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Dead Man 's Burden

By Jared Moshe

(Silence)

(Noise)

(Horse Galloping)

(Noise)

(Gunshot)

(Horse Neighing)

(Noise)

(Gunshot)

(Footsteps)

(Music)

(Noise)

(Gunshots)

(Noise)

This must be the
saddle bum
they damn ran off our deer.
Well, we'll be.

You do that?
You run off our deer?
Only deer that's been
through here passed that way,
about an hour ago, I reckon?
You calling me a damn liar?

(Noise)

Ain't one to judge a man
before I've had a chance
to meet him.

Wade McCurry.

(Noise)

Archie Ainsworth.
He ain't apologized
for the deer.
That there's my brother
Ben, we're out of Georgia.

(Noise)

Where do you hail from, Wade?
Cheyenne.

Before that?
Texas originally.
Pleasure is all mine.
And you reckon your brother
might lower his sidearm?
Ain't going to shoot a
fellow Southerner, are you Ben?

(Noise & Music)

Hood's Texans, you
know at the sight of them,
them damn Yankees just throw
down their guns,
run like a wind.
You should have seen
them at CHeckamauga.
Yellow-bellied cowards,
the whole damn lot.
Running don't
make a man of coward.
Who do you serve under?
Was it Hood?
What you all boys doing now?
We're heading west.
I heard there's a strike--
Shut your trap.
I ain't got no interest
in mining.
That's like saying
you ain't got no interest
in making it rich.
Can't rightly say I do.
The fact is, I'm trying
my hand at farming.
Farming?
You don't look like
no farmer I ever saw.
That's on account
of being Deputy
of Cheyenne the last two years.
Well, Deputy, you ain't
said who you served under.
I thought.
Hold it there, Ben.

(Music)

We're keeping
company with a deserter.
I thought.
Under Taylor then?
Not under Taylor.
Not under Smith.
Hector or Hood neither.

I served in the
command of General Thomas.
[Background Music] Don't
know no General Thomas.
Thought you boys
said you're CHeckamauga.
Yankee traitor!
(Gunshots & Music)
(Noise & Music)
Don't.
(Gunshot)
(Noise & Music)
I got to go before a judge.
Promise me, next time,
a self-respecting Southerner
asked you who you served under.
I ain't no traitor.
Next time you ought to lie.
I ain't no liar neither.
Yeah, just 'cause
you made peace
with your past don't
mean the world has.
Well, that damn well
cooled off already.
(Noise)
I got to go before
a judge or not?
No. It seems like
a fair fight to me.
I'll just have stovetop Charlie
bring his China man over.
Yep. You're going
to be pig food.
Yes, you are you
[inaudible] dirt.
Wade, seeing as how you
ain't been around lately.
By the by, the way [inaudible]
has been talking sounds
as though she's aiming to make
a respectful man out of you.
Thank you kindly if you'd
dispose of that for me.

Joe McCurry your Pa?
I reckon that depends on
which one of us you're asking.
Don't you think you
ought to read the thing?
Ain't as though
he read any of mine.
(Noise)
That's your family.
(Noise)
No. This man said he'd shoot
me if I ever came back to him.
(Noise)
This is why we have
horses in the first place.
Can't ride them all day.
Just give me a
gosh darn minute.
Shit. I'm starting to have
second thoughts whether you're
going to be all right
without me.
Hell Wade, you were my
Deputy, it ain't like we're kin.
I ain't your responsibility.
I told you to quit
about the damn letter.
My boy is hiding down
in Mexico on account
of a killing over a girl.
That's a hanging offense.
And yet a day don't
go by where me
and Janie [phonetic]
don't think on him.
'Cause that's the thing about
blood, Wade, ain't nothing
in this world can
truly break it.
Come on.
He really threatened
to shoot you?
I ain't home now, am I?
Well, ever occur to you

that he just might
have changed his mind?

(Noise)

(Noise & Music)

And so saith the Lord,
"As the heavens are higher
than the earth, so are My
ways higher than your ways."

All we know is this
world around us
and the people who inhabit it.
We trust your grace of love to--

This ain't no saloon.

Fine sermon Reverend.

Sure is. Ain't for
his ears though.

There ain't no kind words ever
escaped your father's lips
about that fella.

We are here to remember
the dead not dishonor them
by brawling on their grave.

Well, this here
greedy carpetbagging son
of a bitch is a doing your
family the damn dishonor.

