

(HORSE WHINNYING)

I hear him.

BILLY: Morning, Brigade.

I've been looking to find you, Billy.

I know. I've been seeing your dust
for three days.

I figured it better to let you
catch up and have it out and over.

The others? Where are they?

Oh, they went on ahead.

I told 'em I'd be along

after I buried you.

Get on your animal, Billy. We're going back.

Now you know I can't do that.

It's the only thing you can.

Look, Brigade, if I was to ride south with
you, there's them would see me hang.

You left a dead man in the street
in Santa Cruz.

- A fair fight.

- He was killed from behind.

Like the others.

I don't know how much they're
paying you to bring me in,

but it ain't enough. Not near enough.

I'd hunt you free. Let's go.

(GUNSHOT)

I guess that kinda
makes me out a liar, don't it?

Them boys didn't go ahead.

They're scattered all in rocks.

There's no way for you to get outta here.

Now, look, Brigade,

I got no quarrel with you.

Now if you was to get on your horse
and ride outta here,

I'd forget all about this whole thing.

What's one more bounty to a man like you?

Money's got blood on it.

Today we're going on back.

You don't understand.

I give the word, you're dead.

Maybe. But before I hit the ground
I'll blow you half in two.

- You're bluffing.

- Am I?

Call 'em off, Billy.

(SHOUTING) Hold your fire, boys!
It ain't gonna work!

(QUIETER) I knew I shoulda done it my way.

In the back?

Charlie!

Charlie!

You all find my brother Frank.

You tell him what's happening.

Tell 'em Ben Brigade's
taking me to Santa Cruz.

You hear me, Charlie?

Well, you tell him that.

He'll know what to do.

Now, get going.

Better put them on tight.

Hop on.

You know my brother Frank, do you?

Heard of him.

Then I guess you know you ain't
gonna get me to Santa Cruz.

Wells Junction.

There's nobody out and about.

You don't suppose Frank and the boys
circled high around

and are just sitting down there
waiting, do you?

Let's go see.

- Anybody home?

- MAN: I'd hold it right there.

- Drop the gun.

- BILLY: Better had.

Well, I'll be. Ben Brigade.

Hello, Boone.

Fancy running into you in all this empty.

I saw you come up over that rise.

Couldn't quite make you out.

A man can't be too careful
in this part of the country.

You're a long way from home.

- No more than you.

- I can go back.

- You must be Billy John.

- So?

Heard a lot about you.

You ain't as small as I thought you'd be.

You figuring on staying out the night,
or just water and going to Santa Cruz?

Did I say I was going to Santa Cruz?

Not in words.

I came through there a while ago back.

Talk had it that Billy John here
had killed a man.

Fella knotting a rope said it was murder.

- The station man, where is he?

- He ain't here.

Had some of his animals loose-herded

up on that flat.

Went out this morning to gather 'em
before the Eastbound come through,

- but they beat 'em to it.
- Who's they?

Freeds, Mescaleros.
Sunday School teachers, for all I know.

Anyway, you aren't looking to find 'em.

- Left you here to tend the station?
- Not exactly.

Whit!

The woman, bring her out here.

Never mind.

Now you all get your horses
and ride on outta here.

Now, look, lady.

(GUNSHOT)

(WHINNYING)

Just do like I say.

Now, lady, that's no way to act.

Why, me and Whit here's been doing you
a service, what with your man away.

Brigade, talk to her.
Tell her we ain't hereto harm her.

Why are you here, Boone?

A man needs a reason to ride
this country. You got a reason?

Don't matter. I want you gone. All of you.

But ma'am, we can't do that.
Just up and ride off.

No telling when your man'll
find them horses and get back.

Besides, woman ain't safe out here alone.

- She won't be alone.
- No?

No. Westbound's coming.

They're in a hurry.

Whit, fetch up them animals in the corral.

At least we can make up the team
change for the lady before we go.

I don't need your help.

No, ma'am, you don't.
But the folks on the coach do.

Like as not they ain't had a meal
hot or square since they left Santa Cruz.

If I were you I'd look to feed 'em.

