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The Good Guys and the Bad Guys

By Ronald M. Cohen

Our story tells of a man grown old
His blood's still warm
but his heart's grown cold
He thinks he's still the man he was
But the young poke fun at everything
Everything the old man does
Marshal Flagg, Marshal Flagg
As men grow old their footsteps drag
Younger folks start making jokes
They'll be laughing at Marshal Flagg
They'll be laughing at Marshal Flagg
Laughing
Laughing
At Marshal Flagg
A man recalls all his youthful days
When he tasted life in a million ways
He dreams his dreams, at times it seems
That he's only two times ten
That he's full of fire again
The man he was way back when
Marshal Flagg, Marshal Flagg
As men grow old their footsteps drag
Younger folks start making jokes
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Laughing
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At Marshal Flagg
Damn red-headed chicken thief!
Blow his stealing head off.
Damn fox ate another one
of my hens this morning.
Consarned thieving...
Well, get down off of there.
Come have a snort.
- Nippy, huh?
- Nippy, hell!
I damn near froze last night.
- Why didn't you sleep inside?
- Walls and roofs is for city folks.
- Well, then why did you build it?
- Never built nothing like it before.
Grundy, either your coffee
or your liquor's getting awful rancid.

- Chaw?
- No, no.
- So what no-good you been up to?
- Just the usual.
- I saw some...
- What?
- Saw some...
- Grundy, will you please spit?

Saw some men yesterday.

Down by the flats.

- Who were they?
- Never seen them before.
- What'd they look like?
- Mean.
- What do you mean "mean"?
- Just mean. Ornery.

Well, what were they doing?

How many of them were there?

Not much of anything. Just sitting.

About a dozen of them.

Well, didn't you see anything
or hear anything?

I heard a couple of names.

One was called Waco.

And another called...

I can't remember exactly.

McBride, MacLean, McKay,
something like that.

- McKay? Did you say McKay?
- Something like that.

What did he look like, this fellow, McKay?

- Only saw his back.
- From the back then!

Well,

he was tall, taller than the rest.

He wore them long Mexican spurs
with the pointed rowels.

His horse and his clothes,
what color were they?

Black. Whole outfit, horse and man.

Even his holster.

I remember that,

because he wore it high on his belt.

Not low, like some of these

showoffy young'uns.

John McKay. That's who you saw.

You mean the McKay? Big John McKay?

That's right.

Thought he was killed years ago,
down along the Red River.

So did I.

Thanks for the coffee.

- If you need an extra gun, count me in.

- Thanks, Grundy.

Hot damn!

There's finally gonna be some action
around here.

Up. Here you go.

You weren't so eager

to get rid of me last night, Jed Davis.

Come on, Ginny,

there wasn't nothing personal about it.

Nothing personal!

Be the first time you ever laid hands
on me that it weren't personal!

High time they closed that dirty place.

Been the shame of this city.

Harold!

- Hi, Nell.

- I don't know you, do I?

- Bye, Nell.

- I sure as hell should remember him.

Harold, you tell me immediately
how you know that woman.

Harold! Answer me this instant.

She's a friend of Pa's.

Hey, Nell, give us something
to remember you by.

This'll remind you

of what you'll be missing, boys.

- That's my garter.

- No, it's mine.

Give me my garter, will you?

- I swear to...

- Fight!

I never figured on this much fuss.

Well, Howard, fuss is publicity.

Publicity is votes. Remember that.

I congratulate you, Mayor Wilker.
That establishment
was a blight on the entire community.
Right you are, Mrs. Peters.
It's a civic disgrace. The work of the devil.
Don't worry, Ed.
The house will be open right after election.
Good. Good. Good.
Oh, good.
Come on, Howard.
So long, Charley.
Dirty thing.
Take your hands off me!
Bye. No hard feelings anymore.
Goodbye!
Bye.
This is for you, Jim, for being
the nicest marshal we've ever known.
All right, girls, let's hear it for the marshal.
- Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!
- Hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!
- Hip, hip, hooray!
- Hip, hip, hooray!
Well, back to the office.
Public servant's work is never done.
- Mayor.
- Yes?
Oh, Flagg. Good morning.
Gonna need about 20 men.
Volunteers for a posse.
- Posse? Did you say posse, Jim Boy?
- That's right.
You have them
bring their guns and ammunition,
meet me over at the courthouse,
and I'll get them sworn in and we'll...
Wait a minute, Jim. Now wait.
What is all this posse talk?
You know that train that's due Saturday
with the money for the new bank?
- Yes.
- Well, I think there's gonna be a holdup.
- Holdup?
- That's impossible.

