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Dynamite Jack

By Jacques Emmanuel

Fernandel in the movie:

DYNAMITE JACK:

The Terror Of Arizona

Hey, Frenchman! You've arrived.

And you see, nothing happened.

Why, nothing happened?

And what is this, a toothpick?

We are almost drowned and burned.

Where are you, my beautiful France?

Stop whining about

your beautiful France.

Why did you leave, anyway?

- That's none of your business.

Hey! I'll tell you: I'm here

to find my friend Jules.

Jules Lavisse.

I want to get rich, just like him.

Here, your bags.

Why throw them on the ground?

- Because you have arrived.

Arrived? Where? Where is that city?

Where's Widows Canyon?

At the end of that path,

behind the hills.

Hey, wait...

They have just left me

behind, in the desert.

Behind those hills?

Thank you.

Strong stuff, but good.

I've finally arrived.

Do you know Jules Lavisse, please?

Could be.

-Where can I find him?

- Lavisse?

Just a second, let me think...

See that big rock yonder?

- Yes.

Go there and turn left. You'll

find him. You can not miss it.

Thank you.

- It is the third grave.

- The third grave? Thanks.

The third grave?

But that's impossible.

- Oh, you're right. It's the fourth.

- Unbelievable.

He was married.

It brought him no luck, though.

Oh, there it is.

"Jules Lavisse

killed by Dynamite Jack"

You must be the widow Lavisse?

My sincere condolences, ma'am.

He was such a good husband.

- Oh, yes!

I am Antoine Esperandieu.

- Mrs. Lavisse.

He had become a Mormon.

- Mormon?

He was married with many wives.

Jules, old boy. Several women...

That was fatal...

I apologize.

He was such a good friend. He had probably told you about me.

Antoine... Antoine Esperandieu.

But, yes. He had invited me and asked me to stay with him.

- That is no longer possible.

Emilie.

What now?

- Do not get discouraged, stranger.

Think of your friend.

Who died in the harness.

In the harness?

- Like a hero.

He shot well, but not fast enough.

No one is fast as Dynamite Jack.

That's the proof.

"John O'Brien killed by Dynamite Jack"

Tell me...

Who is that Dynamite Jack?

That's him.

Bunch of savages! Ruffians! Bandits!

Calm down or you could end up
just as your friend Lavissee.
So, no more talk?
- He talked too much.
What a country. Where's the police?
Having a siesta? Unbelievable.
Another one of the family.
- They will kill us all.
He drew first.
- Unfortunately, Sheriff.
Everyone has seen it.
- No investigation?
Cowards! You're all cowards.
He drew his gun first, all right.
But he was the only brave one.
Nobody dares to resist Dynamite,
not even the law.
That's right, Sheriff. It is strange:
if there is shooting, you're never here.
I am an old man, and I am alone.
Who wants my star? You perhaps?
You, Charley McGregor?
You? Or you, Larry Schultz? No?
It's a good job.
10 \$ per week for
maintaining law and order.
We are peaceful people
and you must protect us.
Do you pay taxes?
And you, Charley? And you, Mr. Pickett?
- Stop babbling, Scotty.
The old man is no good anymore.
We should call the Army.
Good idea. Saddle your horse
and go to Fort Chiricahua.
Alone through the desert.
With all the risks.
Amidst the insurgent Apaches.
You are all cowards.
Excuse me, Mrs. O'Brien.
But I can not interfere.
Your husband has been killed,
and now your brother.
I have wife and children.

- Me too. I also have a child.
I want him to grow up in a country
where the law is not ruled by a colt.
Where people are proud and free...
and don't look away when a
woman tells them the truth.
Pancho, saddle my horse.

- Si, senora.
With your permission, Mrs. O'Brien,
I would go to Fort Chiricahua.

- Thank you, Billy.
Will someone help me?
May God bless you, Billy.
Do not stay on the road.
The place is dangerous.

- What do you want?
- To speak with the owner.
That's me.
How do you do, ma'am.
Do you have a room?
- Anything you like.
And I would like a bath.
- It can be arrange.
Would anyone be able to scrub my back?
- Whatever you want.
Really? Can I count on you?
- Certainly.
Fred...
Take care about the customer.
- With pleasure.
Enter.
No, no.
- Come on!
Bastard.
- Just joking.
With my wife?
- Oh, excuse me.
I'll kill you!
- Calm down. Give me the shotgun.
Go back to the bar.
Who do you think you are?
Now pack your bags.
And do not forget to pay
your bill before you leave.

