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# Ambush at Dark Canyon

By Dustin Rikert

You know I gotta bring you in.  
You're gonna have to kill me first.  
Yeah, I know.  
Do it.  
I can't.  
Do it.  
Careful how you look at me, now, stranger  
You ain't rolled the trail  
that I've been on  
Until you taste the dirt  
and smell the danger  
You don't know the hell  
that's made me strong  
The devil stole my woman down in Tucson  
And a biscuit down in Juarez  
became my only friend  
Spurred my horse before...  
cut the noose off  
And rode off in the sunset once again  
And I ride high  
In the saddle  
But my heart has hit me  
like the setting sun  
I never had to run and hide  
with my old friend here by my side  
But you can't kill a memory with a gun  
Oh, crap!  
Oh, wake up, little darling  
Open them eyes  
All those birds out singin' outside  
Get up, little darling  
Throw on them shoes  
How are you, Edward?  
Two S's in Mississippi, Amos.  
- Mind your own business.  
- I'm just trying to help.  
- You're late.  
- Oh, yeah.  
You're looking fine  
as cream gravy, Eleanor.  
You're looking spiffy yourself, Jesse.  
- Had a long night. Overslept.  
- You didn't.  
Haddie Randolph. She's a real bear-cat.

Haddie Randolph?

Jesse, how in the hell do you do this?

You know, sometimes I wonder myself.

You know what?

You're gonna have a lot more time  
to wonder about that, because chief...

he's in a real mood today.

And when he finds you?

Helms!

Helms!

- Amos.

- Jesse.

Close the door behind you.

Please. Have a seat.

Sure.

Why are you here?

Well, you... called me in, remember?

- I'm not in the mood for this.

- So I was a little late.

Work starts at 7:00 a.m. sharp.

Do you have any idea what time it is?

- I understand, sir.

- This is a business, son.

A well-oiled machine. If one cog in the wheel  
is not working, then it all falls apart.

Do you see what I'm trying to say to you?

That I'm a cog, sir?

I should've fired your ass long ago,  
when I had the chance.

Trouble is, you do a bang-up job.

When you're here. Hence my dilemma.

How to let you go

without being the bad guy.

Or how to let you stay

without appearing weak.

- Come again, sir?

- I have this little pet project of mine.

More of a passion, really.

I stumbled on this about five years ago  
when I took over the chief's job.

Arizona, 1892.

Bank robbery gone wrong. Six people dead.

They called it the mid-day massacre.

September 23rd, 1892.

Four men, led by an ill-tempered outlaw named Levi Hardin, walked into a bank.

In the small boom-town of Young Country, Arizona.

When the smoke cleared, six people were dead, including a five-year-old girl.

Traveling photographer happened to be passing through town that day.

- Frank Sheldon.

- Sheldon?

- The one that started the Gazette.

- That's right.

And what was supposed to be a series of rudimentary shots to test a camera he'd invented ended up capturing

one of the only live bank robberies ever caught on film.

No, men, stand down! Stand down!

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

Don't you... I'll fucking kill her!

Hey, I'll kill her, Duke!

- Hardin, don't you hurt her!

- I know you don't want that.

No!

No!

Come on!

It gained national attention, what with the vicious nature of the crime and the...

high-profiled individuals involved.

One in particular, a well-respected U.S. marshal named Duke Donovan.

That him?

Some say he was the ringleader.

So the man people were supposed to trust ended up betraying them.

Doesn't end there.

Donovan and Hardin

escaped free and clear that day.

But a posse caught up to them later.

This one's alive.

So Hardin double-crossed Donovan and took the money.

On the contrary,  
it's all right there with Donovan.  
Donovan claimed that he  
was trying to stop them,  
but Hardin was holding a woman  
hostage outside of town.  
He said he was gonna kill her  
if Donovan didn't aid in the robbery.  
So Donovan said he went along with it,  
until the last second.

- There was no sign of a mysterious woman.  
- And Hardin?

Donovan claimed he shot him  
in the head before he blacked out.  
Never found the body.

Well, what happened next?

I don't know if it was his 20 years  
of service to the law,  
or the fact that Donovan claimed he never  
fired a shot during the robbery, but...  
something put doubts  
in the minds of the jury.  
That's a hangin' offense,  
but they sentenced him to life  
in the Yuma territorial prison.  
He lasted there six weeks before escaping.  
He was killed two days later  
by a young deputy.

