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# Hell or High Water

By Taylor Sheridan

Quiet. Open the door,  
open the door.  
What?  
What in the devil?  
Can you please stand up and take  
us to the cash drawer, ma'am?  
I will not.  
We ain't asking.  
There's no money  
in the drawers yet.  
It's in the safe and  
I ain't got the code.  
Prove it. Drawer!  
Here.  
Open the drawer.  
I need the keys.  
Keys.  
Step back.  
Shit. Damn it!  
Y'all are new at this,  
I'm guessing.  
Where's the money?  
I told you, it's in the safe.  
Well, who has the code?  
Mr. Dauson.  
He'll be here soon and I  
suggest you fellas don't be.  
All you're guilty of right  
now is being stupid.  
Just leave and  
that's all it'll be.  
Tell me I'm stupid again.  
What time does Mr. Dauson get here?  
Ma'am, look at me.  
What time does  
Mr. Dauson get here, huh?

**8:**

We're walking.  
And sit.  
Where do you think you're going?  
Sit on the floor!  
You're stupid.  
This ain't about you, darling.

Elsie, you all right?  
Good morning.  
You didn't have to hit him.  
Whoo!  
Slow down.  
I ain't speeding.  
See, little brother,  
not a worry in the world.  
Planning this and doing it  
is two different things.  
Maybe we should get there  
ahead, get up to Olney.  
Early bird gets the worm.  
- Slow down.  
- I ain't speeding.  
I found these coins in the barn.  
Lord knows how long  
they've been sitting there.  
I've been living  
off an inmate's diet,  
and had all these coins  
sitting right underneath  
a bunch of feed sacks.  
This one says 1953.  
1953?  
I wonder if any of  
these is collector's items.  
You could be sitting  
on a fortune here.  
I hope so.  
Good morning, folks.  
Open the drawer!  
Open the motherfucking drawer!  
Ones, fives, 10s, 20s,  
no hundreds, no bundles.  
You boys robbing the bank?  
Shut up.  
Put your hands on the counter.  
On the counter.  
Yes, sir.  
That's it, come on.  
That's crazy,  
y'all ain't even Mexicans.  
Uh-uh, uh-uh.

No bundles.  
Just loose cash.  
Okay.  
You ought to be  
ashamed of yourselves.  
Hands on the counter  
where I can see them!  
Yes, sir.  
You got a gun on you, old man?  
You're damn right  
I got a gun on me.  
Are you gonna get his gun? Yeah.  
Keep up with  
the circumstances, okay?  
Yeah, I got it.  
So y'all gonna  
steal my gun, too?  
I have my own gun.  
We ain't stealing from you.  
We're stealing from the bank.  
Much obliged.  
Let's go!  
We're sorry about this, folks.  
Dirty, rotten sons of bitches.  
Fuck you, old man!  
Go, run, go!  
Put the gun on the counter.  
You trying to get us killed?  
I ain't stealing  
from some old man.  
We're stealing from  
one place, that's it.  
You're turning out to  
be a poor-ass criminal.  
Oh, fuck you.  
Whoo!  
See what the early bird gets?  
Maybe we should hit  
that branch in Jayton?  
No, we ain't.  
We hit those banks  
first thing in the fucking  
morning, when they're empty.  
When they're empty, god damn it.

All right.  
It's the last time  
I care to be shot at.  
We got to be smart. We're a  
ways from being finished.  
Shit, I can do this all week.  
We're gonna.  
We're like the Comanches,  
little brother,  
raiding where we please  
with the whole of Texas  
hunting our shadow.  
Lord of the plains.  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!  
Hands off.  
Fuck off!  
You hear about  
these bank robberies?  
Why are you always  
dressed like me?  
This is our uniform.  
We ain't got no uniform.  
You can wear whatever  
color shirt you choose.  
You just keep choosing mine.  
Ranger regs say white,  
blue, or tan dress shirts.  
Stands to reason  
every once in a while  
we're gonna be dressed the same.  
Well, you know what they say  
about imitation, Alberto.  
You wanna hear about  
these bank robberies,  
or you just sit there and let  
Alzheimer's run its course.  
Where are they at?  
Texas Midlands. Branch in Archer  
city and the branch in Olney.  
FBI want an assist?  
Midlands ain't got any  
branches outside Texas.  
Plus, they're just hitting the  
drawers for a few thousand.

FBI don't want it.  
You may get to have some fun  
before they send you off  
to the rocking chair yet.  
I need you sober.  
Who the hell gets  
drunk off a beer?  
Place looks like shit.  
You got anything  
else you wanna say?  
There's not a decent steak  
in the whole lot of them,  
the sorry sons of bitches.  
Yeah, well, while you  
were busy in jail,  
I was busy looking after mama,  
so you can go fuck yourself.  
Was she in that bed a while?  
Three months.  
The end there was pretty rough.  
I could've helped out  
a little if she asked.  
I could've fed them skinny cows.  
We had nothing to feed them.  
Well, I could've helped  
clean up the house a bit.  
I never took you for the go-to  
guy for house cleaning.  
No.  
Just robbing banks.  
Yeah.  
Fuck her. She never wanted  
nothing to do with me anyway.  
She leave a will?  
Yeah.  
Am I in it?  
The will don't matter.  
She left everything to me.  
By Friday it all  
goes to my boys.  
She didn't mean nothing by it.  
She damn sure meant it.  
She always hated me  
for standing up to him.

