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Wagon Master

By Frank S. Nugent

I wish you hadn't have done that, son.
Please. Please, don't shoot.
The way I figure, Travis,
these ponies ought to bring us \$30 a head.
And 12 head at \$30 comes to, uh...
...uh, 320.
-Three-sixty.
-It does? Well, that's better yet.
Divide it by two,
well, that makes it, uh, uh....
Quite a tidy sum.
Yeah. Subtract that 20 bucks you owe me,
from the tidy sum...
...and you'll have 160 left.
I will? Say, that's not bad
for four months' work.
Not bad at all.
-Look anything like them?
-No.
Howdy, marshal.
Howdy.
Good horse. Mighty gentle.
Horse-trader?
Yep, that's my business.
You fellas looking for a horse-trade?
If you are, I'll trade you
this little sorrel horse here pretty cheap.
He's sound, straight eye, wind and limb.
Whoa, Bridesmaid. Be gentle now.
Eight, nine and ten.
Thank you, marshal.
Got yourself a good horse for \$10.
Of course,
he's got his own little peculiarities.
You might say, his own little failings.
Aah! You gotta help me!
Hang on, marshal!
We gotta help the marshal!
Howdy, elder.
-Howdy, son.
Howdy, ma'am.
These here are your horses?
Yeah, they belong to me and Sandy here.
Whoa, be gentle.

Easy now.
They gentle, hmm?
Gentle? Ha. Ask the marshal.
He can tell you.
What are you figuring on asking for them?
Oh....
-Fifty dollars a head.
-Fifty dollars a head?
-Well, I'll be dad-blasted!
-Elder-- Elder Wiggs.
Bear's paws, Adam! Fifty dollars a head!
That's enough to make the Lord himself--
Elder!
All right, all right,
I repent my words of wrath.
But I'll be goldanged
if I'm gonna pay any \$50 a--
Whoa, Buttercup. Whoa.
Be gentle.
Where'd you boys, uh,
get these here gentle horses?
Meaning exactly what?
Just keep your shirt on, son.
Your face looks honest to me
even if it is homely.
Navajo country mostly.
Southwest of here.
-Navajo, huh?
-Yep.
Southwest.
You wouldn't, uh, happen to know
that San Juan River country, would you?
Yeah, we know it.
What about it, Grandpa?
Now, look here,
don't you be grandpa-ing me...
...you young whippersnapper.
I'll bull you off of that fence
and fan your britches for you, goldarn--
Now, elder.
You know, folks around here...
...tell me that there ain't no through trail
to the San Juan.
-Folks is right.

-But we've been there.
Yeah, that little oId buckboard's part burro.
Just goes anywhere.
Hmm.
You boys mind telling me
if you're drinking men?
-Nope.
-Got a brother's a drunkard, though.
-You ever chaw?
-Tried it once.
Use the words of wrath?
Only tolerable well.
Are you family men?
No, sir.
Daisy.
Well, how'd you boys like to sell us
aII these here gentle horses of yours...
...at \$50 a head...
...and maybe pick yourselves up
an extra hundred or so on the side?
Doing what?
Wagon master, that's what.
Leading our wagons to the San Juan.
To a valley...
...that's been reserved for us by the Lord.
Been reserved for his people.
So we can plow it...
...and seed it
and make it fruitful in his eyes.
Amen.
-Are you people Mormons?
That's right, son.
That's why I keep my hat on all the time.
So my horns won't show.
Why, I got more wives
than Solomon himself.
At least,
that's what folks around here say.
And if they don't say it, they, heh--
They think it.
But we're not a big party, son.
We're just a handful of people
sent out to mark the trail...
...and prepare the ground