Now, you know, I would
never do Joe no disrespect,
but it ain't right.

(Noise)

It'd be fine if you
come stand by Heck and me.

Pa would've wanted
it that way, I think.

You mean that?

He lost to you at cards
more times that he could count.

Still he kept on coming back.

But you think you and
Heck might maybe want to come
and visit the lonely old
man one of these days?

You sing with me?

[Singing] Shall we

gather at the river
where bright angel
feet have trod.
With its crystal tide forever
flowing by the throne of God.
(Footsteps)
Mr. Lane.
My apologies for the
trouble my presence has caused.
As far as meetings
with Three Penny Hank go,
I'd say yours wasn't
all that bad.
Best not begrudge
a man in mourning.
Me and your father
were very close.
Well, ain't nobody else
could stand neither of them.
Well, my thanks to you for
allowing me to be in attendance.
You've come to understand
a man sitting
across a negotiating
table and your father was
as fine as he was hardheaded.
Well, perhaps one day soon,
you'll get to know us that well.
Is that a fact?
I'm not my father, Mr. Lane.
And you certainly are not.
I do imagine you
have an asking price.
Mr. Lane, you're paying
respects to my father.
Business will be conducted
at the proper time.
I appreciate your support
in this [inaudible].
(Noise)
Lady said her goodbyes.
Well, you let her
know I'll be back
in a month's time

with a bill of sale.

Well, I do think Martha aims
to be done with this place,
a might bit sooner than that.

[Background Music]

Tell me, Mr. Kirkland,
you ever traveled
to Morris, Kansas?

I may have ridden through.

Well, I hear it
used to be beautiful,
especially by firelight.

It'll be a pleasure
doing business with you.

(Noise & Music)

(Noise)

Damn mule got in
the locoweed again.
I have to put it down.

(Noise)

It needed to be done.

(Noise)

Lane ain't by today.

He'll come.

A few weeks is what he said.

You got to eat.

I like how much
you like my food.

(Noise)

We got enough.

(Noise)

These all the food we'll
have in San Francisco?

Well, I heard [inaudible]
took another herd up to Kansas.

It could be.

Cows are no better
than crops.

We're opening a hotel.

I ain't exactly
the hotel type.

We weren't exactly
the farming type either.

It'll be a grand place.

Grandness in San Francisco
with large green drinks,
a polished wood entrance,
children running all through.

Lane's coming.

(Noise)

That ain't Lane.

(Horse Galloping)

(Footsteps)

Do we have to?

Stay in the house.

(Noise)

This McCurry place?

Who's asking?

I ain't angling for a fight.

Folks don't ride out this
way lest they're angling
for something.

[Horse Snorting]

Be obliged if I
could water my horses.

Been riding hard this last day.

(Noise)

Wrong way?

(Noise)

Got business with
the McCurrys.

Ain't you heard?

Joe McCurry is dead.

I heard, I heard
about James and Billy.

Dead too.

Dead? No they ain't.

See for yourself.

(Noise)

Stranger?

All of them.

If you want to water
your horses, be on your way.

It's fine by me.

(Silence)

(Noise)

Why is he asking
about my family?

Stay inside, he'll
be gone soon.

Maybe you ask him
how he knows Billy.

[Background Music]

Thank you kindly.

I was wondering-- Martha?

(Music)

1 Oh, how'd you do
so much growing?

It's Wade, your brother.

Best ride on out of
here right now, mister.

It's been a while, I know.

But it's me, sure as a gun.

Wade is dead.

Killed by a horse 10 years
past on his way to war.

(Music)

You still got that
scar from the fever?

One right inside your arm?

The trip is supposed
to take four days,
but I had to ride six straight
on account of the weather.

they never would have
tried to bleed you.

(Music)

Wade.

I ain't dead little sunshine.

(Music)

(Gasps)

(Music)

And then, Wade here
comes bursting through,
half his face white with
cream the other smooth
as a baby's bottom, and me I'm
standing there covered in mud
and dirt sobbing like
the little girl I was.

It must have taken
you a good hour

to wipe all that dirt off of me.

And that the last
time you saw each other?

I'm looking at her now.

That night Wade
left for the war.

(Noise)

Any youngins?
This ain't no place
to raise a child.

(Noise)

Sure is a fine
piece of land though.
Found it with fresh
eyes I'd imagine.
And how come it is, this
is the first years you're
seeing it?

Heck.

It's a fair question.