We all got punished.  
You never understood that fighting  
back makes the beating last longer.  
No, I understood.  
That's why I stopped fighting  
and shot that son of a bitch.  
Hey, what's going on?  
Somebody robbed  
the bank this morning.  
Do what?  
If you see anyone looking a  
little sideways, give me a call.  
Sideways don't wanna meet me.  
Find itself on the wrong  
end of a short rope.  
Oh, well, that would simplify  
things for everyone but you.  
Maybe, if you can find the tree.  
God, I love west Texas.  
Ranger?  
Hi there.  
Wasn't much of a robbery,  
got off with just under \$7,000.  
Took the drawer money,  
20s and under,  
only loose bills.  
No ink pack?  
Nope.  
Smart.  
That was smart.  
Can we get a look at the video?  
Let me introduce you to the  
bank manager, Mr. Dauson.  
This here is ranger Hamilton.  
Ranger.  
Sir.  
Can we get a look at  
the surveillance video?  
We got cameras,  
but they're switching us  
over to a digital system  
that feeds into the computer.  
These new cameras  
don't hook to our VCRs.

Call over  
the young county sheriffs.  
Ask them if they thought  
to hook their cameras  
to some sort of  
recording device.  
Armed?  
Yes, sir. Pistols.  
Oh.  
Faces covered?  
Ski masks, sweatshirts,  
baggy pants...  
Uh-huh.  
Like them thugs in Dallas.  
Tweakers maybe?  
Maybe.  
A little early in the  
morning for tweakers.  
Tweakers don't sleep.  
They just tweak.  
They rob drug stores  
and parked cars, not banks.  
Can I take a look inside?  
Yes, sir.  
Yeah, I'm here, Margaret.  
So they bopped you  
on the Schnozzola, huh?  
Yes, sir.  
Not very nice.  
I know their faces was covered,  
but could you tell their race?  
Black, white?  
Their skin or their souls?  
Let's leave their souls  
out of this for now.  
White.  
From around here  
somewhere is my guess,  
you know, from their voices.  
Oh?  
Young county says same deal  
with the branch in Olney.  
Excuse me.  
Do they have video?



Same deal all the way around.  
Doesn't Walmart sell all sorts  
of electronic equipment?  
My word.  
Get your hands off that.  
Well, these boys, they aren't  
done yet, I'll tell you that.  
How come?  
Well, they're patient.  
Just sticking to the drawers,  
not taking the hundreds,  
that's the bank's money,  
we can trace that.  
They're trying to raise a certain  
amount, that's my guess.  
It's gonna take  
a few banks to get there.  
Your boys know how  
rich they're gonna be?  
They don't know anything yet.  
You take them to the funeral?  
Like I said, they  
don't know anything.  
When's the last  
time you saw them?  
When we all went to the rodeo in  
Stamford right after you got out.  
That was a year ago. I  
talk to them on the phone.  
You talk to them on the phone?  
You want a little advice?  
No. No, I don't.  
Go see them tomorrow.  
You got any idea how much I  
owe Debbie in child support?  
You've got enough  
in your front pocket  
to fix that problem right now.  
We can't spare it,  
you know that.  
Maybe we should  
hit another branch.  
You know, you talk like we ain't  
gonna get away with this.

I've never met nobody who got  
away with anything, ever. You?  
Then why in the hell  
did you agree to do it?  
Because you asked,  
little brother.  
I got to shit like an old goat.  
Grab the check,  
meet me out front.  
Well, if that isn't a hint,  
I don't know what is.  
You like your steak?  
Yes, ma'am.  
Well, you've got  
a ways to go yet.  
Yeah, you'll be waiting around  
all day for me to finish this.  
I'll be here whether you  
finish it or not. So...  
You take your time.  
It sure is quiet in here.  
Open the drawer.  
Fives, 10s, 20s.  
Fan them out like  
a deck of cards.  
What do you do?  
Last job was for a...  
Natural gas company.  
Sounds high-dollar.  
No, there ain't nothing  
high-dollar about drilling.  
No one seems to be  
drilling for gas now, anyway.  
They sure drilling for oil.  
I mean, ain't one drill  
the same as the next?  
That's my take on it.  
I guess, I got to get  
someone else to believe me.  
Son of a bitch!  
We could use a cook.  
Just a thought.  
Order's up, Jenny Ann.  
Bye.

Start the car!  
Shit.  
Fuck! Shit!  
Go, go, go!  
I bet you don't owe this  
much in child support.  
I must be out of my goddamn  
mind to ask you for help.  
You wanna  
get us killed? Huh?  
That's not a Midlands branch.  
That's not part of the plan.  
Now, we got to go back to the  
ranch and bury the car. Fuck!  
No, we do not. We're over  
halfway to Oklahoma.  
I'm not driving  
a stolen getaway car  
to a fucking Indian casino.  
You just put us  
a goddamn day behind.  
Well, I got us a day ahead this  
morning, so I guess we're even.  
You're welcome.  
Fuck you.  
Can't you answer your own phone?  
I'm driving. You're just sitting  
there twiddling your fat fingers.  
Ranger Hamilton's phone.  
It's reckless is what it is.  
Oh...  
It's tweakers.  
I'm telling you.  
I don't think  
these boys is reckless.  
Damn sure ain't tweakers.  
They know exactly  
what they're doing.  
I don't know how  
you're gonna survive  
without somebody to outsmart.  
You need a hobby, and quick.  
How about a horse?  
Mary Beth was the rider.

