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Fort Dobbs

By George W. George

Looking for somebody?
Yeah.
Johanson?
Where is he?
Why?
I'm gonna kill him.
Not in Largo.
Keeping the law in this town is my job
and I intend to do it,
no matter what.
I remember that.
You better had,
I'd hate to have to hang you.
See that sheriff?
Now I see it.
There's trouble.
The Comanches with war paint will
tore this territory wide open.
Without splitting...
So?
Well, how long are we
gonna keep after him?
Till we get him.
Or they do.
Sheriff...
It's like they did this to him.
I'm glad they did.
Come on, let's get out of here.
Mama...
Mama...
Mama...
Ma...
Are you all right?
I think so.
I'm Mrs. Grey
This here is my son, Chad.
I shot you.
He says he caught trying to
take one of our a horses.
Well?
The boy is right.
You see, you see I told you.
- The horses...
- Chad.

I lost my horse someways back.

A man on foot is not worth much
in this country.

You could have asked for
the loan of a horse.

Yes ma'am, it seems

I made a mistake.

If you ask me, I think

we ought to hang him,

Just wait until dad comes back,
he'll know what to do.

That'll be enough Chad, now put the
gun down, and go grain the animals.

- But ma...

- Do like I say.

Yes, ma.

Where is your husband?

In Largo, he'll be back today.

He won't be here.

What do you mean?

The hills are crawling with Comanches.

The most likely he has been cut off
and he's fortified up somewhere.

But he wouldn't leave us
out here alone.

Not if he had a choice.

Mind if I take my gun?

Go right ahead.

If I were you, Ms. Grey, I would get
out of here while you still got time.

A few days will put you in Fort Dobbs.

You'll be safe there.

I can't do that.

It's the only thing you can do.

Look mister...

Davis.

Gar Davis.

Mr. Davis, I know this ranch
don't look like much,

but it is all we have.

What about the boy?

Kind of young to die for

a broken down house

and a plain barn, isn't he?

I'd think you would understand.
I understand Indians,
it will be over quick
with the youngster.
But you're a handsome woman, Mrs. Grey,
- they'd take you alive.
- I don't scare easy, Mr. Davis.
I hope not.
'Cause there's a Comanches war party
over the corral watching every
move we make.
Start walking at the house
like nothing was wrong.
Do like I tell you.
Look, ma.
That did it.
Easy on these shells,
They'll be here for a while.
What are you gonna do?
I think the only thing we can do
is try to hold out until dark.
If we can keep them until then,
we've got a chance.
If we can get a hand on those horses
before they, we make a break for it.
I'm scared, Mr. Davis.
Yes ma'am, so am I.
You'll sit there until the morning
feeling sorry for yourself, Mrs. Grey?
The Comanches will like that.
Haven't you ever lost anything, Mr. Davis?
Yes, ma'am.
But I learned not to look back.
Is something wrong?
We could get caught in
that open, that will be.
You and the boy wait here.
Comanches!
It looks like the whole nation.
Let's circle them high around.
No, Mr. Davis.
We're going back.
Back?
We're only two days out of Largo,

you can take us there
as well as to Dobbs.
I can't do that.
You mean you won't.
I mean I can't.
- My husband is...
- Come to Fort Dobbs, Ms. Grey.
I take the boy on the cross
and then come back after you.
I can get across without your help.
Maybe you can, maybe you can't.
But you wait here like I told you.
Hold, I told you to wait.
Feeling better?
Yes.
I... I'm sorry, Mr. Davis.
I acted like a fool.
Yes, ma'am, you did.
After all you've done
for Chad and me,
I never even thanked you
We're not at Dobbs yet.
- Mr. Davis...
- Yes, ma'am.
Why wouldn't you take us back to Largo?
If troubles go on,
your husband can pick you
up at the fort.
I'm not talking about my husband,
I'm talking about you.
You are running away from
something, aren't you?
You were running away
that night back at the ranch
when you tried to take
away one of our horses.
Why?
I'm obliged for your
concern, Mrs. Grey.
But it's none of my business, huh?
Some things are better left alone.
I see.
No, ma'am, you don't.
My husband,

