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)
(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 shar pie 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. 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...

Whoo, 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.
Ah.

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.
(LAUGHTS)

- 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 INDIKINCTLY)
(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.
(SIGH)
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.
Uhm...
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.
(COUGH)
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)
(HUFF)
(GRUNTS)
Oh, shit.
I can't leave him like that.
That's better.
(HORSE APPROACHING)
(POUNDING 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.