I will pay, do not worry.
I'm an important man in my country.
You don't believe me?
Look, that's me.
Do not bother, my dear, I
meet people like you every day.
You are not far from home, ma'am.
Without help, without friends.
Like a homeless...
- Pack your bags! - Good.
- Why did you leave France?
Because of a love story.
Which ended tragically.
This time I will forgive you.
You may stay.
Oh, I am very grateful.
But take this advice:
stay away of married women.
In this area you'll get killed.
-I am here only to get rich.
Really?
-Yes.
Not here. Go behind the mountain.
- Thanks.
Where are you going, stranger?
- Prospecting for gold.
Gold? No gold here.
- No gold?
Picket, who sold me the tools,
says the gold is everywhere.
Only in his strongbox. And
he gets it from the buyers.
Tell me, sheriff.
Do I look like a fool?
Certainly not.
Do you think this donkey
will walk all the way?
You don't know much about donkeys, Sheriff.
- I recognize a donkey when I see one.
This one will live 100 years.
- Until then, he dies of boredom.
- What is it?
- Find yourself another tax gatherer.
You can not leave me like that.

- I hate tax gathering.
You're leaving me?
- What else.
This is fourth in 2 weeks.
We have found him in the Grand Canyon.
- He was already half burnt by the sun.
- Ah, the Frenchman.
I've already said that
he wouldn't make it.
I have not yet said the last word.
Take him to the saloon.
I'll get the doctor.
This duel - I didn't want it.
- He's delirious.
This woman was not worth the
man to die for. Let me go.
I'll leave France.
Leave him alone. Come on.
Let him sleep. If the fever don't
subside, he's not gonna make it.
I like this Frenchman.
- Yeah? But he killed a man.
In a duel, that's different.
He's probably fast with the gun.
When he wakes up, send him to
me. I might have a job for him.
Hey, here is the list of taxpayers.
And this must be filled with dollars.
Do not worry. The first
who whines, goes to the court.
Ha ha, the court.
- Here is your gun belt.
If you want to remain my friend,
never mention guns again.
Well, I hope you'll still be back.
Taxpayers are bloodthirsty animals.
Whisky.
Frankie, stay where you are!
So, you wanted to call the
army to take care of me!?
Hands on the bar, Fred.
Remove the mirror behind.
Someone's gonna die here.
I do not like many things here.

Starting with you!
I came here to get some explanation.
Who wants to get rid of me?
You, Frankie?
Traitor.
Take your time.
I have all the time.
If anyone whines, I'll call my boss.
Whiskey. A little one.
Where is Scotty? Scotty,
the so-called-sheriff?
This is his fault, you see.
Yes, I have to gather taxes.
Bunch of thieves.
Oh, excuse me.
That does not apply to you, Sir.
I haven't seen you before.
You're not from here, apparently.
Not like those over there.
All suspicious characters.
But don't be afraid, stranger.
You have my support.
You have a familiar face.
You remind me of someone.
But of whom?
Are you playing cards or what?
- They just sit there.
Like glued to the chairs. If you
are looking for a man, I'm the one.
Excellent idea.
You'd better go to sleep.
- Are you crazy?
I've finally found, who I've
been looking for. Hey, bartender!
Can you lend me \$ 20?
You get them back.
Thanks, friend.
Put it on my account.
Good for two of us.
Accidents can happen.
Whisky.
-Two, a little one.
Thank you, ma'am. Very nice of you.
We don't play on credit.

Here's my money.
Fine.
Go ahead.
The lowest card.
One dollar.
- Five-dollar, all-in.
Cheers!
Cards?
-Three.
I'll play these.
And?
Full house aces and jacks.
It's a laughter. He made a mistake.
Alas, poor soul. One dollar.
- Ten.
- Ten plus ten.
Cards?
- No, thanks.
Two cards.
All-in.
Whisky.
- And a little one for me. Otherwise...
- Fred! Fred!
Try to shoot and hit.
Otherwise I'm lost.
Is he really alone?
-Yes.
Thanks, Fred.
-I need money, ma'am.
Let's go.
Full house aces and kings.
- Four eights.
I think, that you are very
charming, did you know that?
Don't be sad, my dear friend.
There is a saying: No luck
in the cards, lucky in love.
I think we have the same taste.
But you're too late, I saw her first.
Put the money in.
Hats off, that's good.
You can get a good example
from this gentleman.
Listen to me carefully.

