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# Dead in Tombstone

By Brendan Cowles

The West...  
People call it "The  
New Frontier."  
It sounds almost nice.  
They'll tell you it's built on  
the backs of God fearing folks  
with true grit in their hands and  
the American Dream in their hearts.  
Well, whoever wrote that's  
sellin' snake oil, sure as shit.  
The real West is a heartless,  
lawless viper pit.  
An American nightmare, forged  
by the flames of hell...  
and the hammer of the beast.  
I already know.  
I am Lucifer...  
and I devour the souls of men.  
In the West, I  
never go hungry.  
Red Cavanaugh. Murdering  
son of a bitch.  
Open up!  
Do you renounce the evil  
powers of this world  
that corrupt and destroy  
the creatures of God?  
Do you renounce the  
sinful desires  
that draw you from  
the love of God?  
I got the beast in me, Father.  
In His name, I will spill the  
blood of every bull in this yard,  
before that sun rises.  
Guerrero!  
Guerrero!  
Guerrero!  
Yeah!  
His six months in hell are over.  
Gracias.  
De nada.  
Hey, Baptiste,  
I don't know what smells worse,

you or that shit you're making.  
Thought you were French.  
You want me to shovel  
it up your cul?  
Hey, hey, enough, eat it!  
Do you want some?/ Fuck, no.  
Still having them nightmares?  
I seen him.  
Seen who?  
The demon that haunts my dreams.  
Sure it was him?  
It's my penance.  
Hermano, I got us a big score.  
Could set us up for life.  
Get us off this hand  
to-mouth shit we been doing.  
I'm listening.  
It's a Colorado town.  
They got 'em a stone  
and quartz quarry.  
Devil stones from Yuma  
prison come from there.  
Town called Edendale.  
God's country.  
Turns out, they struck  
a vein of gold.  
Big one.  
When?  
Few months ago.  
What else?  
Well...  
They been banking the gold up  
because they got a little mineral  
rights dispute happening.  
You got no right, Judah  
Clark, you got no right!  
Mineral rights on the  
deed are plain as day!  
They belong to Edendale  
and its founding members.  
And you're staring  
at the first one!  
If you could read, you  
would see that they say

you have the right to pull  
gypsum from the quarry.  
That is all.  
Mineral rights is  
mineral rights!  
And everybody's gettin' greedy.  
Goddamned limey bastard!  
And I suggest you hold your tongue  
when it comes to Mother England,  
you tin pan mongrel! Hey!  
God damn it, Jack! Do you want  
to spend the night in the hole?  
Guy on the inside says the sheriff's  
getting real cagey, right?  
I am sworn to uphold the law.  
And the law says all  
mineral disputes  
gotta be settled by the  
federal judge in Denver.  
He's so stupid.  
He didn't wanna move the  
land transport to Denver.  
He didn't wanna hire  
personal security.  
Till then, said goddamned minerals will  
be impounded by local authorities.  
That's me.  
Take it to the vault.  
And the sheriff's keepin' the gold  
vaulted till they all settle.  
In the bank?  
That's stupid.  
Now, personally, I don't  
care who owns the gold.  
What I care about is this town.  
And I will be goddamned if I let it  
burn on account of greed and graft.  
Who else knows?  
Far as I know, just me.  
You sure about this?  
Never more, hermano.  
It's two hard days  
ride to Colorado.  
We ride at first light.

Rojo.  
About your stretch...  
No hard feelings?/  
Forgive and forget.  
Shit, I know things ain't  
panned out in the past.  
This is different, hermano.  
This is different.  
We're square.  
Bueno.  
Come on... Let's go!  
What men?  
Have you seen them before?  
You should go get your husband  
That's a good idea Yeah.  
Afternoon, boys.  
Honey, we're a little  
busy, here, right now.  
Well, I guess Greedy  
and Seedy, over here,  
can't handle their affairs  
like a couple of men.  
And, speakin' of which, a gang of  
gunfighters just rode into town.  
Reckon they're headed  
for the saloon.  
How you know they're  
gunfighters?  
Just a hunch, really.  
Seein' as they're all splattered in  
blood and bristling with Blue steel.  
That is rather  
disquieting, Sheriff.  
Perhaps you should  
go and talk to them.  
About what, Judah? Ain't it legal  
to pack iron in this county?  
Now, we got laws,  
here in Edendale.  
Soon as you see one of them James  
Gang in the saloon breaking one,  
you come and tell me.  
Until that moment, we've got  
business we need to settle here.