I know what you're thinking.

You're thinking that me and Whit's been
sitting here waiting for that coach to pull in.

Waiting to take off with the Fargo box
or something pure awful like that.

- Well, you're wrong.
- Am I?

Plum.

(WHINNYING)

Mescalero.

Don't come out here!

Nothing for a woman to see.

What call they got to do a thing like that?

Murder raid. That or they wanted the horses.

- Butchers.

- Boone, that dust boil.

You figure they drew off
when they sighted the station?

Looks that way. Enough of 'em, they'll
try to scald us out before dark.

Whatta we gonna do?

- Only thing we can, bury the dead and wait.
- Wait?

They catch us in the open,
come night, we wouldn't have a chance.

We'll fort up in the station till morning.

BOONE: What about Billy?

What about him?

Well, them sitting out there
between you and Santa Cruz,

kinda makes the hill
higher to climb, don't it?

(LAUGHING)

You could swing north, take Billy to Bisbee.

- A rope's a rope.

- He's going to Santa Cruz.

- No matter what.

- No matter what.

- If you ask me, it ain't Christian.

- Huh?

Covering these folks
without reading over them.

Nah, a few holies said over
these holes ain't gonna help 'em now.

Yeah.

- Whit.

- Yeah?

- I sure didn't figure it like this.

- What?

Look at out there.

War signs.

Well, we got a treaty
with the Mescaleros, ain't we?

Just words on paper, Whit.

Yeah, we been getting along.

I knew a man once got along with his wife.

One day she up and head-shot him.

Dead?

- But why?

- Got mad.

Mescalero, they're mad.

But we ain't done nothing to 'em.

We're white. That's good enough. Come on.

Sam.

Brigade. You figure he knows why we're here?

Not yet.

Well, I guess there ain't no way
him finding out, is there?

- Only one.

- Huh?

I'm gonna tell him.

- Tell him?

- Tonight.

- But Sam, you...

- And Whit, if I were you,

I'd hold on to that shovel.

'Cause likely as not we're gonna
be needing it again. Soon.

(ANIMAL HOWLING)

- I make it three.

- Four.

- Coffee?

- Thank you.

My husband should have been back by now.

He said he'd keep after as far as Dry Fork.

If he hadn't picked up the animals
by then, he'd double on back.

That would have put him here before dark.

He likely got cut off.

- He wouldn't leave me here alone.

- Not if he had a choice.

Meaning you think
somethings happened to him?

I didn't say that.

There's any number of reasons
for his not getting back.

Even if he found the horses he'd have
to loose-herd them clear here by himself.

Could take him half the night, maybe longer.

He never shoulda gone.

You'd have him lose his animals
and not go after them?

Not talking about animals,
talking about you.

- Me?

- He left you alone.

I can take care of myself.

If you were mine, you wouldn't have to.

Meaning?

Meaning I'd never've brought you here
in the first place. Nowhere for a woman.

Running a swing station
is my husband's job, Mr Brigade.

He should find a better one.

Like bounty hunting, for instance?

You cook good coffee.

Mr Brigade...

You'd better get some sleep, Mrs Lane.
We'll be leaving first thing come morning.

- Leaving?
- Three days'll put us in Santa Cruz.

But I...

If your husband's not back, we'll swing
toward Dry Fork, pick him up on the way.

- Well, I...
- Good night, Mrs Lane.

Best cooking I had in a long time.

Mighty handsome woman, Mrs Lane.

Don't look like they're
gonna try us, does it?

- Brigade?
- Yeah?

You were saying,

a man needs a reason
to ride this country. Remember?

Well, you were right.

I don't suppose you heard about
the poster they got out on Billy John.

Poster?

Gotten tacked to near every tree
and stump between here and Rio Bravo.

Claims the territory'll grant amnesty

to anybody that brings Billy in.

You know you won't believe this,
but me and Whit went near a week

before we found out what that word
"amnesty" meant.

A fella selling Bibles over in
Santa Cruz told us.

It means the law's willing to drop any
and all charges it's got against a man.

All he's gotta do is turn the key on Billy.