(Noise)

What's that?

It's a letter.

Would you ever imagine
your baby sister be reading
and writing?

(Noise)

This is from Pa.

(Noise)

"Wade, it is with much worry
that I seek myself to pen you."

How'd this get so burnt?

It's legible.

(Noise)

"Things do not
stand well between us.
I make no apologies and
I write you now only
because I see nowhere else.
You were always the responsible
one and I beseech you now
to be responsible
for the family."
When did you get this?

Two weeks past.

(Noise)

Joe has been in
the ground a month.

Yeah?

(Noise)

"We've been living for
these past years on a homestead
and I beseech you
watch over the family
for if you're reading these
words then I am killed."

What are you aiming
to do here, mister?

(Noise)

No, no, no.

It's all right.

It's all right.

Who sent it?

(Noise)

I reckoned you did.

(Noise)

Are you taking leave of me?

(Noise)

It wasn't my intent
to cause you pain.

(Noise)

How did he die?

He was thrown by a horse.

(Noise)

Something bothering you?

You can tell me.

It's strange is all.

Seems how we thought you dead.

(Noise)

Why you reckon Joe
wrote me that letter?

I think I'd rather know
what it is you're wanting.

(Noise)

I'd prefer not to
sleep in Joe's room
if that's all right with you.

(Noise)

I do believe we could
do something about that.

(Noise)

He should be gone.

We'll speak on
it in the morning.

We'll speak on it now.

We will do no such
thing, Heck Kirkland.

We'll say nothing on it
'til you've regained your
moral character.

(Footsteps)

[Inaudible Remark]

Don't I know it?

(Noise)

Wade will kill you if he
finds out what you've done.

He's my brother.

Joe was your father.

He's in a better place now.

(Noise)

Wade raised me more
than Pa ever did.

I ought to run him off.

What if I don't want that?

(Noise)

You put it to him?

There ain't nothing that keeps a
man away for coming on 10 years.

Of course, there's a reason.

Maybe I ought to
find out what it is.

Maybe while you're

thinking on it,

you got to ask yourself why the
father declared his son dead.

(Noise)

You're going to shoot?

Where is your [inaudible]?

Martha believes I'll make

a better husband without it.

Best not argue then.

Pinfire ain't it?

Federal I took it off
of claimed he got it
from Jeb Stuart's [inaudible].
I reckon he didn't
part with it easily.
No man would.
Good talk.

(Noise)

Where you've been
these last years?
I ain't one for
repeating myself.
Being a Deputy in Cheyenne.
I'm a farmer now.
That still don't explain why
you ain't never come through.
Maybe you ought to ask Joe.
But I guess you missed
your opportunity for that.
You do anything
that's going to hurt her,
there won't be no
conversation next time.
You stole the words
right on my mouth.

(Noise)

It's your responsibility.
Got that talking too as well?
This day I don't
know if we deserved it
or if [inaudible] just
plain enjoyed giving it.
I don't mean to
be out of line,
but isn't this your
husband's responsibility?
Look at where we live.
There's more chores
than people around here.
How did you two
start courting?
I wouldn't exactly
call it courting.
Heck turned up looking for work

at Three Penny Hank's place
and found his way over here.
Three Penny Hank?
He's just a fool whoremonger.
Heck is a good man.
He would never do me no harm.
A man who carries
a gun like that,
he has a certain kind of past.
(Footsteps)
(Noise)
(Footsteps)
Help me with something?
(Noise)
Who'd you bury in my stead?
Nobody.
I got good news this week.
Wade is alive and well.
Guess you probably knew that.
but right now he's standing
right here next to me.
He's been living up in the
Wyoming Territory where he used
to be a Deputy Sheriff.
He's not married
yet but not for lack
of interest in women, I'm sure.
And I'm hoping that
he'd be staying here
with me and Heck for a spell.
Is there anything
you'd like to say?
Howdy? Would have been nice
to see you all, alive I mean.
(Noise)
(Noise & Music)
[Inaudible].
Gently.
Sorry.
It's all right.
We never got any bodies
back from the war.
Not for you, not for James,
not for Billy.

Ma is actually buried here.

As is Pa. Of course.

(Noise)

(Music)

How'd she pass?

She got weak after the war.

Doc said he didn't know

why but it was on account

of losing her boys,

sure is the day is long.

Pa, he moved us out here

thinking maybe a fresh start

might help.

In this place, the killers life.