John McKay has been seen in the territory.
And who the hell is John McKay?
Who the hell is John McKay?
For your information,
Mayor Wilker and Deputy Boyle,
John McKay is one of the most wanted
outlaws in the country.
Oh, you mean Big John McKay,
that old-time train robber.
- That's right.
- Sure, I remember now.
I read about him in the pulp books.
He used to be pretty famous
around the time
the James boys was cutting up.
The James boys?
Ye gods, that's over 20 years ago!
Yeah, but wasn't he killed,
somewhere down in Texas?
Well, if he was,
I wouldn't be standing here
saying he's planning a holdup,
now would I, Mr. Boyle?
Yeah, but the book said that...
I don't give a damn what the book said,
the man's alive!
Wait, wait, wait a minute, Jim Boy.
Now, calm down. "Holdup," "posse"...
We haven't used those words in... In years.
Well, in case you've forgotten, Mayor,
they mean trouble.
Which is exactly what we're gonna have
if we don't quit jawing and start moving.
And we're gonna have even more trouble
if we go off halfcocked
and get this whole town up in arms.
We're not going off halfcocked,
the man is dangerous.
Wait a minute, Jim, let's...
Let's be sensible.
If he was alive,
this man would be 100 years old!
He's no older than I am!
I'll tell you what, Jim Boy,

let's go over to your office
and discuss this in a rational way,
shall we?

Jim Boy, this place needs air!

Get a window open.

- Scared the hell out of me.

- Not as scared as you're gonna be.

There's our man.

Do something about those windows,
will you, Jim Boy? You look peaked.

Well!

This is more like it.

A man can work in here.

Space. There's light. There's air.

It's very nice, Howard.

Yes, neatness indicates organization.

Organization promotes productivity.

I'm impressed, Howard.

Well, I hope you'll be impressed when

McKay hauls off \$100,000 on Saturday.

Now look, Jim, this poster is 20 years old
if it's a day.

- Now, it cannot be the same man.

- Well, it is.

I had a detailed description.

A description?

I thought you said you saw him.

I said he was seen in the territory.

Then you actually did not see him?

- No.

- Well, who did?

- A fellow named Grundy.

- Grundy?

Jim! That crazy, whiskey-guzzling
old sot in the hills?

- He is not crazy.

- You can't be serious, Jim Boy.

You mean

you'd turn this town upside-down
and create a panic over some wild bandits
or some bank robbers

on the word of a lunatic

hiding up in the hills?

He's not a lunatic,

and he's not hiding in the hills!

- He just don't take to city life.

- No, we can't risk it, Jim.

Not with an election coming up.

Now, if you told me that you had

seen McKay with your own eyes,

I would consider a plan of action.

But this is just... This is just hearsay.

You can't run a town on hearsay.

We'd be the laughingstock of the state

if this turned out to be a wild goose chase.

Jim, go home.

Forget about posses

and holdups and the like.

- Time marches on.

- Well, I'm still marshal of this town.

And as long as I am,

I aim to do my job the best way I can.

I'm forming a posse.

I'd like your cooperation, but if needs be...

Jim Boy. Jim, wait a minute.

Now, Saturday is two days away.

Now, all I'm asking for is a couple of hours
to analyze the situation.

Now, that's fair enough, isn't it?

- Well...

- You're a reasonable man, Jim Boy.

Howard, I'd like...

Howard.

I want you to walk me to the office.

I have something

I want to discuss with you.

James Flagg.

You are late for supper!

You know what time we sit down.

I mean, I don't run a restaurant here.

I haven't got time to eat anyway, Mary.

- Hi, Jim.

- Hello, Billy.

Marshal Flagg, Billy, you know that.

Boy, you should've seen

all the ruckus in town today.

A whole bunch of ladies

were piled aboard the train

and the mayor was there and everything.

- Yeah, I saw it.

- Where are they going?

- Who?

- The ladies.

- Another town, I guess.

- Why?

Billy!

- Ma!

- And don't call me "Ma."

Did they wanna go?

I don't suppose

it occurred to anybody to ask them, Billy.

They weren't bad, were they?

I mean, if they'd been bad, you'd have
run them out of town, wouldn't you?

Yeah, Billy.

If they'd been bad, I'd have run them out.

Then if they weren't bad
and they didn't wanna go,
how come they went?

Well...

Billy, someday you'll learn
that people don't always agree
on what's good and what's bad.

Now, about those ladies,
they were just practicing
the oldest profession on earth.

I thought being marshal
was the oldest profession.

- No, that's just second oldest.

- Well, then what's first?

You got yourself into this,
you get yourself out.

Well, Billy, you see, the...

The Lord made men and he made women.

And he...

Well, he didn't make them quite the same.

Gee, I know that.

- But why'd...

- Billy, that's enough questions.

Now, why don't you just run along?

Grownups don't tell kids nothing.

- Ma! Howard Boyle's here.

- Billy.

Come on in, Howard.

- Evening, Mary.

- Evening.

- Marshal.

- Howard.

The mayor wants to talk to you, Jim.

- Already?

- Yeah.

He decided to cooperate, huh?

I think you ought to come down
and see him yourself.

- You tell His Honor I'm on my way.

- Okay.

And, Howard, start rounding up a posse.

- I'd like to be on the flats by sunup.

- Right.

What's this about a posse?

Nothing to worry about, Mary.

Not now, anyway.

Jim.