for those that are gonna come after us.
Why, next summer,
there'll be a hundred families on the move.
And they're counting on us
to have a crop ready for them.
And if we don't, they'll starve, sure as--
Shooting.
That's why we gotta reach that valley
before the winter rains come.
We've been praying
that we'd be showed the way.
It might just be that you boys
are the answer to our prayer.
Makes you feel kind of noble
being an answer to a prayer, Travis.
Yeah, it does.
The elder has offered us a fair price
for our horses.
A fair price?!
Why, for that old crow bait there?
I never saw such a goldang--
Elder.
Big strip of country between here
and the San Juan, eIlder.
My guess is
that you can't make it in wagons.
Nope. Better count us out.
Besides, me and my partner,
we was kind of figuring on settIing...
...and playing a little high-low
Jick, Jack, Ginny and the Bean Gun.
-Hold low or claim it?
-Claim it.
Gambling, huh?
Gambling with cards.
And a hundred peopIe
gambling their lives on us.
Come on, Adam.
They've been wasting our time.
High, low, Jick, Jack, Ginny,
and the bean gun.
Thank you, gentlemen.
-What are you claiming for low?
-Had the trey.

I didn't see it.
Well, the Mormons got the fire stirring.
They're getting ready to pull out.
Well, as long as they're out of town

by 7:

Mormons, Cleggses, show folks,
horse-traders.

I'm in.

Well, folks...

...we're gonna have to leave
this hospitable community at exactly 7:30.
Seven o'clock. You better get a-moving.
-Looks like we've got a trial ahead of us.
-Yeah.

But it's not the first time.

We've had to go it alone before
and we'll have to go it alone again.

We're tough. We've had to be tough.

Ever since Brother Brigham led our people
across the plains.

-Well, they survived, and dang it, we'll--
-Elder.

Well, we'll survive too.

Now, put out your fires
and get to your wagons.

Elder, we'll get there, mm,
with the Lord's help.

That's right, Sister Ledeyard.

But I was kind of wishing that them young
horse-traders would give the Lord a hand.

Sister Ledeyard...

...supposing you blow that horn again.

Yeah.

Gosh, all those women and children.

Yeah, and that red-headed gal.

What's gonna happen
when they reach that desert?

Oh, I don't know.

We warned them, didn't we?

Lookie here, Travis,

\$50 a head is a good price, ain't it?

Yeah, but there's a lot easier ways
to make a living.

Well, Sandy, I'll meet you at the river.
Looks like we got a job.
Yes, sir.
Yeehaw!
Hey, eIder!
-Head them west.
-West? Why?
The Lord didn't provide any water
the way you're heading.
Ah, I knew you'd give the Lord
a hand, son.
And you owe me 450 silver dollars.
Payable at the San Juan.
Wagons west!
Wagons west!
Hyah! Hyah! Hyah!
Hyah! Hyah!
Hey, gosh. Do I hear music?
It sounds like music.
If I'm not loco, so do I.
Do you suppose it's Navajos?
I've never of a Navajo playing a guitar.
Come to think of it, neither have I.
Miss Phyffe, we have company.
[FLEURETTY CHUCKLES]
Thank you. Thank you.
Dr. Hall.
Gus.
We have an audience.
Horses.
Ma'am, I heard your music out there and--
Got a match?
Yeah.
You might offer a lady a drink.
You mean this stuff?
Not that stuff.
Been drinking that for three days.
Water.
Just a drink of water.
Sandy, you dad-blasted idiot!
Don't stand there like a goIdang fool!
Go get the lady some water!
And so with their water all gone,
Mr. Peachtree here...

...poured a couple of quarts
of this lightning elixir into a bucket...
...and gave it to their mule.
Last they seen of her, she was going
over the hill like a Kansas twister.
And here they've been ever since.
Now these people, they have,
what I used to call in my sinning days...
...a 'hootchy-kootchy' show.
Oh, I do declare.
And the question is,
what are we gonna do with them?
Give them a team, I guess.
-And enough water to get to Crystal City.
-Yeah.
Well, now, Mr. Peachtree here says...
...that the Professor wasn't exactly popular
in Crystal City.
That's where they just come from.
You mean they was run out.
Well, they was invited out like we was.
Anyhow, they started out for California.
The poor handsome man.
Being driven out like that
with his wife and daughter.
Well, that ain't exactly the way it is,
Sister Ledeyard.
Miss Denver, she's the young one there,
she ain't his daughter.
And Miss Fleuretty...
...dad-blasted fine figure of a woman
that she is...
-...well, she ain't exactly--
-That settles it.
Give them what they need
and let's get on.
I don't believe these people are up
to traveling alone.
Well, they will be when they're sober.
Well, we reach the California Trail
in two or three days.
Don't think we ought to take up
with their kind of people, eider.
I'm not leaving them now and that's flat.

