight beers.  
There he is,  
the blessing of the Lord.  
Clay, Pete, come here.  
William.  
William!  
- William!  
- Anna!  
Anna!  
You sure seem to be popular  
around here.  
The least you could do is tip your hat  
or take a bow, make a speech.  
Yeah, I might.  
Except it's you they're cheering.  
- Me?  
- Yep.  
You'll find him.  
- You'll find my Toby!  
- Here now, Mary. Now, Mary.  
Well, he's here.  
Does he know what he's here for?  
That's not my department, sir.  
Well, maybe we can  
make it your department.  
Yes, sir.  
- Mrs. Frazer.  
- Welcome back, Jim.  
Thank you.  
He'll find our son.  
I know he will.  
I could see a light...  
...shining around his head.  
Just like a halo.  
You mean to tell me  
you dragged me 40 miles...  
...all the way out here, for that?

I did not drag you, Marshal McCabe.  
You had reasons of your own  
for coming, remember?  
All right, Jim. All right.  
Let's just say that I got my own  
good reasons for going back.  
- Lf I could catch a few hours sleep...  
- Sleep?  
Could you sleep knowing  
what a disappointment...  
...this is going to be  
to those people?  
I'll sleep like a baby.  
- I'll be happy to prove it.  
- Now, wait. Take it easy.  
You saw how those people looked  
at you when we rode in.  
I sure did. I sure did.  
Now that you explained to me  
why they looked at me like that...  
...I can't say I'm too impressed.  
That was the same kind of a look  
the Romans gave the Christians...  
...just before they turned  
the lions loose.  
All right. But you've had dealings  
with Quanah Parker before.  
He knows you. He trusts you.  
Quanah Parker  
wouldn't trust his mother.  
Of course I've had dealings with him  
with horses and hides.  
A little gold one time.  
- Weapons?  
- Yeah, yeah, a few weapons.  
But I'll tell you this, I never once  
rode out of that camp of his...  
...without having the feeling that I'd  
left something important behind me.  
Like my scalp, for instance.  
Would money influence your decision?  
Yeah. Yeah, might.  
I'd be exceeding my authority...  
...but I'm prepared

to enrol you as a chief scout.  
The pay is that of a first lieutenant.  
- Eighty dollars a month?  
- And found.  
Well, now, major...  
Now, I'll tell you what I'll do...  
...just to show you  
my heart's in the right place.  
Now, there's 100,  
2, 3... There's \$400.  
Good Yankee currency. That'll buy you  
five chief scouts for a month.  
Now, you tell them just exactly  
what you told me:  
That all they have to do is to ride  
into Quanah Parker's camp...  
...and tell him they want all  
the white prisoners...  
...his Comanches have captured  
in the last 15, 20 years.  
You get any takers, you can pay it  
out of that 400.  
No, go on, take it.  
I'll be riding out here in a month or so.  
I'll pick up what's left.  
Mr. Gary, perhaps Marshal McCabe  
can share your quarters...  
...until he's rested sufficiently to return  
to his more lucrative duties in Tascosa.  
- Fine.  
- Yes, sir.  
I know Madam Aragon  
will be glad to see him back.  
- Won't she, Guth?  
- Hell, now, Jim...  
- Just what is your price, McCabe?  
- Lf you'd call him Guth, he'll shave...  
I don't know what this private joke's  
about, but it's gone far enough.  
Just how much do you think  
human lives are worth, McCabe?  
Whatever the market will bear.  
No more, no less.  
I've told you what I could pay.

That's all I can do.

Well, I believe you, major.

I believe you.

- So I'll take it.

- Sit down.

- Well, I'd prefer, sir...

- Sit down!

You understand,

this is just a matter of principal.

I'll make up the balance

from that bunch of sooners out there.

What balance?

- I figure it's worth about \$500.

- What?

Five hundred dollars a head

for each captive I bring in.

If this is another joke,

I want to tell you...

...I regard it in extremely bad taste.

And you can consider that

my lowest offer.

- And you, sir, can go to the devil.

- All right.

Suit yourself.

Suit yourself, but just remember this:

Now, you can't send a troop

into Comanche territory...

...without breaking the peace treaty.

One false move, and you have

another Indian war on your hand.

- Wouldn't look good on your record.

- Never mind my record.

They'd bust you, major.

They'd bust you, and you know it.

In the meantime, you got congressmen

breathing down your neck...

...to do something about

those constituents there.

Now, what you need is a civilian to pull

the Army's chestnuts out of the fire...

...and you want me to work

for Army pay. Oh, no.

Those sodbusters out there

haven't \$500 between them.

They've begged, borrowed, and  
sold everything to get this far.  
That's my problem,  
that's not your problem. My problem.  
Now, you just give me three hours  
out there in that camp...  
...and if there's any hard cash...  
- He'll smell it out.  
That's correct.  
That's... I'll smell it out.  
Now, are you gonna make  
the decision for them, major...  
...or are you gonna let them make up  
their own minds like they should?  
I don't know how the word got out  
that I'd sent for you...  
...but somehow it did.  
And they've been  
expecting a messiah...  
...a Moses come to deliver  
their children from bondage.  
And I've got to send them you.  
Get him out of here.  
And leave the door open  
to let in a little fresh air.  
A pleasure to do business  
with you, major.  
Pleasure.  
They burned up the whole place.  
The boy, they kill.  
We find him the next day.  
But the little girl, she was just gone.  
- How old was she?  
- Freda?  
Freda was 9 year old.  
- That would make her 16 now.  
- Yeah.  
Yeah. The fourth of August, 16.  
Go home, Mr. Knudsen.  
Go home.  
Give it up.  
Go on back to Minnesota,  
forget you ever had a daughter.  
Forget? Forget 1...?

The Comanche...  
The Comanches mate  
their women early.  
If your daughter's still alive...  
...she's probably got a couple  
half-breed kids by now.  
Oh, come on, McCabe,  
that's a hell of a thing to say.  
That don't makes no matter to me.  
No, by golly.  
She's still my little girl Freda.  
I don't go back without her.  
Please, mister, listen to me.  
For seven years we wait...  
...Mama and me. Wait for the Army.  
The Army to beat them,  
them dirty devils.  
So we can come back  
here again for Freda.  
Seven long years we work and save.  
I got \$285, mister, for my Freda.  
All right,  
take the description, Mr. Wringle.  
All right, Ole.  
What colour was Freda's eyes?  
Eyes was blue.  
Colour of her hair?  
Hair was yellow.  
Yellow like corn silk.  
Yellow like gold, it was.  
Yeah, just like gold, \$285 worth.  
You don't need me for this.  
Form your square!  
Ready your partner!  
Now corners off.  
Of all the stupid...  
Wait, you're breaking everything.  
I give up! I give up!  
Well, now, that's more like it,  
Miss Marty.  
Back home, I usually come a-calling  
for my gal at the front door.  
May I have the honour  
of the first dance?