A horse would only  
remind me of her.  
You like to fish.  
Not enough to do it  
every goddamn day.  
Yeah, when I retire,  
I'm gonna move Esme and me  
down to Galveston.  
Buy a fishing boat.  
Gonna live on that son of a  
bitch right at the pier.  
Oh, who knows?  
Maybe one of these bank robbers  
is gonna want a gunfight,  
and I can dodge my retirement  
in a Blaze of glory.  
Well, I've seen you shoot.  
There won't be much glory in it.  
Oh, well, I'm lucky  
I got a half-breed  
by my side to avenge me.  
If you can stay  
sober long enough.  
Knowing how you  
Injuns like the bottle.  
Whoa.  
Hey. What you all doing?  
You burning this field?  
Why in the shit  
would we do that?  
This kicked up on the highway,  
been chasing us ever since.  
Wish we could do  
something for you.  
Ought to just let  
it turn me to ashes  
and put me out of my misery.  
Cut that fence.  
21st century,  
I'm racing a fire to the  
river with a herd of cattle.  
And I wonder why my kids won't  
do this shit for a living.  
Move it. Come on.

Go, go, go.  
You wanna call it in?  
Oh, it's gonna burn out  
when it hits the Brazos.  
No one to call  
around here, anyway.  
These boys is on their own.  
I still don't see  
the problem, Toby.  
You still don't...  
Well, the problem is,  
thanks to you  
we have to spend tomorrow  
morning getting another car,  
so we'll have to hit  
two banks on Wednesday.  
We already done three today.  
Stop worrying.  
Whose land is this?  
Jeremy Chalker.  
He lets me stay here in  
exchange for shooting coyotes.  
Cold beer in the fridge.  
You stole my hat.  
I borrowed it.  
What the fuck you do to it?  
What's this?  
My livelihood.  
We don't need all this.  
Can't keep the guns  
in the trailer days on end.  
That's not coming  
with us in the bank.  
Just spoke to the teller.  
She's a little shook up.  
Perp took her driver's license,  
threatened her family  
if she talked to us.  
Mind if I ask you  
your name, young lady?  
Natalie Martinez.  
Well, Natalie,  
I want you to know  
we're gonna have some officers

watching your house,  
extra careful,  
till we catch these buggers.  
You have my word on that.  
There's more than one?  
Only one man robbed the bank?  
Yeah.  
What'd he look like?  
He was dressed like a cowpoke  
except for the ski mask.  
I think he ran to a car  
that was parked out  
front of the diner.  
You saw the car?  
It was green.  
How old?  
I don't know cars, mister.  
Well, was it a nice  
car or an okay car,  
or a real piece of shit?  
It was a real piece of shit.  
All right.  
Now, we're getting somewhere.  
Oh, that looks like a man who  
could foreclose on a house.  
Excuse me, Natalie.  
Excuse me, Mr. banker.  
Natalie, I'm gonna have  
the officer stay with you  
till your father  
arrives, all right?  
Okay.  
Didn't happen to have  
your surveillance cameras  
on this morning, did you?  
Of course.  
Oh, so you have  
the robbery on video.  
Of course we do.  
What kind of bank would we be  
if we didn't have  
video surveillance?  
Oh, you'd be  
a Texas Midlands bank.

All right, we've got video.  
Care to give it a watch while I  
wander over to the burger joint?  
Would you order me something  
while you're there?  
I'm starving.  
I doubt they serve pemmican.  
You know I'm part Mexican, too.  
Yeah, well, I'm  
gonna get to that  
when I'm through  
with the Indian insults,  
but it's gonna be a while.  
You rangers are an odd bunch.  
No, just him. Let's take  
a look at that video.  
Yeah, it's right back here.  
Howdy.  
Ma'am. Guess you know about  
the goings-on at the bank.  
I did notice.  
Any out-of-towners  
come through today?  
Jenny Ann waited on a couple  
of boys, ain't from here.  
Oh?  
I'll go get her.  
Appreciate that.  
Boys.  
Y'all been here for a while?  
Well, long enough to watch  
a bank getting robbed  
that's been robbing  
me for 30 years.  
Oh, you say you've seen them?  
I'm pretty sure  
they were sitting  
right over there having lunch.  
One of them was tall.  
The other one was short.  
They's both lean like cowboys.  
Looked like brothers  
if you ask me.  
You the Texas ranger?

Yes, ma'am.

Tell me about those handsome young  
strangers that you waited on.

Who said handsome?

I did.

Based on the fact that you didn't  
meet me in the parking lot,  
hollering about  
the two out-of-towners  
eating here right  
before a bank robbery.

Well, they didn't mention  
they was robbing the bank.

They pay cash?

That a crime now?

How much did they leave?

How much?

\$200.

And they left it before  
the bank was robbed. So...

Uh, before this bank was robbed.

I'm gonna need  
to see them bills.

Ma'am.

Mmm-mmm.

Ma'am, them bills is evidence.

Mmm-mmm. It's evidence  
if they're the bank robbers.

Till then, it's my tip.

And half my mortgage.

So, you go out there and you get a  
warrant, and come after the money  
that I will be using to keep a  
roof over my daughter's head.

One man hit the bank,  
just like she said.

Yeah.