- Be careful, will you?

- I'll be back.

Maybe then I'll take you to dinner.

Jim! Jim Boy, come on!

Come on!

Come on, Jim, this is for you.

Come on, this is it for you, Jim Boy.

Folks, this is a great day for our town.

Today we're gonna

pay our respects to a man

who has devoted 20 years of his life

to make this a safe

and decent place to live in.

You know, when Marshal James Flagg

came to our fair city,

it was untamed, lawless, frontier town.

But with honesty,

resolution and dedication,

regardless of personal danger,

James Flagg has tamed this town

and made it the prospering community

we all enjoy today!

And so it's come time for us

to pay the debt
we all owe to this courageous man
and to show our appreciation
for a job well done.
Jim Boy, in appreciation
for long and outstanding service,
we present you with this gift.
Well, open it, Jim Boy, open it.
Read the card, Jim, read the card.
"To James Flagg, Marshal emeritus."
Yes, that's the sentiment
we're gonna inscribe on it later.
I didn't have time today.
And, folks, with the watch
goes a full pension for life!
Carefree days of whittling and fishing.
And each year henceforth,
this day shall be known as Flagg Day!
Now we all know
that it's gonna be mighty difficult
to fill Marshal Flagg's boots,
but there is a man among us
who's gonna give it a first-rate try.
Howard Boyle has youth! He has integrity.
He's bold, ambitious and he's honest.
And he will give us the kind
of law enforcement that we all need.
I give you Howard Boyle.
"It's a... It's a great honor to..."
Louder, louder.
"It's a great honor
"to be chosen marshal of this fine city.
"I shall endeavor to carry out the duties
"and responsibilities of my new office
"in the fine tradition of my predecessor.
"With the..."
- Aid.
- "...aid and support
"of our great mayor and all of you,
"I feel confident of the continued growth
"and prosperity of our great city."
Thank you.
Howard, thank you.
And now, by way of celebrating,

the town treasury,
with a little persuading from me,
has decided to foot the bill at Polly's.
Drinks on the house.
A lawman's lost when he has no star
And when you're licked
people know you are
They give him a watch and with that gem
In a minute flat he's just a bust
'Cause he's just like one of them
It's tough to hear
that you're all washed up
But he drinks the dregs of that bitter cup
He says, "You fool, keep cool, keep cool"
Then a door that's monogrammed
with his name is fiercely slammed
And then he thinks
"Well, I'll be damned"
Marshal Flagg
Marshal Flagg
Beneath his shirt his shoulders sag
Where to go, he doesn't know
No future for Marshal Flagg
No future for Marshal Flagg
No, thank you.
I still don't figure what you're gonna do.
You can't take them all on.
You aiming to get McKay first?
Don't know why you're even bothering.
Let McKay pull it off.
Teach that rotten town a lesson.
It's not the town's fault, Grundy.
They thought they were honoring me.
Honor!
Hell, they don't even know
the meaning of the word.
Why, probably not more than a dozen
even recollect
what a hellhole that place was
before you pinned on your badge.
Well, it's too late to
do anything about it now. It's done.
I got McKay to think about.
- I'll get my gun.

- Oh no, you're not coming.

- Why not?

- It's not your job.

Well, it ain't yours no more either,
damn it!

- They fired you!

- Thanks for the hospitality, Grundy.

You got a nice warm place in there.

You ought to try it sometime.

You go getting killed,

don't come running back here.

Damn fool.

Damn fool!

Beats me.

- It's open.

- When the hell are we gonna move?

- Cards.

- Two.

Waco knows what he's doing.

- Found out about the shipment, didn't he?

- Besides, today's Friday.

The money don't come in till tomorrow,
so what's the hurry?

The hurry is

I get jumpy just sitting around.

Jumpy?

What the hell's to get jumpy
about this job?

Town full of hicks, it'll be a pushover.

Yeah, if there ain't any Pinkerton men.

For that kind of money,

a man's gotta figure on some risk.

Risks or no risk, it sure beats the hell
out of busting your back for \$3 a day.

- Cards.

- Two.

Three.

It's your bet.

By me.

Your bet.

I swear one day I'm gonna stuff my boot
right down that old man's mouth.

I don't know why we drug him along
in the first place.

He's supposed to know this country.
He had a... Had a gang once
that operated in these parts.
Hard to imagine, ain't it?
Him leading a gang.
Call.
That and that better.
Up.
Turn around.
- You know him?
- Yeah, I know him.
Name is Flagg. James Flagg. US Marshal.
Marshal? That old man?
Flagg?
McKay?
Get them saddled.
You spook them horses?
- I asked you a question, mister.
- He spooked them.
Sneaked up on McKay, I hit him.
- What do you want this old buzzard for?
- He says he's a marshal.
- He sure don't look like no marshal to me.
- This is James Flagg.
Now who the hell is James Flagg?
Who the hell is James Flagg?
He's the toughest marshal
this side of the Mississippi.
Oh, yeah?
- What town you toughest marshal of?
- Purgatory.
He's the marshal of Purgatory
down along the Forks River.
You're a little outside of your territory,
ain't you?
Purgatory's more than
You sure this isn't
another one of your wild stories?
If you're a marshal, let's see your badge.
I don't see no badge.
I lost it.
Well, the famous marshal lost his badge.
He's a marshal like you're Calamity Jane.
Mount them up, Deuce.