I'm claiming the first dance, Ortho.  
Now, fair play, Greely.  
I get to get the first dance,  
Miss Marty.  
You do?  
Come on, honey,  
I'll help you down.  
Good evening, miss.  
Well, boys, looks like  
an early winter.  
- You all right?  
- Of course she's all right.  
Just having us some fun is all.  
You said, "Good evening,"  
now you can say good night.  
- Greely Clegg!  
- Well, he knows the rules.  
Ain't no soldiers allowed  
in this camp after sundown.  
- Sorry, but I'm afraid I'm here on duty.  
- You ought to be ashamed.  
After the lieutenant brought  
Mr. McCabe here to help us.  
We ain't asking for no help...  
...McCabe's nor the Army's.  
Just to be let do  
the thing we come here to do.  
But no. Mustn't rile the Comanches.  
Sit tight, they say.  
While you Yankee blue-bellies...  
...go parading up and down  
as big as you please...  
...we're sitting here waiting  
for you to find one man.  
One man, mind you.  
And he's supposed to do  
what all us put together couldn't do.  
Good evening, miss.  
How much is he  
paying you, Yankee...  
...out of what he's claiming  
to ransom our kinfolk?  
There's only one way I'd like  
to answer that question...

...but I'd have to be  
out of uniform and off duty.  
Right now, I'm neither.  
By the way...  
...if you'd like to repeat that question,  
be at the post armoury at 4 tomorrow.  
- I'll be there.  
- And I'll be off duty.  
Of all the contemptible,  
mean-minded...  
...ungrateful men I've ever met.  
There you be, Greely.  
You know, that fits you to a T.  
Reckon now that means I get  
the first dance, huh, Miss Marty?  
Go wash your faces.  
And your mouths too. Go on, scoot!  
Now, Martha...  
...stop torturing yourself.  
Why don't you let me have that?  
Let me give it away.  
Or better yet, destroy it.  
What did Mr. McCabe say?  
Nothing much. Mostly, he listened.  
I thought you'd be at the dance.  
I'll tell you what.  
You put on that pretty pink dress  
of yours...  
...and we'll go to the dance together.  
It'd be good for you  
to have some fun...  
...mix more with the young people.  
I'd rather not, Father.  
Well, I think I'll turn in.  
- Good night, dear.  
- Good night, Father.  
I won't have those people exploited...  
...milked of every last dollar  
to line McCabe's pockets.  
He'll get chief scout's pay  
and not one cent more.  
- I thought you agreed to...  
- I agreed to nothing.  
The man's a scoundrel.

I'll use him and kick him out.  
Mr. Gary, I'm placing you  
on detached duty.  
You'll take those settlers  
as far as Oak Creek...  
...the limit of our patrol area.  
- Sergeant Posey will accompany you.  
- Yes, sir.  
Posey will remain with orders  
to bring them back here...  
...if you don't return in three days.  
- Is that clear?  
- Well, no. Not entirely.  
Return from where?  
I'm ordering you to volunteer  
to go with McCabe...  
...and meet with Quannah Parker.  
Well, what about the treaty?  
The department's orders?  
They can scarcely apply  
to a deserter out of uniform.  
If you don't return, mister, that's  
exactly what will show on your record.  
If I don't return, it won't make much  
difference what shows on my record.  
When am I ordered to desert, sir?  
I don't know  
what you're talking about.  
Get out of here.  
Thank you, sir.  
Good evening, Jim.  
Where are you going?  
To desert.  
Hey, isn't that pretty heavy?  
Better let me help you.  
Oh, it's not too heavy.  
Looks heavy enough from here.  
There.  
That's our wagon over there.  
All right.  
Oh, say...  
...you picked a good spot too.  
Out of the wind.  
Far enough from the crick so you

won't get too many mosquitoes.  
Near a dead tree  
that'll keep you in firewood.  
You're an old trail hand.  
Well, maybe not too old.  
Have you been in the Army  
very long, sir?  
The name's Jim. Jim Gary.  
Yeah, about nine years.  
What's the matter?  
It was just nine years ago  
that my brother was captured.  
Oh, I was up north then.  
- Montana territory. I just got out...  
- It was my fault, you know.  
- What do you mean?  
- I was supposed to look after him.  
When the Indians came, I ran and hid.  
He was only 8 years old.  
How old were you?  
Thirteen, I think.  
Yes.  
Where was your father  
and the others?  
Hadn't been any Indians within 50  
miles. He'd gone to visit a neighbour.  
They weren't even touched.  
It was a small raiding party, I guess.  
I was still hiding  
when Father came home...  
...too frightened to come out...  
...after I knew the Comanches  
had ridden away.  
Well, it...  
It sounds to me, Miss...?  
Marty.  
Sounds to me, Miss Marty...  
...like there wasn't anything  
you could have done anyway.  
Except get captured yourself.  
I have a picture of him.  
Do you think you could get Mr. McCabe  
to look at it before he goes?  
I'll make sure he does.

I'll get it.  
Real Pennsylvania rye.  
If you don't say  
that's good whiskey...  
...my name isn't Wringle,  
Henry J. Wringle.  
That's Henry J. All right.  
Yes, sir.  
- Now, what about this boy of yours?  
- No, no, no.  
Not my boy, my wife's.  
By her first husband.  
See, I promised her I'd do everything  
I could to find that boy of hers.  
In fact, I... I had to give her my word  
on it before she'd marry me.  
Well, that seems natural enough.  
Oh, yes, yes, it's natural.  
But it certainly isn't practical.  
Not when you've got a business to run.  
Now, this journey.  
Why, this thing could  
go on for months.  
All these people setting  
these camps up every night...  
...eight, nine miles... No.  
I just haven't got  
that kind of time to waste.  
Well, maybe you'll be lucky.  
McCabe...  
...I've always been a man  
that made his own luck.  
And if I'm any judge of character...  
...so have you.  
You know, my wife hasn't seen  
that boy of hers since he was 2.  
Be 17 now.  
McCabe...  
...I will guarantee that you  
could bring in any boy that age...  
...tell my wife that it was her son...  
...she'd accept him without question.  
And then you could get back  
to your business.

