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Chisum

By Andrew J. Fenady

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They say that you can't make it.
Will you hark to what they've said?
Or will you move your beeves
from Texas across the river red?
They're betting you can't make it,
but you bet your life they're wrong.
So keep riding toward the Pecos
to find where you belong.
Can you still keep going on?
Well, you've crossed beyond the Brazos,
fought Comanches, rain, and sand.
You brought your cattle westward,
but is this your promised land?
You made it to the Pecos,
carved your empire 'neath the sun.
You won a hundred battles,
but the fight keeps going on.
Can you still keep going on?
You two go ahead.
I'll ride up and fetch him.
He's been up there over an hour.
What's he do on that hill?
I don't think you'd understand.
Thinking about the beginning?
And before.
Everything's different now.
Not everything.
Most everything.
Comanches all penned up. Buscaderos
staying on their side of the Rio Grande.
Yankee Army prodding around,
people crowding in.
Too many changes.
Things usually change for the better.
Let's go meet the stage.
Just what we don't need around here,
some scrawny, milk-drinking...
- What are you mumbling about, Pepper?
- You heard me.
I didn't hear you.
There's an old Comanche saying
about females.
This female's no Comanche.

I guess she doesn't have
nowhere else to go.

- She does.

- Then what's she coming here for?

Because she wrote and said she was.

It has been a long ride, you know.

- All of this belongs to Chisum.

- All this and much more.

Much land, much horses, and much cattle.

Too much. No?

Neemo, here's your pay.

And now I collect a bonus...

from Chisum.

He thinks he's going to a picnic.

He ain't met Chisum yet.

- I wanna be elsewhere when he does.

- We will be.

Come on. Giddyup.

Come on.

"L.G. Murphy and Company."

I told you Murphy was throwing
a wide loop.

There's no law against a man
going into business...
or businesses.

There's more of it.

One day he's gonna take over...

Quit picking on him.

He hasn't bothered us.

Wait and see. He'll rue the day.

Why the hell they call it the noon stage?

Half the time it don't get in
before sundown.

Had to call it something.

Might as well wet our windpipes.

That's the most sensible thing
I've heard all day.

- Amos, what's going on here?

- Pulling out, John.

I hadn't heard you'd sold the place.

Didn't sell. Lost it. New owner.

If you needed money, I'm sure...

All the credit you've given around here.

No, John, it's not just the money.

It's, well...
I don't know.
Lincoln just ain't the same no more.
I'm heading for Yuma.
Mr. Chisum!
Jim and Tyke's been shot.
They took the remuda.
How many are there?
A dozen, heading south,
over at the Tunstall spread.
Let's go get 'em back.
Chisum's again. Another jinglebob, sir.
- Turn him loose.
- Yes, sir.
Another jinglebob. Big old calf on her.
No brand.
He belongs with his mother.
Turn him loose.
Turn him loose, Charlie.
I don't see why we can't keep the calf.
Probably born on your land.
William, "Thou shalt not covet
thy neighbor's property."
That calf's out of a Chisum cow.
Yeah, but she's probably sired
by a Tunstall bull.
- You know 'em, sir?
- Yes, William, I do.
As a matter of fact,
it's the owner of those cows.
- Henry.
- John.
Thought you were meeting
your niece today.
I aim to.
First I gotta get some horses back.
- Trouble?
- Horse thieves.
- Could you use some help, Mr. Chisum?
- William.
See you later, Henry.
Mr. Tunstall,
I know you don't believe in guns...
but I got a feeling

Mr. Chisum's gonna have need of his.

- Well...

- Well, what?

He didn't say no.

- How do we work this?

- I'm going down there.

The rest of you cover me
with your long guns.

- I said...

- I heard you, Mr. Chisum...

but I ain't the rest of 'em.

Welcome, my friend.

My name's Chisum.

Those animals are mine.

- There must be some mistake here.

- You made it.

No, Chisum. You make the mistake.

You don't bring enough men with you.

Mr. Chisum said to stay here

and cover him with our long guns.

Never was much good with a long gun.

But I tell you what.

We have a long way to go,

and a horse is a lot of trouble.

So if you want these horses,

I sell them to you.

Did you bring some gold with you?

No.

Silver?

Just lead.

No. You can't buy anything with lead.

I guess I have to kill you

and take your horses, too.

Let 'em go, mister.

We got what we came after.

Pretty good shooting, young fella.

- You three all right?

- You bet we're all right. American.

You go and meet your niece.

We'll take care of things around here.

Thanks, Henry.

About that reception for Sallie,

bring this young fella along.

I will, and it's about time

you two were introduced.

This is William Bonney.

- Bonney?

- Came to work for me last month.

William Bonney from up Silver City way?

Sometimes.

You also called Billy the Kid?

Sometimes.

Does that change your mind, Mr. Chisum?

An invitation's an invitation.

Thanks, John.

Letting the fox into the henhouse,
that's what it is.

- Pepper, what are you mumbling about?

- Nothing.

It didn't sound like nothing.

You invited him.

Yeah, I did.

But, seor, we have always watered
our herds at Muddy Creek.

As I explained to your friends,
Muddy Creek's private now.

Bourbon.

But, seor, our herds are small.

There is more than enough water
at Muddy Creek, and yesterday...

I know all about yesterday.

Now listen, Delgado.

I told them then, and I'm telling you now.

And if you don't understand plain English...

maybe there's something else

you will understand.

Dolan, just a minute.

I'm sorry, Seor Delgado?

S, Seor Murphy.

I'm gonna be running a lot of beef,
and I need every drop of water I can get.

I'm sorry.

- Juan.

- S, Seor Chisum.

You and your compadres
can water your herds along the Jicarilla.

It's not much farther,
and it's a whole lot cleaner.

Gracias.

- What are you waiting for?

- Gracias, seor.

John, that's very generous of you.

Buy you a drink?

You've been buying a lot of things around here lately.

