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# Paint Your Wagon

By Alan Jay Lerner

# Gold  
# Gold  
# Gold  
# Gold  
# Gold  
# Got a dream, boy  
# Got a song  
# Paint your wagon  
# And come along  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know  
# Where am I headin'?  
I ain't certain  
# All I know is I am on my way  
# When will I be there? I don't know  
# When will I get there?  
I ain't certain  
# All I know is I am on my way  
# Got a dream, boy  
# Got a song  
# Paint your wagon  
(Singing in French)  
(Singing in Swedish)  
(Singing in German)  
(Singing in Chinese)  
(Singing in Russian)  
# Got a dream, boy  
# Got a song  
# Paint your wagon  
# And come along  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know  
# When will I be there?  
I ain't certain  
# What will I get?  
I ain't equipped to say  
# But who gives a damn?  
# Who gives a damn?  
# Who gives a damn? We're on our way  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know  
# Where am I headin'?  
I ain't certain  
# All I know is I am on my way  
# When will I be there? I don't know  
# When will I get there?  
I ain't certain

# All I know is I am on my way  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know  
# Where am I headin'?  
I ain't certain  
# All I know is I am on my way  
# When will I be there? I don't know  
# When will I get there?  
I ain't certain  
# All I know is I am on my way  
# Got a dream, boy  
# Got a song  
# Paint your wagon  
# And come along  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know  
# When will I be there?  
I ain't certain  
# What will I get?  
I ain't equipped to say  
# But who gives a damn?  
# Who gives a damn? We're... #  
Farmers.  
Let's go.  
Whoa! Hold it.  
There it is!  
Get over here. Now stop it!  
Hello!  
Is... they... dead?!  
They'd...  
better be!  
Cos I'm gonna bury 'em!  
Let's go.  
My brother.  
My brother.  
He's dead.  
His shoulder and leg  
is pretty badly broken.  
-You a doctor?  
-Horse doctor. But bones is bones.  
Also a blacksmith.  
Bring brother.  
More in the centre.  
Oh, God...  
we pass on to You  
the body and soul...

of this nameless peckerhead.  
Well, at least he went quick,  
and he ain't going to suffer scurvy,  
dysentery, spotted fever,  
or the cholera  
not to mention them other maladies  
contracted in a consort  
with low women.

Or waste years digging in the dirt  
and finding dirt,  
like I've been doing.

-Talk about him!

-You wanna be next?

And seeing how he survived that,  
he could have been hit by timber,  
fall down a shaft,  
starved, get murdered  
or committed suicide  
on Christmas Eve.

What I mean, God, is you have  
no pity for your living children,  
so that's why we're asking you  
to be a little kinder  
to 'em when they dead.

So, with all due reverence, Lord,  
we pass on to you  
this corncracker's body and soul  
to take him and to keep him...  
I stake this claim! For me  
and my new pardner, whoever he is...  
Forever and ever. Amen.

Pull him up.

# Got a dream, boy

# Got a song

# Paint your wagon

# And come along

# Where am I goin'? I don't know

# Where am I headin'?

I ain't certain

# All I know is I am on my way

# When will I be there? I don't know

# When will I get there?

I ain't certain

# All I know is I am on my way

# Got a dream, boy  
# Got a song  
# Paint your wagon  
# And come along  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know  
# When will I be there?  
I ain't certain  
# What will I get?  
I ain't equipped to say  
# But who gives a damn?  
# Who gives a damn?  
# We're on our way #  
# I still see Elisa  
# She keeps on returning  
# As breathless  
# And young as ever  
# I still hear Elisa  
# And still feel a yearning  
# To hold her against me again  
# Her heart was made of holidays  
# Her smile was made of dawn  
# Her laughter was an April song  
# That echoes on and on  
# Since I saw Elisa  
# The shadows are falling  
# And winter is calling above  
# But I still see Elisa  
# Whenever I dream  
# Of love #  
Elisa. That the name of your girl?  
Yeah.

Oh, I found this. I thought  
it might make a good crutch for you  
now you seem to be  
getting around pretty good.  
Thanks.

You know, it just  
don't seem right, Mr Rumson.  
You doing all the work  
and me getting half.  
I mean, it's your mule,  
your tools and all.  
It was your brother.  
Well...

where I come from, Mr Rumson,  
we're cautious of strangers  
who talk in an easy manner.  
Oh, you got me down for some kind  
of low scuff from New Orleans, hmm?  
Sell you patent medicine  
with one hand,  
pinch your purse with the other?  
Matter of fact,  
that's what I was thinking.  
As a matter of fact, you're right,  
but I ain't yet sunk  
to horse stealing.  
Oh, I've salted claims, yeah.  
And I've sold whisky to Injuns.  
Once a man come at me with a gun,  
and I killed him.  
I can't think of one commandment  
I ain't shattered.  
I never did fancy my parents, let  
alone respect them or honour them,  
and I have coveted  
my neighbour's wife.  
Whenever I had a neighbour  
and he had a wife. Mm-mm.  
And I gamble and I cheat at cards,  
but there is one thing I do not do.  
I ain't never gulled a pardner.  
The one sacred thing, even to low  
scuff like me, is a man's pardner.  
Two pennyweight short  
of four ounces.  
Now, you pass me your pouch,  
I'll pour your share.  
And, Pardner,  
I'll swap pouches with you  
anytime you say.  
Well... I meant no offence,  
Mr Rumson,  
and I appreciate  
you saving my life and all.  
But what's expected in return?  
That's right. I like to know  
what crops I'm planting.

Well, when I get dead drunk,  
fall in a muddy street,  
I expect you to come get me,  
cos I don't want to die muddy drunk.  
If I owe a man \$100,  
stand good for me,  
and if I get melancholy,  
which can happen,  
I expect you to be  
my companion and solace me.  
What happens when you get in a fight?  
If four of anything come at me  
at one time, you might lend a fist.  
Up until that,  
I can take care of myself.  
You see, I don't fight fair.  
Well, I don't fight at all  
unless I absolutely have to.  
I got kind of a temper,  
and once I start, I just can't quit.  
Well, good. Just remember  
that I'm on your side.  
Well...  
I hear a shopkeeper's pulled into  
town with a wagon full of whisky.  
What do you say I hoist you  
up that mule and we go get boiled?  
Oh, I ain't a boozing man  
either, Mr Rumson.  
Well, I am.  
Town meeting tonight! There's  
gonna be a town meeting tonight!  
Town meeting tonight, Ben.  
Blaah!  
Ben! Ben Rumson!  
Mooney! This is my pardner.  
-I thought you went back to Ireland.  
-I am. I'm just passing through.  
-It's right on the way.  
-Mooney.  
How's it going, Willie?  
I ain't won a hand  
in three weeks, Ben.  
This is my pardner.

He calls himself Rotten Luck Willie,  
but that's just to get the suckers.  
You can't beat him with five aces,  
so don't play.

-Oh, I don't gamble.

-Neither does he.

My name's Ben Rumson.

This here's my pardner.

And I'm buying whisky  
for any man that can stand up.

Aha!

-I was sitting there.

-Now you're standing there. Whisky!

Ben Rumson,

you have an outstanding account  
in the amount of \$68 from Yuba City,  
and which you skipped town on me.

Skipped town on you?

I was run out.

Don't you remember, Gus?

I want to be paid now before  
they run you out of this town.

Put that damn gun down

and stand these boys the whisky.

Dry your hands before you weigh it.

We need supplies.

A pound of sugar,

half a case of whisky,

and a case pneumonia

for Schermerhorn there.

A pound of sugar and a two-pound

sack of flour, please.

Evening.

Horace Tabor,

Worcester, Massachusetts.

-When did you get in?

-Arrived this morning.

Hit a vein this afternoon,

and I aim to be back

in Worcester by Christmas.

It says here California's

going to be admitted to the Union.

Just what it needs... law and order.

-That's good news.



-Well, it ain't to me.

It's my policy to bust out of any  
territory the day it become a state  
-and head for the wilderness.

-I don't agree, sir.

You look around the human race,  
you wonder what was God thinking.

Oh, oh, oh!

