

Abigail says he's dying dutch, we'll have to stop some place.

"Okay, Arthur's out looking, I sent him up ahead." Dutch Said.

"If we don't stop soon, we'll all be dying." Hosea Matthews Said.

"This weather, it's May..." Hosea Said.

"I'm just hoping the law got as lost as we did." Hosea Said.

"There." Dutch Said.

"Arthur! Any Luck?" Dutch continued.

"I found a place where we can get some shelter." Arthur Said.

"Let Davey rest while he... you know." Arthur continues.

"An old Mining town, abandoned - it ain't

far." Arthur continues.

"Come on." Arthur Said.

"Come on - Yaah!" Dutch Said.

"Miss Gaskill... get that fire lit quick. Miss Jones, bring in whatever blankets we have, Mr. Pearson, see what we've got in terms of food." Ms. Grimshaw Said.

"Davey's dead." Abigail Said.

"There was nothing more you could've done."

"What are we going to do? We need supplies." Hosea Said.

"Well first of all you're gonna stay here... and you're gonna get yourself warm, Now I sent John and Micah scouting out ahead, Arthur and I, we're gonna ride out see if we

can find one of them." Dutch Said.

"In this?" Arthur Said.

"Just for a short bit." Dutch Said.

"I don't see what other choice we have."

Dutch continued.

"Listen... Listen to me all of you for a moment, now we've had... well, a bad couple of days, I loved Davey... Jenny... Sean, Mac... they may be okay, we don't know, but we lost some folks, Now, If I could throw myself in the ground in their stead I'd do it, gladly, but, we're gonna ride out... and we are gonna find some food, Everybody we're safe now, there ain't nobody following us through a storm like this one, by the time they get here, well, we're gonna be, we're gonna be long gone."

Dutch Said.

"We've been through worse than this before, Mr. Pearson, Miss Grimshaw, I need you to turn this place into a camp. We may be here for a few days, now all of you, all of you, get yourselves warm, stay strong, stay with me, we ain't done yet!" Dutch Said.

"Com'on Arthur." Dutch Said.

"Alright, we got some work to do." Susan Grimshaw Said.

"Well, we ain't run into them yet." Dutch Said.

"So, they both must have headed down the hill." Dutch Said.

"Sure." Arthur Said.

"Hey, I ain't had time to ask, what really

went down back there on that boat?"

Arthur Asked.

"We missed you, that's what happened."

Dutch Said.

"Come on." Dutch Continued.

"Hey, you need horses?" Charles Smith Said.

"Oh yeah, and Mr. Smith, get yourself indoors, you need to rest that hand." Dutch Said.

"I'll live." Charles Smith Said.

"Get indoors, son!" Dutch Said.

"I... we need you strong." Dutch continued.

"Ain't sure what we're gonna find out here, Dutch." Arthur Said.

"We have to try, stay close, we'll do our

best to stick to the trail." Dutch Said.

"This goddamn weather." Arthur Said.

"Been two days or more like this now, oh it has to blow over soon." Dutch Said.

"Careful over this bridge here." Dutch Said.

"We need to get those people warm and fed." Dutch Said.

"Least we don't need to worry about pinkertons tailing us in this." Arthur Said.

"A couple days and we'll be on the other side." Dutch Said.

"You need to help me pick the others back up." Dutch Said.

"You're the only one I can rely on to stay strong right now." Dutch Said.

"We got fire and shelter, that's a start."

Arthur Said.

"So, do you think it was a trap? In blackwater?" Arthur asked.

"That many men? Oh, they knew we were coming, but there was money on that boat alright, lots of it, I stashed what we took with all our money in town, right before we fled." Dutch Said.

"Hey, I think I see something up the path." Dutch Said.

"You up ahead..." Dutch Said.

"Whose there?" Dutch continued.

"Micah." Dutch Said.

"Gentlemen..." Micah Said.

"Found anything?" Dutch Asked.

"I think so." Micah Said.

"Found a little homestead down thataway."

Micah continued.

"Okay." Dutch Said.

"Anyone home?" Dutch asked.

"Sure." Micah Said.

"Place is blazing with light and noise,
sounded like a party." Micah Said.

"Let's go see." Dutch Said.

"Follow Me." Micah Said.

"How's Davey doing?" Micah asked.

"Ah, he didn't make it." Dutch Said.

"Nor did little Jenny." Dutch Said.

"That's too bad, Davey was a real fighter."
Micah Said.

"Both of them callander boys is, or was..."

Micah continued.

"Yeah." Dutch Said.

"And Mac, and Sean?" Micah Said.

"We don't know." Dutch Said.

Micah Bell: Quite a business.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm glad you're alright,
Micah.

Micah Bell: Always.

Arthur Morgan: Ask him if he's seen John.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hey, have you seen John,
Micah?

Micah Bell: Didn't see much of anything once
this storm came in.

Dutch Van Der L...: He hasn't seen him.

Arthur Morgan: He'll be fine. Things always turn
out right for that boy.

Dutch Van Der L...: I hope Mac and Sean are still out there somewhere too. Hey Arthur, let me take the rear, you move up.

Arthur Morgan: You run into anybody else?

Micah Bell: I reckon we're the only ones crazy enough to be out in this, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. Well, don't talk to me about crazy.

Micah Bell: Oh, so no , "glad you're alright. I was worried, Micah?" It's all going to work out, Morgan. We lost a few folks, but that's just how it goes sometimes.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I'm glad you're feeling so good about it.

Micah Bell: Where are all the others?

Arthur Morgan: Old mining camp, back up the hill. It ain't much, but it's shelter.

Arthur Morgan: So this house, you speak to the people there already?

Micah Bell: No, like Dutch told us. Look, but don't talk to no one. Just following orders. You know me.

Arthur Morgan: Right. How much further?

Micah Bell: Not far.

Arthur Morgan: What does that mean?

Micah Bell: Not far.

Arthur Morgan: Thanks.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, God damn this snow. Gets right through the bone.

Micah Bell: Okay. Let's keep it down now, gentlemen. It's just up ahead.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. Let's head down there.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's hitch up here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let me do the talking. We

don't want to scare these folks.

Micah Bell: Sounds like quite the party.

Dutch Van Der L...: You two, get yourself out of sight. One lonely man is a lot less intimidating than three nasty looking degenerates. Micah, hide behind that wagon. Arthur, you take that old shed on the left and stay low. Both of you.

Speaker 11: Hello.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hello?

Speaker 5: Shut up Billy.

Dutch Van Der L...: Excuse me. Hello? Oh hello, friend.

Speaker 5: What you want?

Dutch Van Der L...: I am very sorry to disturb you. My friends and I, well we got into some trouble up the way. Lost in the storm. Oh, Gentlemen.

Speaker 5: We can't help you, mister.

Dutch Van Der L...: I got folks dying on the trail.

Micah Bell: Arthur. Arthur, we got a problem.

Speaker 5: Aw, folks.

Micah Bell: There's a corpse right here.

Dutch Van Der L...: I just need some cans of
food or something.

Micah Bell: Arthur, there's a body in the wagon.

Arthur Morgan: I hear you. Just keep your eyes
on Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Please.

Speaker 5: Go now buddy.

Dutch Van Der L...: Now, friend. I ain't asking
for much. Please, I am kind of
desperate.

Speaker 5: Hey, I don't believe it. Come here,
partner. Come here, this god damn.

Speaker 12: Shit. Look out. There's more.

Micah Bell: Up here, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Watch out, one on top in
the window.

Sadie Adler: Get away from me.

Dutch Van Der L...: Micah, what the hell do you
think you're doing?

Micah Bell: Look what I found in the cellar. Wild
thing, ain't you?

Dutch Van Der L...: Leave her alone.

Micah Bell: I wasn't doing nothing. She's one of
them O'Driscoll's.

Dutch Van Der L...: No she ain't, Micah, look at
her. Miss? Miss? Are you-

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh you fool. Micah.

Dutch Van Der L...: Miss. Everything is going to
be okay. We mean you no harm.
Miss. Miss. Come on. It'll be okay.

Micah Bell: We need to get out of here and quick.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, now.

Arthur Morgan: Are you okay, miss?

Sadie Adler: They came three days ago and my husband, they...

Dutch Van Der L...: It's okay miss. You are safe now and you can't stay here. You can come with us. Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Miss, it's okay. We're bad men, but we ain't them. It's okay. Get on. We'll keep you safe until you figure out what you want to do.

Micah Bell: What's your name? Miss? Miss?

Sadie Adler: Adler.

Micah Bell: Adler.

Sadie Adler: Sadie Adler, Mrs. He was my husband.

Speaker 7: Somebody coming. Looks like it's Dutch. Hey, everybody Dutch is back.

Speaker 8: How'd you get on?

Dutch Van Der L...: Micah found a homestead, but he weren't the first. Colm O'Driscoll and his scum, they beat us to it. We found some of them there. There is more about, apparently scouting the train.

Speaker 8: Thank you. And that's the last thing we need right now, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, it is what it is, but we found some supplies, some blankets, a little bit food. And this poor soul, Mrs. Adler. Ms. Tilly, Ms. Karen, would you warm her up? Give her a drink of something and Mrs. Adler, it's going to be okay. You're safe now.

Dutch Van Der L...: They turned her into a widow, animals. I need some rest. I haven't slept in three days.

Susan Grimshaw: You're over here. Ms. O'Shea will show you the way. Mr. Morgan, we put you in a room over here.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you, Ms. Grimshaw.

Susan Grimshaw: Mr. Bell, you're with the fellas over there.

Micah Bell: How come Arthur gets a room and I get a bunk bed next to Bill Williamson and a bunch of darkies?

Hosea Matthews: Get yourself to bed.

Abigail: He ain't been seen in days, Weather ain't let up. He's strong and he's smart, Strong at least, Hello, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Abigail.

Abigail: Arthur... How you doing?

Arthur Morgan: Just fine, Abigail. You?

Abigail: I need you to... I'm sorry. I'm sorry to ask. But...

Arthur Morgan: It's Little John. He's got himself caught into a scrape again.

Abigail: He ain't been seen in two days.

Arthur Morgan: Your John will be fine. I mean, he may be as dumb as rocks and as dull as rusted iron, but that ain't changing because he got caught in some snow storm.

Josea: Please go take a look. Javier?
Javier?

Javier: Yes?

Josea: Javier, will you ride out with Arthur to take a look for John? You're the two best fit men we've got.

Javier: Now?

Josea: She's... We're all pretty worried

about him.

Javier: I know if the situation were reversed and he'd look for me.

Abigail: Thank you.

Javier: This way. Last I know, John was headed up the river.

Arthur Morgan: For all we know, he kept riding North and never looked back.

Javier: He wouldn't leave, not like that.

Arthur Morgan: Wouldn't be the first time.

Javier: Hey, I see some smoke. Come on. Let's take a look.

Arthur Morgan: Let's hope it ain't more of O'Driscoll's boys.

Javier: Well. It seem somebody left recently and that way.

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Well, come on then.

Javier: There's some tracks leading to the

river. Let's cross. See, they continue up that way.

Arthur Morgan: You figure it's John?

Javier: You tell me. These are horse tracks for sure, but could be anyone. Let's just see where they lead.

Arthur Morgan: So you were there, Javier. What really happened on that boat?

Javier: We had the money. It seemed fine and suddenly they were everywhere.

Arthur Morgan: Bounty hunters?

Javier: No, Pinkertons. It was crazy. Raining bullets. Take it. Slow. Big ravine here. Dutch killed a girl in a bad way, but it was a bad situation.

Arthur Morgan: That ain't like him though.

Javier: Tracks go left, down here. Davey got shot. Mac and John, both shot

too. Sean, we don't even know. I'm surprised we escaped at all. By the time you boys showed up from the other side of town, we were only just holding on.

Arthur Morgan: Bad business, all right. Damn, snow's coming hard again.

Javier: We'll lose these tracks if we don't move fast. Watch yourself, not very wide here.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, boy. Horses are getting tired.

Javier: Yeah, a lot of fresh snow here.

Arthur Morgan: I don't know about this, Javier. We can't follow nothing.

Javier: Let's push on a little bit. Maybe we'll pick up the trail again.

Arthur Morgan: Almost there, boy, come on now.

Javier: Hey, look, over there. See that?
John was riding that horse when we
left Blackwater.

Arthur Morgan: Oh. That's...

Javier: Let's see if he can hear us.

John Marston: Hey. Help. Here.

Javier: Come on. Up there.

John Marston: Hello? Over here.

Javier: It's coming from up ahead
somewhere.

Arthur Morgan: I don't think we can go much
further on the horses. We'll have to
walk from here.

Javier: I'd grab that shotgun from your
horse. Who knows what's up ahead.
Come on.

Arthur Morgan: You sure about this?

John Marston: Over here. Help. Yes.

Javier: It's coming from this way.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Watch out here.

Javier: Mierda, We're high up here.

Arthur Morgan: You're telling me.

John Marston: Help me.

Javier: Careful. There's a drop here. It's slippery, be careful. Watch your head here. Okay from here.

Arthur Morgan: Watch your step, this is real slippery.

Javier: Stay close to the wall. up this way. Gap here.

John Marston: Help. Over here.

Javier: That sounds closer now. Come on. We're coming, John.

Arthur Morgan: Damn. It's cold.

Javier: How are you doing?

Arthur Morgan: I'm miserable. Been a tough few days.

Javier: I know. Here, take a drink of this.

Arthur Morgan: Thanks. I'm not designed for this snow.

Javier: Let's keep moving then. Come on. John.

Arthur Morgan: John.

Javier: John.

Arthur Morgan: John. Where are you?

Javier: John, can you hear me?

Arthur Morgan: Marston, can you hear me?

John Marston: I'm here. Out on the ledge.

Javier: That's John. We're coming. Down here. He's down here.

John Marston: Help.

Arthur Morgan: All right. Pipe done, Marston.

There's quite a scratch you got there.

John Marston: Never thought I'd say this, but it's good to see you, Arthur Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: You don't look so good.

John Marston: I don't feel too good neither. Freezing.

Arthur Morgan: Don't die just yet, cowboy.

Javier: Come on, well, we can't go back the way we came. Let's try this way.

Arthur Morgan: Ain't you sorry sight.

John Marston: Can't argue with you there.

Arthur Morgan: See, I told Dutch you weren't the right man for this.

John Marston: I'm sure you did.

Javier: You all right.

John Marston: I think so.

Javier: Come on. Hopefully this will lead us

out. You see that, on the ridge?

Arthur, Javier and John see wolves.

Arthur Morgan: Perfect. I'll distract them while you get to the horses. Go. I'll draw them off.

Javier: Okay. Here we go, we'll leave them to Arthur. We're getting you out of here. Good work Arthur. You got them all. Okay. Let's get going before any more of these bastard show up. Come on then, let's get back to the others,

John Marston: I don't feel too good.

Javier: You'll be fine. It's just like a dog bite.

John Marston: I knew a fellow, got bit by a dog. Died an hour later.

Javier: You ain't going to die. Not yet.

Arthur Morgan: You still with us, Marston?

John Marston: Just about.

Javier: You're going to be okay. We have some shelter now.

John Marston: Thanks for coming for me.

Javier: Of course. That bullet in Blackwater, now this. You got hell of a time.

John Marston: and Arthur always says, I'm lucky.

Javier: None of us are lucky right now. We should ride in the water for a bit. Try to lose the scent. Don't want to leave a trail right back to camp.

Arthur Morgan: You know, we're going to need to come up with a better story for that scar.

John Marston: So freezing, bleeding, starving, damn near getting eaten to death ain't good enough for you?

Javier: Here. Let's cross to the left.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. Come on. Let's push hard to get back.

Javier: See those buildings up ahead, John? That's where we camped. Nearly there. Come on. Someone help John down off this horse.

Arthur Morgan: Can we get some help here?
Can we get some help? Need some help here?

Javier: Come on. Help him down.

Abigail: You're alive. You're alive.

Javier: Come on. Here we go. Here we go.

John Marston: Ay.

Javier: Careful [Spanish 00:14:12] It's his leg.

Abigail: Come on. Let's get you warm. Thank you. Thank you both. This is a new low. We even by your standards.

Hosea Matthews: Thank you, Arthur. Thank

you.

Arthur Morgan: You got any other lost maidens need saving?

Hosea Matthews: Not today.

Arthur Morgan: Have you and Dutch talked about how we're going to get out of this?

Hosea Matthews: I was just discussing with Herr Strauss, when the weather breaks, suppose we'll have to keep heading East.

Arthur Morgan: East into all that? That's civilization...

Hosea Matthews: I know. The West is where our problems are worse.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah.

Hosea Matthews: Come on Herr Strauss. Let's get warm.

Herr Strauss: Thank you, Mr. Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: We have been running for weeks. We found shelter and been resting here in some old abandoned mine in town while we wait and thaw. Hardly the spring I had been hoping for.

Hosea Matthews: So what now, Dutch?

Dutch: We get strong, we get warm, and we wait. The storm breaks, we move. But we're safe here. Warm enough.

Hosea Matthews: I guess.

Dutch: You sound doubtful.

Hosea Matthews: Not doubtful. Just worried.

Dutch: What do you think, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Well, I wasn't on that boat, so hard to say. But I trust your judgment, Dutch. Always have.

Dutch: Thank you, son. We have been shot

before, Hosea. I don't feel that this is honestly anything new.

Hosea: I hope not.

Dutch: We had a bit of bad luck, but then the storm covered our tracks. And now we wait a bit. When we go back to Blackwater and we get our money or we get some more money and we keep heading West. But we're heading East for now. For now. We got this. We're safe. Stay strong, Hosea. What about you, Arthur? You doubt me too.

Arthur Morgan: Never.

Dutch: Good. Because you know me, son. I'm just getting started. Once we get some money, well they better send some good man after us because they ain't never going to find us. But we need money.

Micah: What's Up with you boys, because I

thought you liked action. Couple of days on the lam and you lot have all turned yellow. Apart from you, of course.

Lenny Summers: Shut up, Micah.

Micah: I ain't never seen so many long faces.

Bill Williamson: I guess folks miss them. That fell.

Micah: But when I fall, I don't want no fuss.

Lenny Summers: When you fall, there will be a party.

Bill Williamson: A party. Probably.

Micah: That funny, huh?

Bill Williamson: Sure.

Micah punches Bill Williamson in the face, and all hell breaks loose.

Micah: Maybe I don't feel like being laughed at by the likes of you two.

Dutch: Stop it! Now! You fools punching each other when Colm O'Driscoll's needing punching, hard. You want to sit around waiting for him to come find us? All of you, we got work to do. Come on.

Arthur Morgan: Are you sure about this Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: Yes.

Arthur Morgan: Folks been through a lot recently. We hardly back on our feet yet.

Dutch Van Der L...: And the last thing we need is to get bushwhacked by Colm O'Driscoll. Let's go.

Arthur Morgan: I know you hate him, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: He's here for us.

Arthur Morgan: I doubt that.

Dutch Van Der L...: No, you're just doubting me.

Arthur Morgan: I would never doubt you Dutch. You always said revenge is a luxury we can't afford.

Dutch Van Der L...: This is the right call, Arthur. Take this. And this is about more than revenge for business long ago. They were talking about trains and detonators. Here. Colm always had good information. Come on.

Arthur Morgan: And you think now is the right time to hit a train?

Dutch Van Der L...: Now you might fancy living on deer piss and rabbit shit. I'm getting too old for that life. Mr. Matthews, Mr. Smith, Mr. Pearson, would you please look after the place? There are O'Driscolls about. Southwest, right, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. He said follow the main trail southwest. They're camped near some lake.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, let's go find these bastards before they find us and rob this score they're planning. What's that? Tracks, horses, quite a few of them. Far as I can tell, the only fools out here are us and them. They must be this way.

Arthur Morgan: You good, Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course. Listen, I know you don't think much of my ideas recently, but this is the right move.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. You know I've got your back.

Dutch Van Der L...: I learned a long time ago that you hit Colm O'Driscoll. Wait for him, and people you love will die.

Arthur Morgan: This feud between you and him needs to be put to rest one way or another.

Bill Williamson: It will be.

Dutch Van Der L...: Some things I can forgive,
others I can forget. What he did to
Annabelle, I can't do neither.

Arthur Morgan: You killed his brother, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Yes, I did. And hope the
bastards will be reunited soon
enough. That's how this will end.
See that smoke? Let's cut up here
and take a look. They said it was
near the Lake, so we must be close.
Hold up here. All right, gentlemen,
this is it. Are we goddamn ready?

Micah: Ready, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good. Now, Mr. Morgan
and I, we're going to head up here a
little, see if we can't get a sense of
the layout of the camp. Mr.
Williamson, Mr. Bell, you two take
up a hidden position just outside

the camp. Mr. Summers, Mr. Escuella, you two hold position here. Let's go.

Arthur Morgan: There they are.

Dutch Van Der L...: That's definitely them.

Arthur Morgan: Colm?

Dutch Van Der L...: I think so.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, that's him.

Dutch Van Der L...: Who's he talking to? He don't seem very happy.

Arthur Morgan: No.

Dutch Van Der L...: Are they leaving?

Arthur Morgan: Seem to be. Should we go get them?

Dutch Van Der L...: No. Colm can wait. Best to get some of them out of there, and much less fun to rob him and his score if he never finds out about it. All right, let's go pay our old friends

a visit. Don't forget to grab that rifle from your horse. You two, get up there and keep us covered.

Lenny Summers: Sure thing.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good. Come on. Let's go. It seems easiest to take the same path down as Bill and Micah. Like you said, revenge is a luxury we can't afford.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, just wasn't sure you agreed with me.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur. Arthur, have you completely lost faith in me? Our needs right now are supplies, equipment, and a way out of here. Everything else, including Colm, can wait.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Dutch Van Der L...: There's enough of those bastards down there to deal with as

it is. Now come on. It's steep here.
Careful.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe I should take the lead on
this. They're going to be gunning for
you.

Dutch Van Der L...: They ain't got me yet.

Arthur Morgan: No, but the way our luck has
been running ...

Dutch Van Der L...: Hush. Let's just get down
there first. Follow me. Let's head for
that building in front.

Dutch Van Der L...: Take out those bastards in
the ...

Bill Williamson: I think that's all of them.

Dutch Van Der L...: Search the bodies. Strip
everything we can from them.

Bill Williamson: Do you recognize any of them
Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course not. Colm doesn't

give a damn about his men. All he cares about is numbers. If you can shoot a gun, and ride a horse, and kill without thought, you're in. Think how long some of you have been with me? I imagine Colm doesn't even know half the names of these fools. Heads up, boys. We got more coming in from the forest. Come on [inaudible 00:12:06]. Shit there's a lot of them. What do you think, Arthur? Should we hold ground here, or go at them?

Bill Williamson: Move around. They're going to die.

Dutch Van Der L...: Alright, pick them off as they come out of the trees.

Bill Williamson: They're hiding in the trees.

Dutch Van Der L...: The cowards are running away. Good work, boys. Back to the camp. We'll get what we need and

clear out. Arthur, get over here.
Okay. Let's wait for Javier and
Lenny. They're coming down with
the horses.

Bill Williamson: Keep an eye out for any more of
the bastards. Nice of you two to
join us.

Javier Escuella: Is everyone all right?

Dutch Van Der L...: I think so. Good work, boys.
Now, let's tear this place apart. Bill,
you go search that wagon there.
Micah, search that building. Arthur,
you take that building to the left.

Arthur Morgan: Here, this looks good.

Dutch Van Der L...: Find those explosives.

Arthur Morgan: What do you think, Bill?

Bill Williamson: Well, looks fine. Smells good.

Arthur Morgan: Come on.

Dutch Van Der L...: Did we get everything?

Micah: Think so, boss. Found this on one of them.

Dutch Van Der L...: Thank you.

Micah: This is perfect.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh yeah, interesting. This is something about the train they was going to rob. A Mr. Leviticus Cornwall. Mount back up. Let's keep moving. Alright, let's get out of here. Proud of you boys. All of you. Not a man down.

Bill Williamson: Good work, fellers.

Dutch Van Der L...: Not bad for some starving down-and-outs. They can pummel us as hard as they like, but we will always get back up and fight. That's who we are. Outlaws for life, fellers. Wait until we have John, Mac, Charles, and Sean back riding with us, and I believe, I know, they will

all be back.

Arthur Morgan: Well, you didn't get Colm, but this hit will hurt him a lot more than any bullet in the head.

Dutch Van Der L...: Especially when we rob this train too.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I guess we'll see about that.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, indeed we will.

Arthur Morgan: You know, he'll come after us.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, of course he will just like all the rest, but we're going to stay a step ahead of them. Make sure we always know where they are before they know where we are. We allowed ourselves to get a step behind in Blackwater. That won't happen again. Alright, dig in, fellers. Let's make some ground. Hey, you see that feller? Wasn't he

at the camp with Colm?

Arthur Morgan: Leave him to me.

Dutch Van Der L...: Alright, we're heading back.
Just bring him back alive. He could
be useful. Hey, what are you doing?

Arthur Morgan: Just isn't your day, is it? Okay,
you got it. You're coming with me.

Kieran Duffy: No. I'm no use to you, really.

Arthur Morgan: What's your name, boy?

Kieran Duffy: I don't know.

Arthur Morgan: You don't know your name?

Kieran Duffy: It's Kieran.

Arthur Morgan: Kieran what?

Kieran Duffy: Duffy. Kieran Duffy.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I ain't going to lie to you.
This is a real bad day for you, Kieran
Duffy.

Kieran Duffy: Where are you taking me?

Arthur Morgan: Somewhere you ain't going to like.

Kieran Duffy: Why? What are you going to do to me?

Arthur Morgan: Something you ain't going to like, so I'd advise you to save your breath for screaming.

Kieran Duffy: No, please! I hardly know him. I'm no use to you.

Arthur Morgan: You better shut your mouth you little shit, or I will shut it for you.

Kieran Duffy: Oh God, please no! Come on, just name your price. Have a heart, mister.

Arthur Morgan: Are you trying to test me, is that it? Because I will break every bone in your body.

Kieran Duffy: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Not one more goddamn word,

am I clear?

Kieran Duffy: Okay, okay.

Arthur Morgan: That's two bones right there.

Here we are, you sack of shit. Let's introduce you to the boys.

Kieran Duffy: Don't hurt me, please.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, don't worry.

Dutch Van Der L...: You found the little shit, did you?

Arthur Morgan: Yep, I got him.

Dutch Van Der L...: Very good. Welcome to your new home. Hope you're real happy here.

Arthur Morgan: You want me to make him talk?

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh no, now all we'll get is lies. Uncle, Mr. Williamson. Tie this maggot up someplace safe. We get him hungry first. I got a saying, my friend, we shoot fellas as need

shooting, save fellas as need saving, and feed them as need feeding. We are going to find out what you need. I can't believe it, an O'Driscoll in my camp.

Kieran Duffy: I ain't an O'Driscoll, mister. I hate that feller.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, whatever you say, son. Well done, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: I'm just sorry we missed out on Colm.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, there's time enough for that. Now, I got to figure out if we can hit that train.

Pearson: We're going to starve to death up here, Mr. Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: We're okay.

Pearson: We have a few cans of food and a rabbit. For what? 10, 12 people? When I was in the Navy-

Arthur Morgan: I do not wish to hear about what you got up to in the Navy, Mr. Pearson.

Pearson: We were stranded at sea for 50 days.

Arthur Morgan: And you unfortunately survived.

Pearson: When we ran away from Blackwater, I wasn't able to get supplies in.

Arthur Morgan: Well, when government agents are hunting you down, sometimes shopping trips need to be cut short. We'll survive. We always have. If needs be, we can eat you. You're the fattest.

Pearson: I sent Lenny and Bill hunting and they found nothing.

Arthur Morgan: Lenny's more into book learning than hunting. Bill's a fool. Unless those mountains are full of game

that want to read, ain't no wonder they found nothing.

Charles Smith: Enough of this. We'll go find something. Come on, Arthur.

Pearson: Wait a second. Hold on. Here. You're going to need something to eat out there.

Arthur Morgan: Assorted salted offal. Starving would be preferable.

Charles Smith: Come on. Let's go.

Arthur Morgan: You can't go hunting. Look at your hand.

Charles Smith: I can't stay here listening to you two. Look, if there's game in those hills, I'll find it and you can kill it.

Arthur Morgan: You need to rest, Charles.

Charles Smith: You think this is rest? Come along. Here, you take this. I can't use it and you'll have to.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, you're joking.

Charles Smith: Use a gun and we'll scare off every animal for miles around. You're never too old to learn. I imagine. All right, let's head out.

Arthur Morgan: How are you holding up, Charles?

Charles Smith: I'm okay, apart from this hand. Stupid mistake.

Arthur Morgan: Still bad?

Charles Smith: It'll be fine in a day or two. I just can't pull a bow right now.

Arthur Morgan: I sure hope I can. I never really got the hang of it.

Charles Smith: You'll be fine.

Arthur Morgan: So you reckon we're going to find something to kill that ain't an O'Driscoll?

Charles Smith: There's meat up here for sure.

Pearson doesn't know what he's talking about. Now the weather's eased off a bit, they'll be needing to feed. We'll head up this way, find some higher ground.

Arthur Morgan: Been a wild few days, all right. That ride north from Blackwater, getting stuck in the storm, going out for John, that thing with the O'Driscolls.

Charles Smith: You've had a lot put on you. I wish I could have done more.

Arthur Morgan: I didn't mean it like that, just a lot to think back on.

Charles Smith: I still don't really know what happened on that boat.

Arthur Morgan: Me neither. Well, Javier told me a bit, but it sure weren't good.

Arthur Morgan: (silence).

Charles Smith: See some of the ground

uncovered here. Come on, let's try this way. Keep your eyes peeled for movement. The wind's died down too.

Arthur Morgan: That's good.

Charles Smith: No wind at all is bad, but if it's too strong, they won't move. Now shh, stay quiet. Hey, stop here a second. I see something.

Arthur Morgan: Whoa!

Charles Smith: There's deer been here, and recently.

Arthur Morgan: How can you tell?

Charles Smith: How can you not? Let's walk it from here. You're going to need the bow. Don't leave it on your house. A gun will scare everything around. Quiet as you can. Stay low and move slowly. You see the tracks?

Arthur Morgan: I think so. Maybe not.

Charles Smith: Focus. It's easier in the snow, but once you get your eye in, you'll be able to track nearly as well in grass and woods.

Charles Smith: (silence).

Charles Smith: Shh. Down there. You see him? Are you ready with that bow? Try to hit him in the neck or head. Quick and clean. You can pull back quite hard. You'll feel when it's too much. Quick. Before they move. Nice. See if you can get another one.

Charles Smith: (silence).

Arthur Morgan: Got it.

Charles Smith: Well done. I think that's all we can carry. Okay. You pick up one, I'll get the other.

Arthur Morgan: You sure your hand's okay?

Charles Smith: It'll be fine once I get it on my

shoulder.

Charles Smith: I'm going to get this packed on my horse.

Arthur Morgan: Whoa, boy. Ready to head back when you are.

Charles Smith: Come on, then. Let's head back. Nice work, Arthur. Should be enough meat here to keep us all fed for a few days.

Arthur Morgan: You found them.

Charles Smith: I knew you'd be okay with that bow.

Arthur Morgan: It's easier when they ain't shooting back.

Charles Smith: We've seen enough of that.

Arthur Morgan: Considering how things were looking a couple of days back, well maybe our luck is finally on the turn.

Charles Smith: Seems to me we should be putting our effort into getting off this mountain now.

Arthur Morgan: Soon. People are still weak and you've seen how snowed in those wagons are. They ain't going nowhere until we get some more thaw.

Charles Smith: You're probably right. And even if we do get off here, what then? We'll still have a big price on our heads.

Arthur Morgan: This is a big country. We'll find somewhere to lie low. Dutch and Hosea will have a plan. You noticed how Pearson's had a bottle in his hand ever since we fled Blackwater? We give the camp cook five minutes to grab the essentials and go, and he doesn't even bring a crumb of food.

Charles Smith: Good that we caught more than one. We've only been up here a few days and have already picked up two more mouths to feed.

Arthur Morgan: One more. We ain't feeding the O'Driscoll a damn thing, except maybe that can of salted offal Pearson was kind enough to give us.

Charles Smith: The girl. She has a wild look in her eye.

Arthur Morgan: Of course. She lost her husband, her home, everything she had.

Charles Smith: So what do we do with her?

Arthur Morgan: Once we get out of here and we're back on our feet, we'll see. She might have family somewhere.

Charles Smith: Who knows? Maybe she'll deal with the O'Driscoll for us.

Arthur Morgan: I know who my money's on in that fight. He's weak, but that makes him much more useful. Maybe we can get to them before they get to us.

Charles Smith: What is it with the O'Driscolls?

Arthur Morgan: You ain't dealt with them? I suppose we ain't run into them much the last six months. I guess because they've been over this way.

Charles Smith: I've heard a lot of talk about them.

Arthur Morgan: Well, we've been scrapping over scores with them for years. Big gang, nasty sons of bitches.

Charles Smith: Watch out. Bear up ahead. Let's see if we can find another way around.

Arthur Morgan: He's got a lot of meat on him.

Charles Smith: We've got enough here. No need to push our luck. He must be real hungry. Stay well back. Spring storms like this are the worst for animals that sleep all winter. Whoa, watch it. Easy! Cut up here, off the trail.

Arthur Morgan: It's all right, boy. We ain't ever talked that much, you and me. How long you been with us now? Five, six months?

Charles Smith: Something like that.

Arthur Morgan: Bet you didn't expect this.

Charles Smith: What?

Arthur Morgan: Any of this. Blackwater mess, being up here.

Charles Smith: Sooner or later a job's going to go wrong. Nature of life.

Arthur Morgan: I just thought you might've

moved on by now.

Charles Smith: You want me to move on?

Arthur Morgan: No. No, not at all. I just, I know you could run it alone no problem.

Charles Smith: I did that for a long time. I'm done with it. Always wondering if someone's going to kill you in your sleep.

Arthur Morgan: I still wonder that most nights.

Charles Smith: I reckon you're okay. This suits me. Sure, I could fall in with another gang. But Dutch, Dutch is different.

Arthur Morgan: Oh yes. Dutch is certainly different.

Charles Smith: He treats me fair. Most of you do. And for a fellow with a Black father and an Indian mother, that ain't normally the case.

Arthur Morgan: Well, we need you now. More

than ever.

Charles Smith: Good. And how long have you been with these boys? Why ain't you run off?

Arthur Morgan: Me? 20 years, something like that. Since I was a boy.

Charles Smith: Twenty years?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. Taught me to read. John, too. Taught me a few other things, him and Hosea.

Charles Smith: I'm sure.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch saved me, saved most of us. That's why we need to stick by him through this. He always sees us right.

Charles Smith: How's that new horse?

Arthur Morgan: He's all right. He'll do for now. I appreciate you letting me take Taima the other night.

Charles Smith: She's a strong one. It's been as hard on the horses as on the rest of us. I don't know what Dutch would do if something happened to the Count.

Arthur Morgan: Same with Bill and Brown Jack. He's a drunk, miserable bastard but he loves that horse.

Charles Smith: I hope they all make it.

Arthur Morgan: Careful. I tried to ride the Count once. Bucked me faster than a bull. Won't take nobody but him.

Charles Smith: I'm going to hitch Taima over here.

Arthur Morgan: Brought some food back, boys. Come on, let's get these over to Pearson. Oh, and thank you for showing me how to use the bow properly.

Charles Smith: I only showed you a little. Takes

a lifetime of practice to master.

Pearson: Well, well, well. Just drop it down in here.

Arthur Morgan: What a surprise to find the camp rat loitering around in the kitchen.

Uncle: Is that any way to greet an old friend? I feel like we haven't spoken for days.

Arthur Morgan: I do my utmost to avoid you.

Uncle: He loves me really. It's his sad way of showing affection.

Arthur Morgan: No, it isn't. Now shoot, get lost.

Uncle: Well, see you gents later.

Pearson: See you got on just fine.

Arthur Morgan: Charles is a wonder.

Pearson: Have a drink, boys. You earned it.

Arthur Morgan: Jesus, what is that?

Pearson: Navy rum, sir. It's the only thing, the only thing. Keeps you sane, it does.

Arthur Morgan: Yes, seems to have done a treat on you. You go rest that hand, Charles.

Charles Smith: It'll be fine in a few days.

Pearson: You mind helping me with the skinning, Mr. Morgan? It's easier if we do it together.

Arthur Morgan: Do I get to skin you?

Pearson: You're always one with the jokes, aren't you? Come on.

Charles Smith: This really isn't a job for a man with a burned hand. I'll see you both later.

Pearson: You skin that one that you dumped on the floor there.

Pearson: Not too bad, Mr. Morgan. Yeah. They always said you were a

butcher. You know, you could trade these or sell these in pretty much any town if you're looking to make a legitimate bit of money, of course.

Arthur Morgan: Right now, I'm just looking to get off this mountain alive.

Pearson: Well, if you catch anything else, you bring it to me.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Pearson: Thank you, Mr. Morgan. Heck, Arthur Morgan's first decent bit of hunting after all these years.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. Well, we're on the run now. Everyone's got to do their bit to survive. Just make a good stew, the folk need it. It's been a tough few days.

Arthur Morgan: I thought you was reading him his last rites. Now I see you're

introducing him to your other
passion.

Reverend Swanso...: I'll mind you to show
me some respect, Mr. Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Mind away, Reverend. You're
still here, then?

John Marston: I owe you.

Arthur Morgan: And you'll pay me, but for the
moment, just rest.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, I think it's time for
the train.

John Marston: You want me to come?

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course I do, but look at
you.

John Marston: I was always ugly, Dutch. It's
just a scratch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Lie still, son. Hello, Abigail.

Abigail: Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Jackie.

Abigail: The boy wanted to see you, John.

John Marston: He's seen me now, or what's left of me. What about you?

Abigail: Guess I was hoping to see a corpse.

John Marston: Bide your time, you'll see plenty of them.

Abigail: You're a rotten man, John Marston.

Dutch Van Der L...: He is an idiot, Abigail, we all know it. Now, railway men. Bill, now you ride ahead and set the charge at the water tower, just before the tunnel.

Bill Williamson: Ain't a problem.

Hosea Matthews: Why are we doing this?
Weather's breaking, we could leave.
I thought we was lying low.

Bill Williamson: Yah. Come on.

Dutch Van Der L...: What do you want from me, Hosea?

Hosea Matthews: I just don't want any more folks to die, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: We're living, Hosea. We're living. Look at me, we're living. Even you. But we need money, everything we have is in Blackwater. You fancy heading back there?

Hosea Matthews: No. Listen, Dutch, I ain't trying to undermine you, I just want to stick to the plan, which was to lie low, then head back out West. Now suddenly, we're about to rob a train.

Dutch Van Der L...: What choice have we got?

Hosea Matthews: Leviticus Cornwall's no joke, Dutch, he's-

Arthur Morgan: Who is Leviticus Cornwall?

Hosea Matthews: He's a big railway magnate,
sugar dealer, oil man.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well how good for him.
Sounds like he has more than
enough to share.

Hosea Matthews: Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Gentlemen, it is time to
make something of ourselves. Get
your horses ready, we have a train
to rob.

Dutch Van Der L...: Alright, we're moving out.
Follow me.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay gentlemen. Listen up,
all of you. According to the
information so kindly provided to us
by the O'Driscolls, the train will be
coming North from Big Valley.
We're going to pick it off after it
crosses the border into the
Grizzlies. There's a raised spot there

that should give us good vantage. Charles, you'll keep looking for any outriders. How's that hand, by the way?

Charles Smith: I'll be fine.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good. I'll take the driver and engineer, then run point. Lenny and Javier, you two take the front cars, deal with any guards. Arthur and Micah, you head straight for the back. That's what we're after, Mr. Cornwall's private car.

Micah Bell: You and me, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Great.

Micah Bell: Have you got a problem with that?

Arthur Morgan: Not if you keep your head for once.

Micah Bell: You worry about yourself.

Dutch Van Der L...: Enough. After Bill blows the

tracks, we're going to need to move fast. Is everyone clear on what they're doing?

Arthur Morgan: Yup.

Micah Bell: Crystal.

Lenny: Yes, boss.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good. Now, come on. Let's ride.

Arthur Morgan: Out of the snow, finally.

Dutch Van Der L...: Feels good, doesn't it? But we need to get this done fast now it's thawing before anyone gets up here after us.

Dutch Van Der L...: Look at you boys, see? This is what I call a crew. Micah Bell, Charles Smith, Arthur Morgan, Javier Escuella, and what about young Lenny here? Always the first man on his horse.

Lenny: Just happy we're back at 'em,
Dutch.

Micah Bell: You sure you're ready for this, kid?

Lenny: 'Course I'm ready.

Dutch Van Der L...: Just stay calm, keep your
eyes sharp. That goes for all of you.
No mistakes, not again.

Micah Bell: So we do this, then we go back to
Blackwater to collect?

Arthur Morgan: How many times are you going
to ask the same question, Micah?

Micah Bell: That's a lot of damn money to leave
sitting for too long.

Charles Smith: It would be crazy to go back
there now. The place will be
swarming with Pinkertons.

Dutch Van Der L...: We go back when I say we
go back, and that's the end of it.
The money's safe, you'll just have to

trust me. And if the O'Driscoll's are right, there'll be a stack of railroad bonds on this train. Good money, once we work out how to cash them. Now everyone, shut up and get your mind on the job at hand. Come on.

Dutch Van Der L...: There's the water tower.
Hold up here on the ridge.

Javier Escuella: [foreign language 00:06:04].

Dutch Van Der L...: Is Bill there?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah.

Dutch Van Der L...: You want to head down?
See how he's getting on?

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hey.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, boy. Alright, boy? You're alright, boy. Good boy.

Arthur Morgan: How are you getting on?

Bill Williamson: I'm okay.

Arthur Morgan: You sure?

Bill Williamson: Of course.

Arthur Morgan: Can I help a little?

Bill Williamson: Alright. Go ahead and set up
the detonator by those rocks over
there.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, sure.

Bill Williamson: Now just unspool the wire and
then attach it to said detonator.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, this is good.

Bill Williamson: Alright, that should do it. You
head back up to the others, I've got
it from here.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, boy.

Lenny: Here comes Arthur.

Micah Bell: About time. I have to say, I am
rather looking forward to this.

Dutch Van Der L...: Just be ready to move quick, and remember the plan, all of you. No mistakes. What's going on?

Arthur Morgan: He says all fine.

Micah Bell: We'll soon find out.

Dutch Van Der L...: Everything okay?

Arthur Morgan: I think so.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, cover your faces. Train should be here any minute now. Gentlemen, it's time.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good luck, all of you. You all know what to do.

Bill Williamson: Here we go. Shit, no. What? God.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, you have got to be kidding me.

Arthur Morgan: Where did you find that moron?

Dutch Van Der L...: You said it was fine.

Arthur Morgan: So it's my fault?

Lenny: Well, come on.

Arthur Morgan: You're pathetic. You know that?

Lenny: Here we go, here we go.

Lenny: Hey, down here. Help.

Arthur Morgan: I've got you. Now stop yelling.
You're okay. Now let's go slow this
thing down.

Lenny: Where's Javier?

Arthur Morgan: He fell, the others will get him.

Lenny: You and me, big man.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, we need to stop this
train.

Lenny: There's another guard up ahead,
you want me to take him?

Speaker 11: God dang it, we're being robbed.

Speaker 12: You won't make it out alive.

Speaker 13: Will someone blow their brains out?

Arthur Morgan: You alright?

Lenny: Yeah, I'm good. What the hell was Bill doing? He had long enough to set that charge.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I hooked up the wire, but we won't mention that.

Speaker 14: You guys are dead, assholes.

Speaker 15: That's far enough.

Arthur Morgan: How you doing there?

Lenny: I'm okay. If we don't stop this train soon, the other boys will never catch us.

Arthur Morgan: I know, just stay calm.

Lenny: You got him? I ain't got a clear shot.

Arthur Morgan: Shit, more guards coming out of

that train car.

Lenny: There better be some money at the end of this.

Arthur Morgan: All these bastards must be guarding something.

Lenny: We need the car at the back, right?

Arthur Morgan: Yep, keep pushing on them.

Lenny: Watch out. There's some shooters up top. Oh, shit.

Arthur Morgan: You still okay?

Lenny: I think so.

Arthur Morgan: Good.

Lenny: Damn, he's got an army. Who is this guy?

Arthur Morgan: You're doing good, kid. Where the hell are the others?

Lenny: I don't know. Shoot them. Shoot them. Oh shit, look. They're coming

out of that last car.

Arthur Morgan: We're gonna get out of this.

Lenny: Oh, I know we are. Hey, there's the other boys. Watch it, more of them ahead.

Dutch Van Der L...: Alright. Finish those sons of bitches.

Arthur Morgan: Good shooting, kid.

Lenny: I can see now why the O'Driscoll's brought so many boys up here for this.

Dutch Van Der L...: Are you two alright?

Arthur Morgan: Yes. Let's get the money and go.

Dutch Van Der L...: We got some fellers holed up in this last car.

Arthur Morgan: Ah shit.

Dutch Van Der L...: What are you boys planning on doing in there? Listen to me, we don't want to kill any of you, any

more of you. I give you my word,
but trust me, we will.

Speaker 16: I work for Leviticus Cornwall.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, boys.

Speaker 16: We got our orders.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. You asked for it. Five.

Speaker 16: We ain't opening this door.

Dutch Van Der L...: Four. Three, two, one.

Seems our friends have gone deaf.
Wake 'em up a little.

Speaker 16: We ain't coming out. You got no
way in here.

Dutch Van Der L...: That's enough. Mr.

Williamson, give Mr. Morgan and
Mr. Smith some dynamite. You two
boys, go blow that door open.

Dutch Van Der L...: Now it don't matter too
much to us, but you boys in there
might want to take a step back.

Arthur Morgan: Here we go.

Charles Smith: Seems good enough. Now, light the fuse.

Micah Bell: Unless you got a death wish, I'd step back fellers.

Dutch Van Der L...: Alright, come on. Just walk on out here. We don't want to kill you.

Micah Bell: My oh my.

Dutch Van Der L...: We just wanna rob your boss. Get on up there, search that train.

Lenny: Look at this place. It's like a palace.

Arthur Morgan: Now I've seen everything. You two go the safe? I'll search the rest.

Micah Bell: Oh yes. Should be easy as cake.

Dutch Van Der L...: What's your name?

Micah Bell: You're just going to stand there,

[crosstalk 00:15:18] kid, pour me some Brandy will ya? I'm parched.

Lenny: Shut up me and Arthur did all the work.

Arthur Morgan: [crosstalk 00:15:23] Yeah, kid did good. Didn't see you rushing to jump on that train.

Micah Bell: He's keen. I'll give you that.

Micah Bell: Okay, let's see if we can get this open.

Dutch Van Der L...: See, this is unfortunately what happens when you work for a-

Micah Bell: Come on.

Dutch Van Der L...: greedy son of a bitch.

Micah Bell: Come on. Getting there.

Micah Bell: There, see? That's how it's done. Shit, just a pile of papers.

Arthur Morgan: Bonds?

Micah Bell: I don't think so. Here, make yourself useful. At least we all know you can read.

Lenny: Give me those.

Micah Bell: Railroad contracts, invoices, blah, blah, blah. You got anything?

Lenny: Not really. Sugar imports from the Spanish West Indies, a lot of sugar. Some fancy new boat he's ordered from Europe.

Micah Bell: I am not robbing another boat as long as I live. Have you checked all the drawers and cabinets?

Arthur Morgan: Now, this looks like something.

Dutch Van Der L...: How's it looking in there?

Arthur Morgan: I think I got them.

Micah Bell: Nice. Well thank God.

Lenny: Come on.

Dutch Van Der L...: What did you find?

Arthur Morgan: These. Bonds, they worth anything?

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh sure, bearer bonds. I think we can probably sell these pretty easily. Well done. Now would you get rid of all of this?

Arthur Morgan: The train?

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah. Get it out of here.

Arthur Morgan: What about them?

Dutch Van Der L...: What do you think?

Arthur Morgan: I don't know.

Dutch Van Der L...: It's up to you. Kill them, leave them here, take them with you on the train. Just make sure they don't send no folk after us.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Dutch Van Der L...: See you back at camp.

When you get back, we'll be moving on. The rest of you, let's ride. Yeah.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, get on the train. Quick, all of you. Any bright ideas, I'll kill all three of you, so behave. Come on, move.

Speaker 17: We won't tell a soul, I swear.

Arthur Morgan: Get a move on.

Susan Grimshaw: Oh, for Lord's sake, put that book away and go help. Oh, Mary Beth.

Arthur Morgan: So, we getting out of this hellhole?

Dutch Van Der L...: We're going to try, weather seems stable.

Hosea Matthews: And we just robbed the Leviticus Cornwall train.

Dutch Van Der L...: We got money in our pockets. The worst is behind us,

gentlemen. So the question is where now?

Hosea Matthews: I know this country a little, I told you we should set up camp in Horseshoe Overlook near Valentine. We'll be able to hide out there no problem as long as we keep our noses clean.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well then let's go, clean noses and everything else. Arthur you're in that one. Bring Hosea. I know you to like talk about the good old days and what's gone wrong with old Dutch.

Speaker 1: Oh, shut up and go do your job.

Dutch Van Der L...: Lenny, Micah, get over here.

Micah: Yes, boss?

Dutch Van Der L...: You two ride up ahead and make sure there's no surprises.

We've had enough of those.

Micah: Me, with the boy?

Dutch Van Der L...: Just go.

Hosea Matthews: Come on kid. You can buy me a whiskey.

Hosea Matthews: Get us out the stream. You got to keep us moving, but calm.
Ah, shit. Okay, let's take a look.

Javier Escuella: You all right back there?

Arthur Morgan: Does everything look all right?

Javier Escuella: Well, what's going on?

Dutch Van Der L...: I broke the goddamn wheel.

Hosea Matthews: All right, let's get it fixed.

Charles Smith: You need help?

Hosea Matthews: I reckon we can handle it.
All right, Charles, you and me hold the thing up while you try and put the wheel back on, Arthur.

Charles Smith: You still strong enough to hold
up a wagon.

Hosea Matthews: Shut up.

Charles Smith: I'm just saying.

Hosea Matthews: Well, say less. Pick the
wheel up.

Hosea Matthews: Nearly there. There.

Arthur Morgan: See, you ain't so useless after
all.

Hosea Matthews: Not quite.

Arthur Morgan: What you think?

Charles Smith: If they wanted trouble, we
wouldn't have seen them.

Hosea Matthews: Poor bastards. We really
screwed them over down here.
Come on, let's not push our luck.

Arthur Morgan: What happened?

Hosea Matthews: Well, get in. I'll tell you.

Hosea Matthews: Not too far now. Stay on his trail. We'll follow the river, then cut left inland.

Hosea Matthews: Yes, the Indians in these parts got sold a very raw deal. This is the Heartlands we're going to. Good farming and grazing country. They lost it all. Stolen, clean away from them, it was, every blade of grass. Killed or herded up to the reservations in the middle of nowhere.

Charles Smith: How's that different from anywhere else?

Hosea Matthews: Well, maybe it's not. I just heard some of the army out here was particularly unpleasant about it.

Charles Smith: Unpleasant. How do you rob and kill people pleasantly? We don't, in spite of Dutch's talk.

Hosea Matthews: I fear I was perhaps trying to simplify something more complicated for the benefit of our block-headed driver here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hey, don't blame it on me. Never forget this here's a con-man, Charles, born and bred. Just because he sounds fancy don't mean he knows a damn thing about what he's talking about.

Dutch Van Der L...: So what happened to your tribe?

Charles Smith: I don't even know if I have one, at least not that I can remember. My father was a colored man. He told me he lived with our people for a while, a number of free men did. But when we were forced to move from our lands, the three of us fled. I was too young to really remember much. My whole life I've been on

the run.

Charles Smith: A couple of years later, some soldiers captured my mother, took her somewhere. We never saw her again. We drifted around. He was a very sad man and the drink had a mean hold on him. Around 13, I just took off on my own.

Hosea Matthews: That was about the age we found young Arthur here, maybe a little older. A wilder delinquent you never did see, but he learned fast.

Arthur Morgan: Not as fast as Marston, apparently.

Charles Smith: Wait, I don't understand. What's the problem between you two?

Hosea Matthews: Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: It's a long story. We still headed the right way?

Hosea Matthews: That depends. Are we still heading West in search of fortune and repose in virgin forest as we planned? No. Are we heading in the correct direction on our desperate escape from the law eastwards down the mountains? Yes, I believe so.

Charles Smith: You know this area.

Hosea Matthews: A little. I've been through a couple of times. There's a livestock town not too far from here called Valentine. Cowboys, Outlaws, working girls, our kind of place.

Arthur Morgan: O'Driscolls?

Hosea Matthews: Probably them too.

Arthur Morgan: Pinkertons?

Hosea Matthews: Let's hope not

Arthur Morgan: Now this place we're going,

wait, what's it called again?

Hosea Matthews: Horseshoe Overlook.

Arthur Morgan: It's a good place to lie low?

Hosea Matthews: It'll do for now. And how low do you think Dutch is really going to lie? It's just, you know, maybe it's me that's changed and not him, but we kept telling him not that ferry job didn't feel right. You and me had a real lead in Blackwater that could have worked out.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe.

Hosea Matthews: It just isn't like Dutch to lose his head like that.

Arthur Morgan: Things go wrong sometimes. People die. That's the way it is, always has been. Me, you, Dutch, we've all been in this line of work a long time and we're still here, so I

figure we must've got it right a hell of a lot more than we got it wrong.

Arthur Morgan: What are you working on there anyway?

Hosea Matthews: Just some yarrow and ginseng. Good for the health. Better than that stuff you buy in the store. Yeah, you can have all this. I'm at the point where I can do it with my eyes closed.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Thank you.

Javier Escuella: There you are, brother. Head in there. Follow the track for a bit.

Arthur Morgan: Thanks.

Javier Escuella: Hey, slow up. I'll jump on. Okay, let's go.

Hosea Matthews: Any trouble getting in here, Javier?

Javier Escuella: Nope. It went well. This is a

good spot.

Hosea Matthews: Excellent. I think this'll work for us, Arthur. For now anyway.

Hosea Matthews: Here we are, gentlemen. Home sweet home.

Arthur Morgan: You weren't wrong, Hosea. This place is perfect.

Javier Escuella: Here we are.

Hosea Matthews: I hope so.

Arthur Morgan: Gentlemen, we have survived.

Hosea Matthews: For now.

Dutch Van Der L...: Now it is time to prosper.

Hosea Matthews: Arthur and I were about to prosper in Blackwater. We were onto something big. Then Micah got you all excited about that ferry and here we are.

Dutch Van Der L...: We have all made mistakes over the years, Hosea, every last

one of us. But I kept us together.
Kept us alive. Kept the nooses off
our neck.

Hosea Matthews: I guess I'm just worried. I
ain't got that long, Dutch. I want
folks safe before I go.

Dutch Van Der L...: Me too.

Hosea Matthews: And now we're stuck east of
the Grizzlies and out of money and
a long way from our dream of virgin
land in the West.

Dutch Van Der L...: I know, my brother, but we
are safe. We make a bit of money
here. Then we move again. Head
out around them. Be west of uncle
Sam. In a few months, buy some
land.

Hosea Matthews: I hope so.

Dutch Van Der L...: Would you just look around
you? This world has its

consolations.

Herr Strauss: Gentlemen, I am going to head into the local town and see if I can strike up a little business.

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course, Herr Strauss. I prefer robbing banks to usury, seems more dignified somehow.

Dutch Van Der L...: Now, everyone, put your tools down for a moment. Come on, gather round. Quickly now. I know that things have been tough, but we are safe now and we were far too poor. It is time for everyone to get to work.

Hosea Matthews: Get to work, but stay out of trouble. Remember, we are itinerant workers.

Dutch Van Der L...: Laid off when they shut down our factory to the north. Now get out there and see what you can find. Uncle, Reverend Swanson, no

more passengers. It is time for everyone to earn their keep.

Hosea Matthews: There's a town little way down the track name of Valentine, livestock town, all mud and morons, if I remember right. That seems a decent place to start.

Pearson: And we need food, real food, that means every day, one of you.

Dutch Van Der L...: And remember whatever it is that you find, the camp gets it's slice. Now be sensible out there.

Susan Grimshaw: The girls have your tent ready, Mr. Morgan, come with me. You two will be ready shortly. We put you over here.

Arthur Morgan: I'm sure everything will be fine, Ms. Grimshaw.

Susan Grimshaw: It should be. Most of your stuff from Blackwater got saved.

Arthur Morgan: Everything apart from my money.

Susan Grimshaw: Oh, don't remind me.

Arthur Morgan: Well, we can always make more money.

Susan Grimshaw: We're going to have to. Ms. Jackson, I've seen shit with more common sense than you! Do it properly!

Arthur Morgan: Got off the mountain and road east into some pretty enough country called the Heartlands. Ain't been this far east in many a year.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch seems a little better. His eyes are sparkling once more. I can see he's thinking a little clear. I think we all feel a little happier, in spite of black water and that whole mess.

Hosea Matthews: Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Hosea.

Hosea Matthews: Quite a day.

Arthur Morgan: Let's hope so.

Hosea Matthews: There's a bunch of the boys already in Valentine; Bill, Charles and Javier. And Swanson found something down at the train station by the lake apparently. Strauss came back with that creepy little smile on his face. I'm sure there's a whole list of unfortunates he's forced money upon.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you. And you?

Hosea Matthews: I'm going to read a book.

Reverend Swanso...: Mr Morgan, I took your advice, sir, I took your advice.

Arthur Morgan: Then, your God has finally deserted you. What you talking about?

Reverend Swanso...: I took your advice, sir. I have removed myself from Morpheus' embrace. No more shall I sink, sir. I am free. I am free.

Arthur Morgan: You don't seem free, friend. You seem drunk.

Luther: Sit down, Reverend, we ain't finished.

Arthur Morgan: You ain't finished? Look at him, he's finished.

Luther: None of us forced liquor down his throat, friend. I just want him to play.

Arthur Morgan: Now, firstly, we ain't friends. Don't make no mistake on that subject. Now, secondly, he can't hardly see, let alone reason. Now, reasoning ain't never been one of my strong points neither, but seeing, I do just fine. You want to

step outside or do our business here?

Luther: I just want him to finish the game.

Reverend Swanso...: Why can't we all just get along? These are good men, Arthur. They're children of God. They are children of God.

Luther: How's about you play in his place, huh? That seems fair.

Arthur Morgan: Fair?

Luther: Sure. You want a game?

Arthur Morgan: Sure, I'll play a few hands.

Luther: Well, sit yourself down then.

Luther: I'm Luther. This is Marvin.

Marvin: Fortunate, for you both, we're being gentlemen about this.

Arthur Morgan: Same goes for you.

Luther: How you two know each other

anyway? Don't seem like the likeliest of friends, if you don't mind me saying.

Arthur Morgan: We go a long way back.

Luther: And now you're his chaperone?

Arthur Morgan: I guess it's something like that.
Can we play?

Marvin: I'll call. He can't be no real clergyman, he committed about five cardinal sins just in that chair you're sitting in.

Arthur Morgan: I think he used to be. He's drifted a little in recent years. Life is a challenge to all of us.

Marvin: Can you imagine him at the pulpit?
If he could stand up.

Luther: On the fourth day, he turned water and whiskey and I don't remember much after that. I check.

Arthur Morgan: He's a decent fellow going through a bad time. Disrespect him again and you'll find yourself in a bad time too.

Marvin: All right, all right, just trying to have a little fun here. It is a game after all, mister.

Arthur Morgan: Onwards we march.

Marvin: I'll give you that one.

Marvin: Not for me.

Luther: I'll take it.

Marvin: Oh, come on.

Arthur Morgan: All in.

Marvin: You go all out, don't you?

Luther: Let's see then.

Arthur Morgan: Damn.

Luther: All right for some. Now you're talking.

Luther: Don't mind if I do.

Arthur Morgan: Shit.

Luther: All right!

Marvin: Dammit, I can't get a look in.

Arthur Morgan: Man, you're real unlucky, ain't you?

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Okay. You're fine. Just a little more.

Marvin: I wish I'd asked that drunken fool to bless my card before he passed out.

Arthur Morgan: I'm going to go all in to.

Arthur Morgan: Let's do this again, huh?

Luther: How do you like this? Good luck with those cards.

Arthur Morgan: Yes. Come on. That's good. Well, gentlemen, time to move along.

Luther: Aw, hell. You're one lucky son of a

bitch, you know that?

Arthur Morgan: Oh, I'm surely a son of a bitch.
But lucky? I ain't so sure. Come on,
you. Let's move along. Where is he?

Luther: Who?

Arthur Morgan: The Reverend. Where'd he go?

Luther: I don't know.

Arthur Morgan: Aw, shit. Excuse me, gentlemen.

Arthur Morgan: Reverend? Reverend Swanson?
Where'd you go?

Arthur Morgan: Excuse me. I'm sorry. You see a
drunken idiot, a priest wandering
about?

Cowboy #1: Sure. We saw him, smelled him and
avoided him. He went that way, I
think.

Arthur Morgan: Thanks.

Cowboy #1: Guy looked kind of crazy, Mister.

Arthur Morgan: You have no idea.

Reverend Swanso...: Hey. Calm down.

Cowboy #2: What the hell did you just say to me?

Arthur Morgan: Hey, get your hands off him.

Reverend Swanso...: I didn't say a word.

Cowboy #2: You'll keep! You stay out of it!

Arthur Morgan: Get your hands off him now, you son of a bitch.

Arthur Morgan: You better make the next one count.

Cowboy #3: Oh my God, you killed him. I'm going to get the law on you.

Arthur Morgan: Hey, you, get back here. You better stop right there.

Cowboy #3: Stay away from me.

Arthur Morgan: Stop, you son of a bitch. I said stop, dammit!

Cowboy #3: Okay. Okay. Please, don't hurt me.

Arthur Morgan: You tell anyone what you saw back there, you're a dead man. You understand me?

Cowboy #3: Yep. I won't tell a soul. I promise.

Arthur Morgan: Good. Get the hell out of here.

Cowboy #3: That's the last thing I needed.

Arthur Morgan: Reverend, get off the damn tracks!

Arthur Morgan: Come on, my friend. It's just a simple mistake. You can still be saved.

Arthur Morgan: What have you done with your foot?

Reverend Swanso...: It appears to like this place and wants to stay.

Arthur Morgan: Get your foot out of here! Twist your leg, you drunken bastard! Got it! Come on!

Reverend Swanso...: Thank you, sir.

Arthur Morgan: Oh no you don't! What the hell is wrong with you?

Reverend Swanso...: What the hell is wrong with you, throwing me off a bridge like that?

Arthur Morgan: There was a goddamn train, you crazy bastard.

Reverend Swanso...: Have I been bad again, Mr. Morgan? I'm sorry. I wish I was different.

Arthur Morgan: Let's get you home.

Reverend Swanso...: Home? That's a wonderful idea. I could have tea with Margaret.

Arthur Morgan: Margaret? Who's Margaret?

Reverend Swanso...: Hee-hee-hee.

Arthur Morgan: Yah.

Reverend Swanso...: Where am I?

Arthur Morgan: Yep.

Reverend Swanso...: A flush of diamonds.

Molly O' Shea: I was wondering when he'd
show up.

Arthur Morgan: You better sleep your way to
salvation, my friend.

Susan Grimshaw: Oh, what happened?

Arthur Morgan: Just the usual.

Susan Grimshaw: Poor bastard.

Arthur Morgan: Exactly.

Susan Grimshaw: Well, thank you, Mr.
Morgan. I'll keep an eye on him.

Arthur Morgan: He was lucky this time. Real
lucky.

arthur morgan: Careful not to work yourself to
death there Uncle.

uncle: I was thinking.

arthur morgan: Yeah, does it pay well?

uncle: Eventually.

arthur morgan: So, while the rest of us are busy stealing, killing, lying, fighting to try to survive, you get to think all day.

uncle: It's a strange world we live in Arthur Morgan.

arthur morgan: Do you want to head into town to see if we can find anything out?

uncle: Sure. I got some errands to run.

arthur morgan: Great. Go check the horses are ready.

karen jones: Are you going to take the old man in town? Could take us too?

arthur morgan: Why, what do you got planned?

karen jones: Nothing. We'll find something for y'all to do, we always do.

mary-beth: We're bored out of our minds.

tilly: Been cooped up here for two weeks now. Karen's about ready to murder Grimshaw.

arthur morgan: Well, can Ms. Grimshaw spare you?

mary-beth: Can Ms. Grimshaw spare you?
What's happened to you Arthur?
Three young healthy women want you to take them robbing, you're worried about house chores. Let's go.

arthur morgan: Fair enough. You got me. Come on then.

karen jones: I can't believe we're going to see civilization. Feels like weeks since we did.

uncle: Yeah. Valentine. We're the embodiments of civilization. Ladies, are going to love it.

arthur morgan: Okay, then let's go.

uncle: All right, after the trees here, then take a left.

uncle: Ladies, sing us a song.

Ladies: I got a girl in Berryville, can't be screwed because she's too damn ill. So, I don't know down there no more-

uncle: Go right here, it's quicker.

Ladies: There's a little horse laying outside her door. I got a girl in Valentine who likes to drink that fancy wine. who in her hat was two feet tall, the crack in here pants paid for it all. I got a girl in Berryville, can't get it in her because she won't stay still. She kicks and squeals and farts and hollers, won't take less than seven dollars.

Speaker 7: Oh, goddamn it. Oh shit, the horses.

Damn horses.

tilly: Is one of you going to get that feller's horse?

uncle: Oh, I got lumbago, it's very serious.

arthur morgan: All right. I'll see what's going on. Lumbago, really? You all right there, friend?

Cowboy #1: Oh hey, you couldn't help me get my other horse back from over there, could you?

arthur morgan: Sure, no problem.

Cowboy #1: Thanks. It's the white one over there.

mary-beth: Go on, Arthur.

arthur morgan: Easy there, easy.

mary-beth: See uncle, that is a gentleman.

arthur morgan: Easy, it's okay. Easy, you're okay. There boy.

mary-beth: There you got it. Well done, Arthur.

arthur morgan: Here, here you go.

Cowboy #1:: You're a gentleman sir, a
gentleman.

arthur morgan: No, not really. I was just trying
to impress the women.

Cowboy #1:: Well anyway, thank you.

uncle: Come on, let's go.

karen jones: To Valentine.

arthur morgan: Let's go.

uncle: You're turning into a regular old
fairy godmother there, Arthur.

arthur morgan: What's that supposed to mean?

mary-beth: That means you got a heart. A small
one perhaps, hidden deep inside
but a real one. And you haven't, you
repulsive old lizard.

uncle: Lizards have hearts.

mary-beth: Well, Arthur, I'm proud of you.

arthur morgan: To be honest, if you lot hadn't been here, I probably would have robbed him.

mary-beth: Well, you did.

mary-beth: Woo, smell those sheep.

Speaker 7: Or is that Uncle?

uncle: Very funny.

mary-beth: This looks like a decent little town, other people, finally. Look at all that snow in the mountains.

karen jones: Sure don't want to be back up there.

mary-beth: You think we should have asked Molly to come with us?

karen jones: Oh no. Miss O'Shea is far too high and mighty now for the likes of us or to do any real work. She is a society lady now.

uncle: Go left here down the main street. Sheriff's office on the right. Sure you can pick up some bounties there, Arthur.

arthur morgan: Heaven forbid you put your head on the line.

uncle: Yeah, that's a young man's game.

karen jones: Woo. Yes, we can get up to some mischief here all right.

arthur morgan: Just remember, keep a low profile.

karen jones: Will you remember that though, Arthur?

arthur morgan: Probably not.

uncle: Let's park up down the end there, near the stables. All right, here we are just like I said. The cultural center of civilization. Man at its finest.

arthur morgan: Uncle, what are we doing?

uncle: Well, we're going to do what any self-respecting maniac does, put the women to work.

karen jones: With pleasure. We'll start at the saloon.

arthur morgan: Okay. Just stay out of trouble and don't get yourselves noticed.

uncle: Right, I need to get something from the stores.

arthur morgan: Okay. Well, we'll see at the general store when you're done.

karen jones: Come on ladies, imagine we're in Paris.

uncle: Come on.

arthur morgan: So, that's how you see yourself, is it? A maniac?

uncle: Well, in my youth I used to be known as the one-shot kid.

arthur morgan: Okay. I'm not going to ask why.

uncle: You are a sad man, Arthur Morgan.

arthur morgan: But I know you love me
desperately.

uncle: You're my favorite parasite.

arthur morgan: No, ringworm's my favorite
parasite, you're my second favorite
parasite.

uncle: Very funny.

arthur morgan: I lied. Ringworm, then rats with
the plague, then you.

uncle: Shut up, this is the place now, come
on. Morning.

arthur morgan: So, what do you need?

uncle: Hell, a drop a whiskey for a start.
Something to pass the time while
we're waiting on the women.

arthur morgan: Always thinking ahead, ain't

you?

uncle: You're looking a bit tired there, Arthur. Why don't you pick up some coffee while we're here?

arthur morgan: Let me know if you have any questions fellers. Whiskey's on the top shelf, nearest the door.

uncle: Okay. If you're done, I'll meet you outside. I won't be too long.

arthur morgan: Here's to your good health, my sir. It's a funny world. This time in my career, I pictured myself being married to an heiress.

mary-beth: Gentlemen, I think I got something good.

uncle: What? Huh?

mary-beth: I snuck into this fancy house, acted like a servant girl usually works. Someone was saying her sister was taking a trip from New York or some

place. Train full of rich tourists heading to Saint Denis and then cruising off to Brazil.

arthur morgan: Okay.

mary-beth: A train late laden with baggage and passing through a bit of deserted country at night as to get to the docks and time for the tides in some place called Scarlett Meadows.

uncle: Yeah, I know it. Yeah, it's right out near New Hanover. Right, it's real quiet out there.

arthur morgan: Sounds good. Where's Tilly and Karen?

mary-beth: I think at the hotel. They were picking up some drunken fellers that they was going to rob.

arthur morgan: Why?

mary-beth: It seemed easy. They have been

gone for quite a while.

arthur morgan: I guess, I'll go see if there's any trouble.

mary-beth: Oh, there's Tilly over there. That does not look ideal.

arthur morgan: Excuse me.

tilly: Get your hands off me.

Speaker 8: You thought I wouldn't find you, Tilly?

tilly: You can go kiss a damn snake for all I care, get off me.

arthur morgan: Get your hands off her friend.

Speaker 8: Who are you?

tilly: A friend of mine.

arthur morgan: Get off her.

Speaker 8: Or what exactly?

arthur morgan: You want to find out?

Speaker 8: You're making a big mistake, Tilly Jackson.

tilly: Just get lost.

Speaker 8: I ain't doing this with you right now.

arthur morgan: Go wait with Uncle and Mary-Beth, they're across the street.

tilly: Okay, thanks Arthur.

Speaker 9: Can I help you, sir? No trouble now please.

karen jones: Get off of me.

Speaker 10: I'm getting what I paid for. Hey. Who are you?

arthur morgan: A friend of hers.

Speaker 10: Get out of here, buddy. I paid.

arthur morgan: Ain't paid to hit her. You goddamn animal.

Speaker 10: Come here. I paid.

arthur morgan: What the hell are you doing here?

karen jones: Trying to play him, not very well.

arthur morgan: You okay?

karen jones: Fine.

arthur morgan: You sure?

karen jones: Yeah. Nothing, nothing to worry about just man but, stupid bastard. Stupid bastard was boasting about the bank.

arthur morgan: The bank?

karen jones: Sure. I know small town banks are usually a waste of time but this is a livestock town, there's lots of cash sometimes.

arthur morgan: Okay. Keep investigating.

karen jones: I will.

Speaker 9: I hope everything's okay up there?

karen jones: After you. Thank you, Arthur. I don't much like being saved but when I have to be.

arthur morgan: I understand.

tilly: You okay?

karen jones: Sure. He only punched me. Arthur punched him a lot harder.

arthur morgan: Yeah. All right then.

mary-beth: Hey, who's that guy over there looking at us?

jimmy brooks: Weren't you in Blackwater a few weeks back?

arthur morgan: Me? No, sir. Ain't from there.

jimmy brooks: Oh, you were. Well, I definitely saw you with a bunch of fellers.

arthur morgan: Me? No, impossible. Listen, buddy. Come here for a minute.

jimmy brooks: I saw you.

arthur morgan: Come here.

jimmy brooks: Come on, get.

uncle: I don't like this.

jimmy brooks: Me neither. Go get the girls
home. I'm going to go have a word
with our friend.

tilly: Be careful, Arthur.

arthur morgan: Just a word.

Speaker 12: Hey, that's my horse.

arthur morgan: Just borrowing it.

jimmy brooks: You stay away from me.

arthur morgan: Get back here right now. You
stop right here. We need to talk.

jimmy brooks: I didn't mean nothing by it,
honest.

arthur morgan: We need to talk pal.

jimmy brooks: Come on. Help, someone.

arthur morgan: Why are you telling lies about me?

jimmy brooks: No, no, I got it wrong partner. I got it very wrong. Now please help me out.

arthur morgan: I ain't never been in Blackwater.

jimmy brooks: Then why are you chasing me?

arthur morgan: I've got an unfortunate face.

jimmy brooks: Yes, yes. Me too. Now please pull me up, please. Please.

arthur morgan: All right. Come on. You okay partner?

jimmy brooks: No, no, I am not. I'm a mess.

arthur morgan: Well, you ain't dead.

jimmy brooks: Yeah, there is that. Jimmy Brooks.

arthur morgan: I think it's best for both of us if

we pretend this never happened.

jimmy brooks: Oh, I agree. You saved my life. You're a good man and I, here, you want a pen? It's one of them steel ones.

arthur morgan: That's very kind of you but I'm not a good man, Jimmy Brooks, not usually. You see, I was in Blackwater. I kill people and maybe I should have killed you. Should I have killed you Jimmy Brooks?

jimmy brooks: Me? I never saw you. Not now, not never. I think we have an understanding?

arthur morgan: Of course we do, Jimmy Brooks. I will remember that. I've got a good memory.

jimmy brooks: I haven't, I haven't. Not one lick. Not one sense in this here old mind. Come on, come on. You have a nice day now, sir.

Hosea Matthews: Hey, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Hosea.

Hosea Matthews: You want to go hunting?

Arthur Morgan: What are you hunting? An elephant?

Hosea Matthews: I wish. No, I saw a huge bear. One of the biggest I ever saw, and I reckon nearly a thousand pounds.

Arthur Morgan: My God. What, you need me to come with you?

Hosea Matthews: Of course. Let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Well, where we heading exactly?

Hosea Matthews: Up near the Dakota River. Might take a day or two.

Arthur Morgan: I could do with a break from this place.

Hosea Matthews: Oh, me too. It's been a rough couple of weeks. You need anything?

Arthur Morgan: I don't think so. I got all I need.

Hosea Matthews: Let's go then. So, you still ain't replaced Boadicea?

Arthur Morgan: Nah, I miss her. She was quite a horse. This one's okay, but ain't no Boadicea.

Hosea Matthews: I've been meaning to offload this big Shire horse for a while now. Unruly bastard.

Arthur Morgan: Where'd you get him?

Hosea Matthews: Some big, loud mouth bastard tried to rob me when I was out riding, so I ... Well, you know how it is.

Arthur Morgan: I see.

Hosea Matthews: Let's take him to Valentine.

It's on the way, sort of. There's a decent dealer there. We'll unload him. You can buy herself a new horse. Put your saddle on him, let's get going.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. But I do kind of like this horse.

Hosea Matthews: There's nothing wrong with two horses. And the stables always have the best ones.

Arthur Morgan: I guess you're right.

Hosea Matthews: This is going to be fun, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: He won't throw me?

Hosea Matthews: No, he's an angel. If I'm near him.

Hosea Matthews: Okay, see if you can get your leg over that brute.

Arthur Morgan: Easy, big feller.

Hosea Matthews: All right, let's head into town. No bar fights, please. I heard about that.

Arthur Morgan: I'll do my best.

Hosea Matthews: You got a problem with that horse? We're heading out. Might be big on a couple of days. They got a good range of hearts tack at the Valentine Stables, some beautiful saddles. I used to have a real nice one.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. What happened to that?

Hosea Matthews: Got stolen outside that saloon in Deer Creek.

Arthur Morgan: I remember now, just about. That turned into a long day.

Hosea Matthews: Yes. Remember? Mac went crazy, threatened to kill the whole town. And Davey was passed out so cold we left him there, came back in

the next day and he woke up,
started right back drinking again.

Arthur Morgan: I'll miss those boys.

Hosea Matthews: Jenny, too. She had some
spark, that girl.

Arthur Morgan: It must be pretty hard on Lenny.
You could tell he was sweet on her.

Hosea Matthews: Well, Lenny and Jenny
could never have worked. That's
like Arthur and Martha, or Bill and
Phil.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe you're right. It does feel
a bit like our luck died with them
too.

Hosea Matthews: Nonsense. We'll be all right.
Just need some money to get back
on our feet.

Arthur Morgan: I hope so. You find a way off
load those Cornwall bonds yet?

Hosea Matthews: Not yet. They're still very hot. Need to be done right. I have a couple of leads I'm looking into.

Hosea Matthews: Don't let that big bastard get the better of you there, Arthur.

Speaker 3: Howdy.

Arthur Morgan: He's all right.

Hosea Matthews: Stables are just up ahead.

Speaker 4: Welcome.

Hosea Matthews: All right, go sell that big brute. Buy yourself a horse.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Hosea Matthews: I'm going off to the general store, get a few things to lure that bear out with. Meet you back here in a bit.

Speaker 5: Hey, how can I help you?

Arthur Morgan: I'm in the market for a new

horse, something strong and fast.

Speaker 5: Well, you're in the right place. I got some beauties in at the moment. Yeah, and what about this one here? Yeah. You looking to sell?

Arthur Morgan: I ain't sure yet.

Speaker 5: You got papers?

Arthur Morgan: No, no papers.

Speaker 5: Well, of course, that's going to affect what I can pay. But your luck's in, I got a fella who's been looking for a decent work horse like this for a while. He'll pay a good price. Otherwise, I can always stable him here for you. Yeah, take a look.

Speaker 5: All right, partner. You got yourself a deal, and a fine new horse.

Arthur Morgan: I hope so.

Speaker 5: Well, I don't sell anything other

good animals. You have my word on that.

Arthur Morgan: All right, let's see.

Speaker 5: Here are your papers. And On me, a new grooming brush and some treats.

Arthur Morgan: Appreciate it.

Speaker 5: Yeah. All right, you, you treat this fellow well. I know he's going to look after you just fine.

Hosea Matthews: Looks like a nice animal you got there. You happy?

Arthur Morgan: Guess we'll see. Okay, boy, let's go.

Hosea Matthews: All right, let's get going.
We've got quite a ride ahead of us.

Arthur Morgan: Lead the way. So what's this lake we're heading for?

Hosea Matthews: It's called O'Creagh's Run.

Up in the mountains, east of Cumberland Falls. I just hope I can remember how to get there.

Arthur Morgan: Back into the mountains? I sure didn't figure on that.

Hosea Matthews: But this time we're doing the chasing. How are things with you and John?

Arthur Morgan: Fine.

Hosea Matthews: Ain't it about time you let it go now?

Arthur Morgan: It was a year, Hosea. He ditched us for a goddamn year.

Hosea Matthews: I've spoken to him many times. He knows he did wrong. He just wants to put it behind him.

Arthur Morgan: I'm sure he does. Running off on that kid is one thing, but there's code. He knows that. He ain't Trelawny. Dutch and you pretty

much raised him.

Hosea Matthews: I know, but it's done, has been for a while now.

Arthur Morgan: Nobody else would have been welcomed back that easy after that long, and you know it.

Hosea Matthews: Okay. I think we need to head right up here.

Hosea Matthews: Yes, I remember this place. Moonstone Pond. We're going the right way.

Hosea Matthews: That's the lake there. Good, we made it. Let's loop around the other side.

Arthur Morgan: I should really be heading back over to Great Plains, see about Sean.

Hosea Matthews: It's bounty hunters who've got him?

Arthur Morgan: So Trelawny says. Javier and Charles have gone with him to scope it out.

Hosea Matthews: Pretty dangerous going anywhere near Blackwater.

Arthur Morgan: Right. But if he's alive, we've got to try.

Hosea Matthews: Of course.

Hosea Matthews: Look there. Rabbits. Maybe we should catch one to cook?

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Nice shooting. Got one!

Hosea Matthews: Arthur, what's wrong now? I ain't picking it up. It's your kill.

Hosea Matthews: Good job.

Hosea Matthews: All right, it's getting late. Reckon we should camp here.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Hosea Matthews: Well, then you get a tent

up.

Arthur Morgan: I'm famished.

Hosea Matthews: Cook that rabbit then.
They're delicious on an open fire
like this.

Arthur Morgan: Fine by me.

Arthur Morgan: Do you want some of this?

Hosea Matthews: Nah, I'm fine. I don't like
eating this late.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, after all that.

Hosea Matthews: All right. Well, we better get
some rest. I want to be up at first
light to find this monster.

Arthur Morgan: He better be worth all this
drama.

Hosea Matthews: Morning, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: You ready? No, give me a
minute.

Hosea Matthews: Coffee?

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Hosea Matthews: There you go.

Arthur Morgan: So what's your plan?

Hosea Matthews: Well, we'll see if we can track him, but we might need to lay bait to draw him out. Bears like fish, obviously, but they also have a sweet tooth. A lot of fellas bait, then shoot from the trees, but I prefer to hunt on the ground. More dangerous, but we'll have a much better chance of getting a good shot in. And if he bolts, we can start right off after him.

Hosea Matthews: Can you mix up this bait for me while I finish packing us up? Fish. Berries. Tie it up in that rag when you're done.

Arthur Morgan: I hope you know what you're

talking about.

Hosea Matthews: I grew up in the mountains, Arthur. I was virtually weened on bear meat.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. I think I got this done.

Hosea Matthews: Good. Pack up and we'll get going.

Hosea Matthews: Grab your stuff and let's go. Okay, let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, boy. Good one, boy.

Hosea Matthews: We'll try our luck down by the water, that's where I saw him last.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Hosea Matthews: How's that horse treating you?

Arthur Morgan: So far so good.

Hosea Matthews: You know I was in this area with Bessie years ago.

Arthur Morgan: Really? I didn't know that. I
imagine you still miss her.

Hosea Matthews: Every day.

Arthur Morgan: Did you two ever think about
getting out of the life?

Hosea Matthews: We did briefly. You don't
remember? Guess you were still
young. Didn't last long. I drifted
back into it. She understood. She
knew what I was.

Arthur Morgan: I remember you not being
around for a while, but things were
looser back then.

Hosea Matthews: Truth is there's never really
any getting out. And staying in, it's
hard. You know that. But Bessie and
I made it work. Why? You thinking
about getting out?

Arthur Morgan: Me? No, of course not.

Hosea Matthews: Listen, if Dutch's grand plans work and we can make enough money to go someplace new, really new, maybe we can all have a new start. Anyway, for now, let's try and chase ourselves a bear, shall we? Let's slip by the water here, see if he's been fishing again recently.

Hosea Matthews: Look for tracks, dung, bones, any sign of him.

Arthur Morgan: Well, there's some paw marks here, Hosea. They sure look big enough.

Arthur Morgan: This way.

Arthur Morgan: Tracks go into those trees.

Arthur Morgan: Wait a minute, there's something on the ground here.

Hosea Matthews: Half-eaten fish here. Must've been left by our friend, I

reckon.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, let's see if there's anything else.

Arthur Morgan: Something else on the ground just here. Bear shit here, watch your step.

Hosea Matthews: Looks real fresh. Reckon he's got to be close.

Arthur Morgan: Let's keep going.

Arthur Morgan: Looks like the trail ends here. We lost him?

Hosea Matthews: For now. A little optimism, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Well, what do you think?

Hosea Matthews: I think we split up and each look.

Arthur Morgan: Either that or we could place bait here.

Hosea Matthews: That could work. Which do

you think?

Arthur Morgan: Let's bait here.

Hosea Matthews: Fine by me. Let's leave the bag over there. By those boulders up ahead looks like a good spot for it.

Hosea Matthews: Now.

Arthur Morgan: A thousand pounds you say?

Hosea Matthews: More or less. Big scar down his face. Hey, did that bait look okay to you?

Arthur Morgan: I think so. You're the expert.

Hosea Matthews: Ready with your gun there?

Arthur Morgan: I'm good. You okay? You seem nervous.

Hosea Matthews: So do you. I'm fine.

Hosea Matthews: Let's just take a look at that bait.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Hosea Matthews: Come on.

Arthur Morgan: We only just set it, Hosea.

Hosea Matthews: I know, but we need to do this right.

Hosea Matthews: Give me a hand here. Got your knife? Shit.

Hosea Matthews: Easy. No, it's too close.

Arthur Morgan: You're fine, old man.

Hosea Matthews: Of course, I'm fine. It's nothing. Nothing at all.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you, I think. That was fun.

Hosea Matthews: You know what, Arthur Morgan? I'm a little old and beaten up to be after the biggest game. You can have this.

Arthur Morgan: What is it?

Hosea Matthews: It's a map. A man in a bar gave it to me. Well, I stole it from him, but that's another story. He said it told him where to find some real big animals.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you.

Hosea Matthews: It's a pleasure. You saved my life, Arthur. I think I'm going back to camp to lick my wounds. You coming or you going to track that monster? Well?

Arthur Morgan: I'm going to stick around here for a while.

Hosea Matthews: I'll see you back at camp. He-yah.

Arthur Morgan: Boy.

Hosea Matthews: Hey, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Hosea.

Hosea Matthews: You want to go hunting?

Arthur Morgan: What are you hunting? An elephant?

Hosea Matthews: I wish. No, I saw a huge bear. One of the biggest I ever saw, and I reckon nearly a thousand pounds.

Arthur Morgan: My God. What, you need me to come with you?

Hosea Matthews: Of course. Let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Well, where we heading exactly?

Hosea Matthews: Up near the Dakota River. Might take a day or two.

Arthur Morgan: I could do with a break from this place.

Hosea Matthews: Oh, me too. It's been a rough couple of weeks. You need anything?

Arthur Morgan: I don't think so. I got all I need.

Hosea Matthews: Let's go then. So, you still ain't replaced Boadicea?

Arthur Morgan: Nah, I miss her. She was quite a horse. This one's okay, but ain't no Boadicea.

Hosea Matthews: I've been meaning to offload this big Shire horse for a while now. Unruly bastard.

Arthur Morgan: Where'd you get him?

Hosea Matthews: Some big, loud mouth bastard tried to rob me when I was out riding, so I ... Well, you know how it is.

Arthur Morgan: I see.

Hosea Matthews: Let's take him to Valentine. It's on the way, sort of. There's a decent dealer there. We'll unload him. You can buy herself a new

horse. Put your saddle on him, let's get going.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. But I do kind of like this horse.