I'm watching you closely.
You've got too much luck.
I don't like cheaters.
Me, a cheater?
But you don't know who I am.
I'm Antoine Esperandieu.
And I am Dynamite Jack.
- Oh, from Widows...
It was a pleasure
playing with you.
You must be tired, I better go now.
- Sit!
- Yes, sit. When you ask so kindly.
Whisky.
- Bring a bottle, please.
We won't lose time ordering.
This time the bet is higher.
It is a hellish game.
- Especially if you win.
But I do not play to win.
Go ahead and bet.
- Bet.
- Yes, yes. Here.
Thank you.
Well?
I pass.
I bet.
- I'm coming.
All-in. I said all-in.
- Well, here.
- Cards?
- Four cards.
Put them on the table.
On the table, I said.
Two sevens, a nine.
-All.
Not necessary, I lost.
- All.
Defend yourself.
-With what? He is unarmed.
Draw!
Draw!
See you in the court.
- Not so fast!

- Don't move!
One move and you're dead.
Peter!
Fast.
Throw your weapons on
the ground, Dynamite Jack.
Everybody get out.
Now you will pay. Get out.
- This is a murder.
- Wild animals do not count.
Go!
Go!
Finch, Peter...
Run, do not let him escape.
- Fred, get him.
He escaped.
He is in the alley.
What a coincidence.
Now you will pay.
He's in there.
You were right, it's your lucky day.
Bring a lantern
and surround the barn.
I'll count to three.
If you don't get out,
you will be burned alive.
One, two...
- Stop.

Answer her:

I'm here, the Frenchman.
I'm here, the Frenchman.
Frenchman?
- Are you alone?
- Say yes.
- Yes.
- Come out, then.

Remember:

always, with that beard and mustache.
Open the door.
Jeff, here! He escaped!
Jeff!
We have arrived, Sergeant.

I will tell Mrs. O'Brien.

- I'll be in the saloon.

- What about the others, Sergeant?

- I am the others.

But we expected a whole company.

- Geronimo is on the warpath.

It's a big country, with many problems. We do what we can.

You don't have a chance, alone against Dynamite Jack.

- Is that so?

Excellent. Right in the middle.

Who is the idiot who shoots?

I almost cut my throat.

- Who is that?

-A poor man who collects the tax.

- What are you doing?

- What do you think? A shave.

Quickly. You should be gone already.

- Fine.

- Hey!

- Now what?

Take this gun belt, so you will not be empty-handed. Catch.

How would I shave now?

I don't see myself anymore.

- Sergeant!

- Now what?

Sergeant...

- What?

Come out quickly. Look!

What is that?

Why, it is Billy.

- Did he have family?

- Friends only.

Billy.

He's just a child.

You're all in danger.

I believe, gentlemen, that I can not do anything.

I told you that Dynamite is a big problem.

If you want to leave - go.

This is the signature

of Jack Dynamite.

Fred, two.

Enter.

Come on, it was a joke.

Come on, your husband is downstairs.

Fifty dollars.

Sixty.

Hey, you.

What's your name?

- McCloud.

- McCloud?

- A-ha.

You can go.

Emilie, come here.

- Do something, Serge.

- We all have to pay to Dynamite Jack.

He has a booklet with all our names.

- I won't do anything.

But listen to me...

- Calm down!

I know that kind of men.

Once they know I'm here,
they will come to provoke me.

So, I stay here and wait for him.

- I will not wait.

I'm sorry, but I do not want
the same fate as the Frenchman.

What do you plan?

- My wife was in his room.

- What does that prove?

-That the Frenchman has vanished.

And I want to stay
away from this village.

Everyone with common sense
should do the same.

- He's right.

- Let's go to Pickett's place.

Why do you think, that
Dynamite Jack would come here?

I noticed that he was alone
when he came into the saloon.

Probably does not want
to bring his friends.