you killed him.
What are you talking about?
This!
I took this of a dead man.
After you shot him in the back.
That's you knew why
he wasn't coming home.
That's why you wouldn't
take us to Largo.
And that's why running away.
Gimme that!
Now listen to me!
Listen to me!
I had a posse on my tail,
they were even to hang me.
I traded coats with a dead man
who that was thrown off.
If it was your husband,
I am sorry.
But it was the only way I had.
You're lying, you killed him.
You killed.
Mr. Davis.
It's all right, I see him.
Who you know, Gar Davis.
Hello Clett, you're lost?
You ought to know me better than that,
I always know where I'm going.
Boy, you got yourself on some
lonesome ground, aren't you?
I like that though.
It quiets me down.
You're still killing, Clett?
I'm alive.
Are you?
Much as you are.
I've come though Largo when that
sheriff there bought a new horse.
He said he left him in some canyon
With a hole in his back.
That he said.
When I heard that
it kind of touched me.
And went to the saloon and

got me some drinks over it.

Grieving or celebrating?

Both.

That's yours?

The Comanches overrun her ranch

I'm taking her and the boy to Dobbs.

You are taking a long
way around, ain't you?

Not that I blame you,
she's a fine looking woman.

You are doing all right
for a dead man, ain't you?

Good morning, ma'am.

Good morning.

From what I understand, you are
going to Fort Dobbs.

I'm heading that way myself, and...

I'd be real happy if I
ride along with your ways.

I'm getting real tired
talking to them mules.

...You're a friend of Mr. Davis?

No, he is not.

Let's back that.

I think you best be
moving along, Clett.

I'm talking to the lady.

And I'm talking to you.

Anything you got to do,
do it elsewhere.

We're all heading for the same place.

I don't see no harm in
sticking together.

An extra gun might come in handy.

Not your gun.

Maybe you don't want us
to get to Fort Dobbs?

Could it be you're afraid they might
find out what happened in Largo?

She know, right?

She thinks she does.

If she tells them soldiers at
the Fort you ain't dead...

It might go kind of

tough on you, huh?
I set out to take them to Dobbs and
that's what I full intend to do.
You're a nick.
You're sure you don't want
me going with you?
Real sure.
It suit yourself.
Like I said, we're all
going to the same place.
I'll be seeing you, Gar.
Come on, Joby.
Very pleased to have met you, ma'am.
If you got any ideas of using that rifle,
Ms. Grey, you better forget them.
Kill me and you and the boy
will never get to Dobbs.
- Mr. Davis!
- Yeah?
I'm sorry I shot you and
called you a horse thief.
That's all right.
No, I mean...
My dad says a man should never
say words against anybody,
unless he knows all the facts.
He says that sometimes
things look one way
and turn out to be all
together something else.
If he'd caught you
stealing that horse...
Why are we stopping?
Your mother.
She's falling behind.
She walks good, but she
ain't much on a horse.
How much longer we got to go, Mr. Davis?
Oh, we ought to be in Dobbs
some time tomorrow.
My dad, he's gonna meet
us there, ain't he?
Ain't he?
That depends.

No, it don't.

He will get through.

It takes more than a few
Indians to stop my dad.

You wait and see.

Chad!

Yes, sir.

A while back before I ran into
you and your mother, I...

...found a man.

He had been ambushed and
had an arrow in his back.

Yes, sir?

You go riding up over that
ridge without looking first
the same thing could happen to you.

Now, go back and ride
with your mother.

- But...

- Just do like I tell you.

What is it?

Stay alert on your horses.

If I make it across the flats
to those rocks,
you and the boy come across.

And if I don't...

You see that long peek,
ride for it and don't stop
until you come to the river.

It'll take you a couple of days out of
the way, but runs on down to Dobbs.

You're thinking to leave us, Mr. Davis?

I've thought about it.

But I can't.

I keep thinking how you'd be looking
after the Comanches get through with you.