Hosea Matthews: There's nothing wrong with two horses. And the stables always have the best ones.

Arthur Morgan: I guess you're right.

Hosea Matthews: This is going to be fun, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: He won't throw me?

Hosea Matthews: No, he's an angel. If I'm near him.

Hosea Matthews: Okay, see if you can get your leg over that brute.

Arthur Morgan: Easy, big feller.

Hosea Matthews: All right, let's head into town. No bar fights, please. I heard about that.

Arthur Morgan: I'll do my best.

Hosea Matthews: You got a problem with that horse? We're heading out. Might be big on a couple of days. They got a good range of hearts tack at the Valentine Stables, some beautiful saddles. I used to have a real nice one.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. What happened to that?

Hosea Matthews: Got stolen outside that saloon in Deer Creek.

Arthur Morgan: I remember now, just about. That turned into a long day.

Hosea Matthews: Yes. Remember? Mac went crazy, threatened to kill the whole town. And Davey was passed out so cold we left him there, came back in the next day and he woke up, started right back drinking again.

Arthur Morgan: I'll miss those boys.

Hosea Matthews: Jenny, too. She had some spark, that girl.

Arthur Morgan: It must be pretty hard on Lenny. You could tell he was sweet on her.

Hosea Matthews: Well, Lenny and Jenny could never have worked. That's like Arthur and Martha, or Bill and Phil.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe you're right. It does feel a bit like our luck died with them too.

Hosea Matthews: Nonsense. We'll be all right. Just need some money to get back on our feet.

Arthur Morgan: I hope so. You find a way off load those Cornwall bonds yet?

Hosea Matthews: Not yet. They're still very hot. Need to be done right. I have a couple of leads I'm looking into.

Hosea Matthews: Don't let that big bastard
get the better of you there, Arthur.

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Arthur Morgan: It was a year, Hosea. He ditched us for a goddamn year.

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Hosea Matthews: Look there. Rabbits. Maybe
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Arthur Morgan: Sure. Nice shooting. Got one!

Hosea Matthews: Arthur, what's wrong now?
I ain't picking it up. It's your kill.

Hosea Matthews: Good job.

Hosea Matthews: All right, it's getting late.
Reckon we should camp here.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Hosea Matthews: Well, then you get a tent
up.

Arthur Morgan: I'm famished.

Hosea Matthews: Cook that rabbit then.

They're delicious on an open fire like this.

Arthur Morgan: Fine by me.

Arthur Morgan: Do you want some of this?

Hosea Matthews: Nah, I'm fine. I don't like eating this late.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, after all that.

Hosea Matthews: All right. Well, we better get some rest. I want to be up at first light to find this monster.

Arthur Morgan: He better be worth all this drama.

Hosea Matthews: Morning, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: You ready? No, give me a minute.

Hosea Matthews: Coffee?

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Hosea Matthews: There you go.

Arthur Morgan: So what's your plan?

Hosea Matthews: Well, we'll see if we can track him, but we might need to lay bait to draw him out. Bears like fish, obviously, but they also have a sweet tooth. A lot of fellas bait, then shoot from the trees, but I prefer to hunt on the ground. More dangerous, but we'll have a much better chance of getting a good shot in. And if he bolts, we can start right off after him.

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Hosea Matthews: How's that horse treating you?

Arthur Morgan: So far so good.

Hosea Matthews: You know I was in this area with Bessie years ago.

Arthur Morgan: Really? I didn't know that. I imagine you still miss her.

Hosea Matthews: Every day.

Arthur Morgan: Did you two ever think about getting out of the life?

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Arthur Morgan: I think so. You're the expert.

Hosea Matthews: Ready with your gun there?

Arthur Morgan: I'm good. You okay? You seem nervous.

Hosea Matthews: So do you. I'm fine.

Hosea Matthews: Let's just take a look at that bait.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Hosea Matthews: Come on.

Arthur Morgan: We only just set it, Hosea.

Hosea Matthews: I know, but we need to do this right.

Hosea Matthews: Give me a hand here. Got your knife? Shit.

Hosea Matthews: Easy. No, it's too close.

Arthur Morgan: You're fine, old man.

Hosea Matthews: Of course, I'm fine. It's nothing. Nothing at all.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you, I think. That was fun.

Hosea Matthews: You know what, Arthur Morgan? I'm a little old and beaten up to be after the biggest game. You can have this.

Arthur Morgan: What is it?

Hosea Matthews: It's a map. A man in a bar gave it to me. Well, I stole it from him, but that's another story. He

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Arthur Morgan: Thank you.

Hosea Matthews: It's a pleasure. You saved my life, Arthur. I think I'm going back to camp to lick my wounds. You coming or you going to track that monster? Well?

Arthur Morgan: I'm going to stick around here for a while.

Hosea Matthews: I'll see you back at camp. He-yah.

Arthur Morgan: Boy.

Kieran Duffy: Please.

Arthur Morgan: You got some speaking to do of your own, about that old gang of yours.

Kieran Duffy: I said, I told you, I don't know nothing.

Arthur Morgan: That's what I thought.

Dutch Van Der L...: Whoa, hold your horses there. It seems the cat has got our friend here's tongue. I was thinking Mr. Williamson could have a word.

Bill Williamson: You ready to talk, boy?

Kieran Duffy: I told you, mister. I told all of yous. I don't know nothing, okay? They ain't no friends of mine. I just been ridden with them for a while.

Bill Williamson: Horseshit. You see, we heard that part, so how about you tell the truth? Dutch, what do you want me to do?

Dutch Van Der L...: Hurt him, so the next time he opens his mouth, it is to tell us what is going on. Ah, who am I kidding? One of O'Driscoll's boys couldn't open his mouth, but he'd tell a lie. Screw it. Let's just have

some fun. Geld him.

Bill Williamson: Oh, yeah.

Kieran Duffy: What's he doing? Where's he going?

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, don't worry. They're only balls, boy. Just going to cause you trouble. You know, in Imperial Rome, eunuchs was among the happiest and most loyal of courtiers.

Kieran Duffy: No, no, no, no. You're kidding me, right?

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course.

Kieran Duffy: You sick bastards. What do you want from me?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, you are going to talk. The only question is now or after we got these little fellas off?

Kieran Duffy: Okay, okay. Listen. I know

where O'Driscoll's holed up, and you're right, he don't like you any more than you like him. He's at Six Point Cabin.

Bill Williamson: Aww.

Kieran Duffy: I'll take you there. Serious. I don't like him. I mean, I like him even less than I like you, no offense.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, none taken.

Bill Williamson: Okay then, partner.

Arthur Morgan: Why don't you take a few of us up there right now? I got this, Dutch. Should be fun. All right, you. Come on, let's go.

Bill Williamson: Geld him!

Arthur Morgan: Let's both hope you ain't trying to trick us, O'Driscoll.

Kieran Duffy: I ain't no O'Driscoll.

Arthur Morgan: But you sure as shit was. John,

Bill, come here. We got a social call needs making. Where we heading?

Kieran Duffy: Up into the hills behind Valentine. I'll show you.

Arthur Morgan: John, you take this little rattlesnake with you. Any nonsense, kill him.

John Marston: Sure.

Arthur Morgan: We're going to pay your buddies our respects.

John Marston: He taking us to Colm?

Arthur Morgan: That's what he says. Come on.

Kieran Duffy: I'm taking you to him. Look, I'll give you more directions when we're close. But if I know where we are, it's up past Valentine.

John Marston: All right. I'll lead.

Arthur Morgan: Easy girl.

John Marston: Sharing saddle with an

O'Driscoll. Who'd have thought?

Kieran Duffy: How many times I got to say? I ain't an O'Driscoll.

John Marston: You sure look like one, and you smell like... God damn. You smell like one, too.

Kieran Duffy: I smell like horse shit.

John Marston: That's right. Boy, are you high.

Bill Williamson: Morgan, you got throwing knives in your saddle bag. Dutch said that you might... I was asked to give them, and I'm doing you the further courtesy of telling you about it.

Arthur Morgan: Next time you want to give me something, how about you give it to me instead of hiding it somewhere hoping the opportunity comes up to mention it?

Bill Williamson: Last goddamn favor I do you.

Kieran Duffy: Hey, hey, if I got my bearings, it's over here. Yeah, I know this country. Take this track up through the rocks.

Arthur Morgan: How you holding up, John?

John Marston: Fine. Still ain't right, but I'm fine.

Arthur Morgan: You damn well should be after all that bed rest.

John Marston: Hey, all right. Abigail wouldn't let me up. You know her, she won't be reasoned with.

Arthur Morgan: Well, when you was having a failure of reason and hiding behind your woman, we were getting shot at.

John Marston: And I'd do the same for you, if you was in a bad way.

Arthur Morgan: I hope so, but I fear you don't

know how to help anyone excepting yourself.

John Marston: You see, O'Driscoll? If this is how he treats his friends, imagine what he does to his enemies.

Kieran Duffy: I got an inkling of what y'all do to your enemies when you put those gelding tongs to my parts.

John Marston: Very funny.

Kieran Duffy: Now we go left, road will take us up and around. Those are the hills, head for them.

John Marston: Save your horses. We got a climb, boys.

Kieran Duffy: You know, you all ain't that different from the O'Driscolls.

John Marston: What did you just say?

Kieran Duffy: I've been watching you all these weeks, and...

John Marston: You've been tied to a tree. You don't know nothing about this gang.

Kieran Duffy: Yeah, well, I'd say you don't know much about the O'Driscolls, but maybe I know more about you than you know about them, and I know all about them, so.

John Marston: Tell us, then. How are we like those mongrel dogs?

Kieran Duffy: You're outlawed like them. You're out to survive like them. You live rough. You live hard, fighting the law, nature. You're out for ourselves.

John Marston: See? This is why you're an O'Driscoll, O'Driscoll. You're out to survive, we're out to live, free. Colm's a sneak thief and a killer. Dutch is more like a teacher.

Kieran Duffy: From where I been, you just

look the same is all.

John Marston: Then you looked, but you ain't seen.

Arthur Morgan: John, shut that boy up.

John Marston: Enough out of you.

Arthur Morgan: Boys, we're almost on them. Now, who knows if the son of a bitch we got with us is talking true, but if it's what he says it is and Colm O'Driscoll's here, we can end years of fighting here and now.

Kieran Duffy: Okay, now cut left up here. We go down the hill, into the forest.

Arthur Morgan: We're going in quiet, taking them out as we find them, trying not to set things off. But if we do, we move quick and hard. We settle this like we know how, okay?

John Marston: Okay by me.

Bill Williamson: With you, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: All right, then.

Kieran Duffy: Through the trees here. Hey, we're real close. I'd leave your horses the other side of this clearing.

Bill Williamson: I'll get my guns off my horse, and I'm ready.

Arthur Morgan: Easy, Bill. Quiet.

Kieran Duffy: This is it. The cabin's just the other side of this hill.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Off your horses. Let's go.

Bill Williamson: You going to get them knives?

Arthur Morgan: I said, easy.

Kieran Duffy: Follow me, all right? It ain't far.

John Marston: We might've shared a horse, but we ain't friends. Remember, I'm watching you every moment.

Kieran Duffy: I ain't going to shop you now,
come on. It'd be suicide.

Bill Williamson: You'll die, boy, but you'll lose
your balls first.

Kieran Duffy: Jesus Christ. Come on.

John Marston: Okay, get down.

Kieran Duffy: Cabin's in the clearing down
there. There'll be a bunch of fellers
hiding out there, too.

Arthur Morgan: Are these fellers armed?

Kieran Duffy: Armed, drunk, wary of
strangers, yep.

Arthur Morgan: And Colm O'Driscoll?

Kieran Duffy: He'll be holed up in his cabin, be
passed out, booze blind, likely as
not.

Bill Williamson: Over there, someone's coming.

O'Driscolls: So who's going to tell him we ain't

got nothing for the pot?

O'Driscolls: Aw, let me think. The feller that spooked the game, I reckon.

O'Driscolls: I'm going to drain it. I'll catch up.

O'Driscolls: Nah, we ain't going to fall for that. We're going to wait so you can tell him yourself.

O'Driscolls: Yeah, yeah, yeah. If anyone's actually going to shoot the messenger, it'd be that mean son of a bitch.

O'Driscolls: Yes, sir.

O'Driscolls: Come on, shake it off.

Arthur Morgan: Shh. Come on.

Bill Williamson: What are we doing about the pisser, Morgan? One by the tree?

Arthur Morgan: I'm going to deal with this first feller.

Bill Williamson: Okay. Go to work.

Bill Williamson: He's down.

John Marston: Now stay here, don't you damn
move.

Bill Williamson: Morgan, the next two, what's
the plan?

John Marston: We're waiting.

Arthur Morgan: Keep back where they won't
hear us. When I move, you move.
Take them out at a distance.

Bill Williamson: I can do that.

John Marston: Good work. We moving on the
camp? I left our guide up there.
He's meek as little lamb.

Arthur Morgan: He better be.

John Marston: Over here, feller on the log.
What are we doing about him?

Arthur Morgan: Take him quiet, Marston.

John Marston: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Get your hands dirty for a change. Jesus.

John Marston: Okay, now what? We're at the perimeter. What are we doing?

Bill Williamson: You got a lead on this. What're we doing?

O'Driscolls: Abandon the camps! Abandon the camps!

O'Driscolls: Ah.

Arthur Morgan: Run and hide, if you know what's good for you.

O'Driscolls: That one's been riding with Dutch for years.

O'Driscolls: He weren't lying, that little toad.

Bill Williamson: Die, you drunk idiots.

O'Driscolls: [inaudible 00:11:27] the cabin. Fall back.

Arthur Morgan: Give up, O'Driscolls. We got you

beat. We got them.

O'Driscolls: Some fellers coming back into camp, watch out.

Arthur Morgan: Don't run away from me.

John Marston: What are you hiding in the woods for? [inaudible 00:12:07].

Arthur Morgan: You stay here, you're dead men.

O'Driscolls: You see them coming?

John Marston: We catch you unawares?

Bill Williamson: We caught them on the drink.

O'Driscolls: Ah. [inaudible 00:12:33].

Bill Williamson: This is quite a hideout.

O'Driscolls: Ah. Ugh, ugh.

Bill Williamson: That's it, they're turning tail.

Arthur Morgan: Leave them. Colm's still here.

Bill Williamson: Hey, he said Colm would be in the cabin.

O'Driscolls: Ah.

Arthur Morgan: I'll check. You look out here.

O'Driscolls: Ah.

Bill Williamson: You got supplies, you drunk,
dead bastard.

Speaker 8: Ah, ah.

Kieran Duffy: You all right?

Arthur Morgan: Sure, thank you. Colm
O'Driscoll, he ain't here. You set us
up. Come here.

Kieran Duffy: What?

Arthur Morgan: You set us up/

Kieran Duffy: No, I didn't.

Arthur Morgan: You did. Colm O'Driscoll ain't
here.

Kieran Duffy: He was here, I swear, I swear. If
I was setting you up, I wouldn't
have saved your life.

Bill Williamson: It's a good point, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: All right then, go on. Get out of here.

Kieran Duffy: Aye?

Arthur Morgan: I won't kill you.

Kieran Duffy: I didn't set you up.

Arthur Morgan: Get lost.

Kieran Duffy: Get lost?

Arthur Morgan: I'm letting you run away, now go on. Get out of here.

Kieran Duffy: That's as good as killing me. Out there, without you, Colm O'Driscoll's going to lose his mind about this.

Arthur Morgan: So?

Kieran Duffy: So I'm one of you now.

Arthur Morgan: Give me a break. All right, then. But I'm warning you.

Kieran Duffy: Oh, I know.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, let's get to camp.

Kieran Duffy: So you got the cash then?

Arthur Morgan: What cash?

Kieran Duffy: Yeah, there's usually some cash
in the chimney.

Arthur Morgan: I'll check it. Rest of you boys get
to camp, quick.

Kieran Duffy: See, Arthur? I ain't so bad.

Arthur Morgan: Hey, Bill. You tell Dutch old
Kieran ain't worth killing just yet.

Bill Williamson: Yeah right, you are.

Arthur Morgan: At least you got something
tucked away.

Hosea Matthews: That's an interesting way of
putting it, Seamus.

Seamus: No doubt, I do interesting very well.
It's trusting I don't do so well.

Hosea Matthews: Please. Arthur, this is
Seamus. He's our new partner.

Seamus: I ain't no such thing.

Hosea Matthews: Prospective new partner if
he likes us.

Seamus: Liking ain't the problem, trusting is,
as I said. Keep your voices down. I
don't want my boss hearing. This is
a sideline.

Hosea Matthews: Course. Look at us, honest
as the day is long.

Seamus: Exactly.

Hosea Matthews: I'll tell you what, let us
prove ourselves.

Arthur Morgan: Prove ourselves? To this clown?
What you talking about?

Seamus: Good day, Hosea. Good luck with
your business dealings.

Hosea Matthews: Listen, he's rough and ready

and quick with his tongue, but I swear you can trust him and trust me.

Seamus: I'm an old man.

Hosea Matthews: You're not old, Seamus.

Seamus: I'm old enough and you know why I ain't dead?

Hosea Matthews: You don't trust idiots.

Seamus: Exactly.

Hosea Matthews: We're not idiots. Let us prove it to you.

Seamus: Okay. I tell you what.

Hosea Matthews: Arthur.

Seamus: Old Bob Crawford and his boys just bought a beautiful stolen stage coach from upstate, it's in their barn. Now you go get that and then we can work together.

Hosea Matthews: Who's old Bob Crawford?

Seamus: An acquaintance of mine.

Hosea Matthews: So you want us to take out your competition?

Seamus: Well, he's not just an acquaintance, but a cousin by marriage. I also want to see if you boys got what it takes. Now you survive that...

Hosea Matthews: Where is he?

Seamus: He's in a farm house just northwest of here called Carmody Dell. It's just up the train tracks as you're heading up towards Fort Wallace. There's also some money in that house, but that's your business, not mine, but don't kill nobody. Folks know we ain't intimate no more and they'll know it was me.

Hosea Matthews: But you're fine with us robbing your cousin?

Seamus: By marriage, and yes, I'd love it.

Hosea Matthews: You heard the man, let's go rob his cousin.

Seamus: By marriage.

Arthur Morgan: Really?

Hosea Matthews: Really. Lead the way. He said the place is just northwest of here.

Arthur Morgan: Me?

Hosea Matthews: You're the one who's been out gallivanting around here.

Arthur Morgan: That's what you call it. Clearly you've recovered from your bear encounter.

Hosea Matthews: Could have played that better, couldn't you?

Arthur Morgan: Thought you wanted me here to show some strong arm? That's usually how it goes.

Hosea Matthews: Yes, but you know how this

works.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, Hosea. That feller's a joke.

Hosea Matthews: And that's why he's perfect. He won't cause us any problems. A safe spot to fence wagons and coaches. That's easy money for us.

Arthur Morgan: I guess you're right.

Hosea Matthews: Come on. It's not like he's asking us to rob a bank. If the two of us can't steal a stage coach from Seamus' old crooked cousin by marriage, we should hang up our hats now.

Arthur Morgan: So what's the story with that Emerald Ranch? You find out anything else?

Hosea Matthews: A little. Owner's a nasty type by all accounts. Seamus is sure scared of him.

Arthur Morgan: That's not saying much.

Hosea Matthews: Something strange about the place. Used to be a saloon there, general store. Now it's all closed up, but they seem to have money.

Arthur Morgan: Sounds worth a look around.

Hosea Matthews: For sure. Seamus also mentioned the rancher's daughter a couple of times, how he used to see her around all the time but now she never leaves the house. Probably just sweet on her.

Arthur Morgan: That what you call finding out a little?

Hosea Matthews: Once he opens up, seems Seamus does like to talk.

Arthur Morgan: Hopefully not too much.

Hosea Matthews: That must be the place up

ahead. We should go on foot from here. Let's see what we're dealing with. Come on. There's the house. I see the barn in the back. Stage coach has to be in there. Okay, let's take a quick look at the place.

Arthur Morgan: Anyone around?

Hosea Matthews: Yes. Okay. I reckon we can do it now. I'll head over, distract them by putting on a little show while you sneak into the house, find what you can, then get the stage coach. Or wait until nightfall, sneak in, then I'll get the coach. You can try the house. What do you think?

Arthur Morgan: Let's wait.

Hosea Matthews: Okay, let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Hosea Matthews: You go into the house, I'll go find this wagon.

Hosea Matthews: Get on, dear boy. Nicely done, we got everything we needed. Take it easy, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: And I'm pretty sure they never even knew I was there.

Hosea Matthews: Best way. Less problems the better right now. Just need to get this back to Seamus in one piece and it's a good night's work. So what were you able to lift from the house?

Arthur Morgan: Found some money stashed away. Must be a few hundred, not too bad.

Hosea Matthews: Not bad at all. Why aren't we on the damn road?

Arthur Morgan: This was easier than hunting a thousand pound grizzly anyway.

Hosea Matthews: Okay, here we are. Just pull the coach into the barn there. Hello,

Seamus. We met your cousins.

Seamus: How was it?

Hosea Matthews: Fine, nice people.

Seamus: Park that thing in here, quickly. Nice work, Hosea.

Hosea Matthews: It was mostly Arthur. Like I said, coarse, but competent.

Seamus: Here.

Hosea Matthews: Thank you.

Seamus: If you find any other coaches that need selling, I'll see what I can offer you for them, but discreet, you know?

Hosea Matthews: Of course.

Seamus: Goodbye, gentlemen.

Hosea Matthews: I'm heading back to camp, I think. You coming?

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Hosea Matthews: Easy.

Arthur Morgan: Nice ride, girl.

Dutch: Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch. Miss O'Shea.

Dutch: Well, it feels like we are finally getting back on our feet.

Arthur Morgan: You find a buyer for them bonds we stole?

Dutch: Not yet. But Hosea's working on it.

Arthur Morgan: When we heading west?

Dutch: Soon. I don't know.

Arthur Morgan: Feels like things have changed. The whole world has changed. That they don't want folk like us no more. We're being hunted.

Dutch: We are smarter than them. Only the feeblest of men take jobs in the government.

Arthur Morgan: I hope so.

Miss O'Shea: Trust Dutch, Mr. Morgan. You have to.

Lenny Summers: They got Micah. Dutch, Arthur.

Dutch: What's going on?

Lenny Summers: They got Micah. He's been arrested for murder. He was in Strawberry and-

Dutch: It's okay, son. Breathe.

Lenny Summers: They nearly lynched me. They got Micah in the sheriff's in Strawberry and there's talk of hanging him.

Arthur Morgan: Here's hoping.

Dutch: Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: What? The fool brought this on himself. You know my feelings about him, Dutch.

Dutch: You think I can't see past his bluster to the heart inside? He is a fine man.

Arthur Morgan: No, I ain't saving that fool.

Dutch: I can't go. My face will be all over West Elizabeth. I am asking. He would do it for you.

Arthur Morgan: I don't think he would, but fine, all right.

Dutch: Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: You okay, Lenny?

Lenny Summers: Yeah, of course I'm okay.

Arthur Morgan: You don't seem okay.

Dutch: You take that kid in the town. Valentine, not Strawberry. Get him drunk. And Arthur, no crazy business.

Arthur Morgan: I've given that up.

Dutch: And you get Micah out of that jail.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, son. I'll get to it,
Dutch. Just can't drop everything.
That's good, girl. There, girl.

Lenny Summers: I rode as fast as I could.
Didn't stop for nothing.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. You look like you've been
through it.

Lenny Summers: I'm beat. We finally get off
that mountain, then this. Micah's
got a crazy side, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: What were you boys doing?
You're supposed to be scouting
ahead for us.

Lenny Summers: I kept asking him what we
was doing, but he was, "You worry
too much, kid. Just some business
to attend to, kid." You know how he
is.

Arthur Morgan: Yes, I do.

Lenny Summers: He was half soaked before we even got there. Then we ran into some fellows. One of them, Micah knew, drank some more. And this is supposed to be a dry town we're in, too.

Arthur Morgan: And he shoots one of them. I know how that goes.

Lenny Summers: Couldn't even tell you quite how. It happened like the strike of a match. The law was on his fast too. They was ready to string me up there and then. But I got away, just about.

Arthur Morgan: You're all right now. We'll take care of it.

Lenny Summers: So you're going to go get him? I'll come with you.

Arthur Morgan: No, you leave it to me. For now,

let's drink something, forget about Micah.

Lenny Summers: It was drink that started all this.

Arthur Morgan: We'll just have a couple, settle you down, then head back. Okay?

Lenny Summers: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Now, I should warn you. Me and a couple of the other boys got in a bit of a fight last time we was here.

Lenny Summers: What kind of fight?

Arthur Morgan: No, nothing big. We kept it clean. We're all good.

Lenny Summers: If you say so, Arthur. Whoa.

Arthur Morgan: Here we are. That's good, girl.

Lenny Summers: Just one or two, right Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Course. Just a drink. No big

drama. Can we get a cup of bears please?

Bartender: You. I don't want no trouble.

Arthur Morgan: You'll get none from me. I was defending myself.

Bartender: Tommy, he's...

Arthur Morgan: He'll be fine. Here. Have one for yourself.

Bartender: Thank you.

Lenny Summers: Micah seemed to know a lot of people. That was the problem.

Arthur Morgan: How you mean?

Lenny Summers: I mean, I done seen a lot of crazy, crazy stuff, but Micah-

Speaker 6: "A lot of crazy, crazy stuff."

Arthur Morgan: Will you shut up?

Speaker 6: Will you shut up?

Arthur Morgan: Be quiet, buddy.

Speaker 6: Oh, they're dullards. My Lord. You man is dull.

Lenny Summers: Leave this fool alone.

Speaker 6: "Leave the fool alone." People been leaving me alone for the last 10 years. I'm bored with being left alone.

Arthur Morgan: Listen, buddy. You're a charming fellow, one of the best, but me and the kid here, we're trying to talk business. So could you possibly leave us alone? No offense intended.

Speaker 6: Ain't no pleasing some folk. Just trying to be friendly.

Arthur Morgan: That's great partner. Lenny, Lenny, where are you? Lenny? Hey. Hey, buddy. Hey, no hard feelings, huh? You ever wonder if life is a

brutal waste of time? Yeah, I think you're right, partner. You know which way my friend went?

Speaker 7: No idea.

Arthur Morgan: Hey, Lenny? Lenny? Lenny, where are you? What are you doing, kid?

Lenny Summers: Hello, Arthur. You know what? I don't know. Well, why ain't you never married?

Arthur Morgan: No one would have me. That's the thing, you see, because it...
Lenny? Lenny?

Speaker 8: Get away from me.

Arthur Morgan: Are you in here, Lenny? Lenny? Lenny? Lenny, where are you at?

Speaker 8: Come here, boy. Come here.

Arthur Morgan: Leave the kid alone, you God damn animals.

Speaker 8: Who do you think you're talking to?

Arthur Morgan: Nobody. I'm talking to nobody.

Speaker 8: What did you say?

Arthur Morgan: What?

Speaker 8: I said, what did you say?

Arthur Morgan: Get lost, buddy.

Speaker 9: Shut up, mister.

Speaker 8: Yeah, shut your mouth, mister.

Arthur Morgan: Lenny? Lenny, you bastard. I've
been looking all over for you, Lenny.
Oh, Lenny? Found you, Lenny.

Speaker 10: How many have you had, pal?

Arthur Morgan: Lenny, where are you hiding
now? Lenny? Lenny? There you are,
Lenny.

Speaker 11: Do I look like a Lenny to you?

Arthur Morgan: Lenny, my boy.

Speaker 12: Lenny? Go away, you're drunk.

Arthur Morgan: Damn it, Lenny, stop sloping off on me.

Clyde: I'm Clyde. You got the wrong feller.

Arthur Morgan: Lenny.

Speaker 14: You mean Jenny? She left with a john an hour ago.

Lenny Summers: Arthur, Arthur, what are you doing? You're a good friend to me, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Shut up. Cheers.

Speaker 6: Cheers.

Arthur Morgan: Not you again.

Speaker 15: There they are. There they are, those are the men.

Speaker 16: I got him.

Speaker 15: Come here, you drunk fool.

Speaker 16: I got the bastard.

Arthur Morgan: Never. You'll never take me
alive.

Speaker 17: You. Stop right now, you drunken
fool. I said stop.

Arthur Morgan: You'll never take me alive.
(silence). You moron, Morgan. You
moron. Not again.

Herr Strauss: Herr Morgan, Herr Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Mr. Strauss.

Herr Strauss: You busy, my friend?

Arthur Morgan: Why?

Herr Strauss: I'll cut you in.

Arthur Morgan: Loaning? Already?

Herr Strauss: You know how it is. People is
happy to borrow off someone like
me, but more enthusiastic paying
back to someone like you.

Arthur Morgan: Of course. Who are they?

Herr Strauss: Let me see. A Chick Matthews, works at Guthrie Farm. He's a hand, I believe. Mr. Wrobel, the small holder at Painted Sky, runs the operations there. Badly. Miss Lilly Millet is a ranch maid up at Emerald Ranch.

Arthur Morgan: And here was me believing Dutch's bluster about us helping folk.

Herr Strauss: It's legal work, Mr. Morgan. Debtors belong in prison. We are doing them a favor.

Arthur Morgan: Aye, and I'll make sure they see it in them terms.

Herr Strauss: Put the debts in the deed box and try not to kill them. It's very bad for business.

Speaker 3: (singing)

Speaker 3: Good morning.

Speaker 3: (singing)

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Speaker 4: Very good.

Speaker 4: Whoa, shit. First one to drop him gets the gold. Take him [inaudible 00:02:37].

Arthur Morgan: That was close.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: You Chick Matthews?

Speaker 5: Oh no, no. Not me, sir. That's the greenhorn over there. And there he goes.

Chick Matthews: So long, loan shark.

Arthur Morgan: Dammit. Hey! Get back here, you owe us money. Last chance to save your hide. Stop.

Chick Matthews: The money's mine and I'm

keeping it.

Arthur Morgan: Go. You don't want to get me angry, boy.

Chick Matthews: You're too slow, old man.

Arthur Morgan: The more I chase, the more you owe.

Chick Matthews: German shouldn't have lent to me, then.

Arthur Morgan: You make me go much further, I'll get more than a debt off you.

Chick Matthews: Don't you give up.

Arthur Morgan: [inaudible 00:05:06]

Chick Matthews: Holy Moses. Look, look, I got the money. But it's hidden. Untie me and I'll tell you where it is. Come on, this ain't right.

Arthur Morgan: Goddamn treasure hunt? You're lucky I ain't taking your teeth as well.

Chick Matthews: Aren't you going to untie me?

Chick Matthews: You got the map. Do the decent thing. I know I shouldn't have borrowed.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: Slow up, now.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: Easy.

Lilly Millet: Do you have any idea of the hole I'm in?

Cooper: Oh come on. Why's it always got to be such a goddam performance with you? Now I told you I'd get you the money next week and I'll get it.

Lilly Millet: If you didn't make it this week, who's to say you'll make it next?

Cooper: Don't you take that tone with me. I thought you said you love me.

Lilly Millet: I do. I do. But what I get paid ain't enough for one person, let alone two. You're money's got to be your problem now.

Cooper: The only problem I got is this bleating going on in my ear. Now lay off it, Lilly. Goddamn it.

Arthur Morgan: Lilly. Where's our money?

Lilly Millet: What?

Arthur Morgan: That loan you took. It's pay day.

Lilly Millet: I'm sorry. I don't have it right now.

Arthur Morgan: Well then, I guess we got a big problem, don't we.

Lilly Millet: Cooper, give him what you've got.

Cooper: I ain't giving him nothing. Except a lesson in damn manners.

Arthur Morgan: Son of a bitch.

Lilly Millet: No, please. You don't have to do

this.

Arthur Morgan: Should have walked away.

Lilly Millet: All right, all right. He has all my money. I gave it all to him. Just take everything that you find on him and let's be done with this. Please.

Lilly Millet: Leave me alone, won't you? You've got the debt.

Speaker 9: Hey, you know what I do to thieves? The law'll hear about this.

Arthur Morgan: I didn't steal that. It's a debt. Dammit.

Speaker 9: Can't a man have some peace?

Arthur Morgan: You stop right now or you're dead. Hey, stop.

Speaker 9: Okay, I'm going to beat the darn tar out of you.

Arthur Morgan: Hey, what up a second. You hearing me now?

Speaker 9: You insane? You're insane. Should learn how to shoot.

Speaker 9: (silence)

Speaker 10: They set me up. I'm an innocent man.

Speaker 11: Hey. Enough out of you.

Speaker 11: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: Whoa.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: Okay, girl.

Speaker 12: Who's that? Look what the cat dragged in.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, good girl.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Speaker 13: Oh, ain't that a beauty?

Speaker 13: Well, that's exactly what I've been looking for.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: You're all right, girl.

Arthur Morgan: Knock, knock, Mr. Wrobel.

Mr. Wrobel: [Polish 00:13:51]

Arthur Morgan: Goddamn it. English? You speak English?

Mr. Wrobel: Me? Silesia. Upper Silesia.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, good for you. I'm here for money that you borrowed from a German man.

Mr. Wrobel: Aha, a German. [German 00:14:11]

Arthur Morgan: No, I don't speak German neither. I'm here for money. Money that you borrow from Leopold Strauss.

Mr. Wrobel: Leopold Strauss.

Arthur Morgan: Uh-huh (affirmative), yeah. So

it's time to pay. Where is it?

Mr. Wrobel: Well, no, have nothing. It's very bad winter.

Arthur Morgan: We've all had a bad winter, pal. Now, where is it?

Mr. Wrobel: No, no...

Arthur Morgan: Now, you remember where you're keeping that silver?

Mr. Wrobel: [Polish 00:14:57]

Arthur Morgan: No, still don't understand you. Where is the money? Gold? Dollars?

Mr. Wrobel: [Polish 00:15:11] I have nothing. No, no, no, no. Please no. No have money. But I have this. It's good. It's good. Valuable. It's Warszawa, yes.

Arthur Morgan: I have your things? Okay? I have... Anything in here or out there?

Mr. Wrobel: Yes. Very valuable, good?

Arthur Morgan: Not good yet. Don't even speak English.

Mr. Wrobel: No, no, no, no.

Arthur Morgan: Yes, yes, yes, yes. What you got behind there?

Mr. Wrobel: [Polish 00:16:15]

Arthur Morgan: Move aside.

Mr. Wrobel: [Polish 00:16:19]

Arthur Morgan: Better be something somewhere. What do we have here?

Mr. Wrobel: [Polish 00:16:29]

Arthur Morgan: Just keep quiet. Okay, that should about cover things.

Mr. Wrobel: [Polish 00:16:41]

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: Easy. Easy. Easy. You're okay.
Go easy, girl.

Mr. Wrobel: [Polish 00:17:24]

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Speaker 13: Well, that's exactly what I've been
looking for.

Speaker 15: Well, hey there, partner. Come
[inaudible 00:18:09].

Speaker 15: (silence)

Speaker 16: Hey, hey, who's that?

Arthur Morgan: It's Arthur.

Speaker 16: You're alive.

Speaker 16: (silence)

Speaker 3: Hey, Arthur.

Speaker 16: Arthur.

Speaker 17: I thanked you already. Was it not
loud enough?

Speaker 18: Yeah? Well, fuck you, then.

Speaker 19: I just miss him so much. [crosstalk
00:19:09]

Speaker 19: (silence)

Speaker 3: How you doing?

Speaker 3: (silence)

Speaker 3: Hi, honey.

Herr Strauss: How did you get on, Herr
Morgan?

Arthur Morgan: Fine, our accounts are up to
date. Sad sacks, the lot of them.

Herr Strauss: Good, very good.

Arthur Morgan: My pleasure.

Herr Strauss: Well, if it's your pleasure you're
after, there is one other. This
farmer preacher fellow I met in
Valentine, Mr. Downes.

Arthur Morgan: The opinionated little do-

gooder? Yeah, I know the one. I
certainly know the type.

Herr Strauss: Thank you, Herr Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: There's no need to thank me.
Like you said, it's pleasure I'm after.

Herr Strauss: He's more slippery than he
seems. I've tried being polite. Don't
take any nonsense.

Arthur Morgan: Nonsense? Me?

Herr Strauss: If he doesn't have the money,
beat him.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I usually do.

Herr Strauss: I know. I know.

Herr Strauss: (silence)

Speaker 3: Hey.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Speaker 20: Get away from me now!

Arthur Morgan: Whoa, easy there.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: Mr. Thomas Downes?

Mr. Thomas Down...: Yup, that's me.

Arthur Morgan: You owe me money.

Mr. Thomas Down...: Oh, no, no. I'm...

Arthur Morgan: Come here, you maggot.

Mr. Thomas Down...: Please, sir. I'm... I'll.

Arthur Morgan: Really? Threaten me, would
you?

Mr. Thomas Down...: Please, I have a family,
sir. Please.

Arthur Morgan: I don't care about your family.

Mr. Thomas Down...: Mr. Strauss seemed so
understanding.

Arthur Morgan: Why'd it have to come to this,
huh?

Mr. Thomas Down...: Believe me, sir, I

didn't...

Mr. Thomas Down...: Be reasonable.

Arthur Morgan: You borrowed money from my business partner, Herr Strauss. You owe him. You took the money. He wants it back. What's not to understand? Where's our money?

Mr. Thomas Down...: I don't have it.

Arthur Morgan: Sell your place.

Mr. Thomas Down...: We already owe more than it's worth.

Arthur Morgan: Then sell your wife, or your family, or something. We ain't your idea of charity. Is that clear?

Mrs. Downes: Thomas!

Arthur Morgan: What are you looking at?

Mrs. Downes: Thomas!

Mrs. Downes: I

Arthur Morgan: I said what you looking at,
woman?

Mrs. Downes: My husband isn't well. If we
could just have more-

Arthur Morgan: Like I said, we ain't nobody's
idea of charity. Get us the money.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Speaker 18: Don't be like that.

Speaker 17: Calm down.

Arthur Morgan: Here.

Herr Strauss: Ah, how did you get on?

Arthur Morgan: Not so good. He's almost dead,
and they seem more or less
destitute. You were a fool for
lending them the money.

Herr Strauss: Well, who aren't desperate
don't seem so interested in my
propositions.

Arthur Morgan: Course.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Kieran Duffy: Please.

Arthur Morgan: You got some speaking to do of your own, about that old gang of yours.

Kieran Duffy: I said, I told you, I don't know nothing.

Arthur Morgan: That's what I thought.

Dutch Van Der L...: Whoa, hold your horses there. It seems the cat has got our friend here's tongue. I was thinking Mr. Williamson could have a word.

Bill Williamson: You ready to talk, boy?

Kieran Duffy: I told you, mister. I told all of yous. I don't know nothing, okay? They ain't no friends of mine. I just been ridden with them for a while.

Bill Williamson: Horseshit. You see, we heard

that part, so how about you tell the truth? Dutch, what do you want me to do?

Dutch Van Der L...: Hurt him, so the next time he opens his mouth, it is to tell us what is going on. Ah, who am I kidding? One of O'Driscoll's boys couldn't open his mouth, but he'd tell a lie. Screw it. Let's just have some fun. Geld him.

Bill Williamson: Oh, yeah.

Kieran Duffy: What's he doing? Where's he going?

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, don't worry. They're only balls, boy. Just going to cause you trouble. You know, in Imperial Rome, eunuchs was among the happiest and most loyal of courtiers.

Kieran Duffy: No, no, no, no. You're kidding me, right?

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course.

Kieran Duffy: You sick bastards. What do you want from me?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, you are going to talk. The only question is now or after we got these little fellas off?

Kieran Duffy: Okay, okay. Listen. I know where O'Driscoll's holed up, and you're right, he don't like you any more than you like him. He's at Six Point Cabin.

Bill Williamson: Aww.

Kieran Duffy: I'll take you there. Serious. I don't like him. I mean, I like him even less than I like you, no offense.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, none taken.

Bill Williamson: Okay then, partner.

Arthur Morgan: Why don't you take a few of us up there right now? I got this,

Dutch. Should be fun. All right, you.
Come on, let's go.

Bill Williamson: Geld him!

Arthur Morgan: Let's both hope you ain't trying
to trick us, O'Driscoll.

Kieran Duffy: I ain't no O'Driscoll.

Arthur Morgan: But you sure as shit was. John,
Bill, come here. We got a social call
needs making. Where we heading?

Kieran Duffy: Up into the hills behind
Valentine. I'll show you.

Arthur Morgan: John, you take this little
rattlesnake with you. Any nonsense,
kill him.

John Marston: Sure.

Arthur Morgan: We're going to pay your
buddies our respects.

John Marston: He taking us to Colm?

Arthur Morgan: That's what he says. Come on.

Kieran Duffy: I'm taking you to him. Look, I'll give you more directions when we're close. But if I know where we are, it's up past Valentine.

John Marston: All right. I'll lead.

Arthur Morgan: Easy girl.

John Marston: Sharing saddle with an O'Driscoll. Who'd have thought?

Kieran Duffy: How many times I got to say? I ain't an O'Driscoll.

John Marston: You sure look like one, and you smell like... God damn. You smell like one, too.

Kieran Duffy: I smell like horse shit.

John Marston: That's right. Boy, are you high.

Bill Williamson: Morgan, you got throwing knives in your saddle bag. Dutch said that you might... I was asked to give them, and I'm doing you the

further courtesy of telling you about it.

Arthur Morgan: Next time you want to give me something, how about you give it to me instead of hiding it somewhere hoping the opportunity comes up to mention it?

Bill Williamson: Last goddamn favor I do you.

Kieran Duffy: Hey, hey, if I got my bearings, it's over here. Yeah, I know this country. Take this track up through the rocks.

Arthur Morgan: How you holding up, John?

John Marston: Fine. Still ain't right, but I'm fine.

Arthur Morgan: You damn well should be after all that bed rest.

John Marston: Hey, all right. Abigail wouldn't let me up. You know her, she won't be reasoned with.

Arthur Morgan: Well, when you was having a failure of reason and hiding behind your woman, we were getting shot at.

John Marston: And I'd do the same for you, if you was in a bad way.

Arthur Morgan: I hope so, but I fear you don't know how to help anyone excepting yourself.

John Marston: You see, O'Driscoll? If this is how he treats his friends, imagine what he does to his enemies.

Kieran Duffy: I got an inkling of what y'all do to your enemies when you put those gelding tongs to my parts.

John Marston: Very funny.

Kieran Duffy: Now we go left, road will take us up and around. Those are the hills, head for them.

John Marston: Save your horses. We got a climb, boys.

Kieran Duffy: You know, you all ain't that different from the O'Driscolls.

John Marston: What did you just say?

Kieran Duffy: I've been watching you all these weeks, and...

John Marston: You've been tied to a tree. You don't know nothing about this gang.

Kieran Duffy: Yeah, well, I'd say you don't know much about the O'Driscolls, but maybe I know more about you than you know about them, and I know all about them, so.

John Marston: Tell us, then. How are we like those mongrel dogs?

Kieran Duffy: You're outlawed like them. You're out to survive like them. You live rough. You live hard, fighting

the law, nature. You're out for ourselves.

John Marston: See? This is why you're an O'Driscoll, O'Driscoll. You're out to survive, we're out to live, free. Colm's a sneak thief and a killer. Dutch is more like a teacher.

Kieran Duffy: From where I been, you just look the same is all.

John Marston: Then you looked, but you ain't seen.

Arthur Morgan: John, shut that boy up.

John Marston: Enough out of you.

Arthur Morgan: Boys, we're almost on them. Now, who knows if the son of a bitch we got with us is talking true, but if it's what he says it is and Colm O'Driscoll's here, we can end years of fighting here and now.

Kieran Duffy: Okay, now cut left up here. We

go down the hill, into the forest.

Arthur Morgan: We're going in quiet, taking them out as we find them, trying not to set things off. But if we do, we move quick and hard. We settle this like we know how, okay?

John Marston: Okay by me.

Bill Williamson: With you, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: All right, then.

Kieran Duffy: Through the trees here. Hey, we're real close. I'd leave your horses the other side of this clearing.

Bill Williamson: I'll get my guns off my horse, and I'm ready.

Arthur Morgan: Easy, Bill. Quiet.

Kieran Duffy: This is it. The cabin's just the other side of this hill.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Off your horses. Let's go.

Bill Williamson: You going to get them knives?

Arthur Morgan: I said, easy.

Kieran Duffy: Follow me, all right? It ain't far.

John Marston: We might've shared a horse,
but we ain't friends. Remember, I'm
watching you every moment.

Kieran Duffy: I ain't going to shop you now,
come on. It'd be suicide.

Bill Williamson: You'll die, boy, but you'll lose
your balls first.

Kieran Duffy: Jesus Christ. Come on.

John Marston: Okay, get down.

Kieran Duffy: Cabin's in the clearing down
there. There'll be a bunch of fellers
hiding out there, too.

Arthur Morgan: Are these fellers armed?

Kieran Duffy: Armed, drunk, wary of
strangers, yep.

Arthur Morgan: And Colm O'Driscoll?

Kieran Duffy: He'll be holed up in his cabin, be passed out, booze blind, likely as not.

Bill Williamson: Over there, someone's coming.

O'Driscolls: So who's going to tell him we ain't got nothing for the pot?

O'Driscolls: Aw, let me think. The feller that spooked the game, I reckon.

O'Driscolls: I'm going to drain it. I'll catch up.

O'Driscolls: Nah, we ain't going to fall for that. We're going to wait so you can tell him yourself.

O'Driscolls: Yeah, yeah, yeah. If anyone's actually going to shoot the messenger, it'd be that mean son of a bitch.

O'Driscolls: Yes, sir.

O'Driscolls: Come on, shake it off.

Arthur Morgan: Shh. Come on.

Bill Williamson: What are we doing about the
pisser, Morgan? One by the tree?

Arthur Morgan: I'm going to deal with this first
feller.

Bill Williamson: Okay. Go to work.

Bill Williamson: He's down.

John Marston: Now stay here, don't you damn
move.

Bill Williamson: Morgan, the next two, what's
the plan?

John Marston: We're waiting.

Arthur Morgan: Keep back where they won't
hear us. When I move, you move.
Take them out at a distance.

Bill Williamson: I can do that.

John Marston: Good work. We moving on the
camp? I left our guide up there.

He's meek as little lamb.

Arthur Morgan: He better be.

John Marston: Over here, feller on the log.
What are we doing about him?

Arthur Morgan: Take him quiet, Marston.

John Marston: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Get your hands dirty for a
change. Jesus.

John Marston: Okay, now what? We're at the
perimeter. What are we doing?

Bill Williamson: You got a lead on this. What're
we doing?

O'Driscolls: Abandon the camps! Abandon the
camps!

O'Driscolls: Ah.

Arthur Morgan: Run and hide, if you know
what's good for you.

O'Driscolls: That one's been riding with Dutch

for years.

O'Driscolls: He weren't lying, that little toad.

Bill Williamson: Die, you drunk idiots.

O'Driscolls: [inaudible 00:11:27] the cabin. Fall back.

Arthur Morgan: Give up, O'Driscolls. We got you beat. We got them.

O'Driscolls: Some fellers coming back into camp, watch out.

Arthur Morgan: Don't run away from me.

John Marston: What are you hiding in the woods for? [inaudible 00:12:07].

Arthur Morgan: You stay here, you're dead men.

O'Driscolls: You see them coming?

John Marston: We catch you unawares?

Bill Williamson: We caught them on the drink.

O'Driscolls: Ah. [inaudible 00:12:33].

Bill Williamson: This is quite a hideout.

O'Driscolls: Ah. Ugh, ugh.

Bill Williamson: That's it, they're turning tail.

Arthur Morgan: Leave them. Colm's still here.

Bill Williamson: Hey, he said Colm would be in
the cabin.

O'Driscolls: Ah.

Arthur Morgan: I'll check. You look out here.

O'Driscolls: Ah.

Bill Williamson: You got supplies, you drunk,
dead bastard.

Speaker 8: Ah, ah.

Kieran Duffy: You all right?

Arthur Morgan: Sure, thank you. Colm
O'Driscoll, he ain't here. You set us
up. Come here.

Kieran Duffy: What?

Arthur Morgan: You set us up/

Kieran Duffy: No, I didn't.

Arthur Morgan: You did. Colm O'Driscoll ain't here.

Kieran Duffy: He was here, I swear, I swear. If I was setting you up, I wouldn't have saved your life.

Bill Williamson: It's a good point, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: All right then, go on. Get out of here.

Kieran Duffy: Aye?

Arthur Morgan: I won't kill you.

Kieran Duffy: I didn't set you up.

Arthur Morgan: Get lost.

Kieran Duffy: Get lost?

Arthur Morgan: I'm letting you run away, now go on. Get out of here.

Kieran Duffy: That's as good as killing me. Out there, without you, Colm O'Driscoll's going to lose his mind about this.

Arthur Morgan: So?

Kieran Duffy: So I'm one of you now.

Arthur Morgan: Give me a break. All right, then. But I'm warning you.

Kieran Duffy: Oh, I know.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, let's get to camp.

Kieran Duffy: So you got the cash then?

Arthur Morgan: What cash?

Kieran Duffy: Yeah, there's usually some cash in the chimney.

Arthur Morgan: I'll check it. Rest of you boys get to camp, quick.

Kieran Duffy: See, Arthur? I ain't so bad.

Arthur Morgan: Hey, Bill. You tell Dutch old

Kieran ain't worth killing just yet.

Bill Williamson: Yeah right, you are.

Arthur Morgan: At least you got something tucked away.

Speaker 1: Yep?

Arthur Morgan: Hello, sir. I've come from Blackwater. I'm on the trail of a dangerous gang. Colm O'Driscoll. Heard you had some sort of incident.

Town Sherriff #...: We don't deal with bounty hunters around here, son.

Arthur Morgan: I was just wondering if I could get a description.

Town Sherriff #...: Well, they weren't friends. They got in a fight. Two men got killed. Now one of them is an idiot, the other, some kind of dumb mick. So maybe them's your boys? You can look right enough, when we

hang them.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you, Sheriff.

Micah: Let me out of here, you maggots!
Arthur, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Hello old friend. Had a good
time, did you?

Micah: You're going to get me out of here?

Arthur Morgan: I ain't decided yet.

Micah: Real funny.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, I ain't joking, cowpoke. I
heard so much bluster out of your
mouth these last six months. And
now, I got an opportunity to watch
you be silenced.

Micah: But you got to do something.

Arthur Morgan: Why?

Micah: I always looked up to you, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Well, that's your first mistake.

Listen, there's one little problem.
There's only one of me and there's
a whole town full of people wanting
to see you swing.

Micah: You've got to do something, Arthur.
You got any dynamite? Yes. Hook
that over the bars, see if you can
pull them off.

Arthur Morgan: What a modern disaster this is
going to be.

Micah: Just pull that lever. Come on.

Arthur Morgan: Let's get out of here, come on.
What the hell you doing?

Micah: He was an O'Driscoll.

Speaker 5: I knew you were scum, the moment
I laid eyes on you.

Micah: Come on Arthur!

Arthur Morgan: Don't go that way. Let's get the
hell out of here.

Micah: I got some unfinished business.
Trust me, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Trust you? You have finally lost
your damn mind. You God damn
maniac. I've should have left you to
hang.

Micah: We're in it now, Morgan. What do
you want to do? I'll kill this whole
town, if I have to.

Arthur Morgan: We should be long gone by
now.

Micah: They got something of mine, I ain't
leaving without. Let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Where we going?

Micah: Making a house call. There's more
of these morons.

Arthur Morgan: We really should get out of
here.

Micah: Calm yourself, woman. Like I said, I

need to see someone. Skinny, get out here! Skinny! You always was a letdown, you fat sack of crap. Excuse me a minute, Arthur.

Micah: Hello, Maddy. Did you miss me? They had something of mine. My guns.

Speaker 6: I'll get you, you bastard-

Speaker 7: I'll kill you.

Micah: (silence).

Micah: I showed him. And I'll show the rest of this town!

Arthur Morgan: You have really lost it, this time.

Micah: See the horses? Come on, follow me. Reckon it's time we get out of here, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Now you want to get out of here?

Micah: More of them. Shoot the devil out

of those bastards. Keep riding,
Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: I don't have much choice. Yah!
They just ain't giving up, are they?

Micah: Look, they're sending the whole
brigade. [crosstalk 00:07:09]. Okay.
Let's get out of here before we get
anymore on our tail. Yah. That was
some good shooting, Morgan. I got
to hand it to you.

Arthur Morgan: What the hell was that you
pulled back there?

Micah: Got to be at wild, all right.

Arthur Morgan: Wild. Making a house call in the
middle of all that?

Micah: Ain't much I care about more than
those guns.

Arthur Morgan: That much is clear. Who was
that feller?

Micah: Skinny? Yeah, we ran together for awhile. Did a bank job down south. Didn't end well.

Arthur Morgan: I saw how it God damn ended.

Micah: He was going to let me hang.

Arthur Morgan: I'm starting to wish I had. And you owe Lenny, too. If he hadn't found us in time-

Micah: Yes, we'll all be thanked profusely. I promise.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, well, you're lucky Dutch has got your back for some unknown reason.

Micah: I think we finally lost them.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I hope so.

Micah: I'm giving you a holster. My way of saying thank you.

Arthur Morgan: And thank you. There I was having a dull day, only for you to

liven it up by letting me help you shoot up half a town.

Micah: You're a funny fellow, Arthur. Real funny. Why you act all sour all the time?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, well, you ain't funny at all. So why you got to act like a court jester?

Micah: All right, listen, I'm sorry, but we're family now, Arthur. You and me. Sons of Dutch, makes us brothers. Sometimes brothers make mistakes. Now, I'm heading back to my little camp round back of Strawberry. Come see me. Maybe I can make things up to you?

Arthur Morgan: So you ain't heading back to Dutch?

Micah: No, I've been a bad boy, Arthur. I ain't seeing Dutch till I can bring him a peace offering. Bye now. Yah.

Arthur Morgan: Yah.

Arthur Morgan: (silence).

John Marston: Hey, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: What do you want?

John Marston: Uncle told me something about
a train.

Arthur Morgan: What did he say?

John Marston: Mary-Beth overheard
something about a train full a
wealthy folk rolling down through
Scarlet Meadows just south of state
border.

Arthur Morgan: Yes.

John Marston: You need help with it?

Arthur Morgan: I ain't even sure about doing it.

John Marston: Come on. At night, not too
guarded, it's perfect.

Arthur Morgan: I ain't thought it through.

Stopping a train, pain in the ass.

John Marston: Sure. But what if we could force a train to stop?

Arthur Morgan: Well, of course.

John Marston: We get a wagon full of something flammable, oil, put it on the tracks. They see it. They know they either have to stop or die. Ain't no train driver wants to be cooked alive.

Arthur Morgan: That is kind of brilliant for you. And that is a real idea. I think that's the first time you ever had one of them.

John Marston: Shut up.

Arthur Morgan: You might be the first bastard to ever have half his brains eaten by a wolf and end up more intelligent.

John Marston: So, we're doing it?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, we're going to need ammunition, guns, look real frightening, and some dynamite to open up the train.

John Marston: I'll get the supplies. Got to head into town for Abigail anyway. Don't even ask. You go find us an oil wagon.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I know just the place. They're always heading into that refinery.

John Marston: There's an old rundown shack just over the border, north of a place called Dewberry Creek. Leave it hidden somewhere near there.

Arthur Morgan: Ya.

Speaker 3: Many folks about.

Speaker 4: The hell?

Arthur Morgan: Ya. Giddyap. Ya.

Speaker 5: Hey you, stop right there. Boys,
someone's stealing the wagon.

Arthur Morgan: Go. Ya, ya. Ya. Come on, let's
go. Let's go. Get!

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: John.

John Marston: How did you get on?

Arthur Morgan: Good. And you?

John Marston: Got everything we need.

Arthur Morgan: Good. I think we need another
man. Charles?

John Marston: I'll go get him. Meet us at the
wagon when you can.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

John Marston: See, Arthur. I ain't that dumb.

Arthur Morgan: Next time, let the wolves eat all
your brain. Then you'll be a genius.

Arthur Morgan: Shit.

Arthur Morgan: Well, at least it ain't your job.

Sean McGuire: Ah, shut up, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, your job's starting the fights. It ain't winning them.

Sean McGuire: I can scrap, Arthur. I'm just no good at home work.

Arthur Morgan: I can see.

Sean McGuire: Besides, why do you care Englishman. You've got no time for me. I tried to find you work but then you're off cutting jobs with other folks and your boy Sean doesn't get a look in.

Arthur Morgan: Guess I don't want to get shot, that's all.

Sean McGuire: Ah, you're a real fucking funny shit, Arthur Morgan, huh? Real fucking funny.

Arthur Morgan: Calm down.

Sean McGuire: You better sleep with your eyes open.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, well you're going to sleep with your chest open if you ain't careful boy.

Sean McGuire: I love you, Arthur Morgan. I love you. Come on, take a shot. Come on, take your best shot, please.

Arthur Morgan: Grow up.

Sean McGuire: Let me come on the raid with yous.

Arthur Morgan: Raid?

Sean McGuire: Don't be playing coy with me, son. It's unbecoming. That bloody train you and him has set off. What you're doing out here, you're going to need guns, you're going to need

men.

Arthur Morgan: Oh that. Some Marston told you? It ain't a big show. I need calmness. If I take you, I might as well bring Micah along.

Sean McGuire: Compare me to that oily turd again, you're a dead man.

Arthur Morgan: Fair enough.

Sean McGuire: Anyway, Arthur. What's your problem with me? In fact don't tell me. I already know. You are threatened by me.

Arthur Morgan: Threatened by you?

Sean McGuire: Yeah, my youthful vigor, it intimidates you.

Arthur Morgan: Does it?

Sean McGuire: It's a story as old as the hills. The changing of the guard, the fading of the light. You're toast, old

man.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. And what are you?

Sean McGuire: I'm the future, in all its glory.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, well, good luck. Good luck
and shut up. I want to get some rest
before night fall.

Arthur Morgan: Wake up you lazy sod.

John Marston: What are you doing here, kid?

Sean McGuire: I'm coming John on the job.

John Marston: I said you weren't coming.

Sean McGuire: Yeah, well, Arthur says I am.
And it's his party boy, so come one.
Let's go. Me and the big cheeses.
Love it. Can't wait to slit some
bastard's throat.

John Marston: You sure about this?

Arthur Morgan: No.

Arthur Morgan: Are we ready?

John Marston: Yeah. Train's due through tonight.

Arthur Morgan: Alright then. It's on. Charles.

Charles Smith: I'm ready.

Arthur Morgan: Gentlemen. Let's go earn some money.

Charles Smith: Yep.

Charles Smith: Hey, all the horses untethered?

John Marston: Think so.

Charles Smith: Good, they should follow on behind us.

Arthur Morgan: You find a good spot, Wolf Man?

John Marston: Yeah, follow the trail south west. There's a spot that's remote, but should still give them enough time to spot the oil wagon.

Arthur Morgan: They see this blocking the

tracks, they'll stop soon enough.

John Marston: Apparently, it picks up a new team of guards at the state line, so shouldn't be too much in the way of guns to deal with.

Sean McGuire: See, this is what I mean. I disappear for a couple of weeks you cut me out of all the action.

John Marston: Just the action that requires a brain.

Sean McGuire: Oh, you're a funny feller, John Marston. From what folks say, you had your feet up the whole time playing sick, and fondling that new scar like you're going to buy it breakfast in the morning.

Arthur Morgan: Turn left here towards the roads.

John Marston: You don't know what you're talking about.

Sean McGuire: Stay close on this, wouldn't want you getting scratched by a squirrel or something. That could put you out of commission for the rest of the year.

Charles Smith: Why do you have to speak so much. It's incessant.

Sean McGuire: Cause I still got some blood in me veins. You old bastards have forgotten how to live.

John Marston: I blame you two for rescuing him.

Arthur Morgan: Far too much trouble for what we got out of it.

Sean McGuire: Yeah, takes a whole army of bounty hunters to bring in Sean Macguire. And look at me now, in the gunner's seat. Back in business boys. You know, like my da always used to say-

John Marston: Not the da, please.

Arthur Morgan: No, no, not this again.

Sean McGuire: Fine. Damn, you three. Sulky,
Angry, Scar Face.

Sean McGuire: A right barrel of laughs.

Sean McGuire: So, we block the tracks with the
wagon then jump them? That's the
plan?

Arthur Morgan: Pretty much. Charles, you deal
with the engineer. John, secure the
passenger car fast, take charitable
donations.

John Marston: Here's good. Stop the wagon
over the tracks. Remember these
are innocent folks. We handle this
right, nobody ...

Arthur Morgan: Mr. Marston, Mr. Smith, Mr.
Macguire, get over there. When she
slows, board her.

Sean McGuire: And you?

Arthur Morgan: I'm going to make sure she slows.

Sean McGuire: It's do or die, with you. I like it.

Arthur Morgan: Get moving. Here she comes.

Male: What's going on here? What's going on?

Charles Smith: Nothing good.

Arthur Morgan: I need to get up there. Finish up here. Join us on board.

Charles Smith: Go on. Get on there.

Sean McGuire: Hey. You bastard.

Sean McGuire: All yours, captain. I'll go on ahead.

John Marston: Everybody stay calm and nobody gets shot. Let's go. Everything you got. Money. Valuables.

Female: No please. Don't hurt me.

John Marston: Come on.

Sean McGuire: Here you go.

John Marston: Let's make this quick people,
come on. We ain't leaving till this
bag is full.

Female: Stop it for [inaudible 00:10:30] sake.

Male: I am-

Male: I ain't got nothing.

John Marston: You want to have a little chat
with Romeo and Juliet here.

Female: Do I know you?

Arthur Morgan: Money, valuables, now.

Female: Don't do this. Just give it to him
Thomas, please.

Thomas: Okay, okay.

John Marston: Come on. In bag, everything

you've got.

Male: Why do this?

John Marston: Keep it coming. Don't be shy.

Female: People like you make me sick.

John Marston: These two seem to think we're playing games.

Male: Please. Please.

Sean McGuire: I'm going to count to ...
Goddammit.

Female: Oh god.

Arthur Morgan: Sick is better than dead, lady.
And I'm losing my goddamn
patience.

Male: Let's just do what he says so this
can be over.

John Marston: Ladies and gentlemen, this is a
robbery. Let's make this quick.

Sean McGuire: You boys need me?

Arthur Morgan: No, you go ahead and look for
baggage car.

Sean McGuire: You sure about that?

Arthur Morgan: Why are you wasting our time,
huh?

John Marston: Will you show this son of a bitch
we ain't playing around here.

Arthur Morgan: Quick, come on.

Female: Please. I'll do anything.

Female: No please.

John Marston: Everything you got.

Female: Help me.

John Marston: Money, valuables.

John Marston: We ain't leaving till this bag is
full.

Male: You won't get a damn cent from
me.

John Marston: Let me hand you over to my friend then.

Arthur Morgan: Don't be ... Money now. You son of a bitch.

John Marston: Come on, cough it up people. Don't be shy. Everything you got. Let's go.

John Marston: I can handle this from here. You should check on Sean.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

John Marston: Okay. None of you folks move a muscle, you hear me?

Arthur Morgan: What is? You alright?

Sean McGuire: Found the baggage car.

Arthur Morgan: For Christ's sake. You ain't even taken a look yet.

Sean McGuire: There's probably something in here Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Fuck's sake.

Arthur Morgan: This time I'll look and you provide the cover.

Sean McGuire: I'll try my best brother, but I'm seeing double here.

Arthur Morgan: That gives you twice the chance of hitting someone.

Sean McGuire: Very funny.

Arthur Morgan: We'll take that.

Sean McGuire: I'm going to have a right old lump on me head.

Arthur Morgan: Make sure you ain't got a hole in it.

Sean McGuire: Are those tennis rackets in there? Posh bastards.

Arthur Morgan: Just keep your eyes peeled.

Sean McGuire: I'm doing me best, all right.

Arthur Morgan: I know. It's what's worrying me.

Sean McGuire: All right, we should probably be going now.

Arthur Morgan: This is some decent stuff.

Sean McGuire: Come on. We should get out of here.

Arthur Morgan: We're looking good in here.

Sean McGuire: Arthur. We got a problem. Two assholes on horses.

Arthur Morgan: How many you say?

Sean McGuire: I just see a pair of them.

Arthur Morgan: All right, in that case, we're fighting. Marston, Smith, get ready.

Male: You men come off the train now, do you hear?

Male: We said you men come out now.

Arthur Morgan: There's only two of you, you fools. We got a whole lot less to lose. Why don't the two of you ride

away? That way neither of you get killed. Goddamn liberties.

Sean McGuire: There's a few more of them turning up.

Arthur Morgan: Me and my big mouth. Okay, let's deal with them.

Male: We won't tell you again. Come out-

Sean McGuire: We got more on the left.

Sean McGuire: We got more coming out of the trees there.

John Marston: I'm behind you.

John Marston: Behind us.

Sean McGuire: We got more of the bastards riding in.

Charles Smith: Come on. Let's make some space so we can get out of here.

John Marston: Come on boys. Let's get the hell out of here.

Arthur Morgan: Come on boy. Here.

John Marston: We need to move.

Arthur Morgan: Let's go. Stay with me.

Male: [inaudible 00:16:12] They're getting away. Someone take that jackass down.

Arthur Morgan: Whoa.

Sean McGuire: Whoa. That was fun boys, real fun. I can see why they call you the professionals of the outfit.

Arthur Morgan: Shut up.

Sean McGuire: At least we made some money, and what did I get? Got to be a hundred dollars here, very nice.

Arthur Morgan: You weren't even invited.

John Marston: What now?

Arthur Morgan: We still need a real big take enough for us to get out of here.

John Marston: Was that a set up? Law turned up real fast.

Arthur Morgan: I don't know. I don't think so. I'm starting to get nervous.

Charles Smith: Think they followed us from Blackwater?

Arthur Morgan: Maybe. They found me already near Horseshoe, but I think this lot was just locals.

John Marston: I hope so. I'm going to head into Valentine and see if I can get something started there.

Arthur Morgan: Good idea. Either way, we should all go it alone right now. You know the deal. Don't be followed.

Sean McGuire: Course not, boss.

Abigail Roberts: Hey, Arthur, come here a minute.

Arthur Morgan: What is it?

Abigail Roberts: Can I ask you a favor?

Arthur Morgan: Probably not.

Abigail Roberts: Very funny. Would you do something with Jack? He seems kind of down. All this upheaval can't have been easy on the poor kid.

Arthur Morgan: Why? Because I'm your preferred nursemaid?

Abigail Roberts: Because he likes you and, well, you know his father's useless.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Abigail Roberts: Thank You.

Arthur Morgan: What you up to?

Jack Marston: Playing.

Arthur Morgan: Anything fun?

Jack Marston: I guess.

Arthur Morgan: You want to come fishing with me?

Jack Marston: Fishing?

Arthur Morgan: Sure. It's about time that you started to earn your keep.

Jack Marston: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Good, let's go get your pole then. You do have a fishing pole. Don't you?

Jack Marston: I sure do. Uncle Hosea made me one.

Arthur Morgan: Good. Well, let's go get it then. And go catch us some fish!

Jack Marston: Yeah!

Arthur Morgan: All right, hold on tight.

Jack Marston: So, where are we going?

Arthur Morgan: Just down to the river near here. We shouldn't go too far from camp.

Jack Marston: Oh, okay.

Arthur Morgan: You feeling better? I know you was a little sick.

Jack Marston: Oh, I'm fine.

Arthur Morgan: You're a brave kid.

Jack Marston: So just like you.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I don't know about brave. I ain't much of a kid no more. Though your mama might disagree. Her and a few other women, I guess.

Jack Marston: What do you mean?

Arthur Morgan: I'm just talking silly. It's been a tough few weeks up in that snow.

Jack Marston: I liked the snow.

Arthur Morgan: Yes, but not like that.

Jack Marston: When are we going back to the other camp?

Arthur Morgan: The one near Blackwater?

Jack Marston: Yeah.

Arthur Morgan: Well, we're not. This is our spot.
For now, anyway. Why? All right,
this looks as good a spot as any.

Jack Marston: Where should we stand Uncle
Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Down by the shore. Come on,
follow me.

Arthur Morgan: First, we need some bait. I'm
going to use some cheese.

Jack Marston: Cheese?

Arthur Morgan: The smellier the better. Now
cast your line. Swing the rod back
over your shoulder and bring it
forward in a smooth motion. Use
your wrist, not your elbow.

Jack Marston: Like that?

Arthur Morgan: That's it. Good. All we do now,
Jack, is wait for a fish to take the

bait.

Jack Marston: How do I know when I've got a bite?

Arthur Morgan: Well, if you feel the tip of your fishing rod just twitching, don't yank it yet. That just means one's nibbling. But if you feel a hard tug, that's a fish going for the bait, so yank hard to hook it.

Jack Marston: You've got a bite, Uncle Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: There we go!

Jack Marston: Is it a big one?

Arthur Morgan: See him fighting there, Jack? That's when you've got to be careful. You'll break the line. Best to wear him out first before you try to reel him in. Seems like he's taking a rest now. I'm going to try reeling him in nice and steady.

Arthur Morgan: Look, Jack, it's a chain pickerel.

It's almost as small as you. We should really throw these smaller ones back, give them a chance to grow up a bit.

Jack Marston: Can I take a break from fishing?
I want to make something.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Jack Marston: I'm going to pick some of those red flowers. I'll be right back.

Jack Marston: Fishing sure is boring, Uncle Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: I know. Boring as hell. But then something happens, and you can get food for days.

Jack Marston: Really?

Arthur Morgan: If you're lucky. But until then you just sit and wait and try not to worry. It's good for you.

Jack Marston: It's good for you?

Arthur Morgan: I guess.

Jack Marston: Hm. Hey, look at this.

Arthur Morgan: At what?

Jack Marston: This necklace I made.

Arthur Morgan: Necklace?

Jack Marston: For Momma.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Agent Milton: What a fine young man, and in
such complex circumstances.
Arthur, isn't it? Arthur Morgan?

Arthur Morgan: Who are you?

Agent Milton: Yes, Arthur Morgan, Van Der
Linde's most trusted associate.
You've read the files, typical case,
orphaned street kid seduced by that
maniac's silver tongue and matures
into a degenerate murderer.

Agent Milton: Agent Milton. Agent Ross.

Pinkerton Detective Agency,
seconded to the United States
government. Nice to finally meet.
We know a lot about you.

Arthur Morgan: Do you?

Agent Milton: You're a wanted man, Mr.
Morgan. There's \$5,000 for your
head alone.

Arthur Morgan: \$5,000? For me? Can I turn
myself in?

Agent Milton: We want Van Der Linde.

Arthur Morgan: Old Dutch? I haven't seen him
for months.

Agent Milton: That so? Because I heard a guy
fitting his description robbed a train
belonging to Leviticus Cornwall up
near Granite Pass.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, ain't that a little old
fashioned nowadays?

Agent Milton: Apparently not. Listen, this is my offer, Mr. Morgan, bring in Van Der Linde and you have my word you won't swing.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, I ain't going to swing anyways, Agent ...

Agent Milton: Milton.

Arthur Morgan: You see, I haven't done anything wrong, aside from not play the games to your rules.

Agent Milton: Spare me the philosophy lesson. I've already heard it from Mac Callander.

Arthur Morgan: Mac Callander?

Agent Milton: He was pretty shot up by the time I got to him, so really it was more of a mercy killing. Slow, but merciful.

Arthur Morgan: You enjoy being a rich man's

toy, do you?

Agent Milton: I enjoy society, flaws and all.
You people venerate savagery and
you will die savagely. All of you.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, we're all going to die,
agent.

Agent Milton: Some of us sooner than others.
Good day, Mr. Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Goodbye.

Agent Ross: Enjoy your fishing, kid, while you
still can.

Jack Marston: Who were they?

Arthur Morgan: No one to worry about. No one
at all. Come on, let's pick up your
things and get home.

Arthur Morgan: It's getting late, Jack, your
mother will be worried. Let's head
back.

Arthur Morgan: Giddy up.

Jack Marston: Why did you lie about where Uncle Dutch is?

Arthur Morgan: Well, because those are disagreeable men and I don't want them to hurt him.

Jack Marston: What did they mean about Mac? Is he in jail?

Arthur Morgan: No, I don't think so. I hope he's just fine where he is. Like I said, don't worry about them. World is full of disagreeable man, that's why you got all of us to protect you from folk like them.

Arthur Morgan: Now how about that necklace you made? You still got it, right?

Jack Marston: Yeah, I got it.

Arthur Morgan: Good. Did you like fishing?

Jack Marston: It was okay, I think. It's a lot of waiting around.

Arthur Morgan: It is.

Abigail Roberts: There you are. How you boys getting on?

Jack Marston: Great. We caught a fish and I made you this necklace.

Abigail Roberts: Ain't that pretty? Ain't I the luckiest? Did you think Uncle Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: No need. We had a good time.

Abigail Roberts: What's wrong?

Arthur Morgan: Nothing, just met some folk. I better go speak with Dutch.

Abigail Roberts: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Hey, you did real fine, kid.

Jack Marston: Thanks.

Arthur Morgan: We got a problem.

Dutch Van Der L...: What?

Arthur Morgan: I just met some guys out near the river, a fellow named Milton and I don't remember the other feller's name. Ross. Milton and Ross.

Dutch Van Der L...: And?

Arthur Morgan: And they are employees of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, and they know about the train and they know we're here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Were you followed back here?

Arthur Morgan: No. They know we're near here, and they want you Dutch. They offered me my freedom in exchange, they did.

Dutch Van Der L...: Why didn't you take it?

Arthur Morgan: Very funny. Well, what do we do now?

Dutch Van Der L...: I'd say we do nothing just yet. They're just trying to scare us into doing something stupid. We have turned a corner. We survived them mountains. We just need to stay calm.

Micah Bell: Hey, Arthur. Good to see you.

Arthur Morgan: Why, you want rescuing again, do you?

Micah Bell: No. I got a plan to make it up to you.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, a plan like the Blackwater ferry job, or like you going off scouting and ending up in jail?

Micah Bell: Dutch said you was a big shadow cast by a tiny tree.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, I don't even know what that means.

Micah Bell: I thought you was a tough boy. Not

one of those gentlemen trying to protect his riding clothes.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I just know whenever things get real, you turn yellow and lose your head.

Micah Bell: Yellow!

Arthur Morgan: Sure seems that way.

Micah Bell: So I guess you won't be riding with me to rob the banking coach comes about this time into Strawberry? I heard one of the O'Driscoll boys yapping about it while I was inside.

Arthur Morgan: You and may do a robbery?

Micah Bell: That's what I said, didn't I?

Arthur Morgan: After you.

Micah Bell: There's a spot up this way with a good view of the trail.

Arthur Morgan: What are you doing anyway camping out here like some crazy

hermit?

Micah Bell: Can't exactly stay in town now. Can I? Like I told you, I ain't going back to Dutch without a peace offering.

Arthur Morgan: So what's the deal with this coach?

Micah Bell: What do you mean? Comes through about this time every day. Like I said. The end.

Arthur Morgan: I mean... How many men, guns, riders?

Micah Bell: Nothing serious. It will be fine.

Arthur Morgan: I heard the bank's been hiring every trigger man they can get of late. The meaner, the better.

Micah Bell: You worry too much.

Arthur Morgan: Forgive me if I ain't holding faithful in something that O'Driscoll told you when you was half drunk in

a jail cell.

Micah Bell: He kept yapping about it, saying how they've been hitting it on the regular. That's a good lead in my book.

Arthur Morgan: Damn O'Driscolls are everywhere now.

Micah Bell: Bastards got ahold of most of Big Valley. Heard they took over some big ranch north of here.

Arthur Morgan: How the hell are you and Lenny end up down here anyway?

Micah Bell: Aw, you know how it is. A few loose ends. Drink here, drink there.

Arthur Morgan: What loose ends?

Micah Bell: Nothing that needs to concern you. I always pay my share.

Arthur Morgan: It concerns me when you put us in danger, and we don't realize till

it's too late. Like that move you pulled at Strawberry, making me kill half the town, just for your precious guns.

Micah Bell: Precious they are. You need to roll a little looser, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Looser. I seen you come full undone more than once now. And you only been running with us a few months.

Micah Bell: All right. This is the spot. Hold up on this ridge.

Arthur Morgan: Whoa.

Micah Bell: They should be here in a little bit. Hold tight.

Arthur Morgan: Which way will they be coming in?

Micah Bell: Should be from over there. We need to hit them fast before they get into town.

Arthur Morgan: Just don't lose your head this time.

Micah Bell: Of course, tough guy. They should be here any minute. Look, there they are. Right on time. Get covered up. Come on!

Micah Bell: This is a robbery. Stop that coach right now.

Arthur Morgan: Son of a bitch.

Micah Bell: Yeah! It's just the driver left. Come on. See! I told you this would be fun, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: This is fun for you?

Micah Bell: Shoot him, for Christ's sake! What are we paying you for? Stay on him!

Arthur Morgan: They ain't stopping.

Micah Bell: We need to take out the driver.

Arthur Morgan: You think I don't see this!

Micah Bell: Put a god damn bullet in him. Now!
Take him down.

Micah Bell: Good. Come on. Let's get this out of here.

Micah Bell: No need to keep your face covered now. It's just you and me, sweetheart. I'll give it to them, they put up half a fight at least. Ya! Baylock! Come on, boy! Lookie here. New ride for two.

Micah Bell: Here to go, Arthur. From me to you. That's more your style than mine.

Micah Bell: What did I tell you? Like licking butter off a knife.

Arthur Morgan: Something like that. You don't want to just break it open here? Be done with it?

Micah Bell: Could be more than we can carry. And-

Arthur Morgan: Shit! Now we're being robbed!
Get across the river! What the hell?

Micah Bell: Come on, Arthur! Get out of there!

Arthur Morgan: You dumb bastards!

Micah Bell: Are you okay?

Arthur Morgan: I think so. Just keep your head
down. Let's finish them.

Micah Bell: They're god damn O'Driscolls.

Arthur Morgan: I can see that!

Micah Bell: Here comes more of them!

O'Driscolls Guy: I'm going to stamp on your god
damn-

Micah Bell: Look out, Morgan! Wagon coming
down the track. Let's get across.
That'll show him.

Arthur Morgan: Why is it every job I do with you
ends in a pile of dead bodies?

Micah Bell: Since when did you have a problem

killing O'Driscolls?

Arthur Morgan: You've got a point.

Micah Bell: That should do it.

Arthur Morgan: Come on. Let's see if all this was worth it.

Micah Bell: All I see is you, me, the river full of dead O'Driscolls, and a locked box. I'd say we're golden here, Morgan. Look at that. What's the cut here?

Arthur Morgan: It's good. Just make sure that gang gets it's piece.

Micah Bell: Yeah. Yeah. Like I said, big shadow, tiny tree.

Arthur Morgan: And like I said, that still don't mean nothing. Get out of here. Go see Dutch. Make sure you ain't followed.

Micah Bell: I know, boss. I know. It's been fun.

Arthur Morgan: Giddy up! Ha!

arthur morgan: So, feeling better? How's the scar.

john marston: I heal pretty fast.

arthur morgan: Lucky you.

arthur morgan: So you just lazing about or you got any leads?

john marston: I got something. You see them?

arthur morgan: Sure. What, you see yourself as a shepherd now?

john marston: Maybe. Come on.

arthur morgan: Well, where exactly we are we going?

john marston: Collect something, help us get some sheep.

arthur morgan: You know, that attempt to seem all enigmatic and interesting, that might work for Dutch, but for you, it just makes you look stupid.

john marston: Come along, you'll see. That train job was a start, but we need more money, till we can get back to Blackwater and collect.

arthur morgan: I'm here to tell you, we try collect that money anytime soon, it'll come with a noose.

john marston: I was worried you'd say that. Dutch says that-

arthur morgan: Dutch says a lot, that's his gift, saying things.

john marston: Oh yeah? What do you mean by that?

arthur morgan: I was the prize pony once, now I'm a workhorse. Listen, Dutch is... Well, you was at that thing in Blackwater. We already seen Pinkerton's here, new century's coming. This life, this way, well we're the last, I reckon, and we ain't

long for it.

john marston: Then that's the way it goes, I guess.

arthur morgan: For me, yes. All right, so where are we going?

john marston: Just need to pick up something. There's a hitching post over there, tether the horse and I'll meet you across the street.

arthur morgan: I already don't like how this is going. The gun store?

john marston: Yep. Can you head in, pick up a sniper rifle? I'll explain later.

Gun store owner: Oh, well, hello again, how can I help you today?

arthur morgan: Looking for a rifle, something with a sight on it.

Gun store owner: Shouldn't be problem. You want to see what we got? It's all in

the catalog here.

arthur morgan: I'm going to have to take this on credit.

Gun store owner: Well, no, wait, we ain't even discuss terms.

arthur morgan: Or I can take it in a way that ain't so polite.

Gun store owner: Okay, okay, fine, you can do pay me later.

john marston: You good?

arthur morgan: Sure.

john marston: Let's go.

arthur morgan: Boy.

arthur morgan: Why couldn't you have done that?

john marston: Done what?

arthur morgan: Bought that gun.

john marston: I had a run-in with that fella

earlier, we ain't on the best of terms.

arthur morgan: You had a run-in? I've had a run-in with half that town.

john marston: Calm down. It's done now, ain't it?

arthur morgan: Why are you being so cagey about all this? Always playing some goddamn game.

john marston: Me? I ain't the one taking Jack on fishing trips.

arthur morgan: No, you ain't. If you say the boy ain't yours, what's the difference? You probably only run off again.

john marston: Why are you so interested in my life? Ain't you got one of your own?

arthur morgan: Just do one thing or another, not be two people at once, that's all I'm saying.

john marston: It ain't that simple. You know that as well as anyone. Same as with you and that girl, what was her name, Mary?

arthur morgan: That was different.

john marston: No, it ain't. Just to say.

arthur morgan: Anyway, for the love of God, will you tell me what you got me doing here before I turned around and hit the breeze?

john marston: There's a herd of sheep coming down to auction from Emerald Ranch. Folk in town were saying the owner's trying to stamp out every farm from here to Annesburg.

arthur morgan: Yeah, I know that place.

john marston: Let's head up to the ridge up there, get a proper view. This way, Arthur. So I'm thinking that the herd will make it to auction all right, but

a couple of new ranch hands will be collecting on the sale. Doubt the town will care to notice too much.

arthur morgan: Why we need this rifle you couldn't buy yourself?

john marston: Reckon we shouldn't get too close, at least not till we know what we're dealing with. Let's see what we can see from up here. Okay, I think that's them over there.

arthur morgan: So what now?

john marston: Put a shot in near them. I reckon they'll hightail, they're only ranch hands. Just watch the sheep.

arthur morgan: Looks like one of them don't scare too easy.

john marston: Put another shot in close, he'll get the [inaudible 00:07:32]. That ought to do it. All right, let's go round them up.

arthur morgan: Come on, boy.

john marston: Let's go get the strays.

arthur morgan: You ever worked on a ranch,
Marston?

john marston: No. You?

arthur morgan: Oh, a day here or there, but not
much.

john marston: Most cowboys I know are dumb
as trees, how hard could it be?

arthur morgan: I guess we'll soon find out. Let's
get these things, bring them back to
the yards.

john marston: They're pretty scattered, let's
get them all rounded up.

arthur morgan: Whoa, whoa.

john marston: All right, I think we got them all.
Let's head to town.

arthur morgan: You know what? Marston, why

don't you leave the sheep to me?
You ride shank, keep watch for any
trouble.

john marston: I brought you in on this.

arthur morgan: It'll be quicker this way, trust
me. This ain't the right time for you
to be learning how to herd.

john marston: All right, whatever you say. I'm
done arguing.

arthur morgan: Keep moving.

john marston: Quickest ride back to Valentine
is right around that mountain.

arthur morgan: Okay. Like I said, I'll handle this.
I'm moving up.

john marston: That's more like it.

arthur morgan: Yep. Easy. Move it.

john marston: Easy. Ho. Whoa. Slow it down.

arthur morgan: Let's go. Go, go.

john marston: Calm it down.

arthur morgan: Come on.

john marston: You got some dawdlers, Arthur.

arthur morgan: You ain't helping.

Sheep Buyer: Close her up, boys.

arthur morgan: There you go. Fine sheep.

Sheep Buyer: They're okay.

arthur morgan: Well, you seen better around
here?

Sheep Buyer: I've seen ones with less
ambiguity about their provenance.

Sheep Buyer: A lot less.

arthur morgan: What you trying to say?

Sheep Buyer: I'm trying to say you give me
25% kickback, and I won't say
nothing to nobody.

Sheep Buyer: Everything all right here?

arthur morgan: Excuse me?

Sheep Buyer: Sure, I'll excuse you, for 25%.

arthur morgan: Do you want me to put another
hole in your head?

Sheep Buyer: Folks swing for rustling
livestock. 25%.

john marston: 15.

Sheep Buyer: 20.

john marston: 18.

Sheep Buyer: Done. Calm yourself, friend.
Just thinking of as I'm buying your
sins.

arthur morgan: You're buying, but we're paying.

Sheep Buyer: Go on now. Come back after
the auction, you'll get your money.

john marston: Dutch is waiting for us at the
saloon.

arthur morgan: He is? 18%? I thought we was

doing the robbing here.

john marston: Still good money.

arthur morgan: Thanks for all the help with this.
Can't herd, can't swim.

john marston: Give it a rest, will you? We ain't
kids no more.

arthur morgan: Well, we never really was.

john marston: Whoa.

john marston: Come on, sunshine, I'll buy you
a whiskey.

herr strauss: Not everything, but, in end, I
don't believe in absolutes, just
shades of gray, compromises.
Gentlemen.

arthur morgan: Dutch, Leopold.

dutch van der I...: Where have you been?

arthur morgan: Working Marston's thing.

dutch van der I...: Good. And?

arthur morgan: We're just waiting to get some pay on a few sheep.

dutch van der I...: Leopold, my good friend, as long as you're here, why don't you and John go make sure there ain't no funny business?

herr strauss: Of course.

arthur morgan: Gentlemen.

dutch van der I...: Drink?

arthur morgan: Sure.

dutch van der I...: Nothing like talking to old Strauss to make you want to blow your own brains out. I should have left him where I found him all those years ago, bookish little Austrian, fresh off the boat, his eyes out on stalks.

arthur morgan: Well, I guess the Dutch van der Linde finishing school has some

strange graduates.

dutch van der I...: That it does. To your good health.

arthur morgan: Thank you.

leviticus cornw...: Van der Linde, get out here. Get out here now.

dutch van der I...: What the hell?

leviticus cornw...: Van der Linde. You don't know me, but you keep robbing me. My name is Leviticus Cornwall. I am not a man to be messed with by the likes of you. Get out here before I have these men killed.

arthur morgan: What do you think?

leviticus cornw...: Get out here you depraved piece of trash.

arthur morgan: You start spinning a yarn, when I think the moment's right I'll make a move.

leviticus cornw...: You think I got where I am
by letting scum-

dutch van der l...: Why not?

leviticus cornw...: ... like you rob from me?
Van der Linde, you're done. Now,
get out here now. Deal with this
nonsense.

dutch van der l...: Please, gentlemen, this is a
terrible mistake. This is a case of
mistaken identity. What is worse
than admonishing the man for the
sins of another? Wants to be the
Messiah? Not me, nor... Stay. Let's
go, come on.

herr strauss: Where are you going? That's
right at them.

dutch van der l...: We don't run, Mr. Strauss.

herr strauss: Good God.

john marston: They hit Strauss.

dutch van der I...: Arthur, cover us. John, we'll
push the... Arthur, shoot someone.

arthur morgan: I'm trying.

dutch van der I...: Get behind the wagon as
we... You can use it as cover.

herr strauss: [inaudible 00:17:21] doing?

dutch van der I...: Getting out of here. We are
just going to walk... here.