James signed on soon

after Pa told us you died.

All the boys in town did, whole

town was so proud, mightily so.

None came back, not a one.

And more left, this

time Billy signed on.

He lost a leg at Chickamauga.

(Music)

Billy died of infection

on his journey home.

There's something wrong with
the way they healed his leg.

Every boy between the age of 13

and 34 out of Old Grandridge,

Texas gave their life

fighting them damn federals.

Except you.

(Music)

I fought.

(Music)

Not with the First Texas.

(Noise)

I was injured early on.

When I was fit for

duty, I was reorganized

into convalescence regiment.

Was it bad?

I ended up in a hospital,

if you want to call it that.

I was lucky to survive,
that's a fact.

(Noise)

Let the past lie,
little sunshine,
this is the here and now.

(Noise & Music)

[Inaudible Remark]

Still hanging on to
that damn letter for one.
That damn letter
brought Wade home to me.
Why don't you just focus
on killing us an elk,
couple of pheasants
just won't do.

(Noise)

Look, family don't turn
against each other
without reason.

(Noise)

The time when
Pa took [inaudible]
wasn't too much of a surprise
when Lombardi [phonetic] came
back looking for a refund.
And Pa, he'd have
none of it but Wade,
he gave them their money back.
All of it.

He did something [inaudible] the
beating he'd be taken for it.
Say, reasons to try
to get [inaudible].

(Noise)

I was thinking of asking Wade to
come with us to San Francisco?
Yeah.

(Noise)

Heard you're going hunting,
thought you could
use a repeater.
You couldn't hit a
buck with that antique.

Is that a damn
Yankee rifle, 16 shooter?
Mighty sweet of you.
(Noise)
That Three Penny Hank
fellow, you reckon he's the one
who sent Joe's letter?
The hell kind of
cartridge is this?
44 M fire.
I can't say I
thought of it much.
That his place I
saw miles west of here?
Three Penny Hank has
been living by himself
on a dying farm for more
years than I can count,
makes the man a little crazy.
I've been thinking on
something, plow that land
out there, plant it right, this
farm could really be something.
You don't think
Joe tried that?
It's a fine piece
of land ya'll got here.
We're selling the farm.
Well, if it's help you need,
I can stay on and stretch,
bear some of the burden.
Well that is a shame
decision's had been made.
(Noise)
Are you sure little sunshine?
(Noise)
Decision is made.
(Noise)
(Noise & Music)
(Noise)
Three Penny Hank?
I don't take kindly
to that name, mister.
(Noise)

Give it here, I ain't
a young man no more.

(Noise)

Well, Sergeant Major
McCurry, I swan.

I wasn't sure there
was going to be a body
on the other end of this.
It's a pleasure to make your
acquaintance Sergeant Major,
a real pleasure.

It's Wade.

You ain't trying to
pull one on me now are you?
Joe didn't say nothing?

Hell no, he did not.

I can see it though.

You got your father's eyes.
Well come on in, it's not as
a whorehouse on nickel night.
We can deal a few hands, see if
you got your father's luck too.

Joe, he wouldn't
have changed his mind.

One hand.

I ain't had a visitor
since your Pa was killed.
Well, I reckon you better
take that up with this horse.
Hold on just one minute.

(Noise)

I ain't no soaker,
but we respect the dead
before we speak on him.
Here's to you, Joe, it
turns out I was right.
You were a lying son of a bitch.
You will be missed.

(Noise)

Joe.

(Noise)

You mustn't think much of me.
I can't say I made
much of an opinion.

No. But I know a
lot of folks who don't.
Crazy old coot, couldn't
grow mushrooms on manure.
But I'm a hell of a good
farmer, just ain't much water,
not around these parts anyway.
The letter.
Hold your horses, son,
we're talking water here.
My family's stead, it's
the only place that has it.
I can see you are
the observant kind.
What ain't so obvious is
that there's copper
plenty around here.
And if the mining company--
-- if the mining
companies ain't got no water
to work their claims, well then
that ore ain't ever
seeing the light of day.
They need Joe's land
and they sent some good
for nothing carpetbagger name of
Lane to make sure they get it.
under fire doesn't mean
he can't be snake bit.
If and it was an accident,
how come the coffin was closed.
That's an awful big
charge you're making.
Well, he weren't
scalped by no Apache,
he was throwed by a horse.
Ain't no reason not to let us
say our last respects, unless--
unless he weren't
throwed by no horse.
And the law, they had
nothing to say about this?
There ain't no
law around here.