- Sounds like quite a story.

- Oh, it is.

I had to uncover a lot of rocks  
to find this much.

- But what do you think?

- I'm not sure.

But I'm gonna let you  
help me form that opinion.

- How's that?

- By getting an interview  
with the last man alive  
who knows what really happened.  
His name is Seymour Redfield.  
Some people think his real name  
is Tom Sullivan.

The young deputy

that killed Donovan that day.  
When Sullivan brought Donovan's body  
back to town, he disappeared.  
- Was never heard from again.  
- Why don't you just talk to this man?  
Well...  
Let's just say we don't see eye to eye  
and leave it at that.  
Only interview I never got.  
What makes you think  
he'll wanna talk to me?  
Because you have more motivation  
than I do. Your job's on the line.  
Get the story.  
Or...  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Hello? Mr. Redfield?  
Jeez.  
That's a .45 long Colt.  
Its many admirers referred to it  
as the peacemaker.  
- Mr. Redfield?  
- Depends on who's asking.  
I'm Jesse Helms, from the Gazette.  
I was hoping I could talk to you.  
I'd've thought you people'd  
take the hint by now.  
I didn't mean to intrude, sir.  
Knocked on the door, and it fell open.  
You know, I could've blown  
your goddamn head off.  
And I'd've been well within my rights.  
But, since I just saved your life,  
why don't you have a drink with me?  
No thank you, sir. I'm on the clock.  
Whose clock? Not my clock.  
Well, in that case, a small one, sir.  
Why don't you rest your butt?  
Make yourself comfortable.  
Thank you, sir.  
You know, my...  
Chief said that you didn't  
like to talk too much.

Your chief? You mean Morgan Heinz?  
Well, pay no attention to Morgan Heinz.  
He's nothing but a damned old blowhard.  
Only thing he's interested in...  
is a good scandal so as he can sell  
more sheets of that rag he puts out.  
Heinz said that if I didn't talk to you,  
then I'd be out of a job.  
Well, that's too bad.  
However, I hear the pig farm  
down the road is hiring.  
You know, sir, I don't wanna waste  
any more of your time.  
I'll see myself out.  
I inherited this gun...  
from Duke Donovan the day he died.  
Marshal Duke Donovan?  
The very one.  
Was that the gun he used in the robbery?  
Is that why Heinz sent you here?  
Talk about Duke Donovan?  
Well, yes, sir. It is.  
Well...  
I suppose if you're looking  
for the truth...  
that's where it all began.  
With Donovan.  
By 1892,  
some say the legend of Duke Donovan  
had begun to eclipse the man.  
He never had any children.  
On account of their getting married  
later in life.  
Just a wife he loved fiercely.  
But their passion for each other  
more than made up for it.  
Their love was constant.  
Through thick and thin, she stood by him.  
Has the jury reached their verdict?  
We have, your honor.  
We, the above entitled jury do hereby  
find Duke Donovan guilty on all counts.  
Order! Order in the court! Order!  
Now, the punishment for such a crime

is to hang by the neck until dead.  
However... in light of your many years  
of community service,  
and your impeccable service record,  
the court has decided  
to grant you a reprieve.  
Therefore, you are hereby sentenced  
to life imprisonment  
at Yuma territorial prison.  
Where you shall do hard labor  
for the rest of your life,  
without the possibility of parole.  
This court's adjourned. Take him away.  
Duke came to Yuma prison  
in the spring of 1893.  
His arrival was the talk of the place.  
He had as many enemies in Yuma  
as he did admirers.  
He'd put half of them in there.  
He was a quiet, deliberate man.  
And those eyes...  
no one ever forgot those eyes.  
All hands at attention!  
Warden's on the floor!  
I'd like to take a moment to...  
personally welcome you all to Yuma.  
I believe...  
you'll find your stay here to be a tough,  
but a fair one.  
We work a six-day week  
and rest on Sundays.  
That's reserved for the good Lord.  
I don't care who you are or what you did.  
But in here, you're mine.  
The government of this great territory  
has asked us to assist  
in the construction  
of a new section of prison.  
You'll get two squares a day.  
But you'll have to work  
damn hard for them.  
However, in the end,  
you'll manage to do something  
you failed to do in your previous lives.