Checkered button-down shirt,  
jeans, ski mask.

It's on the videotapes.

Checkered shirt.

That was him.

They were sitting right over there.

Tipped her \$200.



Go wrestle a description from that  
big sassy girl in the kitchen.  
You didn't get it yourself?  
Oh, and get that tip from her.  
We're gonna check them bills.  
Good luck.  
Yeah, I'd expect  
some resistance.  
Oh, and, Alberto,  
call that motel on 287,  
get us a room.  
We're gonna stay the night?  
Well, this is where  
the action is.  
Seems foolish.  
What's that?  
The days of robbing banks  
and trying to live,  
spend the money.  
They've long gone.  
Long gone for sure.  
What does Justin want  
to do when he's grown?  
Right now he's dreaming of  
slinging a football for a&m.  
He's a lot like you.  
I bet that puckers your red eye.  
More than you know.  
Thirty-nine years of life,  
10 in jail. If he turns left where  
I turned right, he'll be okay.  
Yaw.  
Yaw.  
You want anything?  
Dr. pepper, Winston lights.  
It's okay. Come on.  
What?  
What, bitch?  
You looking for trouble,  
motherfucker?  
You came to the right place.  
Boy, you'd think  
there were 10 of me.  
Oh, yeah?

Not so fucking tough now,  
are you, bitch?  
Hey, man, he had it coming.  
He had it coming.  
He had it coming.  
You got some spunk left in you.  
Oh, you remembered the gun!  
You're getting  
to be old hat at this.  
Asshole could've killed you.  
Ah, not the way it would  
have gone, little brother.  
Ten of me, I told you.  
Are you trying to make me mad?  
I said Dr. pepper,  
this is Mr. Pibb.  
That's all they had.  
Only assholes  
drink Mr. Pibb.  
Drink up.  
Hello.  
Now we're talking.  
The women in this place.  
What the hell you talking about?  
We should get another shot,  
they'll be pretty soon enough.  
Bartender, whiskeys  
if you please.  
Coming up.  
To your boys.  
Let's go change that money.  
Sorry. I just sold my car.  
This is how the fella paid me.  
We take it any way  
you bring it, mister.  
Wanna play some poker?  
I don't gamble.  
You can't lose at poker,  
not even you.  
I'm gonna watch the Aggie  
game and have a beer.  
Suit yourself.  
Come on now.  
Suck a d.

Don't lose it all.  
Eat my a.  
Fucking asshole.  
That's, uh, quite a stack.  
Check?  
Don't chase me, chief.  
You Comanche?  
Lords of the plains.  
Lords of nothing now.  
I call.  
Show your cards, gentlemen.  
Do you know what Comanche means?  
It means enemies forever.  
Enemies with who?  
Everyone.  
You know what that makes me?  
An enemy.  
No.  
It makes me a Comanche.  
Does he look like you?  
I see his mom in him,  
everybody else sees me.  
I don't know.  
You staying in the hotel?  
Yeah.  
Take me to your room.  
Thank you. Just, uh...  
You know, there's no shame in  
needing the touch of a woman.  
You need it.  
I know you do.  
Just let me touch you.  
Are you trying to work  
my little brother?  
No, I wasn't doing  
anything, but I'm...  
Tanner, she didn't do nothin'.  
She didn't do nothin'.  
But, but, but, but, but...  
You saw there was  
a stack of chips, here.  
Easy mark?  
Don't.  
Uh... no.

What were you gonna do?  
Bring him up to his room,  
call your pimp,  
roll him, drug him, what?  
No. I...  
What were you gonna do?  
Tanner, don't.  
Mind if I sample the goods?  
Real...  
Hands off her.  
Stop it. Stop it.  
You're fucking crazy.  
Call me.  
We got a problem here?  
It's all good. It's all good.  
It's all good.  
It's all good.  
Just got a little drunk  
at the bar, sorry about that.  
How the fuck have you managed  
to stay out of prison  
for a year?  
It's been difficult.  
Like to pay this out  
in cash or check?  
Get some Debbie money.  
Four in cash, rest in check.  
Who would you like  
the check made out to?  
Texas Midlands bank.  
Thank you much.  
Let's go get a room.  
Welcome to the Comanche 66.  
Do you have a reservation?  
We do not.  
Good lord, look at you.  
We would be obliged if you  
would provide accommodations,  
though we failed to call ahead.  
Boy, you are trouble.  
Oh, the worst kind, darling.  
In your last days  
in the nursing home,  
you'll think of me and giggle.

Why, god,  
why won't you answer my prayers?  
You begged him for help,  
and yet you look  
around at your life  
and nothing is different.  
And so you assume  
that god has told you no.  
God doesn't say no.  
Why couldn't we  
drive back to Lubbock?  
They ain't robbing  
banks in Lubbock.  
We're not gonna  
watch this, are we?  
Ain't you Christian?  
Yeah. But I ain't stupid.  
God doesn't talk  
through this man  
any more than he  
talks through my dog.  
Well, then maybe you should  
give your dog a listen.  
Ain't you Indian?  
You're supposed  
to be burning Sage  
and dancing around the bed  
whooping like a bee stung you.  
I'm catholic.  
Come on.  
Come on! I'd rather dance  
around a fire with a spear.  
I'd rather have you stab me  
with a spear than watch this.  
This son of a bitch,  
he wouldn't know god  
if he crawled up his pant leg  
and bit him on the pecker.  
Change the damn channel.  
Now, this, this is  
what god watches right here.  
Don't worry, they're gonna have  
soccer highlights on soon enough.  
That's for your Mexican half.

