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Along Came Jones

By Nunnally Johnson

Tall and skinny, mean tempered
and extra fast with gun.
Travels with half-wit uncle
called Uncle Roscoe something.
Round and round we're goin'
Round and round, Old Joe Clarke
And bye-bye, Lucy Long
Old Joe Clarke, he had a wife
She was seven feet tall
She slept with her head in the kitchen
And her big feet in the hall
I wished I had a sweetheart
I'd put her on the shelf
And every time she'd grin at me
I'd get up there myself
Round and round...
Melody, how many verses
you say there was to that song?
About 100, I reckon.
- 100.
- But I only know about 90 of em.
Bye-bye, Lucy Long
Round and round, Old Joe Clarke
Round and round we're goin'...
Melody, what is it?
Some cow town, it looks like.
How come here?
I thought there wasn't any till Hot Creek.
- I don't know, unless...
- Unless what?
George, you recollect that fork in the road
500 miles back, we turned right?
I just remembered we should have turned left.
It don't surprise me none.
A cowhand that goes in for breaking horses,
he's been hit
in the seat of the pants so many times,
he ain't got any brains any more,
just oatmeal in his head.
I wished I was a big, red apple
Hanging on a tree
And every pretty girl that come along
Would take a bite out of me
Round and round, Old Joe Clarke

Round and round we're goin'

Round and round, Old Joe Clarke

Bye-bye, Lucy Long

- Howdy, friend.

- Howdy.

- Where are we, old-timer?

- This here's Payneville.

Painful? What's painful?

- This here is.

- You mean generally or is this personal?

It's a bad sign when the first fella you meet
in a town is some kind of hobgoblin.

Don't go far. I don't aim to be drinking
for more than five or six hours.

- Is that him?

- Yes, I think so.

Round and round, Old Joe Clarke

Round and round we're goin'

Round and round, Old Joe Clarke

Bye-bye, Lucy Long

I guess she's got as much right
to get thirsty as a man.

- Look. She's coming out.

- Just look at that walk.

Very nice.

Very nice.

- No, Ira. Don't.

- Let go of me.

No, look.

I didn't mean nothin'.

I didn't know.

All right. From now on, don't go
making remarks about other men's girls.

Yes, sir.

No, no, sir. No.

- What's the matter with you?

- Nothing, seor

You want something maybe, please?

Give me some of them.

Tomates?

- Open em. I'll eat em here.

- S seor

Again.

Don't try to draw with him.

If you do, you're dead.

- Did he see me?

- No.

I thought he did.

He'll cross back over to get his horse.

We pushed a thousand head of cattle out there,
me and my partner, him and me.

What's more, you fuzzy-faced apes, my name
ain't Roscoe and I ain't nobody's uncle.

The next one that calls me so
will get down on the floor.

Don't look for me back, either.

I will invest my money

where at least one man ain't a lunatic.

- Drunk already?

- Let's get outta this place.

It's a spook town.

The more I see, the more I don't like it.

- They do something?

- No, outside of calling me their uncle.

It's their attitude. They're... disrespectful.

George, you take gettin' used to.

You don't make the right impression.

- You ought to know that by now.

- Ought I?

You walk in someplace where nobody don't
know you, you already got that dumb look.

You ask some fool question any papoose
could answer, like, "Where am I?"

You ain't immediately nominated for governor.

You gotta walk in kinda... unsmiling.

Unsmiling?

Look and act like you're somebody, like you can
take care of yourself no matter what happens.

- Pretty soon you are somebody.

- That what you done?

I ain't said more than two words in this town
and already I got a certain standing.

Unsmiling, eh?

I can walk in any place and clear my own place
at the bar until they... even before they know me.

- All right. Come with me.

- Huh?

Come with me.

Mr Unsmiling Jones.

Thought you said you weren't coming back.

- Your pleasure, gentlemen?

- Some liquor.

Yes, sir.

Stop goggling. You're with me.

- Mud in your eye.

- Thank you, sir. Thank you very much.

- Good stuff.

- Yeah.

- I make it myself.

- How much?

On the house, any time.

Much obliged.

You see?

It's spooked.

The whole dad-blamed town is spooked.

We gotta get outta this place quick.

Why, it's all very simple, George.

Simple? What would you have done
if somebody had drawn on you?

What would anyone draw on me for?

Because you was asking for it. The way
you walked in, your face all scrounged up.

It was just asking somebody
to slap leather with you.

Well...

Look, Melody, you couldn't hit the hind end
of your horse with a handful of bug shot.

- Right in front.

- He'll move.

You ain't a gun fighter.

You ain't even a good shot.

You're just a no-good bronc stomper
that's been hit in the seat of the pants...

Look.