-You're hired out to us--
-Hold on there, both of you.
Just calm down.
I ain't so sure but what the Lord didn't put
these folks in our path for a reason.
As I see it, the Lord ain't one
to waste his energy.
Now, he's gone to a lot of trouble
getting these people into this fix.
And if I was him, I wouldn't want anybody
messing up my plans.
-Well, uh, putting it that way--
-All right.
Back to your wagons, folks.
We've wasted enough time.
Blow your horn, Sister Ledeyard.
Wagons west. Wagons west.
Let's get going, Travis.
-The stock all watered?
-Stock's watered.
How far you reckon it is?
-Next water?
-Mm-hm.
Oh, 40 miles.
Well, the Lord will provide.
I hope so.
Good morning. Good morning, how--?
Good morning. How are you?
By golly, I bet it's gonna be hotter than--
-Mind your language.
-I wasn't cussing!
-You were gonna say ''hell''
-I was gonna say ''Hades''
But ''hell'' ain't cussing. It's geography.
It's the name of a place.
Like, you might say Abilene,
or Salt Lake City.
Don't you go be making any remarks
about Salt Lake City.
Sandy! Jackson! Dad-blast you!
Cut it out here. Stop it, stop it.
What's the matter with you two?
Ah, stand up. Sandy! Consarned idiots, you!
What's the matter with you?

Ain't you got no--? Sister Ledeyard!
Sister Ledeyard, blow your horn!
Consarned, tarnation, idiot.
Ain't got the sense that God gave a goose.
Go on, get back to your wagons.
Go on, hitch up and get out of here.
Pardon me, ladies.
Excuse me, professor,
but shaving ain't permitted here.
We're kind of low on water.
Young man, in all my years of trouping...
...I have never appeared
in front of my audience unshaven.
-I do not propose to do so now.
-I'm real sorry, sir.
Your apology is accepted.
Get to your wagon.
Hey, you aII right?
You shouldn't have done that, ma'am.
I'm sorry you fell off your horse.
I mean, about taking a wash out here
in the desert.
We need that water for our horses.
I'll tell you what...
...I won't take another bath
till you tell me to.
Looks Iike you got yourself an admirer,
Denver.
That rube.
-Feet hurt, ma'am?
-Nope.
Here, try these on.
Did you get these
from that red-headed gal?
-You mean Miss Prudence?
Mm-hm.
Yes, ma'am.
-Is she your wife?
-No, ma'am.
-How they feel?
-Hmm.
Fine.
A little large for me maybe, but fine.
Thanks very much...

...and thank your lady friend.
She ain't that either, ma'am.
Water! Water!
River yonder!
River yonder!
-Better pull them up, elder.
Hold your horses!
Hold your horses, men!
Hold your horses!
Hold them horses!
Why, you dad-blasted idiots!
Hold them horses! Hold!
Hold them horses!
Thank you kindly, brother.
-You're welcome.
Hurry up, fellas.
Have I your permission
to take a bath now?
-Why, yes, ma'am. I reckon you--
-Thank you.
Hey, ma'am. I think I'll join you.
Fine.
Well, let's see now.
Say, Adam, if you fellows will play
that 'Chuckawalla Swing' ...
...I think I can get
a Texas Star square going.
Sure. Let's give her a whirl. How'd it go?
Wouldn't you ladies like to join us
in the dancing?
I haven't danced in....
-When was it, Gus?
-I wouldn't remember.
Well, it's about time you did, ma'am.
May I have the pleasure, ma'am?
Why not?
May I have the pleasure, ma'am?
Evening.
Me and the boys seen your fire,
scared at first you might be Navajo.
Then I heard your mountain music.
I said to Floyd here:
'Wherever there's singing and dancing,
you can be sure there's Christian folks.'