I told you an extra gun
might come in handy.

- I' told you to ride for the river.

- I only thought I...

I'd appreciate if you don't
think at all, Ms. Grey.

It won't happen again.

Well, I'd like a good argument

as much as the next fellow, but
I think we ought to get up
to this higher ground
in case of them Comanches
is gonna try again, huh?
Hey, son...
Let's go catch Mr. Davis's
horse for him.
Yes, sir.
Here you are, ma, I'm
gonna go help Mr. Davis.
All right, son.
You have a good little boy, Mrs. Grey.
Yes.
You sure make good coffee, ma'am.
Thank you.
You know I always did say if I had
to take up with a woman she's...
got to be good cook first, and
then be good looking second.
But I never did have
much good luck with women.
Well, I ran with a few of them
now and then, but nothing serious.
Up until that time down in Bigsby,
about a half year ago.
There was a girl who claimed
right out she wanted to marry me,
and told everybody.
Everybody except her husband.
Well, it came about that close or he'd
hit me in the back with a shotgun.
It makes me shiver,
every time I think about it.
It taught me once lesson, though.
You always check the brand first,
That way you'll know if you run
somebody's else's stock, you see?
- Would you like a little more coffee?
- Yes, ma'am.
How long have you known Mr. Davis?
Oh, a long time.
You know Mrs. Grey, it might
sound kind of silly to you,

but I've been thinking and I've
made up my mind about something.
I'm gonna keep looking for a woman
and she's gonna be just like you.
Same color hair,
same kind of eyes,
all, all the same thing all.
But I ought to have look pretty far
to find one near as handsome.
Oh, it troubles me alright, but when
I get my heart set on something...
Say, like a good bredde horse,
I just know that I don't live with
myself if I don't get my hands on it.
It is not only what pleases me,
you know what I mean Mrs. Grey?
You're gonna talk all day, Clett?
Somebody ought to be standing guard.
You are right.
Who is? You start, huh?
You've never seen one of
them before, have you?
It's a new Henry.
15 shells and one in the chamber.
Brass framing, ready to fire,
"Gordon Sonny" and shoot always.
And the mules are carrying
100 more just like this.
I figure I'd sell them in Santa Fe
over to the Comanches, up there
they will bring up a piece of money.
If I get through.
- And if you don't?
- Well, I'll make it.
One way or the other, huh?
You're meaning what?
The Comanches pay gold for
the rifles, don't they?
You think I do things like that?
I know you would.
Yes, sometimes I don't like him.
I hate him.
You do?
He killed my husband.

Mrs. Grey?

I couldn't sleep.

That's is good, I'm glad.

You know, it makes
some lonesome night.

It's a shame, isn't it?

This country isn't safe
when it is dark.

Mrs. Grey?

Huh?

Your husband, how come
he stood up to Gar?

He didn't.

He shot him in the back.

This man got to have a pretty good
reason to shoot him in the back.

You were that reason, Mrs. Grey?

No.

You are traveling with him.

I had no choice.

You have now.

We could be in Dobbs this morning.

You mean you take us there?

That depends, ma'am.

A man can do an awful lot
of things for a woman like you.

What are you doing?

Gar has already done
one man in the back.

You don't think I'm gonna take a chance
something like that happen to me,
unless you're willing to give
me something in return, do you?

Turn her loose, Clett.

It might be better all around
if you just pack up and move on.

Yeah, you'd like that, wouldn't you?

That way you would have her
all yourself every night.

Is that why you killed her husband?

Get up.

I ain't gonna quarrel you, Gar...

Not at all. You can have her.