He's looking at something else.

Darlin'!

Monte!

Don't move. There's a gun on you.

- Come with me. Keep close.

- Listen, lady...

Do as I tell you

and I'll get you out of this. Smile. Smile.

That's better.

Stay right here and I'll get your horses.

- Who is it?

- I never seen her before.

In Cheyenne when you was
kicked in the head and missing four days,
you sure you didn't marry somebody?

I wasn't that far out of my head.

Whoa.

- Keep close to the front wheel.

- But...

- You looking to get shot?

- No.

Then do what I say.

When you start moving, move.

Now can you tell us what happened?

- What's them initials stand for?

- That's for my name, Melody Jones.

For Monte Jarrad too.

You don't look much like him, really.

Excepting you're built something like him.

- Tall and spindly.

- They took me for somebody else?

That's why I did what I did,
so's you wouldn't get killed... by mistake.

Oh.

- Then it wasn't me they were scared of?

- They thought you was Monte Jarrad.

You say somebody is fixing
to kill this here Monte Jarrad?

- Nobody but the sheriff and his posse.

- Any particular reason outside of prejudice?

Well, there's always the reward, of course.
1000 dollars, dead or alive.

Mr Unsmiling Jones,
a man with a certain standing in the community.

Whoa.

- Is this Monte?

- No, they just took him for Monte.

Of course it's Monte.

Hi, Monte. Heard a lot about you.

Don't pay no attention to Pop.

He's a little mixed up.

This is Uncle Roscoe, ain't it?

Hi, Uncle Roscoe.

I'd ask you to alight and eat, but I think you'd better keep going, south.

I ain't in any hurry.

Can't you understand?

There's gonna be a posse after you.

Not after me. I ain't done nothin'.

- Ain't you gonna alight?

- No, he's gonna keep going.

You can't be as thick-headed as that.

This country's full of men just aiming to shoot you on sight.

- Get outta here while you still can.

- You heard what she said.

- Get going.

- Who are you?

He's my brother Avery.

Now, are you going?

All right.

Come on... Uncle Roscoe.

Cherry.

Cherry.

Let me in, Cherry.

That's just the way it was.

One punch and Ira Waggoner was flat in the road.

Wish he'd broken his neck. That's what I get for tyin' up with somebody I ain't never seen.

- You don't even know Waggoner?

- I never saw him. Leo picked him.

It was fixed that the shotgun guy that got me was gonna be left behind.

Outside the horse, there wasn't supposed to be no shootin'.

- I got a good mind to blast his belly open.

- That's right.

- Get outta here!

- I was...

Never mind. Get to town and look for Leo, so I don't have to slope outta here by myself.

Sure, Monte.

You stay here.

Now, what about this fella?

- He's nothing but a tramp cowhand.

- Stop talking like a fool or like I'm a fool.

How do you know

he ain't one of Luke Packard's men?

Come on, Monte. Sit down.

There. Now, he's nothing but a tramp cowhand
who just wandered into Payneville
with an old side rider.

On account of the initials on his saddle,
they took him for you.

Cotton was fixing to shoot him
when I got this idea.

I figured the best thing I could do was
help them keep on thinking he was you.

Tomorrow, the posse'll be ridin' after him
50 miles from here,
and the north'll be wide open for you.

- See anything wrong about that?

- Yeah.

Nobody's as stupid as you make him out to be.

He's just a common, ordinary,
useless bronc stomper,

like you see any way you looked around here.

He'd have done anything I asked him to.

He would, huh?

He did, didn't he?

He kinda liked you?

Yeah, it looked like it.

That's what I thought it was.

You better be glad he did, too.

There's something maybe you better remember.

And never mind tellin' me

how it didn't mean nothin' to you.

Just don't monkey around with nobody at all,
unless you wanna see their belly blasted open.

In my life, I ain't never been so low in my mind
as since I talked to that there girl.

If we aim to get across that line,
we ought to hustle up these ponies.

- I don't aim to cross any line.

- What are you talking about?

I don't aim to get across any line

because that's what she wants us to do.

I worked that out before her mouth shut.

- You mean there ain't no posse?

- Sure, and it's probably trailin' us.
There wouldn't be if she hadn't sicked it on us.
Are you telling me
that there pretty lady is a skunk?
Something happened back there
we don't know what it is.
If that posse's trailing us to the south,
it'd make an opening
for somebody to get away to the north.

- I can't believe it.

- Where is that somebody else now?
If what you say is a fact,
he's hid out round that same place.

- That's the way I figured it too.

- Leastways, if she ain't, he...

Wait a minute, Melody.
You ain't gotta be no dumber than necessary.
That would make me somebody.
The man that took Monte Jarrad.

- Now, you look here...