Never did know a bad man
that had any music in him.
Thought maybe you might help out
some strangers down on their luck.
Maybe stake us for a feed.
You're welcome to share
what little we have.
That's neighborly, mister.
ReaI neighborly.
Did you hear that, boys?
These good God-fearing folks
is bidding us welcome.
Brother Boulton,
help Brother Jackson with their stock.
We has been out hunting.
We've had nothing but hard scrabble.
Our pack horses stampeded
with all our grub...
...and I fell and bust my shoulder.
Sister Ledeyard, fix these men some food.
Thank you, Floyd. Thank you, Jesse.
Shoulder's been hurting bad.
Can't hardly sit on my horse no more.
-You know who they are, don't you?
-Yep. I reckon I do.
We've been having a dance
celebrating the crossing of the desert...
...and getting to the water,
so we were just gonna turn in.
When you folks finish eating,
if you'll just stack your plates up there...
-...why, we'll be seeing you.
-Bless you, brother.
Don't you worry about us. We'll just sit here
and enjoy your fire for a spell.
Uncle Shiloh.
They're the only ones toting guns.
You boys ever draw on anybody?
No, sir.
Just snakes.
Turn my eggs over, sister...
...and put some hot sauce
and chili peppers on them, please.
What's them words on your wagon say?

Read them for yourself.

I don't read so good. Tell me.

It says:

'Dr. A. Locksley Hall...

...Kickapoo snake oil,''

and 'lightning elixir.'

And in the smaller letters:

'Teeth pulled,' and 'hair restored.'

Uncle Shiloh.

Look here what I found.

A doctor.

A doctor.

Well, now that's real providential.

Be obliged if you'd take a look

at my shoulder, doc.

Well, I'm not certain, sir.

Said you was a doctor.

A doctor, yes. But I--

I'm not exactly qualified.

-Are you lying?

-I hate liars.

My boys would just soon shoot a liar

as look at him.

If you're a doc, you'll fix my shoulder.

If you're lying....

That's a bullet hole.

You've been wounded.

Yeah, that's right.

That chunk of lead is still in there.

Get it out.

Yes, sir. It's real providential.

They got grub, water...

...and a doc to tend my arm.

And a golden bed for me to rest up in.

Supposing that marshal

catches up with us...

...then what?

Ain't likely any posse will look for us

in a Mormon wagon train, now, is it?

That's good drinking liquor.

-Morning. Morning, ma'am.

Good morning.

Morning, corporaI.

Hi.
-I brought you some water, ma'am.
-Thank you.
Won't you stop
and have breakfast with us?
Yes, ma'am.
Sandy, let's go.
Uncle Shiloh.
-Mr. Cleggs, are you ready?
-Yes, sir.
Don't you fret about me, Brother Wiggs.
I don't intend to.
I expect your people
to go easy on our food...
...obey orders...
...mind your language,
and keep your distance.
We Cleggs ain't used
to being spoke to that way.
You shut up, Luke.
Elder here's been right kind to us.
So you mind your manners.
He ain't quite bright.
Soon as you get your strength back,
you go it on your own.
Is that understood?
The Lord will bless you for this, brother.
He marks the sparrow's fall.
Hitch up, Sister Cremley.
We're moving, Brother Fitzsimons.
-Moving out, Brother Hightower.
We'll be with you.
That wasn't very healthy, elder.
You afraid of them?
Yeah, I am.
-What about you, son?
-Who, me?
That makes three of us.
But I'm not letting the Cleggses know it.
And I'm not letting my people
know it either.
We're still headed for the San Juan,
and I wanna make sure we all get there.
Your haul, wagon master.