Then I could get back  
to my business.

I'd be willing to give 1000...

- Five hundred dollars for...

- You said 1000.

All right, I'll make it 1000.

And, McCabe, any boy would do,  
you know?

Well, he'd have a good home,  
get an education.

- What's wrong with that?

- Not a thing.

Not a thing, Mr. Wriggle.

Maybe in time, he'd grow up  
to be a man like you.

- You bet your life.

- All right.

- It's a deal.

- It's a deal.

- Fine, thanks a lot.

- I'll take the keg, to bind it, huh?

All right, you can go...

- Hello, lieutenant.

- Interrupting something?

Oh, no, no, no. I was just wishing  
Mr. McCabe good luck.

- Good luck, McCabe.

- Yes, sir.

Yes, sir, Mr. Wriggle.

Yes, sir.

That was Mr. Wriggle.

- Happy fella, isn't he?

- Mr. Wriggle.

You know, that's the trouble  
with the world today.

There are too many Wringles.

Why, they're just all Wringles  
all over the place.

There are too many Wringles in the  
bed, there are Wringles in your shirts...

...there are Wringles in your face.

There are too many Wringles.

You better give me this keg.

You've had enough.

We're pulling out of here  
in the morning, you know.

- We?

- We.

What, was this Frazer's idea  
or was it your idea?

Major Frazer. Direct orders.

- Doesn't he trust me?

- Who does?

Does he think

I ought to have a chaperone?

- Probably. You need one.

- I need one?

I got enough trouble trying  
to keep my own scalp...

...without having to try  
and look after your scalp.

Look, you don't have  
to worry about me.

I can take care of myself.

There's no point in arguing.

There's no point in arguing.

I'm going with you.

- You've seen very few Indians...

- Now, wait a minute.

- When were you planning to pull out?

- I was planning to pull out at sunup.

All right, change your plans  
and pull out a little before.

I don't want people  
to know I've gone with you.

Yes, sir!

- Yes, sir! Lieutenant, yes, sir!

- Oh, cut it out!

- Is there any other orders?

- Stop acting like a fool.

Is there any other orders?

If there are no further orders...

- Knock it off, will you!

- Is it all right if my friend and I go out?

And I go someplace  
where it's quiet...

...and drink to all  
the Wringles in the world?

Look, cut it out, Guthrie.

We've been friends too long.

Whatever gave you that idea?

- Hiya, Posey.

- Evening, sir.

- Did you have a good supper?

- Oh, yeah, fine. You seen McCabe?

Oh, him. He's over at

the old Hickman place with a keg.

That figures.

There's some coffee over there

if you'd like to join Dad.

- Well, thank you, ma'am.

- I'll see you.

- Well...

- Oh, no, no, no.

Now, if you two want to stroll down

lover's lane holding hands...

...you can do it someplace else,

because this is my room.

I'm sorry,

we didn't mean to startle you.

Well, the least you could've done is

knock, because this is my room.

Now, wait a minute. She wanted to ask

you something special before you left.

- Is that so?

- Yeah, that's so.

This picture.

It's my brother,

the one we're looking for.

Of course, he was very young there,

but it's all I have...

...and I thought it might help you.

How long has it been

since that picture was taken?

At least 12 years.

I think he'd be about 17 now.

About 17?

About 17.

You... You give me a picture of

a curly headed 5-year-old kid...

...with velvet knee-britches...

...and you think it'll help, huh?



Would you like me to tell you  
what this little angel looks like now?

- Come on, Guthrie, cut it out.

- No, no, no. Let her know.

It's about time somebody  
in this camp knows.

Here. Here. Now, let me...

Let me tell you something.

Do you...?

That kid has braids

down to here now.

Stiff, stinking braids...

...filled with buffalo grease.

And he's got a scar there,  
right in his shoulder...

...where they stuck the pins  
right in through his flesh.

Then took some rawhide ropes  
and hung him up like that...

...so he'd sort of dangle like that  
until the kid tore himself...

...off these pins

just to prove he's a man.

He forgot his English.

He just grunts Comanche now.

Just grunts.

And he's killed.

And he's taken scalps,  
white man's scalps.

And given the chance,  
sister, he'd rape you.

- I told you to cut it out!

- Now you... You hush.

- I'm not gonna hush. Just shut up!

- I'm talking to the lady. You hush.

When he's finished, he'd trade you off  
to one of the other bucks...

...for a good knife or a bad rifle.

Now, is that what you want me  
to bring back to you, huh?

Is that what you want?

Why, you no...

Why didn't you knock her down and  
kick her teeth in while you were at it?

How about a snort before you go?

Hey, Jim.

Jim!

- Jim!

- Marty. Marty, listen.

That was the whiskey talking,  
not McCabe.

So forget it, please.

Put it right out of your mind.

No, it wasn't the whiskey.

It was the truth.

I'm a fool for...

For crying over someone who  
died nine years ago.

But I can't help it.

You leave her be.

Go on back to camp, Miss Marty.

I'll go and come when I please,

Mr. Clegg, and with whom I please.

Well, then you'll oblige me  
by stepping aside.

Now, Yank...

...I know this ain't  
what you call your armoury...

...and you got on your soldier suit  
and all that...

...but I don't reckon hugging my gal  
comes under the heading of duty.

I'm not your girl,

never have been nor will be.

Well, that remains to be solved.

Now, why don't you and me  
just step out here a piece...

...and we'll get this thing started.

Get away, you stupid idiot.

- He shoved you, Greely.

- I know he shoved me.

I know he done it. I seen it.

- You fellas gonna fight?

- Yes, Mr. McCabe.

Let me hold your coat.

- Here, give me your coat.

- Much obliged.

What are we looking for?

Looking for a chip  
for him to knock off my shoulder.

Well, here, try him.

Thank you.

- Hey, hey. I'll hold that.

- Thank you.

- Fight fair, Jim. Fight fair.

- McCabe, you keep quiet!

I'm telling you, just shut up!

That's all.

I dare you to knock that piece  
of firewood off my shoulder.

Go on, Jim, knock that piece  
of firewood off his shoulder.

- I'm handling this.

- You stop this and go on home!

Marty, you stay over there.