- You don't understand, George.
But for one hour back there
I felt what it felt like to be high-regarded.

- I'm never gonna feel the same again.

- But that fella's a killer.
I might even get...
you can't tell... get to be sheriff.
That or a corpse. One or the other.
Now, you just listen to me.

- Where are you goin'?

- Back.

But listen, Melody... Melody!
You go on if you want to.
If only you could shoot a little better.
What are we supposed to be doing?
Playing Indians?
You gonna ask her where he is?
I ain't figured out yet what I'm gonna do.
I was mixed up in shootin' once. I can't tell you
how quick I got sick of the whole idea.
Mm-hm!

- He's changed, Avery.

- He can't help it. He's in trouble.
They're chasin' him and he's wounded.

No, it's more than that.
You know, when we were all kids together,
just growin' up,
he was kind of wild, of course.
That's why I was so crazy about him, I guess.
But it ain't wildness now. He's mean.
Plain, downright mean.
And he's gettin' meaner all the time.
There she is now. Ask her.
What you got in this mattress? Skulls?
Take your dirty feet off my bed.
You've really got a crust.
- My horse run off and I...
- Shh!
Look, I don't know if you're crazy,
but you've gotta get out of here.
- I'll get you another horse and saddle...
- I couldn't leave without Henry.
- Your partner?
- No, Henry's my horse.
I couldn't leave him, specially with his bridle on.
- Where is your partner?
- George?
He's out somewhere in the brush.
He's the nervous type.
Oh.
In some kind of a fix, ain't you?
Of course not. All I'm trying to do
is to keep you out of a fix.
Don't you see?
That's why I took you out of town.
You mean when you called me Monte
in the middle of the street?
You've got it crazy about this... Monte, ain't you?
Look, I'll tell you what I'll do.
I'll make a deal with you.
- What'd you do that for?
- Your dog's seen something.
Somebody's prowling around out there.
Your partner, maybe.
No, he'd fall over something.
Sounds like he's gone now.
What kind of a deal?
Will you do somethin' for me?

Sure.

- Stay in this room until morning?

- Do what?

Sleep here, in that bed?

For me? Will you?

- Why?

- I'll explain it in the morning.

I just don't want you goin' outta here tonight.

- All right.

- You promise?

Sure.

Thank you.

- And for Pete's sake, stay put this time, will you?

- Mm.

- Thanks. Good night.

- Uh...

You don't wanna sit and talk a spell first?

Heaven forbid.

- Stick em up.

- You surely took long enough about it.

- You heard me?

- I been listenin' to you for about five minutes.

You always wanna shoot em in the right eye.

Spoils their aim.

I went back into town last night.

To look into things.

What'd you find out?

The way it looks now, as long as you keep on lettin' anybody think you're Monte Jarrad, you've got five chances of being hung or shot, which a fella tells me is a record in these parts.

How come?

One:

everybody in this county in a posse that ain't got no other aim in life but to catch you and hang you.

Two:

in this county named Cotton that you killed three members of five years ago.

This family, which has got about 150 uncles and cousins,

is conducting an independent hunt
to kill you ahead of the posse.

Three?

Three:

the express company has got its men here
because 40,000 dollars in cash
was taken off that stage.
Some say 40 million,
but that sounds like an overstatement to me.

Four:

you can look for
the United States Cavalry to arrive.
There was some mail on that stage.
They aim to kill you both 'cause you is
Monte Jarrad and 'cause you ain't Monte Jarrad,
and they just don't like to be disappointed.
You said five.

And five:

a certain female lady the way you've been,
I think we could count on Monte Jarrad himself
to take a hand in the shooting soon.
If this Monte Jarrad is such a well-known,
popular sort of a jigger,
- how come I get mistook for him?
- Monte ain't been back for five years.
Besides, you ain't run into nobody
that knowed him good.
You ain't fooled nobody
that really knowed Monte.
- I got a message for you.
- I don't know nobody in Payneville.
It was hardly a social introduction,
but you did knock him over.
Name's Ira Waggoner.
He drove the stage that Monte held up.
- How'd he know about me?
- He don't.
"Give this to Monte," he said.
Everybody thinks you're him.
Everybody but this little lady skunk
you're taking up with.

Skunk, huh?

Mornin'.

Cherry. George didn't mean that.

He was just shootin' off his face.

- No, he's right.

- Look, Cherry.

Aw, what George thinks ain't what I think.

You go on about your business

any which way you wanna go.

Now, look here. There ain't any use to this.

- You don't have to cry.

- Please. I am a skunk, and I know it.

You ain't a skunk.

You've been nice,

even though you knew I was lyin'.

I'm sorry I drug you into it. Goodbye.

Look, what kind of a box is it you're in?

