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High Plains Drifter

By Ernest Tidyman

Let's go, Buster.
Beer.
And a bottle.
Ain't much good.
It's all there is.
Will you want anything else?
Just a peaceful hour
to drink it in.
Flea-bitten range bums
don't usually stop in Lago.
Life here's a little too quick for 'em.
Maybe you think you're fast enough
to keep up with us, huh?
A lot faster than you'll ever live to be.
Yes, sir?
A shave and a hot bath?
That'll be 90 cents.
Cash.
What I mean to say is that
the 90 cents usually comes first...
but, hell, it don't really matter.
Before or after,
what's the diff?
Eau de lilacs only ten cents more.
Lilac water.
The ladies love it.
Shall we make it
an even dollar? No.
Right you are, gentlemen.
Be right with you.
Just have a chair.
You don't like our company?
What's the matter with you?
I'm speakin to you, pig shit.
I think he's got
some of that pig shit in his ear.
I don't know which smells worse,
him or the shit in the bottle.
What did you say
your name was again?
I didn't.
No. I guess you didn't
at that, did you?
Why don't you watch where you're going?

Look at this. It's ruined.
There's no need for all that.
All what?
If you want to get acquainted,
why don't you just say so?
Acquainted?
Well, you'd be amusing
if you weren't so pathetic!
Just a minute.
I'm not finished with you yet.
At a distance,
you'd almost pass for a man.
But you're certainly
a disappointment up close, aren't you?
To your feet, maam.
They're almost as big as your mouth.
You know what you are?
Just trash.
A bottle of whiskey for courage
and the manners of a goat.
You're the one who could use
a lesson in manners.
Not from you, whiskey breath.
Let go of me.
Let go!
Let go of me!
Let go of me!
Put me down!
What are you doing?
What are you doing?
My horse.
A room.
Would you like to register,
please, sir?
Somebody, please help me.
Help me!
Damn you all to hell!
- Good morning. Sleep well?
- Yeah.
Say, are you planning to stay,
keep your room another night?
- I'll let you know.
- All right. Anything you say.
'Mornin.

- I've still got a bath coming.
- Hot bath comin right up. Yes, sir.
Put some more hot water in that tub.
This gentleman wants a bath.
You can hang your clothes
right down there on the peg.
- Miss Peekins does a nice- I'm sorry.
- Right this way, captain, sir.
Unlesn you want Mordecai
to take eem out while you're soakin...
Miss Peekins does
a right clean boiled wash.
Uses lye for pants rabbits,
she does. No itch, no scratch.
Pour the water, Mordecai,
before it gets cold.
We want the gentleman
to be comfortable.
I've been wantin to talk to you.
I might as well
get this stool here...
and set right down
and do it, huh?
If that's all right
with you, huh?
What it's about is Billy Borders.
Dont know the man.
You missed your chance,
cause you shot him yesterday.
Him and Ike Sharp
and Fred Morris.
You know, those is just the names
in case you're interested.
Well, I'm not really interested,
Sheriff.
I can't say I blame you.
Billy, he wasn't a loved man, no.
He didn't have much personality.
What he did have was all bad, just bad.
What you're tryin to say is
there's no charge, right?
Forgive and forget.
That's our motto.
You dirty bastard!

I'll kill you!
Damn it, Callie!
- Callie, damn it!
- Let go of me, you fat lug!
Stop- Ouch!
Tell him I'd appreciate it...
if he doesn't leave town
until I talk to him.
Goddamn it!
I'll kill you!
I wonder why it took her
so long to get mad?
Because maybe you didn't
go back for more.
It don't seem to me
that we got a choice.
Seein' we got no time
to send for help...
and further seein' that
our sheriff's about as much use...
as tits on a boar.
Sorry I'm late.
Anything happen?
No, no.
His Honour's had the floor.
In case you hadn't heard, Stacey Bridges
and the Carlin brothers...
- are due to get out of jail today.
- They comin' here?
That's their plan according to reports.
No reason to believe they've changed it.
Possibly they've repented
their ways.
Preacher, they're gonna burn this town
to the ground, and you know it.
What we're talking about now
is a way to stop them.
We've got to find
that way now, and quick.
Nevertheless, my conscience
will not allow me to be a party...
to the hiring
of a professional gunfighter.
Maybe you'd like to go out there