Everything is going...

- Knock that piece of firewood off!

- Stay out of this!

Why don't you two knotheads go on  
back to camp...

...and wash up or something.

Come on, help me, Ortho! Get up!

Jim, you just ain't half trying.

Hey, Greely, I've got him!

I've got the scissors hold on him.

Ortho, it's me. You dumbbell!

Mr. McCabe! They're killing him!

- It's two against one.

- Two?

I thought there were four of them.

My leg!

- You dumbbell.

- Ma'am.

You're... You're obstructing my view.

Come on, Jim.

You're going great, Jim.

Foul. Jim.

Foul.

Sergeant Posey! Daddy!

They're killing Mr. Gary.

Choke him, Ortho! Choke him  
till his eyeballs pop out.

Hey, that's my brother  
you just poked.  
I can't swim.  
Come on, Greely.  
Oh, you don't have to do that.  
Really, it's nothing.  
This hand is cut.  
I've got to put ointment on it.  
It's just a scratch.  
Sir, it'd give me pleasure  
to take those two tackies...  
Forget it.  
They've never been anything  
but trouble since we started out.  
Come on, Posey.  
- What is it?  
- Could be Comanche!  
What is it?  
Godless Comanches.  
- I killed one.  
- All right.  
Mrs. McCandless!  
Toby!  
Mr. McCandless, that's your wife!  
- Hey, wait a minute.  
- Toby! It's my little boy!  
That was the wind you heard,  
that's all. Now, come on.  
Come, baby! Come, Toby!  
Toby, come to Mama!  
- My baby!  
- Relax.  
Toby.  
It was my baby. Oh, Marty, help me.  
Help me. It's my little boy,  
he's across the river. He needs me.  
The Indians will get him!  
He needs me! The Indians!  
Clegg, if you and those two idiot sons  
of yours cause any more trouble...  
...I'm gonna have you  
slapped in irons!  
Hiya, Guth!  
Pull up a chair,

have yourself some breakfast.  
Had mine about an hour ago.  
Little morning coffee?  
There's one thing  
we ought to get straight, though.  
From now on, we take turns  
doing the cooking.  
Oh, yeah.  
Yeah, and there's one thing more  
we ought to get straight.  
From now on, we ride together.  
Is that clear?  
Well, it's your scalp.  
Your scalp.  
You're crazy fool enough to risk it  
for \$80 a month, that's your luck, huh.  
But don't buck me, Jim.  
Don't buck me. Don't interfere.  
I'll do the talking,  
I'll do the trading, not you.  
Well, you sure do plenty of talking.  
That's right.  
Well, you make lousy coffee,  
I'll tell you that for sure.  
You...?  
You talk good Comanche, huh?  
I do all right, don't worry.  
Well, you better start talking.  
Remember now, I'll do the talking.  
Quanah Parker.  
You know me.  
Quanah.  
Quanah, this is my partner here.  
This is Jim Gary.  
He's from up north, Montana way.  
He's good friend.  
Brain, big brain.  
Lie.  
Soldier. I see him before.  
Well, you got a good memory.  
Yeah, I was with Major Frazer last year  
when you signed the peace treaty.  
Now you break treaty.  
You come here.

No, no. No, I'm not in uniform.  
You see, my coming here  
has nothing to do with the Army.  
We're here to trade.

- Yeah.

- Show him, McCabe.

You're still giving the orders?

Quanah, I'd like to talk  
a little business with you.

We've got two pack horses here,  
first-class, pretty merchandise.

- Oh, you.

- Oh, you.

Give me the white men.

I give the orders, not you.

We'll see who gives the orders.

Take them to a lodge.

You would have to come along.

Why didn't you tell me you'd met  
Quanah Parker before?

There must have been

50 other officers at that parley.

He never even looked in my direction.

- Not much.

- No, he didn't.

Hey, who was the skinhead out there,  
the troublemaker?

Stone Calf.

He's head of the Buffalo Shields.

They're some kind of a  
warrior society.

Just for your information,  
he claimed our scalps...

...for crossing the treaty lines.

Put your trust in the Lord,  
young man.

- That's what I did.

- Who are you?

Now? Nakotah's woman.

My real name is Hannah.

Hannah Clegg.

I had a husband once.

And two sons.

Greely and Ortho.

Yes!

Do you know? You know my boys?

We... We sure do.

They're... They're fine boys.

Both of them.

They're full-grown men now.

They've come back

with their father to look for you.

Oh, no.

No. They must never do that.

- Why?

- They must never find me. Never.

You'd rather be listed as dead?

I am dead.

Ma'am, are there any other

white prisoners in camp?

Running Wolf.

And the girl, Wah-kay-nah.

She has two young'uns.

No others?

Mostly dead.

Some sold off in Mexico.

- Oh, I gotta go now. I gotta go.

- Mrs. Clegg.

I'm sorry.

Stone Calf's woman.

Stone Calf's woman, she's white.

But don't tell them about me.

No, please, don't tell them.

Well, I see you've been taking a look  
at our merchandise.

It is many years since I trade  
for glass beads and red flannel.

What do you want for these, McCabe?

Well, just before we start the trading...

...I'd like you to know that I don't enjoy  
being treated like a prisoner.

I came here of my own free will,  
and I want your promise...

...that we can leave the same way,  
all in one piece.

Now, of course, if Stone Calf's  
the new head man around here...

...maybe I ought to be talking to him.

Stone Calf.

He still says words over buffalo shield  
to turn away bullets.

But we know different, don't we?

All right.

Now that brings up  
an interesting question.

I understand he has a white wife.

Is that right?

One of the captives?

As a matter of fact, Quanah, this...

That's the reason we're here.

We want to buy back some captives.

We want to buy back a boy  
named Running Wolf.

Want a girl named...

What was the name of that girl?

- Wah-kay-nah.

- Wah-kay-nah.

We also want to buy back  
Stone Calf's woman.

Handles real nice, doesn't it?

I imagine a repeater like that  
would come in mighty handy...

...if you ever had to have a showdown  
with a troublemaker like Stone Calf.

You think it over.

Think it over, Quanah.

Take your time.

That's Stone Calf, huh?

Big medicine.

Why am I taken?

I send you back to your people.

No, I am a Comanche!

No, I'm no white man.

- Is he white?

- Boy is white.

Wah-kay-nah.

What's your name?

Is it...? Is it Freda?

Freda?

Can you speak English?

Freda.

