



Scripts.com

Un Minuto Per Pregare, Un Instante Per Morire (A Minute to Pray, a Second to Die)

By Unknown

You're hurt.

No, not a scratch.

Our lousy luck.

Well. You're still breathing.

aren't you?

Where's McCord?

What's he Worth alive?

\$500... same as he is dead.

Good. He'll be a lot less trouble
that Way.

Their guns, Fred.

Y'all Were lookin' for a laugh?

Well. Maybe this'll tickle you.

Pa! Lie quiet. Pa.

Pa! You're hurting me. Pa!

Hey, Pete.

Listen to this...

Any and all outlaws who of
their own free will...

apply to the office of

Roy W. Colby...

U.S. Marshal, Town of Tascosa,
territory of New Mexico...

will be granted amnesty. Whereby
this government...

undertakes to wipe all crimes of
which they stand accused...

from the record henceforward
and forever.

Signed, Lemuel Carter, Governor.

Amnesty. I never thought I'd live
to see the day.

It's rotten!

How come?

Man strays from the righteous path...

he has to be made to pay for it.

It don't do tryin' to pretend that
a skunk don't smell.

Reach!

Take off your hat When a gentleman
enters the room.

Hey, Clay. These fellas must think
a lot of you.

They got your picture all over

the place.
Hey, I must be gettin' up in
the World.
Ten grand.
You're still only Worth \$500.
I think I'm better-lookin' than
you are.
Yeah. Sure.
Stay put, fellas.
Right over there.
Hey, Fred.
Look at hoW sWEet they're
being to us.
Get some Whiskey for
Father Santana.
Plenty.
Come on, Fred. Let's go.
Hey, Beaver Head's to the north.
We're heading for the mission noW.
But We're being folloWed, Clay.
I need to see Santana.
Look, Clay. I don't like to
say anything...
but if it's about your arm,...
you'd be better off going to a
doctor than that priest.
Who said anything about my arm?
Hey!
The mission's that Way!
This Way's longer, but it's safer!
What about it, Santana?
He Won't talk.
Do like the good book says...
Knock, and it shall be opened
unto you.
Didn't you like the Whiskey the
man brought you?
What Whiskey? I don't drink.
McCord thinks different.
Took a Whole sleW of bottles
for you...
back at the mule station.
We come here to Wrap him up
in a box...

and hand him to the Marshal.
Thou shalt not kill, my son.
Unless there's a price on his head.
That makes it legal, instead
of just fun.
We're Working for the laW.
Listen good. Maybe We beat
McCord here.
But soon as he arrives...
you bring him right into
the church.
Get me?
Try to cross me, and I promise...
you've got a date upstairs With
your boss... for free.
Stay put here.
Hey, Padre...
I Wanna show you something make
you feel good.
I mean. You don't think We'd
drag a fella's body...
all over the place for Weeks before
We bury him, do you?
Not sanitary.
So. We just take his head.
I don't like that. Sean.
Bad luck to plug padres.
They're not Worth a cent.
Any priest buddies up
With an outlaW...
I automatically excommunicate him...
and ordain myself.
Not yet.
What'd We come here for?
So you could confess?
Get outside and keep him busy.
No priest's gonna cure What
ails you. Clay.
What you need is a real doctor.
Yeah. But priests keep their
mouths shut.
I see What you mean.
Well. Plenty of padres in
Old Mexico.

Let's get goin'.
Peons'll be crowdin' in here
any second.
This is Where We split, Fred.
Just like that?
Without me, you're a dead man.
Adios, Fred.
And don't follow me.
Are you sure you looked
everywhere?
Not a soul for miles.
They'll never get through here.
That's for sure.
You two watch that roadblock.
Marshal Colby said shoot on sight.
Especially the Escondido Bunch.
Don't you worry about that,
I got my orders.
What about you. Men?
We set up another roadblock by
the woods.
Got five men watchin' that one.
All right. You stay here. We'll
join the men at the creek.
No use sendin' them signals.
Appears you ate already anyway.
I'm particular Who I feed.
Well. Normally I'm particular Who
I eat With.
What are you doin' here?
Pickin' mushrooms.
You ain't gonna use that.
You don't Want 'em to know Where
you are any more than I do.
Besides, if I thought for
one second...
you Were gonna use it,
you'd have a hole...
right between your eyes by now.
Clear out While you got the chance.
As soon as I finish eatin'.
And if you got any brains, you'll
follow me.
You stay here. You'll tangle With