We're heading for Progress.
What are we gonna do with him?
Shoot him.
Can't go cold-blooded
killing a man like that.
Well, then stay here and hold his hand.
Pick you up Saturday.
Better anyhow.
That way you'll be out of my hair.
Now wait a minute, Waco!
Now, listen, McKay,
you're here on a free ride and you know it.
You're hanging on by your teeth.
Now, you want to come, you put a bullet
in your marshal friend, here.
If not, you stay here and hold his hand.
Either way, it don't matter to me.
If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes,
I never would've believed it.
Now, don't you get any fool notions.
This is still my gang.
- Waco works for me.
- Oh, yeah, sure.
I never figured I'd see the day that
John McKay was rawhided by a green kid.
Rawhided? Look who's been rawhided!
You walk in here, broad as daylight,
you take three steps
and you get your scalp parted.
You put that cannon away,
and I'll show you whose scalp gets parted.
Oh, no.
I leave fool stunts like that to marshals.
- Why, you flabby...
- Don't give me an excuse to use this.
All these years and you still get riled up
just thinking about it.
I get riled up when I think about a man
breaking his word.
- Never gave you my word.
- The hell you didn't!
Oh, the hell I did!
You told me
that you wouldn't pull anything

and the minute I turned around
you damn near knocked my head off!
What'd you expect me to do?
Let you take me in
and spend 20 years in jail?
I expected you to keep your word.
I promised. I never gave you my word.
Well, what the hell is the difference?
One's a promise, the other's my word!
That's the difference.
Oh, no.
Sun never set on the day that Big John
broke his word to a friend or an enemy.
What was that business
about me being Marshal of Purgatory?
Waco would've shot you right on the spot
if he knew
you were the Marshal of Progress.
- What's that to you?
- Nothing.
I just don't go for unnecessary killing.
I still can't get over it.
All these years and you're still hunting me.
I was hunting jackrabbits, not you.
Matter of fact,
I forgot about you years ago.
I heard you got killed
down along the Red River.
Red River.
That job would've made
the James gang look like city boys.
Three express cars!
More gold than in a dozen banks.
- And more Pinkerton men, too.
- Still don't know how I made it.
I did get two slugs. Right there.
Guess the bullet with Big John's
name on it just ain't been fired yet.
You damned idiot! I'd have hit him!
Get him. Come on, boy.
Damn fool.
Carmel, you grow more beautiful
every year.
Thank you.

To you.

I do feel wicked imbibing before sundown.

Well...

Voil!

Sundown.

Oh, Mayor Wilker.

You know, Mayor Wilker is so... So formal.

My... My Christian name is Randolph.

- Randolph?

- Yes, but to you it's Randy.

- Now, Randolph...

- No, Randy.

Randy, we must remember I'm a Mrs.

I, my dear, am a mister.

- Please! If my husband knew, why...

- Never fear.

Your husband is aware
only of engines, valves, gasoline.

- It's true, I'm afraid.

- Yes.

Every weekend he's out and about
in his automobile,
while you, in the bloom of your youth
and beauty, are left alone,
unattended, like an unplucked rose!

- Yes.

- Wasting away.

- Yes. Yes!

- A victim of internal combustion.

That's why
we belong together, Carmel, dear.

You, a Ionely woman.

I, a Ionely public servant.

Both of us love-starved victims
on the altar of progress.

Are you Ionely?

Lonely?

Carmel, dear.

When I sit at my desk,
pondering the awesome
responsibilities of my office,
I'm probably
the Ioneliest man in the world.

- You poor man.

- Yes.

So your mayor needs assistance, devotion,
and patriotic support.

You are patriotic, aren't you?

I'm a member of the DGW.

The what?

Daughters of George Washington.

We're more patriotic than anybody.

Well, that's what I'm gonna appeal to,
your patriotism.

There.

There.

You see, what I need... What I need
is the warmth of my constituents.

- Yes, the warmth.

- Their affection.

Yes, their affection.

Their spiritual sustenance.

Yes, their spiritual substance.

Yes, my dear, substance.

Mayor.

Randolph.

- Randy!

- Mayor?

Yes? Flagg!

Well, it's nice to see you, Mrs. Flannahan.

We'll discuss your suggestion
at the next council meeting.

Have you gone crazy?

- Mayor, this is...

- Don't you know what doors are for?

- Mayor...

- Don't you know how to knock?

- But...

- Are you totally out of your mind?

Will you listen to me?

It'll take a \$10 bottle of perfume
to smooth this over.

- Mayor, this is Big John McKay.

- I want to get to the Emporium.

Didn't you hear me, Mayor?