Yeah, I just acquired some land that's contiguous to your spread.

But, what the hell?

Half of New Mexico territory is contiguous to your spread.

Let me have my bottle.

John and I are gonna have a drink.

- Nope.

- Why not?

- I don't like you.

- You don't know me.

I know Amos Patton.

We may have to be neighbors...

but I don't have to be neighborly.

I heard you ran into some trouble today.

Can I do anything for you?

Brady, aren't you standing on the wrong side of that badge?

I'm the new sheriff, duly appointed.

Noon stage got in, Mr. Chisum.

What do you think, Pete? 4:30 p.m.

Old Jeb made good time. Whiskey.

- Mr. Chisum, if I can do anything for you...

- Not likely.

Sheriff.

Your name John Chisum?

- That's right.

- I thought so. My name's Alex McSween.

My wife and I came in on the stage with Sallie.

That's very nice. Where...

She went over to that stable over there.

Much obliged. Pepper. Pardon.

- What's she doing in there?

- How should I know?

- Uncle John. You got \$50 on you?

- \$50?

Thanks.

- You're welcome, and hello!

- Hello!

- She's your niece.

- Yeah.

Uncle John, meet Bernard.

Bernard?

- You gave \$50 for this horse?

- Meet Pepper.

No, \$100. I had \$50 on me.

I've been thinking about having
my own horse again since I left Baltimore.

You know,

we have a few horses at the ranch.

But those are yours. This one's mine.

- Half yours.

- I'll pay you back the \$50.

How about just paying me back?

Cass'll take care of your bags.

Which are yours?

- First one there.

- I see you found her.

- Yes.

- Uncle John...

- We've met.

- That's good.

I've invited the McSweens
to that party you wrote me about.

You did? How about you folks?

Have you a place to stay
until you get settled?

That's very nice of you, but...

Sue and I are staying in town.

I'm going to work

for L.G. Murphy and Company.

Yes, I know the company.

If you'll pardon us,

we'd better get underway.

- Goodbye.

- We'll see you Friday.

There sure is gonna be
some interesting people at that party.

There's Mr. Murphy, honey.

Dominoes?

It's quiet. Takes some getting used to.
It beats Aunt Martha and Baltimore.
I had no idea your ranch was so big.
Fair size.

Take a man on a good horse
all summer to cover it.

It's beautiful.

No place on God's earth more beautiful.

I can see why you left Texas
and came here.

- That wasn't exactly the reason.

- I know.

Mother told me all about it.

About how hard things were in Texas
after the war.

She talked about you a lot.

How you gambled everything
on a cattle drive...

to some wild, faraway place
called New Mexico.

It was a gamble, all right. And it was wild.

But there was land here

for the taking and keeping...

if you were willing to fight.

Rustlers, disease...

the land itself, the Indians...

One Indian in particular.

Comanche chief named White Buffalo.

He was the bravest man I ever knew.

- Is he dead now?

- Might as well be.

He's penned up on a piece of desert
the government calls a reservation.

That was the end of his way of life.

Pretty good way, too.

You sound as if you're sorry for him,
your enemy.

I respect him. We're brothers.

As close as your father and I were.

Maybe even closer.

- I don't understand.

- I didn't expect you to.

I wonder what's keeping supper?

- That's Mother and Dad's wedding picture.

- Yeah.

North wind.

Tahnimara the Comanches call it.

- Lonely wind.

- Lonely wind.

You had to be lonely out here
all these years.

You never married.

It wasn't because there weren't women
that stirred my blood.

There were.

This was no place to bring a woman
in those days...

raise a family...

Things are different now.

Uncle John...

thanks for asking me
to come and stay with you.

I didn't ask you.

\$12 for a suit of clothes.

That's robbery, Mr. Tunstall.

You've got to be properly dressed
for the reception tonight.

- I'll pay you back at the end of the month.

- No, you won't.

That's just part of your raise
as line foreman.

- Line foreman?

- Laddie, you've earned it.

Thank you, Mr. Tunstall.

Billy? Hey, Billy!

Now ain't this just like old times?

Billy, you do remember the boys now,
don't you?

Yeah.

- How you been, Billy?

- Clean and forward, all the way.

Are you two friends, William?

Mister, a couple of years ago,
William here and me...

rode together both sides of the border.

We sure had some real good times,
didn't we, Billy?

Some good, some not as good.

- What are you doing now, Billy?
- I work for Mr. Tunstall here.
- You nursing cows?
- Yeah.

Our own cows.

Now, just what is that supposed to mean?

It means it ain't like old times, Jess.

That's interesting, William.

- Jess Evans?

- Yeah.

I'm Riker.

- We've been waiting for you.
- You don't have to wait anymore.
- How's things in Dodge?
- Dead.
- I'm sorry.
- Forget it.
- Here's your bourbon.
- On the inside.
- Confusion to the enemy.
- Sure.

Mr. McSween, how long have you known
Lawrence G. Murphy?

Not long. I was here on business recently,
and he offered me a proposition.

So I went on back to Kansas...

and wound things up,

and came on back to Sioux.

- What are you gonna do for him?
- I'm gonna handle his legal affairs.

Are you looking for your niece?

Isn't that her dancing with

that nice-looking young fellow over there?

- Yeah.
- Fine-looking couple, John.
- Give me another cup of that tar, Ben?
- Sure, Jeff.

Hello, the camp!

Stranger, ain't you?

Around here. Not other places.

It's a fair-sized gathering of beeves
you've got out there.

- Lose your horse?
- Some miles back.

