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# A Million Ways to Die in the West

By Seth Macfarlane

**NARRATOR:**

into the wrong time and place.

This was the American  
frontier in 1882.

A hard land for hard folk.

Food was scarce,  
disease was rampant,  
and life was a daily  
struggle for survival.

Hell, this was Miss  
America in 1880.

Holy shit.

To build a home and a life in  
this harsh, unforgiving country  
required that a man be bold,  
fearless, and tough as iron.

The men who were  
courageous and resilient  
were the men who prospered.

But some men were just  
big, giant pussies.

(PANTING)

Well, well.

Surprised you showed up, Stark.

Yeah, well, you said you  
would kill my family  
and burn my house down  
if I didn't, so...

Draw.

(ALBERT STUTTERING)

Is there anything at  
all that I can say  
to get you to call this off?

You yellow, Stark?

Oh, okay, well, that's a little  
racist to our hardworking friends  
over here from the Far  
East, right, guys?

Draw, you son of a bitch!

Look, I just feel like if we  
can talk this out, you know,  
we can find a calm,  
rational solution

and maybe we even laugh  
about it one day.  
I ain't in the mood  
to laugh, Stark!  
Look, there's always  
humor in any...  
Oh, hey, look. This will make  
you laugh. Look at our shadows.  
It looks like our shadows are  
about to kiss each other.  
Look at that.  
Oh, wait, watch this. Oh,  
my God, Charlie. Oh, my God.  
Thank you! This is  
so generous of you.  
(CHUCKLING) Oh, wow! This is...  
- What a terrific guy you are.  
- (SNICKERING)  
We barely know each other, but, hey,  
when it's right, it's right, huh?  
I'll give you a little tap on the  
hat when I'm good to go, okay?  
Look, we're laughing, right?  
We're laughing now.  
What were we even fighting about?  
I can't remember. Can you?  
(CROWD GASPS)  
Your goddamn sheep grazed  
up half my ranch, Stark.  
That grass ain't never  
gonna grow back!  
All right, look. How about this?  
I'll pay you the money  
you lost, okay?  
Just give me two days to sell off  
a few of my sheep and  
I'll get you the money.  
All right. Just two days.  
If I don't have that cash,  
I'm coming after ya.  
Okay, great. Thank you so  
much for your patience.  
I really appreciate it.  
And what a relief for

all these people  
who came out here  
hoping that we would  
find an amicable  
solution to this, huh?  
Aw, somebody shoot some fucker!  
I took a half-day  
off work for this!  
Okay, I just want to point out  
that guy's an English  
teacher at our school.  
(GROANS)  
(ALL GASP)  
Just a little taste.  
(CROWD MURMURING)

**ALBERT:**

have been the end of it, right?  
I mean, I tell him  
I'll pay him off,  
we go our separate  
ways, and that's it.  
But, no, he shoots me  
in the fucking leg.  
I mean, it's just a graze,  
but come on, look at that.  
(EXHALES DEEPLY)  
What?  
You should have fought him.  
I should have fought him?  
You're serious.  
Louise! My God! The guy is one  
of the best shots around.  
- I look like I have Parkinson's  
next to him. - What is that?  
It's just another way God  
mysteriously shows that He loves us.  
But, look, it would have been  
suicide to fight that guy.  
Albert, I'm breaking up with you.  
What?  
Yeah. I'm sorry.  
I got shot today.  
I know.

Wait, wait, wait. Hang on a sec.  
Louise, where is this coming from?  
Is this because of the gunfight?  
No, I've actually been feeling  
this way for a while.  
You're a great guy. I just...  
I realized that  
I want something else.  
Something else? Louise, it's  
been a year and a half!  
Look, I know I'm just a sheep  
farmer, but I'm saving money...  
Yeah, but you're not even a  
good sheep farmer, Albert.  
Your sheep are everywhere.  
The one thing a sheep  
farmer has to do  
is keep all of his sheep  
in one place, all right.  
I went to your farm the other day,  
and I saw one in the backyard,  
three way up on the ridge,  
two in the pond, and  
one on the roof.  
Okay, that's Bridget, all right?  
She has a problem with retardation,  
but she's full of love.  
Look, we're getting off  
track here, all right?  
Why don't you just tell  
me what the problem is  
and then maybe I can fix it?  
Maybe if I were older,  
the timing would be right.  
But people are living  
to be 35 these days  
and a girl doesn't  
have to just go off  
and get married right away.  
I just, I have to...  
I have to work on myself.  
Oh, my God.  
- You did not just say that.  
- What?

"I have to work on myself."  
Louise, that's the  
oldest line in the book.  
You realize that.  
You know what, it's okay, though.  
It's all right. I know  
why you're saying it.  
It's because you don't want to  
tell me that I'm the problem.  
(SIGHS)  
Goodbye, Albert.  
Goodbye? Wait. Louise. Louise!  
I love you.  
I'm sorry.  
(MOANING)

**COWBOY:**

**RUTH:**

**COWBOY:**

You like me fucking you, don't you?

**RUTH:**

- **COWBOY:**

- **RUTH:**

(MOANING CONTINUES)

Ah...

Hi, Edward.

Hi, Millie.

You waiting for Ruth?

Yeah, I got off work early, so I  
thought I'd take her out for a picnic.

(RUTH SCREAMS)

It sounds like she's just  
about done up there.

**RUTH:**

cowboy cum all over my face!

Do I look okay?

Yeah, you look good.

- You look good.

- Oh, good.  
Say, Edward, do you mind  
if I ask you something?  
Uh, yeah, sure.  
You're okay with your girlfriend  
screwing 15 different guys every day  
and getting paid to do it?  
Well, my job sucks, too.  
I know. But, I mean,  
you repair shoes.  
(GASPS) Eddie!  
Oh, hi, sweetie.  
What are you doing here?

**EDWARD:**

and I thought we could go  
for a walk by the stream.  
- (EXHALES) Oh.  
- Oh...  
Oh, your breath is, uh...  
Ooh! Ooh.  
- I had to give a blowjob. Sorry.  
- Oh, that's okay.  
It's okay. Here, I got  
you some flowers.  
(GASPS)  
- They're beautiful!  
- Yeah, come on.  
Don't I have the best  
boyfriend, Millie?  
Honestly, I have no fucking idea.  
Bye!  
Oh, hey, Ruthie, Clyde Hodgkins  
wanted to come by a little later on.  
What did he want?  
I think he wants anal.  
Oh, honey, we can afford to get  
you that new belt for church!  
Oh, that would be great!  
I know!

**So, like, 5:**

Ah, that should work. Yeah.  
Well, what time is his appointment?

Uh, it's really not like a dentist's office here, Edward. You know, he'll just come by when he feels like putting his penis inside an asshole. Yeah, so we'll just say 5:30.

- (BOTH CHUCKLING)

- Okay.

(BLEATING)

**ALBERT:**

(BLEATING)

(HORSE HUFFS)

You're late.

For what?

Fair enough.

**EDWARD:**

Hey, guys.

We heard about Louise.

That's horrible.

We're so sorry, Albert.

Do you want to sit down?

I'm good. I'm gonna

rest my asshole.

I was just looking at these old

pictures of me and Louise.

This is from the carnival.

**EDWARD:**

**ALBERT:**

**RUTH:**

**ALBERT:**

I almost wish you could

smile in photographs.

Louise has such an amazing smile.

- That'd be weird.

- Huh?

Have you ever smiled

in a photograph?

- No, have you?



- Oh, God, no.

No, you'd look like  
an insane person.

But, it's just, you know,  
I've been sitting here  
trying to figure out how the hell  
I could have screwed this up.  
I did everything for her.  
If she was happy, I was happy.  
That's all I cared about.

(SIGHS) And she was the one  
thing that made the shootings,  
and the diseases, and the wild  
animals, and the Indians,  
and the general depressing  
awfulness about the West  
bearable. (SIGHS)

God, I love her so much.  
You're gonna make me cry.

- Let's get fucked up.

- Yeah.

(COUNTRY MUSIC PLAYING)

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

So, what are you gonna do?

Uh...

I don't know what I'm gonna do.

Commit suicide, maybe.

Albert, I know everything  
seems hopeless right now,  
but I promise you, there's  
so much to live for.

Really? Is there?

What is there to live for on  
the frontier in 1882? Huh?

Look, let me tell you something.

We live in a terrible  
place and time.

The American West is a disgusting,  
awful, dirty, dangerous place.

Look around you.

Everything out here that's  
not you wants to kill you.