I think he was after someone,

maybe a woman.
We are here to express
our sympathy to the family.
And to hear the
gospel of resurrection.
Man is like a grass and its
beauty like a flower in the field.
The grass...
Dynamite Jack.
There he is.
It's Dynamite Jack.
- Dynamite?
Dynamite is here.
- He's here? Where?
Hey, wait for me.
Wait for me.
Don't leave me alone.
Wait for me.
Dynamite Jack is coming.
Stop! I need to get off.

Reward:

for capturing Dynamite Jack
Be quiet. Listen to me.
He is armed and waiting.
He is waiting for you, to kill you.
You have no chance to escape.
Run away now.
Do not be so stubborn. Come.
Listen to me. I can
not go with, my love.
This is a farewell, Dynamite Jack.
Who has betrayed me here?
- I have no idea.
\$ 10.000? That's not enough.
Take me to the safe box.
- That is a tax-payers money.
Then those are pretty stupid.
- They have already paid you.
Shut up. And open the safe.
- The whole town would hear a shot.
It's opened.
Where's my horse? Let's go.
- And the Indian? - We go!

Hey, look.
Nobody.
Horses always return back alone
to their stable.
What a score.
This has cost us two of our friends.
- It will be more for us.
I'm sick of your shit.
Give me my share and I'm gone.
You're not going anywhere.
We are together in this.
I'm not.
Now we have everybody against us.
After tonight, the sergeant
would get volunteers for a posse.
It's too hot for me.
We better take our shares and split.
You don't have confidence in me?
-No, because you double cross.
You don't care about anybody. Even
the Indian, your blood brother.
You abandoned him just like that.
Don't move.
We will stay together till the end.
We take care of that tomorrow.
Take his gun.
Come on, give it to me.
No one can find us here.
We have provisions.
We can stay here as long as necessary.
Sergeant will get tired waiting
and will leave the town.
Another step and I shoot.
Sorry, Jack.
Now you can get some sleep.
That rogue will
cause no more trouble.
Now I can go to bed.
I'm so tired.
What now, Jack?
Are you going somewhere?
Have you changed your mind?
Aren't we safe here?
Don't you think we can stay here?

All right, Jack. You always have the last word. I will saddle the horses. I'm gonna pick up the weapons.

Jack! Jack!

Where are you?

- Here.

Playing jokes with me, huh?

Are we going?

What is it, Jack?

Are we going?

Are you making a fool of me?

Jack, what is it? Say something.

There.

- Let's go.

- Not so fast. Look!

There he is.

Don't move, Dynamite Jack.

No, leave it.

They will hang Dynamite Jack.

Who is firing?

- Dolores.

Get us out of here and fast.

Good work. Are you happy now?

Sorry we locked you up, Sergeant.

Now we know it was him.

This is police brutality.

And you are responsible.

- He has escaped.

- Dolores has saved him.

That guy is not Dynamite Jack.

But he had the money.

And it was his horse and guns.

Dynamite Jack is a blood brother of this Indian.

The real Dynamite has a tattoo.

But first we must find him.

Come on, find him quickly.

One must stay to guard the prisoner.

Hopefully they will not find us until dark. Then we will try to escape.

This is what I need.

Riding on a horseback is rough.

My life has been good in this town.

And now I must go because of you.

But I swear, I will not
stay too long with you.
Stay away from me.
Let's make things clear, Jack.
We are leaving together, but
after that, we go separate ways.
Hold this and don't stay like that.
Go and see what is
happening on the street.
I had many friends here.
Now only enemies.
You have nobody.
You're all alone.
Why are you looking at me like
that for? Give me that shirt.
Yes, that one.
Come on.
Well?
Hide my clothes, fast.
Have you cleaned up my stuff?
- Yes, they are in the attic.
My rifle. There.
What happened? Are you crazy?
- Oh, no.
- No?
Dolores.
What happened, Sergeant?
- We just found his horse.
Sergeant. Look!
- What?
Dolores. She's in the attic.
Jack, I can not believe it.
I thought I knew you well.
This suspense has changed you.
You are not the same man.
You have a different expression.
Jack, if you're really changed,
then we can go somewhere else to live.
We can start a new life,
an honest life.
Our happiness, our lives
depends only on you.
Did you find them?
-Yes, with Larry Schultz, in the attic.