- Whose brand's on 'em?
- Tonight it's John Chisum's.
Tomorrow it'll be the U.S. Army's.
- Buffalo hunter?
- Was, till there was no more buffalo.
The coffee smells good.
- Help yourself.
- Thanks.
Garrett. Pat Garrett.
You know they've got company.
- Who?
- Mr. Chisum's beeves.
What kind of company?
It's good coffee.
About 12, 14 riders moving slow and quiet.
- You want some company?
- How do we know you're not with them?
- I'll stay and finish the coffee.
- No. You come along with us.
I'll need a horse.
Take the buckskin. Let's go!
Take cover!
Bring 'em on! Now pour it to 'em!
Scare up them beeves!
Let's go.
This one's just creased.
We'll take him back to Mr. Chisum.
Lock him up in the smokehouse.
We'll take him to town in the morning.
What about the herd?
All them beeves are scattered
from here to next week.
Sure ain't gonna deliver 'em
to the Army tomorrow.
Gather as many as you can.
He'll probably be your first legal affair.
What do you mean by that?
I don't know what I mean yet.
Thank you for the help,
Mr. Garrett, was it?
Pat Garrett.
- Texas?
- Texas.
Looking for a job?

Not just now. I saved a small poke.

I thought I'd try my hand at gambling.

- Good.

- I'd appreciate the loan of a horse, though.

Take your choice and keep it.

- Thank you.

- You hungry?

No, but I didn't get a chance
to finish that cup of coffee.

Coffee? I think we can do better than that.

- That girl.

- What about her?

She's pretty enough to be from Texas.

She is from Texas. You ought to meet her.

Sallie, I want you to meet Pat Garrett.

- This is my niece, Miss Chisum.

- How do you do?

Pat Garrett, meet Billy Bonney.

Hello.

I've heard of you.

Wasn't rustling.

Just out riding,

and his men started shooting at us.

Just out for a moonlight ride on my land.

Who was with you?

I got nothing more to say.

Don't worry, Mr. Chisum.

We'll get to the bottom of this.

Yes, Sheriff,

we will get to the bottom of this.

One of my men is dead.

I've sent for Judge Wilson over in Mesilla.

There's gonna be a murder trial.

I ought to have a doctor.

- I bled some.

- Not enough.

The Sheriff's charming.

There's a lot of charming people
hereabouts, Pat.

If you change your mind about that job,
let me know.

Sounds good enough.

You got time for a drink?

- Bourbon?

- Just one.

It's a big move for Sue and me.

You don't have any idea how big.

I've only been out here for a short time.

But I'm putting together an organization
bigger than anything the West has seen:

Land, mining, cattle,
freighting, speculation.

That does sound big.

And it sounds like it'll take a lot of doing.

You'll find I'm pretty well-connected here.

Here, look at this.

I can show you a shortcut
to the whole proposition. Chisum.

The King of the Pecos.

He got here first. He holds the key.

The Pecos River
runs through the middle of his land.

So?

He lets the water flow to all the ranches,
big and small.

If another man, with more appetite,
owned that land...

he'd control a territory bigger
than most states and some countries.

- Yeah, but another man doesn't.

- I know. Not yet.

But that's not just a map.

That's a chessboard.

And if another man
makes the right moves...

there might just be
a new King of the Pecos.

Gentlemen, come in.

Sheriff Brady, Jess Evans,
this is Alex McSween.

He's part of the family.

- Howdy.

- What does he do?

He used to be a storekeeper,
and now he's my lawyer.

I prefer storekeepers.

Then don't ever get arrested.

I don't intend to.

Neither did Riker.

- Lawrence...

- Okay.

All right, Sheriff.

Listen, Alex,

would you excuse us for a minute?

Certainly.

First it was Neemo, then Riker.

Now Chisum's sent for Judge Wilson.

- What do we do?

- Have some wanted posters printed up.

- On who?

- Riker.

- What for?

- Your prisoner's going to escape.

- He is?

- He is.

Tell him to wait in the line shack

on Bony Ridge...

till the judge gets tired of waiting around.

- How much?

- How much what?

- How much reward? \$100, or...

- No.

Don't be a piker, man. \$200...

Nobody's gonna collect it.

Why get in a frazzle over Chisum?

You turn me loose on him...

there'll be a sudden funeral

right here in Lincoln.

Yours.

How's that?

- Do you play chess?

- Chess?

What the hell has that got to do

with Chisum?

Everything. You just leave him alone.

I'll take care of him.

- That ain't gonna be easy.

- You're right.

But there's a fundamental difference

between Mr. Chisum and me.

What's that?

Mr. Chisum is a man

who respects the law.
Around here, I'm the man who owns it.
Get out of here! You miserable...
Next one goes in your gut.
Put the gun away, William.
- What's the trouble, Juan?
- No trouble.
This greaser was just trying to tell me
how to run my business.
And just how did he go about that?
They have nearly doubled the prices.
We can't pay what they ask.
You don't like it, go elsewhere.
Maybe they will.
There is no place within 100 miles.
About those prices, Mr. Murphy.
Prices are always going up.
Sign of a healthy economy.
Or a healthier profit.
If he needs money,
he can arrange a loan at the bank.
The bank'd be happy
to mortgage his spread.
Maybe that's what we need around here.
Another bank.
You plan on starting one, Mr. Chisum?
Why not? All it takes is money.
Yes, we might even start up a store, too.
Just in the spirit of healthy competition,
of course.
Talk to you later, Henry.
Right, John.
- Qu tal, Juan?
- Regular.
- Billy, gracias.
- De nada.
Billy.
I see you're still pretty handy
with that six-killer.
I hit where I aim.
Company, halt!
- What else?
- Nothing else, Colonel.
We brought enough beef

for White Buffalo's people to get by.
I'll deliver the rest at the weekend,
if it's all right with you and White Buffalo.
Chisum's word.

I am not interested in your opinion
of Mr. Chisum's word.

Sir, I understand your problem,
but you have to understand mine.

Would you mind explaining?

There are many problems attendant
to running such a large territory.

I don't propose to dwell on them
here and now.

What do you propose to do here and now?

I've already done it.

When I heard what happened
to your cattle...

I made arrangements for the delivery
of another herd at a very good price.

Didn't take you very long.

I have to do what is right
for the Army and the territory.

You don't have to put it in triplicate.

I get the idea.