Outlaws, angry drunk people,  
scorned hookers, hungry animals,

diseases, major and minor  
injuries, Indians, the weather.  
You can get killed just  
going to the bathroom.  
I take my life in my hands every  
time I walk out to my outhouse.  
There's fucking rattlesnakes  
all in the grass out there.  
And even if I make it, you  
know what can kill me?  
Cholera. You know cholera?  
- The Black Shit.  
- The Black Shit.  
The latest offering in the frontier's  
disease-of-the-month club.  
And even if you survive  
all those things,  
you know what else can kill you?  
The fucking doctor.  
The doctor can kill you.  
I had a cold a couple of  
years ago. I went in there.  
You know what he  
said to me? He goes,  
"Oh, you need an ear nail."  
A nail in my fucking ear.  
That is modern medicine for you.  
"Yeah, Doc, I have a fever of 102."  
"Oh, you need a donkey kickin'."  
You know our pastor has  
shot two people? Our pastor.  
- No, no.  
- No.  
Honest to God. Shot a guy in a duel  
and then went back and  
killed the guy's teenage son  
because he was afraid he would  
kill him out of revenge.  
Wait, how do you know that?  
Because he did a whole  
fucking sermon about it!  
A lesson about seeing  
things through.  
By the way, look at this.

See those guys over there?  
The guys who work in the silver  
mines? See what they're eating?  
Ribs doused in hot sauce.  
They eat hot spicy foods  
every meal of the day.  
Do you know why?  
Because their palates are so  
completely fucking dulled  
from inhaling poisoned gas, 12  
hours a day, down in the mines.  
That's all they can taste.  
You know what that kind of  
diet does to your guts?  
Constipation, cramps,  
dyspepsia, liver disease,  
kidney disease, hemorrhoids,  
bowel inflammation.  
They literally die  
from their own farts.  
(FARTS)  
And, oh, oh, you want  
to see more death?  
All we got to do is get up  
and walk out the front door.  
That is our mayor.  
He is dead.  
He has been lying there,  
dead, for three days.  
No one has done a thing.  
Not moved him, not  
looked into his death,  
not even replaced him with  
a temporary appointee.  
For the last three days, the  
highest-ranking official in our town  
has been a dead guy.  
Oh! Look at that! Look at that!  
Wolves are dragging the body  
away as if to illustrate my point!  
Bye! Bye, Mr. Mayor!  
Bye! Have fun becoming wolf shit!  
Bye!  
God!

That, my friends, is  
the American West.

A disgusting, awful, dirty cesspool  
of despair, and fuck all of it.

Why don't you shut up?

You shut up!

Mmm, mmm...

Ow! Ruth. Jesus Christ.

- Stop it.

- Okay, fine.

At least have Dr. Harper  
take a look at it tomorrow.

(LAUGHING SARCASTICALLY)

If you could hear  
yourself right now.

You know what's gonna happen  
if I go to Dr. Harper  
and I say, "Take a look at that"?

He's gonna say,

"Oh, that looks like it hurts.

"Let me give you a blue jay  
to peck out the blood."

Maybe you should...

I don't know, maybe you  
should try to talk to Louise.

- That's a great idea.

- Yeah?

- That's the jackpot. That's the jackpot!

- Huh?

- I still got it!

- Okay.

I have good ideas sometimes.

I didn't mean now!

Hey, hey, dude, you really  
shouldn't drink and horse.

(GRUNTING)

No. No. No. No. No. No.

(GRUNTING)

Yeah, there you... Okay.

(SNORING)

Okay, Curtis. Curtis, buddy,

I'm gonna be right back.

I'll be right back, okay?

Or not! (LAUGHS)

No, that's being too ambitious.  
Hey. Hey.  
Albert, what the  
hell are you doing?  
Louise, we need to talk.

**- It's 1:**

- We need to talk.  
- And we need to talk tonight.  
- What happened to your face?  
I got in a fight with an animal  
that I could not identify.  
Okay, you're drunk.  
I'm a smucks-dinnin' drunk.  
I don't know what you want  
from me, but it's late.  
- I gotta go.  
- Louise! Louise!  
Louise, please, listen to me.  
I love you, okay?  
I love you.  
And I just think if  
we talked this out  
that we can get  
somewhere and fix it.  
Look, Albert, you gotta go.  
I'm sure you're right for  
somebody else, just not for me.  
Okay?  
Good night.  
Wait, let me just touch you.  
You're being a fucking jerk!  
Okay, I'll talk to you tomorrow.  
You know what?  
I heard you fart once.  
And it went...  
(IMITATING FART NOISE)  
And it was a sharp one.  
A little sharpie poop-toot.  
And I heard...  
(HORSE NEIGHS)

**MAN:**

get with this gold, Plugger?

You know what I'm gonna get you?  
I'm gonna get you a big old  
stack of fresh-cut steaks.  
(CHUCKLING) I bet you'd like that.  
(BARKING)  
What? What's the matter with...  
Settle down, boy.  
(BARKING CONTINUES)  
Come on, boy, hey!  
Quiet down, Plugger!  
Whoa, mule!  
(HORSES NEIGHING)  
Howdy, folks.  
Howdy.  
What can I do for you fellas?  
Well, we're riding through  
to Sherman Creek.  
Be obliged if you could  
tell us the shortest route.  
Oh, yeah, I can help you with that.  
(GRUNTS)  
I got a map right here.  
Yes, sir.  
Oh.  
You're on the main road now.  
And the main road goes  
right through Bullhead  
and straight through  
to Sherman Creek.  
But if you want the quickest way,  
I'd take Bilbee Pass.  
Safer, too. Less chance  
of bandits and such.  
Thank you.  
- You can keep that.  
- Oh.  
Uh, one more thing  
you might do for us.  
What's that?  
You could show us the gold.  
Gold? (CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)  
I ain't got no gold.  
I wish.  
Been prospecting up there, but

that stream's about panned out.  
Old Plugger and I done give it up.  
We're going on back into town.  
(CHUCKLES) Aye. You see,  
that's... That's just it.  
You're heading back to town  
in the middle of the day.  
A prospector only does that  
when he's found gold to sell.  
Show it to me.  
No, I swear to you, mister.  
I ain't got no gold.  
We're just going into  
town to get some...  
Whoa, whoa, whoa...  
- Hold on, let me think here a minute.  
- You do that.  
I might just have a  
little bit of gold.  
Yeah, here it is.  
I forgot all about it.  
Here, take it.  
Pick up your gun.  
What?  
Well, I'm not just gonna take  
your gold. That'd be stealing.  
You know what, old timer?  
We'll shoot for it.  
- Clinch.  
- Shut up.  
(CLEARS THROAT)  
You just take the gold, okay?  
Only a thief would do that.  
Are you calling me a  
thief, old timer?  
No, no, no!  
Then pick up your gun.  
That's it.  
Now point it at me.  
We shoot on three.  
(GUN CLICKS)  
One.  
Two.  
God damn it, Clinch!

You didn't have to shoot him!  
I know I didn't have  
to, sweetheart.  
He would've given you the gold!  
The point is I had  
to ask him twice.  
I'm a busy man with a schedule.  
You're a son of a bitch  
is what you are.

(GASPS)

Don't you ever say that  
to me in front of my men.  
A man's wife will respect him.  
Now, let's try that again.  
Oh, my God, I love you.  
I'm, like, the luckiest girl  
ever in the history of girls.  
That's it. Now, mount up.  
Hey, Clinch.  
Take a look.  
You'd lose half a day  
going through Bullhead.

**CLINCH:**

Jordy will ride with me.  
We'll take Bilbee Pass  
to Sherman Creek Trail.  
And make no mistake about the  
kind of heat we're going to draw  
after we take that stage.  
Anna, I'm gonna keep  
you out of harm's way.  
Lewis, you take Anna and ride east  
and hole up here in, uh, Old Stump.  
You got that?

We'll let things cool  
for a wee bit and then we'll  
come for you in 12 days.

(URGES HORSE)

(HORSE NEIGHS)

(WHIMPERING)

Come on, boy.  
Come on, Plugger. Come on! Yeah!  
Good boy! Let's go!



**LEWIS:**

(BLEATING)

Well, look who's up at

**2:**

(LAUGHS SARCASTICALLY)

There's still some pig ass and  
sweet cream there if you want it.

(FLY BUZZING)

I'm gonna use the outhouse. Um...

If I die out there, will you  
guys just do me one favor?

Just once, I want you  
to switch seats.

Fuck off.

Okay.

Oh.

Ah, Edward, hey. What's going on?

Oh, my God. Albert,  
you look terrible!

Oh, wow, there's that  
confidence boost I need.

Thanks a lot. How you doing, buddy?

Well, honestly, I'm a  
little worried about you.

I haven't seen you in  
town in a week and a half  
and, you know, it seems like you're  
just staying in and sleeping all day.

(STAMMERING) No, I don't  
stay home all day. I go out.

You know what I did on Tuesday?

I went out to Charlie

Blanche's ranch

and I paid him the money I owe him  
so he won't shoot me  
in the fucking face.