- Hey don't shoot!
This is the sergeant speaking.
Do not shoot, Mr. Esperandieu.
- Mr. Esperandieu?
- We have recognized you, Antoine.
They've recognized me.
Come out, Frenchman.
The Indian has spoken.
We know you're not Dynamite Jack.
-That's not a joke?
You have my word of
honor as a soldier.
You have nothing to fear.
Come down now.
Like a dream.
This is great.
- You men, are all alike.
Not all of them.
- Do not come any closer.
You have deceived me shamelessly.
-The future is open for us.
Never.
- Do not shoot, that would be stupid.
Antoine, go! Jump!
- This is we, Mrs.'s Lavisse.
Bring the Indian here.
You stay there. Roll up your sleeve.
The other one...
He has no tattoo.
The Indian is the blood brother of
Dynamite. Dynamite has the same tattoo.
That's right, I've seen it.
- Convinced now?
I would not be too proud.
- Unbelievable, they look like twin brothers.
- Quiet!
First you wanted to hang him,
Now to suffocate him. Calm down!
What a joker! What an idea to
disguise yourself as Dynamite Jack.
I'm not disguised. I have just...
- And how did you get his horse?
And his weapons?
- And our gold?

There is only one explanation.

Nobody can take weapons from
Dynamite Jack if he is alive.

- Exactly.

-He has killed him.

And one-eyed man?

- He's dead, as well.

His gang?

- All killed.

What happened?

- You won't believe me anyway.

- Don't move!

Thank you.

- Well?

It was a night. The thieves left
the village and I followed them.
The bullets were flying around my
head. And I arrived in their shelter.
And then...

We started a terrible gunfight.

I shot down one, two, three...

The one-eyed man was hit.

And then?

- Then I was...

Then it was only me,
face to face with Dynamite Jack.

I said:

- And then?

I shot him dead.

- Don't move!

Perfect.

You can deny the crime,
but not a scandal.

- Let her alone. - She was the
accomplice of Dynamite Jack.

In all respects.

- She has saved my life.

Whoever has anything to
say to her, say to me first.

- But Sir...

- Get lost, widows! Get!

You're lucky Dynamite Jack is dead.

Hopefully no regrets for your generosity.

You're a good man. Goodbye.

Goodbye? Hey, Sergeant!

- Are you going away?

- My job is done, thanks to you.

Gentlemen, I leave you in good hands.

Wait a second. Where are you going?

- I will return to Fort Chiricahua.

Fort Chiricahua? Good, I'll go, too.

- Why?

-I'll explain along the way.

I'm going to pack my bags.

- Please don't go, Frenchman.

- Forgive us our mistake.

Your mistake almost got me killed.

- It was due to the resemblance.

- So now, you are the victim?

What a nerve to say that.

I came here, confident, always smiling,
and you wanted to put a rope on my neck.

I go.

- But you can leave us like that.

Yes I can. I am a free man.

Antoine.

- Now what?

I've got to admit something.

- No, do not bother me.

I thought you were dead.

- Me dead?

And everyone wanted
do something in your memory.

I've buried your stuff.

- What?

- At the cemetery.

Near your friend Jules Lavissee.

So you would feel less alone.

- Imbecile.

Sergeant!

Don't leave without me, promise?

What an idea. Let's go.

- It seemed to me a good idea.

Do you remember the place?

- Absolutely.

And now the Frenchman.

- And the Sergeant?

Sergeant later.
If you are tired,
we can come back tomorrow.
Tomorrow? And the sergeant?
Will he wait for me?
You can not leave without
your belongings, right?
Without your documents and your
family photographs? - Stop that.
There he is.
He's coming.
-Quiet. Is everyone ready? - Yes.
There he is.
My noble friend,
it's a great honor for us today...
on behalf of all those good citizens
to give you the reward you deserve.
You have done a lot
for our small town.
You have liberated us from
Dynamite Jack and our nightmares.
\$ 10.000. Just a little gift
to express our gratitude.
You deserve it.
May this erase our mistake,
due to our blind rage.
Now we see clearly. And we won't
confuse a rotten apple with a good one.
Or St. George and the dragon.
And now, when we know you better...
Allow me to ask you
a direct question:
Would you stay with
us and protect us?
Just tell us your conditions.
What do you say to this?
The photo of the century.
This will make the history.
Here you are, Antoine the victorious.
Magnificent!
The final end of Dynamite Jack.
I regret only one thing:
That the bastard doesn't see this himself.
- Please, Mr. Esperandieu.