White Buffalo.

Sgt. Braddock will escort you
back to the reservation.

That is all, White Buffalo.

- Sergeant.

- Yes, sir?

- Straightaway.

- All right, follow me.

Chisum.

Into the wagon.

Hey, Indian!

Chisum, this change nothing between us.

You heard the Colonel, blanket-head.

Straightaway.

Just a minute, Sergeant.

- You know who you're talking to?

- Looks like an Indian to me.

- He's a prince of the Comanche nation.

- I don't care if he's the king of Romania.

The Colonel said, "Straightaway."

Let's move it.

Hold on, Sergeant. Have a cigar.

- Have a cigar.

- Don't mind.

One other thing you ought to know.

You touch White Buffalo again
and I'll kill you.

Sergeant, we go now.

Trace, you and Cass take care of the beef.

Count 'em at fours. Forward, ho!

Forward, ho!

Nathan, looks like we're in business.

Are you sure you can provide
that much beef?

Don't worry. Army'll get its beef,
and a lot cheaper than from Chisum.

You're in charge of this territory, not him.

After you've served your tour of duty...

you'll be an officer

in the L.G. Murphy bank.

- Your family will like that.

- Your bank has nothing to do with this.

I'm in the Army. I wouldn't do anything...

And I wouldn't ask you to.

I'll take care of the details.

And I wouldn't do anything
to insult your integrity.

Pepper, look.

Yup. That's ol' Tropadero.

He's led us on many a cattle drive.

He brought your uncle's herd here,
all the way from Texas.

You and Uncle John have come
a long way together, haven't you?

A long way.

Over there's
an old Comanche burying ground.

"The Lord said unto Cain,

'Why art thou wroth?

"'And why is thy countenance fallen?

"'Lf thou doest well,

shalt thou not be accepted?

"'And if thou doest not well...

"'sin lieth at the door.'

"And Cain talked with Abel, his brother.

"And it came to pass,
when they were in the field...

"that Cain rose up
against his brother and...

"slew him."

Howdy.

Do you always greet people
with so much fanfare?

No, ma'am.

Truth is, I was just...

Just what?

Mr. Tunstall loaned me his Bible here
so I could practice my reading.

Looks like that ain't all
you were practicing.

- Which part were you reading?

- About how Cain killed Abel.

You know that was the very first killing?

Yes, I know.

Sure has been a passel of 'em since then.

There sure has.

So long, Bonney.

- Keep practicing, Billy.

- Yes, ma'am.

So they're all in it together.

It may be a chess game to Murphy...

but I don't like his methods,
and I can't go along with him.

It's very kind of you to tell me, Alex...

but I'm a pretty good chess player myself.

If I were you,

I'd cut off the water to his property.

I can't do that without affecting Henry
and a lot of other outfits.

What are you figuring on doing?

Sue's packing,

and we're gonna go on back to Kansas.

Why don't you stay out here?

New Mexico could use
another good man and woman.

Yes, by all means.

What would I do out here?

You ran a store back in Kansas,

didn't you?

We're opening a store and a bank,
aren't we, John?

Rumor has it.

But we need a partner to manage them
and oversee our legal affairs, don't we?

I don't think so. Not any longer.

Just one thing.

You are gonna keep your affairs legal,
aren't you?

Hell, yes.

The three musketeers, eh?

All set, Mr. Chisum.

Two hitched to horses, the rest to mules.

Just like you said.

Here's the letter of credit
for the merchandise.

- The bank in Santa Fe is expecting you.

- Right.

What about Garrett?

- I'll go see.

- Mind if I come along?

Come on.

The size of the pot.

What about you?

- Fold.

- You staying?

- Me, too.

- What about you, Mr. Garrett?

I'll stick around.

You better look out, Mr. Garrett.

I'm hotter than hell on a holiday.

Hi, Mr. Chisum. Care to sit in?

You figure to find that escaped prisoner
in that deck of cards?

Don't worry,

me and the boys will round him up.

Yeah, about the time

you get your third set of teeth.

How about it, Pat?

You made up your mind?

This next card will make up my mind.

I'm playing these.

Big Casino.

I'm going.
Glad to have you with us, Big Casino.
Thanks, Little Casino.
I sure left that Garrett with a short bit.
I'm not so sure you won that hand.
Sure I did. I'm Big Casino.
Yeah, sure you did.
Giddyup!
What do you think?
I think it's a long way
to Santa Fe and back.
You sure you know how to run
one of these things?
All it takes is money.
Yeah. Mine.
Giddyup!
How long before the men get back
from Santa Fe?
They better get here sooner than later.
We're running low on grub.
We're short on sugar, flour, airtights
and everything else.
If they don't get here pretty soon,
we'll be doing business with L.G. Murphy.
They'll be back in two or three days.
I heard the men talking about him...
- and they said that he...
- Who?
Billy Bonney.
They say he killed a man
when he was 12 years old.
He's killed over a dozen men since.
That's what they say.
He's got such gentle eyes.
I don't believe all those stories are true.
It's time for supper.
Well?
- Well, what?
- Well, what are we gonna do?
We're gonna have supper.
One of you the Sheriff?
Nope. Deputies Morton and Baker.
Sheriff's inside.
Get him.

Sheriff?

- What's up?

- Nothing's up.

There's a dodger on him.

I'll collect the bounty.

Who is it?

It's Riker.

Deader than a can of corned beef.

- You just had to kill him.

- No. Less trouble that way.

Get that mess off the street.

You know that gimp?

I know of him. His name's Dan Nodeen.

Half-crazy bounty hunter.

He gimps because of Billy the Kid.

Bonney put a bullet in him

about two years back.

Mr. Nodeen, my name is Murphy.

You wouldn't be looking for a job?

My job's collecting rewards.

- Pat, can you read?

- Yup.

How far did you get in school?

Got through the grades,

then the war broke out.

I never got to school much.

Much? Hardly at all.

But I can read now and do my sums.

