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# Bad Company

By David Newman

One to the right, one to the left.  
Let me go! Let me go!  
Let me go! Let me go!  
Take it easy.  
The army'll make a man outta you.  
Get on!  
One man around the back.  
Your boy was supposed to report  
for conscription. He never showed up.  
It isn't right.  
This family's done its part.  
We lost our eldest at Chickamauga.  
Sergeant, look.  
This is all that's left of him.  
Hasn't this family sacrificed enough?  
Well, I'm sorry, ma'am,  
but the law says  
that every able-bodied man  
has got to join up.  
I just have to do my job.  
He isn't here. I swear it.  
- No sign of him, Sergeant.  
- Davis?  
All right, search the barn...  
and don't forget the privy.  
If I find him, ma'am,  
he just goes into the army.  
If somebody else does, they're  
liable to hang that boy of yours.  
Stay put till I tell you. They may  
come back and look some more.  
Ma? Did they get Fred Chennelworth?  
Yeah, I'm afraid so.  
- Drew!  
- I'm sorry.  
It's all right. They're gone.  
Now...  
We ain't got any time to waste.  
When you hit St Joe, book on the  
first wagon train to Virginia City.  
Once you're out of the Union,  
the army can't get you. Now, here...  
This is \$100. It's all I could get.  
- Joe!

- I don't need all that.

Just take it.

And write regular, hear?

You keep in touch.

Once this blasted thing is over,

why... we'll see you then.

Yes, sir.

Well...

I guess I better go saddle up Dinah.

Give me this. What a mess!

Don't know the first thing  
about packing, do you?

I don't know what you're gonna do  
without your poor mother to...

- Ma...

- Now, Drew, when you get to a town,  
you seek out the Methodist church,  
and you ask the preacher  
where you can find a good cheap meal.

Most likely, he'll direct you.

Methodists know food.

That's your father.

- Goodbye, Son.

- Bye, Ma.

Wait a minute.

Take this. And don't ever forget  
your precious brother.

Don't ever forget him.

September 30th 1863.

Arrived in Saint Joseph, Missouri,  
after an uneventful trip.

I have found clean lodgings  
in a respectable hotel  
and will book passage  
on a wagon train west,  
where I hope to flourish  
in my career.

The sun is shining - a suitable sign  
for my high expectations.

Excuse me, sir.

Is this line for the wagon train?

Thank you.

Mornin'.

- Hey, you!

- Me?

- You new in town?

- Yes.

What you runnin' from? I saw you there with them recruiting boys.

- I don't know what you mean.

- Hey, I'm in the same boat.

- Oh, yeah?

- Not that I'm runnin'.

I done a year with 'em.

God damn their miserable souls.

I locked horns with this sergeant - big tubby bastard named Egan.

Time and time again, he had me pulling shit-sweeping details.

One fine day, I broke his nose.

I been running from 'em ever since, the whole kit 'n' caboodle of 'em.

- Well, excuse me...

- Where you headed?

- Virginia City.

- Gonna be a silver baron, huh?

- How are you getting there?

- Wagon train.

Not unless you stick around for six months.

- Six months?

- That's the waiting list.

Them army boys won't nod politely every morning, neither.

- What about the stagecoach?

- It's worse.

And the riverboats, they're all plugged up account of the war.

- Say, you got that kinda money?

- Well...

You better be careful.

This town's the armpit of America.

Man'll rob you blind soon as look at you here.

You don't know where to find a Methodist church, do you?

Why... Why, yes, sir. I do.

As a matter of fact,

I know a short cut. Right this way.

- Are you a Methodist yourself?

- Not exactly.

Right here. Right here.

Here, stop that this minute!

Get off of him! You big bully!

Poor baby. There, there...

Wha?!

85 cents! That's something!

- Who is it?

- I'm Drew Dixon, ma'am, from Ohio.

What happened to you?

I been hit over the head

and robbed, ma'am.

I bet it was the same as robbed me.

I don't know

what's become of this town.

Come on in.

Parson Clum's home is always open

to the Christian traveller.

Thank you, ma'am.

All right, I got \$10 in change.

What about the rest of you?

I'm clean, Jake. Loney's got it.

I swear, you're about the biggest

tattletale I ever saw.

Two dollars and some cents.

That's all.

- Simms?

- I got two dollars and... no cents.

- Just like you, Simms.

- Huh?

- Put it in the pile.

- Hey, I been thinkin'.

Maybe we shouldn't hit the trail

with the bad weather coming.

Ah, if it was left to you, we'd be  
talking till we was six feet under.

- We go now. Right, Jake?

- Wrong, you little pissant.

How far we gonna get on ten dollars?

We need more ante.

Here, let me see that.

"Reverend and Mrs R Clum,

Kervin Street."

She'll be happy

to get her purse back.

Reckon about two dollars' worth.

- There, now.

- Thank you, ma'am.

Well, just make yourself at home  
while I take the Reverend's lunch  
to the church.

When I come back,

we'll fix you up a good hot meal.

I won't be but a few minutes.

Get back here! Get back here!