You know Joe never said more
than two words about you
but I wager I could
guess why he told folks
that you was dead
Sergeant Major.

Hell, he must have in it bad
if he felt you were the one
that he had to call out
to 'cause like you said,
Joe ain't one to
change his mind.

(Noise)

Were you present
when Joe died?

So you've been by
Three Penny Hank's place?

He don't take too
kindly that name.

Nobody take too
kindly of him either.

He mentioned a fellow
by the name of Lane.

He came to Joe's funeral.

Mr. Lane is the buyer.

He kill Joe?

Nobody killed him.

He was thrown by a horse.

Ain't that what killed me.?

So you're saying I'm a liar.

This Lane, did

he threaten you?

I don't want this land, Wade.

The only reason we stayed
so long is Pa wouldn't have
survived out here on his own.

Hank seems to

be doing just fine.

This place?

It would kill me.

Sure as it did our Ma.

(Pause)

Joe threatened if I ever
came home, he'd kill me.

And there he goes, writing
me a letter, asking me back.

That sound like the
pride-stricken man
that raised us up?
Nobody killed him.

(Pause)

I reckon I don't know
how you can be so sure.
Asking you as
your only family,
will you please leave it alone?

(Pause)

Ain't no reason to be
scared, little sunshine.
I will strike down anyone who
tries to harm this here family.

(Silence)

(Horses Galloping)

Howdy? Didn't know
Hank brought on any hands.
[Background Music] Howdy.
Don't be bothering to dismount.

(Music)

I do not believe we had
the pleasure of acquaintance.
You're E.J. Lane.
Banker and killer.
I'm going to bring you before
a judge for what you've done.
Wait, you let him go.

There ain't a judge for a
three-day ride from here.
It's quite the impertinent
way to treat a guest.

I do apologize,
Mr. Lane, we had an--
[Inaudible] I'd appreciate
it if you get my horse.

She ain't to be
ordered about.

(Music)

Wade, is it?
I'd be glad to know what

I'm being accused of.

Didn't figure you
were one for games.

Wade.

Well, you know that a
crime, whatever it may be,
requires evidence, so
please present yours.

(Music)

Moving, yet meaningless.

I'm sorry for your loss.

I've been known for
trying to put reason
to [inaudible] in my time.
I have a sale to attend to.
So you can either shoot me
in the back like a coward
or let me be on my way.

(Music)

(Banging Sound)

(Music)

(Noise)

I reckon you know
I ain't got no choice.

(Noise)

See, he's made an
offer for this glass.
But this glass is
full of whiskey.

What you're trying to
do is buy this glass
and get the whiskey for free.

Why don't you
take that whiskey,
pour it right back
in that bottle.

I'm making a fair
counter here.

It is a thousand dollars,
750 for all my acres,
250 for everything on it.

It's your property.

I imagined you've more
to say on its fate.

Hell of an imagination.

(Pause)

Got a deal?

(Noise)

On behalf of Mr.

Moore, Mr. Crohn

and Mr. Buck, thank you kindly.

(Music)

(Music & Footsteps)

(Music)

(Pouring of Drink)

(Music)

(Clinking)

(Music)

(Pause)

I was invited

here on business.

(Music)

You just hold

on a minute here.

I'm going to see you hung.

Innocent men have

nothing to fear from the law.

Where's the nearest judge?

No reason to fear,

little sunshine.

He ain't going to hurt you.

Judge Hawkins in Alameda,

a three-day ride from here.

Get up.

No boy.

(Footsteps)

Hold it.

(Music)

He ain't taking leave of you.

(Music)

I can get the drop on him.

No, no.

I will talk to him.

The only thing he's going

to listen to is a bullet.

And what has he done to

make you think a crazy notion

like that?

Goddamn it Martha!

He dug up your father.

(Music)

(Footsteps)

You stop right
there Wade McCurry.

How's that one?

The faster we get done with
this nonsense, the better.
You best not try anything.

(Noise)

I have been trying
to leave this place
for going on four years now.
First Ma got sick then Pa
needed me to stay and now you.
You're asking
that I let him go.

I'm asking you to let me
be rid of this place for good.

(Noise)

The world you
want to go out into,
it wouldn't be a
place fit living.
Not without the law.
It would be better than here.

(Noise)

Let's sell this farm, Wade.
You and me and Heck, we'll go
to San Francisco as a family.

