

HELL OR HIGH WATER 2016  
ЛЮБОЙ ЦЕНОЙ 2016

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. Clauson.  
He'll be here soon and I suggest you fellers 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. Clauson get here? Ma'am, look at me.  
What time does Mr. Clauson get here, huh?  
8:30 every morning.  
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.  
- 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 are 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!  
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  
wherever we please  
with the whole of Texas hunting our shadow.  
Lord of the Plains.  
- 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'll just sit there and let Alzheimer's run its  
course?  
Where are they at?  
Texas Midlands...  
the 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 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 awhile?  
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.  
Never took you for the go-to guy for house cleaning.  
No. Just robbing banks.  
You know.  
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. Clauson.  
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 in the snozzola, 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.  
They're 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.  
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're sure drilling for oil.  
I mean, ain't one drill the same as the next?  
That's my take on it.  
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.  
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, 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 'em out. 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.  
No, these boys is on their own.  
I still don't see the problem, Toby.  
You still don't...  
Rhe 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, 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 paid 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. - Mm-mm. Ma'am, them bills is evidence. Mm-mm, 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 you 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.



- That's all the video will tell us. - Yep. Yep.  
Checkered shirt. That is 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 to spend the  
money...  
they're 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.  
39 years of life, 10 in jail.  
If he turn left where I turned right, he'll be okay.  
Let the world call me a fool  
Things are right with me and you  
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.  
10 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.  
No!  
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.  
All right, suit yourself.  
Come on, now.  
Suck a D.  
Don't lose it all.  
Eat my A!  
Fucking asshole.  
That's, uh... that's 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...  
There's no shame in needing the touch of a woman.  
You need it.  
I know you do.  
Just let me touch you.  
Trying to work my little brother?  
- No, I wasn't doing anything, but I... - Tanner, she didn't do nothin'.  
- She didn't do nothin'. - But, but, but...  
You saw there was a stack of chips here.  
- Don't. - Easy mark?  
- 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, no.  
Mind if I sample the goods? Real fuckin'...

Hands off. 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. 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.  
I'm 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?  
'Cause 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 the 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.  
Wow, look at this boy run.  
Longhorns are gonna have a good team this year.  
That soccer, never could understand that.  
Anything a 5-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'll 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?  
Mm-hmm.  
So, 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 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?  
How she came.  
We'll take her.  
Don't report it stolen till 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, 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 mugshots that don't matter 'cause 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 this was my ancestors' land.  
Everything you can 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?  
The 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.  
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.  
The bastards closed down the branch.  
What now, little brother?  
Coleman.  
- What the hell you doing? - We gotta head to Post.  
- What the hell are 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?  
Don't let... 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.  
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! - All right. Oh, please.  
Now step back!  
Very good.  
Someone's paying attention.  
Now get on your motherfucking knees!  
Hey!  
Stay down!  
All right.  
Dude.  
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.  
These 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 are 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.  
As I walked out one sunny morning  
I spied a young cowboy a loping along  
His hat was laid back  
His spurs were a jinglin'  
And as he come near me He's singing this song  
Yippee hiyiyo. You little doggies.  
It's your misfortune and none of my own  
This is what they call white man's intuition.  
Sometimes a blind pig finds a truffle.  
It's your misfortune and none of my own  
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.  
Suspect is a white male.  
Guys, spread it out!  
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 do 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.  
You 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.  
...definitely 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.  
Here we go.  
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.  
- Shelley. - 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...  
Killed his father in a hunting accident, huh?  
I'd love to know what he was hunting in the barn in  
April.  
10 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.  
Now, what about that little waitress in Vernon?  
Yeah, we showed her photos.  
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?  
Yep. 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 my 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. Well, 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, huh, 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 'cause 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 or whatever else he could think to buy. He'd spend it all just to give 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 rent 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.