Home, sweet home, brother.  
Darko, whiskey.  
Good afternoon.  
What're you havin'?  
Whiskey!  
Come here, come here.  
Well, it doesn't look like a  
town laden with gold, Red.  
I told you boys, they're havin'  
a land dispute in this town.  
Gold's all locked up till  
the judge makes a decision.  
I can't believe they stored it  
all in that shit box of a bank.  
The bank is easy  
either way, you know?  
Even if they don't have any  
gold, we could use the cash.  
Maybe stick around.  
Get some putas.  
Hey...  
We do the job and that's it.  
But we hit the  
bank tonight Yeah.  
Yeah, cheers.  
You make sure the sheriff and  
his men don't get in our way.  
Darko, Baptiste, you watch  
our back on Saloon Street.  
We don't want no surprises.  
Rojo Yeah, brother.  
Come for the gold,  
nothing more.  
Nobody dies, unless  
they're asking for it.  
Now, I don't want your temper  
making heroes out of folks...  
that would otherwise  
just let it be.  
Si Vamonos.  
I was talking with the girls  
about it this afternoon.  
Yeah, what did they say?  
Well, let me get you a strong drink

Wait, give me a kiss, first.  
Love you, baby  
Love you, sweetie.  
Smells good.  
Evening.  
Hey...  
Deputies.../ Cheers.  
And, Sheriff One more.  
I told you, it's not... It's not  
the stove that's gonna be...  
You got enough dynamite?  
Never enough dynamite.  
This is gonna get  
loud Got it, got it.  
Get down!/ Calathea!  
No need to be a hero, Sheriff!  
Hey, just stay put. Boys and I  
are gonna take care of this.  
Just stay inside, with  
your little wife!  
If anyone tries to come in  
through that door that ain't us,  
you shoot 'em.  
Washington, go get the wagon.  
Go on!/ All right.  
Look at all the gold.  
You doubted me?  
Nicely done, little brother.  
Sheriff, you okay?  
Ramos.  
Save your positions!  
Hold your fire!  
Hold your fire!  
Jack!  
Let's get over to the bank,  
we can still save the gold!  
I don't care if  
they get the gold.  
You gotta protect the families.  
I am deputizing you, as of now.  
You and your boys are to position  
yourself behind Saloon Street,  
near them houses, okay?  
Now, go!

Go get 'em.  
Lord protect us.  
Okay.  
Two... One... Go!  
Ah, surprise, cabrones!  
Fucking bitch!  
You wanna play with  
the big boys, huh?  
Out of bullets.  
Keep your eyes open!  
Where are they?  
Baptiste!/ There they are!  
Come on, take a shot!  
This is the sheriff!  
Stop where you are and  
put your hands up!  
Put it down!  
Didn't I tell you  
to stay inside?  
Slowly...  
If you wanna live.  
Rojo, vamonos.  
Hermano, what's the hurry?  
To the Victor go  
the spoils, huh?  
What are you talking about?  
Ow, ah, ah, ah!  
Okay, okay!  
Ow, ah!  
Rojo!/ You're hurting me!  
We need to get out  
of here!/ No!  
Leave these people alone!  
Calathea!/ Bob, no!  
Calathea!/ Bob!  
Ah!  
No! No!  
Rojo, what is wrong  
with you?/ No!  
What are you doing? We've  
got the gold, vamonos!  
No!  
Maybe I want to stay.  
And go back to prison? Federal



marshals will be here.  
Marshals ain't comin', Hermano.  
I ain't goin' back to prison.  
The wagons are loaded.  
And we're leaving, now!  
Brother, I got a  
better idea now.  
I'm gonna stay here and I'm  
gonna take over this town.  
And you can go to hell.  
Put your guns down, boys.  
Unless you got something  
against being rich.  
I raised you, Rojo.  
You're my brother.  
I'm your half brother.  
The only blood we share is  
from a whore in Juarez.  
Shoot him!  
Shoot him!  
Go ahead. Pull  
that iron, boys.  
You wanna take orders  
from a dead man?  
Or you can take orders from me.  
What the fuck is that?  
This here's the deed...  
The deed that says that I  
own the gold mine now.  
It was signed over to me.  
I'm gonna own it all.  
Why don't you read  
it to 'em, Snake?  
Yeah...  
Tell 'em how it looks Hmm.  
Looks legit.  
You think money's  
gonna make you a man?  
I'm man enough to take out  
Guerrero De La Cruz, right?  
You're getting soft, brother.  
This gang needs a new leader.  
You been King long enough.  
Now I'm mayor.