Speaker 13: It's just a scratch, shut up.

Speaker 14: You can talk. We all heard you
[inaudible 00:18:26].

Speaker 13: Would you shut up and kill these
bastards? Put a bullet in that
bastard.

dutch van der I...: You're on the frontline now
Mr. Strauss. Why don't you run now
while you still can.

herr strauss: I can't do this.

john marston: Least you ain't pushing this thing.

dutch van der I...: That's our horses over there. Come on, grab Strauss. Arthur, we leave no man behind, go get Strauss.

herr strauss: Please, you can't leave me like this.

dutch van der I...: Are you getting Strauss or not, Arthur? Now's your chance, come on.

arthur morgan: You're fine.

dutch van der I...: Put Strauss on the back of John's horse-

herr strauss: I'm not fine.

dutch van der I...: ... and let's get out of here. Hurry up, Arthur, let's get out of here. Get him on the horse and let's... You make sure nobody's

following us. We'll get back to camp, we're going to get in the troops and get them to start packing up.

arthur morgan: Sure. We can't stick around after this.

dutch van der l...: Let's go.

Speaker 15: [inaudible 00:20:42] son of a bitch.

arthur morgan: All right, I better get out of here.

Speaker 15: Marston is as good as dead.

Speaker 16: He's running.

arthur morgan: All right, boy.

Speaker 17: You made a mistake getting on the bad side of the law. Looks like they [inaudible 00:21:29]. That's given us the swing.

Speaker 18: Rat bastard [inaudible 00:23:03].

arthur morgan: Faster, boy.

Hosea Matthews: We keep heading East. Is that the plan?

Arthur Morgan: For now.

Hosea Matthews: And when do we stop, when we reach Paris?

Arthur Morgan: Oh, that'd be nice, join the Commune. We stop when we find someplace sensible, shake them that's following us and lie low.

Hosea Matthews: This is lying low? We've turned into a bunch of killers, I mean it. We aint even got the delusion of being anything but a bunch of killers.

Dutch Van Der L...: We are just trying to survive, Hosea. We don't have a choice.

Arthur Morgan: So we moving?

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah. This'll end soon.

Hosea Matthews: Damn right it will.

Dutch Van Der L...: Constipated as usual, Micah told me of a place we can lie low. Look here, Dewberry Creek, he said.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Dutch Van Der L...: Maybe you and Charles can go take a look, clear off anyone you find before the whole lot of us move in looking so conspicuous.

Arthur Morgan: And how we going to do that?

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't know. Start dancing?

Arthur Morgan: Looks like I've turned into like, God damn errand boy.

Dutch Van Der L...: You have turned into my son. You worry because I worry. We are just the same.

Arthur Morgan: Charles, come with me. We got work to do.

Charles Smith: Now, wherever I heard that

before? So where are we going?

Arthur Morgan: Find a new spot to camp. We're packing up and moving on.

Charles Smith: Again?

Arthur Morgan: We have to fast. We'd already pushed our luck too far before that mess we just made it Valentine.

Charles Smith: Ah, that didn't sound good.

Arthur Morgan: Killed a lot of law. Killed a lot of Cornwall's men. They must know where we are by now.

Charles Smith: So we're heading south?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, area called Dewberry Creek. Dutch wants us to give it a look, make sure it's clear and a good place to lie low for a while.

Charles Smith: I've only known him a few months, but the way he talks, I never thought I'd see him wanting

to head south.

Arthur Morgan: Right. And I know by now, there ain't no lying low.

Charles Smith: There's too many of us for that.

Arthur Morgan: And there ain't no way Dutch is going to just hide away in a cave somewhere. Goes against everything he stands for. That'd be admitting we're nothing more than low-down criminals.

Charles Smith: Which we are.

Arthur Morgan: You don't have to tell me.

Charles Smith: So where does it end?

Arthur Morgan: Where does what end?

Charles Smith: The moving, the running.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch don't see it as running.

Charles Smith: Call it what you want.

Arthur Morgan: I don't know. Before, put

enough time and distance you and the problem, eventually it went away. This is a big country. But now... Hang on a second, I think that must be it up ahead. The old dried up creek.

Charles Smith: Seems very open.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, it does. Ain't sure it'd be the best in the rain, neither. Well, let's take a look around.

Charles Smith: Hey, I say something over there. You see it? Someone on the ground there.

Arthur Morgan: He's been shot. Looks like trouble got here before us. There's a camp just up ahead. Sure. Let's get ready for business. Any issues, shoot first, debate second.

Charles Smith: I'm not going to shoot for the sake of it.

Arthur Morgan: All right, Charles, let's go take a look. Look, here it is. Few tents but place looks empty.

Charles Smith: Let's have a look around and make sure. Where is everybody?

Arthur Morgan: Maybe they heard is coming. Be careful.

Charles Smith: I am being careful. Someone's still here.

Arthur Morgan: There ain't no one here now.

Charles Smith: I ain't so sure about that. It's okay. It's okay. Come out of there. You okay? We don't mean you no harm.

Arthur Morgan: He said are you okay?

Woman #1: Spechen sie deutsch? German?

Arthur Morgan: No. Now go on, get out of here. Go, we need the land. Go. Get the hell out of here.

Woman #1: They took our father.

Charles Smith: Who did?

Woman #1: Men, last night.

Charles Smith: Where? Where did they take them?

Arthur Morgan: Ain't no business of ours. I don't even speak their language.

Charles Smith: You ain't as tough and dense is all that. Come on, Arthur. The girl was pointing this way. Let's see if we can pick up a trail. There, tracks. Come on. What's going on with you?

Arthur Morgan: What do you mean?

Charles Smith: You were just going to send that woman and her children on their way?

Arthur Morgan: We're wanted men. We got Pinkertons breathing down our

necks. We should be moving camp, not running off on some wild goose chase.

Charles Smith: Come on, Arthur. That's not how you are.

Arthur Morgan: Well, maybe you don't know me as well as you think you do.

Charles Smith: I Think this is the right way. Give me a second. Okay, looks like they go down this way. So, what happened with those Pinkertons anyway? When you were fishing with Jack?

Arthur Morgan: Said they were on to us. Offered me freedom if I turned Dutch in.

Charles Smith: They picked the wrong man there.

Arthur Morgan: We should have moved right then, if you ask me.

Charles Smith: Wait, just let me make sure this is right. Continues along the shore here. So like you were saying before.

Arthur Morgan: Bastards told me they'd killed Mac. Said it right in front of Jack.

Charles Smith: That kid, it's going to be tough for him.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, But here's more folk looking out for him than most of the rest of us had growing up.

Charles Smith: John said he was going back to auction yard to collect the money for those sheep.

Arthur Morgan: He'd be a damn idiot going anywhere near that town right now.

Charles Smith: He reckoned he'd be able to slip in and out.

Arthur Morgan: Oh well, if it's John's idea, it

must be a good one.

Charles Smith: Look out, careful. What is it with you and him?

Arthur Morgan: Well, he disappeared on us for a while. When Jack was real-

Charles Smith: hold up, let me check this. They carry on along this trail.

Arthur Morgan: So yeah, when Jack was real young, a long while, a year-

Charles Smith: He did?

Arthur Morgan: And we was, family, you know? Guess I still aint fully forgiven him for that.

Charles Smith: There's a camp up ahead.

Arthur Morgan: Be careful. Whoa.

Charles Smith: Seems deserted. Let's take a look.

Charles Smith: Whoa.

Arthur Morgan: Where is this guy?

Charles Smith: I don't know, but you know something, this is a better can spot them back there. Much easier to defend.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe. This looks like our feller, Charles.

Charles Smith: Quick, cut him free and let's get out of here.

Arthur Morgan: Take cover!

Charles Smith: I see three coming this way.

Arthur Morgan: You get the hell away from...
What are we doing? This ain't even our fight.

Charles Smith: Look out, riders coming in. Last ones making a run for it. Take him down. Well, that's done dealt with. You get him untied and I'll see what they've left behind for us.

Speaker 7: Careful! Careful, it's a trap! Careful!

Arthur Morgan: It's okay, getting you out of here.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, okay. Hey, you wait there a second. Charles, go find Dutch, get the caravan to divert here. This spot should work for us.

Charles Smith: I agree.

Arthur Morgan: All right, come on. I'll take you back to your family.

Arthur Morgan: What the hell did you do to those fellers?

Guy: What did you say?

Arthur Morgan: Those man back there, why did they take you?

Speaker 7: Geld, Money.

Speaker 7: My family has a gold mining business, they wanted to send a ransom.

Arthur Morgan: How did someone even come up with them words?

Speaker 7: You're taking me to my family? Oh, thank you, how did they find you?

Arthur Morgan: Look I'm sorry friend, I can barely speak English. There they are.

Speaker 7: Darling!

Woman #1: Andreas! Andreas! I thought you were dead!

Speaker 7: I nearly was... My darlings... my precious darlings... Wonderful...

Woman #1: You are a great man.

Speaker 7: A great man.

Woman #1: We are blessed to met you.

Arthur Morgan: Thanks.

Arthur Morgan: Go on now, get out of here, this place ain't safe. Get out of here!

Speaker 7: Yes, Yes we're leaving vamos!

Arthur Morgan: Vamos!

Speaker 7: I have something for you, just a second. Thank you. Thanks a lot from the bottom of my heart.

Arthur Morgan: Guess it was a pleasure.

Dutch Van Der L...: You were right. Oh, this place. It'll be perfect for us. Hello Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Miss Grimshaw, Mr. Pearson, put everyone to work. Make this place a home. Well, I don't know where the hell we are, but we are going to make the best of it.

Sadie Adler: Say whatever you damn well please but I tell you, if I don't get out of here soon, I'm going to kill

somebody.

Pearson: And if you don't stop hissing at me, I'm going to kill you.

Sadie Adler: You come near me sailor and I'll slice you up.

Pearson: You put that knife down or you're going to be missing a hand lady.

Arthur Morgan: What is wrong with you two?

Sadie Adler: I ain't chopping vegetables for a living.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, I'm sorry madam. Was there insufficient feathers in your pillow?

Sadie Adler: I ain't lazy Mr. Morgan. I'll work, but not this.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I ain't cooking work?

Sadie Adler: My husband and I, we shared the work. All of it. I was out in the fields. I can hunt, carry a knife, or

use a gun. But I tell you, you keep me here, I'll skin this fat old coot and serve him for dinner.

Pearson: Watch your damn mouth you crazy goddamn fishwife.

Arthur Morgan: Enough, both of you. Well, come with me then. You want to head out there, run with the men? So be it. But we do more than just hunting. We're hunted. And then things hunting us, well, they got guns of their own.

Sadie Adler: I ain't afraid of dying.

Arthur Morgan: Good. You need anything Mr. Pearson? Maybe me and Mrs. Adler are going to take a little ride.

Pearson: Yeah, sure. Here's my list. And can you post this letter for me while you're there?

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Come on Princess. Are

you coming with me then woman?

Sadie Adler: So I graduated from chopping vegetables to shopping?

Arthur Morgan: Shut your goddamn mouth.

Arthur Morgan: You cool down then yet?

Sadie Adler: I guess. I ain't no scullion. And I sure as hell ain't taking orders from that sweating halfwit.

Arthur Morgan: I guess we all got to do our share princess.

Sadie Adler: Where's that letter?

Arthur Morgan: Are you reading his mail now?

Sadie Adler: Oh, robing and killing's okay, but letter-reading's where we draw the line.

Arthur Morgan: Here.

Sadie Adler: Dear Aunt Cathy.

Arthur Morgan: You are something else.

Sadie Adler:I haven't heard from you in some time, so I prayed to the Lord above that your health has not deteriorated further. Blah, blah, blah, it's boring. Well wait a sec. Listen to this.

Sadie Adler:Since we last corresponded, I have traveled widely, making no small name for myself. Before you ask, I am still yet to take a wife, but I can assure you it's not for a lack of suitors.

Sadie Adler:He ever actually even talk to a woman he ain't paid for?

Arthur Morgan: Look, we're all hiding behind something.

Sadie Adler:And what's this? Return to Tacitus Kilgore.

Arthur Morgan: Oh that. Now that's Dutch's idea. All mail to be sent to the same

alias. Whenever we set up somewhere new, Strauss, he heads into town, tells them to start expecting mail from a Tacitus Kilgore or whatever they changed him to.

Arthur Morgan: Here, give me that back. We got work to do.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Here we are.

Sadie Adler: So what's the plan? I shoot the shopkeeper while you-

Arthur Morgan: No. Are you insane?

Sadie Adler: I thought we was outlaws.

Arthur Morgan: Outlaws, not idiots. We rob fools that rob other people. These people, they're just trying to get by. So you head on in there and you buy some food to eat. And no guns.

Sadie Adler: Are you sure?

Arthur Morgan: This time. There'll be time for killing soon enough.

Sadie Adler: What are you doing?

Arthur Morgan: I'm going to go check the mail. Nothing exciting.

Speaker 4: Hello. You look hungry.

Speaker 5: What did you get there, Harold?

Harold: Nothing.

Speaker 5: What do you mean nothing? What's in the parcel?

Harold: Look, it's some ointment all right, for a private matter. Now, I really must be going. Don't mention this to Vera.

Speaker 7: All right, boys. Recess is over.

Male: Can I help you mister?

Arthur Morgan: Yes. I would like to post a letter.

Male: All right. Okay. No trouble.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you.

Male: Bye now.

Male: Beg your pardon?

Female: I've birthed foals with more strength than you. Hell, my sister's newborn had more strength than you and he came out bright blue.

Male: I'm trying.

Female: Try harder.

Male: I think this is everything.

Sadie Adler: Thanks. Here, take that for yourself, okay?

Male: Thanks.

Sadie Adler: Well, give it back then. Jesus.

Sadie Adler: I didn't ask for his goddamn help.

Male: Good morning.

Sadie Adler: Okay. Get on. I'm about done here.

Arthur Morgan: Why don't you drive?

Sadie Adler: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Come on lady. Get a move on.

Sadie Adler: I like Sadie, not lady.

Arthur Morgan: I know.

Arthur Morgan: So, you get everything?

Sadie Adler: I think so.

Arthur Morgan: And some new clothes I see.

Sadie Adler: Don't start. I can wear what I damn well want. Like I told you, my husband and I shared all the work. I wasn't some little wife with a flower in her hair baking cherry pies all day.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. I don't doubt that. You sure look the part now. Won't be long before you're smoking cigars and playing the harmonica.

Sadie Adler: I'll have you know, I used to love playing the harmonica before, well, my house and everything I owned got burned to the ground.

Arthur Morgan: I know. I'm real sorry about what you ... You know. Maybe I'll keep my eye out for another one.

Sadie Adler: I don't want no pity. Just treat me equal and know, nobody's taking nothing from me ever again.

Arthur Morgan: Mm-hmm (affirmative). Just don't kill the camp cook.

Male: Hey there.

Arthur Morgan: Hey.

Male: What you folks up to?

Arthur Morgan: Just heading home.

Male: You're in Lemoyne Raider country.

Arthur Morgan: Keep it cool.

Male: You need to pay a toll to pass through here.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, I don't think so.

Male: You don't think so? How about you pull over right now?

Arthur Morgan: Pull over?

Male: That's what I said.

Sadie Adler: Hey, how's about this?

Sadie Adler: Go, go, go.

Arthur Morgan: Shit, let's get the hell out of here. Go.

Arthur Morgan: What the hell was that?

Sadie Adler: They was going to rob us.

Arthur Morgan: A new pair of pants ...

Sadie Adler: I'm going to run this son of a bitch down.

Arthur Morgan: Well, you wanted to see some

action, lady, now you got ... your wish.

Sadie Adler: In the rocks.

Sadie Adler: Shit.

Arthur Morgan: You okay there Sadie?

Sadie Adler: Of course. You think I can't handle these fools? There, see. Not many still standing now. Told you I could shoot a gun, didn't I?

Arthur Morgan: I don't remember asking you to prove it.

Sadie Adler: Yeah, you run, you goddamn coward. I think we're good here Arthur. Nice shooting. All right. I'll drive us back.

Arthur Morgan: No. Pass those reins here.

Sadie Adler: Why?

Arthur Morgan: Because you've caused enough trouble already.

Sadie Adler:I'm fine. Careful. We showed those bastards, huh?

Arthur Morgan: Remind me not to get on your bad side.

Sadie Adler:And they was clearly planning to bushwhack us.

Arthur Morgan: You did good. But that's a lot of mess to make near camp. Hope it don't bring anyone sniffing around.

Sadie Adler:Are you going to tell Dutch?

Arthur Morgan: Maybe. If he asks. But, maybe not.

Sadie Adler:So who did they say they were? Lemoyne Raiders?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, something like that. Who knows. Anyway, don't you go ribbing Pearson about that letter.

Sadie Adler:How dare you? I wouldn't dream of it.

Arthur Morgan: Right, you wouldn't.

Sadie Adler: I have traveled widely making no small name for myself.

Arthur Morgan: I won't be giving you no mail to post anytime soon, that's for sure.

Sadie Adler: I just want a peek in that journal of yours. The mind boggles.

Arthur Morgan: Not a chance.

Pearson: You didn't get yourself killed then Mrs. Adler?

Sadie Adler: Not quite.

Pearson: Well, I'd like to say I missed your refined conversations, but I'd be lying.

Sadie Adler: I enjoyed myself out there.

Arthur Morgan: Yes, we ... Mrs. Adder did okay.

Pearson: At shopping.

Arthur Morgan: Yes, at shopping.

Sadie Adler: Thank you Mr. Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Don't mention it. I would ride with you again Mrs. Adler if you will ride with me.

Sadie Adler: Maybe. If you prove you can handle yourself.

Arthur Morgan: Well, they say I lack finesse, but I ain't afraid of gun smoke.

Pearson: We got this Arthur. You've already done me a big favor today.

Pearson: Okay, Miss High and Mighty. And nice pants by the way.

Sadie Adler: Oh, shut up.

Micah: There he is. The man saved my hide not once, but twice.

Arthur Morgan: What you want Micah?

Micah: Nothing. Just saying thank you brother. I can't call you brother, can't I?

Arthur Morgan: I think I like you even less when you're friendly.

Micah: You're the first person who ever told me that.

Dutch Van Der L...: How you doing, old friend?

Arthur Morgan: Fine.

Dutch Van Der L...: It's funny. Us ending up down here. My daddy died in a field in Pennsylvania, fighting this lot. I ever tell you that?

Arthur Morgan: Many times.

Dutch Van Der L...: I see I'm boring you, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Worrying me. We lost men back there.

Dutch Van Der L...: We have lofty goals, Arthur. We're trying to reform society to a kinder, truer, better way. Now, of course, there's going to be

casualties.

Arthur Morgan: We're thieves in a world that don't want us no more.

Dutch Van Der L...: We are dreamers in an ever duller world of facts. Now, I'll give you that, but come on. We got the day. It's nice out.

Arthur Morgan: Old Hosea says that there's a creek around here. I reckon it's full of fish.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hey, old girl. Come on down here. Why don't you show us this creek you've been pissing in? You don't look too rosy, old friend. I thought this warmer weather would-

Hosea Matthews: My days of looking good are long over, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Always dream crushing and bubble bursting, you. Come on,

Hosea. Let's go fishing.

Hosea Matthews: All right, gentlemen, let me show you how it's done. Giddy up.

Arthur Morgan: Why don't we just fish here? There's a whole lake of them.

Dutch Van Der L...: Because I need to get out for a bit, me and the old guard. Before any of them back there, there was us.

Hosea Matthews: The curious couple and their unruly son.

Dutch Van Der L...: It feels good here. You did well finding that spot, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: More Charles than me.

Dutch Van Der L...: It's like I can breathe again. Thick and soupy as this air is. Might even do your whistling pipe some good, Hosea.

Hosea Matthews: I was once in this country

with Bessie. Feels like a lifetime ago.

Dutch Van Der L...: It was a lifetime ago, but what a life we've lived, how well we have fought, especially both of you.

Arthur Morgan: I hope so.

Dutch Van Der L...: But now, when things are desperate, we have to stick with the plan. Make enough money, then find somewhere where nobody'll find us. Where we don't have to hide.

Arthur Morgan: Like where?

Dutch Van Der L...: I got some ideas hatching, but I need you with me, not against me. Both of you.

Arthur Morgan: Of course.

Dutch Van Der L...: Still, we do need money, so keep a low profile, especially in the local town. After Valentine, I want

everyone on best behavior here, no trouble, but start turning over the soil and the rocks. See what turns up.

Hosea Matthews: Dutch, we have got to be discreet.

Dutch Van Der L...: Imagine what a slew of rich simpletons there must be down here. Oh, this is perfect for you, Hosea. You'll be able to play them like a fiddle.

Hosea Matthews: Nothing would give me greater pleasure, but-

Dutch Van Der L...: No buts, not today. We fish and we enjoy the day. Looks like law up ahead. Play it cool. Easy now.

Josiah Trelawny: Hello, gentlemen.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well look what the cat drug in.

Josiah Trelawny: I seem to have gotten myself in a spot of bother.

Leigh Gray: Quiet back there.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's see. We can't sort this out. How are you, boys?

Leigh Gray: Fine.

Dutch Van Der L...: This is quite some country you have here.

Leigh Gray: We like it well enough.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hoagy Macintosh, at your service.

Leigh Gray: Leigh Gray. This is my deputy Archibald MacGregor.

Dutch Van Der L...: It is good to meet you.

Leigh Gray: You a Scot?

Dutch Van Der L...: Partly, the best part.

Leigh Gray: Of course.

Dutch Van Der L...: Now, tell me, sir, what did this silly, fancy fop back there do? Nothing too terrible, I trust.

Leigh Gray: He was accused of running a gold mining investment scam.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, no, no, no. I'm sure he wasn't. He is a magician. I know him. He's a fool, but he is not a bad fellow. Now, can we... Can we just-

Speaker 5: I wouldn't do that if I were you. I-

Leigh Gray: Shit. The Anderson boys. I can't have more scandal.

Dutch Van Der L...: Allow us to help, my friend. Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Chase wanted men?

Dutch Van Der L...: And take Archibald with you.

Arthur Morgan: Just what I signed up for. Come on big guy. Perhaps we can discuss

the foolish magician.

Archibald MacGr...: Let's go. After that train.
Keep your guns holstered. We need
them Anderson boys alive. Come
on. Hurry.

Arthur Morgan: All right.

Archibald MacGr...: Come on. We're losing
them.

Arthur Morgan: Will you relax? We're not losing
them.

Archibald MacGr...: Faster. Come on. What's
your name, sir?

Arthur Morgan: Arthur. Arthur Callahan.

Archibald MacGr...: Faster, Mr. Callahan,
please. My neck is on the line here.

Arthur Morgan: I get it. I'm doing my best. Looks
like the son of a bitch is going to
make it. You sure I can't just shoot
him?

Archibald MacGr...: No. Did I not say that?

Arthur Morgan: You said plenty.

Speaker 5: So long, deputies.

Archibald MacGr...: Idiot. Now, get after the others. Come on. Train is slowing down to go through the station. Now's our chance. Get to the side of the train. You think can jump on there?

Arthur Morgan: Me? Why me?

Archibald MacGr...: Because you ride like my grandmother.

Arthur Morgan: You are something else.

Archibald MacGr...: Now, he's throwing bottles, the lowdown bastard.

Speaker 8: You cop bastard. I didn't do nothing. You bastard.

Dutch Van Der L...: Damn fool.

Archibald MacGr...: Come on, Mr. Callahan. I'm relying on you.

Arthur Morgan: You hold it right there. Come on, shit bag.

Archibald MacGr...: Stay on them.

Speaker 8: Damn bastard. Get the hell away from me.

Arthur Morgan: You're only making it worse. Excuse me. Coming through.

Archibald MacGr...: Go. Get after them.

Arthur Morgan: Just you and me now, pal.

Speaker 9: It's just us now, lawman. Come here.

Arthur Morgan: Do we need to bother?

Speaker 9: Let me go.

Arthur Morgan: I can't do that.

Speaker 9: Come on.

Archibald MacGr...: At least try.

Speaker 9: Come on.

Archibald MacGr...: Just don't kill him.

Arthur Morgan: Are you sure?

Archibald MacGr...: Sadly so. Hello? Is
everything all right in there?

Arthur Morgan: Well, I don't think he's dead. I
think I won the fight, just about.

Archibald MacGr...: Bring him out here.

Arthur Morgan: Deputy.

Archibald MacGr...: Sounded like quite a
commotion. Is that him?

Arthur Morgan: I sincerely hope so.

Archibald MacGr...: Old Anders Anderson.

Arthur Morgan: What now?

Archibald MacGr...: Take him in. Come on. Fine
job, well done, and a pat on the

back for me for stopping the train.
There you go. You are a natural. All
right. Let's take a minute. Follow
me.

Arthur Morgan: Yep. What about the others?

Archibald MacGr...: Oh, we'll round them up.
Anders back there is the brains of
the operation, and that's really
saying something.

Arthur Morgan: You're the boss.

Archibald MacGr...: That was mighty
impressive, sir. I have to admit. I'd
hazard a guess you've served the
law yourself at some point.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I wouldn't exactly say
that.

Archibald MacGr...: Are you familiar with the
area here?

Arthur Morgan: No, not really.

Archibald MacGr...: On your right here, these tobacco fields, this is part of Caliga Hall, big estate belonging to the Gray family.

Arthur Morgan: Looks bone dry.

Archibald MacGr...: Yes, we are in dire need of some rain round here, let me tell you. The Grays have lived in Caliga Hall for generations. Fine people. My family's been working for them for years. Sheriff Gray's the one I know best, of course, but they own half the businesses in town.

Arthur Morgan: Which town?

Archibald MacGr...: Rhodes, sir. You don't know it? Where we're headed right now. Ain't what it was before the war, but it has its charms. I'm sure you already know of the Braithwaites.

Arthur Morgan: Like I said, just got down here.

Archibald MacGr...: Another big family in these parts. They have an estate west of here. Awful people, truly awful. They've been fighting with the Grays for as long as I can remember.

Arthur Morgan: Sounds like quite the place you got here.

Archibald MacGr...: Here we are. Welcome to Rhodes. Up there on your left is the Rhodes Parlor House. Very reputable saloon owned by the Gray family. We also have a general store, gunsmith, post office, train station, of course.

Arthur Morgan: What more do you need?

Archibald MacGr...: Very little. Oh, good. They're back. That's your friend, right?

Arthur Morgan: Yep.

Archibald MacGr...: Okay. We're going to stop just ahead on the right, outside the sheriff's office. Can you grab Anders off your horse and carry him in for me? Just bring him here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hey fellas.

Archibald MacGr...: Mr. Gray. We got him.

Dutch Van Der L...: Very good. I told you Arthur would deliver, man has a passion for justice.

Archibald MacGr...: That's wonderful.

Dutch Van Der L...: So, about my friend here...

Leigh Gray: Your idiot friend is free to go, but no more trouble from you, partner.

Josiah Trelawny: I promise you this was all just a big misunderstanding. However, I want to thank you from the bottom of my...

Leigh Gray: I'll pretend to appreciate that. Mr.

Macintosh, it has been a real pleasure. The mostly good citizens of Rhodes, we welcome you.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, we're just honored to be here.

Leigh Gray: Make your friend behave. We got enough trouble from some of the residents, old timers who've gone sadly to seed and lost their dignity.

Dutch Van Der L...: How terrible. Come along now. I will keep this fellow on the straight and narrow.

Leigh Gray: Come back and see us sometime soon. Excuse me, gentlemen. Now, Beau, these better be ugly rumors. Is it true you were seen talking to that wretched Penelope Braithwaite?

Josiah Trelawny: Can't thank you enough.

Dutch Van Der L...: Where have you been?

Josiah Trelawny: Around.

Dutch Van Der L...: Where are you staying?

Josiah Trelawny: I'm renting a caravan at the edge of town behind the church. It's horrible, but no one comes looking. The whole town is trapped in this interminable feud between the two families, his lot, Grays, and Braithwaites.

Dutch Van Der L...: Interesting.

Josiah Trelawny: Two old plantation houses, and falling out over rebel gold, and marrying cousins, and not marrying-

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur. Hosea. You start poking around. See what you can find out about that.

Josiah Trelawny: I have missed you boys. I've heard about bounties.

Dutch Van Der L...: There's been a price on my

head for 13 years. It'll take them months to find us down here, and it seems like we can have a little sport.

Josiah Trelawny: Well, they're good bounties.

Hosea Matthews: Where you hear this?

Josiah Trelawny: Some fellows I met at a camp near the state line said there was talk of it in bars in the north and west for 500 miles. There was talk of super agents or some such.

Dutch Van Der L...: Super agents. I'd love to meet one. It's just talk.

Josiah Trelawny: I'm sure it is, but I could not tell you.

Dutch Van Der L...: Stay out of trouble.

Josiah Trelawny: Thank you, gentlemen.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, so these two

plantation families... Arthur, you start sniffing around the Grays' place. See what the story is there.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. I passed by it earlier with our friend, Archibald.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good. Hosea. You see what you can find out about these Braithwaites.

Hosea Matthews: All right. Thank you, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Quite a fishing trip.

Dutch Van Der L...: There's still time. I'm up for it.

Hosea Matthews: How about you, Arthur? Have you had enough of the chase for one day?

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Why not?

Dutch Van Der L...: Great. Hosea, why don't you lead us to that spot you were talking about? I kind of like this

place.

Hosea Matthews: Okay. Let's see if we can avoid any more excitement.

Hosea Matthews: All right, gentlemen, follow me.

Arthur Morgan: So, how far is this creek?

Hosea Matthews: It's a bit of a ride still, and it's not a creek. It's the same lake we camped on, just a different part. It'll be worth it. I saw some big drum and sturgeon there. Should be rock bass, bluegills, perch, pickerel, too. It's a good spot.

Dutch Van Der L...: We'll see if you're as good at catching fish as you are at catching criminals, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Trelawny owes me for that.

Hosea Matthews: Trelawny owes everyone for something, but his information is good.

Dutch Van Der L...: Plus, we are now ingratiated with the local law. I'd say it was a worthwhile diversion all around.

Arthur Morgan: Trelawny's like a bad penny.

Hosea Matthews: I'm not sure how good a magician he is, but he's certainly good at disappearing when he feels like it.

Arthur Morgan: Where does he go?

Dutch Van Der L...: Everywhere and nowhere, it seems. We wouldn't have got Sean back if he hadn't been weaseling around down that way, though.

Hosea Matthews: Hey, Dutch. Remember that time you found him in the outhouse?

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, yeah. We hadn't seen him in weeks. We stopped in some

dead-end town in the middle of nowhere. Don't even remember the name.

Hosea Matthews: You and Bill were off doing something, Arthur.

Dutch Van Der L...: So, we pick up some supplies. I go to relieve myself, open the door, and there's Trelawny, sitting there, newspaper in hand. "Mr. Van Der Linde." I say, "What the hell are you doing here?" He said, "I could ask you the same thing. Now, if you wouldn't mind giving me a little privacy, I ate a rotten oyster."

Arthur Morgan: Hey, maybe they are actually a hundred Trelawnys.

Hosea Matthews: What a terrible thought.

Dutch Van Der L...: So, you're going back to see that Sheriff Gray?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. I don't see why not. They don't know who we are down here.

Dutch Van Der L...: He didn't seem the sharpest of tacks. Neither did that deputy.

Arthur Morgan: If he thinks we can be useful to him, he can certainly be useful to us. A little hiding in plain sight. I feel like we're always hiding in plain sight, but sometimes more smartly than others.

Hosea Matthews: This is the spot down to the left there.

Hosea Matthews: I saw some boats around last time. Be good to get to deeper water. Yes. Over there on the shore. I'm sure nobody would mind if we borrowed one of these. Come on.

Hosea Matthews: All right. This looks like a fine vessel.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. Come on, Arthur.

Let's get her in the water.

Hosea Matthews: I got a good feeling about fishing here. It's supposed to be some incredible sturgeon.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Here we go. Let me rope you boys are too old for real labor no more.

Hosea Matthews: And you're too dumb for anything else.

Arthur Morgan: You're still too quick for me, old man.

Hosea Matthews: I enjoy picking on children. Now take us to the deeper water. And pray for good luck and stupid fish.

Arthur Morgan: What about stupid luck? Good fish.

Hosea Matthews: That'll do too. Keep going.

Hosea Matthews: I think here is good.

Dutch Van Der L...: All right. Good luck gentlemen.

Hosea Matthews: Should really come here at dawn or dusk. That's when you catch the best fish. We should use a lake lure. That'll give us a better chance to hook in something big, like a sturgeon.

Dutch Van Der L...: What's wrong with good old worm.

Hosea Matthews: Worms are good for tiddlers like bluegill and rock bass, but you'd have to be real lucky to catch a sturgeon with one.

Dutch Van Der L...: Lures it is, then. You heard the expert, arthur let's bait up.

Hosea Matthews: Keep the lure and moving slowly on the water so it looks like a little fish just asking to be eaten. You got a bite. Fish on the line,

arthur.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hey, look at it this beauty.

Hosea Matthews: There you go.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well done Arthur.

Hosea Matthews: They can grow a lot bigger than that. Feller told me once a monster lake sturgeon near the mouth of the river, just South West of st. Denis. 50 pounder, he reckoned.

Dutch Van Der L...: I would like to see that. There, hooked hm. Hey, Hosea, you remember that time we sent Arthur out fishing. He came back with three beautiful bass.

Arthur Morgan: Not this again.

Hosea Matthews: I don't think I do.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh yeah, you do. He was maybe 20, 21, walked in all full of

himself. We had a big feast, toasted him all night.

Arthur Morgan: This was 15 years ago.

Hosea Matthews: I remember now.

Dutch Van Der L...: Then the next week, Arthur and I are at the market and fishmonger calls out, "so how did you enjoy those bass?"

Arthur Morgan: Look, you can fish or you can go drinking all day, rob someone and buy some fish.

Hosea Matthews: I got a bite. Ha, got ya. I used to go fishing with this feller back in the day, Wesley, his name was. Real miserable bastard, but he loved to fish. We'd go out all the time. But one day we were a river fishing. When we see a funeral procession going over the bridge and out of the blue, Wesley stands up, takes off his hat, bows his head.

Then he sits down, picks his rod back up and carries on. Doesn't say a word. So I'm a little surprised and say, "Wesley, that was nice of you." He replies, "Well, felt I had to. After all, I was married to her for 30 years."

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, there he is.

Arthur Morgan: Oh dear God I might swim to shore.

Dutch Van Der L...: Got him.

Hosea Matthews: Remember those big salmon I caught in Montana last year? We had a banquet planned that night until Copper went and scooped the lot.

Dutch Van Der L...: You never had control of that dog.

Arthur Morgan: He had some spirit, though. Never lost the puppy in him, right to

the end.

Dutch Van Der L...: You know, I remember us saying how Blackwater was the furthest East we'd ever been, as a group I mean.

Arthur Morgan: It was like the more we tried to head West, the further East we end up.

Hosea Matthews: We had all those safe spots picked out to lie low in New Austin after the ferry job.

Dutch Van Der L...: I liked it there. Still open and wild, the way it should be. Somehow the desert makes you feel closer to the sky.

Arthur Morgan: No point us trying to get back that way anytime soon. Pinkertons have patrols out all over Tall Trees and Great Plains. We saw when we went back for Sean.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well look at us now. Huh? It could be worse. Plans change, that's just how life goes.

Arthur Morgan: Looks like you got a bite, Arthur.

Dutch Van Der L...: Just got to reel him in now, Arthur. Did I ever tell you my mother's buried in Blackwater?

Hosea Matthews: Really? She is?

Dutch Van Der L...: Apparently so. I only found out from an uncle of mine years later. Last I knew she was still outside Philadelphia. I left home at 15 and didn't see her again. She and I didn't always see eye to eye. I wasn't always a very obedient child.

Hosea Matthews: I can only imagine.

Dutch Van Der L...: Still, I loved her my own way and she me in hers. Somehow, even from the grave she managed

to have the last laugh. You're getting the hang of this.

Hosea Matthews: Keeping that one, eh?

Arthur Morgan: Hey, I reckon we call it, fellers.

Hosea Matthews: Already?.

Arthur Morgan: You ain't been chasing down outlaws.

Dutch Van Der L...: All right. I think we got a decent haul here. Pearson will be happy. Should we head back?

Hosea Matthews: We could keep the boat, not too far back to camp from here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good idea, could be useful.

Arthur Morgan: What about the horses?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, they'll find their way back.

Hosea Matthews: Just follow the shore South, Arthur.

Dutch Van Der L...: That was fun. Thank you boys. Now, Hosea?

Hosea Matthews: Yes.

Dutch Van Der L...: How about a song?

Hosea Matthews: Okay. All right, I got one for you.

Hosea Matthews: I asked that gal to give me some.

Arthur Morgan: (all together) Mmm Hmmm, mmm Hmmm. I asked that gal to give me some, she says, "wait til taters is done," mmm Hmmm, mmm Hmmm. I couldn't wait 'til the taters was done, mmm Hmmm, mmm Hmmm. I couldn't wait 'til the taters was done, threw her on the floor and knocked out some, mmm Hmmm, mmm Hmmm. I wish to God I'd passed her by, mmm Hmmm mmm Hmmm. I wish to God

I'd passed her by, taters got burnt
and so did I, mmm Hmmm.

Dutch Van Der L...: That was pretty good. But
you know what song we should be
singing?

Hosea Matthews: What?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, look at us, three
mariners.

Hosea Matthews: Ah, of course.

Hosea Matthews: Well, we be three poor
mariners, newly come from the
seas. We spend our lives in
jeopardy while others live at ease.
Shall we go dance this round, a
round, a round, shall we go dance
this round, a round, a round. And
he that is a bully boy come pledge
me on this ground, a ground, a
ground. We care not for those
martial men, tat do our states
disdain, but we care for the

merchant men who do our states
maintain. To them we dance this
round, a round, a round, to them
we dance this round, a round, a
round. And he that is a bully boy,
come pledge me on this ground, a
ground, a ground, a ground, a
ground, a ground, a ground.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, Bravo! But you know,
we should not let the folks back at
camp think we had too much fun.

Hosea Matthews: Indeed not.

Dutch Van Der L...: All right. I think I, well I
mean, we are going to be okay. I
know. I always know whenever I got
you to, by my side, things are going
to be just fine. This place will be
good for us. For now, anyway.

Arthur Morgan: I hope so.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, I am going to take in
the view.

Hosea Matthews: I'll give these fish to
Pearson.

Dutch: Of course, of course, oh and here is my
dear friend, Arthur Callahan.

Arthur Morgan: That's just the way of things, I
guess.

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course, of course. Oh,
and here is my dear friend. Arthur
Callahan. Boy is a Hunter. Boy is a
killer. Arthur you've met, but not
been introduced to Mr... Oh, I'm so
sorry, Sheriff Gray.

Leigh Gray: How are you doing, sir?

Arthur Morgan: I'm fine.

Leigh Gray: Tough business. You boys had.

Dutch Van Der L...: We did?

Leigh Gray: Oh, there's no need to pretend with
me, sir. Life can be tough.

Dutch Van Der L...: So it can.

Leigh Gray: And no man owes another anything.

Dutch Van Der L...: No, sir.

Leigh Gray: But still, I feel you were hard done by... losing your employment like that. But still here in Rhodes we have work enough for honest men.

Arthur Morgan: That's some strong stuff. Still... don't seem to be doing you any harm I guess.

Leigh Gray: Exactly, excuse me a moment.

Dutch Van Der L...: I told you we was moving up in this world. Deputies.

Arthur Morgan: You have finally lost your mind.

Dutch Van Der L...: Amongst these drunkards, hillbillies and slavers...good honest thieves like us... we're bound to be moralizers in a place like this.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, Sheriff Gray... you are

back.

Leigh Gray: Now Listen, sir. There is shine in them woods though. And it is cost in this county. It's good name and the state, a whole lot of income. You boys wouldn't mind rooting it out... maybe we'll make you permanent. I got to sit me down a second.

Dutch Van Der L...: Not a problem, sir. Not a problem at all. You are in safe hands now.

Dutch Van Der L...: And people waste time with the temperance movement. Liquor never dulled a good man's senses.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, you ride with the deputy. Bill and I will follow.

Archibald MacGr...: Climb on up. Let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Archibald...

Archibald MacGr...: How are you?

Arthur Morgan: Pretty good.

Archibald MacGr...: And your friend is behaving himself?

Arthur Morgan: Oh... Yes. I think he's learned his lesson.

Archibald MacGr...: Congratulations on becoming a temporarily deputized citizen of Scarlet Meadows County. Most towns just get bounty hunters to do their dirty work these days. But Sheriff Gray believes the law should keep the law.

Archibald MacGr...: Now, I'm sure I don't need to remind you there's a chain of command here.

Arthur Morgan: There is?

Archibald MacGr...: Dang straight. There is. This is a dangerous business, but follow my lead and you'll be just fine.

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Hey, Archibald wants to remind us he's in charge here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course, who else would be?

Archibald MacGr...: You were a big help with them Anderson boys and I put in a very good word with the sheriff on your behalf.

Arthur Morgan: We appreciate that.

Archibald MacGr...: We rounded the others soon after. I'm pushing for the rope myself, but that's by the by.

Arthur Morgan: So these moonshiners...

Archibald MacGr...: Not just any moonshiners, Braithwaites. I told you about the Braithwaites?

Arthur Morgan: Pretty sure you did.

Archibald MacGr...: Old cotton family, had a fortunate at one point until, well, a

few changes in the labor laws. Now they're dealing in moonshine.

Archibald MacGr...: We found their stills hidden all over Lemoyne. Quick as we destroy one, another one pops up. You could call it a pitiful fall from grace... if they had any grace to start with.

Arthur Morgan: I have no time for tax dodgers.

Archibald MacGr...: Not to mention the fact that Catherine Braithwaite has a rather expensive interest in thoroughbred horses to maintain.

Arthur Morgan: But I heard something about it being gold these families were fighting over.

Archibald MacGr...: Well, that's the rumor, but the Grays and the Braithwaites think the other stole a fortune from them. But it happened so long ago, I don't know for sure if it's true.

Arthur Morgan: Must be tough being rich. Huh?

Archibald MacGr...: So I imagine.

Dutch Van Der L...: That badge rather suits you
Mr. W.

Bill Williamson: Yes, I thought so too.

Dutch Van Der L...: Does it feel good to be back
at it, serving your country?

Bill Williamson: I wouldn't go that far.

Arthur Morgan: Whoa... Whoa. Hold up. You see
that wagon?

Bill Williamson: These damn flies, I swear
they've got it in for me.

Arthur Morgan: You could try washing once in a
while.

Archibald MacGr...: Come on mister. Keep your
eyes open.

Archibald MacGr...: Oh... this must have
happened recently... Hey, come

have a look at this. Look... suit and tie, one bullet clean through the forehead. My money says this is the handiwork of a gang called the Lemoyane Raiders.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. I've run into them.

Archibald MacGr...: Let's see if we've got any identification.

Archibald MacGr...: Okay. We should get going. I'll send someone over here later to clean this up.

Archibald MacGr...: Would you mind taking the reins? I want to have a look at these papers.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Archibald MacGr...: I'll direct you.

Archibald MacGr...: Okay... Frederick Mitchell, Lemoyne state legislator. Poor feller. Yes. This certainly smacks of the Raiders to me. Bunch of ex-

army free-staters without an ounce of respect for the law. That's seven government officials they've murdered this year alone.

Archibald MacGr...: Go right at the crossroads.

Arthur Morgan: Yep, not the nicest fellers in my experience.

Archibald MacGr...: And I know the Braithwaites are in business with them. No shame. Trash begets trash, my uncle Reginald used to say, he had a few stories, let me tell you. Town preacher and town sheriff.

Archibald MacGr...: Bear right again here. Could drink a sailor under the table before breakfast. He had one tiny hand, like a child's on the end of a grown man's arm... But anyway, this tells you what kind of people the Braithwaites are... selling moonshine to murderers. I tell folks

don't even speak to them, don't even look them in the eye.

Arthur Morgan: I'm sure I wouldn't.

Archibald MacGr...: Here we are... So what was I saying?

Arthur Morgan: Something about the Braithwaites, I think.

Archibald MacGr...: Even saying that word makes me sick. Now, anyone we find here, we bring in alive, understood? Round them up, then take this operation down for good. Come on, let's see what we're dealing with.

Archibald MacGr...: See? See? What did I tell you boys... what did I say? I said this place was crawling with vermin... and we just found ourselves the rat's nest par excellence as they say in Paris. My aunt, she went to Paris back in '78-

Dutch Van Der L...: How are we going to handle this?

Archibald MacGr...: Well, the way I see it-

Arthur Morgan: Actually, let my friend here decide. He doesn't have your fine way with words... but he is definitely the man for the job.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's split up. Arthur and Bill, me and Archibald. You boys want right or left?

Arthur Morgan: We'll take the left.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's stop these filthy degenerate tax dodgers. The cheek of them.

Bill Williamson: Remember what he said... We need them alive. Let's just knock them out and tie them up.

Arthur Morgan: Got it. Deputy Williamson.

Bill Williamson: See one by the bridge over

there?

Arthur Morgan: I think you take this one, Bill.

Bill Williamson: With pleasure.

Dutch Van Der L...: Add them to the pile

Arthur.

Bill Williamson: I don't see any more, do you?

Arthur Morgan: No.

Bill Williamson: Let's find Dutch and get out of here.

Arthur Morgan: Fine by me.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well done. Well, forgive me... but me and my men must return to our lives. Seems like we failed to destroy the last of the moonshine.

Archibald MacGr...: Sure.

Dutch Van Der L...: Would you like us to?

Archibald MacGr...: Well, I normally take it for

personal consumption... It's sort of part of the job. But I better get back home. Why I do not just take a jug or two and leave you boys the rest to show that there's no hard feelings on account of the war.

Dutch Van Der L...: We are all Americans.

Archibald MacGr...: Of course. My cousin, Webster... he used to say "some of us is not as American as others." If you know what I mean... only I didn't quite...

Archibald MacGr...: Come on you degenerate no good, white trash, hillbilly, piece of scum. I know you, Billy Lime...

Dutch Van Der L...: Finally...fnally

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on move. Move it!... We have alighted, on a land so stupid, a backwater so backwards that even we are like geniuses. Bill! Get this stuff out of here!

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, you ride with me.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Bill Williamson: Should I stash this somewhere near camp, boss?

Dutch Van Der L...: Yes, show it to Hosea, I'm sure he can find a use for it. A bit of trouble back there Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Ain't there always? From what they was yelling, I think they were the buyers.

Dutch Van Der L...: Old Archibald didn't ask too many questions so neither should we.

Arthur Morgan: I ain't planning to.

Dutch Van Der L...: That was worth the effort though. Deputized and hiding plain sight. These lawmen, these two families... I mean, I really think we can play this from all sides. It's got

Hosea written all over it.

Arthur Morgan: This is starting to sound like the young Dutch again.

Dutch Van Der L...: What do you mean, "Young Dutch"? I'm as strong as I have ever been. Hey, you know what? Why don't I race you back?

Arthur Morgan: Okay, you're on.

Dutch Van Der L...: That's the spirit. Okay... on my word... set...Go!

Dutch Van Der L...: I never knew you were quite so good at running away Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: I never knew age had slowed you down quite so much.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, time is bastard. When you get to be my age... well you'll know that better than anything. Be well. I Had fun with you today. You're... I was going to say you're

like a son to me...but you're more than that.

Speaker 1: Hey, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: What's going on?

Speaker 1: Hosea and John are looking for you. They went out to the moonshine stash. Said you knew where that was. They was planning a visit to the Braithwaite place, but John needs to do something for Dutch now. So Hosea wants you to join him instead. Seems to be a lot going on.

Arthur Morgan: You're telling me. Okay, thank you.

Speaker 3: Hello, Arthur.

Hosea Matthews: Hey, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: What are you doing?

Hosea Matthews: Selling it back to where it

came from.

Arthur Morgan: Why?

Hosea Matthews: I ain't got a market for it. They made it, they must have someone to sell it to. Stuff looked lonely out here. I think we'll cut ourselves a deal.

Arthur Morgan: Ah, I get you.

Hosea Matthews: You and Dutch was just doing your duty when you requisitioned it. Now I'm doing mine.

John: All right, let's get going now. I'll leave you fellers to it. Good luck.

Hosea Matthews: Thank you, John. We'll see you later. Dutch asked him to look into something to do with the Braithwaite horses, I think.

Arthur Morgan: Sure, okay.

Hosea Matthews: Okay, let's head out to the Braithwaite's place. You know the way?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I've been there. So what exactly are we doing? This is the moonshine we took after blowing up the Braithwaite's still, right?

Hosea Matthews: I think the good citizens taking the troubled to return their stolen goods deserve some reward, don't you. And it's time we made a formal introduction, like Dutch told us. Look, these are two big old plantation houses and all I keep hearing is they hate each other so much they can't see past it.

Arthur Morgan: I know, I've seen it. There's a Gray boy and a Braithwaite girl carrying on a secret affair. I've been, well, helping them.

Hosea Matthews: The mind boggles. You think

they're of use?

Arthur Morgan: Not sure, they don't seem too involved in the rest of it, but maybe.

Hosea Matthews: Well, I'm sure there's money in this for us somewhere if we can get in the middle of it.

Arthur Morgan: Here we are.

Hosea Matthews: Modest little homestead, isn't it?

Speaker 6: Hello, gentleman. How are you?

Speaker 7: What's that in the back there?

Hosea Matthews: Moonshine, my fine fellow. May I have a word with the man of the house?

Speaker 7: The man of the house is a lady. Mrs. Catherine Braithwaite.

Hosea Matthews: May I speak with her? I want to discuss a business opportunity. I mean, no harm. No

harm at all. You may happily shoot me if I do.

Speaker 7: Okay, okay. She's at the house.
We'll be watching you.

Hosea Matthews: You heard the man. Driver, proceed, please.

Catherine Brait...: What you want?

Hosea Matthews: Found something out in the hills. Thought maybe you was in the market for it.

Catherine Brait...: For what?

Hosea Matthews: Some liquor.

Catherine Brait...: I ain't in the market for what's already mine.

Hosea Matthews: Way we see it, it's ours. What with us possessing it, and I checked all over, for the life of me I couldn't see your name on it. Whoa, relax. I ain't here to rob you, though

it seems that's way enough. Want to do a deal. What do you sell that stuff for?

Catherine Brait...: Dollar a bottle.

Hosea Matthews: Then give us 50 cents.

Catherine Brait...: It's already ours.

Hosea Matthews: Look on it as a reward for finding the property. Alternative is we go sell it someplace else.

Speaker 9: The alternative is you get shot.

Hosea Matthews: Now, who wants to get shot over a bottle or two of liquor?

Catherine Brait...: Pay the man.

Hosea Matthews: Pleasure doing business with you. And, listen, we didn't take it, least not without orders.

Catherine Brait...: Oh, I know exactly who gave you your orders. Old Sheriff Gray. You know what? I don't want

it. In fact, sir, now you can do me a favor, there's an extra 10 bucks if you do. Drive the stuff into Rhodes, head over to the tavern run by Mr. Gray and give the stuff out for free.

Speaker 9: Momma!

Catherine Brait...: Hush now. I believe they call that a promotional expense.

Hosea Matthews: As you wish, madam.

Catherine Brait...: You boys come back sometime and tell me how you made out. Maybe we'll play a little cribbage.

Hosea Matthews: All right, next stop, the Rhodes Saloon.

Arthur Morgan: Here we go.

Hosea Matthews: So I finally sold those Cornwall bonds. Got close to 1000 for them. I wanted more, but not bad considering how hot they were,

especially after that bloodbath in Valentine.

Arthur Morgan: No, not bad at all.

Hosea Matthews: Apparently, Cornwall's been pumping out a lot of cash into the Pinkertons. Wants to keep their full effort on going after gangs, gangs like us.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, that don't surprise me.

Hosea Matthews: All right, this could get ugly. You and Dutch already have that thing going on in town with the Sheriff.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, Mr. Gray.

Hosea Matthews: That's it. Now we're inserting ourselves in his blood feud. We'll need something.

Arthur Morgan: I ain't playing dress up. You know how I feel about that.

Hosea Matthews: Of course you're not. You're a clown's idiot brother.

Arthur Morgan: Hosea, please.

Hosea Matthews: I'm the clown. You're the idiot. Just look sad and keep quiet. Even you can do that, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Do I have to?

Hosea Matthews: Put this hat on. Smoke this pipe. Bring your lip forward, just a bit. Squint. Oh, perfect.

Arthur Morgan: What about you?

Hosea Matthews: You can't speak. You're turned idiot. Quite broker poor mammy's heart. There there, Fenton, there there. Don't get mad now. Okay, Fenton, stay calm now for mamma. She loved you so. Just a shame yet to strangle her in a rage. Grab two cases of that stuff and follow me. Gentlemen,

gentlemen! Quite the town you have here. We just rode in from up north.

Speaker 10: Hey.

Hosea Matthews: Hello. Hello, I'm Melvin. This is my brother, Fenton. Don't mind him. Don't madden him, he's turned idiot. Killed our mother, but it weren't his fault. How'd you boys like a couple of bucks? I bet you would. One for each of yous. We're in the new trade of advertising, which is an American art form about ensuring people buy the correct things.

Speaker 10: I don't know.

Hosea Matthews: One more dollar says give us half an hour. What harm can we do in half an hour? Go along now. Enjoy the money! Come on, Fenton. Just hand out the liquor.

Gentlemen! Gentlemen! My name is Melvin. That's my brother, Fenton. He's a bit funny, but boy, can he pour drinks fast. For the next 30 minutes the drinks in this here bar, in this here town, are entirely free! The only rule is that you've got to drink them, so hurry up. Put old Fenton to work. Don't get mad though, his momma made him mad and we buried her. Poor thing. Now, come up to the bar, everybody. Come on, fellas. It's your lucky day.

Speaker 11: I'll have one, Fenton.

Hosea Matthews: A gift.

Speaker 11: Ah, that's some strong stuff.

Speaker 12: Just keep them coming. Mr. Gray won't be happy about this.

Hosea Matthews: Another bottle, Fenton. These men are dry.

Speaker 13: Where's mine then? You're a fine man, Fenton, a fine man. Don't listen to your brother.

Speaker 14: Over here, Fenton.

Speaker 15: Hey, send a couple this way, will you?

Hosea Matthews: Come on, Fenton, people are dying of thirst over here!

Speaker 15: The wife's going to kill me. I only went out for milk. That hit the spot. Keep them coming, Fenton.

Speaker 16: Just keep the coming.

Hosea Matthews: Drink up, drink.

Speaker 17: It's the Lemoyne Raiders.

Hosea Matthews: Good evening, gentlemen. Quiet libation.

Speaker 18: You.

Hosea Matthews: Me?

Speaker 18: You're the bastards who stole the liquor we was going to buy.

Hosea Matthews: Gentlemen, we're in advertising, come on in and have a drink.

Speaker 18: That's our goddamn liquor.

Hosea Matthews: An honest mistake.

Speaker 18: Boys, get them.

Arthur Morgan: Shit, it's the Lemoyne Raiders.

Hosea Matthews: Good job, Arthur. Upstairs, hurry! Where are you, Arthur?
Arthur! Arthur, help! Hey, hey, this way!

Speaker 18: Did you think we wouldn't find you? Being here is your choice. For us, it ain't a question. That's our booze, you bastards.

Hosea Matthews: Well done. Let's go. Come one, Fenton!

Speaker 18: Stop that wagon.

Hosea Matthews: I'm getting us out of here.

Arthur Morgan: Ain't going to let this go, are they?

Speaker 18: Over there! They got out the back!

Hosea Matthews: How many are there? They really aren't happy about this.

Speaker 18: You pair of bastards! Did you think we wouldn't find you?

Hosea Matthews: Damn it, they're still coming. Behind us, Arthur, coming out of the alley. There's more to your right! Look out, more of them!

Arthur Morgan: He's down. Train!

Hosea Matthews: I see it!

Speaker 18: Think you can steal from us?

Hosea Matthews: Ahead of you!

Arthur Morgan: That's him dealt with!

Hosea Matthews: That's it.

Arthur Morgan: Got one.

Hosea Matthews: Damn it, they're still coming. You see any more of them?

Arthur Morgan: Don't think so. Jesus, all this over a few bottles of booze.

Hosea Matthews: I reckon it's more they don't want another gang on their patch.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, pull off the road here.

Hosea Matthews: Yep. All right, we're good.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. Remind me never to take up a career in ... what was it?

Hosea Matthews: Advertising.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. Do you think that woman set us up?

Hosea Matthews: No, I don't think so. Maybe. This place is odd.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I keep seeing those

fellows.

Hosea Matthews: Some local militia. Clearly not too happy to have some new competition. I'll go visit old Ma Braithwaite, see what's what.

Arthur Morgan: Why?

Hosea Matthews: We've been making money. The chest is filling up again, slowly but surely. Part of me thinks we just get ourselves good and lost, but we still need a lot more money before that can happen. So, for now, let me go give old Mrs. Braithwaite some of this moonshine as, well, let's call it a peace offering.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Hosea Matthews: That was fun, Fenton. We'll make an actor of you yet.

Arthur Morgan: I'll go speak to Dutch.

Dutch: So what do you think?

Arthur Morgan: About what?

Dutch: The fine folks around these parts?

Arthur Morgan: Oh, real nice.

Dutch: Exactly. On the one side we've got the Gray family. Scots, degenerates, drunkards, the local law. You couldn't make this stuff up. Rich as Croesus. And on the other, their mortal enemies the Braithwaites. Moonshiners, hypocritical, both rolling, we believe ...

Speaker 20: In gold.

Arthur Morgan: And in the middle of all, you've got some inbred retelling of Romeo and Juliet.

Dutch: Exactly.

Arthur Morgan: So what you boys thinking?

Speaker 20: We try to rob them both.

Arthur Morgan: You sure?

Dutch: Why not?

Arthur Morgan: Because we got lawmen in three different states after us.

Dutch: Last thing I want us to get us into trouble, but we need money. Now we have the opportunity here to put ourselves in the middle of something ain't nobody going to know we was here. Because even without us, these fools are going to kill each other anyway.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, well, Hosea has gone back to see that Braithwaite woman.

Dutch: Good. Hosea should definitely take the lead on this. I sent Sean over to Braithwaite manor too. Now you can meet up with them or join John and Javier at the Gray's place. Something to do with the Braithwaites prize horses.

Arthur Morgan: How the hell did we get an in at the Gray's place?

Dutch: Sheriff Gray kindly put in a word with his father. It ain't that complicated. We've got to convince each family that we're on their side, and then we rob them both before they figure out it was us that done it and not the other lot. We'll be long gone. Think of it is payback for my daddy.

Arthur Morgan: Payback? I ain't in the revenge business, Dutch. Least of all for something that happened a long time ago.

Dutch: Well, I guess we all got to pay for something. Now, if you will excuse me, Arthur. I've got to write a letter.

Speaker 21: Evening, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Evening.

Josiah Trelawny: Arthur. Are you busy,
Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Why?

Josiah Trelawny: Well, I know you think I'm
just some effete buffoon.

Arthur Morgan: A what?

Josiah Trelawny: A man of words and not of
action. Hardly a man at all.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I think you're as slippery
as an eel in an oil slick, but still a
man.

Josiah Trelawny: Because I think I've found
something interesting.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah.

Josiah Trelawny: Have you ever robbed a
stagecoach?

Arthur Morgan: No, never. Why who would

have even thought? Of course I robbed a goddamn stagecoach. You know I have.

Josiah Trelawny: And what's the problem with stagecoaches?

Arthur Morgan: The armed men attempting to put a bullet in your head?

Josiah Trelawny: Not quite. The odds. Is it worth the robbing?

Arthur Morgan: Sometimes.

Josiah Trelawny: I know, but well, if you'd like to come with me, I can introduce you to a new best friend and he's going to give you all the decent robbable stagecoaches a hot blooded degenerate could require.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I could require a whole lot. Where do we find this friend of yours?

Josiah Trelawny: Rhodes.

Arthur Morgan: Because what can possibly go wrong there?

Josiah Trelawny: Well, lead the way and we'll find out.

Arthur Morgan: You sure seem to have got about round here.

Josiah Trelawny: You know me. I like to make friends in low places.

Arthur Morgan: How the hell you end up down here anyway?

Josiah Trelawny: [inaudible 00:01:25] wait for me.

Arthur Morgan: I'll leave you here boy.

Speaker 4: Keep dropping.

Speaker 5: Yep, that's the word in town.

Speaker 6: Well, there it is.

Josiah Trelawny: Hello, Alden.

Alden Carruther...: Hello, Josiah. How have you

been?

Josiah Trelawny: Dandy. And you, friend?

Alden Carruther...: Like I said, times are tough.
My Mrs. is a bad woman, terrible
woman.

Josiah Trelawny: They often are, but how's
work, Alden?

Alden Carruther...: Terrible. Wages got cut
again. They reckon they just
invented a new horseless carriage
will be the end of us.

Josiah Trelawny: They've been saying that
nonsense since they invented the
wheel. The wickedness of bosses.

Alden Carruther...: I know. My comrades here
and I are greatly discouraged from
the adequate fulfillment of our
duty.

Josiah Trelawny: A discouraged man is no
man at all, Alden. No man at all. My

friend Arthur here has a present for you.

Arthur Morgan: Here.

Alden Carruther...: Ain't you kind, sir.

Josiah Trelawny: Call him Arthur. He's one of us, a fellow man of distinction.

Alden Carruther...: Okay, well this is perfect timing. I think you'll like this one, Josiah. It'll be coming south down the river road through Siltwater Strand.

Josiah Trelawny: Thank you, Alden. Thank you very much.

Alden Carruther...: Oh, and Josiah, if you or Arthur are ever out Strawberry way, ask for my colleague there, feller called Hector. He's also one of the... What did you call us again?

Josiah Trelawny: Discouraged men, Alden.

Alden Carruther...: That's it, discouraged men. I like that.

Josiah Trelawny: Well, goodbye, Alden. Or should I say, adieu.

Alden Carruther...: Oh, adieu, Josiah.

Arthur Morgan: What the hell was that?

Josiah Trelawny: I thought you might like to see that pantomime.

Arthur Morgan: What? River road through Siltwater Strand, he said.

Josiah Trelawny: Okay. I think I know a good spot to wait. Follow me.

Arthur Morgan: It'll take more than that, boy.

Josiah Trelawny: Okay, let's go. This way. Whoa. Giddy up. What did I tell you? Simple as can be. Seems a lot of the station workers are in on it these days. Earning a pittance, the unions are whipping them up, so

they want something on the side.
Like he said, there, Strawberry.
Could create a lot of opportunities
for a man in your line of work.

Arthur Morgan: I ain't sure about going back to
Strawberry after all that Micah
business.

Josiah Trelawny: Didn't sound like you left
anyone alive to recognize you, so I
wouldn't worry too much, dear boy.
All this trouble. You gentlemen are
becoming quite the celebrities,
aren't you? Soon you'll be on the
front of a dime novel and dead, of
course.

Arthur Morgan: We're hoping to be long gone
before that. Dutch has a plan.

Josiah Trelawny: Here we are. This is the
spot. Okay. This should do.

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Here.

Josiah Trelawny: I'm hoping we won't need those.

Arthur Morgan: Better safe than sorry. What were you thinking?

Josiah Trelawny: Well, according to this, the loot is located in a strong box, which is in the back. I'll put on a little performance and you can scurry around, open the strong box, and relieve them of their goodies.

Arthur Morgan: And how do I open the strong box without threatening someone to open it for me?

Josiah Trelawny: This should work.

Arthur Morgan: And I can do this silently?

Josiah Trelawny: Well, I'm hoping complete silence won't be necessary, but you're going to wish you had your ear plugs. Mrs. Damsen. Oh, very good, Alden, very good. Course, if

anything goes wrong, you can wave your guns around like you normally do. Hold tight, they'll be here soon. There it is, right on time. Let's go. Keep your distance so they don't see you, and please leave that gun in its holster for once. I'll ride ahead and get the coach to stop. You hang back. Don't let them spot you or you'll scupper the whole thing. Good day.

Speaker 7: Hello.

Josiah Trelawny: I hope you don't mind my singing.

Speaker 7: Not at all.

Josiah Trelawny: I'm preparing for a show.

Speaker 7: It's a free country.

Mrs. Chester Da...: Did you say a show?

Josiah Trelawny: I did, madam. It's a small benefit to build an opera house in

Blackwater [inaudible 00:08:11].

Mrs. Chester Da...: Mrs. Chester Damsen.

Josiah Trelawny: The singer?

Mrs. Chester Da...: [inaudible 00:08:25] flatter me.

Josiah Trelawny: I flatter nobody.

Mrs. Chester Da...: Stop the coach, my good man, stop the coach.

Josiah Trelawny: Whoa! Miss Damsen, why did you stop singing?

Mrs. Chester Da...: The New York audience, they were rather cruel.

Josiah Trelawny: New Yorkers are prigs and fools who believe Westerners don't know anything about culture.

Mrs. Chester Da...: I couldn't agree more.

Josiah Trelawny: It's such a small show, but would you sing something for me? I'm looking for a mezzo-soprano.

Mrs. Chester Da...: Well, I don't know.

Josiah Trelawny: Miss Damsen, you owe it to
[inaudible 00:09:17].

Mrs. Chester Da...: (singing).

Josiah Trelawny: Madam, I've heard enough.
Might I have your card? The event is
on the 23rd of this month. I can't
say enough. Mrs. Damsen,
magnifico. So sorry, gentlemen, for
the interruption. Farewell. Nicely
done, Arthur. A little finesse for
once. Well done, sir. Well done.

Arthur Morgan: It was easy. You did all the
work.

Josiah Trelawny: Teamwork, my dear boy,
teamwork.

Arthur Morgan: Here you go.

Josiah Trelawny: Thank you. Oh, jolly good.
Go see Alden from time to time. See

you soon, Arthur.

Speaker 1: Can I help you there?

Arthur Morgan: Sure, I was supposed to meet my business partners here. He arranged a meeting, I believe, about some horses.

Speaker 1: A fellow with a scar and a Mexican?

Arthur Morgan: Yes, sir.

Speaker 1: Out by the stables.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you. Have a wonderful day now.

Javier Escuella: Listen mister...we're good men. Like you.

Tavish Gray: You don't know me. You turn up in this town and you're helping everybody and everywhere...there's trouble. Who are you?

John Marston: Like I said, we had a run of bad luck in the West. Lost some money

on a failed railway speculation. We heard good man can do well in this country.

Tavish Gray: Sure. And bad men. We haven't recovered as much as I hoped from the war. My family try. My sons are good boys, but it's been hard.

Tavish Gray: Like I said, some people in the area will hold us back forever. We need stability.

John Marston: [inaudible 00:01:41] I'm sure.

Speaker 4: We're an old Scottish family. We work. My daddy taught that to me. I taught my sons. Work hard, but fair.

John Marston: And have you met my partner?
Arthur Morgan.

Tavish Gray: No.

Arthur Morgan: I met your son. The sheriff.

Speaker 4: Okay.

John Marston: Mr. Gray here was saying how he had problems with a family, a family of degenerates.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, well, nobody likes degenerates.

Tavish Gray: That hag and her inbred sons, they ruined this County. They killed my uncle You know.

John Marston: That ain't right.

Tavish Gray: Problem is we can't be seen to get too close...

John Marston: And?

Tavish Gray: We've got gold, Yankee. We've got gold.

John Marston: I ain't no Yankee friend. I ain't nothing. My daddy came over on the boat from Scotland.

Tavish Gray: I'm Scottish.

John Marston: And the Braithwaites?

Tavish Gray: Goddamned peasants! I don't know...mongrels. Slave fuckers. All you got to do is look at them-

Arthur Morgan: How much gold?

Tavish Gray: Enough. These are prized horses I'm talking about. Them they'll get you...5,000.

John Marston: 5,000... For horses?

Tavish Gray: Easy.

Arthur Morgan: Where do we sell them? These \$5,000 horses.

Tavish Gray: Over in Clemens Cove. Feller over there will run them out of state and give you 50 cents on the dollar.

John Marston: Mister, you got yourself a deal.

Tavish Gray: Just keep us away from this... publicly I mean.

John Marston: My sense is we keep all horse

rustling away from the public.

Tavish Gray: Go to the stables on the south side of the manor. That's where they keep the thoroughbreds.

John Marston: Crazy old fool.

Arthur Morgan: You should see the Braithwaite woman.

Javier Escuella: Jose and Sean are planning on going over to the Braithwaites. You haven't seen him?

Arthur Morgan: No, not yet. If they're there already, they better keep their heads down. You don't need this to be any more complicated than it already is.

John Marston: \$5,000 for horses. We've been robbing the wrong folk all these years.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah. He doesn't know what he's talking about, but... If we get

even a third of that. It'll be worth it.

John Marston: So how are we going to play this?

Arthur Morgan: Well she's well guarded. So there ain't no point in blasting in there. We'll make them think we're there looking to purchase.

Javier Escuella: Three armed men?

Arthur Morgan: You'd be armed if you were about to spend 5,000 on horses. We should go in the back way though. Avoid too many questions.

Arthur Morgan: Careful. There's a guard.

John Marston: I'll speak to him, okay?

Arthur Morgan: Alright then.

Speaker 6: Can I help you gentlemen?

John Marston: Yeah, we're here to see about some horses.

Speaker 6: Horses?

John Marston: Yeah. We had an appointment with Mr. Braithwaite, I believe.

Speaker 6: Yeah. I never heard about any of this.

John Marston: My partner wanted to make a significant investment in some stables down here, but perhaps we should look elsewhere.

Speaker 6: Well, I...okay then. Head on out to the stables. Someone will come see ya.

Arthur Morgan: That's it. Nice and easy. No need to rush. Don't want to draw any unnecessary attention. All right, I think that's the stables just up ahead. Heads down, play it cool. We'll head around the front. Hitch up there. Alright, lets hitch up here. Let me do the talking.

Arthur Morgan: Hello there.

Speaker 7: Can I help you boys?

Arthur Morgan: I hope so. Heard you got some horses.

Speaker 7: We always got horses.

Arthur Morgan: Fine horses, I mean.

Speaker 7: I don't get you friend.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, you do. Come on.

Speaker 7: Listen. Why don't you get out of here? You, Scarface and your greaser buddy.

Javier Escuella: Whoa!

Speaker 7: I don't like officials.

Arthur Morgan: We ain't officials. We're connoisseurs. Looking to do some breedings. Come on now, partner.

Speaker 7: Okay, fine. Follow me. These here's mainly the studs available for purchase or for working...If that's

what you're interested in. What is your boys interested in?

Arthur Morgan: We represent a famous stable and stud farm from Saratoga.

Speaker 7: Is that so?

Arthur Morgan: Unofficially.

Speaker 7: 'Course. This here's Cerberus. There you go. Boy. Cerberus is a real reliable stud. Fathered, fathered many a race winner. This one's old faithful. He was a champion, briefly, until he hurt his leg. Didn't you boy? Amazing runner though. He's up for sale for a decent price. Boss'd probably sell him to you if you made the right offer. And this here is Old Father Time. My favorite horse. His coat might be a little thin for them Saratoga winners, but bread right...he'll produce-

Javier Escuella: Uh huh? Greaser, Huh?

John Marston: Okay. Bandanas on. Don't need nobody recognizing us.

Arthur Morgan: Alright I'll grab the white one in the middle. You get the other two. Relax Boy, C'mon. Good boy. Easy!

Arthur Morgan: Marston, you're going to tether them up to Javier's horse.

John Marston: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Javier, you're going to lead the stallions.

Arthur Morgan: Marston, you ride point. I'll cover up the back. If there's any problems, we regroup at Clemens Cove.

Javier Escuella: Okay.

Speaker 8: What are you doing?

Arthur Morgan: Let's go! Quick.

Arthur Morgan: Get going you two-

Javier Escuella: What the hell are you doing?

Speaker 8: Stop! We're being robbed! I said
stop these men!

Javier Escuella: Look out ahead! They're coming
out of the fields!

Javier Escuella: Watch it, there's guards by that
wagon.

Javier Escuella: There's a gap in the fence. We
can get out that way. Let's try to
lose them in the trees.

Arthur Morgan: I think we're clear.

Javier Escuella: No! Look out! There's more of
them on the road!

Speaker 8: You won't get away with this!

Speaker 8: [inaudible 00:11:20].

Arthur Morgan: You see any more of them?

John Marston: No, don't think so.

Arthur Morgan: Alright, Let's get these horses to

Clemens Cove. Quick before we run into any more trouble.

Javier Escuella: Whoa! You okay there boy?

Arthur Morgan: Shit! One of the stallions is loose! Keep going! I'll get him!

John Marston: Clemens Cove is just over there. Come on. Let's get this over with.

Javier Escuella: Well, that could have gone smoother.

Arthur Morgan: That'll be on my gravestone. Easy! You think they look like they're paying 5,000 for horses?

John Marston: I guess we'll see.

Speaker 9: What you boys want?

Arthur Morgan: I heard you was....heard you pay good prices for horses.

Speaker 9: Oh, we'll buy more or less anything pop.

Arthur Morgan: That so?

Speaker 9: Sure pop. I'm Clay Davies. That's my brother Clive. We're twins.

John Marston: John. Arthur. Javier.

Speaker 9: So what are you Cuban?

Javier Escuella: No, I don't like Cubans.

Speaker 9: That's so?

Javier Escuella: Maybe.

Speaker 9: Well, what do you care? You ain't Cuban.

Javier Escuella: Maybe I like Cubans.

Speaker 9: Ooh, you're funny. He's funny. Ain't he funnt Clive? Clive don't talk. We're twins, but I was born first. He came out all yellow and black, but he's okay. Yeah, I know these horses. They ain't yours, but I like you and I'll give you, I can give you 654.

John Marston: I was told we could get up to

\$5,000 for them.

Speaker 9: And I was told the moon was made of ladies tears. Only it ain't true. Not one little bit.

John Marston: But-

Speaker 9: I like you boys, but I ain't got more than 700 on me. You want it? Or you want to ride them fellers into town and maybe someone there will hang you.

Arthur Morgan: We're going to need more than that.

Speaker 9: I ain't got no more money Pop. Here, take it or leave it.

John Marston: All right.

Arthur Morgan: You goddamned fool Marsten.

Speaker 9: Ain't no one round here got \$5,000 boys, but nice meeting ya. You see you boys again I hope come on.

Yeah. Close the gate Clive.

Arthur Morgan: Believed a yarn, spun us by one of that Gray family... and imagined we was going to be wonderfully rich. At the end of it we felt like prize idiots.

Speaker 1: I sure am interested in the excitement setting up.

Speaker 18: Howdy.

Speaker 2: Don't doubt that.

Arthur Morgan: Hey fellers, I have a meeting with Mrs. Braithwaite. My associates are already here.

Speaker 18: All right, that's enough. Move along now.

Speaker 4: Ah, please come in, sir. This way, sir. A gentleman to see you, ma'am.

Catherine Brait...: So, your friend. The other liquor vendor. Hello.

Arthur Morgan: Hello, ma'am.

Hosea Matthews: Arthur, welcome. We were just playing cribbage. Arthur Morgan, Mrs Catherine Braithwaite.

Arthur Morgan: Nice to see you again.

Catherine Brait...: Apparently. So this one, he as big and as dumb as he looks?

Hosea Matthews: Well, he's surely big. But his intelligence is a matter of some conjecture. Some say he is as dumb as he looks, but I think, well, he's not quite that dumb.

Catherine Brait...: So these are the boys going to Caliga Hall?

Hosea Matthews: Yes, we could take care of that for you. But, one hates to be coarse, there is the question of money?

Catherine Brait...: Oh, we've got money, Mr.

Matthews.

Hosea Matthews: Paper? Bonds? Metal?

Speaker 7: She ain't going to pay you with a certified check, you Yankee numbskull.

Hosea Matthews: Ain't childbirth just the most beautiful miracle.

Sean MacQuire: Well, Arthur-

Hosea Matthews: Seems a lady can birth monkeys after all.

Sean MacQuire: Hop on. I'll fill you in on the way.

Arthur Morgan: No. I'm driving.

Sean MacQuire: Fine. All right, let's get this over with.

Arthur Morgan: You was quiet in there?

Sean MacQuire: Took everything I had. That son of hers... I'll shove that silver spoon down his throat, and pull it clean

out of his arse, the smug fucker.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. So what's she got us doing at the Gray's place?

Sean MacQuire: She wants us to torch their tobacco fields, said they ain't had rain in weeks 'round here.

Arthur Morgan: What?

Sean MacQuire: Yep, using that back there.

Arthur Morgan: The moonshine?

Sean MacQuire: Burns faster than kerosene, that stuff. Said it'd be fitting, she did. All I'm thinking is how about I try fitting my boot up your hook nose, you snotty old bitch.

Arthur Morgan: Hosea really picked the right feller for tea at the manor, didn't he?

Sean MacQuire: Oh, he was giving it his usual flannel. One of these families got

gold stashed somewhere, he reckons. I mean, I'm all for sticking it to rich folks. I hate rich folks. But there really better be some bloody money at the end of all this.

Arthur Morgan: Hosea knows what he's doing.

Sean MacQuire: Does he, though? The master finagler of nothing.

Arthur Morgan: Easy. Easy.

Sean MacQuire: So far, we've destroyed the Braithwaites' still, tried to sell the shine back to them, now we're on this fool's errand. Which I'm very much looking forward to, by the way. They was saying Old Man Gray's doubled security after that business at the saloon.

Arthur Morgan: We just robbed their horses, too.

Sean MacQuire: That was you? Jesus.

Arthur Morgan: So, we're just going to drive on in there, is that it?

Sean MacQuire: Don't worry, I got a plan. Wagons go in and out of there all the time with supplies, equipment, payroll. Especially now they've taken on all that extra muscle. We're making a delivery, that's all. Just leave it to me. I can talk a dog off a meat wagon.

Arthur Morgan: All right then.

Sean MacQuire: Whoa, hold up a second. Are you not worried about them Grays, English?

Arthur Morgan: Excuse me?

Sean MacQuire: You not worried 'bout them Grays?

Arthur Morgan: In what sense?

Sean MacQuire: Well, they knows you.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, maybe you're right. You know what? Here. I'll go hide in back. If you can act naturally and stop us from getting into a fight before we're ready.

Sean MacQuire: I will try.

Arthur Morgan: Yes, try and do an impression of a human being.

Sean MacQuire: I'm not going to go that far. We're here. Stay out of sight. I'll do the talking.

Hamish: Hey, hey. Hold it right there. What do you want, boy?

Sean MacQuire: There was a thing. A thing, at the saloon.

Hamish: What you talking about?

Sean MacQuire: Well, I'm delivering the supplies.

Hamish: You're not the usual driver.

Sean MacQuire: You want a bottle, friend? Here, have a wee drop. I'm new. I mean you no harm. I've come from Donegal, in Ireland.

Hamish: You don't say?

Sean MacQuire: Yeah. They said you'd understand. Some kind of incident at the saloon, in town. I was told to bring this up here. Ask no questions, I'll tell you no lies, that sort of business. Before the officials got there, they said.

Hamish: Okay, okay. Right this way. I'll show you how to get there.

Sean MacQuire: Oh, thank you, friend. Have a drink. Sean.

Hamish: Hamish.

Sean MacQuire: Good to meet you, Hamish. Fine bit of country you've got here. Not as fine as Connemara, but fine

nonetheless.

Hamish: My people come from Scotland.

Sean MacQuire: Oh, is that right? Then you and I are nearly brothers.

Hamish: Just over here. Straight down the path here. It's getting so I can barely keep track of all these deliveries coming in.

Sean MacQuire: Yeah, when they said they was looking for more drivers in town, I jumped at the chance. I ain't never been a feller to kick a bit of honest work out of bed. So, you folks have been having a hard time of it, have you?

Hamish: Yeah, Mr. Gray's got a heap of problems right now with another family around here. A bunch of covetous lowdowns trying to sabotage his livelihood. Disgusting.

Sean MacQuire: Dear, oh dear. I'm sorry to hear that, Hamish. Sounds like you definitely deserve that drink.

Hamish: You don't know the half of it. Just in there.

Sean MacQuire: Right you are.

Hamish: You can unload her here.

Sean MacQuire: In here? The horses would like a swift one, do they?

Hamish: Excuse me?

Sean MacQuire: Ah, nothing. It's grand. It's quite a place you boys have got here. Reminds me of one of them big houses, out in Donegal. Real fancy places they was, Hamish. Real fancy. Because if some folks got all the money, they can build quite the fanciest places imaginable, eh? While the... Okay, we can hole up in here until it gets dark.

Arthur Morgan: How you getting on?

Sean MacQuire: Good, nearly got these things ready.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. There's plenty of guards out there. Here's how I feel we should deal with things. You head over to the dry barn.

Sean MacQuire: Sure. And you?

Arthur Morgan: I'm going to deal with the fields themselves. We coat everything in moonshine, and then we light things up with these little fellers here. Thankfully, it ain't rained, and that old barn over there should go up like a torch.

Sean MacQuire: How many of these boys you think you need?

Arthur Morgan: This should do it. Lets head out the back. Look, once they get wind of us, there'll be no turning back, so

move quickly.

Sean MacQuire: Of course. I'm rebel stock, boy. I was born burning down manor houses.

Arthur Morgan: Well, burn quietly.

Sean MacQuire: Quiet. There's someone coming on the left.

Speaker 10: Oh, hey. I thought the wagon already arrived?

Speaker 11: This one didn't.

Speaker 10: Strange. So what you got there?

Speaker 11: Tools, payroll.

Speaker 10: Okay, drop it by the supply shed at the back of the fields.

Speaker 11: Sure, see you later.

Arthur Morgan: That should do it. All right, next. That's good for here. That's good. Should be enough for here.

Sean MacQuire: I'll give this a quick dousing, as well. I think she'll go, Arthur. Light her up. Wahoo, would you look at that? Yeah, now let's burn those bloody fields to the ground.

Speaker 12: I got the red-head.

Sean MacQuire: Chuck another, Arthur. Really get this going.

Speaker 12: You'll pay for this.

Speaker 13: You ain't getting out of this alive.

Sean MacQuire: Shit.

Speaker 13: You ain't leaving here.

Speaker 12: We'll grab some horses from the stables, come on.

Arthur Morgan: Not right now, we got company. Look out.

Sean MacQuire: Where are these bastards coming from? Look out, there's more of them.

Speaker 14: What are you doing, there's only two of them?

Sean MacQuire: Come on, gun. They seem to be taking it well.

Arthur Morgan: This is a goddamn mess. There goes our ride out of here.

Sean MacQuire: The wagon we saw coming in earlier, we can nick the horses from that.

Arthur Morgan: All right, where is it?

Sean MacQuire: This way. More guards coming in.

Speaker 15: Someone shoot them already.

Sean MacQuire: Stay with me. Jesus, there's more of them.

Speaker 16: That's Braithwaite's lot.

Speaker 17: You're dead. You'll burn with it.

Sean MacQuire: Come on.

Arthur Morgan: They didn't tell you there'd be an army of them?

Sean MacQuire: They didn't tell me nothing. Now you're dead. See, there it is. Maybe they haven't unloaded that cash yet.

Arthur Morgan: All right, come on. We'll take those horses.

Sean MacQuire: I better see if the payroll is actually in there.

Arthur Morgan: Hurry up.

Sean MacQuire: Oh, boy. We did good, Morgan. We did good.

Arthur Morgan: Great, but let's go. Yeehaw. Okay, let's get the hell out of here, fast.

Sean MacQuire: Too right, follow me. More men up ahead.

Arthur Morgan: Yup.

Sean MacQuire: Okay. We're going straight out the front gate. Jesus, that turned into a right party.

Arthur Morgan: You call that a party?

Sean MacQuire: That Braithwaite hag got her money's worth, all right.

Arthur Morgan: Let's just get out of here first.

Sean MacQuire: I think we lost them.

Arthur Morgan: That we did.

Sean MacQuire: Quite a night.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Sean MacQuire: Interesting little fight Dutch has put us into the middle of here.

Arthur Morgan: I hope him and Hosea are right and that there's some money at the end of it.

Sean MacQuire: Well, what now?

Arthur Morgan: Head on back to camp.

Sean MacQuire: You coming?

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Sean MacQuire: Here we are, home sweet home.

Arthur Morgan: You let Hosea know how we got on? Gotcha. Whoa.

Speaker 1: Morning, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Good job finding this spot.

Speaker 1: You found it too.

Arthur Morgan: I wouldn't have if you hadn't talked me into it.

Arthur Morgan: Micah?

Micah Bell: Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called-

Arthur Morgan: Hey Molly, where's Dutch?

Micah Bell: Well, however it goes.

Arthur Morgan: I'm not sure that line of thought

serves you and me very well.

Micah Bell: That's because, cowpoke, you are a man of profoundly limited intelligence.

Arthur Morgan: No doubt.

Micah Bell: While you and the old man and Dutch have been running around digging us ever deeper into shit, old Mr. Pearson might have gone and lightened the load a little.

Arthur Morgan: Pearson.

Micah Bell: Ain't you curious?

Arthur Morgan: I guess.

Dutch Van Der L...: Gentleman.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: You tell them, fat man.

Speaker 5: It's peace, Dutch. The O'Driscolls, I mean, I think there's a way.

Dutch Van Der L...: What on earth are you talking about?

Micah Bell: Get the words out properly, fat man.

Speaker 5: I met a couple of the O'Driscoll boys on the road into town. Things were about to get ugly, but you know how I am in a fight, huh? Like a cornered tiger. Anyway, somehow it didn't, but we got to talking and they suggested a parlay to end things, like gentlemen.

Dutch Van Der L...: Gentlemen?

Speaker 5: Yeah.

Dutch Van Der L...: Colm O'Driscoll? Have you lost your minds?

Micah Bell: You're always telling us, Dutch, do what has to be done, but don't fight wars ain't worth fighting.

Speaker 6: They want to parlay? It's a trap.

Micah Bell: Well, of course it's probably a trap, but what do we got to lose finding out?

Dutch Van Der L...: Get shot.

Micah Bell: We ain't getting shot because you'll be protecting us. It's a trap, you shoot the lot of them. If it ain't a trap, that slim chance...

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't see the point in any of this.

Micah Bell: It's a chance we got to take.

Dutch Van Der L...: I killed Colm's brother a long time ago. Then he killed a woman I loved dear.

Micah Bell: As you say, it's a long time ago, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's go. You and me with Arthur protecting us, no one else.

Speaker 5: What about me?

Dutch Van Der L...: This ain't the time for tigers,
my friend.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, fine. Mount up then,
Morgan. Giddy up.

Micah Bell: Let's go then.

Micah Bell: (silence)

Dutch Van Der L...: You know, I've been fighting
Colm for so long now, I can barely
remember a time when it was
different.

Arthur Morgan: And you're still fighting him
now, make no mistake of that.

Micah Bell: Here he goes, Doubting Thomas. Is
there any plan you ain't sour on?

Arthur Morgan: Oh, maybe you're right. Just
nervous. Let's not waste anymore
lives needlessly.

Micah Bell: I ain't costing lives here. I'm saving

them. What did you say? We had Pinkertons coming after us?

Arthur Morgan: Because of Blackwater.

Micah Bell: And Leviticus Cornwall and his private army. Then who knows when this local hillbilly thing will come to a head. Can we really afford to be fighting on all these fronts and O'Driscoll?

Dutch Van Der L...: There is wisdom in that.

Arthur Morgan: I hope so, gentlemen, but like I said, I'm nervous.

Micah Bell: Look, you ain't even going to be the one in danger. We'll get on over there, find a nice perch for you settle into. You got that rifle, don't you?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, yeah.

Micah Bell: Then me and Dutch walk right into the lion's den, with you to cover us.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, just keep calm. Unless I give you a reason not to.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh we'll be fine. We've got you.

Arthur Morgan: I will do my best.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh my dear and trusted friend, with you watching over me, I would walk into Hell itself.

Micah Bell: As would I.

Micah Bell: (silence)

Micah Bell: Hey, up there, men on the ridge.

Dutch Van Der L...: O'Driscolls, from the look of them.

Arthur Morgan: I don't like having eyes on us.

Micah Bell: We're close. You'll be the eyes soon enough.

Micah Bell: Maybe he's right, Dutch. Maybe I have pushed too hard. Got us into

situations that could have been safer. I just... I see all those mouths we got to feed and I dream too big. Caring too much, that's my problem.

Dutch Van Der L...: Caring too much? There's no such thing.

Arthur Morgan: This is horseshit, from both of you.

Dutch Van Der L...: It might be. Micah might be full of shit. Colm O'Driscoll might be full of shit. The promise of this great nation, men created equal. Liberty and justice for all. That might be nonsense too, but it's worth trying for. It is worth believing in. Can't you see that, friend?

Arthur Morgan: I don't know.

Dutch Van Der L...: Try. All I ask is you try.

Micah Bell: All right, cowpoke, you're going to

peel off up ahead. We'll be meeting down on the plain. Find a spot just above us where you can keep an eye on things.

Arthur Morgan: All right, all right. However this shakes out, let's aim to meet back at the fork in the road afterwards.

Micah Bell: We'll be there, partner.

Micah Bell: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: Slow up now.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Colm O' Driscoll...: Hello, Dutch. It's been awhile.

Dutch Van Der L...: Sure.

Colm O' Driscoll...: So, how's your gang doing? They still believing in you? Better world, pure world, hm? How's that coming along?

Dutch Van Der L...: Just fine.

Colm O' Driscoll...: How's that score you stole off us?

Dutch Van Der Linde...: Which one?

Colm O' Driscoll...: Oh, I like that. It's like I said, this is a charismatic leader. Lot of heat on us this time. Both of us. Whole heap of trouble. They offered me a price, Dutch, to bring you in.

Dutch Van Der Linde...: Why didn't you take it?

Colm O' Driscoll...: Well, still might.

Dutch Van Der Linde...: I am sorry about your brother.

Colm O' Driscoll...: Yeah, well I never liked him much.

Dutch Van Der Linde...: I liked Annabel.

Colm O' Driscoll...: You always loved the ladies, Dutch Van Der Linde. I like that about you.

Dutch Van Der L...: What are we doing here,
Colm? Is this thing over?

Dutch Van Der L...: (silence)

Speaker 8: Hello, sugar. You ain't dead, is you?
Not yet, anyway. [crosstalk
00:09:27]

Speaker 9: Fall for it. I don't know, [inaudible
00:09:32] got a sense.

Speaker 10: Handing him over to the law, it's I
don't know, strange times?

Speaker 9: They killed Seamus, fuck the whole
lot of them. With this fellow,
Colm's, right, we can draw them all
back.

Speaker 8: True. Where'd Colm and Patrick
head off to?

Speaker 10: Into town, I think, to speak to the
law.

Speaker 8: That has to be crap, it ain't worth

the risk.

Speaker 9: Colm's got a sense about Van Der Linde, he can play him. Once he realize we got his man here, they'll all come right into the trap, mark my words. And then we can head off, free as birds.

Speaker 8: I hope so.

Speaker 10: He's escaping, shoot him!

Speaker 8: Relax, relax, I got him. I got him.

Speaker 8: Did I kill you?

Arthur Morgan: Oh, not yet.

Speaker 8: No, of course not. Not yet, but I will.

Speaker 8: (silence)

Speaker 10: Finally. Put his weapons over there.

Speaker 10: (silence)

Colm O' Driscoll...: Arthur Morgan. It's good to see you.

Arthur Morgan: Hello, Colm.

Colm O' Driscoll...: How's the wound?

Arthur Morgan: I hardly feel it.

Colm O' Driscoll...: You will. Septic, it ain't nice.
Now, tell me, fine gun like you, why
are you still running around with
old Dutch? Could come ride with
me and make real money.

Arthur Morgan: It ain't about the money, Colm.

Colm O' Driscoll...: Oh no, it's Dutch's famous
charisma. You killed a whole bunch
of my boys at Six Pointe Cabin.

Arthur Morgan: I ain't got no clue what you're
talking about.

Colm O' Driscoll...: Oh, you lie, my friend. And I
thought Dutch preached truth.

Arthur Morgan: Let me go, Colm and end all this
crap between you two. We all got
real problems now.

Colm O' Driscoll...: The way I see it, they get him, they forget about me.

Arthur Morgan: They ain't the forgetting sort. If I were you, I'd run as soon as I had the money.

Colm O' Driscoll...: Oh, I know you would. But see, we lure an angry Dutch in to rescue you, grab all of you and hand you in, then disappear.

Arthur Morgan: So you only met with him to grab me?

Colm O' Driscoll...: Of course. He's going to be so mad. He's going to come raging over here and a whole lot of you and the law'll be waiting for him. Oh, Arthur, Arthur, I missed you.

Colm O' Driscoll...: (silence)

Speaker 10: Shut your hole. I don't want to go to Mexico. I want to go home. Home! Hold on, I'll be back in a minute.

What the hell?

Speaker 8: What's he still doing down there?
It's one thing torturing a man, it's another putting him through stories of the homeland. He better hurry it up. I don't want to be here when the law comes for that side of beef.

Speaker 8: (silence)

Speaker 9: You're off your feet, what's going...

Speaker 9: (silence)

Arthur Morgan: Come on, boy. Get me home.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Speaker 11: Arthur. Arthur?

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur!

Arthur Morgan: I told you it was a set up, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: My boy, my dear boy,
what?

Arthur Morgan: They got me, but I got away.

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah, yeah, you did.

Dutch Van Der L...: Miss Grimshaw, I need help.
Reverend Swanson?

Arthur Morgan: He was going to set the law on
us.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, of course he was.

Micah Bell: I'm sorry, Arthur.

Dutch Van Der L...: It is a bit for apologies.
Swanson!

Speaker 5: Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan, you're
safe now.

Speaker 11: Let's get him to bed.

Dutch Van Der L...: You are safe now, Arthur. I
got you. You're safe now.

Arthur Morgan: That's pretty, Dutch. That's real
pretty.

Dutch Van Der L...: Miss Grimshaw, will you sit
with him awhile?

Miss Grimshaw: Of course. You'll be okay, Mr. Morgan. You're home.

Miss Grimshaw: (silence)

Reverend Swanso...: I thought I'd be burying you, Mr. Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Well, not quite yet, Reverend.

Reverend Swanso...: Good. How you feeling?

Arthur Morgan: Oh, about the same as you.

Reverend Swanso...: I'm sorry to hear that. Well, take care of yourself.

Arthur Morgan: You too.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Speaker 14: How are you doing?

Speaker 15: I'm [inaudible 00:21:06], but good.

Speaker 14: Good for you.

Arthur Morgan: Miss Grimshaw.

Miss Grimshaw: Oh, you're looking much better.

I was worried.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I'm fine.

Arthur Morgan: (silence)

Micah Bell: You're looking real nice today, Bill.

Bill Williamson: Shut up.

Micah Bell: Been waiting for you, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I'm sorry to have kept
you.

Micah Bell: Come on. Let's get going.

Arthur Morgan: What's the plan?

Micah Bell: We're meeting a couple of the
Grays over at the saloon. They
spoke to Bill about a job, "Needing
security."

Arthur Morgan: After the farce of stealing the
horses for them, why are we doing
this?

Micah Bell: Because we need to stay in with them, and they're paying.

Arthur Morgan: So what kind of security they want?

Micah Bell: We're about to find out. Now, come on.

Arthur Morgan: This seem legit to you, Bill?

Bill Williamson: Sure.

Micah Bell: Dutch said we was to keep on dealing with them until we find his gold.

Sean McQuire: Can we trust them?

Arthur Morgan: Can we trust anyone?

Sean McQuire: Yeah!

Micah Bell: Let's just see what they say.

Bill Williamson: They said there was some big misunderstanding about them horses.

Sean McQuire: And? What about burning their fields?

Micah Bell: They don't know we had anything to do with that.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, that so?

Bill Williamson: Yeah, they think it was the Braithwaites. Listen, I know these Gray boys a bit now. This is on the level.

Arthur Morgan: We're stuck in the middle of some ancient feud, but instead of playing both sides, we're being used by both of them.

Bill Williamson: They were saying the Catherine Braithwaite-

Arthur Morgan: Hey, hold up. This don't feel right.

Sean McQuire: Now it don't feel right? I could've told you that-

Arthur Morgan: Shit!

Bill Williamson: What the hell?

Micah Bell: Get down! Damn it! Sons of bitches.
What the ... Aw, God damn it! I
can't believe you shot me, you
bastards!

Arthur Morgan: You okay?

Micah Bell: I'm fine! Is he dead?

Arthur Morgan: Look at him! Of course, he's
dead! How could you not think this
was a trap?

Micah Bell: You sure you want to talk about this
now, Morgan? The cowards are in
the gun store! I'll get the front, you
take the back! None of these
bastards going to walk out of here!
Shit! You're getting sloppy, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: You see that window in Sean's
skull? Don't talk to me about

sloppy.

Micah Bell: Better in here than out there.

Speaker 5: They're in the gunsmith's! All of you. Pour a broadside into those sons of bitches! I want them dead!

Arthur Morgan: You sure about that? You sure about that?

Micah Bell: See that? Those cowards are running away.

Arthur Morgan: Looks like most of them.

Micah Bell: Not all of them.

Arthur Morgan: Sheriff Gray. And what ...
Where the hell ...

Micah Bell: We'll find him later. Come on.
Sheriff Gray! You need to get a hold on this town. It's going to hell!

Jock Grey: Who the hell do you think you are?
Bunch of two-bit thugs from God knows where! You're so dumb to

think we don't know what you've been doing.

Micah Bell: Come out, sheriff. It's over.

Jock Grey: We put down far worse than you! A hundred times over. This is the Gray's town! Always has been, always will be.

Micah Bell: Only Grays I see left around here is you.

Jock Grey: You want us to come out, we'll come out!

Arthur Morgan: Aw, Bill ...

Jock Grey: Guns on the ground, now! Both of you!

Bill Williamson: Don't do it!

Arthur Morgan: You know we can't do that. You put the gun down, sheriff!

Jock Grey: I'll blow his brains out!

Bill Williamson: Shit!

Arthur Morgan: He was a good kid.

Bill Williamson: Well, how the hell was I to know?

Arthur Morgan: Let me see. They set us up once before. They didn't like us, we destroyed their farm, should I go on?

Micah Bell: Go easy on him, Morgan. He was out trying to find a lead. Same as you, same as Hosea. All you do is complain when things don't work out. Except when it's your God damn fault.

Arthur Morgan: You don't know what you're talking about. You don't give a damn about nobody but yourself!

Micah Bell: Oh, you act so high and mighty, but you're no better than the rest of us. I ridden with you boys close on what? Six months now? And all you

ever done was complain. And you can fight, but you can't think.

Arthur Morgan: You can't do either.

Micah Bell: Okay, cowpoke.

Arthur Morgan: Bill, take the boy's body. Bury him proper someplace quiet. Micah, best you and I don't speak for a moment.

Micah Bell: I'm just so frightened by you.

Arthur Morgan: Get out of my sight. Pair of fools.

Arthur Morgan: He was like an annoying little brother to me. What fun we had, riding together. What a God damn mess we are making of things.

Arthur Morgan: Come on now, boy.

Dutch Van Der L...: Calm down. Everybody just relax. We are doing all we can. Arthur, have you

seen that boy, Jack?

Arthur Morgan: No.

Abigail Roberts: Where's my goddamn son?

Where is he? Where's my son? They took him, didn't they? They took my son.

Arthur Morgan: Who took him?

Hosea Matthews: We think the Braithwaite woman took him. That Kieran saw a couple of fellows. Sound like Braithwaite boys.

Abigail Roberts: Where's my son? If anything ...
Where is my son, Dutch Van Der Linde?

Dutch Van Der L...: We will find him, we will bring him back to you, and we will kill any fool that had the temerity to touch one hair on that boy's head.
Abigail, you have my word.

Abigail Roberts: Just get me back my son.

Dutch Van Der L...: I will get that boy back, so help me God. Right now.

Bill Williamson...: Dutch, we just heard about Jack. You need some extra guns?

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah, why not? Micah. Kieran, anyone strange turns up, you kill them. Rest of you, let's ride. Okay, let's go get that boy back.

Hosea Matthews: They must've figured out what we was up to, Dutch.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, we just got shot to hell by the Grays in town.

Dutch Van Der L...: I know. I heard. About Sean too. I don't want to even think about that right now. We have to focus on Jack.

John Marston: I swear. I'll kill everyone there.

Dutch Van Der L...: Easy, John. Try to stay calm.

John Marston: I'm fine.

Hosea Matthews: How the hell did they get to him?

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't know, but we are getting him back and they will pay. I promise you that.

Bill Williamson...: What about the gold?

John Marston: Who gives a damn about the gold? They got Jack.

Hosea Matthews: I hate to break it to you, but I don't think there is any gold. Of if there is, it's hidden somewhere no one knows.

Speaker 7: What?

Hosea Matthews: I've turned every stone.

John Marston: For Christ's sake, Hosea. After all that? Another perfect scam.

Hosea Matthews: We underestimated them.

Dutch Van Der L...: No, they underestimated us. Enough talk. There's no point

arguing how we got here. This is where we are. And we are going to fix it. So come on.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, get your heads right. Nobody makes a move until I say so.

Dutch Van Der L...: All right, everyone. Dismount and come to me. We'll go in on foot from here.

Speaker 8: First Sean, now Jack. We should've stayed out of all of this.

Speaker 7: Bit late for that, ain't it?

Dutch Van Der L...: Quiet. We're going to fix this right now. Come on. Let's get this done. John, you sure you're okay?

John Marston: Like I said, I'm fine.

Dutch Van Der L...: Follow my lead. Both these redneck families think they can ruin us? I don't think so.

Speaker 7: There they are.

Dutch Van Der L...: Who steals a goddamn boy?

John Marston: I'm going to let fly at those sons
of bitches.

Dutch Van Der L...: John, I need you to stay
calm.

Dutch Van Der L...: Get down here now, you
inbred trash.

Speaker 9: What the hell do you want?

Speaker 7: Easy, John.

Dutch Van Der L...: We've come for the boy.
You must have known we would.

Speaker 9: Shouldn't have messed with our
business now, should you?

Dutch Van Der L...: Whatever complaint you
have with us, alleged or otherwise,
that is a young boy. That is not the
way you do things. Hand him over.

Speaker 9: Get the hell off our land.

Dutch Van Der L...: If you ain't going to be civilized about this ...

Dutch Van Der L...: (silence).

Dutch Van Der L...: Bill, Javier, cover left. Arthur, John, Hosea with me. The rest of you, watch out here for any other arrivals. Get in there. Find Jack. And find that Braithwaite woman.

John Marston: Jack. Jack, can you hear me?

Arthur Morgan: Jack, you in here? Jack? Oh, shit.

John Marston: Jack!

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, get up here and give us a hand.

John Marston: Barricaded. This must be where they're holed up. There's something pushed up against it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Jack, are you in there?
Open the goddamn door.

Dutch Van Der L...: (silence).

Dutch Van Der L...: Shit. John, Arthur, we'll hold
them down here.

John Marston: We got more coming in.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, get out there. We
got this door covered. There's a rifle
over ...

Dutch Van Der L...: (silence).

Dutch Van Der L...: Look out! Coming from the
right. Really need some more fire.

John Marston: Come on then, you inbred
scum.

Speaker 9: Turn around.

Dutch Van Der L...: Looks like they're running.
Now, let's find a way into that
room.

John Marston: Come on, this must be it. I can't see a goddamn thing. One, two, three.

Speaker 9: What the hell?

Catherine Brait...: No, no!

Dutch Van Der L...: You want me to kill you too, old woman?

Catherine Brait...: You bastards.

John Marston: Where's the boy?

Catherine Brait...: We have lived in this house for 120 years. We never had no problems except for you Yankees.

John Marston: Where is the boy? Who took him?

Catherine Brait...: You killed my sons.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, and I will surely kill the rest of them unless you start talking.

Catherine Brait...: Oh, I know your type.
Common scum.

Dutch Van Der L...: Where is the boy?

Catherine Brait...: You filth.

Dutch Van Der L...: All right, we get her out of
here.

Arthur Morgan: What about them?

John Marston: Now, let's get this hag outside.
Any more of her sons to deal with?

Dutch Van Der L...: No, reckon they're all dead.

Catherine Brait...: No. No.

Dutch Van Der L...: That's right. Burn this dump
to the ground.

Catherine Brait...: No, no.

Dutch Van Der L...: You boys sure Jack ain't in
here?

Speaker 7: We searched everywhere, Dutch.

Catherine Brait...: No.

John Marston: You got that one, Arthur? Uh-uh
(negative). I guess that's the end of
the goddamn cribbage game.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come here.

Catherine Brait...: You put me down, you
damn Yankee.

Dutch Van Der L...: There you go.

Catherine Brait...: I never liked you.

Hosea Matthews: Why'd you take the boy,
Mrs. Braithwaite?

Catherine Brait...: You stole my liquor.

Hosea Matthews: Boys are off limits.

Catherine Brait...: You stole my horses. Ain't
no rules in war, Mister.

Hosea Matthews: Matthews.

Catherine Brait...: Yes. Yes, that's it.

Hosea Matthews: Where's the boy?

Catherine Brait...: My sons gave him to Angelo Bronte. So my guess is Saint Denis. Either there or on the boat to Italy.

Hosea Matthews: Let's go.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, come on.

Hosea Matthews: What we doing with her?

Dutch Van Der L...: Leave her.

Hosea Matthews: I told you she was crazy.

Hosea Matthews: (silence).

Dutch Van Der L...: Stick 'em up cowboy.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, real funny, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: I thought so. So, here we are in a strange land of Papists and rapists...America's very own Gomorrah.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, cities all look the same to me. So, how you get on?

Dutch Van Der L...: I've been asking around about Mr. Bronte, and from what I've heard, this establishment is our best lead, but I haven't had any joy in there so far.

Arthur Morgan: So, I should just give it a shot?

Dutch Van Der L...: I think so ... Just keep it cool.

Arthur Morgan: You know me.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'll meet you back here, anon.

Arthur Morgan: Funny you should say that. Well, you know how it is. [crosstalk 00:01:02] I told him, "that's the state of Lemoyne for you. America's dirty french [crosstalk 00:01:07] secret." That's why we love it. Born and raised.

Speaker 1: I'm sorry, please excuse me, I seem to have some very impatient customers. Now, How can I help? You look like a whiskey man.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Speaker 1: Dollar, please.

Arthur Morgan: For a whiskey.

Speaker 1: Sure. That's the real stuff, from Scotland.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, here have one for yourself.

Speaker 1: Why thank you.

Arthur Morgan: So mister, can I ask you a question? You ever hear a feller by the name of Bronte ?

Speaker 1: Who's asking me.

Arthur Morgan: Me, I'm asking.

Speaker 1: No, leave it friend.

Arthur Morgan: What you mean, leave it?

Speaker 1: Look, I don't know what business you in, but leave it friend, you and your pal that was in here before.

Speaker 2: Angelo Bronte? Mr. Big, Mr. Italian spaghetti, eating long streak of piss big? He makes my skin crawl, some swarthy cocksucker. You know what I mean friend?

Arthur Morgan: Where can I find him?

Speaker 2: I reckon you talk to them kids in the alley, they know how to get.... And friend, you be careful now. Immigrants...they are not to be trusted.

Speaker 3: I'm just giving you the correct use of the word. If you're feeling sick you are not nauseous, you're nauseated.

Speaker 4: Hey, you got a cigarette, mister.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe... I'm looking for a fellow named Angelo Bronte? Italian.

Cleet: I know him. Everyone knows him.

Speaker 4: We'll take you to him, but it'll cost.

Arthur Morgan: I reckon I can pay.

Speaker 4: Five dollars.

Arthur Morgan: Where's he live? New York?

Speaker 4: I'm an entrepreneur. You don't want to pay then I don't want to walk.

Arthur Morgan: Hustled by a brat... There. Come on.

Speaker 4: This way, let's go mister. You coming Cleet? Stay close, easy to get lost around here. Come on then. You new to the city, mister?

Arthur Morgan: Pretty much.

Speaker 4: Don't worry. No one knows it good

as me and cleet.

Arthur Morgan: Is that right ?

Speaker 4: Hope you won't need his services, but you got the doctor on the corner there, nice enough feller. That's Barrett and Schreiber on the right there. Famous bookstore, not that I'm much of a reader myself. Now over here is a real piece of art. That's the church of the Holy blessing Virgin, mister. Modelled on the famous church in Toulouse, which is in France. You've been to Toulouse mister. We're Catholics here mister aint Baptists or nothing.

Cleet: My mama said they used to burn Protestants and all, but...

Speaker 4: Bet they don't have nothing so fine where you come from Mister. Look at them fine steeples.

Arthur Morgan: Hey, you little pair of shits.

Speaker 4: Get going! He's coming after us!

Arthur Morgan: You give that back!

Speaker 4: Run !

Cleet: Bye mister!

Arthur Morgan: You better stop right now.

Speaker 5: Don't you have pigs to feed!

Arthur Morgan: Stop, goddammit, little bastard got off.

Speaker 6: Damn street trash! You after that kid ? That little shit went that way! Easy now.

Arthur Morgan: Thanks for the help friend.

Speaker 4: You know I kind of miss old bobtails.

Cleet: Ain't you tired old man?

Arthur Morgan: Hey, moron!.

Cleet: Bye, Mister. You are right back there, old man?

Arthur Morgan: Stop, you little shit.

Cleet: You'll making a fool of yourself!

Arthur Morgan: I'll kill you, thieving bastard. You little bastard!

Cleet: I was just playing.

Arthur Morgan: Give me my things back.

Cleet: Get off me, mister. I'm a good boy. I wash.

Arthur Morgan: Give me my things.

Cleet: Here.

Arthur Morgan: Bronte!

Cleet: At home...

Arthur Morgan: Where?

Cleet: The big house on Flavian street, opposite the park.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Cleet: Welcome to Saint Denis, mister. It's

quite a town.

Arthur Morgan: Get lost.

Speaker 7: Oye, Cuidado. [foreign language
00:06:36].

Dutch Van Der L...: This way Arthur! Where
have you been?

Arthur Morgan: Getting robbed.

Dutch Van Der L...: Who by?

Arthur Morgan: A bunch of children.

Dutch Van Der L...: I won't inquire anymore.

Arthur Morgan: But I found Mr. Bronte. Seems
to be some Italian mister big in
town. Everybody knows him, but
nobody wants to talk about him.
Apparently lives in a big house on
Flavian street, opposite the park.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good work.

Arthur Morgan: So what now?

Dutch Van Der L...: We go pay him a visit. I'll get John, you meet us there. Whatever it takes, we need to get that boy back.

Angelo Bronte: I cannot decide which I like less, the swamps or the city. Both are full of parasites, reptiles, and slime. We a long way east of land we know and far from real open country.

Arthur Morgan: There you are. You boys ready?

John Marston: Of course. What else do you know about this guy?

Arthur Morgan: Not much, just that he's some slick little greasy haired European, who's clearly got power and money. Now listen, if we go in there and start shooting up the place, the boy's going to get shot, that I guarantee. Feller like this is going to

have a lot of protection.

Dutch Van Der L...: Ain't no one going to get shot, Arthur, so everyone just relax. We'll charm him. Trust me. This is the place?

John Marston: Must be.

Dutch Van Der L...: You okay, John?

John Marston: I guess.

Dutch Van Der L...: Excuse me, Sir. We have an appointment to see Mr. Bronte.

Speaker 4: Who are you?

Dutch Van Der L...: You get your boss down here and now, so we can talk about this like gentlemen. Run along now boy.

John Marston: Was that the special Dutch charm I heard so much about?

Dutch Van Der L...: Relax, I got this.

John Marston: Don't worry boys, we come in

peace. We just need to straighten a couple of things out with your boss.

Speaker 25: [foreign language 00:11:15].

Angelo Bronte: [foreign language 00:02:08].

Speaker 25: [foreign language 00:02:08].

Dutch Van Der L...: Why did you take his son?

Angelo Bronte: Excuse me.

Dutch Van Der L...: I said, why did you take his son? We ain't got no problem with you, sir, nor you with us. But if you want to start one, there's going to be a lot of folks dead in this room before it's done.

Angelo Bronte: You walk into my city, stinking of shit and looking like this, and you come into my house before you have a bath, and you tell me how to act. You asked me to show compassion. Have I not shown you almost infinite compassion already

by simply allowing you to breathe in my presence.

Dutch Van Der L...: Indeed, you have. Now, we are simple country folk. All we have is each other and you have gone and you have taken his son, over some dispute with some inbred ex-slavers. It ain't got nothing to do with any one of us.

Angelo Bronte: You had nothing to do with destroying the liquor business?

Dutch Van Der L...: We was innocent bystanders and that which we were an innocent of. Well, we most surely were ignorant.

Angelo Bronte: Oh, you twist words. You lie shamelessly. You think you are better than everyone else. [foreign language 00:03:42], Angelo Bronte.

Dutch Van Der L...: Dutch Van Der Linde, Arthur Morgan, John Marston.

Angelo Bronte: The pleasure is mine, all mine.
Please.

Dutch Van Der L...: So, can my friend have his
son?

Angelo Bronte: Of course. But, should I be out
of pocket over a misunderstanding?
Of course. I know you would not
want that.

Dutch Van Der L...: No.

Angelo Bronte: No. So, how about this? You
perform a simple job for me and
you get your son back.

Arthur Morgan: What is it?

Angelo Bronte: A couple of people have taken
to grave robbing in this cemetery.

Dutch Van Der L...: That is a fine place for it,
the best.

Angelo Bronte: I love this guy. I love you. See,
they've taken not only to

desecrating the dead, but they've done so without paying a tribute to the living. The thing is they see my men, of course they run a mile. Maybe you two head off, and you Mr. Van Der Linde, you tell me more about my manners?

Dutch Van Der L...: Salute.

Angelo Bronte: Salute.

John Marston: All right, let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Do you know where the cemetery is?

John Marston: I think so, pretty sure I rode by it earlier. It's really impressive.

Arthur Morgan: You know, you did good holding your tongue in there.

John Marston: Do you trust one word that comes out of that bastard's mouth. We don't even know where Jack is?

Arthur Morgan: Listen, we found Bronte. We got in there, Dutch is with him now. All things considered. It could've gone a lot worse.

John Marston: That poor kid. I ain't been a good father to him. I hope, he's okay.

Arthur Morgan: He'll be fine. I figured the Braithwaites were going to hold Jack for a ransom, for all the money we cost it. He must've sent him here so we couldn't get to him, but Bronte knows by now there's no Braithwaites left to pay. Jack ain't much use to him anymore. Let's just get this done and let Dutch handle the rest.

John Marston: I just hope you're right. This way.

Arthur Morgan: All right. Let's see what's going on in here.

John Marston: Stay quiet, we don't want to spook them.

Arthur Morgan: Hey there, boy. Oh, I'm sorry...

Speaker 6: I had a bit to drink. My friend, died..., they can hear us you know, they are still with us.

Arthur Morgan: Get in cover and we will burst the door in.

John Marston: You boys found my pappy's watch yet?.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, let's get the hell out of here.

John Marston: They're going to ground, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Careful, they're leading us to the open.

John Marston: Nice shooting Arthur. I think that's all of them. All right, now let's find their stash. Got to be around

here someplace.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. But we'll need to be quick.

John Marston: We can't go back to Bronte empty handed. Let's have a look where they first shot at us from?

Arthur Morgan: Robbing grave robbers we've hit the big time. I think there might be something in here. Got it.

John Marston: Good, now let's get out of here. Shit. It's the law. Let's go, maybe we can get out that gate. It's locked.

Arthur Morgan: We'll have to go back the way we came.

John Marston: Damn it.

Arthur Morgan: Come on.

John Marston: We best stick to the side.

Speaker 7: I found the body.

Speaker 8: It looks fresh. It's still bleeding must

have just been killed.

Speaker 7: There's still here.

Arthur Morgan: Stick with me.

Speaker 8: This place is like a maze.

Speaker 7: They have to be here somewhere.,
you try the left and I'll go straight
ahead.

Arthur Morgan: Let's go, boy. Wow. This lucky, I
ain't religious man.

John Marston: Let's just get back there, collect
our side of the deal.

Arthur Morgan: You all right?

John Marston: He best not be playing games
with us.

Arthur Morgan: He almost certainly he is, but
let's just see. Keep your head and
act normal.

John Marston: How's he even going to know
we did what he asked?

Arthur Morgan: I got a feeling most things
around here get back to him pretty
fast. Like I said, we'll just see where
we're at once we got Jack.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, you took your time.

John Marston: Jack.

Arthur Morgan: Where's your host?

Jack Marston: Pa! Wow.

Dutch Van Der L...: Like I said, you took your
time.

John Marston: I'm glad to see you.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's get going. But a fine
man. Hey, friend. Thank Mr. Bronte
for everything.

John Marston: You are all right?

Jack Marston: Yeah, I'm fine.

Dutch Van Der L...: You know, Arthur, Mr.
Bronte has invited us to a garden

party at the Mayor's house, and us,
just simple country boys.

Arthur Morgan: Let's go. We have a new camp
set up, Jack. You're going to love it.

John Marston: All right. Let's get this boy back
to his mother. You sure you're okay,
son?

Jack Marston: I'm fine. Papa, Bronte said you'd
come for me.

John Marston: I'm sorry.

Jack Marston: What for?

John Marston: For taking so long.

Jack Marston: I had a fun time. I had my own
room with a big bed in a toy box
and lots of books.

John Marston: Did they do anything to you?

Jack Marston: Have you ever had spaghetti?

John Marston: What's that?

Jack Marston: It's food. It looks like worms,
but it's delicious.

John Marston: Is that right?

Jack Marston: Papa Bronte teach me lots of
Italian words.

John Marston: Don't call him that please.

Jack Marston: You know [foreign language
00:11:50]? That means horse and
[foreign language 00:11:50], that's a
slipper.

John Marston: A slipper?

Jack Marston: They gave me two pairs, one for
day and one for night.

John Marston: Well, I'm just glad you're all
right.

Jack Marston: Oh yes. I had the best time, but
I can't wait to see mama. Did she
miss me?

John Marston: She sure did. Like you wouldn't

know.

Arthur Morgan: You had a nice night, then?

Dutch Van Der L...: Most enjoyable. Well, the man's an intolerable blowhard, but he stocks a fine bar. How did you fellers get on? Any problems?

Arthur Morgan: A whole heap of them. We about doubled the population of that graveyard.

Dutch Van Der L...: You know, I thought I heard gunshots, but the gramophone was playing.

Arthur Morgan: Unbelievable.

Dutch Van Der L...: Each to their strengths, Arthur. I went in there with a gun and left with a party invitation.

Arthur Morgan: So what'd you say this was... A garden party?

Dutch Van Der L...: A big gala at the Mayor's

house. I'm told every rich fool in Le Moyne will be there.

Arthur Morgan: And Bronte?

Dutch Van Der L...: He'll be there too, seems to more or less run this city. At least, that's the way he sees it.

Speaker 10: Hey, they are back. I think I see Jack.

Dutch Van Der L...: Abigail! We got you your son, everything is fine.

John Marston: We got him. He's fine.

Jack Marston: I'm fine, mama. They fed me good, Italian food. You ever eat that?

Speaker 11: Come here, you silly boy. You got him. You got my son back. Dutch, Arthur, thank you. I got my son back.

Speaker 10: Jack. How are you boy?

Jack Marston: I'm fine, thanks.

Speaker 10: Everything's okay now Abigail.

Jack Marston: Can I go play now?

Speaker 10: So...

Dutch Van Der L...: Well we met Mr. Bronte. He
is a quite a character.

Speaker 10: Is he now?

Dutch Van Der L...: You ever meet an Italian
strong man before?

Speaker 10: Not outside of a circus.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, let me tell you all
about him. John, you go be with
your family. Arthur, thank you.
Boys, we got some work to do,
interesting work, but first let's have
a drink. We got Jack back.

Speaker 10: Well, the boy's safe, thank
goodness.

John Marston: Thank you, Arthur. I don't know how to say, thank you.

Arthur Morgan: I understand. Come on. Do as Dutch says, go be with your family?

Speaker 12: That's it, come on in here. He's back all right. Hey, make some room for John there.

Speaker 11: Come on, are we celebrating here, or what?

Speaker 12: Yeah.

Speaker 11: A toast.

Speaker 12: Good to have you back here, we've missed you. Hey, how about a song? Play us away. (Singing).

Speaker 11: Loitering suspiciously as usual.

Speaker 13: I'm just trying to give y'all your moment.

Speaker 11: Wow. Very kind. All right, well I should be getting on.

Speaker 13: Yeah, it was good talking to you.

Speaker 11: You okay, Sadie?

Sadie Adler: Sure. You boys did good.

Speaker 11: Well, we got lucky this time. You
ain't joining the party, Reverend?

Speaker 15: I don't want to ruin it.

Arthur Morgan: Stop feeling sorry for yourself.
You're not joining in?

Speaker 16: I'm not really in the mood.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Jack Marston: See you later.

Speaker 17: Good to have you back, Jack. We
missed you.

Speaker 18: Welcome back, Jack.

Jack Marston: Thanks.

Arthur Morgan: We did it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Yes we did. Thank God.

Arthur Morgan: Anyway, I won't disturb you.

Dutch Van Der L...: All right, Arthur.

Jack Marston: Thanks, mama. Can I play a
little?

John Marston: Of course, you can.

Arthur Morgan: You all right, John?

John Marston: Yeah, taking it all in.

Arthur Morgan: Sure is good to have the kid
back. You getting involved Bill?

Bill Williamson: Just getting my drink on first.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Susan Grimshaw: I'll let you fine folks get
reacquainted.

Arthur Morgan: Happy Mrs. Grimshaw?

Susan Grimshaw: Very.

Arthur Morgan: Well, let's have some fun.

Dutch Van Der L...: [foreign language 00:19:00]

dear boy [foreign language
00:19:23].

Arthur Morgan: If you say so.

Dutch Van Der L...: Mangoes, maidens,
paradise..., an unspoiled paradise.

Arthur Morgan: I hope so.

Dutch Van Der L...: Faith, Arthur. Have a little
faith.

Dutch Van Der L...: Here you all, eat up.

Jack Marston: Thanks.

Speaker 21: I ever tell you boys about the time I
was hanged?

Speaker 22: I think so...

Speaker 23: Tell us again.

Speaker 21: Sure, so I got caught doing
something or other, I was just a kid,
17, 18... long before I met Dutch.

Arthur Morgan: No stopping you, Karen.

Karen Jones: You better believe it.

Arthur Morgan: Just save some for the rest of us.

Speaker 11: I feel like I can breathe again.

John Marston: I know.

Speaker 11: Thank you, John. I'm sorry if I was... Well...I was worried sick.

Speaker 21: Anyway, I got caught by some Hill country sheriff, stealing a chicken. I think it was... And he decided that I was going to be hanged for it.

Speaker 22: For a chicken?

Speaker 21: Yes. Only some folks thought it was unfair... And at the hanging, there was a riot. They went to lynch me, but someone I never saw he shot, the rope clean through. Instead, they hang the sheriff, I got away with nothing more than a sore neck.

I was so scared?

Leopold Strauss: Mr. Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Still working Mr. Strauss? What you been up to?

Leopold Strauss: Trying to wrap up our accounts before we leave, Mr. Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: So you'll be joining us in Tahiti?

Leopold Strauss: I rather fancied Australia. A similar kind of people to us, lots of opportunity.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch tells me we're going to be ranchers.

Leopold Strauss: Perhaps, but so far we have not raised many cattle.

Arthur Morgan: No.

Leopold Strauss: So Mr. Morgan, will you help me finalize our business?

Arthur Morgan: This is filthy work.

Leopold Strauss: We'll need money in Australia. For cattle, and feed, I mean. Why flinch now? You never have done before.

Arthur Morgan: I don't know.t.

Leopold Strauss: Well, here they are. Some fisherman by the name of Davison, Algie Davison. Living in a place called Catfish Jackson, near Scarlett Meadows.

Arthur Morgan: A fisherman.

Leopold Strauss: And that's it. We're a union built on debt, you know.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Speaker 3: Oh! Help me. Help me! Please...

Algie Davison: Hey! You better have a damn good reason for being on my property, mister.

Arthur Morgan: Remember that loan you took, Mr. Davison? Well, time's long since up. I'm here to collect.

Algie Davison: I should've known. You goddamn bludgeon men are all the same. Sure, Sure, I've got your money. Every stinking cent. It's the house. Hell, I'll even offer you a drink. We can toast to never laying eyes on each other again. I got a powerful thirst on me right now. How about you? Or you got to be stinking drunk already to do this kind of work?

Arthur Morgan: I like doing it sober.

Algie Davison: If you'll take my money, surely you're taking a drink off a me as well. That would be the mannerly thing to do.

Arthur Morgan: Let's handle us the money first, worry about manner later, okay?

Algie Davison: I could be fishing.

Arthur Morgan: You were catching flies, you weren't catching fish. Now come on, let's get us that debt.

Speaker 5: You back so soon, Pa?

Algie Davison: Someone's here, boy.

Speaker 5: Pa? Wait, what's going on?

Algie Davison: Don't just stand there, go fix us a drink.

Speaker 5: Another one, Pa?

Algie Davison: Don't give me no talk, boy, just do it! I'll look down here for our savings.

Speaker 5: Savings? Under the sink?

Algie Davison: Best place for them. Now where's them drinks, boy?

Algie Davison: Shouldn't have turned your back on me, you parasite. Stinking

fool.

Speaker 5: I don't want another beating.

Arthur Morgan: Son, I want to get out of here.
But I can't until I find some money.

Speaker 5: There's... some in my footlocker... I
been keeping it away from him.

Arthur Morgan: Ain't that lucky.

Speaker 5: I think I know the sum, and that
should cover it. Okay. I think I know
the sun next a cup.

Arthur Morgan: Ain't you the good son? You
should be proud of yourself.

Arthur Morgan: Okay fellar.

Arthur Morgan: Easy, Easy.

Speaker 6: Here comes the big bastard. Get in
position. Now! Open up with that
Maxim! He'll remember the dead of
Shady Belle. Gun's down, shit! He
took Shady Belle, dammit! Kill him!

Arthur Morgan: Easy, whoa.

Arthur Morgan: Walk. Easy.

Mary-Beth Gaski...: Morning.

Arthur Morgan: Hello, Mary Beth.

Mary-Beth Gaski...: How are you, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Fine. How are you?

Mary-Beth Gaski...: Well, I'm well, I think. It's
been quite a run we'd had, but
we're still alive.

Arthur Morgan: So no regrets?

Mary-Beth Gaski...: Regrets for what?

Arthur Morgan: Well, for joining this band of
maniacs.

Mary-Beth Gaski...: If you're a girl without
means in this world, life is very
scary. You boys cared for me before
no one cared for me. Well, life

weren't very nice, Arthur, not after Mama got typhoid and that was a long time ago.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Mary-Beth Gaski...: What about you? I heard you ran into that Mary girl.

Arthur Morgan: Yep.

Mary-Beth Gaski...: And?

Arthur Morgan: Got me thinking how that all ended long time ago now.

Mary-Beth Gaski...: What happened?

Arthur Morgan: She didn't love me enough, I guess. Or I wouldn't change.

Mary-Beth Gaski...: Well, she was a fool then, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, she put a lot of good years in on an outlaw. She definitely was a fool.

Mary-Beth Gaski...: In these books life seems so

simple, but in reality, I can't make head nor tail of it.

Susan Grimshaw: Mr. Morgan, Mr. Morgan, we have a problem. A real problem. It's Tilly.

Arthur Morgan: What?

Susan Grimshaw: She's been taken by them Foreman brothers she used to run with. Come along.

Arthur Morgan: Foreman brothers? Well, what are they doing here?

Susan Grimshaw: Well, I don't know what they been doing here, but I can tell you what they're going to be doing here - dying.

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Do we need more guns?

Susan Grimshaw: You and I can handle this, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Where we heading?

Susan Grimshaw: I'll tell you on the way. Just get going.

Susan Grimshaw: All right. Head for Rhodes, and quick.

Arthur Morgan: She's in Rhodes?

Susan Grimshaw: No, she's at a place called Radley's house, just west of there.

Arthur Morgan: How do you know?

Susan Grimshaw: When we first got here, she told me she was worried that our camp was near a safe house that gang she ran with used from time to time.

Arthur Morgan: And you told Dutch?

Susan Grimshaw: No. She spoke to me in confidence. I suppose I didn't think it would be a problem.

Arthur Morgan: Well, now it is.

Susan Grimshaw: Oh, yes.

Arthur Morgan: What do they want with her anyway? I think I saw one of the Foremans hassling her and Valentine.

Susan Grimshaw: Yes. They probably followed us down here. You don't know what happened? She killed one of them, for good reason, but clearly they don't see it that way.

Arthur Morgan: Tilly?

Susan Grimshaw: Yes. Young Tilly Jackson isn't as sweet and innocent as you might think. But like I said, she was defending herself. She fled and fell in with us right after that. I just hope we can get to her in time.

Arthur Morgan: It's not too far.

Susan Grimshaw: If they've touched a single pair on that girl's head, I'll eviscerate the sons of bitches.

Arthur Morgan: See? You do care, Ms. Grimshaw.

Susan Grimshaw: Of course I care about all of you fools. Some just require a firmer hand than others, you especially.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you.

Susan Grimshaw: I swear, half of you would just rot in your own filth if nobody kept you in check.

Susan Grimshaw: Okay. I think that's the place up ahead.

Arthur Morgan: I think there's a guard.

Susan Grimshaw: I'll deal with him.

Speaker 4: What you want?

Susan Grimshaw: Kind sir, we're lost and in need of some help.

Speaker 4: Well, get out of here.

Susan Grimshaw: Oh, I see that kindly face of yours, and I know that for the right inducements, a gentlemen such as yourself could be mighty kind.

Speaker 4: No, get out of here.

Susan Grimshaw: Oh, now you keep saying that, but you don't mean nothing bad.

Speaker 4: I said-

Susan Grimshaw: You've said your last words. Well, what are you waiting for? Get in there and find our girl.

Speaker 5: What the hell? What the hell you think you're doing?

Speaker 6: What the hell's going on? What the hell?

Arthur Morgan: It's okay, Miss Tilly. Now let's get you out of here.

Tilly Jackson: I thought they was-

Arthur Morgan: It don't matter what you thought. It's okay. All right? Let's go.

Susan Grimshaw: Oh, come along, Miss.

Tilly Jackson: Thank you, both of you.

Arthur Morgan: What happened?

Tilly Jackson: It was Anthony Foreman. He thinks he owns me.

Susan Grimshaw: I remember. Where is he?

Tilly Jackson: He went out hunting or something. There were five of them, I think.

Arthur Morgan: Well, we killed those fellers there.

Tilly Jackson: There they are.

Arthur Morgan: Come on.

Susan Grimshaw: Tilly, grab that gun. Anyone approaches, shoot them.

Tilly Jackson: Oh, don't worry. I'll be just fine.

Now catch that bastard.

Tilly Jackson: The one in front's the boss.
Bring him back alive. I ain't done
with him yet.

Susan Grimshaw: All right. Get after them.
Whoa, nice shot.

Susan Grimshaw: There, straight ahead. I saw
them go through those bushes.
They're heading down the hill. To
the water. Oh, look at these
cowards.

Susan Grimshaw: All right. I think that last
one's the boss. Lasso him and we'll
take him back to Tilly.

Anthony Foreman: I promise you don't want a
war with me.

Susan Grimshaw: Don't kill him yet. I want
Tilly to have the last word on this
bastard.

Susan Grimshaw: Go ahead, rope that

bastard.

Arthur Morgan: Come here.

Susan Grimshaw: That's it. Now make sure
you've tied him up real good.

Anthony Foreman: Roping me up like a damn
steer.

Arthur Morgan: Going to make these nice and
tight.

Susan Grimshaw: All right. You bring that
bastard back to Tilly so we can all
have a nice little chat. I'm going to
head over there now to check she's
okay.

Arthur Morgan: With pleasure.

Susan Grimshaw: I'll take his horse. He won't
be needing it.

Anthony Foreman: Do you have the first idea
what you're getting into? I'm
Anthony Foreman.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, thanks for the introduction,
Anthony.

Anthony Foreman: Watch your mouth.
Bastard.

Arthur Morgan: Is that Foreman with an E? I
want the undertaker to spell it right.

Anthony Foreman: Funny bastard. Who are
you running with?

Arthur Morgan: She didn't tell you?

Anthony Foreman: She didn't tell me nothing.

Arthur Morgan: Shut the hell up.

Anthony Foreman: Go to hell. This rope is
cutting into me.

Arthur Morgan: Don't feel so good when you're
the one tied up, does it?

Anthony Foreman: She killed my-

Arthur Morgan: Coward.

Anthony Foreman: All right. All right. Damn it.

Arthur Morgan: All right. Here's your man.

Susan Grimshaw: Bring him here. Dump him on the ground here. I want to get a good look at this monster.

Arthur Morgan: All right, let's go.

Tilly Jackson: So he's still alive, then?

Arthur Morgan: I guess.

Susan Grimshaw: You see this girl? You leave her alone.

Anthony Foreman: She killed my cousin.

Tilly Jackson: Your goddamn cousin had it coming, Anthony Foreman.

Susan Grimshaw: I don't care if she shot your daddy and cooked your mama for breakfast. She's mine. She ain't yours.

Arthur Morgan: You know a friend of mine, he always says revenge is a fool's game. Now you want all your boys

dead? She had her reasons.

Anthony Foreman: We was family till the
Jackson-

Tilly Jackson: You Foreman boys ain't no kind
of family I want.

Susan Grimshaw: Kill him, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: You want that?

Tilly Jackson: I want him to go away and tell
the remaining of his cousins and the
clowns he rides with to leave me
alone.

Arthur Morgan: Now you think you can do that,
Anthony? Or should I slit your
throat and just save us all the
bother?

Anthony Foreman: I'll leave you alone. History.
It's done.

Susan Grimshaw: History is never done. It's
your call, Arthur, but I'd slit his

throat.

Susan Grimshaw: Go on, finish the bastard off.

Arthur Morgan: All right, you.

Susan Grimshaw: Come on. Let's get you home.

Arthur Morgan: Now get out of here.

Speaker 1: How have you been Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Okay. You seem well riverend.

Speaker 1: Yes. Well, maybe I've been okay before, but then I make a fool of myself again.

Arthur Morgan: So do I.

Speaker 1: I went into town.

Arthur Morgan: So did I.

Speaker 1: If I was still a...a religious man, I'd say there are too many Catholics

there, but I've given up on all that.

Arthur Morgan: Hmm, me too reverend.

Speaker 1: I met a monk there. Kindly fellow,
took me back to my days in college.

Arthur Morgan: Is there any purpose to this
conversation. reverend?

Speaker 1: Not really. But he said the strangest
things about all manner man of bad
things happening in town.

Arthur Morgan: Bad things happening in the
city, who would have thought it
possible?

Speaker 1: Yes. Well, maybe if you're there,
you could have a chat with him.
He's hanging about outside the
market place. Collecting alms for
the poor.

Arthur Morgan: Sounds thrilling. Yup.

Speaker 1: Somebody help me.

Arthur Morgan: Good girl.

Speaker 4: Remain right there, nice and obedient.

Speaker 3: Keep your distance.

Speaker 5: It's time to be saved. It's time to be saved. [inaudible 00:03:14].

Speaker 6: Hello. How are you today?

Arthur Morgan: You're okay girl.

Speaker 7: Help the poor. Help the poor. You, kind sir, will you help the poor?

Arthur Morgan: I ain't so kind.

Speaker 7: Yes you are, sir. You have it in you. I can tell.

Arthur Morgan: I'm a nasty, bit of work father.

Speaker 7: You're wrong on two counts, sir. I'm a humble brother, a penitent monk, not a priest. And you're a magnificent bit of work. You may

have made some, some poor choices, but which of us hasn't.

Arthur Morgan: You have no idea.

Speaker 7: But you do. And God does. And that's enough for me and for him.

Arthur Morgan: We shall see.

Speaker 7: That we shall sir, but why don't you hedge your bets and give two bits to the poor. There are so many who will go hungry tonight.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Speaker 7: Bless you, sir.

Arthur Morgan: How are you getting on anyhow?

Speaker 7: These are a somewhat apathetic lot. I'm afraid.

Arthur Morgan: My, my mentor says that America is designed to induce apathy in people.

Speaker 7: That's a wonderful insight. He must be a wise man. Your mentor.

Arthur Morgan: Well, sometimes he's a downright fool, but usually he's the best man I know.

Speaker 7: That's wonderful. The thing is I'm...Well, poverty will always be with us. It's slavery. I thought we had banished that. But Saint Denis is acting as a staging post for shipping slaves out to some of the islands.

Arthur Morgan: I don't believe you, it's 1899.

Speaker 7: Maybe you should take a look for yourself. I've heard that the pawnbroker down the block around the corner, the one with the green door. Well, they say he sells more than forlorn trinkets. Help the poor.

Speaker 8: Welcome back.

Speaker 9: Oh, nothing much back there. I...I'm afraid of just a few old books.

Arthur Morgan: Something don't seem righ...What's back here? It looks like this pulls out or something?.

Speaker 9: Pulls out? No, it's just an old bookcase, seen better days. I must say you're acting very strange. Just what is it you want. Maybe you should leave now? I've had enough of this.You're acting crazy! I'm going to get help.

Speaker 10: Hello? Shh, be quiet. Please! Help us! Help, please.

Arthur Morgan: Please, I'm on your side. Its going to be okay.

Speaker 10: Help us!

Arthur Morgan: Now don't worry. I'm on your side.

Speaker 10: Thank you, sir. Thank you very much.

Arthur Morgan: Come with me. Don't worry...You're going to be all right now, I promise. That's it, come on. You'll be safe soon. This way. Not much farther. Poor bastards.

Arthur Morgan: Brother. Brother Dorkins, friend. Arthur. Arthur, Morgan, come on. You were right. I found these two imprisoned in that shop.

Speaker 7: Oh my that's. Well, they are blessed to have met you, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Trust me, in that they're very unusual. I don't think they speak much English.

Speaker 7: My brothers come let's go get something to eat. please.

Arthur Morgan: Hey, you forgot this.

Speaker 7: Oh yes. Thank you. I... Hear.
Payment, for your services. I could
not have freed these men myself.

Arthur Morgan: Give it to the poor, Brother.

Speaker 7: Thank you. I will. Like I said,
magnificent. Come on. Come, come,
come. Come see me again
sometime. I often work at the old
church on Gaspar Street and St.
Francis.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, girl.

Speaker 11: Hey partner.

Arthur Morgan: Move!

Sister: Please.

Edith Downes: It is M-W-M.

Sister: [foreign language 00:00:16] It's
Warm, W. An upside down M.

Edith Downes: I don't get it.

Sister: Oh, you will. It's like swimming, it takes time but then it's easy and the whole world opens to you.

Edith Downes: I hate this. It's too hard.

Sister: Take your time.

Edith Downes: I lick-

Sister: Like.

Edith Downes: ... I like the sooner.

Sister: What does that even mean?

Brother Dorkins: Watch our language please? Summer, I like the summer.

Sister: Don't worry, you know the letters, you know the sounds, you're nearly there.

Edith Downes: I got no use for stupid books.

Brother Dorkins: I don't have any use for stupid books.

Edith Downes: If you ain't, why you making us do it?

Brother Dorkins: No, you should say I don't have any not, I got no.

Sister: I think you may be confusing things a little now, Brother Dorkins. Go over it first in your head. Take your time.

Arthur Morgan: Morning to you.

Brother Dorkins: Sister, my friend, Mr. Morgan.

Sister: Oh, sir. Brother Dorkins' told me about the wonderful thing you did.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, he talks a lot of nonsense, no offense.

Brother Dorkins: None taken at all. Hey, stop.

Arthur Morgan: These kids they're the worst.

Sister: Don't hurt him please.

Speaker 2: Meet us at the Cathedral,
Mr.Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: You little bastards.

Speaker 3: Where's my watch you little weasel.

Speaker 4: I don't know nothing about no
watch.

Speaker 3: Last Sunday-

Arthur Morgan: Hey you! Why don't you leave
the boy alone?

Speaker 3: What's it do with you?

Speaker 4: Oh, not so bad.

Arthur Morgan: I can hit a lot harder than you, I
promise you that.

Speaker 3: All right, forget it. Little ain't even
worth my time. [inaudible
00:02:29].

Speaker 4: Thanks Mr.

Edith Downes: Hey, you want some company,

Mr?

Arthur Morgan: No.

Edith Downes: You sure?

Arthur Morgan: Hey-

Edith Downes: What?

Arthur Morgan: ... I know you. Mrs. Downes?

Edith Downes: Oh no, not you. Get away,
now!-

Arthur Morgan: How? I mean hey, hold on.
Now.

Edith Downes: ... Help! This man is bothering
me. Someone help me. Officer,
help!

Speaker 5: [inaudible 00:03:14].

Speaker 6: What happened to him?

Speaker 7: Look out.

Speaker 8: Good morning.

Speaker 7: [foreign language 00:04:23].

Speaker 8: Good morning to you.

Sister: Every day it's a new challenge,
Father. When I was younger, those
challenges used to frustrate me.
Mr. Morgan!

Arthur Morgan: Excuse me Father, Sister. I got
your cross.

Sister: You didn't?

Arthur Morgan: Oh, I did.

Sister: I hope the boy-

Arthur Morgan: He's fine physically, mentally
he's a piece of work, but who am I
to say.

Sister: Brother Dorkins was right about
you. You are the most wonderful
man.

Arthur Morgan: Brother Dorkins is greatly
deceived I'm afraid, but I'm happy

to help a little.

Sister: Thank you. You see, it's a thing, but my mother gave it to me when I was in novice shortly before she passed. You are the most wonderful man.

Arthur Morgan: Excuse me, Father, Sister, enjoy your day.

Sister: See Father.

Speaker 9: Brother Dorkins found him [inaudible 00:05:38]. I told you. Brother Dorkins was fantastic.

Arthur Morgan: Hosea.

Hosea Matthews: Hey, Arthur.

Speaker 3: Come on. If we're going to make it to this party, we sure as shit better clean up a little bit.

Arthur Morgan: So we're doing this?

Hosea Matthews: Oh yeah. Old friend, Dutch van der Linde has finally shown his true colors...

Speaker 3: Social climbing. Old Senor Bronte that horrendous snake has invited us to the ball, Cinderella. So my suggestion is we go and get you with gown.

Arthur Morgan: You son of a bitch.

Speaker 3: We are ridiculous, Utterly.

Speaker 5: I ain't never been to a ball in my life.

Speaker 3: Nor have I, if I am being honest.

Hosea Matthews: I used to quite often there could be fine pickings.

Speaker 3: No, pick pocketing. We are here to make real contacts.

Speaker 4: What kind of contacts?

Speaker 3: Well I don't know. We'll find what we can. All I know for sure is we're

going to a party at the mayor's house and the guest of honor is the worst crook in town. I'm sure that we will find something.

Speaker 4: Okay.

Speaker 5: Gentlemen, Luca. I'm afraid the mayor does not allow guns at official functions, after last year's incident. Luca here will take you to Mr. Bronte. I believe he is expecting you.

Speaker 6: Follow me, gentlemen. This way please gentlemen. Signor Bronte will be so pleased that you made it.

Speaker 3: We are honored to be here.

Speaker 6: That's wonderful, wonderful. Come this way. What a beautiful evening it shall be. Mr. Bronte is a very good friend with the mayor. Good evening, Pierre.

Speaker 7: Signor Napoli.

Speaker 6: As long as the mayor behaves himself, you know? Mr. Bronte, he has that thing, you know? Respect.

Speaker 3: Hosea, Bill, you join the party. We'll meet you out back after we pay our respects to Signor Bronte.

Speaker 6: Come, come.

Speaker 7: We'll meet you out on the balcony when you're done.

Angelo Bronte: Ah, the angry Cowboys you've arrived, and you've washed.

Speaker 9: [Italian 00:02:44].

Speaker 3: This is quite a party you've invited us to.

Angelo Bronte: Yes, quite something, although I'm not quite sure what.

Speaker 3: So this is Saint Denis high society?

Angelo Bronte: Yes, apparently so.

Speaker 3: And all these people. These are friends are yours, Signor Bronte?

Angelo Bronte: No, not quit, not quite. But they certainly are afraid of me. like that one, see that wretch, he's the Mayor, Henri Lemieux. He'll do anything for a dollar, and I mean anything.

Arthur Morgan: Politics is a foul business.

Angelo Bronte: Yes. Oh and that one too. That is Alberto Fussar. He owns a sugar plantation out on the Island and he comes here to whore and despoil himself. Oh and that, that is Hobart Crawley, a Confederate major in the war. A big hero they say, but that is his very young wife, I mean a young mistress. That's the natural order of things, yes? But a young wife is unseemly. Oh, the Redskins. I have

no sympathy for them because whoever is stupid enough to get tricked by the Americans, they get what they deserve, huh? Yes, hand the letter to the mayor. Oh yeah, that'll save you. And that, that is Hector fallowes. The self-righteous newspaperman. Maybe you will kill him for me one day?

Speaker 3: Well, we're not paid killers as such, not in cold blood anyway.

Angelo Bronte: I did not know you were so particular that you wouldn't help a friend.

Speaker 3: Oh. I'm willing to help in any way I can, within reason.

Angelo Bronte: I'm going to pretend to understand what that means.

Speaker 3: I meant no offense, sir.

Angelo Bronte: None taken. All these vulgar

people, they hate me. [Italian
00:04:41].

Speaker 3: Well, it has been wonderful
conversing with you, but I can tell
that you are very busy and I won't
waste any more of you.

Angelo Bronte: Yes, go enjoy yourselves and
mingle with this vulgar scum. It'll
make you long for the days when
you could shoot each other and
screw cows out on the open range.

Speaker 3: Those sure were the days. Good
day, gentlemen.

Angelo Bronte: Good day to you. But before
you go, what exactly are your plans
here?

Speaker 3: We've not made any. Well, we are
going to need some money.

Angelo Bronte: Money, yes of course. Well,
there's money at the trolley station.

They keep a lot of cash there in the day. Now I could not involve myself in such matters, but you as a guest, yes. As my guest, do it. Okay, good day, gentlemen.

Speaker 3: Goodbye.

Angelo Bronte: [Italian 00:05:42].

Speaker 6: I'll show you to the party, gentlemen. If you'll kindly follow me. Gentlemen, enjoy your evening and welcome once again to Saint Denis.

Speaker 3: Ciao, ciao. Gentlemen, lets go ingratiate ourselves.

Speaker 10: Have a wonderful night.

Speaker 3: Okay. Go find the mayor if you can, and stay out of trouble. And steal nothing, unless its information.

Arthur Morgan: Of course.

Speaker 3: Hosea, you go find us some place to rob. Bill go make us some new friends. I'm going to find out if old Cornwall and whats-his-name, Milton, knows we're here.

Speaker 11: I mean, modern art is all very well, but my daughter could do better.

Speaker 12: You're not such a philistine as all that, Marie.

Speaker 11: A small one.

Arthur Morgan: Would you like some champagne?

Speaker 12: Of course. Thank you, sir, you are quite the gentleman. Clearly not from this swampy hell hole.

Speaker 11: Thank you.

Speaker 12: Ladies, I'll see you next week.

Speaker 13: Camilla McClair, where ever did you get that hat?

Speaker 14: Why, that would be telling.

Speaker 13: Oh you, you're always so stylish.

Speaker 15: Can I help you sir?

Speaker 14: Mostly I fail, but I try.

Speaker 16: You're preaching again, Mrs.
Wicklows.

Arthur Morgan: It really is a beautiful hat.

Speaker 14: I got it from Mr. Wasp. He's the
finest milliner in the state and quite
the most interesting purveyor of
the exotic. But don't tell anyone sir.
The women here are all desperate
to know.

Speaker 17: Okay, I came down from
Washington, myself, many years
ago.

Speaker 18: This town gets to a man,
undermines even the best of us.

Speaker 17: I'm doing my best, sir.

Speaker 18: Truth is an absolute, sir, don't you think?

Speaker 19: Well I don't quite understand.

Speaker 18: You are not, it would seem, the only one.

Speaker 20: I was in the army once.

Speaker 21: Good for you.

Speaker 22: You french, sir?

Speaker 23: Sort of, originally I'm from Quebec but I left many moons ago, and you?

Speaker 22: No I came down from New York for a job, I'm a banker.

Speaker 23: A banker?

Speaker 22: An investment banker.

Arthur Morgan: You okay?

Speaker 24: Oh, my lord. The pesky nut. What a way to go, eh? Thank you, sir. Oh

yes, thank you.

Speaker 25: Lumber, leather, even maple syrup.

Speaker 26: Can I interest you in a glass of champagne?

Arthur Morgan: Good evening gentlemen.

Speaker 27: How do you do?

Speaker 28: Oh the usual bunch of clowns in New York. I suggested that all of us, as Americans has a duty to take care of people living on this land.

Speaker 29: How was the show? I heard you went.

Speaker 30: And that extends to Saint Denis.

Speaker 31: Outrageous.

Speaker 32: The Indian problem is not an urban problem.

Speaker 33: Sign me up for french lessons.

Speaker 34: And here in Saint Denis, we have

problems of our own.

Speaker 33: Oh, would you like tickets?

Speaker 34: To what?

Speaker 33: This cabaret show at the theater
Raleur. Its jolly fun.

Speaker 35: We want to end this century yet
more besmirched. Blood and guilt
because of more sins?

Speaker 33: Sure.

Speaker 35: Do we wish to better ourselves?

Arthur Morgan: Thank you, very much.

Speaker 36: My pleasure. Good evening.

Speaker 37: It ain't complex, Lemieux. And only
an idiot like you, buddy, would try
to make it so.

Speaker 38: I will not deny idiocy, sir. But
perhaps now is not the time.

Speaker 37: Typical pansy.

Speaker 38: You're drunk, Ferdinand.

Speaker 37: I'm not drunk, you fool but this man, this man loves darkies.

Arthur Morgan: You are pretty drunk, what say you and me cool off?

Speaker 37: Get your hands off me.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, sleep it off. Sit down and calm down. Count to a thousand, then you can rejoin the party.

Speaker 38: Thank you, sir.

Arthur Morgan: My pleasure.

Speaker 38: Henri Lemiex, I hope you're enjoying my party.

Arthur Morgan: The mayor?

Speaker 38: Allegedly.

Arthur Morgan: That's quite a place you got here.

Speaker 38: It's not mine, and the city is horribly in debt, but we can still put on a good show. Do you know Evelyn Miller?

Arthur Morgan: My lord, the writer?

Speaker 39: Well, we seem to have another deranged drunkard on our hands.

Speaker 38: Shall we?

Speaker 40: My lord, they're fantastic.

Speaker 41: Excuse me, pardon. Messieurs, please. Mr. Cornwall was quite insistent, I'm afraid, he shouted down the telephone for several minutes.

Speaker 38: Mr. Cornwall is a horse's ass and a bad horse.

Speaker 41: I'm very sorry, sir.

Speaker 38: It's not your fault. I'm a fool for trusting him, I'll come and sign it in

a minute. Let me enjoy the fireworks.

Speaker 41: Of course.

Speaker 3: Did he say something about Cornwall?

Arthur Morgan: Yes.

Speaker 3: Find out what.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Speaker 42: Beautiful. Oh my.

Speaker 41: No problems.

Speaker 43: Everything's fine. We have the place well secured.

Speaker 41: Good. Mr. Bronte has a habit of wondering about and reading whatever he likes.

Speaker 43: We're watching him and his men like Hawks.

Speaker 41: Thank you, Mr. Terapin.

Speaker 44: Hey. Is everything taken care? The telephone, it keeps ringing.

Speaker 41: The mayor said he will sign later. Marie, Marie! Find that little reprobate jip and beat him. I will not have standard slip in this house. Have you lost your mind? I said have you lost your mind? Come here. Look at me. Look at me! Who do you think you are? This area is not meant for the likes of you, you know this. The standards in this house are slipping. This is a final warning to you miss. A final warning! Now get out of my sight.

Arthur Morgan: Mr. Leviticus Cornwall Top secret. Extremely confidentially. Very interesting.

Speaker 3: Find anything?

Arthur Morgan: I think so.

Speaker 3: Nothing.

Speaker 45: This town is waste of time.

Hosea Matthews: Maybe not. Arthur.

Gentlemen, I think we're done here.

Arthur Morgan: What did you find out?

Hosea Matthews: There's plenty of money moves through here. Of course, and I think I found out how we can grab some of it. A Big bank, a real one I mean. but not yet.

Arthur Morgan: The city bank?

Hosea Matthews: Maybe. And just stuffed one.

Speaker 3: If we're going to leave, that could be the one thing we need.

Arthur Morgan: There's also that trolley car station Signor Bronte told us about. And I heard about a high stakes poker game.

Speaker 3: Come on. Here comes Lenny. All right, lets get in and go home.

Speaker 45: I ain't never felt so awkward in all my life, all them folk all so please with themselves. High society, pigeon shit. If you ask me it's more like torture.

Speaker 3: Well, that's sort of the point isn't it, let the people torture themselves.

Arthur Morgan: Here's them papers I took.

Speaker 3: Anybody see you take this?

Arthur Morgan: I don't think so.

Speaker 3: Hmm. I might have an idea, let me think on it. Interesting times.

Arthur Morgan: I guess.

Speaker 3: So what's next? Dancing lessons? Department?

Arthur Morgan: More along the lines of armed robbery.

Speaker 3: Hosea's handling reconnaissance on the bank. He and Abigail are going to run some distractions. See how the law react.

Arthur Morgan: Good.

Speaker 3: Oh, and I spoke to Evelyn Miller, a fine man. Here helping the Indian chief we saw.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I met him too, with the mayor.

Speaker 3: He's lobbying officials in Saint Denis on their behalf. Maybe we could help.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe.

Speaker 3: Now I think there's a lot of money on the riverboat, a lot of money. And Trelawny, he's investigating for us. He says to meet him at the tailors.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Speaker 3: One big score down here, Arthur, and we disappear. We're almost heading home.

Arthur Morgan: And where is home?

Hosea Matthews: I don't know exactly, but I can smell it. I'm going to go investigate This trolley thing old Bronte was talking about.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Hosea.

Hosea Matthews: Hey, Arthur.

Speaker 3: Come on. If we're going to make it to this party, we sure as shit better clean up a little bit.

Arthur Morgan: So we're doing this?

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Arthur Morgan: Politics is a foul business.

Angelo Bronte: Yes. Oh and that one too. That is Alberto Fassar. He owns a sugar plantation out on the Island and he comes here to whore and despoil himself. Oh and that, that is Hobart Crawley, a Confederate major in the war. A big hero they say, but that is his very young wife, I mean a young mistress. That's the natural order of things, yes? But a young wife is unseemly. Oh, the Redskins. I have no sympathy for them because

whoever is stupid enough to get tricked by the Americans, they get what they deserve, huh? Yes, hand the letter to the mayor. Oh yeah, that'll save you. And that, that is Hector fallowes. The self-righteous newspaperman. Maybe you will kill him for me one day?

Speaker 3: Well, we're not paid killers as such, not in cold blood anyway.

Angelo Bronte: I did not know you were so particular that you wouldn't help a friend.

Speaker 3: Oh. I'm willing to help in any way I can, within reason.

Angelo Bronte: I'm going to pretend to understand what that means.

Speaker 3: I meant no offense, sir.

Angelo Bronte: None taken. All these vulgar people, they hate me. [Italian

00:04:41].

Speaker 3: Well, it has been wonderful conversing with you, but I can tell that you are very busy and I won't waste any more of you.

Angelo Bronte: Yes, go enjoy yourselves and mingle with this vulgar scum. It'll make you long for the days when you could shoot each other and screw cows out on the open range.

Speaker 3: Those sure were the days. Good day, gentlemen.

Angelo Bronte: Good day to you. But before you go, what exactly are your plans here?

Speaker 3: We've not made any. Well, we are going to need some money.

Angelo Bronte: Money, yes of course. Well, there's money at the trolley station. They keep a lot of cash there in the

day. Now I could not involve myself in such matters, but you as a guest, yes. As my guest, do it. Okay, good day, gentlemen.

Speaker 3: Goodbye.

Angelo Bronte: [Italian 00:05:42].

Speaker 6: I'll show you to the party, gentlemen. If you'll kindly follow me. Gentlemen, enjoy your evening and welcome once again to Saint Denis.

Speaker 3: Ciao, ciao. Gentlemen, lets go ingratiate ourselves.

Speaker 10: Have a wonderful night.

Speaker 3: Okay. Go find the mayor if you can, and stay out of trouble. And steal nothing, unless its information.

Arthur Morgan: Of course.

Speaker 3: Hosea, you go find us some place to

rob. Bill go make us some new friends. I'm going to find out if old Cornwall and whats-his-name, Milton, knows we're here.

Speaker 11: I mean, modern art is all very well, but my daughter could do better.

Speaker 12: You're not such a philistine as all that, Marie.

Speaker 11: A small one.

Arthur Morgan: Would you like some champagne?

Speaker 12: Of course. Thank you, sir, you are quite the gentleman. Clearly not from this swampy hell hole.

Speaker 11: Thank you.

Speaker 12: Ladies, I'll see you next week.

Speaker 13: Camilla McClair, where ever did you get that hat?

Speaker 14: Why, that would be telling.

Speaker 13: Oh you, you're always so stylish.

Speaker 15: Can I help you sir?

Speaker 14: Mostly I fail, but I try.

Speaker 16: You're preaching again, Mrs.
Wicklows.

Arthur Morgan: It really is a beautiful hat.

Speaker 14: I got it from Mr. Wasp. He's the
finest milliner in the state and quite
the most interesting purveyor of
the exotic. But don't tell anyone sir.
The women here are all desperate
to know.

Speaker 17: Okay, I came down from
Washington, myself, many years
ago.

Speaker 18: This town gets to a man,
undermines even the best of us.

Speaker 17: I'm doing my best, sir.

Speaker 18: Truth is an absolute, sir, don't you

think?

Speaker 19: Well I don't quite understand.

Speaker 18: You are not, it would seem, the only one.

Speaker 20: I was in the army once.

Speaker 21: Good for you.

Speaker 22: You french, sir?

Speaker 23: Sort of, originally I'm from Quebec but I left many moons ago, and you?

Speaker 22: No I came down from New York for a job, I'm a banker.

Speaker 23: A banker?

Speaker 22: An investment banker.

Arthur Morgan: You okay?

Speaker 24: Oh, my lord. The pesky nut. What a way to go, eh? Thank you, sir. Oh yes, thank you.

Speaker 25: Lumber, leather, even maple syrup.

Speaker 26: Can I interest you in a glass of champagne?

Arthur Morgan: Good evening gentlemen.

Speaker 27: How do you do?

Speaker 28: Oh the usual bunch of clowns in New York. I suggested that all of us, as Americans has a duty to take care of people living on this land.

Speaker 29: How was the show? I heard you went.

Speaker 30: And that extends to Saint Denis.

Speaker 31: Outrageous.

Speaker 32: The Indian problem is not an urban problem.

Speaker 33: Sign me up for french lessons.

Speaker 34: And here in Saint Denis, we have problems of our own.

Speaker 33: Oh, would you like tickets?

Speaker 34: To what?

Speaker 33: This cabaret show at the theater
Raleur. Its jolly fun.

Speaker 35: We want to end this century yet
more besmirched. Blood and guilt
because of more sins?

Speaker 33: Sure.

Speaker 35: Do we wish to better ourselves?

Arthur Morgan: Thank you, very much.

Speaker 36: My pleasure. Good evening.

Speaker 37: It ain't complex, Lemieux. And only
an idiot like you, buddy, would try
to make it so.

Speaker 38: I will not deny idiocy, sir. But
perhaps now is not the time.

Speaker 37: Typical pansy.

Speaker 38: You're drunk, Ferdinand.

Speaker 37: I'm not drunk, you fool but this man, this man loves darkies.

Arthur Morgan: You are pretty drunk, what say you and me cool off?

Speaker 37: Get your hands off me.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, sleep it off. Sit down and calm down. Count to a thousand, then you can rejoin the party.

Speaker 38: Thank you, sir.

Arthur Morgan: My pleasure.

Speaker 38: Henri Lemiex, I hope you're enjoying my party.

Arthur Morgan: The mayor?

Speaker 38: Allegedly.

Arthur Morgan: That's quite a place you got here.

Speaker 38: It's not mine, and the city is horribly

in debt, but we can still put on a good show. Do you know Evelyn Miller?

Arthur Morgan: My lord, the writer?

Speaker 39: Well, we seem to have another deranged drunkard on our hands.

Speaker 38: Shall we?

Speaker 40: My lord, they're fantastic.

Speaker 41: Excuse me, pardon. Messieurs, please. Mr. Cornwall was quite insistent, I'm afraid, he shouted down the telephone for several minutes.

Speaker 38: Mr. Cornwall is a horse's ass and a bad horse.

Speaker 41: I'm very sorry, sir.

Speaker 38: It's not your fault. I'm a fool for trusting him, I'll come and sign it in a minute. Let me enjoy the

fireworks.

Speaker 41: Of course.

Speaker 3: Did he say something about
Cornwall?

Arthur Morgan: Yes.

Speaker 3: Find out what.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Speaker 42: Beautiful. Oh my.

Speaker 41: No problems.

Speaker 43: Everything's fine. We have the place
well secured.

Speaker 41: Good. Mr. Bronte has a habit of
wondering about and reading
whatever he likes.

Speaker 43: We're watching him and his men
like Hawks.

Speaker 41: Thank you, Mr. Terapin.

Speaker 44: Hey. Is everything taken care? The

telephone, it keeps ringing.

Speaker 41: The mayor said he will sign later.
Marie, Marie! Find that little reprobate jip and beat him. I will not have standard slip in this house. Have you lost your mind? I said have you lost your mind? Come here. Look at me. Look at me! Who do you think you are? This area is not meant for the likes of you, you know this. The standards in this house are slipping. This is a final warning to you miss. A final warning! Now get out of my sight.

Arthur Morgan: Mr. Leviticus Cornwall Top secret. Extremely confidentially. Very interesting.

Speaker 3: Find anything?

Arthur Morgan: I think so.

Speaker 3: Nothing.

Speaker 45: This town is waste of time.

Hosea Matthews: Maybe not. Arthur.

Gentlemen, I think we're done here.

Arthur Morgan: What did you find out?

Hosea Matthews: There's plenty of money moves through here. Of course, and I think I found out how we can grab some of it. A Big bank, a real one I mean. but not yet.

Arthur Morgan: The city bank?

Hosea Matthews: Maybe. And just stuffed one.

Speaker 3: If we're going to leave, that could be the one thing we need.

Arthur Morgan: There's also that trolley car station Signor Bronte told us about. And I heard about a high stakes poker game.

Speaker 3: Come on. Here comes Lenny. All

right, lets get in and go home.

Speaker 45: I ain't never felt so awkward in all my life, all them folk all so please with themselves. High society, pigeon shit. If you ask me it's more like torture.

Speaker 3: Well, that's sort of the point isn't it, let the people torture themselves.

Arthur Morgan: Here's them papers I took.

Speaker 3: Anybody see you take this?

Arthur Morgan: I don't think so.

Speaker 3: Hmm. I might have an idea, let me think on it. Interesting times.

Arthur Morgan: I guess.

Speaker 3: So what's next? Dancing lessons? Deportment?

Arthur Morgan: More along the lines of armed robbery.

Speaker 3: Hosea's handling reconnaissance on

the bank. He and Abigail are going to run some distractions. See how the law react.

Arthur Morgan: Good.

Speaker 3: Oh, and I spoke to Evelyn Miller, a fine man. Here helping the Indian chief we saw.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I met him too, with the mayor.

Speaker 3: He's lobbying officials in Saint Denis on their behalf. Maybe we could help.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe.

Speaker 3: Now I think there's a lot of money on the riverboat, a lot of money. And Trelawny, he's investigating for us. He says to meet him at the tailors.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Speaker 3: One big score down here, Arthur, and we disappear. We're almost heading home.

Arthur Morgan: And where is home?

Hosea Matthews: I don't know exactly, but I can smell it. I'm going to go investigate This trolley thing old Bronte was talking about.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Josiah Trelawny: There you are dear boy.

Arthur : Yes. Here I am.

Josiah Trelawny: Well, we're going to need to get you smartened up a bit.

Arthur : What?

Josiah Trelawny: Well you can't play at the tables on a Lannahechee River Boat looking like this.

Arthur : You can't?

Josiah Trelawny: Not if you want to fit in so well no one realizes you're there to rob the place. Now come on.

Arthur : What are you talking about?

Josiah Trelawny: That suit is not fit for the purpose at hand. Come along dear boy, come along.

Speaker 3: Hello. Can I help you gentlemen?

Josiah Trelawny: Yes. My friend here is in need of a new suit. Make this gentlemen look like the duke he really is.

Speaker 3: A very good choice, sir.

Arthur : It was the English's fault his grandfather had to emigrate. A bitter and jealous people.

Josiah Trelawny: Come on, let's get you to the barber.

Arthur : Sure.

Speaker 3: Good luck tonight, gentlemen.

Josiah Trelawny: Herr Strauss has scope the whole thing but, it's quite ingenious actually.

Arthur : What is?

Josiah Trelawny: The action he has planned. Indeed. It's not much of an action at all. You play cards and win. And you're going to bet very big and flamboyantly while you win. And everyone's going to think you're some new money from the oil fields, come to lay it on thick and drunk. All the while Herr Strauss will be signaling you in your line of sight. When you bust the place, they'll take you upstairs to pay you off and that is when Javier comes in and you take whatever you want.

Arthur : You don't think they might see an armed Mexican coming into the safe with me?

Josiah Trelawny: Sure, they might. But perhaps not. You will see.

Arthur : The suspense is killing me.

Josiah Trelawny: Don't don't be so jaded. We both know this is just the kind of innocent fun you thrive on.

Arthur : Well, after the past couple of months, armed robbery don't seem such an innocent pastime.

Josiah Trelawny: No, but we, you... all of us, will be done here soon.

Arthur : I hope so.

Josiah Trelawny: Come on. My good man, could you smarten up my dear hick friend? This unlikely fellow has made himself a fortune in the oil

fields and learned himself not a lick of manners or gentlemanly deportment.

Speaker 4: Well, very good, sir.

Josiah Trelawny: No, it's not good. Not at all. Not if they're going to let him play big at the tables tonight.

Speaker 4: There, very smart.

Josiah Trelawny: Come on. Let's get to the docks. I have arranged some transportation for us.

Speaker 4: I hope you have a successful evening gentlemen.

Josiah Trelawny: George, to the Grand Korrigan please.

George: Grand Korrigan, sir.

Josiah Trelawny: Well, look at you? From toad to prince.

Arthur : This is a bit much, isn't it? The

Coach.

Josiah Trelawny: We can't whinny up there on horses like a bunch of countrified yokels. You're a brash oil man with money to burn. Which reminds, no shuffling and mumbling. Puff your chest out. Get outside yourself.

Arthur : Yeah, alright, all right. I don't think Hamlet. So, who's the mark? Is he alright, by the way, the driver?

Josiah Trelawny: Oh yes, don't worry. George and I go way back. It's a man called Desmond Blythe. Made a fortune and hosiery of all things. Likes to play fast and always keep some extra collateral in the safe upstairs.

Arthur : So, if Strauss is sitting behind him, how does he know what cards I got?

Josiah Trelawny: He won't. But the dealer

has recently become a very good friend of mine.

Arthur : Another one.

Josiah Trelawny: Don't worry Arthur. We're all authors of our own good fortune. He'll make sure you get the right cards.

Arthur : What could possibly go wrong?

Josiah Trelawny: Indeed.

Arthur : And what money am I playing with?

Josiah Trelawny: Don't worry. That has all been arranged. Your chips will be waiting. There she is. Come on.

Arthur : Okay.

Josiah Trelawny: Arthur, leave any weaponry here. They'll search us when we get on. George, we'll collect these from you later.

George: Very good, sir.

Josiah Trelawny: Thank you, George.

George: Good luck sir.

Josiah Trelawny: Now remember what I said, Arthur? Everyone is the author of his own good fortune.

Arthur : Yes, yes. Believe me. I heard every word.

Josiah Trelawny: Watch Strauss. Listen to the dealer and this should be a very lucky night. There they are. Gentlemen, how wonderful to see you. Arthur you remember this pair of boys we met in New York. Come on gentlemen. Champagne is on dear old Arthur. He's rich as can be and feeling luckier than a turkey that survived Thanksgiving.

Speaker 6: Hello gentlemen.

Josiah Trelawny: Hello, dear boy.

Arthur : Come on, come on. Let's head aboard. Drinks are on Arthur. Champagne.

Speaker 7: I'm afraid. We require all patrons to hand over their guns.

Josiah Trelawny: Good time, the tables await.

Arthur : Right. I'll go. Find myself a change of clothes.

Josiah Trelawny: Okay. You seem unsure?

Arthur : Robbing a heavily armed river boat without a gun tends to bring out the self doubt in me.

Josiah Trelawny: These people virtually idiots. This is simple stuff. Now have a good time, but don't lose too much money or your wife is going to kill me.

Arthur : Whatever you say.

Josiah Trelawny: Now, where can I get a cocktail?

Speaker 8: Take a seat, sir.

Arthur : Good evening gentlemen. Arthur Callahan. Sorry. I'm late. I had unfinished business at the bar.

Desmond Blythe: Desmond Blythe. Evening.

Speaker 8: Not to worry. Welcome to the game Mr. Callahan. Okay. Gentlemen, let's play.

Desmond Blythe: I hope you're a player. Been too many cowards at these tables recently. Nothing less dignified than a man afraid to lose a little money.

Arthur : Look at this, chips already stacked up waiting for me. I like this joint already.

Speaker 8: We aim to please, sir.

Arthur : So how are we all faring?

Speaker 10: Some better than others.

Arthur : If we all fared the same in life now,
where would the fun be?

Speaker 10: Quite.

Arthur : Wait, not Desmond Blythe, the
Hosiery King? I should have brought
my other wallet.

Desmond Blythe: Not, my preferred title, but
yes you should have.

Speaker 8: Mr. Blythe wins with three queens.

Desmond Blythe: Goodbye gentlemen. I
guess it's just you and me now
friend.

Arthur : I guess it is.

Desmond Blythe: Time to see if you're really
the man you seem to think you are.

Arthur : Likewise. Mr. Blythe.

Desmond Blythe: So what business are you

in? Mr. Callahan?

Arthur : I'm an oil man for my sins.

Desmond Blythe: Funny. I haven't heard of you.

Arthur : Oh, you will know. You know, I thought about getting in a hosiery, but I just look better in a suit.

Desmond Blythe: I would stick to oil, Mr. Callahan. I don't think you have a future on the stage.

Arthur : You sound just like my wife.

Desmond Blythe: Call.

Arthur : Interesting. A pair of cowgirls.

Desmond Blythe: Shit. Shit.

Arthur : I guess my luck held.

Speaker 8: Is that you done?

Desmond Blythe: Done?

Arthur : Bust or you got something else to

play with?

Desmond Blythe: Meaning?

Arthur : Well, I heard there was some big boys on this boat. Maybe that's not you. No offense.

Desmond Blythe: Sit your hillbilly ass down.

Arthur : Why?

Desmond Blythe: I've got a watch.

Arthur : Look at you.

Desmond Blythe: An expensive one. Real fine Swiss. A Reutlinger no less. It's in the safe upstairs. It's worth more than you.

Arthur : Okay. I trust you.

Desmond Blythe: Now play.

Arthur : As you wish.

Desmond Blythe: So you must know Leviticus Cornwall, big oil man like you?

Arthur : Of course we've crossed paths. I was fortunate enough to tour a little operation of his up in New Hanover.

Desmond Blythe: I am 100% all in Mr. Callahan.

Speaker 8: Don't worry, sir. Everyone is the author of his own good fortune.

Arthur : Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained. Pair of kings.

Desmond Blythe: Very good, but not good enough.

Arthur : Shit. Yes. You little beauty.

Speaker 8: Hard lines, Mr. Blythe. Mr. Callahan wins with an ace-high diamond flush.

Desmond Blythe: Goddamn you. No offense.

Arthur : None taken.

Speaker 11: Well played sir. Unlucky Desmond.

Arthur : Now forgive my lack of discretion.
 But where might I find this watch?

Speaker 11: It's upstairs. Shall we go and have a
 look?

Arthur : Why not?

Speaker 11: Gentlemen...

Arthur : Please cash these out for me.

Javier: I started last week.

Speaker 11: Good. Sure. Perhaps you could just
 escort us up to the office?

Javier: Yes, of course, sir.

Speaker 11: Thank you.

Javier: Follow me, gentlemen.

Speaker 11: Come with me, sir. You're having
 quite the night?

Arthur : Yeah. So far.

Speaker 11: I cannot believe someone gave a

greaser a job.

Arthur : We live in strange times.

Speaker 11: Personally, I wouldn't trust one with a gun, but fair enough. I've got my own little law giver right here.

Arthur : Very good.

Speaker 11: Next we'll be hiring Negroes.

Arthur : Yeah, I know.

Speaker 11: I think you're going to like this watch, sir. I saw it earlier and it really is a handsome piece. Foreign made, but you can't have everything.

Arthur : Indeed.

Speaker 11: Well, here we are. Just give me one second, sir.

Arthur : Of course. Take your time. Don't reach for that gun.

Javier: Take his gun, Arthur.

Arthur : I guess you were right. Only an idiot would give a greaser gun.

Speaker 11: Idiot, huh?

Javier: Shit. Lets hope no one heard that. Quick, clear the safe. Let's get out of here. Can't believe that asshole had another gun.

Arthur : The view in here is looking pretty good.

Javier: How much is there?

Arthur : Must be a few thousand plus the watch.

Javier: Nice. Now, let's get out of here. Come on. Let's go meet the others.

Arthur : Sure.

Javier: I reckon we've only got a few minutes to get out of here.

Arthur : If we're lucky.

Speaker 13: Was that a gunshot?

Speaker 14: Sounded like one. Come on.

Javier: And how exactly are we getting out of here?

Arthur : I am not too sure. This is what tends to happen when you leave Trelawny in charge of planning. All garnish. No meat. Probably involve us dressing up as dancing girls and can-canning off the side. Nice uniform, by the way.

Javier: Thanks. They'll give anyone a job these days. Anyway, we shouldn't give ourselves away, until we know we need to. Maybe we could still blend into the crowd when it all goes crazy.

Arthur : Which it surely will. To the bar senor.

Javier: I hope you had fun, sir?

Arthur : I had the time of my life. You boys sure know how to put on a show?

Javier: That's wonderful. Look, there's your friend.

Josiah Trelawny: No sir, my friend is not a no good cheat and I beg you to take back the insinuation.

Desmond Blythe: There he is.

Arthur : Don't be a sore loser, friend.

Desmond Blythe: Something I don't like about the pair of you.

Josiah Trelawny: There's plenty I don't like about you, but I have the good manners to keep my mouth shut.

Speaker 16: There he is. Shoot that man.

Javier: Come on, Arthur. We got to get out of here.

Josiah Trelawny: Please tell me you got the money?

Arthur : Come on, let's get the hell out of here.

Speaker 17: They're trying to swim for it.

Josiah Trelawny: So, never a dull moment.

Arthur : That's one way of putting it.

Josiah Trelawny: So how much did we get.

Arthur : A few thousand I think.

Javier: Pretty good.

Josiah Trelawny: Yes, indeed.

Arthur : And this watch apparently it's worth a bunch... A Swiss. Reutlinger or something?.

Josiah Trelawny: Nice watch. Yes, it's a Reutlinger alright.

Arthur : Well give it back then. All right, come on. Let's get out of here.

Speaker 18: River boat robbed, read all about it.

Arthur : Okay fellow.

Speaker 1: Well there.

Dutch Van Der L...: There you are. Come on,
keep walking. You're late.

Arthur Morgan: A couple of days in this place,
you've turned into some clock
watching city boy. What's the
urgency?

Dutch Van Der L...: We need to leave, forever.
We've been doing well making
money, but for us all to leave
together, we need enough for a
boat. Now I found a friendly ship
captain. He's willing to take us to
Australia, or Tahiti. We just need to
pay for passage and give him
money for land when we get there.
No questions asked. We will
disappear, be reborn.

Arthur Morgan: Well where the hell is Tahiti?

Dutch Van Der L...: South Pacific, an untouched paradise.

Arthur Morgan: Who lives there?

Dutch Van Der L...: Tahitians, I guess.

Arthur Morgan: We made a bit of money on that riverboat job, but not enough for us to leave and live peacefully. Where's the rest coming from?

Dutch Van Der L...: In there.

Arthur Morgan: So we are going to rob that place?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, I didn't think we was fixing the plumbing. I don't know if you have noticed, but we are on the clock. I reckon we got a few days before the Pinkerton show, and then, well, we're done. Now, we need money. Bronte said this place

has got money. Come on. Ladies and gentlemen, this is a robbery. Behave as I tell you and none of you will die. Annoy me, and you all will. Now, remember, we just want money. Don't make us kill you.

Arthur Morgan: [crosstalk 00:01:30] Give me all your money now, you walk away.

Bank Clerk 1: Okay, okay.

Dutch Van Der L...: Mr. S, check that room back there.

Arthur Morgan: I got this one.

Dutch Van Der L...: Dying, that's your choice, not mine. Kindly open that gate and let my acquaintance inside.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, give me everything you got, quick.

Bank Clerk 2: All right, there's everything, okay?

Dutch Van Der L...: I said, open the gate and let my acquaintance in.

Lenny Summers: There's nothing much here.

Dutch Van Der L...: What?

Bank Clerk 1: Yes, of course.

Lenny Summers: There's nothing really here.

Dutch Van Der L...: You're sure?

Lenny Summers: Yes.

Dutch Van Der L...: Then get out here and get ready for company. All of you, behave. We don't want to hurt any of you. Mr. M, check the safe.

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Open it.

Bank Clerk 3: I don't think they keep much cash in there.

Arthur Morgan: Open it. There's almost nothing here.

Bank Clerk 3: There should be stacks of cash

in there. He told us there was, look again.

Arthur Morgan: There's no stacks. A few dollars in coins, that's it.

Lenny Summers: Damn, we got a problem. There's a ton of cops out there.

Police: Come out now, we got you surrounded!

Dutch Van Der L...: That greasy son of a bitch, he set us up.

Arthur Morgan: You think?

Dutch Van Der L...: This seem like a good time for sarcasm to you, Arthur?

Lenny Summers: What we going to do gentlemen?

Dutch Van Der L...: Something. The trolley, the trolley! Follow me gentlemen.

Lenny Summers: Woo-hoo!

Arthur Morgan: Does this trolley go to Tahiti?

Dutch Van Der L...: I hope so.

Dutch Van Der L...: All right, shoot on some-
Boys. We got more on the right. We
got some in those alleyways,
Arthur.

Lenny Summers: And up on that balcony. We
got some riders on the left.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, help Lenny out
there. Kid, you okay?

Lenny Summers: I think so.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, coming out of the
bank on the right. Bronte is going to
pay for this.

Dutch Van Der L...: Outside the saloon. Oh
damn, we are really moving here.
Arthur, slow us down. Slow this
thing down.

Arthur Morgan: I'll try.

Dutch Van Der L...: The thing's broke.

Arthur Morgan: Hold on!

Lenny Summers: Dutch. (singing)

Dutch Van Der L...: Sure, just about.

Lenny Summers: They're on the balcony, to my right. Damn it, they're still coming.

Dutch Van Der L...: Go on and get out of here, okay?

Dutch Van Der L...: This is our chance to move, let's go. Son of a bitch got me.

Lenny Summers: Through here, let's go.

Arthur Morgan: You all right, Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: I won't lie, I've been better, son.

Arthur Morgan: Lenny, you keep an eye on him.

Lenny Summers: Of course. Shit, they're in here too.

Dutch Van Der L...: We can't let them follow us.

Lenny Summers: This way, onto the street.
Almost got me. Look out, they
blocked the road. We got to move
boss, stay with me.

Dutch Van Der L...: First the O'Driscolls jump is
in camp, now this. We need to wake
up.

Arthur Morgan: We'll wake up after we get the
hell out of here.

Lenny Summers: Okay, boss, let's move.

Dutch Van Der L...: Damn.

Lenny Summers: Eyes up, on the balcony.
Let's move up, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: [crosstalk 00:06:33]

Dutch Van Der L...: (silence)

Speaker 9: Dead man.

Lenny Summers: Let's go, Dutch.

Lenny Summers: Riders, watch out! Now's

our chance, let's go.

Dutch Van Der L...: Don't damage that wagon,
we need a way out of here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Head for that wagon.

Dutch Van Der L...: That was a little close.

Lenny Summers: Are you okay, Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: Took a real bang on the
head back there, I'm seeing three of
everything.

Arthur Morgan: You just stay down, I'll hold
them off.

Dutch Van Der L...: Coming from behind us, get
rid of them.

Lenny Summers: Looks like they ain't giving
up yet.

Civilians: [foreign language 00:07:40]

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, [foreign language
00:07:40].

Civilians: [foreign language 00:07:40]

Civilians: Help please!

Lenny Summers: There are more on my right.

Civilians: Anybody, help me!

Dutch Van Der L...: Street on the left, they're
still coming.

Civilians: God, help me!

Civilians: Anyone, help me!

Lenny Summers: We got more on the right.

Dutch Van Der L...: [inaudible 00:08:34]

Dutch Van Der L...: Head for the bridge.

Lenny Summers: Damn, they blocked the
road.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hold on, use this.

Lenny Summers: Try to shoot it, Arthur!

Dutch Van Der L...: That'll do it. We're through.

Lenny Summers: You see anymore?

Dutch Van Der L...: Just keep going, kid.

Arthur Morgan: You okay back there?

Dutch Van Der L...: Don't worry about me, just
get us out of here.

Dutch Van Der L...: (silence)

Lenny Summers: I think we're clear.

Arthur Morgan: You know what, Dutch. Next
time, let's not damn discretion.

Dutch Van Der L...: Seemed like a good lead.

Arthur Morgan: I know, but-

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, we made it. Thanks to
you.

Lenny Summers: Don't mention it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah, you're a good kid.

Arthur Morgan: And we each got \$15. Oh, and a
quarter. Don't forget the quarter.

Dutch Van Der L...: Shut up, Arthur. He set us up. Played me like a yokel. Put the law on us. What did we do to him? What did I do to him?

Arthur Morgan: I guess he thinks he's the king around here. He don't want the likes of you. So, what are we doing next, Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: We just need money. One more decent take and we're gone. The bank is our bet, Hosea agrees.

Arthur Morgan: Even after that?

Dutch Van Der L...: Especially after that. I don't feel so good.

Arthur Morgan: You just got a bash on the head.

Lenny Summers: Come on, I'm taking you back to camp.

Arthur Morgan: Hey, you did real good there, Lenny. Just wish it could have

turned out better.

Lenny Summers: Well, you can't win them all.

Lenny Summers: (silence)

Speaker 1: Arthur come up here.

Speaker 2: Hey Mrs. Adler.

Speaker 3: Hi, Mary-Beth.

Speaker 4: Okay, I need to get some sleep.

Hosea Matthews: So, Arthur, you get the deciding vote.

Arthur Morgan: About what?

Dutch Van Der L...: We take an insult and scurry off like cockroaches or deal with business the right way.

Hosea Matthews: We don't need to take revenge. We hardly know the guy.

Dutch Van Der L...: This ain't about revenge,

Hosea. Angelo Bronte don't mean shit to me. This is about the fact we are planning to rob a bank in his town. A bank that he no doubt protects. A town where his men are gunning for us. Before we do that, we need to put them out of commission.

Hosea Matthews: I disagree. There's always an easier way.

Dutch Van Der L...: There ain't no easier way. Now, I know his type. He is a vindictive little power broker who rules by fear. Now, we pull that stunt in his cesspit of a town, we're doomed. You want to leave this place? Leave this country? We need that money.

Hosea Matthews: It just don't feel good, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: This is it. This is the last job

that we are ever going to pull.
Before the year is out, we are going
to be harvesting mangoes in Tahiti.
Farmers. But we need seed capital
and we need to leave. You know it. I
know it.

Hosea Matthews: Forgive me if I can't think
too much about the mango harvest-

Dutch Van Der L...: This is it. Trust me. Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: If it's business, well, business is
business.

Dutch Van Der L...: Angelo Bronte stands
between us and our future.

Hosea Matthews: You'll damn us all.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, come on.

Arthur Morgan: You better be right about this
one.

Dutch Van Der L...: I am.

Arthur Morgan: I've heard that before.

Dutch Van Der L...: And usually I've been right.

Arthur Morgan: If you say so.

Dutch Van Der L...: Quit doubting, Arthur. It does no favors. Come on, we need to go see a man about a boat.

Arthur Morgan: A boat?

Dutch Van Der L...: We're headed to a settlement called Lagras. I met a boatman there called Thomas who knows these waters like the back of his hand.

Arthur Morgan: Why do we need a boat?

Dutch Van Der L...: So we can attack Bronte's mansion from the swamp. Catch him off guard. He knows we survived the trolley station. So, he'll be expecting some kind of reprisal.

Arthur Morgan: Ah, right. Okay. Makes sense.

Dutch Van Der L...: See, I do still possess some

capacity for rational thought,
Arthur. Okay, follow me. Yah.

Dutch Van Der L...: Thank you.

Arthur Morgan: For what?

Dutch Van Der L...: For taking my side back
there.

Arthur Morgan: It ain't about sides.

Dutch Van Der L...: Feels like Hosea's lost his
spine.

Arthur Morgan: But this move on Bronte... Is it
for the bank job or revenge for
what happened at the trolley
station?

Dutch Van Der L...: Both. Neither. What does it
matter? We need to hit that bank.
And Bronte has the police and just
about everything else in Saint Denis
in his back pocket. He also set us up
and, lest we forget, took young
Jack.

Arthur Morgan: I understand. We just got a lot of pots on the boil given all the folks who's out gunning for us.

Dutch Van Der L...: You all seem to have forgotten how money is made and what it takes to support 20 people. Let alone what it takes to give 20 people a new life overseas.

Arthur Morgan: With all due respect, Dutch, is this Tahiti plan really going to work out?

Dutch Van Der L...: You tell me, Arthur. Is it? Have some goddamn faith. I am bending over backwards to make a future for us.

Arthur Morgan: I know, but-

Dutch Van Der L...: But. But. But. When did you become so small-minded? If you'd rather we break up the family, go our separate ways, just tell me.

Arthur Morgan: Of course not.

Dutch Van Der L...: This isn't a prison camp. I am not forcing anybody to stay. So either we're in this together, working together to get out together, or we're not. There simply isn't a reality in which we do nothing and get everything.

Arthur Morgan: I know. You're right. Just feels like we're on borrowed time again. I mean, the O'Driscolls found us.

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah, we need to move and soon. Haven't I made that clear? I feel like I'm going in circles with all of you. Micah is the only one left with any loyalty.

Arthur Morgan: Now, that ain't fair.

Dutch Van Der L...: You are talking like John. I swear that woman is poisoning him against me. I've seen it before.

What's the problem here?

Arthur Morgan: There ain't a problem.

Dutch Van Der L...: You think Micah would question going after Bronte? No. He'd say, let's go.

Arthur Morgan: I'm here, ain't I? I've been at your side for 20 years.

Dutch Van Der L...: I know. I'm sorry, son. It's just the endless debate about everything is wearing me down. The others I can take. But when you're not behind me, it hurts.

Arthur Morgan: I'm behind you.

Dutch Van Der L...: Blackwater, Valentine, Rhodes, Sean, Kieran. I promise none of it will be in vain. We are going to make it.

Arthur Morgan: I know we will.

Dutch Van Der L...: Here we are. Let me do the

talking.

Dutch Van Der L...: Thomas. It is good to see you, my friend.

Thomas Downes: Hello, Mr. Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Thomas, have you met Arthur? Arthur, Thomas is quite the boatman. He's going to help us get close to our prey. The other night we had quite the adventure fishing for catfish. Now, my friend, can I call in that favor?

Thomas Downes: What do you need?

Dutch Van Der L...: You know, Angelo Bronte? Well, exactly. We need to make a social call. We were hoping you could row us in quietly one evening around the back of his house.

Thomas Downes: If anyone can, I can.

Dutch Van Der L...: We'll pay you for your trouble.

Thomas Downes: If you're bringing him trouble, it won't be no trouble for me.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good.

Thomas Downes: My business partner, Jules, he's out on the skiff. I'll need to check with him. Plus, I need to check the traps. Would you come with me?

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course. Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Why not?

Thomas Downes: Shouldn't take too long if we can find him.

Thomas Downes: Be lively. Mind you, there's a lot of gators. Uncommon number, big ones.

Arthur Morgan: Great.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come now, Arthur. It'll take more than a prehistoric reptile to

scare you, surely?

Arthur Morgan: Well, I just want to see you meet your match when it comes to an ancient predator with a big mouth, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur here is something of a comedian, Thomas. More of a jester than a gunslinger.

Thomas Downes: Well, if you say so, Mr. Dutch. This way. Come on this way. Follow me here. And stay on the high ground.

Arthur Morgan: You call this ground? It feels like water to me.

Thomas Downes: Down here we can't be too picky there, Mr. Arthur. Got a couple of crayfish traps up ahead.

Thomas Downes: Mr. Dutch, you keep a lookout for company. Mr. Arthur, check the traps with me.

Arthur Morgan: This one's empty.

Thomas Downes: All right. I got a few more set over this way. Come on.

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't want to know what just touched my leg.

Thomas Downes: Mr. Dutch. You sure you're the right fellows to be going after Angelo Bronte?

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, he's much more the kind of reptile I can handle.

Thomas Downes: Now, stay close. Make sure you follow my line.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh I fully intend to, Thomas.

Thomas Downes: You too, Mr. Arthur.

Dutch Van Der L...: You can see why evening swamp wading hasn't caught on as a pastime, can't you?

Thomas Downes: I love it out here. Peaceful.

Nobody bothering you none. Except for the Night Folk sometimes.

Dutch Van Der L...: The Night Folk?

Thomas Downes: Yeah. Some strange people around these parts. Wilder than the animals they are.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, this just gets better and better.

Thomas Downes: Whoa. Stop where you are. It's a gator. Just stay as still as you can.

Thomas Downes: All right, let's keep moving. I got another trap by that small island up ahead. I don't know what's taking Jules so long with that boat.

Dutch Van Der L...: I think we are all equally keen to find him.

Thomas Downes: Give me a hand here, Mr. Arthur. This trap is stuck in the

mud. It happens.

Arthur Morgan: Oh. I guess something didn't want to be caught.

Thomas Downes: My gosh. So it's true.

Arthur Morgan: What is?

Thomas Downes: There's been talk of a big old bull, but people talk a lot of nonsense. I guess this was... No, but only something huge could do this.

Arthur Morgan: Fantastic. Well, let's hope it bites you first, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Should we just keep moving? I don't really want to hang around here much longer.

Thomas Downes: All right. I suppose this can wait. Let's go.

Thomas Downes: Hold up.

Dutch Van Der L...: My God. There's no shortage of them.

Thomas Downes: Good eating.

Dutch Van Der L...: Us or them?

Thomas Downes: Exactly. Come on.

Thomas Downes: We really should have run into Jules by now. I reckon we should split up so we can search both sides.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. Arthur, since you appear so at home here, you take the right. We'll go left.

Arthur Morgan: What?

Thomas Downes: Just keep your eyes open.

Arthur Morgan: Hey! Someone there? Hello? Jules? Hey! Someone there? Jules? Hello? Jules? Hey! Someone there?

Jules: In the tree.

Arthur Morgan: That must be him. Hey, you in the tree. What are you doing?

Jules: There's a monster. A monster!

Arthur Morgan: You okay up there?

Jules: There's a monster!

Arthur Morgan: Where?

Jules: Massive. It nearly ate me.

Arthur Morgan: Where'd he go?

Jules: It's out there.

Arthur Morgan: What?

Jules: A big gator, biggest I ever saw. Big and nasty. Knocked me off the boat and chased me over here.

Arthur Morgan: You must be Jules.

Jules: Yes.

Arthur Morgan: Where is the boat?

Jules: It's over there. I ran. I need some help.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. And where'd this monster

swim off to?

Jules: I think that way. Good luck shooting that thing. You'll need a cannon.

Arthur Morgan: I got the skiff. It's over here. It's stuck. Oh, no.

Arthur Morgan: I got it loose. Come.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good man.

Thomas Downes: All right. Let's get back to the dock.

Dutch Van Der L...: Yes, please. Let's go.

Jules: Thank God. So, who are these fellows, Thomas?

Thomas Downes: Two new friends of mine. I'll explain later.

Dutch Van Der L...: Jules, we are very happy to have finally made your acquaintance.

Jules: I thought I was going to be out here all night.

Thomas Downes: What was you doing hiding up in the tree, boy?

Jules: This gator was huge, Thomas. Twice as big as I ever seen. Twice-

Dutch Van Der L...: Now what?

Jules: I think we hit a tree stump.

Thomas Downes: Yeah, I'd thought we'd clear it. You're going to need to jump in and pull us free.

Jules: Me?

Thomas Downes: Yeah, just do it. It won't take you a minute, boy. Go on.

Jules: This is a bad idea.

Thomas Downes: We'll see any giant monster long before it gets anywhere near you. We got a couple of crack gunslingers here with their guns loaded. You'll be fine.

Jules: You didn't see the thing.

Thomas Downes: Yeah, neither did you. It's
just a myth Jules, now pull. Pull boy.

Thomas Downes: Jules?

Dutch Van Der L...: Shit.

Arthur Morgan: He weren't kidding.

Thomas Downes: No, I'm going in.

Dutch Van Der L...: No, no. We can't lose the
boat. Arthur'll go.

Arthur Morgan: I will?

Dutch Van Der L...: Quick. Go on, Arthur.

Jules: It got my leg! Help, it's got my leg!
Help!

Arthur Morgan: Come here, son.

Thomas Downes: Hurry, please!

Arthur Morgan: Shit. Where'd he go?

Dutch Van Der L...: He must be close, Arthur.
Come on. Come on, Arthur. Find

him.

Jules: Help! Help! Help!

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm coming.

Jules: Help! Help me.

Arthur Morgan: All right, I got you son. I got you.

Jules: Oh. God, no.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hurry up, Arthur! Just don't look behind you.

Arthur Morgan: Fire off a couple of warning shots, just to pretend you care.

Dutch Van Der L...: I got you covered!

Jules: God, oh God, no. Please hurry. My leg. Oh.

Dutch Van Der L...: Don't stop. Don't stop.

Jules: God, oh God, no. Please hurry. Oh, God.

Thomas Downes: Hang in there, Jules.

Dutch Van Der L...: Quick as you can, come on!

Thomas Downes: Hurry, hurry!

Dutch Van Der L...: Here, give me the boy. Put
him here, come on.

Arthur Morgan: He should be okay.

Thomas Downes: Get in. Jesus, look at the
size of it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Finish that son of a bitch,
Arthur!

Thomas Downes: You're going to be all right
Jules. Just hold on. It's coming right
for us! Shoot that thing!

Jules: Oh, no. Oh, no.

Dutch Van Der L...: I think he's going.

Arthur Morgan: Shit, that is one big old gator.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, your boy doesn't look
too good there.

Thomas Downes: Here, take this! Try to stop

the bleeding!

Arthur Morgan: You're going to be okay, son.
You're going to be okay. Just thank
your old uncle Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: I heard that.

Dutch Van Der L...: There's still a lot of blood.
You need to put pressure on it.

Arthur Morgan: I've stopped the bleeding. I
think he'll be okay if he don't get a
fever.

Thomas Downes: We can bring down a fever.

Dutch Van Der L...: A fever is the least of our
worries. Look who's back.

Arthur Morgan: Goddamn it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Put every bullet you got in
him. He's under the water, coming
right for us.

Dutch Van Der L...: Shit. Don't let him get any
closer. Okay, I think it's had enough.

Arthur Morgan: For now. Jesus, can we get back now? Whoa. You're going to be okay, kid.

Thomas Downes: Sorry, Jules. Guess all them stories was true. Big and mad. That's unusual. Normally, the little ones is angry. Big ones is lazy.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, I guess he never outgrew his anger. Kind of reminds me of you, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: You know, I don't think I've ever seen you squeal before, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: I weren't the one squealing.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, well you weren't in the water with him and this poor boy was nearly dinner.

Thomas Downes: Can we get some help? Jules' been bitten.

Speaker 11: Oh my God.

Thomas Downes: There's a monster out here. He's been bitten, but he's alive. Just keep him warm. Feed him garlic for the infection.

Thomas Downes: Thank you. Both of you. I'm at your service anytime you need.

Dutch Van Der L...: Thank you, Thomas. Where can we find you?

Thomas Downes: You just meet me back here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Very good.

Thomas Downes: Can one of you help me put the boat back out?

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm going to head back to camp and placate the irritable Miss O'Shea, who's causing more trouble. I'll collect the boys. Meet you back here, Arthur.

Thomas Downes: Mr. Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah.

Thomas Downes: Old Bronte, he's a bad man.

Arthur Morgan: I know.

Thomas Downes: Kill some good folks. Hurt a lot of people.

Arthur Morgan: Well, he definitely lacks a certain charm. I'll see you soon.

Thomas Downes: You be safe. We got monsters out here.

Arthur Morgan: Well...

Arthur Morgan: Remember me, boy?

Bill Williamson: So Dutch, what's Tahiti like, anyhow?

Dutch Van Der L...: I have no idea, but I hear it's paradise.

Bill Williamson: That's what they said about the West, and look how that turned out.

Dutch Van Der L...: It's men like Mr. Bronte, like Mr. Cornwall that ruined the West. That ruined everything.

Bill Williamson: So there's no folk like that in Tahiti?

Dutch Van Der L...: There's folks like that everywhere, but in Tahiti, to my understanding, folks feed them to sharks rather than make them kings.

Bill Williamson: That would be paradise.

Dutch Van Der L...: Exactly. Arthur, there you are. Come on. Thomas, let's get going.

Thomas Downes: Right you are.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hey, Bill. You were a sharp

shooter in the cavalry, weren't you?

Bill Williamson: What?

Dutch Van Der L...: When we get there, maybe you could help with this suppression fire.

Bill Williamson: I never said I was no sharp shooter.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, that's right. What was it? The nation's most loyal latrine digger, wasn't that it?

Bill Williamson: Yeah. Well, I fought and I fought well.

Dutch Van Der L...: So you always tell us.

Bill Williamson: Taught me something you could do with learning. Them Indians were savages.

Dutch Van Der L...: Watch your mouth there boy. Watch it. Only type of savage in these parts are moonshine,

swilling pompous, unbred locals.

Bill Williamson: Dutch, I saw things out there.

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't doubt you saw things, Bill, but your tiny little mind was too small to comprehend what you saw. What you saw was people who lost everything to savagery. The savagery of peasants. Failures come from Europe to reap some awful vengeance on God's last creation.

Arthur Morgan: Interesting way you boys got of preparing for a killing.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm sorry I wasted my life trying to teach you boys. Love you though I do.

Arthur Morgan: Well, leaving love aside. You think we got this?

Dutch Van Der L...: Don't you never leave love aside, Arthur. It's all we got. Now,

you pick us up yonder.

Thomas Downes: I got you.

Dutch Van Der L...: Thank you.

Thomas Downes: Good luck to you.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, quick. Stay quiet.
Lenny, Bill, you're with me. Arthur,
John, you take the left side. If you
see a shot, you take it. Okay? Good
luck, gentlemen.

John Marston: Arthur, let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Let's go.

Dutch Van Der L...: I said you're with John.

John Marston: You see those two? Stay out of
sight. You got a shot on them?

Arthur Morgan: [inaudible 00:04:02].

Dutch Van Der L...: We're coming for you,
Bronte. Send out every man you
got. Just give up. You bastard, it's
over. You crossed the wrong man,

Bronte. [inaudible 00:04:50]. This is not over yet. Head to the house. Shoot that lock, Arthur. Good. Now kick that damn door in. Look out.

Arthur Morgan: Bunch of goddamn jokers. I'll kill you all.

Dutch Van Der L...: All right. Let's spread out.

John Marston: Coming down the stairs.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur. Lenny, keep that door covered.

John Marston: Bronte must be up there. Let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Damn it. Come on Bronte.

Dutch Van Der L...: Goddamn it. [inaudible 00:06:31] Bronte be here.

Arthur Morgan: John, in here.

Speaker 8: Oh fuck. Okay, okay. I'm sorry, friend. Name your price. Name your price. Every man have a price. Okay,

okay. No, I surrender. I surrender.

John Marston: Should we kill him?

Arthur Morgan: No, let's take him to Dutch.

John Marston: You can carry him. I ain't touching that piece of shit.

Arthur Morgan: I think Dutch wants to have a little chat, Mr. Bronte.

Dutch Van Der L...: Shit. Let's go. Come on. Put your guns down. Come on Morgan. We're getting the hell out of here. This is it. Arthur, come on. Let's go. [crosstalk 00:07:48]. Sorry boys. Nobody's going to get out today. We got to get out of here.

Lenny Summers: Look out. More on the left. Push up on them, boys.

Arthur Morgan: Let's go.

Dutch Van Der L...: Shoot and move [inaudible 00:08:17]. Come on. Stay tight. Put

him in the front. Bill, you help.

Arthur Morgan: You got him?

Bill Williamson: Yeah.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, Lenny. All right.
Come on. Let's get out of here. Hey,
big man. We going to ransom you
or what?

Speaker 8: Oh, you're pathetic.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, I am? Because from
where I'm sitting, you're the one
deserving of pity, my friend. All your
men, all your money, it weren't no
match for a bunch of bumpkins.

Speaker 8: You are nothing. You do nothing.
You mean nothing. You stand for
nothing. Me? I run a city. And when
the law catch up to you, you will die
like nothing. I am this country. You
are what people are running from.

Dutch Van Der L...: I possess things that you

will never understand.

Speaker 8: You don't even possess your own men. \$1,000 to the man who kills him and sets me free.

Dutch Van Der L...: What are you going to say now?

Speaker 8: They are even bigger fools than you.

Dutch Van Der L...: No doubt.

Speaker 8: The law will find you. Already the dogs are on the way.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh yeah. Oh, you're right. You are so right. They are good at smelling filth, huh? So filth has got to be disposed of. Your friends the [inaudible 00:10:05] going to come and rescue you? You repulsive little maggot. Call them now. You call them.

John Marston: Jesus. What part of your

philosophy books cover [inaudible 00:10:37]. You're a goddamn alligator, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: The part that covers weakness. That part.

John Marston: I don't know.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, I do. It ain't nice. I know it, but it is us or him. I figure it might as well be him.

Dutch Van Der L...: Who's there?

Hosea Matthews: I'm telling you, Dutch, this is the way to do this job. The distraction will buy you all the time you need.

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't like it.

Hosea Matthews: It's the right plan. We've done the work. I've been in town, looking, watching and, and waiting.

I've tested it as well as I can. It's the right plan.

Dutch Van Der L...: I know. I just... Well, between you and me, I'm nervous, I suppose.

Dutch Van Der L...: I suppose that's it.

Hosea Matthews: You're never nervous. That's been my job all these years.

Dutch Van Der L...: I know. You're sure?

Hosea Matthews: Certain.

Hosea Matthews: Well... not certain it will be done, but certain it can be done. And certain this is the only way I see we can do it. I've timed it out more than once.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, you're the expert.

Arthur Morgan: [Gentlemen 00:00:01:24].

Hosea Matthews: Look, the bank... Karen, Tilly, Abigail, I sent them all. They all

say the same thing. There's no more than one armed guard. And the police... It's a city, there are police, but as far as we can tell, the patrols will all be going this way. When Abigail and I cause the diversion, and that's the opportunity.

Dutch Van Der L...: What do you think, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Well, I don't see we have a lot of choice. We linger around here we know we're dead.

Dutch Van Der L...: But the plan?

Arthur Morgan: We got a decent bunch. We know how to fight. The city cops don't seem so tough, as long as we move fast. I reckon doing it in the day, with a distraction. If that's what Hosea is saying. It's as good a plan as any.

Dutch Van Der L...: I think I agree.

Hosea Matthews: And we do it at night.
There's the drama of just getting
into the bank. Can't do that silently.
They'll pick us off far easier.

Dutch Van Der L...: I know. I'm... I'm Just
making sure.

Hosea Matthews: Every plan is a good plan if
we execute it properly. Every
problem we had was because we
did not execute properly. Even
Blackwater from my understanding.

Dutch Van Der L...: You're right. Let's rob this
bastard. Everyone get some rest.
We ride out in the morning. Look
smart. Travel light.

Dutch Van Der L...: You got everything, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Hosea Matthews: So we rob ourselves a bank
and within six weeks we're living life
anew in a tropical idyll spending the

last of our days as banana farmers?
Let's get out of this godforsaken
place and go rob ourselves a bank!

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, Hosea, get
moving! We ain't got all day.

Dutch Van Der L...: This is it, gentlemen. The
last one.

John Marston: Where have we heard that
before?

Dutch Van Der L...: What has happened to you,
John? You lost all your heart.

John Marston: I'm just trying to stay real about
all this.

Dutch Van Der L...: Real, oh, how I detest that
word. So devoid of imagination.

Speaker 5: How soon are we shipping out?

Dutch Van Der L...: Soon as we get a passage
organized. Boat down to Argentina
and another around the Cape.

Speaker 5: What about the money in Blackwater? We're just going to leave that behind?

Dutch Van Der L...: Forget that, it's gone. You all talk like it's the only goddamn money in the world. We're going to take that and more. Take it from the people who take it from us. This isn't some hick town, \$100 operation. This is a big city bank!

John Marston: Right. With security, guards, police.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hosea has done his reconnaissance. We've been over this. The plan. One last time. Hosea and Abigail draw out the police. We go in calm and fast. John and Lenny, secure the front doors. Javier takes the side exit. Bill, Micah and Charles, control the crowd. Me and Arthur deal with the bank manager

and vault. Got it?

Speaker 5: Got it.

John Marston: Yeah.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good. Alright, that's enough talk.

Hosea Matthews: Gentlemen, let us go ahead.

Dutch Van Der L...: How long do you need?

Hosea Matthews: Not long, 15 minutes or less. You'll know by the noise. Any problems, we'll see you in camp.

Abigail Roberts: Good luck gentlemen.

Dutch Van Der L...: Ride on! Everybody knows the drill. We head in hard and stay calm. They won't be expecting us. Any minor trouble, head back to camp. We'll leave in a few days. You good, Bill?

Bill Williamson: Sure. Then ride on with Charles. We don't want to be seen heading

in like some posse of country
outlaws.

Dutch Van Der L...: This is it, cowboys! One
more time!

Arthur Morgan: One more time.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let us ride!

Dutch Van Der L...: Nice and easy through town
now boys.

Dutch Van Der L...: There's Bill, let's hitch up
here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Gentlemen... robbing
thieves, it ain't no crime at all. Folk
like this... They stole what this
country could have been. Stay cool
fellers. Act natural. Wait for Hosea
to do his thing.

John Marston: This, this'd better work.

John Marston: Looks like there's law over the
other side.

Dutch Van Der L...: Have a modicum of faith, John, will you please? Soon as we get out, load everything onto the wagon here.

Dutch Van Der L...: I love that Hosea, he's a true artist.

Dutch Van Der L...: Gentlemen... Let's go! Ladies and gentlemen, this is a hold up. Don't do nothing stupid.

Speaker 9: Who do you think you are?

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, now then. Arthur, would you please have senor bank manager here open up the vault?

John Marston: Open the vault, come on!

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, you're with me. Let us clear this out. Forget all the drawers, just get those safes open.

Arthur Morgan: I need the combination for these safes.

Bill Williamson: Tell him the combination. Come on. Speak... speak or die... now!
First number.

Speaker 9: 19.

Bill Williamson: 19.

Arthur Morgan: Got it.

Bill Williamson: Okay now, what's the second number?

Speaker 9: 72.

Arthur Morgan: Alright, should be one more number.

Bill Williamson: Last number! Come on!

Speaker 9: 54.

Bill Williamson: You get that, Mr. M?

Arthur Morgan: Okay, I'm in.

Bill Williamson: 54.

Speaker 8: What did I tell you?

Arthur Morgan: Would you look at that.

Bill Williamson: Get out of here.

Speaker 11: We got trouble! Looks like the law.

Dutch Van Der L...: [crosstalk 00:09:32] Come on, let's go. Okay.

John Marston: Think we got a problem out here!

Andrew Milton: Come out, it's over!

Arthur Morgan: Shit, Abigail!

Andrew Milton: Dutch, get out here! Get out here now!

Dutch Van Der L...: Someone must have squeal.

Arthur Morgan: We never should have gone after Bronte, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Mr. Milton, let my friend go or folks they're going to get shot unnecessarily.

Andrew Milton: Your friend? Why would I do

that?

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on Milton.

Andrew Milton: It's over. No more bargains. No more deals.

Dutch Van Der L...: Mr. Milton, this is America. You can always cut a deal.

Andrew Milton: I've given you enough chances.

Dutch Van Der L...: No!

Arthur Morgan: Goddamn it.

Andrew Milton: There's your deal, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hosea... Hosea! Goddamn it. Kill those bastards. [inaudible 00:10:49]. [crosstalk 00:10:35] Kill those bastards. [Hosea 00:00:11:05].

Arthur Morgan: Goddamn it! I said this was a bad idea!

Dutch Van Der L...: Hold them back, I got an idea.

Arthur Morgan: What?

Dutch Van Der L...: Just keep shooting!

Speaker 12: Give me a hand Arthur! Wagons
coming in the left here! Hosea isn't
moving!

Arthur Morgan: Of course, he ain't, he's dead!

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, are you alive?

Arthur Morgan: Just about!

Dutch Van Der L...: Get over here!

Arthur Morgan: Shit! There's too many of them!

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, come on! Arthur,
where are you?

Arthur Morgan: What if they've got Abigail?

Dutch Van Der L...: For Christ's sake, Arthur!
Get over here!

Arthur Morgan: [Yeah 00:12:14].

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, come on!

Speaker 13: Just drop your weapon!

Dutch Van Der L...: For Christ's sake, Arthur!
Get over here! [crosstalk 00:12:41]
Arthur, come on!

Arthur Morgan: This is worser than Blackwater.

Dutch Van Der L...: For Christ's sake, Arthur!
Get over here!

John Marston: I don't know how much longer
[crosstalk 00:13:54] we can hold
them back. Dutch is working on it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, come on!

Arthur Morgan: That is not what I want to hear
right now! Where's Abigail?

Dutch Van Der L...: How the hell do I know.
Arthur! Get over here!

Bill Williamson: How the hell did they [crosstalk
00:13:54] know? They got to be a
rat?

Arthur Morgan: You really want to talk about

this now? [crosstalk 00:13:54] we're getting killed here!

Dutch Van Der L...: For Christ's sake, Arthur! Get over here! There's no way that we are getting out that door. Take this, and blow a hole through that door.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Dynamite! Stay down!

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, climb up to the roof and cover us. Here. Get up there, I'll cover the rear. We'll get them out of here.

Arthur Morgan: That we will.

Speaker 14: Piece of shit [inaudible 00:15:01].

Speaker 15: They're on the roof!

Arthur Morgan: If you're going to move, move now.

Dutch Van Der L...: Go, go go! Everyone with me! Now, let's go!

Speaker 14: Let's get the asshole in the corner!

Dutch Van Der L...: Get shooting, all of you!

Arthur Morgan: Oh my God... Come on! Where
is everybody, what's going on down
there?

John Marston: We lost control of the bank...
The others are trying to hold them
off.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. [inaudible 00:15:40] They
got a Gatling gun! Stay... down!

John Marston: Nearly there.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur... We lost John.

Arthur Morgan: Killed?

Dutch Van Der L...: Arrested... I couldn't help.

Arthur Morgan: Well, we better go or we'll be
next.

Dutch Van Der L...: What you think?

Arthur Morgan: I reckon me and Lenny try and

find a way across the roofs. So if
you cover us.

Dutch Van Der L...: Sure, sure. Go on!

Lenny Summers: We can get across here!

Arthur Morgan: No! Lenny! Dutch, they got
Lenny!

Lenny Summers: Oh, goddamn them!

Dutch Van Der L...: We can't stop now, Arthur,
or we're all dead!

Speaker 17: Soon as you have a shoot take it.

Speaker 18: Come on!

Speaker 17: They're up here somewhere?

Dutch Van Der L...: We have got to jump!
Arthur, go! All of you, we got to
keep quiet and keep moving or
we're going to be dead in the next
few minutes. Follow me, one at a
time. Arthur, you go next. Come on,
follow me. Keep it down, there's

law everywhere.

Arthur Morgan: Careful, there's more law down there.

Speaker 19: Find these men, all of you! Find these men! You! You seen anything?

Speaker 20: No, not yet.

Speaker 19: Find them, find them! Come on, all of you. Keep alert.

Arthur Morgan: Shit, looks like they're heavily patrolling round here.

John Marston: Arthur... Arthur! We can get him here. Come on.

Bill Williamson: I don't believe it.

Arthur Morgan: They knew we were coming. Just knock your ferry job in Blackwater.

Speaker 5: Ain't nothing like that.

Bill Williamson: Well, what now?

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't know. I don't. This whole town is filled with cops.

Arthur Morgan: Well, how long we're going to stay here? A few hours?

Dutch Van Der L...: We go back to camp, they're going to get every last one of us. I know they're going to be watching the roads.

Dutch Van Der L...: I got it... a boat.

Arthur Morgan: What you mean?

Dutch Van Der L...: We stay here till nightfall. Then we sneak on down to the docks. We get ourselves out of here.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, but where?

Dutch Van Der L...: Any place will do? That's all I got. We leave. We lie low. We come back for the rest in a few weeks.

Arthur Morgan: I'm guessing it's that or we die out there right now.

Dutch Van Der L...: Exactly! Now everybody calm down. I mean... Look at us. Okay, follow me and keep your heads down. To the boats, come on. Guards up ahead.

Arthur Morgan: What now?

Dutch Van Der L...: Just wait a second. Everyone stay down and keep quiet.

Arthur Morgan: Looks like they've stopped.

Dutch Van Der L...: We'll go through the train, Arthur. Come on. Rest of you, follow when it's clear. Someone is coming. Look out on the left! Stay low. Someone is coming, duck!

Speaker 22: I don't see why we have to check the train. They just robbed Lemoyne National Bank. It's not like they're going to take the first line

out of town.

Speaker 23: I know Milton say it.

Speaker 22: Milton said a lot. Come on, I won't be out here all night.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on. Okay then. Shit, stop Arthur.

Dutch Van Der L...: oh, dammit! We're never going to get past these fellers. Arthur, head over to the water, see if you can draw them out.

Arthur Morgan: Draw them out? How?

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't know. Make a noise, whistle or something?

Speaker 24: What was that?

Speaker 25: We've wasted enough time on these fools.

Speaker 26: Spencer said [crosstalk 00:22:56] at least two of them are dead.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Dutch Van Der L...: What'd you think?

Arthur Morgan: Don't know.

Speaker 27: They were watching for us.

Dutch Van Der L...: Maybe, maybe not.

Speaker 27: Well, they ain't just waiting there
for no reason.

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah, let me think for a
second.

Speaker 27: I'll deal with them.

Dutch Van Der L...: What? How?

Speaker 27: I can't kill all of them silently so,
when they chase me, you go the
other way.

Dutch Van Der L...: What are you talking
about?

Speaker 27: You heard what I said?

Arthur Morgan: Oh, I like him. Real brave.

Speaker 25: What in the hell? Who is... Excuse me! Buddy! Hey, stop! Stop, stop!

Dutch Van Der L...: That is one of the most beautiful acts I ever saw. Come on.

Arthur Morgan: What now?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, at least we got some gold.

Arthur Morgan: Sure. This boat ain't going to Tahiti by any chance?

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't know. John, Lenny, Hosea... That wasn't good.

Arthur Morgan: I know. So what we got to do now?

Dutch Van Der L...: Guess I'm going to introduce myself to the captain. Give him some of this gold to secure his silence.

Arthur Morgan: And find out where we're headed.

Dutch Van Der L...: How do I look?

Arthur Morgan: Like a shifty, no good Killer on the run from the law.

Dutch Van Der L...: Ain't that the truth? Excuse me, sir!

Speaker 28: Hey, who are you?

Dutch Van Der L...: Forgive me. A stowaway. Can I see the captain please? I come and peace. Well, it's going to take a little more gold, but I think we're going to be okay. This captain, he is a fine feller. A New Englander, from the Cape. The rest of the ship is Frenchmen. They're heading down to the islands, taking some Pennsylvania coal. Now, apparently we're going to be able to slip ashore in Northern Cuba in a couple of days.

Arthur Morgan: That's so?

Dutch Van Der L...: Apparently.

Bill Williamson: What are we going to do in Cuba, Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: Hold up for a while, then hurry back gather up the rest of our family. At least we got some money now. Money and loyalty. With that you can do whatever you please.

Bill Williamson: So you reckon they'll follow us to Cuba?

Dutch Van Der L...: Like Colonel Waxman on a jolly? I highly doubt it. I reckon we hold ourselves to ourselves and this has done and dusted.

Arthur Morgan: Let's hope so. I ain't no sailor, but that cloud look like good news to you?

Dutch Van Der L...: Wake up. Everybody, wake

up. Wake up! Come on Arthur!
Arthur! Wake up!

Arthur Morgan: Why? What's going on?

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't know, but we are getting off of this boat. You come on. Would you get a move on you sleepy bastard.

Arthur Morgan: You go on ahead. I'll be right behind you. Jesus.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch. Dutch!

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm okay. You?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah.

Dutch Van Der L...: This ain't moving.

Arthur Morgan: No. Yeah, you go on ahead. I'll try and find another way.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, goddammit!

Arthur Morgan: Dutch!

Arthur Morgan: Where the hell am I?

Arthur Morgan: Dutch. Dutch. Boys.

Dutch Van Der L...: You're alive. Arthur? You're alive.

Javier Escuella: Mother... You're okay.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, it is a miracle. It is a goddamn miracle. Here, have something to drink. Have a drink. Somebody give him a goddamn drink. Oh son. Son, take it easy. We got you. We got you.

Arthur Morgan: So, where the hell are we?

Dutch Van Der L...: We are on the island of Guarma. Javier asked a local. It's a old sugar plantation island. Second Island east of Cuba.

Arthur Morgan: Is it anywhere near Australia or to Tahiti?

Dutch Van Der L...: It's on the way, I guess.

Arthur Morgan: So, what next?

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't know.

Arthur Morgan: Well, next I guess we're going to get shot.

Levi Simon: [foreign language 00:00:07:04].

Dutch Van Der L...: Gentlemen, this is quite a welcome.

Levi Simon: Who are you?

Dutch Van Der L...: [foreign language 00:07:10]
We are no one.

Levi Simon: What's your name?

Dutch Van Der L...: Aiden O'Malley.

Levi Simon: Is that so? What are you doing Mr O'Malley?

Dutch Van Der L...: Surviving. We were lost at sea in the storm.

Levi Simon: Is that so?

Dutch Van Der L...: No, I'm in the habit of looking like this. Is all of this really

necessary?

Levi Simon: We've got enough troubles around here right now, Mr O'Malley, without taking a chance on a bunch of vagabonds. Behave yourselves and no harm will befall you.

Speaker 5: [foreign language 00:07:45].

Levi Simon: Let's go. We got another group round it up down the way.

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't get your drift, mister, uh?

Levi Simon: Levi Simon. Senior overseer for Alberto Fussar. We run the third most productive sugar plantation in the Northern Caribbean. Of course, where there's money to be made, there's trouble.

Dutch Van Der L...: What sort of trouble?

Levi Simon: Oh the usual sort. People wanting what ain't theirs and others telling

them to take it.

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't get you?

Levi Simon: Labor troubles. And other thieves and pirates looking to disrupt our ways of working.

Dutch Van Der L...: How very upsetting for you.

Levi Simon: Not half as upsetting as it will be for them. Mr Fussar has a lot of very powerful friends.

Dutch Van Der L...: I will bet that he does.

Levi Simon: Bunch of Haitian pirates won't frighten him. They'll be strung up in the streets soon enough.

Dutch Van Der L...: And do we seem like Haitian pirates to you, Mr Simon?

Levi Simon: You seem like someone or other.

Arthur Morgan: We was headed to Tahiti.

Levi Simon: You was going the scenic route. Just as soon as I know exactly who you

are, you'll be free. Meantime, you'll not starve. [foreign language 00:09:13].

Levi Simon: Welcome to Guarma, gentlemen.
Now, if you'll excuse me.

Arthur Morgan: What now, Aiden?

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't know. What do you think?

Arthur Morgan: I think we've got to get out of here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah, but they can't find out who we are.

Arthur Morgan: Well, for now, we're stuck then.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, for what it's worth, I think I would have preferred Tahiti.

Arthur Morgan: You and me both.

Dutch Van Der L...: Who are these people?

Arthur Morgan: Who knows?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well they got them chained and lashed, but they don't look too dangerous. Excuse me, sir. Who are our new friends here?

Speaker 5: [foreign language 00:10:32].

Dutch Van Der L...: What crime did they commit?

Speaker 5: [foreign language 00:10:36].

Speaker 6: Insurrection? That's quite a word.

Speaker 5: [foreign language 00:10:40].

Dutch Van Der L...: For once boys, I don't think they are shooting at us. Hold them off-

Dutch Van Der L...: Good work Arthur.
Everyone okay?

Javier Escuella: Yeah.

Dutch Van Der L...: Damn, reinforcements.

Hercule Fontain...: [foreign language 00:12:27]

We need to get out of here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Now we're in trouble.

Hercule Fontain...: Come one. Come one.
[foreign language 00:12:33].

Everyone, follow me. [foreign
language 00:12:36]. Come, come
come!

Dutch Van Der L...: Javier!

Javier Escuella: Get out of here. Get out of
here, there's a lot of them.

Dutch Van Der L...: What do you think?

Arthur Morgan: We've got to move, Dutch!

Dutch Van Der L...: Don't lose faith, son! We'll
find you!

Hercule Fontain...: [foreign language
00:12:49]. Go, go!

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, Arthur.

Hercule Fontain...: Quickly. I have some guns
stashed here. Come.

Arthur Morgan: Hey.

Dutch Van Der L...: Unload on them, fellas.

Arthur Morgan: Thanks for getting us out of there.

Hercule Fontain...: Don't thank me yet.

Dutch Van Der L...: Bill, you're with me. Let's get up there. Arthur, you too! Come on! Push up on them!

Dutch Van Der L...: Nice island you got here.

Hercule Fontain...: It's not my island.

Bill Williamson: Goddman this, fool!

Arthur Morgan: This is a hell of a welcome.

Dutch Van Der L...: They're running away!

Hercule Fontain...: Come on. Follow me. Quick!

Hercule Fontain...: What you doing here?

Dutch Van Der L...: I have no idea. Running from somebody or something, I

guess.

Hercule Fontain...: Aren't we all. Hercule Fontaine.

Dutch Van Der L...: Dutch van der Linde. These drowned rats are Micah, Bill, and Arthur.

Hercule Fontain...: Okay. Well, Fassar will be desperate to find you. We must be very careful.

Dutch Van Der L...: So, who is this Fassar?

Leon: A tyrant driven by nothing but power and greed. Our only purpose is to work ourselves to death, to make him rich.

Hercule Fontain...: Leon wants the people to stand up to Fassar, but most are too afraid.

Dutch Van Der L...: And you?

Hercule Fontain...: I am not from here. I bring

things in and off the islands behind Colonel Fussar's back. Let's, uh... Let's rest a moment. Down there Aguadulces. Fussar's compound. The sugar cane these poor men kill themselves farming gets processed in that factory there.

Leon: They're little more than slaves shipped in from other islands. A group escaped yesterday into the jungle, hoping to find a way back to their homes.

Hercule Fontain...: Now Fussar's men are out hunting them down. That old Fort: Cinco Torres. My men and I use that as a hideout when we are here. Come on. I know somewhere you men can rest.

Dutch Van Der L...: Can we trust you?

Hercule Fontain...: I don't see you have any choice. I am the only one who can

arrange a boat for you. But, I need something in return. Help Leon with that group of escaped workers, and then come meet me at the fort.

Dutch Van Der L...: You help us get back our friend and get out of here, we will do everything we can.

Hercule Fontain...: Thank you.

Leon: [foreign language 00:16:35].

Hercule Fontain...: If your friend is still alive, they will have him at Fussar's compound. There is a cave hidden below the cliffs. It will lead you right there.

Dutch Van Der L...: Thank you.

Hercule Fontain...: The workers are somewhere in the jungle. Hopefully we can get to them before Fussar does.

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course.

Hercule Fontain...: Gentlemen, goodbye.

Bill Williamson: Well, if this is a tropical
paradise, so far it ain't up to much.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'll go scope the entrance to
that cave. Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: I need to get some rest.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well you're right. We all
need to relax. What a mess. I am so
sorry boys.

Bill Williamson: Get some sleep, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Micah, guard this spot. Bill,
do some more scouting. Carefully.

Leviticus Cornw...: Shit, that don't look good.
What the hell was that?

Speaker 2: [foreign language 00:00:30] Huh?
Who are you? Huh? Huh? Who are
you? Where are you from? Where
are you from? Where are you from

I'm asking you? What are you doing here? Huh? What are you doing here?

Leviticus Cornw...: I'm American. My name is Leviticus Cornwall.

Speaker 2: Are you okay?

Leviticus Cornw...: I don't know.

Baptist: Maybe there's still time to get to the other workers. I think they hear voices coming from the other ruins down there. Let's sneak down and take a look.

Leviticus Cornw...: Which way?

Baptist: I will show you. You don't look good. You should rest here.

Leviticus Cornw...: Okay. You'll need this.

Baptist: Come. Follow me. Stay close behind me. I know a way we can sneak around.

Leviticus Cornw...: Okay.

Baptist: Quick. [foreign language 00:03:09].

Baptist: Okay, they have moved. Come on, keep close behind me. Follow me. Let's go. The guard. Keep out a fight. [foreign language 00:00:03:45].

Baptist: Okay. Follow me. [foreign language 00:03:48].

Baptist: Move ahead. Take cover on the other side of the store [foreign language 00:04:13].

Baptist: Thank you. My friend. I'm Baptist. I work with Hercule. We owe you our lives.

Hercule: Yes. Thank you.

Leviticus Cornw...: My pleasure. This place makes me miss home.

Baptist: Take care of my friend. Hercule is

getting a boat lined up to get you
and your men out of here. Just
meet him at Cinco Torres.

Leviticus Cornw...: We'll be there.

Baptist: Good, good. Here, this is for you.

Leviticus Cornw...: Thanks.

Baptist: It's not much, but it's the least we
can do. Good luck getting home.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hey.

Arthur Morgan: Hey. So what's the plan?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, I found the cave
Hercule spoke of and also a guide.
She's up ahead. I think we can trust
her. Follow me. The entrance is
along here. Just watch your footing.

Arthur Morgan: So, what do we do when we get
Javier back?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, we're going to get the

hell out of here. Then set sail for the one place ain't nobody going to be expecting us. Get everybody together and get ourselves back on course.

Arthur Morgan: Where would that be?

Dutch Van Der L...: The place we just escaped from.

Arthur Morgan: You want to go back to Saint Dennis?

Dutch Van Der L...: If it was you who got left, you'd want us to go back.

Arthur Morgan: I'd want it, but I wouldn't expect it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, that's the point. Ain't no one going to expect it. We come back from the dead, gather everyone and we leave before anyone realizes we've even resurrected.

Arthur Morgan: Insect bite you or something?
Because you're gone friend.

Dutch Van Der L...: We look like what we are, a bunch of desperados, on the run. But with the women, a change of clothes, we're a choir or a gang of pilgrims, or something.

Arthur Morgan: Whatever you say. We're a bunch of penniless fugitives on some Caribbean dump, sneaking through caves, while two of our best men got shot back home. How could I doubt you Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: You got no idea Arthur, no idea at all. I will do whatever it takes for us to survive.

Arthur Morgan: I guess that's what I'm afraid of.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hold on.

Arthur Morgan: Why?

Dutch Van Der L...: Gloria.

Gloria: [foreign language 00:02:06].

Dutch Van Der L...: [foreign language
00:02:08].

Gloria: [foreign language 00:02:10]. The
money, the gold.

Dutch Van Der L...: [foreign language
00:02:17].

Gloria: [foreign language 00:02:20].

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, it's genuine, you old
hag.

Gloria: [foreign language 00:02:26].

Dutch Van Der L...: Now, that gold right there,
it's the last bit of gold I have in my
pocket from the bank. The rest of it
is-

Arthur Morgan: At the bottom of the sea.

Dutch Van Der L...: Exactly.

Gloria: [foreign language 00:02:44]

Arthur Morgan: You know, wasn't Fussar one of the fellows Bronte pointed out to us at the party at Saint Dennis?

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah. You're right. I knew I'd heard that name before.

Arthur Morgan: So I met up with Leon, that situation with the workers is dealt with.

Dutch Van Der L...: Captured, tied up, beaten poor bastards.

Arthur Morgan: No, that was me. Are you share this Hercule fellow ain't just using us.

Dutch Van Der L...: Almost certainly. But he's the best chance we have right now of getting out of this place. Won't be long before someone figures out who we are and sends word to the U S.

Arthur Morgan: So what happened with John and that bank?

Dutch Van Der L...: He survived, unlike dear Hosea and Lenny. The only one they took alive. Why is that, you think?

Arthur Morgan: I don't know. I was already on the roof. I didn't see it.

Dutch Van Der L...: And Abigail, I presume she was able to slip away in time.

Arthur Morgan: What are you talking about?

Dutch Van Der L...: You know, when I look back at all the chaos the past few weeks, the apparent superficial chaos, I begin to wonder. Maybe for somebody, this is all going exactly to plan.

Arthur Morgan: I still ain't sure what you're saying Dutch.

Gloria: [foreign language 00:04:17]. The

door is stuck. You'll have to lift it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Pardon me, my queen.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, come help me with this.

Gloria: Just lift it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay then. Just a bit more.

Gloria: [foreign language 00:04:49].

Dutch Van Der L...: This way?

Gloria: [foreign language 00:04:55]. Then you pay more.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay.

Gloria: More.

Dutch Van Der L...: Just a second.

Gloria: Pay more. Pay now.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch. What are you doing?

Arthur Morgan: Jesus. Easy, Dutch.

Arthur Morgan: What was that?

Dutch Van Der L...: Horrible old crone.

Arthur Morgan: But you killed her.

Dutch Van Der L...: She was going to betray us,
Arthur. Couldn't you tell?

Arthur Morgan: No.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, I got some Spanish.
She was.

Arthur Morgan: You keep killing folk, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: I am just trying to make
sure that some of us survive Arthur.
Now, shall we proceed?

Arthur Morgan: I guess.

Dutch Van Der L...: Listen, son. You think I want
any of this?

Arthur Morgan: I don't know.

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course I don't, but I
made a pledge to you all, we would
survive, no matter what.

Arthur Morgan: So how did you know she was going to betray us? What she say?

Dutch Van Der L...: It was in her eyes and the way she was leading us.

Arthur Morgan: But you said you knew Spanish.

Dutch Van Der L...: I know human beings, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Are you going to strangle me next?

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm doing the best I can.

Speaker 4: But my friend.

Speaker 5: I do not understand. Who are you?

Speaker 4: I come from Mexico, I never met those men.

Speaker 5: Does anyone believe him?

Crowd of people...: No.

Speaker 5: Mr Simon doesn't believe you. Even the mule doesn't believe you.

Mr Simon: [foreign language 00:06:41]

Speaker 5: [foreign language 00:06:44]

Speaker 4: [foreign language 00:06:48].

Speaker 5: [foreign language 00:06:52].

Dutch Van Der L...: I have had enough of this.

Crowd of people...: [foreign language
00:07:10].

Dutch Van Der L...: We're going to have to
sneak around. This way.

Dutch Van Der L...: They're all listening to that
fool. They won't notice us if we stay
quiet.

Dutch Van Der L...: We need to deal with them.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I'm sure you got some
ideas.

Dutch Van Der L...: Shut up and help me kill
them.

Dutch Van Der L...: On my count, you take the

one on the right. I'll take the left.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, let's hide the bodies.
You grab that one.

Crowd of people...: [foreign language
00:08:07].

Dutch Van Der L...: Over here.

Crowd of people...: [foreign language
00:08:10].

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's head around the back
of the building and see if we can
find a way through.

Crowd of people...: [foreign language
00:08:24].

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's go in there.

Arthur Morgan: Why?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, you know me Arthur.
We'll cause ourselves a little
distraction. And then, poof, we will
disappear.

Crowd of people...: [foreign language
00:08:55].

Dutch Van Der L...: Take the other side of this
door.

Crowd of people...: [foreign language
00:09:08].

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. You take the nearest
one on the left. I'll deal with his
friend.

Crowd of people...: [foreign language
00:09:24].

Dutch Van Der L...: Over here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. Now we need to
create a diversion.

Arthur Morgan: Well what do you think, find
another old lady to strangle?

Dutch Van Der L...: That is enough, Arthur. This
is a war.

Arthur Morgan: Well if this is a war, then we

need to start blowing some stuff up.

Dutch Van Der L...: Exactly.

Arthur Morgan: Is there any dynamite?

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh no, we don't need dynamite. We got a furnace and lots of sugar.

Arthur Morgan: Sugar?

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh yeah, no problem. You'll see.

Dutch Van Der L...: Go close the windows and doors. Go on. Quick.

Dutch Van Der L...: Create enough dust. This place will go.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. We are nearly there.

Dutch Van Der L...: Kindling.

Dutch Van Der L...: All right. Head on out and wait for me. I'll get this going.

Dutch Van Der L...: We better hurry. Follow

me.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Dutch Van Der L...: I don't want be too close to that building when it goes up. Come on. We can hide behind that well. That place has to blow soon. Get ready to make a run for Javier.

Javier Escuella: Nice to see you.

Arthur Morgan: We're going to have to deal with these men.

Dutch Van Der L...: Stay there Javier. Arthur and I will hold them off.

Crowd of people...: [foreign language 00:13:10].

Dutch Van Der L...: There's more coming. I'll grab Javier. You shoot us some space, Arthur.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's get the hell out of here. Follow me. Stay close, Arthur.

Okay. Let's move.

Arthur Morgan: We're getting overwhelmed here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on you goddamn animals.

Arthur Morgan: There'll be more on the way. Come on.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's go. Come on. Shit, they're coming out after us. Arthur, you got them?

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on. See if we can lose them in the fields.

Crowd of people...: [foreign language 00:14:31].

Dutch Van Der L...: Head down towards the river.

Crowd of people...: [foreign language 00:14:55].

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's get across the river.

We can hold them off from there.

Arthur Morgan: Is he okay?

Dutch Van Der L...: He's passed out.

Arthur Morgan: Or dead.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, he'll be fine. I'll get him out of here. You stay here. Take care of these fools a bit.

Arthur Morgan: No problem. Go. Quick.

Dutch Van Der L...: This will give us a chance to get to Hercules fort. I'll meet you there, Arthur.

Speaker 1: (silence) All right. Now we did what you asked.

Hercule Fontain...: It's like I said, Fussar knows who you are and knows the price on your head. It's a big problem.

Speaker 1: I see.

Hercule Fontain...: But if we can silence him, then I can help you escape before anyone has time to get here from America. That way, we all get what we want.

Speaker 1: We want to get the boat you promised us.

Hercule Fontain...: And you will, but you have found yourself in the middle of a war, my friend. Fussar has called in the navy from Cuba. There's no way a boat could leave right now.

Speaker 3: Hercule. Hercule. [foreign language 00:00:45].

Hercule Fontain...: Come. Follow me. (silence). So now we have a real problem this must be the boat he called in from Cuba.

Speaker 1: That's a goddamn warship.

Bill Williamson: You kind of have to hand it to

this feller. So I guess great minds think alike. So what now?

Hercule Fontain...: We fight or we run.

Bill Williamson: Any of you boys feel like running? So what to...

Hercule Fontain...: I will go get the cannon ready.

Speaker 1: Okay, let's get to it.

Micah Bell: Morgan, shoot them men.

Bill Williamson: Shoot them, fellers on the beach.

Arthur Morgan: I see them.

Bill Williamson: We got more coming at us on the right.

Hercule Fontain...: Let's prepare the welcoming party.

Micah Bell: Why the hell are we doing this. This ain't our fight.

Hercule Fontain...: Do you want to get of this island or not?

Micah Bell: He's using us.

Speaker 1: Just shoot Micah.

Micah Bell: Look out on the left here, boys.

Speaker 1: You said you were getting us a goddamn boat, Hercule.

Hercule Fontain...: What do you want me to do? We are trapped up here.

Bill Williamson: Why are they shooting at me? They're getting real close. Come on.

Hercule Fontain...: I'm going to need your help, my friend.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Bill Williamson: Don't let him get any closer.
[inaudible 00:02:37] here.

Arthur Morgan: Damn, this is heavy.

Bill Williamson: Damn, there's a whole lot more

of them turning up.

Micah Bell: This don't look good fellers. Damn it.

Speaker 1: Let's go down and clear them off the beach.

Hercule Fontain...: Wait, I'll come too.

Arthur Morgan: And me.

Bill Williamson: We'll guard this thing.

Hercule Fontain...: Grab the shotgun, Arthur.

Speaker 1: There's a lot of guns out there.

Arthur Morgan: So what do we do?

Speaker 1: I say we push forward because if we don't, we're going to die here and now.

Arthur Morgan: Okay then.

Speaker 1: Follow me. This is kind of fun.
(silence).

Micah Bell: Okay, I think we can move.

Hercule Fontain...: Let's go. Get in that
[inaudible 00:03:59].

Speaker 1: Come on. Let's move down.

Hercule Fontain...: Yes, we need to push them
back. The ship just hit their own
men.

Bill Williamson: Very kind of you Mr. Fussar.

Hercule Fontain...: There are boats coming
from both sides.

Arthur Morgan: Dammit.

Speaker 1: You cover the right.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Speaker 1: You go right to it Hercule, hit them
hard on that side.

Hercule Fontain...: Good luck. (silence).

Micah Bell: Keep going, just a few left now.

Hercule Fontain...: Let's get down to the
beach. This is not over yet.

Speaker 1: Watch out, another boat just made land. (silence) Let's grill these bastards. That's all of them. Good work, gentlemen.

Hercule Fontain...: Back to the fort. Come on. (silence) Come on. Damn, damn, he's getting closer.

Arthur Morgan: What do we do?

Speaker 1: You go Arthur. I'll gladly hold them off this beach a while longer.

Arthur Morgan: You sure.

Speaker 1: Just certain, son.

Arthur Morgan: You think that cannon will be enough?

Hercule Fontain...: Only one way to find out.

Arthur Morgan: For Christ's sake how many men has Fussar got?

Hercule Fontain...: That's the problem. It doesn't matter how many we kill,

he will have the money to get more. Watch out. Damn, we will have to climb up around the side. This way. Wait, look. That one's going right for Dutch. Hurry, please, we need to get back up there. Up here, Arthur. Come on. [foreign language 00:07:41]. You man the cannon. I'll get you some more shot. Aim for the waterline, we need to put a serious hole in that boat. (silence).

Micah Bell: That one definitely hit. And again Morgan.

Hercule Fontain...: Reloading.

Micah Bell: They felt that one. There we go.

Hercule Fontain...: Yes, they're going down.
Let's get down from here. Come on.

Speaker 1: That was quite some shooting boys.

Hercule Fontain...: Thank you.

Speaker 1: What now?

Hercule Fontain...: They'll be back, but I found a boat for you and he should be arriving on the dock anytime now.

Speaker 1: Great, Micah, go meet with the captain. If he's amenable and discreet, tell him we'll be ready to set sail soon. Bill come help me collect poor old Javier.

Bill Williamson: Sure.

Speaker 1: Hercule. It was a great pleasure to make your acquaintance. (silence)

Micah Bell: I thought I was dead for sure. Boys, we got a real problem. Nice Mr. Fussar don't want us going nowhere. He knows just who we are. If he can keep us here for a few more days, well...

Bill Williamson: And what about the captain of the ship here?

Micah Bell: They got him trussed up like a hog. Guards all over the place. Got us surrounded with gun positions, so when we try to sail out, he's going to blow holes in us.

Dutch Van Der L...: This feller is really beginning to try my patience.

Bill Williamson: And he ain't even had you tortured yet.

Micah Bell: I like the man's style. He's thorough, nasty and vindictive. However, in this instance, I don't see we got any alternative, but we go and free our friendly captain and destroy the artillery.

Bill Williamson: For once, I agree with you. Hercule?

Hercule Fontain...: Oh, I'll fight Alberto Fassar every day I can.

Arthur Morgan: Alright. Bill, you're going to

guard Javier on the ship here.
Micah, Arthur, let's get to work.
Hercule, we follow you.

Hercule Fontain...: [foreign language
00:01:00], this way.

Micah Bell: Quick, let's get up around the back
of that artillery post. There's two
guards. Arthur, come on. Get your
knife ready. You take out the first
guy and I'll get the other one. Okay,
clear. Let's plant the explosives.

Micah Bell: You got it secured properly,
cowpoke?

Arthur Morgan: I think so.

Micah Bell: Knowing you, I have my doubts.

Arthur Morgan: Shut up, Micah.

Micah Bell: Come on, run!

Hercule Fontain...: Look out above us! On the
roof! Come on. There's another set

of cannons up ahead.

Hercule Fontain...: Let's go!

Speaker 10: [foreign language 00:02:41].

Hercule Fontain...: Let's go, push up on them!

Hercule Fontain...: Wait here for a second for the others to catch up.

Micah Bell: I'll get the dynamite rigged on these cannons. There'll be more coming.

Dutch Van Der L...: We'll hold them off. Up here, Arthur, we'll have a better view.

Hercule Fontain...: Look, more of Fussar's men coming through the fields.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, come on, let's pick them off before they get too close.

Dutch Van Der L...: How are you getting on with those cannons, Micah?

Micah Bell: Nearly there!

Micah Bell: Okay, boys, we are live, stand back.
The captain's being held in the
workers' compound. This way!

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's go!

Micah Bell: The captain's in that blue building,
straight ahead.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, let's deal with these
bastards first! Come on! Push up on
them! All right, you get the captain
out of that cabin. We'll cover things
out here.

Micah Bell: I got you now, you bastard.

Arthur Morgan: We are all bastards, my friend.
But only one of us is some would be
emperor's whore.

Speaker 11: We know who you are.

Dutch Van Der L...: And nobody knows who
you are, not even your goddamn
father.

Alberto Fassar ...: You maggots are going to die.

Dutch Van Der L...: Eventually, I'm sure we will, but not today, and not because of you.

Alberto Fassar ...: The US Navy is on the way.

Dutch Van Der L...: I am sure they are, which is why you're going to let us leave, or you are dying right here, my friend.

Lyndon Monroe: Here!

Dutch Van Der L...: Damn! You saved my life. Thank you, Captain.

Lyndon Monroe: I suppose you men are my cargo.

Dutch Van Der L...: Dutch van der Linde. I am sorry you got hurt.

Lyndon Monroe: Captain-

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's go. Gentlemen. Back to the ship. Come on! What

happened to Fussar? He escaped?

Hercule Fontain...: I didn't see him.

Dutch Van Der L...: Damn it!

Hercule Fontain...: They have sent
reinforcements! Let's go! Another
one, shoot him!

Dutch Van Der L...: Keep going, just get to that
boat!

Hercule Fontain...: Look out on the left!
There's one on the rock! Come on,
let's finish these connards!

Hercule Fontain...: Keep going! Let's move!

Speaker 10: [foreign language 00:08:00].

Hercule Fontain...: Push up! Here. Fussar's up
there, I think.

Arthur Morgan: In the tower?

Hercule Fontain...: Yes. Yes, that's him.

Arthur Morgan: This goddamn idiot. Come on!

Hercule Fontain...: He's shooting, we have to take him down. Arthur, there's another cannon up ahead on our left. Can you get to that?

Arthur Morgan: I'll try! I got him for you, Javier.

Dutch Van Der L...: Captain, can you handle the ship?

Lyndon Monroe: I'll be fine. Come on, we'll get going with the tide before I get any more surprise interviews with local officials.

Dutch Van Der L...: Are you going to be okay?

Hercule Fontain...: We'll be like you. We'll disappear probably back to Haiti. Believe me, we'll be long gone by morning.

Dutch Van Der L...: Good. Thank you.

Dutch Van Der L...: We survived.

Arthur Morgan: Just about.

Micah Bell: Well, what now?

Speaker 14: What now?

Micah Bell: What do you mean, what now?

Speaker 14: I mean, we're heading back to Lemoyne, again, and we're all wanted men.

Dutch Van Der L...: We slip ashore one by one. Find out what's what.

Micah Bell: And we don't cut and run now? Head back to Blackwater.

Dutch Van Der L...: No.

Micah Bell: Why not?

Dutch Van Der L...: Because the last thing they'll be thinking is for us to turn up.

Arthur Morgan: We've been on a run for a while now and it feels like... Like our luck has turned. You know? And I ain't turning back. We had a good run of

it, I guess.

Dutch Van Der L...: We ain't even played our hand yet. We just need to put some more money in our pockets, make our escape. Broke, alone, they're going to pick us off one by one, and you know it.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe.

Dutch Van Der L...: Not. Maybe. We need to split up, keep a low profile, try to track down the rest, but carefully. See if they sent any mail. Arthur, you check Shady Belle. We'll find each other eventually, we always do.

Speaker 16: And then what?

Dutch Van Der L...: Then we meet up. We gather the family, we get some money and get the hell out of there. That's the plan.

Speaker 16: We all acting crazy. And that's not what I thought we were going to be doing.

Dutch Van Der L...: We've been in a bad way. Listen, I will kill for my family. Any of you want to judge me for that, that's fine. But that is who I am. Anyone disagree? Anyone?

Arthur Morgan: Come on now.

Speaker 2: (singing).

Arthur Morgan: Hello? Hello? Anyone here?

Speaker 3: Dear Uncle Tacitus. I do so hope you enjoyed your vacation. Lucky you, leaving like that. And you always suggested you were too old for travel. I hope you and your cousins enjoyed yourselves. Me and your grandnieces have decided to take a trip of our own as the place

has become so dreary and God forsaken in your absence. We've gone to visit relatives from my daddy's side. You are not yet acquainted with them in Lakay. A small village, just North of Saint Denis. It's buggy and muggy, but apparently neither is too bad at this time of year. Please come see us when you can. Yours sincerely,
Caroline.

Arthur Morgan: Well, thank you... Darling nice Caroline.

John Marston: Milton keeps sending us back every day to search this place.

Speaker 5: There quite clearly isn't a gang of outlaws holed up here.

Speaker 6: Someone is here, look. Those are fresh footprints. Looks like someone might be here right now.

John Marston: Sure. Someone is here... There's

always someone everywhere.

Speaker 5: Let's look around then... See if we can find something for Mr. Milton.

John Marston: Mr. Milton... I like to find a poisonous snake for him.

Speaker 5: That's enough Mr. Johns. You take Mr. Bunter and search around back. Mr Orly, let's head inside gentlemen. Be careful.

Arthur Morgan: All right, girl.

Speaker 7: Arthur! Arthur's here!

Speaker 3: Oh, Arthur, you're alive!

Arthur Morgan: Just about.

Simon Pearson: Arthur! Arthur's here!

Abigail Roberts: Oh, Arthur, you're alive!

Arthur Morgan: Just about.

Abigail Roberts: Come inside, come on, it's

raining.

Simon Pearson: Look at you.

Abigail Roberts: Hey everybody, look who's here.

Javier Escuella: You made it.

Arthur Morgan: How y'all doing? Hey, old man, wake up!

Abigail Roberts: Hey. Arthur, they got John...

Arthur Morgan: Good to see you.

Sadie Adler: Yeah, he got arrested.

Arthur Morgan: He ain't hung yet?

Sadie Adler: Not yet. They moved him to Sisika. He's been working on a chain gang.

Arthur Morgan: Howdy.

Abigail Roberts: [crosstalk 00:00:38] Dutch, Dutch. They got John.

Uncle: There he is, old Dutchy. [crosstalk 00:00:43]

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. Okay. [crosstalk
00:00:43]

Sadie Adler:[crosstalk 00:00:43]He's back. He's
back.

Dutch Van Der L...: How'd you folks find each
other? What happened? Can
somebody get me a cup of coffee,
or something?

Leopold Strauss: It was Mrs. Adler who saved
us, Dutch. After the robbery in Saint
Denis, she got us away from the
camp before the Pinkertons turned
up. Then Mrs. Adler and Mr. Smith
drove away the degenerates who
were living here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Mrs. Adler, we owe you.
[crosstalk 00:01:08] Thank you.

Tilly Jackson: It's been real hard, Dutch. We
been surviving but only just. What
we going to do?

Dutch Van Der L...: Things have been tough.
There ain't no doubt about that.
Trust me, I am going to get us out of
here. This ain't over.

Micah Bell: Ain't none of you folks interested in
our adventures?

Abigail Roberts: Guess we're more interested in
escaping the hangmen on our tail.

Micah Bell: Cheerful nymph of the prairie,
wasn't you, Abigail?

Abigail Roberts: Oh, sure. My fair heart jumps
for joy when I set eyes on you,
Micah.

Abigail Roberts: We buried Hosea, Dutch.
Charles and I stole his body from
the law one night and gave him a
proper burial. It was real nice.

Bill Williamson: Well, here you is. Well, I asked
everybody I could find, and
eventually someone knew. Said you

fools were out here. Shit! Get me a drink or something.

Sadie Adler: Get your own damn drink!

Dutch Van Der L...: In our absence, Mrs. Adler here has been looking after things. Now sit down.

Andrew Milton: This is Agent Milton with the Pinkerton Detective Agency.

Dutch Van Der L...: Already?

Arthur Morgan: Aw, shit...

Andrew Milton: On behalf of Cornwall Kerosene and Tar, the United States Government and the Commonwealth of West Elizabeth-

Dutch Van Der L...: Here we go.

Andrew Milton: We are here to arrest you. Come out with your hands up. Give them to a count of five, then give them everything. Actually, let them

have it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Everyone get down!

Arthur Morgan: Asked everyone you could find,
did you, Bill?

Sadie Adler: Arthur, follow me!

Abigail Roberts: This is real bad.

Arthur Morgan: Just stay down, all of you.
Goddamn it.

Sadie Adler: Arthur, follow me.

Arthur Morgan: Where are we going?

Sadie Adler: This way, there's a trapdoor into
the other house. We can try to flank
them.

Sadie Adler: Quick, Arthur! [crosstalk 00:03:25]

Andrew Milton: [crosstalk 00:03:25] You fools
weren't listening to me, were you? I
showed mercy. You mistook it for
weakness-

Sadie Adler: Why have they stopped shooting?

Andrew Milton: Now I will show strength and you may mistake it for brutality. There is no escape for any of you. I shall hunt you to the ends of the earth and the end of time! I killed your friends and I've enjoyed killing them and now I'm going to-
[crosstalk 00:03:44]

Arthur Morgan: [crosstalk 00:03:44] This idiot is really starting to irritate me.

Arthur Morgan: Come on!

Andrew Milton: [crosstalk 00:03:44] Kill each and every one of you!

Arthur Morgan: We need to push them back!

Sadie Adler: Okay, let's go!

Sadie Adler: They're coming from the side!
Come on, let's push them back!

Bill Williamson: Don't think for one minute

you're going to have all the fun by
yourself!

Arthur Morgan: They're hiding in the trees, get
them!

Sadie Adler: We'll kill every last one of you!

Bill Williamson: I have had it with you bastards!

Arthur Morgan: Get those sons of bitches!

Dutch Van Der L...: We need someone back
here. They're coming down the
main path.

Sadie Adler: There's more of them. Get on that
Gatling gun, Arthur!

Pinkerton: You're a dead man!

Arthur Morgan: Shit!

Bill Williamson: We got more on the left, here!

Arthur Morgan: Keep your head down! I'm
swinging this around!

Sadie Adler: More coming this way, Arthur! To

your right!

Arthur Morgan: There's more of them moving in!

Bill Williamson: That's right! Run you spineless sons of bitches!

Dutch Van Der L...: You saved us, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Well, me and Bill and Sadie.

Dutch Van Der L...: You okay, son?

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Bill Williamson: Well, we ain't been back for more than a few days.

Arthur Morgan: What do we do, Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: Clearly, we need to leave. It will take them some time to regroup. Mr. Pearson, Miss Grimshaw, start packing up. Javier, you and Bill, get out of here. Go scare off any scum still loitering about. We need a couple of days.

Now, please gentlemen!

Bill Williamson: Sure.

Arthur Morgan: What next, Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: We just need some time. I need some time. Now, we can't go east because then we'll be in the ocean, so we're going to have to go north, I guess. I just need someone to buy me some goddamn time! One of you!

Micah Bell: You'll figure it out, boss. You always do.

Abigail Roberts: What are you going to do about John, Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: John?

Abigail Roberts: He's in jail.

Dutch Van Der L...: We'll get him. Abigail, just not yet.

Abigail Roberts: There's talk of hanging him.

Dutch Van Der L...: It's not going to come to that.

Abigail Roberts: Dutch!

Dutch Van Der L...: Not now, Miss! Not now.

Abigail Roberts: I'm begging you two. He's... they're going to hang him. It would break my... the boy's heart. Please, do something.

Sadie Adler: We will.

Sadie Adler: Okay. I'm going to go figure out how we rescue this bastard.

Arthur Morgan: Now?

Sadie Adler: Yes, now. Meet me at Doyle's Tavern on Milyonne Avenue.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: My lord what a goddamn mess... Everything. Not sure what happens next. Whole thing has been hard on all of us. But most of

all, on Dutch, who seems half
crazed by all we gone through.

Arthur Morgan: How are you, boy?

Speaker 1: Hey there, folks.

Speaker 2: Hello, sir.

Speaker 1: You seem in good spirits, miss.

Speaker 3: Mister, are you okay? Are you okay,
mister? Mister, you don't look so good.
Let's get you to a doctor.

Speaker 3: Come on, it's not far. Just down the
street here.

Speaker 1: Give me a minute. I'll be fine in a
minute. There, I'm fine.

Speaker 3: Nearly there. Just around this
corner. Now you head in there, friend.
Go on.

Speaker 4: Can I help you?

Speaker 1: I need a doctor.

Speaker 4: Oh, just one second, sir.

Speaker 5: Come in, pal. Come in.

Speaker 1: Mister, I need some help.

Speaker 5: And so it seems. And that's Doctor.
Mister, to you.

Speaker 1: I'm sorry.

Speaker 5: I was joking. Now look friend, I
don't mean nothing, but you got
money? I mean, before I start treating
you because I got a family.

Speaker 1: I understand. Here, will that do?

Speaker 5: Sure. Thank you. Now, what's
wrong? I mean, what appear to be the
symptoms?

Speaker 1: Well, I think you've heard them. I'm
Coughing.

Speaker 5: Is there any blood?

Speaker 1: Sometimes.

Speaker 5: Okay, now here, breathe. Again. Let me see your tongue. Now, say "ah".

Speaker 1: Ah. What is it?

Speaker 5: It's not good news.

Speaker 1: Well, I guessed that.

Speaker 5: You got tuberculosis. Really sorry for you, son. It's a hell of a thing.

Speaker 1: Well, what do you mean?

Speaker 5: You're real sick. It's a progressive disease. well, the best thing is rest and getting somewhere warm and dry and taking it easy now, is that possible?

Speaker 1: Sure. I can just take my winters in my country club in California. No, it's not possible.

Speaker 5: Well, like I said, I'm really sorry.

Speaker 1: Yeah, well...

Speaker 5: Now, wait, let me get you a little bit more energy today.

Speaker 6: We can't change what's done. We can only move on.

Speaker 7: You have it in you, I can tell.

Speaker 8: He didn't have a choice. He was good and he did good.

Dutch Van Der L...: White to D4.

Arthur Morgan: You okay there?

Dutch Van Der L...: Working it all out. Once and for all Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: What now?

Dutch Van Der L...: We're back and I'm sitting here and I am contemplating the great journey of the sun and considering a famous chess move. Those oily enactors of a mediocre justice, the Pinkertons and their

benefactor the depressing
millionaire, Leviticus Cornwall, they
want us Arthur. They want us and
they are going to have us.

Arthur Morgan: Well, maybe they ain't a
problem.

Dutch Van Der L...: Meaning?

Arthur Morgan: I don't know it's just, I can't help
but feel we would have been better
running off someplace else.

Dutch Van Der L...: But the game ain't over
there Arthur, I ain't played my final
move, but...

Arthur Morgan: I guess I'm more interested in
saving lives than winning at chess.

Dutch Van Der L...: And maybe life ain't such a
thing to cling on to so tightly.

Arthur Morgan: No doubt. What about the
women?

Dutch Van Der L...: You sound like Hosea. I miss him.

Arthur Morgan: I asked you a question.

Dutch Van Der L...: What do you think?

Arthur Morgan: We can't stay here, that much is obvious. But where are we going to run to? They chased us from the West, they chased us over the mountains, they ran us into the sea.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur, do you have my back?

Arthur Morgan: Always, Dutch. But there's more than your back to worry about. We need more money. We've been on the run for months now and I seen you killing folk in cold blood like you always told me not to. And I'm sorry, but I can't help but think that if we...

Dutch Van Der L...: There is country in Roanoke

Ridge past Butcher Creek, I believe we could hold.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Dutch Van Der L...: You and Charles, you take folks up that way. Micah and I need to do some reconnaissance. I ain't got a final plan yet. Arthur, I ain't got a... I just need time. I need time and no traitors.

Arthur Morgan: Charles, will you ride with me?

Charles Smith: Always. Where we headed?

Arthur Morgan: Up past Butcher Creek.

Charles Smith: That's Murfree Brood Country.

Arthur Morgan: That's why I'm asking you to ride with me.

Charles Smith: I understand. What are we doing there?

Arthur Morgan: Looking for a place to hole up. Even the law won't follow us up

there too willingly.

Charles Smith: Yeah, I did some scouting up there while your boys were away.

Arthur Morgan: And?

Charles Smith: You'll see. I knot the way. Follow me.

Arthur Morgan: We need to get this done fast. Pinkertons will have reinforced in another day or two.

Charles Smith: Yeah, the sooner we get out of here, the better. It's quite a ride up there. I saw some canoes near the bridge up river which would take us right up to Butcher Creek. Might be quicker. What'd you think?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah a boat's probably a good idea.

Charles Smith: Okay, good.

Arthur Morgan: It's good to see you again,

Charles.

Charles Smith: You too.

Arthur Morgan: Thanks for what you did in Saint Denis, real brave drawing them off us like that. I was worried you and Abigail both got yourself killed.

Charles Smith: I found a spot to lie low for a while then managed to get a ride with a wagon of workers heading out to the fields. Abigail said she somehow managed to slip away when they grabbed Hosea.

Arthur Morgan: You did good getting the others out of there, keeping everyone together.

Charles Smith: Everybody was pretty shaken up when I got back to Shady Belle. It was a tough few days, I couldn't have done it without Sadie.

Arthur Morgan: So how did you find that spot

back there? I assume the skulls on sticks weren't an addition of yours.

Charles Smith: Old Strauss knew about it. The locals are terrified of the place so we figured that my buy us some time. And it did, until one of you brought the law with you. Where did you end up again? Cuba?

Arthur Morgan: Not exactly. An island off of there called Guarna. Landed ourselves in a heap of trouble.

Charles Smith: Really? A tropical island, isn't that just what Dutch wanted?

Arthur Morgan: I guess it didn't exactly live up to his ideals, anyway. I ain't always sure Dutch knows what he wants anymore.

Charles Smith: Perhaps not, but he's always managed to figure things out in the past.

Arthur Morgan: I know, you're right. Guess I just miss Hosea and his wisdom.

Charles Smith: Of course.

Charles Smith: There's the bridge. There should be some canoes down to the right here. Easy. Well, I see one anyway. That'll do, come on. Okay, Butcher Creek is a few miles up river. So I spent some time up this way while you were gone. I ran into Rains Fall and Eagle Flies, the Indians? I've been trying to help out a bit where I can at their reservation. Things are bad there.

Arthur Morgan: That's not a surprise. They seemed to be in a lot of trouble and heading into more.

Charles Smith: Some men there spoke a lot about the Murfree gang that hides out in these caves and we're going to need to be careful. They're

animals. Everyone is terrified of them.

Arthur Morgan: Great. Dutch didn't mention this.

Charles Smith: Well, hiding up here, it's not a crazy idea. This is a spot nobody comes near, even the law. But just be ready, it won't be pretty.

Arthur Morgan: So be it.

Charles Smith: That's Butcher Creek up ahead.

Arthur Morgan: Who are they?

Charles Smith: The locals.

Arthur Morgan: They don't look too friendly.

Charles Smith: Wait until you meet the Murfrees. All right, let's walk it from here.

Arthur Morgan: You know how we get to the caves at Beaver hollow?

Speaker 4: You'll get away if you know what's

good for you.

Arthur Morgan: Good evening.

Charles Smith: Come on, they're not going to help us. I'm pretty sure it's to the North, up the road here.

Speaker 5: These Murfree hills stranger, might watch where you wander.

Charles Smith: It's a bit of a walk, we could grab those horses if you want? They probably won't miss them if we get them back by morning.

Arthur Morgan: You can see why folks don't want to come round here. Ain't exactly a welcoming place.

Charles Smith: Lots of stories of people going missing around these parts. Just recently a stagecoach from Annesburg disappeared without a trace coming through here.

Arthur Morgan: Guess that's good for us,

assuming these inbred bastards are willing to part with their home, which I'm sure they won't be too pleased about.

Charles Smith: No, but I believe they hide out all over Roanoke Ridge, these caves are just one of their spots. Which is why we should keep it down. They might have lookouts around.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. You see that up ahead?

Charles Smith: Slow down, keep it quiet. It could be some of them. I say we dismount here and follow them on foot, see where they're going. Follow me and stay quiet. Let's get closer to them. Come on, up this way.

Speaker 6: Hold up, I need a breather.

Charles Smith: Definitely Murfrees. I say we deal with them from here. You take one, I'll take the other.

Speaker 6: Why do I always got to do the carrying?

Speaker 7: Because I do the skinning.

Speaker 6: Well how about I do the skinning.

Charles Smith: Quick Arthur.

Speaker 7: You're a son of a bitch, you know that?

Charles Smith: Good job. We must be close now. Let's stop and have a look from the top of this hill there.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, let's see what's going on.

Charles Smith: There's the stagecoach went missing.

Arthur Morgan: Jesus. They must be in the cave. All right, let's get on with this. Okay, what do you think?

Charles Smith: We can head into the cave or flush them out with dynamite.

Arthur Morgan: Let's surprise them in there.

Okay, let's get a little closer. Ready?

Charles Smith: Let's get this over with. You see that? Someone's coming out of the cave. I'll keep watch [inaudible 00:14:11] quietly. Let's move, come on. Done, let's go. Someones down there, she's alive.

Speaker 8: We've got visitors boys.

Arthur Morgan: You weren't wrong about these crazy sons of bitches.

Charles Smith: They got someone locked up in that cage!

Arthur Morgan: Charles, you see any more of them?

Charles Smith: Not for now. Come on, let's get that poor girl out of the cage.

Meredith: Stay away from me.

Arthur Morgan: It's okay, miss.

Meredith: Please don't kill me.

Arthur Morgan: Just calm down. We ain't going to hurt you. It's okay, it's okay, shh. You're safe. It's okay. It's time to go. It's okay. Okay. Let's go. Where are you from?

Meredith: Annesburg.

Arthur Morgan: What do we do with her?

Charles Smith: Take her there and I'll go get the others.

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Miss, you okay riding on my horse a little? I'll keep you safe. Annesburg, right?

Meredith: Yes, they did...

Arthur Morgan: It's okay, miss.

Meredith: The others, they killed them.

Arthur Morgan: You're safe now. Just try to breathe.

Meredith: They're animals.

Arthur Morgan: I know. It's all right, miss.

Meredith: Why would they?

Arthur Morgan: Some folks is just evil, ain't no point trying to explain it.

Meredith: I haven't slept in days.

Arthur Morgan: I know. What's your name, miss? It's okay.

Meredith: Meredith.

Arthur Morgan: You're going to be home soon, Meredith, and this will all be over.

Meredith: Thank you.

Arthur Morgan: Where in Annesburg?

Meredith: One of the mining cottages. If you get me to the main street, I can show you from there.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Just try to relax now.

Meredith: Just head for the main street, it'll be easier to walk from there.

Arthur Morgan: Miss, we're here.

Meredith: Oh, thank God.

Arthur Morgan: So which place is yours?

Meredith: Up at the top of the hill. It's near the blacksmith.

Arthur Morgan: Come on then.

Meredith: Ma!

Speaker 10: Meredith? She's alive. Oh, she's alive.

Arthur Morgan: She saw some pretty bad things I'm afraid, ma'am. Murfree brood got her.

Speaker 10: Oh my darling. How did you manage?

Arthur Morgan: I just ran into them and found her.

Speaker 10: Oh thank you. Here, let me give you this.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, that's okay ma'am. You just keep her warm and keep her safe.
Mrs Downes?

Edith Downes: Oh no. You leave me alone. You just leave me alone.

Speaker 12: Thanks buddy.

Dutch Van Der L...: How you get on?

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Found a girl, took her home.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh.

Arthur Morgan: You and Micah find anything?

Dutch Van Der L...: Maybe. I think maybe, I found our old friend Mr. Cornwall.

Arthur Morgan: You did?

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah, he's buying a stake in the mine in Annesburg.

Arthur Morgan: Relentlessly ambitious feller,
isn't he?

Dutch Van Der L...: Micah and I will sniff about,
see if he knows we're here and
exactly what his plans are.

Speaker 13: So Dutch, did you miss me?

Miss O'Shea: I found her, drunk in Saint
Denis.

Dutch Van Der L...: You're back. How jolly, Miss
O'Shea.

Miss O'Shea: It's Molly, you sack of shit!

Dutch Van Der L...: Back and drunk.

Miss O'Shea: Who made you the master, the
Lord God Almighty?

Dutch Van Der L...: Calm down.

Miss O'Shea: I won't be ignored, Dutch van
der Linde. I aren't him. I aint her or
any of your stooges.

Dutch Van Der L...: Calm yourself, miss.

Miss O'Shea: You don't owe me nothing. I
don't owe you nothing. Nothing!

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay.

Miss O'Shea: I'll spit in your eye. I did, I told
them!

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm sorry?

Miss O'Shea: Yeah I told them and I'll tell
them again. Not I've got God's ear.

Dutch Van Der L...: You told who what?

Miss O'Shea: Mr. Milton and Mr. Ross about
the bank robbery and I wanted
them to kill you.

Dutch Van Der L...: You did what?

Miss O'Shea: I loved you, you goddamn
bastard! Go on shoot me.

Arthur Morgan: She's crazy. She aint worth it.

Dutch Van Der L...: You told on me? You

betrayed me?

Arthur Morgan: Just calm down.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: She's a fool. Get her out of here.

Dutch Van Der L...: You know the rules.

Miss O'Shea: Oh, not so big now are we, you majesty?

Susan Grimshaw: She knew the rules, Arthur. What the hell is wrong with you? Mr. Pearson, Mr. Williams said, get this body out of here and get it burnt.

Speaker 16: Okay.

Susan Grimshaw: Now get back to work, all of you! Quit you're lollygagging, Get back to work.

Speaker 17: You're a nasty woman, Miss Grimshaw, a nasty woman.

Susan Grimshaw: You think I wanted to shoot her?

Speaker 17: You seemed to like it, I saw that beady look in your eye.

Susan Grimshaw: You're drunk again.

Speaker 17: And you're a fucking murderer!

Susan Grimshaw: She broke the rules.

Speaker 17: She did no such thing, she was in love, you sour-faced old crone! God damn you, Murderer, Murderer!

Leopold Strauss: Mr. Morgan, how are you?

Arthur Morgan: Herr Strauss.

Leopold Strauss: How are you?

Arthur Morgan: About how I look.

Leopold Strauss: Okay. Are you perhaps available for some work?

Arthur Morgan: Debtors?

Leopold Strauss: Yes.

Arthur Morgan: I guess.

Leopold Strauss: Your commitment to your duties is admirable. You know Mr. Morgan, you are... well, I'm sorry for you. No, nevermind. I didn't...

Arthur Morgan: Look Strauss....

Leopold Strauss: You take care.

Arthur Morgan: I ain't dead yet.

Leopold Strauss: No, of course not. That's what I was saying...

Arthur Morgan: The debtors, Strauss... Who owes you money?

Leopold Strauss: Well, there's a deserter from Fort Wallace. Head to him first. They're looking for him out on the road near Three Sisters. Man's name is J. John Weathers.

Arthur Morgan: J. John Weathers...

Leopold Strauss: Then, there's a miner over in Annesburg. He's called... well he's called Arthur... like you. Arthur Londonderry. Family man, desperate. You know the type.

Arthur Morgan: Couldn't one of the boys do this?

Leopold Strauss: I tried. They lacked your vigor.

Arthur Morgan: Vigor, huh? All right.

Leopold Strauss: Take care, Mr. Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Aw hell.

Speaker 3: Help! They got the wrong man!
You're after my brother Petey...
Petey's always getting into trouble.

Arthur Morgan: Hyah!

Speaker 3: Ach!

Arthur Morgan: J. John Weathers.

J John Weathers: They call me Snow Goose now.

Arthur Morgan: Whatever they call you... You borrowed money off of Leopold Strauss. The bill's come due.

J John Weathers: This ain't the best time, sir.

Arthur Morgan: This ain't the best time for anyone.

J John Weathers: Mr. Strauss knew it was a long term proposition.

Arthur Morgan: The debt is due.

J John Weathers: Okay. I got supplies, meant to last through the winter. You can take them just... Is there any way you can help me? I stay out here, there won't be anyone to pay you.

Arthur Morgan: I ain't here to help. I'm here to collect. We're all, all of us up

against it.

J John Weathers: Look, there's men after me. They're killers. I ain't a deserter, just an objector. It ain't right. If there was another way than running, I need your help.

Arthur Morgan: Shut up.

J John Weathers: Please.

hunter: Up here, it's him.

J John Weathers: It's too late.

hunter 2: Form up, we shoot on sight.

J John Weathers: I'd clear off, sir.

Arthur Morgan: Ah, shit. Well, seeing as I'm here. I'll do what I can for you.

hunter: Oh no! The horses!

hunter: We're going to die!

Arthur Morgan: Ah!

hunter: The lantern! My wagon!

hunter: The supplies!

J John Weathers: It's all right, my darling. You can come out.

Arthur Morgan: Aww, crap. I probably should've helped you fix the damn wagon.

J John Weathers: We could probably still save something.

Arthur Morgan: Really now?

J John Weathers: Look, you can take this silver locket for the debt.

Arthur Morgan: Damn the debt. Just get her somewhere safe. Go on.

J John Weathers: Thank you, feller. You know, there ain't enough kindness in this world. That's for sure. But you...

Arthur Morgan: I don't know nothing about kindness. Come on now, boy!

Arthur Morgan: Hey, move it!

Passing travele...: Good morning, feller.

Passing Travell...: Get away from me now!

Passing travell...: Good morning.

Passing Travell...: Get away from me! All of
you! Run from me!

Speaker 11: Morning, Arthur.

Speaker 12: Who's that a-coming?

Speaker 13: Hey boys, it's one of them what
hurt our kin!

Speaker 14: Oh, he's one of them killers from
the Hollow! You'll die good, boy!

Speaker 15: Push! Push! It's getting hot.

Speaker 16: I saw it hit him!

Speaker 17: This how our kinfolk felt!

Guard: Hey, can I help you? We're trying to
mine coal here.

Arthur Morgan: You know where I can find

Arthur Londonderry?

Guard: Arthur Londonderry? I think you're going to want to speak with the foreman. Head way down there towards the coal face.

Guard #2: All right there. You got any business at the mine?

Arthur Morgan: Arthur Londonderry, is he here?

Crazy Miner: I'm sorry, feller, but you're too late. Arthur's dead.

Arthur Morgan: The man's dead? What's wrong with you?

Crazy Miner: Oh boy, you can't exactly beat it out of him now, can you? You might get something off his widow just across from Butcher's Creek, but I'd hurry. You ain't going to be the only one a-knocking.

Arthur Morgan: You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Crazy Miner: Hey, I ain't the godforsaken
money lender.

Guard #2: On your way, now.

Londonberry wid...: Going to pack all your stuff,
angel?

Londonberry chi...: I don't want to go.

Londonberry wid...: It'll be an adventure.

Londonberry chi...: I don't want an adventure. I
want my daddy.

Londonberry wid...: Be brave. Sweet angel. Be
brave.

Londonberry chi...: Fine.

Arthur Morgan: Mrs. Londonderry?

Londonberry wid...: Arthur's dead.

Arthur Morgan: I know and I'm sorry for it. It's
just, we lent Arthur some money,
you see.

Londonberry wid...: So, it was you... you son of

a bitch. What do you want now?
You want my boy's shoes? You want
the food out our bellies? What little
there is. You want me to lie down
for you?

Arthur Morgan: No. No.

Londonberry wid...: Arthur gave everything to
pay your bills, everything. And now
there's some fellers coming to take
the house. There ain't nothing left,
mister.

Arthur Morgan: I just wanted to say the debt's
canceled. Take this. It won't bring
your husband back, I know. You
need money and I don't.

Londonberry wid...: Why, you're a good man. I
just wish you'd done it before he
worked himself into the grave. But
you know, maybe you and your
friend that lent him the money
could do things differently. Like not

threaten a man. Excuse me.

Arthur Morgan: I'm sorry, ma'am. I really am.

Reverend: Mr. Morgan. You don't look very well.

Arthur Morgan: I'm not Reverend. I fear I'm pretty sick.

Reverend: I'm so sorry.

Arthur Morgan: Would you mind if we talk later, I've got lot on.

Reverend: Okay. Sorry. No problem.

Leopold Strauss: Ah, how did you get on Mr. Morgan?

Arthur Morgan: Just dandy. Just, get up.

Leopold Strauss: What?

Arthur Morgan: Get up.

Leopold Strauss: What is wrong?

Arthur Morgan: Nothing's wrong. Nothing at all.

Leopold Strauss: What are you doing?

Arthur Morgan: Something I should have done a long time ago. Get your bag. Is this it?

Leopold Strauss: I don't understand.

Arthur Morgan: I ain't going to kill you, though I probably should. You disgust me and you shame us, if we could be shamed any more than we already are. That should do. Go!

Leopold Strauss: I don't understand you.
What are you doing?

Arthur Morgan: Go and get a job!

Leopold Strauss: You know, they say the sick delude themselves. I was your friend.

Arthur Morgan: You and me, we ain't decent, but those folk, they was. Now, here take that.

Arthur Morgan: Take that and get lost.

Leopold Strauss: I'm-

Arthur Morgan: Leaving.

Abigail Roberts: The thing is Sadie, I really can't.
I must come. He's my husband.

Sadie Adler: I know he's your husband, but it's
going to be violent.

Abigail Roberts: I can handle myself just fine. I'm
coming.

Sadie Adler: Like I said, ain't happening. You got
a boy.

Abigail Roberts: I insist.

Sadie Adler: Insist all you like. Ain't happening.
Arthur, tell her.

Arthur Morgan: Tell her what?

Sadie Adler: She ain't coming with us to collect
her husband

Arthur Morgan: Abigail. You ain't coming. That's the end of the matter.

Sadie Adler: See there. You heard him? Now, let's go.

Abigail Roberts: But.

Sadie Adler: But nothing. It'll be quicker and easier with just the two of us. Plus John will be calmer without worrying about you. Ain't complicated.

Abigail Roberts: I ain't the crying sort, but I'm real grateful.

Sadie Adler: We know you are. We'll bring him back to you.

Abigail Roberts: Thank you. Thank you both!

Arthur Morgan: All right, here goes nothing. The place is surrounded by marshland. Should hopefully give us a bit of cover to move in close enough to

find a spot to look for John. This time of day, prisoners probably be working in the fields.

Sadie Adler: Then all we got to do is take out all the guards and roll our way out of there. Seems simple enough.

Arthur Morgan: How many times, Marston?

Sadie Adler: Bring us over. We good?

Arthur Morgan: Uh huh.

Sadie Adler: Let's head for that watchtower.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Sadie Adler: Stay low. There's a guard up there

Arthur Morgan: I'll deal with him.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, come on up.

Sadie Adler: All right, where's John? Wait, shit. I don't think that was John.

Arthur Morgan: Let's go over there and see.

Sadie Adler: Okay, come on. I think one of those

guard was still moving. Come on Arthur, let's keep moving.

Arthur Morgan: Where is he? You see him?

Sadie Adler: No.

Sadie Adler: You. Mister. You know John Marston?

Speaker 4: He ain't working today.

Milliken: Put the gun down lady.

Arthur Morgan: No, you put the gun down.

Arthur Morgan: Now! Where's John Marston?

Milliken: He ain't in the work detail today.

Arthur Morgan: I guess we'll go and get him together. Try anything. I'll blow your damn head off. You clear on that?

Milliken: Yes. Very clear.

Sadie Adler: Oh no, you don't.

Arthur Morgan: Come on partner. Why don't

you apologize to the lady for pointing a gun at her?

Milliken: Excuse me?

Arthur Morgan: I said I apologize.

Milliken: I'm sorry, ma'am.

Sadie Adler: Ain't no harm done.

Arthur Morgan: So, where do we go?

Milliken: Towards the entrance I guess.

Arthur Morgan: Who's in charge of this fine establishment?

Milliken: Jameson, sir.

Arthur Morgan: Jameson who?

Milliken: No. Mr. Jameson. Heston Jameson.

Arthur Morgan: Is he a nice fellow?

Milliken: He's been quite an exacting boss at time.

Arthur Morgan: I look forward to meeting him.

Milliken: They're not going to let you do this.

Arthur Morgan: That's going to be up to you, my friend. So you a popular employee, my friend?

Milliken: Not especially.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I guess we're about to find out.

Sadie Adler: Come on. March him straight up to the front gate.

Arthur Morgan: We better hope someone in there actually gives a damn about this fool.

Sadie Adler: Guess we'll see. We're going to have to shoot our way out of here regardless.

Milliken: Don't shoot!

Sadie Adler: Shut up.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, friend, be cool now. Just do as I say.

Sadie Adler: Drop the goddamn guns!

Arthur Morgan: Jameson! Is Jameson in?

Speaker 6: He's in Saint Denis

Speaker 8: They got Milliken.

Arthur Morgan: Got him and going to kill him.

Unless you bring me John Marston right now. You got one minute. I'm counting. One, two, three. Millikan is it?

Milliken: Yes, sir.

Arthur Morgan: Will you count for me? I got talking to do.

Milliken: Yes, sir. Of course, sir. From one or four, sir?

Arthur Morgan: Very funny. No, we must be at 11 by now.

Milliken: 11, 12, 13.

Arthur Morgan: Faster.

Milliken: 14, 15, 16, 17.

Arthur Morgan: Now hurry up.

Milliken: 18.

Arthur Morgan: [crosstalk 00:06:50] Or this poor fool's going to get his brain shot out and over what? For nothing.

Milliken. Don't stop counting. I can't hear you.

Milliken: Hurry up and bring that asshole out here you bastard. Come one.

Arthur Morgan: Don't cry, buddy.

Milliken: I don't want to die.

Arthur Morgan: I know. I know. Hey, Hey, John.

John Marston: Hey, you two.

Arthur Morgan: Now no funny business or Mr. Milliken here will stop crying once and for all. Okay, today's your lucky day. Let's go.

Sadie Adler: John, take my pistol. Let clear these
then make a run for it! Cover us,
John, let's move.

John Marston: Okay, let's go!

Speaker 6: They're escaping over the bridge!
Get after them! Milliken, stop
cowering like a rodent and get back
out there!

Sadie Adler: Here come some more, get down!

Arthur Morgan: Been a while, John.

John Marston: You're telling me! What took
you so long?

Arthur Morgan: I'll explain later.

John Marston: Was that you in the balloon?

Arthur Morgan: Believe me, that was my one
and only time flying.

John Marston: Look out on the left, coming
from the barn!

Sadie Adler: That one nearly got you. More behind us, find some cover!

John Marston: We got to move, how are we going out of here?

Sadie Adler: We got a boat. This way, follow me! Get down! Hold them off so we can get to the boat.

John Marston: Go, go.

John Marston: Now would be a good time to shoot!

Arthur Morgan: You always seem to need rescuing Marston.

John Marston: Nice to see you Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: There's some fellers coming here. Don't look too friendly. We best get out of here.

Sadie Adler: Come on boys, let's move. I'll row. You shoot.

Arthur Morgan: Seriously?

Sadie Adler: Let me, you're a better shot.

Arthur Morgan: All right, fine. You just relax and enjoy yourself, John. Leave the real word to them as can still handle it.

John Marston: Thanks.

Sadie Adler: Keep them off us!

Speaker 6: Turn the boat around or we will gun.

Speaker 8: You're breathing your last breath!

John Marston: Thanks for the hospitality, boys!

Arthur Morgan: I think I liked you better when you was all trussed up like a prized chicken.

John Marston: No doubt.

Sadie Adler: Hurry up. They're going to on our tails soon enough if you boys keep wasting time.

Arthur Morgan: That's us told then

John Marston: Hey Arthur, thank you.

Arthur Morgan: Don't mention it.

Sadie Adler: Let's go. We should get out of here quick before the law gets wind of this.

John Marston: So what the hell happened in Saint Denis? Is Abigail all right?

Sadie Adler: She's fine. Jack is too. She managed to escape when they got Hosea.

John Marston: Hosea. That still don't seem real somehow. All them years, Arthur, he was like family.

Arthur Morgan: We lost young Lenny too.

John Marston: No, what a goddamn mess. What about the money?

Arthur Morgan: Lost somewhere at the bottom of the ocean.

John Marston: What? How the hell did that happen?

Arthur Morgan: We hid on a boat, it was our only way out of there. The boat went down in a storm and we ended up stranded on an island somewhere near Cuba.

John Marston: Cuba? Wait, you're going to have to tell me all this again.

Arthur Morgan: It's a long story, but things ain't been good, John.

John Marston: You're telling me!

Arthur Morgan: We're holed up now in the mountains to the north near Roanoke Ridge in some caves there. The Pinkertons caught up with us again and we had to move.

Sadie Adler: Seems Molly ratted us out, the bitch. So she's dead too.

Sadie Adler: Now I was saying something, seems

Sadie Adler: Molly ratted us out, the bitch. So

she's dead too.

John Marston: Jesus. Maybe you should have just left me to hang.

Arthur Morgan: And I should warn you. Dutch didn't want us breaking you out. Said it wasn't the right time, so might not be the hero's welcome you're imagining.

John Marston: So much for no man left behind. I can't stop thinking about this. In the bank, when they grabbed me, he saw it, felt almost like he had a moment to do something and didn't.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch ain't himself right now, or maybe he just ain't who we thought he was.

John Marston: Guess we don't need to worry about who's his favorite no more.

Arthur Morgan: Guess not.

Abigail Roberts: You brought him back to me.

Sadie Adler: We told you we would.

Dutch Van Der L...: John! What are you doing here?

John Marston: Good to see you too partner.

Dutch Van Der L...: I meant I hadn't sent for you yet

John Marston: I went.

Dutch Van Der L...: But I said that

Arthur Morgan: I know what you said. I felt different.

Dutch Van Der L...: Is that so?

Arthur Morgan: Yes.

Dutch Van Der L...: When springing John brings the law down on all of us, what then, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: I guess we'll have another fight on our hands.

Dutch Van Der L...: Loyalty, Arthur, it ain't. I had a goddamn plan! John, John, you are my brother. You are my son. I was coming for you.

John Marston: They were talking of hanging me, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: They was talking, they was talking and now they may come and hang us all.

Mary-Beth Gaski...: Arthur? Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Sorry. I was miles away. Thinking of, I don't know.

Mary-Beth Gaski...: Dutch said to tell you, he and Micah have gone to Annesburg. Something about Mr. Cornwall.

Arthur Morgan: Cornwall? Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Thanks Mary Beth.

Arthur Morgan: Mrs. Adler.

Sadie Adler: Hi Arthur. How you doing?

Karen Jones: Look who it is!

Arthur Morgan: Hello, Karen.

Micah Bell: Was you followed?

Arthur Morgan: No.

Micah Bell: Was you followed?

Arthur Morgan: I said, no.

Micah Bell: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: What is your problem?

Micah Bell: What is your problem, partner? You don't look so good.

Arthur Morgan: What is wrong with you?

Micah Bell: Nothing wrong with me. I'm fit as a fiddle.

Arthur Morgan: Not inside you ain't.

Micah Bell: I'm just a realist, friend.

Dutch Van Der L...: Micah reckons there's a rat.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, does he? On what evidence?

Micah Bell: We's only back a minute, Pinkertons show up.

Arthur Morgan: We been on the run since you two fools went crazy in Blackwater. We barely escaped with our lives in Saint Denis, now we got a rat?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, Molly clearly talked. But who else?

Arthur Morgan: Maybe we pushed things too hard?

Micah Bell: Ugh.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe time for folks like us is passed. We don't need a rat. We got sloppier than the town drunk and they know who we are and where we are and what we're

doing.

Micah Bell: Way I see it, best thing we can do is let the weak go, move on, get our money and start over.

Dutch Van Der L...: That ain't happening.

Arthur Morgan: Well, something's got to happen, and fast. Otherwise Cornwall, them Pinkertons, they've got us pinned in here, and ain't none of them stopping.

Micah Bell: Well, Cornwall's why we're here. Shall we Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah. It's time to go. Let's head to the river.

Arthur Morgan: Ah, leave Cornwall alone. He ain't... Look, we need money, but revenge? Now?

Micah Bell: Of course it's for money.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: This better not be no stupid revenge mission, Dutch. It ain't worth it.

Micah Bell: Don't be ridiculous.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, Arthur, it's just a simple social call.

Arthur Morgan: So what are we going to say to him, that needs to be said?

Dutch Van Der L...: He has been hunting us since Valentine. He is the reason that Hosea got killed. His sugar business, is destroying the people of Guarma. This town, Arthur, is his town. He bought it just to destroy these folks. His sugar. His oil. His law.

Arthur Morgan: These are wrongs that you can right, Dutch. We're wanted men.

Dutch Van Der L...: So, why did you go for John against my wishes?

Arthur Morgan: I didn't want him hanged.

Dutch Van Der L...: Neither did I.

Micah Bell: We're going to cut a deal, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: What are you talking about?

Dutch Van Der L...: We want out, and Cornwall wants us to stop robbing him and we all know his money is what's keeping the Pinkertons on our tail. He's America, Arthur. And I want out. And he won't let us go.

Arthur Morgan: This ain't making a lot of sense, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: It will, son, it will. A deal, some noise and then we're gone.

Dutch Van Der L...: Cornwall's boat is due in soon. Let's get down here, behind these crates.

Andrew Milton: I want to thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Cornwall.

Leviticus Cornw...: This was a business meeting, Mr. Milton. We are not friends. I have spent a considerable fortune with your agency, and still, nothing. This van der Linde robs me, and laughs at me. I asked for the best. I paid for the best.

Andrew Milton: We are very close, Mr. Cornwall. I know you've heard this before...

Leviticus Cornw...: Janson.

Janson: Sir.

Leviticus Cornw...: Send a telegram to Goldberg in New York, tell him I won't borrow at more than 3.2%. Sorry, no. I have heard it before and get that army man to pay his portage charge.

Janson: Yes sir.

Andrew Milton: We are doing all we can within

the confines of the law.

Leviticus Cornw...: The law? I think we both know what you can do with your laws. Find me Dutch van der Linde. Bring him here and leave the laws to them as need them. Good day, sir.

Andrew Milton: Come along Mr. Ross, we have work to do.

Janson: Mr. Didsbury.

Mr. Didsbury: Mr. Cornwall.

Leviticus Cornw...: Now listen up, Didsbury. What's all this about strikes? I bought into this mine because of mismanagement and I intend to make it a success, no matter what the cost.

Mr. Didsbury: It's the wages. Folk feel-

Leviticus Cornw...: Folk feel? Business doesn't give two figs about feelings, sir. Not

two figs. It's a nonsense that will bring a plague on both our houses, sir.

Dutch Van Der L...: Perhaps there is a plague on your house already, Mr. Cornwall.

Leviticus Cornw...: What do you want, sir?

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm not quite sure, just yet.

Leviticus Cornw...: Your impudence will be your undoing, sir.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm undone already. Even my best friend here, he thinks I'm crazy and like this poor fellow you are talking to, my feelings are hurt.

Leviticus Cornw...: You robbed me, sir.

Dutch Van Der L...: And you robbed him. Funny world.

Leviticus Cornw...: You show a criminals' grasp of sophistry, sir. I did no such thing.

Dutch Van Der L...: You kill, I kill. You rob, I rob.
The only difference I can see is I
choose whom I kill and rob and you
destroy everything in your path.

Leviticus Cornw...: I've heard just about
enough.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'll tell you what. You give
me this ship, \$10,000 and a safe
passage out of here, I'll let you live.

Leviticus Cornw...: I'll do no such thing.

Dutch Van Der L...: You sure? Good, I prefer it
this way.

Arthur Morgan: You've lost your mind.

Dutch Van Der L...: Noise, Arthur. Noise.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, shit, Pinkertons.

Arthur Morgan: What the hell have you done,
Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, Micah's gone
after those papers. Let's find him

and get out of here.

Speaker 8: I've got to get out of here.

Dutch Van Der L...: They're shooting from that building. Look out up there, on the left.

Arthur Morgan: You're done.

Micah Bell: I found something interesting. Cornwall's men are all over the place. Follow me, and stay close.

Arthur Morgan: We had enough heat on us before, now we're going to be torched, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: This is the only way. You'll see. Trust me.

Arthur Morgan: Trust you?

Micah Bell: You sure you got the lungs for this, Morgan?

Arthur Morgan: Shut the hell up.

Dutch Van Der L...: Here come more, take them

down.

Micah Bell: You're in trouble now.

Dutch Van Der L...: Finally putting that bastard Cornwall out of business for good.

Arthur Morgan: Did you put Dutch up to this?

Micah Bell: Me? I just follow orders, Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Let's go, let's go. You said this wasn't a revenge mission.

Dutch Van Der L...: It wasn't. We got what we came for. Those papers. More up... Top here. Gun them down and let's get the hell out of this... Place.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, we can take the horses from that coach. Let's go.

Micah Bell: Well, at least we tried talking it out.

Arthur Morgan: You boys have lost your minds.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, I felt a lot of guilt in this life, Arthur. I've killed too often and poorly, but not this time, son. Come

on. All right. Let's head for the hills, boys. They're trying to block us off, go right.

Micah Bell: Look out! We got more ahead. On the left. More of the bastards.

Dutch Van Der L...: They're trying to cut us off again.

Micah Bell: Go left. Lose them through the river.

Dutch Van Der L...: Look out fellas, they're still coming.

Micah Bell: Shoot the bastards.

Speaker 8: I'm behind your saddle you s...

Micah Bell: Looks like we've lost them.

Dutch Van Der L...: For now, maybe.

Dutch Van Der L...: We all okay?

Micah Bell: Interesting social call. No, don't play dumb and superior at the same time, Morgan. We all knew sooner

or later Cornwall had to go.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let me see them papers.

Arthur Morgan: It's more attention we don't need. Feels like the whole world's closing in on us. Dutch, it won't be long before they find what we're hiding out now, especially as we ain't exactly hiding out.

Dutch Van Der L...: We just needed a distraction. Buy us some time. It looks like Mr. Cornwall's company has signed a railroad contract with the army and they're also moving dynamite down from, well the Annesburg mines to Saint Denis to resell. And there's bonds at his oil factory. Maybe there's a way to get them off our back and get the money that we need. Micah, you look into this dynamite. Take Bill, I guess Arthur, you go too. We are going to need a lot of it. And Micah,

we need to talk. Figure out some things.

Micah Bell: Course, boss.

Arthur Morgan: Figure out what?

Dutch Van Der L...: The plan. Getting out of here. Nothing's changed.

Arthur Morgan: It hasn't, huh?

Micah Bell: There's an old house west of Van Horn. Meet me there when you can, Black Lung.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's split up. We'll meet up back at camp.

Arthur Morgan: This is crazy.

Speaker 1: Morning.

Arthur Morgan: Reverend.

| Orville Swans...: You okay. Mr. Morgan?

Arthur Morgan: I don't know, Reverend.

| Orville Swans...: These are challenging times for all of us.

Arthur Morgan: Yes. Very challenging.

| Orville Swans...: You don't seem yourself somehow. I've always felt ... I've left the morphine, sir.

Dutch Van Der L...: Arthur. Reverend Swanson, would you excuse us a minute?

| Orville Swans...: Of course.

Dutch Van Der L...: New York. We are going to go to New York. Now they have been chasing us south and east and west. We're going to get a boat. We're going to get on a river and we're going to go north.

Arthur Morgan: New York.

Dutch Van Der L...: Then Tahiti, the Fiji Islands, or this place New Guinea. Dancing girls, freedom. But first we have to

make a whole lot of smoke, a whole lot of commotion, and then we disappear.

Arthur Morgan: We need more commotion?

Dutch Van Der L...: One score and one whole hell of a lot of noise.

Arthur Morgan: We ain't so good at doing scores anymore, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Are you feeling all right, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Sure, I'm fine.

Eagle Flies: Pardon me for interrupting. I've brought a friend, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Hello.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hello.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch, this is Eagle Flies. His father is a great chief. Charles and I, we-

Eagle Flies: Pretended to be mercenaries. Did

me a great favor.

Dutch Van Der L...: Dutch Van Der Linde. How do you do?

Eagle Flies: Not well, sir.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, I am sorry to hear that.

Arthur Morgan: How's your father?

Eagle Flies: Father has confused wisdom with weakness. His people, my people, we've suffered too much. Been lied to too much. Now they've taken our horses.

Arthur Morgan: Who?

Charles Smith: The infantry division posted at Fort Wallace.

Dutch Van Der L...: Why?

Eagle Flies: Colonel Favours is a liar and a murderer. His people won't stop until we're all dead. Without horses

we cannot hunt. Without hunting we will starve. This is another act of war.

Dutch Van Der L...: I see that.

Eagle Flies: You men have helped me before and I have money.

Dutch Van Der L...: Put your money away, son. What do you think, Charles?

Charles Smith: You know I told your father I will not fight over some horses.

Dutch Van Der L...: But I made no such promise. Come along.

Charles Smith: Arthur, we must go with them to try to stop things from getting out of hand.

Arthur Morgan: I guess. Come along.

Arthur Morgan: We can get them all horses.

Charles Smith: I know. I understand Eagle Flies is angry, but I don't see how this will

help anything.

Arthur Morgan: Especially not with Dutch whipping them up into a frenzy. You got enough folks coming after us without adding an army to the list.

Dutch Van Der L...: You're going to let these bastards walk all over you? No, you're not. This is all that's wrong with this world. Okay, young man, lead the way.

Eagle Flies: The horses are on a boat near Van Horn. I have a man waiting for us there with some canoes.

Charles Smith: Surely this can be done without killing anyone.

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course. What will be will be. Anyway son, tell me about this Colonel Favours.

Eagle Flies: He's a vile man. He and his regimen take pleasure in persecuting us. All

the young have been taken from our reservation, shipped off to reform schools. Many women too. The old are weak and sick, but they deliberately withhold medicine and supplies from us.

Dutch Van Der L...: This ends today. You have my word on that.

Arthur Morgan: Why are you getting involved in this, Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: You know me. We shoot fellers as need shooting, We save fellers as need saving, feed them as need feeding.

Arthur Morgan: Not this again. It's been quite a while since we helped anyone but ourselves, and even you know that.

Dutch Van Der L...: I've told you, noise. We need noise, Arthur, noise and faith.

Arthur Morgan: I still don't know what that

means.

Dutch Van Der L...: Stop questioning and think, just think for a second. The Pinkertons have had time to reinforce. The civilized world is closing on us. Who knows what else Molly told them? We need to move towards a conclusion now.

Arthur Morgan: Sure, but what's this got to do with any of that?

Dutch Van Der L...: Some good, honest conflict between the army and the Indians might be just the distraction we need. Kill two birds with one stone. Cornwall was funding the Pinkertons' assault on us. Why do you think I dealt with them? With Cornwall gone the government is far more likely to divert them to other issues, especially if there's one more scandal, and then we can slip away. Like I said, we just need

that noise and one more score.

Dutch Van Der L...: You know, I went back for the chest I had hidden outside Shady Belle and we're close, Arthur. That dynamite, the railroad contract with the army, it was all in those papers Micah found. I have a plan. You just have to trust me.

Eagle Flies: There's Paytah.

Eagle Flies: These men, like I said. They'll help us.

Paytah: I got the canoes. The boat is still moored in the channel.

Eagle Flies: Good. Let's wait until nightfall.

Eagle Flies: All right, let's head out.

Dutch Van Der L...: We need to get that boat ashore. I think the best plan is to paddle up there silently, board her, and when we got control, we'll deal with that anchor, float away. We'll

be ashore before anybody even knows what happened.

Paytah: Good luck.

Dutch Van Der L...: Pull up alongside, quietly.

Charles Smith: Try not to kill anyone, Arthur.

Speaker 8: You mind the horses? I need a smoke. No, not again. I ain't had a sniff of a good hand all night. I'll be retiring in the morning at this rate.

Speaker 9: Just deal, will you?

Speaker 8: I'm in.

Speaker 9: Raise you. We can go higher than that.

Speaker 8: Goddamn it, no. I'm out.

Speaker 9: All right, call.

Speaker 8: What the hell?

Eagle Flies: We're taking back what's ours.

Dutch Van Der L...: Boys, go find out about

those horses down below. Arthur,
deal with that anchor.

Arthur Morgan: You think I have the first idea
how this anchor works?

Dutch Van Der L...: Just blow it up then. Hurry.
Come on, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: We seem to be going pretty
fast, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm trying. We're heading to
those rocks. Hold on.

Arthur Morgan: What is wrong with you? You
boys all right back there?

Charles Smith: Yeah, I think so, but there's a
huge hole in the boat. Horses are
spooked and we're taking on water.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, let's get them out of
here. Go on, go on. Well, whatever
else is wrong with you, you're quite
the best pilot that I've ever come
across.

Eagle Flies: The horses are confused. We need to round them up. I'll get these four, Arthur. Can you go after the others?

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Okay. Over here, come on.

Dutch Van Der L...: Seems like Uncle Sam likes you fellows even less than he likes us.

Eagle Flies: So it goes. My father doesn't want to fight again. Will one of you help me return the horses to my men?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, Arthur ... Oh, Arthur needs to rest. I will. I like you, son. And after the horses we're going to wait for the army to come and wreak its revenge.

Eagle Flies: I hope not.

Dutch Van Der L...: Of course we ain't. Now let's go check out that fort of theirs.

Arthur Morgan: Is this a good idea?

Dutch Van Der L...: This is the only idea. And it is one that will suit both of our purposes.

Arthur Morgan: Fighting the army ain't wise.

Dutch Van Der L...: Stop worrying. Oh, and Sadie told me about Colm. Meet us in Doyle's Tavern in Saint Denis when you can. Shall we go, son?

Eagle Flies: Certainly.

Dutch Van Der L...: We'll start some light reconnaissance out of Fort Wallace, and when Colm's dealt with, you come meet us there. We'll set up a good spot for you.

Arthur Morgan: I don't know, Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah, well I do. This is exactly the distraction that we need.

Charles Smith: Your father said that fighting was an impossible gamble. There's no winning for you in this.

Eagle Flies: Father need not know anything. He'd rather live in ignorance.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come along, gentlemen.

Charles Smith: Father would rather you did not do anything so foolish. I said I would stop this from happening. Would you talk to him?

Arthur Morgan: Speak with Rains Fall?

Charles Smith: Yes. Would you?

Arthur Morgan: Sure. I'll speak with him. You head on back to camp, check on the others. Dutch's behavior is...

Charles Smith: I understand. Thank you, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Come on, boy.

Speaker 1: That's the way of it.

Speaker 2: Oh, well.

Speaker 1: That's the way of it.

Arthur Morgan: Hello?

Rains Fall: Come in. You don't sound very well.

Arthur Morgan: I'm not, I think I'm dying.

Rains Fall: Then I hope you find peace.

Arthur Morgan: I don't know too much about
peace.

Rains Fall: Apparently not. Did you have fun
with my son, the impetuous prince?
I believe you went on a raid with
him.

Arthur Morgan: I'm sorry.

Rains Fall: I suppose I lack the grandeur of a
conventional king?

Arthur Morgan: I don't know too many kings.

Rains Fall: Colonel Favors, he has already exacted some measure of revenge for the raid. Two women were assaulted by his men.

Arthur Morgan: I'm very sorry about all of this.

Rains Fall: Yes, sometimes the correct path, the bravest path is the least obvious, and also the gentlest. I'm a great disappointment to my son.

Arthur Morgan: Your son seems to want a war.

Rains Fall: My son thinks there is glory in death. Maybe he's right, but for me, I saw death being handed out so freely by the most foolish of men, I never could equate with victory. Glory has come in service, maybe, maybe not, I don't know.

Arthur Morgan: I've killed a lot of people for a whole lot of dumb reasons and I ain't never seen much glory in it.

Rains Fall: Oh, your friend, Mr. Van Der Linde, he talks a lot. I don't know him, but my son is easily led.

Arthur Morgan: I'm not sure I get you.

Rains Fall: Well, perhaps we could go for a ride? I'm an old man, my whole life I have tried to bring peace.

Arthur Morgan: But I ain't doing so good.

Rains Fall: Then maybe you can take pity on my plight. Please, it won't take long. And maybe I can help you with that cough.

Captain Monroe: Sir. I'm glad I caught you sir.

Rains Fall: Captain Monroe, do you know my friend, Mr. Morgan?

Captain Monroe: No, sir. I don't have the pleasure.

Arthur Morgan: Arthur Morgan.

Captain Monroe: It's an honor, sir.

Rains Fall: How can I help you Captain?

Captain Monroe: I was just in Saint Denis, I spoke with the mayor. It's not good news, I'm afraid. May I ride with you for a little?

Rains Fall: Of course, follow me.

Arthur Morgan: So where are we going?

Rains Fall: I want to show you a site up in the mountains that's long been sacred to me. A place for reflection and healing. What is this news, Captain Monroe?

Captain Monroe: Yes, sir. As I mentioned, I did speak again with the mayor and the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Saint Denis at length. But regrettably, it appears the oil company has already received approval to move forward with drilling on the reservation's land.

Rains Fall: I supposed as much. So what does that mean for us now?

Captain Monroe: I'm not sure just yet. I didn't get the impression anything would be happening for a few months. I'm very sorry, sir. I did everything I could.

Rains Fall: I know Captain.

Captain Monroe: And I assure you I will continue to do as much as I can. Mr. Morgan, would you have time to help me at all? I would rather certain actions were taken by friends outside the tribe.

Arthur Morgan: Sure, I can help.

Captain Monroe: That's good news. Thank you. Come meet me on the reservation wherever you can. I'm sorry to be forward, but there's so much to be done. Anyway

gentlemen, I won't take up any more of your time. I'll see you both soon.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Rains Fall: Thank you Captain.

Captain Monroe: Enjoy the ride. I have some other business to attend to, Mr. Morgan.

Rains Fall: We'll continue on this way. I am going to look for some herbs to give you.

Rains Fall: See the wolves over there feasting on that horse? Brutality and beauty are both all around us, yet so often we're unable to see past our own grievances. This is what I try to teach my son.

Rains Fall: We can talk if you want Mr. Morgan, but don't feel like you have to. It's a beautiful ride ahead if you

need some time to think.

Arthur Morgan: So, we don't know each other too well, but I wanted to speak to you about your son. I was there on the raid to steal back those horses, and well you know something of Dutch, I think.

Rains Fall: Yes, a little. Mostly from your friend, Charles. Sorry, hold up a moment, that'll have to wait. Some of the plants I need will be growing down here. This is what I was looking for. English Mace. Okay, let's continue on.

Arthur Morgan: So back to what you were saying.

Rains Fall: Yes, a little. Mostly from your friend Charles.

Arthur Morgan: I don't know why Dutch is getting involved in your situation and this ain't easy to say, but I just

don't trust that he's got your son's best interests at heart.

Rains Fall: So what can we do?

Arthur Morgan: I don't rightly know. Charles and I just thought you should be aware. Maybe there's a way to stop things from getting any more out of control.

Rains Fall: Thank you, Mr. Morgan. Let me give this some thought.

Arthur Morgan: You know, I had a son once years ago. I don't talk about him much.

Rains Fall: Oh, what was his name?

Arthur Morgan: Isaac. His mother, Eliza, was a waitress I met. When she got pregnant, she knew who I was, what my life was. I didn't want to promise nothing I couldn't keep, but I said I'd do right by them. Every

few months I'd stop by there for a few days. He was such a good kid. She was too, I guess. Just a kid, 19.

Rains Fall: What happened?

Arthur Morgan: I got there one day and saw two crosses...

Rains Fall: Wait, stop here. I want to pick some ginseng. We can talk more about this later. This will combine well. Wait there, I'll put these in your saddlebag. Mix these together. They taste awful but they'll help to keep your strength up.

Rains Fall: All right, let's go. It's not much further now.

Arthur Morgan: So where was I? I got there one day and saw two crosses outside and I knew right away. Turned out some bastards had come through, robbed them and shot them dead. And all for \$10. It hardened me,

feeling that kind of pain. But I know now that you don't get to live a bad life and have good things happen to you.

Rains Fall: I think you're being hard on yourself.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe. All I can do now is try and make some things right. And that fellow, Monroe, how you know him?

Rains Fall: Captain Monroe was reassigned here from a regiment in the north. Apparently the news of our conflict has spread all the way to Washington. He's a good man, he wants to help.

Arthur Morgan: Well, I guess that's something at least.

Rains Fall: The army aren't all bad men, just as my people aren't all good. But this Colonel Favors, he walks an old line,

he's obstinate and he hates Monroe. I just hope between us, we can work this out.

Rains Fall: It's just up ahead. What's happened? No, it can't be.

Arthur Morgan: Come on pal.

Rains Fall: No! They destroyed everything. No, I need to find the Chanupa. Who would do this?

Arthur Morgan: Someone who wanted to enrage you.

Rains Fall: Help me look around, please. The Chanupa is gone.

Arthur Morgan: Of course, what is it?

Rains Fall: A ceremonial pipe. There must be some clues to what happened here.

Arthur Morgan: Rains Fall over here. I think I see an army camp.

Rains Fall: Oh, there they are. These brave

men, some of Colonel Favors men.
They must have been the ones who
did this.

Arthur Morgan: Are you surprised this
happened?

Rains Fall: Not at all, but I hoped we were past
this.

Arthur Morgan: Well you've got land they want,
land with oil.

Rains Fall: They moved us here, they've taken
everything we had. I signed three
treaties myself and they've broken
each one. Now they've taken the
last hope.

Arthur Morgan: There we go.

Speaker 6: So what happened to Captain
Monroe?

Speaker 7: I heard old Favors was trying to get
him transferred. Don't like him
much.

Speaker 6: He always seemed like a decent enough fellow to me.

Speaker 7: Exactly, that's the problem. Monroe went to West Point, Favors never made it.

Speaker 6: Yeah, I'm sure. Injuns, just seems so silly though.

Speaker 7: I know.

Speaker 6: He wants to fight them.

Speaker 7: Who cares. Hey, I heard something. [inaudible 00:14:09]. [inaudible 00:14:30].

Arthur Morgan: Yeah.

Rains Fall: Please tell me you found it.

Arthur Morgan: Here, I got your things, I think.

Rains Fall: Yes, thank you.

Arthur Morgan: I'm very sorry about this.

Rains Fall: Even sacred things are only things.

People, the heart matter more. Was anyone hurt?

Arthur Morgan: No one was killed.

Rains Fall: Well done. Well done. I wish my son knew such restraint. My people owe you a great debt and I'm giving you very little, but please take this. We believe it to be sacred.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you.

Rains Fall: Thank you. Take those herbs I gave you, please. And most of all, I hope you can find peace within yourself.

Arthur Morgan: He's a man who not so long ago, I would have found weak and pathetic. Now I see as wise and thoughtful and sensible. I would love to help him or at least stop Dutch pushing his son to do something real stupid.

Mr. Morgan: Hello, here I am as promised.

Captain Monroe: Captain Monroe.

Mr. Morgan: Of course.

Captain Monroe: Chief's going out trying to find medications. It's quite a business.

Mr. Morgan: Yes, thought we were through with all of this.

Captain Monroe: We are mostly Colonel Favour seems to think the natives have broken some promise they never made. And apparently he's punishing them by withholding vaccines sent down by the federal government.

Mr. Morgan: Really?

Captain Monroe: I was supposed to oversee the administration of vaccines. Now I hear the wagons been diverted.

Mr. Morgan: Why would he do such a thing?

Captain Monroe: To be honest, I truly don't know. They say didn't have a very good war. So maybe he's trying to start another one.

Mr. Morgan: Is that what you think?

Captain Monroe: I'm trying to find out. He knows. I'm trying to find out. He'd love to provoke me almost as much. It's he'd love to provoke these poor bastards.

Mr. Morgan: Meaning?

Captain Monroe: Meaning that despite the fact that I think he's a horse's ass. He knows I think that, so we're just stuck here trying to make the best at things.

Mr. Morgan: This is the best thing, children dying of diseases.

Captain Monroe: No, this is awful.

Mr. Morgan: Where's this wagon? Where can we find it?

Captain Monroe: I can show you. It's supposed to be heading to a pediatric coming up through Valentine, but it's been diverted South instead.

Mr. Morgan: Come on Captain Monroe.

Captain Monroe: Mr. Morgan, we must act with due caution.

Mr. Morgan: Oh we shall, we sure do shall. Now come.

Captain Monroe: Okay. I think I know what spot where we should be able to intercept it.

Mr. Morgan: Lead the way Captain. So this Colonel Favour knows you're up here helping these people.

Captain Monroe: Yes and no. He knows I'm here to produce a report in situation. I was sent down from the North, after all the news of unrest in the region. I think my presence might be making things worse.

Mr. Morgan: What do you mean?

Captain Monroe: I worry he's taking some of these actions more to protect himself now. He can incite more retaliation. Maybe he can prove a stronger defense.

Mr. Morgan: Like destroying that shrine.

Captain Monroe: Yes. And taking their horses. I mean, I don't know if he personally sanctioned any of this or not. This is the other problem. There's a culture now in his regiment, rot has traveled down the trunk.

Mr. Morgan: Okay. Well, just show me where

to find this wagon and I'll get the medicine for you. You don't need to be involved.

Captain Monroe: Thank you Mr. Morgan, but I must ask you, please be discrete, we really cannot afford more conflict. I'm still hoping a meeting can be arranged between Rains Fall and Colonel Favours.

Mr. Morgan: I understand. So I should drop the wagon back at the reservation.

Captain Monroe: Oh no, no, no. You only need to commandeer the vaccine. Stealing those in an army wagon will only make matters much worse. Favours has many flaws, but I don't believe he is careless nor an insecure man. At the end of his career, trying to cling on something that's already gone. He fought for the union in the war. His record was considered far from illustrious. A

failed man is often the most dangerous. All right, this the spot I was thinking of, let's go up this way.

Mr. Morgan: Sure.

Captain Monroe: There's a nice vantage point up at the top here. Okay. Let's dismount here. Best. Leave the horses back a bit. We'll have a good view over the road from this ledge. The wagon should come along this way. You're good man. Mr. Morgan. But I fear this task to be a fool's errand.

Mr. Morgan: Well, firstly, I'm a long way from a good man. Secondly, fool's errands are my favorite kind of work.

Captain Monroe: Fair enough. In that case I can see, we shall be great friends.

Mr. Morgan: May I ask you a question?

Captain Monroe: Of course.

Mr. Morgan: Why don't you just tell all the folk up in Washington what kind of an idiot Colonel Favours is? And save us all a lot of bother.

Captain Monroe: Unfortunately, the government doesn't work quite like that.

Mr. Morgan: If you say so.

Captain Monroe: There, I think that's the wagon.

Mr. Morgan: All right, get yourself out of here.

Captain Monroe: Just remember to keep it clean. Understand me?

Mr. Morgan: Don't worry. I'm as clean as they come. All I do is clean.

Captain Monroe: Well, good luck.

Mr. Morgan: I'll meet you back at the

reservation.

Captain Monroe: Try not to get yourself killed
Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Morgan: [inaudible 00:05:05] I can't
promise.

Mr. Morgan: Come on now boy.yeah.Easy
now.

Speaker 3: Slow down Before you hurt
someone.

Mr. Morgan: Captain Monroe. I got the
medicine.

Captain Monroe: Wonderful. That's great
news, Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Morgan: Don't worry. It didn't go too
bad.

Captain Monroe: I'll have to take your word
for that. We can both swing for this.

Mr. Morgan: Yeah well, I think am a little
past caring about hanging, Monroe.

Captain Monroe: Maybe. I just hope Colonel Favors thinks he was robbed by bandits and not-

Mr. Morgan: Oh no, I'm still a bandit there ain't no doubt about that.

Captain Monroe: Of course. Well, I better get to work. Thank you Mr. Morgan. Bandit or not. This was a good thing. Maybe it'll get us both killed, but it had to be done.

Mr. Morgan: I hope so. I'll stay there. Boy. Let's get you cleaned up.

Micah Bell: Ah, there he is. Old black lung Morgan.

Arthur Morgan: Shut up.

Micah Bell: Was you followed?

Arthur Morgan: Excuse me?

Micah Bell: Was you followed?

Arthur Morgan: Do you know who you're talking

to?

Micah Bell: I ain't sure. I ain't sure about much, no more. All I know is there's law whenever you're around.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, is that so? Because it seems to me, that since you've been riding with us, there ain't been nothing but trouble. Stirring things up all the time. Getting in Dutch's ear. Seems wherever you is, there's Pinkertons and vice versa. So you better watch your goddamn mouth, boy-

Micah Bell: Take it easy, cowboy. You're going to do yourself a mischief, way you're heading.

Bill Williamson: Micah, shut it.

Micah Bell: He started it. Dutch says we is to go on with plans to create a diversion. We got to get some explosives to blow up the bridge. Keep the army out of here, a few days.

Arthur Morgan: I think that's a real bad idea.

Micah Bell: I don't think Dutch cares too much,
what you think?

Arthur Morgan: That's clear.

Micah Bell: We got to confuse them one last
time. Then he and I will head to
Blackwater, collect the money, and
help everyone leave. He's got a boat
lined up.

Arthur Morgan: Blackwater's a fool's errand.
Everyone knows it. Even a greedy
moron like you.

Micah Bell: It's Dutch's choice, Arthur. You're
just a senior gun, same as the rest
of us. Only, you ain't well.

Arthur Morgan: I'm fine.

Micah Bell: Then you'll do Dutch's bidding,
which is robbing a stage, that's
coming from Annesburg, full of

explosives.

Arthur Morgan: Rob a stage. All we seem to ever do is rob a stage, you and me.

Micah Bell: Not me. You two. I got my own planning to do. You boys got this.

Bill Williamson: Shit. Yes, we have. Come on Arthur.

Micah Bell: And cowpoke. Take it easy. You could do with a vacation.

Bill Williamson: All right, let's go.

Micah Bell: Have fun boys.

Bill Williamson: Micah says we should jump it as soon as it comes through Van Horn.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, you're taking orders from him now?

Bill Williamson: I'm taking orders from Dutch. Same as always.

Arthur Morgan: The pair of them are becoming unhinged. You hear about Dutch

killing Cornwall?

Bill Williamson: Well, that needed to be done.

Arthur Morgan: Right now? With the
Pinkertons, breathing down our
necks?

Bill Williamson: Hey, hold up a second.
Pinkerton patrol over there...

Bill Williamson: Okay. I think we're clear. Let's
head off.

Arthur Morgan: You was just talking about
something?

Bill Williamson: See, I'm starting to think that
you've gone soft, Morgan.

Bill Williamson: Okay. Let's hold up here. No,
no, we ain't walking. Wagon will be
coming from that way, down from
Annesburg. And it'll take the two of
us to stop it completely, or it'll
never get done. So I was thinking
you go play dead, and I'll take care

of them.

Arthur Morgan: No, I'm the better shot. And you, you're the better actor. You play dead and I'll cover you. I got that. I got that. Oh, that's them coming now, I think. It'll be quite the show.

Bill Williamson: [inaudible 00:00:04:20].

Speaker 4: Move you idiot. Eric, go move him. Go on.

Eric: This place. These people... Come on. Let's get you out of-

Bill Williamson: Arthur. Quick, let's get the explosives.

Bill Williamson: All right, let's see if we can get this back to camp without blowing ourselves up. Nice shooting, back there.

Arthur Morgan: Nice drunk-playing.

Bill Williamson: Comes naturally.

Bill Williamson: I could use a drink after that.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I know. Just never goes
easy no more, does it?

Bill Williamson: Oh shit. Deal with them, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, I'm trying.

Bill Williamson: Well quit-

Bill Williamson: One good shot and they'll blow
us straight to kingdom come. I
thought there was no law in Van
Horn.

Arthur Morgan: Does that really matter right
now, Bill?

Bill Williamson: Goddammit. Still more behind
us. Shoot them, Arthur, before they
blow us to high hell.

Bill Williamson: On our right, Arthur.

Bill Williamson: We need to deal with this,

we're leading them right back to camp.

Arthur Morgan: What do you think I'm doing?

Arthur Morgan: Okay. I don't see any more.

Bill Williamson: All right. Well that was close.

Don't reckon I'm cut out to be a dynamite wagon driver.

Arthur Morgan: Killing a bunch of folks so we can rob some dynamite to blow up a bridge? Does this make any sense to you?

Bill Williamson: It's a distraction. So it ain't meant to make sense.

Arthur Morgan: It should to us. It's our plan.

Bill Williamson: You know, I've had it with the moaning. Look. There's Micah, up ahead.

Arthur Morgan: Great.

Micah Bell: Whoa. So, you got it?

Bill Williamson: We got it.

Arthur Morgan: Yes, we got it.

Micah Bell: What's wrong, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Nothing at all, boss.

Micah Bell: John, go drive this over to Bacchus Bridge. Get it hidden near there.

John Marston: He really does think he's in charge. [crosstalk 00:08:53]

Micah Bell: Bill, you go on ahead. I need to speak with Arthur. Good work, son.

Arthur Morgan: What's going on?

Micah Bell: Listen. I know we ain't always seen eye to eye, and you find me irritating and a threat. And I like to annoy you, but right now I need better from you, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, Micah, whatever you say.

Micah Bell: I ain't the bad guy, you think I am

Arthur, but I am a survivor. Stick with me and you'll live.

Micah Bell: Oh, the bridge is probably a two-man job. You should probably go help Marston.

Arthur Morgan: Why don't you?

Micah Bell: Like I said, Dutch and I got planning to do, for the train. There's a big picture here, Arthur. Trust me.

Arthur Morgan: Boy.

Sadie Adler: Don't you worry about me.

Dutch Van Der L...: There you are.

Arthur Morgan: Here I am.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Let's go where? And why are you so riled up?

Dutch Van Der L...: Today is a great day, Arthur.

Today is the day they are going to hang Colm O'Driscoll.

Arthur Morgan: That so?

Sadie Adler: Either they hang him, or I shoot him...

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh they are going to hang him.

Sadie Adler: Yeah... And not before time.

Arthur Morgan: That boy has been on the gallows more than most. I wouldn't count anything until his neck's broke.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, nor would I. Which is why, despite us being wanted men, we're going to attend the event ourselves.

Arthur Morgan: And follow him onto the scaffold?

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, let's hope not. But if I

could see that son of a bitch
breathe his last, I think I'd die a
happy man. We are kind of disguise
ourselves.

Arthur Morgan: In this?

Dutch Van Der L...: In this.

Sadie Adler: Okay.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on.

Arthur Morgan: Well, don't we just look the
part.

Dutch Van Der L...: We'll cut through the alley
to get to the gallows. We keep our
weapons holstered, our disguises
on, and our wits about us.

Arthur Morgan: Mrs. Adler... might I say, being a
fancy woman of Saint Denis suits
you.

Sadie Adler: I'd dress up like the Queen of Sheba
if it meant seeing that son of a bitch

swing.

Arthur Morgan: Colm hung me up... nearly butchered me, that don't mean I'm comfortable in this... woolen coat.

Sadie Adler: You made it out of that predicament, as I remember Mr. Morgan. My husband weren't so lucky.

Dutch Van Der L...: You lost your husband. I lost my darling, Annabelle. That poor boy, Kieran. We've all lost something because of Colm. And that is why we will shepherd him to eternity.

Sadie Adler: Amen to that.

Dutch Van Der L...: Now keep those fingers off those triggers because we'll need cool heads and calm dispositions to see this done.

Arthur Morgan: Practice what you preach,

brother.

Dutch Van Der L...: Whatever do you mean?

Arthur Morgan: Are you going to keep your cool? Really? When you seem to lose it, oh so often, now.

Dutch Van Der L...: This doubting and questioning of yours... I miss the old Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Don't we all

Sadie Adler: You two, quit it. We all got a job to do, and we're all in rough agreement about how we're doing it... as far as I can tell.

Arthur Morgan: Exactly. We'll get it done, all right.

Sadie Adler: All right, then. Come on. We got a hanging to witness.

Dutch Van Der L...: Look here. Don't the public love an execution.

Dutch Van Der L...: All right, good. Now... you see that... pair of assholes?

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Dutch Van Der L...: They're Colm's boys.

Arthur Morgan: Yes, I think so.

Dutch Van Der L...: What a surprise... I'm glad we're here.

Dutch Van Der L...: What are they pointing at?

Arthur Morgan: I don't know...

Arthur Morgan: We got to follow them to find out.

Dutch Van Der L...: Yeah...

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh... here comes somebody.

Dutch Van Der L...: Stay here.

Arthur Morgan: Don't do nothing.

Dutch Van Der L...: Go brush that horse,

officer.

Officer: Yes, sir.

Dutch Van Der L...: The crowd came to see your show, we don't want to disappoint them.

Arthur Morgan: I guess they did miss their chance to see John swing by his neck...

Dutch Van Der L...: Hey. Hey. You know I wasn't going to let it come to that.

Arthur Morgan: I guess I don't know what I know no more.

Dutch Van Der L...: And I guess this isn't the time to question either my decisions, or yours.

Dutch Van Der L...: Here and now, Colm O'Driscoll's going to get his due.

Dutch Van Der L...: He's cutting in there.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's go. Quiet.

O'Driscoll Boys: What's it look like?

O'Driscoll Boys: Bunch of cops.

O'Driscoll Boys: How many?

O'Driscoll Boys: Enough...

O'Driscoll Boys: So what do you think?

O'Driscoll Boys: Paul's up on the roof... and
once he starts shooting, we have to
have our wits about us and move
fast.

O'Driscoll Boys: Yeah... I guess we faced worse
than this before.

O'Driscoll Boys: Sure... Let's get to it.

O'Driscoll Boys: Yeah.

Dutch Van Der L...: So, they got a guy up on the
roof, overlooking the gallows. Find
a way up there... onto one of these
verandas, through a building,
maybe. And get him. And... do it
silently.

Arthur Morgan: Well, obviously I'm going to do it silently, I want to see this bastard swing.

Dutch Van Der L...: Oh, Arthur, here's a ladder.

Dutch Van Der L...: Find a way-

Arthur Morgan: Gallows... gallows... which way was you?

Arthur Morgan: What's this then?

Arthur Morgan: Your boss is going to swing. I promise.

Arthur Morgan: Well, Colm. There goes your escape plan...

Anouncer: Fair citizens of Saint Denis... For as long as any of us can remember, it is justice that separates us from barbary. Yet justice itself can at times be barbaric. For sometimes a man is so savage, the only way to deal with him justly is by savagery.

Colm O'Driscoll is one such man. He has murdered, tortured, robbed, stolen, raped, and abused for a decade across five states. Seemingly with impunity. Today, justice catches up with him.

Colm O'Driscoll: As well you may. I've been a bad man.

Announcer: Silence!

Colm O'Driscoll: These charges...

Announcer: This is not a court where you shall be tried. This is a place where your sentence... is to be carried out-

Sadie Adler: Don't you damn well move.

Dutch Van Der L...: Relax, son.

Announcer: -and your sentence Colm O'Driscoll is that you are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. This is not a task we take lightly... it is not a task we enjoy... but it is a task we

must carry out if our civilization is to prosper. Gentlemen, are we ready? Colm O'Driscoll... may God, in his infinite wisdom, have mercy upon your soul.

Anouncer: Whenever you are ready.

Sadie Adler: Now you know how it feels to watch somebody you love die.

Sadie Adler: You ruined my life!

Sadie Adler: Die!

Dutch Van Der L...: Shit!

Sadie Adler: Die!

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, let's go!

Sadie Adler: Die!

Dutch Van Der L...: Morgan, you hear us? Take a shot on these O'Driscolls!

Sadie Adler: I ain't going to get him.

Sadie Adler: Behind you.

Dutch Van Der L...: I got his.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on.

Sadie Adler:I can't get a shot on him.

Dutch Van Der L...: You got your vengeance!
We're moving for the wagon.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, we got him.

Sadie Adler:Let's just get out of here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Go.

Tilly Jackson: How you get on, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Well... we saw the bastard hang
okay, but the whole thing ain't
going to save us.

Tilly Jackson: I guess that's one less thing to
worry about.

Arthur Morgan: I guess, compared to the entire
government, in the end... Colm
O'Driscoll didn't seem like such a
worry...

Tilly Jackson: A letter came for you.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, okay.

Tilly Jackson: I know it's from that Mary...

Arthur Morgan: Mary?

Tilly Jackson: She ain't worth it, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Who is?

Mary Linton: My Dear Arthur,

Mary Linton: You never showed up, and now, after looking at the newspapers, I understand why. I don't imagine you will receive this letter, but I nonetheless must send it. Arthur, oh, Arthur. I was just starting to dream the silliest and softest of dreams. I miss you, and I will always miss you, but I cannot live like that, and it seems you cannot live any other way.

Mary Linton: When I'm with you, the world

makes sense, but when we are apart, I see clearly that your world is not a world from which one can escape. I'm so sorry, for everything, for everything long ago and for starting up that business again. There's a good man within you, Arthur, but he is wrestling with a giant. And the giant, wins, time and again. You've broken my heart, again, and I fear I have broken yours.

Mary Linton: For that, I will never forgive myself, but you must let me go now. I enclose a ring you gave me many years ago, when we were both young, not because I don't like it, but because I care for it far too much and it reminds me too much of you. I hope, one day you will find some people in love who can use this, for it kept me thinking of you all these years, and I hope by

returning it to you, I can finally be free.

Mary Linton: Goodbye.

John Marston: Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: How are you doing?

John Marston: Nervous. But I've been nervous for a while. I had a lot of time to think in that jail and feel like I just don't know Dutch no more.

Arthur Morgan: You ain't the only one.

John Marston: In this plan to get us out. It just feels... I don't know.

Arthur Morgan: Like you're stringing us along? I know.

John Marston: Killing him in cold blood, revenge. We all do bad things, but he seems to enjoy it now. It's like, he just wants to create more enemies, more chaos.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I know.

John Marston: I mean, I love Dutch. He Saved me a long time ago. I feel like in Saint Denis when I got arrested, maybe he could have done something.

Arthur Morgan: I feel like you should take your woman and child and get lost.

John Marston: Do you?

Arthur Morgan: You can buddy. You could give something to Jack. I started it. Well, I don't see no way out of this.

John Marston: But what about loyalty?

Arthur Morgan: Be loyal to what matters?

John Marston: What are you going to do?

Arthur Morgan: I'll be okay. But do it, for me. I wouldn't make me feel good if that makes any sense.

John Marston: A little but-

Arthur Morgan: Listen to me, when the time comes, you got to run and don't look back. This is over.

John Marston: And now?

Arthur Morgan: Now we got to help Dutch give the army one final tweak on his nose.

John Marston: Yeah, come on. Tell me what's the rest of this.

Arthur Morgan: But it looks like we finally found our calling in life.

John Marston: Let's ride this thing out on the bridge.

Arthur Morgan: There's a spot about a third of the way across where we can get down underneath the plant the charges. We've already set up the detonator. John, Let's get this over there. You hear about a Dutch and core?

John Marston: Yeah. This is what I'm talking about. More enemies, more chaos. I Mean... All right, stop. Here's good.

Arthur Morgan: Are you sure you got a lot of this stuff? We'll need it.

John Marston: I'll climb down there. You lower the crates.

Arthur Morgan: All right. Let me know when you're ready. Got it?

John Marston: Ready when you are. I'm at the bottom of the ladder here to your left. Okay? You should be get there. I'm ready come on. All right, take it slow. That's not something we want to drop. Okay, good. Grab the other one. Get closer to the edge. Turn left. Okay. Let's go. Nice and easy.

Arthur Morgan: Got it.

John Marston: All right. Come down here and help me plant this stuff. Okay. Grab

yourself butter from the bottom.
It's just wired to the detonator.
Need to attach each of those
bundles to the fuses. There's one on
each of the main sport mate.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

John Marston: Okay. I should go get the
handcart ready. You okay to finish
off down here?

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Go on. I can handle the
rest.

John Marston: I'll see you up there. Just better
work. What did you get along
Arthur? I'm not sure this is enough
to brow it.

Arthur Morgan: These are mine in charge. I
need you to come back. IF you don't
do the job, nothing well. Shit, I think
[inaudible 00:05:23] I'm coming up
there.

John Marston: Train. Arthur, get me up here.
Quick.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I'm on my way.

John Marston: Arthur, buddy, Come on.

Arthur Morgan: Shit.

John Marston: Arthur, the train. Come on
Quick. Pull this stupid thing.
Where's your care? Let's go, let's
go. Quick, quick. It's [inaudible
00:05:55].

Arthur Morgan: Jump.

John Marston: Oh, thank you.

Arthur Morgan: No problem.

John Marston: It just ain't how I want to die.
Come on. Let's go blow this thing
up. I think the line held. You want
the honors?

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Well I guess old Dutch
[inaudible 00:06:47] smoke he

wants.

John Marston: Let's hope so.

Arthur Morgan: You really think that Dutch will draw attention away from us?

John Marston: I guess we'll say, tell the truth. I ain't even sure. I fully understand that Dutch playing with all this.

Arthur Morgan: Like I said, John, when the time comes you go.

John Marston: What about loyalty to everything?

Arthur Morgan: You've been loyal, I've been loyal. Look what that cost. You know, all it ever mattered to me was loyalty? Was all I knew. Is all I ever believed in but not anymore, John. Soon, you got to go. Go, don't look back.

John Marston: I'll think about it.

Arthur Morgan: I've done a lot of thinking. Look at us, out here risking our Nexion for what exactly?

John Marston: For-

Arthur Morgan: For an idea that don't work no more.

John Marston: What do you mean?

Arthur Morgan: You know just what I mean. You got a family, you need cash. You need to start building a life for yourself. Me, I need a vacation. And Dutch has all the money for safekeeping.

John Marston: You know something? Abigail, I think she might know where some of that money is.

Arthur Morgan: You'll tell her she better make sure. And then come talk to me and we'll find out just who and what we should be loyal to.

John Marston: I don't know, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: You don't know what? I'm seeing things a lot more clearly now. I wish things were different, but it were not to be changed.

Dutch Van Der Linde: Come up top here Arthur.

Dutch Van Der Linde: So good of you to join us.

Arthur Morgan: What's going on?

Dutch Van Der Linde: Rebellion. The smell of cordite and integrity. It is a beautiful thing.

Arthur Morgan: What are, y'all doing?

Dutch Van Der Linde: An eye for an eye. We didn't start this, Arthur. They did.

Arthur Morgan: We? This ain't our fight.

Dutch Van Der Linde: It surely is.

Arthur Morgan: Whatever it is you're planning, it ain't a good idea. They want you

to fight.

Eagle Flies: Nobody will be killed.

Dutch Van Der L...: We're just going to trap a few of them in the valley, disarm them, tar and feather them and remind them to leave these boys alone.

Arthur Morgan: You have energy for pranks?

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on, Arthur. Just tweaking Uncle Sam's nose a little. I need you to help me.

Dutch Van Der L...: Besides, it's perfect. People will see these boys. They won't notice us and they'll think we're gone. Everyone will blame everything on the Indian problem and we'll disappear up the river. But first we need to trap them in this pass. Help me dynamite up these trees.

Arthur Morgan: So, you're using them?

Dutch Van Der L...: No, sir. No, never. But it is mutually beneficial to draw attention to one problem and a veil over another.

Arthur Morgan: These are good people, but their situation is real complex. We ain't helping.

Dutch Van Der L...: Sure we are. Come on, let's get this done.

Eagle Flies: We don't have a lot of time. The patrol should be coming in a few minutes.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. Hurry, Arthur. I'll plant the dynamite you run the wire.

Eagle Flies: We'll keep look out for them up here.

Dutch Van Der L...: I sent for some of that

dynamite you and Bill
commandeered in Van Horn. Good
work with that, by the way.

Arthur Morgan: Bill played drunk.

Dutch Van Der L...: The perfect man for the job.

Dutch Van Der L...: So, you finally got to see
Colm hang?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah.

Dutch Van Der L...: After all those years, hard
to believe. Oh, but it was worth the
wait. See, we're tying up the loose
ends, Arthur, one by one.

Eagle Flies: I think that should do it. Come on
now. Quick. Get back up here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. Let's go. Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Hurry, I think I see some
movement in the distance.

Eagle Flies: Quick now, Arthur. Everyone into
position.

Eagle Flies: My spotter will let us know when they're near. They're coming now.

Eagle Flies: Hot damn! The patrol's a lot larger than we thought it was going to be.

Dutch Van Der L...: Don't worry. That's a good thing.

Eagle Flies: Okay. That's the signal. Here they come. Stay low and quiet.

Dutch Van Der L...: Are you sure you don't want me to man that plunger, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: No, I got it.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'll remove the weight of the world from your shoulders for a minute. Like I said, we're just going to give them a bit of a scare.

Eagle Flies: There they are. Looks like more than we thought.

Dutch Van Der L...: It's fine. We're only here to

talk and administer a little good old fashioned humiliation. You're owed that, son, at the very least.

Eagle Flies: Wait for my lead, men.

Dutch Van Der L...: Everyone just stay calm.
We've got the upper hand here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, they've-

Eagle Flies: Put your hands up. You're surrounded. Nobody need get hurt. Your humiliation of us has gone on quite enough.

US Army Men: This ain't a good idea.

Eagle Flies: Put down your guns.

US Army Men: You are making a mistake, boy.

Dutch Van Der L...: No, you're making a mistake. Put your hands up, soldier, take a little humiliation and leave these fine folks alone.

US Army Men: Who are you?

Dutch Van Der L...: A concerned citizen.

US Army Men: Is that so?

Speaker 5: We're being ambushed.

Eagle Flies: What now?

Arthur Morgan: We should move.

Dutch Van Der L...: No, no, no, no. Not quite yet.

US Army Men: We're ready to fire.

Dutch Van Der L...: Soldier, you and your friends going to tuck tail and run off. Run.

US Army Men: Excuse me?

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm getting bored of this.

Dutch Van Der L...: Your friends fired first soldier.

Eagle Flies: My father won't be happy about this.

Eagle Flies: There's another patrol in the rear.
You pushed us to this.

Dutch Van Der L...: Fight them, boys.

Eagle Flies: Look out. They're coming up.

Arthur Morgan: You will die in this place. You
fools, you damn fools. It's the army.

Dutch Van Der L...: It is one regiment of pastry
chefs and bullies. Watch your
goddam mouth.

Dutch Van Der L...: All of you, take what you
can. And then we move out.

Arthur Morgan: Move now. We have to move
now.

Eagle Flies: Search these men quickly. Then we
move.

Arthur Morgan: Jesus Christ. Why aren't we
getting out of here?

Dutch Van Der L...: They might have
information on them that'll help our

friends with their cause.

Eagle Flies: We need anything my father can use to strengthen our case.

Arthur Morgan: I ain't sure much is going to strengthen your case after this.

Dutch Van Der L...: Find anything?

Arthur Morgan: Yes. Some poor fool from New Jersey. These boys. Ain't the problem. They're only kids.

Dutch Van Der L...: Keep looking.

Arthur Morgan: Shit! Everyone, keep your heads down.

Eagle Flies: It's over. There's too many of us.

Eagle Flies: Hope you said your prayers, scum!

Eagle Flies: What do we do here, Dutch? This is a lot of men.

Dutch Van Der L...: Just hold your ground. Surrender, and they'll hang you all.

Eagle Flies: Where's Paytah?

Dutch Van Der L...: Damn. They're sending riders from the fort. We need to leave.

Eagle Flies: But where's Paytah? Was he killed? He's alive.

Arthur Morgan: Well, that went just about according to plan.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'm trying. I'm trying, Arthur, with everything I have and I will keep trying and you'll keep doubting me and we'll keep failing.

Arthur Morgan: It ain't like that, Dutch. Look at me. Look at me! I'm just, I'm worried about folk.

Dutch Van Der L...: I know, I...

Dutch Van Der L...: We should go.

Arthur Morgan: Where's Eagle Flies?

Dutch Van Der L...: Run, son. Run. Come on.

This area's going to be crawling with soldiers in a few minutes. We got to leave, now.

Arthur Morgan: What about Eagle Flies?

Dutch Van Der L...: We got to go, Arthur. Come on. We need to ride hard. Stay with me.

Dutch Van Der L...: Left here, into the trees. Okay, let's dismount here. We won't get the horses down this path. All right. Let's carry on by foot, try and sell them a little snake oil.

Arthur Morgan: You think?

Dutch Van Der L...: It's all I got. Get out of here. Let's see if we can lose them down here.

US Army Men: I'll put you in a grave, son.

Arthur Morgan: Shit!

Dutch Van Der L...: I guess not.

Arthur Morgan: Keep up.

Dutch Van Der L...: Find something, Arthur.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on. Let's see if there's
a way out through here.

US Army Men: You're done now.

Dutch Van Der L...: More on the left.

Arthur Morgan: I warned you.

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay, that was close.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's get going. Follow the
pass. It's got to spit us out
somewhere.

Dutch Van Der L...: Behind us, hold them off!
This is a little... Get down. We've
got to do something. There's too
many of them. Fall back.

Arthur Morgan: I'm putting them down.

Dutch Van Der L...: I'll hold them here, move.

Now that ain't [inaudible 00:13:39].

Dutch Van Der L...: We're being overrun, get out of here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Steady up.

Arthur Morgan: This is it.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, Arthur.

US Army Men: Put your hands up! I said put your damn hands up!

Dutch Van Der L...: Okay. Okay.

Dutch Van Der L...: Follow my lead. I got a plan. This is a good one.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hello, officers.

US Army Men: You keep them hands up and come here. Put your hands up.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hello, captain.

US Army Men: Keep your hands up and come here. Come here.

Dutch Van Der L...: We can't do that. Your men,

those men they killed. They were good men. You're fighting nature, captain.

US Army Men: Get over here.

Dutch Van Der L...: Ask my friend here. My whole life, I tried to fight change. It's a waste. I see that, now. It's a waste. You can't fight nature, captain. You can't fight change. You can't fight gravity.

Dutch Van Der L...: Come on Arthur! Take my hand. Here. Oh, don't give up now. Come here big boy. I got you. You're okay. You're okay.

Arthur Morgan: What a mess.

Dutch Van Der L...: I know. But a mess is what we need. Oh, we just escaped from chaos. Eagle Flies must have been taken.

Arthur Morgan: Taken, or killed.

Dutch Van Der L...: Well, we can't go find out.

Arthur Morgan: No. Not now.

Dutch Van Der L...: Charles, I will send him.
Where is he?

Arthur Morgan: He's probably back at camp.

Dutch Van Der L...: Let's split up. I'll go tell him.
You rest up, then go meet him up at
the reservation. We are going to
make it brother. I can feel it. Faith
Arthur. Have faith.

Charles Smith: Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Hello Charles.

Charles Smith: Thank you for coming.

Arthur Morgan: Of course.

Charles Smith: The chief he is a very... maybe
you could speak to him?

Arthur Morgan: Yes, it is why I came.

Charles Smith: He's in his tent.

Arthur Morgan: Sure.

Charles Smith: I'll wait for you here.

Arthur Morgan: Hello?

Rains Fall: Come in.

Rains Fall: Mr. Morgan, I'm so glad you could make it.

Arthur Morgan: How are you?

Rains Fall: My son is foolish, but he's still my son.

Arthur Morgan: I know your son, a little. He's very brave, very angry. He's me.

Rains Fall: How is your father?

Arthur Morgan: He's dead a long time... And lived a lot longer than was good for any of us.

Rains Fall: My son probably wishes the same to me.

Arthur Morgan: I doubt that.

Rains Fall: I want peace. I need my people to be safe. All my life, I've tried to bring peace, but I love my son. They'll hang him for treason. He is the chief's son of a proud nation. How could he commit treason? People have lied to my people for a hundred years or more that's treason.

Arthur Morgan: Well...

Rains Fall: What should I do?

Arthur Morgan: I don't think there's much chance reasoning with Colonel Favors...

Rains Fall: No, and any chance we had, your friend Mr. Van Der Lind has ensured relations between us and the army are worse than any point in the last five years. I'm sure he means well... but matters are more complex than he understands.

Arthur Morgan: Me and Charles will try and rescue your son.

Rains Fall: No...

Arthur Morgan: Yes, I ain't got much to lose and you got... I'm doing this.

Arthur Morgan: Charles! Where are you?

Arthur Morgan: Come on lets go. We need to get his son back ofcouse. I just ain't sure how.

Charles Smith: I've been working on that. I think there's a way. Follow me.

Charles Smith: So I've been scouting the fort. The army are patrolling all the main roads and bridges in and out but, if we can get the horses across the river, I found a route that should get us in fairly close. If we wait until late enough, there is a place we should be able to sneak in around the back.

Arthur Morgan: Okay, Whatever you think. I trust you.

Charles Smith: No guns. Just knives and arrows. If we start making a lot of noise, he will be dead before we get close to him.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Charles Smith: I left two canoes down river, in case we need another way out of there.

Arthur Morgan: Okay? Good.

Charles Smith: You know, this would not have happened if it was not for Dutch.

Arthur Morgan: It ain't just on Dutch, we all went along with it.

Charles Smith: He saw Eagle Flies burned hot, and he fanned the flames. He is not helping that tribe. He's helping himself. You see that or you would

not have gone to Rain Fall behind his back.

Arthur Morgan: I guess I just keep thinking there must be a way to save the situation, pull Dutch out of the place he is in, and well I like Rains Fall.

Charles Smith: I don't know Arthur, Rains Fall is in a tough situation, and as for Dutch...

Arthur Morgan: I got to try. I owe him that at least.

Charles Smith: You feel that? There's rain on the wind.

Arthur Morgan: I know... listen Charles. If it goes bad in there, you get yourself out. You got more lose.

Charles Smith: No. come on, do not start talking like that.

Arthur Morgan: I didn't tell you before, but I saw a doctor. It is pretty bad, and it

is going to get worse.

Charles Smith: Arthur. Any day we can die. We're riding to break an Indian chief's son out of a cavalry fort. We can both die tonight. In a way, it is a gift to know. In a way, you were lucky.

Arthur Morgan: Sure don't feel like that.

Charles Smith: You still have time to make amends. The others Hosea, Lenny, Sean, all of them, they did not. And what about the Callendar Boys? Both killed trying to escape Blackwater. A more vicious pair of bastards there never was, and that is all they ever were and will be.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe.

Charles Smith: You're lucky. You got chance to do something better. My guess is maybe that's why you're here now. Either way, just keep your head

strong, we are close now.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah you are a one strong boy.

Arthur Morgan: Easy.

Charles Smith: Are you alright?

Arthur Morgan: I Think so.

Charles Smith: That current is strong.

Charles Smith: up here, follow me.

Arthur Morgan: You were right about the damn
rain.

Charles Smith: Yeah, but might help us with
sneaking in there.

Charles Smith: Rains Fall told me there was
some retaliation after the meeting
with Colonel Favors. Some women
were taken, elders beaten.

Arthur Morgan: Bastards.

Charles Smith: Yeah, this isn't going to be nice.

Charles Smith: There it is.

Charles Smith: Alright, this should be fine. Let's get ourselves hidden till it gets dark.

Charles Smith: Over here.

Charles Smith: I guess this is it.

Arthur Morgan: I guess it is.

Charles Smith: Let's keep quiet and try to find a way in. Main thing is that they do not hear us.

Charles Smith: Ready? Patrol group...
Hopefully we will be in and out before they can come back around.

Charles Smith: There is two guards out front. If you take one...

Charles Smith: Good, Let us make our way around the back. Stay close to the wall.

Charles Smith: Careful, there is a guard up there.

Charles Smith: Okay, let us go.

Charles Smith: Okay, come on.

Charles Smith: Slow. Wait. Two more. One in the tower, one on the ground. Same as before, you take... Good, just a bit further on here. This is the spot.

Charles Smith: Guard up ahead. Have you got a shot on him?

Arthur Morgan: I've got this one.

Charles Smith: Okay, quick, this way.

Charles Smith: Shit, another guard on the walkway.

Charles Smith: Let us move, come on.

Charles Smith: Careful. Two more, one each again?

Charles Smith: Alright, let us go.

Charles Smith: Wait, I will make sure the tower is clear. It is okay, let us go.

Charles Smith: There is a guard out front. You

take him, I will cover back there.

Arthur Morgan: I will handle this.

Charles Smith: The cells should be just down this way.

Charles Smith: We will never get past these guards. Get up that tower and try to distract them. Try to put an arrow into the lantern above that stack of wood over there. Start a fire.

Speaker 2: Fire! We got a fire near the ammo! Let's go!

Charles Smith: Arthur, come on. Get down here.

Speaker 2: Do something.

Charles Smith: Quickly, the cells are just in here.

Eagle Flies: Arthur Morgan? Charles? Is that you? Look for the keys... you have to get me out of here.

Arthur Morgan: Got them.

Arthur Morgan: Come on.

Arthur Morgan: Your father sent us.

Eagle Flies: My father... he told you to come
and kill guards?

Arthur Morgan: No, he did not say that.

Eagle Flies: Of course not.

Arthur Morgan: You okay?

Eagle Flies: Sure... I enjoy being tortured, clears
the mind.

Arthur Morgan: If you say so.

Eagle Flies: Am fine.

Arthur Morgan: Damn it. We will have to shoot
our way out!

Charles Smith: Let us push up!

Charles Smith: Watch yourselves, more up
ahead!

Charles Smith: Look out, there is some up top there!

Charles Smith: More of them a head of us!

Eagle Flies: Come this way. I remember seeing a hole in one of the walls when they brought me in.

Eagle Flies: Damn, they must have fixed it.

Charles Smith: Arthur, deal with this, would you?

Arthur Morgan: Yes, but... How?

Arthur Morgan: Come on... let us use this thing.

Arthur Morgan: We are through, let us go.

Charles Smith: Here, come on! Get on!

Charles Smith: I got you.

Charles Smith: let's go, quick. I've got some canoes set up in the river down here.

Arthur Morgan: Shit, we got company behind

us!

Arthur Morgan: More of them coming from the road on the left.

Charles Smith: Ahead of us... quick, down this way.

Charles Smith: The canoes are close.

Charles Smith: We have to get rid of them, Arthur.

Charles Smith: Hold them off. I will get Eagle Flies to the canoes!

Charles Smith: Quick, get in the other canoe and let us go, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Well we made it this far. Let us get out of here.

Eagle Flies: They will pay for this. They will wish they killed me when they had a chance.

Charles Smith: Let us just get you to safety first, my friend.

Eagle Flies: It is like Dutch said, "They only have the power when you allow them to have it."

Charles Smith: Well, Dutch says a lot of things.

Eagle Flies: Watch out for the current!

Arthur Morgan: This is some swell.

Charles Smith: Watch yourself. Last thing we need is one of us going in.

Arthur Morgan: Believe me, that is not my plan.

Eagle Flies: Look out! On the shore, they are coming after us!

Eagle Flies: Look out on the left!

Charles Smith: Are you alright.

Eagle Flies: I am fine. Give me a gun... I can help.

Charles Smith: Just keep your head down.

Eagle Flies: On your right, Arthur.

Charles Smith: The water should be calmer ahead, we just need to keep going.

Charles Smith: Be ready for more trouble up ahead.

Charles Smith: They will not give up easily, stay ready.

Charles Smith: We need to get as far away from the fort as possible.

Charles Smith: Look right!

Charles Smith: Let us see if we can find somewhere a head to pull in.

Charles Smith: No, I was wrong, to more on the left... do not kill their horses...

Charles Smith: I do not see any more of them. Let us get over to the show.

Arthur Morgan: I think we lost them. Come on.

Speaker 2: You okay, Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I am right rain. How are

you?

Eagle Flies: I'll be fine in his day or so. I heal fast. Colonel favors won't be too happy with your rescue.

Arthur Morgan: I guess not.

Eagle Flies: Yeah, there is going to be a lot more trouble. My father... even he might have to fight.

Charles Smith: You won't win, no big fight with them. Shouldn't you all just run away?

Eagle Flies: Where would we go?

Arthur Morgan: I do not know.

Charles Smith: Hey friend, let me take you back to your father.

Eagle Flies: Thank you.

Arthur Morgan: Don't mention it.

Arthur Morgan: Mrs. Ad.

Sadie Adler: You okay?

Arthur Morgan: Peachy.

Sadie Adler: You sure?

Arthur Morgan: No, I ain't sure.

Sadie Adler: You still working?

Arthur Morgan: Is anybody still working? The whole goddamn place full of people bickering, and fighting, and lying. It makes me real sad.

Sadie Adler: I know. I need someone to ride with me.

Arthur Morgan: To do what?

Sadie Adler: Finish off them O'Driscolls. I hear the last of them is holed up at Hanging Dog Ranch.

Arthur Morgan: I don't have it in me no more. I saw Colm swing, I just don't care.

Sadie Adler: I was a married woman. You know

what they did to me, and to my husband. Look, you're the only one of these fools that I trust. I've gotta do this.

Arthur Morgan: I tell you what, I'll do it, but there's something you could help me with. Abigail, Jack, John. Make sure they make it. I mean this whole thing is pretty much done, but when the time comes...

Sadie Adler: But, how do you mean?

Arthur Morgan: When the time comes, you help them.

Sadie Adler: What do you mean?

Arthur Morgan: I mean, help them escape when I... You know you and me, we're more ghosts than people, but them, they could...

Sadie Adler: I know. Of course I will. Thank you, Arthur. You want to ride with me

now or meet me up at Hanging Dog Ranch when you can?

Sadie Adler: Thanks, Arthur. Okay, come on.

Arthur Morgan: Ow. Fine morning for a killing.

Sadie Adler: Hey.

Arthur Morgan: You seen anything down there?

Sadie Adler: Yeah, I think there's a bunch of them down there and mostly drunk. But one of them, he's a fat fellow with a beard. Him, he's mine.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Sadie Adler: It's a big ranch, rundown. Lots of folk there, but spread pretty thin. I'll set it off and then we'll take it from there.

Arthur Morgan: "Take it from there?" Okay. So, no real plan then?

Sadie Adler: Oh, I got a plan. Now come on.

Speaker 3: Wait, she's from Dutch's gang.

Sadie Adler: Come on. Let's finish this.

Sadie Adler: Burn!

Sadie Adler: The barn! There's a sharpshooter...
In the hayloft. Okay. He's dead. Jake
Adler... Sadie Adler, we was good
people. They're dead. Jake Adler.
Sadie Adler.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Speaker 3: We don't got no qualms with you.

Sadie Adler: You ruined us.

Speaker 3: You ruined me.

Sadie Adler: Okay. You take the barn, I'll take the
farm house. And remember, if he's
fat and he's got a beard, he's mine.

Arthur Morgan: I'll try.

Speaker 3: Just shoot her. I don't care what she
is, shoot her. You come near this
barn, we'll open up on you. I'm
going to put a window in your skull.

Sadie Adler: You're on the barn, Morgan. You understand me?

Sadie Adler: I said take the barn! I don't need you out here. I need you clearing that barn.

Speaker 3: Look around. Die.

Arthur Morgan: Barn's clear.

Sadie Adler: Okay, going into the farm house.

Arthur Morgan: Ah. Sadie.

Sadie Adler: You piece of shit. I told you you'd see me again.

Arthur Morgan: You okay?

Sadie Adler: Yeah. He was a good man, my Jakey. We was always sweet on one another.

Arthur Morgan: I'm sure.

Sadie Adler: I miss him every day, every moment. They turned me into a

monster, Arthur. But my memories of him, they still pure.

Arthur Morgan: I ain't even got that.

Sadie Adler: Aside from my Jake, you're the best man I've known.

Arthur Morgan: I know the company you keep, the competition ain't too fierce. We should get away from here. Yeah.

Sadie Adler: I think I need to be alone for a bit.

Arthur Morgan: I understand. You, might want to get yourself cleaned up.

Sadie Adler: Thank you, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Boy.

Tilly Jackson: They came and took Abigail. I saved Jack. We hid but they took Abigail.

Dutch Van Der L...: Who did?

Tilly Jackson: Agent Milton and his men took her to Van Horne to be put on a

boat and be tried for murder.

Dutch Van Der L...: I am sorry to hear that.

Micah Bell: We've got to let her go. John's
a...well... sorry son, without John,
she's just bait.

Micah Bell: We've got a bunch of money dutch.

Micah Bell: She's just a girl. They won't do
nothing to her. But, me and the
boys know. We need to keep riding
on this one Dutch. You know it,
every man here knows it.

Arthur Morgan: So we're just going to let the
boy be made an orphan?

Dutch Van Der L...: It ain't like that.

Arthur Morgan: What is it like?

Micah Bell: I want to live cow poke. I've still got
the choice. Dutch, its just a girl.

Dutch Van Der L...: You're right.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch.

Dutch Van Der L...: It pains me to say it Arthur,
but he is right.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch.

Micah Bell: Come on boys.

Arthur Morgan: Well I guess that's that then.

Arthur Morgan: All them god damn years.

Tilly Jackson: Come on Arthur. Lets got get
her. You and me is all we need.

Arthur Morgan: Ms.Tilly, here, take this. You
take this money too. Take Jack, and
you wait at Copperhead Landing for
Abigail and Mrs.Adler.

Tilly Jackson: Thank you Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: You're a good girl. You live a
good life now you hear?

Tilly Jackson: All right Arthur. I'll miss...

Arthur Morgan: Me too sweetheart. Me too.

Arthur Morgan: Jack, come here. Be brave son.

I'm going to go get your mama.

Arthur Morgan: Mrs.Adler, ride with me.

Sadie Adler:If they're putting her on a boat, they'll probably dock her at the north end of town. So I reckon we should go the other way.

Arthur Morgan: Sure. I guess. I don't know.

Arthur Morgan: Those god damn bastards.

Sadie Adler:Look. Just follow me okay? We're going to get this done Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Now he doesn't care if he orphans his friends child so long as he gets rich? All this talk all them god damn years. Seems like it was always a lie, before he went crazy.

Arthur Morgan: What a mess.

Sadie Adler:Sure. I guess he began to believe he was god or something.

Arthur Morgan: I don't know. I'm sorry you got

dragged into this.

Arthur Morgan: Into us.

Sadie Adler: Listen, if you hadn't shown up at my house that night I'd be dead. And even this bullshit beats dead.

Arthur Morgan: Thought I could find a way to get John, Abigail, and Jack out of this mess. Give them a life.

Arthur Morgan: Seems I left it too late.

Sadie Adler: If we could still get Abigail, maybe her and Jack will be okay.

Arthur Morgan: John, Hosea, Mac, Davy, Jenny, Sean, Lenny. We have to put an end to this.

Arthur Morgan: An eagle flies, another angry fool he used just like he did with the rest of us.

Sadie Adler: Like I said Arthur. We don't need them. We're going to make this

right. Me and you together. What's left of it.

Sadie Adler: Now come on.

Sadie Adler: Okay, here we are. Lets ditch the horse and come up with a plan.

Sadie Adler: Easy!

Arthur Morgan: Get out of here.

Sadie Adler: How are you feeling?

Arthur Morgan: I'm okay.

Sadie Adler: I think you should cover me and then ill go in and get her.

Sadie Adler: Because you're the better shot, I mean.

Arthur Morgan: That aint what you mean. I can still fight

Sadie Adler: I know it Arthur. But just dit my way honey. Its for the best. Get up some place high like, the light house or something and cover me. Please.

Arthur Morgan: Okay.

Arthur Morgan: Okay Mr.Milton. Where are
you?

Arthur Morgan: There you are you bastard.

Arthur Morgan: Sadie.

Speaker 6: Its coming from the light house.

Arthur Morgan: God damn bastards.

Speaker 6: You let them get away?

Arthur Morgan: Move Sadie, move.

Arthur Morgan: Yeah, I got you.

Arthur Morgan: Come on Sadie, keep moving.

Arthur Morgan: That it. Keep moving.

Arthur Morgan: Shit.

Arthur Morgan: Okay Mr.Milton. I guess were
going to have to talk this out like
gentlemen.

Speaker 6: Over there.

Speaker 6: Take him down.

Speaker 6: No holding back.

Speaker 6: That's far enough you son of a bitch.

Arthur Morgan: Okay ladies, lets get out of here.

Arthur attempts to untie Abigail but Andrew Milton shows up.

Andrew Milton: Calm down Mr.Morgan.

Andrew Milton: That's quite a cough.

Arthur Morgan: Sure. Tuberculosis. Ill be dead soon. And you with me mr.mlton.

Andrew Milton: Yes, you'll be dead sure. But I'm going to be just fine.

Andrew Milton: We offered you a deal mr.morgan. You should've taken it.

Arthur Morgan: I'm a fool mr.milton.

Andrew Milton: Not all you boys have quite so many scruples. Old Micah Bell.

Arthur Morgan: Micah. You mean Molly.

Andrew Milton: Molly Oshea? Sweated her a couple time. Never said a word. Had to let her go.

Andrew Milton: Micah bell. We picked him up when your boys came back from the Caribbean. He's been a good boy ever since.

Arthur Morgan: Okay. Okay. [crosstalk 00:10:43]

Andrew Milton: Losing your strength
mr.morgan.

Arthur Morgan: You're still a yapping dog
mr.milton?

Abigail Roberts: Horrible man.

Abigail Roberts: Now come one. Both of you.

Arthur Morgan: Find the horses. We need to get
the hell out of here.

Abigail Roberts: What happened to Jack? Where
is he?

Sadie Adler:He's fine. Tilly's got him.

Abigail Roberts: Thank god.

Sadie Adler:Abigail, you ride mine.

Sadie Adler:Get on Arthur, get on.

Sadie Adler:You'll be okay.

Sadie Adler:Look out ahead on the left.

Abigail Roberts: God damn you all.

Speaker 6: He's not going to lose us.

Sadie Adler:On the railroad to the right.

Sadie Adler:[crosstalk 00:12:11]

Sadie Adler:You all right Abigail?

Abigail Roberts: I think so.

Arthur Morgan: Shit.

Sadie Adler:Look out on the right.

Speaker 6: There's no where for you to run to.

Abigail Roberts: Call your [inaudible 00:12:27]

man, you pathetic sons of bitches.

Sadie Adler: God damn it. More of them. Go left.

Speaker 6: All three of you are dead.

Speaker 6: Oh, you're mine now.

Speaker 6: Where the hell do you think you're going?

Abigail Roberts: Bastards grabbed me right outside camp. I was with Tilly and Jack. It happened so fast I couldn't do anything.

Sadie Adler: Its all right. Jack and Tilly are fine.

Sadie Adler: You see anything?

Arthur Morgan: No.

Arthur Morgan: Oh, wait a second.

Arthur Morgan: Hold up a moment.

Sadie Adler: Arthur there's no time.

Arthur Morgan: There's time.

Abigail Roberts: What happened to John.
Where's John?

Arthur Morgan: I don't...

Arthur Morgan: I think...

Abigail Roberts: Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: He...

Abigail Roberts: What?

Arthur Morgan: He got killed or he got captured.
I'm really sorry.

Abigail Roberts: No.

Arthur Morgan: Abigail I was on the train and I
didn't see it.

Abigail Roberts: No.

Arthur Morgan: Listen, we got Jack. He's safe.
Mrs. Adler will take you to him. But
John, I want you to know this. He
loved you. He loved you and Jack he
did. He wasn't perfect but he did.

You've got to get that boy.

Arthur Morgan: Go on. Get out of here.

Abigail Roberts: What?

Sadie Adler: Arthur, what are you doing?

Arthur Morgan: I've got to go have a little chat
before I get much sicker.

Abigail Roberts: Oh, Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Don't you "Oh, Arthur" me.
Neither of you two. Not now. You
both know.

Arthur Morgan: You're good women. And good
people. The best. You go get that
boy. There will be some sorrow
later.

Abigail Roberts: If you're headed back there
Arthur, take this. I don't need it
anymore.

Arthur Morgan: What's that?

Abigail Roberts: There's a chest in them caves.

In the back to the left. Hidden under a wagon. Duchess chest. All our money. I know John told you I knew where it was.

Arthur Morgan: Abigail Roberts.

Abigail Roberts: He always was a good thief.

Arthur Morgan: That he was. Go on. Get out of here.

Tilly Jackson: You're a good man.

Tilly Jackson: I just wish you'd have done it before he had worked himself into the grave.

Speaker 11: I'm really sorry for you son. It's a hell of a thing.

Speaker 9: And all you can do now is decide the man you want to be for the time you have left.

Speaker 12: You saved my life.

Speaker 13: You're a good man.

Speaker 14: Thank you brother.

Speaker 15: Did you know there aint enough
kindness that's for sure.

Abigail Roberts: Maybe it's a sign Arthur. Try, try
to do the good thing.

Micah Bell: Get them bags packed
ms.grimshaw. Come on. All of you.

Susan Grimshaw: Well, we're doing our best.

Micah Bell: Hurry. We ain't got long. Hurry.

Arthur Morgan: We just got plenty of time
Micah. We all need to have a little
chat

Micah Bell: Black long, you're back. Hurray.

Arthur Morgan: I just saw Agent Milton. Abigail
shot him. She's okay. Not that you
cared too much about that. You
rats. All of you. Seems old Micah
was pretty close with Milton.

Micah Bell: What the hell are you talking about

cow poke?

Arthur Morgan: You talked.

Micah Bell: That's a god damn lie.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch.

Micah Bell: Dutch, think of the future.

Arthur Morgan: Milton told me.

Micah Bell: And you believe him black lung?
You believe him?

Arthur Morgan: It all makes sense now.

Micah Bell: No. It damn well doesn't.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch.

Micah Bell: Be practical now.

John Marston: Dutch!

Dutch Van Der L...: John?

John Marston: You left me. You left me to die.

Dutch Van Der L...: My boy, I didn't have a
choice. John, I didn't...

John Marston: You...

Dutch Van Der L...: I didn't have a choice.

John Marston: ...left me.

Arthur Morgan: All of you, pick your side now
because this is over. All them years
Dutch, for this snake.

Micah Bell: Be quiet cow poke. Be quiet. You
live in the clouds.

Susan Grimshaw: No, you be quiet mr.Bell.
And put down your gun.

Javier: It's Pinkertons coming fast.

Dutch Van Der L...: Now, who amongst you is
with me? And who is betraying me?

Micah Bell: Javier, think. Think for yourself.

Arthur Morgan: He's lying.

John Marston: He's lying.

Pinkertons: Put your guns down.

Arthur Morgan: God damn it. Move.

Arthur Morgan: You ready John?

John Marston: Everyone get down.

Speaker 6: [inaudible 00:21:41]

Speaker 6: Put your guns down.

Speaker 6: [crosstalk 00:21:41]

Micah Bell: Get on. We got to go. come on.

Micah Bell: They're all yours Morgan.

Speaker 6: All of you, hold it right there.

John Marston: Come on Arthur. Into the cave.
Quick. Keep your eyes open.

Speaker 6: They're running into the cave.

Speaker 6: Chase them down.

Speaker 6: Go, go! After them.

Speaker 6: They have no way out of there.

Speaker 6: Find them, and kill them.

Speaker 6: [inaudible 00:21:56]

John Marston: Keep going.

Speaker 6: There they are.

John Marston: Those bastards left me for
dead.

Arthur Morgan: Seems that's what they do now.

Speaker 6: I see them.

Speaker 6: They're over here.

John Marston: Stay with me Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Micah was the rat John. Milton
told me.

John Marston: We should've killed him months
ago.

Speaker 6: Let's keep moving.

Speaker 6: [inaudible 00:22:25]

John Marston: Are you all right Arthur?

Arthur Morgan: I'm with you. Keep going.

Arthur Morgan: Abigail. Abigail is safe. So is Jack.

John Marston: Where are they?

Arthur Morgan: They're with Sadie at
Copperhead Landing.

John Marston: Thank you, brother.

Arthur Morgan: I want you to not look back.
Like I said.

John Marston: Arthur, we got to go. Come on.
Ride.

John Marston: Pinkertons are in the trees
ahead. Look out.

John Marston: Ride Arthur, ride.

John Marston: [inaudible 00:23:53]

John Marston: This way.

John Marston: There's an army of these sons
of bitches.

John Marston: Pinkertons on the left. They'll
keep the others busy.

John Marston: There's pinkertons everywhere.
We've got to move.

John Marston: Come on brother. Let's go

Arthur Morgan: Give me a second.

John Marston: Come on. Push Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Thank you.

John Marston: Arthur!

John Marston: Come on Arthur. Let's go.

Arthur Morgan: Well what about the money.

Arthur Morgan: Abigail gave me the key.

John Marston: I head down there, I'm dead in
five minutes. I've got a family.
That's more important.

Arthur Morgan: Maybe you're right but...

John Marston: You want the money? You head
down. I got to go to my family.

Arthur Morgan: I'm coming with you. I'm going

to get you out of this bullshit if it's
the last god damn thing I do.

John Marston: Thank you.

John Marston: Ah shit! Let's go. We need to
find higher ground. Don't worry
about them. They'll just be gong
back for the money. We need to get
the hell out of here

John Marston: Shit. We'll just get up this cliff
here.

Arthur Morgan: You go.

John Marston: Come on Arthur. Keep pushing.

Speaker 6: Look out. They're going up the
rocks.

John Marston: That was close.

Speaker 6: [crosstalk 00:26:20] ...get ready to
die you son of a bitch.

John Marston: God damn it, they're
everywhere.

John Marston: Get down. Get behind a rock.

Speaker 6: Get him.

John Marston: Let's go. Come on.

John Marston: We need to get out of here.
Let's go.

John Marston: All right Arthur lets go. Keep
pushing Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: No. No. I think I've pushed all I
can. Come on. You go.

John Marston: We ain't got time for this. Not
now.

Arthur Morgan: We ain't both going to make it.
Go. Now. I'll hold them off.

Arthur Morgan: It would mean a lot to me.
Please. Ain't no more time for talk.
Go.

John Marston: Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Go to your family.

John Marston: Arthur.

Arthur Morgan: Get the hell out of here and be a god damn man.

John Marston: You're my brother.

Arthur Morgan: I know. I know.

Arthur Morgan: Go damn you bastards.

Micah Bell: I've got you now, black lung.

Arthur Morgan: You rat.

Micah Bell: I'm a survivor, black lung. A survivor.

Micah Bell: That's all there is. Living and dying.

Micah Bell: Oh, black lung. You don't know how much...

Micah Bell: You weak fool.

Micah Bell: Can't you see. I've won. You've lost.

Arthur Morgan: You rat!

Micah Bell: Die.

Micah Bell: Still have a little fight left in you,
haven't you boy.

Micah Bell: Is that all you've got?

Arthur Morgan: You ain't no man.

Micah Bell: Hope you're ready for hell.

Arthur Morgan: Can't even kill a dying man.

Micah Bell: You're pathetic.

Micah Bell: All there is. Winning and losing.

Micah Bell: Oh, black lung. You ain't going to
reach that gun. You ain't. You lost.
My sick friend. You lost.

Arthur Morgan: In the end, despite my best
efforts to the contrary, it turns out
I've won.

Arthur Morgan: God damn you.

Dutch Van Der L...: It is over now. Its over.

Arthur Morgan: Dutch. He's a rat. You know it
and I know it.

Micah Bell: He's sick. He's dying, he's talking
cray.

Speaker 6: There! Up there on the ridge.

Arthur Morgan: I gave you all I had. I did.

Micah Bell: Come on. Dutch. Let's go buddy. We
made it. We've won. Come on.

Arthur Morgan: John made it. He's the only one.
The rest of us... Well, I tried. In the
end, I did...

Micah Bell: Lets go. We can make it.

Micah Bell: Come on Dutch. Come on!

Abigail : That was close, too close. We
brought that trouble on ourselves.

John Marston: By we, you mean me.

Abigail : It wasn't me who went and shot
him.

John Marston: Seemed like he deserved

shooting.

Abigail: I'm sure he did, but I've been thinking, ain't it about time you stopped being the man making them decisions?

John Marston: I'm trying.

Abigail: Are you?

John Marston: I think so.

Abigail: We've got to find someplace to lay low, keep quiet.

John Marston: Maybe Dutch was right. Maybe we should have just gone to Tahiti.

Abigail: Is that it with you? Tahiti or killing? Come on John. Please try.

John Marston: Try what?

Abigail: We've got to live somewhere for more than just a few weeks.

John Marston: Okay. Let's see if we can find him in Strawberry. What do you

know about strawberry?

Abigail: I know they like good, honest, hard work men a whole lot more than angry killers. So make yourself good and honest.

John Marston: I'm always honesty. Maybe not always good, but I'm always honest.

Abigail: My whole life I've been surrounded by fools with moral codes. Here's the moral code. Look out for folks. Stop trying to act like some hero in a book.

John Marston: What do you know about heroes in books?

Abigail: My reading's getting pretty good.

John Marston: Well read different books then.

Abigail: The books is Jack's, and well, maybe he's doing most of the reading, but still.

John Marston: You're a bad influence on your mother boy. Boy?

Jack Marston: Sorry sir. What was that?

John Marston: I said, you're a bad influence on your mother, with your books.

Jack Marston: Which books was that?

Abigail: You know, that dime novel, Boy Callaway and the Men from the Moon, or whatever it was.

Jack Marston: I'll do my best to find better reading material pa.

John Marston: Is that what you like then? Western tales? Boy?

Jack Marston: What's that, sir?

John Marston: Do you enjoy tales of the wild West?

Jack Marston: Not so much, anymore. I've been reading about Knights, of the round table.

John Marston: The king. What's his name?

Jack Marston: There's King Arthur, and there's
Sir Lancelot, and the Lady
Guinevere.

Abigail: I bet that sign says Strawberry,
don't it? I got a good feeling about
this place. Been a long time.

John Marston: What was that you were
saying?

Jack Marston: There's King Arthur...

Abigail: Why don't you pull up just here?

Jack Marston: You were just about to tell me
something.

John Marston: Those names.

Jack Marston: I kind of like them.

John Marston: You know what? So do I. I'm
going to go see what kind of good,
honest work I can find. Grave
digging or polishing some rich

fellow's boots or some such

Abigail: Me too. See if me and the boy can find some laundry work or something.

Storekeeper : Help you, son?

John Marston: I'm hoping I can help you. I saw the help wanted sign outside.

Storekeeper : Sure, but you're a bit old to be stacking groceries and running errands, ain't you son?

John Marston: Well, I ain't too proud to do nothing. As long as it's honest, and it pays.

Storekeeper : Times hard, Mr...

John Marston: Milton. Jim Milton. Yeah, my wife and I, and our boy. We was robbed a few days ago. Lucky to get out with our lives we was. Now... Well, we need money.

Storekeeper : Yeah, there's bad folk out there.

John Marston: Tell me about it.

Storekeeper : Got a wagon by any chance?

John Marston: Sure.

Storekeeper : Well then maybe you could run some goods up to Pronghorn Ranch for me. Head west past Owanjila, then follow the road north. Lead you right there.

John Marston: I don't know where that is, but I'm sure I can find it. I can leave right now, if you'd like.

Storekeeper : It's Geddes' place. Fine fella. Where's the wagon?

John Marston: It's just outside. I should go tell my wife, and then I can come back and get loaded.

Storekeeper : No. My boys can load you up while you go find your wife.

John Marston: Okay.

Abigail: Thank you, doctor. Hey, how are you getting on?

John Marston: I found some work.

Abigail: Me too.

John Marston: Delivering goods out to some ranch.

Abigail: Cleaning a doctor's surgery. Fine living.

Abigail: It is John, oh it is. This is the way to it.

John Marston: I'll take your word on that. What do you suggest now?

Abigail: I'll stay here and get on with the work. You deliver them goods, and then collect me.

John Marston: Okay.

Abigail: And John... I love you. Don't you

forget that. Not ever now.

John Marston: I won't.

Storekeeper : Loading her up pretty good,
Milton.

John Marston: Good.

Storekeeper : You ride slow now. Geddes
don't want his goods damaged.

John Marston: Of course.

Abigail: You Mr Geddes?

Tom Dickens: No, sir. I'm Mr. Dickens, his
overseer.

John Marston: Jim Milton. I'm delivering some
supplies from the store in
Strawberry.

Tom Dickens: Okay.

John Marston: This is quite a place.

Tom Dickens: Yes. It's beautiful.

John Marston: They send everything?

Tom Dickens: Yeah, I think so.

John Marston: So partner, your boss, he
looking for hands?

Tom Dickens: Why? You looking for work?

John Marston: Yeah. My wife was in business
with her family, and it turned sour.
It's a long story.

Tom Dickens: Yeah, I don't know. Married
hands. It's a lot of trouble.

John Marston: I'm a good worker. My wife,
Agatha. Even our boy, Lancelot.
We'll all work .

Laramie Gang Me...:Big man around, boy?

Tom Dickens: Get the hell out of here.

Laramie Gang Me...:Now, that ain't very
neighborly.

Tom Dickens: And threatening us is
neighborly?

Laramie Gang Me...:Hey mind if I enjoy one of these apples?

Tom Dickens: Put that down.

Laramie Gang Me...:Delicious.

Laramie Gang Me...:Oh, when's a boss boy going to sell this place, boy?

Tom Dickens: I don't think there's any plans for that.

Laramie Gang Me...:You boys want a drink? It's some fine Scotch whiskey.

Tom Dickens: Put that down. Put that down.

Laramie Gang Me...:These supplies for the season?

Tom Dickens: Get off the farm.

Laramie Gang Me...:Come on. We know when we're not wanted.

Tom Dickens: Get down from there.

Laramie Gang Me...:Bye, partner.

John Marston: You come back here.

Tom Dickens: You can use that horse. Go easy
on him. We can't have trouble here.

John Marston: [inaudible 00:07:54] That's my
damn wagon.

Laramie Gang Me...:You want your wagon back?
Oh shit.

Laramie Gang Me...:This one's got a stone in his
boot.

Tom Dickens: Thank you. Milton. Isn't it?
Those boys are out of Laramie.
Work for Mr Abel. Thank you.

John Marston: Don't mention it. Listen, I ain't
looking for no charity or nothing,
but I was serious. You got work,
we'll work. I can do anything. We
got, we got robbed ourselves a few
days back.

Tom Dickens: We ain't got married hands

here. You're married.

John Marston: We'll work harder than any one of them. I'm real honest. And my wife, even though she's got fancy thoughts, she'll work.

Tom Dickens: You seem kind of desperate. What trouble you in?

John Marston: No trouble, sir. Aside from her brother. He tricked us and robbed her of her inheritance. We're good people. We'll work. Even Lancelot.

Tom Dickens: What does Mr Geddes need with a boy? Just another mouth to feed.

John Marston: Juts please give us a chance. I can handle myself okay. You know that already.

Tom Dickens: Yeah. It makes me wonder just who would have robbed you. But we'll give you a chance. I'll let

Geddes know when him and his wife return tomorrow.

John Marston: Thank you Mr Dickens. I'll go get my wife.

Tom Dickens: No. You stay here. It's getting late. We'll go get her in Strawberry. We'll bring her here tomorrow. I need you around in case any more of them Laramie boys turns up. There's a little cabin out yonder past the ranch house. Things work out, y'all can stay there.

John Marston: Thank you. You'll not regret this. Yep.

Tom Dickens: Go get yourself settled. We'll have work for you tomorrow when Mr Geddes returns.

Tom Dickens: Milton. Get over here. Mr Geddes, this is the new ranch hand I told you about.

David Geddes: Oh, I heard you had some trouble with your welcome, but you kept your nerve and protected my property.

John Marston: No, it was nothing, sir.

David Geddes: I'm David Geddes, pleased to meet you.

John Marston: John. Jim Milton. Thank you for the opportunity, sir. You and Mr Dickens.

David Geddes: You work hard, you be honest, you'll get your keep. I promise you that.

Tom Dickens: Boy has a family.

David Geddes: Lucky man. Then you better work extra hard. Good day.

Abe: Howdy, sir.

David Geddes: Gentlemen.

John Marston: Sir.

Tom Dickens: You hear that, John, Jim? Extra hard.

Tom Dickens: Abe, get over here.

Abe: Mr. Dickens?

Tom Dickens: Go find old Jim Milton here something to do. Make sure he works extra hard.

Abe: Sure Mr Dickens.

Abe: Come on this way. I was on my chores, anyhow. Say is that your family getting in the wagon up there?

John Marston: I believe it is. Mind if we go welcome them?

Abe: Not at all. Hey, is it true what they said about you when you arrived? That you ran off those hired guns.

John Marston: Look, can we not discuss this in front of my wife?

Abe: Oh no. Sure. Yeah, of course Mr.

John Marston: I don't want to worry worry her.

Abe: Oh yeah. I hear that.

John Marston: This is Milton.

Abigail: Jim Milton. And how fine you seem.
This kind man just collected us.
Thank you, sir.

John Marston: I think we can be okay here. It's
ranching work.

John Marston: This place is kind of-

Abigail: It's fine... But I hear you began your
career in ranching by throwing your
weight around. Real wise, Jim.

John Marston: What was I supposed to do?
The place was getting robbed.

Abigail: So you show everyone who's boss?
Real fine.

John Marston: I didn't have much of a choice. I

got to go.

John Marston: Jack, when you're done in here,
come on out here and lend a hand.

Abe: I was going to milk the cows.

John Marston: Come on. I'll do it.

Abe: You are going to milk the cows?

John Marston: Sure, why not?

Abe: I don't know. I thought you was a...

John Marston: I'm a ranch hand. A new one, at
that.

Abe: When you got here, them hired
guns?

John Marston: I was just getting my wagon
back. That's all. Weren't nothing.

Abe: Oh, it weren't nothing. It's about
time someone stood up to them
fellows.

Abe: Where are you from anyway,

partner?

John Marston: Around, up north, mostly. Been in these parts before, but that was years ago.

Abe: Oh, it's changed. The rich fellows are coming in and buying everything, the ranches. But... Well, it ain't as wild as it once were, at least.

John Marston: There is that.

Abe: Say, if it ain't too personal a question, are you a gunslinger, mister?

John Marston: Good Lord, no. Nothing like that.

Abe: Just ranch hand then?

John Marston: Just a ranch hand. Failed at a bunch of things, like most men.

Abe: Well, I feel a whole heap better

having a ranch hand like you around. That is for sure.

John Marston: Let's see how you feel once you've seen me work.

Abe: All right then, here's the cows.

Abe: Yeah, we used to have a bunch of women here, did most of the milking, but most of them drifted off.

John Marston: Okay.

Abe: You fine with milking?

John Marston: I ain't really done much of it. Could never really get the hang of it.

Abe: Are you serious, mister?

John Marston: Sure. It's Jim. Jim Milton.

Abe: Abe. Sit down, I'll show you how. Approach her calm now. She don't take too kindly to surprises.

Abe: Oh, you ain't so bad. Almost got a pail full.

Jack Marston: Hey pa.

Abe: Is that your boy?

John Marston: Sure. Abe, Lancelot.

Abe: Hey, Lancelot.

Jack Marston: Hey.

Abe: We're going to make a dairy maid of your pa yet.

Jack Marston: I never thought I'd see the the day.

John Marston: Watch and learn partner. We all got to ear our keep.

Abe: That's enough Jim.

Abe: Come on. How about you and the boy help me clean out stables?

John Marston: Sure. Come on son.

Abe: How old are you now Lancelot?

Jack Marston: Twelve, sir.

Abe: I ain't grand. And such a fine name.

Jack Marston: I like it. I got imaginative parents, sir.

Abe: I can tell. Now it ain't pleasant work, but it's got to be done. Mr Dickens said-

John Marston: I know what he said. We'll do it. Won't we boy?

Jack Marston: Mm-hmm (affirmative).

Abe: Okay, well you get them stalls cleaned out and I'll see you later. Bye..

John Marston: Okay. Jack, Let's just try and take some pride in this work. Hard as it may be. Boy, bring that wheelbarrow over here and keep it close to me.

Jack Marston: Yes, sir.

John Marston: You're a long way from Angelo Bronte's mansion now.

Jack Marston: Sorry sir?

John Marston: Nothing.

Jack Marston: Coming.

John Marston: Look at this horse shit.

Jack Marston: Hold on.

John Marston: From gun slinging to shit shoveling. Great.

John Marston: I reckon even your mother would say we're almost done here. You finish things up. I'll go check her.

Jack Marston: Okay.

Abigail: Hey.

John Marston: Hey.

Abigail: Where's Jack?

John Marston: Shoveling shit in pursuit of the better life you want. Same as I've been.

Abigail: Won't do him no harm.

John Marston: I know.

Abigail: I guess maybe we can last here, survive. Do a little better than survive for once. I'm tired of fleeing John. So, well you know.

John Marston: Me too.

Abigail: I'll put some coffee on.

David Geddes: I said, Abe.

Abe: Yes, sir.

David Geddes: Where are the other hands?

Abe: I thought I said, I don't rightly know, Mr Geddes, sir.

David Geddes: Well, what good is that to me?

We got three horses lost, possibly more. A mare about to foal.

Abe: Sir.

David Geddes: And no hands to help with any of it. I'm supposed to be heading into town. This place is chaos.

Duncan: Hey Pa. Can I get some help? Pa.

David Geddes: Milton, you good with horses?

John Marston: I'm okay. I'll do whatever needs doing, sir.

David Geddes: Good man. Can you help my boy, my youngest Duncan? He will insist on riding Jeremiah, a horse that is far too strong for him. And my wife will need help with this mare. Abe.

Abe: Sir.

David Geddes: You and Dickens better not making any more mistakes like you

did today, you hear?

Abe: No, sir.

David Geddes: Thank you. Both of you.

Abe: Come on. He's over here.

John Marston: I'm good. You get on. Go find them horses.

Abe: No, no, no. I'll show you. Since you showed up, runaway horses has been the sum of our problems. And I am thankful that.

John Marston: I ain't done too much. I ain't much of a rancher.

Abe: Oh, heck.

Abe: Hey, maybe them Laramie boys weren't so tough after all? Maybe I could have handled it.

John Marston: Of course you could. They're just loud mouths. So is that what the boss is doing in town? Some

business with them boys, or something.

Abe: When Mr Geddes goes into town...
Well, it ain't exactly for a business.

John Marston: Oh, okay then.

Abe: All right.

Abe: He'll be just at the end there. Well, I better get to.

John Marston: Thanks kid.

John Marston: You Duncan? I'm Jim. Jim Milton.

Duncan: Hey.

John Marston: Need a hand with that horse?

Duncan: No.

John Marston: You sure about that?

Duncan: Okay, yes. Yes I do.

John Marston: Pretty big one. Relax.

Duncan: That's Jeremiah.

John Marston: Okay Jeremiah. There boy.
Come on. Easy boy. Oh, someone
put some onions on their oats,
didn't they boy? Calm down.

Duncan: He like you.

John Marston: I ain't sure he likes any of us,
but I'll make him respect me, and
behave.

Duncan: Can't you teach me how to make
him behave? Same way as he does
for you.

John Marston: I'm supposed to go help your
mother. She's got a horse in foal.

Duncan: That'll take ours.

John Marston: Well, training a horse can take
hours.

Duncan: Just give me a quick lesson, sir.
Please.

John Marston: Okay. Let me ride him a bit first.
Get some of the spunk out of him.

Duncan: Okay. I'll wait in the corral.

John Marston: Come on. Let it all out of you.
You got some energy? Show me
then. Come on. Where's that big
mean horse? Let's get a lather up.

John Marston: Okay. That was fun, wasn't it?
You can behave now, can't you? All
right. He's ready for you.

Duncan: Okay.

John Marston: Get on up there, and go nice
and slow. Stay calm.

Duncan: Me?

John Marston: The horse. You're calm.

Duncan: My heart's beating a little.

John Marston: Keep your voice calm and your
legs strong. Don't let old Jeremiah
sense fear.

Duncan: I won't.

John Marston: Doing fine. Real nice. Not that I'm saying you need one, but you sure there isn't another horse you ride around here?

Duncan: I had a pony, but I'm too grown for him now.

John Marston: Yeah? You think my son could borrow him?

Duncan: Lancelot?

John Marston: Yeah,

Duncan: Sure. I'll get it hitched by your cabin there.

John Marston: All right. Thank you, son.

Duncan: Can I ask? Are we in trouble from all these Laramie boys? They say, Mr Abel's real rich. Way richer than pa. And he's got all these hired guns, out of Laramie. And if pa doesn't

sell, well they'll come here and they'll-

John Marston: Easy there. You don't have to worry about all that. You just worry about Jeremiah there.

Duncan: Yeah. But-

John Marston: Just worry about the horse. Yeah?

Duncan: Yes sir.

John Marston: I think you two might be ready to go out without a chaperone.

Duncan: Oh, I'm not sure about that.

John Marston: You're good. Nice and easy now. Both of you.

Mrs. Geddes: You Mr Milton? I thought you were going to help me.

John Marston: I am. I was. I'm sorry.

Mrs. Geddes: Come on. I need a man's help. Duncan, what have I told you about

distracting the hands?

Duncan: I'm sorry, ma.

Mrs. Geddes: Well, I hope you'll listen to me better than my husband.

Duncan: Thank you Mr Milton.

John Marston: You're doing fine kid. Give him a carrot when you put him down.

Mrs. Geddes: It's over here.

Mrs. Geddes: So you know much about birthing a foal, Milton.

John Marston: Not too much.

Mrs. Geddes: My God. Where does my husband find men like you? Still, we all know where he goes in town, and it ain't hunting for hands. It's not too hard. You just stick a hand in there, and get a feeling for where the legs are. Go on.

John Marston: Whatever you say, ma'am.

John Marston: I got him.

Mrs. Geddes: Okay. Now, hold on. You'll know him when you got him. And pull. Okay, well, I think she's... Well, we're not out of the woods, but I think she may be okay.

John Marston: Great.

Mrs. Geddes: We'll make a proper hand of you yet, Mr Milton.

John Marston: Well, I hope so.

Mrs. Geddes: Thank you. Oh, Mr Milton, feel free to make a call at the house sometime. Perhaps even now. A drink to toast our new arrival.

John Marston: I'd like that. But my wife is expecting me back.

Mrs. Geddes: Oh, you're married? I didn't know we had any married hands.

John Marston: Yeah, we have a boy. Maybe

you've seen him around?

Mrs. Geddes: Oh wow. I'm busy, too busy for social calls.

John Marston: Of course.

Mrs. Geddes: Good day, Mr Milton.

Abigail: Hey John.

John Marston: Jim.

Abigail: Sorry.

John Marston: So, this is what you wanted?
Fake names, which by the way,
Dickens sees clean through.

Abigail: John.

John Marston: Us on the run.

Abigail: John. This is our chance, to make something new.

Abigail: Come on, please. For me. For him.

John Marston: How's he been?

Abigail: He's been kind of withdrawn, quiet.

John Marston: Sure.

Abigail: Take him out, please.

John Marston: Come on, boy. Let's go for a walk. Come on.

John Marston: Round to the left. What do you see?

Jack Marston: Pony?

John Marston: Get on him. We're taking a ride. Duncan, Mr Geddes' boy lent it to you.

John Marston: Let's go. How are you doing?

Jack Marston: Fine. Can we go home?

John Marston: No. Stay calm. Where would you like to go riding? Aside from home.

Jack Marston: I don't know. Maybe that stream.

John Marston: Good idea. You know all this.
Get him going. Come on. You know.
The horse can feel your fear. Just
act confident. Okay?

Jack Marston: Confident. Yep.

John Marston: Don't pull on the reins. You'll
yank his bit out. Use your legs.
There you are. Now let's go, Jack. A
little kick. See? You can do it. How
about you? Speed up a mite?

Jack Marston: Okay. Whoa.

Jack Marston: You know, this ain't so bad, sir.

John Marston: Good. Amazing what the right
horse and a little confidence can do.

Jack Marston: Whoa.

John Marston: Even faster. Come on.

Jack Marston: Faster?

Jack Marston: How do I look?

John Marston: Better than before. Keep at it.

John Marston: We can go even quicker.

Jack Marston: If you say so, sir.

John Marston: Okay. Let's go across to the
stream.

Jack Marston: Yes, sir.

Jack Marston: We getting down?

John Marston: Here we are.

Jack Marston: Yep.

John Marston: We should get back. You think
you're ready for a little race?

Jack Marston: I guess.

John Marston: All right. We go back to the path
and up to the ranch.

Jack Marston: Okay. On my go. Go.

Jack Marston: Hey, come back here.

John Marston: You'll have to catch me.

Jack Marston: Your horse is much bigger.

John Marston: And yours-

PART 1 OF 8 ENDS [00:33:04]

Jack Marston: Your horse is much bigger.

John Marston: And you're much smaller. Like a jockey. Hang in there, girl. I'll believe it when I see it, boy. Last straight. Come on.

Jack Marston: I beat you. I beat you. I beat ...

John Marston: Well ridden, Son.

Jack Marston: I beat you.

John Marston: Like I said, your riding has gotten so much better.

Jack Marston: Thanks.

John Marston: Hey, keep practicing your riding.

Jack Marston: You too. You need it.

Abigail Roberts: Hey, I'll get the coffee on.

John Marston: Thank you.

Abigail Roberts: I'm headed to work today
myself, Jack. So, you stay out of
trouble.

Jack Marston: Where are you working?

Abigail Roberts: I told you, cleaning at the
doctor's office. Bye.

Jack Marston: Bye.

John Marston: Give the place a tidy.

Jack Marston: Okay, Pa.

John Marston: I'll see you later.

Tom Dickens: Hey, Milton. Can you give me a
hand with this fence?

John Marston: Sure.

Tom Dickens: Know much about fence
building?

John Marston: Not really.

Tom Dickens: Can't build a fence, can't milk a cow, ain't used to shoveling shits, but took on a gang of robbers single handed.

John Marston: Guess we all got our peculiarities, Mr. Dickens.

Tom Dickens: What was you doing before you came here?

John Marston: I told you, wife got cheated out of inheritance. We was in a legal dispute. It was a bad time.

Tom Dickens: Sounds awful, but I guess I don't believe a word of it.

John Marston: I was raised to take a man at his word, and also to believe this is a free country. So free that I can't tell you what to think. So, I guess it don't much matter what you believe, but I will work hard and I learn fast.

Tom Dickens: Okay. Give me a hand with this fence. Well, there's plenty more to do. Pound it in there. We don't want it coming down. Good. Now, grab a rail, line it up with a notch, and place it in.

Tom Dickens: Now, lift up the other side. They got to line up, see. Now, the next rail. Fine. Good. Okay. That looks okay. Go to the next post, and pound that in. I hope you've grasped the basics. I got other matters to attend to, but there's more than a day's work here for you.

John Marston: All right. So long.

Tom Dickens: I'll be counting sections when you're done.

John Marston: Okay.

Tom Dickens: Jim Milton, over here. Put that

fence down and get over here, boy.
Come on, son. Milton, get over
here.

John Marston: Coming.

Tom Dickens: Come on, give us a hand. Know
much about bulls, Milton?

John Marston: Just the basics. Don't make
them mad.

Tom Dickens: Angus Geddes, this is Jim
Milton.

Angus Geddes: Mr. Milton.

Tom Dickens: Angus is your boss's son.

John Marston: Nice to meet you. Let's try and
move this great hunk of chuck.

Tom Dickens: Come on, move. Shit.

John Marston: I'll get him. I got to build that.
Come on. Shoo. Shoo. No, no, no,
no.

Tom Dickens: Just don't walk into any more

bulls, all right?

John Marston: Come on.

Tom Dickens: The bull's loose, look out.

John Marston: I'll be quick. You got a temper on you. No, you don't. Got you. Oh, come on. Whoa there. Whoa there. Easy. Easy. It ain't so bad. Nice and easy now, boy. Relax, my friend. There, there. There, there. All better? Okay. Now, come on, you hunk of chuck. This way. Got him, Mr. Dickens.

Tom Dickens: Oh, good.

John Marston: How you doing, son?

Angus Geddes: A bit sore, but I'll be okay.
Thank you, Mr. Milton.

John Marston: My pleasure. And you, mister?

Speaker 6: Fine. He just got my head.

John Marston: Good. There he is.

Tom Dickens: See you later, Jim Milton. We'll make a rancher of you yet.

Laramie gang le...: You know, boy, you look just fine nailed up on that wall.

Abe: This is private property. Mr. Geddes don't like trespassers.

Laramie gang le...: You want to watch your mouth, boy. You will be the first one we kill.

John Marston: Leave him a lone.

Laramie gang le...: Oh, careful boys. Careful. Look at this tough guy.

John Marston: Get out of here.

Laramie gang le...: Oh, fancy pants Geddes paying you to be tough for him, huh?

John Marston: No, he's paying me to keep the place clean. Said he had some problems with vermin.

Laramie gang le...: Oh, listen to this. Real funny.

Speaker 8: You want to get him now.

Speaker 9: Come on, get him.

Speaker 8: Oh, kick his head in, boss.

Abe: Get that feller.

Laramie gang le...: Yeah? You couldn't clean my boots.

Speaker 8: Knock his goddamn brains out.

Laramie gang le...: It's like that, huh?

Speaker 8: Oh, he's licking you, boss.

Laramie gang le...: Oh, boy. Geddes spends on women, saves on hands.

Speaker 8: Boss. Boss.

Abe: Mr. Milton.

Laramie gang le...: They didn't hire you because you're tough. It's because

you're stupid.

Speaker 8: That boy can punch.

Abigail Roberts: Jim Milton, get off that man.
Get off him.

John Marston: He hit me first.

Laramie gang le...: Oh, you can fight boy. I'll
give you that. Well, how's your wife
in a brawl?

John Marston: Leave my wife alone.

Laramie gang le...: Oh, she's real pretty.

Abigail Roberts: Get out of here.

Laramie gang le...: Oh, quite a temper you got.
Imagine you're frustrated with your
lot in life married to a shit shoveling
farm hand. Well, what did you do
wrong to end up here?

John Marston: Leave my wife alone.

Laramie gang le...: Welcome to Big Valley, Jim
Milton. Pleasure to meet you both.

We'll see you again. And you, boy, tell Mr. Geddes we called. We'll be back.

Angus Geddes: Thank you, Mr. Milton. Thank you.

John Marston: Don't worry about it.

Abigail Roberts: You stop acting like a goddamn storybook hero, will you?

John Marston: What choice did I have?

Abigail Roberts: Plenty, you moron. Plenty.

Speaker 10: We all get caught eventually, John. I guess the trick is to decide by who.

John Marston: Mr. Geddes?

David Geddes: Hey, I heard we had another incident with the Laramie boys.

John Marston: Yeah. There was an incident.

David Geddes: Well, they mean to scare me.

John Marston: And are you scared?

David Geddes: A little. I've got a lot invested in this place, and not just the land, but my family. It's hard to explain.

John Marston: I understand. I'll do my best to keep you safe, sir.

David Geddes: I know you will. So, how's your family?

John Marston: Just fine. I should probably head back.

David Geddes: Yeah, I know how it is.

Abigail Roberts: How did you get on?

John Marston: Okay, I guess.

Abigail Roberts: Better?

John Marston: Sure, I'm just tired.

Abigail Roberts: I know. Anybody want some more?

John Marston: No, I'm good.

Jack Marston: No, thank you.

John Marston: I miss Mr. Pearson.

Abigail Roberts: John Marston, you're such a pig. All right, it's getting late. Let's get some rest. Goodnight, Jack.

Jack Marston: Goodnight, Momma.

John Marston: Goodnight, Jack.

Jack Marston: Goodnight, Pa.

John Marston: The hell was that?

Abigail Roberts: What are you doing?

John Marston: My job, Abigail. Lock this door behind me. Don't open it unless you know it's me.

Speaker 11: Jim, they got Dickens over the by the stables.

Speaker 12: It's over.

Speaker 13: Take them back to Hanging Dog.

Speaker 12: Who's this?

Speaker 13: New hand.

Speaker 12: Oh, you're that tough guy they just took on. I heard about you. You ready to be a [corpse 00:45:48]. I lost my wind.

David Geddes: They've killed Mr. Tolbert, and they've stolen my goddamn cattle. You men okay?

Tom Dickens: I think so. Jim Milton saved my life. It's Mr. Abel.

David Geddes: Yeah, of course. It's Mr. Abel. I can't believe he thinks he can scare me out of here.

John Marston: Then I guess we're getting the cattle back, sir.

David Geddes: I guess we are. Can you go too, Tom?

Tom Dickens: Of course, sir.

David Geddes: All right, Jim, I know you can

handle yourself.

John Marston: A little.

David Geddes: Go get your guns and head out.

John Marston: Guns?

David Geddes: Oh, don't play coy with me, son.
We need your help. I don't care
what you used to do or what your
name is, this is the land of second
chances.

John Marston: Understood.

David Geddes: Okay.

John Marston: Let me in. It's me.

Abigail Roberts: What was it?

John Marston: Mr. Geddes' cattle was taken.

Abigail Roberts: I'm sorry to hear that. What are
you doing in that thing?

John Marston: Mr. Geddes has been real good
to us. We, I ...

Abigail Roberts: What are you doing?

John Marston: My job, Abigail. My goddamn job. I'll lead the way. This is going to be the last we hear out of them. Heya, heya, ride. Good girl. You'll be okay. Off your horses here. We'll be better on foot.

Abe: Okay.

Tom Dickens: If you say so.

Abe: That's the place up ahead.

John Marston: There's our cows. A couple guards out front. A couple more round the side, I imagine. Let's get a closer look. Let's go. Yeah, there's plenty of guards. I'm going to head straight in. Tom, you head up there and try and give us some cover. Abe, you're going to try and flank the place and come in from the back. I'll give you a minute or two,

then I'm heading in.

Abe: Yes, sir.

Tom Dickens: Okay.

John Marston: Hey. Hey. You boys been coming up to Pronghorn. I thought I'd come down here. You're all so tough.

Abe: Hell, Jim. You can shoot.

John Marston: I ain't got time to look after you, kid.

Abe: I'm okay.

Tom Dickens: They have the cattle. Jim Milton.

John Marston: Look out, Tom. Let me deal with this.

Tom Dickens: Nice, Jim.

John Marston: [inaudible 00:48:58].

Abe: You're a great shot, Milton. Look

out, more of them.

Speaker 14: Who is this fellow? [inaudible 00:49:17].

Abe: Look out, over by the gate. They just don't quit.

Speaker 15: [inaudible 00:49:44]. They walk into it now. Put them cowboys down.

Speaker 16: Where the hell did you learn that?

Speaker 17: We need to go.

Laramie gang le...: Jim Milton, you son of a bitch. I see you, Milton. You're going to be sorry for what you done. You're going to pay all right. You and your wife.

Abe: That's the feller who shot my feet up.

John Marston: I got this. You boys take the cattle.

Tom Dickens: See you back there, son.

John Marston: Hey. Hey. I know you're in here.

Laramie gang le...: Piss stinking, shit shoveling
backwoods sack of no good trash.

John Marston: How did that feel?

Laramie gang le...: You know that woman of
yours got the look of a woman that
ain't had a real ride in her life. She's
got to make do with some piss-poor
stinking farmhand. Hey, hey, tell her
I'll let her in my sheets. Long as she
bathes ...

John Marston: Shit. Let's go, girl.

Abe: Hey, you're back. You did real well,
Mr. Milton. This man can really
fight. Saved the whole place.

John Marston: That weren't nothing.

David Geddes: You. You saved my ...

John Marston: No need to say nothing, sir. Just
doing my job. Now, I don't think

they'll be back tonight, but how about, Abe, just in case you stay up.

Abe: Yep.

John Marston: See anything or hear anything, you fire that rifle three times.

Abe: Three times.

John Marston: We'll all come running.

Abe: Will do.

David Geddes: Well said, and thank you, Mr. Milton. Truly.

John Marston: Just glad to be of service, sir.

David Geddes: I understand. You get some rest.

John Marston: Thank you, Mr. Geddes. What? What? What choice did I have? Just answer me that. What was I supposed to do?

Speaker 18: Look, just do one thing or another, not be two people at once. That's

all I'm saying.

Abigail Roberts: How you getting on?

John Marston: Surviving, I think.

Abigail Roberts: Here, I'll get you some coffee.

John Marston: Only thing I know how to do
is ... Well, undertakers like me.
Cattle? Not so much.

Abigail Roberts: That ain't true.

John Marston: I ain't no rancher. Rustled
horses, not raised them. Stole
cattle, not birthed them.

Abigail Roberts: I was reading the newspaper. I
was reading about an old ranch,
Beecher's Hope, down by
Blackwater.

John Marston: Was you?

Abigail Roberts: Well, Jack read it to me, but I
thought maybe we could raise some
money, bank could lend us the rest.

We could be happy, John.

John Marston: Bank loans? I got a goddamn price on my head, woman.

Abigail Roberts: I know. I know all about that. Every time we about to get somewhere, make something, you go and show the entire world that you ain't Jimmy Milton. Every place we've been, it's been the same. We start doing okay, and then boom, you act like the big man with the gun. I'm tired, John, and I guess I was dreaming a little. At least give me that.

John Marston: Just feels hopeless.

Abigail Roberts: You're doing better.

Tom Dickens: Milton. Milton, ma'am, Mr. Geddes needs you to head over to Strawberry in the wagon and collect some mail for him at the post office.

John Marston: Sure. I'll take the boy with me, he's getting soft. Lancelot.

Abigail Roberts: Come on. Jim, if you're heading that way, can you pick up a parcel for me? A dress I ordered. I think it's in your name.

John Marston: My name?

Abigail Roberts: I think so. One is in your name and the other one is mine. Only one should have come in by now.

John Marston: How much shopping you done?

Abigail Roberts: Oh yes, a real keen purchaser of goods me. Look at me.

John Marston: Okay, Lancelot, we'll make a man out of you yet.

Abigail Roberts: Not too much of a man mind, he's only a boy.

John Marston: I'm just going to show him how to drive the wagon a little. We'll

save the real exciting realities of adulthood for another day. Come on, get.

Abigail Roberts: You take care now.

John Marston: Of course. It's nice getting out of the house, huh?

Jack Marston: Go back to the road, Pa. I like being in the house, Pa.

John Marston: Life ain't just about doing the things you like, boy.

Jack Marston: What happened the other night with those men, did you kill them?

John Marston: I did what I had to do. To protect you.

Jack Marston: Can we go a little slower? Ma said it was pride or something.

John Marston: Your ma was wrong about that. Here, want to take the reins a little?

Jack Marston: I don't know, Pa.

John Marston: It's easy, boy. Don't be scared.

Jack Marston: Well, what do I do?

John Marston: Well, just hold them and pull them short to slow down. Tell them to go faster, give them a little switch. And then pull to one side if you want to turn. Here, try it out. That's enough?

Jack Marston: For now.

John Marston: Back in Strawberry, eh kid?

Jack Marston: Looks like.

John Marston: I think this is the longest I've seen you without a book in your hand.

Jack Marston: It was foolish to forget mine, sir.

John Marston: Look, I got some business to attend to with the clerk. I'll leave you with the wagon. Can I trust you

not to drive off with it?

Jack Marston: Oh, I think I could be trusted to that.

John Marston: Very good. All right, here we are. You all right, son?

Jack Marston: Sure.

John Marston: Well, cheer up a little. You wait here. I won't be long.

Jack Marston: Okay.

John Marston: And if you behave, I might let you drive us home.

Jack Marston: Can't wait.

John Marston: Hi, I'm here ...

Speaker 19: Name?

John Marston: My name? Jim Milton.

Speaker 19: Jim Milton. Nope. Nothing here.

John Marston: Maybe try Marston. John Marston. It's a long story.

Speaker 19: Okay. John Marston. Marston.
Nope. Nothing here for that name
either.

John Marston: Try Abigail Roberts.

Speaker 19: Abigail Roberts. Abigail Roberts.
Yes, here we are.

John Marston: And also, I'm here to pick up the
deliveries for Pronghorn Ranch.
David Geddes sent me.

Speaker 19: Pronghorn? Yes. Sign here. We have
a bunch of stuff for you, and I will
help you out.

John Marston: I'll take these. You get the rest
of the stuff.

Speaker 19: Here, let me help you with this, Mr.
Marston.

John Marston: It's mostly Milton these days.
It's a long story.

Speaker 19: Whatever you say, Mr. Milton. It's

not important. Take care now. Give my regards to Geddes.

John Marston: Thank you very much, mister.
Okay, let's get out of here.

Jack Marston: Everything okay, Pa?

John Marston: Sure. I hope so, at least. Here, you take the reins a little.

Jack Marston: I ain't sure.

John Marston: Come on, son. You'll enjoy it if you try a little harder.

Jack Marston: Okay, Pa.

John Marston: We're going back to Pronghorn, okay?

Jack Marston: So, wait. We've come all the way out here and we just going to turn around and go back?

John Marston: That's what we're doing. Turns out I miss the seclusion of the ranch more than I figured for.

Jack Marston: Don't you want to go to the store or the saloon or anywhere?

John Marston: We're going back, okay boy?

Jack Marston: But, I've been sitting in this wagon, I don't know how long.

John Marston: But nothing. Keep on driving and watch the road.

Jack Marston: Yes, sir.

John Marston: Thank you. Jesus. Mind your father, okay? I got my reasons even if I don't care to explain them.

Jack Marston: Yes, sir.

John Marston: Better. Look, if I tell you speed up, speed up. If I say slow down, you slow down. Okay?

Jack Marston: Sure.

John Marston: All right, speed up. Let's get away from there.

Jack Marston: Okay. Heya. Heya.

John Marston: Let's speed this up. Who's this?

Jack Marston: Sorry, sir. Was that a question
for me?

John Marston: No, no. Keep driving. Just a bit
faster now.

Jack Marston: Well, I don't like driving across
here.

John Marston: It's the same as any other road.
Look where you want to go and the
horse will follow.

Jack Marston: Okay. I think the horse is getting
skittish.

John Marston: He'll be all right. Huh?

Jack Marston: What?

John Marston: Nothing. Just keep driving.
Okay.

Jack Marston: What? What's wrong?

John Marston: Don't look around.

Jack Marston: Oh, Pa, those men, are they following us?

John Marston: Just stay calm. See that fallen tree? When we get there, stop the wagon, jump down, and hide.

Jack Marston: Oh, Pa.

John Marston: You need to do exactly as I say, boy. Here. Now. Come on, quick, down. Okay, Son, you wait here. You don't move or say nothing until I speak to you. You hear?

Jack Marston: Yes, sir.

John Marston: Head down. Okay, gentlemen. Let's see what you come calling about. What you boys want with us?

Speaker 20: Oh, we just want to have a friendly chat. Are you John Marston? You

sure look like him.

John Marston: I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just here with my son.

Speaker 20: Did you kill a feller out in Roanoke a few months back?

John Marston: No. Wasn't me.

Speaker 20: That was my brother.

John Marston: I'm real sorry, friend, but he was trying to rob me.

Speaker 20: You're talking bullshit, mister. Kill him.

John Marston: It's okay. You're okay.

Jack Marston: What? Why? What?

John Marston: It's okay. It's okay. Come on. Keep them eyes closed. Let's go. Come on. Giddy up.

Jack Marston: Oh dear, those men.

John Marston: I told you not to look, boy.

Jack Marston: Are they dead?

John Marston: I didn't have much of a choice.
You saw that. Now, compose
yourself.

Jack Marston: You killed them, Pa.

John Marston: Son, I need you to hold it- ...

PART 2 OF 8 ENDS [01:06:04]

John Marston: ... yourself.

Speaker 21: You killed them, Pa.

John Marston: Son, I need you to hold it
together.

Speaker 21: You're going so fast.

John Marston: You were real brave back there.
Real brave. Did exactly like I said.

Speaker 21: Really?

John Marston: Uh-huh (affirmative). If you
hadn't listened, things could have

gone real wrong for us. There,
there. We're okay. Hey, your mama
wants us to buy some old ranch.
You read to her about it, didn't you?

Speaker 21: Uh-hmm (affirmative).

John Marston: What was it called?

Speaker 21: Uh-hmm (affirmative).

John Marston: What was the name, boy?

Speaker 21: Beecher's Hope.

John Marston: That's right. Beecher's Hope
over by Blackwater. You like the
idea then, huh? Us on the ranch?

Speaker 21: I don't know.

John Marston: I can see you as rancher's boy.
Like Duncan Geddes, huh? I wasn't
so sure. But, yeah, that kind of life
might suit us. Wouldn't be such a
chore if the horses we were
cleaning up after was ours, would

it? No, it wouldn't.

John Marston: Okay. Here we are. That was an eventful trip. Go say hi to your mother.

Abigail Roberts: How was the ... What happened?

John Marston: Ah, it's ... I don't ... We got shot at.

Abigail Roberts: Shot at? What happened?

John Marston: Well, we got followed and then ...

Abigail Roberts: Followed by who?

John Marston: Probably someone who knew me. We didn't get to them particulars, I'm sorry.

Abigail Roberts: My son, our son.

John Marston: It was your dress that caused all the problem.

Abigail Roberts: Weren't even a dress. It was a

gift for you.

Abe: Hey, Mr. Jim? Mr. Jim.

John Marston: Abe.

Abe: There's a telegram messenger for you over here, near the house.

John Marston: There is? Okay. Thanks, Abe.

Abe: What do you think he wants?

John Marston: I have no idea. But I doubt someone wants to give me a big pile of money.

Abe: That's him.

John Marston: I see him. Thanks, Abe. Excuse me, mister. I'm Jim Milton. Heard you had a telegram for me.

Speaker 22: Yes, here. Sign there.

John Marston: Thank you. Jim. If you're the JM I know. It's Sadie Adler. I've got something to discuss. Pay good. Meet me in saloon in Valentine. I'm

there most days. Sadie Adler, I'll be damned.

John Marston: Abigail. Darling John, a kind lady in the village helped me write this.

Abigail Roberts: She had men problems of her own but that's a different story. Listen, I have begged you, but it don't seem to make much difference. I've tried everything I know to make you grow up. And you know I love you, but loving you means I can't watch you do this. Time after time, we've had to run because of your behavior and your decisions. We got a son, I got a son and I love our son enough that I can't have him around while you're like this. I had so many dreams, John. I hoped you would change. We all saw what happened to them that didn't, but you ... part of you is hell bent on ending up the same

way.

John Marston: And I love you too much to watch that no more, Abigail.

Tom Dickens: Where's the wife, Milton?

John Marston: She's out.

Tom Dickens: I saw her leaving with the boy and the bags. What's going on?

John Marston: You married, Mr. Dickens?

Tom Dickens: No.

John Marston: That don't surprise me.

Tom Dickens: What she do, catch you with a showgirl? I hear about you shooting more fellas over by Strawberry? Just who are you, Jim Milton?

John Marston: I'm a family man. I can handle a gun, sure. Then men shot at me.

Tom Dickens: Just interested. That's all.

John Marston: Ain't nothing interesting unless

you find gossip about a man's marriage worthy of your time.

Tom Dickens: I guess not. There's work to be done unless you're running off to.

John Marston: I ain't going nowhere. I'm here to work. Got to save money, get her what she wants.

Tom Dickens: What does she want?

John Marston: She wants a place of her own since she found a plot up at Beecher's Hope.

Tom Dickens: You, a rancher? You'll starve.

John Marston: Probably.

Tom Dickens: Keep yourself busy, take your mind off it.

Tom Dickens: Well that's her full. Hey, you know, I was wrong about you. Turned into a fine worker, Jim Milton.

John Marston: Oh, thank you. Means a lot.
Hey, you think I could speak with
Mr. Geddes? See if maybe he's
open to offer me some guidance.

Tom Dickens: No, I'm sure he'd be happy to
hear you speak at least.

John Marston: Thank you, Mr. Dickens. Hey,
son. How's that bull?

Paul: Fine, Mr. Milton.

John Marston: Your father in? Can I have a
word?

Paul: Sure. I'll just get him.

David Geddes: Paul, I'm right here. What's the
problem, Milton?

John Marston: Sorry for the disturbance, sir.

David Geddes: Oh, no problem. My wife, she
just began her morning discourse
on the subject of my faults. An
experience I think every man can

relate to.

John Marston: In some ways. My wife also has issues with some of the decisions I've made, real issues. Do you believe a man can change, sir?

David Geddes: Where is this heading?

John Marston: I guess I don't know. Tried to be a good hand. I've worked hard to secure your property.

David Geddes: And for that, we are grateful.

John Marston: And you've paid me well, besides. The thing is, I suppose, I need to get a place of my own so I can prove to my wife that I've changed.

David Geddes: I understand.

John Marston: But I ain't got much money. I ain't asking to borrow none, but maybe you could go to the bank and put in a good word so they

could give me a loan?

David Geddes: A loan, huh?

John Marston: So, I can buy that place,
Beecher's Hope.

David Geddes: Yes. I know it. Yes, of course.
Sure. It'd be my pleasure. But take
my advice, Milton, take your money
and go buy passage on a boat. Go to
Brazil and forget all about family.
I'm just joking, son. Just make sure
you deal with Ansel Atherton at the
bank. He's a distant cousin. Here's
my name. Tell him to ask me direct
himself. He'll get what you need.

John Marston: Thank you, sir. Yeah, I was
young and dumb once too. You'll
get her back.

John Marston: Hey, feller.

Speaker 23: Excuse me, sir. Can I help you?

John Marston: Yeah. I'm looking for Mr.

Atherton. I'm a friend of Mr.
Geddes's over at Pronghorn Ranch.

Speaker 23: Oh, yeah. Mr. Atherton is in his
office. Hey, please head in.

John Marston: Thank you.

Speaker 23: Yeah.

Ansel Atherton: Can I help you?

John Marston: I hope so. I want a loan sir, a
line of credit so I can buy some
property.

Ansel Atherton: What property?

John Marston: An old ranch, Beecher's Hope.

Ansel Atherton: That old dump?

John Marston: I know it ain't much, but I ain't
much of a farmer either, but I will
get there.

Ansel Atherton: That is a very unusual way of
asking for a loan, Mister ...

John Marston: Marston.

Ansel Atherton: Marston.

John Marston: Only folk around here call me Milton. It's kind of a joke, I guess.

Ansel Atherton: A joke, huh? Which folk?

John Marston: Mr. Geddes.

Ansel Atherton: Uh-huh (affirmative).

John Marston: I work for him. He said that you could help me out. I mean, if you can.

Ansel Atherton: So, old David Geddes told you I'm the kind of man to loan a man with two names money so he can buy a rundown farm on account of his lack of farming skills, huh?

John Marston: Don't sound too promising when you put it like that.

Ansel Atherton: Well, how would you put it?

John Marston: Sorry to waste your time, sir.

Ansel Atherton: Oh, sit down. I'm sure we can figure something out. Now, of course, we'll be expecting you to make regular payments and given a lack of much evidence you got any means of repaying, the terms won't be too great. But if my cousin vouchers for you, it'll be okay with the bank.

John Marston: Really?

Ansel Atherton: Absolutely.

John Marston: Thank you.

Ansel Atherton: Now, of course, we'll be expecting our money back regulars clockwork until the debt settled. Otherwise, the farm reverts to the bank no matter how much you paid.

John Marston: I understand.

Ansel Atherton: Well, why don't you go check out the land while I fix the contracts and talk to Mr. Geddes. Oh, I heard there's squatters up there. We've been having so many problems recently they'll need clearing on.

John Marston: Sure.

Ansel Atherton: Well, come back when you're done and we'll fix up the paperwork.

Speaker 24: [inaudible 01:20:43] if you change your mind.

John Marston: Come on, man. Move!

Speaker 25: [inaudible 01:21:44]

Speaker 26: Help me and I shall help thee. Help a blind man.

John Marston: Okay. Sure.

Speaker 26: You remember the past at the expense of the future.

John Marston: Okay. All right. Well, I'll have to take your word for it.

Speaker 27: Can I help you, friend?

John Marston: I hope so. Who's in charge here?

Speaker 27: No one, mister. This is a free country.

John Marston: Now that I ain't so sure about. Listen, I'm buying this land. I'm afraid you guys are going to have to go somewhere else.

Speaker 28: Who's this?

Speaker 27: I ain't sure. Some Fancy Dan city boy. Says he owns this land.

Speaker 28: Oh, he's going to own it. That's what he says.

Speaker 29: Okay. And how come we live in here?

Speaker 27: I ain't sure.

Ansel Atherton: Ah, it's you, the man with two names and no past. Come on in. How'd you make out?

John Marston: Well, let's just say there are no more squatters.

Ansel Atherton: Okay. Well, I got your paperwork ready. Now, you sure about buying this place? It's really run down and the price isn't too great.

John Marston: I think it would mean a lot for my wife. At least mean I was listening to her.

Ansel Atherton: Okay. Well, sign here and here. Uh-hmm (affirmative). Now, we own you, Mr. Marston, and we own Mr. Milton too. And we own your property, but you can buy your freedom each week. Eventually, you will be a homeowner.

John Marston: I understand.

Ansel Atherton: Congratulations. You are now a real American indebted and owned by the bank. I'm joking. They own me. They just own your property. Now, you can also use this line of credit for any home improvements you need to make of course.

John Marston: I can?

Ansel Atherton: Sure. Be good, Mr. Marston. Welcome to home ownership. It's a beautiful thing. Let your wife know what to complain about. Just joking.

Uncle: Well, it is you. Well, I never. I thought you was dead, boy. Dead.

John Marston: Uncle?

Uncle: The very same. Come here. I saw you going into the bank and by the looks at things, you ain't robbed it.

John Marston: I've gone straight.

Uncle: Bull crap!

John Marston: No, for real. Well, I'm trying.

Uncle: All these years, you aint changed a bit. Maybe a little bit. I thought you was dead.

John Marston: Not yet. Well, I got some things to take care of.

Uncle: Oh, not a problem. I'll come too.

John Marston: No, you don't have to.

Uncle: Oh, I'm real sick, John. Lumbago. It's a slow and painful death, my brother.

John Marston: Evidently.

Uncle: Have a little pity, will you? Huh?

John Marston: Come on then.

Uncle: All right. I'm ready, Marston. Come on.

John Marston: Follow me.

Uncle: How are you? Where are we headed?

John Marston: West.

Uncle: West. Ain't you a man of few words. I can see we're headed west. You know, speaking in monosyllables don't make you seem interesting. It makes you seem stupid.

John Marston: I don't care how I seem.

Uncle: Well, now where west are we headed, you damn grunting fool?

John Marston: This ranch I ... a ranch I bought just now.

Uncle: Is that what you were doing in the bank, spending all your money? Oh, on a ranch in the armpit of West Elizabeth. Oh my Lord.

John Marston: Not that that's any of your

concern, but I was in the bank borrowing the money.

Uncle: Well, that's even worse. Yeah, you can run from bounty, John. You can't run from a bank. Is Abigail there?

John Marston: No, she's ... her and Jack are waiting until I'm set up before joining me out here.

Uncle: You mean she left you? Oh, I never thought she was a smart woman, but this makes me think maybe I was wrong.

John Marston: No more of that. Just bought this place. And you're lucky I'm showing it to you and not looking for a place to bury you out here. This is it. Look at her.

Uncle: Okay.

John Marston: What do you think?

Uncle: Why exactly did you buy this dump?

John Marston: For Abigail.

Uncle: Why? Is she an idiot?

John Marston: No.

Uncle: What were you thinking?

John Marston: I don't know. She said she wanted it.

Uncle: She ever seen it? What are we going to farm here? Rocks?

John Marston: We?

Uncle: You don't have a hope here without a wise hand at the tiller.

John Marston: Enough of that. Get out of here. On your way.

Uncle: No, you're stuck with me. Seems I'm stuck with you. John, the rock farmer.

John Marston: So, you think I'm an idiot?

Uncle: No, I know you're an idiot.

Speaker 30: I thought I told you to leave it,
Bubba.

Speaker 31: I thought to myself, "Who this little
girl thinks she telling anything to?"

Speaker 30: Enjoy your drink in peace. I ain't got
no business with you right now.

Speaker 31: What that mean?

Speaker 30: For the last time, leave me alone.

Speaker 31: Or what?

Speaker 30: Or that.

John Marston: Get the hell out of here before
she kills us all.

Speaker 31: You, you ...

John Marston: Get out of here.

Speaker 30: John Marston.

John Marston: It's good to see you.

Speaker 30: I thought I heard a rumor you was
alive. Jim Milton, that you?

John Marston: Guess I didn't do a real good job
of hiding my identity. We didn't
hear nothing about you.

Speaker 30: You killed a feller up by Roanoke?

John Marston: Sure did.

Speaker 30: I thought that sounded like you and
Abigail and Jack. She-

John Marston: She's fine.

Speaker 30: She was always so kind to me.

John Marston: I'm looking to buy some
property, Beecher's Hope west of
Blackwater. I'm kind of a farmer
now. And you?

Speaker 30: Oh, you know how it is. Bounties
mostly and some other stuff, good
and bad. Hey, you any interest in
bounties?

John Marston: No, I've gone straight. Sort of.

Speaker 30: Oh, it's legal usually.

John Marston: Then, maybe.

Speaker 30: Come on then.

John Marston: Where are we headed?

Speaker 30: Strawberry. Guy on the run from
New York. Good price for him.

John Marston: What'd he do?

Speaker 30: Rob a bank.

John Marston: With a gun?

Speaker 30: No, with a pen. He's an accountant,
I think.

John Marston: Sounds easy.

Speaker 30: Come on. We got a bit of a ride.

John Marston: I know. Your telegram, you said
you had something to discuss. I
didn't think we'd be chasing down

an outlaw.

Speaker 30: There's something else.

John Marston: What?

Speaker 30: Micah.

John Marston: Micah?

Speaker 30: I think so. I heard of someone
sounded like him about a year back.

John Marston: Okay.

Speaker 30: We always sad if we found him.

John Marston: I know what we said we'd do.
That ain't changed.

Speaker 30: I didn't think I'd see any of you
again after you left for the Yukon.

John Marston: Oh, we came back. Didn't strike
it rich as you can see.

Speaker 30: But you're a rancher now?

John Marston: I got uncle with me. We'll be
okay.

Speaker 30: Uncle? Well, getting scalped by the gang out there might be preferable to living with him.

John Marston: Sometimes I think the same.

Speaker 32: Looking to sell your wares or buy some of the finest meat to ever grace this town.

Speaker 30: All right. See what you can find. Like I said feller's name is Nathan Kirk.

John Marston: Hey, I'm being a real fool and forgot to ask my friend, Nathan Kirk, where he's staying. You got any idea? He's a bald feller from New York.

Speaker 33: I'm sorry, I don't know.

John Marston: You seen a bald New Yorker name of Nathan Kirk, about 45?

Speaker 34: No, sir. We get plenty of New Yorkers here. It's resort town, you

see, the Adirondacks of the West
the mayor calls it, but I can't
remember any of the bastards.

John Marston: Okay.

Speaker 34: Ask in the general store or the post
office. They tend to know who's in
residence for the season, as we say.

John Marston: Season? Good Lord.

John Marston: Hi there.

Speaker 35: Can I help you, partner?

John Marston: Yeah. I'm looking for a fellow, a
New Yorker name of Nathan Kirk.

Speaker 35: Never heard of him. We get a lot of
New Yorkers. It's a resort town, you
see?

John Marston: I'm sure.

Speaker 35: Try it in the Welcome Center. They
tend to know most of the visitors
there.

John Marston: Thank you.

John Marston: You seen a fellow, fellow from
New York? Bald guy?

Speaker 36: Yeah. A few New Yorkers come here
in search of the West.

John Marston: This one's a wanted man. I work
for the government, sort of. His
name's Nathan Kirk.

Speaker 36: Mr. Kirk? But he's so charming.

John Marston: Is he staying here?

Speaker 36: He's up in room three.

John Marston: I'm going to go pay him a visit.
It's government business.

Speaker 36: How exciting.

John Marston: Mr. Kirk? Mr. Kirk, you in there?

Nathan Kirk: Who is it?

John Marston: Stop! Hey! That's Nathan Kirk.
So, got him?

Speaker 30: Oh, shut up. Come on, jump on.

John Marston: Come on, lady.

Speaker 30: We got to get after him. Remember, we want him alive, though.

John Marston: I know.

Speaker 30: He went right. Stay on him, I'll catch up with you.

John Marston: Where are you going? Shit. Mr. Kirk, you'll do yourself an injury.

Nathan Kirk: Leave me alone.

John Marston: You ain't cut out for this, Kirk.

Speaker 30: We just want to talk. [inaudible 01:38:23] John, remember we want him alive. He's on [inaudible 01:38:31]

Nathan Kirk: You're monsters. Monsters. Ye haw, scatter.

John Marston: Look out. Relax. Coming on, girl.

You're back.

Speaker 30: Almost had him. Come on.

Nathan Kirk: I'm an innocent man.

Speaker 30: Then come on and talk to us.

Nathan Kirk: Innocent until proven
otherwise.

Speaker 30: That horse don't look so good.

PART 3 OF 8 ENDS [01:39:04]

Sadie Adler: That horse doesn't look so good.

Sadie Adler: What you caught there?

John Marston: There is no use in fighting now,
mister.

John Marston: Thanks for that, Mr. Kirk. Real
fun.

Speaker 37: I'm an innocent man. It's all a
mistake. My wife is a desperate
woman. Are you married, sir?

John Marston: It is none of your business what I am. Quiet now.

Sadie Adler: Where shall I send the money? I haven't been paid yet.

John Marston: Send it on my behalf to West Elizabeth Cooperative Bank in Blackwater, pay down my loans. It might make them happy to see I've got a boss.

Sadie Adler: I've got a couple of other leads I could use your help with if you're interested? I'm usually at the saloon in Blackwater.

John Marston: I need money pretty badly. So, I'll come to find you.

John Marston: Working hard?

Uncle: It's [inaudible 00:01:05]. If I overdo it I get a relapse, it's very serious.

John Marston: Get up or get out.

Uncle: You can be so testy. What is it, constipation?

John Marston: Guess you're my proof I'll never quite outrun my sins.

Uncle: You got so sanctimonious in your old age. No wonder she left you. It's like rooming with the King James Bible.

John Marston: Get up.

Uncle: I'm getting up. What did I have to tell you? I went into town, I got a little drunk and... Oh, shit. We've got to go. We got to go to Saint Denis. Charles Smith is alive, I reckon.

John Marston: Charles Smith alive, really?

Uncle: I reckon. Unless I dreamed it all and by the sound of it not doing too good neither.

Uncle: Here we are.

John Marston: Come on, let's get off.

Uncle: All right.

John Marston: Back in Saint Denis. I Never liked this place.

Uncle: Me neither. All right, let's go find that big sour bastard.

John Marston: Sure. Let's split up.

Uncle: Good idea. I'll take the saloons, you take the slumps.

John Marston: How about I take the saloons and you take the slumps?

Speaker 38: Hello.

John Marston: You are a good filly.

Uncle: Go on. Get going.

Speaker 39: [foreign language 01:42:40]. How can I help you today, sir?

John Marston: Listen, have you seen a big Indian fellow?

Speaker 39: Indian?

John Marston: Yeah. A boxer.

Speaker 39: Nope. Sorry, Mr. Nope. Actually, yes. I think he's fighting, I believe. Fighting behind Saint [inaudible 00:01:42:58].

John Marston: Thank you. Thanks a lot.

Speaker 39: No problem.

John Marston: Come on then.

Speaker 40: Watch out now. Are you loose in the head?

Speaker 41: Are you crazy? What's the matter with you?

Uncle: What took you so long?

John Marston: Good Lord. I was just beginning to enjoy some peace and quiet.

Uncle: I asked that first barman, I met. He told me, Charles was here.

Speaker 43: Folks, they love a surprise.

Uncle: Not one of life's great mysteries, it turns out.

Speaker 43: [crosstalk 01:44:02]. And you are a killer.

Speaker 43: We both know what you've got to do. I'm Leaving now.

John Marston: He doesn't know half of it.

Charles Smith: John? You're ...

John Marston: I'm alive. So are you. So is he.

Charles Smith: That's Uncle?

John Marston: What are you doing?

Charles Smith: I don't know. I'm alive.

John Marston: Uncle thought maybe you were in some sort of trouble.

Charles Smith: Kind of. I don't know. I'm
throwing fights for a few dollars.

John Marston: Throwing fights?

Charles Smith: Sure.

John Marston: Do you like that?

Charles Smith: Of course not.

John Marston: So?

Charles Smith: So? Let me go place a bet.
Come on.

Charles Smith: Man, I thought you were dead.

John Marston: Sure. Abigail is still alive too.
Only, she left me.

Charles Smith: Excuse me. I'd like to place a
bet.

Speaker 45: On who?

Charles Smith: On myself, to win. Lone Wolf.

Speaker 45: How much?

Charles Smith: All of this.

Speaker 45: Okay. Funny thing. I pegged you for the favorite, but the odds just got really good.

Speaker 45: What about you, sir? A little wager on the Wolf here. Real redskin brave.

John Marston: Sure. I'm a fan of the Wolf. Give me a bet on him.

Speaker 42: Have I got a treat for you? An epic battle between the descendant of ancient warriors and a not so noble savage. On my left, a ferocious battler from the valleys, Simon of Wales. And on my right, an Indian Hercules, a savage, the un-tameable, the un-beaten, and dare I say unbeatable, Lone Wolf. You know how this works? No weapons, no forfeit, and no crying like a beaten child. Everything else goes.

You win by knockout, you win by retirement or you win by death. Let's have a good fight boys. Let's keep it clean, but not so clean.

John Marston: Pretend he's Micah. Don't blackout just yet. Lone Wolf.

Speaker 44: What is this?

John Marston: Hit him, Lone Wolf. Hit him, Charles. Knock him out. Try and stay on your feet, do you hear?

Speaker 51: Bastard.

John Marston: Don't blackout just yet. Hit him, Charles. Pretend he's Micah. Knock him out. Don't blackout just yet.

John Marston: Come on Lone Wolf, I better get you the hell out of here.

Speaker 45: Hey, Lone Wolf. I made my month but you also made some fellows mighty unhappy.

Charles Smith: So it goes.

Speaker 45: Here is your share partner.

Speaker 46: If we had just made the bet I said
we should-

John Marston: So, are you keen on staying
around here or heading off with me
and Uncle?

Charles Smith: But John, I haven't seen you
two in years.

John Marston: I know. But right now my sense
is you just need to lie low.

Charles Smith: Where?

John Marston: We've got a little place up past
Blackwater in the high country.

Charles Smith: Okay. I've got to grab my
baggage. I booked a steamer
heading upriver. That's why I was
pretending to throw the fight.

Uncle: Okay, boys. I'll meet you at the

bridge outside Saint Denise.

John Marston: What are you doing?

Uncle: I just have a few errands to run.

John Marston: You're useless.

Uncle: I am a deep thinker.

John Marston: Be quick.

Charles Smith: Come on. This way. My bag's on the dockside. So, what happened?

John Marston: You mean back then? Arthur helped live, I guess. You know that Arthur ...

Charles Smith: Sure. Word got to me up North so I went back and buried him and Miss Grimshaw.

John Marston: I had to run. If any of us had been found, we'd have ...

Charles Smith: Of course, I understand. He is where he would have wanted to be. A pretty hillside, facing the evening

sun.

John Marston: He gave me a satchel with some of his things in it. Remember that journal he always drew in? I got it. I'm a bit of a draftsman myself nowadays.

Charles Smith: He was a good man. As much as any of us could be.

John Marston: Getting sick like that has to rattle a fellow.

Charles Smith: Rattle him or give him some kind of understanding of what his life was really all about?

John Marston: Yeah, that makes sense.

Charles Smith: Anyway, I heard all of you were dead or I might have come looking.

John Marston: And me the same about you.

Charles Smith: Dutch?

John Marston: Who knows, dead, maybe? I'm

not sure. I heard all kinds of things, but one thing I know he's not around here. I haven't heard anything real in years since ... Well, that time.