I did that. That's going out.

Well, that's not really what  
I'm talking about. (CHUCKLES)

Okay, look. Here's the  
truth, all right?

I just feel like I need to

stay here with my parents.  
They're not gonna be  
around much longer  
and I just want to be able to give  
back all the love and affection  
that I got growing up.  
You know? Right, guys?  
(FARTS) Ow!  
Oh, you getting the fart  
needles again, Dad?  
Never mind what I'm getting!  
(LAUGHING SARCASTICALLY)  
I love him so much!  
Albert, I know you're taking this  
breakup really hard, and I understand,  
but you got to get  
out of this funk.  
I mean, you haven't shorn  
your sheep in weeks.  
(BLEATING)  
Look, you don't know what  
this is like, all right.  
With all due respect, you have no  
fucking clue what this is like.  
All right? You're going  
home every night  
to your girlfriend who loves you.  
- You're having sex with her, and you...  
- Ah...  
No, Ruth and I have...  
We've never done that.  
What do you mean you've...  
You've never had sex with Ruth?  
Yeah. No, no. Yeah.  
Wait, doesn't she have sex with, like,  
10 guys every day at the whorehouse?  
On a slow day, yeah.  
But you guys have never had sex?  
No. No, Ruth wants to wait  
until we get married.  
You know, she's a  
Christian and so am I,  
and we want to save ourselves  
for our wedding night.

Edward, have you... Have you ever had sex with anyone? Well, there was some shit with my uncle, but that was... You know, it's really hard to remember all that stuff. You know, yeah, you're right. Things could be a lot worse. Yeah. Um, I'll get out, I'll meet some people. Yeah, thanks. - Okay. - (GEORGE FARTS) Ow! That came out of my penis!

**EDWARD:**

with those stick hoops lately. I know. Me, too. It's got to be bad for their brains, right? Yeah, it stunts their attention span. I read an article in the paper. Yeah, I saw that. It's like they lose the power to innovate because they're staring at the stick hoop all day. Yep. Oh, by the way, they're delivering the town's ice shipment today. You want to go watch? - Oh, yeah, that'd be fun. - Yeah! Yeah. It's always a thrill when you get to see that much ice all in one place. Yeah, I think so, too. I'm really excited. Edward, Edward, look, look. Holy shit. Fucking Foy. She told me she didn't want to see anybody. She told me she had

to work on herself.  
Look at that.  
Oh, my God. Fucking Foy!  
The owner of the Moustachery.  
Oh, look at that. He's kissing her.

- **EDWARD:**

- **ALBERT:**

Maybe you should grow a moustache.  
No, I can't afford it.  
The creams, the waxes, the lotions.  
I don't have the money.  
Fucking Foy!  
Hey, Albert, maybe we  
should just go to church.  
It'll make you feel a lot better.  
Church is not gonna...  
Oh, hey, look! It's the ice!  
(CHUCKLES)  
Why is it so big?  
So it doesn't melt.

**EDWARD:**

That's so neat.  
I know. It's actually really  
interesting how they do it.  
It's this one company out in Boston  
that basically cuts  
it in big blocks  
from frozen lakes and ponds,  
and they just ship it all over the...

**BOTH:**

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!  
That went south so fast!  
Oh! Oh!

**WILSON:**

And make no mistake, my children.  
There shall be swift and righteous  
justice on all free grazers.  
No more shall they nibble wantonly  
at the teat of our coffers.

And that's just exactly  
like that part in the Bible  
that applies to that situation.  
I would also like to  
offer a heartfelt prayer  
to the family of James Addison,  
who was killed this morning  
while unloading the ice shipment.  
James, we will think of  
you lovingly this July  
as we sip the cold summer beverages  
for which you gave your life.

(WHISPERING) They're still  
gonna use the fucking ice.

Now, before we end this  
morning's service,  
I would like to welcome two  
new members to our community.  
Lewis Barnes and his sister, Anna.  
They've just moved  
here to Old Stump  
and they plan to build a farm.  
And we wish them all the luck.

Well, that concludes  
today's service.

So, may God bless you  
for another week  
and there is a mountain  
lion warning in effect.

(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)

Hi.

Hey, you.

- So, the fair's coming up...

- Mmm?

and I was thinking that we  
could go dress shopping later.

I was thinking you  
need a new dress.

(GASPS) Something expensive?

Stupidly expensive!

Okay. (CHUCKLES)

Oh, Jesus. Wow.

Hi, Albert.

Hello.

What's up, kiddo? Never  
seen you in here before.

Just browsing.

Yeah.

You don't have a moustache, though.

No, I know. I was thinking  
about growing one.

I'm sorry, I can't...

- I said I was thinking about growing one.

- Oh.

Excuse me, I have to  
use the powder room.

And just what kind of moustache  
are you looking to grow?

Um, a big one.

Like one of those  
ones that goes down  
along the side of my mouth,  
and then goes up the  
edge of my jaw,  
and then becomes my sideburns,  
and then becomes my hair.

A Mbius moustache.

Mbius moustache, that's the one.

Yeah. Um...

You should know that  
kind of moustache  
is a very costly facial accessory.

Yeah, I know that.

Well, you're a sheep farmer.

(SCOFFS)

Let me ask you something. You feel  
good about what you're doing?

What exactly am I doing?

Stealing a guy's girlfriend.

That's what you're doing.

You feel good about that?

Hey, Louise dumped you, my friend.

It's not my fault she wanted  
someone with more to offer.

I can give her a lavish home.

Warm blankets, wrapped candies.

Can you say the same, Albert?

Can you give Louise

wrapped candies?

You know what? Fuck you, man.

Yeah, that's what she's doing.

(CLICKS TONGUE)

(SIGHS)

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

Oh, hey, sweetie.

Hi!

- Hi, Mark.

- Hey, Ed.

Wow! What a long day!

Oh, what happened?

Oh, gosh! Well, like, this one man wanted me to smoke a cigar and then ash on his balls while I'm jerking him off, and I'm like, "What? Can I do all that?"

(LAUGHING)

Yeah.

You know, uh, Ruth, I've been thinking.

About what?

Well, I love you.

Well, I love you, too.

And we've been together for a long time.

Wh...

What do you think about us spending the night together?

You mean having sex?

Maybe not right away, you know?

We could maybe lie together for the first couple of times and see how it feels, and then go from there.

But, Eddie, we're Christians.

I know we're Christians and I want to do the correct thing in the eyes of the Lord.

But if we really do love each other, don't you think God would be okay with it?

I don't know.  
I mean, you're talking about  
pre-marital relations.  
Oh! You've got a little thing  
right here. I'll get it.  
Oops. Oopsie.  
- Thank you.  
- Oh.  
That's it, I'm out.  
What?  
I'm done. I'm leaving.  
I'm going to San Francisco.  
What, are you serious?  
Because of Louise?  
Yes, I'm serious. And, yes,  
it is because of Louise.  
I don't know how I  
lasted this long.  
I hate the frontier,  
I hate everything in it.  
Well, what am I gonna do?  
I'm your best friend.  
I know. That's... That's why  
I want you to have these.  
Albert, these are  
your favorite socks.  
Yeah.  
And I want you to have that.  
Edward, this is your  
lucky handkerchief.  
Yeah.  
It's sticky.  
Well, hello to you, too!  
James, I found the friendly locals.  
(CHUCKLES)  
So he said, "Why don't you  
go blow your own horse?"  
(LAUGHS)  
Hey, watch it, pal.  
I think you owe me a drink, fella.  
The hell I do.  
You best watch where you stand.  
I don't think you heard me.  
I'm thirsty.



Then why don't you go on down  
the river and take a dunk?

Last chance, kid.

(EXHALES)

(CHUCKLING)

(GASPS)

(INDISTINCT SHOUTING)

Oh, shit!

(GRUNTS)

Albert, hurry! Get in position!

(GRUNTING)

(GROANING)

We got our own thing  
going on over here.

Yeah, nobody needs  
to get in on this.

We're both getting  
hurt pretty badly.

(GRUNTING)

(GROANING)

Nobody needs to come over here.

This fight is way more  
violent than yours...

All those other guys' fights.

(GROANING)

(GRUNTING)

- (GROANING)

- Oh!

You actually hit me!

I'm so sorry.

You fucker!

I put a new move in there.

You don't just put a new move in.

That's why we have the meetings.

(GROANING)

That's where it hurts.

Like, right there.

Like, right underneath my eye.

Yeah, there's a little red spot.

Ow! Careful, it's tender.

(GRUNTING)

- Thank you.

- Sure.

(GUNSHOT)

Shit. Come on.

Whoa!

(SIGHS)

Sorry about that.

It's kind of a regular  
occurrence around here.

- Really?

- Yeah.