# God made the mountains

# God made the sky

# God made the people

# God knows why

# He fixed up the planet

# As best as He could

# Then in come the people

# And gum it up good

# The first thing ya know

# They civilise the foothills

# And everywhere He put hills

# The mountains and valleys below

# They come along and take 'em

# And civilise and make 'em

# A place where

no civilised person would go

# The first thing you know

# The first thing you know

# They civilise what's pretty

by puttin' up a city

# Where nothin'

that's pretty can grow

# They muddy up the winter

# And civilise it into

a place too uncivilised even for snow

# The first thing ya know

# They civilise left

they civilise right

# Till nothin' is left

till nothin' is right

# They civilise freedom

till no one is free

# No one except

# By coincidence, me

# The first thing ya know

# The boozers in prison

and the criminal, he isn't  
# And only the rascals have dough  
# When I see a parson  
I gotta put my arse in  
# The wagon that follows  
the tail of a crow  
# The first thing ya know  
# I pick up and blow  
# The first thing  
you know-oh-oh-oh #  
Ben! Ben Rumson!  
Ben!  
You bloody old rumpot!  
Mad Jack Duncan! This is my pardner.  
I heard you was in town.  
Wait till I tell you what happened  
to Harry and Ernest and me.  
-What?  
-We never went home.  
Come on, lads!  
We're having a dance. Jump in!  
Climb on, Pardner.  
We're going to a dance!  
# Out the winder go the beans  
out the winder go the beans  
# Out the winder go the beans  
I had a lucky day  
# Mary, my Mary  
# My sweet canary  
# We're goin' out this evenin'  
# Mary, my Mary  
# I'm gonna take you out tonight  
# So hand me down that can o' beans  
hand me down that can o' beans  
# Hand me down that can o' beans  
I'm throwin' it away  
# Out the winder go the beans  
out the winder go the beans  
# Out the winder go the beans  
# Good times are here to stay... #  
This town meeting  
will now come to order!  
# Hand me down that can o' beans  
hand me down that can o' beans

# Hand me down that can o' beans  
I'm throwin' it away  
# Out the winder go the beans  
out the winder go the beans  
# Out the winder go the beans  
I had a lucky day  
# Mary, M-M-M-Mary  
# My cute canary  
# We're goin' out this evenin'  
# Mary, M-M-M-Mary  
# I'm gonna take you out tonight  
# So hand me down  
that can o' beans... #  
Order!  
# Hand me down that can o' beans  
I'm throwin' it away  
# Out the winder go the beans  
out the winder go the beans  
# Out the winder go the beans  
go the beans, go the beans  
# Good times are here to stay  
# Yeah!  
# Hand me down that can o' beans  
hand me down that can o' beans  
# Hand me down that can o' beans  
I'm throwin' it away  
# Out the winder go the beans  
out the winder go the beans  
# Out the winder go the beans  
# I had a lucky day  
# Mary, M-M-M-Mary  
# My sweet canary  
# We're goin' out this evenin'  
# Mary, M-M-M-Mary  
# I'm gonna take you out tonight  
# So hand me down  
that can o' beans  
# Hand me down that can o' beans  
hand me down that can o' beans  
# I'm throwin' it away  
# Out the winder go the beans  
out the winder go the beans  
# Out the winder go the beans  
go the beans, go the beans

# Good times are here to stay #  
Anybody seen Ben Rumson?  
He left here about 20 minutes ago.  
Thanks.  
-Are you his pardner?  
-Yeah.  
He, uh, owes me \$80.  
He said you would stand good.  
Hey, Pardner.  
Can you help me get up on that mule?  
You all right?  
I get melancholy every now and then.  
It's a disease common to  
mountain men who live alone a lot,  
but if you stay with me at such...  
such times, uh, I'll be OK.  
All right.  
Did Ezra Atwell come to you  
for that \$80?  
Yeah.  
I stood good for you.  
I guess this is what you meant,  
when you said you expected me  
to come get you  
muddy drunk in the street.  
And now you're gonna be my companion  
in my moment of despair.  
Well, you're my pardner, ain't you?  
Hey. I like you, Pardner.  
I like you, Ben.  
Well, my mother and father's dead,  
and my two brothers and myself...  
we worked the... we worked the farm.  
Then last year, my older brother,  
he took himself a wife.  
Me and my kid brother, we decided  
to leave Michigan and come out here,  
maybe dig some gold,  
get enough money to buy some land.  
'Cept now that he's gone, I don't  
have too much appetite for farming.  
Well, what about your girl?  
-Girl?  
-Yeah. Elisa.

Is she gonna come out and join you,  
or did she marry your brother?

Well, to tell you the truth,  
there is no Elisa.

I just...

read that name somewhere  
and made it up.

Well, them's the best kind,  
but what I need now  
is the worst kind.

It's a living hell up here,  
what with the bloody rain  
and the bloody loneliness  
and that bloody, bloody wind.

# Maria

# Maria

# They call the wind

# Maria

# Away out here they got a name

# For rain and wind and fire

# The rain is Tess

# The fire's Joe

# And they call the wind Maria

# Maria blows the stars around

# And sends the clouds a-flyin'

# Maria makes the mountains sound

# Like folks were up there dyin'

# Maria

# Maria

# They call the wind Maria

# Before I knew Maria's name

# And heard her wail and whinin'

# I had a girl and she had me

# And the sun was always shinin'

# But then one day I left my girl

# I left her far behind me

# And now I'm lost

# So goldurn lost

# Not even God can find me

# Maria

# Maria

# They call the wind Maria

# Out here they got a name for rain

# For wind and fire only

# But when you're lost and all alone  
# There ain't no word but lonely  
# And I'm a lost and lonely man  
# Without a star to guide me  
# Maria, blow my love to me  
# I need my girl beside me  
# Maria  
# Maria  
# They call the wind Maria  
# Maria  
# Maria  
# Blow my love  
# To  
# Me #  
Look at the women!  
Look! Two women!  
Look at the two women!  
There's five women!  
I wanna get one of them gals!  
Women! Women!  
Hey, there's 64 women coming into town!  
Hey, men, 80 women  
coming down the river!  
Lady, I, uh...  
got \$50 here in gold dust.  
You can have it all if you, uh...  
let me hold the baby.  
Very well.  
No, I don't want your money for it.  
You'll hurt his feelings,  
Sarah. Take it.  
Look at them eyes,  
glowing like he just hit pay dirt.  
He's a girl, you bummer!  
Would anyone else  
care to hold the baby?  
Not now, Jacob.  
Just where are you people from?  
Illinois, originally.  
I'm Jacob Woodling.  
This is my wife Sarah.  
And who might  
this fine young lady be?  
Her name is Elizabeth Woodling.

-Your sister?

-No. My wife.

Your wife?

I thought that one was your wife.

-They both are.

-Holy Moses! They're Mormons!

-Du lieber himmel!

-Nice work, old man!

Can we get something  
to eat over there?

With \$50, you can, sir.

Uh, follow me.

What the hell is a Mormons?

Aah!

Hey, bridegroom,

I don't give a damn how a man prays.

There's room in hell for all of us,  
but it just ain't equitable, man,  
for you to be having two of  
something all of us got none of.

Yeah! Yeah!

So I'll tell you what I'm gonna do.

Your mule's lame,

and I got a beauty that cost me \$140.

I'll swap you straight...

my mule for one of your wives.

Now... which one's baby's mother?

God knows I wouldn't want  
to separate mother and child.

I am.

Good. I fancied t'other one, I did.

-This is immoral.

-I hope so!

-The woman's married.

-No, she's not!

We don't recognise plural marriage  
in California.

Then I bid \$250 in gold for her.

-260!

-265!

Wait! You can't buy  
a woman for money.

Try and get one without it.

All right, what about it, Mormons?

Jacob, we need every penny,  
and I can't bear another day  
of those martyred looks.  
There it is again.  
This ain't a martyred look, Sarah.  
This look is pure...  
hatred.  
Quiet!  
Brigham Young has 27 wives,  
and he hasn't had half the trouble  
with them I've had had with you two.  
Then simplify your life, Jacob.  
Sell me.  
But, Elizabeth,  
you don't know what you'll get.  
I know what I've had.  
-Go ahead, Jacob.  
-Gentlemen...  
out here...  
I ain't a Mormon.  
Now, Elizabeth  
is a headstrong woman,  
especially since  
her own baby died two weeks ago,  
but she's given  
her consent to be sold.  
Therefore, if any of you  
want to bid for her, so be it.  
But...  
let's go outside...  
where there's room for more people.  
Ooh! But these religious dogs  
are bloody greedy!  
Ah, come on! Come on!  
You wait here and feed the baby.  
It's not proper,  
you standing on a block.  
If anyone wants to inspect you  
I'll send them in.  
Order! Order!  
I intend to conduct this auction  
in an orderly manner!  
And no bids in Spanish.  
The last bid was \$265



and two blankets.  
\$265, two blankets and a jackass!  
A two-pound sack of coffee,  
a two-pound sack of brown sugar...  
Holbrook, even if she is bought,  
how will she marry who bought her?  
She'll be married according to the  
prevailing law of this community,  
which is mining law,  
and she will be treated  
like any other legal claim!  
Order! Order! Order!  
Order! The man bids \$275,  
four blankets, one pickaxe,  
and a bedpan.  
Hey, Mooney...  
Mooney, there's a woman in the saloon  
with a baby  
pressed against her breast.  
That's right.  
Wait. It ain't every day  
that we got a woman in Atwell's  
-pressing her breast with her baby.  
-That's right, Ben.  
-Clendennon...  
-Shh!  
There's a woman in Atwell's  
pressing her breast to the saloon.  
I know, Ben,  
and we're bidding for her.  
Sam Fletcher bids \$300,  
four blankets...  
Ben, where you going?  
There's a breast in Atwell's  
pressing a woman against her.  
-You better stay here.  
-Huh?  
Look! There's another one!  
Well, he's a Mormon.  
He has two wives.  
-I'll kill him.  
-Ben, they're bidding on her now.  
Whatever the bid is...  
whatever the bid is, I double it!

Ohh!

\$400 was bid last!

Mr Ben Rumson gallantly  
doubles that bid to \$800!  
800 once...

Wait! I'm his pardner,  
and he withdraws the bid.

-You have power of attorney?

-Power of what?

Written permission,  
signed and witnessed.

If he could do that,  
he'd talk for himself.

800 twice!

Wake up, Ben. Come on.

Sold to Mr Ben Rumson for \$800!

He only looks that way  
when he's drunk, ma'am.

You ain't exactly  
seein' him at his best,  
but once I get him  
washed down and clipped,  
I think you'll be  
agreeably surprised.

# Get the soap and water  
whoop-ti-ay

# Get the soap and water  
whoop-ti-ay

# Got a sweet perfumer

# To try his humour

# It's Ben's weddin' day

# Wash him down and clip him  
whoop-ti-ay

# Wash him down and clip him  
whoop-ti-ay

# He's got a blue-eyed wonder  
to put him under

# It's his weddin', yeah!

# Ben's weddin', woo!

Ben's weddin' day #

# Where am I goin'?

# I don't know

# Where am I headin'?

# I ain't certain

# All I know is I am on my way

# Amen #

Dearly beloved,

we have gathered together  
to grant this man, Ben Rumson,  
exclusive title to this woman,  
Mrs Elizabeth Woodling,  
and to all her mineral resources.

I have drawn up this record of claim,  
which here and henceforth  
will be recognised  
as a certificate of marriage.

So I ask you, Ben,  
do you recognise this claim  
as a contract of marriage,  
and do you take this woman  
to love, honour and cherish?

Oh, he does.

Elizabeth Woodling,  
do you take this man, Ben Rumson,  
to love, honour, and obey him  
until death do you part?

She does.

I now pronounce you  
claimed and filed  
as Mr and Mrs Ben Rumson.

# Mr Rumson went to town

# Ridin' on a pony

# Bought a wife and brought her home  
and called it matrimony #

# Mr Rumson bought a bride

# Out in Californy

# He'd have saved a lot of money

# Stayin' drunk and horny #

# Oh, Susannah,

he's happy as can be

# For he's got him somethin' better

# Than a banjo on his knee #

# Rumson, he got married today

# Married today, married today

# Rumson, he got married today

# What'll he do tomorrow? #

Hey, Ben! I'll be glad

to help you work your claim!

I'll be bedding down  
by the fire if you need me.  
You'll not regret taking me in,  
Mr Rumson.  
I'll make you a good wife.  
You sure as hell will.  
I don't fault you  
for taking me for an easy woman.  
I was bought and paid for.  
But you bought me for a wife,  
not a whore.  
If you come again at me again like  
a slaving dog, I'll shoot you!  
Watch where you point that thing.  
You'd blow my manhood  
halfway to the moon.  
I mean to make you a good wife and  
honour this contract of marriage,  
but only if you  
will honour it as well.  
I don't know what  
you mean by honour it.  
I know your sort of man, Mr Rumson.  
My father was the same sort,  
born under a wandering star.  
I ain't fool enough to bond you  
with all the tyrannies of marriage.  
All I want is your name, Mr Rumson,  
and the least measure  
of respect due to a man's wife.  
But... most of all...  
I want you to build me a cabin.  
A cabin... that'll stand up  
in winter with a fireplace of stone  
and a door I can bolt if I have to.  
And if you do that,  
I will say  
you have honoured the contract.  
But if you regret having bought me,  
Mr Rumson, say so now.  
And if I have to work forever,  
I'll see you get your \$800 back.  
I admire your pioneer spirit and  
your straightforward manner, ma'am.

Is that what you've been admiring?  
I've been admiring you, ma'am.  
All right, I'll build you a cabin,  
and I'll give you my name proudly.  
You're Mrs Ben Rumson,  
and I'll kill  
any man that says you ain't,  
and I'll stick to it till I move on,  
which is when the gold pinches out  
or the first snow of winter.  
You...  
you ain't gonna claim duress later  
just cos I held a gun on you?  
No, ma'am,  
I ain't going to claim duress.  
I seem to lack all sense  
of shame with you, Mr Rumson.  
Hey, Ben!  
These men came all the way  
from Fiddler's Camp  
just to see your wife.  
Hiya, Ben!  
Well, looks like I married myself  
a tourist attraction.  
Some of these boys hiked 15 miles.  
Ben, how's married life?  
Pardner, it was so good,  
I forgot that I was married.  
Wow. I'd hike 15 miles  
to look at that myself.  
I can see it ain't gonna be easy  
married to the only woman  
in these mountains.  
All right, boys!  
The lady wants a cabin to live in,  
a proper cabin made out of wood  
that'll hold up in the winter!  
So just don't sit there gaping -  
get to work!  
# Send back the world  
# There's too much night for me  
# The sky is much too high  
to shelter me  
# When darkness falls

# Four cabin walls  
# Would be just right for me  
# I need a threshold I can cross  
# Where I can sit  
and gather moss forevermore  
# A million miles away  
# Behind the door  
# Roll up the plains  
# There's too much view for me  
# There's so much space  
# Between the waiting heart  
and whispered word  
# It's never heard  
# One room will do for me  
# Where every evening  
I can stare at someone  
# Smiling from his chair  
across the floor  
# A million miles away  
# Behind the door  
# Where every evening  
I can stare at someone  
# Smiling from his chair  
across the floor  
# A million miles away  
# Behind the door  
# No fears  
# No fools  
# No lies  
# No rules  
# Just doing with my life  
# What life is for  
# A million miles away  
# Behind  
# The door #  
Elizabeth.  
Elizabeth?  
Elizabeth?  
Where have you been?  
I was down at the rapids  
taking a bath.  
You mean you was taking a bath?  
I mean I was taking a bath.  
What do you think I mean?

You was down at the rapids just now,  
bare beam... and buck naked?  
I'm not like to take a bath  
with my clothes on, Mr Rumson.  
Are you trying to tell me  
you was taking a bath?  
That's right. I was taking a bath.  
In the middle of the night?  
Mr Rumson,  
in a community of 400 men,  
would you rather I took my bath  
bare beam and buck naked  
in the middle of the day?  
What's the matter with you?  
What's the matter with me?  
I ain't running around in the  
middle of the night in MY drawers.  
Hey! Hey, boys!  
Listen to this.  
"The proprietors of the  
Hares and Hounds Club in Sonora  
"wish to announce that six ladies  
"are expected to arrive by stage  
from San Francisco  
"on the 15th of August."  
How about that, huh?  
That's a hundred miles away.  
What good is that gonna do us?  
Ain't no one trying  
to steal your wife, Ben.  
I'll admit there's a few  
who wouldn't mind trying.  
Horace Tabor, for instance.  
He likes to give her a look.  
Horace Tabor?  
Come on, Ben.  
He just looks. She doesn't  
encourage him or anybody else.  
But you're beginning  
to cut a comical figure.  
Everybody's laughing at you.  
I would've never thought of Tabor.  
What the hell  
are you looking at, Horace Tabor?

I'm looking for my stirring stick.  
You make any more  
advances towards my wife,  
and I'm gonna shoot you down  
like mother-lovin' the dog you are!  
That goes for the rest  
of you horny gorillas!  
You want something to do?  
Put up your money for them six  
French tarts coming into Sonora!  
But keep your lusting,  
lecherer minds off of my wife!  
I'd advise you, Rumson,  
not to refer to me as a dog again.  
-Is that clear?  
-I'll stick my fist in your ear!  
-Why you!  
-Grab Tabor! Stop him!  
Get back! Get ahold of him!  
Mr Rumson!  
-Rumson, I...  
-Mr Rumson!  
Nobody has behaved unseemly to me.  
I have been treated with nothing  
but kindness in this camp,  
and you owe every one of these men,  
especially Mr Tabor, an apology.  
By God, you're right!  
I don't know what's come over me.  
I've been behaving like a damn fool,  
and I wish to beg  
your communal pardons,  
and especially yours, Horace Tabor.  
Well, I suppose if I was married  
to the only woman  
in the neighbourhood,  
I might be just as demented.  
And, Mrs Rumson! Uh, Mrs Rumson,  
may I extend my compliments?  
You are as wise as you are fair.  
Get your hands off me!  
That lunatic tried to kill me!  
I demand a town meeting...  
...to consider



a proper course of action.

Yeah...

If that knife

had come one inch lower,

I would not be here today.

That's right. Yeah.

My fellow citizens, as long

as that madman prowls among us,

-no one is safe.

-Yeah.

Therefore, we must

find a solution by tonight.

Let us not wait until the condition

worsens... or his aim improves!

-Yeah!

-Order!

Mr Chairman!

The chair recognises Ezra Atwell.

I would like

to ask Ben Rumson directly

if he doesn't think

that with a little sober effort

he could control

these fits of jealousy?

No. It's getting worse every day.

Sorry, I can't help you.

The chair recognises Ben's pardner.

Thank you, Mr Holbrook.

I've been giving it

some considerable thought

ever since Ben Rumson,

my pardner here, poor bastard...

Oh, excuse me, ma'am...

Well, ever since he became a lunatic.

What's putting

the strain on Ben's mind

is having the only woman

for 90 miles around here.

Now, my proposal is that we

get some more women for this town.

How you gonna get women

to come up here?

Order!

I know where we can get some women.

The six French bawds arriving  
in Sonora a week Saturday.

Ben, you're right.

Why don't we get them  
to come up here instead?

How? If I was a French bawd,  
I'd go to Sonora.

If you was a French bawd,  
we'd have no trouble.

How will we get 'em up here?

They gotta take  
the stage from Sacramento  
and change horses  
at Starbottle's Pass.