Now, I know that ain't the reason
you rode him down, but...

well, that's why me and Whit's
gonna sorta tag along with you.

See, we figured that
when Billy's brother Frank,

hears that you're riding him
in to hang, he's gonna come killing.

But, if anybody can get Billy
safe to Santa Cruz, it's you.

If I do.

Then there's only one man standing
between me and starting life clean over.

Boone, make doubly sure Whit
keeps that Winchester on Billy John.

We wouldn't wanna lose him, would we?

We sure wouldn't.

Brigade! Brigade!

We can't take those animals along.
It'd slow us down.

- But we're responsible...
- They'll eat their way to the next swing stop.

Time comes, you can pick them up there.

Got out that black for you to ride.

The sooner you get on it, the
sooner we'll get clear from here.

Don't look like you and Mrs Lane
get along too good.

We'll stay on the stage road to Dry Fork.

- Dry Fork?
- Swing south from there.

That's the long way, ain't it?

- Gotta pick up the station man.
- Or what's left of him.

Whit's right. If he had been alive,
that fella'd be back by now.

We're going to Dry Fork.

Not right away we ain't. Look.

- What do they want?
- They'll get around to it.

- What's he doing?
- He wants to talk.

Stay here.

(INAUDIBLE)

He's got a horse. Wants to make a trade.

For what?

You.

He said they'd been seeing you here.

He wants to take you for his squaw.

So what we do now?

- Play along with 'em.
- Play along with...

If we don't, we're apt to stir up every buck in the country.

Come on.

- Just do like I tell you.
- Brigade.

Can't abide to see a woman's hair hangin' from a Mescalero war-lance.

I sure hope you know what you're doing.

- He'll offer his trade. I'll turn him down.
- Then?

Any luck, they'll ride off.

Lay out in the hills, try to figure somehow else to get you away from us.

I see.

No matter what happens don't break down in front of 'em.

If you do, they'll take it wrong. Shame 'em.

I don't scare easy, Mr Brigade.

I hope not.

(SCREAMING)

That tears it.

Looks like you won.

They'll be back.
That is, if they want her bad enough.

I thought you didn't scare, Mrs Lane.

That was my husband's horse.

Too bad about the woman.
She sure is taking it hard.

I tried to tell her it wasn't for certain sure
her man was dead. She wouldn't listen.

The way they treated him on the
coach, I don't hardly blame her.

I can't get over the way them Indians
wanted to trade her for a horse.

If it'd be me, I'd give a whole herd.

Guess she's about the best all-over
good-looking woman I ever seen.

- She ain't ugly.
- She sure ain't.

D'you got a reason for staying
on this open country?

Seems to me you'd keep a hill close
to your back, considering.

The way I see it, brother Frank
can't be too far back.

Talk had him up Val Verde way.

Heard about Billy,
he wouldn't waste any time.

Likely ride out the night.

To do that,
it'd put him behind us even sooner.

Dobe Corral's just over that rise.
We're headin' there.

Well, I don't think
Frank's gonna come along before...

I'm not talking about Frank.
I'm talking about Mescaleros.

Medicine country.

They figure to jump us up
it'll be somewhere soon.

Maybe them four at Wells Junction
went for more?

- I know they did.
- How can you be sure?

'Cause there they are.

Keep moving!

You sure Dobe's just over that rise?

Positive.

Ain't we gonna hurry?

Yeah, now!

(WHOOPING)

(GUNSHOT)

(GUNSHOT)

Boone!

Pick her up!

(GUNSHOT)

(GUNSHOT)

(TWO GUNSHOTS)

(GUNSHOT)

(MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS)

Get him!

(GUNSHOT)

Sure beats all, don't it?

What a man'll put himself through
to get his hands on a woman.

Can't say as I blame him, though.

Haul their dead to the crest of the hill.

- That hurt you?
- It'll be just fine.

Yes, ma'am. Better get it cleaned up.

There's five horses.
Musta pulled out early this morning.

What we do now, Frank?

- We keep after them.
- But our animals'll near give out.

I said we keep after 'em.

This'll keep the chill off.

Well, you can say thanks.

It just don't seem right.

What don't?

Brigade wanting to stay the night here.

It seems he'd be more in a hurry
to move on, get to Santa Cruz.

- Well, maybe he figures a Mescalero...

- No, it ain't that. It's something else.

What?

I know it sounds crazy, but I think
maybe he wants Frank to catch up.

- Catch up?

- The way he's been sticking to open country.

Staying to the flat instead of the ridges.

Seeming not to care whether
or not he's being followed or not.

But why would he want
a fool thing like that?

I don't know.

(BLOWS DOWN BARREL)

Could be he figures it'd make it just
that much harder on us.

- On us?

- Well, now, we're riding with him.

And Frank might not hold too
kindly to that. Could get us killed.

I never thought about that.

One way or the other, Brigade's
gotta face it out and he knows it.

Well, maybe we should forget
about the whole thing.

Ride away alive.

We can't do that.

- Well, if Frank's going to come down here...

- You've been up north of Socorro, Whit?

- Some.
- Got me a place up there.

- You got a place?
- It ain't much. Not yet, it ain't.

Got my herd to build,
wire to stretch and such.

Only trouble is,

if I ride back there,
there's them'll see me hang.

Unless, of course, the territory
was to drop the charge.

Oh, that word.

- Yeah, amnesty.
- Amnesty.

So, we get old Billy Boy back to Santa Cruz

and we've gotta be just that close,
that close to never...

Never having to look over your shoulder
again and sleep with a gun in your hand.

Going off dead inside
when you see a man wearing tin on him.

We just come too far, Whit.

We can't turn back now.

We just plain can't.

(HORSE GROANING)

Will he be all right?

If I could get him on his feet
he would. Leg isn't broken.

- He can't get up?
- Can't and won't.

Got it in his head he's down for good.
Hurts him to stand. Won't even try.

There's nothing you can do?

Stay with him. Let him know he's not alone.

Mr Brigade, I... I'm sorry about
everything. I know I'm a lot of trouble.

You... you took an awful chance out there.

Seemed like a good idea.

Hi, boy.

I guess I always knew.

- Knew?
- That it would end like this.

My husband didn't want me to come out here.

Put in for a transfer the day we took
over the swing stop at the junction,

for a town job.

Every month it was supposed to come through.

It never did.

I tried to tell myself it didn't
matter, that my place was with him.

Then I found myself
watching for coaches and hoping.

He must've noticed.

He asked me
to go on to Bisbee and wait for him.

Said I'd be safe there.

As much as I wanted to, I couldn't
do it. I couldn't leave him alone.

He was a good man.

Yes, ma'am, he'd have to be.

They... they told me why you're
taking the boy to Santa Cruz.

Did they?

- They'll hang him, won't they?

- Yes, ma'am.

- He's so young.

- He killed a man.

It doesn't bother you?
Bringing him in, I mean?

No, ma'am.

You just don't seem like the kind
that would hunt a man for money.

I am.

Good night, Mr Brigade.

Mrs Lane,

I made a place for you inside the wall.

- You'll be safe there to sleep.

- Thank you.

Good night.

(HORSE GROANING)

(HORSE GROANING)

She's sure something, ain't she?

Said she was married to
that station fella near a year.

Can you imagine having her around
all that time?

All them days.

Nights...

(SIGHING) Just thinking on it
gives me a way down shiver.

I wonder what she'll do
now she's without a man?

Find another.

But if she loved that fella hard enough,

she'd stay a widow, wouldn't she?

Ain't the kind. Not her. Some are.
Some can get along without.

Not her. She's the kind that's got a need.

Deep lonely need only a man can get at.

How do you know?

Seen it in her eyes, Whit.

In her eyes.

(BOTH MEN LAUGHING)

(HORSE GROANING)

Brigade's still trying to
get that animal up, is he?

Yeah. He was at it all night.

Why doesn't he shoot him

and just get it over with?

Nah, said he wanted to wait.

Claims animals is like people.

Feel the morning sun on them, it makes
them forget all the hurt they got.

Makes them want to start over.

There are sure times he doesn't act
like a man that makes his way killing.

Mrs Lane.

Could I have a word?

Something you oughta know.

My brother, Frank,
he'll be along most any time now.

Won't anywhere be safe once he gets here.

And you being a woman and all...

I'd sure hate to see anything happen to you.

- Is that all?

- No, uh...

No, ma'am, what I was thinking was,

I'd sure see to it that Frank made it
right by you if you was to help me.

- Help you?

- Yes, ma'am. Yeah.

I've been watching Brigade
ever since the junction.

The way he looks at you, kind of hungry.

You shouldn't have any trouble at all

getting yourself close against him.

- Close enough to help me get safe away.
- I don't understand.

- Come on, sure you do.
- BRIGADE: She said she didn't.

Well, you can't blame a man for trying.

- This what you wanted her to get for you, Billy?
- Sure could use it.

We're moving out.

I'll be riding your duns.

- Well, what am I supposed to do?
- Walk.

I don't think so.

You let me go.

If you don't, I swear I'll cut you in two.

No, you won't, Billy Boy.

Not unless you jacked that saddle gun.

That's my Winchester you got.
You pump a round into it, did you?

'Cause if you didn't,

you got a hammer hanging
over an empty chamber.

I shot myself in the leg once, riding.

Never carried it around under the pin since.

You're lying.

There's one way to find out.

Pull the trigger.

That is if you think you have time to jack that gun before I blow your brains out.

Now go ahead, Billy, pull.

Or ain't you used to killing a man from the front?

- You just put it down, Billy Boy.

- No.

I said, drop it.

(GUNSHOT)

I could've swore.

(WHIT LAUGHING)

Looks like we don't have to shoot him, either.

(CHUCKLING) Oh dear.

The woman, she's falling behind.

- Now, Boone, back there...

- Yeah?

Thanks for getting that gun out of my middle.

Oh, I couldn't let him do you without a chance.

Why? You'd have had Billy.

Never would've enjoyed being a free man done you that way.

Thought maybe you was afraid you might need me with Frank to catch up.

- It crossed my mind.

- Figured it did.

- Top of that hump, we'll be in Santa Cruz.

- We?

Look, Brigade.

You and me going against each other,
it just ain't right.

I said to Whit more than once,
I said I'd give most anything

if we could work out something
short of killing.

Such as?

Well, them dollars they're giving you
to bring Billy in.

I'll match them, double if you say.

Take me awhile, but I'll get it.

How? Stopping coaches? Killing?

- That's all over with.

- Is it?

Gotta be.

Man gets halfway,

he ought to have something of his own,
something to belong to, be proud of.

- They say that.

- I've got me a place.

Gonna run beef. Work the ground.

Be able to walk down the street
like anybody.

All I need is Billy.

I set out to take him to Santa Cruz.
I full intend to do it.

Well, I just wanted you to know how it was.

Way I look at it,

it ain't near as hard for a man
if he knows why he's gonna die.

They stayed here the night.
Can't be more than a half a day ahead.

- That'd put them in Santa Cruz by morning.
- Could, but it won't.

Huh?

Should have known all along.

Brigade knows we're after him.

But he's still taking his time,

moving in the clear,
not covering his tracks.

It's been plain from the first.
So plain I couldn't see it.

But I don't follow.

It ain't Billy he wants. It's me.

But Billy's the one with the bounty on him.

It ain't the money Brigade wants.
Not the money at all.

I did him a hurt once. Long ago.
So long I almost forgot.

And all the time I was thinking that was
why he was taking Billy in to hang.

To get even. That isn't it.

He knew I'd come after him.
He wants me to catch up.

And I think I know where.

Let's let the boys rest their horses.
There's no hurry.

He'll be waiting.

Hang tree.

You can be glad
it ain't long ago, Billy Boy.

It was, like as not Brigade here
to hang you over that jury limb

and have it over.

Gone dead now, but in its time,
more than one danced their last on that.

Ain't that right, Brigade?

- Brigade...

- I heard you.

Come to think of it,
you strung a few there yourself.

You talk too much.
We'll night at the river bed.

