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Rancho Deluxe

By Thomas McGuane

B- Bar or Lazy-T?

B- Bar.

Now, why do you say that?

Because the fire road runs
up above their corrals,
And you can't see it
from the house.

Let's toss a coin.

Let's just decide.

Did you ever walk a quarter
between your fingers?

Never mind that. That's the first
thing they teach you in jail.

How to walk a quarter
between your fingers.

Simpleminded card tricks are next.
I'll do it.

You can practice walking the coin.

See you got to where you're real
proud of it. Where's the saw?

In the bed.

Brought the little McCullough.

That thing is so damn hard to start.

You are nervous.

Shall I show you
a few card tricks?

Just show me that thing start.

Did you gas this mother up?

Smell it, Cecil.

You flooded it.

Then we've got to wait it out.

Just be a couple,
of sleepy rustlers...

waiting' for somebody to come up
here and mend fence.

There's no way outta here
except for that fire road,
So we're not gonna put 'em to
any trouble making' the arrests.

How many cows

b- Bar running' here?

Couple of thousand
on the summer range.

Minus this one.

That's right, you're gonna
wanna figure that one in there too.
See, if you and I were grownups,
the b-Bar would be running'...
a full 2,000 head
on the summer range.
Now they're down to 1,999,
and there's hardly any sense in goin' on.
I'm gonna give it another try.
IJack?
Do you believe in the tooth fairy?
The one that takes your tooth
from under the pillow?
Yeah.
I do if you do, Cecil.
Well, I do too then.
What Id plan would be to watch the Tuesday
night livestock reports from butte...
and see what we can get for four hooves,
a head and 125 pound of cow guts.
We know it's not a coyote this time.
Well, let's report it
before it gets blamed on us.
My plan would be to
mail that to somebody.
Well, all right. If that
means something to you.
Miss castle, I hate to be so late in
gettin' to you on the rent.
The Indian and I,
we've- We've been out of town,
And now there seems
to be, I don't know, some problem...
in transferring funds
from our savings account...
to our special
checking account without, uh,
Losing our Christmas bonus.
Come on.
Get to the point.
Well, I was hoping
that you'd let us...
Pay our rent
with 100 pounds of u. S. Prime beef.

Now, this is about
double the value we owe you.
Or more.
Is this reservation cattle?
Oh, no, ma'am.
Grain fed.
We swapped
a jeep for it.
See, we don't want to lose our
Christmas bonus down at the bank.
Last month it was a sheep.
And next month
it will be hard cash.
And it was still warm.
Yes, ma'am.
Cost us a rototiller.
- We got beat out of a lot of value
on that one. - Okay.
We was gonna check
the livestock reports,
And see what hooves
was goin' for.
Shut up, curt!
How in the hell
did they get in here?
Fire service road.
I'm gonna close that road.
You can't. It's a fire road.
I'll go to Helena,
see the governor and close that road.
I've closed
service roads all over Montana.
I'm not gonna...
have a west that's not free.
And Ill not have my stock
breakin' their legs in gopher burrows.
And Ill not have
a west that's not free...
and at this point
in the 20th century,
I'm not gonna be
plagued by rustlers.
When's that chopper mechanic
get here from billings?

I Wednesday.
Well, you tell him
we hunt predators, airlift big game...
and track rustlers
with this son of a bitch.
And we can't afford
carburetor trouble in blind canyons again.
Yes sir, john. I'll tell him.
She sure sounds good
to me now, though.
One more bit of engine trouble,
And I stand up at the
cattlemen's association...
and announce what a piece
of shit this thing is.
Let's get
the hell outta here.
How are you, betty?
Bored.
What are you trying this week?
Fan wing
royal coachman. And you're bored?
That sounds like
an interesting fly.
Fuck you, jack.
Do you want
to go out with me? I haven't any idea.
I thought maybe
you and me could go over...
to the wrangler
and shoot a little pool.
Buy you a cheeseburger.
Dynamite.
You want to come out
and play tonight?
Well, Im supposed
to go help my sister...
catch her horses
up in the crazies.
Hey, if your sister
will go out with Cecil, we'll help you.
Well, all right.
But you've gotta bring your own horses.
We're not ridin'

you clowns double.
Come on, Cecil.
Hold on, now.
Dee and me is still
working this out. Says you.
Come on, Cecil, let's leave
the bow-wow to her work.
Ha, ha, ha. You, man!
A date with Betty's sister, Mary.
All right!
She's the tastiest lady
around here, if you ask me.
She's got lips
of cherry wine and eyes like diamonds.
Yeah, that's the one.
Shall I bring
a lot of rubbers?
Indians. Jesus.
Sorry.
Just trying to embrace
the new culture.
We gotta help catch
her dad's horses.
Where at?
Up in the crazies.
All right.
Honey! I'm back.
How are things
in the wild blue yonder?
You look fantastic.
All right, John.
Cecil?
Have you ever watched
chickens fucking?
I wouldn't
say "watched. "
Have you ever listened?
You must be
these ladies' dad.
How do, Mr. -
Dog. Bob dog.
I'm Cecil Colson.
North American Indian.
Sir, we're here