Ooh!  
Wow, look at this boy run.  
Longhorns are gonna have  
a good team this year.  
That soccer, never  
could understand that.  
Anything a five-year-old  
can do ain't a sport.  
Who invented it?  
Aztecs?  
Kickin' around skulls  
or something, right?  
Sounds like a Comanche sport.  
You know, in three weeks,  
you can watch whatever  
you want on TV all day.  
Hell, you can do it  
right now in your own room.  
Oh, where's the fun in that?  
You know what, Alberto?  
What?  
In a year's time,  
it's my teasing  
that you're gonna miss.  
It's what you'll laugh about  
when you stand over my grave  
and wish me well.  
God, I hope that's tomorrow.  
Oh, that was a good one.  
You'll get the hang of this yet.  
Isn't it getting late for you?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, it is.  
Oh, heavens above.  
Heavens above.  
Look at those titties.  
Are you fucking kidding me?  
What are you doing?  
Sleeping on the porch,  
practicing my future.  
It's a dangerous thing  
we do for a living.  
You're lucky,  
having seen it

through to the end.  
I hope I'm that lucky.  
Oh, well.  
Without me by your side,  
I doubt you'd get close enough  
to a criminal to ever be  
in danger again.  
Just when I was starting  
to feel sorry for you.  
Indians ain't supposed  
to feel sorry for cowboys.  
It's the other way around.  
And this makes you the executor?  
Mmm-hmm.  
No matter what  
they charge us with,  
they can't take it away.  
There's no way to trace  
funds from a casino.  
All right? Once you get  
the checks to the bank,  
trust is untouchable.  
You can't tell  
nobody nothing, right?  
Well, what is there to tell?  
I mean, you boys won that  
money gambling, didn't you?  
\$32,000 pays off  
the reverse mortgage.  
And those bastards paid the  
property tax from 2012 to now,  
that's another \$11,000.  
So, \$43,000 and you  
are free and clear.  
Just have the loan officer  
fax me a release of lien,  
and I'll get that over to the  
lease manager at chevron.  
The fax number is on the card.  
Okay.  
How much you making  
on this deal?  
Not near as much as I'm risking.  
Why you doin' it then?

You know, they loaned  
the least they could.  
Just enough to keep your mama  
poor on a guaranteed return.  
Thought they could swipe  
her land for \$25,000.  
That's just so arrogant,  
it makes my teeth hurt.  
To see you boys  
pay those bastards back  
with their own money?  
Well, if that ain't Texan,  
I don't know what is.  
Thank you.  
Now, they can  
foreclose on Friday.  
Come hell or high water,  
be at the bank  
in childress on Thursday.  
Knowing them fuckers,  
they will close early.  
We'll be there.  
Oh, and, Toby,  
the trust needs to be  
managed by a bank.  
You really wanna  
cover your tracks?  
You get Texas midland  
to handle this trust.  
So,  
what's the plan?  
We're gonna watch that bank  
like a deer feeder.  
In time, we'll be right.  
Now, let's see what  
they got to eat here.  
Howdy, ma'am.  
How are you doing today?  
Hot. And I don't  
mean the good kind.  
So, what don't you want?  
Pardon?  
What don't you want?  
Oh, well, uh,



I think I'll just, uh...  
You know, I've been working  
here for 44 years.  
Ain't nobody  
ever ordered nothing  
but t-bone steak  
and a baked potato.  
Except this one asshole  
from New York  
tried to order trout  
back in 1987.  
We don't sell  
no goddamned trout.  
T-bone steaks.  
So, either you don't want  
the corn on the cob,  
or you don't want  
the green beans.  
So, what don't you want?  
I don't want green beans.  
I don't want green beans either.  
Steaks cooked medium rare.  
Can I get my steak cooked...  
That weren't no question.  
All right.  
Iced tea for you boys.  
Iced tea would be great.  
Iced tea, yep.  
Thank you, ma'am.  
Uh-huh.  
Well, I'll tell you one thing.  
Nobody's gonna rob  
this son of a bitch.  
My word.  
How's she feel?  
She runs good.  
Ain't gonna win any races.  
Got new Mexico plates.  
She got a top?  
That's how she came.  
We'll take her.  
Don't report it  
stolen until Friday.  
The guy from chevron is dropping

off the lease agreement.  
Are you okay dealing  
with that by yourself?  
You okay being with  
Debbie by yourself?  
Remember, he ain't the enemy.  
Just take the papers,  
and say thank you.  
The oil man is the enemy,  
make no mistake.  
He just ain't ours.  
I'll be back  
to the ranch by dark.  
I will be waiting.  
Drive like a schoolteacher with  
all this shit in the back.  
Sure feels like beer o'clock.  
Ask and you shall receive.  
Come in.  
Mama died.  
When?  
A few weeks ago.  
Well, good riddance.  
No offense.  
You okay?  
You?  
Here's the money I owe you.  
I guess you'll be  
selling the ranch.  
It goes to the boys.  
Really?  
Mmm.  
It's been put in a trust.  
What's that mean?  
It means no one can sell it.  
Great. Something else  
I got to take care of.  
Hi.  
Where's your brother?  
I don't know.  
Friend's house, I guess.  
How come you ain't in school?  
School don't start yet.  
Just two-a-days