Can't you tell me?

You see, I've known Monte Jarrad

ever since we was kids.

We grew up together.

So when he rode in hurt, I tried to help him.

- Did you get him out?

- No.

They'll catch him now, I guess.

The posse'll be pounding back by this evening.

When I told you that I'd explain,

I decided to tell you the whole truth

and see if you'd help me.

Take a saddle,

or anything to lead the posse away.

There just wasn't nobody else I could turn to.

You'd do anything for that belly gunner.

This morning I decided not to.

It wouldn't be fair dragging you in no further.

I was gonna tell you the truth all right.

I wasn't gonna ask you to do nothin' else.

That why you brung

Monte's saddle along with you?

What?

Why, I didn't know it was there.

I thought you might have noticed it

when you put this blanket over it.

I don't know why I even try to lie to you.

Me neither.

Come on, Henry.

- What are you doing?

- Changing saddles.

- You're gonna do it?

- It's what you wanted, ain't it?

Well, yes, but...

Melody, you can make it, can't you?

I hope so.

They'll see you with the saddle

and tell which way you went.

You'll have such a lead, you'll make it.

If you mean do I aim to get caught,

the answer is no.

A fella can stand just so much

of that pounding, and then...

I'm awful grateful to you.

Is there something I can do for you, maybe?

Sure. You can take care of my saddle.

All right.

Melody, ride as hard as you can

and don't stop for nothin'.

Goodbye.

Well, that sinks the duck.

Thank you.

Thank you.

- I meant goodbye.

- Goodbye.

Would you take something from me for keeps?

I won it for bronc stomping

last year at Cheyenne.

I was 17th.

Thanks, champ.

Giddy-up!

Melody! Where you goin'?

Melody!

Whoa.

He's gone with your saddle.

You can see it a mile off.

You said last night he'd left the house.

Where'd he stay?

I don't know, Monte. He just disappeared.

- Start movin'.

- Sure, Monte.

You know what I'd do if you crossed me.
I know you're in trouble,
but I don't like that kind of talk.
I didn't ask you what you liked.
Just be careful what you're doin'.
I'm gonna pick up Uncle Roscoe,
and then I'm on my way.
When you get through with what I told you to do,
I'll send for you. Be ready.

- Can I get by?
- Ten.
- Up ten.
- I call.

You fellas oughta let people pass
when they ask you.

- Waggoner.
- Back.

You wanna see me?
Sit down.
You needn't keep watching my gun.
You couldn't stop it.
There's only three men in these parts
I can't slap leather with. One is Monte Jarrad.

- But you ain't him.
- No?

No. You had me fooled for a time, but...
...not after I thunk it over.
But you're frontin' for him,
and that's all I wanna know.
Where is he?

- I was fixin' to ask you that.
- I done my part of that job.

Now I'm waitin' for you fellas to do yours.
You understand?
Mister, I'm gonna tell you the truth.
I ain't got the first idea what you're talkin' about.
I want my share. I wanna know where
that money bag is. You understand that?
No.
Then you'd better start remembering. You're
gonna tell me before you leave this room.
You mean you figure
I know where that money is?
I figure you better.

Well, I don't know exactly what to say to that.

Nobody else has to know.

Just you and me. Fifty-fifty.

Mister, I swear I don't know

how you've lived as long as you have.

What do you mean?

- Do you remember Morgan Earp?

- Sure.

He got his spine shot in two.

He had his back to a door that had glass in it.

Sure. What about it?

If you look behind you,

you'll find just that kind of a door.

That's the oldest one in the book.

That glass is painted over and I know it.

Maybe, but I sure wish

you'd give it a second thought.

- I've had just about enough of this.

- So have I.

Hello, Leo.

- Who's this?

- I don't know.

- He's trying to pass himself off as Monte.

- I know. He's riding Monte's saddle.

- What deal you making?

- I was trying to find out about things.

- What things?

- I got a certain right to...

To do what?

Sit here till I ride off.

Then be someplace where I can find you.

You understand?

Yeah.

I wanna hear some more

about them rights you're so worried about.

Let's go.

- Me?

- Come on.

Walk ahead of me until we're out in the street.

Mount your pony.

Mister, I'm obliged to you

for getting me out of that bar.

Ride by my off-stirrup, close.

- I ain't goin' that way...

- You go the way I tell you to.
I can't understand how in Sam Hill a tramp
like you found a way to kill Monte Jarrad.
Get going.
Stay where you are.

- Now, look, I'm sick and tired...
- I'm gonna smoke a cigarette.
When I'm done, I'm gonna throw it away.
When I throw it away, take care of yourself.
Some friend of this belly-bustin' gunman,
I take it.