to help these ladies catch their horses.
Now, my bet is, they've gone half
wild up there in them aspens...
with wire marks
over every inch of their hides.
How right you are.
Makes you really wonder...
if you should've given in
so easy when they whined and whined...
for another appaloosa,
high-priced barrel racer.
Yes sir, they've probably
reverted to bucking stock by this time.
Oh shut up, jack,
and take off that ugly mask.
Give me a hand here, jack.
I've got to git.
Just run
all of your ponies into the old corral.
I'll send a stock truck
up for them in the morning.
Okay, dad.
Bye-Bye, daddy.
- How many horses
are we looking for? - Five.
Where shall we start looking?
Let's throw
the I ching and see.
No, we ain't throwin'
no I ching to find no horses. Damn.
Eat it, betty.
High school kids can't
pick their nose...
without gettin' stoned
or throwin' the I ching.
You can't sleep at night
without humpin' cowboys in the driveway.
- Watch your lip, Mary.
- Or demolition derby drivers,
Bank tellers, brand inspectors,
just to name a few.
Ladies, damn. I'm gettin' disillusioned.
I Now, let's just
ride up there and catch these ponies.

To me, this is
America today.
God wants America
on horseback,
Findin' lost appaloosa
barrel racers.
Do I make
myself clear?
Mary, you and Cecil...
go to the top
of the south pasture,
And we'll go down
the forest service line.
We'll herd 'em back
from there.
If we catch one we'll have a simple
time with the others, okay?
Right.
Okay.
Make it to the tree,
she'll die, first fly.
INow Mary,
you don't know any such thing.
Yes, I do.
She's a dumb twat and I can't stand her.
She flushed two lids
down the toilet on me.
Smashed my black light
when she was drunk.
Tore up half my posters.
Scratched
my humble pie albums-
How much difference in age
is there between you? Two years.
But she's just about
exactly half as hip as my grandma is...
down at senior citizens'
crankin' out doilies.
IBetty-
IMe-
Jesus-
IYes-
God.
ILike that, yes!

Jesus.
Yeah!
That is Dyno supreme.
I am loaded.
Stoney weed, I tell you!
The most...
possible primo.
Wha-
Wait, yeah.
Yeah!
Baby!
Baby!
Come on.
Baby!
Baby!
Baby!
Jack.
You-
Oh, you miserable
son of a bitch!
Is nothing
sacred to you? Woo!
Hey!
Why have I asked you
to save these?
I have asked you
to save these...
because they will
help show us...
that these rustling cases
are all the work of the same man.
But a lot of people
have 270s, Ms. Brown.
Curt,
you're a slow boat to china.
Now, Burt, will you tell
curt what I told you?
Curt.
Yes, Burt?
The firing pin
of a rifle is just like a fingerprint.
And we're gonna send
those cases down to the ballistics lab.
All right.

Anybody feel like dancin'?
How 'bout you, slow boat?
Music's a little
hard to dance to.
Come on, goddamn it.
I want some gothic
ranch action around here.
II want some
desire under the elms.
I wanna see some
smoldering glances down at the old corral.
I- I-I don't know,
Ms. Brown.
Gee, Mrs. Brown-
Well, piss off, then.
Jesus Christ.
Tweedle-Ee-Dee
and tweedle-Ee-Dumb.
What do I want with beef?
I have nothing
to trade you, anyway.
How 'bout
your dirt bike? My Elsinore?
Are you nuts?
That's worth more than your steer.
What kind of condition
was this animal in?
Real choice.
You got a nice rifle?
I got a sharps
buffalo rifle.
A real plains rifle
made by w. C. Floond.
What caliber?
.50 sharps.
I'd trade
my right rear quarter.
How many ribs
on a quarter?
IThis sharps
is something.
I'm so glad you asked.
It's a three-Rib quarter, and it'll
run to half the weight of that side.

Throw in
the kidneys and liver and you've got a deal.
I mean, if you're
lookin' to deal.
I'll take the sharps.
Jack and me
are about the last of the plainsmen.
IToday's enterprise
announced that old john brown...
bought the lazy-T.
Probably doesn't matter
which fork we took,
It was still gonna be
one of his cows.
I'm glad
we got it in storage.
I didn't like the feeling
when that chain saw flooded.
Yeah, I don't know
if john brown's so bad, either.
He keeps some of these
shit-Assed tourists from puttin'...
an aluminum house trailer
on a quarter acre of pasture.
IYou ever see Cheyenne autumn?
IYes.
IWell, in another 20 years
they're gonna make aluminum autumn.
You bored, john?
Yeah.
What do you wanna do?
I don't know.
Wanna go look
for signs of the rustlers?
They probably
haven't even been around.
IDarlin',
that's not my fault.
And it's not my fault that there are
no more ranches to buy around here.
Why don't you run into Livingston
and get yourself a hat?
- I don't feel like it.
- I've got it, john.