(BOTH SIGH)

Hey, pretty fast hands back there.

- Oh...

- I guess you're a real hero.

Me? No, I'm not the hero.

I'm the guy in the crowd making  
fun of the hero's shirt.

- That's who I am.

- Oh.

- Hey, look who's here.

- Who's this?

This is Plugger.

Hey, Plugger.

So, that... That was your  
brother in there, huh?

Yeah, Lewis. He's always  
been a little rambunctious.

Yeah, he seems like a great guy.

I'm Albert, by the way.

Anna.

You guys just got into town?

Yeah.

Welcome to our awesome town.

Thanks.

Lewis and I just came  
out from Kansas City.

Oh, Kansas.

No, it's in Missouri.

Oh, right. That's  
annoying and weird.

We were wanting a change,  
so we came out to the frontier  
looking to build a farm.

- Oh, that's what I do.

- Really?

Yeah, I got a farm about

2 miles from here.

Oh, cattle?

Uh, no, sheep.

- Oh.

- Yep.

Well, that's got to be  
fulfilling work, though, right?

Ah, yeah, it's great.

It's like being a dog walker  
for 150 really stupid dogs.

(LAUGHS)

- **ALBERT:**

- **ANNA:**

- Plugger, give it to me. (GROANING)

- Jesus, what is that?

It's the mayor.

- (GLASS SHATTERS)

- (WOMAN SCREAMING)

Oh, shit!

So, how did you guys meet?

Uh, she moved to town

a couple years ago

to take over the schoolmarm job.

Our old schoolmarm got her throat  
slit by a fast-moving tumbleweed.

- Oh, my God!

- Yeah.

In front of the kids?

Oh, yeah. Yeah. All of them.

**ANNA:**

That is just painful to watch.

And, you know, it's like the  
whole time we were together

I just remember thinking,

"How can I possibly be this happy?"

"She likes me now,

"but one day, she

is gonna figure out

"that she is too good for me."

And then one day, she did.

I feel like I finally tricked one

girl into falling in love with me  
and then I lost her.  
I think you have this  
whole thing upside down.  
I mean, it sounds like you've bent  
over backwards for this girl,  
but what has she given you back?  
I told you, she allowed  
me to be happy  
in a part of the world that  
is otherwise a living hell.  
"Allowed"? Wow.  
That's kind of fucked up that  
you would use that word.  
You know that, right?  
All I know is that there  
is nothing for me out here  
if I don't have her.

**ANNA:**

if this Foy guy is  
that much of a douche,  
she'll figure it out  
if she's smart.  
Sometimes a girl has to get a  
few assholes out of her system  
before she realizes what  
a good guy looks like.  
Mmm. Maybe.  
(COUGHING)  
- Ah!  
- You okay?  
(COUGHING) This is actually  
my first cigarette ever.  
(CHUCKLING) Oh, my God.  
(GASPS)  
- Oh, shit.  
- Diamondback.  
- It's a diamondback, yeah.  
- Fuck.  
It's okay, just hold perfectly  
still, and it'll go away.  
Okay, okay.  
I don't think you

should leave tomorrow.  
At least stay through the weekend.  
Isn't the fair on Saturday?  
Oh, fuck that. I'm not  
going to the stupid fair.  
Louise is gonna be there,  
and she's gonna be with Foy.  
I don't want to put myself through  
that kind of fucking aggravation.  
Yeah, well, I'll go with you.  
No better way to make your  
ex-girlfriend want you back more  
than to let her see you  
with another girl.  
I don't know.  
Especially a smoking-hot girl.  
When she sees me, she'll  
be intimidated as fuck.  
Oh, you're very modest, I see.  
I'm a little cocky.  
But I got great tits.  
- (LAUGHING)  
- (RATTLING)  
- Oh!  
- Sorry. Sorry, sir.  
Sorry, sir. Sorry, sir.  
(HORSE NEIGHING)  
(KEYS JANGLING)  
Barnes, wake up.  
Brought you a visitor.  
You stupid son of a bitch.  
You shot the pastor's son.  
You realize they're probably  
gonna hang you for this?  
Who gives a fuck what they want?  
When Clinch gets into town, it's  
not gonna matter what they do.  
He'll bust me out  
and anyone who tries to stop  
him is gonna be a dead man.  
You know, one of these days  
there's gonna be a man  
who's faster than Clinch  
and tougher, and stronger.

And then Clinch is  
gonna be the dead man.  
And I'm gonna smoke a  
fucking cigar to celebrate.  
(SCOFFS) I don't think Clinch would  
like you talking about him that way.  
Not a nice thing for a man's  
wife to say about her husband.  
Yeah, well,  
let's see if he gets here before you  
find yourself at the end of a rope.  
Tick-tock.  
(DOOR CLOSES)  
(SHEEP BLEATING)  
Oh, no, no, no. No, no, no, no!  
Guys, no, no, no.  
Andrew, Jonathan, no.  
Go, go, go. Go home.  
(BLEATING)  
Hey, sheep boy.  
Hey.  
Jesus, are you okay? I heard about  
your brother getting arrested.  
Yeah, I'm fine. And listen, Albert.  
Don't worry about Lewis, okay?  
Anything that happens to him right  
now is his own fault. Got it?  
Yeah. Whatever you say, sure.  
Good. Let's hit this fair, because  
you know what I wanna do?  
Eat hot food in 100-degree weather?  
No, get my picture taken.  
I've never done it before.  
- That's horse shit.  
- No, it's the truth.  
- No, that's horse shit.  
- Whoa! Oh, that is horse shit.  
Okay. All right.  
Okay, everybody hold still!  
You know, supposedly,  
there's some guy in Texas  
who smiled one time while he  
was getting his picture taken.  
Shut the fuck up. Are you serious?

We were just talking about  
that last week. Is that true?  
I don't know. I mean, I heard it  
somewhere. I don't know if it's true.  
Yeah, it sounds like the kind of  
bullshit somebody would make up.  
Okay. Everybody hold still.  
- Oh, my God!  
- Holy shit!  
(BOTH SCREAMING)  
Hold still!  
God! This fucking fair!  
Every year, something  
like this happens.  
Every year, people die.  
- Really?  
- Every year.  
Last year, there  
were two gunfights,  
there was a knife fight,  
a stage collapsed,  
there was a drowning, and  
the Indians attacked.  
- God, why are the Indians always so mad?  
- I don't know.  
I mean, we're basically splitting  
this country 50-50 with them.  
They're just selfish.  
Ladies and gentlemen!  
Step right up, step right up!  
Try a sample of...  
Sir and madam, may I  
divert your attention  
over here just for a moment?  
Welcome, welcome. Can I  
interest you in a miracle cure?  
I have only the finest  
healing tonics and elixirs  
procured from the farthest  
corners of the globe.  
"Ogden's Celebrated  
Stomach Bitters."  
Can I just ask, celebrated by who?  
Who's celebrating about

stomach bitters?  
God. Look at the ingredients.  
"Cocaine, alcohol, morphine,  
mercury with chalk."  
What the hell is  
"mercury with chalk"?  
Science!  
And "red flannel."  
Red flannel? There's shirt in here?  
Pieces of shirt.  
Okay, thank you very much.  
Would you like to try?

- **ALBERT:**

- **ANNA:**

That's them. That's them.  
(STUTTERING)  
Quick, pretend you just  
said something funny to me.  
(LAUGHING) Oh, my God!  
You are... You are so hilarious!  
Where do you come up... No, shit!  
You pretend I said something funny.  
Albert, stop. Stop.  
Just introduce me. Come on.  
I'm not gonna introduce you...  
- Oh, hi!  
- Hey.  
Uh, Foy and Louise, right?  
- Mmm-hmm.  
- That's right.  
Uh, this is Anna. She's...  
- I'm his girlfriend.  
- She's my girlfriend.

- **ANNA:**

- She's the new GF. Big time.  
A lot of sexual activity.  
All the time. I live inside her.  
So, if you want to  
send me a letter,  
you gotta address it  
care of her vagina.



Yep.

I have that skirt.

- Oh, you do?

- Mmm-hmm.

Yeah, I wore it to the  
fair, like, two years ago.

But good for you for  
trying to bring it back.

Well, I figure only  
a complete idiot  
would throw away a  
perfectly good thing.

We were gonna go check out the  
shooting gallery over there.

- You guys wanna join?

- What?

Yeah, it'd be fun, right?

Oh, yes, and let's make  
things interesting.

A nickel a target.

You know, that's actually, uh,  
a little rich for my blood.

Uh, how about a penny?

What's the matter, Albert? Is  
business (IMITATING BLEATING) bad?

(CHUCKLING)

No, no. A penny it is.

Good Lord, Albert, you're  
such a "sheepskate." Oh!

(LAUGHING) Wow!