for football right now.  
Your grandmother died.  
I'm giving the ranch  
to you and your brother.  
Remember going out there  
when you was little?  
What am I supposed  
to do with a ranch?  
Anything but sell it.  
We found oil on it.  
You and your brother ain't gonna  
have to worry about money no more.  
Now,  
you may be hearing  
a lot of things about me  
and your uncle.  
Don't be like us.  
You hear me?  
Whatever I hear,  
I won't believe.  
No, you believe it.  
I did all of it.  
Now, you, you do it different.  
Ain't gonna drink it?  
You tell me not to be like you,  
and then you offer me a beer.  
Which is it?  
Good boy.  
How are the boys?  
What are you doin'?  
Insurance.  
I don't want that  
shit in the car.  
We'll be running two  
cars next time, brother.  
They'll ride with me.  
So, this is your plan?  
We're just gonna sit here  
and see if this is  
the branch they rob next.  
What would you rather do?  
You wanna drive 80 miles  
back to Olney  
and look for more fingerprints

that we ain't gonna find?  
Or you wanna drive 200 miles  
back to Lubbock  
and look at mug shots  
that don't matter  
because nobody knows what these  
sons of bitches look like.  
Or we can just wait here  
for them to rob this bank,  
which is the one thing I'm pretty  
damn sure they are going to do.  
I know what you're doing.  
You're trying to make this last as long  
as you can because the longer it lasts,  
the farther you are  
from that front porch.  
No, I'm waitin' for these  
boys to make a mistake.  
So far they ain't,  
but they will.  
And they're gonna make it here.  
So, just relax.  
Enjoy this little town.  
Do you wanna live here?  
Got an old hardware store that  
charges twice what home depot does,  
one restaurant with a  
rattlesnake for a waitress.  
I mean, how is anybody supposed  
to make a living here?  
People have made a living  
here for 150 years.  
Well, people lived  
in caves for 150,000 years.  
But they don't do it no more.  
Well, maybe your people did.  
Your people did, too.  
A long time ago, your  
ancestors was the Indians,  
till someone came  
along and killed them,  
broke 'em down,  
made you into one of them.  
150 years ago, all of this

was my ancestors' land.  
Everything you could see.  
Everything you saw yesterday.  
Till the grandparents  
of these folks took it.  
And now, it's been  
taken from them.  
Except it ain't  
no army doing it.  
It's those sons of bitches  
right there.  
You thinking about tomorrow?  
Ain't you?  
That little hotel clerk.  
Why is it always the sweet ones  
that are such devils  
when you get them revved up?  
Wouldn't know,  
never had a sweet one.  
Yeah, you like them pissed off,  
lookin' for someone to blame.  
Sure seems that way.  
It's a good thing you're doing.  
We're doing it.  
Go easy on  
the bank teller tomorrow.  
I'll be as gentle  
as a young nurse.  
You coming?  
On my way.  
Hey.  
Shit.  
Good morning.  
You want some breakfast?  
Yeah, breakfast sounds good.  
So we hit the Jayton branch  
first, then Coleman, right?  
Yeah, that should  
get us what we need.  
Let's do this.  
Ugh... shit.  
That's not part  
of the fucking plan.  
Bastards closed down the branch.

What now, little brother?  
Coleman.  
What the hell you doing?  
We gotta head to post.  
What the hell you doing?  
Get...  
We got to head to post.  
What are you talking about?  
We got to head to post.  
We're going to Coleman.  
There's only one  
teller in Coleman.  
Whatever we get won't be enough.  
We go to Coleman right now.  
If that ain't enough,  
we head to post.  
If we don't leave now for post,  
we won't get there till noon.  
You don't wanna rob a bank  
at lunchtime, do you?  
Yeah, we don't know the  
patterns of folks out there.  
The patterns are  
the same everywhere.  
All these towns are dead.  
Post ain't no different.  
It's a bigger bank.  
We'll leave your  
car just out of town.  
Come on now.  
Shit.  
I think I got this figured.  
First two banks,  
they were Texas midland banks.  
All right, there are seven  
branches altogether.  
The main branch  
is in fort worth.  
They're not gonna  
mess with that.  
All right? They hit  
the branch in Olney.  
They hit the one in Archer city.  
Then there's the one here.

Which they did not hit.  
Alberto, will you  
please follow me?  
Just keep your mouth shut  
and just listen  
to what I'm gonna say.  
There's the one here,  
then there's the one  
in childress.  
There's the one in Jayton.  
That one's closed.  
I know that one's closed!  
I know that one's  
closed, Alberto.  
That's my point.  
Jayton is closed.  
That just leaves post.  
They're not gonna mess  
with the bank in childress,  
that's a fairly  
decent-sized town.  
The branch in Vernon wasn't  
Midlands and they hit that.  
Yeah, one of them did.  
Alone.  
Then he ran all the way across  
the road to get to the car.  
I think his partner had no  
idea that was gonna happen.  
And what does that mean to us?  
It means that the only branch  
that fits the bill is in post.  
Well, then let's go.  
The town looks busy.  
Little bit.  
My word.  
It's too big.  
That's what she said.  
It's no good.  
Aw, this ain't your first rodeo.  
Bigger bank.  
More money.  
Everybody,  
get on the fucking ground!

Get on the fucking ground!  
Young ladies, get on  
the fucking ground! Now!  
Sir, down!  
On the ground! Now!  
Thank you very much.  
Tellers stand up!  
Open the drawers!  
Get down!  
Take three steps back!  
Open the fucking drawer,  
young lady!  
Are you deaf and dumb?  
I said open  
the motherfucking drawer!  
You, down!  
Now, step back!  
Very good.  
Someone's paying attention.  
Now, get on your  
motherfucking knees!  
Hey!  
Stay down!  
All right.  
Hey, hey, let's go!  
Call 911.  
Jesus fucking Christ.  
The whole goddamn  
town is shooting at us.  
Get in the back.  
Get in the fucking back.  
Come on, let's go,  
get in the car!  
Don't let them get away!  
How you doing  
back there, little brother?  
You fucking killed them.  
Those concealed carry permits sure  
complicate a bank robbery, don't they?  
It's not my fault it was payday.  
This has gone too far, tan.  
No one was supposed  
to fucking die.  
It was them



or us, take your pick.  
Yeah, go, Margaret.  
Texas Midlands in post  
has just been hit.  
Ah! What did I tell you?  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Locals are in chase.  
Suspects escaping  
west in an old bronco.  
All right, Margaret,  
keep us posted.  
We're on our way there.  
Give me an Indian whoop.  
Come on.  
These boys gonna go down.  
Let's get some giddy-up  
music going on there.  
Oh, please, not that.  
Yeah.  
Hey, hey. Come on.  
Snap out of it.  
Snap the fuck out of it.  
Shit, let me see that.  
You're hit.  
Boy, you're hit.  
Get the back.  
Well, you'll live.  
It's a through and through.  
Compress it.  
Wrap it up.  
You got to wrap it up tight.  
Front and back, front and back.  
Wrap it tight.  
Oh, brother, hear me now,  
hear me clear.  
Unless you wanna be a black  
mark on your sons' lives,  
I need you mountain lion mean.  
You hear me?  
I hear you.  
Mountain lion mean.  
Yeah.  
Yeah. It's gonna be okay,

it's gonna be okay.  
Hold on.  
Yeah.  
Go.  
Here, take the money.  
Let's go.  
Get to the casino,  
change the money  
like we planned.  
This was your plan.  
And it worked.  
Every step of the way.  
Trust it.  
Where are you headed?  
Don't be stupid.  
I love you, Toby.  
I mean it.  
I love you, too.  
Hey, Tobe, go fuck yourself.  
Go fuck yourself.  
Yippee hiyiyo.  
You little doggies.  
This is what they call  
white man's intuition.  
Sometimes a blind pig  
finds a truffle.  
Back up! Oh, shit!  
Go! Move!  
My word.  
All right. We're gonna  
need a SWAT unit up here  
and a helo to pin  
these boys down.  
I'm on it.  
Suspect is a white male.  
He's got a rifle.  
Get down.  
He's on the Ridge!  
He's on the Ridge!  
Come on! I see him!  
There's just one?  
Yep, just one.  
There's supposed  
to be two of them.

Maybe the town folks got one.  
Well, if they did,  
they got the smart one.  
This old boy is out of his mind.  
Why don't you slip up  
this canyon and tomahawk  
that son of a bitch?  
Ranger down.  
Call it in.  
Get back. Back.  
Back those trucks up.  
Get back.  
Get these trucks back.  
Back up.  
Back them up.  
How well you know  
the land around here?  
Like the back of my hand.  
All right. He's hid up in  
that brush on that hill.  
Can you get me up  
there behind him?  
Give me a half hour,  
I'll have that bastard  
field dressed on  
the hood of my truck.  
I can't let you do  
that. You just get me there.  
That's gonna be a 500-yard  
shot if he's where you said.  
Just get me there!  
Shit.  
How are you doing?  
Good. You?  
Where are you headed?  
Ruidoso.  
Where you from?  
Hamlin.  
Taking the scenic route?  
Taking the only way I can.  
They got the road  
closed at post.  
Everywhere you turn  
they got the road closed.

You got your license on you?  
Yes, I do.  
Wait right there.  
Yes, sir.  
Sir.  
Yeah.  
Have a good day.  
Thanks much.  
You're pretty winded.  
Y'oughta let me take the shot.  
Hell, it's my gun.  
Not on your life.  
He's mine.  
Just left of the tree.  
I got him.  
I got you.  
Lord of the plains.  
That's me.  
Then like something  
out of a dime-store novel,  
Texas highway  
patrol and the locals  
chased the robbers  
to this hillside behind me,  
20 miles west of town,  
where the gunfight continued.  
And right now we do know  
ranger Marcus Hamilton  
killed one of the gunmen  
using a rifle he actually  
borrowed from a resident here.  
We don't know the name  
of that suspect yet...  
Lucky guy.  
Just in the Nick of time, too.  
What are the odds?  
Now, this, uh, satisfies  
both the reverse mortgage  
loan and the, uh...  
And the back taxes that we've  
paid on your mother's behalf.  
We do that as courtesy,  
of course.  
You can fax the release