This is John McKay.

- Fella I was telling you about.

- Yes, yes.

Of course, we'll discuss it later.
- But his gang is in town right now.
- Right you are, Jim Boy.
But, Mayor, the bank! Tomorrow's train.
The money!
Look, Jim Boy, you're retired.
Now you don't have to
think about those things.
Now, just go home, relax, go fishing.
- Boyle can handle these things.
- These men will eat Boyle alive!
Come on now, Jim, don't exaggerate.
Now, Jim Boy, you know
my office is always open to you,
but next time knock a little.
You know what I mean?
You scare the hell out of a man,
barging in like that.
And both of you, take a bath,
you're a sight!
Listen, Jim Boy,
could you stop at the Emporium and...
You buy your own damn perfume!
Right you are, right you are, Jim Boy.
Retired? Jim Boy! Jim Boy's been retired.
What'd they do, throw you out
for some fancy-pants young dandy?
- Come on, move.
- So that's it, ain't it?
After all those years,
they give you a gold watch
and a pat on the back
and a kick in the ass, didn't they?
They say there's no honor among thieves.
Look.
What's happened makes no difference
as far as you're concerned.
You're my job, badge or no badge.
Now mount up.
Come tomorrow, I'm gonna
take you over to the county seat
and turn you over to the US Marshal.
Where to now?
You go back up on your mountain

and try to stay out of trouble.

- Yeah, but, Jim, you...

- Will you do like I said, Grundy?

Damn fool!

Just like you said, Waco,
train's due at 9:00 tomorrow morning.

You seen that new bank yet?

It's gonna take a ton of dynamite
to blow it.

That's why we ain't gonna try.

- I thought you told me the plan was...

- Plan's been changed.

We'll make our move at the depot when
they unload the money from the train.
And we hit them from all sides at once.
You two spread the word.

We'll meet at the depot in the morning.

Tell the boys
to stay out of trouble tonight.

Tuber.

One schooner. Hi.

That'd warm a man's bed on a cold night.

This thing is over,

I think I'll get me one just like her.

Why wait?

How about a drink, honey?

I don't drink with customers.

Deuce!

Waco don't want no trouble tonight.

Here we are.

- Here, let me help.

- Oh, that's all right.

Well, I'm pleased to know
there's one gentleman here, anyway.

James, are those really necessary?

- Yes, they are really necessary.

- Thank you anyway, ma'am.

It's all right.

- That's delicious.

- Really?

- As good as Mrs. McKay's?

- Mrs. McKay's?

You really believe there's a woman
fool enough to get hitched up

with the likes of that one?

James Flagg,

I'll ask you to mind your manners.

You may have your reasons

for behaving like this,

but as long as Mr. McKay

is a guest in my home,

I want him treated courteously.

Courteously?

- That thieving, low-down...

- James!

I'm sorry, Mr. McKay.

It just seems that some folks have
never really learned proper manners.

Thank you, ma'am. But I've...

I've learned to make allowances.

Well if there's anything else you'd like,
just call.

- Good night, ma'am. And thank you again.

- You're welcome.

Jim Boy, the sugar.

I'll take just a smidgen.

- Jim Boy?

- I'm a guest.

Just a smidgen.

Thank you.

- Mrs. McKay. That'll be the day.

- There was.

- Was what?

- A Mrs. McKay.

I don't believe it.

When could you've gotten married?

After the Red River job.

I was shot up pretty bad.

So I went up to Canada for a spell.

There was this woman...

So?

Forget it.

Well, who was she?

A Quaker gal.

You have got to be

the world's biggest liar.

Are you telling this straight?

A real fire and brimstone Quaker?

Well, if you're not lying,
how come you're not up there in Canada
with your wife?
She died.
The fever. Two days, it was all over.
Everything.
Any young'uns?
One. A boy.
It's been five years since I seen him.
- Who's taking care of him?
- His ma's kin.
Five years, that makes him almost 11.
How about you, did you ever get hitched?
Nope.
Never did.
- Billy, what are you doing up this late?
- I heard you talking.
It's you, Mr. McKay.
Beats me how you'd even know
who it is anymore.
Gosh, Mr. McKay,
I knew it was you the minute I saw you.
Jim's told me all about you.
Why, he says you're the most famous
train robber in the whole world.
Did you come to rob a train, Mr. McKay?
Don't you think you'd better
get back to bed, Billy?
Jim, do I have to?
Your ma catches you down here,
she's gonna tan all our hides. Now get.
Hey, Billy.
I'd consider it a favor
if you'd sell this poster to me.
Oh, no, sir.
Jim gave it to me for my scrapbook.
I could never sell it, not for anything.
I understand.
But here.
What ever happened to the rest of them,
the ones that didn't go to Red River?
They're gone. They're all gone.
Smiley was hung,
over Tulsa way a few years back.