(Noise)

Let's hope no one coming back
this way, if you'll have me.
You do this, you're betraying
the only kin you got left.

You sound like Pa.

I'm nothing like him.

Why'd he tell us you were dead?

Don't think about past.

No. No, it isn't.

(Noise)

He tried to stop
me from leaving just

like you're doing now.
The words he said to me
aren't words you forget.
If you ride out of
here, you ain't my son.
You're a goddamn traitor.
If our boys don't
kill you, I will.
Where were you going?
I reckon you know.
No. I need to hear
you say the word.
I was going to join the Union
Army to fight for my country.
Were you at [inaudible]?
No.
Chickamauga,
what about Chickamauga?
(Sobbing)
(Music)
Why?
(Music & Sobbing)
(Music & Noise)
Can't ride for three
days without any sleep.
I ain't telling you not to.
I'll fall off.
And you pick yourself
right back up again.
Oh. I didn't kill
your father.
That's for a judge to decide.
(Music)
(Noise)
(Silence)
(Gunshots)
(Noise)
(Gunshots)
(Noise)
Hey. Hey Wade.
Yeah?
You know you are on old
man Race's [phonetic] land.
Suppose he was the one

doing the shooting at me.

You're lucky, I
was coming after you.

Is that so?

Yeah?

Is that your blood?

Don't see no one else around.

We best get up on out of this
so we can see you bandaged up.

(Noise)

Shit. [gunshots]

Son of a bitch.

(Silence)

(Bird Cawing)

(Silence)

(Bird Cawing)

(Silence)

(Noise)

(Gunshots)

That'd be

sixteen.

(Noise)

(Bird Cawing)

(Silence)

Didn't figure you
one for a coward.

(Silence)

Ain't got no water and you
are bleeding something fierce.

It's a mighty hard way to go.

I figure that's about

what's due a damn Yankee.

Thanks for this here repeater.

It's a mighty step

finer to that Enfield.

You must've had a hell

of a time bushwhacking

Joe with that old thing.

Can't say I'd rather know.

Martha is one hell

of a shot though.

(Noise)

(Gunshots)

(Noise)

(Music)

(Silence)

Had to be done.

Was it quick?

Ain't no such thing.

At least for a goddamn

Yankee traitor.

(Silence)

Nobody wants to die slow.

(Silence)

(Noise)

2 Mr. Lane, I do apologize

for what you've been through.

It's been hard for all of us.

[Door Shutting]

(Silence)

(Noise)

(Silence)

There a problem?

(Silence)

(Noise)

Nine hundred dollars there,

on account of your trouble.

(Silence)

You listen here.

We still want to sell this place

and you still want to buy it.

So, you best make up your mind

'cause we don't got all day.

(Noise)

There's barely a

hundred dollars in there.

It's 200 actually.

My husband saved your life.

From what?

A three-day ride?

A visit with Judge Hawkins.

(Silence)

Do we have an agreement?

(Silence)

Bullshit, we do.

Two hundred dollars

is more than enough

to get you to, where was it?

San Francisco I believe.
And do what once
we get there?
That, my dear, is up to you.
(Noise)
I'm a businessman, not a fool.
(Silence)
Now that ain't no way
to treat your host.
Isn't that right, Martha.
(Noise)
(Bird Cawing)
(Breathing)
(Noise)
(Noise)
Uh. Uh.
(Noise)
Time to break most men.
Well, what if you don't?
That man, he's stubborn.
Joe was stubborn too.
I told you no.
That's the thing
about killing.
You open that door, there
ain't no telling how many going
to go through.
We won't last the
winter here on what we got.
Without Lane, we got nothing.
(Noise)
Let's stay out here.
(Noise)
(Door Opens, Footsteps,
Door Shuts)
Heck?
(Noise)
He's uncivilized.
Martha keeps a clean house.
You're going to be keeping
a lot longer if you kill me.
Nah, what was it you said?
Two hundred dollars is more than
enough to get to San Francisco.

(Noise)

I could have gone to the law.
You're honestly
trying to threaten me?
Negotiate actually.
I think maybe you don't
know the difference.
Heck, we talked on this.
Yeah. You best stand clear.
He is a man of business.
He did not ride out all this
way to leave empty-handed.

(Noise)

And what do you know
about your husband here.