Ooh, touchy, touchy.

Quit it.

Well, it's something to do.

I said, quit it.

Don't you ever get tired
of holding that gun on me?

It won't be long now. I'll have you
in Santa Cruz by morning.

Brigade, he figures to split
the bounty with you, does he?

- Nope.

- Then why are you helping him?

- I ain't.

- Well, you're holding a gun.

- Well, I got a reason.

- Such as what?

- Amnesty.

- Amnesty?

- Some word, ain't it?

- What's it mean?

Free.

Free?

That's what we'll go
as soon as we get you to Cruz.

Me and Boone.

You see, we ain't always seen
eye to eye to the law.

We get you next to a rope,
it'll make us even. We can start over.

- Boone's got a place...

- Hey did you...

You mean they'd do that
just for bringing me in to hang?

We got a poster on it.

I guess that kinda

gives me a worth, don't it?

To us it does.

What about Brigade?

What about him?

Well, he's the one that caught me.

I don't figure he's going to hold kind
to you taking me away from him.

I thought about that.

I thought about that a lot.

It really don't matter.

You ain't going to get me
to Santa Cruz anyway.

If Frank was a-coming,
he'd have been here by now.

Maybe.

Shame about that woman.

Huh?

Going to be a lot of killing
if Frank gets here.

Not knowing she's along,
you can't tell what's going to happen.

Frank wouldn't shoot a woman, would he?

Not only Frank. There's the boys.

I never thought about that.

Whit?

Whit, uh...

Why don't you let the hammer down
nice and easy on that gun

and the two of us,
we ride right on outta here.

Yeah.

You wouldn't want to see a woman
all shot up and dead now, would you?

- Well, no.

- Well, then?

- BOONE: Well then what, Billy?

- Oh dang, you're every place, ain't you?

He was trying to talk me out of my gun.

Where's Mrs Lane?

Down there by the river bank.

If he tries to talk that gun away
from you again,

let him have it.

Yeah.

- I didn't mean to startle you.

- I couldn't sleep.

I'm glad.

We'll be in Santa Cruz tomorrow, won't we?

Get an early start, we should
noon there, no trouble at all.

And what then, Mrs Lane? For you, I mean?

I don't know. I'm not sure.

This country's nowhere for a woman

without she's got a man.

I'd... I'd be obliged to look after you.

- I can manage.

- Yes, ma'am, I'm pure sure of that.

The first I saw you at the junction,
I said to Whit,

"There's a woman can take care of herself."

I saw it in your face.

The way you hold your head.
The way you walk.

All over proud of being a woman.

Not afraid to let a man look at you.
Think what he wants.

Burn inside to put his arms around you.

Not like some I know.
Always acting like it's Sunday.

Thinking every man looks at them wants them.

No, sir.

A man had you, Mrs Lane,

he'd never know a black, lonesome night.

- Good night, Mr Boone.

- Mrs Lane?

If you're counting on Brigade
being any help to you,

better had forget it.

He won't be going all the way to Santa Cruz.

I gotta kill him.

Hang tree. So that's what they call it.

Mr Brigade,

I try very hard, but there's some things I just don't understand.

Back at Dobe,
when Billy had that gun on you,

- Boone saved your life, didn't he?

- Yes, ma'am.

Then why would he want to kill you now?

- He told you that?

- Yes.

- Why?

- He wants Billy.

Billy?

You mean you'd kill each other for bounty?

- Like two dogs fighting over a bone.

- You could say that.

- I see.

- No, ma'am, you don't.

It's not Billy I want, or any of
the others I've had to ride down

to make my way. Only one man I'm after.

And how much bounty will he bring?

Enough to see you through
to your next dead man?

Mrs Lane.

Long ago back,
I was the Sheriff of Santa Cruz.

I rode Billy's brother Frank in for murder.

The jury found him part guilty,
sent him to Yuma.

He swore that when he got out
he'd get even. He was young, wild.

I had a wife.
Looked a lot like you, Mrs Lane.

She wanted me to turn and run. Keep running.

Pleaded with me. I...

I couldn't do it.