So five of us go down there,  
hijack that stage,  
re-route them tarts up here instead.

What's so hard about that?

It all sounds just fine to me.

-When do we go?!

-Order! Order!

Is it your proposal, Mr Rumson,  
that we knock out  
the stage driver, steal a coach,  
and kidnap six women?

Sounds better every time I hear it.

You fail to see  
what's wrong with this?

What's wrong?

Well, if you don't consider  
assault and battery,  
grand larceny and kidnapping wrong,  
what the hell do you consider wrong?

-Oh, you maniac!

-Sit down!

-You insane man!

-Schermerhorn, you're out of order!

-What?

-I yield the floor.

Proceed, Schermerhorn.

-What?

-Speak!

You maniac! You insane man!

What do you think them people

in Sonora will do  
when we hijack their Fruleins?  
They grab their guns  
and come up here to get them back!  
Order, order!  
-Gentlemen!  
-Mr Atwell has the floor.  
Gentlemen, it is 50 miles  
from here to Starbottle's  
without a road or a trail.  
Not even my mule can do it.  
Oh, you lunatics!  
Besides a civil war with Sonora,  
you want to put us  
in the white slave business!  
Schermerhorn, you're out of order!  
Again?  
You haven't been recognised!  
I'm Schermerhorn.  
-Mr Holbrook.  
-Oh, sit down!  
Ben, these boys are right.  
Mr Holbrook,  
I withdraw the proposal.  
Have you gone out of your skull?  
You can't expect them  
to build a two-storey building  
-just to get women here.  
-Who said two storeys?  
Somebody's got to run  
the faro tables.  
Rotten Luck Willie will.  
You can't expect him  
to build a fancy building  
with chandeliers  
and masterpieces of art  
and gambling  
and six beautiful tarts upstairs.  
Ben, we'd have every bumner  
for miles around  
coming here to spend  
his money on women and whisky  
at Atwell's and Schermerhorn's.  
You think that's bad?

Why, it's terrible!  
Just terrible!  
You'd turn this camp into a  
boom town! We don't want to do that.  
-Soon there'd be another saloon.  
-And a bawdy house!  
-And another gambling hall!  
-And another bawdy house!  
Why, property  
would shoot straight up!  
They'd make more money  
selling old claims than gold.  
These men didn't come  
out here to forge a nation!  
That's for men with a big dream,  
with visions of America's greatness.  
Well, I'm warning you,  
if you want to turn us into  
a dreary boom town metropolis  
filled with nothing  
but millionaires,  
all you gotta do is put up one  
little, tiny two-storey... cathouse!  
I say let's put it to a vote.  
And any man opposed is a traitor!  
All those in favour of bringing  
prostitution to this camp, say aye!  
Aye!  
Passed!  
Pardner, there's a shifty side to you  
that I'm just beginning  
to appreciate.  
Why can't I go along with you?  
Who'll take care of Elizabeth?  
It'll take three days  
to get them tarts back here.  
You don't expect me to leave a feast  
like her alone in all this famine?  
Who can I trust if it ain't you?  
You didn't say being pardners  
meant wife-guarding.  
Well, it just come up.  
-Howdy.  
-Captain Barnsfeather, Fort Sumter.

-When does the Sonora stage come?  
-About four o'clock tomorrow. Why?  
Uh, supplies for the troops.  
Unmount!  
Come in, Pardner.  
You sure I'm not intruding?  
Come in.  
Will Ben really  
get back in three days?  
-Why?  
-I'd like to know.  
Who you expecting for dinner?  
You! Sit down.  
Oh. Thanks.  
I didn't know you was expecting me.  
# I talk to the trees  
# But they don't listen to me  
# I talk to the stars  
# But they never hear me  
# The breeze hasn't time  
# To stop and hear what I say  
# I talk to them all  
# In vain  
# But suddenly my words  
# Reach someone else's ear  
# Touch someone  
else's heartstrings, too  
# I tell you my dreams  
# And while you're listening to me  
# I suddenly see them  
# Come true  
# I can see us on an April night  
# Looking out across a rollin' farm  
# Having supper in the candlelight  
# Walkin' later arm in arm  
# Then I'll tell you  
how I passed the day  
# Thinking mainly  
how the night would be  
# Then I'll try to find  
the words to say  
# All the things you mean to me  
# I tell you my dreams  
# And while you're listening to me

# I suddenly see them  
# Come true #  
They're coming out of Starbottle's!  
All right! Fall together!  
Hey, put me down, you bloody idiot!  
Put me down!  
Down, down, down, down!  
Ow!  
That's it! Get in line!  
Come on! Come on, move!  
Yah! Yah!  
Whoa, now! Whoa!  
Captain Barnsfeather, Fort Sumter.  
At your service, ladies.  
Here to protect you along the way!  
We're gonna  
have to take this detour.  
-Detour through open country?  
-The road up ahead ain't safe.  
-Injuns!  
-Ain't no Injuns around here!  
Get back in the coach, ladies.  
-There's a coach comin' in!  
-There's a coach comin' in!  
-Comin' in!  
-Comin' in!  
# There's a coach comin' in  
if you listen, you can hear it  
# A-clip-cloppin' over the hill  
# And the sound that you hear  
is as good to your ear  
# As the call of  
the wild whippoorwill  
# There's a coach comin' in  
you can feel it gettin' near  
# All at once,  
and it bursts into view  
# And it looks to your eye  
like it fell from the sky  
# Like a coach  
full of dreams come true  
# For it's bringin' me  
eyes that are moonlight  
# And it's carryin' lips

that are wine  
# And it's comin'  
with arms that are pillows  
# And this evening  
it all will be mine  
# There's a coach comin' in  
and you're smellin' like a steer  
# Get the soap out,  
it ain't far away  
# Cut the socks from your feet  
cut the socks from your feet  
# Rake your hair till it's neat  
rake your hair till it's neat  
# There's a coach comin' in  
# There's a coach comin' in today  
# There's a coach comin' in  
hurry, hurry, do you hear?  
# With a cargo o' joy from Paree  
# Drop the tables and chairs  
get them beds up the stairs  
# And be sure  
every lock has a key... #  
# For it's coming mit girls  
who buy perfume  
# Who wear powder  
and rouge from Paree  
# Who will have to go  
somewhere to get them  
# And the somewhere to go will be me  
# There's a coach comin' in  
and it's flyin' like a deer  
# Thank the Lord  
there's relief on the way  
# Thank with all of your hearts,  
thank with all of your hearts  
# For them half-dozen tarts,  
for them half-dozen tarts  
# There's a coach comin' in,  
there's a coach comin' in today  
# There's a coach comin' in  
if you listen you can hear it  
# A-clip-cloppin' over the hill  
# And the sound that you hear  
is as good to your ear

# As the call  
of a wild whippoorwill... #  
# For it's bringin' me eyes  
that are moonlight  
# And it's carryin' lips  
that are wine  
# And it's comin' with arms  
that are pillows  
# And this evening  
it all will be mine... #  
# There's a coach comin' in  
you can feel it gettin' near  
# All at once,  
and it bursts into view  
# And it looks to your eye  
like it fell from the sky  
# Like a coach  
full of dreams come true  
# For it's bringin' me  
eyes that are moonlight  
# And it's carryin' lips  
that are wine  
# And it's comin'  
with arms that are pillows  
# And this evening  
it all will be mine  
# There's a coach comin' in  
now it's ridin' in the clear  
# And the sound of it grows to a din  
# No, there ain't far to go  
# Now they're hollerin' "whoa!"...#  
Whoa!  
# There's a coach comin' in,  
there's a coach comin'  
# And it's here #  
(# La Marseillaise)  
Ben!  
Pardner, I wanna talk to you!  
Why, you rotten, lecherous,  
deceiving, no-good, thieving...  
The only reason  
I ain't blowing your brains out  
is the relief it's gonna give me  
when I tear you apart



with my bare hands.  
What's the matter with you?  
What was the two of you  
doing on the same horse?  
Riding. What else?  
That's the last place I'd...  
-Where was HER horse?  
-That WAS her horse.  
And where... ha ha... was your horse?  
You had my horse.  
If that's true,  
why ain't you fighting back?  
Cos you ain't been yourself lately.  
That's a widely known fact,  
and you know it yourself.  
Get up, Pardner.  
How's your jaw?  
Feels like it's coming off.  
You ought to trust me, Ben.  
You're right.  
You ain't the kind of man to go  
lusting after another man's wife,  
especially with them six bawds  
arriving in town.  
That's right, Ben.  
I wouldn't do that.  
The only kind of feelings  
you'd ever have would be deep ones,  
and if you had 'em for Elizabeth,  
you'd come and tell me  
before you would her.  
That's right, Ben.  
That's what I'd do.  
You're a good man, Pardner.  
That's what  
I was coming to do, Ben...  
tell you I got  
some deep feelings for Elizabeth.  
Ben, you hit me one more time,  
I'll bust your skull open.  
Nothing's happened,  
and nothing's gonna happen...  
cos I'm leaving.  
You're breaking up the partnership?

If I hang around here long enough  
watching you and her together,  
I'll become  
as big a lunatic as you are.  
All right.  
I'll go get your share  
of the gold dust.  
You can have the mule  
and that new gold pan.  
You can even have the rocker,  
if you want to.  
What's the matter, Ben?  
Where you taking the rocker?  
It's for Pardner. He's going away.  
Going away?  
He... he never mentioned  
going away to me.  
Of course he didn't.  
You don't know that man  
like I do, Elizabeth.  
What are you saying, Ben?  
He loves you. That's why he's going.  
I don't want Pardner to go, Ben.  
I love him.  
Unpack, Pardner.  
You ain't going nowhere.  
That woman loves you.  
And that puts a new wheel  
on the wagon, don't it?  
Now, you get this straight, Ben.  
I'm not gonna take away your wife,  
and that's final.  
But you love her.  
So do you.  
There's only one way for anybody  
to be happy and that's...  
for one of us to move  
away and forget it, and I'm going.  
Now, get out of my way.  
Pardner, there comes a time  
in the life of every partnership  
when the party of the first part  
has no recourse  
except to knock some sense

into the party of the second part!

You're staying!

What happened?

He's staying.

-Is he hurt?

-No, ma'am. Just tired.

He'll be good as new  
in a couple of weeks.

Where you going, Ben?

You love Pardner? You take him.

And you take good care of him.

That's the decentest man

I ever run across.

And the strongest.

Now...

I know you women like  
things legal, so here's what.

It takes two weeks for you  
to be an abandoned claim.

After that, you take the name  
of your new owner

and file it

down at the mining office.

Then everything'll be legal.

Ben!

I don't want you to go.

I love you.

What are you talking  
about, Elizabeth?

You're my husband.

I don't want you to go away.

-What was that?

-Don't let him go, Pardner.

-You said she was in love with me.

-Didn't you say you loved him?

Yes, I did, and I do.

You just said you were  
in love with Ben.

Yes, I did, and I am.

Ben, do you, uh...

get that feeling you need a drink?

-How did you know?

-Cos I do, too.

-But, Pardner, you don't drink.

-No, but I'm changing.  
Hmm, and it takes a woman to do it.  
Bless their hearts.  
Now, Elizabeth, let's try  
and be reasonable about this.  
For God's sake, make up your mind!  
I can't.  
I love both of you.  
But that ain't going to work.  
You can't have both of us.  
-Why not?  
-Why not?  
Why not?  
Cos, uh... a woman  
can't have two husbands.  
Well, I was married  
to a man who had two wives.  
Why can't a woman have two husbands?  
Because you can't.  
Well, why?  
You explain it to her, will you, Ben?  
I'd like to oblige, Pardner,  
but I'll be damned  
if I can think of a reason.  
Out here we make up  
our own rules as we go along.  
A man with two wives  
wants to sell one at auction,  
nobody thinks twice about it.  
And if a town needs females,  
hijacking 'em  
seems the natural thing to do.  
And if two pardners  
want to share a wife, why not?  
This ain't Michigan.  
It's gold country.  
Why, hell, it's the golden country!  
Untouched and uncontaminated  
by human hands!  
It's where people can look  
civilisation in the eye and spit!  
You don't have to please anybody,  
don't have to love thy neighbour.  
It's wild, human and free,

and all over this nation,  
they preach against it every Sunday.  
But I don't think God's listening.  
You know why?  
Because he's here...  
in glorious California!  
You trying to tell me, Ben,  
that you're willing?  
I am.  
I think it's a humane,  
practical, beautiful solution.  
-It does make a lot of sense.  
-It don't.  
It don't in Michigan.  
It does in California.  
-What's everybody gonna say?  
-Who are you talking about?  
You mean everybody in town  
playing with them French horns?  
They'd be damn glad  
to have two less in line.  
-Ben, you're right.  
-Of course I'm right.  
It's not like somebody was asking  
you to do something immoral,  
like stealing gold!  
-It ain't as bad as all that.  
-What the hell's bad about it?  
Show me on that list of commandments  
where it says a woman  
can't have two husbands.  
There ain't no commandment like that!  
Hot damn! I think it's great!  
It's history-making!  
Can't hold it.  
-Elizabeth...  
-Yes, Ben?  
We will be three... for dinner.  
Shameless harlots!  
You think the Lord was some boy in  
a raggedy old sheet 2,000 years ago?  
Well, you're wrong!  
He's here now and he sees you!  
Ye godless jaspers! Who are you?

Freemasons? Rosicrucians?  
Heathen emissaries  
from the dens of Babylon?!  
Boozers. Gluttons.  
Gamblers. Harlots.  
Fornicators!  
What's a fornicator?  
I don't know.  
I ain't a religious man.  
The stench of the city  
is in the nostrils of the Lord,  
and it's making him sick.  
The Lord ain't going  
to take it much longer!  
Come on up, parson,  
and get some old-time religion.  
Mrs Rumson. How are your husbands?  
Fine. Thank you, Mr Atwell.  
Husbands? Did I hear husbands?  
You animals! You pagans!  
O God, Lord of hosts,  
close thine eyes, then hold thy nose.  
I am passing through  
the garbage of humanity!  
Come on, dearie.  
Scum, keep your filthy claws  
off my wife, Princess Hummingbird!  
You heathen swine!  
Do you know what God done  
to Sodom and Gomorrah  
when he couldn't find 50 righteous  
men in them stinking cities?  
No!  
I'll show God a place  
where there ain't 40.  
-Yeah!  
-30!  
-Yeah!  
-Two!  
-Yeah!  
-Or one!  
-Yeah!  
-And here it is.  
# You want to see sin

of the wickedest kind?  
# Here it is  
# You want to see  
virtue left behind?  
# Here it is  
# Sodom was vice and vice a versa  
# You want to see where  
the vice is worser?  
# Here it is,  
I mean, here it is  
# You want to live life  
in the rottenest way?  
# Here it is  
# Women and whisky night and day  
# Here it is  
# You want to  
embrace the golden calf  
# Ankle and thigh and upper half?  
# Here it is  
# I mean, here it is  
# No Name City, No Name City  
# The Lord don't like it here  
# No Name City, No Name City  
# Your reckonin' day is near  
# No Name City, No Name City  
# Here's what he's gonna do  
# Gobble up this town  
and swallow it down  
# And goodbye to you  
# Will you go to heaven,  
will you go to hell?  
# Go to hell  
# Either repent or fare thee well  
# Fare thee well  
# God'll take care o' No Name City  
# Comes the end  
and it won't be pretty  
# Here it is  
# I mean, here it is  
# Here it is  
# I mean, here it is  
# Here it is  
# I mean, here it is  
# A...

# Men #

Evening, Pardner.

Evening, Elizabeth.

Evening, Ben.

Evening, Elizabeth.

I hear...

George Lonergan pulled out today.

-He's smart.

-He's broke.

Ben thinks placer mining's  
all but finished in these parts.

What are we gonna do?

I hear talk of

a strike up to Red Dog.

I'm not leaving my home, Ben.

I wasn't suggesting it.

I'll live on grass and mud water  
before I'd do that.

Ben isn't asking you  
to leave your home.

Damn it! Why won't you leave?

You like this town as much  
as I like Schermerhorn!

That's right,

I hate what this town has become,  
but it's one place  
we can live together.

And... there's nothing I hate  
as much as I... love  
the two of you and this cabin.

Now, if you want  
to go up to Red Dog,  
you go ahead and go,  
but I'm staying here.

You come back whenever you want to.

The only thing stopping you  
being the perfect woman  
is your stubbornness.

Somebody should hit you till it's  
gone. Somebody's gotta support us.

You can't go through  
a whole winter here alone.

I won't leave her here alone.

You mean you'd let this man



who took care of you  
and nursed you back to health  
light out alone while you sleep  
through winter like a fat groundhog?  
If he goes, you go.  
And I ain't going.  
Well, I'll go, then.  
If he goes, you go with him.  
Didn't I just tell you you can't go  
through a winter alone here?!  
You ever see such a stubborn woman?  
No, I never did.  
But if you ever hit her, you'll  
have to deal with me straightaway.  
I sure am one tired man tonight.  
Must be from lifting  
those cards all night.  
I only played a few hands  
last night, Elizabeth.  
I had a lucky streak, too.  
I broke even.  
You'll tell Three-Fingered Sweeney  
I'll pay him next week, huh?  
You was playing poker last night?  
Yeah, I was playing poker  
and you was tired. Remember?  
Oh. Well.  
I think I'll go down and have a  
last drink with them three limeys.  
-They're pulling out tomorrow.  
-How much does he owe Sweeney?  
Now, wait a minute.  
I won't take your money.  
Why not?  
Cos a man don't do that  
in Michigan or in California.  
That's all right with me, but if you  
want to keep your manhood,  
quit trying to beat  
three aces with a pair of fours.  
See you at breakfast.  
Sorry, boys.  
Pardner ain't playing tonight.  
-Willie?

-What?

-Have you seen Mad Jack?

-He's over there.

Hey, I want to convert  
this dust into dollars.

Look out! He's losing gold dust  
every time you bump his elbow.  
There's more spilled here in one  
night than we've dug up in a month.  
Must be a pirate's fortune  
under them floorboards.

-Where are you heading?

-Where I can find some gold.

Fleshpot Hill,  
Brass Monkey Ravine. I don't know.  
Save your souls  
and help build a house for the Lord.  
He can have my shack, parson.  
I'm moving out.

You heathen scum. Money.

And the Lord sayeth,

"Money is the root of all evil."