Marshal Colby's crowd.
We gotta get through the blockade.
Otherwise, We'll all starve.
We haven't been able to
get provisions...
through to Escondido for Weeks.
Escondido?
I should've known.
What?
Why the stink is so bad
around here.
You ever been there, Mister?
I've been there. It's a
great place...
for rats.
We got Work to do.
Skirt that roadblock tonight, or
We'll never get through.
Get movin'.
If you put the supplies on
your back...
and crawl through one by one,
you might have a chance.
You try it in that Wagon, they'll
tear you apart.
Don't listen to him.
We got out, We'll get back in.
Clay McCord.
McCord?
That's all We needed.
You remember me, don't you, Clay?
At Laramie?
I used to be With Doc.
Doc Tepper, the doctor.
-Where's he now?
-Who?
The doc. Where is he now?
At Escondido.
Thanks.
Come With us, Mr. McCord.
With you along, We could make it.
No, I don't want his kind throwin'
in With us.
-It's tough enough as it is.

-Pa. You gotta let him.
He's supposed to be lightning
With guns.
Us rats don't need his protection.
Your pa, he's got a big mouth. Boy.
I hope it's still flappin' in
the morning.
Good luck, kid.
Good. Huh?
Hey, boys.
They tried to surrender. Why did
you kill them?
We don't go for any of that White
flag stuff...
around these parts.
Not for Escondido scum.
All right. Put all those supplies
back on the Wagon.
It's McCord!
Come back to stay, McCord?
I'll let you know when I decide.
-Open it up.
-There you are.
Don't touch that stuff.
It's mine, paid for by me.
Why didn't you go get it, then?
You got plans for this stuff,
McCord?
That's right.
I still run things around here.
Anything you do, clear with me.
Kraut...
Where's my boy?
Where's my husband?
They didn't want to go, you
made them.
I'll see you get four full shares
of grub.
How's that, Ruby? Fair's fair.
Four shares.
Four shares.
But my kid,...
my man,...
they're dead.

All to fill your rotten belly.
Here's What's fair.
Ruby!
This grub...pass it out to the
folks. Free.
Try collecting one cent for it.
I'll take it out of your hide.
What's your name?
Laurinda.
Was that your ma outside?
Ruby? No.
I just room here.
There's a bottle on that table
doWn there.
Will you bring it here?
It's the first bottle of Whiskey
We've seen in Weeks.
We're being starved out in here.
Nothing's coming in.
Not till you shoWed up.
What's Wrong With your arm?
Did you hurt it?
There's a fella here...
his name's Tepper.
Do you know him?
They call him Doc!
Doc, yes.
Good. NoW, you go find him and you
bring him here.
Don't let anybody see you.
I don't have to go find him. He's
right out there.
Pa! Pa!
Come on. McCord!
Let's go for a ride!
Let him go! Let him go!
I'll kill you!
Kraut strung him up three days ago.
Said he Was cheating at cards.
They'll pull him doWn tomorrow,
I guess.
-Is there anybody else you Want?
-Leave me alone!
Oh, dear.

Yes, sirree!
I demand my rights as a
Wife beater!
Beat her for years, I did. Makes me
a bona fide criminal.
I want my amnesty.
Now, you have to promise not to
beat her anymore, all right?
Sure I do.
Folks, you've just seen an example
of amnesty at Work,...
a desperate outlaw looking
for forgiveness...
from the people of Tascosa.
And if all the outlaws we have
to accept...
are as rough and ready as that...
We'll gladly join our governor in
his policies. Right? Right.
Marshal Colby.
Bounty hunters...waiting just outside
of town, Marshal.
Got some merchandise to hand over.
Today?
Don't let them into Tascosa.
I'll be right there.
Fred Duskin...
Clay McCord's man.
That's \$500 reward.
Now move off and keep going.
Any big ones show up to ask for
amnesty, Marshal?
Not yet.
I told you, Seminole, it's all
a joke.
It's no joke. If an outlaw
comes in...
You'll give it to him.
Yeah. We're all in the same
business, Marshal.
Wiping out the no-good trash.
Let's get out of here.
Don't worry, Marshal,
with us out here...

ain't no man With a price on his
head gonna bother you.
And you better get that ten
grand together...
'cause it's McCord We'll bring
in next.
Who's next?
I think Clay is next, right Ed?
What's that? It's my turn.
Don't listen to the old bum.
He's lucky We even let him
hang around.
Sit doWn and relax.
Clay?
You remember me, don't you?
It's Jonas.
No.
I Was pals With your pa...
prospecting gold together...
before he ran into that spot of
trouble in Bingham.
Stop slobbering all over me!
What happened in Bingham, Jonas?
It Was sad... tragic like.
Pa McCord all eaten up inside.
Epilepsy Was What it Was.
What?
The fits.
A real man like he Was.
What Would he do, for instance?
Get the shakes.
-Terrible thing to Watch.
-Shut up!
Clear out, Jonas!
What?
Beat it.
Don't let him touch you, Clay.
He'll slit you from ear to ear.
Why?
Don't shoot.
That fella you killed a feW days
ago, he Was my son.
You mean the one that tried to
shoot me in the back?