I've got it.
Why don't you call
a press conference on this rustling?
You know, that's not
a bad idea, Cora.
That's really not.
I could
declare war on rustling.
Can you beat that? John brown has
declared war on rustlers in park county.
That's us.
Before you whites came here,
we had a...
simple existence
in these shining mountains...
Iunder this big sky.
- Horseshit.
- We had that too.
Cec, your relatives were
primarily honky tie hackers from Iowa...
and bucktoothed
squaw hoppers from the east.
It sure was something
with them ladies last night.
IWhat's the matter?
We've got to jack up
this here ante on john brown.
Let's burn his barn.
No, really.
I mean it.
Let's burn and pillage.
You fucking Indian.
You interested in this
livestock exposition?
You mean, now that we're
in the cattle business?
Let's skip these
runners-Up and also-Rans.
Let's go
for the biggest and the best.
What's that?
Let's see what won the top seed bull.
I want to see the winning chicken.
We're gonna

skip the chicken.
I'm into blue-Ribbon cabbages.
I want to see one.
Let's keep our eye
on the ball, Cecil.
This fine bull,
Baseheart
of Bozeman canyon,
Has compiled more than
twice the number of points...
needed here tonight...
to win this blue ribbon.
He has tremendous
thickness and length,
And at show time,
checked in a 2,600 pounds.
His mother,
at 14 years of age,
Is still running
in the high country with her grandchildren.
This bull has it all:
Size,
IBone,
ITrimness,
IColor-
It just brings
tears to my eyes.
John brown,
I wonder if you could
say a word or two...
to Baseheart
of Bozeman canyon's admirers.
Thank you, bob.
Honey, come on up here.
My wife and I
thank you all.
I, I would like to say to
my fellow breeders,
That in 20 years
of breeding, from this stock,
You can count
the steers on one hand.
Our bull calves have,
on the whole,

Grown up to be bulls.
All right!
Yowza!
Okay.
Ain't he something.
Seriously,
We have the top matrons
and the top sires.
We raise
very correct cattle...
at the b-Bar lazy-T.
And if we ever
get around to the same with our citizens,
Maybe these
chain saw rustlers...
will give us a chance
to show you...
some of Baseheart
of Bozeman canyon's grandsons!
ICongratulations.
Thank you, thank you.
Burt, you load that bull.
Yes sir, john.
Excuse me, sir.
This might seem
a little obvious to you, but do you, uh,
Maintain this quality level
with all your seed bulls?
IDamn sure do.
All pure pedigrees?
- You bet.
- Performance tested before you sell them?
- Yes.
- Semen tested? - Yes.
ICertificates of soundness
from a reputable vet?
Absolutely.
What's that
baby there worth?
About 50,000 big ones.
Do you like your work?
I feel it's
a growing industry, and Im growing with it.
Old Baseheart couldn't care less

who's driving.
I sure would like to go from
one piece of ass to another...
in a custom truck and get nothing but
money and blue ribbons for the job.
That'd be
checkin' out in style.
Why should we
have to hide from a helicopter?
I Private land, betty. It's landing.
I Bird that owns it
would run us in so quick-
I'll be darned.
Jack, let's just
go down there and see what they were up to.
Ladies, why don't you go look for
a swimming hole with some warm rocks.
Cecil and I are just
curious as all get out to see...
what these ranch fascists
do with their machinery.
Shall we count it?
I don't think
that would be too interesting.
No, neither do I.
Do you like being prosperous?
Hey, it's not interesting.
Maybe we could have a party.
Maybe a party would be interesting.
Old Baseheart is gonna have to fuck his
ass off to make up for this one.
I was tempted to try
to trap our boy,
But I didn't want
to take a chance on losing Baseheart.
I mean, that goddamn animal is
my signature on American west.
Honey, Im with you.
Now, let's just hope.
We're staring at a bad loss
more than a financial way.
Now, so the note said what?
We go to room 203, we'll get another clue?
No, no, we get an exact and complete

description of Baseheart's whereabouts.
He was right
to the point about that.
Can we have the key
to room 203?
Somebody's left
something there for us.
I'd like to go along with you. I've had
complaints about that room all night.
- What kind of
complaints?
- The sound of kind of
honeymooners in that room.
- What name is that room
registered under? - John and Cora brown.
They don't answer the phone. They're
just having the noisiest damn honeymoon,
Lurching into
the furniture and carrying on.
I went up to the door
and knocked.
It sounded like
they were on the bed by that time,
And it was hellacious.
Are you kin?
Kind of.
Hey!
I Do you suppose that
mother had ever charge?
What have you got
in mind for this week?
I wanna spend some time
with my old man.
Hey,
now that's remarkable.
Why do you say that?
Well, I was thinkin'
about visiting my folks.
Is that right?
Yeah, Ive been
thinkin' about it.
Plus I might as well.
I don't see how
we're gonna top this week's performance.