Oh...

Let's go, Louise. You  
can "shear" me on.

Oh, no, I didn't!

- **LOUISE:**

- **FOY:**

Shall we?

(WHISPERING) Come on.

Wait, wait, no, no.

There you are, my good man.

Indeed.

Oh, wow. That seems unnecessary.

What's wrong with ducks  
or rabbits or something?

Mmm-hmm.

Six shots, six hits.

Quite the marksman!

There you go, ma'am.

- Thank you, baby.

- (CHUCKLING)

(BOTH MOANING)

Care to try?

You got it.

Just breathe.

(CROWD LAUGHING)

Seems you owe me six  
cents, sheep herder.

Yeah, yeah, I know.

Jesus.

Wait. Hang on a sec.

You wanna make this interesting?

If I can shoot six out of six on  
Albert's behalf, you owe him a dollar.

If I can't,

- he owes you a dollar.

- Wait, what?

- A dollar?

- I've never seen a dollar.

Nobody's got a dollar!

Let us see the dollar!

Well, this is interesting.

All right. Do your best, ma'am.

(IMITATING BLEATING)

How fast can this thing go?

Oh, you can play double or triple  
speeds, but that's for the experts.

As fast as you can.

(CROWD EXCLAIMS)

Holy shit!

Congratulations!

You're a winner!

Thank you.

Come on, you owe him a dollar.

(CROWD GASPS)

There it is!

It's beautiful!

Take your hat off, boy.  
That's a dollar bill!  
Well, a man whose girlfriend  
does his shooting for him.  
Isn't that a fine how-do-you-do?  
(CROWD LAUGHING)  
I said, "Isn't that a  
fine how-do-you-do?"  
(LAUGHING HARDER)  
(LAUGHING SARCASTICALLY)  
(STAMMERING) How is that funny?  
What's funny about that?  
"How do you do" is a greeting.  
Why is that funny?  
You, why are you laughing?  
I don't know. He was laughing.  
It seems your ex-boyfriend  
doesn't have a sense of humor.  
I can see why you dumped him.  
Hey!  
You wanna back up that  
attitude, asshole?  
Oh, you are kidding.  
Never been more serious in  
my life. You and me, pistols.  
You wouldn't have a prayer, kiddo.

**Tomorrow, 8:**

All right, challenge accepted!  
Oh, gosh. Tomorrow is bad for me,  
and I really wanna be there.  
Why don't we say a week from today?  
That works for you, right, Albert?  
Yeah, yeah, that's fine.  
A week from today.  
I got sheep stuff I gotta  
do tomorrow, anyway.  
One week.  
Come on, Louise.  
I'll buy you some sugared  
butter shavings.  
(IMITATING BLEATING)  
Oh, shit!  
Wow.

What the fuck did I just do?  
You just challenged  
Foy to a gunfight.  
I have no idea what just happened.  
(STAMMERING)  
I was, like, out of my body.  
Albert, did you see the  
look on Louise's face?  
No. Why?  
She was aroused. She was impressed.  
You had a fire in your belly  
for a second there, pal.  
Bet you never showed  
her that side before.  
Yeah, I don't have that side to me.  
I honestly don't know  
what just happened.  
Albert, you got her attention.  
You beat this guy at a gunfight,  
I bet she thinks twice  
about dumping you.  
Anna, I can't be in a gunfight.  
What am I, Clinch Leatherwood here?  
- I'll get killed!  
- Whoa!  
Why would you say that?  
Because he's the most vicious  
gunfighter in the territory,  
which I am not!  
No, you're not Clinch Leatherwood.  
You're gonna be okay, Albert.  
That week I just bought you is enough  
time for me to teach you how to shoot.  
You'll be fine.  
Oh, yeah, by the way,  
that's another thing.  
How the fuck can you  
shoot like that?  
Who the hell are you?  
My father was a gun maker. I could  
shoot a gun before I could walk.  
Whatever. I'm sick to my stomach.  
My stomach is in knots.  
You're worked up, that's

what it is. Let's get a drink.

Come on.

Hey! It's our sweet young couple.

Could I interest you folks  
in some Wildroot Cream-Oil?

(CROWD SCREAMING)

People die at the fair.

**ANNA:**

take your right thumb,  
put it all the way to the left.

Cross it over, cradle  
it right in there,  
and then just extend it  
straight through your...

- Like that?

- Straight.

Wow, you've never  
fired a gun before.

I... I have not. I own a gun.

No, I fired a gun at  
the shooting gallery.

Yeah, but those were quarter loads.

These are full loads.

Okay, all right, get ready. I'm about  
to shoot a full load at your cans.

(LAUGHING)

Shut the fuck up and focus.

All right. Okay.

(SIGHS)

This is never gonna work.

- This is not working.

- It's gonna work.

It's gonna work and Louise is  
gonna come running back to you.

How the hell do you  
get these things out?

(LAUGHING)

I'm sitting there  
jerking that thing off.

(SIGHS)

Hey, why are you  
being so nice to me?

What do you mean?

Well, I mean, you show  
up out of nowhere.  
You're this complete anomaly in my  
world of terribleness out here.  
I mean, you must have a million  
better things to do than this.  
What, I can't make a new friend?  
You sure look like  
you could use one.  
I guess. I mean, I just... I just  
don't know anything about you.  
Well, can I ask you  
something about you?  
Yeah, sure.  
Why do you love Louise?  
(SIGHS)  
I mean, take your pick. She's...  
I feel great when I'm with her.  
She's classy, she's fun,  
she's insanely gorgeous.  
Hey, no. Look, she's  
really pretty, yes.  
But honestly, and I'm  
sorry to say this,  
I don't see what else  
she's got going for her.  
My impression was that she was a  
little sour and self-absorbed.  
And for a guy with so  
much going for him,  
I just thought that maybe you...  
I don't know what you think  
I have going for me, but...  
You see? There you go again,  
just cutting yourself down.  
You act like this  
girl was performing  
some kind of a charitable  
act by dating you.  
Albert, you're a catch.  
You're sweet, you're  
funny, you're smart.  
You've made something  
of yourself out here.

You know, a lot of  
people can't say that.  
You're a good sheep farmer.  
Oh, my God, please.  
I suck at sheep.

Louise was right. I can't  
keep track of them.

There was a sheep in the  
whorehouse last week.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Wandered in there, and then  
when I went to pick it up,  
somehow, it had made \$20.

(LAUGHING)

But, you know, thank you  
anyway for what you said.

Oh, look, the West fucking sucks,  
but the frontier is  
not your problem.

It's you.

You need a little confidence  
boost, my friend.

Now, aim up, sheep boy.

- Oh!

- Hey!

- There we go!

- See? There!

All righty. That's one.

So, all I gotta do is get Foy to let  
me shoot 16 times before he shoots  
and then I win!

You're gonna do great, I promise.

- Easy.

- We're gonna get there.

(GUNSHOT)

- (LAUGHING) Hey!

- Yes!

(SCREAMING)

Oh!

God damn it, Albert!

No more friends!

**ANNA:**

You know, you did great today.  
So much better than last week.  
And I have a surprise for you.  
You have earned one of Anna Barnes'  
very special  
super-super-secret cookies.

Mmm-hmm.

- Wait, what is this?

- Mmm-hmm?

This is a pot... This is  
a pot cookie, isn't it?

- It's a pot cookie.

- No, no, no.

No. I don't do well  
with that stuff at all.

It's a pot cookie.

Yeah, I know. No, thank you.

Just have a little bit with me.

My worst fear is to OD  
on a recreational drug.

- (STAMMERS) No, thank you.

- On a pot cookie?

The last time somebody  
gave me one of these  
I became convinced that prairie  
dogs could read my mind.

Just take a little bit.

- I'll take a very, very small bite.

- Just a small bite.

- A very small bite.

- That's it.

Are you kidding me?

Nope. Deadly serious.

- (LAUGHING)

- Let's see what this does  
and if I don't throw  
myself off this cliff  
during some awful  
freak-out, then...

Just take that little  
bit, right there.

- Well, now you've touched it.

- (LAUGHING)

Take the other side. There you go.



There.

And now, we just wait  
for the sun to set.

This is really weird.

- Is it supposed to be like this?

- (CHUCKLING)

You gave me the right  
amount, right?

You don't think I took too much?

- Just ride it out.

- This is...

Wow, my bones are in  
really deep today.

Like, there's a lot more  
skin than there usually is.

I think my body is padding  
up for the winter,  
which is weird, because  
it's not winter.

But there's a lot more there.

(ANNA LAUGHING)

Oh...

(SWALLOWING)

There's something wrong  
with my swallowing.

This is not how I usually swallow.

(SQUEAKING)

Oh, my God, Anna, he knows.

What, what, what?