All right, one death in the family...
We'll let it go at that.
Well. What are you Waiting for?
Let's have some service.
You know, if you do cut my throat...
I'll still have plenty of time to
take you With me.
My hands are shaking.
So are mine...
so We both got to be real careful.
Got the fits like your pa.
Ain't that a pity?
Won't be long you'll be having'em
right in the streets.
Know What. McCord?
Long as you're crawlin'...
you ought to crawl yourself all
the Way to Tascosa...
beggin' for that amnesty.
There's a show.
Step right up, folks...
and see the number one gun
have a fit...
and When he's finished, kiss the
Marshal's hand.
I could sell a million tickets to
that one.
I didn't assign a Watch. Seein' as
how the cells are empty.
Unless you Want a man on duty,
Marshal.
No, not necessary.
What the sam hill did I do With
those keys?
Not these, the ones for
the jailhouse.
Right over here, Marshal.
I got 'em.
Thanks.
Good night.
-Night.
-Night.
Good night, Marshal.
Good night, Butler.

Smokin' is bad for your health.
So is holdin' a gun on a Marshal.
Yeah. Well, let's go someplace
Where We can talk.
Such as?
HoW's your office?
Hey, Marshal!
You make up some story and
get rid of him.
Is anything Wrong?
Goin' back to the jail to look
for the keys.
Been lookin' for 'em all day.
Yeah, the keys.
You'll find them in the top
left-hand draWer.
Good night.
Night.
That's one for the books...
handcuffing a Marshal.
What is it you're after, McCord?
The amnesty.
A man doesn't ask for amnesty the
Way you're doing it.
Well Marshal, if I'd just come
in here...
Without my guns or nothing,...
the picture I get is me askin' you
for amnesty...
While I'm all full of holes.
You got a point there.
So you really Want to chuck
this life?
That's right.
You mean it?
Hand on the Bible.
-Ever read it?
-A little.
Marshal, I need the amnesty...
but I need some money to go
With it.
What are you driving at? You got
fifty bucks.
That's the deal.

Marshal, I figure I'm Worth a lot more than that to you.
You do? Why?
If I come in, all the others Will come in right after me.
You're not Worth a red cent to me, McCord,...
not you or the others. No, no amnesty for you.
Your record stands, and you'll pay for it.
Who you got in there, Marshal?
It's Clay McCord! It's Clay Mc...
Keep an eye on the office. You come With me.
Clear out the street. Clay McCord's in there.
Closer. Get behind.
You Won't get aWay, McCord.
We'll get you even if you run to Escondido.
Your only chance to get out of this alive is if I do.
Don't expect me to bargain With you.
You Won't, but they Will.
All right. NoW, You all clear off this street...
or you got yourselves a dead marshal.
Shoot.
Shoot!
Look out!
It's the Escondido Bunch!
They're raiding again!
It's no use. We'll never find him in this forest.
He's probably halfway to Escondido by noW.
Come on, We're headin' home.
Got to get better quick.
You Will.
I'll help you.
You haven't see me, understand?

Not until I'm better...
or these coyotes Will be
all over me.
I haven't seen you.
Nobody Will.
I'll keep you right here With me.
I'll find some grub...
make you strong again.
Someday I'm gonna take you Where
people eat until they bust.
Where's that?
Care to register, Mister?
Later.
Have my bag brought up to my room,
Will you, please?
Boy?
I think I'll take a look around.
I've never been in your
town before.
Sure thing, Mister.
You got a light, Mister?
Thank you.
Anything exciting ever happen in
this town?
Are you kiddin'? Less than a Week
ago, We had more...
Shut up, Lou.
What happens in Tascosa ain't
nobody's business but our own.
Looks like you've got something
to hide, friend.
What's it to you?
What's it to you?
Nothing.
Just curious.
It don't pay to be too curious,
Mister. Remember that.
Well. We can't be too careful,
can We?
That's right, sir.
With that amnesty business
goin' on...
any outlaw's liable to pop up, grab
What he Wants...

and never even be put behind bars
at all.

I take it you're against
the amnesty.

HogWash. That's all it is.

We don't Want any part of it in
Tascosa.