Mr. Tunstall's been teaching me.

- He's a good man.

- Yeah, seems like.

What do you hear about me?

Billy, just to hear tell it

made my ears bleed.

I reckon I've run with the worst of 'em.

Jess Evans, Clay Allison.

I'd say you're running

with the best of 'em now.

- Chisum and Tunstall are good company.

- Yeah.

- You ever think on getting married?

- I been three years a buffalo hunter.

What's that got to do

with getting married?

The smell.

- What smell?

- Death.

Buffalo hunters smell like old guts
all the time.

I'm downwind of you, and I don't smell it.

I'm upwind and I smell it on you, Billy.

- What, old guts?

- Death.

Yeah, I see what you mean.

Can it ever go away, that smell?

Sure it can, Billy...

with time, good company, and patience.

- You a patient man?

- Me?

I got the patience of an oyster.

- Take 'em across.

- Let's go!

All right, let's go shopping.

Horse wagon!

Get that horse wagon up there. Get on it!

Well, Doctor, how is he?

Considering he suffered a concussion,
some broken ribs...

swallowed a barrellful of water,
he's all right.

- He's to stay in bed for a few weeks.

- Thanks.

Don't worry. I'll be by this evening.

Pepper, have Cass saddle my horse.

- He's already saddled.

- What do you intend to do?

- See a man about an ambush.

- That's not the way.

- It's my way.

- But your plan worked.

- We got the merchandise.

- And we got Murphy.

Murphy was in town during the raid
with 100 witnesses.

He's surrounded by the law
and by gunmen like Evans.

Henry's right. You're doing
just what they want you to do.

What would you want me to do?
Stand and watch...
I don't propose we stand around.
I'm going to Santa Fe to see the Governor.
Axtell? He's a gutless wonder.
But he'll act under pressure.
I'll tell him everything that's going on.
Justice Wilson will be here soon.
- You said he was a good man.
- Yes, he is.
Don't do anything
to make it harder for him.
True, we wouldn't want him
to have to try you for shooting somebody.
Might be a pleasure.
We'll open up the store and the bank...
and we'll hit Murphy where it hurts.
Legally, without any more gunfire.
Right will prevail. I know it will.
Yes, Henry, right will prevail,
one way or another.
But I guess we'll try your way first.
I'll leave as soon as we put
the store in order.
Give me that scattergun.
- You mean, you're gonna...
- Not gonna.
- Not gonna.
- Not gonna.
Get us all killed is what'll happen...
Lawrence!
- I was just coming to talk to you.
- Talk.
- Know what I've been doing lately?
- No, what?
Playing solitaire, that's what.
Ever since they opened that store.
Look at it.
The banking hasn't been too good, either.
Look at those people. Pouring in and out
like they're giving away free whiskey.
Yeah, I can see.
You know what I think?
You go back and play solitaire.

I'll do the thinking.

Jess!

I finished it, Billy.

Thinks he's some kind of a war hero,
or something like Davy Crockett.

- What?

- Nothing.

Talking to himself more every day.

- What'd you say?

- Nothing.

Nothing? I heard you say something.

You wasn't talking to yourself, was you?

It's a sign your saddles are starting to slip
when a man starts talking to himself.

I said, "Why don't you answer the door?"

I know you said something. I ain't deaf.

- Well, Mr. Peaceful himself.

- Hello, Pepper.

- John.

- Henry.

- All set to go?

- All set.

Thought I'd pop by and say cheerio,
and see how William's doing.

- Good.

- He's doing his best.

- What did you say?

- I said he's getting plenty of rest.

- He's awake now. You can go on in.

- Thank you.

- How's the patient, Sallie?

- A little impatient, I'm afraid.

- He's getting bored.

- I'm just fine.

A little buzzing in my head,
but other than that...

- There is a little hurt when I move.

- Other than that, he's just fine.

I stopped by to say goodbye.

Goodbye?

Yes, I'm going to Santa Fe for a bit,
to take care of some business.

As soon as I'm able, I got some business
to take care of in Lincoln...

with Murphy and Evans.
William, you are not going to do anything.
From now on,
we do everything according to the law.
- Mr. Chisum go along with that?
- He does.
You've made a fresh start here,
and you've got a good future.
I want you to promise me that
you won't do anything to jeopardize it.
You're gonna make me swear
on the Bible?
No, lad. Your word's
always been good enough for me.
I thought perhaps you'd like to practice
your reading some more while I'm gone.
Well, thanks. I would.
I'll see you soon, laddie.
- Mr. Tunstall.
- Yeah?
I promise.
I've written a little inscription
on the inside.
"To William Bonney.
"February 18, 1878.
"Prepare your heart
to seek the law of the Lord...
"and to live by it.
"J. Henry Tunstall."
- Good trip, Mr. Tunstall.
- Thank you, Pepper.
I want to thank you
for taking care of William.
Not me, Sallie.
She's a wonderful girl.
And he's a worthwhile lad.
According to you, everybody's worthwhile.
God's children, John.
But William reminds me of someone.
- A black sheep in the family, no doubt.
- No, a young chap I never even talked to.
Years ago in England,
this young man, like William...
killed a man in some senseless brawl.

And I watched that young man
walk to the gallows.

And I saw him hanged.

Ghastly sight.

There was nothing I could do
to help that young lad.

- I hope your way works, Henry.

- It will, John. It will.

Would you like to listen to my opinion,
Mr. John Simpson Chisum?

Nope.

My opinion is all this speechifying,
store-keeping, prayer-meeting...

don't amount to a spit in the river.

Only one thing's gonna make this territory
know who's the bull of the woods.

And sometime or sooner,
it's gonna happen. And you know it.

- Do I?

- You do.

It's just gonna be you and Murphy,
head to head, and horn to horn.

And one hell of a fight.

But one of you has got to lose.

So, the other one walks away
with the herd and the whole shebang.

Now, that's my opinion.

What's so funny?