He said he was gonna

take us to Fort Dobbs.
I got to make sure that
Chad and I get there.
You can't wait to
turn me in, can you?
Why didn't you have Clett
shoot me in the back?
Like you shot my husband, huh?
I left a man dead man
in Largo, Mrs. Grey...
But I didn't kill your husband.
Hey, Gar!
There's gonna be a next time.
Chad!
Chad.
Chad!
Chad...
He can't be far, he's on foot.
He must have heard us last night.
Yes, ma'am.
What are you gonna do?
He's been lying to, Mrs Grey, but
finally I'm gonna tell him the truth.
How do you tell a boy
you killed his father?
How do you tell a woman
you didn't?
Chad?
Just let me be.
- Listen to me there's something I didn't...
- My dad is dead. You killed him!
You're wrong, Chad.
Wrong was I was not
telling you the truth.
Go away.
Not until you know how it was.
The man I was telling you about,
the one that the Comanches ambushed,
was your father.
My dad could take care of himself.
He could have got through.
He died trying.
You killed him.
He was dead when I found him.

Dead because he didn't want to
leave you and your mother alone.

You're lying.

I heard what my ma said.

You shot him.

Why?

I didn't kill your father, Chad.

I am telling you the truth, boy.

I don't believe you.

All right, have it your way.

But that's no reason to run off and
leave your mother like you did.

When we get to Fort Dobbs,
who's gonna take care of her?

I will, I will take care
of her, but I don't need you.

I hate you and I'm gonna
keep on hating you.

And someday I'm gonna kill you.

Just like you did to my dad.

In the back.

Mrs. Grey, we'd move out
any time you finished eating.

We're finished.

You'll make it alone from here.

Where are you going?

I told you that. They likely waiting
for me when I got there.

They wouldn't have to know.

I'll tell them.

Take care of your mother.

Goodbye, Ms. Grey.

Goodbye.

Chad?

Give me the gun, Chad.

Do you believe him?

I believe what your father said.

Sometimes things can
look one way,
and turn out to be
all together something else.

Give me the gun.

Hello!

I'm Mrs. Grey,

the Comanches burned our house.

Get Chad inside.

Get on the wall!

Who's in charge here?

I am.

Hello, Gar.

I heard you were dead on
the bottom of that canyon.

It seems it was wrong.

How soon they are
gonna try us again?

There is no telling, they've
got everything in their way.

They won't be in any hurry
to get it over with.

We thought we would be safe here.

We started from Largo with
15 wagons. The whole town.

That's all that's left.

You'd think they've had
enough killing by now.

What are we gonna do?

The only thing we can do...

Bury the dead and wait.

Gar...

Just for the record,
if we get out of here...

you're going back with me.

Really quiet, aren't they?

Too quiet.

Mrs. Grey?

Yes.

Gar told me about your husband.

He told you?

Yes, ma'am.

He said us how you thought he did it.

A Comanche arrow killed
your husband, Mrs. Grey.

Gar traded clothes with him
to keep him from hanging.

What about the dead man in Largo?

That's all together different.

When Gar Davis first came to Largo
he was making his way with a gun.

For four years he was either
in trouble or in jail,
and mostly both.
Then he met a woman.
Talk had it they were
gonna get married.
Gar even went to work,
outside the town.
At the end of the week
he'd coming to be with her.
But in between, well...
She didn't act like
a woman intended.
There were those who told her that
she was gonna get herself in trouble,
carrying on behind Gar's back.
Taking up with this man,
and then the next.
But she wouldn't listen.
One night she got herself hurt.
The fellow she was running
with had been drinking.
He got mean, he beat her so
she could hardly walk.
When Gar found out about it
she lied to him,
just as she's been doing all along.
She told him how the fellow had no
call to do what he had done to her.
Gar believed her.
He swore he'd kill him.
I could have stooped him, Ms. Grey,
but how do you tell a man
that his woman is no good.
How do you tell a man?
Mr. Davis.
Yes, ma'am?
The sheriff told me
what happened in Largo.
Did he?
You must have loved her very much.
I've been wrong all along,
and I'm sorry.
There's something the sheriff