and stand them off yourself, Preacher.
I'm just a simple man of God.
It's time we unsimplified you,
Reverend.
Borders, Morris and Short
were professional gunfighters...
on the payroll
of the Lago Mining Company...
to protect our interests
and the interests of this town...
which are identical.
They stood around drinking beer
and looking snotty for a full year.
Then one day before we actually
needed the bastards...
they managed to get
themselves killed.
So if you've got a suggestion,
wedd be delighted to hear it.
Otherwise,
take your conscience elsewhere...
while we think
about saving your ass.
Land sakes!
Wheres time gone to?
Miss Peekins eldest
is feeling poorly. I promised-
if you gentlemen will excuse me?
Well, we were talkin'
about hirin' a gunfighter.
But we don't know anything
about that fella there.
We know he took the best we could find
to hire like Grant took Vicksburg.
Yeah, with a hidden gun in his lap.
Three for three.
One right between the eyes!
Goddamnedest shooting
I ever even heard of.
I still say
were asking for trouble!
What do we know about him?
Who is he? Where does he come from?
You've got our permission

to go and ask him.
Although, the last three that tried that
didn't fare all that well.
Let me out!
Damn you!
Let go of me, you fat slug!
Let go of me!
Get off me!
Hey, come here. What is this?
I was just down there
soundin' out that stranger...
- when she come in blastin' away like-
- All right, Sam.
You're gonna let him
get away with this?
- Be a little patient, will ya?
- Patient?
When a man's used
to having his own way...
you let him have it
until he goes too far.
Just what do you consider
goin too far?
Isn't forcible rape in broad daylight
a misdemeanour in this town?
Theres too much at stake
to throw away on hysterics now.
Hysterics?
I can remember some hysterics
one night not too long ago.
Callie, keep your mouth shut!
Morgan, get her out of here.
I'll see you later.
Not while that squinty-eyed
son of a bitch is still breathing!
You wonder if there's
a man left in this town!
I mean, one honest-to-God man
with a full set of balls!
Well...
why not?
'Cause I'm not a gunfighter.
Well, dont get fat
mixed up with stupid.

Besides, I have nothing
against these men.
Who'd you say they are?
Stacey Bridges and his cousins,
the Carlin boys.
They worked for the company.
What you call 'troubleshooters'.
Just like those three
you done in yesterday...
except when they was here before,
there was lots of trouble.
And they took care of it too...
except they got too damn big
for their britches.
Started pushin people around
and takin over the town...
- and we had to-
- Had to what?
We had to take them into custody,
thats what.
I clapped the old bracelets
on them myself.
Hey, you wont be wantin'
that slab of pie, will ya?
You know what happened, friend?
They stole a golden ingot
out of the mining office...
and they hid it under the floorboard
of the shack that they lived in.
Kind of careless of them, wasn't it?
Does a mining company usually leave
gold ingots lyin around like that?
That does seem a bit peculiar.
Matter of fact, Stacey kept bringing
that up at the trial all the time...
saying that he was
being railroaded.
Thats why theyrre mad at us.
- I'll tell you what you can do, Sheriff.
- What?
When those boys
come back to town...
you just clap the bracelets
right on em.

Me?

I might have forgot to mention...

they were all three

passed out at the time.

Look, I'm no lawman.

They just hung

this thing on me...

when that young Marshal Duncan

was killed.

You know he was whipped to death

right here in this street.

Bullwhipped.

Damnedest thing I ever saw.

Why would anybody want

to do a thing like that?

I don't know. It wasn't anybody

from this town anyhow.

How do you know?

This is a good town

and these are good people.

Look, friend, we sure would like it

if you'd help us with our problem.

Only problem you've got

is a short supply of guts.

You people don't need me.

Look.

Place a couple of good riflemen

on top of that building up there.

Maybe a couple more with shotguns

down behind grain bags over there.

A few more on this roof here.

A lookout up there in the tower.

Maybe a rifleman.

That should take care of it.

Well, what would it take

to see that through?

The ambush.

What would it cost us?

Sheriff, I don't know

if I really like this town that much.

This is a God-fearing town.

These are God-fearing people.

You like em, you save eem.