Emilie.

Now are you happy, huh?

I see that you will stay.

Then I leave without you.

I'm content now. Knowing that you
people can sleep peacefully again.

Never let them down.

Learn to knock on the door,
before entering a lady's room.

Get out!

You've got your reward, all right.

But I will never forgive you.

You have disgraced
me in a shameful way.

And no need to be proud of that!

Jack.

Where is that bastard
of a Frenchman?

Come here. Try to dig here.

You are making fool out of me.

Excuse me, ma'am.

I did not see you.

So, you still want to leave us

Mr. Esperandieu? Why?

Would you accompany me to my carriage?

- With pleasure.

Can you ever forgive me?

- Me?

Yes. In the beginning, we had
a wrong impression of you.

Now we know what kind
of a man we will loose.

He has not gone, yet.

- I am very grateful.

The death of Jack Dynamite,
saved me from anxiety.

Now, a new life begins for me.

Too bad you have to leave.

You will not feel the same tomorrow.

You will forget me.

No, not the man like you.

I hope my son becomes like you.

I will often talk about you.

You know, I...

- No, don't say anything.
Good, I won't say nothing.
May God protect you.
I think that you will protect us,
now when the sergeant has gone.
The sergeant has gone?
-Yes, I met him on the way here.
The sergeant has gone.
- Defend yourself, Frenchman!
- I thought so.
- What do you want to say?
You have not killed Dynamite Jack.
Otherwise you would not be so fast.
Nice hero, you are.
You've made fools out of us all.
And I wanted to stop you to go away.
Take your papers,
and get out of here.
Get in the coach.
What are you waiting for?
Give me back the gun belt.
You were just a coward.
Step in.
Go ahead without me.
Why did you do that?
-Because I'm a miserable.
Here, you will need it.
- What for? I can not shoot.
But what about that duel?
- Oh no, I fled.
That changes everything.
- You don't need to accompany me.
You think I'm scared?
- No.
You are mistaken. We go.
- No, keep the artillery.
We must find another way
to defeat Dynamite Jack.
Wonderful.
- Oh, how beautiful.
What is this?
- Your victory over Dynamite.
- By Larry Schultz.
Where's Larry Schultz?

- In the saloon.

Save it for your children, this is a part of American history.

Larry Schultz!

- Oh, that's you!

I've sold everything.

- Buy it back!

I hate this cheap publicity.

I don't want to hear about it.

- But you're a hero.

- May be, but a modest hero.

Like all true heroes.

- I don't want to discuss about it!

- Destroy those pictures.

- Do you want to ruin me?

Don't worry. Now you have \$ 10.000.

- 10.000 \$? Me? Where?

Dynamite Jack has taken your place.

- Then I know what to do.

- Miss Dolores? This is me, Antoine.

I need to talk to you. Only you can prevent bloodshed.

- No, I'm begging you!

No, Jack.

- Don't move!

- Shit!

- Hey, Antoine!

I'm looking for you everywhere.

- Why?

I'm gonna stay close, just in case.

- You have nothing to do here.

I must keep law and order.

- I don't care.

Thanks, eh.

- Not worth to mention.

- Shit.

Well?

On your knees! I want everyone to see you are on the ground.

- No shit?

- Do it!

Well done, Antoine. Really fantastic.

Tell me, how do you feel now, when you killed the man who resembled you so?

- A little bit lonely.
- I would take care about that.
- Turn around, Frenchman!
Now you will pay for
everything you've done to me.
- What have I done?
- What does she mean?
He dishonored me.
- That is not true.
- Well, I... Yes, that's true.
And I thought you were a good man.
But I am. I am good...
You see...
This man has sinned.
He should be expelled.
- Immediately!
Leave him to me.
Are you a Christian?
- Basically, yes.
Walk on. Forward!
Where are you taking me?
- You'll see.
You have to repent for your sins.
Let me ask you something.
What should I do to become a Mormon?
- Antoine, you old pervert!
For the last sacrament?
- No, for a wedding.
English translation:
westernfan (Croatia)

THE END: