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McCabe & Mrs. Miller

By Robert Altman

Damn it, I told you.
Think I'm stupid.
That's exactly what I said, six of them.
Good evening.
Holy Mother of God,
keep me pure in thought, word and deed.
- Say, that's the back door, ain't it?
- Yeah.
I was about to put up a bottle
on the house.
That will be the day.
Was he wearing a gun?
He sure didn't stay very long.
He ain't going nowhere.
He's just putting on his packing.
Do you know what kind of gun that was?
That was a Swedish gun.
A Swedish kind of gun.
He's so cheap he squeezes out the bar rag.
Wet enough for you, mister?
- When it rains up here, it doesn't stop.
- Yeah.
What are you doing, Coyle?
I brought that chair over here.
You better get away
or I'll bash you in the face, you ignorant...
Where'd you get all that money?
Say, Professor, didn't you say something
about a bottle on the house?
That's what he said.
I'm Patrick Sheehan. This is my place.
Shouldn't we make a deal?
- Well, how much a bottle?
- \$3.
\$3? Yesterday, it was \$2.
Well, look.
How about we go fifty-fifty on that?
- I share your profits?
- You want to share the losses?
- I supply the place.
- Yeah, but I think I supply the customers.
Nobody's bought nothing yet.
I'll tell you what,
you give these boys a \$2 bottle on me...

and I'll stand my own losses,
and you can make a profit on the whiskey.
That's good.
One \$3 bottle, Pat. Bring it on.
Well, there's 52 there.
Don't want to waste good liquor on him.
Might as well wave goodbye to your flask.
Well, you boys don't know nothing
about me...
and I know nothing about you.
Let's make this a nickel game to start off.
Let's make it a dime.
I thank you very kindly, sir.
Now, what I'd like to do,
I'd like to make this a five-card stud...
with a three-bet roof on the card.
And then maybe we get to, say, 15 cents
on an open pair on the last card.
- Unless you have objections about that.
- That's good.
I'm in.
Eight of hearts.
Four of clubs. Deuce of spades.
Seven of diamonds.
Eight of spades. Jack of spades.
Three of hearts.
Okay, my friend.
Jack off.
Close that goddamn door.
Good evening, Reverend.
Mr. Sheehan, Mr. Elliott is here.
Good evening, Mr. Elliott.
Hi, Freddie. Going to the opera?
Mr. Smalley, you want to sit in on a hand?
I don't gamble with no professionals.
- I'll take your place, Robbie.
- If Smalley's not in, I'm staying on.
What's this shit? If you don't want
to play, what's the matter...
One dry, please.
The church is coming along nicely, isn't it?
I was talking with Mr. Anderson.
I can't wait till we get it finished.
- Hey, who's the dealer?

- A fellow by the name of McCabe.
- What?
- McCabe.
- How do you know that?
- He said his name was McCabe.
- Joe Shortreed told me.
- How does he know?
I don't know. I guess McCabe told him.
- How is it going?
- I'm beating his ass off.
Drink on the house, Mr. McCabe?
Thank you very much.
You didn't say your name was McCabe
when you came in here.
I didn't say it now. You did.
Pudgy McCabe?
The gunfighter?
Businessman.
Business ain't so good, is it?
Did you ever know Bill Roundtree?
What's the matter with you, Sheehan,
you got a turd in your pocket?
Pat, we're trying to play some poker here.
Bart, you're getting slick as a cat's ass.
Hey, partner, you want to deal
a couple of hands for me?
You aren't leaving? You're not quitting?
No. Be right back, gentlemen.
Have a good night.
Try not to drop the cards, Riley.
- Where are you going?
- Nowhere.
I was just wondering
where you was going to go.
I was going to go over there by that fence.
Yes, sir, that's McCabe, all right.
John McCabe.
He used to be called "Pudgy" McCabe.
- He's got a big rep.
- I ain't never heard of him.
Why do they call him Pudgy?
He doesn't look so fat.
How the hell would I know?
Anyway, he's the man

that shot Bill Roundtree.

- I never heard of him, either.

- I know Bill Roundtree.

- I can't remember where, I know the name.

- He was nobody to mess with.

And that man out there taking a pee
shot him.

He's got a big rep.

Gentlemen, your dealer is none other
than John McCabe.

Pudgy McCabe?

The man that shot Bill Roundtree.

- He really is a gunfighter.

- I told you.

I don't care what the hell he is.

I'll beat his ass.

- Ever hear of Bill Roundtree?

- McCabe shot him?

- Bill Roundtree?

- Yeah.

I knew Bill Roundtree. He was a governor.

- He was running for governor in Wyoming.

- Jeremy, you are so full of shit!

Damn, out there makes you feel
like a three-squirt dog in a 30-mile wind.

- That egg is raw, ain't it?

- Yeah.

Tell me something, boys.

Who owns the property around here?

Sheehan owns all the property
this side of town.

The Chinese don't own no property.

They're just poaching mines.

Joe Shortreed, J.J., Bill Cubbs
and myself...

own that whole other side of the church.

M McCabe, how long you figure on staying?

These boys got my tit in a wringer.

I hate to move on when I'm losing.

You can flop here for two bits a night.

Come on, I'll show you.

Sorry.

Come on.

What would you think if I cut my beard off

and just left my moustache?

What do you want to do that for?