Make a positive contribution to society.  
I consider myself a fair man.  
Should you have a need  
that has not been addressed,  
my door is always open.  
Ace high.  
Godspeed in your work.  
You ladies heard the warden.  
Back to work.  
Not you, Donovan. Come with me.  
Come on!  
You'll be stayin' in here. Warden Logan  
thought it might be a good idea  
to keep you away  
from the rest of the populace.  
Get changed. We'll come by  
to collect your clothes.  
Remember, ladies.  
There is no talkin' on the line.  
Unless you wanna be eating  
your dinner through a straw.  
Keep it down! Stay quiet!  
Put your backs into it!  
Hey!  
Are you talkin' to me?  
Yeah.  
I like that pickaxe you got right there.  
Say...  
ain't you that law dog  
everybody's been talking about?  
Yeah.  
That's me.  
That's right! These rocks  
ain't gonna break themselves!  
Donovan began to settle in  
to his newfound lot at life in Yuma.  
Working by day and separated  
from the other prisoners at night.  
Many began to forget he was there.  
As days turned to weeks,  
the first month passed.  
It looked like Donovan  
was gonna be all right.  
That is, until the day Will Penny...

and Cage Dalton arrived.  
Dalton's ornery disposition  
got him thrown in the hole immediately.  
Straight to the hole.  
As for Will Penny? Well...  
He would have more to do  
with the fate of Duke Donovan  
than anyone could have ever realized.  
That's right! Keep diggin'!  
You want some?  
No messin' around!  
Is it true? That if the warden's  
in a bad mood,  
he makes us prisoners dig  
with just the handles?  
No?  
What're you doing, kid?  
Keep workin'!  
Hey! Hey!  
Get a hold of yourself, goddamn it.  
Bunch of criminals.  
Kid, kid, look at me.  
You want Cane to hear you?  
Son of a bitch.  
- Sorry about this, kid.  
- No, no, no, no, no!  
What's going on here?  
I don't know.  
I think he's scorpion-bit.  
That true?  
Yes. It's just like he said.  
All right, all right.  
Get him up on his feet.  
Get him up on his feet, take him  
to the wagon. Get him a drink of water.  
Whole thing's gonna set us back today.  
Warden's gonna blow up!  
Take a little sip of water.  
Thank you.  
Thank you, Mr. Donovan.  
Warden's on the block!  
What happened here?  
He got scorpion-bit, sir.  
Show me.

- What's that, sir?  
- Show me your bite.  
Well, you know,  
I don't know... You know, I...  
Show the bite now, or I'll shoot you dead.  
Okay! Please.  
There is no bite.  
I don't got no bite, sir.  
I thought so.  
There, now. There, now.  
It feels good to tell the truth,  
doesn't it, boy?  
Yes, it does, sir.  
Well, that's still no excuse.  
Oh, no! Please! Please!  
Throw him in the hole.  
I will not tolerate liars.  
Get up! Come on!  
You got a problem with that?  
He's just a kid.  
That kid cut a couple in El Paso  
from ear to ear with a butcher's knife.  
But then, you know all about  
murdering women and children, don't you?  
- Deputy Sullivan?  
- Yes, sir?  
Throw him in the hole as well.  
Seein' as you're the sympathetic type,  
you can spend some time there  
with your new friend.  
Let's go, Donovan.  
Come on.  
Next time, it won't be empty.  
I'm sorry about this, Donovan.  
All right.  
Checking the locks.  
Stop.  
Cut your goddamn tongue out.  
Get some sleep.  
Still one more week to go.  
Cocksucker.  
Ladies. Lockdown.  
Listen, Donovan.  
Yeah, kid?