Charles Smith: Nor me. And Micah?

John Marston: I hope that bastard's dead. You know, he was the one speaking to the agents?

Charles Smith: What?

John Marston: Putting them on us the whole time, or since before I got off Sisika.

Charles Smith: They picked up [Strauss 00:01:49:39], the agents. They made a real mess of him. I heard he died in custody. Never said a word.

John Marston: I guess some folk is strong in ways you can't see.

Charles Smith: Everything that happened, all those deaths, Micah?

John Marston: None of us is innocent in that.
Dutch, least of all.

Charles Smith: Okay. Hold on.

John Marston: What?

Charles Smith: Careful.

John Marston: Why?

Charles Smith: Those are Guido Martelli's men.

John Marston: Who?

Charles Smith: He used to work for Angelo
Bronte.

John Marston: I've only been here for an hour.

Speaker 47: Hey, come over here.

Charles Smith: What now?

John Marston: Well, you go left, I go right. On
three.

Charles Smith: Mm-hmm (affirmative).

John Marston: Three.

Speaker 47: You couldn't have thrown that fight?

Speaker 52: It's never just one fight.

Charles Smith: Evidently.

John Marston: What are those guns they have?

Speaker 47: What, you don't have them in the high country?

Charles Smith: Let's go, there is a wagon up there. Come on, John. I'll drive. Where was uncle going to meet us?

John Marston: Over the bridge going out of town. West.

Charles Smith: Hold on.

John Marston: Do you see any law?

Charles Smith: Not yet.

John Marston: Keep your eye out. Saint Denis is not short on police.

Charles Smith: I remember that only too well.

John Marston: Anyone?

Charles Smith: Good so far. The further we get from those gunshots. The better chance we have. Tonight at least.

John Marston: No, we can't get caught. Martelli has the police chief in his pocket. If they take us in, we won't get out of the interview room.

Charles Smith: I don't want to get into a shootout over this. That's not the man I try to be anymore.

John Marston: No, I don't want that either. Do you see anything?

Charles Smith: I think we're clear. If I ever want to go back, remind me that I hate Saint Denis.

John Marston: Guido Martelli will happily remind you of that.

Charles Smith: Give me some simple folk and

wide-open spaces. Speaking of simple...

Uncle: John, Charles, you boys been getting up to no good?

John Marston: Kind of. We've been getting shot at.

Uncle: Well, they weren't very good shots. Come on, let's head for home.

Uncle: Feels like old times. Good to have the old gang back together again.

John Marston: Let's just hope things don't turn out like last time.

Uncle: There he goes. What did I tell you, Charles? The boy is as sour as week-old milk. No wonder she didn't stay with you. Not even a retired \$2 whore stay with you. That's the God damn truth. Now, you used to be decent company, but now you're worse than a snake with a

toothache. All he does is wine,
wine, wine.

John Marston: Excuse me?

Uncle: Don't get all angry, it isn't going to change anything. You are hopeless. And I mean that literally. You've got no hope. I mean, look at you, look at his place, your dream home. I've had better nightmares than this dream. Darling Abigail, I've changed, come live with me in an outhouse. I wouldn't ask my worst enemy to take a shit in.

John Marston: What are you trying to say?

Uncle: It's awful. It's a dump. The house has got to go. Get some self-respect you miserable sack of shit. Build a house that the lady would set foot in.

John Marston: The place just needs a woman's touch.

Uncle: It needs leveling. No woman would touch this place. Now, I reckon these horses can have it down in a minute. Here, come on. Tie that end around the horses. You loop that end around there. The horse will pull it clean down. Are we good?

John Marston: I think so.

Uncle: All right. Well, let's get going. Now, just pull.

Charles Smith: You got this, John? I'll go when you do.

Uncle: Almost. See, I told you it won't be any trouble.

John Marston: And now?

Uncle: Now we head into town and buy ourselves a house right out of a book. Same as if it were a bicycle.

John Marston: Where in town?

Uncle: There's a fellow by the train store.
 Cake's hardwood and timber.

John Marston: Okay. You keep working here.

Uncle: But if I don't go with you, who's
 going to tell you-

John Marston: I just need a bit of peace and
 quiet from your incessant yapping.
 Charles, make him work. Whip him
 if you have to.

John Marston: Hello, Sadie.

Sadie Adler:John, come sit down.

John Marston: Sure. Have you got any work?

Sadie Adler:Yeah, there's always work. The
 whole country is getting robbed,
 robbing, or stopping robbers. It
 seems like there is anything else in
 this world except bastards, victims
 of bastards, and the bastards who
 want to put the bastards in the

ground.

John Marston: Which are you exactly?

Sadie Adler: Me? In my time, all three, same as most people.

John Marston: I guess.

Sadie Adler: The funny thing about this job opportunity, I just might get to be all three again.

John Marston: What do you mean?

Sadie Adler: Have you ever heard of Shane Finley?

John Marston: The cattle wrestler?

Sadie Adler: Murderer, thief, child killer. He's wanted in five states. I called him last week, he was disguised as a lady in a house for fallen women. I was bringing him in when I got robbed by a professional rival of mine, James Langton. He's a nasty

bastard. I didn't much like him even before he robbed me.

John Marston: Does that happen a lot in this line of work?

Sadie Adler: Yeah, with the wrong people like me. Anyway, now they are held up in the desert down South waiting to head North so they can hand him to the state troopers in the North country. I've given up on the job as just bad luck but now that you're here, maybe we can go rob them back.

John Marston: Is the money good?

Sadie Adler: Yeah, it's really good. Plus I don't much like getting robbed by no one. Come on.

John Marston: Where is it we're heading again, you said?

Sadie Adler: South. Now, come on. Mount up.

We've got a ride ahead of us.

John Marston: Of course, we do.

John Marston: Okay.

Sadie Adler: Follow me. Lets ride.

John Marston: Yes, ma'am. Is that a new horse?

Sadie Adler: Some folks buy ranches, some buy horses. Horses are cheaper.

John Marston: He looks mean.

Sadie Adler: He is.

John Marston: My ranch, it's something else you know. You've got to come up there.

Sadie Adler: Aint had any trouble?

John Marston: Some squatters, but that's it for the most part.

Sadie Adler: That's good. Maybe these fellers are heard about stayed North or gone

off somewhere else or dropped
down dead in their own tracks.

John Marston: It's a good country.

Sadie Adler: All country is good. It's just folks
that are bad.

John Marston: Do you know who I got up there
with me?

Sadie Adler: Uncle.

John Marston: Besides Uncle?

Sadie Adler: Abigail?

John Marston: Abigail hasn't come there just
yet.

Sadie Adler: Really? Do you want to talk about
it?

John Marston: Maybe, but Charles Smith. We
found Charles Smith.

Sadie Adler: Charles, he's alive?

John Marston: Yeah, he's doing okay. He was

price-fighting in Saint Denis.
Weren't seeming too well. He took everything really hard, but I think life on the plains is going to be good for him.

Sadie Adler: I always like Charles. You send him my best.

John Marston: I will. You know, you can come along too. Build a cabin on the land.

Sadie Adler: I've done that all before. Can't do it again. I'm on my own now, John. I ain't so good with people.

John Marston: The offer is there, whenever you want.

Sadie Adler: That's kind. Unlikely to be taken up, but kind.

John Marston: Did you hear anything of Dutch?

Sadie Adler: Nothing. You?

John Marston: No. You'd think. He's a colorful

character, word would get out.

Sadie Adler: That's one way of putting it. Look, what happened with the gang changed everyone who was a part of it. The Dutch who put a blanket around me after the O'Driscolls, that wasn't the same man at Beaver Hollow. And now, he might not be so colorful any more.

John Marston: You see a man whose character changed. I see a man who got found out for who he truly was. We were fools to follow him. I was a fool and I paid for it, and I was one of the lucky ones.

Sadie Adler: Micah, John. Micah's the one who set it off.

John Marston: I blame me for following Dutch for too long. But I blame Micah for almost everything else.

Sadie Adler: He's out there.

John Marston: And someday, I hope we'll find him. But not now.

Sadie Adler: Come on.

Sadie Adler: There's a spot up ahead where we can see over most of the country. They'll be down there. See over most of the country there'll be down there.

John Marston: So, James Langton, the bounty hunter, has got this outlaw you captured in a women's boarding house?

Sadie Adler: Shane Finley, correct.

John Marston: And we aim to have Langton give him back to us before he rides north with him to hand him over to some state troopers?

Sadie Adler: Correct again. Though the giving back part is optimistic.

John Marston: I'm forever the optimist.

John Marston: You know, I've been doing some bounty hunting of my own since I last saw you. I ain't going to make a habit of it.

Sadie Adler: We cut off here. This is the place.

John Marston: It's a view all right.

Sadie Adler: Come on, let's go take a look down in the Valley.

Sadie Adler: Come on, John. Help me find them.

John Marston: I think I see something.

Sadie Adler: Yup, there they are, down there.

John Marston: Who's who?

Sadie Adler: Well, the bounty is the feller who's all tied up.

John Marston: Very funny.

Sadie Adler: And that big fat feller with a funny hat, that's James Langton. The

other fellers just work for him.

John Marston: Where do you think they're heading?

Sadie Adler: I don't know. Come on, let's go follow them.

Sadie Adler: Looks like they're cutting through the canyon underneath us. Let's go.

Sadie Adler: They'll be coming through here.

Sadie Adler: There they are. We follow and keep an eye on them.

Sadie Adler: We know they're down there, don't ride so close. You won't get North through here. What are you doing?

John Marston: Are you talking to me, or Langton?

Sadie Adler: Sorry, I am not used to having anyone with me.

Sadie Adler: My guess is, they'll stop up ahead. We can get a better look at them.

John Marston: You know his thinking pretty well.

Sadie Adler: If you can outgun them, you've got to out-think them.

Sadie Adler: The Canyon opens up down a way. We'll head them off there.

Sadie Adler: Up here. Get off your horse. This might be our chance.

Sadie Adler: They're stopping. And that sure is Shane Finley, coming off the back of his horse.

John Marston: What are they waiting for?

Sadie Adler: The rest of Langton's men, I think.

John Marston: Langton's doing pretty well for himself. How come he's got all those men and you work alone?

Sadie Adler: I got you, you're worth ten of them.

John Marston: Great.

Sadie Adler: All right, so what do you think?
Shall we threaten them? Start shooting at them or sneak down and pick them off one by one? I reckon sneaking down is our best opportunity, but it's your call.

John Marston: I'll follow your lead. Let's sneak down there.

Sadie Adler: Okay. Well, follow away. Stay down and stay close.

John Marston: Let's go.

Sadie Adler: We are going down the Canyon, look out on these rocky paths.

Sadie Adler: Two guys below us. Let's get closer.

Sadie Adler: We can't go around them. You take one of them, I'll take the other. Have you got a throwing knife? Just go for one, I'll get the other. That was clean.

Sadie Adler: Okay. Let's move. Up ahead,
another one on patrol. I'll take care
of him. Taken care of. Damn
squeaky bridge's might be the death
of us. Come on.

Speaker 48: [inaudible 02:06:53].

Sadie Adler: Check the ridge-line, they've got
men above us.

John Marston: It all comes down to this.

Sadie Adler: They are on the side of the basin.
One is here. Take that.

Sadie Adler: [inaudible 02:07:48]. This way.
Come on. Look out, they are on the
move. Shit.

Speaker 49: This is where you are going to die.
Do you hear me?

Sadie Adler: We've got to hold this ground.

Sadie Adler: Heading down.

Sadie Adler: You got Langton, all right.

Sadie Adler:Shit, they are coming at us from all over.

John Marston: We need our horses.

John Marston: Look at him here, dead. That's what you get for robbing me, Langton.

Speaker 50: Shit, that damn harpy.

Sadie Adler:Let's get Finley. Get him out of here.

Speaker 50: Are you with her?

John Marston: What's it look like?

Sadie Adler:Okay, you're taking Finley. Let's go. Get him on your horse.

Sadie Adler:Get him up there, come on.

Sadie Adler:Now, let's get out of here, come on.

Sadie Adler:Look out, on the rope bridge. You're hit. They're above us.

Sadie Adler:Riders, coming from the left of us.

Sadie Adler:They're all over.

Sadie Adler:More riders, left again.

PART 4 OF 8 ENDS [02:12:04]

Shane Finley: [inaudible 02:12:09] Look
where you're going!

Sadie Adler:So anyway, give up you fools! That's
the end of the canyon.

John Marston: Then I think we might be free of
them.

Sadie Adler:Ride for it!

Shane Finley: You madman.

Shane Finley: I need to relieve myself.

Sadie Adler:There'll be a bucket in your cell.

Shane Finley: I'm serious.

Sadie Adler:Yeah, and so am I. Hit him, john,
please?

Shane Finley: Hey, you don't need to do that

just because she told you to. I don't need to be hit. I just want to be treated civil.

Sadie Adler: Shut it.

John Marston: You heard the lady.

Sadie Adler: Thank you.

Shane Finley: I still protest my innocence! This woman ripped me out of my bed, kidnapped me. Then that [Langton 02:13:15] kidnapped me. Then you killed them all, and kidnapped me back. I'm the victim here! Damn you.

Sadie Adler: John, would you be so kind as to shut him up?

Shane Finley: Don't listen to her. Let me speak my piece. There's no call to hit me mister.

Sadie Adler: Listen to him squirm. Jesus.

John Marston: Bad dog!

Sadie Adler: That's it. Bounty work ain't easy, John.

John Marston: No. But I can see now it has its rewards.

Sadie Adler: That's a whole lot easier with a partner.

John Marston: That back there, you didn't need a partner, you needed a whole company behind you.

Sadie Adler: We did fine and with Langton and his men gone, there'll be more demand for our service.

John Marston: Sadie, you know I'm a rancher now, mostly.

Sadie Adler: And I know how you're paying for your ranch.

John Marston: Don't spread that around.

Sadie Adler: Hey, I won't. But it would be good

to have you along some more.

John Marston: Yeah, we'll see. Maybe.

Sadie Adler: Here we are. Grab him and bring him in, John.

John Marston: Sure.

Shane Finley: You're a bitch and a bastard.

Sadie Adler: We brought in [Shane Finley 00:02:27].

Speaker 53: [inaudible 02:14:29] Great. Let's put him in the cell.

Shane Finley: Damn you.

Speaker 54: One with the door.

Speaker 55: We're going to watch you swing.

Shane Finley: What for? I didn't do anything. Nothing! It's all lies!

Speaker 55: Yeah, yeah. I thought you said you lost him.

Sadie Adler: Well, I did. But we got him back. Oh,

and [James 02:14:56] Langton's
dead. We killed him.

Speaker 55: Why'd you do a thing like that?

Sadie Adler: It was him that robbed me.

Speaker 55: Okay. Here. There's a decent price
on Finley.

John Marston: I know.

Sadie Adler: You want this money to go to the
bank too?

John Marston: No, I'll take it myself.

Sadie Adler: Okay, [Jim Milton 00:03:22].

John Marston: It's John Marston here.

Sadie Adler: All right, well, if you need any more
work you come find me in town. Or,
maybe I'll find you.

John Marston: I'm retired.

Sadie Adler: Sure. Be well, John.

John Marston: Excuse me, sir, you work here?

Albert Cakes: No, I just hang around here for fun. I'm joking, I'm joking. How can I help your, friend?

John Marston: I know this sounds crazy, some dumb old coot I know was telling me there's these houses you can buy pre-cut.

Albert Cakes: Not crazy, friend. The very latest in modern convenience. Convenient and cost efficient. Which house do you want? Each one is entirely unique, but also the same.

John Marston: Excuse me?

Albert Cakes: Perhaps I'm going too fast, sir. Do you want to buy a house?

John Marston: I think so.

Albert Cakes: I'll give you a luxurious, entirely unique pre-cut palace. And if you order today, I guarantee your home

in a matter of weeks. Maybe sooner.

John Marston: I'll take that one.

Albert Cakes: Yes, we have that one in stock.

John Marston: And I already got credit from the bank.

Albert Cakes: Oh, fantastic. Now you write your name here, and you sign your name there, and you will be the proud owner of a factory built home.

John Marston: It's that easy?

Albert Cakes: Pleasure to meet you, [Mr. Martin 00:04:50]. Albert Cakes Esquire, at your service.

Charles Smith: You boys. Give me a minute.

John Marston: What're you doing here?
Everything okay?

Charles Smith: I'm not sure, probably. A feller

came by the farm, got attacked on the road. He said the [Skinner 02:17:09] brothers was hanging around. Lots of them. Left uncle armed to the teeth back at the ranch.

John Marston: Who are these two?

Charles Smith: Guns for hire. If there's Skinners about, we need them.

John Marston: We ain't got that kind of money, Charles.

Charles Smith: You want to get robbed for your house?

John Marston: No, but-

Charles Smith: Hey these Skinners can be nasty. Come on. [Mr. Devon 02:17:27], you're with me. [Mr. Wayne 00:05:28], this is-

John Marston: Milton, Jim Milton.

Willard Wayne: Sir, good to meet you.

Charles Smith: We're going to be heading up to the [Manzanita Post 00:05:34].

John Marston: Why?

Charles Smith: The best smith around is that Norwegian feller up there.

John Marston: Yeah, so they say. You boy's ready?

Mr. Devon: Yes sir, we're ready.

John Marston: Good because you're about to get shot up over a goddamn hammer.

Charles Smith: You want to build a house with a sniper rifle then?

Willard Wayne: I know old [Nils 02:17:49] real well. I'll get you a good deal.

John Marston: Thank you, sir. All right, then let's go buy us some tools.

Mr. Devon: I know the quickest way, follow me.
[inaudible 02:18:12]

Speaker 56: What do you want-

Willard Wayne: Say, is your friend a negro or a
redskin?

John Marston: Think a bit of both for what it's
worth.

Willard Wayne: Cash is cash, so it's all the same
me. I saw you getting skittish there,
but don't you worry, we're not
getting shot at.

John Marston: Oh yeah, I know Charles Smith,
and if he's got cause to be
concerned it's usually good cause.

Willard Wayne: You got a shotgun messenger
sitting right beside you, all right.
Now, I suppose you don't know
much about robbing caravans?

John Marston: Not much, I guess, no.

Willard Wayne: Well, nor do I. But I know a thing or two about protecting them. And if a robber sees some strong men sitting up front, two of them guns for hire, then they're going to wait for the next set of fools to come on through.

John Marston: Unless they take the guns to me and they're carrying something valuable, instead of pre-cut timber and some tools.

Willard Wayne: What? No, wait. Trust me on this. You are overthinking it. You hire a gun, you hire peace of mind and a deterrent. So I'll sit here, looking big and scary, and you can concentrate on the horses.

John Marston: All right, I'll do just that.

Willard Wayne: Maybe I've done this kind of thing before, and maybe I can handle a weapon. But I'm not so

different from you, partner.

John Marston: I think you might be.

Mr. Devon: Hey, we're taking the next right, up
towards Manzanita Post.

John Marston: Where were we?

Willard Wayne: People wonder how you can
handle it, living by your gun. But it's
the same as any other occupation,
really? When I get home, I put my
gun on the rack and it stays there. I
mean it, it really stays there. I don't
even think about it. My mind's on
my wife, and the little ones.
Chopping wood, mending the roof,
putting the kids to bed. But when
I'm out here, I'm watching the
treeline, I got my gun at the ready.
And I'm trying to make my
employer as comfortable as
possible.

John Marston: That's a real good of you.

Willard Wayne: You're in good hands. I know this country well.

John Marston: Good. Am I Finally going to meet this tool maker? [inaudible 00:02:20:37].

Willard Wayne: Boy can he work metal. Norwegian you see, Viking blood. Fellows up there used the worship of God with a hammer. Guess it figures they'd still be making them. I'm not sure how much English he speak. But Nils knows tools.

Charles Smith: This is the spot, just up ahead.

John Marston: Okay.

Willard Wayne: You boys wait here. After you, Mr. Milton. Nils. Nils it's me, Willard Wayne.

Nils: Okay.

Willard Wayne: This is my associate Jim Milton.

Nils: Okay.

Willard Wayne: He heard you as the best. Best smith around. He needs some tools. He's building a ranch house up at [Beecher's Hope 00:02:21:33].

Nils: Beecher's Hope? Okay.

Willard Wayne: Have you got any made?

Nils: Okay.

Willard Wayne: Like I said, an acquired taste, but a heart of gold. And he's the best. You off someplace, Nils?

Nils: Okay.

Willard Wayne: So Milton is working with [Cakes Hardwood and Timber 02:22:02] in town. Should I get them to pay you and add it to bill up there?

Nils: Okay.

Charles Smith: Come on, let's get moving.

John Marston: Okay.

Willard Wayne: All right then, Beecher's Hope. They've been trying to sell that property for some time hadn't they? Took a look at it myself as it so happens. Seemed like a lot of work, too much from me, but more power to you. Must have seen something in it I couldn't.

John Marston: Whoa!

Charles Smith: Everyone find some cover!
Willard you'll be all right!

Mr. Devon: Goddamn! Keep your head down!

Charles Smith: Damn bushwhacking!

Willard Wayne: What the hell is going on?

Charles Smith: It's the Skinners!

Mr. Devon: Hold on over there.

Charles Smith: You okay?

Mr. Devon: What out for [inaudible 00:11:07]!
Watch out for arrows!

Willard Wayne: Take your time.

Charles Smith: Willard how you holding up
there? We'll get you out of here.
Hold tight Willard. [inaudible
02:23:29]. We got one.

Willard Wayne: I'm not going to be much use to
you.

Mr. Devon: They're pulling back.

Charles Smith: All right. You're alive?

John Marston: For now.

Charles Smith: Mr. Devon, you okay?

Mr. Devon: Yes.

John Marston: That the last of them? I think
so.

Charles Smith: There's more! They got the
tools.

Mr. Devon: They grabbed Mr. Wayne.

John Marston: All right you stay here and
guard the wagons. Charles, come
on!

Willard Wayne: Mr. Devon! Help me!

John Marston: I see him!

Willard Wayne: Help! Mr. Devon! Help!
[inaudible 00:12:10].

Charles Smith: We've walked into something.
Get some cover!

John Marston: You mean, they drew us in!

Willard Wayne: [inaudible 02:24:16] Skinners.

John Marston: They're getting away! They're
getting away with him!

Mr. Devon: But him down Skinners!

Charles Smith: They climbed up in the tree!
Shoot the ones up there first!
[inaudible 02:24:16] They're still up

there, high in the tree. You see him?
High up in the branches! Okay, let's
move. He took him down the hill!

Speaker 57: Show yourself [inaudible 02:25:13].

Charles Smith: We've come the right way.
[inaudible 02:25:18]

John Marston: They're down the hill. They're
coming out of nowhere!

Charles Smith: He's got a knife! [inaudible
02:25:23].

Speaker 57: Shut it.

Willard Wayne: Please! God, no!

Charles Smith: I don't like the sound of that.

John Marston: Come one.

Charles Smith: Let's keep moving. We've got to
be gaining on them.

John Marston: I hope so.

Charles Smith: They're on top of us! [inaudible

02:25:45].

Willard Wayne: No!

Charles Smith: Oh no. [inaudible 02:25:51].

John Marston: Mr. Wayne we're right-

Charles Smith: You see anything?

John Marston: Mr. Wayne, we're coming!

Willard Wayne: No, no, no! [inaudible
00:14:06].

Charles Smith: We cleared them. Keep going.

John Marston: Where's Wayne?

Charles Smith: Let's search these trees. Mr.
Wayne!

John Marston: Mr. Wayne!

Charles Smith: Can you hear us?

John Marston: Charles, I found the tools. Now
where's Mr... Shit. All right. Jesus.
We got to move fast. Come on. Let's
go, back to the road. Goddamn. A

few minutes ago he was chewing
me ear off.

Charles Smith: He knew what he was getting
into.

John Marston: Did he?

Charles Smith: The Skinners, everyone knows.

John Marston: Except me.

Charles Smith: Later, John.

John Marston: Charles, you alright carrying
him?

Charles Smith: I got it. There's no use in you
getting bloody too.

John Marston: Is it bad?

Charles Smith: They opened him up pretty
good. Mr. Wayne didn't make it.

Mr. Devon: Dear lord no.

Charles Smith: We have to get out of here. You
take him in the back wagon. Come

on, help me.

John Marston: All right. Let's get out of here.

Mr. Devon: Oh my lord. What they do to him?

Charles Smith: Nothing nice. Got it?

John Marston: Come on, we got to go.

Mr. Devon: Shit. Those goddamn animals.

Charles Smith: Okay. John, I'm ridding with you. Get us back to Beecher's.

John Marston: Those were the Skinner brothers?

Charles Smith: I told you I was worried.

John Marston: Sadie said something too. What kind of land have I bought?

Charles Smith: Dammit John you'll run the horses into the ground. It's not the land. The Skinners moved around, they're here for now.

John Marston: I thought this kind of bloodshed

was meant to be over with. What was all the nonsense about civilization?

Charles Smith: This kind of bloodshed, is different. Folks have been killed, sure, good reason and bad. But rarely just for the fun of it.

John Marston: That was fun for them.

Charles Smith: No, not that time. Most folk don't usually put up with such a fight.

John Marston: Then I hope we put an end to it.
Uncle! Uncle! [inaudible 02:29:09]
Uncle!

Uncle: I was-

John Marston: You useless sack of crap.

Uncle: I was keeping guard.

John Marston: Really?

Uncle: What happened?

Charles Smith: Skinner brothers.

Uncle: Lot of them?

Charles Smith: Enough. Once this is done, I'll take Mr. Devin back to town. And get poor Mr. Wayne buried.

John Marston: Okay, be careful.

Charles Smith: Oh, I will. But I'm fairly sure we've scared them off now.

Uncle: Bad business. Well, we'll be safe together.

John Marston: Sure. If you say so.

Speaker 58: And John, I love you. Don't you forget that.

John Marston: Those plans make any sense?

Uncle: Oh sure. Seems easy enough I think. I mean how hard can it be? But I'll tell you what I think, just to be safe, I'll do the reading and planning, and you do the building.

John Marston: How did I know you'd try to weasel out of doing any work.

Uncle: Now that is plain unfair. It's inaccurate and not what's going to happen. I am simply going to use what I've got, which is the brain. While you use what you've got, which is less of a brain.

John Marston: Let's get started.

Uncle: Well, first thing it says the foundation. Which involves moving those heavy wooden joists. Definitely not a job for a man with terminal lumbago, unless you want to dig a six foot deep hole for me when the work day is over.

John Marston: Don't tempt me.

Uncle: Oh well here comes Charles, maybe he can lighten the mood a little.

John Marston: How'd you get on?

Charles Smith: They'll be back, but not for a while.

Uncle: Charles, dear boy. John needs help moving these joists, now come on. Get a move on. We got to get started before the rains come.

John Marston: You're very annoying.

Charles Smith: He's right. We should get on with this.

John Marston: (singing) And I think that's everything.

Uncle: John Marston, You have a home.

John Marston: So do you.

Uncle: Oh, I know.

John Marston: And you Charles, as long as you'll stay with us.

Charles Smith: Thank you.

Uncle: Gentlemen, to this happy home. At

least till this fool gets his woman back.

John Marston: My darling Abigail, I hope you and Jack are doing well. I remain a fool, and I'm sure I shall die a fool. But I'm trying very hard to be something like the man you deserve. I've done something very silly in an effort to impress you. And that is, I've purchased a home. The land you read about in the newspaper, up at Beecher's Hope, is now ours. And we are going to try our hand at ranching. Mr. Geddes kindly helped me buy the land. I met Uncle while I was coming out of the bank, and while I know your feelings about him, he has been enormously helpful, in his own fashion. Charles Smith has also appeared, and is unsurprisingly a pillar of strength. Together, we've built you a home. I hope soon to

show it to you. I miss you, and the boy, more than I can express. Please come back to me. Yours always, John.

John Marston: Uncle I thought you was...
Where the hell? Just one time I hope to find you working. Just once.

Uncle: Do you believe in reincarnation, John Marston?

John Marston: No.

Uncle: Well, I hope and pray to whatever is out there that I get to come back as a young'un, so that when you're old and facing death, I can be some two penny slave driver that comes along and hastens your journey into the grave. This is a fatal condition I got.

John Marston: And I'll give you another fatal condition. We don't get on with things around here, and we'll all starve.

Uncle: Get on with what?

John Marston: Farming, ranching, planing something.

Uncle: The only thing that this land is good for is grazing.

John Marston: Grazing?

Uncle: Yeah, so cows, sheep, goats. Now goats is easy, but they taste awful.

John Marston: I don't like goats, and cows, I've seen enough cows.

Uncle: Sheep then. But any livestock you're going to need a barn.

John Marston: A barn will take three of us six months to build.

Uncle: Oh you don't build a barn, dumb ass. What do you think this is, 1785? You buy one? Pre-cut just like the house. This is the industrial age. The lumber fellers all have them.

John Marston: That guy makes me hate the modern world.

Uncle: Oh, come home. I'll deal with him. I can't move like I used to. Then I never was that fast.

Albert Cakes: And how are we? How's little [Emily 00:02:39:33]?

John Marston: Emily?

Albert Cakes: I'm sorry I've... How are you?

Uncle: We need a barn.

Albert Cakes: A barn, course you do. All of them potatoes.

John Marston: We're going to farm livestock.

Uncle: What's wrong with you? How many scar faced loons you got coming in here buying pre-cut home?

Albert Cakes: Here, what you think. Have a look?

John Marston: Maybe that one.

Uncle: That one.

Albert Cakes: An excellent choice. We have a couple already cut and in stock. I'll have it sent to you in Blackwater-

John Marston: I'm down a Beecher's Hope.

Albert Cakes: Oh I'm sorry, of course. It's my wife Jerry, you see she's... It's great seeing you again, I'll-

Uncle: Yeah it's been-

Albert Cakes: And you sir.

Uncle: Pleasure as always. A great pleasure. Love your work.

Albert Cakes: Of course.

John Marston: How are we going to pay for this?

Uncle: Same way we pay for everything.

Speaker 59: I just wish I could help you, sir.

You've been a good customer, and I like you, and David Geddes likes you.

Uncle: Now-

Speaker 59: But this man is very annoying.

John Marston: Can you just give me a few days?

Speaker 59: Of course.

John Marston: I really enjoyed begging and watching you make a fool of yourself.

Uncle: Well I-

Sadie Adler: John! Hey.

John Marston: Is that Sadie Adler? Hey.

Sadie Adler: John. How are you?

Uncle: Well hello Uncle? Nice to see you. Oh and you too.

Sadie Adler: Oh shut you to shut up you own

creep.

John Marston: Listen, Sadie. You got any work?
I'm kind of desperate.

Sadie Adler: Work? How desperate?

John Marston: I need money. A bunch of
money. My debts climbing and I-

Sadie Adler: You up for a fight?

John Marston: Is it legal?

Sadie Adler: Oh, it's very legal, but it's also
pretty dangerous. With you it'll be
fine, but I wouldn't do it on my
own.

John Marston: I ain't got much choice.

Sadie Adler: All right then, [inaudible 02:41:15]
come on.

Uncle: Look after him Sadie he's a delicate
flower underneath.

John Marston: Tell the bank there's money
coming in, and get a crew to help

with that barn.

Sadie Adler: I have it on good authority we can find this bounty at [Painted Sky 00:02:41:34].

John Marston: I know the place.

Sadie Adler: Okay, I'll follow you.

Sadie Adler: All right. The Painted Sky tip is pretty fresh, but I don't know how long we'll stay that way. And encyclopedia salesman was up there on the property. Couldn't find the rancher, but saw a Mexican looking feller hanging around. [inaudible 00:29:57].

John Marston: So what were you saying?

Sadie Adler: He's making a hell of a go of it, but there ain't much there to hold back the chaos. It's real wild country.

John Marston: Sounds like he needs all the help he can get.

Sadie Adler: Maybe drop in on him some time.

John Marston: You know I had some trouble of my own. That gang you was talking about, was they the Skinner brothers?

Sadie Adler: That's them. Hold your horse there.

John Marston: This is Painted Sky, up here.

Sadie Adler: Looks quiet. [Ramón Cortez 00:30:38] you better be here. Let's get down and take a look. You search that barn, I'll take the main house.

John Marston: Holler if you get him. Ramón Cortez, we've come for you.

Ramón Cortez: It'll all be over soon.

Sadie Adler: Ramón Cortez, we've come for you. You got him?

John Marston: I think so.

Sadie Adler: I think so. He just tried to kill me.

John Marston: That's about right. Yeah, that's him. Come on, let's get him to the sheriff. Come on, Ramón. Let's go for a ride. We're going to [Rhodes 00:31:41].

Sadie Adler: Rhodes?

John Marston: It's different there now.

Ramón Cortez: That hurt. You want money, gold? My men are meeting me at [Dewberry Creek 00:02:43:54]. Take me there. I'll pay you good. Better than any bounty.

Sadie Adler: Oh, shut up.

John Marston: This place still gives me the creeps.

Sadie Adler: Hitch your horse up here.

Ramón Cortez: Beat it girl.

Sadie Adler: Bring Cortez around the front for me, will you? I'll get them ready for

you.

John Marston: Come on.

Ramón Cortez: I'll give you a \$100 to kill that bitch.

Sadie Adler: Mr. Sheriff? Mr. Sheriff, we got Ramón Cortez.

Speaker 60: Cortez?

Sadie Adler: Sure did.

Speaker 60: Well done, how?

Sadie Adler: Found him hiding in a pile of shit.

Speaker 60: That's about right. How you doing-

PART 5 OF 8 ENDS [02:45:04]

Sadie Adler: ... shit.

Speaker 61: That's about right. How you doing, Ramone?

Ramone: Oh, just fine, Mister. Hey, how much you want? How much any of

you want? I'll give \$2,000 in gold to whichever one of you sets me free.

Speaker 61: I'm afraid it's a bit late for that, Ramone. You've been a real bad boy. Me and my boys are going to ride you in the Saint-Denis and watch them hang you.

Ramone: Okay, if you think so, Mister.

Speaker 61: Oh, I know so, Ramone. Take a seat, help me guard him till my boys arrive and we can get him out of here.

John Marston: Sure.

Speaker 61: I spent years cleaning up this town, last thing I need is fools like this thinking they can take us back to the bad old days.

Sadie Adler: Well, you did a good job.

Speaker 62: Hello, Sheriff Thomas, Sheriff Thomas, we want our friend back.

You have about 10 seconds, Sheriff Thomas, before we kill all of you fools. One-

Speaker 61: Don't be a dumb bastard.

Speaker 62: Two.

Speaker 61: This is a good town now.

Speaker 62: Three... Let them have it boys!

Speaker 61: Damn, Lobos.

Sadie Adler: They're turning tail, come on, let's run these cowards out of town.

Speaker 61: Why isn't he dead yet?

Sadie Adler: He's got to hang. Got them on the back foot, come on. Keep going, they're running scared. You ain't getting him, you bastards! Look at them go. I guess we're keeping him. What was that? Come on.

Speaker 61: The jail! It blew my jail apart, he's gone. He's gone.

Sadie Adler: Well, we brought him in, now pay us what's owed.

Speaker 61: He ain't here now, madam, I don't get paid unless he makes it to Saint-Denis.

Sadie Adler: You want to get shot today, as well as robbed, mister?

Speaker 61: Are you threatening me?

John Marston: Why would we bother threatening you?

Speaker 61: Get him back and I'll get your money, and another \$50 besides.

Sadie Adler: A hundred dollars.

Speaker 61: 75, I can't go higher.

Sadie Adler: Done, let's go, Jim Milton. Come on.

John Marston: Okay, missy, where are we going to find him?

Sadie Adler: He said there were men meeting

him at Dewberry Creek, let's start by looking there.

John Marston: Sure. You've had some bad luck with bounties being stole off of you.

Sadie Adler:And you're about to have some bad luck with getting punched in the face. He got stole off both of us.

John Marston: Someone must have talked.

Sadie Adler:One of his boys, maybe.

John Marston: We were sitting ducks, waiting all that time in that gimcrack jail house.

Sadie Adler:Yeah. Yes we were.

John Marston: I don't like it.

Sadie Adler:The Sheriff's done a lot to bring Rhodes into line since the time of the Grays and Braithwaites, but clearly he ain't done enough.

John Marston: So you think we can trust him?

Sadie Adler: Yeah, he'll pay up when we come back with Cortez. He's a decent fellow.

John Marston: If we come back with Cortez.

Sadie Adler: Don't you worry about that.

John Marston: It's an odd thing, isn't it? We'll take \$200 from a Sheriff who might be crooked himself, to go get a bounty, but we won't take \$2,000 from an outlaw just to let them go.

Sadie Adler: If that kind of offer is tempting to you, then go right ahead, but not when you're on one of my jobs.

John Marston: I never said I was tempted by it. I just said it was an odd thing, how we take money from one but not the other.

Sadie Adler: Everyone's got to choose what their loyal to, themselves, God, the State. If a bounty hunter wants to last, the

loyalty's got to be to the one that's issuing bounties, plain and simple. I got a reputation for honest work.

John Marston: So everyone with price on their head deserves it, you think?

Sadie Adler: Sure. No, I don't know, usually. If I got into who deserved what, second guessed every poster, I'd tear out all my hair before I put a rope on anyone. If the price is high enough, you got to trust there's a reason they set it.

John Marston: I hope that rationale works out for all of us.

Sadie Adler: Hold up, down there, a fire. I'd wager that's them. Stay on the road, let's find a good vantage point. Up here, come on, I think there's an old watermill by the creek bed. There it is, keep some distance. We need to take a good

look at them before we do
anything. John, what are you doing?

John Marston: Let's go girl.

Sadie Adler: Let's go up. They must be camping
down there.

John Marston: Why they hanging around?

Sadie Adler: Probably waiting for a boat. There's
supposed to be a storm coming
through, so maybe that's delayed
them.

John Marston: Perhaps, so what do we do
now?

Sadie Adler: I'm going to go get them.

John Marston: You?

Sadie Adler: Me, you just cover me, I ain't
getting you killed out there.

John Marston: But it's okay for you?

Sadie Adler: I want to die. And besides, those
bastards don't look that tough. They

look asleep as far as I can tell. I'm going to go.

John Marston: You sure about this? It just don't seem right.

Sadie Adler: This is my show, John Marston. Do as you're goddamn told, and shoot well.

Sadie Adler: Hey!

John Marston: Damn it, Sadie!

Sadie Adler: You got them John. [inaudible 02:52:57] They're up on the slope!

Speaker 63: [inaudible 00:08:09]. They're coming for Cortez.

Sadie Adler: John, get down here!

John Marston: I'm coming. I shoot okay?

Sadie Adler: They're still alive, ain't they?

John Marston: Let's see what we can do about that. I'm covering.

Sadie Adler: Get them!

Speaker 63: Take them down.

Sadie Adler: There!

Speaker 63: Kill him!

Sadie Adler: You got them? [inaudible 02:54:34].
Let's go! [crosstalk 02:54:13] Above
us! Shoot that bastard! Stay with
me!

Speaker 63: Go on and get the bastards.

Sadie Adler: Push up!

Speaker 63: They're yours!

Sadie Adler: On the ridge!

Speaker 63: [foreign language 00:10:13].

John Marston: Drop it!

Sadie Adler: Come on! Damn it. Move, there he
is, in the boat. We have to clear that
beach. He is rowing out of here.

John Marston: You want to die right now,
Cortez?

Ramone: I'm going to die anyway!

John Marston: So you really want me to shoot
you? You might get lucky in court.

Sadie Adler: Get your gun him before he rows
out of range.

Ramone: All right, amigo. I'm coming.

Sadie Adler: Try anything clever and you're going
to get shot.

Ramone: Oh, hold your horses, chica.

Sadie Adler: Get out of there. I said get out of
there.

Ramone: Easy girl.

Sadie Adler: Oh, you gave up easy a long time
ago.

John Marston: Hey look out, there's more of
them coming.

Ramone: Hey! [foreign language 00:11:31].

Sadie Adler: Shut your goddamn mouth.

Speaker 63: We're here, amigo. Hold on.

Sadie Adler: These fellows.

John Marston: They keep coming all right.

Sadie Adler: You want him? You're going to have to come over here and get him.

Sadie Adler: Any more? Are we done?

John Marston: We might just be.

Sadie Adler: Son of a bitch.

John Marston: Anyway, you carry on. Anything you want to hold onto?

Sadie Adler: Well, that's that then. Help me load this fool on the horse.

John Marston: A lot of crazy bastards. Seems Mexico's a tough place.

Sadie Adler: Too tough for you, John Marston.

I'd stay well clear.

John Marston: Oh, I mean to, Mrs. Adler.

Sadie Adler: Come on.

John Marston: I'm back, girl.

Sadie Adler: It's about time we collected this bounty.

John Marston: Second time lucky.

Sadie Adler: What do you think, Cortez? You got any more surprises up your sleeve? Wait for me! Okay. We're doing this together. Come on. Anyway, you were saying?

Ramone: You're a dead woman. And you are a dead man. The Del Lobos will not forgive this. Wherever you hide, we will find you and we will kill you. You, and anyone who is close to you.

Sadie Adler: I preferred it when you was offering

money.

Ramone: Oh, you want money? Hey, take my money. I got gold, lady.

Sadie Adler: But you was just saying you was going to kill me.

Ramone: Oh, you let me go, I'll forget about all this.

Sadie Adler: You see, Ramone, what we got here is a trust issue.

Ramone: Well, I'm good for it.

Sadie Adler: You're tied up on a horse about to be taken to Saint-Denis to hang. You ain't good for anything.

Ramone: Listen, I swear.

Sadie Adler: Of course, because all you can do is swear, but you're just saying anything you think might get you out of this. Ramone, I couldn't trust you to pay me. I couldn't trust you

not to kill me. Hell, I couldn't even trust you to kill me, if that's what we agreed.

Ramone: What the hell are you talking about? I got gold, woman. Mr, gold. \$5,000.

Sadie Adler: Well, I hope you left it to someone in your will, because you ain't going to find much use for it in the short time you got left.

Ramone: Oh, damn you, woman! Damn you!

Sadie Adler: Oh, I've been damned a long time, my friend.

John Marston: Relax, mister. We ain't got far to go.

Ramone: Oh, you made a big mistake. Both of you. You should've took the money. You should've taken it. Now, we're going to come for you. I promise you that. We're going to come for

you.

Sadie Adler: Well, let's just finish this.

Ramone: Big mistake, real big mistake. I'll see you again.

Sadie Adler: We got him, Sheriff. We got him.

Speaker 61: I knew you'd be back, Ramone. You just can't get enough of me. Put him in the wagon for me, would you?

Sadie Adler: How's the jail?

Speaker 61: Needs to get fixed up since this nice man blew a hole in it. Me and the boys will ride him to Saint-Denis right away this time. Come along, Cortez.

Sadie Adler: Sheriff, before you go.

Speaker 61: I'll pay you when I deliver him.

Sadie Adler: Plus \$75.

Speaker 61: Exactly. Now goodbye. Let's go boys.

Ramone: I'll see you soon, amigos.

Speaker 61: Shut up.

Sadie Adler: Thanks for this, John.

John Marston: Will you send my money to the
bank for me?

Sadie Adler: Of course.

John Marston: I'm supposed to be retired from
this.

Sadie Adler: This? Weren't nothing. Just as a
simple arrest. Money for old rope.

John Marston: If you say so.

Sadie Adler: See you around, partner.

Uncle: How was your holiday?

John Marston: I was making money.

Uncle: And to think you call me lazy.

John Marston: You've done a great job.

Charles Smith: Well, that crew did help.

John Marston: Build a house, a barn. Look at this place. I can't believe it. Thank you. Thank you both.

Uncle: This calls for a drink. "Young miss at dancing school is taught the minuet to tread. But we go better when we've brought our foretack to Cathead. Come bustle, bustle drink about and let us merry be. Our can is full, we'll pump it out and then all hands to sea. When horn and hounds, the forest rends, his pack the huntsman cheers. When horns and hounds, the forest rend, his pack the huntsman cheers. As loud as halloo when we send a broadside to mounseers. Come bustle, bustle drink about and let us merry be. Our can is full, we'll pump it out and then all hands to sea. What's got at sea we spend on shore on sweethearts and our wives. And

then my boys, hoist sail for more
thus passes sailors' lives."

Charles Smith: John, get out here. Uncle's
gone.

John Marston: He's fine. Let me sleep.

Charles Smith: Get out here now.

John Marston: That fat man will be fine.

Charles Smith: No, he won't. Skinner's.

John Marston: You think?

Charles Smith: Of course. My guess is they
went that way, but my other guess
is they know we're coming after
him.

John Marston: What choice do we have?

Charles Smith: None. We just got to keep our
wits about us. We know this is a
trap. I tracked them to the road.
We'll pick up the trail there.

John Marston: Shit. It's like we forgot about

them. We should've been ready.

Charles Smith: It happened. There's nothing we can do except try and get him back.

John Marston: We let our guards down for one moment.

Charles Smith: Hush. Up here. You see that?

John Marston: Blood. Dear Lord.

Charles Smith: They've gone up towards Tall Trees. Come on. John, look, we should agree on something. If it's really bad, this might not be about saving him.

John Marston: What the hell are you talking about?

Charles Smith: If it's really bad, it might be better to stop the pain.

John Marston: Jesus, you mean to?

Charles Smith: I mean, you can live a week

without a scalp, but it ain't a good week. A gut wound, you can live a month, but it's horrible. What they've done to him, might have killed him already, with only hurt to come.

John Marston: We get him and we see, okay?

Charles Smith: We'll make it his call if we can.
But it may be we have to decide,
okay?

John Marston: Okay. Did you hear something?

Charles Smith: Yeah. You think they saw us
coming?

John Marston: I don't know. Guess we'll soon.

Charles Smith: We'll be better off going on on
foot.

John Marston: Okay. Leave the horses in the
trees there. Easy. Stay.

Charles Smith: To the trees. Come on. Up there

to the right, two Skinner's.

John Marston: Lookouts?

Charles Smith: Probably. Take one, I'll take the other. They're down. Move. They were waiting for us. Uncle should be close.

John Marston: He better be.

Charles Smith: Keep your head, we'll find him. Come on. Hold. Patrol to our left. Hold it. Let them go. Easy. Easy.

Speaker 64: If they come from the ranch, they'll come this way.

Speaker 65: We should have burned it while they slept.

Speaker 64: The burning's better if they're awake for it.

Speaker 65: He's old and sick, he won't last long.

Speaker 64: Then when they come, they'll come for a corpse.

John Marston: He was talking about uncle.
He's alive.

Charles Smith: Come on. They've passed. Let's
go.

Charles Smith: Hold up. You hear that?

John Marston: Yeah.

Charles Smith: Wagon, there. It's dragging
someone.

John Marston: Is it uncle?

Charles Smith: No. Some other poor bastard.
Let's follow. It might lead us to the
camp.

John Marston: Stay with him. He's stopping.

Charles Smith: What do you see?

John Marston: He's picking up... Poor bastards
dead.

Charles Smith: If he's walking with a body, we
must be close.

John Marston: Let's take him down before he gets to the rest. He goes into camp, they'll all be looking this way. Okay. Let's go.

Charles Smith: I think I see something. Yeah, that must be their camp.

John Marston: What do we do?

Charles Smith: Let's get up on that boulder, take a look.

John Marston: Hang in there, old man.

Charles Smith: Okay. I can't see much through this mist.

John Marston: Hold on.

Charles Smith: What do you see?

John Marston: Nothing yet. My God. We got to go get him.

Charles Smith: Careful. Where are they?

John Marston: I don't care. Come on. Charles.

All right gents, the surprise is over.

Charles Smith: We're pushing them back.

Uncle: Leave one for me, John. I'll rip his head off.

John Marston: Just that fellow. Uncle, uncle, what have they done to you? We got to get you down.

Charles Smith: Okay. We've got some time. Let's get uncle.

Uncle: John.

John Marston: You're okay, old man.

Uncle: I look okay?

John Marston: No, you look awful. You'll be okay. Those bastards, we got them. Looks like we got here just in time. Goddammit.

Charles Smith: I'll carry him. Come on, uncle. Come on.

John Marston: Got him? Because here come

the rest of them. Quick. There's more of them. I'll cover you. Come on.

Uncle: Down that gully. Hold onto me.

Charles Smith: On top of us! To the right. Clear the path. Come on, old man. Get up there. We're taking you home.

Uncle: I'm feeling real weird.

Charles Smith: Let's get out of these woods.

John Marston: I'm getting.

Uncle: Oh, don't let me fall, please.

Charles Smith: We're out.

John Marston: We ain't out until we're home.
Ride hard. Old man, how's the back?

Charles Smith: I think it looks worse than it is.

John Marston: Burns don't always heal easy.

Charles Smith: Sure, but I think this will be fine,

long as it don't get infected. It's
much better than I feared.

John Marston: Hear that, old man? This could
have been worse.

Charles Smith: He's pretty weak.

John Marston: Yeah, I bet. Stay with us, you
old bastard.

Uncle: I don't feel good.

John Marston: Over here.

Charles Smith: Almost back.

John Marston: Hang in there, old timer.

Uncle: Does it look okay?

Charles Smith: He needs something for the
back. Come on.

John Marston: Come on, lady.

Charles Smith: Uncle, we're here.

Uncle: All right.

Charles Smith: Let's get you down. Easy. I got you, I got you.

John Marston: Let's get him comfortable.

Uncle: Thank you, boys.

John Marston: Don't mention it.

Uncle: I thought I was dead.

John Marston: Don't get all sentimental now, old man. Then I'll really think you're dying. It's going to be okay. Few days, you're going to be just fine. You're a survivor.

Charles Smith: Easy, easy. He'll be fine.

John Marston: You think they'll be back?

Charles Smith: Maybe, but I doubt it. We must have killed most of them. And this is your land.

John Marston: Was it theirs once?

Charles Smith: I don't think so. Met a fellow

that said the Skinner's rode down about two years ago. They're just angry men on a rampage. And we got in their way.

John Marston: Sort of like we used to be.

Charles Smith: Yeah, exactly like we used to be.

John Marston: Maybe we should take up torture?

Charles Smith: We got uncle singing instead of torture. We're going to be safe here, John. You, your family, you'll all be safe.

John Marston: I hope so. I really do. If she ever comes back.

John Marston: What the hell? You, your...

Speaker 66: You always did have that fine way with words.

John Marston: You doing all right, son?

Speaker 67: Sure, pop. Can I go see the house?

John Marston: Sure.

Speaker 66: Just give him some time. He'll warm up. It's quite a place you got here.

John Marston: It's yours.

Speaker 66: Ours. I should see about that boy.

John Marston: Who's my new rival?

Speaker 66: Oh, that's Rufus. He's loyal, dumb and angry. So he reminded us of you.

John Marston: That's your idea of a joke, miss?

Speaker 66: I guess.

Speaker 67: Come on.

PART 6 OF 8 ENDS [03:18:04]

John Marston: So you happy?

Abigail Roberts: I think so.

John Marston: And I did good?

Abigail Roberts: You did good.

John Marston: Am I forgiven?

Abigail Roberts: Never.

John Marston: You are a hard woman.

Jack Marston: Ma! Pa! Come out here!

Abigail Roberts: Sadie, you're alive! John it's...

John Marston: Sadie Adler.

Abigail Roberts: Well, how did you know she
was...

John Marston: I've saw her, I thought I...

Abigail Roberts: I'm so happy, I'm so happy.

Abigail Roberts: Well, come on.

Abigail Roberts: Tell me about you, darling. And
all armed to the teeth like that.

Sadie Adler: I'm working woman. Abigail. I'm a
bounty Hunter, bodyguard. I

protect the gold prospectors up in the Hills. I'm thinking of starting my own transportation business. I was thinking, maybe if John wanted to earn some money?

Abigail Roberts: My husband, he ain't looking for that kind of work.

John Marston: I took on a lot of debt when we bought this place.

Abigail Roberts: And you're working for her to pay it off?

John Marston: Yes. Sometimes I was.

Abigail Roberts: But I thought we said no more of that.

John Marston: No. You said that. What else am I going to do? I'm a goddamn man.

Sadie Adler: It's legal work, Abigail, and I never got killed. It's hunting down fools for the government. Easy. Even Jack could do it.

Abigail Roberts: Don't you put those stupid ideas in the boy's head. He's going to do something better than this.

John Marston: Like what? Writing silly stories?

Sadie Adler: I'm sorry, Abigail. Really, I am. I just thought if you wanted to earn some money.

Abigail Roberts: How many times do I got to bury you, John Marston?

John Marston: Never. You ain't never burying me. It's legal work that I can handle.

Abigail Roberts: There's something else.

John Marston: Micah?

Abigail Roberts: Bounty hunting is one thing, but goddamn Micah?

Sadie Adler: I heard was upcountry, or some fellow who sounded just like him. Killed a family, bar a little girl who escaped.

Abigail Roberts: Leave Micah alone.

Sadie Adler: Listen, I'm sorry, Abigail. I came back because I was riding by chasing a feller, and I thought John wanted to earn some extra money.

Abigail Roberts: What is it?

John Marston: Abigail, we need the money.

Sadie Adler: Some feller robbed his business, an accountant or something. Came down from Rhodes, I believe.

Abigail Roberts: How much does it pay?

Sadie Adler: It pays good. The soft ones usually do.

Abigail Roberts: Okay, then. I guess, but Micah? No.

Sadie Adler: All right. John Marston. Let's go.

Abigail Roberts: You bring him back to me. You're hear?

Sadie Adler:Of course.

John Marston: There you are, Missy.

Sadie Adler:You want to work? Let's... Get your horse and let's go.

Sadie Adler:You ready? Follow me. We're going up into Tall Trees.

John Marston: Hey, It's nice to have you stop by and see the place, finally.

Sadie Adler:Abigail's back with the boy. You must be so pleased, John. And the ranch, you were right. It's really something.

John Marston: I think I'm going to ask her to marry me. I got a ring. It was Arthur's. I found it in a bundle of things that I've kept.

Sadie Adler:You're marrying Abigail, or asking her at least. I never took you for a romantic.

John Marston: No, me neither, but it's something I've thought about. And I think, I know I want it.

Sadie Adler: Okay. I guess I thought you were married already. Long ago.

John Marston: No, not really. Not officially.

Sadie Adler: Well, I'm real happy for you. John. Being married, it made me real happy.

John Marston: You're doing well.

Sadie Adler: We're cutting off the main track up here, by Manzanita post. We're coming up on where he's been seen, this moron account. Marshall Thurwell been trying to live like an outdoors-man. Camping out here.

John Marston: He's lucky the Skinner Brothers ain't found him.

Sadie Adler: Well...

Sadie Adler: Say your goodbyes, John. We're off.
Well, they Might have.

John Marston: Come on, girl. You're okay.

Sadie Adler: Up here. Must be it. Get down, let's
take a look around. Something's
been here. This looks...

John Marston: Looks like a bear or something
came through here.

Sadie Adler: And Feller left in quite a hurry.
Here. Well, he was from the South,
wherever he is.

John Marston: Then maybe he's our man. If he
ain't become some bear's lunch.

Sadie Adler: Yeah, It looks like they went this
way.

John Marston: Him or the bear?

Sadie Adler: Both of them.

Sadie Adler: It's that way. I'd say.

John Marston: Great.

Sadie Adler: Dammit, I lost the trail. Can you say which way he might have gone?

John Marston: Okay. I think I got it. Follow me.

Sadie Adler: Maybe, but looks more like a local farmer to me. Or what's left of one.

Marshall Thurwe...: Is it gone?

Sadie Adler: You Marshall Thurwell?

Marshall Thurwe...: That I am, ma'am.

Sadie Adler: I'm here to arrest you on behalf of the state of Lemoyne. You're wanted for theft, fraud and avoiding arrest.

Marshall Thurwe...: Is the monster still out there.

Sadie Adler: No, think he's gone.

John Marston: Come out.

Sadie Adler: Come on.

Marshall Thurwe...: Don't shoot.

Sadie Adler: Keep walking. Come on.

Marshall Thurwe...: I'm coming. Look out!

Sadie Adler: What the hell! John. John! Hold on,
hold on! Shit, I'm seeing triple!

John Marston: Then shoot the three bears!

Sadie Adler: I think he's gone.

John Marston: Fucking monster.

Abigail Roberts: Thurwell!

John Marston: Get out of here, before I come
in there and kill you myself!

Marshall Thurwe...: I'm coming.

Sadie Adler: Pathetic! Waiting to see if that
animal ate us?

Marshall Thurwe...: No, ma'am. That weren't it.

Sadie Adler: Yes, it were. Come here! Come
here.

Sadie Adler:Thurwell, call yourself a man? Well, it's like Abigail says, that's one word for you.

John Marston: I can't believe we didn't kill that bastard.

Sadie Adler:Gave him something to remember us by, at least. You all right, John?

John Marston: Yeah. Just we always find a way to almost get killed, don't we?

Sadie Adler:Mm-hmm (affirmative). That's kind of the problem. Maybe it wasn't rotten me to bring you along on those really heavy things. A family man and all. Seeing all this, I don't know if I can do it again.

John Marston: I'm my own man, ain't I? I get to make those calls, I needed the money.

Sadie Adler:You are your own man, sure. But I'm my own woman. And I get to say

who I ride with, and I don't know if your ranch and your kid and your wife are things I don't want to be worrying about when I hear a gunshot.

John Marston: Yeah. Fair enough. Those are fine new clothes by the way.

Sadie Adler: Yeah. I spend...

Sadie Adler: Who's this up here?

Abigail Roberts: Are you Sadie Adler, ma'am?
The bounty hunter?

Sadie Adler: Get off the road.

Speaker 68: Look, I got great respect for you professionally, but if that's Marshall Thurwell there, me and my partner would like to split the reward.

Sadie Adler: For doing what? Get off the road.

Speaker 68: We was thinking you might need protection.

Sadie Adler: I look like I need protection?

Speaker 68: Me and my partner, were dead set on splitting that reward. And if not, well, we said we was going to have to take all of it.

Sadie Adler: You don't mess around, do you? Let's go. Them bastards was green. If we didn't get them, someone else would've.

John Marston: This is a cold business, ain't it?

Sadie Adler: Yep. It does require a certain level of detachment.

John Marston: You ever think if it's right?

Sadie Adler: No. I just see orders on the wall, and I try and fill them. And if there's other bastards after the same orders as I am, I get competitive. It's called industry. And if you ain't noticed, everyone is out there doing it.

John Marston: I guess they are. You said earlier, you knew something about Micah. You going to tell me what you know?

Sadie Adler: Are you sure you want to hear about him? Aint all that back at your ranch enough? If I find him, I will handle it.

John Marston: Your bounties or transport work, that's your decision to bring me along or not. But Micah, that's something we... Well, I got to do, with or without you, Sadie. You know what I mean?

Sadie Adler: Okay. Okay. I know. Well, I'm hearing things, a lot things. Still mostly just whispers, but I'll bring it to you, but you think about if this is what you really want.

Sadie Adler: Over here, John! Always was a little dreamy. Now, I was saying,

everything you can get, and
everything you could lose.

John Marston: I understand all of that, of
course I do.

Sadie Adler: Here. Put him down. Go on, get
home to your wife. I'll let you know
if I hear anything about Micah.

John Marston: You need a hand taking him in?

Sadie Adler: Him? No, I'm fine.

John Marston: You sure?

Sadie Adler: Yeah. I'll send your share to the
bank when I get paid.

John Marston: Thank you.

John Marston: How you getting on, son?

Jack Marston: Fine, sir.

John Marston: What are you doing?

Jack Marston: Reading and playing with the
dog.

John Marston: Want to go fishing or something?

Jack Marston: Not particularly. I don't really like fishing.

John Marston: Do you like eating though? Because we got to find some food.

John Marston: Come on, let's head this way to the stream.

Jack Marston: Okay, sir.

John Marston: Why you got to be like that?

Jack Marston: I'm sorry.

John Marston: It's okay.

Jack Marston: Do you wish I was more like you.?

John Marston: like me? No, but... Let's keep going.

Jack Marston: Can Rufus come fishing?

John Marston: Dogs scare the fish, but if you'd

like him to, I guess.

Jack Marston: You don't care if we don't catch fish?

John Marston: Yeah, I... I'm not very good at this.

Jack Marston: At fishing or walking?

John Marston: At talking with you. But fishing will be fun.

Jack Marston: Sure.

John Marston: Unless you want nothing but beans again.

Jack Marston: No. I'd like the fish.

John Marston: And it'll be pretty fun, I promise.

Jack Marston: Okay.

John Marston: It's fine being out with you, even though I can't say the right thing.

Jack Marston: Thank you, Pop.

John Marston: Let's do more of this.

Jack Marston: Sure. I mean, yes. I'd like that.

John Marston: Pretty countryside, ain't it?

Jack Marston: I guess.

John Marston: Grass and the light. There's a lot of ugly in this world, that sure as hell there's a lot of beauty.

Jack Marston: Yes.

John Marston: You'll see it better when you get older. It's tough at your age, just... This is a real good fishing spot.

Jack Marston: Folk always say that, then hours later they've caught nothing.

John Marston: Ain't you just the leading authority on everything?

Jack Marston: Well, ain't it so?

John Marston: Well, maybe. In this case, it's true. I hear there's some real big fish in here. Big old Steelheads. Hard to catch, but real good eating.

Jack Marston: Hard to catch. Get your excuses in early.

John Marston: That dog of yours know he's owned by a complaining know it all? Come on, son.

Jack Marston: I'm sorry.

Jack Marston: No, you ain't It's all right. Come on, let's fish.

Jack Marston: Uncle Hosea, he was the fishermen, wasn't he?

John Marston: That's right.

Jack Marston: I remember uncle Arthur taking me, though.

John Marston: Arthur taught you how to fish now, did he?

Jack Marston: Yeah, I suppose he did.

John Marston: That's nice.

Jack Marston: I got a bite. I got a bite!

John Marston: All right. Now stay calm, and start reeling him in. Not too fast, you want to set the hook in tight?

Jack Marston: He's strong.

John Marston: Good. Now reel him in. Stay calm, give him a tug, now reel.

Jack Marston: I got him!

John Marston: What do you think, how you feel?

Jack Marston: I don't know. Thanks, dad.

John Marston: I told you this was a good fishing spot.

Jack Marston: You did?

Jack Marston: Hey, my trip with Arthur, I remember now. I picked some

flowers and a couple of men
showed up, dressed like they was
from city.

John Marston: No One like that's going to
show up here. Thank the Lord.

Jack Marston: Where's Rufus?

John Marston: I don't know. Relax, he's a dog.

Jack Marston: Where is he, though?

John Marston: I don't know.

Jack Marston: I'll go find him. Rufus, come on,
boy! Rufus, here boy!

John Marston: Let me come help him look.

Jack Marston: Well, this ain't like him, Pa. Can
you go search of the track?

Jack Marston: Rufus! Rufus! Rufus!

Jack Marston: Dad! Please come here. Rufus.
Rufus, no. It's a snake.

John Marston: I see.

Jack Marston: He bit him, no!

John Marston: Calm down, boy. And Jack, you calm down, too. Come here.

Jack Marston: What are we going to do? What are we going to do. Pa? Are you sucking? Don't swallow it. Dad, Rufus. No. Get the poison out. He's going to die! He's going to die!

John Marston: He'll be okay. We just got to get him somewhere warm and calm.

Jack Marston: He's going to die.

John Marston: Go get the fishing rods and the fish. I'm taking the dog home.

John Marston: Abigail, can I get a hand?

Abigail Roberts: What's going on?

John Marston: Dog got bitten by a snake. Let's look after. and the boy. Grab his rug.

Jack Marston: Is he going to be okay?

John Marston: Jack, the dog is going to be just fine.

Jack Marston: We never should've gone fishing.

John Marston: Sometimes you just don't know how things are going to turn out, but the dog...

Abigail Roberts: The dog's going to be fine.

Jack Marston: It's okay, son.

Speaker 69: I'll tell you what woman, was a damn sight more peaceful around here before you came back.

Abigail Roberts: You're just lucky I'm a soft touch. I should sling you out by your ear.

Speaker 69: You always was a cold-hearted lizard of a woman.

Abigail Roberts: And you always was someone willing to live off the efforts of

others. It's walk or work, old man.

Speaker 69: I've got lumbago.

Abigail Roberts: You'll have more than that in a minute.

Speaker 69: John, tell her about my health.

John Marston: Do what the lady says.

Speaker 69: I worked my fingers to the bone building this place, Abigail Roberts.

Abigail Roberts: Marston. Abigail Marston. Miss Marston to you.

Speaker 69: Miss Marston to you.

Abigail Roberts: Why you let him stay?

John Marston: He's actually been pretty useful in a useless sort of way.

Abigail Roberts: Who's that?

John Marston: No idea.

Abigail Roberts: Friend or foe?

John Marston: We'll soon find out. It's the
Geddes boys.

Abigail Roberts: From Pronghorn Ranch?

John Marston: Yeah.

Duncan: Mr. Milton, Mr. Milton!

John Marston: Duncan.

Duncan: Sir. Ma found some old furniture in
the attic. Pa thought maybe you
folks would want it, as a house
warming present. They send their
regards.

Abigail Roberts: How kind they are. Tell your ma
and pa we're very touched.

Duncan: Where would you like the
furniture?

John Marston: Just over here, then we can
arrange. This is real kind of you all.

Duncan: You saved the ranch, Pa said this is
the least he could do.

Speaker 70: Well, that's about everything.

John Marston: Send your Pa my best regards.
Tell him, he's got friends for life in
me and my family.

Duncan: Bye, sir. Ma'am.

Speaker 70: Ma'am.

Abigail Roberts: I can't believe this. It's so kind.

John Marston: Sure, but there's still some
more things that we need to get.

Abigail Roberts: How about we take a ride into
town? It's been ages since we spent
any time together.

John Marston: It has. Let's go get the wagon.

Abigail Roberts: Okay. Let's go. I feel like we
ain't done nothing together like this
since...

John Marston: Since forever?

Abigail Roberts: Maybe not forever, but a long

time.

John Marston: I ain't had the time. We've both been working hard.

Abigail Roberts: And now we get something to show for it, the ranch, this life. It's so nice, John.

John Marston: May I help you, my lady?

Abigail Roberts: John.

John Marston: And now the Blackwater.

John Marston: Is there anything you want to do?

Abigail Roberts: You said there were some things we still needed.

John Marston: We can buy them from that catalog. Let's go have some fun.

Abigail Roberts: I know you're idea of fun, John Marston.

John Marston: I ain't had a drink in...Well, I left those things behind me. No. I mean

good, wholesome fun, like decent folk have.

Abigail Roberts: We decent, now?

John Marston: I guess.

Abigail Roberts: Well, decent or not, I still got some errands to run.

John Marston: That's fine.

Abigail Roberts: What would you like to do?

John Marston: Maybe get our portrait took, for starters.

Abigail Roberts: Portrait?

John Marston: There's a feller in town who takes photographs.

Abigail Roberts: You want to stare at a portrait of yourself all day long? I hate to break it to you, but you ain't much to look at.

John Marston: No, I want a picture of us, me and you, okay?

Abigail Roberts: Okay then. Sure. Is there anything else you want?

John Marston: I don't know. Let's just walk around and see where it takes us.

Abigail Roberts: I do have to be back by dinner time.

John Marston: Uncle, Jack and Charles will manage fine without you. Hell, looking after themselves may even be good for them.

Abigail Roberts: They'll starve.

John Marston: That may be good for them, too. With any luck, Jack and Charles will eat Uncle.

Abigail Roberts: Don't get my hopes up. Maybe you're right, we'll stay.

John Marston: Let me help you down.

Abigail Roberts: Why you being so courteous?

John Marston: I don't know. There you go.

Abigail Roberts: I'm going to head to the drapers for a minute. I won't take long, but I need to get some materials. You want to come with me or wait here?

John Marston: And after that we can go get our photo taken?

Abigail Roberts: Yeah. After that we can get our photo taken.

Abigail Roberts: All right. Let's get the picture taken, if it means that much to you

John Marston: It does. Today it does.

Abigail Roberts: You're acting kind of funny.

John Marston: I am kind of funny.

Abigail Roberts: A different kind of funny.

John Marston: Am I annoying you?

Abigail Roberts: No. I like this version of you. It just ain't you.

John Marston: Well, maybe I've changed.

Abigail Roberts: Finally?

John Marston: I don't know.

Speaker 71: Hello, madam. Sir.

John Marston: Hello, sir.

Speaker 71: How can I help you?

John Marston: We'd like to get our photo
taken.

Speaker 71: A photo. Yes. Yes. That I can help
you with. Yes.

John Marston: What do we do?

Speaker 71: I'm sorry, what did you want?

John Marston: Our portrait taken.

Speaker 71: Well, we do that. Yes. Wonderful.
Handsome couple, quite something,
but you need a background.

John Marston: A background?

Speaker 71: Yes. We have Niagara Falls, Paris by night. We have Mount Vesuvius and it's ruins. We have the open prairie. Take a look. Pick one.

John Marston: What do you think?

Abigail Roberts: Let's see the others.

John Marston: How about this one?

Abigail Roberts: It's dramatic, ain't it? Let's see what else they got.

John Marston: This is pretty.

Abigail Roberts: Or spooky, maybe. Let's see everything.

John Marston: That's nice.

Abigail Roberts: It's like being back home. Was that all of them?

John Marston: This is a bar.

Abigail Roberts: Surely there's a photograph of you in a bar, already. Look, this was

your idea, John. It's up to you.

Speaker 71: You've seen all of them, anything you like?

John Marston: This one.

Speaker 71: Wonderful. That will be simply perfect. I wish I had the Congo River, but they require grass skirts, I couldn't afford them. It's just so exotic. You stay there. and make a pose that you feel comfortable with.

Abigail Roberts: Well, this is dignified.

John Marston: Try to enjoy it.

Abigail Roberts: I think I'd rather be cleaning the outhouse.

John Marston: Be quiet.

Abigail Roberts: I thought you were a cowboy, not a poser.

John Marston: No, I'm a poser. I learned from

the best.

Abigail Roberts: That is true.

John Marston: How's this?

Speaker 71: Perfect.

Speaker 71: Now, give me a minute. I'm going to develop this for you. Wait here.

John Marston: Take your time.

John Marston: What?

Abigail Roberts: Nothing, nothing at all. Tough guy. Gunslinger.

John Marston: Excuse me.

Abigail Roberts: Nothing. I didn't say anything. I just posed.

John Marston: Shut up. You know, you're not very nice to me.

Abigail Roberts: I'm nicer than you deserve.

John Marston: True.

Speaker 71: Here.

Speaker 71: Came out beautifully.

John Marston: Sure. Yeah.

Abigail Roberts: Look at that face on you.

John Marston: Be quiet. What do I owe you?

Speaker 71: Five dollars.

John Marston: There you go.

Speaker 71: Thank you. I'll see you again.

Abigail Roberts: Yes. He'll probably come in for a
pose. He seemed to enjoy himself.
Bye now.

John Marston: What shall we do now?

Abigail Roberts: There is one thing I hadn't
done. I never been to see one of
them move and picture shows.

John Marston: Never?

Abigail Roberts: No.

John Marston: Well, come on. Let's go do that.

Abigail Roberts: You sure.

John Marston: Of course. It's the marvel of the age.

Abigail Roberts: I love marvels.

John Marston: Okay, good. Well, let's go.

Abigail Roberts: Thank you. It's real fun doing normal...

John Marston: Come in.

Abigail Roberts: Thank you. What's playing?

John Marston: Something called Sketching for Sweetheart, I think.

Speaker 72: Hello.

John Marston: Two tickets, please, to see Sketching for Sweetheart.

Speaker 72: That'll be 50 cents, please.

John Marston: Okay. What's it about?

Speaker 72: I have no idea.

Abigail Roberts: Thank you, again.

John Marston: Come on in. A mystery awaits.

Abigail Roberts: It's just incredible, like they're
really there.

John Marston: Hey, I'm trying to watch this.

Abigail Roberts: John Marston...

Abigail Roberts: What are you doing with that
arm?

John Marston: I thought you might be cold.

Abigail Roberts: John...

John Marston: That's women for you.

Abigail Roberts: Don't you dare, John Marston.

John Marston: What? I'm watching.

Speaker 73: Please!

Abigail Roberts: It looks so real.

John Marston: It's not.

Abigail Roberts: Don't be such a sourpuss.

Abigail Roberts: Stop it.

John Marston: She's a piece of work.

Abigail Roberts: Really?

PART 7 OF 8 ENDS [03:51:04]

Abigail Roberts: Oh, my! Is it over?

John Marston: I think so. Come on.

Speaker 74: Be seeing you.

Abigail Roberts: All right, we better get home.

John Marston: We never get out. The farm will
be fine.

Abigail Roberts: The farm. I love hearing that.

John Marston: Let's go down to the lake for a
minute.

Abigail Roberts: The lake?

John Marston: Sure.

Abigail Roberts: Why? You finally going to drown yourself?

John Marston: In a manner of speaking, I guess I am. Happily so.

Abigail Roberts: You're acting real strange.

John Marston: No I'm not, come on.

Abigail Roberts: You're a silly man, John Marston.

John Marston: What about Jim Milton?

Abigail Roberts: He's even worse.

John Marston: Let me help you in.

Abigail Roberts: Like I said, mighty strange.

John Marston: I like to row.

Abigail Roberts: Since when? You can hardly swim.

John Marston: I don't plan on capsizing.

Abigail Roberts: I wonder whose boat this is?

John Marston: It don't matter. We'll have it
back.

Abigail Roberts: I hope they don't think we're-

John Marston: They won't think anything.
They'll think we're borrowing it.

Abigail Roberts: I hope it don't got leaks or
nothing.

John Marston: She's sea worthy, okay? Relax,
look around. Here's good. Ain't it
pretty?

Abigail Roberts: If you're asking something, just
ask it.

John Marston: Will you ... will you marry me?

Abigail Roberts: Get up, I am married to you.

John Marston: No, I mean proper. In front of
God.

Abigail Roberts: You serious?

John Marston: I got this ring, I've had it for a long time. Take it.

Abigail Roberts: You serious?

John Marston: It would make me very happy if you would-

Abigail Roberts: We've lived a lot of lives.

John Marston: Let's just live this one from now on. You and me, Jack, a family by law.

Abigail Roberts: John, I never ... I didn't know it mattered to you.

John Marston: It didn't. But now it does. If you think this is dumb, I'm sorry.

Abigail Roberts: Shut up you silly man and kiss me.

John Marston: (silence)

Jack Marston: Sir [Galsworthy 03:55:28] put down-

Uncle: I love it. I truly love it.

John Marston: Abigail dear, what's for dinner?

Abigail Roberts: What's for dinner? Away with you, you no good parasite. You cook.

John Marston: Actually, that's not a bad idea.

Charles Smith: John, come out here.

Sadie Adler: Hey, John. Abigail.

Abigail Roberts: Sadie.

Sadie Adler: Charles. I found him. I found Micah.

Abigail Roberts: No.

Sadie Adler: I got a lead. One of his boys wanted for murdering a woman been seen drinking in Strawberry. If we can get to him, he'll lead us to Micah. But I've got to go now. You coming?

Abigail Roberts: No. He's not coming.

John Marston: I will.

Abigail Roberts: That's your business. His
business is here.

John Marston: Yeah. Yeah, I'll ride with you.

Abigail Roberts: No, I'm ... I'm begging you. No.
You'll risk all this for what? For
Micah?

John Marston: All this? All this wouldn't exist if
it weren't for Arthur, Sadie, and all
the folks as fell. If I let him go, this
place ain't no more real than one of
Jack's dragons.

Abigail Roberts: I'm begging you.

John Marston: And I'm begging you to
understand. This is it, this is-

Abigail Roberts: Please.

John Marston: Please try to-

Abigail Roberts: I ain't got no other choice. Keep
an eye on the place for me.

Uncle: Of course.

Abigail Roberts: Please.

John Marston: Let's go kill this son of a bitch then.

Sadie Adler: Come on, let's get to Strawberry before he dries out.

John Marston: Which one of Micah's boys is it?

Sadie Adler: Cleet.

John Marston: Which one was Cleet? The big one or the little one?

Sadie Adler: The one with the rat face.

John Marston: My memory is they both had rat faces.

Sadie Adler: The little bastard with the rat face then.

John Marston: Him? Yeah, he'll talk.

Sadie Adler: You're damn right he will. We owe this to Arthur.

John Marston: You think Arthur cared about

revenge? I'm not so sure, especially not at the end.

Sadie Adler: He cared about stopping Micah, and that's what we're doing.

John Marston: I hear you're taking bounties now?

Sadie Adler: And I hear you're building houses.

John Marston: Mm-hmm (affirmative), when I'm not killing old friends.

Sadie Adler: Well, nowadays I'm almost always killing old friends. Old friends and new, ain't that right, John?

John Marston: Seems that way. You interested in bounty hunting, Charles? My last assistant was put out to pasture.

Charles Smith: No, that work ain't for me. I think I might get out of here, go north. Canada, find a woman, start a family if I can. I see how that life ... Well, I'd like to try it.

Sadie Adler: John, you've given him the family bug.

John Marston: I thought we would've inspired him to a life of celibacy and isolation.

Sadie Adler: You know, I've been thinking I might get out of here too. Down South America maybe. It's wild but less mean, I guess. I'd run protection for a gold mine, or take up with a handsome revolutionary, I don't know, something. See something else at least.

John Marston: That all sounds good.

Sadie Adler: Yeah, it all sounds real fine, but we've got some business to take care of first. Okay, Strawberry. This is it. We leave our horses by the bridge, then we find him. Okay, John, Charles, you take the other side of the river. I'll stay on this one.

If we meet in the middle we
would've covered most of the town.

Charles Smith: If he's here, we'll get him.

John Marston: Okay, let's go. There, Cleet.
Hey, Cleet. It's been a while.

Cleet: Shit.

John Marston: Stop that man, he's wanted for
murder.

Charles Smith: Hey, hey. Stop, stop, stop..

John Marston: I'll head him off. Can't escape
us, Cleet. Ain't no point in trying.

Charles Smith: Move. Come here, friend.

Cleet: I don't know this man.

Charles Smith: He got past.

Sadie Adler: Hello, Cleet. Remember us?

Cleet: No, no, no, no.

Sadie Adler: John, you going to take a turn?

Cleet: Hey, hey, hey. We're old buddies,
ain't we?

John Marston: Sure, Sadie. With pleasure.
Where's Micah?

Cleet: Micah? I ain't seen him.

John Marston: Where?

Cleet: Wait, wait, wait, wait. Hey, hey,
hey, hey.

John Marston: Where's Micah?

Cleet: I don't know. I ain't seen him, we
fell out.

Sadie Adler: You know what? I'm board of this.
Let's hang the bastard.

John Marston: What? Good idea.

Cleet: Oh wait, hold on.

Sadie Adler: Bring him up to the gallows.

Cleet: No, stop it.

John Marston: Move it.

Cleet: I don't know nothing. No, no, no.

John Marston: Keep moving.

Cleet: Stop, stay away.

John Marston: Move.

Cleet: Listen to me.

John Marston: Climb.

Cleet: Hold on.

John Marston: You heard the lady. Get up there.

Sadie Adler: Come here you bastard.

Cleet: No, no, no.

Sadie Adler: Move it, come on. Move. Here, I want you stood right here. Still. All right, string the no good, murdering bastard up.

John Marston: Let's try this again. Where's

Micah?

Cleet: No, no, no, no, no.

John Marston: Where's Micah?

Cleet: I already told you, I ain't seen him.

Sadie Adler:you lie.

Cleet: It ain't my fault. He tried to kill me.

Sadie Adler:Where's Micah?

John Marston: Talk or I'll pull this lever.

Sadie Adler:Talk.

Cleet: No, no, no, no. Stop, wait, wait, wait, wait. He's up in the mountains. I think he's up in Mount Hagan. He got a whole gang now. Bad man, doing bad things. I tried to stop him from murdering that little girl. We fell out, honest. Please, I'm one of the good guys.

Sadie Adler:Hang him.

Cleet: No. No, there ain't no need.

John Marston: I can't do it, Sadie. Not like this.

Cleet: Thank you. Thank you, John. Now, now, now, now. Come on now. You won't ever see me again.

Sadie Adler: I said, "Hang him." As you wish.

John Marston: Jesus.

Sadie Adler: Piece of shit. Let's move on. C'mon, that little rat said Mount Hagan.

John Marston: Okay, Missy.

Charles Smith: It's a long ride, let's finish this.

Sadie Adler: Micah, we're coming for you.

Charles Smith: We all ready? This pass will take us up into the high mountains.

Sadie Adler: Lead the way.

Charles Smith: There's an old watch tower up there they might be using for a camp.

Sadie Adler: There must be a sniper. Get in cover, quick.

John Marston: You alive, Charles?

Charles Smith: Just about.

Sadie Adler: John, be careful. Where is this bastard? Stay low. We got to get closer to him. We'll move up rock by rock when we get the chance. Short runs, a bit of ground every time. You got him. Okay, let's go back to Charles. Hey, you're okay. You're okay.

Charles Smith: I will be, but go on. Go on now. Move fast or they'll come down that hill and kill us all.

Sadie Adler: Come on, John.

John Marston: I don't want to leave him.

Charles Smith: Hey, they know we're coming now. I will be fine, I'll follow you up.

I just can't move fast.

John Marston: Okay.

Sadie Adler: Come on, John.

John Marston: Shit.

Sadie Adler: Here they come.

John Marston: Damn these fools.

Sadie Adler: You pathetic bastards.

John Marston: Shit.

Sadie Adler: We can do this. Up on the cliff.
Come at me.

John Marston: Okay, come on.

Sadie Adler: Goddamn you.

John Marston: Anyone with Micah Bell is going
to get a bullet.

Sadie Adler: Bastards. More of them. I'm getting
[inaudible 04:06:57].

John Marston: There's a camp here.

Sadie Adler: It's not big enough. Micah rides with 10, 20 guys. Keep climbing until we find that tower Charles talked about.

John Marston: Okay. If you're riding with Micah Bell, you're a fool.

Sadie Adler: Micah Bell, where is he? Air's getting thin. Let's do this. Keep pushing up. We can't get trapped down here. More men. We've got to keep moving, John.

John Marston: Sadie, shit, look out.

Sadie Adler: I can handle it. Bastards. Micah Bell, we're here for you.

Speaker 75: Come here you bitch.

Sadie Adler: Sadie.

John Marston: Get your hands off of her. You all right?

Sadie Adler: Just fine.

John Marston: You don't look too fine.

Sadie Adler: Come on.

John Marston: You're bleeding pretty bad.

Sadie Adler: Ain't nothing.

John Marston: You should sit down.

Sadie Adler: I'm fine.

John Marston: You're dying.

Sadie Adler: I'll be fine.

John Marston: Just sit, it's okay.

Sadie Adler: I ain't dying. I ain't.

John Marston: I hope not.

Sadie Adler: I ain't dying. Just go get him, I'll be
fine. I just need to rest.

John Marston: Okay. Charles, stay with her.

Sadie Adler: Charles, you worry about yourself.
I'll be up there in a minute.

Joe: Look who it is. Ain't you got a habit of just showing up?

John Marston: That was Joe. We've got to be close. Micah, come out here. You're riding with a turncoat.

Speaker 76: It's John Marston, Micah.

John Marston: Micah Bell. I'm just here for Micah Bell. I'm here to finish things. Where is he?

Speaker 77: This ain't going to end well for you, you bastard.

John Marston: Where's Micah? You're fools or worse. I'm here for you.

John Marston: (silence)

John Marston: Micah. Micah, shit. Micah.

Speaker 78: Too late for mercy now.

John Marston: Micah, are you over there?

Speaker 79: You are one sorry dead man. Ain't

no one going to save you.

John Marston: Hey, Micah. Micah. Micah.
Micah, if you're here, come out.

Micah Bell: Hello, scar face. Did you miss me?

John Marston: Not much.

Micah Bell: Been a few years. How's that whore
of yours?

John Marston: She's good. Didn't reckon I
should waste my time killing you,
but I felt different.

Micah Bell: So it seems. Well, maybe after all
this is over I'll go pay her a call, and
the boy.

John Marston: Whatever you say.

Micah Bell: I've got more men coming, John.
You should run away.

John Marston: I look ...

Micah Bell: You're slipping, John. You've got to
be quick. I'll make you rich, real

rich.

Sadie Adler: Come on now, Micah. At least die like a man.

Micah Bell: Hellfire, it's just like old times.

Sadie Adler: Come on, you turn around and start walking.

Micah Bell: You got me. Just like old times. All matter of folk paying social calls.

Dutch Van Der L...: Hello, son. Mrs. Adler. Been quite a while.

Sadie Adler: No.

Micah Bell: Now John, now what were you saying?

John Marston: What are you doing here, Dutch?

Dutch Van Der L...: Same as you I suppose.

Micah Bell: Dutch and I are teaming up once more. We got money, we got dreams. Join us, John. Join us.

John Marston: Let her go.

Micah Bell: Now, I can't do that, John.

John Marston: Dutch. Dutch, come on now.

Dutch Van Der L...: You shot at me, son. You started it, you betrayed me.

John Marston: I could say the same as you.

Dutch Van Der L...: I was trying to do my best. You just cared for yourself.

John Marston: I think differently.

Micah Bell: Join us. Join us, John.

John Marston: Let her go, she ain't well.

Micah Bell: I don't want to kill you, John.

John Marston: Arthur saved my life more than once.

Micah Bell: Arthur's been dead a long time. This is a new century.

John Marston: Dutch. Dutch, we all did our

best for you. Ain't our fault things turned out the way they did. Dutch, killing me won't solve nothing.

Micah Bell: Put down your gun, Marston.

John Marston: Say something, Dutch. Say something.

Dutch Van Der L...: I ain't got too much to say no more.

Micah Bell: You shot me. You shot me pretty good.

John Marston: Thank you. You okay?

Sadie Adler: Fine.

John Marston: You're crazy.

Sadie Adler: I hope so. Help me up.

John Marston: Let's go get Charles.

Sadie Adler: There's money. Lots of money in the cabin. Blackwater.

John Marston: I'll go see.

Sadie Adler: Hurry up. I've got a wedding I want to go to.

Abigail Roberts: Jack, Uncle, come out here.

John Marston: It's over, Abigail. It's all over.

Speaker 80: (singing).

Abigail Roberts: All right, John Marston, since you bought this millstone around our necks, we better try and keep this place going.

John Marston: I paid our debts with that money I-

Abigail Roberts: I don't want to talk about that money. And no more of that.

John Marston: It's over, Abigail.

Abigail Roberts: I'm sure. Then get to work on this ranch you own. I'm raising your boy.

John Marston: Yes ma'am.

Abigail Roberts: Are you being sarcastic, John
Marston?

John Marston: Me? Never.

Abigail Roberts: Good.

John Marston: Anyway, I thought you liked this
place.

Abigail Roberts: No John, I don't like it. I love it.
It's home. Watch it.

PART 8 OF 8 ENDS [04:22:27]