- You got many chinks around here?

- Just turn over a rock.

- Who sells them their mud? You?

- Not me. I sell whiskey.

I don't tolerate opium smokers
around here.

Well?

Shit.

Why don't you do like I do?

You know, just trim a little bit
off the sides there, straight down.

I wouldn't stay up there for free...

if you had a goddamn San Francisco whore
in every bed.

The dealer is still in the game.

Bart, do you know how to square a circle?

Shove a 4 x 4 up a mule's ass.

Shall we make this a quarter game?

Sheehan, bring these boys a bottle on me.

Potatoes! Hot potatoes for a penny!

Hot potatoes, a penny!

You don't know what you're doing.

You got no experience at this.

I need two more.

All right, I've got one more

I can let you have. Wait a minute.

Kate, come on out here.

You can have her,

but you'll have to get her some teeth.

- All right. How much for three?

- Three? \$80 each.

\$80 for a chippy?

I can get a goddamn horse for \$50!

I'll give you \$200 for the three of them.

I'll be lucky if this split-tail
makes it through the winter.

You made a mighty long ride down here.

You must need them bad.

- Archer, let's get the guns on the table.

- Fuck the table. You don't know nothing.

You son of a bitch, tell me

how many spare chippies you got...

you butternut muff diver,
and I'll tell you how many I need!
- I've got two I can spare.
- That's bullshit! I want three.
You want three.
Tell you what I'm going to do.
You want three for \$200, right?
I think maybe we can work out a deal.
I'll buy you a drink.
How much farther is this town, anyway?
You still bitching your ass off?
Come on. Get.
Come on, hang on.
Listen, with an ass like yours,
you don't feel anything.
Where's Berg?
Where are the tents?
Bart, hold it.
- Berg? Where's Berg?
- Jeremy, McCabe wants you.
Yeah, okay. Coming.
- How come the tents ain't up?
- We did a lot of work while you were gone.
- Where's the tents?
- Tents?
- For the ladies.
- Jesus, the tents.
The roofing material didn't come in,
so we had to start on the front.
We can get them up for you by tomorrow.
We would have had them up by now,
except Robbie's had the runs...
so we've been trying
not to use him much this week.
It's been going around, Mr. McCabe.
Mrs. Dunn, she's been poorly, too.
You going to talk to her?
They're very difficult to install
on account of the rain.
We had to use the canvas for the tents
on the roof, because of the rain.
I'm going to talk to her, then.
That's real pretty.
Let her go, you...

What the hell? Ain't you boys never seen
no crumpet before, for Christ's sake?
Robbie, you got a job to do, ain't you?
Nobody's going to touch those ladies
until we're open for business.
We ain't open until we get them tents up.
Now, you get back to work.
Get your ass off your shoulder,
and we'll have some fun.
You boys make up your mind
if you want to get your cookies.
I've got girls that'll do more tricks
than a monkey on 100 yards of grapevine.
Hey, Kate. I think I bust my cherry.
That feels good. That's really good.
Excuse me, ladies.
I'll be back in a few minutes.
I have to go to the pot.
I have to go to the pot,
and I don't think I can hold it.
I've got to hand it to you, Pudgy.
John.
Call me McCabe. I'll know who you mean.
You know I want to be your friend,
don't you, McCabe?
Why?
You and me is the only two
real businessmen in Presbyterian Church.
That ain't a whole lot
to have in common, is it?
- You're a Catholic, ain't you?
- No.
The minute you arrived in town, I knew
you was a man to be reckoned with.
That's a lot of shit and you know it.
Tell me what the hell you came here for,
and move away from that stove.
You get kind of ripe when it's warm.
Listen, McCabe.
I'm no dummy. You're no dummy.
You know what's going to happen
to this town...
when it gets big enough
to have three saloons, maybe even four.

You and me could form a partnership.
A partnership that'll keep any outsider
from coming and building another saloon...
without you and me saying it's all right
and taking our cut.

- What do you say to that?
- Partners is what I come to get away from.
Sometimes you can't have things
your own way.
Sometimes you got to make a deal.
Deals I don't mind.
It's partners I don't like.
Sit down, Sheehan. Now you listen to me.
Over the past few weeks,
I've taken a funny kind of liking to you.
And I want to make one goddamn thing
goddamn clear to you.

Yeah?
Sheehan, if a frog had wings, he wouldn't
bump his ass so much. Follow me?
Yeah.
Look. More whores.
Shut up, woman. How do you know
it isn't Bart's mail-order bride?
Damn it. I'll bet it is her!
Ida!
Ida, it's me! Bartley Coyle.
Ida, I think this is for you.
Are you Ida?
Well, here, jump off.
I'll help you. Go ahead.
Just go ahead, jump. Good.
How was the trip?
McCabe, this is Ida.
Ida, this is McCabe.
He's building this saloon.
Come along, I'll show you our place.
It ain't much now,
but I'm planning on fixing it up.
Are you John McCabe?
Mrs. Miller.
I came from Bearpaw to see you.
Is this your place?
Yes, ma'am.

Saloon?

That's going to be a saloon and gambling.

Did you say you come up from Bearpaw
to see me?

Ma'am?

Is there something I can do for you?

Do you have anything to eat?

I'm bloody starving.

It took six hours to get up here
in that flipping contraption.

You'll have to forgive me.

My kitchen ain't in operation yet.

I could take you up to the restaurant
if you're hungry enough.

I'm hungry enough.

I could eat a bloody horse.

- At Sheehan's place, you probably will.

- The frontier wit, I see.

Just go right up the stairs.

I can tell the difference.

You can tell a real genteel lady
by the way she walks.

Tell me, any news from down in Bearpaw?

It's been a while since I was there.

How many men are there around here?

Well, this here is an interesting town.

There'll be upwards of about 125 men.

- What do you think, Smalley?

- About what?

Don't you see nothing different?

No.

Sheehan?

- Sheehan?

- Yeah?

Company, I see.

- What do you got for supper, Sheehan?

- Alfie, get the tablecloth.

Got some nice tripe.

Mrs. Dunn is putting the stew on the fire.

Got any more of them mountain oysters?

- Got some nice deer meat.

- Got any eggs? Fresh eggs?

- Yeah, fresh eggs.

- I'll have four eggs, fried. Some stew.

- And I want some strong tea.

- Strong tea. Fine.

McCabe?

I'll just have my double whiskey
and a raw egg.

And, Sheehan,
give all them boys a drink on me.

If you want to make out
you're such a fancy dude...

you ought to wear something
besides cheap Jockey Club cologne.

Listen, Mr. McCabe.

I'm a whore,
and I know a lot about whorehouses.

I know that if you had a house here,
you'd stand to make a lot of money.

Now, this is all you've got to do:

Put up the money for the house.

I'll do all the rest.

I'll look after the girls, the business,
the expenses, the running, the furnishings.

I'll pay you back any money you put in,
so you won't lose nothing...

and we'll make it fifty-fifty.

Excuse me.

I already got a whorehouse operating here.

You can't call crib cows whores.

I'm talking about a proper sporting house,
with class girls and clean linen...

and proper hygiene.

I don't think you're going
to find my clientele up here...

too interested in that sort of thing.

They will be, once they get a taste of it.

I'm telling you, with someone here
to handle all those punters properly...

you could make yourself

at least double the money.

What makes you think I ain't thought
of that? Them tents are just temporary.

What do you do

when one girl fancies another?

How do you know when a girl

has her monthly or is just taking days off?

What about when they don't get
their monthlies?

I suppose you know about seeing to that?

What about the customers?

Who's going to inspect them?

Are you going to do that?

If you don't, this town will be clapped up
in two weeks, if it's not already.

What about when business is slow?

You going to let the girls sit around?

I'll tell you, Mr. McCabe.

When a good whore gets time to think...

she'll turn to religion

'cause that's what they've been born with.

When that happens, you'll be

filling the church, instead of your pockets.

I haven't got time to talk to a man

who's too dumb to see a good proposition.

Do we make a deal, or don't we?

Well?

Shit.

I ain't taking no goddamn bath!

I don't give a shit if I...

This is the last one for me. If you want
more, you can shove it up your ass.

She's bringing them girls from Seattle.

Real first-class, fancy women.

I can't imagine nobody paying

25 cents for a goddamn bath.

Two bits ain't too bad.

- Cheapest bath in Bearpaw is 35 cents.

- I wouldn't take one if it was free.

I don't know why you guys

are so against a bath.

I ain't. I just don't like being told when.

- It's that Miller woman. She's the one...

- Well, Mr. McCabe, how does she look?

Goddamn good.

McCabe, why don't you ask Mrs. Miller

when those new whores are coming?

- What's the matter with the ones we got?

- You just hold your water tower.

You think I'll let some chippy

tell me how to run a gooseberry ranch?

You got the goddamn saddle
on the wrong horse.
Those girls will come up here
when I goddamn tell them to.
I'm paying you boys 15 cents an hour,
after you've been in them mines all day...
so you'll have something to do besides
go home and play with Mary Five Fingers.
Right, Berg?
That's right, Mr. McCabe.
You heard what he said.
He's paying us 15 cents an hour,
after we've been working in the mines...
so we'll have something to do
besides play with Five-Fingered Mary.
Shut up, Jeremy.
Mrs. Miller.
I wish to have a word with you,
Mrs. Miller.
- You going to open that door?
- No.
All right.
I asked to have a simple word with you.
Nothing else.
And if you think I'm going to have
this conversation through this door...
that's just fine with me.
I want to know when them girls
are getting in here from Seattle.
I got the boys working on your bathhouse.
I got a right to know.
I paid for their transportation.
You think I'm nothing but a bank.
So far, you've cost me nothing but money.
Money and pain.
Pain!
- These ladies are looking for you, ma'am.
- What happened?
The wagon broke down about a mile back.
I've got most of the things in here.
Get the ladies' luggage, quick as you can!
Allow me to introduce my wife.
This is Mrs. Washington.
My name is Sumner Washington.