- Say it while you can, tramp.
- Figure you're good with a gun yourself.
Outside of Monte,
I've never seen anybody better.
All I meet today is champions.
You shot Monte in the back.
You wanna try again?
I aim to pull out of this fix.
It ain't my squabble and there's no sense
in getting myself shot.

- Monte Jarrad ain't dead.
- Did he give you that saddle?
- No, he didn't, but his girl did.
- What girl?
- Cherry de Longpre.
- Did she kill him?
Ain't nobody killed him, you lunkhead.
He got hurt bad and couldn't travel fast.
I took his saddle as a favour to her,
to fool jackasses like you away from him.
A full growed man like you could let a girl
talk him into a dang fool trick like that?
All I can say is here I am.
I've heard some dumb stories in my time,
but that one really takes the cake.
Get ready.
All right.
This don't make no sense to me
in any particular,
but... let her go.
Put em up, black hat.
Higher.
Take his gun, Melody.

Like I told your friend, never turn your back
on anything, especially a woman.

It's all right, George.

- This the girl?

- Ain't she a lulu?

- Get off.

- Just a minute, ma'am.

If you're Cherry de Longpre,
you'll know I'm Leo Gledhill.

How do you do, Mr Gledhill? Now get off.

- I'm a friend of Monte Jarrad.

- The lady said get off, Mr Gledhill.

You jughead. We been looking all over for you.

Take Mr Gledhill for a walk out in the desert.

Way out, and leave him.

- Get!

- Leave him and do what?

Follow Melody to where you was headed
in the first place.

You're gonna get out of this country.

I'm gonna take you.

- How do you like that for organisation?

- You know who I am.

I don't know who you are,
only who you say you are.

But that's who I am.

You could be Luke Packard
who works for the express company.

- Come on, Melody.

- Yes, ma'am.

Too bad, partner. I know just how you feel.

If there's anything in the world I like,
it's gettin' saved from bein' shot.

I wished I had a candy box

To put my sweetheart in

I'd take her out and kiss her twice

And put her back again

- Round and round...

- Melody.

You know, Monte'd kill a girl
if she done to him what I done to you.

That's because Monte
don't understand women very well.

I suppose you do?

Pa gave me a piece of advice
that ain't never failed me:
"If you fool around a woman, hide a dollar
in your boot, then you'll come out with a dollar."
"That is," Pa says, "if you keep your boots on."
- What are you gonna do now?
- Tie up with George.
Head toward Hot Creek
and work around there this winter.
Will you be coming back this way in spring?
Maybe. Don't like it much
down there in the summer.
If you do, will you do something for me?
I don't like to seem impolite,
but after the way things been going,
I'd better listen to what it is first.
I don't blame you.
This money bag that Monte took,
when you come back, I want you
to give it back to the express company.
- Can't.
- You mean you won't?
- Don't know where it is.
- I'm going to show you.
It's in a little adobe house.
Under the window sill, there's a slab.
Under that there's a space
for a man to hide in... if he can breathe.
It's in there. Monte told me
when it looked like he was gonna die.
- Why don't we give it back to em now?
- We certainly will not.
- Why not?
- Monte's gotta have his chance.
They're looking for him.
If that money popped up here,
they'd close in so tight
a jack rabbit couldn't get out.
- We gotta wait till he gets away.
- No, I'd better turn it in right now.
You can't. After promising me,
you wouldn't dare.
Promised? When was that I promised?
Well...

Well, you gotta promise now.

- Oh, well...

- Well, do you promise?

All right, I promise.

Melody.

I'm awful sorry. I hope you understand,
and maybe someday you'll forgive me.

Forget it.

Ain't a thing in the world you've got
to worry about, as far as I'm concerned.

If you ever do come back through here...

I tell you, Cherry,

I'd like to see you again a whole lot.

But I just don't seem to be cut out for the kind
of life you folks lead around these parts.

Yeah, I see.

- Good evening.

- Luke Packard's the name.

From the express company.

Lift your hands just a little higher.

And you, lady, step round the other side of him.

I'd certainly be embarrassed

if you grabbed his iron and flung a shot at me.

That's something

that's been worrying me most of my life.

What would I do if a woman

hung the drop on me?

Boy, oh, boy.

Over.

These don't give much light to speak of,
but they'll warm it up while we wait.

- Wait for what?

- The posse.

- They're swinging around this way now.

- Posse?

The sheriff and some of the boys
are heading up here.

Go over in that corner.

What they're aiming to do when they get here,
I couldn't say. They didn't tell me.

- But you can't do that.

- No? Why can't I?

They'll kill him, not arrest him.

Those Cotton boys won't let em.