I'm sheriff.  
I'm Jesus H. Christ  
in this town.  
From now on, people will  
know the name Red Cavanaugh.  
You boys are gonna be the  
richest goddamned deputies  
in the history of  
law enforcement.  
There is no honor among you.  
Backstabbing traitor.  
Boys, what do you say we give my big  
brother here a nice retirement party?  
I'll see you again, Rojo.  
I'll see all of you.  
In hell!  
Gentlemen, there  
will be men like us  
who're gonna think... that  
they can take this town.  
So, the name's gotta  
remind 'em...  
just what's waitin'  
for 'em if they try.  
From now on, the name of  
this town is Tombstone.  
Guerrero.  
Guerrero.  
You're mine.  
There is never a sound so sweet  
as that of the pitiful sufferer.  
The demon from my  
dreams, I've seen you.  
Oh, I've been waiting for you.  
I've been waiting for you.  
Where am I?  
Somewhere...  
South of heaven.  
I was shot.  
Struck down by your  
own flesh and blood.  
I'm dead?  
I'm dead.  
This is hell!

I don't belong here!/  
Uh, excuse me?  
You don't belong here?  
That's what they all say.  
But you're still  
of the flesh, hmm?  
Until I burn it away.  
If it's true that men like  
me feed the fires of hell,  
I will bring you more fuel for your fire  
than my soul alone could ever supply.  
Are you trying to  
make a deal with me?  
It's been a pleasure.  
Wait, wait, wait... A trade!  
My soul for the soul of my half brother  
and the cabrones that betrayed me,  
the Blackwater Gang!  
Well, that is an  
interesting proposition.  
One day, 24 hours.  
What's that, compared  
to eternity?  
I'll give it some thought.  
One day! One day, 24 hours!  
What's that, compared  
to eternity?  
Why should I accept it?  
I already have you.  
They are six. I am one.  
They are thieves,  
killers and traitors,  
who will sell their own  
mother for a sack of gold.  
Give me just one day and I'll  
deliver all six of their souls,  
including that no good,  
lowlife brother of mine,  
Red Cavanaugh.  
You get all six of them, in  
exchange for my own soul.  
Their souls will feed the  
fires of hell higher  
and give you great

pleasure, right now.

Hmm.

An intriguing wager.

I'll deliver all six  
of their souls.

Give me just one day.

I will grant you one day.

One day...

But all six men must

die by your hand

and by your hand, alone.

If you succeed,

I will give you

your wretched life.

And if you fail,

then the misery that awaits

you will be a thousandfold.

Do we have a deal?

Whoa!

Nobody touches the tables!

One turn of the clock.

Not a second longer.

You take your revenge

and deliver my souls.

Now you will go the

same way you came.

Liza?

Why would Sully fix the goddamn clock

and then leave the hole in it?

He didn't.

Baby, he must've fixed

it Couldn't have.

Mama, if you're so damn set on

keepin' that pie hole open,

why don't you go upstairs

and take Daddy up there

and let me give you

somethin' to do with it?

Come on, bubba, come on, now.

Go get her, Red.

It's been one year.

It's been one year to the day.

Boo!

Did he get scared?