didn't tell you.
That man, the one I killed,
before he died he told me
how it was with her.
I was the only one in
Largo who didn't know.
She was no good.
The trouble is that I had to
kill a man to find that out.
What are you gonna do?
That night, alone, if can I get
to Santa Fe and get help.
But they'll kill you.
I'll try.
Please don't do it.
It's the only thing I can do.
I thought it over.
It's the only chance we got.
He is right, Ms. Grey.
Are you gonna let him go?
Anybody can get through the dark.
Fetch up a couple of wagons,
and send them out empty.
We can make them think we're
trying to make a run for it.
Maybe they'll keep them busy enough
to get me across that open ground.
Right.
Gar...
Yes, ma'am?
Be careful.
I plan to.
Mr. Davis?
Good luck.
Thanks, Chad.
Are you ready?
Ready as I'll ever be.
And Sheriff, just for
that record of yours...
The day I went looking for Johanson I
didn't plan on killing him like I said,
I just figured on beating
him like he did to her.
There was a gun on the table between us

and he went for it, I had no choice.
Don't keep us waiting.
Open them up!
Move them out!
You're looking for me?
You could yourself be killed
sneaking on a man that way.
Where's that woman?
I left her in Dobbs.
And why did you do that for?
Half the people in Largo are
forted up there, they need help.
What's the matter of
all them soldiers?
The Comanches overrun them
before we got there.
They sent you out, huh?
What are they trying to do?
Save themselves of the trouble hang you?
I was going to Santa Fe, now that
I found you, I won't have to.
One more man ain't gonna do any good.
I'm not talking about one man.
I'm talking about these guns.
They ain't for sale right now.
I ain't buying.
It sounds like you
want to take them.
If I have to.
Gar, you got real lucky back there.
Because I've got me a rule,
I never fight a man over a woman,
I think it ain't worth it.
But these Henrys are something else.
The Comanches are gonna be
hitting Dobbs real quick.
If we start now we can
still be back in time.
There's a lot of women
and children there.
I guess you don't understand, do you?
It's everything I got
wrapped up in them rifles.
I'm gonna sell them in Santa Fe

and I'm gonna ride out there rich.
Than I'm gonna keep clean out of
this territory for a bit long.
Now look Gar, there ain't no sense in
this going against each other like this.
If it wasn't for me, you'd be dead back there
in that canyon where the Comanches jumped you.
You remember that, don't you?
Yeah, I remember.
I figured you would.
Now, you know you're on the run
the same as I am.
Why don't we just ride along together?
I'm getting tired of
being out here all alone.
Give me a hand, Clett.
Do you think if you save them back there
in Dobbs is gonna make any difference?
They ain't got not use for the likes
like you and me. They never will either.
I'm taking the guns.
You wouldn't try it.
It looks like there's no other way.
What are they waiting for?
They'll be along.
Feeling better, Willy?
- I'll be all right.
- Good.
You men get back to the wall.
It won't do any good sheriff, there
ain't enough of us to hold on.
If they clobber us like last time,
they'll overrun us for sure.
There just ain't enough of us, sheriff.
Yes, may I say we sent
the wrong man for help.
Like it or not, he's still running.
You got a gun.
Nobody asked me.
Nobody asked him either.
Now get back up and
stay on the wall.
Or give your guns to the women.
There you are.

Thank you, ma'am.

Mrs. Grey?

You'll be safer inside.

Do you think he got through?

I hope so.

Sheriff...

Get on in with the boy, Mrs. Grey,

You women get on inside the house.

The men back on the wall!

Open the gate!

They had enough.

Can I help?

Yes, please.

Well, they'll all be back

in Largo in a few days.

Yes, ma'am.

What about yourself?

I figure to go on to Santa Fe.

I've been talking to the sheriff,

and he said these two horses

should bring in enough money for

a coach pay to St. Louis.

My family is there and

they'll take care of us.

I see.

I wanna thank you for everything

you've done for us.

Mrs. Grey...

I've been thinking it...

That's your horse I'm riding,

you ought to take him along with you.

I hope we can manage without him.

Goodbye, madam.

Goodbye.

I understand Mrs. Grey and the

boy are going on to Santa Fe.

I don't suppose anybody would mind much if

you'd be riding along and see if they got there.

Please, Mr. Davis?

We've come this far together.

Well?

You're forgetting something,

aren't you sheriff?

Yeah.

All right, we're moving out!