Give me back my boot!

Give me my boot!

- Give me back my money.

- You son of a bitch!

Let go!

Now, just hold on. I wanna talk.

Now, listen to me!

I wanna talk to you!

Listen to me!

Ah! Ow!

All right! All right! All right!

I'll give it back. I'll give it back.

Jesus, I'm bleeding!

Probably poisoned.

You just give me back my darn money.

Now, let's you and me have a talk.

You liar!

Goddamn, boy!

You're gonna wear me out.

Look, let's talk!

No!

- You're a real tiger, ain't you?

- My money!

God, I never heard so much fuss  
about a couple o' dollars!

Listen!

Now, listen.

You got as much chance of gettin'  
on a wagon train as a dead nigger.

You stick around here,  
the army's gonna get you.

You can't go it alone. There's  
outlaws, Indians, all them things.  
Now... There's safeties in numbers,  
if you heard of that.

It just so happens,  
I'm heading west myself...  
me and some others,  
hand-picked for gumption...  
which you got.

So, less'n you're dumber  
than I think,  
you'll throw in with us.

- What?!

- We started on the wrong foot

- but that don't mean nothin'.

- Drew? Drew?

- Well...

- Wait!

I feel like I'm running barefoot  
in horseshit.

You ain't got much choice now, pard.

They'll be after you  
with tar and feathers.

- Where's your stuff?

- Delesseps Hotel.

You're paying to sleep?!

You got a lot to learn,  
and your first lesson is a drummer's  
farewell - out the back window.

Hey, c'mon!

All right... Now...

Give me back my money.

- What?

- The money you stole off me.

- Didn't I give that back to you?

- No.

- How much was that?

- \$7 and 85 cents.

- Coulda swore it was five.

- Uh-uh.

Well, we'll call it seven even.

One, two, three... And how much was  
that hotel room? Two dollars, right?

Four, five, six...

One dollar for me, and we're even.

- Well, how do you figure that?

- Well, I saved you two dollars.

I keep one,

and you're still a dollar ahead.

Boy, you're lucky you fell in with us.

Yes, sir. We'll have us some high  
old times, hunting and fishing.

That's our racket, living off the land.

Whoo! Well, call me a chink.

I ain't introduced myself. Jake  
Rumsey, Pennsylvania bred and born.

- Drew Dixon.

- Pleased to meet you, Drew.

Boys, meet Drew Dixon here.

I got him to throw in with us.

Drew here's raised by the ragtail  
and the bobtail. Right, Drew?

Oh, well...

That's near the truth, I s'pose...

Yeah, Drew here's

dodging the army of the Potomac.

Aw, hell. Don't take on.

We gotta lay our cards on the table.

That's the Logan brothers,

Jim Bob and Loney.

- They're runnin' from the same.

- Oh, is that right?

Hell, we had the whole militia  
of Illinois chasing us, didn't we?

When are you gonna stop flapping  
your jaw, damn it?

- Howdy, Dixon.

- This here is Arthur Simms.

- He's running from his pa.

- Pleased to know you.

Here, junior. Wet your whistle.

That piece o' peckerwood's

Boog Bookin. He's barely off the tit.

- How old are you, Boog?

- Eleven.

- He's ten.

- Go to hell, you shit-toed bastard!

How'd you do on that lady's purse?



Well, the ways  
of the Lord are strange.  
- Meaning what?  
- Meaning it just didn't pan out.  
Well, what are we gonna do now?  
We got about enough  
for beans and coffee.  
Well, we just go out  
and get more, that's all.  
Come here a minute.  
- Loney, don't preach no sermons!  
- Just hold your horses.  
Now, lookee here. This new boy,  
how do we know he's worth spit?  
- Take my word for it.  
- That don't mean nothin'.  
What should he do, Loney?  
Shoot a hole in a gold piece?  
We need more money, right?  
Let's see him go and get it.  
I mean, that's fair, ain't it?  
September 30th 1863.  
My plans have changed somewhat.  
I've fallen in with some rough types,  
but it seems the only way  
to get out west,  
where I can find my fortune  
and make my parents proud.  
I resolve never  
to do a dishonest act,  
nor take part in any thievin',  
robbin' or false undertakin'.  
I will keep to the straight  
and narrow, so help me God.  
It is still a sunny day.  
What the hell happened to you?  
Boys, just don't  
go near that hardware store.  
- It's nearly hell.  
- What happened?  
Well, I edged on in there,  
and I seen where they kept the money.  
Now, there wasn't a soul around.  
I reached in the till, and...

- There's \$12!

- Shh!

Then this big galoot come chargin'  
at me with a knife. See what he did?

- Did you shoot him?

- No!

Hell, I didn't want to pull a crowd.

I broke my hand, though.

Well, I knocked him out cold  
and here I am.

What did I tell you?

Isn't this boy a wildcat? Whoo!

- I'm hungry.

- You deserve some chow.

- Come on. Let's get that chow!

- My favourite dinner. Dessert.

All right. Slow down, Boog.

You'll live longer.

First piece is for ol' Drew,  
'cause he took the chances.