That... that thing in... Young Country?  
Did it really go down  
the way they say it did?  
You know, in all my years  
of working with the law...  
- there's one thing I learn.  
- And what's that?  
Nothing ever went down  
the way they say it did.  
Yeah.  
I guess so.  
What about you, kid?  
Guessing they got your story wrong, too?  
No, sir.  
I...  
I killed those people...  
deader than hell.  
After my parents died...  
the state took my sister and me.  
Put us in an institution.  
Then one day, this...  
this couple come, and...  
they say I was gonna go live with them.  
It was all right at first.  
Made some new friends and...  
had a roof over our head.  
Then...  
Then, one night...  
the wife came into my room.  
She wasn't wearin' nothing.  
And she said, if I told anyone,  
she was gonna send my sister away.  
So...  
I went along with it for a while.  
To protect her.  
Then I...  
I caught the old man with her.  
And I...  
I knew I had to do something.  
She was just...  
just a little girl, you know?  
Innocent.  
That's a hell of a thing, kid.  
That's a hell of a thing.

It's a real touching tale, ain't it?

What about you, Dalton?

What's your story?

Me?

Oh, I've done...

train-jumping and grave-robbing.

Card-playing. Lying, cheating,  
stealing pretty much my whole life.

See, I was in... Clementina, New Mexico.

A few weeks ago, in a jail,  
waiting on my trial date,  
and there was a man in this...

in the jail cell with me.

He's limey, through and through.

Had a real nasty scar on the left side  
of his face, result of getting shot.

- What was his name?

- We ain't in no hurry, is we?

- What was his name?

- I said, we ain't in no hurry.

Where was I?

Oh, yeah.

This fellow claimed that...

the gunshot to the head almost killed him.

Bank robbery gone wrong, says he.

Convinced this lawman...

to go along with him on account

of he had a fine piece of ass

held hostage, and he was gonna kill her.

If the lawman didn't go along with him.

I need your help, Duke.

Put your gun down,

or I'm blowing her head right off!

- He's gonna kill me!

- Put your gun down!

Good. I need your help.

- Keep talking.

- Well...

Anyhow, they pulled off the robbery

and got back to the hideout.

And they thought this lawman

was gonna be easy pickings,

on account of he was

outnumbered and all, but...

They was wrong.  
Come on! Let's go!  
Dark irony, it was.  
Seems that this lawman  
and the woman he was trying to help was...  
actually the very woman who betrayed him.  
She was a painted lady.  
Lover of Levi Hardin.  
Nursed him back to health.  
Was in on it all along.  
What happened to him?  
- Where is he?  
- That's... that's the best part, see?  
Hardin was caught stealing cattle  
in that part of country.  
That's a hangable offense.  
Hallelujah...  
- Sheriff?  
- Levi Perry Hardin...  
you have been sentenced by a jury  
to hang for your crimes until dead.  
Do you have any last words?  
Yeah. Y'all can kiss my ass!  
It's just funny how...  
a man can kill innocent women  
and children and...  
get life in prison.  
But you take a man's cow?  
That's a whole 'nother  
goddamn deal, ain't it?  
Guard!  
Guard!  
You tell the warden I'm ready to see him.  
Well, prisoner Donovan.  
This is a pleasant surprise.  
Leave us.  
I must commend you.  
You and your friend lasted a good while.  
Not as long as some, mind you, but...  
then, they didn't have the choice you did.  
I came here to tell you  
that Levi Hardin is still alive.  
And I think I know where he's headed next.  
Excuse me?

That's what you came to say to me?  
Did you hear what I said?  
Hardin's still alive.  
I think my wife's in danger.  
Well, that is a predicament.  
But I fail to see what that has to do  
with our meeting here today.  
Listen, you son of a bitch!  
I don't care what you think of me.  
My wife's in danger.  
Hardin's not gonna stop till  
he gets to me any way he knows how!  
Now, you gotta do something!  
I suggest you take your hands  
off my collar.  
One call from me, and you won't have  
to worry about your precious wife.  
Because you'll be dead.  
Excellent.  
Guard!  
- Take him away.  
- Back to the hole?  
No, put him in with the main population.  
I'm sure they'll make room for him.  
I don't care what you think of me.  
There's an innocent woman in danger.  
It's your duty to help her! It's your duty!  
I have a witness! Ask Dalton!  
Ask Dalton!  
They will crucify him, sir.  
Do it.  
Cy...  
you do make the best ribs  
this side of the Mississippi.  
Look, Sullivan, as far as I can tell,  
you're the only guy in here  
that has some sense of right and wrong.  
Now, if you won't help me, help her.  
Unhook him.  
She's all alone out there, Sullivan.  
You gotta help her.  
You gotta do something!  
There ain't nothing I can do, goddamn it!  
What the hell am I supposed to do?