Ain't got a Chinaman's  
chance of working.  
Come on.  
Come on.  
Go put my horse in the barn.  
Go!/ Yes, sir.  
Ah!  
Put a madre, get out of  
my sight!/ Yes, sir Go!  
Clean that again Yes, sir.  
Red wants it by dawn.  
One year to the day.  
Impossible.  
It's completely impossible.  
Do you hear that?  
What is it, boss?  
Ramos.  
Huh?  
Who's there?  
Get the pistola. Come with me.  
Duke?/ Yeah?  
What's going on?  
Who is there?  
Who's there?  
Hey. Who is it?  
What the fuck?  
Ah!  
Who the hell are you?  
Are you pretty fast  
with that pistola?  
I don't have to be fast, senor.  
Unless you're gonna shoot  
me with your pecker. Hmm?  
I have a pretty nice  
gun right here.  
There are two people in this world that  
know how to put that gun together.  
One of them is dead.  
What the hell?  
Now you're talking.  
You remember me...  
The Lord told me about  
you in a dream.  
Said I'd be... tempted

by a demon from hell.  
Lord, please, remove this cup  
from me, your humble servant.  
Amen.  
I'm still here, padre.  
I'm not a demon.  
What are you, then?  
A customer.  
A drink...  
to soften the revelation.  
Shit.  
Mister, if you threaten  
the reverend again,  
I will shame this holy  
place with your blood.  
Now, if you two wanna  
keep breathing,  
you'd better do as I say.  
What's your business  
here, stranger?  
Do you have any pine  
boxes in your stores?  
Why? Are you an undertaker?  
Somethin' like that.  
How many do you need?  
Six.  
God ain't gonna help you, amigo.  
Just leave a little silver  
in the collection box.  
Come on, give me some.  
Come on.  
Viens ici! Viens!  
What is it, boss?/ What is it?  
Shooter's probably  
around here somewhere.  
Probably still here.  
Whoever is inside,  
get out here now!  
Cover me Got it.  
Get your lollygagging...  
Get in there.  
Come on, I've got a fistful of  
lead for you, right now. Come on.  
Come on. Let's go.

Watch it.  
Got anything, boys?  
No. Nope.  
Let's go.  
This is for Ramos.  
All that money  
and you still can't take a bath.  
How do you know my...  
Can't be!  
It is.  
We killed you.  
No, this is how  
you kill someone.  
For the great day of  
his wrath is come  
and who shall be left to stand?  
Reverend Paul, you  
can't go in there.  
I have heard tales  
of black angels,  
come back to destroy the  
evils of the Earth.  
No soy angel, padre,  
but I suggest you leave till  
my business is through.  
The church is my place.  
You... You bleed.  
You are of flesh and blood.  
You were a part of the Blackwater  
Gang, when they took the town.  
I watched them bury you.  
It's a long story.  
And my time is short.  
Are you here to kill  
Red and his men?  
Unless they kill me first.  
Well, I don't care if you  
are the spawn of hell.  
I'll ride with you.  
It's personal.  
Red Cavanaugh murdered my  
husband in cold blood.  
Ain't nothin' more  
personal than that.

You can dance on his grave.  
But until I'm through,  
stay out of my way.  
Look, you may be good,  
but they've got numbers.  
Red hired up a lot of guns  
since he took the town.  
Let us help.  
Us?  
We've been praying for  
someone to bring justice.  
Been a year. Nobody's come.  
No marshals,  
no law of any kind.  
And trust me, we've  
sent letters,  
telegrams, we even  
went to Denver.  
Seems like Red's got himself  
some friends in high places.  
So you see,  
we gotta stick together.  
You don't hear too  
good, do you, lady?  
Nobody can kill them but me.  
Now,  
I suggest you clear out, 'cause  
they'll be back sooner or later.  
Where the hell is Baptiste?  
Was he a part of that  
ruckus this morning?  
That man loves a fight.  
Dead, boss.  
Ramos, too.  
What the hell are  
you talking about?  
I seen 'em boxed up.  
All right, boys.  
Let's go pay our respects, huh?  
Come on. Come on.  
Whiskey.  
You from around here?  
Not exactly.  
Can I help you with



somethin'/?/ Leave the bottle.  
Yes, sir.  
Well, you know what they say,  
"If you're looking  
for someone..."  
"Just head to the saloon."  
Expect it'll be getting lively  
around here in a while.  
Who're the empty ones for?  
Are you fucking stupid?  
Son of a bitch!  
We can't just let them rot.  
Ain't good for business.  
No.  
That's exactly what  
we're gonna do.  
We're gonna kill  
this man tonight.  
I don't give a shit  
who's with him.  
Listen better,  
if you boys fuck this up, I'm gonna  
put you in these caskets myself.  
Who you think did it?  
Who gives a shit?  
He's a dead man.  
Washington,  
get up to the mine  
and crack the whip,  
we got a delivery tonight  
come hell or high water,  
and we better be even, boy.  
All right.  
We're gonna get payback.  
Shut the fuck up.  
Hey.  
What the hell are  
you doing here?  
You know, I always  
loved that expression.  
I still had time.  
Hmm...  
Oh, brother, let me  
tell you something.