Let's take a vacation.
Come on, old man.
We're gonna float the river.
Ah, Cec, I don't, uh,
feel up to it.
Shit you don't.
Got the picnic and I caught
about a hundred big hoppers.
Got a hundred big hoppers?
You got a raft to use?
Just bought a dandy
new McKenzie boat.
Hey-
What are these, Cec?
They're all bacon,
lettuce and tomato.
Could be eatin'
them hoppers.
Old boys on the reservation
used to eat grasshoppers.
Full of nourishment.
Supposed to taste good too.
Let's find out.
Damn, Cecil.
Not bad.
Well, now, daddy,
it's what our forebears done.
Yeah, some of them, Cec.
I mean, we're supposed
to have some royalty in there too.
The prince of Angola
or something.
You ain't doin'
no crime or nothin'? No offense intended.
I don't know what you mean.
I mean, there ain't
no visible means of support.
And this boat, you know,
And that jazzy pickup truck.
I've had about 150 jobs
in the last month.
All right. It's all right.
Let me tell you
another thing.

I see more of this state's
poor cowboys, miners,
Railroaders and Indians
go broke buyin' pickup trucks.
The poor people of this state
are dope fiends for pickup trucks.
As soon as they get
ten cents ahead,
They trade in
on a new pickup truck.
The families, homesteads, schools,
hospitals and happiness of Montana...
have been sold down the river
to buy pickup trucks.
It is a sickness here
worse than alcohol and dope.
It is the pickup truck debt.
And there is no
cure in sight.
Well... I do see
what you mean.
Really.
But I own this truck
in partners with jack,
And we do a good deal
of hauling with it.
Jack, get the front door, would you?
Hello, Anna.
We're going to
leave you two alone.
Jack?
I know I can see
that you really question my judgment-
That's right, mother.
I question your judgment on this.
- Now look, pal-
- Get out.
I'm about to question
your goddamn judgment.
Did you hear me?
I don't know
why they did this.
They left it up to me.
So I came.

I wanted to see you.
I wanted to look at you.
It makes it harder, Anna.
God.
I'd just gotten
so I could come here at all.
I'd just risen to that.
Hey.
How do you like
being single?
I guess it's
the only way I can live.
Jack,
Couldn't I come
and see you?
Anna, why?
So we can work
on each other again?
So we can lock ourselves in the house and...
crawl around and weep
and take tranquilizers,
Talk about suicide
and pointlessness again?
Is that what you wanna do?
Anna, don't you understand yet?
We make each other insane.
Don't you
understand that yet?
God, that last week
we had together.
You were too crazy
to even wash your face.
I had to brush the knots
out of your hair.
We mutilate each other!
Don't you understand that?
I still love you.
I don't care.
I love you and I don't
want any more of it!
I don't want
any more of it!
Are you sure
that's them?

Sure as shootin'.
Is that pretty sure?
That's real sure.
You're not that bad.
You just play for shape
instead of blasting away.
- Are you Indian?
- Part.
IIndians never get
too good at pool.
I thought maybe
you were Jewish.
Or a greaser.
So, as you were saying-
Well...
it's just that old...
john brown has seized on
this rustling because he's...
kind of sad
and bored and all.
And all this
sleuthin' excites him.
What about that, uh, stock detective?
Well-
Where'd that come from?
John has gone and hired
this henry beige.
He's out of
twodot, Montana.
Got a great reputation.
He'll be here tomorrow.
He's pretty old.
Uh. Bringin' his niece
to take care of him.
Doesn't that kind of take away
from old john brown's fun?
I was thinkin'
the same thing.
And I hope not.
He's been sleeping nights
lately instead of, uh,
Ramblin' around
the ranch yard...
with insomnia.

When we recovered
Baseheart of Bozeman canyon,
He was happier than
if we'd never lost him.
Ransom on that
son of a bitch...
made every stockmen's
paper in the country.
And every regular
paper in the west.
Here you go. Another quarter.
You figure it to be
the same, uh, same rustlers?
You know, the ones
we've been reading about?
I know
who it is.
You do?
Look, if you bring
your man back in the middle each time,
You're gonna play
a lot better. Oh.
'Cause I've beat you
two straight already and we're gonna play...
best three out of five
for championship of the universe.
Well, who is it?
Who's what?
That's rustling
off your stock?
Oh, come on, jack.
Tell me.
It's you.
No, seriously.
No, I am serious.
You're the rustler.
Now, why do you-
Why do you say that?
Well-
Me and Burt told
the old man...
that we were gonna
come to town and, uh,
Wanted one more chance

to catch the rustlers.
You know, the culprits.
And, we told him we wanted to come
into town and run down some leads.
And, it's-
It was the only way we was
gonna get the night off.
And since you and Cecil
are the only two we've talked to, then, uh,
You gotta be
the hot leads.
But I do have to believe
in my heart that you are the rustlers,
Or my conscience
gonna hurt me and, uh,
Uh, all I wanna do
is drink and play these here bar games.
I believe in fun.
I believe in having it all now.
I believe in hygiene.
I believe
in a good old time.
I believe it gettin'
it all while you can.
Is there anything you
don't believe in, may? Mm-Hmm.
I don't believe
in lettin' your meat loaf.
Uh, may, Id like
to introduce two celebrity friends up here.
I Jack, I know who they are.
Burt and curt
of the b-Bar lazy-T.
Yeah, well, anyway-
Now, why don't you
let me tell you.
We're still offering the standard acts,
and jobs at the standard rates.
Although the livestock
has picked up in quality.
We have not
raised our price...
on half and half,
round the world, or your straight shot.