Jessup was killed by
the Pinkertons on the Union Pacific.
Blanchard was shot
in a stud game over in Tombstone.
Doc Samuels put a bullet in his own head.
They're all gone.
- What about your bunch?
- The same. They're all dead.
Owens. Blake. Kincaid. Haggarty.
Even old Dawson.
Marshal Abilene?
Eyes got so bad
he couldn't hit a six-foot fence.
They still bushwhacked him.
Shot him in the back,
at night from an alley.
Back-shooting, bushwhacking...
That's all the young ones know nowadays.
They got no pride, they got no honor.
Just ain't no fun anymore.
You got a privy out back?
What do you mean, out back?
The name of this town is Progress.
We got one right here in the house.
- In the house?
- Yeah.
Right there under the stairs.
You gonna hold my hand?
Well, I'll be damned!
Grundy.
Well now, time sure ain't been
no enemy of yours.
- You look fine, Polly.
- Thanks.
Now what brings you to town?
Oh, I just figured I'd pay a visit,
see how civilization's coming along.
Ain't too encouraging.
Ralph, a glass of our worst for my friend.
You tired, boy?
Store-bought whiskey! Ain't got no kick.
She ain't too good to drink
with an old mule skinner.
Guess whatever women want,

you ain't got.
Yeah?
Watch.
Hey, I thought you didn't drink
with the customers.
That's right.
Well, what do you call this old rummy?
- Rummy?
- He's a friend.
Well, that's all I wanna be, honey.
Just a friend.
Why, you...
You just made a bad mistake, old man.
Don't. Drop it! Drop it!
You're a pushy one, ain't you?
Well, you're still young,
maybe you'll learn.
Thanks for the drink, Polly.
Old man!
Grundy!
Oh, Grundy.
Well, somebody get a doctor, hurry!
Polly, get me to Flagg.
It was a fair fight.
Fair fight?
He didn't have a chance.
Now it's your turn, mister!
- Polly, put the gun down.
- No!
I'll take that gun.
Come get it.
Thanks.
Anytime, Marshal.
I believe in law and order.
Come on, I'll help you get him to the jail.
There was a razor.
Oh, the hell with them.
Jim! Grundy!
Grundy, for the love of...
They're all over town.
I thought I told you to stay out of trouble.
I could have took him, Jim,
if he'd fought fair.
I could have took him.

Jim, I...

Jim, you're out-gunned.

There's nothing you can do about it,
short of taking on a dozen men
and getting yourself blasted
all the way to hell.

You got any bright ideas?

Going fishing sure does take
the miseries out of a man.

Gonna have to fix that, one of these days.

Once every fall

for 10 years you've said that.

Yeah, I guess.

It's cold.

- Let's go on inside, huh?

- I'll be along.

You'll just catch your death
standing out here.

I'll be along, Mary.

Jim, I know what's going
through your mind.

But please, don't do anything foolish.

He was my friend, Mary.

- He died doing my job.

- I know.

But there are too many of them.

You'll just get yourself killed, too.

Maybe it should have happened
a long time ago.

Men like me and McKay in there,
we've outlived our usefulness.

Why, that is just nonsense.

Why, you're as needed now
as you ever were.

Yeah, that's why the town gave me
that nice, shiny new watch yesterday.

Oh, I'm not just talking about the town.

You're needed here.

I mean, Billy needs you.

You're the only father he's ever known.

And I need you, too.

- Randy?

- Yeah.

You're not gonna desert me, are you?

Not after last night.
My dear, sweet Carmel,
you know, nothing on Earth could
provide me with more pleasure
than spending the entire day with you.
Lolling idly,
partaking of your bountiful fruits.
But consider this.
Would our love be as magnificent
if it flourished
at the expense of Progress' progress?
Could any man ask for more than you?
My sweet, I think not.
You're so handsome.
I wanna tell the whole wide world
how wonderful you are.
Oh, no!
I mean, don't think I don't appreciate
your gesture, my flower,
but I don't need anyone
to blow my trumpet for me.
Besides, I think it would prove prudent
if our mutual respect
remains a private affair.
Oh, by the way.
Your husband,
what time was he expected to return?
Mayor! Mayor! Hey, Mayor!
- We wanna see the killer.
- Yeah, can we go to the jail and see him?
Wait a minute. What...
What's all this killer talk?
We don't have any killer in jail.
The heck there ain't! You know he's there.
The one that shot the old man.
- Grundy, that's his name. Grundy.
- Yeah, that's the one.
We want to see the killer
that shot Grundy.
Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, boys.
I'll go over and talk to Marshal Boyle.
If he says it's all right,
then we can take a quick look.
I'll be right back.