He knows what we're doing,  
he knows what this is.

He knows what this is.

I don't wanna... No,

I don't wanna join.

I don't wanna join up.

Suppertime, you lazy prick.

(SNORING)

Goddamn waste of lungs.

(GRUNTING)

Who's lazy now, Sheriff?

(CHUCKLES)

(FOLK MUSIC PLAYING)

(CROWD CHEERING)

(WHOOPING)

Hey.  
Wow.  
You look amazing.  
And maybe a little uncomfortable.  
Oh, shit!  
I'm totally overdressed, aren't I?  
No.  
I've never done formal before.  
And the lady at the boutique  
told me to buy this  
and no one else is wearing this.  
(STAMMERS) Who cares what...  
These are all fuckers.  
You look fantastic.  
I look like Jane Austen  
threw up all over me.  
(LAUGHING) You do not look  
like Jane Austen threw...  
No, you look absolutely beautiful.  
You can breathe in  
that thing, right?  
There's nothing I like more than  
putting on some  
loose, baggy clothes,  
and just being able to relax.  
Yeah, this is an end-of-the-workday  
outfit you have on.  
I'm very glad I  
remembered the six items  
I somehow require to  
hold up my pants.  
Oh, yeah.  
I like your bustle, by the way.  
Oh, yeah.  
I really love that the most  
alluring fashion statement  
a woman can make today  
is to simulate a fat ass.  
- That is a simulation of a fat ass,  
right there. - Thank you.  
If I was a black guy, this is the  
meanest trick you could play on me.  
Because I'd be like,  
"Oh, my God! Look.

"There's a fat ass, my favorite."  
And then I'd lift it up and I'd be  
like, "Oh, shit, it's a big joke."  
I know, exactly, because  
when you lift it up  
there's nothing but a  
metal cage under there.

**ALBERT:**

You are ready to relieve  
the stress of the day.  
Completely.

(SIGHS)

Well, at the very least,  
this will be a good way  
to spend my last  
night alive, right?

Albert.

What?

Do you trust me?

Yeah, I do.

Good. You're gonna be fine.

If I thought you were  
gonna lose this gunfight,  
I'd make you call it off. Okay?

(SIGHS)

Yeah, okay.

Trust me.

(CROWD CHEERING)

Hey, how about it  
for the James Gang?

Thank you. Hey, hey, it's great  
to be back here in Old Stump.

Any Indians here tonight?

How'd you get tickets?

Let me guess. Scalpers.

But I tell ya, folks, this telegraph  
machine... That thing is nuts.

I mean, sure, it's faster  
than the Pony Express,  
but what good is it if you can't  
send a picture of your dick?

(CROWD LAUGHING)

Okay, they're giving

me the lantern.

Enjoy the bison and I hope  
you're enjoying your drinks  
as much as my horse enjoyed  
making them for you.

Now, let's all line up for  
the sweetheart dance.

Come on, let's go.

No, no, no! I suck at dancing.

No one will notice.

How will they not notice?

Because you suck at everything.

Well, well!

Hello, there, sheepie.

Hello, Foy. Hey, Louise.

Hey, Albert.

So, big day tomorrow.

Care for a last dance?

With you?

No, not with me.

- I mean, the dance.

- Oh!

Yeah. No, yeah, no.

She and I are gonna dance.

And now, to serenade us  
for the sweetheart dance,  
our very own Marcus Thornton!

Shit crowd.

(INAUDIBLE)

(SIGHS) Ready for weird, stiff,  
traditional frontier dancing?

Fuck, yes.

(FOLK MUSIC PLAYING)

You men who long for love  
You mustn't all despair  
There's a secret you should know  
To capture the hearts of the fair  
You may not have the looks  
You may not have the dash  
But you'll win yourself a girl  
If you've only got a moustache  
A moustache  
A moustache  
If you've only got a moustache

You may be common folk  
Without a hint of pride  
But you needn't be a king  
To make any maiden a bride  
You may not have the name  
You may not have the cash  
But you'll make that girl your own  
If you've only got a moustache  
A moustache  
A moustache  
If you've only got a moustache  
You may be big and fat  
Or uglier than sin  
All the ladies shut you out  
You're wondering how to get in  
Well, here is my advice  
For how to make a splash  
You can have your pick of gals  
If you've only got a moustache  
A moustache  
A moustache  
If you've only got a moustache  
A moustache, a moustache,  
a moustache  
Big moustache, thick moustache  
My moustache, your moustache  
Say the word, the word "moustache"  
A moustache, a moustache  
Now we both have said "moustache"  
A moustache  
A moustache  
If you've only got a moustache  
(CROWD CHEERING)  
Fucking asshole.  
How about I steal a bottle of  
whiskey and we get out of here?  
Love that idea.  
I'll be right back.  
Your dick's out.  
(TALKING INDISTINCTLY)  
(LAUGHING)  
Hey.  
So, Albert and I are gonna split,  
but I just wanted to come by

and wish you luck tomorrow.

Thank you.

So, I guess it's kind of weird  
knowing that a woman  
can outshoot you, huh?

If you don't mind,  
my girlfriend and I are  
enjoying each other's company.

Want to know the  
real kicker, though?

I can outdrink you, too.

That, I can assure  
you, is impossible.

Fifty cents to the winner.

One,

two,

three.

(GRUNTS)

Oh, shit!

Don't feel bad.

Alcohol doesn't harmonize well with a  
woman's frail constitution, anyway.

I guess not.

Here you go.

You can buy your  
girlfriend a brain.

Excuse me?

You're an idiot.

You have the nicest guy in the world  
throwing himself at your feet  
and here you are with  
this complete asshole.

Who I go out with  
is my own business.

So, why don't you  
mind your own, bitch?

How are you so blind  
with eyes that big?

Enjoy your night.

- (HUFFS)

- They're not that big.

No, my dear, they're  
practically Chinese.

God, I love you.

- I love you, too.

- (MOANING)

How's that?

Ooh. (COUGHING)

- Wow.

- (INHALES SHARPLY)

- Um...

- It'll keep us warm, though.

Are you cold?

A little.

Here, take...

- No, no, no! It's okay.

- No, it's fine. Here.

This has been in my family  
for 97 generations.

(SIGHS)

I can't get that goddamn  
moustache song out of my head.

Oh, just think of another song.

I can't. There's only,  
like, three songs.

Oh, that's true. And they're  
all by Stephen Foster.

Yeah.

Mmm.

(SIGHS) Um...

Hey, you know, whatever  
happens tomorrow,  
I just... I just want  
to say thank you.

Uh...

I couldn't have gotten  
this far without you.  
And this may be the booze talking,  
or your pep talk, or both,  
but I think I can do it.

You know, I think I can beat him.

Well, I'll tell you this, you  
sound a lot more confident  
than that guy who dragged me out  
of the saloon not too long ago.

You know, it's funny.

I still feel like I don't know  
anything about you

after all this time.  
And I feel like every time I bring  
it up, you change the subject.  
There really isn't  
that much to tell.  
My story is a lot like  
yours, I suppose.  
Because I'll tell you, I hate the  
West just as much as you do.  
Do you really?  
For my own reasons, but, yeah.  
Oh, I like you even more now.  
There is something about  
connecting over mutual hatred  
that's just so much  
deeper than mutual love.  
It's true, right?  
If two people hate the same  
things, it creates a bond.  
Hate can move mountains.  
(LAUGHING) Yes.  
Oh, hey, you know what?  
Before I forget.  
Hey, Bridget, Bridget.  
- Yeah, she knows. Come here. There we go.  
- (ANNA LAUGHING)

**ANNA:**

What is this?  
This is just a little  
something to say thank you.  
Albert.  
It's nothing huge, it's just...  
Okay, don't get too excited.  
What is it? What is it? What is it?  
Holy shit.

**ALBERT:**

- He's smiling.  
- Yeah.  
No, in the picture, he's smiling!

**ALBERT:**

I bought that off a peddler who was



coming through town last week.  
- This is the guy I was telling you about.  
- Uh-huh.  
I didn't even know this existed.  
- And apparently, he's not insane.  
- Bullshit!  
That's what the guy told me.  
It takes 30 seconds  
to take a photograph.  
This guy would have  
had to sit there  
and smile for 30 sustained seconds.  
I know. I've never been happy for  
30 seconds in a row in my life.  
No one has. It's the fucking West!  
He's gotta be insane!  
Who the fuck knows?  
This is incredibly sweet.  
(STAMMERING) It's nothing. It's...  
I owe you.  
No one's ever done  
anything like this for me.  
Oh, come on, now. (CHUCKLES)  
Thank you.  
Uh...  
I'm sorry.  
I... I shouldn't have done that.  
No, it's... It's fine.  
You...  
You've just been a really good  
friend to me. That's all.  
Yeah. I, um...  
It's late.  
Yeah, I should take you home.  
(CHUCKLES)  
- (GRUNTS)  
- (CHUCKLES)  
Oh, thanks.  
Good luck tomorrow.  
I'm gonna be there.  
Good. (CHUCKLES)  
Okay.  
Um... (CLEARS THROAT)  
(CHUCKLES) Good night.