We have, however, cancelled
the old Hershey highway. Oh.
But, we are willing
to negotiate...
on circuses,
sultan slavery,
Harems, or any kind
of free form fandango...
somebody might want
to invent for himself.
Well, we promised
Burt and curt a treat.
So you let them pick
and we'll cover it.
I Come on and pick.
We want 'em all.
Yep.
It's yours.
Our word's good.
Well now, that's gonna
spoil about \$300.
No. We bought it, may.
Cec and I are men of our word.
Why don't you
get in there and, uh, raise it up to \$350?
Who's gonna
answer the phone?
Do you want to wake these rustlers up?
I They sure was generous.
They're good boys.
Hmm. No question.
Let's wake 'em. We'll buy 'em
some breakfast at Chico.
How do you feel about
the wages up there?
It's more the way of life
than it is the salary.
Come on.
Answer seriously.
Wages are lousy.
Three-Fifty a month,
room and board.
Mrs. Brown,
Asks the cook to make the food too spicy.

Why do you ask?
Are you rustlers looking
for some inside help?
It'd be fun to talk about, anyway.
I'm sure it would.
Just to help us stay awake.
Well, why don't we
all go for a swim?
My concern is whether we can turn that
semi 'round in the upper pasture.
You don't have to worry about that.
If it don't look good, Burt and me will take
a tractor up there and make a turnaround.
Now you know, don't you, that we're
gonna have to take the load...
a good ways east to get
away from grain inspection.
Yeah, I know.
And the split
is a simple four-Way.
Absolutely.
I think you've
got a deal then.
What about
the stock detective?
No problem.
I recommended
him to brown.
Is he honest?
As the day is long.
Poor bastard is so old he creaks
like the inner sanctum.
He still don't believe
he's got the job.
Can hardly get from room to room.
Hey, let's get dressed.
I got something
out in the truck I want to show you guys.
You boys, you left this
down at the locker plant.
If you're gonna have a sport coat made out of it,
why don't you have the brain removed first?
Where's the geezer?
He's coming. His niece

is helping him come down from the bunkhouse.

Jesus, Cora.

He doesn't even

look mobile.

Laura, what do you

do with yourself...

when you're not lending your

uncle Henry a helping hand?

I help my mom.

What about when

you're not helping her?

Then I go to the senior citizens'

and help all the old folks.

Livingston? No, ma'am, in Choteau.

What else do you do?

I sew.

What do you sew?

I just like to make

nice things for nice folks.

You are a remarkable

girl, Laura.

All I want is

for folks to be happy.

Can it, Laura.

We're trying to eat. Holy Christ almighty.

Have, uh, you always been

a stock detective, Mr. Beige?

No.

What did you do before that?

I was a horse thief.

That's why I made

such a damn good stock detective.

You know, one time

I had 400 head of stolen horses...

in my corrals

up on 16-Mile river.

I'd put 'em on an electric train

there at ringling...

and I'd transfer 'em over

to the northern Pacific at Maudlow...

and ship 'em

into a four-State area...

inside of 48 hours.

Why, you know, I could ship

a stolen horse...
faster than you can move
an airmail letter.
IWhy, I was
the very best. Why'd you quit?
I got caught.
Sent me up
to the penitentiary at deer lodge.
IWhy, I spent three years breaking horses
for the prison ranch up yonder...
while everybody was having such
a fine time in world war ii.
When I realized that my thievery had
cost me the circus of the century,
Why, I decided to go straight,
work on the other side of the law.
Well, Mr. Beige,
I think it's about time
we acclimate you to the b-Bar lazy-T.
This country around here is a little
steeper than what you're used to.
See that peak up there?
That's squaw mountain.
It go about 11,000.
Careful. Atta boy.
We raise very correct cattle
at the b-Bar lazy-T.
The last time I saw
him on his feet was four days ago.
That little simp, Laura, brings his
food to him three times a day.
Mr. Beige told me
that very often his mere presence...
puts an end to rustling.
Evidently his reputation
precedes him.
I don't know why, Cora.
I sort of feel
we've been had.
To me, the worst of it is the way
curt and Burt follow that Laura around.
You know, we're not getting
half the use out of them we once did.
Yeah. I'm afraid

our two chimps are in love.
They coming knuckling
out of the bunkhouse every morning,
Trying to beat each other
to Lauras side...
To help bring Mr. Beige's
breakfast to him.
Darling?
Are you ever sorry we got out
of the beauty parlor business?
IGee,
I miss Schenectady
sometimes.
Jack,
I just got to find out
where this bastard keeps his money.
Cecil, no! Jesus!
Cec- Jesus Christ!
My god.
Hi, boys.
Hello.
Hi.
Burt and me thought you ought to
know what bad planning feels like.
Thank you.
What does it feel like?
You made your point.
Boys, I got a question.
When we're fixing to skate off
with a semi-truckload of living veal,
What in the hell are you doing up
here penny-Anteing for one steer?
Sport. Sport.
Cecil and I
are sportsmen.
Let me tell you,
wise guy.
We have to go up and get
Mr. Henry beige now...
and bring him
to the kill.
'Cause I don't know
what you were shooting with,
But you for sure