What if we offered you

anything you want?
Anything?
Unlimited credit.
That's what it means.
An open charge account
with no reckonin.
What His Honours
trying to say is...
you got yourself
a free hand in this town.
- Any damn thing I want, huh?
- Yeah. Go on. Help yourself.
Help yourself! Go ahead.
Its my pleasure.
Yes, sir.
Anything you want that's here...
as best as we can get it
foryou, we will.
Even if its
some little squaw or Mex...
to keep your bed warm at night.
Hey, you!
Keep your sticky fingers
off them blankets...
and keep them kids under control.
Goddamn savages.
And besides,
about handlin' that ambush...
everybody in town,
more or less, is at your orders.
Here you go.
- No, no.
- Tell him it's all right.
It's all right.
Anything I want, huh?
How's that feel?
Not bad. I'll take 'em.
All right, that's three pairs
of hand-stitched boots...
and a tooled belt
with silver buckle.
That'll be- five and two,
carry the nine-
that comes to exactly-

No charge.
Come on, now.
I'd like to get
all these people a drink.
Yes, sir. One round for the house.
There you are.
This gentleman here's
buying a round for the house.
No fair. I ordered one too.
Don't I get a glass of beer?
You get a glass of beer
right there. Coming up.
There we are.
Now, that's one round
for the house, sir. Anything else?
Get yourself something.
Thank you very kindly, sir.
I'll have a cigar.
And smoke it later.
Now, including the smoke,
that comes to about \$8.50.
There's no charge, Lutie.
You was at the meeting.
Anything he wants in this town, he gets.
- You voted on it.
- I didn't know that meant free whiskey.
Everybody's got to put
somethin' in the kitty. Right?
Right.
About time this town
had a new sheriff.
I'm the sheriff?
I'm the sheriff!
I'm sorry, Sam...
but you looked so comical
when he put your badge on the runt.
I'm not a runt anymore.
I'm the sheriff.
- And the mayor.
- And I'm the mayor.
- Any objections?
- No. No, that's fine.
I'm the mayor.
I'm the sheriff.

No more
Mordecai, bring the water.
Mordecai, take the laundry.
Clean up the mess.
Hot damn!
I'm gonna declare a holiday.
Hot damn!
Wait a minute.
I can't be a sheriff
if I don't have a gun.
Is this about the size gun
you're lookin' for?
No, that one. That'll do.
Whatever this gent wants,
he's to have.
Orders of Mr Drake and Mr Allen.
I want every man in the regiment
to have one of these nice rifles.
What regiment?
- The City of Lago Volunteers.
- Never heard of 'em.
You ought to. You're in it.
So are you, you
and all of you out there.
I want you all out in the street
in ten minutes for drill.
Well, that's that.
Bridges, you Carlin boys...
don't forget your tickets
back here to my little hotel.
And don't worry-
they ain't loaded.
What about our horses?
We had three good animals.
What do you think you've been eatin'
the last six months?
Damn him!
I didn't eat my own horse!
That slop he fed us wasn't our horses.
He just stole 'em and sold 'em!
- Shut up.
- That's what he done!
When we get to Lago,
you can have the mayor's horse.

Fried or barbecued.

Well, I guess we walk some.

Old Drake and Allen don't seem
to have remembered.

They'll remember.

One way or another,
they'll remember.

All right.

You dont want to get shot.

You don't want your shops
or houses burned.

You don't want your women touched.

You don't want anything to happen.

Except you're afraid
to do anything about it.

Or you don't know how.

Shit!

Fire!

I don't remember lending
my wagons to be shot up...
by those goddamned fools out there.
You're gonna look awfully silly
with that knife sticking up your ass.
Fire! Pull those triggers!

Come on!

You still here?

No, I was just goin'.

- Damn! Can you do that every time?

- Damn right he can.

We're not gonna have a thing
in the world to worry about.

This is gonna be a picnic!

All right, keep 'em after it, huh?

You men carpenters?

S, senior.

We do rough fixings.

Could you make some big tables
that a lot of people could sit?

- Like for a church picnic?

- Exactly.

Well, you could use sawhorses
and one-by-twelves.

Could you have them ready
for me by tomorrow morning?