We want to see him, Mayor!
Or we ain't gonna vote for you!
Little bastards.
Howard!
Howard. Howard.
- Good morning, Turk.
- Well, morning, Mayor.
- The Express on time?
- Last I heard.
Say, Turk, you notice
anything funny going on?
No. No.
- Heard from your wife, Mayor?
- Wife?
Think she's enjoying herself
back in St. Louis?
Yes. Yes, fine. Just fine.
Course I haven't heard
when she's coming back.
See you around, Sam.
You done real good.
Now just sit back and relax.
Mary! Mary.
- Mayor Wilker.
- Yes. Where's Jim?
- Oh, right in there.
- Thank you.
Jim Boy, we're in trouble.
We are in big trouble. Good morning.
What's he doing here?
Well, what the hell
did you expect me to do?
You wouldn't let me lock him up.
Oh, you're right. You're right.
I was a fool not to listen,
a thickeheaded fool.
But look that... That's water over the dam.
We can't cry over spilled milk.
Now look, the real problem is,
what are we gonna do now?
They're all over town.
There's one holding a gun
on Turk down at the depot.
- What about your boy, Howard?

- He's gone! Disappeared!
Do they suspect
that you're onto them yet?
Yes, I think... No, I don't think so, no.
Listen, Jim,
we've got to think of something!
- They're gonna rob the bank!
- Oh, no.
I don't think we have
to worry about the bank.
What are you saying?
The way I figure, if they're bright,
they'll have that money
long before it gets to the bank.
Brilliant. Jim Boy, that's brilliant!
Of course, they'll steal
the money en route. Of course.
- Well, how does knowing that help us?
- It doesn't.
Well, we just can't let them
steal the money.
There's an election
coming up in two weeks.
We'll pass out guns, arm the men.
And start a war? You think those people
are gonna re-elect you
if half the town is massacred?
You're right, Jim Boy, you're right.
This is gonna take something special.
Say, why don't you go up on the roof
and pick off a few?
That's something special all right.
That's special enough
to get Flagg's head blown off.
- You shut up, McKay.
- Wait a minute, now, Jim Boy.
Maybe Mr. McKay here
has something constructive to contribute.
There's only one plan
and it's as plain as the nose on your face.
You can't stop them from getting
the money once the train gets into town.
And since they're covering the telegraph,
you can't stop the train

from coming into town.

What you gotta do is stop the train
from stopping in town!

- What? Stop the train from stopping?

- The train just steams right on through.

Fellas down at the depot
would be looking mighty foolish.

But the train will stop, it always does!

Not if somebody boards it
and tells them not to.

A tremendous idea.

That is bold, that is inventive,
it is audacious.

It's worthy of your reputation, Mr. McKay.

I am impressed!

- Well...

- Well, that's the plan, Jim Boy.

We ride out of town, board the train,
just roar right on through.

- What do you mean we?

- Well, of course I'm coming.

You don't think I'd let an opportunity
like this slip by, do you?

I mean, have you any idea
what this can do for my career?

Oh, I can see it now.

Crisscrossing the country,
delivering lectures on law and order.

The need for positive action!

Civic responsibility!

Yes, I could write a book.

I could write a weekly column
syndicated all over the country.

The world.

You know, I could be governor.

Maybe even president.

President Randolph Wilker.

Oh boy, there'd be no stopping me.

- Mr. President.

- Yes?

I should mention something
kind of important.

- Please, go ahead.

- If you're gonna pull this off,

you're gonna have to board a train
at a dead run, and if you ain't careful...

- Dead run, that means while it's moving?

- While it's moving.

If you ain't careful,
you could wind up like Dusty Boggs.

- Dusty Boggs?

- He boarded a train once.

- Oh, what happened to him?

- I don't know.

All we found was a grease slick
along the cinder bed.

You make an excellent point, Mr. McKay.

Yes, I should be more prudent.

I have a whole town to worry about.

If this was for my own safety,

there'd be no hesitation,

but I do have a public trust.

Country's just lost a president.

Tell you what you do, Mr. Mayor.

You go downtown, circulate around,

let yourself be seen,

and just don't let on

that you suspect anything.

- Right, Jim Boy. What are you gonna do?

- Board the train.

- Alone?

- Alone.

Well, what about McKay here?

Why can't he go along?

- Because he's one of them, that's why!

- Not anymore, he's not.

Isn't that right, Mr. McKay?

Yes, ma'am.

As of that old man, Grundy,

I ain't got no ties.

Like I said,

I don't go for unnecessary killing.

Then you'll go together.

There. Now shake.

- Do I have your word this time?

- You got it.

They're partners now in a frantic chase

Determined looks are upon each face

They ride through the trails
of the Ionesome hills
And you know these men are real men
Real men with iron wills
There's just one thought
running through each brain
They won't give up
till they catch that train
They work and sweat to pay a debt
To a most ungrateful town
They said that Flagg's a clown
The folks who let the marshal down
Jump!
Come on, you can make it!
Come on.
Guess I'm a bit rusty.
- Throw up your hands!
- Reach for the sky.
- We got you covered.
- Relax, fellas.
My name is James Flagg,
I'm the Marshal of Progress.
Marshal, huh? Let's see your badge.
I don't happen to have it
with me right now.
I know you. You're Big John McKay.
I was on the Missouri-St. Paul in '88
when you and your outlaw gang
robbed us of \$18,000.
Now, there is gonna be a train robbery.
But we're not the ones
that are gonna pull it off.
You bet your boots you ain't!
One move and I'll splatter you
all over the rear of this car.
Lock them up, Bump.
We'll be in Progress before long
and then we can turn these two varmints
over to the real marshal.
- Where'll I put them, Tick?
- Put them in the privy.
- It's a good place for their kind.
- All right, come on, move!
Move!