could hear it up at the ranch.
I don't know what they shot
this steer with,
But it blowed a hole in him
you can throw a cat through.
It's got my curiosity up.
She's either been hit
by a bazooka or an express train.
Wait a minute.
Yeah, here she comes.
Well, Ill be doggoned.
If I wasn't so dad-Blamed old,
I wouldn't know what that was.
What is it, Mr. Beige?
It's a. 50 caliber bullet.
- What kind of gun?
- A sharps buffalo rifle.
You know, things is gettin'
downright romantic.
I don't know
what these boys got in mind.
But it's a good sign
they wanted us to get dressed up.
They're nice boys, all right, but I sure
don't need to get grossed out again.
This is a weird
mixture of...
yin and yang.
So many animal karmas
have bit the dust here.
Just eat, Mary.
Bite my ass, betty.
Girls-
Take your hand out of my crotch, jack!
Betty, the orchestra
heard you.
Betty's so smooth.
Let's go!
You may go, officer.
I have recovered my
Lincoln continental mark iv.
Come in, mother,
and have a look.
Come in, Mrs. Kramer.

Come in, aunt Bea and
uncle Ramsey,
And see the floozies
and the whore mongers.
Grandma and grandpa Hooper.
Don't hold back.
Come on in and see
what the world has come to.
Filth and evil...
is one subject
Im slow to tolerate.
That's two subjects.
Son, you are in
a dangerous country. I'd advise you-
I knew if I kept this
by my bed long enough,
Some motherfucking worm
would turn up in here.
That's what I call self-Fulfilling prophesy.
Now get down on your knees.
Fast!
Am I in a bad mood.
Okay, now fold your hands
in front of you...
and beg your daughters
for forgiveness.
Fast, or Im gonna blow you
to kingdom come.
Forgive me, girls.
If you had any right
to come in here and do this,
You wouldn't be such a coward and fall
down on your knees at my command.
That boy is 100% right,
And I don't care
who hears me say it.
You had no right, Wilbur.
I knew you knew better,
grandma.
It's these world war 1 war babies
we're having so much trouble with.
INow, if any of you folks
follow us in the next hour or two,
You may just find me

in the front yard...
with this,
Nasty-Looking heater
in my hand.
And as for you, dork,
you better not press charges.
If you do, they better
tell them to catch me quick,
'Cause Im gonna come
looking for your ass.
Let's get the hell
out of here.
Jack!
Follow me.
I'm gonna take a ride in this
Lincoln continental mark iv.
We're beaucoup committed now.
Let's ride in style.
No wonder them old boys
had such reputations.
This is an amazing piece.
- Go for the hood ornament.
- You got it.
What are you up to?
Mrs. Brown asked me to Hoover
these Navajos.
You have to be careful
you don't unravel them with that machine.
I'd never use no Hoover
on Indian rugs.
Well, Mrs. Brown said I was
to do it this way, and,
These are
Mrs. Brown's Navajos.
Well, she's a jerk-Off.
What?
That's just an
expression I heard.
Mrs. Brown probably
knows best when it comes to her own Navajos.
Yeah, I think
that's true, Laura. Uh-
When she told me to Hoover,
I just hovered.

I didn't ask no
further questions.
I think you're right
to follow instructions.
Laura?
I got a crush on you.
Burt.
No, curt.
Oh, I meant that. I meant curt.
You're so sweet
and so innocent.
But yet, you always seem
to have something going on in your mind.
Would,
Would you consider
taking a walk with me?
I'm gonna try
and finish up here.
Honey, Im back!
And I have picked up
a piece of information...
you'd practically
pay to hear.
John Cameron Swayze-
Hopscotching the world for news.
Burt, get Mr. Beige.
Yes, sir.
Wait will you get a load of this.
Tell me now.
This is just gonna
make you twitch.
I hate to have anybody
barge in on me when Im a-Dreamin'.
How can I tell that?
You were sitting up in front of the TV?
How am I gonna tell
you were having a dream?
IMr. Beige.
I've got a bit
of news for you. That's nice.
I don't get no paper.
You guys using
the same gag book?
What was this news

that you had for me?

Well, it seems...

that an abandoned Lincoln
continental was found in an open field...
up the shield's valley.

So?

It was full of bullet holes.

- Why is that?

- For no apparent reason.

But the bullets that did
the work might be of interest to you.

Why?

They were from a .50 caliber
sharps buffalo rifle.

I see.

Is that all?

Yeah.

Well, in that case, I reckon
I'll just wander on back to the bunkhouse...
before I lose track
of that dream I was having.

You see, I was dreaming that
I was in ancient Egypt. This here pharaoh-
Hold on a minute, Henry.