It's the laW.

Marshal Colby's keepin' the laW
around here...

and keepin' the trash out, too.

You just passin' through, Mister?

That's right... just passing through.

Hear you been askin' a lot of
questions around toWn, Mister.

Is there anything Wrong in that?

Well, depends on the questions.

What is it you're after?

Just getting the feel of Tascosa.

This is a nice, quiet toWn.

We don't Want any trouble or
troublemakers.

To my knowlEdge, I haven't
broken any laWs.

I intend to see that you don't.

You're clearing out, Mister.

Not a very friendly toWn, Marshal.

Boys. Help this gentleman get
his things...

then escort him out of Tascosa.

All right, Mister. We've got a
nice, quiet jail in toWn...

Where you can cool off,
noW let's go!

Delighted, Marshal.

You're the man I came to
see anyWay.

My name is Lem Carter, Governor of
this territory.

Sorry boys, but I don't like to be
pushed around.

NoW Marshal, shall We proceed?

I took great care to respect the
letter of the amnesty.

Yeah...

and made damn sure they couldn't even get in to surrender.

I know about your roadblocks.

As of this moment, I'm lifting the siege on Escondido.

I'll arrange with the local merchants...

to cart supplies up there...

and renew their hopes for the future.

My instructions will be to tell them...

in no uncertain terms to come in...

and wipe the slate clean, to start a new life.

That's right, Marshal.

I'll even say it to Clay McCord.

I know he came here, and you let him get away.

Well, let me tell you something.

I don't care why he wants amnesty.

Only one thing is important.

I want him to know that Lem Carter...

the governor of New Mexico...

is willing to give it to him.

Hey Cheap, where's McCord?

-There you are, madam.

-Hey. Cheap!

Will you ever be back?

At the governor's pleasure.

Cheap, I asked you something, come over here and answer me.

You people better treat me right...

or this is the last you'll see

of me.

Could be the last anybody sees you.

Don't you threaten me.

You want the amnesty, don't you?

Hell, no.

None of my boys want it, either.

We don't want McCord givin' our

people ideas.

So where is he?

Well, isn't he here?
In Escondido.
I was supposed to pass the Word
on to him.
Governor Carter's guaranteed him
safe conduct to Tascosa.
And that's a fact.
He got away from Colby's men the
other night in the forest.
Maybe he came back here, I don't
know, maybe he's dead.
That one don't kill easy.
Help yourself, friend.
Help yourself.
-How much?
-No, no paying customers...
at the governor's pleasure.
Where'd she get any cash?
Clay...
You took advantage of
my hospitality...
one time too many, McCord.
And to think you was in such
a hurry...
to get amnesty at Tascosa...
When I had it up here for you
all the time.
Let's forgive him in our own
way, boys.
How about a little snort, Clay?
Refreshin', ain't it?
Any more booze, Cheap?
Sure thing, barber.
Here.
Thanks.
Night, barber.
Have a snort, it'll do you good.
Sorry I didn't make my move
any quicker...
but I had to be sure they was in
no mood to care.
Won't be long now.
We'll be comin' into Tascosa.
All your Worries Will be over.

Governor Carter...
he's got his heart set on givin'
you amnesty...
and I'm takin' you in to get it.
There's fifty bucks in it for you
When you sign...
and I've got a sneakin' hunch...
a few for myself for bringin'
you in.
How come? I thought they lifted
the roadblocks.
They're from Escondido.
-Where you off to. Cheap?
-What do you mean?
Didn't expect Kraut to let you run
out on him.
Not Cheap... he's a real good friend.
Oh yeah, I almost forgot.
Relax and unhitch one of the team.
Sure.
If the governor Wants to talk to
me, I'm ready to talk.
Then get on board, I'll hitch the
team back up...
and We'll be in Tascosa before
daWn, huh?
Not in Tascosa.
You bring him to Beaver Head.
It's handy for unexpected callers.
That Way, I'll know in advance...
how many places to set for
the party.
I'm supposed to be a businessman.
What's in this for me?
I'll split the fifty bucks
With you...
and let you have your horse back.
Sold!
There you are, governor...
Beaver Head.
-Thank you, Cheap.
-You're Welcome.
-McCord.
-Governor.