That's the first time I ever put
somebody else's brand on our own cows.

There's your proof, Sheriff.

No-good cow thief

putting his brand on my cattle.

I expect we ought to do something
about that.

Yeah, I expect we ought to.

And you'd better hurry. He's leaving town.

All right, you two, go fetch him.

Hold Tunstall in jail until I get back.

- Where are you going?

- Santa Fe.

I've got to see a friend.

Hello.

Say, Tunstall,

you're a hard man to track down.

- Thought you could get away?

- Get away with what?

We're deputy sheriffs, you know?

Duly appointed.

My congratulations.

But what's that got to do with me?

Got to do with your rustling

Mr. Murphy's cattle.

Gentlemen, in the first place...

the origin of Mr. Murphy's magic herd
is a bit dubious. In the second place...

In the second place, don't give us
that fancy foreign talk, Mr. Fancy-pants.
The law says you're going back to Lincoln.
Look here, I'm going to Roswell.

I've got a stage to catch.

- He didn't even have a gun.

- He had a gun...

and he tried to use it.

"And he opened his mouth,
and taught them, saying:

"'Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"'Blessed are they that mourn,
for they shall be comforted.

"'Blessed are the meek,
for they shall inherit the earth.

"'Blessed are they which do hunger
and thirst after righteousness...

"'for they shall be filled.

"'Blessed are the merciful,
for they shall experience mercy.

"'Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they shall see God.

"'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they
shall be called the children of the Lord.

"'Blessed are the persecuted
for righteousness' sake...

"'for they shall inherit heaven.

"'Rejoice and be doubly blessed...

"'for your reward in heaven is great.'

"The Lord giveth,
and the Lord taketh away.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Amen.

- John.

- J.B.

- How'd it happen?

- It happened.

- Judge, my name is Alex McSween.

- Yes?

- I think we should go to the courthouse.

- Mr. McSween...

I think we'd better go with him.

I made you a promise, Mr. Tunstall.

Now I'm making myself a promise.

It says in the Bible:

"The candle of the wicked
shall be put out."

Sheriff, I'm gonna ask you just once more.

- South.

- Chew it finer.

Valverde, I think.

Now, let's just hold up a minute.

As a Federal Justice...

I'm issuing warrants

for the arrests of both of those men.

- Sheriff, are you going after them?

- My own men?

All right. John, I'm empowering you
and your men to bring back those two...

- What are their names?

- Morton and Baker.

Deputies Morton and Baker...

dead or alive.

- I'm afraid of what he might do.

- Whatever he does, it'll be legal.

That's hard to believe.

Jess Evans rode up

right after the shooting.

The man is a thief. He stole my cattle.

We have the hides to prove it.

It's hard to believe about Henry Tunstall.

Yes, and it's hard to believe

he carried a gun. But he did.

He pulled one. Resisted arrest.

The deputies were defending themselves.

They had no choice.

That's too bad.

- It's just too bad.

- Yes, it is.

We have more important things
to think about, all of us.

Would you excuse us, Jess?

- I'll see you at the hotel.

- Sure. Governor.

All right, Lawrence.

Let's get to our business.

Howdy. Looks like you rode far.

Haven't seen two men

that look like they'd rode just as far...

a day or two ahead of us, have you?

- Fed up their horses here yesterday.

- Where'd they go?

Where else?

Thanks.

Draw.

Please draw.

- Mr. Chisum, I ain't trying to...

- Where's Morton?

Second room.

Bring him along.

Hold it up.

- I didn't do it, Mr. Chisum, he did.

- Shut up, Baker.

Pat.

You're gonna shoot us, ain't you?

I thought about it.

Then I thought about something

Henry Tunstall once said.

He watched a man walk to the gallows.

Saw him hang.

Said it was ghastly.

I've seen men hang.

And that's the word: Ghastly.

You two are gonna hang.

Pat, take 'em on in to Lincoln.

We'll swing by the ranch

and pick up the judge.

Let's go.

Hello, Pat, Charlie, Tom.

- You shouldn't be up and around, Billy.
- Neither should they.
They won't be for long.
- What's gonna happen to 'em?
- They're gonna be tried and hanged.
- And you believe that?
- John Chisum does.

We'll see.

Pat, I never did thank you
for hauling me out of that river.

- You ought to go back and rest, Billy.
- I will, Big Casino.
- First I gotta keep my promise.
- What promise?

So long, Charlie, Tom!

It was the Kid.

He rode up smiling and talking,
and whopped me on the head.

All right, cut 'em loose.

And gather up some artillery.

I'm forming a posse.

Hey, Sheriff Brady!

Damn.

- The Governor is not to be disturbed.
- He'll be disturbed, all right.

Wake up, Sam. Listen to me.

- But, sir...
- Be quiet, will you?

Wake up, Sam. Listen to me.

Good God! Lawrence! What happened?

Just got a telegram from Lincoln.

Get rid of that damn fool, will you?

- What?

- Him!

It's all right, George.

Now, what in heaven's name happened?

The Kid just killed Brady,

Morton, and Baker...

and escaped while Chisum and

Justice Wilson stood and watched him.

I can't believe it.

Sam, Brady, Morton, and Baker believe it.

Believe me, you're in the firing line.

You better do something...

before President Hayes decides
you can't handle this territory.
What do you suggest that I do?
First, Justice Wilson is Chisum's friend.

So revoke his powers.

You've got plenty of grounds.

All right.

I'll do that.

What else?

You good people witnessed
the cowardly and cold-blooded murder...
of our beloved Sheriff Brady
by Billy "the Kid" Bonney, right there.
Governor Axtell has appointed

a new Sheriff:

He's offered a \$200 reward for the Kid.
And I'm adding a further reward...
of \$1,000, dead or alive.

The Sheriff has formed his posse.

Have you got anything
you want to add to that, Sheriff?

Just this.

I'm gonna bring Bonney in.

You people can either help me,
or stay the hell out of my way.