They're legal, lady. Legal to the teeth.
I ain't the one they're after.
I ain't Monte Jarrad.
I'm Melody Jones. I ain't never set eyes on him.
I ain't never seen
the gentleman in question myself.
But this is Monte Jarrad's hideout.
On information received,
this here girl is Monte Jarrad's lady friend.
Monte Jarrad is well known to be a beanpole,
such as you be.
When a posse makes a mistake,
it's mighty hard to unmake.
Come, now. Let's don't look on the dark side.
What other side is there, mister?
If them Cottons get hold of me, I'm a dead duck.
It ain't gonna be no good to say sorry.
The fact is, I don't care a hoot
whether you're Monte Jarrad
or Melody Jones or Harmony Q Smith.
All I'm interested in is 42,004 dollars
and 85 cents
belonging to the express company I work for
and not another cussed thing on earth.
Once I get my hands on that,
you're as free as a bird.
- Can I talk to this girl alone?
- Step in there if you want.
- You trust me?
- 100 per cent.
You'll never regret it, Mr Packard.
You'd better take a light with you.
Well, how do you like that?
He's no better than a cheat.
I couldn't break my word in here if I wanted to.
What did you wanna talk to me about?
Oh, yeah. Say, what about this?
- What about what?
- About my gettin' hung over this money.
- How far are you aimin' to carry this?
- You know the situation.
You figure if I tell where the money is, it'll hurt
that belly buster's chances of gettin' away.
But what about my neck?

You have to do what you think is right, of course.

You gonna hang onto that promise

you trapped me into?

- I'm not gonna argue about it.

- Maybe you're in love with him, but I ain't.

This thing's gone just about far enough,

and ten feet further.

Just as you please.

- Made up your mind?

- Uh-huh.

Well, where is it?

- Where's what?

- The money. Stop stalling.

What money was it?

You realise what you're doin'? That posse
ain't more than 30 minutes from here, Monte.

- I ain't Monte.

- I ain't got any way to force you.

But I hate to see a man taken apart
without a chance to defend himself.

- I'll tell you where it is.

- What?

The money you're after. Can't you keep
your mind on what we're talking about?

- If I tell you where it is, can we go?

- That was the proposition.

- Which man do you aim to be the death of?

- Shut up.

It's under that slab under the window.

Well, what do you know about that?

Mister, you're a...

Then you were telling the truth.

Yeah.

Look out for the fella doin' the shootin'.

It's the real Monte. He's after the money again.

Is he dead?

Yeah.

Shh.

There's somebody out there.

- Is that the way you always draw?

- You numbskull.

I'm sorry, but I couldn't be sure who was in here.

- Who is it?

- Packard, the express-company fella.

Well, that sinks the duck.

Now they got a "corpus delict".

- A what?

- A dead body.

That's the way the law says it.

If they've got a corpus, you're delict.

Before this, we could have proved
there was a mistake.

- Then why did you do it?

- We could have...

- Do what?

- Shoot him.

- Him?

- Why did you shoot him?

Why should I shoot the man,
a perfect stranger? Why should I...?

Wait a minute.

Both of you, you can't hang it on me.

You was under the table with your gun smokin'.

How do you account for that hole?

He ran outside, shot him, then came back in?

That's right.

If it wasn't you,

we've got that belly buster back with us.

Melody, we gotta

get outta this country and quick.

- Ain't nothin' holdin' me back.

- All right.

But first you get the pony.

Keep your eyes open.

Maybe somebody's still out there.

Don't you think

we oughta keep clotted together?

Stop trying to think. Do as I say.

All right.

We got housekeeping to do before we leave.

Give me a hand.

Let's get this corpus into that box.

Here, help cover up these spots.

- You with us?

- You bet.

Come on.

Step back.

You're under arrest.

Light those candles, Kriendler.
Let's see what's going on in here.
Stick em up, fella.
- I can't say I expected much more of you.
- This him?
- Ain't it?
- Do I have to go through all that again?
Sheriff, he isn't Monte.
He's just some guy that's got all mixed up.
- Hold me. Put me in jail.
- You think I'm crazy?
They're prominent in this county, the Cottons.
If I was to let him go,
they're as liable to string me up.
Take it easy. They'll be along any minute.
If he ain't who they want, they won't touch him.
Look, Sheriff, if they hang me,
how are you gonna find out
where the money is?
You know where the money is,
even if you ain't Monte?
I do.
- What ails you?
- Nothing.
Just clearing my throat.
Well?
- If I tell you, can I get outta here?
- If I was you...
If he opens his mouth one more time,
knock him in the head.
I give you my word. The minute
that money's in my hand, that door's open.
- It's right...
- Oh!
No!
That'll teach you
to keep your mouth shut.
Come on.
Come on?
Try any monkey business
and I'll blow you clear outta this house.
Where's that money? You said
you knew where it is. Let's have it, quick.
- I'm afraid I changed my mind.