- If we have the lumber.
- You'll have the lumber.
Come on with me.
- You really plannin' a picnic?
- Any objection?
No, just it's the damndest thing
I ever heard of.
- You havent heard the funny part.
- Whatss that?
You're furnishing
the beer and whiskey.
- Preacher.
- Good morning, Brother Belding.
- Mrs Lake was just asking about you.
- How is the dear old soul?
She's chipper as a jaybird.
I don't know how she does it.
She's got the strength
of her faith, Brother Belding.
Praise God.
The strength of her faith.
Too bad about your barn.
Termites?
There's nothing wrong with my barn.
It's sound as a dollar.
How come those two Mexs
is tearin' it down?
What?
What do you greasy bastards
think you're doing to my barn?
Exactly what I told 'em.
We're requisitioning
your barn, Belding.
Any objection?
You men can go back to work.
Would you mind tellin' me
what the hell''s goin on here?
You can help out too.
You want me to help you
tear down my barn?
Wait a minute.
Maybe he'd be better use
if he'd help us collect...
the few little items

were still missing.

Items? What items?

What for?

You got the list, Sheriff.

Read it to him.

We still need 35 bedsheets...

one barbecued steer...

and 200 gallons of red paint.

Red paint?

We're counting on you

for the bedsheets.

- Is there anything else?

- Yes, there is.

How long's it gonna take you

to get everybody out of your hotel?

- What?

- Everybody out.

- How long is it gonna take?

- I just can't-

I got eight people living in rooms

up there in my hotel.

Where are they gonna go?

Out.

You know better'n to walk

in a man's camp and-

What the hell is goin' on?

Well, Stacey, it looks like

we got three fresh horses.

Wait a while.

He's got him some snappy duds.

Faster!

Fire! Pull that trigger!

- Any improvement?

- Some.

Lew and I were thinking.

Maybe we were a little

hasty in our decision.

What do you mean?

Maybe we don't need any outside help

to solve our problem.

Hell, Dave, maybe we don't

even have a problem.

Every man that ever got sent up...

went away saying hed come back

and get even, right?
But can you actually remember anyone
ever comin' back and doin' anything?
I can't think of one.
Can you?
You want to get rid
of the gunfighter, is that it?
Dave, we've got to
before it's too late.
He's making a mock
of this whole town.
Making that little dwarf
the sheriff.
Kickin' my own people
out of my own hotel.
Got half of the women in town
sewing bedsheets together.
Got those Mexicans down there
building long picnic tables.
Lutie Naylor barbecuin'
a whole damn steer.
- Some kind of a picnic.
- Right here in our own town.
- Sounds pretty good to me.
- What do you mean?
It sounds like a good idea
bringin' everything out in the open.
This whole things
all for nothin'..
They're probably all three blind drunk
in some Nogales whorehouse.
Well, if they're dead drunk in Nogales,
we'll know in 24 hours.
Surely we can put up
with the man for one more day.
No. He's got this whole town
so people are turnin' on each other.
What's the matter, Morgan?
Anybody special turn on you?
- You want to spell that out, Drake?
- Spell it yourself.
I'm not gonna jeopardize
everything I've built here...
because some blond bitch in heat

threw you out of bed.
- Don't talk to me that way!
- I'll talk to you any way I like!
I'll say what I have to say
while I'm running this company.
Say it, but you could listen
once in a while yourself!
What's the matter? Not gettin'
your fair share of the profits?
It's not the profits.
This whole business
has gone sour...
since that deal with that
former marshal, Duncan.
We had no choice in that matter
and you know it.
The big mistake was hiring
that man Duncan in the first place.
You did that all by yourself.
Quiet! Shut up.
We can trust one another.
This whole town had a hand
in what happened.
Why do you think Bridges
and the Carlin brothers...
kept their mouths shut
all this time?
Same reason everybody else did
in this town.
One hangs, we all hang.
Now, you just grit your teeth
a little bit longer.
The gunfighter stays
till I say otherwise. You understand?
There it is, just like he said.
That strangers got everybody
turnin' on everybody.
Being put out
in the middle of the night!
That man!
Right here. Folks, put your bags
right here in the wagon.
All right, folks.
Just put your bags in the wagon.