Time is half gone. Yet your  
quarry is still half alive.  
Yeah, I'm wasting  
it talking to you.  
Listen, hombre,  
I want that little maricon.  
I want that Red Cavanaugh's  
ass and I want it now.  
I want his blood and you're  
gonna bring it to me.  
Now, I don't want nothing...  
Not a goddamn thing to  
distract you, okay?  
None of your pussy, none of your whores, none  
of all these preacher friends, all these...  
All these fuckers that are gonna be  
talkin' about all this righteous shit...  
"His goodness" and  
all that, you know?  
I know you better than  
you know yourself  
and I can smell your conscience.  
Makes me wanna puke.  
Ah!  
Jesus Christ.  
Hey, hey, hombre.  
Hey, I'm watching everything.  
Everything, okay?  
Can't pull the wool  
over my eyes, boy.  
Never forget why I  
brought you here.  
High noon, hombre.  
Right up to the saloon, boys.  
Come on, move it.  
You better be right  
about this, son.  
Get out! Move out!  
Move out. Put them up.  
Shh...  
I don't know who you  
think you are, stranger,  
but if you've come to my  
town, lookin' for trouble?

You just found plenty.  
It's been a while, huh, Rojo?  
Only one man's ever  
called me that.  
And he's dead and buried.  
Some things don't  
stay buried, Rojo.  
My brother is dead.  
I seen the blood  
drain out of him,  
when I put the  
bullet in his heart.  
I killed you once.  
Never again.  
We don't have to  
do this, brother.  
There's plenty of  
gold to go round.  
I prefer lead.  
I'll tell you what,  
come on out...  
and I'll cut you in  
on your fair share.  
We'd be square. Deal?  
I already made a deal. All  
I gotta do now is collect.  
Take him down!  
Take him down!  
I'll take him down.  
I ain't gonna miss the next one.  
Just wanted you to  
know who killed you.  
Are you out of your mind, woman?  
You're goddamn right.  
You with my brother?/  
Not exactly.  
But he is my inspiration.  
You killed my husband...  
Huh?  
And now you're gonna  
die for your sins.  
No!  
The law man's wench, she  
will be the end of you.

So stay sharp, Guerrero.  
This is the work of the devil.  
Son of a bitch.  
Why did you let Red go?  
I had him dead to rights.  
I have to kill him.  
Why?  
Mister, after what we just witnessed, there  
ain't no tale too tall that can explain it.  
It's my only escape  
from damnation.  
Deliver the souls of Red  
and the Blackwater Gang  
to the devil... to save mine.  
And I have to kill him myself,  
and I have till  
midnight to do it.  
Well, maybe you  
have to kill them,  
but I got a dog in this fight,  
and there ain't nothin'  
that says I can't help.  
You're casting your  
lot in with a killer  
knowing full well that  
the devil is his keeper?  
This is about justice  
being served, Reverend.  
I don't care who's serving it.  
Your soul is at stake  
here, young lady.  
Reverend, the fires of hell are a  
Sunday picnic compared to my pain.  
Come on. I wanna  
show you something.  
You're stronger than you look.  
I had some help Cal.  
Reverend Paul...  
We spotted Red Cavanaugh  
on our way into town.  
Headed to the mines,  
more than likely.  
We'd like you to know  
we're here to help.