Let's just try
to focus here a minute.

I get the picture.

That Lincoln automobile
was shot up...

with the same kind of gun
that killed that steer of yours.

Well, if this doesn't
interest you, Mr. Beige,
I hope you won't be offended
if I pursue it.

Oh, that's fine.

Go right ahead.

But you know, there's
one incredible thing that I gotta find out.

- What's that?

- Was I just a commoner?

I don't follow.

Was I a commoner
or was I actually a member...

of the pharaoh's
royal family?
You see, in this dream...
I was a-Standing up there
on top of that pyramid with the pharaoh,
And it was just like we knowed
each other for years and years.
IAnd the Nile was a-Flowin'
down there below us...
and the slaves was a-Bowin'
and a-Scrapin'...
and there was
dancing girls, and-
God, she's beautiful.
Like a flower...
or a fawn.
So carefree.
She's almost
like... Bambi.
You look beautiful.
Take them.
God made them.
Well,
I got 'em now.
Laura?
Yes, curt?
Could we kiss?
Yes, curt.
But curt-
Yes, Laura?
I don't think
Im too good.
You'll show me,
won't you?
Who does this car
belong to?
Why don't you ask
the highway patrol?
They sent me for it.
Looks like
baby face nelson's.
Thanks, pal.
Officer, um, can you tell me who that
Lincoln continental belongs to?

The one you just
sent to the dump?
It's belongs to
a Mr. Wilbur Fargo. What's the story?
Well, it was stolen and vandalized
that's all we know right now.
We got a real feeling
it was negroes.
Wait a minute. I'm way out of line.
Let's just say it could've been negroes.
Have you got
Mr. Fargo's address? Sure.
When was the last time
you saw a negro in Livingston?

On the 1:

It was a redcap.
You sure it wasn't
al Jolson?
All right, all right.
I realize your car...
was amply covered
by insurance,
But I have
a special reason to want to know...
if you have any notion
of who might taken it.
I don't know,
and I don't wanna know.
Sounds to me like maybe
you don't want to know.
That may be it.
You already know?
No.
I think you do.
You're full of shit then.
What is it?
Who you trying to protect?
Nobody.
Who is it, Wilbur?
I just said I didn't know.
Now you're gonna have to get
the hell out of my house.
You trying to protect

yourself? No.
I think you are.
Well, what if I am?
What if I am trying
to protect myself?
What of it?
All right, Wilbur.
Let's you and I
leave it at that.
But, just for
the sake of reason,
Why don't you count
on seeing me again.
That was Burt.
Says go ahead
and rent a semi.
I tried to get him
to split with us on the rental.
He knows we got the Baseheart
of Bozeman money, though.
He wants us to front the expenses,
take it off the top out of the profits.
Real sharpie.
He said he lined up a feed lot
in rainbow rock, south Dakota,
Where we can lay out
the whole load.
It'll be days probably
before they discover that stock missing.
So john brown's not
even interested.
At least not enough
to go riding around his ranch. Hi.
Boys?
Couple of coffees, huh?
Stock's gonna be up
in that upper corral near antelope butte.
We'll just drive
the truck up there and load 'em in.
Where is Burt and curt
gonna be at? Asleep in the bunkhouse.
He was real clear about that we blow it,
he says he doesn't know us.
What are we gonna

do with the money?
I don't know.
This is just to keep
from falling asleep. Don't you know that?
Well,
thank you.
Old pal,
The thing is, I don't have
any trouble keeping awake.
All right,
then Ill tell you what we'll do.
We'll finish this job,
Retire at rancho deluxe,
Just south of the big
rock candy mountain.
And we'll be
wide awake!
This is the life,
huh, Burt?
Yeah, it sure is, curt.
Riding the old range.
Well, I reckon we got enough cattle
in there to fill that damn truck.
How long you been
working ranches now?
This time,
two years, three.
I used to do ranch work
in high school in the summers.
What'd you do
before you came here?
Modeled hot combs
on butte television. What'd you do?
Appliance repair.
One of us will have to
come up in the morning,
Wipe out the semi tracks.
After that, it's just sit back
and wait for payday.
Well-
Tell you the truth,
I got mine just about spent.
On what?
I'm gonna take me a winter vacation.

Gonna hire me a villa
down in Puerto Vallarta,
Where Elizabeth Taylor
and them go.
How's about you?
Aw, you'd just laugh.
I probably will, but...
why don't you
tell me anyway?
I wanna ask Laura
to marry me.
I was afraid
that was it.
Yeah, well, she'd be
just as surprised as you are, I guess.
We ain't got
that far along yet.
But I know that's
what I wanna do.
Did you get
in her pants yet?
Don't start in, Burt.
Did you get any tit?
Get any titty off her?
Curt!
Kiss me again, curt.
You know, honey,
I'm beginning to see the light.
Would this be the light
at the end of the tunnel?
No, this would be
light in general.
I am beginning to see...
what that little twerp
was trying to hide.
What little twerp?
II am not sure this would
interest you, Mr. Beige.
It has to do with solving a little
problem we have around here.
- What problem would that be?
- That would be rustling, Mr. Beige.
Well, Ill be dogged.
Listen at him now.