I'm a barber.
Pleased to meet you. Lil!
Thought you'd like to look
at my beautiful ladies.
Give them a hot bath. Go on.
Quick, get the water heated.
My ass is frozen!
That's what at least
half the boys say about you, dear.
You told us
there was going to be a house up here.
Keep your hair on. I'm building
a bloody palace here for you girls.
Right now I'm going to give you a bath.
I'm not fucking any Chinaman.
Shut up! Ever know a chink to fuck
a chink when a white woman's around?
Stop whining or I'll scratch your eyes out.
Blimey, how they do go on.
You said in your letter there was
a house up here. You call this a house?
- You stole that from Christine!
- You're goddamn right.
- I paid \$13 for it!
- Shut up, Eunice!
You're always bloody complaining.
- Dollar to you, Jack.
- Call.
Say, you know what I heard?
I heard one of the girls they were bringing
was an authentic Chinese princess.
Is it true what they say
about Chinese girls?
- Horseshit. Their legs would fall off.
- Come on. It's true.
Their eyes, the way they slant,
and the way they tip up at the side.
That's true for the rest of their bodies.
A friend of mine, Amos Lindville,
down in Sacramento, California...
he once spent \$5 to find out, \$5 just
to have a look, and he said it's true.
A guy like Lindville isn't going to spend \$5
to find out something that isn't true.

I'm a cook now, I'm not a whore anymore.
With all that experience, it's unfair.
Wait until we get the place finished.
It's really going to be something.

You know, the whorehouses
down in South America are really unusual.

- You were down in South America?

- I was there when I was a boy.

Of course, they're unusual.

They're not like this at all.

They're not fancy.

They're just sort of mud huts, mud houses.

You get a family of people
working in these mud houses...

and the women in the family are whores.

- You know where Berg is, Smalley?

- He's in there.

- Has he had a bath?

- Madam, I'm not here as a customer.

Berg?

- Looking for me, Mr. McCabe?

- You trying to put me out of business?

These order forms.

That's all right because that...

- How much is that Chinese girl?

- \$1.50.

- Does that go for Mrs. Miller, too?

- She's \$5.

\$5!

Make sure you get what you ordered.

- Is that right, Mrs. Miller?

- What's that?

- \$5?

- That's right.

- Jesus Christ, that's a lot of money.

- Shit. All right! Let's go.

It's in your own best interest

that you have these forms...

and to make sure they're signed.

Hello, Mr. Quigley.

Not scared of me, are you?

Once you've got everything you ordered,
you can tell it's true. You've got proof.

You've got my signature

on these order forms...
and that's all that you'll need.
So, that's it.
Unless, of course,
you'd like us to stay around.
- See if maybe someone doesn't...
- Go ahead.
I've got my tit in the wringer
on these books.
I can't tell the goddamn owls
from the chickens.
Fourteen and eight.
Fourteen and eight.
Shit!
Why are you always
in such a lousy temper?
Because, my dear Mrs. Miller, I not only
built you your gooseberry ranch...
I've paid for a bathhouse I don't need.
I've paid for transportation.
I've paid for towels, and linens,
and enema bags.
I've paid for things them chippies of yours
don't even know how to use.
But I have not sold a bottle of whiskey
in here today, and that's a fact!
That, my dear Mr. McCabe,
is because every geezer in this town...
was taking a bath in your bathhouse...
or having it off with a girl
in your whorehouse.
I ain't seen none of that money.
What my books tell me I need is money.
Whorehouse, bathhouse money
for the first week.
We're short on the bath money
because of the first-night rush...
but I'll see it won't happen again.
I'm not surprised you don't know
how much money you've got...
and how much you ain't.
You've got your credit column
on a different page from your debits.
Keep your nose out

of things you don't understand.

- What's 14 from 23?

- What?

You heard me. 14 from 23.

Nine. Nine plus 16?

- Twenty-five. Five and...

- My dear madam!

I can hold my own in any game of chance,
and figure out payoffs before you blink!

Don't give me horse-puckies because
it takes me time to write it up formal.

If you're so bloody smart,
you'd know that if we went ahead...

and bought the windows and doors,
you'd make twice as much money.

Perhaps you like screwing
with the wind whistling up your ass!

How come whenever you talk
about money, you say "we"?

I say "we," Mr. McCabe,
because you think small.

You think small

because you're afraid to think big.

I'm telling you,
you have to spend money to make money.

You want to spend the rest of your life
shuffling cards in this dump? Fine!

I don't! There's going to come a time...

when I sell you my half interest, go to
San Francisco and buy a boarding house.

But right now, I don't want no smalltimer
screwing up my business.

Boarding house?

I'd like to get a good look
at them boarders.

Where do you think you're off to?

Money and pain.

Pain.

Alf, look at this.

- Hey, hon. You work at Mrs. Miller's?

- That's my wife, you son of a bitch!

Jesus Christ! It's blood.

His heas all busted open!

Come on. Let's pick him up.

- Pick him up.
- Get the other leg.
Take it slow.
I don't have much time.
Who took the bottle of gin?
It's in my room.
Kate?
- I'll get it.
- Alma, you go and get it.
- Where is it?
- Under my pillow.
It's under her pillow.
The booze stays down here.
Come on, girls,
she's going to be here any minute.
How are we doing? Nearly finished?
I took some of the pink off.
Do you think you could
write "Birdie" there?
You think you can do that?
All right.
- You like this? Pink and white?
- Yeah, very pretty.
Thank you very much.
I'll get back to you later.
Mr. McCabe?
Excuse me. My name is Sears.
Eugene Sears.
I'm Roebuck. Who's watching the store?
I'm with
M.H. Harrison Shaughnessy Mining Co.
- We'd like to have a little talk with you.
- No shit?
The truth of the matter is, Mr. McCabe...
we're interested
in the mining deposits up here.
The truth of the matter is,
I would like to have a little drink.
- Care to join me?
- We'd like to buy you a drink, Mr. McCabe.
Wait a minute.
You got a turd in your pocket?
- Who the hell is "we"?
- This is Ernie Hollander.

You want a drink, Ernie?
Sure, I'd like a drink,
but my stomach can't handle it.
I don't want you to misunderstand.
There's nothing to misunderstand.
You want to buy out the zinc, go ahead.
I don't own any goddamn zinc mines.
Bobby, get us a bottle up here.
Hey, you boys know
about the frog that got ate by the eagle?
Here's this big old eagle, swooped down
and gobbled up this little frog, see.
And the little frog is inside the eagle
and they're way up in the air.
The frog is working his way back
in the eagle, working his way back...
and he looked out the eagle's ass
and says, "Hey, eagle!"
He says, "How high up are we?"
And the eagle says,
"Well, we're up about a mile, two miles."
And the frog says:
"Well, you wouldn't shit me now,
would you?"
That's good. That's really good.
I'll have to remember that.
We know you're a businessman,
and we're businessmen, so...
we'd like to make you an offer:
Buy out your holdings
here in Presbyterian Church.
All right. How much?
I'd like to point out a few things.
Why don't you just tell me how much,
then you can point out all the things...
- What the hell kind of coat is that?
- That's sealskin.
The company won't go over \$5,500,
I know that.
Well, that ain't high enough, is it?
Now listen, we just bought out Sheehan
down there for \$1,600.
The hotel, his livery stable,
the whole works.

Well, you certainly got fucked there,
didn't you?
Listen, Mr. McCabe,
if we can't talk this over reasonably...
We were empowered to work with you...
because we were led to believe
you were the town's leading citizen.
A man of good common sense,
if you know what I mean.
Roebuck, you know...
if a frog had wings, he wouldn't
bump his ass so much. Follow me?
What?
I got better offers than that
from Monkey Ward.
So now, if you boys
want to talk business with me...
what you've got to do is get your offer
way up there in the air, where it belongs.
Smalley, fill up that no-limit game for me,
will you?
Well, what do you think of that?
Well, he's a real smart ass.
Happy Birthday, Birdie!
Did you make that, Lily? It's beautiful.
Mr. McCabe isn't here.
Don't worry about McCabe.
I don't think he'll be over.
Well, he was tying one on.
You have to make a wish.
What did you wish?
I want the one with the flower
in the middle.
Bend my head down. No, thank you.
I'd just like a piece of cake.
I want the one with the flower.
Connie, aren't you going to stay
and have a piece of my cake?
What's wrong with her?
She's gotten into one of those quiet times.
Who's there?
It's me.
What do you want?
Open the door. Come on.

Listen.

Don't think you can fool me with that bay rum again, because it won't work.

You had a bath?

I've been in the goddamn water so long... my ass is wrinkled up. Now open the door.

You make me sick sometimes.

Can't you even turn up

for that poor girl's birthday party?

I'll tell you, little lady.

A couple of gimpers came in the saloon and offered to buy me out.

- My whole spread.

- Who would do a dull thing like that?

It's Harrison Shaughnessy,

something like that. Offered me \$5,500.

Take your hat off the bed. It's bad luck.

\$5,500. It ain't bad, is it, Mrs. Miller?

And I played it smart as a possum.

I gave them a "no,"

and went on my business.

Just turned them down flat as a pancake.

What's going to happen is

they'll be back with a better offer.

And I think your share is going to be...

- Let me see.

- Think.

What did you say?

I should have known.

You turned down Harrison Shaughnessy.

You know who they are?

- Of course, I know who they are.

- You just better hope they come back.

They'd as soon put a bullet in you as look at you.

Kate and Mr. Anderson...

- Mr. McCabe in there with her?

- How would I know?

I ain't got a whole lot of time.

You got no respect.

Two gentlemen downstairs

to see Mr. McCabe.

Is he in there with you?

Yes.

Mr. McCabe will be with you
in just a wee minute...
so you wait right there.
You're spending your profits.

- Gentlemen.
- Mr. McCabe.
- Do you gentlemen smoke cigars?
- No, thank you.
- Mr. McCabe, Mr. Hollander and I...
- Here.

We appreciate you wanting to take
a strong position. In fact, we admire it.

- Ernie, do you want to?
- No, you go ahead and say it.

What we'd like to do is,
we'd like to make a new approach.
You remember our offer this evening?

- No.
- Well, it was \$5,500.

That's why I don't remember it. \$5,500.

Ernie, I think we can get the company
to come up with another \$750.

That would make it \$6,250.

Of course, we'd have to have
an immediate answer on that.

Well, Mr. Sears...

the immediate answer to that is, "No."
I have to tell you the rest of my story.
Come on.

Excuse me, if I may intercede here.

Mr. McCabe, may I call you John?

I have a son called John, not unlike you.

You've done a wonderful job here.

You've built up a beautiful business.

And here we are, ready to give you
a substantial gain in capital.

An offer from one of the most
solid companies in the United States.

And you say, "No."

Well, frankly, I don't understand.

I don't have to tell you that our people
are going to be quite concerned...

if you know what I mean.

The way I feel about this is that

you gentlemen come up here, and you...
want a man in my position
to sell off his property.
I think there's got to be a good reason.
Now, I'd think that a pretty good reason
would be \$14,000, \$15,000.
Why don't you come by tomorrow
for breakfast, and we'll just talk about it.

Say about 8:

Blanche, Birdie. Come over here.
Now this here is Mr. Sears,
and Mr. Hollander.
Mr. Sears, how are you?
- You take good care of these gentlemen.
- You look lovely tonight.
Would you like to have a drink,
or go upstairs?
Everything's on me.
- Is that your pleasure? Upstairs?
- We haven't had dinner yet.
Constance, open up.
Constance?
I never knew anybody who spent
so much time behind locked doors.
What a nice velour. Look at that.
Isn't that nice?
You want to play? Sure you do.
Look at this. Look.
What do you mean? You're no fun at all.
No, we haven't had dinner.
We're going to go eat.
When you get yourself
in a gambling situation...
you got to know
when the other fellow's bluffing.
Didn't I tell you them two gimpers
would come back to me?
I told you. Once in a while,
if you'd just learn to trust me, Constance...
everything is going to be a lot easier.
You'll find that out.
- How high do you think they'll go?
- I don't know.

Tomorrow morning at breakfast
is going to tell the tale.
You're a funny little thing.
Sometimes you're just as sweet...
And then other times...
Ernie, we'll make a deal, all right.
We'll only have to come up with
another \$1,000, but we'll make it.
He's negotiating.
We'll close this deal for \$7,000.
- Well, \$6,250.
- I don't think so. He hasn't the brains.
- I want to turn it over to Jake.
- Come on. Let's not give up on him now.
Listen, son.
You want to try and knock some sense
into that fool's head, that's up to you.
I'm going back, right now.
After 17 years, I deserve something better
than a goddamn snipe hunt like this.
He's impossible.
Yes, I guess you're right. We tried.
Do you think that meat was all right?
God, if it wasn't rancid.
That's all I need on a trip like this
is a case of the runs.
How many times
have I told you to shut the hell up?
- Well, how is he?
- Terrible. He's out again.
He hasn't come to again
this time for three hours.
Bart Coyle went and got his head
bashed open last night.
- Yeah? How is he?
- Horrible.
He keeps passing out. I think he cracked it.
I want you to break out one of them jars
of damson preserves I got from Portland.
Give him a little drink, will you?
Didn't I tell you three for breakfast?
- Smalley said the others weren't coming.
- Those other two, they left last night.
You handled them beautifully.

They knew they weren't dealing
with no tinhorn.

"Almighty God, who sees
the sinful acts that offend him on earth...
"the blade of justice lays open
the serpent of people...
"and leaves its flesh to rot unto Heaven,
and sends its soul to burn in Hell's fire...
"accept the toil of this servant
as atonement...
"and grant him entrance to Heaven...
"and everlasting life at the foot
of the Almighty throne. Amen."

- You're not going down there, are you?
- Ain't nothing to worry about.
- You got your gun on you?
- Yeah. It makes no difference.

What do you want?

- Wait a minute. I don't mean no...
- Then why did you come here?

I heard you had the fanciest whorehouse
in the whole territory up here.
It's been so long since I had a piece of ass.
You come on,

I'll show you what you're looking for.
What's cooking? I sure am hungry.

- What the hell is that?
- It's a carpet vacuum machine.

Well, who wants to be next?

- Not me, I've got the curse.
- Which one of us do you fancy?

Hell, don't make no difference.
I'm going to have you all.

Goddamn.

Blanche, some mail come in today.

This is for Mrs. Miller.

That must be

the new petticoat she ordered.

They weren't kidding about this place.

- What's that? A letter for me?
- That's for me.
- I'll take this on up to Mrs. Miller.

- Mr. McCabe, she's got company.

Well, I'll just leave it here.

It just hurts so much.
I guess maybe I'm small?
No, you've just got to learn to relax,
that's all.
I think maybe this will do.
Stand up, take your top off.
You've got to take your mind off it,
think of something else. Yeah?
Look at a wall.
Count the roses in the wallpaper.
What are you doing?
There's nothing to hide.
The thing is, it don't mean nothing.
You might even get to like it.
You managed it with Bart, didn't you?
Yeah. You really are small.
You're just like me.
I'll get a few pins.
- But with him I had to. It was my duty.
- Turn around.
It wasn't your duty, Ida.
You did it to pay for your bed and board.
And you do this to pay
for your bed and board, too.
You get to keep a little extra for yourself...
and you don't have to ask nobody
for nothing. Just honest in my mind.
Don't worry.
You're going to do just fine here.
\$1.
- Make it \$5.
- Will you quit looking at my damn cards?
Okay, I'll call you.
Three aces.
Shit, you little fart.
You've been looking at my damn cards.
Deal this hand for me.
McCabe.
- Webster's going down the mountain.
- What's that got to do with me?
Blanche says there's still time
to get in on that boom around the fort.
She says you can open a business there
for no money at all.