- What's going on here?
- What the hell does it look like?
They're emptying my whole hotel.
Throwing out payin' guests,
right into the street...
just to make room
for our new guardian angel.
He likes to be by himself,
more or less.
You can see
who's runnin our town now.
He's sitting right over there,
Mr Belding.
if you don't like it...
why don't you just go over there
and tell him he can't?
Mordecai...
someday soon someones going to step
on your scrawny neck, you lizard.
When they do, you're going
to be nothing but-
See here...
you cant turn all these people
out into the night.
It is inhuman, brother.
Inhuman!
I'm not your brother.
We are all brothers
in the eyes of God.
All these people,
are they your sisters and brothers?
They most certainly are!
Then you won't mind
if they stay at your place, will ya?
All right, folks, lets go.
Put your bags here.
Friends, don't worry.
We shall find haven for you
in our own homes...
and it won't cost you one cent more
than regular hotel rates.
That's ridiculous.
- My room ready?
- Two connecting rooms.

The best in the hotel.
One for entertaining
your many new friends in town...
and one for sleeping...
if your conscience let's you sleep.
- I sleep just fine, maam.
- Is that so?
You care to see for yourself?
You tell Mrs Belding
there'll be two for supper.
I like chicken, fried.
And anything else?
Best bottle of wine in town.

Remember :

forever, you little-
Marshal.
Help me, please.
Help me.
- What are you doing?
- Let go! You've got to stop this!
Let go of me!
Damn you all to hell.
How did you get in here?
You had your chance
and you missed it.
You're hurting me.
What do you want?
Just a little pleasant
female company for supper.
- You know what you are?
- What?
- You're an animal.
- You have a way of bringing that out.
Thank you,
but I don't eat with dogs.
You might, if it's a dog
that runs the pack.
- Give me half an hour to get ready.
- You're ready right now.
I could be readier.
Half an hour.
You know, actually,
I eat like a bird.

I've got it!
I knew that old bastard Hobart
had it in a hole under the store.
- Look. But I got it.
- Yeah, all the way from France.
Stick a bent knife in that,
get the cork out.
Do you have any special request
for dessert?
No, I've already
taken care of that.
Can't fix that without a blacksmith
or a vet. Maybe both.
It'll be hell
findin' either one out here.
I'll tell you something, Stace.
I think weve been pushin' too hard.
Like as not, all three of these horses
could have come up lame.
I feel pretty lame myself, not being
on a horse 12 months in that damn jail.
Back off, Cole. Maybe we ought
to leave you and the horse here.
Now, Stace,
I didn't mean nothin'..
He can ride double with me
until we come across somebody.
- We'll all need fresh animals.
- All right! But quit cryin' about it.
I'll tell you what, though.
Soon as they find those bodies...
they're going to have
a huntin' party out for us.
And I want time to take one year
of my life out of Lago...
before we move on.
How long is that going
to take, you figure?
A life time...
for some of 'em.
You're out late, Mordecai.
Fornication and sins of the flesh.
That's what's going on under my roof
right now while I'm talking to you.

That stranger
has taken over my hotel...
and thrown good, honest,
decent folk out into the night.
Why didn't you stop him, Lewis?
You've got a gun.
Shut your fat mouth, Sam.
We're tired of giving you money
for doing an incompetent job.
- Don't you talk to me that way!
- Gentlemen!
Please! Look at us!
Sweet God,
look whats happening to us!
Right, it's just like
the preacher says.
That stranger's got everybody
at each other's throats.
He's set himself up like a king.
He's got you all snake-fascinated,
every damn one ofyou.
This crazy picnic.
Two hundred gallons of blood-red paint.
It couldn't be worse if the devil
himself had ridden into Lago.
Welcome to Lago,
you son of a bitch.
Get out of here!
God, what was that?
I'm sorry.
Morg!
Where are you going?
Morg? Take me with you!
You better take me with you!
Where are you going?
Dont leave me here!
He'll kill me!
Oh, no!
My beautiful hotel.
They promised me they wouldn't-
Ruined.
A total loss.
Didn't even touch my store.
I want you to watch that pilfering.