The Lord sayeth that  
cos he ain't rich.

-He knoweth about you...

-You don't say?

Living in that cabin.

You're going to hell!

I hope so. If it ain't too far down,  
I'll tunnel and get some gold dust  
that's fallen through these floor...

How do you figure we can  
dig a tunnel without being seen?

We'll dig down from  
the floor in our cabin,  
under the street,  
and right up under here.

-A tunnel?!

-You idiot!

Why, you... Dig now. Hit him later,  
lunatic.

-What the hell's happening?

-We're tunnelling under Willie's.  
After that gold dust

under Willie's floor, eh?  
How in the hell did you know that?  
-Been thinking about it for weeks.  
-Why didn't you speak up, eh?  
-You dirty, lazy, drunken...  
-Oh, hey!  
-Lazy, am I? Damn you, Duncan!  
-Shut up!  
-Look, dig now. Hit him later.  
-Shh! Right.  
-You can hit me later.  
-I'll remind you.  
Don't forget. Pardner's in on this.  
-Then where is he?  
-He's at home.  
-Doing what?  
-Damn you!  
Keep a civil tongue  
in your mouth, or I'll...  
-You can hit him later.  
-Right. You can hit me later.  
And I'll remind you. Dig!  
Hey, Willie, you seen Ben Rumson?  
Uh-uh.  
-Sorry.  
-Close the bloody door.  
-Oh, you're digging a hole.  
-You don't miss a trick, do you?  
Ben?  
Pardner, we got big news for you.  
-You're doing what?  
-We ain't stopping at Willie's.  
There's 16 gambling halls,  
seven hotels and 21 saloons.  
Mad Jack figures  
we can build tunnels under them,  
honeycomb Main Street,  
one end to the other.  
-What do we do with all that earth?  
-Give it to the meek.  
-Have you gone crazy?  
-He's not crazy.  
There's a lot of gold dust  
going through those floors.

I think there's more than a lot.  
I think maybe there's  
enough for the winter.  
Hurry up and eat this, both of you.  
Coffee will be ready in a minute.  
I don't want you to be late to work.  
# The earth is pure muck  
# Muck's a good thing  
# And oozin' with mud  
# Mud is just fine  
# It's drownin' in bog  
# Bog is good luck  
# And crawlin' with crud  
# Crud's a good sign  
# The poor, they got hope  
# The rich can buy soap  
# What rainbows ain't got a pot of  
# And I ain't got a spot of  
# A few feet down there's a lot of  
# Just waitin' to buy  
# Tobacco and rye  
# From now till I die  
# The best things in life are dirty  
# And nothing in life is  
# Better to hold than dirty gold  
# The best things in life are  
# Filthy, dirty hunks  
of gold, gold, gold  
# There's more than just gold  
# Gold is enough  
# That's buried below  
# Beautiful gold  
# There's seed in the ground  
# Loveable gold  
# Just waitin' to grow  
# Spendable gold  
# A man has his creed  
# And mine is all greed  
# What banks have bulgin' accounts of  
# And I ain't got an ounce of  
# Below there's endless amounts of  
# Just dirty old trash  
# That turns in a flash  
# To dirty old cash... #

Uh-huh!

# The best things in life are dirty

# The worst thing in life is

# Wakin' up clean without a bean

# The best things in life are

# Filthy dirty hunks

of gold, gold, gold

# The best things in life are dirty

# The worst thing in life is

# Being content without a cent

# The best things in life are

# Filthy dirty hunks

of gold, gold, gold, gold

# Stinkin' rotten chunks

of blimey, slimy

# Lousy, lovely... #

Gold.

Hey, you bummers, over here!

I found him in the mountains.

He's half-frozen.

He says there's a wagon train

marooned up there.

Get up a rescue party!

Let's get out of these mountains

before a storm comes up. Pack up!

You've arrived at the height

of the season, Mr Fenty,

but we'll find hotel space

for the whole bloody lot of you.

If you can shake your family

and don't die,

you'll have one hell of a time.

We shouldn't take

respectable people to No Name City.

We can put up a few up at our place.

Can you take the rest?

Have you got room in your

cabin for a couple of invalids?

Ben's bringing in her husband.

Mrs Fenty, this is Mrs Rumson.

I'm Mrs Fenty's son, Horton.

This is my sister Laura Sue.

Here are some blankets.

Keep warm by the fire.

I'll take care of the children.

Your husband  
is a good man, Mrs Rumson.

Yes, they are.

I said that husband  
of yours is a good man.

Yes, uh, thank you, Mrs Fenty.

Don't you worry.

Those children went straight to  
sleep. I'll see to Mr Fenty now.

-Thank you, Mr Rumson.

-Oh, my name's not Rumson, ma'am.

That's my wife's name.

Now, I'll bet that seems  
a little confusing, don't it?

A little, yes.

How is it you and your husband  
don't have the same name?

Oh, well, that's easy to explain.

It is?

In the Chinese section of town  
was the Pagoda Hell Saloon,  
and upstairs there lived  
a real Mandarin princess  
who invited me over  
occasionally for a little egg roll.

Ben.

I'm entering to pray  
for the unfortunate victims.

Parson, these folks  
have suffered enough.

Why don't you do that outside  
where God can hear better,  
cos I'll be talking in here.

You can't talk to the parson  
that way in front of these people.

This is a nice, church-going family.

Now, go see where Pardner is  
with the supplies.

Yes, ma'am.

Mr Rumson, will you tell me  
the rest of the story after dinner?

Sure. About 10 years after dinner.

I'll take care of

your little sister. You keep warm.  
Mrs Rumson, if the other  
gentleman is your husband,  
who's Mr Rumson?

He's my husband's partner.

Well, how is it you have his name?

Just a coincidence.

Oh.

What are you talking about?

Elizabeth ain't sick.

You listen to me. She's picked up  
a bad case of the respectabilities.

In a few days she'll  
be burning up in a fever of virtue.

-And then look out.

-Why?

It's been my experience  
that there's nothing  
more ruthless and treacherous  
than a genuine good woman.

Ben, you have to put up  
at Atwell's tonight.

What?

I can't tell them I'm living with  
two men. I just can't.

Elizabeth, you ain't  
making any sense.

If you want to be respectable,  
how come Mr Rumson has to move out  
while Mrs Rumson  
stays with another man?

If anybody leaves, it ought to be me.

You can't. I already  
told them Pardner was my husband.

-Tell them you've made a mistake.

-It's only for one or two nights.

It'll be six weeks  
before they can move!

Only a farmer's  
dumb enough to get froze  
and tough enough to survive it.

Damn farmers!

-All right, I'll sleep out.

-Where you going?

-To get my things.

-I got 'em right here.

Mm-hm.

See you in the tunnels, Ben.

-You moving out, Ben?

-No.

Me, neither.

I guess there's two kinds  
in the world, Ben.

People who move, people who stay.

Ain't that true?

No, that ain't true.

Well, what's true?

Oh, there's two kinds of people.

Them going somewhere  
and them going nowhere...

and that's what's true.

I don't agree, Ben.

That's cos you don't know  
what the hell I'm talking about.

I'm an ex-citizen of nowhere,  
and sometimes I get mighty homesick.

# I was born

# Under a wanderin' star

# I was born

# Under a wanderin' star

# Wheels are made for rollin'

# Mules are made to pack

# I've never seen a sight

# That didn't look better

lookin' back

# I was born

# Under a wanderin' star

# Mud can make you a prisoner

# And the plains can bake you dry

# Snow can burn your eyes

# But only people make you cry

# Home is made for comin' from

# For dreams of goin' to

# Which, with any luck,

will never come true

# I was born

# Under a wanderin' star

# I was born



# Under a wanderin' star  
# Do I know where hell is?  
# Hell is in hello  
# Heaven is goodbye forever  
# It's time for me to go  
# I was born  
# Under a wanderin' star  
# A wanderin'  
# Wanderin' star  
# Mud can make you prisoner  
# And the plains can bake you dry  
# Snow can burn your eyes  
# But only people make you cry  
# Home is made for comin' from  
# For dreams of goin' to  
# Which, with any luck,  
will never come true  
# I was born  
# Under a wanderin' star  
# I was born  
# Under a wanderin' star  
# When I get to heaven  
# Tie me to a tree  
# Or I'll begin to roam  
# And soon you know where I will be  
# I was born  
# Under a wanderin' star  
# A wanderin'  
# Wanderin' star #  
Willie, could you accommodate me  
for a couple of days?  
Sure. Take your pick.  
No. I mean a room I can sleep in.  
We don't rent empty beds.  
Just till them  
sick farmers leave my house.  
Wait. Clotilde's  
gone off for a while.  
-Use her room.  
-What happened to Clotilde?  
Some bummer says if she don't  
marry him, he's gonna kill her.  
She took off to give him  
a chance to simmer down.

She said she'd marry him.  
He wants her to quit working.  
That's a narrow-minded attitude.  
-Whew.  
-Yeah. She's a fancy smeller.  
Damn farmers.  
Sugar, guess who this is?  
Sugar, guess who this is.  
Hey, by gum,  
I must have been down here too long.  
You're beginning  
to smell like a woman.  
-Good morning.  
-Good morning, Mr Rumson.  
You're an hour late.  
Who the hell's the stranger?  
He won't tell anybody.  
He's practically family.  
Just wanted to see  
what a gold mine looked like.  
You open your mouth about this,  
I'll put a stick of dynamite in it.  
You tell no one, do you hear?  
-I swear before God.  
-I said no one.  
Start at end of number four.  
Work an extra hour  
to make up for being late.  
-How's Elizabeth?  
-Oh, she's fine.  
In fact, we'd like to have you  
for dinner tonight.  
-Is that right?