- I'm giving you one more chance.
Tell us, or do we have to get it outta you?
I don't think I got any suggestions.
Get a hold of him. Pin him.
Anybody touches me
is gonna get their brains knocked out.
You brush ape. How did you think
you were gonna stop a man?
What are you doin' here?
Just lightin' a candle.
Melody, why didn't you go?
I reached for you, but I couldn't find you.
I couldn't leave you in all this mess.
Maybe I can be as tough as this Monte Jarrad.
Maybe a little bit tougher.
- Let's get outta here.
- They stampeded our horses.
Well, what do you know?
For the last time, where's that money?
I forget.
All right, put your guns away
and go to work on him.
Don't knock his head clear off him
because he's gotta talk, and quick.
You...
You get over there.
Get him.
Whop him, Melody. Whop him!
Get your hands off me.
I got him.
Wait a minute. Bring him out here.
Where is it?
Let him have it.
Hold it. We gotta try somethin' else.
- Why?
- You'll knock him out, then what good is he?
- Want me to heat up his spurs?
- No, the way he said it, it's in this room.
The way he said it, it must be...
It's got to be...
There's a stiff in here.
Holy jumping Jupiter!
- It's Luke Packard.
- Luke Packard?

It is Luke all right.

Run for it.

Hey!

Open this door!

Come on back!

Come back here and open this door!

Come back here!

Cherry? Cherry?

Cherry? Cherry?

Cherry? Cherry?

Monte's headed for the de Longpre range.

Come on, let's go!

Cherry?

Cherry?

Cherry?

Hi.

You can stop thinkin' what you're thinkin'
because you won't have time to throw that can.

And you're too far for that Winchester.

I thought you might be that Monte Jarrad,
but that can't be.

- No?

- No.

That weasel looks somethin' like I do.

Fools people sometimes.

Get over there.

Take off that holster.

And the boots.

Don't think we look alike, hm?

I don't think I deserve people
to say anything like that about me.

The jumper.

It ain't gonna do you no good, you know.

You don't think so?

Not even if we swapped every stitch.

'Cause there still wouldn't be
no scar on my face.

But who'd know that if there wasn't no face left?

- Is that what you really aim to do?

- The pants.

I didn't come lookin' for you
just to admire you, if that's what you mean.

In that case, I guess I'd better fix you too.

You ain't doin' this just because it suits you to.

You got something else on your mind.

Yeah?

Yeah. But I ain't gonna help you with it none.

I'm gonna make you ask about it.

All right. What about it?

- What about what?

- What about Cherry?

What about her?

You'll have to be clearer than that.

- You know what I'm asking you.

- Sure.

But you're gonna have to ask it in plain words.

- What were you doin' here the other night?

- If I don't tell you, you'll never know.

- You'll tell me all right.

- Will I?

Don't get smart. I don't like it.

And you won't like it either.

What could you do

that you weren't gonna do already?

That's what I meant when I say

I'm gonna fix you too.

I ain't gonna answer that question.

I'm gonna leave you to worry about that.

But she ain't yours no more.

- You're lying.

- You see?

That's what you're going to have to worry about.

Was I lying or not?

With me gone, you'll never know.

From now on, you'll have to

go on wondering about that,

for as long as you live,

which I don't figure to be very long.

Come on.

The hat.

Know what you are now?

You're just an old used-to-be.

If you don't think so, ask her yourself.

She's comin' in right now.

You better get out to the barn.

George is there. He's hurt.

Bad?

I think he's dyin'.

All right, go on.

Why did you shoot that old man?

He come asking for it. Anytime somebody comes asking for it, they're gonna get it. Found him in the gulch where you left him. Where you left him to die.

You're wearin' his stuff.

So the tramp was tellin' the truth.

Monte, you were gonna kill him too and leave him here to be buried as yourself. Get your dumb thumb out of my eye.

- I was just trying to see if you were dead.

- Well, I ain't.

And I don't like somebody trying to gouge my eye out.

- Monte?

- Yeah. I stumbled onto him up in the rocks.

You can't, Monte.

Look out, Melody! He's coming!

Take care of yourself, tramp.

Take my gun, Melody. Take it and drill him.

Partner, you ain't got no gun.

Get outta here. They're comin'.

Inside.

- You two cover that door.

- Yeah.

Leo, the front door.

- Come back here.

- Stop me.

- Look, Melody...

- Sit down.

Surrender in the name of the law!

- Take that horse and cut for it.

- Why don't Monte go?

He can't race a horse with that wound, but you can.

She's right. You can't do no more damage around here.

- No, I ain't goin'.