I Yes, you listen
to me, all right. All of you.
We are the victims of crime,
And it just seems
to bore you.

I It even bores you,
Mr. Beige. It don't exactly bore me.
Don't you understand?
I have got a hot lead.
Well, run her down then, son.
Don't let me take the fun out of it for you.
I Take the fun
out of it for me?
You aren't gonna take
the fun out of it for me,
You 2,000-Year-Old
rangeland cornball, and I'll tell you why.
Because you're gonna get
your shrunken ass...
the hell out of here
in 24 hours!
Well, 24 hours will be
just about fine with me.
Uncle henry!
John, I think this has been
in despicable taste.
I'm being bled to death
by cattle thieves,
I'm trying to keep from drowning,
and you want to review my taste?
You have got to promise me
that you're joking!
Laura?
It's okay.
It'll be
all right.
It's just that uncle henry has
always been such a nice person,
So good to everybody,
And it just broke
my heart to see him so old and helpless.
I know, darling, I know.
Don't call me darling.
Why?

Because!
I can't have anything to do with
this place after uncle henry's failure.
Oh, Laura-
I just can't!
Laura, please.
There's no chance for uncle henry now.
Another day
we'll be gone.
That great old man,
the great stock detective...
will have to look defeat
in the face.
But I still don't
see why I can't call you darling.
IOh, you can't see that?
No, I can't. I really can't.
It's because I love you.
And since uncle henry's failed,
I have to stick by his side...
and-And take him home.
If I let you call me
them endearments,
It'd just be admitting
everything I gotta leave.
And that would be hard.
Too hard.
It's okay.
It'll be okay.
It's okay.
I'll explain it to you.
Do you call this
real life, Cecil? It is to me, jack.
I'd like to not
give it up.
I just noticed how
wide awake I am. Now why is that?
Fear, Id say, jack.
How many pairs of clean socks you bringing?
I am not a monster.
I am a property owner.
John!
John, it's me, Cora!
What's that mean, Cora?

You sounded like
you were addressing the multitudes.
Well, it just seems
plain to me,
But Ive got the goods
on the rustler.
Is there only one?
I've got the goods,
that's all. Will you hand me a towel, honey?
I don't see why I should wait-
Just because it'd be polite-
For that dipshit
henry beige...
to solve this thing
at some remote future date.
That sagebrush nincompoop.
All right, john,
what are you gonna do then?
I am going to settle
this mess... today!
Let's go.
All right, now,
let's go.
Let's go.
Go on.
Let's go, cattle.
Go on.
Wilbur Fargo.
You know that,
brown.
You are under arrest.
Officer crane has the papers.
What's the charge?
You are charged with willfully destroying your
own automobile to collect the insurance...
and with operating
a rustling ring.
I thought you'd be smart enough
to use a different rifle for different jobs.
Now wait just a damn minute.
I've got some talking to do.
I'm glad you can deal
with this mother.
Fifteen gears?

Which you can split.
So that makes 30,
Plus Mexican overdrive.
You remember
to fuel it?
I thought it was full
when we rented it.
Check the gas gauge.
I didn't know
you were nervous.
Full to the top!
All right.
Ladies,
that handsome peach pie has caught my eye.
Let me serve you
a piece then.
Would you care for
a cold cola?
No, thanks.
Pie will be just fine.
Care for a chokecherry
tart, Mr. Beige?
Of course I do, but...
it's time this old reprobate
was going to work.
Hold still.
Now y'all take care
of yourself!
Thanks for the pie,
ladies!
What's Mexican overdrive?
Neutral.
Oh, gee.
Come out, boys!
Join the party!
Yes, sir.
Shut her down.
You're gonna stay a while.
Come on around
here, feller.
Okay, down the line.
Down the line.
Put the cuffs
on 'em, boys.

Ladies, Ill have
another piece of that pie!
Cora, Ive got it!
I've got it.
I know who it is.
I got it!
John brown, you come on inside
and let me buy you a drink.
Goddamn it!
I really trusted her.
I really thought she loved me.
Brown, here's my bill.
You can pay it, or you can use it
to wipe the pabulum off your chin.
- I'll pay it. - Don't make me no
never mind. I'm in it for the sport.
I'm gonna give you
a rule of thumb.
You foller it, and you might be able to
hang on to this ranch of yours.
All large-Scale crime
is an inside job.
Running up and down the road
a- Taking fingerprints...
and sending trash off
to the crime labs...
just don't get it done.
You're dealing with people,
you gotta be human.
Come on, henry.
Let's get the hell out of this pop stand.
I wanna get to great falls
and spend my cut.
You try to
remember it today.
Two-Year-Old steers
in the north pasture.
Cows, calves
and bred heifers in the south.
Got it.
And Ill make
the lunch while you practice walking...
that coin
between your fingers.

You can wash
the dishes while I practice card tricks.
Whatever you say, Cec.
We can find a way.