Go on.

Go!

Go!

Go, please.

Son of a bitch.

Mr. Donovan. I got me a nice place  
right over here for you.

You know, first thing

I did when I got out...

was make a trade for this.

Hey, Donovan.

What's going on?

You need to get out of here, kid.

No matter what happens, you stay away.

No, sir, I need to stay  
right here with you.

Beat it.

Beat it!

What you gonna do?

I'm not sure.

You remember me?

Oh, yeah, I remember you.

Jarvison.

You and your rapist brother.

It ain't proper to insult the dead  
since you done the killin'.

Kid, I want you to promise me something.

Yes, sir.

No matter what happens to me,  
you hang in there.

You stick with the old-timers.

They know how to survive.

- Yeah.

- You hear me?

But you gonna be okay?

- Just promise me.

- Yes, sir.

Let it be.

Yeah! Go!

Come on, Mr. Donovan!

Watch out!

Come on. Come on.

- Yeah.

- Come on.



Take it... take it easy.  
Come on. Come on, come on.  
Hang in with me, now.  
It's all right, kid.  
You give him a decent burial.  
Ladies! Lockdown. It's night-night time.  
Checkin' the locks.  
Checking locks.  
Donovan.  
You don't belong here.  
Meet me at the new yard in one hour.  
You get caught, you're on your own.  
Checkin' locks.  
Hey! Hey! Come on.  
Get down! Get down. Now, look.  
This... this tunnel will take you  
into the cemetery,  
under the wall, and come out  
by the warden's stables.  
There's a set of reins there  
waiting for you.  
The warden had this dug  
in case there was ever a mutiny.  
- What about you?  
- Oh, no. My runnin' days...  
they behind me. You just get on.  
Rescue your lady.  
Hey, Donovan.  
I'm real sorry about that kid.  
Now, go on, get to getting, 'cause...  
them guards'll be starting  
a new set of rounds soon.  
Cyrus, you could get hung for this.  
No, don't worry about me.  
I'll be all right.  
I thought you said  
your running days were over.  
I changed my mind.  
Well, I was shaken from my sleep  
As they dragged me to my feet  
I was mistaken by the long arm of the law  
And the lesson I have learned  
Is the innocent get burned  
And the guilty set you up

To take the fall  
Nobody's guilty in here  
And the truth ain't always how it appears  
Our story's all the same  
Lord knows we've all been framed  
And the evidence is perfectly clear...  
Sorry to trouble you, ma'am.  
Got a man hurt.  
Can we use your well?  
Please?  
Bring him inside.  
You know. We'd better water these horses.  
There's ain't no time.  
Well, if we don't water them,  
we're gonna be walking.  
All right.  
- Who was it?  
- Donovan.  
- And Cy, too.  
- Cy?  
Goddamn nigger.  
Bring them back. Dead.  
Put him over there.  
Get me some towels.  
Well...  
It's a real pretty place.  
Yep.  
Thank you.  
Not much further, friend.  
I'll tell you one thing, Cyrus.  
- You sure don't ride like a cook.  
- That's 'cause I ain't one.  
Well, the warden sure liked your cooking.  
Yeah, well, that's 'cause  
of my special sauce.  
- Oh, special sauce?  
- You don't wanna know.  
- So what happened, anyway?  
- What happened to what?  
To get you thrown in that rat-hole prison?  
Well, I was in the ninth.  
- You're a sure-enough buffalo soldier.  
- That's right.  
- That's Colonel Hatch, wasn't it?

- Yes, sir.  
You know, we had us  
this old buck sergeant.  
I mean, he wanted to ride me  
all the way to Kansas City.  
Busting me down to a dog robber...  
- Made you a cook, did he?  
- Yeah, I don't like being a cook.  
Let me ask you something, Donny.  
Now, really, do...  
now, do I look like a damn cook?  
Cook.  
How's it look?  
He's got a bullet in his stomach.  
Gut-shot.  
How long ago was he shot?  
A few days ago.  
Where did it happen?  
Just across the border, in New Mexico.  
You know, you ask a lot of questions.  
Don't mean to.  
My husband was also a marshal.  
Donovan. You know him?  
We're gonna need to get him into town.  
I'll get the...  
Yeah, I know him. I know him real well.  
- What's wrong?  
- Something ain't right.  
What do you mean?  
- Where are the horses?  
- Well, they could be turned out.  
Maddy!  
Maddy! Maddy.  
Maddy, Maddy, Madeleine.  
Talk to me.  
I gotta get help. I gotta get help.  
I gotta get help. I gotta get help.  
Oh, God...  
Cyrus, get the horses.  
We gotta get to town.  
She's hurt! She's hurt bad.  
Don't die on me. You hear me? Don't die.  
I... Get the horses!  
Don. Don, she's gone.

I'm real sorry, but she's gone.

- Another drink?

- No.

I lost my thirst.

Well, you wanted the truth, didn't you?

I just gave you what you asked for.

- Yeah, I did, didn't I?

- You sure as hell did.

I didn't ask you to come  
snooping around here, you know?

Why are you telling me all this?

Why don't you just let me walk out of here?

Maybe I felt sorry for you. Being  
in trouble with your chiefy and all.

Or maybe it's just because...

you remind me of myself  
when I was your age.

I don't know.

I do know... you didn't come here  
to talk about me.

You came here to talk about Donovan.

All right.

Well, then let's see. Where was I?

Oh, yeah.

Hardin and his men continued west.

To them, the events that had transpired  
just a few hours earlier  
were nothing more than a passing amusement  
to be boasted about.

Oh, my darlin' Madeleine

Go on, Charlie, have fun with it.

Come on.

Wake up. I know you're not doing well,  
but you're slowing us all up here.

You all right?

They've been here, all right.

That's their hoofprints in the watering hole.

All right, then.

We'll set up camp here for the night.

You know I'm real sorry, Donovan.

Something like this, I...

I just don't got no words.

This ain't your fight, Cyrus.

Yeah, well.

It seems to me... I've been fighting  
other people's wars my whole life.  
And I expect this ain't no different, but...  
sometimes there's wars  
a man just got to fight.  
Mind telling me what the plan is?  
I'm gonna track him down.  
All the way to the gates  
of hell, if I have to.  
All right.  
Yeah.  
I'll tell you what.  
That is a fine fire right there.  
Think we gonna catch 'em tomorrow?  
If they're headed  
where I expect they're headed.  
- Where's that?  
- Backside of the whetstones.  
- Donovan's ranch.  
- How far?  
Oh, I don't know.  
Another day, or most of it, at least.  
Damn.  
You think he did it?  
Did what?  
Robbed that bank? Killed those people?  
Hell yeah, he done it.  
I don't know.  
I just don't know.  
You'd better get to knowin'.  
She done this for you, didn't she?  
She did a lot of things for me.  
Thunder rolls up from the ground  
Birds fly away from the sound  
A lone hero stands in the eye of the storm  
And demons dance in the fire  
Chasing desire like devil's companions  
But one will stand when there's none  
When black horses run  
Through the dark canyon  
That's not gonna do any good now.  
I don't reckon it's gonna  
do no harm, neither.  
Ready?

Go ahead, I'll catch up with you.  
- All right.  
- I'll be willing to go down  
Where I've never been before  
If you will hold the door  
If you will hold the door  
I will run through the valley  
Where the sun will never shine  
If you will be my light  
If you will be my light  
And hard as I try  
There's just no place to hide  
Until this journey ends  
And there's no tears left to cry  
And I'll keep you with me  
Safe in my memory  
And I will see you on the other side  
Of the ride  
And I am bound to find the man  
That I used to be back then  
And before we meet again  
And before we meet again  
When I put this anger down  
Six feet in the ground  
I will never kill again  
I will never kill again  
And hard as I try  
There's just no place to hide  
Until this journey ends  
And there's no tears left to cry  
And I'll keep you with me  
Safe in my memory  
And I will see you on the other side  
Of the ride  
Take the reins.  
What in the hell is this?  
That's sage.  
That's an Indian sign.  
Indian sign? The hell you talkin' about?  
Cy must still be with him.  
Let's get down to the barn,  
see if we can't find some grain.  
Figure if they're going after Hardin  
they'll be in Rio Verdes.

Indian sign, my ass.

Hey. Hey!

Show some goddamn respect!

I don't care who you are. If I catch you doing something like that again, so help me God, when we leave here, I'll bury you here.

That goes for both of you.

Bitch.

Yeah, you think the word's out on our escape yet?

There ain't no railroad.

Probably no telegraph.

Shouldn't be no problem, then.

Yeah, unless Hurley's still the marshal here.

He knows you?

He's an old acquaintance.

Hell, Donovan, everybody in this country knows you.

Let's go.

Get me a bloody bottle of whiskey! Now!

- Maybe.

- Maybe.

It's a little early in the morning, ain't it, boys?

Drink it up, boys!

We don't see too many...

We don't see...

- too many...

- What?

Strangers.

Around these parts.

So, what'll it be?

Whiskey. Two glasses.

Leave the bottle.

What're you looking at?

I said, what the hell...

are you looking at?

You got any coffee?

Coffee?

Yeah. Sure. Of course, I'll...

- I'll be right back.

- That'd be a good idea.

I know you... I know you heard me.

What're you looking at?  
Oh, and you, too?  
What're you looking at?  
That is a mighty nice bandanna  
you got there.  
You like this? Thank you.  
I know you, don't I?  
Maybe.  
- Been around here before?  
- No.  
I'm from Sonora. They call me Chale.  
Well, that is quite a name.  
You're my friend, right?  
But you gotta tell me something, friend.  
Why the hell...  
do you come in here with your  
mulo slave who stares at people?  
It's rude, no?  
No, he's not rude.  
He just doesn't like scumbags.  
No, that ain't it.  
I just don't like you.  
Come on, let's go.  
I'll be needing that horse, governor.  
I do know... who you are.  
- Was he here? Was he here?  
- Who?  
Tell me what he looked like.  
Tell me what he looked like!  
He was a rough-lookin' man.  
He had a bad scar  
that run across his face.  
We didn't mean no trouble.  
We're just trying to make a living is all.  
You didn't mean any trouble?  
You didn't mean no trouble?  
If you're gonna kill me, start shooting.  
Easy, Duke.  
Just need to talk.  
There ain't no time.  
They took off that way.  
Best I can tell, on one horse.  
Good. We can catch them then.  
Can't lie, if they come looking for you.



I wouldn't expect you to.

Come on. Let's go.

Greetings.

I'm Deputy Tom Sullivan. Yuma.

Marshal Hurley. What can I do for you?

- We're looking for a couple of men.

- One of them's a nigger...

Duke Donovan. The other one's name is  
Cyrus Parker, and he is a buffalo soldier.

They broke out of Yuma.

Yeah, they came through town

a couple of hours ago.

Killed two men.

- I ain't surprised.

- Me either.

Those were a couple men who needed  
killing. Rolled with Levi Hardin's gang.

We caught wind that Hardin's men

killed Donovan's wife.

- That they did.

- Son of a bitch.

- Any idea where they're headed?

- Oh, my guess would be the border.

- The border?

- Yeah. They're hot on his trail.

- Whose?

- Hardin's.

Obliged.

- Let's go.

- Thanks for the whiskey.

Freedom is your prison  
when you curse to keep on running  
Hard to tell the difference  
From the hunter and the hunted  
Looking for redemption  
down the barrel of a gun  
Your finger on the trigger  
Your back against the sun going down  
Going down  
Going down to the place  
where no mercy can be found  
And you pay for what you've done  
with your soul  
Going down where the darkest

of the angels circle round  
He's just waiting 'cause he knows  
Yes, he knows  
It's going down  
Going down  
Come on, Walker! Go!  
Easy.  
- He ain't been dead long.  
- Yeah.  
Come on. Come on. Get up, Cy.  
How bad is it?  
Well... didn't catch any bone,  
but it's a good one.  
What's going on over there?  
That's three of the warden's deputies.  
They're gonna be sitting ducks for Hardin.  
Foster, check it out.  
What're you doing?  
I can't let innocent men get killed.  
Even if they are trying to kill me.  
- Think they lost us?  
- Listen.  
- What is it?  
- It's too quiet.  
Sullivan, get down!  
Goddamn it! Jesus!  
- Do something! Do something!  
- Goddamn it!  
Son of a bitch!  
He's already dead! Already dead!  
Got one!  
We gotta get back to Cyrus.  
Ready? Let's go.  
Damn, my leg!  
How you doing, Cy?  
How the hell's it look like I'm doing?  
Donovan, trying to get yourself shot?  
Yeah, it appears so.  
Come on.  
We are dead men down here.  
Sullivan, we gotta get to higher ground.  
Now you're making sense.  
Cy, I'm gonna need that mare's leg.  
Yep.

When I give the signal...  
- you give it all you got, all right?  
- All right.  
All right, Tom. You break when I do.  
Let's go!  
Shit!  
Come on, Walker, let's go!  
Fuck!  
How many bullets you got left?  
Four. Five, maybe.  
So I guess we're finally gonna  
get to finish what we started.  
Finish what you started.  
It doesn't matter.  
The way I see it, we both lose.  
You took my money. And I took your life.  
You know what,  
I'm gonna let God sort that out.  
Fuck you!  
So this is it.  
This is the best you can do.  
The great...  
Duke Donovan!  
Get up. Get up, Duke. Get up.  
Fucking...  
Duke! Duke!  
She cried out for you, you know!  
For you to save her.  
Oh, she was a live one!  
She wiggled like a little fish, she did!  
She was all wet and slimy.  
I slid right up, right in.  
You know I gotta bring you in.  
You're gonna have to kill me first.  
Yeah, I know.  
I ain't got no choice.  
We all got choices.  
I made mine a long time ago.  
Do it.  
Do it.  
I can't.  
Do it.  
I can't.  
You're getting pretty good

on that thing, Cy.  
Hey, Donovan.  
You ever wonder why  
I helped you escape out that prison?  
It's 'cause you help me remember...  
how I used to walk.  
And I'm mighty beholden to you.  
Here. This'll keep you company  
on your travels.  
You know, you might even learn  
how to play the damn thing.  
Thanks.  
Donovan never told Sullivan  
where he was going.  
Both men wanted it that way  
so as not to put the other at risk.  
Cyrus rode east. Some say to Louisiana.  
Where it was rumored  
he'd prospered in dry goods.  
Sullivan returned to Yuma with a bounty.  
Of course, it was so charred,  
no one could really tell who it was.  
So the warden had to take  
Sullivan's word that it was Donovan.  
That day, Sullivan left Yuma for good.  
Changed his name to Duncan.  
And a month later became  
the sheriff of Wickenburg.  
Where he lives to this day.  
So Sullivan never up and disappeared  
like everyone thought.  
He just changed his name.  
Now you're catching on.  
Wait, if... if you aren't Sullivan...  
and only those three survived that day...  
then you're...  
- That makes you...  
- 82 years old.  
I thought you said you got that gun  
the day Duke Donovan died.  
I did.  
I inherited this gun from Duke Donovan  
the day he became Seymour Redfield.  
He didn't need it anymore.

He was a dead man.  
There's no statute  
of limitations on murder.  
Is there?  
No, son, I'm afraid not.  
Just got one more question.  
- What is it?  
- The robbery.  
Were you tricked into it?  
- Or behind it?  
- What do you think?  
I think I need another drink.  
Can I ask you one more thing?  
Why'd you tell me everything?  
Well, I figure the sand in my hourglass  
is running a little low,  
and somebody ought to know the truth  
about what really happened.  
Just keep it under your sombrero,  
will you? Until after I'm gone?  
Thank you.  
Thunder rolls up from the ground  
Birds fly away from the sound  
A lone hero stands in the eye of the storm  
Lightning cracks open the sky  
Mothers take their children and hide  
Evil rides and the day of darkness is born  
When fear blocks out the light  
And the day turns to night  
And hope is abandoned  
And demons dance in the fire  
Chasing desire like devil's companions  
But one will stand when there's none  
When black horses run  
Through the dark canyon  
Gunshots tear open the air  
Trembling hearts send up a prayer  
Hoping someone will come  
To earn their salvation  
When rocks of faith crumble to dust  
You search your heart for someone to trust  
Sometimes it's you  
You've always been chasing  
When fear blocks out the light

And day turns to night  
And hope is abandoned  
And demons dance in the fire  
Chasing desire like devil's companions  
But one will stand when there's none  
When black horses run  
Through the dark canyon