Lead out! Wagons west!
Hitch up, everybody! Hitch up!
Get your wagons on their way.
Why, you dad-blasted idiot.
Can't you stand up?
What's the matter with you?
You tarnation, consarned, no-good idiot--
Elder, watch your language.
Oh, watch my foot. I never saw such a--
Quicksand. He couldn't help it.
Quicksand?
Oh.
Well, I guess we're gonna have to find
a new trail out of here.
Yeah. Hold your train!
Hold your train!
Sorry, horse. Whoa.
Come on now, get up.
Get up there.
Come on, boy.
Giddyup. Come on, now. Get up.
Giddyup. Come on.
To teII you the truth, Sandy, I'm Iost.
We passed through here once.
Remember?
You said that tower over there
looked like a cathedral back in Santa Fe.
Yeah, could be.
You bring up the wagon train.
-I'll look it over a little closer.
-All right, Travis.
Watch out, now.
Navajos, elder! You better pull them out!
Hold it!
Pull back!
Hold it!
Hold!
Giddyup.
Put up them guns, you people.
We got troubles enough.
Never did kill myself a Navajo.
Pull them out, Mr. Perkins.
Injuns up ahead.
-You talk the language?

-Just enough to swap horses with them.
Sandy there, he speaks it real good.
Sandy!
Shuck your pistols, boys.
Tell them we are friends.
Tell them we come in peace.
What's he saying?
Near as I can figure out,
he don't seem to like white men.
He says we're all thieves.
He's smarter than he looks.
Don't tell him that, you fool.
Tell him we're Mormons.
-What'd he say?
-He says the Mormons are his brothers.
He says they're not big thieves
Iike most white men, just little thieves.
Ha, he's right complimentary, ain't he?
Ha, ha.
He says a fellow cheated him
in a horse trade about a year ago.
Yeah. He says Travis here looks like him.
He's inviting us to their camp tonight.
Tell him we'll be there.
How about a dance?
It's not my music.
As the rule, at a Squaw Dance...
...it's customary for the lady
to ask the gentleman.
Suppose I was to change the rules?
Reese!
We don't wanna have any trouble
with the wagon master, now, do we?
Get off of my bed!
Floyd.
Don't go crowding your luck, mister.
Look...
...you don't have to protect me.
-I can take care of myself. I'm used to it.
-Sorry, ma'am.
And I don't need any sympathy either.
I've done nothing I need be ashamed of,
no matter what you and your friends say.
We didn't ask to be picked up

by Bible-shouters.

-We'll be just as happy to get rid--

-No call to get mad at me, ma'am.

-And don't call me ''ma'am.''

-No, ma'am.

You like him, don't you?

I don't wanna see him full of bullet holes,
if that's what you mean.

-Sister Lamanite, I ain't a dancer.

-Better give it a whirl, Brother Perkins.

Let me go!

Uncle Shiloh!

Brother Boulton, now think fast.

Strip this man to the waist
and tie him to a wagon wheel.

Aah! Uncle Shiloh!

-I wouldn't interfere.

-They ain't gonna whip no Cleggses.

-Whipping's better than scalping.

-Ain't gonna be no scalping neither.

How are you gonna stop it, Uncle Shiloh?

Let me go!

Brother Jackson.

Straight ahead, Mr. Peachtree.

This is where you leave us.

Whoa.

Well, professor,

here's where we leave you.

Now, about this team and the outfit,

I'm not asking you for any payment for it.

We've got a small colony

in San Bernardino.

You might make a contribution

as you pass through.

We'll do that, elder.

-I'm sure you will, ma'am.

-Thank you.

Elder, on behalf of myself, Miss Phyffe,

Miss Denver, and the entire company...

...I should like to take this opportunity to--

-That's all right. Good luck to you.

-Thank you, sir.

-Good luck Miss Fleuretty, Miss Denver.

Mr. Peachtree. Carry on.

Giddyup.

Hey, Sandy!

Sandy...

...I think I'll go a-courting.

-Sure hope I see you again, Miss Denver.

-Thanks.

Don't bank on it. We move around.

With a medicine show, you have to,
to keep healthy.

You move a lot trading horses too.

Good thing about it though,
you get to know a lot of country and--

Like a valley I got in mind.

A man could make an awful nice
little cattle ranch in that valley.

Yeah, if he didn't mind being lonesome.

And had someone to kind of help him
with the cooking and such.

Goodbye, fella.

Whoa.

Uncle Shiloh wants you folks
back in camp.

-Come on, let's get going.

Whoa. Whoa.

Let's get going.

I'm telling you for the last time, elder...