(Noise)

Did you know he rode with
William Quantrill [phonetic]
or Bloody Bill Anderson?
He burned Lawrence,
Kansas to the ground.
Killed the women and children
and we know there's no war
to satisfy his lust
for violence.
He took up with [inaudible].
He killed a Deputy of Missouri
before he escaped west.

(Silence)

I know who I do business
with Miss Kirkland.

(Silence)

And I know who I
married, Mr. Lane.
[Inaudible] no more.

Didn't he?

(Silence)

Nine hundred dollars then.
I think that'd
be acceptable to me.
All right then.
Let's go back to the
house, make it official.

(Silence)

(Noise)
[Gunshots]
[Background Music]
Will you take your
hands off of me?
Ain't no time to
get all worked up.
No time, he agreed
to the deal,
you have no call to shoot him.
If I hadn't had shot him,
he'd gone on straight
to the law.
We had our deal.
There's always a better deal.
Two hundred dollars
is no deal at all.
What about the law folks?
They're going to notice
Lane is gone missing.
They'll be too
busy hunting Apache.

(Music)

(Footsteps)

(Sobbing)

(Noise)

What in the world?

(Noise)

(Horse Neighing)

(Footsteps)

(Horse Neighing)

(Noise)

(Horse Neighing)

What's the matter boy?

They're heavy?

(Noise)

(Knocking on Door)

Martha.

[knocking] Martha.

Open up now, you hear?

(Silence)

(Footsteps)

(Music)

Give me [inaudible],

if that's all you got.
I'll lend you my best mare
once you're strong enough
to ride her.
Don't make me no horse thief.
You figure Heck killed Joe.
Sure as hell shot me.
I'll get my double barrel.
Dammit Hank.
I don't want you with me.
Joe was my friend.
He's my Pa.
Yeah? And which one of us
you reckon knew him better.
Martha, she's the one who's
supposed to have done it.
Hell, they was always
fighting but still.
What you going to do?
That's a family matter.
(Noise)
(Horse Galloping)
(Noise)
It's time for you
to ride on out of here.
I know and you?
You stood before
lord and family
and you made me a promise.
Pretty as a hummingbird,
you still are.
Don't you start me
with me, Heck Kirkland.
You scalped a man.
Well, that's the thing
about getting hitched.
You learn about each other and
you do things for each other.
Is that?
Lane's.
How much?
I ain't rightly counted yet.
A lot.
Should have negotiated

better.

I figure that is more
than enough to get us
that hotel in San Francisco.

Who are you, Heck Kirkland?

I'm the man that's
giving you your dream.

(Noise)

Leave them.

Buy new china, nicer ones too.

[Inaudible] there'll
be no memories.

Yeah, well Apache
wouldn't want no cups.

Sure would like these
fritters, though.

You plan on living
like a savage.

But we best leave like one
'cause we don't want no posse
coming after us.

(China Clattering)

(Door Opening & Closing)

(Flies Buzzing)

(Noise)

(Gunshots)

Stay in the house.

(Music)

(Gasps)

(Music)

(Gunshots)

(Music)

(Silence)

(Noise)

(Gunshots & Music)

(Music)

(Gunshots & Music)

(Noise)

(Noise)

Heck!

Get away.

(Crying)

Did you do it?

Did you kill Pa?

After all what you did to us.
You left. My whole
family died because of it.
You killed my husband.
You killed your little brother.
There was no one here
to look out for us
because he was on
the other side!

You trapped me here
Wade McCurry.

Pa would never have brought
us to this awful place
if it weren't for you.

(Crying)

(Music)

And you killed him for it.
I did what needed to be done.

(Music & Noise)

Then you're going to
need to go before a judge.

(Music)

Martha.

(Music)

(Silence)

(Clinking & Footsteps)

(Music)

It's best you stand clear.
You know I can't.
All you got to do is put
one foot in front of the other.
Is that too much to
ask of my only kin?
This thing, it's
for the law to decide.

What law?

I haven't seen them around here.
The world don't work
that way, little sunshine.
We got to face our
responsibility.

You are more of a father
to me than Pa ever was.

(Music)

There ain't no running
from what we've done.

(Music)

Draw then.

Pull that trigger and you
have to shoot me straight.

(Music)

Draw, goddamn it.

I should have never left you.

(Gunshot & Thud)

(Music)

(Footsteps)

(Music)

(Gunshots)

(Horse Neighing)

(Footsteps, Coughing,
Breathing)

(Gun Clicks, Gunshot)

(Wind Howling)