of lien to that number.  
An attorney?  
All right. Well, I'll...  
I'll get that faxed over to your  
attorney by the end of the week.  
It is the end of the week.  
I wanna watch you do it.  
Well, it takes  
a little time to prepare.  
I got all day.  
Okay. That's it.  
And it's been a pleasure  
doing business with you.  
Let me ask you a question.  
Do y'all manage trusts?  
Hey, Marcus, ain't you  
supposed to be retired?  
Howdy.  
Nice to see you.  
Well, hey, Marcus.  
Hey, Margaret.  
Been awhile.  
How's life as a civilian?  
Oh, just, you know...  
Think I can take a peek  
at Mr. Howard's file?  
Tanner Howard.  
Oh, come on. I ain't got  
nothing better to do.  
It's at my desk.  
Uh...  
Oh.  
He killed this father  
in a hunting accident, huh?  
I'd love to know what he was  
hunting in the barn in April.  
Ten years in Huntsville  
for aggravated assault.  
Cellmate was released in 2012.  
Before that,  
he served seven years  
on bank robbery  
charges up in big spring.  
Been trying to track him

down, but no luck so far.  
You all are off the brother?  
There's nothing that links  
him to the robberies.  
And what about that  
little waitress in Vernon?  
Yeah, we showed her photos, and she  
said she didn't recognize him.  
Pretty upset you took  
her tips as evidence.  
She sure was sassy.  
You show that to that old timer?  
Yup. He said he didn't look  
like the fella from the diner.  
He didn't recognize  
Tanner's photo either.  
Yeah. Tried to get  
a court order  
on his bank accounts  
and the ranch,  
da wouldn't do it.  
Toby's got no record.  
He's never been arrested.  
His only court appearance  
was at his divorce.  
He don't fit the bill, Marcus.  
People don't start out  
robbing banks.  
They graduate to it  
like his asshole brother.  
Besides, when we was out there,  
we saw two crews from chevron  
capping Wells and  
putting in pumpjacks.  
Engineers out there  
said they're gonna pull  
2,000 barrels a month  
off that place.  
You just try convincing a judge  
to issue warrants on somebody  
set to clear \$50,000 a month for  
robbing \$40,000 from the bank  
that manages the family trust.  
Midland manages the trust?

You'd think they'd want  
this thing figured out.  
I don't think the bank  
cares about anything  
but keeping that trust  
right where it is.  
Hell, they were less cooperative  
than Toby's attorney.  
Marcus, he's not a suspect  
and you are retired.  
Oh, I hear you.  
You like the desk?  
I don't hate it.  
Hey, I'll see you, Marcus.  
Know who I am?  
I'm the man  
who killed your brother.  
I know.  
I also know you're retired  
and you're trespassing.  
Oh, you could shoot me now  
and be within your rights.  
You toting a gun and all,  
how convenient.  
I figure you got one, too.  
Mind if I sit?  
Go ahead.  
You want a beer?  
Sure. I ain't on duty no more.  
Thanks.  
It's nice out here  
in this breeze, though,  
now that it's cooled down.  
How did you do it?  
Oh, never mind. I'll  
figure that out in time.  
Why? Why did you do it?  
I know why your brother,  
Tanner, did it.  
He robbed them banks  
because he liked it.  
He shot my partner  
300 yards away  
because he liked it,

it made him feel good.  
If I hadn't blown  
his shit for brains out,  
there'd be a new truck  
out front with jet skis,  
and whatever else  
he could think to buy.  
He'd spend it all  
just to give him  
an excuse to steal some more.  
But not you.  
There's nothing new around here,  
except them pumpjacks.  
Each one of them  
making you a month  
what you and your brother stole  
from all four banks combined.  
Help me understand, then.  
Help me understand  
why four people died  
so you could steal money that  
it don't seem you've spent,  
that it don't seem you need.  
You got a family?  
My partner had a family.  
A big one.  
They don't got no pumpjacks  
in their backyard.  
I didn't kill your friend.  
Yes, you did.  
By setting this thing in motion.  
You expect me to believe your  
dimwitted brother planned this?  
Oh, no. This was  
smart, this was you.  
I've been poor my whole life.  
So were my parents,  
their parents before them.  
It's like a disease  
passing from generation  
to generation,  
becomes a sickness,  
that's what it is.  
Infects every person you know,



but not my boys.  
Not anymore.  
This is theirs now.  
Now, I ain't never killed  
no one in my life,  
but if you want me  
to start with you,  
let's get on with it, old man.  
See if you can grab that pistol  
before I blast you  
off this porch.  
Howdy.  
What's going on?  
The hogs are back in the garden.  
Feral hogs tearing up this  
place something fierce.  
Who's this?  
I'm an old friend  
of your husband.  
Ex-husband.  
I'm just working on the house.  
Oh, you don't live here?  
No, it's not mine.  
It's theirs.  
Oh.  
The things we do  
for our kids, huh?  
Well...  
I best be going.  
Ma'am.  
Me too, Debbie.  
I'm gonna wash up,  
be back around 9:00 tomorrow  
to finish the front.  
Start painting the extension,  
and then help Randy  
with his homework  
when he gets back  
from school, okay?  
Okay.  
Hey.  
I'm renting  
a little house in town.  
If you wanna stop by

and finish this conversation,  
you're welcome anytime.  
Oh, I'd like that.  
I'll be seeing you.  
Yeah. Soon, I hope.  
I'm ready to be done with this.  
You'll never be done  
with it no matter what.  
It's gonna haunt you, son,  
for the rest of your days.  
But you won't be alone.  
It's gonna haunt me, too.  
If you stop by,  
maybe I'll give you peace.  
Maybe. Maybe I'll  
give it to you.