Word came that Frank was out.
I waited for him in the street.

He didn't come.

When I got home, my...

my wife had gone.

Frank had been there.
Taken her. Brought her here.

- Here?

- Yes, ma'am.

He hung her.

Whit?

Get up on that rise,

when you see any dust,
high end it back here.

- Sam?

- Yeah.

When are we going to do Brigade?

- Soon.

- You know, I've been thinking,

he ain't a man you can go straight at.

Now me and you,

we're gonna have to figure a plan.

Find some way to get him between us.

- Can't kill a man like Brigade from behind.

- We could stand off.

I don't hold to ending a man

with a long gun.

Don't worry, Whit.

Time comes, I'll take care of him.

Hope so.

Hate to see you lose your place

up Socorro way.

- I'll be mighty proud to work for you.

- Work for me?

I ploughed when I was young.

I ain't much with chickens, but I can

slop pigs with the best of them.

Whit, how long you and me

been riding together?

- About two years.

- More like five.

\$0?

So you ain't gonna be working for me.

You're gonna be a partner.

- Partner?
- Right down the middle.

How come?

'Cause I like you, Whit.

I never knew that.

- Now get up on that rise.
- Yes, sir.

I'd like to say it again, Mrs Lane.

I'd be obliged to look after you.

I could help you bury Brigade
and live happy ever after, is that it?

There's some things
a man just can't ride around.

Hey!

Frank's coming!

- BOONE: How far back?
- A mile, maybe less.

I seen him from the top of the rim.

- We cut and run, or don't we?
- This is as far as I go for now.

Figured it was.

Whit, look after Mrs Lane.

Should have known it when
you wouldn't swing north to Bisbee.

It's been Frank all along.

- You... You wait...
- Shut up. I said shut up!

Last night I heard you tell Mrs Lane
why you've been hunting to find Frank.

\$0?

So Billy can wait.

Me and Whit will be covering you
in the brush.

Look, Boone.

- This won't change anything.
- Never figured it would.

Get up on your animal, Billy.

- But I..., I...
- Do like I tell you.

Look, Brigade.

Now you know you ain't got a chance.

One.

Huh?

You.

Now what are you going to do?

That's up to Frank.

Stay here.

BRIGADE: That's close enough.

Fixing to have a little hanging, I see.

Thought that tree would be
dead and down by now.

Cut him loose.

- Look, Brigade, you're standing alone.

- I wouldn't count on it.

- He's got two Winchesters behind him, Frank.

- That so?

- So what do we do now?

- BRIGADE: Sit there and watch your brother hang.

- FRANK: You don't mean that.

- BRIGADE: Don't I?

- FRANK: He's only a boy.

- He's as old as his gun.

It's me you're after, Brigade.

You got no quarrel with Billy.

What quarrel did you have with her?

That was a long time ago. I'd almost forgot.

- A man can do that.

- Don't let him do it, Frank.

I done you enough, Brigade.

Don't make me kill you.

- Brigade, I can't let you do that.

- Stop me.

Any shooting and that horse will go
right out from under Billy.

If his neck don't snap,
you can cut him down in time.

That is, if you're alive.

Don't leave a man much choice, do you?

(GUNSHOT)

BOONE: I thought for a minute there
you were gonna let him swing.

So did I.

Brigade?

I don't suppose there's any way
of getting Billy from you?

Aside from going over you?

Come and get him.

Better get Whit to catch up Billy's horse,
unless you want him to walk to Santa Cruz.

You mean I can have him?

Take him. I got no more use for him.

(LAUGHING)

Well, you heard what he said, Whit!
Get them horses!

Yes, sir.

Funny, ain't it?
How a thing can seem one way,

and then turn out altogether something else.

Boone, you said you wanted
to start over. I hope so.

'Cause if you don't, I'll be the one
comes looking to find you.

- I'll remember that.

- Good luck.

Mr Brigade.

- Will you be going on to Santa Cruz?

- No, ma'am.

- I think I understand.

- Yes, ma'am. I figured you would.

- Goodbye, Mr Brigade.
- Mrs Lane.

Well, that figures.