**-Yeah. 6:**

That's mighty neighbourly,  
but I got to play the organ  
for the parson tonight.  
Well, possibly some other time.  
Well, if you're  
one of the family, dig!  
Mr Rumson, I swore  
I wouldn't tell anyone.  
I hope that means

except my parents.  
That means especially  
your mother and father.  
I've never kept secrets before.  
It's about time you started,  
cos when you do,  
a whole new world opens up.  
You got that kind of cold,  
empty feeling inside of you?  
Yes, I do.  
Do all gold miners get that?  
-It's very common.  
-What do they do for it?  
I'll show you.  
Are we going in a saloon?  
Well, that's where  
the medicine closet is.  
It's part of that whole new world  
I was telling you about.  
After you, Columbus.  
# Gentle music fills the sky  
# At No Name City  
# And the days, they whisper by  
# At No Name City... #  
Come on.  
# Sure, there's not  
a spot as rare in  
# All heaven or in Erin  
# Let me live until I die  
# In No Name Town #  
Ahh.  
That's good.  
My first drink.  
Ahh.  
You, uh... feeling all right?  
Oh, yes, sir. Thank you.  
That, uh, cold, hollow feeling  
is almost gone.  
Bartender, cigars.  
Thank you.  
I'll bet that's the strongest cigar  
you ever smoked.  
It's the first cigar I ever smoked.  
It's delicious.

You all right, Mr Rumson?

Yeah, fine.

Why do you think my father  
is so dead set against saloons?  
Cos farmers ain't got the time  
to enjoy the good things in life.  
Farmer's got a busy day.  
Got to pull them turnips,  
talk about the weather.  
That's about as much  
as he can handle.

Quiet!

-Who are they, Mr Rumson?

-Oh, they're on the menu.

I don't understand, sir.

Now, Horton...

now, you ain't gonna tell me  
that you ain't never  
had a woman, neither?

No, sir, I haven't.

That's abso... Why, that's terrible!

Do you know you could go blind?

We got to do something about that.

I wouldn't know what to do.

Don't worry. With your talent,  
you'll catch on in no time.

Uh, Willie, ahem...

if you was to go trapping  
for the first time,  
who would you take along as a guide?

That would be Gracie.

She loves adventure.

Oh, Grace, uh...

I give you the boy.

Give me back the man.

-That was the best, Mr Rumson.

-You think so?

I like smoking and drinking  
but they can't touch the last one.

That's got everything.

Most people'd go along  
with that. Well, good night.

Mrs Rumson will be sorry  
you're not coming for dinner.

-She said to be sure and bring you.

-Oh?

-Well, in that case, maybe I will.

-Good.

I'll walk you home after.

Now, remember, you wasn't in no tunnels and wasn't in no saloon.

I remember.

We thank thee, Lord,

for the two of these friends...

Shut the door, will you, Ben?

For this we thank thee, Lord.

-Amen.

-Amen.

-Will you wipe your feet off?

-Evening, Ben. Come sit down.

Evening, Elizabeth.

Well, Pardner,

you handled grace pretty good.

Not as good as Horton did this afternoon, but pretty good.

-Where have you been, Horton?

-Uh, gold mining, Pa.

Your son is the most natural-born gold miner that I ever met.

I brought him up not to be afraid to try anything.

Well, that boy tries everything.

Did you know that the Fentys had an apple farm back in Pennsylvania?

-Applejack, huh?

-No, we did not make applejack.

-Then why grow apples?

-Mr Rumson,

should everything that comes out of the earth be used for liquor? Whenever possible.

You should read the Bible.

I have read the Bible.

Didn't that discourage you about drinking?

No. Killed my appetite for reading.

We've been telling the Fentys

what good land's all around here.

We might settle here.  
Oh, great!  
That news is so Goddamn great,  
I need a drink.  
Don't listen to him.  
He's always joking.  
-Elizabeth, the whisky's gone.  
-I know. I poured it all out.  
You what?  
Out of courtesy to our guests, Ben.  
If you want a drink,  
get your carcass out of this house.  
You can't order a man  
out of his own house.  
-His house?  
-That's right. It's his house.  
-Mrs Rumson is married to him?  
-She's married to the both of us.  
-At the same time?  
-Well, we're pardners.  
-I have never heard...  
-Shut up and sit down!  
-Don't order the guests around.  
-Why not? It's his fault.  
Without his respectability  
we'd still be a happily married...  
triple.  
-There's not one drink of whisky?  
-Take mine.  
You saved my life.  
Horton, how did that bottle  
get into your pocket?  
Horton...  
How long have you been  
drinking hard liquor?  
Since this afternoon.  
You don't approve, but until  
you've had a good cigar and whisky,  
you're missing  
two of the best things in life.  
-Horton...  
-Where'd you take him, Ben?  
Damn you, Ben Rumson.  
What are you gonna

teach this boy next?  
How to cheat at cards or  
physical education with some floozy?  
-That's the best one.  
-Horton!  
Is that what you did today, Ben?  
That's what HE did today.  
He's got a talent for dissipation  
that is absolutely unique.  
Out.  
Get out!  
I order you out of this house!  
This is not your house!  
This is my house!  
That's right. I give her the house.  
If you cross this threshold again,  
I'll shoot you  
like any other marauder.  
What's she so het up about?  
She's got a right to be.  
You had to take your revenge  
on the virtue of this boy,  
show him what an ugly town  
this really is.  
Well, if we live here,  
then we're ugly, too.  
I could never go back  
to what we had before.  
It's over and it's done  
and it's finished.  
Now get out.  
Wait. If Ben goes, I'd have to go.  
Then you go, too.  
-Evening, ma'am.  
-Good evening, ma'am.  
You mutton-headed clunk.  
You knew she didn't  
want them to know.  
Elizabeth's a sick woman.  
Ben, you got no respect  
for anybody or anything.  
I don't have your kind of respect,  
sitting there  
with your hands folded

and that pious look on your face  
after a hard day's thieving.  
-It ain't thieving.  
-Then why are we hiding it?  
Why are we talking about it?  
She's all alone.  
-Whose fault is that?  
-Yours.  
Hers. She threw us out.  
Don't say anything  
against Elizabeth around me.  
I'll say anything I want. She's my  
wife, paid for, and don't forget it.  
I never do forget it.  
I got nothing more to say to you.  
You got nothing I want to hear!  
If I catch you  
sneaking back without me,  
they'll never find  
all of you to bury!  
Bull and bear fight!  
Bull and bear fight!  
See the great bull that cut up  
the mountain lion in Sonora  
and emerged triumphant  
over 10 large dogs!  
Save your souls,  
heathen scum!  
Allow this butchery  
to take place on Sunday,  
and God will wash his hands of you!  
Thank you, parson. Now go.  
God is gonna cause  
the earth to open  
and swallow up this nest of evil,  
and the Lord ain't fooling.  
I hear strange rumblings  
in the earth below.  
Yeah, they're gonna sell  
a lot of tickets  
to the bull and bear fight  
on Sunday.  
A lot of gold dust is gonna fall.  
But Jack, we don't have



a tunnel under there!  
You bloody maniac!  
Why didn't you build one?!  
We can get under there by Sunday.  
There's nothing to it.  
Maybe so...  
but we could sure use a bit of help.  
Hey. Hey.  
What about that young farmer?  
-Where's he?  
-Horton Fenty?  
Little did I realise it,  
but when he set foot on the  
second storey of Willie's Saloon,  
history was in the making.  
-Is that where he is?  
-That's where he always is!  
Puffing cigars, drinking,  
and knocking on doors.  
If he don't slow down, them girls  
are gonna strike for shorter hours.  
I'll see if I can catch him  
between rooms tonight.  
If we could divert his energy,  
we could be through by morning.  
Come on, bet.  
I'll bet 50.  
-I'll see that and raise you 50.  
-Not for me. I'm out.  
Have you seen  
the future father of our country?  
-Yeah. He went home.  
-When will he be back?  
-Soon as his folks get to sleep.  
-Tell him I want to see him.  
Leave your door open  
and wait your turn.  
Here.  
Uh, pardon me, sir.  
Could you lend me \$10?  
Why don't you go home and go to bed?  
I was thinking of doing it  
the other way around.  
Thank you, sir.