Don't you remember? Fre...



- Freda Knudsen.

- Freda Knudsen.

Sixteen the fourth of August.

I've had enough of this.

Let's forget it.

Yeah, the time to forget it

was before we started.

I'm gonna take that kid

back to Henry J. Wringle.

All right, squeeze what you can

out of Henry J. Wringle, but she stays.

- Wait!

- All right.

- You make trade for one more.

- No, no, Quannah.

Looks like you're gonna have

to handle Stone Calf yourself.

Now, that shouldn't be too hard.

- Six more rifles.

- All right, six more rifles. Come on.

Come on!

You made trade with me, McCabe.

- I keep the rifles.

- All right.

All right, I'll stick to my end

of the bargain.

- You trust me, don't you, Quannah?

- No.

Well, who are you?

I am Stone Calf's woman.

Well, that's no white woman.

She's a squaw.

No, wait a minute. Wait a minute.

No, wait a minute.

That's no Comanche.

How do they call you, senorita?

- Elena.

- Elena, huh?

Elena. Well, that'll do for now.

Stone Calf know about this?

No. But he will find out.

And when he does,

he will follow, senior.

Of that you may be sure.

If you are wise,  
you will send me back.  
You mean, you want to go back?  
It does not matter.  
For five years, I have been  
Stone Calf's woman.  
His squaw.  
I'm not worth fighting for.  
All right, come on. Come on.  
Let's get out of here.  
Well, are you coming or aren't you?  
Stone Calf will never let me go.  
He will kill you both!  
Yeah, I know. All right now, you can  
stay here or you can come with us.  
It makes no difference to us.  
Come on.  
All right, hold it.  
Well, this looks like  
as good a place as any.  
We'll stop here.  
Senorita, how about you rustling up  
some firewood?  
I could do with a pot of coffee.  
You're not gonna build a fire.  
Why don't you send up  
smoke signals while you're at it?  
I can't spell.  
Let me set you straight.  
While there's daylight, we travel.  
- All right, you go ahead.  
- What are you gonna do?  
Sit here and wait for him  
to catch up with you?  
Yeah, something like that.  
Unless you've got some better ideas.  
What, with all that  
West Point training of yours...  
...maybe you think  
we ought to surround him.  
Oh, come on, use your head.  
Killing Stone Calf or him killing us  
could set off another Comanche war.  
All right, if I get killed I kind of hope

maybe they will set off another war.  
I'm not gonna argue, McCabe.  
I'm giving an order!  
Well, I've taken just about  
all the orders I can stand.  
- You don't bluff me with that!  
- Now, wait a minute.  
Just a minute, Jim.  
Just a minute.  
Now, you think back.  
Now, I haven't drawn on  
very many men...  
...but when I did I wasn't bluffing,  
and I'm not bluffing now.  
Now, don't you make me prove it.  
I'm giving you fair warning, McCabe.  
I'll jump you the first chance I get.  
You're just bull-headed enough  
to do it, aren't you?  
Aren't you?  
All right, Jim, you want to go on ahead,  
I want to stay here. We'll split up.  
- You take young Wringle with you.  
- What about her?  
Hey, senorita, come here.  
Now, he's going on ahead,  
I'm gonna stay here.  
What do you wanna do?  
- I stay with you.  
- There you are.  
Now, remember, McCabe...  
...don't expect any help.  
When I leave here, I'm gone.  
- And I won't be back.  
- Good riddance. Come on.  
Keep an eye on junior, Jim!  
You know he's worth  
1000 bucks to me!  
Go on. Go on.  
Get the fire ready. Go on.  
William.  
That's him.  
Good morning, sir.  
I believe this is what you wanted.

Posey.

Yes, sir.

Toby! Toby!

All right, now that's enough.

Keep going.

All right, file by and take a look  
if you want to, but keep going.

One boy's not gonna satisfy  
those people. What can I tell them?

How can I convince them  
there's no hope for the others?

- It happens to be the truth, sir.

- It's not the truth.

Not when you admit

talking to Mrs...

What's her name? The wife of that  
bible-thumper, Mrs. Clegg.

- You disobeyed orders, Mr. Gary.

- Yes, sir.

And you stood by while McCabe  
traded weapons with Quanah Parker.

Yes, sir.

Now you're willing to condone  
a further deception...

...by passing off Running Wolf  
as the Wringle boy...

...when there's not  
a particle of proof he is.

- He fits the description.

- Well, he fits a half-dozen descriptions.

No, sir.

Not going to be a party to any fraud.

Let McCabe whistle  
for his blood money.

For all we know,  
he'll never come back anyway.

Sir, I promised.

He earned the money, even if  
he never gets a chance to spend it.

I see no reason to honour  
a promise to a dead man...

...when it entails  
a cruel lie to the living.

I'll handle this in my way, mister.

Yes, sir.

Jim, I know you did  
what you thought best.

By trying to spare people pain  
you can sometimes cause more.

This was a job for a hard man.

That's why I picked McCabe.

I thought he might be able to teach you  
something I've never been able to.

Well, what's that, sir?

That only God  
has the right to play God.

- What? Why, you dirty, rotten gut...

- Come on. Come on now, that's enough.

- Comanche... Get off of me!

- Move him out.

- Come on.

- What kind of an army you got here?

I'm a decent taxpayer,  
and no dirty, rotten...

He was an officer  
in the American Army.

Lieutenant Thompson.

We met at this baile, this dance...  
Veracruz?

My father had been transferred there  
from the presidio at San Fernando.

We...

We danced.

We laughed.

- And you fell in love.

- Si, we became engaged.

And so, on my 17th birthday,  
we began the journey.

My father, an escort of dragoons  
from his regiment...

...my duena.

Well, do you have no mother?

No.

She died when I was very young.

Two days after we had crossed  
the Rio Bravo...

...the Comanches...

Did you hear something?

No. No.  
No, I didn't hear anything.  
Say, why don't you come over here  
and sit down?  
Over here.  
Sit over here.  
No, no. Look, over here.  
There, that's better.  
It's a little more companionable  
like that.  
Being a dark night and all that.  
You don't mind if I put my arm  
around you, do you?  
Now...  
Now, go on with your story now.  
What were you saying?  
The Comanches attacked?  
Shut up!  
Go on, the horses.  
Now, I want to...  
I assume that you've  
all had an opportunity...  
...to look at this captive boy  
Lieutenant Gary brought in.  
And I want to say to all of you  
that we haven't the slightest inkling...  
...as to this boy's identity.  
That's my boy. That's my Toby.  
Or where, or how,  
or even when he was captured.  
Certainly must've been very young.  
He neither speaks nor understands  
a word of English.  
Major, may I have a word, please?  
Do you think it possible...  
...that an older boy, say 7 or 8, could  
forget his English so completely?  
Well, I wouldn't say it was likely,  
Mr. Purcell, but certainly possible.  
Hearing nothing  
but Comanche for 10 years.  
Living like one.  
Getting to think like one.  
Yes, I've known cases.