Next piece is for me.

\$25 - that'll do fine.

Simms, give me that list.

Now, Drew...

when you go back into town to get  
your horse, pick up these items.

See if you can jew 'em down  
on the price a little.

Hey, this is mighty good.

Boys, this time tomorrow,  
we'll be out on our lonesome.

Bein' leader,

I say we set some rules before we go.

- Meaning who takes what watch.

- Watch?

- What are we watching for?

- Indians, mostly.

What? You said there weren't  
no hostile Indians anywhere near.

You told me that!

Remember when we met?

You says, "Come along, then."

I says, "Is there Indians?"

He said, "Hell, no."

He told you that? OI' Jake?  
He must've had his fingers crossed...  
'Cause we're crossing  
the hunting ground for the O-sage  
and the Cherokee  
and the Pawnee and the Arapaho.  
You're just joshing, ain't you,  
Loney? I wish you wouldn't.  
They hate to catch  
white men on their hunting ground.  
You know the Arapaho?  
They're the nicest bunch.  
- You know what they do?  
- No.  
First, they cut your pecker off.  
- Then they feed it to you.  
- Then they kill you.  
Drew, they're lying, ain't they?  
You know that ain't so, right?  
Oh, well, Arthur, man's  
got to have courage to spare  
before he goes striking off  
in the wilderness  
to face the dangers and perils  
that might befall us.  
I mean, I ain't a-building  
myself up, y'understand,  
but take that mad dog  
at the hardware store.  
Now, if I hadn't sensed he was  
behind me and had the courage to...  
What is it? What is it?  
I'm gonna get you!  
- He's on my dick!  
- I'll get him for you!  
I think you killed him.  
You did kill him.  
Damn it!  
- All right, Boog.  
- Oh, c'mon, Jake. It ain't time yet.  
Boog.  
'Night, Drew. Glad you're with us.  
Goodnight, Boog.  
Boys, take your last look at the USA.

- Do you mind if I say something?

- No.

You're a damn fool

to go diggin' for silver.

- Tell me that when I strike it rich.

- Oh, bull.

- Ain't one in a million does that.

- Well, maybe that one'll be me.

Suit yourself. C'mon! Quit lagging!

God damn it, Boog!

That's the fourth time!

I can't help it.

It's all this bouncing up and down.

Damn near a day gone,

we ain't covered ten miles.

What time do you make it? Four?

It's, er... 3.45.

Hey, that's some timepiece.

Is that gold?

Uh-huh. It belonged to my brother.

Hey, let me see that.

I'm not gonna bust it.

Whoo! Fancy Dan watch like that!

Good with your fists, too.

That stunt at the hardware store?

I'll be honest - I don't know nobody

'cept me that coulda done that.

Look, why don't you come

to Virginia City?

- Oh, no. I got plans of my own.

- Well, suit yourself.

Thanks for the invite, though.

Come on! It's already 3.45!

There it goes!

He's a heavy one, ain't he?

He oughta be.

Must have about 40 rounds in him.

Didn't I say we'd live off the land?

Clean him, Boog. I'm hungry.

You don't know how, do you?

Well, somebody do it.

Oh, for the love of Jesus!

Can't anyone clean a rabbit?

Give it here. Damn! I'm the only boy

who gets the job done around here.  
Dad-blamed babies. I'll have to cut  
your meat for you, too.  
It's the easiest damned thing  
in the world.  
Just slit this on back here.  
Pull this on back.  
Tough one, this bastard.  
You gotta cut this off here...  
Snap that off...  
Then you gotta...  
You gotta slit this up here.  
There you go.  
Dinner.  
"From somewhere  
in the upper recesses of the house,  
"there came an unearthly shriek.  
"The scream was that of a woman,  
though what creature  
"whom life's vicissitudes had driven  
to that pitiful outcry,  
"I could not say.  
"Fearful, I went to the drawing room,  
- "where I had..."  
- What's a drawing room?  
Maybe it's where  
you practise your fast draw.  
Oh, no, no. Boog, a drawing room  
is like a parlour.  
- That's what they used to call it.  
- Everybody satisfied?  
Get back to that screamin' gal.  
"...reading to her father.  
Mr Rochester, however..."  
- We had a parlour once.  
- Bullshit.  
You never ate more than one meal  
outta the same plate.  
Oh, yeah? Shows all you know.  
We had a dining room, parlour,  
the whole damn rig-out.  
I remember now. It was when  
I was little, 'fore we lost the farm.  
Oh, that must've been hard luck.

No, sir. Then come the best time  
in my whole life.

Me and Pa travelled around.

We had us this nigger, OI' Dan.

Pa made up this deal.

When we got to a town,  
he'd find some idiot farmer  
and then sell him our nigger.

Then come nightfall, Pa and me would  
sneak out and steal him back again.

Before they missed him, we'd be on  
to the next town. My pa thunk it up.

- Pretty smart, ain't it?

- How come you still ain't doing it?

Well, one day,

OI' Dan shot my pa dead.

- He did?

- Yep.

- Just like that?

- Somehow he got the drop on Pa.