Somebody has to go and have a look.
I think you should go today with Webster.
I'm your partner. You got to listen to me.
- What'll you do about them blokes?
- You talking about them boys up there?
Smalley is up there talking to them, he'll
bring them down, then we'll make a deal.
- What if they don't make a deal?
- I won't make a deal. I'll have a drink.
Would you care to join me?
Don't mind what people think. They
won't know. Webster covered his wagon.
He found all this canvas
and he's covered his wagon.
Anyway, what the hell
do you have to answer to anyone for?
You bloody well own this town, don't you?
I appreciate you warning me,
but there ain't nothing to be scared of.
They're the ones that got to make a deal,
not me.
I feel sorry for them.
They've been working for 20 years
and don't know what to do.
The company says,
"Make a deal with McCabe."
"Don't come back till you're done."
When they come up on a mule like me...
I feel sorry for them, tell you the truth.
I really do. I feel sorry for them.
I know what I'm doing.
- I know what I'm doing.
- What's he carrying the blunderbuss for?
I don't know. Maybe to hunt possum.
Do you want a drink or not?
They said there was nothing to talk about.
- Who said?
- His name's Butler.
Christ, the son of a bitch
must be 7 feet tall.
- Did you invite them here for a meal?
- Yeah.
But they said they were going to eat
at Sheehan's.

Give me four or five of them stogies,
will you?
They couldn't make a deal if you wanted.
They get paid for killing. Nothing else!
McCabe, you've got to go with Webster...
Thank you, Smalley.
I'll tell everybody you've got business.
I'll tell them you've got business
with the company, if you like.
If a man is fool enough
to get into business with a woman...
she ain't going to think much of him.
You don't even know
where the wealth of this town is.
Chinkyville, that's where it is.
Right down there in Chinatown.
I'll be with you in a minute.
Up in Canada now, they're blasting tunnel
under \$10 a foot, all done with a pigtail.
They've got some new explosives there.
Fantastic stuff.
They give it to Johnny Chinaman...
send him in,
down comes 45, 50 tons of rock...
and one dead Chinaman.
You, sir. Do you know what the fine is
for killing a Chinaman?
\$50, maximum.
The inspector is working for the company.
Four times out of five it's an accident.
You could do this here with your own zinc.
All you've got to do is give the bugger
a box of this stuff...
put him down the hole,
up to the rock face...
and there's your zinc.
Sixty-five cents a ton.
You must be Butler.
- Sir?
- I'm John McCabe.
We have business to talk over.
Do you smoke cigars?
Yes, I do. Have one of mine.
- Shall we step in the bar, for privacy?

- No, we're fine here.

- Sheehan, serve a bottle on me.

- Bottle.

About that deal...

You know, when them gentlemen
came up here and made me that offer...
there was a whole lot of things
that we didn't take into consideration.

How much did they offer you?

Well, \$5,500.

They came up \$750 from that,
so it's \$6,250 they offered me.

\$6,250.

Yeah, but how much did you ask them for?

We never got around to that because...

I might have mentioned...

something like \$12,000, \$10,000.

It was just to get them bargaining.

And, well, just so they'd talk sense.

Yeah, but how much did you really want?

That depends.

I mean, they talked about all my holdings.

\$8,000?

\$8,000.

Well, \$7,500. Probably more like it.

- You weren't far apart, were you?

- That's what I'm trying to tell you.

I don't know what

they mean by "all my holdings."

All my holdings. Does that mean
my horses, my clothes, my underwear?

Well, the fact is...

Shit, I'd make a deal for \$6,250.

If they don't count

my personal property in that.

That's provided that

they buy my inventory separately.

- How much is that?

- Well, \$350.

\$300.

So, you've got your \$300, and \$6,250.

That's \$6,550.

Let's make that an even \$6,500,
and you've got yourself a deal.

I don't make deals.
What are you doing here,
if you don't make deals?
I came up here to hunt bear.
I hear it's very good around here.
Get off it.
Bear.
You don't work for Harrison Shaughnessy?
Sometimes.
But only when they can't make a deal.
Look, that's what I'm trying to tell you.
This here deal can be made.
Not with me.
Well, I guess what I've got to do
is get in touch with this fellow, Sears.
I'll see you boys later.
McCabe.
Were you ever called "Pudgy"?
A long time ago. Why?
My best friens best friend
was Bill Roundtree.
Did you kill him?
I was in a poker game when he got shot,
but I didn't kill him.
- Are you calling his best friend a liar?
- Wait, I ain't calling nobody a liar.
Bill Roundtree got caught
marking the queens.
- He went for his gun and he got shot.
- I'm going to count to 10.
If you're not on the bridge when I finish,
I'm going to get very cross with you.
I just want you boys to know
that I ain't wearing no gun.
Patty, come here.
Who the hell was this Bill Roundtree?
- Well, he was real well-known.
- I mean, who said he shot him?
I told you. Everybody.
- He shot him with a derringer.
- That man?
That man never killed anybody.
All the time making me feel
like I'll make a fool out of myself.

Now we'll see who the fools is.
Son of a bitches.
I never did fit in this goddamn town.
I hate when them bastards
put their hands on you.
I tell you, sometimes,
when I take a look at you...
I just keep looking and looking.
I want to feel your body against me
so bad, I think I'm going to bust.
I keep trying to tell you
in a lot of different ways.
If just one time you could be sweet
without no money around.
I think I could...
Well, I'll tell you something.
I've got poetry in me.
I do. I've got poetry in me.
I ain't going to put it down on paper.
I ain't no educated man.
I got sense enough not to try it.
I can't never say nothing to you.
If you'd just one time
let me run the show, I'd...
You're just freezing my soul,
that's what you're doing.
Freezing my soul.
Well, shit! Enjoy yourself, girl.
Go ahead and have a time. What the hell.
It's just my luck. The only woman's ever
been one to me, is just a whore.
But what the hell,
I never was a percentage man.
I suppose a whore is
the only kind of woman I'd know.
Excuse me, ma'am.
Is this fellow, Eugene Sears, still here?
No, he left this morning.
Another fellow was with him,
by the name of Ernie.
- Mr. Hollander.
- Hollander. That's right.
I wonder if he's still here?
- No, he went with him.