Good night.

(HORSE NEIGHS)

(CRACKLING)

Hello?

(EXCLAIMS)

What, uh... What's that?

Nothing. (STUTTERING)

It's a weather experiment.

Oh.

Great Scott!

Are you sure you can't call it off?

Of course not. I'd

be branded a coward.

Baby, if you fight him

tomorrow, you will kill him.

Yes, that's what

happens in a gunfight.

But he's not a bad guy, Foy.

I mean, yeah, he's kind of a loser

and he always smells like sheep,

but he doesn't deserve to be shot.

Louise!

My decision is final.

Now, do it.

Hey, I'm really tired.

Louise!

(MOANING)

My social stature is significant.

I'm an important man.

I have my own business.

People envy me.

(STOMACH RUMBLING)

Ooh...

- What's wrong?

- (GROANS)

- Foy!

- Not now!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Hello, sweetheart.

(MOUTHING) Where's Anna?

(STOMACH RUMBLING)

(SIGHS)

Well, now,

I didn't think you'd show, sheepie.

Yeah, listen, Foy...

Oh...

Oh. Oh...

(FARTING)

(GASPING)

(FARTING)

(SIGHING)

(FARTS)

(FARTS)

(SIGHS DEEPLY)

(STRAINING)

Holy shit. You all... You all done?

I'm good.

Okay.

Listen, Foy,

she's all yours.

(SIGHS)

Louise,

you know, I really

do care about you.

But, I don't know,

somewhere along the line

I guess I just forgot that a

relationship is a two-way street.

And I've been reminded recently

of what it's like to have

somebody care about me.

And I like it.

So, if you want to spend the rest of

your life with a pussy full of hair,

I say, go with God and

best of luck to you.

You know, I just realized that last

joke might not have been clear.

I didn't mean that she

has a hairy pussy.

I meant that Foy has a moustache,

so, you know, he gets hair in her

when he goes down there.

Yeah. (IMITATING GUNFIRE)

I got it.

Anna?

- Coward.

- Thank you.

She's not there.

- Well, I'm sure she's okay.

- I don't understand.

We've been prepping for  
this gunfight for a week.

She wouldn't just not show up.

Hey, do you... Do you think  
you guys are gonna have sex?

Uh...

Maybe, at some point. I don't know.

Well, when you do, let us know  
because maybe we can make  
it an all-us-friends thing.

You know, we can all get in  
sync together, sexually.

- Edward, we are not having sex.

- Sorry.

Ruth! Let's fuck!

Coming!

(CHUCKLING)

She keeps my head on straight.

(WHISPERING) Clinch Leatherwood.

Great.

Look at this. Another  
thing that can kill us.  
We should all just wear  
coffins as clothes.

Shh.

Somebody in this wee shithole  
of a town is going to die.

One of my boys saw a man  
kissing my wife last night.

I want to know who it was.

Oh, man!

Somebody's gonna get fucked up.

Now, you all seem like good folk.

And good folk know better than  
to take what isn't theirs.

And this... (WHISTLES)

This is mine.

So, I'm going to ask one more time.

Who was it?

Mmm?

Who?

(CROWD GASPS)

Now, you make sure he  
gets this message.

Either he meets me outside in the  
main thoroughfare at noon tomorrow  
or I start killing more people.

All right? (SCOFFS)

Albert, you gotta get out of here.

(HORSE NEIGHS)

(HUFFS)

Boys, there's an abandoned sod  
house back around that bend.

We'll stash the gold there.

Ben, you take the men  
and set up camp.

I need some alone  
time with my wife.

Got it, Clinch.

Let's go, boys. Come on!

Go on, get down.

(GROANS)

Who was it?

Huh?

Mark Twain.

What? Is it?

Jesus. How fucking stupid are you?

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

Who?

(EXHALING)

I'm not gonna ask you again. Who?

Okay, it's... It's Sheriff Brady.

But please, please, please.

I'm begging you.

Don't hurt him, okay?

After all the lovely years

we've been together

you think I don't know

when you're lying?

- I'm not.

- (BARKING)

Plugger.

Tell me who it is or Plugger gets  
plugged between his pretty eyes.

- Come on, Clinch.

- You think I'm joking?  
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Okay, okay, okay.  
Who?  
(SIGHS)  
It's Albert Stark.  
Albert Stark.  
That's better.  
I've been keeping it nice and soft.  
See?  
(MOANING)  
Mmm!  
I've missed you, baby.  
Oh, I've missed you a lot.  
(COUGHS)  
The longer the ride,  
the lonelier a man gets.  
And he needs the comforting touch  
of the woman he loves to  
soothe his tired bones.  
And now, I'm here,  
you're here,  
and we have time to  
be husband and wife.  
The proper way.  
Hey, asshole.  
(GRUNTS)  
(HUFFS)  
(GRUNTS)  
Oh, shit.  
I can't leave him like that.  
That's better.  
(HORSE APPROACHING)  
(POUNING ON DOOR)

**ANNA:**

Albert!  
Albert, you gotta get out of here.  
Yeah, that's... That's  
what I'm doing.  
No, no, no. Like, right now.  
Clinch is gonna be looking for you.  
Yeah, I'm leaving.  
Uh, I'm going to San Francisco.  
Just what I should

have done a week ago.  
I'm so sorry.  
Yeah, well, you know, so am I.  
What about your dad?  
I asked him if he wanted  
to come, and he said no.  
He's up on the hill, burying  
himself next to Mom.  
Look, I never meant to mislead...  
Okay, you know what, Anna?  
Don't even waste my time, okay?  
Don't even waste my time.  
You had a million opportunities to  
tell me, and you just fucking lied.  
I didn't lie.  
What would you call it?  
You're married to the most  
vicious killer in the territory.  
You don't think maybe that's  
something you should have told me?  
I didn't tell you because I  
was trying to protect you.  
Oh, bullshit! You were looking  
out for your own self-interest.  
And because I liked you.  
I didn't want to scare you away.  
I never thought I'd meet  
someone like you, Albert.  
What, somebody who hasn't killed  
people? Somebody like that?  
Yeah, that's really hard to find.  
That's why women are always going,  
"Oh, my God. Why are all  
the non-murderers taken?"  
Hey. It's not my fault, all right?  
We were married when I was nine.  
Nine? (SCOFFS)  
How does that even work?  
Was there a ceremony?  
Yeah, of course there was a...  
My parents were there,  
and a couple of neighbors.  
I just didn't want to end  
up like one of those

15-year-old spinsters, you know?  
You know, I don't even know...  
I don't even know  
why I'm surprised.  
Every girl that I ever fall in love  
with ends up disappointing me.  
And every time, I'm surprised.  
You love me?  
Oh, you know what?  
I'm over it. You can go.  
All right. I lied, fine.  
What was I supposed  
to say, Albert? Tell me.  
Was I supposed to go,  
"Oh hi, I'm Anna!  
"I've been fucking a  
killer since I was 10"?  
Oh, he waited a year?  
What a gentleman.  
Well, late nine. I rounded it up.  
It doesn't matter.  
I'm done with him.  
I knocked him out, and I stuck  
a daisy in his asshole.  
You what?  
That's how much you mean to me.  
You know,  
I loved a girl who  
doesn't even exist.  
Is your name even Anna? Huh?  
Or is it something  
terrible, like Gwendolyn?  
My name is Anna. I'm that  
same girl you fell in love with.  
That was the real me.  
Possibly for the first  
time in my entire life.  
I just didn't think I  
deserved a good guy.  
But you know what? I do.  
I love you.  
(SHEEP BLEATING)  
(HORSES APPROACHING)  
It's Clinch.



Oh, shit.

There's a trail out back  
that leads out to the ridge.

Go.

- He's gonna kill...

- Anna, just go!

Albert, he always shoots on "two."

(BLEATING)

(HORSE NEIGHS)

(HUFFS)

Enoch, Jordy, look  
after the horses.

He ain't here, Clinch.

Oh, he's around. He's around.

Stark!

I know you're here, Stark!

Ben, check the outhouse.

Lewis, the shed.

(BLEATING)

(GASPING)

(GUN COCKS)

Lewis.

Sometime this week, yeah?

Sorry, boss.

(GUN COCKS)

(BLEATING)

Hey!

There he goes! Boss!

Shit.

- Get him!

- (HORSE NEIGHING)

Hyah!

(TRAIN HORN BLOWS)

(GRUNTING)

(TRAIN HORN BLOWS)

Hyah!