Do I have to hear about some nigger?

Tell us who was yelling at Jane.

Well, tell me later, Boog.

I'd like to hear it.

You're a gentleman.

Not like Jake Rumsey,

who'd rather hear some dumb  
horseshit about drawing rooms...

- If you knew my pa, you'd...

- Boog!

"Mister Rochester, however,  
was no longer in his chair.

"In haste, I passed quickly through  
the room in my anxiety to find him,  
"but he was neither in his chambers  
nor in the hall.

"I had to consider whether my duty  
lay in remaining with the child..."

Believe me, boys, the worst idea  
in the world is to go west.

- Come on, now.

- I ain't lying, son.

We tried farming. The first year,  
a twister wiped us out.

The next year, it was the cattlemen,  
then just pure de-rotten soil.

Nobody got no money.

Even if you do,  
there ain't a thing worth havin'.

Rains so damn much,  
it'll give you the chilblains.

Dry spell come along,  
you choke on the dust...

if a bushwhacker

don't take your last damn dollar.

- I mean it. Turn around and go back.

- Amen.

Listen, farming's always rough.

That ain't our line.

'Sides, you struck out too late in  
your years. We're boys in our prime.

You know, seein' as you boys ain't  
gonna hit a town for quite a while...

you must be getting kinda itchy,  
you get me?

- What do you mean?

- Well, now...

You take Min here.

She's a gal and a half.

I mean, it's not exactly virgin  
territory, if you know what I mean.

I'll make a bargain, seein' as  
you're playin' it close to the vest.

\$10 for all of you.

It's your last chance for poontang.

Make that \$8 and you're on, honey.

Zeb?

Well, you boys drive a hard bargain,  
but \$8 it is.

Well, I ain't interested.

- What?!

- Oh, I just...

Well, nothin' to get riled about.

I just ain't interested.

You dumb shit.

You're turnin' this down?!

- Yeah, I am.

- God Almighty!

- He's saving it for his wedding day!

- Well, what if I am, damn it?

- Aw, honey, don't do that.

- Ma'am, I ain't discussing it.

Leave off him,

you goddamn sons of bitches.

Why you want to waste our money?

We got little enough as it is!

- In your case, that's the truth.

- Go to hell!

C'mon, Drew. Let them kill  
themselves for all we care.

- Loney, Jim Bob?

- Just show us where to line up.

How do we know

we ain't buying no pig in a poke?

Min...

Lord.

Oh, Jesus.

- Simms, you in?

- Yeah, sure.

But... Well, you ain't got  
no disease, have you?

- That's a hell of a thing to say.

- I just...

They say your brain rots away.

You tryin' to spoil it for us?

Where to, honey?

- That grass looks real soft.

- Well, you name it. I'm first.

Watch your step, now.

Drew,

you're a disappointment to me, boy.

Come on, you sweet thing.

I told you we'd live off the land!

I get seconds.

I get seconds.

It looks like

you're getting hind tit, Simms.

That's all right.

Well, you sure you're clean,  
ain't you?

I know I am, hon,

but I can't vouch for your friends.



That was a dinger!

- You done already?

- I don't waste time.

After that, I expect  
she's too tuckered out for you boys.

October 20th 1863.

I have resisted temptation,  
but how hard it was.

How I long to be in the bosom  
of my beloved family.

I think that I should find somebody  
to toil with me  
through life's weary way.

Unless I do, I will settle  
for some poor means  
of bestowing my affections  
on some poor, pitiful creature,  
the same as my good companions  
did this afternoon.

What you getting up for?

It's another hour till your turn.

I can't sleep.

I was dreaming about ol' Min.

Hmm? About who?

About the gal this afternoon.

Oh.

She won't forget  
that reaming I gave her.

Yeah, I suppose so.

Say, I figure we need an early start  
to make up for lost time.

Yeah, I still can't figure out  
why you took a passer on that.

Jake, you got something to say?

Damn it, you're looking sideways  
at us since ol' Min.

What? No, I wasn't.

See, I ain't got anything  
against your doing that,  
but I was brought up different.

- Well, don't you wanna do it?

- Well, yes. It's just that...

Well, I was raised to honour a woman.

- You understand that?

- No.

Well, where I come from,  
there's good women.

They do it just the same  
as the other kind.

Oh, you just don't get it.

All right, lookit.

I've promised to stay on the good  
side of life. OK, Jake?

All right? That's the end of it.

You really do come  
from good stock, don't you?

Here.

This is them.

Yeah, that's real nice.

Makes me wish I'd took a picture  
for reminders.

Yeah...

I do miss my mom sometimes.

I think about her every once  
in a while, how she's doing.

Hey, don't tell them  
that I been jabbering on like this.

So... you plan on getting married  
before you give it a try?

- Huh?

- Something like that.

To each his own,  
if you've heard of that.

Yeah, I've heard of it.

Well, seeing as how you're up...

Yeah, I'll take over for you.

Go get some shut-eye.

Here. Take it.

- So you don't wake us up too soon.

- Right.

Well!