I didn't expect you'd really show up.
I had doubts on my side, too.
About What?
You might not really Want the amnesty.
What makes you so sure I Want it now?
If you didn't, I think I'd be dead.
I Want it, all right.
Right here, awaiting your signature.
-And fifty bucks?
-Why, sure.
As soon as you sign it.
That is. If I have it on me.
If I don't...
you'll have to trust me till We get back to Tascosa.
I trust you, governor.
You got plenty of credit With me.
It's just the amount that needs adjusting.
I don't follow.
Come on governor, you didn't really think...
I Was gonna come over for that kind of money, did you?
You know, a man in my line of Work... don't have nothing in reserve.
And When I make that new start that you're talking about...
I got to have something to make it With.
So I figured 5.000 and We'll call it square.
I come into town and sign the paper...
and then you can show it off to everybody, ok?
Why'd you get me up here...
just to Waste my time?
It Was the only Way I could think of to get both.

-Both What?
-The amnesty and the money.
Nobody's going to make you a
present of \$5.000.
It's not a present. It's a reWard...
for not killing you.
This is hoW sure I am of you.
Shoot.
You're not going to kill the only
man in the World...
Who can keep the noose off
your neck.
I came to give you amnesty, not to
make you rich.
I need both.
Your claWs have been yanked,
McCord.
They're back along the trail
someplace.
How you doin', Cheap?
I can't see!
One little drink, and he's soused
to the gills.
I didn't kill him! McCord did it!
You don't say. Hear him, boys?
He didn't kill him.
HoW do you knoW McCord killed
my men?
I cut him doWn.
I see.
You and McCord must be
close friends.
Well, let's have a drink
to friendship.
No! Please!
Where's McCord?
With the governor.
With the governor in Tascosa?
Yes.
My boys saW you leavin' toWn With
the governor last night.
That's hoW come We Was Waitin' for
you When you come back.
What do you mean, McCord's With

the governor?
He is. It's the truth.
At Beaver Head, not in Tascosa.
Get your horses, boys. We'll
finish him off.
If there's anything I can't stand...
it's a fella Who rats on a friend.
You disgust me, Cheap.
Here.
We can't move him from here.
One jolt. We'd have a dead man on
our hands.
Whatever you do, Doctor.
Don't lose him.
You'll just be saving the hangman
trouble if he does.
Our only hope is to operate right
here, right now...
and I can't promise you a thing,
governor.
Here, this is Whiskey.
You'll need it.
Thank you. Just put it there.
Pa! Lie quiet. Pa!
Epilepsy...
Was What it Was.
The fits, like your pa.
Ain't that a pity?
Won't be long you'll be havin'em
right in the streets.
There's a show.
Step right up, folks...
and see the number one gun
have a fit...
and when he's finished, kiss the
marshal's hand.
I could sell a million tickets
to that one.
You're gonna wind up like your pa!
Like your pa!
You're gonna wind up like your pa,
McCord!
You're gonna wind up just like
your pa!

Like your pa. McCord!
Like your pa!
He's gonna wind up just like
his pa!
I don't want to end up like
my pa!
Did I say anything?
I guess you now know governor, why
I needed the amnesty.
Who has been putting all this
rubbish in your head. McCord?
What do you mean?
About fits, epilepsy.
This was your problem.
It was pressing against
your nerves...
and literally paralyzed your arm.
This?
It was lodged inside you from an
old wound...
you thought had healed up.
Every time you put any strain on
the arm...
that bit of lead took a walk...
till finally it was pressing
against...
one of the most sensitive nerves
in your body.
Must've been pretty bad.
But not epilepsy.
You're not going to wind up like
your pa, McCord.
You've been running into bad luck
a long time...
but things are gonna be different
from now on.
Dr. Chase made you a whole man.
I'm empowered to make you
a free one.
That's the Escondido Bunch.
I spotted Kraut, their head man.
Roadblocks down...
it don't take 'em long to get busy,
does it?

Don't come any closer, Kraut!
This is Lem Carter speaking!
Pleased to meet you, governor.
-What is it you Want?
-McCord!
Hand him over. And you'll come
to no harm.
You'd better clear out, Kraut!
McCord is in my custody and under
my protection!
That's too bad, governor...
'cause We're comin' in after him!
Cover the back.
Over there...
behind those rocks.
Doc...
Doc!
Maybe We ought to offer these guys
out here amnesty, governor.
Think they'd let up on us then?
Colby!
Colby. Get off there!
Colby. Get off there!
Governor!
The only bullet left is the one We
dug out of you.
Open that cupboard over there on
the right.
There's dynamite in there.
Get it out.
Trap door.
Here.
Come on.
Come on! Find McCord's body!
They've been blasted to
smithereens!
How's anyone gonna know Whose
body
is Whose?
Find it! I Want to see him dead!
It's McCord. Clay McCord.
Keep out of the way.
Fifty bucks?
Yeah.

That it?

That's it.

Easy as pie.

Yeah.