...if there's any trouble,

I just gotta kill you.

Now, where's that wagon master
and that carrot-headed kid?

Come on down here in front.

Uncle Shiloh, they're toting guns.

Drop them.

Whoa.

Welcome back. How was California?

It pains me, doc, to spoil your trip.

But I wouldn't rest easy thinking of you
foIks traipsing around the country.

No telling what you might run into.

Injuns, varmints...

...or maybe even a posse.

That'd be bad, wouldn't it? Real bad.

-I assure you, sir, I had absolutely no in--

-Get over there with the rest of them.

Floyd.

Evening.

You can put your hands down now, folks.

Professor, so it was like I was saying...

...we'll just stay together

until we reach the San Juan River.

One big happy family

with your old Uncle Shiloh at the head of it.

If you're heading for the Arizona border...

...there's a lot better trails

than the one we're taking.

Yeah, there is if a man knows the country.

But we don't.

No, we'll just string along with you folks

so we can keep an eye on you.

There won't be any trouble,

will there, elder?

No, I reckon there won't.

Wagons west. Get them rolling.

Get in your wagons there.

-All right, get her said. Get it off your chest.

-I got nothing to say.

We hired out as wagon masters,

not gunfighters.

I never claimed to be a gunfighter...

...but I'd have taken my chances

if you'd have backed my play.

Sure, I know you would.

But I ain't risking 60 lives

on a fool play like that.

Sixty?

What if we'd got out there

and got ourselves killed?

These folks would starve to death

trying to get over these mountains.

Or die of thirst

trying to get back to Crystal City.

No, without us,

they haven't got a chance.

Yeah, but what's gonna happen

when we reach the San Juan?

You think the Cleggs are just gonna

tip their hats and ride away?

Like the elder says,

we'll take care of that when we come to it.
Yeah.
Want a drink of lightning elixir, elder?
That Mormon train's
sure come quite a piece, hasn't it?
I don't suppose they've seen the Cleggses.
Won't hurt none to ask.
Fill up our canteens anyway.
Ho! Ho! Wagons ho!
I'm giving the orders around here, elder.
Are you gonna give the orders
to that sheriff's posse too?
Sheriff's posse, Uncle Shiloh.
Jesse, you get in here with me.
Reese, you take the Perkins' wagon.
Floyd, you ride with the doc
and them show folk.
Get off. Put me down.
You all heard what Uncle Shiloh said.
Just you be quiet. Don't say nothing.
Elder, one wrong move out of anyone...
...and we start shooting.
-Howdy, elder.
Howdy, marshal.
Didn't think you'd make it this far.
Oh, we've been moving right along.
Well, we're still hunting them Cleggses.
Don't suppose you've seen them?
Well, now...
...it don't seem hardly like it, does it?
Nope, had to ask though.
Happen you see them,
I'd appreciate your getting word to me.
We're camped down
by the old California cutoff.
Them Cleggses ain't gonna slip past us.
How about the bacon, marshal?
Oh, yeah.
We're running a little Iow on grub.
Don't suppose you have
an extra side of bacon in there?
Well, uh....
Yeah, I reckon so.
-Help yourself.

Thank you, elder.
I'll get it for you, partner.
-I know just where it is.
Thank you. Thank you.
Bacon's in the second barrel, ain't it, elder?
That's right, son.
-Here you are, partner.
Oh, thank you.
Think nothing of it.
Marshal.
Howdy, marshal.
Whose buckskin horse is this?
Seems like I've seen him
some place before.
Sure have. I tried to sell him to you once.
You can still have him pretty cheap.
Elder...
...you wouldn't be lying to me,
would you?
Well, now, marshal, I tell you...
...uh, I don't rightly think...
...that, uh, I have told a lie to a man...
...for an awful long time.
And if the circumstances were such...
...that a man had a gun in my back--
I guess about now, Sandy,
is as good a time as any.
--could rightfully tell you--
Kick in, marshal.
Ride that dad-blasted horse.
If I was you, Wiggs,
I'd be careful who I took up with.
There's some mighty unsavory characters
traveling with this wagon train.
That's the Lord's truth, marshal.
Well, thanks for the bacon. Get going.
Wagons west. Hyah!
There was a trail there once.
If it ain't washed out, we'll try it.
Mighty rough going, elder.
Mighty rough going.
I think we can make it
on foot or on horseback...
...but my opinion is,