That's a charming picture, ain't it?

Are we gonna stand here  
or are we gonna rob 'em?

On your feet!

- Get up!

- Oh, my Lord!

Come on, get up.

Very nice. That's what  
I call a perfect waking-up job.  
Nobody fainted. Nobody screamed.  
I didn't think you could do it.  
- We ain't got anything.  
- Sure you ain't.  
Good, Hobbs. Very threatening.  
Now, we've all had our fun,  
let's set to work.  
Hold it.  
That's mighty brave, Hobbs,  
considering the gun's pointed at me.  
- I'll shoot if I have to.  
- Shut up, boy.  
You're lucky you're still alive.  
Now, which one of you was covering  
this unruly mob of angered youth.  
God damn, Jackson.  
I wouldn't mind you being stupid  
if you was good company.  
C'mon, Jake.  
Shoot the son of a bitch.  
Now, boy, let me give you  
a little piece of advice.  
If you're gonna pull a gun  
on somebody...  
which happens from time to time  
in these parts...  
you better fire it, because most men  
ain't as patient as I am.  
Ain't lost my touch yet.  
Well, what are you waiting for?  
Clean 'em out!  
Here it is, almost lunchtime,  
I ain't got change for breakfast yet.  
You thought it was pretty funny what  
that bastard said to me, didn't you?  
This here's all I could find.  
Two dollars and fourteen cents.  
I'd like to find the son of a bitch  
that told me to go west.  
Hey, there's beans and molasses  
and jerky and a little bit o' coffee.  
Well! You boys must've brought along

a cook from Paris, France.

Take it all. Come on, Jackson.

Goodbye, boys.

Just think of us as some terrible  
nightmare that came and went.

By nightfall,

you'll forget we was ever here.

Who was on guard?

Jake?

You idiot!

- They got everything.

- They cleaned us out, Jake.

- God darn it! I'm talking to you!

- No, they didn't.

Pigs... and a cow!

- That means milk, fellas.

- What will you use for money?

We're starving, Jake. Nobody's  
gonna turn starving boys away.

'Sides, there's always work

to be done on a farm.

I ain't doing no chores!

Well, maybe we can sweet-talk him.

If I tip my hat forward,

we go for our guns.

- If I tip it back, play it straight.

- Er, Jake...

Howdy.

- Yeah?

- Me and my friends hit bad luck.

- I figured you'd have some food.

- I might.

- Must be plenty to eat around here.

- There is...

for a price.

I say, look, now, er... sir?

We're... We're sorta short of money,  
so could we make a trade?

- That's mine!

- Shut up, Boog.

You never had the ass

to swing it, anyway.

Here.

Some sow belly,

turnip greens and coffee.  
For that gun?  
We oughta get a turkey dinner!  
I don't recollect  
invitin' you here, boy.  
It's all right. We'll make the trade.  
Something wrong?  
No, sir! It's the best damn  
sow belly I ever had!  
The food's all right, Jake.  
Just eat it.  
Kinda hard to eat  
with a shotgun pointed at me.  
- You do complain, don't you, boy?  
- Think I'm scared of you?  
For a dead-broke, you talk awful big.  
- I shoulda plugged you.  
- You're so full o' shit,  
you're stinkin' up my yard!  
- Take it easy.  
- All right. You get.  
All of you! Get!  
- While you can get!  
- Let's go.  
- Come on, Jake!  
- I ain't done yet.  
I paid for it  
and I'm gonna finish it.  
Damn turnip greens is sour, anyway.  
It wasn't our fault.  
If he'd had any brains, he'd have  
given us time to think about it.  
Well, how can we rob a place when  
you don't tell us till we get there?  
Damn it!  
That's as far as I go.  
You yellow babies  
sure backed me up! To hell with you!  
- What are you doin'?  
- I'm leaving. What's it look like?  
Shoulda had more sense  
in the first place.  
Aw, just hold on.  
Look, now...

I ain't gonna say Jake's right.  
He ain't. The business back there  
with the farmer was pretty bad.  
But everybody in this world  
makes a mistake or two.  
We all of us learned us a lesson.  
Yeah? Well, what's he acting  
so damn high an' mighty about?  
Listen, ain't none of us woulda  
got outta Saint Joe without Jake.  
He got us this far,  
he'll get us the rest of the way.  
Lads,  
I appreciate you asking me to stay.  
And what you said  
about that farmer was right.  
It was dumb to spring it on you  
sudden like that.  
This time, I'm gonna work out  
the plan with you now.  
We got plenty o' time to prepare.  
A stagecoach is heading this way.  
- Easy. It'll be a professional job.  
- Are you crazy?  
- Bushwhack 'em, huh?  
- Good thinkin'. He's getting smart.  
Now, one of us  
is gonna flag her down, y'see?  
Like a traveller lost  
on the prairie. That's you, Simms.  
- Why me?  
- You wanted to know ahead of time.  
Well, now you know.  
We'll hide in this gully.  
No, sir! We know as much  
about robbing stagecoaches  
- as we do about skinning rabbits.  
- There ain't nothin' to it, Drew.  
No, sir! Now, I ain't takin' part  
in no robbing of stagecoaches.  
And I ain't askin' you  
to side with me.  
And I don't want no share  
of the loot.

That's fair, ain't it? I'm sitting here till this foolishness is done.

This way, I won't see nothin' and I can't bear witness.

- Lookee here...

- I ain't part of it!

- What about that hardware store?

- That's different. We could all die.

Jake?

Get out there!

Put your gun away!

Get ready. Here it comes.

He's waving her down.

What do you want?

- He's talkin' to the driver.

- What's he sayin'?

All right, now. Get ready.

- What the hell is he doin'?!?

- He's opening the door.

He's gettin' in.

He closed the door.

He's goin' away!

Simms! Come back here!

Hush up.

No need to announce ourselves.

Let's do something right for once.

Pie!

That dumb little pissant! Come on!

Come on!

Boog!

Wait!

Wait! I'm shot! My arm!

Come on! Come on!

I'm shot!

You sure picked a time

to catch a load.

- Ow!

- Hold still, damn it!

Boy, it's hell!

If it wasn't for you,

we'd go right back there...

We're gonna blow the bastard

to kingdom come. The son of a bitch.

Bastard.

- Loney, hand me a rag, will you?

- Get it yourself.

- What?

- We've had our fill, Jake.

- You ain't doing us no good at all.

- We can't see the sense of it...

and I'm sick of you

giving out orders.

I came west to get away

from that horseshit.

- What are you gonna do?

- We're going our own way.

- I'm sorry to hear it.

- Well, that's life.

Why guns? I ain't stopping you.

Well... We're taking the horses.

We'll leave you the mule.

- You two try it for a while.

- You son of a bitch.

Leave us one.

Come on. Don't be a bastard.

Don't worry, Jake.

We're better off without that trash.

You got the time, Drew?

What do you mean?

I think I'll take that gold pocket

watch you set so much store by

as a going away present.

Hey, that belonged to my brother.

Hell, you'll travel faster

on that ol' mule if you travel light.

- I'll kill you, Loney.

- Shut up, Drew.

- It's all I got to remember him by!

- You can join him if you'd rather.

All right. Give it back. I'm sorry

about what I said before. Please?

So long, Drew.

I hope your arm heals up.

You sons of bitches! You better run!

I'll kill you if I get the chance!

Goddamn son of a bitch.

That is not fair! It is my watch!

Oh, who gives a damn



about the hunk of tin?  
I do!  
I'm sorry.  
It was no cheap hunk of tin.  
Kept good time.  
I said I was sorry!  
- Oh, God damn it! Lord A'mighty!  
- You wanna stop?  
No, no. Keep goin'.  
Nearly hell, though, I'll tell you.  
You're lucky.  
You ain't never been shot.  
- You want me to stop?  
- No, not me.  
I ain't gonna hold us up.  
God damn! Jesus!  
Take that rein.  
- What time do you make it?  
- Er...  
That son of a bitch!  
Whoo! Well, pard, it's come to this.  
Two saddle tramps wanderin',  
- godforsaken...  
...and in pain?  
Look who's gonna be a silver baron!  
Huh! Whoo!  
It's only a way station for the  
stagecoach, don't you see?  
Wells Fargo. There's just an old man  
to feed the horses and stuff.  
I thought that chicken deal  
would be OK...  
This ain't the same kind of thing.  
Hell, Jake, there ain't no stage  
coming by this time of day.  
- I bet he ain't even there.  
- You think so?  
Yep, I do.  
Boy, I want one of them chickens.  
Mmm, so do I.  
All right. We go down quiet,  
we take just one,  
and then we hightail outta there.  
Well, I can't, Jake. My arm.

Well, I'm no good to you this way.  
I mean, if I fell, I'd just scream.  
- It's that bad, huh?  
- Hell, one chicken's all we need.  
I'm just talking sense, Jake.  
All right. You wish me luck.  
Smells wonderful.  
Do you think she's done?  
Yep.  
Well, she's done enough for me.  
Hey, where's mine?  
- Yours?  
- C'mon, you hog. I get half.  
- Fair's fair, Drew. Heard o' that?  
- What do you mean?  
I took the risk. I stole the bird.  
I coulda got killed.  
Now I get to eat it.  
Less'n you wanna buy a share.  
- I got no money. You know that.  
- Then, you lose.  
I'd have been no good. My arm...  
Bullshit! Bullshit your arm!  
Well, eat your damn chicken, then!  
I hope you choke on it!  
Hey, pard...  
I been thinking about going  
to Virginia City. Give it a try.  
- You have?  
- Yep.  
I figure I'd miss hearing you  
spout off from time to time.  
Listen, it beats goin' to the opera.  
Besides, it would be a nice place  
for a fella like me to settle down.  
Not that I'd bust my ass digging  
in a silver mine like you,  
but I could rob the folks  
digging it up.  
That's just what I'd expect  
from somebody  
who won't even share a chicken  
with a friend that's starving.  
You are past saving, my boy,

I swear to God.

Highest pockets in the USA.