Please, Jack. There are eternal  
consequences to your actions.  
Lest we be damned.  
Give this town back to us  
and you'll have the rest of  
your life to atone for the sins  
of the life that  
you left behind.  
Defend yourselves.  
Protect your town.  
But any of the Blackwater  
boys, you leave to me.  
Show me the way to the mines.  
All right, all  
right, all right.  
How we doing down here, boys?  
I don't think we can hit 100.  
No, you gotta get  
to 200, Washington,  
or you're gonna have a  
large size problem here.  
All right, everybody listen up,  
we're three months  
behind on deliveries  
and he's coming to collect.  
He can help us hack it out of the  
goddamned walls if he wants.  
We have nothing to hide.  
Washington, he's the least of  
our problems at this point.  
You tellin' me the  
stranger's still breathin'?  
Yeah, what I'm telling you is  
he ain't no damn stranger.  
Who is he?  
He's my brother.  
Yeah, right.  
Close your mouth,  
you're drawing flies.  
Someone's coming up the road.  
You better identify yourselves.  
You've got three seconds.  
One,  
two,

three.  
All right, he's here.  
All right. Let's go, guys.  
Grab your pistols.  
Let's go, boys. Let's move.  
Come on, fall in.  
Time to kill my brother.  
Again.  
Back up. Back the fuck  
up or I'll kill you.  
Back up.  
Now what's all this then?  
Are we having a  
spot of trouble?  
Judah Clark?  
And you brought marshals.  
Thank God.  
No, thank me Get down!  
Hello, Cal.  
Yes,  
I think you should stay down  
until all this gets sorted out.  
Hey, limey! I just  
came for Red.  
Why don't you come and  
get your boy?/ Red,  
is this the fellow that's been putting  
your men on display at the chapel?  
Yeah, but me and the boys are  
taking care of it, obviously.  
Really? Because just the  
opposite appears to be the case.  
I pay you to run this operation  
and keep our interests secure,  
which clearly they are not.  
Which begs the question,  
where's my gold?  
Oh, you're gonna get it, Judah.  
You're gonna get it.  
You're the one protecting him?  
The federal courts were going to let  
the mining rights revert to Edendale.  
So if I wanted  
control of the mine,

I simply needed  
control of the town.  
Mr. Cavanaugh here  
provides that control.  
And I...  
I pay off all the right people.  
So,  
if I don't see every  
ounce of my gold,  
I'll take my men  
and leave you in the predicament  
in which I found you.  
Snake,  
come on down here.  
It's here.  
It's here.  
Well, gentlemen, we seem to finally  
have got our accounts in order.  
Red, my apologies.  
Please allow me to take  
care of this for you.  
Kill them both.  
Fire!  
Hold on a second.  
Bob, Jim, check it out.  
I guess you get  
what you pay for.  
Can I?  
Hell, no.  
We got good equipment  
down there.  
Do better.  
Fuck!  
Do it.  
About time.  
Let's see you get out of that.  
Let them rot in there.  
Washington?  
Let's go, come on.  
There's only five hours left.  
We need to hurry.  
What are you doing?  
A cigar?  
Only way I'll get rid of them.

That's it!  
We're almost back in town.  
Okay, keep it steady.  
Yah!  
Cut him off!  
Dynamite!  
Ah!  
Oh, oh, oh!  
No!/ Come on!  
No!  
Yah!  
Come on and get me!  
Guerrero!  
Come here.  
Let her go, Red.  
You want this? You  
want this, huh?  
Come and get me.  
Come and get me!  
Ah!  
Hold on!  
I'm coming for you, Red.  
Get up.  
Move it.  
Cover me!  
Hey, boss,  
okay if I still call you that?  
I got the girl.  
She's a pretty one.  
I'm gonna have to kill her now.  
Unless you come on out.  
Girl's dead either way.  
If I come out and  
somebody kills me,  
who's gonna kill you?  
He ain't coming back for you.  
He doesn't give a shit  
about you or your town.  
Yeah.  
I assure you.  
I won't kill her if  
you give yourself up.  
I'll kill you for certain.  
But I swear,