- Please, Mr...  
- Stand him up.  
- Get up there, Injun!  
- Watch it! Watch it!

Well, anyone here  
want to claim him?  
Oh, no. Not me.  
You couldn't pay me  
to take in a mad dog like that.  
I say we've come  
on a fool's errand, all of us.  
Let the dead past bury its dead.  
Let's go back home where we belong.  
You sure you didn't see my Freda?  
She was 9 year old.  
Blue eyes, gold hair...

No. No, Mr. Knudsen,  
I told you, I didn't see her.  
I say we should go back home  
where we belong.  
I agree with Mr. Wringle.  
I've thought so  
for a long time, Marty.  
If this unfortunate boy is an example  
of what we can expect...  
...then I say we're too late.  
Major, give him his freedom.  
Send him back  
to the only life he knows.  
Why, no.  
Why, no, you can't send him back.  
That's my boy.  
Why, Marty,  
you know that's my Toby.  
William, tell them that's our Toby.  
Oh, William, don't let them  
send him away!

- Don't let them send him away!  
- Relax now. They won't send him away.  
- Toby!  
- Mrs. McCandless, please.  
- Marty, that's my Toby!  
- Easy, lad.  
I'll take the boy, sir,

since no one else wants him.  
Do you really think he might be  
your son, McCandless?  
Between the two of us, no, sir.  
But if you ask me again  
I'll swear on the Bible he is.  
Major, my Mary ain't ever gonna  
know what's real and what ain't.  
But if I can give her  
comfort in a lie...  
...I'm sure God won't kick me  
out of heaven for it.  
So with your consent, sir...  
...I'll take our Toby  
and do the best I can for him.  
Well, you're taking on  
a serious responsibility...  
...and a dangerous one.  
But he's yours.  
Good luck to you.  
Mrs. Frazer, ma'am!  
Mrs. Frazer, on the double, please!  
You, you're supposed to be dead.  
I'm sorry, Slim. I didn't quite make it.  
Come on. Come on.  
Mrs. Frazer.  
Marshal McCabe,  
we thought you...  
Yes, yes, I already heard about that.  
I wonder, ma'am,  
if you'd take care of her.  
Her name's Elena.  
Elena de la Madriaga.  
You're very welcome, my dear.  
Thank you, ma'am.  
You are not going to leave?  
No, I wouldn't...  
No, I'm not gonna leave.  
You go on there.  
Come on, marshal,  
this will be a pleasure.  
Evening, ma'am.  
Evening.  
How are you?



Hi, Reverend.  
Ortho. Greely.  
What's the matter with them?  
Well, I'll be damned.  
Hi, Jim.  
Should've stuck around.  
Missed the excitement.  
- Yeah, I must've.  
- Yeah.  
Hey. Hey, wait a minute. Wait.  
Hold on. Now this kid's supposed  
to belong to Henry J. Wringle.  
- Oh, and just who says so?  
- I do.  
I wouldn't take him  
if you'd pay me 1000 dollars.  
Now, wait a minute, Henry.  
You and me made a deal...  
- I don't know what you're talking about.  
- You don't know what I'm talking about?  
Maybe the major  
wants to know what...  
The major would, McCabe,  
but the matter's been settled.  
The boy's been identified  
and claimed by the McCandlesses.  
- Well, I'll just straighten you up.  
- This is my boy.  
Oh, thank you. Thank you.  
Wait a minute, what...?  
Jim, I told you that Henry J. Wringle  
was supposed to get that kid.  
Yeah, well, you heard Henry J.  
He wouldn't take him as a gift.  
- The matter's been settled, McCabe.  
- Oh, you keep out of it.  
You can't address me  
in those terms, sir.  
What do you mean I can't?  
Just because you got that Yankee  
soldier suit on, don't... Don't try and...  
- You got no authority over me!  
- That's where you're mistaken.  
You're still on the Army payroll.

At \$80 a month, Guth, remember?

- All right, I quit, I resign. I quit.

- No, you don't. No, you don't.

- Sure. Why...?

- Mr. Gary...

...put him under house arrest,

till we can talk this over.

Yes, sir.

Hey, now, wait a...

Now, you listen to me...

No, you listen to me for a change.

Now, you coming along peaceably,

or do I have to get rough?

Jim!

You see, McCabe,

I don't bluff easy either.

Now, don't make me prove it.

- I've heard of the old Army...

- Sergeant.

- Yes, sir.

- Remove the body.

- Marshal, this time I'll buy the beer.

- Jim!

Jim, don't... You gonna let them

take me to jail?

Evening, Marty.

Looks like you're about ready.

When do you expect to pull out?

Sunup.

So much left to pack, I don't know

where we're gonna put it all.

Well...

I haven't seen one of these things

in years.

It was my brother's.

He wouldn't go to sleep without it.

In a way, I guess, it's become

the voice of my conscience.

He meant so much to my father.

Everything was Steve.

Talk of him going to college and

becoming a lawyer too.

I was jealous of him,

I know that now.

I used to pray to be  
changed into a boy.  
Times I still do.  
Climb trees, throw rocks, go fishing.  
Is that why you wear these clothes?  
Won't go to dances?  
Maybe.  
There's a dance tonight at the post.  
Bachelor officer's hop.  
I'm a bachelor, you know?  
Another thing  
you ought to know is that...  
How did you know?  
Well, I...  
I asked.  
Come here.  
Now, another thing you ought  
to know about... Oh, excuse me.  
Another thing you ought to know  
about me is I like the Army.  
I just wouldn't be happy  
anywhere else.  
Oh, I know the pay isn't much.  
Won't buy diamond earrings...  
...and fancy dresses, stuff like that.  
And it can be a lonely life  
for a woman.  
But it can be a good life too.  
Are you proposing to me,  
Lieutenant Gary?  
No! No, I was just asking you to go  
to the dance with me tonight.  
And as far as proposing,  
I was gonna get around to that later.  
I'll call for you at 8, Marty.  
I haven't said I accept!  
I didn't promise you a thing,  
Jim Gary!  
Come in.  
The prisoner,  
present and accounted for.  
Good evening.  
Care for a glass of sherry?  
- No, sir, I might take...