Probably be governor one day.

- You'd like that, wouldn't you?

- Yeah.

'Cause one day,

they'll get you ready to hang.

All the citizens will gather

to watch Jake Rumsey die,

then some lawyer'll say,

"Governor, sign this reprieve.

"Spare that poor fella's life!"

Boy, that'll be the best day ever!

- What, you wouldn't sign that?

- What do you think?

You would. Else I'd tell 'em how you

ran from defendin' your own country,

not to mention robbing

a hardware store.

- You would, too, wouldn't you?

- You're damn right!

I was gonna give you some

of this chicken here,

but why should I share a chicken

with a man who's gonna hang me?

God almighty. I ain't

never seen a dead body before.

I did. You aren't gonna vomit,

are you?

No.

Who do you suppose done it?

Oh, the Lord punished 'em.

Why would anybody want to kill 'em?

- 'Sides us.

- You see their horses?

- Just to get their horses?

- Our horses is more like it.

Hey!

Where the hell are you going?

- Maybe they didn't get my watch.

- Why would they pass that up?

Hey!

Don't touch that dead man's skin.

Why not?

I don't know. You just ain't supposed to, that's all.  
Well... I guess we gotta bury these sons o' bitches.  
Hate to waste the time.  
We got us some customers, Joe.  
C'mon. Let's go get 'em.  
Uh-huh.  
Wait all day and nothin' happens.  
Wouldn't you know, we just set down to supper and somebody comes by?  
You go on and eat your beans, Joe.  
Me and the boys can take 'em easy.  
There's only two.  
M'boy, if it was a blind woman in a wheelchair,  
I'd still give her the odds.  
C'mon... We can handle this.  
Let's go!  
I just know I'm gonna regret this.  
Oh, shit.  
- What are you two doing?  
- Oh, just passin' through.  
Looks to me like you're standin' still.  
We thought we seen a jackrabbit, that's all.  
I don't see no jackrabbit. You, Orin?  
Nope. I see two jackasses, though.  
Well...  
Well, we'll be moving along now.  
That's your horse, Jake.  
No, it ain't. It looks like him, but no, no...  
- Well, adios.  
- Adios?  
What's your hurry, amigo?  
Say, er... Mister?  
I-I-I had this watch...  
Th-this gold pocket watch, it was, and, um...  
- Drew...  
- It belonged to my brother and it ain't worth nothin'

'cept to me, but...  
See, I promised my ma...  
Drew,  
these men ain't seen your watch!  
Well, now we'll be movin' on.  
So long.  
Tick-tock... Tick-tock...  
Tick-tock...  
Sir, I advise you to hand that over.  
My friend here is a lightning gunman.  
Lightning gunman, is he?  
Hobbs, you must be crappin'  
all over yourself.  
Well, I guess we ain't got no choice  
but to try to defend ourselves.  
We don't want no trouble.  
We'll just light outta here,  
all right?  
You little sack o' shit!  
They killed you, Orin!  
Get one afore you die!  
I'll blast the first one  
I see right in the balls!  
I'm dead! The little runt got me!  
Drew! Drew! I'm outta bullets!  
Jake?  
Stop, you son of a bitch!  
You murdering bastard!  
Come back here!  
Drew!  
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!  
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!  
I'm coming, Jackson. Hold on!  
Your friend has passed on! You're  
welcome to keep coming, though!  
You threatening me? I can stand  
plenty, but I can't stand that!  
I'll kill you!  
Well, we done it! That's the lot.  
Go get your watch.  
You sure as hell earned it.  
Whoo! Ain't we a pair?  
I never let on, Jake,  
but I been thinkin' I was a coward.

I mean, if I'd had to go to war,  
I wasn't sure how I'd have been.  
Well, I ain't worryin' no more.  
I mean, sure, I was scared at first,  
but when the chips were down,  
it was clear sailing. I just...  
You never robbed that store, did you?  
By God, I got it!

Jake?

Jake!

Jake! Wh-where you hiding?

Hey, gimme back the money.

Why don't you ju? Jake!

I-I was gonna split the money  
with you. Really and truly, I was!

There wasn't no place  
to spend it here!

Jake!

Jake, you son of a bitch!

You come back here with my money  
or I swear I'll kill ya!

November 27th 1863.

I try to look on the bright side,  
but I can't think of what it can be.

I've been robbed of all my money  
and left to die on the prairie,  
alone and friendless.

Weather good.

November 28th 1863.

I have determined not to die  
after all.

If the children of Israel could  
endure 40 years in the desert,  
then a Greenville, Ohio boy  
ought to not give up.

I shot and ate a skunk today.

Taste didn't enter much into it.

November 29th 1863.

If I ever find Jake Rumsey,  
I will kill him.

Marshal.

How long you been

with Joe Simmons' gang?

- About a month, sir.

- What jobs you pulled?

Couple o' stagecoaches  
over by Oletha,  
a few stray travellers  
a little east of here,  
caf down in Mansfield,  
and then this.

- That all?

- Yes, sir.

- How many Joe got in his gang now?

- Er, ten.