the grain wagon can't make it.
That grain is more valuable to us
than gold itself.
And we just gotta get--
Did I hear somebody mention gold?
Gold always interests me.
You got gold in this wagon train, elder?
We were talking about our seed grain,
Mr. Cleggs.
We're gonna get it across
even if we have to carry it over...
...bag by bag on our backs.
Well, now...
...my boy Reese
won't be much help to you.
His back's pretty sore
after that whipping you give him.
We wanna talk to you about that later.
Tomorrow, maybe.
When are you gonna make your play?
Well, son...
...did you find the trail
to that Promised Land?
The whole trail's all washed out, elder,
but I think we can make it.
Sure take a lot of digging though.
Digging? What do you mean digging?
Oh, sort of a dugway.
There's sure a lot of mighty pretty country
over that mountain.
River, valley and all.
Well, you better get yourself some food
and we'll start digging.
Well, elder, when you get over
in that pretty valley he's talking about...
...I guess we won't see you no more.
And you won't have no Cleggses
to tie to wagon wheels and whip.
-Travis, I got me a gun.
-Where'd you get that?
From Miss Prudence.
She got it from her little brother.
He got it from his grandpappy
before he got religion.

Now, I'll tell you what I wanna do,
if you'll just back my play.

What did you ever shoot at
besides tin cans and beer bottles?

That ain't the point.

I'll take care of them Cleggses
if you'll just back my play.

Be careful that gun don't go off
and blow your brains out.

Now, there's a sharp turn
right around that yonder point there.

-Are you ready, wagon master?

-Ready, elder.

All right, Brother Boulton.

Go on now, get on.

Hey, man, come this way.

Brother?

Brother Boulton. Brother Boulton.

They didn't make it, Uncle Shiloh.

Kind of dangerous, huh, elder?

-I'll take the next one over myself.

-All right.

Elder Wiggs, I demand the privilege
of taking my wagon over next.

It contains nothing of value,
including the driver.

-Well, now, professor--

-Sir, I insist.

Gus. Gus.

Mr. Peachtree, if you please.

I'm going with you...

...you big ham.

Hey, hey.

Hyah! Come on now.

Hyah! Come on now.

Come on, brother.

[MEN SPURRING ON HORSES]

Hey.

Come on.

Get it up, come on now. Get on up.

Hey.

Hey.

Get it up, come on. Get on up.

Come on now. Get on up.

Get it up, come on. Get on up.
Come on now, get on up.
Get it up.
-Everything's all clear, Brother Jackson.
-Fine, elder.
Ready, Brother Jackson?
-Ready.
Sam, climb up there and take her across.
All right, elder.
Watch your wheels.
Keep them in that dugway.
It's rough down below.
Give them their head on that upgrade.
Once you get started, don't stop.
Keep them going. Sandy, now--
We're saying goodbye, elder.
We're parting company.
You've been real good to us Cleggses.
Reese, now, he ain't likely to forget you.
None of us is.
So it's only fitting that we give you
something to remember us by.
That grain wagon...
...more valuable than gold itself.
You said so, elder.
Son, get down off of there.
Why? What are you gonna do?
Elder, get up there.
And to save you from asking why,
I'm gonna tell you.
You're gonna have the privilege
of taking that grain wagon over yourself.
Only it's gonna be at a dead run and
them wheels ain't gonna be set in no rut.
Luke, go down by that lead team.
Reese, I'm gonna let you whip them up.
Reese.
Hit the big one. Hit the big one.
The big one.

WIGGS:

Hold it.
Don't shoot. Please, don't shoot.
My boys, you killed my boys.

Good boys they was too.

Jesse.

Luke.

Whoa, boy. Whoa, easy.

Luke was my oldest boy.

I thought you never drew on a man.

That's right, sir...

...only on snakes.

Well, I'll be doggoned.

I'll be doggoned.