- That'll be all, sergeant.

Yes, sir.

No, I would not care  
for a glass of sherry.

I would care for a glass of whiskey,  
a tall glass of whiskey.

I've never liked you, Mr. McCabe.

Well, now you surprise me.

However, I will concede...

...that you have done me  
and the Army a great service.

We can come to terms  
with Quanah Parker...

...but there was no reasoning  
with hotheads like Stone Calf.

His death was most timely.

Well, to your prompt return  
to Tascosa.

What's that mean?

I'm not under arrest?

Here are your discharge papers,  
Mr. McCabe.

With some reluctance, I have  
granted you an honourable discharge...

...and \$40 for your services.

- Well, you said it was \$80 a month.

- Two weeks makes 40.

I shelled out more than that  
for the trade goods.

Yes, and for rifles.

Too bad. Looks like you made  
a bad investment.

Well, here.

- What was that for, sir?

- That's for the drink.

Oh, you don't even store  
honest whiskey.

Guthrie.

- She wants to speak...

- Guthrie?

- Will you go in, please?

- Yeah, that's my name.

Why does she want to speak to him?

Oh, of all the stupid,

tactless people I've ever...

- Well, I still want to know...

- Oh, shut up!

Guthrie?

What is it now?

These people.

They smile at me and show their teeth,  
but it's the eyes that bite.

I have not seen the back  
of anyone's head since I came here.

Their eyes are all on my body  
like dirty fingers.

As if they would turn their backs,  
I would leap upon them...

...and my touch would have  
to be washed off like filth.

You should not have brought me here.

I do not belong with these people.

Running Wolf was brought in here  
tied to a hand-led horse.

You weren't, you know.

But how could I know  
I would come back to this?

For five years with the Comanches,  
my eyes never saw a tear.

Now they see the silent questions.

How many braves has she known?  
How many mestizo children  
carry her blood in their veins?

Now, why didn't I kill myself?  
I took a Comanche!

Well, that's great. That's...

That's great. You wanna go back, spend  
the rest of your life as a Comanche?

Hide behind that old war paint,  
dead before you're 30.

I don't understand it.

With all the Comanche  
that's rubbed off on you, I don't know...

Why didn't you soak up  
a little backbone...

...so you could stand up and fight?

- Why didn't you do that?

- Fight?

- Now, listen, you listen to me.

- How can I fight?

Now, nobody wants their past  
tattooed across their forehead.  
But you're gonna take those years  
to the grave with you.  
Sooner you learn to live  
with them, the better.

Now, can't you understand that?

You... You know, I prayed and prayed  
that someone would come and help me.

And you. You...

- Oh, now cut that out.

- I don't know how to show my gratitude.

You hush. You hush.

Now, well... Stand up. Stand up.

That darn thing. I...

Now, just don't interrupt me.

I'm... I'm thinking.

Now, these people  
are giving a dance tonight.

Dance?

And you and me are gonna attend  
that hoedown.

We're gonna, but...

You're gonna have  
to get yourself fixed up.

You gotta get a comb.

And you have to have a dress.

Now, where am I gonna get a dress?

Jim Gary.

Jim Gary. He's engaged  
to that little girl down at the settlers'.  
He doesn't know it yet,  
but he's engaged.

She might have a dress.

She's about the same size.

You turn around.

Well, never mind.

Never mind. She might have a dress.

And you've got to do something  
about these.

Either put them back,  
or put them up like...

Well, now, you get yourself fixed up,  
I'll get the dress.  
So you are leaving...  
When did you say you were leaving?  
Sunup.  
Independence,  
that's a mighty long way.  
Yes, it is.  
I...  
I've been thinking, I get a furlough  
in about three months...  
...do you think maybe I could come  
and visit you?  
Lieutenant Gary,  
are you proposing now?  
Yeah, I...  
I guess I am.  
Well, aren't you...?  
Don't you...?  
Yeah.  
Mama's gonna untie you.  
I'm not going to leave you  
tied up like that.  
Braid.  
Mama's gonna cut that off  
so you'll be my darling little white boy.  
Toby!  
- Good evening.  
- Evening, sir.  
Come on, senorita.  
Let's go in and knock them dead.  
- Well, good evening.  
- Hello, Jim.  
Looking fit.  
Come on over here  
and say hello to the major.  
Major, you know  
Senorita de la Madriaga.  
- Major Frazer.  
- Glad you could come.  
- And Mrs. Frazer.  
- Very beautiful. Won't you sit down?  
And you know Miss Purcell,  
daughter of Judge Purcell.

- Of course. How are you, my dear?  
- You know Marshal McCabe.  
Crusader of the law, diplomat,  
adventurer, man-about...  
Yes, thank you. Thank you.  
Major, you have a very fine jail here.  
I thought you'd appreciate it.  
Well, you dance?  
No, but I take an occasional drink.  
Bar's right in there.  
Can we get you ladies  
some refreshments?  
Marty?  
Punch?  
Oh, yes.  
- Well, excuse us.  
- Yeah, we'll bring it right back.  
- Four, Posey.  
- No, three.  
- Enjoying the dance, marshal?  
- No.  
Well, looks like  
we poisoned the waterhole.  
Yeah.  
Say, Upton, have you got a free dance  
for Miss de la Madriaga?  
Sorry, Gary,  
my program's all filled up.  
Chase, how about you?  
You got a free dance for the senorita?  
Well, sir, excuse me, but...  
But this is our dance,  
don't you remember?  
Oh, wonderful. Excuse me, sir.  
- Will you have some?  
- No, thank you.  
- Hey, that's a good idea.  
- I thought so.  
- Will you...?  
- No, thanks.  
- Major?  
- No, thank you.  
Would you care to dance, Marty?  
Come on.



Come on.

Some of the ladies were inquiring...

Well, what they really wanna know is...

...in this marriage to the Indian,  
were there no children?

No, madam.

Oh, I see.

My dear, we were wondering,  
among the savages, is it true...?

Elena!

Now, you listen here.

Now, you and me didn't get all  
dressed up tonight for nothing.

Now, come on.

You did that on purpose, Gary.