Ha!

(TRAIN HORN BLOWING)

(HORSE NEIGHS)

(HUFFS)

What in the hell do we do now?

He'll be back.

Ah, Curtis. That was  
exceptional, buddy.

I tell you,  
when we get out of this, I'm  
gonna get you some horse whores.  
Sound good?  
Get you whatever you want.  
Can even get you a cow,  
if you want one of those.  
Want to fuck a cow?  
You seem like a pretty  
sexually adventurous guy.  
(BREATHING HEAVILY)  
Now, how the fuck  
do you make a fire?

**EDWARD:**

Are you sure you want to do this?

**RUTH:**

**EDWARD:**

actually gonna have sex. (CHUCKLES)

**RUTH:**

in town, we could all die tomorrow.  
So, under the circumstances,  
I think God will forgive us.  
Okay, here we go.  
Are you excited?  
Yeah, this is my first vagina.  
You've never seen one?  
No. I feel like I should have  
a piece of cake or something.  
Okay, you ready?  
- Yeah.  
- Okay.  
(SOFTLY) Okay.  
What?  
Are you in pain right now?  
You don't like it.  
No, I love it!  
Yeah, yeah, it's just...  
(CHUCKLING)  
It looks like a firecracker  
wrapped in roast beef.

Yeah, but there's more to it.  
That's just the outside.  
There's folds.  
Okay! I'm gonna close  
the Bible now.  
Eddie, it's supposed  
to be like that.  
It is?  
It's gonna feel good.  
(CHUCKLES)  
I'm really glad I didn't  
have that piece of cake.  
(BOTH LAUGHING)  
Oh, okay.  
Okay, ready?  
This is gonna be good.  
You're gonna like this.

**EDWARD:**

Sorry. This is...  
Yeah. Wow.  
Okay, is that...  
- Right there?

**- RUTH:**

**EDWARD:**

(MOANING)  
Okay, I get it. It's  
pretty big, right?

**RUTH:**

**EDWARD:**

(KNOCK ON DOOR)  
(GRUNTS)  
- Anna!  
- Ruth, can I come in?  
Sure.  
(WHISPERING) Clinch is out there.  
He's coming up the stairs!  
Shit!  
Please don't shoot us on sex night.  
(GASPS)

You and I have a problem.

(BREATHING DEEPLY)

(GASPS)

Oh, shit.

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

(SIGHS)

(PEOPLE MURMURING)

(TALKING INDISTINCTLY)

(SIGHS)

It's coming. I see it, I see it.

(BABY COOING)

It's a boy, Mr. Stark.

All right.

Well, don't you want  
to come hold the baby?

Fuck off.

Now, you put that under your pillow  
and the tooth fairy  
will leave you a penny.

(BIRDS CHIRPING)

(GASPS)

There ain't no tooth fairy, idiot!

Now, clean up that horse shit!

Class, please welcome  
our graduation speaker,  
President Abraham Lincoln.

Hiya, shmucks!

Four score and seven years ago,  
I was broke,  
just like you.

But now, I'm the president  
and I'm so fucking rich.

I can have all the licorice I want.

I don't think that's the  
real President Lincoln.

**ALBERT:**

Louise, check out  
this cool bike I got!  
Hey, you want to go down to the...

(SCREAMING) Oh, shit!

- (WOMEN SCREAMING)

- No! Sorry! Sorry!

(SCREAMING CONTINUES)

No, no, no!

(CLAMORING)

Stop!

Get back here!

Shit, not again.

Get that son of a bitch!

(ALL SHOUTING)

(GROANING)

**ANNA:**

How can you be so blind

with eyes that big?

They're not that big.

(SCREAMING)

**- FOY:**

- (PANTING)

The lads and I have prepared  
something special for you.

(FOLK MUSIC PLAYING)

You may not have the looks

You may not have the dash

But you'll win yourself a girl

If you've only got a moustache

A moustache

A moustache

If you've only got a moustache

We are the guardians of the future.

Enter when ready.

- (HISSES)

- (GASPS)

(LOUD THUD)

(SCREECHING)

Stark!

(SHRIEKING)

(GASPING)

(IN NATIVE LANGUAGE)

(SIGHS)

(ANNA GRUNTS)

(BARKS)

All right, sweetheart.

Let's find out if your wee

boyfriend gives a shit about you.

He's got

six minutes till noon.

And if he doesn't show,  
he'll be picking up pieces  
of you all over the street.  
Stark!

Oh, look who's here.

(GROANS)

Let her go, Clinch.

Well, now, true love conquers  
all, doesn't it, sweetheart?

Let her go,  
and let's you and me just  
settle this like adults.

(LAUGHING)

Lewis, Ben.

- Come and take this whore.

- Albert.

Don't be stupid, Albert!

Get out of here!

Get out of here!

Too late for that.

He's already been stupid.

Haven't you, Albert?

You've been with my wife.

Well, we haven't actually done it,  
if that makes any  
kind of a difference.

Okay, look, look, look.

Here's my idea, okay?

You're a pretty tough guy, yeah?

Why don't you prove it?

Gunfight. You and me.

Right here. Right now.

(CHUCKLES)

You really do have a  
death wish, don't you?

Yeah, I guess you'll have  
to find that out, huh?

Uh-huh.

Take out your gun.

Point it at me.

(SOFTLY) No.

Good boy.

Now, we shoot on three.

One.

(GASPS)

(LAUGHING)

(GROANS)

(WHIMPERS)

I've been playing cards a long time  
and I would never have  
bet on that, Stark.

Where'd you learn to shoot?

Your wife.

Oh, snap!

Holy fuck.

Okay, look, look, look!

Before you kill me,  
just grant me a few  
last words. All right?

Make it quick.

Let Anna live.

All right?

Let her live.

This is not her fault.

I kissed her, she didn't  
kiss me, all right?

It's not her fault.

I mean, she didn't tell  
me she was married,  
so it's a little bit  
her fault, I guess.

So, yeah, I guess  
that's kind of true.

So, maybe just shoot  
her in the arm.

What the...

And one more thing.

Um, my grandparents were Arabic.

So, I'm required by  
Muslim tradition

to recite the Islamic death  
chant immediately before dying.

This will only take a moment.

(CHANTING)

(CREAKS)

Hey, what's the matter, Clinch?

You not feeling well?

You okay, boss?  
What's happening to me?  
You know, there are a million  
ways to die in the West, Clinch.  
There's, uh, famine,  
disease, gunfights.  
And, uh, wild animals.  
You know, like snakes.  
And, you know, the funny thing is,  
you don't even have to get bitten.  
All you need is a  
little bit of the venom  
introduced into your bloodstream  
and you're pretty much screwed.  
For example, if you drain  
a certain amount of venom  
from the fangs of a diamondback  
rattler into a hollow-tip bullet,  
you really only need one shot.  
Now, I knew my aim wasn't good enough  
to hit you anywhere important.  
But if I caught you by surprise...  
Well, Anna taught me just enough  
to get me in the ballpark.  
And just a small amount  
of venom in an open wound  
is enough to kill a man if he's...

**RUTH:**

He's dead. You did it.  
Oh.  
Yeah.  
Did he hear all that  
smart stuff I did?  
Uh...  
No. No, I don't think so.  
Oh.  
Well, it was still good, though.  
Yeah, it was great.  
I thought it was really good.  
(GRUNTING)  
(GROANS IN PAIN)

**MAN:**



Albert!

I'm really horny right now.

(GIGGLING)

Let's go in the shade and fuck.

(MURMURING)

Well done, sheep boy.

(SIGHS)

Hey, sorry I killed your husband.

Oh, God. That was never

gonna work out anyway.

He's Methodist, I'm half-Jewish.

- (LAUGHING) Are you? You are?

- No!

Oh, thank God!

- You're not really Arabic, are you?

- No, no, no.

Oh, thank God. Because

I was like, "Ah, kill me!"

I know, right? "No! Oh, my God!"

- No, we're fine. We're okay.

- **LOUISE:**

Hey, Louise.

Hey. Listen, if you want to...

If you want to talk about  
things, I would like that.

I mean, I could come by your  
place, like, later tonight.

You know, uh, Louise, I would,  
but I really gotta go  
home and work on myself.

**ANNA:**

So, you killed Clinch Leatherwood,  
the deadliest gunman  
on the frontier.

Yeah, I guess I did, huh?

(BARKS)

**ANNA:**

gonna be some reward money.

**ALBERT:**

I didn't think about that.

**ANNA:**

Step right up, folks.

Step right up!

Who wants to take a gander  
at the shooting gallery?

**DJANGO:**

(CROWD GASPS)

People die at the fair.

(COUNTRY MUSIC PLAYING)

**DJANGO:**

bring me one of them white women.