I won't kill her.  
And you know I'm good for it.  
You'd even laugh about  
that, remember?  
A man that's good for his  
word with a name like Snake.  
You even had a word for it.  
What was it?  
Irony.  
Snake eyes.  
And now it looks like it's your  
turn to roll the bones, shooter.  
We want our town back!  
Payback time!  
We want revenge!  
Move up!  
Move up! Come on!  
You stay here.  
All right.  
But I'm afraid the  
odds favor the house.  
Ah!  
Your priority was simple,  
even if the task was not.  
The law man's wench,  
she's a distraction.  
And you could have done it if you  
weren't such a pathetic coward.  
I don't regret what I did.  
I don't give a fuck.  
It matters to me.  
Let's cross that bridge  
when the time comes.  
Honey...  
Oh, yee haw.  
Must be real lonely being  
a widow and all, huh?  
Huh?  
We can do this the hard way  
if you want.  
I always did like  
breakin' ponies.  
You're gonna have to kill me  
and conjugate your putrid

fantasy with my corpse,  
you horse's ass.  
Why don't you untie me?  
Why don't you come fight  
me like a real man?  
Red, come down here!  
Hold on, now.  
I got a little bit of  
business to square.  
Then I'm gonna be back  
up here with spurs on.  
Boys?  
Tie her back up and do not  
fuck it up this time.  
Got it, boss.  
If you boys are good, I'll give  
you a shot after mine, right?  
No!  
I should like to  
propose a toast.  
To an excellent partnership.  
I'll drink to that.  
You're looking a little  
the worse for wear, Red.  
Have you finally got  
Tombstone under control?  
Never was out of control.  
I lost some men,  
won't be the first time,  
and sure as shit  
won't be the last.  
Red Cavanaugh?  
Judah Clark?  
Where are you?  
Is this your idea of control...  
Shut your fucking mouth.  
Look outside, Judah Clark.  
The folk that you betrayed.  
Easy, Jack.  
I'm sure we can settle  
this like civilized men.  
Your greed...  
Greed of both of you mongrels  
brought all the

evil on this town.  
Here's where it ends.  
Please, Jack.  
Don't mix me in with  
these heathens.  
I'm just a man of business.  
Heathens, huh?  
Heathens?  
Don't fucking move, boy.  
You think I'm fucking  
around with you, boy?  
Looks like this  
business is closed.  
Come on, I need you now, bitch.  
Let's go Where?  
Let's go, princess!  
I need you out.  
Come on, get up.  
Let's go. Get!  
If it is your desire to pay  
penance for your despicable life,  
brother, let me tell you,  
you will pay dearly.  
Your debt to me remains unpaid.  
But this wager amuses me.  
You have one hour.  
One hour.  
Back up, boy, back  
up, right now!  
I gave you all life  
in this goddamn town.  
Back up! Back up!  
I told you to back up!  
Stop right there,  
Red Cavanaugh.  
You ain't going no place.  
I made this town. I put  
money in all your pockets!  
I made you all rich! Now  
get the fuck off me!  
I own all of you.  
Nice night for hanging, Red.  
You're going straight to hell.  
Now you're a hero, huh?

Is that it?  
No, Rojo,  
not a hero.  
Just an outlaw, like you.  
Let's get this settled...  
once and for all.  
Stop hiding behind the girl.  
Let her go.  
And we'll let the good people of Edendale  
make sure it's a fair fight this time.  
Put it down, Jack.  
Put it down.  
You once said you had huevos big enough  
to take out Guerrero De La Cruz.  
You don't, hermanito,  
and you never will.  
There's one box left...  
and it's for you.  
You just called your  
mother a whore.  
All right, Guerrero,  
only two minutes left.  
Why?  
Guerrero!  
Ah!  
You think I'm fucking  
around with you, brother?  
This time, stay dead.  
Tell Mama I died like a man.  
Guerrero, you're mine.  
Guerrero is my soul.  
It's two minutes after.  
I really wanna thank you.  
Thank you.  
Oh, boy.  
You got what you wanted.  
Now leave me alone.  
Hey, listen, Red Cavanaugh expired  
two minutes past midnight.  
You failed.  
And you of all people should  
know what the fuck I want.  
There is no end to  
what I want, brother.

Then why am I still  
above ground?  
Well, let's look at it this way, I  
have come to enjoy your partnership.  
What can I say?  
I gorge myself on the  
souls of evil men,  
and you breathe the air of life.  
When will my debt be paid?  
Well, when every last fucking  
outlaw is dead, huh?  
How does that sound?  
This is the West.  
There's no shortage of bad guys.  
What can I say, partner?  
You're my devil's outlaw.  
They say God made man  
in his own image.  
Unfortunately, you  
were made in mine.  
Guerrero!  
Guerrero!  
Guerrero!