I'll see your 50.  
Red seven wins again!  
Pardon me.  
Here's your \$10 back, sir,  
Oh. And 10 more.  
Red seven.  
You're losing a lot of money,  
Pardner. Where do you get it all?  
Thieving.  
# I would give the world to see  
how I used to be  
# When I had no axe to grind  
except for choppin' wood  
# Day was day, and night was night  
wrong was never right  
# It didn't matter where I went  
as much as where I stood  
# I had dreams  
# Average size  
# There were stars  
# In the skies  
# Not my eyes  
# Then I got  
# Gold fever  
# No rompin', rollin'  
girl-and-fellow stuff  
# Can cure the gold fever  
# Nothin' can help you  
but the yellow stuff  
# What  
# Can stop that itchin'  
# Ain't  
# Around the kitchen  
# Gold, gold  
# Hooked am I  
# Susannah, go ahead and cry  
# Once we all did honest work  
farmer, lawyer, clerk  
# Married men and single men  
and some who ain't too sure  
# Now I look at them and see  
duplicates of me  
# Cured of what we suffered from  
and sufferin' from the cure

# Who can say  
# Why we came?  
# Where's the hope?  
# Where's the flame?  
# We're the same  
# When you've got  
# Gold fever  
# No rompin', rollin'  
girl-and-fellow stuff  
# Can cure the gold fever  
# Nothin' can help you  
but the yellow stuff  
# What  
# Can stop that itchin'  
# Ain't  
# Around the kitchen  
# Gold, gold, hooked am I  
# Susannah, go ahead and cry  
# Gold fever  
# Gold fever  
# Gold fever  
# Gold fever  
# Gold fever #

Deal.

By God, we made it.

Well, now they can open the box office.

Here's your day's earnings, Ben.

And here's yours, Pardner.

Jack, tell Ben

something for me, will you?

He's right there.

Just tell him that I'm moving on

before winter sets in.

He can get himself another pardner.

You bummers can, uh,

divide up anything I got coming here.

-Where you heading?

-Red Dog.

I hear they're digging it up

in chunks over there.

By gum, they're always digging

it up in chunks somewhere else.

-Good luck, man.

-Thanks, Jack.

Jack, uh...  
tell Ben to look in on Elizabeth.  
The Fentys are pulling out.  
She'll be alone.  
You stinkin', rotten heathen scum!  
Silence, Judas!  
Today is Sunday!  
And you are going to hear the word  
of God whether you like it or not!  
Get out of here!  
And the word of the Lord  
is doom! Doom!  
Set the bull on him.  
-You can't do that.  
-Let him out!  
...this town of lust and corruption!  
Get out of here.  
Out, out, out.  
You are not going to fight  
that bear on the Sabbath.  
I represent the Lord, and the Lord  
says get out of this arena.  
Out, out!  
He will open the earth,  
and you will sink into the pit!  
You hear?!  
I said, sink into the pit.  
I said, sink into the pit!  
-Well, I'll be God damned.  
-Hello, parson.  
Welcome to hell.  
Yea, though I walk through  
the valley of the shadow of death...  
You better run  
through that valley!  
Will you kindly watch where the  
hell you're falling, my good man?!  
Now! Now where are you going?  
Ach du lieber himmel!  
Nein, nein, nein!  
Nein, nein, nein!  
Have you...  
Have you seen Pardner and Ben?  
Pardner and Ben?

Oh! Have you seen Pardner and Ben?

-Where's Ben?

-Ben Rumson!

Thy rod and thy staff...

There he is!

Go down and get him!

Ben! Where you going?

# No Name City, No Name City

# The Lord don't like it here

# No Name City, No Name City

# Your reckonin' day is here

# No Name City, No Name City

# Here's what He's gonna do

# Gobble up this town

and swallow it down

# And goodbye to you

# Will you go to heaven,

will you go to hell?

# Go to hell

# Either repent or fare thee well

# Fare thee well

# God'll take care of No Name City

# Comes the end, it won't be pretty

# Here it is

# I mean, here it is

# Here it is

# I mean, here it is

# Here it is

# I mean, here it is #

# For in heaven or in Erin

# Let me live until I die

# In No Name Town

# Let me live until I die... #

Let's get out of here.

I think this place is crumbling.

Be calm, my dear.

Oh, Pardner, where's Ben?

What the hell are you doing there?

I didn't like that town,

but it'll seem funny

not having it there.

It's gonna be a cold,

long, hard winter without it.

I'm not leaving my home, Pardner.

I know that.  
Do you have to go?  
Can't we all try...  
living the way we used to?  
No.  
No, I can't.  
You see, ever since  
that night the Fentys came  
and we were...  
you and I were like  
a real husband and wife...  
I... couldn't live with you  
any other way.  
And you belong to Ben.  
He shared you with me.  
I didn't share you with him.  
Ma'am...  
Whoa, mule.  
Did you know  
them farmers was unpacking?  
You mean the Fenty party?  
That might sound like a party to you,  
but it ain't my idea of one.  
Hop in. You can't get out that way.  
Come on. Giddy up.  
I didn't see they was building  
a church and a courthouse  
-till the town went under.  
-Neither did I.  
-You still heading up to Red Dog?  
-Yeah. Still am.  
Well, I don't care where we go  
as long as I stay a hundred miles  
ahead of civilisation.  
You moving out, Ben?  
You want me to die?  
I can just see this valley in a year.  
All broke out  
in white clapboard houses,  
schools, churches,  
courthouse, museum.  
Ugh. Just one big, bad dream.  
-What about Elizabeth?  
-I'm gonna miss that woman.

But you can't blast her  
out of that cabin.  
Funny, here we go and build a town  
just the way we like it,  
and then we go and sink it.  
Giddup, mule!  
Come on. Come on. Giddup.  
-Come on.  
-Pull up, Ben.  
Whoa, mule.  
What's the matter?  
I'm staying. I have to.  
I always said  
you had a farmer's mentality,  
but you're still the best  
pardner there ever was.  
Well, you're the only  
pardner there ever was.  
Then that makes me the best.  
Ain't you gonna say  
goodbye to Elizabeth?  
No. I don't think I'll do that.  
I'll get melancholy enough later on  
without picking up an extra load now.  
You say something nice  
to her for me, Par...  
Say, what the hell  
is your name anyway?  
Sylvester Newel.  
Sylvester Newel.  
Yeah, just one "l".  
Well, that's a good name  
for a farmer.  
Well...  
-So long, Pardner.  
-So long, Ben.  
Never liked a man  
as much as I liked you.  
Giddup! Giddup!  
Ben says goodbye, Elizabeth.  
Aren't you going with him?  
No.  
No, I'm not going anywhere.  
Do you think

he'll be all right, Pardner?  
Where's he going?  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know  
# Where am I headin'?  
I ain't certain  
# All I know is I am on my way  
# When will I be there? I don't know  
# When will I get there?  
I ain't certain  
# All that I know  
is I am on my way  
# Got a dream, boy  
# Got a song  
# Paint your wagon and come along  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know  
# When will I be there?  
I ain't certain  
# What will I get?  
I ain't equipped to say  
# But who gives a damn?  
I'm on my way  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know  
# Where am I headin'?  
I ain't certain  
# All I know is I am on my way  
# When will I be there?  
I don't know  
# When will I get there?  
I ain't certain  
# All that I know  
# Is I am on my way  
# Got a dream, boy  
# Got a song  
# Paint your wagon  
# And come along  
# Where am I goin'?  
# I don't know  
# When will I be there?  
I ain't certain  
# What will I get?  
I ain't equipped to say  
# But who gives a damn?  
# We're on our way #  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know



# Where am I headin'?  
I ain't certain  
# All I know is I am on my way  
# Gold fever  
# Gold fever  
# When will I be there? I don't know  
# When will I get there?  
I ain't certain  
# All I know is I am on my way  
# Gold fever  
# Gold fever  
# Got a dream, boy  
# Got a song  
# Paint your wagon  
# And come along  
# And get  
# Gold fever  
# No rompin', rollin'  
girl-and-fellow stuff  
# Can cure the  
# Gold fever  
# Nothin' can help you  
# But that yellow stuff  
# What  
# Can stop that itchin'  
# Ain't  
# Around the kitchen  
# Gold, gold  
# Gold, gold  
# Gold  
# They  
# Call the wind  
# Maria  
# Away out here  
# They got a name  
# For rain and wind and fire  
# The rain is Tess  
# The fire's Joe  
# And they call the wind  
# Maria  
# I was born  
# Under a wanderin' star  
# I was born  
# Under a wanderin' star

# Wheels are made for rollin'  
# Mules are made to pack  
# I've never seen a sight  
# That didn't look better  
lookin' back  
# I was born  
# I was born...  
-# A million miles away  
-# Send back the world  
# There's too much night for me  
# The sky is much too high  
to shelter me  
# When darkness falls  
# Four cabin walls  
# Would be just right for me  
# A million miles away  
# Behind  
# The door... #  
# Where am I goin'? I don't know  
# Where am I headin'?  
I ain't certain  
# Gold fever  
# Gold fever  
# All that I know is I am on my way  
# You want to see sin  
of the wickedest kind?  
# Here it is  
# You want to see virtue  
left behind?  
# Here it is  
# Sodom was vice and vice a versa  
# You want to see where  
the vice is worser?  
# Here it is  
# I mean, here it is  
# You want to see life  
in the rottenest way?  
# Here it is  
# Women and whisky night and day  
# Here it is  
# You want to embrace  
the golden calf  
# Ankle and thigh and upper half?  
# Here it is

# I mean, here it is  
# I don't know  
# Where am I headin'?  
I ain't certain  
# All that I know is I am on my way  
# Gold fever  
# Nothin' can help you  
but the yellow stuff  
# What  
# Can stop that itchin'  
# Ain't  
# Around the kitchen  
# Gold, gold  
# Hooked am I  
# Susannah, go ahead and cry  
# A million miles away  
# Behind  
# The door #  
English SDH