- Why not?

Horse like that can't carry three people.

Looks like we're gonna have company.

- Did you get him?

- What for?

I ain't got anything against them fellas out there.

- Get down. You'll get your head shot off.

- Why did you shoot?

He was shootin' too straight.

George.

Listen, George, only one thing about this business still puzzles me.

- What's that?

- What I'm doin' in it.

You was gonna make somethin' out of yourself.

- Don't you remember?

- That's right.

You was gonna take Monte and be somebody.

That sounds kinda silly now, I reckon.

All I'm askin' you now is,

tell me when you figure you is somebody

so we can get the heck

out of this shootin' gallery.

Is that really why you stayed?

Well, not exactly.

The truth is, I hadn't hardly got into that idea good before I kinda got sick of it.

Too jumpy to suit my taste.

Why did you ride back into Payneville?

You was all tangled up in something.

I couldn't rightly figure out what.

No use tryin' to talk sense into your head.

The only way to get you out

was for me to try to get inside

and bust open the whole shebang.

It never occurred to me that maybe

you had reasons not to want to get out.

Melody...

What is it, Uncle Roscoe?

Where's my gun?

You ain't got no gun, George.

You'd better give me one, Melody.

If them fellas break in...

...you're gonna need some help.

Here you are, George.

Got it?

Yeah.

Don't make out

you're worse off than you are, George.

Here. Drink some of this.

We can't stand for this from nobody, George.

- Hey, now.

- That all you got? Four?

- What are you doin'?

- Nothin' you can stop, son.

- Stop him, Avery!

- Come back here, you...

I'm sorry.

Hey, Monte Jarrad!

What about it?

What about it, Monte?

How about it, Monte?

Melody, please.

I'm waitin'.

Hey, men! Hold your fire!

Hold your fire! Let em shoot it out!

This one's for that scar on your face.

You're walkin' too good.

That one was a little too close.

No face left, remember?

Thanks, partner.

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy

I ain't got no sweetheart

I'm a long way from home...

Come on. You can bring your hat this time.

I ain't got no sweetheart

I ain't got no sweetheart

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy...

What a dumb town!

They catch you and then they don't hang you.

They slung me in and they slung me out.

- You still tryin' to make out you're bad off?

- Have you ever...?

- What's this?

- Reward for drilling Monte.

They held back 25 dollars for the doctor,
five dollars on a charge of vagrancy,
three weeks' rent for living in the jail
when I wasn't guilty.

- Why are you givin' it to me?

- You brung him down.

Me? I couldn't have brung down

a two-week-old baby.

I was so dreamy, I couldn't hardly move,
let alone use a drilling iron.

But you had to, George. It wasn't me.

That shot came straight from this barn.

- Avery?

- Flat out.

- Pop, maybe?

- No, I had his gun.

This is awful, George. Awful.

Who do you care saved your life?

I'd let anybody save mine.

- I'm givin' up.

- Givin' up what?

Everything. I ain't gonna make
no further fool of myself about her.

- What in the Sam Hill are you talking about?

- She knowed him long before me.

It was him or me, one or the other.

She had a right

to shoot at whoever she wanted to.

Melody, if you mean what I think you mean,
get outta my sight.

- You ain't worthy for me to know.

- I've been kiddin' myself too long.

I know who she was aimin' at.

Come in.

Hello.

- I was looking for my saddle.

- Behind the curtain.

What's that?

The reward.

Oh.

- I hoped you wouldn't take it like that.

- I ain't blamin' you.

It ain't no disgrace to be saved by a woman.

What kind of a chump do you take me for?

You think I don't know who you were shootin' at?

- What?

- Look, Cherry...

When a fella puts himself between a fella
and his girl, he's got to look out on both sides.

- He's got to be ready...

- You mean I was shootin' at you?

I ain't blamin' you. You had to make
a quick pick which fella you wanted.
I'm mighty glad
you ain't any better shot than you are.
Thanks for takin' care of my saddle for me.
Why, you... you butter-fingered gun juggler.
Melody.
Cherry!
Hold it.
When I aim at somethin', I hit it.
And when I hit somethin', that's what I aimed at.
Don't tell me she missed you all three times.
- I've changed my mind, George.
- What now?
I decided I don't wanna be sheriff.
Well, that's a right smart decision.
I'm thinking it's about time
I was thinking about settling down.
A fella that knew about ranching
could make this dump into a nice place.
- If he had a good foreman.
- You ask her?
- Ask her what?
- For the job, you numpus.
- You don't think I ought to go to Pop?
- Go away. You disgust me.
Well, if you think that's the way...
Melody, stop it.
Stop it, I tell you. Stop...
My goodness.
You don't have to be so rough about it.