Just keep calm, folks.
Everything's well in hand.
Inside.
Imagine him remembering me
after all these years.
Bumper, you stay and guard them,
and watch them like a hawk.
Yes, sir. Don't worry none about me.
Marshal! Marshal Boyle!
- Is Marshal Boyle here?
- You got eyes, ain't you?
You're the hooligan that killed
that old man last night, aren't you?
What of it?
Well, hanging is too good
for the likes of you.
If I were a man, I'd take you out
and give you a good thrashing.
Weren't for that dress, I'd think
you were a man, you ugly old wart.
Wart!
Ugly!
Ugly old wart!
Good citizen was just here asking for you.
Just figured you'd like to know
you haven't been forgot.
This damned thing
is smaller than I remember.
Bridge! Bridge! Bridge! Bridge.
- Morning.
- Morning.
I got the skinny one, Tick.
Come on, we'll head them off up front.
- You hit?
- Hit, hell! I just slipped. Come on, let's go.
Relax, folks, nothing to worry about.
We got them, Bump.
Flooded.
Harry, the train.
Doris, we are here. The depot is there.
Trains stop at depots.
Harry. Harry.
It doesn't seem to be slowing down.
- Are you sure, Harry?

- Doris, please.
Harry, it didn't stop.
Everybody! Hey! Stop, stop! Stop!
Everybody! Up in arms!
Up in arms, everybody!
They're gonna rob the train.
Follow that train.
- Everybody!
- Tallyho!
Three no trump.
That's it, boys, we're gaining on them.
Four of hearts.
They're the bad guys, not us,
and they're gaining on us!
Now what can we do?
Look, get me down! Get me down!
Hey, what the hell's he doing?
Double.
They're gonna attack us.
Damn it, I quit!
Beats the hell out of me.
Jump!
Redouble.
Hey, dynamite! Dynamite!
Let's get out of here!
Come on,
the honor of Progress is at stake.
Come on, men, come on.
Forward!
Stop!
I think he's trying to tell us something.
Stop! The bridge is out!
That's what he's trying to tell us!
Pull!
She's running wild! Jump!
Hell of a way to run a railroad.
Get that money out of there!
Hurry it up! We ain't got all day!
See them?
Maybe we ought to get out of...
Should we join them?
Let's get the hell out of here!
Waco!
You sure got style, McKay.

I'll say that much for you.

- I thought I could beat him.

- You beat him.

Jim! Jim Boy, you did it!

And you, Mr. McKay.

I have never witnessed a more splendid example of audacity and valor.

This story will be told and re-told around campfires

by men who still admire courage and...

And daring and...

- Yes, sir?

- Pardon me.

I'm Dave Cargo of the New Mexico Press.

How do you do, sir?

Is there any truth to the rumor that you're thinking of running for governor? Governor?

Well, I must say I never even thought about state office.

The responsibilities of mayor are awesome enough, but governor?

One can't be selfish,

I mean, if the country needs...

I mean, the state needs me I...

I've never been one to say no to anyone in need.

For example, now you...

You take Progress...

Excuse me.

You take Progress, for example.

Now, I came here...

You know something?

I do believe one day that man could be president.

Yeah, he's amazing, there's no getting around it.

That's the real 20th century man.

Hey, that was quite a show you guys put on.

Hey, look, Jim, I don't pretend to be half the man you are.

I doubt if I ever will be.

I... I'd appreciate it

if you'd take the badge back.
No, you can keep the badge, Howard.
I'm a retired man.
- Yeah, but the town needs you.
- Not anymore.
No, you'll do just fine, Howard.
- Just one thing.
- What's that?
You have to learn to tell
the good guys from the bad guys.
Catch that horse, McKay.
Well, Flagg... What the hell are you doing?
- I'm taking you in, McKay.
- Taking me in?
I didn't promise,
and I didn't give you my word.
The sun never set on the day
that James Flagg broke his word
to friend or enemy.
Now wait just a damn minute!
When you get out of jail you can take
that boy of yours fishing.
He'll be an old man
by the time I get out of jail!
Oh, I doubt that.
Not after the way you helped out today.
Come on, let's go.
Flagg, you ain't even a marshal.
Now you know damn well
the first time you turn your back
I'm gonna clout you
over the head and run off.
A man is young then a man grows old
Flagg!
His blood's still warm
but his heart grows cold
Flagg!
He knows he's still the man he was
And the folks are proud of everything
Everything the old man does
Damn you, Flagg, listen to me!
Marshal Flagg, Marshal Flagg
He doesn't boast and he doesn't brag
Now younger folks

Aren't making jokes

They're cheering for Marshal Flagg

Yes, they're cheering for Marshal Flagg

Cheering for Marshal Flagg