John, since Governor Axtell
hung me out to dry...

there's nothing I can help you with.

- I'll head back to Mesilla in the morning.

- All right, J.B.

I'm writing President Hayes a letter
asking for an impartial investigation...

By that time, Murphy'll have his name
on everything between Arizona and Texas.

Mr. Murphy...

just how much of Lincoln County
are you after?

Mr. Chisum came out here
several years ago...

put his name on everything he could.

I've only been here a little while.

Just getting started.

You have anything to say to that,

Mr. Chisum?

I don't favor talking to vermin,
but I'll talk to you just this once.
You're not just getting started.
The line's been drawn.
What Billy did balanced the books so far.
But if one of your men cross my land,
or even touch one of my cows...
or do anything to that store...
I'm not going to the Sheriff, the Governor,
or the President of the United States.
I'm coming to see you.
Mr. Chisum, that sounds like a threat.

Wrong word:

Billy, why did you come back?
All of Lincoln County's looking for you.
They ain't gonna find me.
Leastways till I find Murphy and Evans.
You killed those men.
Mr. Tunstall was the first man ever
to treat me decent.
He never hurt nobody.
I'm gonna get anybody
who had anything to do with it.
- They'll kill you.
- They'll try.
- Pat, what're you doing?
- Maybe he wants the reward.
You know Pat Garrett better than that.
Look, Pat, you saved my life...
and I'm sorry I had to clout you.
But don't go pulling a gun on me.
Get Mr. Chisum, Sallie.
Put it down, Pat.
You two walk away.
Come on in here, Billy.
I know how you feel, but...
you've gone about it the wrong way.
- It's what you'd have done 25 years ago.
- Billy, all you've done is bollix things up.
The Governor's appointed
another Murphy man sheriff.
So?

- You can't go around killing all the sheriffs.
- I can't?
- You know how this thing's gonna end.
- It's my life.

But you're affecting the lives
of a lot of other people.
Are you talking about a lot of people,
or Sallie?

Maybe it funnels down to her, too.

She reminds me of...

There was a girl once...

back in Texas.

A long time ago.

I knew that the best thing for me to do
was to turn my back.

Let her marry a man
that'd make her happy.

You're talking about Garrett now.

I'm talking about a man
that could make her happy.

I get your meaning, Mr. Chisum.

I'm not gonna turn you in, Billy.

But I'm telling you this:

Don't ever show up on my land again.

All right, Mr. Chisum.

I'll ride.

I didn't intend that you should hear that.

I'm glad I did.

Helps me understand a lot of things.

- Your father was a good man.

- Yes, he was.

I know you did what you thought
was right for all of you...
and that's what you're doing now.

Maybe you should have let Mother
make her own choice.

She did.

She made the right choice.

So will I.

I know you will, Sallie.

Don't lie to me, you pepper gut.

But I swear to you, seor,

we haven't seen him.

He hasn't been here at all.

If he comes here, or rides by,
you get to town and tell me.
'Cause if I hear he even passed this way
without you telling me about it...
you're going to jail.
You understand?
S, Seor Sheriff.
Knock a lot of horseshoes loose
in them rocks...
and all for nothing.
That Nodeen.
Sure is hell-bent on catching you, Billy.
I should've killed him
when I had the chance down in Guadalupe.
Murphy must want you pretty bad
to put up \$1,000 for your hide.
It's gonna cost him more than that.
He ain't gonna get my hide.
- I'm gonna get his.
- Let's get started.
All right.
First off, we're gonna hit Murphy's bank
and take his money.
He's got a safe as big as a barn.
- We'll blow it open.
- We'll need dynamite.
We'll get it.
We'll need some more men.
How many?
About half a dozen.
Men who know the layout of the bank,
and can shoot their way out of town.
There's Brown, Scurlock.
Middleton's all right.
And while you're visiting the bank...
I'll be visiting Mr. Murphy.
I got 500 head of prime cattle
penned up at the corral.
I want you and some of the boys
to deliver 'em to Tucson.
You can leave...
- Did you find him?
- No.
What did you come back for?

Some of the horses went lame.
We'll start again tomorrow.
If you needed horses,
you could've sent for 'em.
Listen, Murphy, I know my job.
Nobody said you don't.
Every time I take a step,
I think of Bill Bonney.
I'm gonna find him,
and I'm gonna see him dead.
Yeah, sure, Sheriff.
Want to come to the saloon?
I'll buy all of you a drink.
I prefer my own bottle
and my own company.
That man there,
he's meaner than a gut-shot grizzly.
Well, that's what we need.
You men got your own bottles,
or do you want to come in the saloon?
Hell, you know we're going
in the saloon with you.
Fifty.
Whose move?
His.
It's turning cold.
Wind's from the north.
Comanches call it Tahnimara.
Lonely wind.
I wonder where you heard that.
You know, Pat...
there have been a lot of stories
about John Chisum.
About how wild he was.
Those were wild times.
I think, in some ways,
the two of them are a lot alike.
Who?
Uncle John, Billy Bonney.
Don't you think they are?
Don't you?
Not in the important things.
Like what?
Mr. Chisum's changed with the times.

He doesn't like to let on, but he cares.
About the people here and in town.
About the Indians and the territory.
He's independent...
and he likes to do things his own way,
but he cares.
And Billy doesn't?
I guess he can't help it.
But you heard him,
all he cares about is getting those men.
In a way, doesn't it amount
to the same thing?
No.
Billy wants revenge.
Mr. Chisum wants justice.
There's a big difference.
And there's a big difference
between love and infatuation.
What about Pat Garrett?
Pat Garrett hasn't talked so much
since Sunday School recitation.
I better get you in.
Johnny!
The rest of you take the horses
around the side, and leave ours here.
Who's there?
Who is it? Who's down there?
It's me, Mr. McSween.
Billy?
What are you doing now,
stealing from your friends?
No, sir. Not exactly.
We just need the loan of a little dynamite.
- Dynamite?
- Yeah.
- Don't you think you've done enough?
- No, sir.
But I'm going to.
Bonney.
Billy, listen to me.
I've written a letter to the President.
There will be an investigation.
This whole thing is a travesty.
I promise you...