No, nine... not counting me.

Where you hid out?

Son, in a couple of minutes,  
you're gonna be face-to-face  
with your maker.

Now, after what you did  
to these people,  
it'd go down easier with the Lord  
if you help us as much as you can.  
Follow that trail out front  
west about 20 miles  
till you come  
to a cut-off heading north.  
Take that till you come  
to an ol' rundown shack. That's them.  
Hoist him up, boys.

'Scuse me.

This Simmons, did a young fella join  
up with him in the last day or so?

About my age?

His name is Jake Rumsey.

Well, er... thank you.

- We're all set, Marshal.

- Good luck, boy.

Marshal?

I'd like to join up with you, sir.

Now, as long  
as I'm paying for these bullets,  
I want to see a man drop  
for every shot.

- About ready, Bobby?

- Just a minute.

All right!

Fire!

Take that, you no...

Chaw?

If I want to chew on horseshit,  
I'll let you know.

Say, er... you was in Wichita  
in '53, wasn't you?

Yep.

You must've known

Curly Bill Broshus, then?

Curly Bill? Always wore white gloves?

- That's the one.

- Bet you don't know why.

Cover up his warts.

- He was good with a gun, though.

- He was fair. Just fair.

Fair? Did you ever see him  
do that, er... fancy spin of his?

Boy, where do you think  
he learned that?

I taught it to him

when I was feeling generous.

Must've been Christmas.

Bull.

Smart.

Smart.

You got some real thinkers  
in your outfit, Bobby.

I tell you, boys...

I'm the oldest whore on the block.

You sure come up in the world,  
ain't you, pard?

Well, you laugh all you want,  
young man,

but just remember, they're gonna  
hang you, and I'm gonna watch it.

You think they'll really hang  
a young fella like me?

- I know it for a fact.

- Aw, shit. You're probably right.

Remember when you left me  
on the prairie to die?

Remember that?

Well, when I was wanderin' alone



and forsaken,  
just about the time  
I was ready to give up the ghost,  
I said to myself, "Hang on.  
If there's any justice in this world,  
"you'll live long enough  
to see Jake Rumsey dead."  
Listen, pard, let's clear the air.  
I mean, I ain't mad at you no more.  
- What?!  
- I consider we're even.  
We're even?!  
You stole my goddamn money!  
- You hid it from us.  
- Aw, sh...!  
You lied,  
you let me take all the chances,  
let your pals near starve to death.  
You bullshitted us to get in with us.  
You bullshitted us right to the end.  
You dirty bandit!  
You know what you...  
You're a two-faced shit-kicker,  
and I'm glad to finally know it!  
But like I said, we're square.  
I figure I paid you back for lyin'.  
- Know what I done with your money?  
- What?  
I spent it on whores. Just 'cause  
I knew you wouldn't have done.  
Now let's talk turkey.  
I wouldn't talk nothin' with you.  
Hey!  
I bet you'd talk a thousand dollars.  
- You ain't got a nickel.  
- Not on me,  
but I know where a thousand's buried.  
Come on. You can get your \$85 back  
and then some.  
- I got no reason to believe you.  
- Now, you got that backwards.  
You're the liar, I'm the crook.  
I never lied to you.  
You never did nothing for me, Jake!

You got the time?

See, you still got that watch that meant so much. I didn't take that.

- Marshal, you need to listen...

- Look, son.

I got a bunch of people to hang in the morning. Night's half gone.

Why don't you tell your friend that you tried and I said no?

- Now, goodnight.

- Marshal, I know you're a fair man.

And Jake... He ain't one of them.

I-I... He really ain't.

It looks bad, I grant you that.

But I know Jake real well.

We started out west together.

Well, hell, sir,

he's white all the way through.

That's a real nice speech, son.

Why don't you tell that poor woman whose husband we buried?

Jake didn't do that!

He don't want no part of killing.

Why, his only brother

was shot dead at Chickamauga.

Every dollar he gets,

he sends half back to his mother.

I know he don't look like much, sir,

but he's true blue. I swear it.

Now, boy, I don't usually take on strangers in my outfit.

But you seem a Christian sort, so I did.

Don't make me regret my decision.

Marshal, you don't want it

on your conscience

that you hanged an innocent man.

Get outta here, boy.

I wanna go to bed.

- Shh! It's me.

- It's about damn time.

- Come on.

- Hold still.

Come on!

- Where are the horses?

- Over this way.

Keep quiet.

Slow down! We got two days  
on that posse. They won't catch us now.

Trying the drummer's farewell,  
huh, Jake?

- Look, we gotta have a talk.

- There's no need for that.

You don't know

where no money's hid, do you, Jake?

Nope.

And you called me a liar.

Better shoot me and get it over with.

No.

No, I ain't gonna shoot you, Jake.

I ain't lettin' you outta my sight  
till I get back my \$85.

I'm stickin' to you like glue,  
till you pay me back every cent.

You ain't runnin' out on me, Jake.

Not any more.

Say, how'd that Jane Eyre turn out?

Fine. Just fine.

Stick 'em up.