I hold you responsible, Sheriff.
I'm not your goddamn sheriff.
I'll need one, two-
two up there.
I'll need four boxes from you...
and shovels from you,
so these people can dig the holes.
Well, I thought perhaps we could-
- Right now!
- Yeah. All right, everyone.
Was you here?
Did you see anything?
Somebody left the door open
and the wrong dogs came home.
Get the shovel, will ya?
I hope you're not going to blame us
for Morgan Allenss stupidity...
because the rest of us here
have an agreement with you.
Right now I don't feel
too agreeable.
Well, maybe a little bonus will
make you a little more appreciative.
- How little?
- Five hundred a head.
Five hundred an ear?
Done, done.
\$3,000?
You promised
that son of a bitch \$3,000...
after what he did to my hotel?
Promisings one thing.
Payings another.
He may just catch a bullet.
You and Lewis
can grab shovels too.
I knew you were cruel,
but I didn't know how far you could go.
You still dont.
It doesn't matter to you.
I don't know where you're going
to sleep now. Bodies everywhere.
All the rooms are ruined
except for our room.

Wait. Wait a minute.

Oh, no!

Let go! Let go! Lewis!

Lewis, don't just stand there.

Let go of me!

Stop! Look, you don't need me.

Let go!

Let go of me!

- What are you going to do with those?

- Defend myself.

Against what?

It's no secret what you did
to Callie Travers.

- Did?

- The other day in the stable.

As I recall,
she enjoyed that quite a bit.

I promise you, I won't.

- You flatter yourself, lady.

- I flatter myself?

I'd love to oblige you, but a man's
got to get his rest sometime.

Oblige me?

But if you come back
in about a half hour...

I'll see what I can do,
all right?

Why, you low-down,
stinking, son of a-

Have you ever heard the name
Jim Duncan?

I've heard a lot of things. Why?

He was town marshal here.

He's lying out there
in an unmarked grave.

They say the dead don't rest
without a marker of some kind.

Do you believe that?

- What makes you think I care?

- I don't know.

He's the reason this town's
afraid of strangers.

I was going to warn you
about that. Pretty funny.

What's funny?
You ask me that
in a blown-up hotel...
with seven dead men
to your credit already?
I was just stopping by
for a bottle of whiskey...
and a nice hot bath.
All right. if you say so.
You don't believe me?
Mister, whatever you say
is fine with me.
Be careful.
You're a man who makes people afraid,
and that's dangerous.
It's what people know
about themselves inside...
that makes them afraid.
I don't know if we shouldn't
mark the grave somehow.
Sam?
I don't see any need.
Ain't likely anybody's
gonna cry over 'em anyhow.
You know what to do.
Yes, sir, captain.
All right.
Everybody grab a brush
and start in.
You mean, you want
the whole place painted?
- Everything.
- You can't possibly mean the church.
I mean especially the church.
All right. I'll paint
if you say we've got to...
but when we get done,
this place is gonna look like hell.
Hello, Lewis.
I want you to go to that meeting
with me, Sarah. It's very important.
No.
Not now, not ever.
They are still your neighbours!

Yes, they're my neighbours,
and they make me sick.

Hiding behind words
like faith, peace and trust.
Good words.

Damn good words.

- But we hid a murder behind them.
- Will you never understand, woman?

That wasn't anything
we wanted to do.

When Duncan found out the mine
was on government property...
it was just a technicality, really,
but he was determined to turn us in.
Wouldn't listen to reason.

Is that why?

- Is that really why it happened?
- Don't you see, Sarah?

They would have closed down
the mine.

Do you know what would've
happened to this town then?
It would've been the end
of everything we've worked on.

All of it, all of us.

And you too, wife.

Sometimes we have to do
what's necessary to do...
for the good of everybody.

- That's the price of progress.
- And what's the price of a human life?

Ask your good friends
if they know that.

Your damn conscience.

It's sure taken a hell of a while
to bother you.

I'm packing to leave, Lewis.

I won't be coming back.

That's Morg Allen,
or what's left of him.

Well, now, what's he doing
ridin' around like that?