Don't you deny it.

If you want satisfaction, Mr. Upton,  
I'm at your disposal.

The same goes for you, Mr. Chase!

And that goes for all you gentlemen!

- Gary!

- Oh, please.

I saw that, Mr. Gary.

You'll apologise to Mr. Upton  
and this entire company.

I will not apologise, sir, respectfully.

Major, please.

If there is any apology  
to this assembly it is mine.

This is a military matter, Miss Madriaga,  
nothing to do with you.

If I were not here tonight, major,  
this would not have happened.

Am I allowed to speak?

Why, certainly. Yes.

Ladies and gentlemen...

...it seems like the only embarrassment  
here tonight is my presence.

If the truth will quiet  
your unspoken questions...

...I give it gladly.

For five years I was the woman  
of the Comanche, Stone Calf.

He treated me like a wife.

The work was hard,  
the scoldings frequent...  
...and occasionally he beat me.  
I did not bear him any children.  
I know that many of you regard me  
as a degraded woman.  
Degraded by the touch  
of a savage Comanche...  
...by having had to live  
as one of them.  
You said I... Why did I not kill myself?  
Why I did not...?  
- Why, I...?  
- Go on. Go on, you're doing fine.  
- I can't!  
- Well, I sure as hell can.  
She didn't kill herself  
because her religion forbids it.  
You know, sometimes it takes more  
courage to live than it does to die.  
You'd agree with that,  
wouldn't you, major?  
You know, I don't think  
any of you folks in this room...  
...have ever been  
to a Comanche camp.  
Have you, major?  
- Well...  
- No. No.  
I have. I usually limit my visits  
to three days.  
Three days.  
That's about 45 working hours...  
...for a woman in one of those camps.  
You know, a Comanche, he don't know  
when Sunday comes.  
And cooking's sort of the recreation  
for the women, they...  
And then, in their spare time, they  
chew the glue out of buffalo hides...  
...so that their man can have  
a nice soft pair of moccasins.  
You can judge for yourself  
what kind of life it is...

...by the number of survivors  
we brought back.

- That's right, McCabe only...

- Yeah, but you shut up. You shut up.

And now some of you are asking...

...why this young lady  
doesn't go back.

Well, it might be interesting  
for you to know...

...that this afternoon  
she asked me to take her back.

Because she was treated much better  
by the Comanches...

...than she's been treated  
by some of you.

Good going.

Permission to leave, sir.

Mrs. Frazer, it was a grand party.

Hold everything here!

Hold it! Hold it! What is this?

Cold-blooded murder,

that's what it is.

And in my opinion,

you're as much to blame...

...as that mad dog you brought in.

Come on!

No, Mr. Wringle, don't blame him.

It was my fault, all of it.

God pity me.

- Oh, no, not Mrs. McCandless?

- Yes, Martha.

She cut him loose

so he could eat his food.

He grabbed the knife

and stabbed her through the heart.

Now, look!

Look, I know how you men feel...

...but there's not going to be  
any lynching.

You think you're going to stop it?

- Quiet! Quiet!

- Yes, I am.

Ortho. Greely.

Now, this here no lynching be,

soldier boy.  
The boy's had a fair trial  
with a judge and a jury.  
I can imagine the kind  
of a defence he had.  
Lieutenant Gary!  
I defended him as best I could.  
- Yes, he did.  
- But the jury decided different.  
And I, as presiding judge,  
pronounced the sentence.  
He's to be hanged by the neck  
until he's dead.  
Now, wait a minute!  
All right, bring him out to the tree.  
Hey! Hey!  
Mine! Mine! Mine!  
Mine! Mine!  
Mine!  
Mine! Mine!  
All right, get him up here  
on the wagon.  
No! No! No!  
No!  
McCandless!  
Good morning, senior.  
Hi there, Mr. McCabe!  
Welcome home.  
Ward, you're sitting in my chair.  
You...  
Those clothes look familiar to you?  
- Yep.  
- You got my clothes on?  
No, sir, Mr. McCabe.  
These ain't your clothes.  
Belle, my fiancée,  
Mrs. Aragon, that is...  
...she sent off to San Antone for them.  
Same place that you get yours.  
I ain't wearing a single thing  
belongs to you.  
Excepting this star.  
And that ain't yours no more.  
Not since we had the election

last week.

I bet you can't guess  
who's the new marshal.

Oh, don't tell me. Don't tell me.  
Don't tell... Let me think this out.  
Let me think. And you hush, Jim.  
You hush.

- No, I have... Nothing.

- Not a word. Not a word.

I didn't get to vote for myself,  
not even once.

Say, you fellas  
sure look hot and thirsty.

How'd you like to have  
a nice cold beer?

Honeybee.

Honeybee?

Sounded like "honeybee."

Honeybee.

Thank you.

Ma'am, I wouldn't go...

- You said the room was...

- The room.

- But not here. We'll...

- What's your rush?

- You haven't introduced the lady to me.

- And I don't intend to.

Really?

Then I'll introduce myself.

Belle Aragon.

And everything you see around here  
belongs to me.

Including the livestock.

You are to be congratulated, madam.

"Miss," if you don't mind.

And you can drop the phoney airs.

I know all about you, Mrs. Stone Calf.

News travels fast in this country.

How'd you like a job, honey?

I could put your hair  
in Indian braids.

A short skirt, some squaw boots,  
a little bear grease.

You'd be quite an attraction.

- Does that stagecoach go to California?

- Yeah. Yes, ma'am.

That coach goes to El Paso.

You can change coaches there.

But you ain't going to California.

Yes, I am.

Thank you very much

for being so kind.

Belle, I'm gonna beat hell

out of you!

Honeybee!

- You thought I was fooling.

- No, no.

Please, do you have room for me?

Proud to haul you, ma'am,

proud to haul you. Step right in.

Ward.

Thanks for the beer. Jim.

And six months room rent.

And meals.

And six months room rent.

And meals.

And...

Jim.

Jim, take care of the Army.

They need you.

- So long. Good luck.

- So long.

So long, Belle!

- Hey, Slim.

- Yes, marshal?

- Come here a minute.

- Stand by, Chuck!

Come on! Come on, fellas!

We're late.

Hang on, senorita.

Here we go!

So long, Jim!

So long, Guth!

You'd think a woman

with my experience...

...would know more about men.

Yeah.

Well, guess old Guth

finally found something...

...he wanted more than 10 percent of.