- Well, thank you all the same.
The law is here to protect
a little guy like yourself, McCabe.
And I'm at your service, free of charge.
- Free?
- That's what I said.
You don't have to pay me anything.
It would be an honor for the next senator
from the state of Washington...
to be your servant
before the scales of justice.
- That's mighty decent of you.
- When a man, McCabe...
When a man goes into the wilderness...
and with his bare hands,
gives birth to a small enterprise...
nourishes it and tends it while it grows...
I'm here to tell you that no sons of bitches
are going to take it away from him.
Now ain't that right?
You're damn right it's right.
You take that company,
Harrison Shaughnessy.
They have stockholders.
Do you think they want their stockholders
and the public...
thinking their management
isn't imbued with fair play and justice...
the very values that make this country
what it is today?
Busting up these trusts and monopolies...
is at the very root of the problem
of creating a just society.
McCabe, I'm here to tell you that
this free enterprise system of ours works.
And working within it,
we can protect the small businessman...
and the big businessman as well.
Well, I just didn't want to get killed.
Until people stop dying for freedom,
they ain't going to be free.
I can see it now, on the front page
of The Washington Post...
right next to a picture

of William Jennings Bryan:
"McCabe strikes a blow for the little guy."
You will become a famous man, McCabe.
We can find ourselves having dinner
with William Jennings Bryan.
I don't know.
- You're going to be a hero!
- Come on.
You're going to stare them down
and make them quake in their boots.
What do we do? Get the Marshal?
You don't need the Marshal.
We're going to do this through the courts.
I guess what you're saying is...
we get this in the papers
and in the courts and all that...
Well, they just can't afford to kill me.
Is that right?
You're damn right that's right.
They won't be able to lift
one little finger against you.
There's a time in every man's life,
Constance...
when he's got to stick his hand
in the fire...
and see what he's made out of.
What are you talking about?
I'm talking about busting up
these trusts and monopolies, that's what.
Somebody's got to protect small business
from big companies, and I'm the man.
Just because we've never talked about it
don't mean I ain't got certain principles.
It means nothing to you,
but I've got a reputation in this town...
What's Presbyterian Church to you?
You just got to sell out!
Just sell out and go someplace
where people are civilized.
They'll get you, McCabe. They'll get you
and they'll do something awful to you.
Now, little lady,
ain't nothing going to happen to me.
Don't give me that "little lady" shit!

I don't care about you!
Give me my \$1,500. I want to make a deal.
If you're not going to make a deal
with them, I will!
Eat your meal.
You can't make no deal.
Bye, honey. I'm going to miss you.
- I'm going to miss you, too.
- Have a nice trip. Be a good boy.
I will.
Say goodbye to Mrs. Miller for me.
Be careful.
Come back.
- Goodbye, cowboy. Come back!
- I will.
Shorty! Come on.
Goodbye, cowboy.
I wasn't trying to hit it. The trick is
not to hit it, but to make it float.
- Hey, hold it, sonny.
- What?
Hold up on your target practice.
I don't want to get shot.
Then get off the bridge, you saddle-tramp.
I want to buy some socks.
I've got a long ride ahead of me.
What's wrong with the socks you got on?
I wore them out running around
half-naked in that whorehouse.
That's really quite a place.
Have you been there yet?
Take off your boots and show me.
You're joshing me.
I said, "Take off your boots
and show me," you eggsucker.
I ain't going to do that.
What are you wearing that gun for?
Nothing. I just wear it.
- I can't hit nothing with it.
- That don't make no sense.
- What kind of a gun is it?
- Colt.
Them's good guns. That's what I got.
- There must be something wrong with it.

- No, it's me. I just can't shoot good.

Well, let me see it.

Come on. Maybe I can fix it for you.

Okay.

Constance.

You're the best looking woman I ever saw.

And I ain't never tried to do nothing
but put a smile on your face.

I ain't no good at saying I'm sorry.

I don't know what it is.

I guess I ain't never been this close
to nobody before.

Why don't you get under the covers?

- Constance.

- You don't need to say nothing.

I'm sorry.

Come on.

That there is my shotgun.

- Could I have it, please?

- This is a house of God.

Well, I'm going right now.

I've got to have my gun.

- Them men out there are trying to kill me.

- Get out.

Fire!

The church is on fire.

Fire!

Sheehan!

The church is burning! The church! Fire!

What the hell is he going on about?

What is it?

- What the hell is going on?

- The church is burning!

Jesus Christ. The church is on fire.

- What the hell are you doing?

- You! Get in there and get dressed.

Andy, get that damn machine down there!

You fellows start breaking the ice off.

Anybody under there?

Out of the way!

- Get those buckets over there!

- I'm going.

Watch your head, Pat.

What the hell are you doing?

Turn up that water!
More empty buckets?
We got it!