He's come back to pay us back for some
jail time that was rightfully his...

only he don't know it yet.
Stacey, help me.
My arm. Help me.
Help me, Stacey.
I'm curious, Morg.
You helped them railroad us,
and then you've got the balls...
to come down here
and ask us for a favour?
Goddamn if I don't admire you.
Do something about my arm, Stacey.
I am doing something, Morg.
I'm sitting here watching you
bleed to death.
Things have changed in Lago.
You need me.
I gotta tell you about it.
From the looks
of your arm, Morg, looks like..
you've run your welcome out
in Lago, and ours too.
What me and the boys
want to know is how
we're gonna pick up 12 months back pay...
and everything else that's owed us?
- Stacey, for God's sake.
- No. For our sake.
You can help us,
and you can help yourself too.
Just give me the combination
to that big iron box in your office...
and me and the boys
will sneak in there...
real quiet like,
take what's ours...
bring you the rest,
or leave it there safe and sound.
First, of course,
we'll fix up your arm...
and set you over there
in the shade...
with a nice canteen
full of water.
You no-good,

worthless son of a bitch.
You're probably right about that.
Give me that combination, Morg.
I wouldn't give you the combination
to the gates of hell.
Dog!
Sure had a lot of blood
left in him, didn't he?
Two sticks of dynamite
will take care of that iron box anyway.
We don't need him.
- Dan, you hit?
- I don't know.
I don't think so.
Damn near tore my leg off!
- Who the hell is that?
- Must be Dave Drake.
What the hell did you hit?
- Keep shooting, damn it!
- He shot my ear off!
- Somebody up there playing games.
- He shot my ear off!
He could've shot your damn head off!
Now get down!
Dave, is that you?
Come on out!
We'll settle this.
Morg was almost dead anyway
from that arm!
I just put him out of his misery!
I'll kill you!
You son of a bitch,
I'll kill you!
Come down out of there, you bastard!
I'll cut your heart out!
Don't go up there.
There might be more dynamite.
I'll kill him,
whoever it was up there.
I'll kill every man in Lago!
The guests are on their way to the
party. Gather all the people together.
Right, captain!
All right, men, get that sign up!

Come on!
They're coming!
All right, everybody,
get a little move on!
I want you up in that tower.
First sign of dust, you ring the bell.
Are you sure
this is gonna be all right?
It's gonna be all right.
He's back! He's here!
It's time to get ready.
What's the matter with everybody?
Wait'll we gun 'em down.
All right, everybody,
I think were expected outside.
I just hope that shooter we hired
is feelin' up to snuff.
Don't worry. He'll be fine.
Let's go.
Senor, can we come to the fiesta?
No.
I want everybody
to have plenty of those.
Ain't it about time
we got out there, huh?
There's plenty of time.
But they'll be here
any damn minute.
I think Sams right. We ought to.
What about after?
What about after we do it?
What do we do then?
Then you live with it.
Where you gonna be?
Are you gonna take the first shot?
Are you gonna get
Stacey Bridges first?
Or maybe youre gonna get
all three by yourself?
- When are you gonna give the signal?
- I'm not.
You are.
You old people, move outta here!
Here they come!

Fire!
Fire! Fire!
Get 'em!
Don't shoot!
A party?
Welcome-home party, huh?
Well, here's to your party.
Give me another bottle.
Give me another bottle!
- Well, now the party's over.
- Let go of me!
Look what I found
in the bushes!
Stacey, it was always you.
That's why Morg Allen hated you.
He knew how much I loved you.
Yeah, I bet you just cried yourself
to sleep every night...
thinking about me
in that territorial prison.
But I did. I really did!
Yeah, well,
I can see it all now.
You lying there
in Morg Allens bed...
just a-cryin' and a-humpin'..
Oh, no!
Give me that bottle.
- Cole, go and get the horses ready.
- You got it, Stace.
You're going to take me
with you, aren't you?
I can do better than you
in a four-bit fancy house.
- You still here?
- Goddamn right I'm still here!
I wanna know who them sons of bitches
was that ambushed us.
That's what we're gonna
find out right now.
Who are you?
Don't hit me!
Don't hit me, please!
Come on, Stacey.

Let's get outta here.
Shut up!
Everybody out.
Everybody out!
- Out!
- Move!
Go on. Get out!
Hurry up in there. Move!
- Get in there.
- Hold it right there!
Dynamite!
Stacey, the goddamn horses
are gone!
Go on. Go on!
Help me.
Help me!
Who are you?
Who are you?
Im just about done here.
- I never did know your name.
- Yes, you do.
Take care.
Yes, sir, captain.