I don't know what travesty means,
but I made a promise, too.

Evans.

- What do you want?

- Get up!

Come on, get up!

Alex, is everything all right? I heard...

Billy.

Honey, everything is all right.

You go on back upstairs.

It's okay, ma'am.

We just need some supplies.

At this hour?

Sue, go back upstairs.

Get inside!

There's a mess of 'em out there.

Hold your fire!

Bonney, can you hear me?

Sheriff Nodeen!

Good morning, Sheriff!

No, it ain't, Bonney. Not for you.

There are 100 guns out here.

Hey, Nodeen,

the McSweens have got no part of this.

They ain't done nothing,

so let 'em come out!

Anybody that comes out of there

while it's still dark...

gets cut in half!

You ain't got no place to go, Bonney.

What do we do, Billy?

Pile something up against the windows.

Nothing else we can do right now.

Nothing's gonna happen till daylight.

Bonney!

Sheriff Nodeen again!

Time's up!

He's mad.

Must not have had any breakfast.

You know what's gonna happen to you
if you don't surrender!

I know what'll happen if I do!

I'll get a bullet in the back
trying to escape!

Here's what you're gonna get
if you stay in there!
Damn place is built like a fort.
What'll it be, Bonney?
Billy, we've got to get Sue out of here.
Sheriff, this is McSween.
Is Lawrence Murphy out there?
I'm here.
Lawrence, let my wife come out.
Then we can talk.
I give you my word, there'll be no tricks.
All right, Alex.
She can come out.
It'll look better this way, Sheriff.
We don't want any women getting killed.
No, Alex.
Not unless you come, too.
I want to speak on behalf of these men,
then I'll be right out.
You go on ahead, Sue.
All right, she's coming out!
Lawrence?
Will you send word to Fort Stanton
and let these men surrender to the Army?
Look, Mr. McSween...
you're not talking for us.
I'm trying to help you...
to keep you alive.
The Army has no jurisdiction here.
This is a civil matter...
and if anyone surrenders, it's to me.
Better get out of here...
'cause I ain't ever gonna surrender
to Nodeen.
- Billy!
- Go out there with your wife.
Sheriff...
I'm unarmed, and I'm coming out alone!
No, you ain't! Not alone.
Not till everybody
throws down their guns...
and you all come out together...
with Bonney in the lead!
Them's my terms.

Sheriff, my husband's done nothing wrong.

Your husband is harboring a killer.

- Mr. Murphy...

- I'm sorry. I can't interfere with the law.

- What about it, Bonney?

- I'm not coming out, Nodeen.

- Please!

- Get out of here before you get hurt.

Mr. McSween, it's your wife.

She's going for Chisum!

Exactly, we'll fight him

on our own ground.

Get some men by the river

in case they come in that way...

and throw a barricade across that street.

We're running short of lead.

Mr. McSween.

All right.

Here's the key to the room.

Upstairs!

Women and children off the street!

Hold it!

- Damn it! Where are you going?

- Going to warn the noon stage.

Noon stage, my...

There's enough ammunition there

to fight a war.

That's what we're doing.

Mr. Chisum!

You have to get Alex.

They're gonna kill him.

Murphy and Nodeen's men

have the store surrounded.

Billy's in there.

- Please, Mr. Chisum.

- Take care of her, Sallie.

- What're you gonna do?

- What I'd have done 25 years ago.

Pat, get the men out of South Camp.

Trace, you round up everybody

that can ride a horse or pull a trigger.

- Let's break out some Winchesters.

- You bet.

Come on, hurry up.

It's my arm.
Give up, Billy.
We're ready for him now.
Billy, they've got the street blocked off!
It ain't to keep us in.
- It's to keep somebody out.
- Chisum.
We'll be slaughtered.
- I'm going out there and talk to Murphy.
- No! Don't do it, Mr. McSween!
Don't go out there!
Sheriff, Murphy...
hold your fire!
I've got to talk to you...
and I'm coming out alone.
Don't, Mr. McSween!
You heard my terms!
Get some torches!
I'll burn the son of a bitch out.
Seor Chisum, they built a barricade.
We could go around
and come in from behind.
We'd have to cross that river.
We'd be sitting ducks.
Then what do we do, Mr. Chisum?
We do exactly what we started out to do,
Mr. Pepper.
It's Chisum!
Let's pour it in him.
To hell with this.
You wanted him on your own ground.
You got him.
- Good to see you, Big Casino.
- Yeah.
Cover me, Pat.
Billy.
Ain't like old times...
Billy.
Can you make it?
What? Where's...
Where are you going?
I resign.
No more paydays around here.
I know.

It's my fault.
You were the primer, Billy...
but I guess, sooner or later,
the lid had to blow off.
Sheriff left town.
He won't be hard to follow.
- So long, Mr. Chisum.
- Let it go, Billy.
That smell of death.
Remember?
Be seeing you, Big Casino.
Are you coming?
"General Lew Wallace takes oath
as new governor of territory.
"Garrett appointed
Sheriff of Lincoln County.
"Governor declares A-M..."
Amnesty.
Yeah.
Do that mean the war is over?
- It do.
- I hope so.
I wouldn't be too sure.
There's an old saying, Miss Sallie:
"There's no law west of Dodge,
and no God west of the Pecos."
Right, Mr. Chisum?
Wrong, Mr. Pepper.
'Cause no matter where people go,
sooner or later, there's the law.
And, sooner or later,
they find that God's already been there.
Now, where's he going?
Don't worry. He'll be back.
I better get going.
Got some things in Lincoln to take care of.
Lincoln can take care of itself
until after the dishes are done.
- Doesn't this badge give me any authority?
- Not in this house.

SOFTTITLER:

English