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Wild Bill

By Walter Hill

(woman)? What a fellowship
What a joy divine
Leaning on the everlasting arms
What a blessed peace
What a joy is mine
Leaning on the everlasting arms
Leaning on Jesus
Leaning on Jesus

(man) His funeral was
on a blistering hot August afternoon,
just outside the town of Deadwood.
I suppose there was a rough justice to it,
the way he met his end after sending
so many others to early graves.
It didn't make the moment easier
on any of his friends.
I don't know why he never slept in my bed
since he come to Deadwood.
Only got interested once.
The timing was just wrong.
Too much had happened to him
before he got here.
I was awful attached to him.
All of us were. He had
that kind of effect on people.
I got a feeling maybe in some ways
you knew him best, Charley.

(glass smashes)
You know, I don't mind you shootin'
glasses off of my dog's head, Marshal,
but fondlin' him like that,
you'll ruin him for fightin'.
That dog's bred for fightin'.
You oughta understand that.
You've had more fights than anybody.
(Charley) He fashioned himself as
just an ordinary man, in no way special.
But, of course, that was a deception.
By luck or design, it had fallen to him
to play the hero's part,
and, to the very end,
he embraced his fate.
Two damn weeks,
ain't a damn sight of a buffalo.

Never thought it possible.
How's a man supposed to make a livin'?
(tribal chanting)
(horse whinnies)
That's a funeral platform.
Must be on some kind of vigil
for the dead Indian next to him.
(speaks Sioux)
Says he's a Sioux,
named He Who Whistles.
He's a chief.
That's his wife lying there next to him.
They had to leave a tribe.
They couldn't find no buffalo.
Figured since he'd failed his people
and he'd failed his wife,
he had to go off
and find his own medicine.
Said he had a dream.
Had to fight a white-eye with long hair.
That looks to be you, Bill.
What the hell does this whistler
want to fight me for?
His religion.
He wins, his people live.
He's gonna hang your scalp
on a lodge pole.
Tell him I'm sorry
about his woman and his tribe.
(speaks Sioux)
Tell him thanks, and I'll be on my way.
(war cry)
He wants me to show some colour.
Fine.
(cocks rifle)
- Don't kill him, Bill.
- Man knows what he wants!
Bad luck to kill an Indian
in a religious frame of mind!
He chose it!
He must have got more than 20 hides
out there. Winter prime.
Them hides'll fetch a dollar apiece in
Omaha. Let's run him off. What say you?

First feller who shows up today gonna
buy a drink, and you're gonna run him off.

NEBRASKA TERRITORY

Whisky.

It'd be awfully neighbourly
if you was to buy me a drink.

I generally only buy whisky
for my friends.

I don't see no reason why a man
come in here and insult me.

Watch his gun!

Oh! I'm shot!

You oughta understand,
you ever touch another man's hat...

TOMMY DRUM'S SALOON

HAYS CITY, 1870

"Ma, Ma, who's my pa?"

"Wild Bill Hickok. Ha-ha-ha."

Please, Mr Wild Bill. Don't shoot me now.

I ain't done nothin' wrong.

- Don't shoot me, Mr Wild Bill.

- What's this about?

I kicked some drunk soldier's ass around
about a week ago. Threw him in jail.

Figure these are his friends.

- Maybe you oughta apologise...

- I don't apologise!

Not to you or anybody else. Not ever.

Shouldn't touch another man's hat.

I ain't wearin' no pistols.

(woman screams)

Aaaagh!

Take 'em, Bill. They're gonna kill you.

(woman screams)

(soldier) Damn you! Kill him!

(band plays "The Yellow Rose of Texas")

ABILENE, KANSAS

(whooping)

Yee-ha!

Yee-ha!

(silence)

- Just funning, Marshal.

- Where are you from?

Texas, 50 miles north of Waco.

I work for...

I'm a Union man.

Fought four years against your kind.

- You been firing that weapon, Phil?

- Lots of fellers here...

I'm not talking to them, I'm talking to you!

You got an explanation why you was firing that weapon, breaking a city ordinance?

What's the matter, Bill? You miss me?

That why you're mad at Phil here?

You'd best hand over the gun, Phil.

Otherwise I'm just gonna have to step over there and slap you around some.

Who else?!

(man) Bill!

He's dead. You shot your own deputy.

(man) He shot Phil Coe,
then he shot Mike Williams.

I'm gonna go get my shotgun,
then I'm gonna go get my horse.

By the time I get back, I see one
son of a bitch on the street, I'll kill 'em.

(sobs)

After Abilene, Bill was at loose ends.

He drifted East and accepted the
invitation of his friend Buffalo Bill Cody
to join his theatrical production
"Scouts of the Plains".

As a thespian he was,
by all reports, simply dreadful.

BOWERY THEATRE:

NEW YORK:

And now, my friends, a true story of
courage as actually lived and fought
by my dear friend of many years,
James Butler Hickok,
known throughout the West as Wild Bill!

(applause)

I say, Wild Bill, where have you been?

(audience murmuring)

I say, old pard, where have you been?

(laughter)

What has detained you so long?

(sparse applause)

I was riding my horse, Black Nell,
peacefully along the river
when I was corralled
by a party of hostiles.

- (war drum)

- Hostiles? What kind of hostiles?
Indians!

Yes. What tribe of Indians, Wild Bill?

- They were Sioux. Sioux Indians.

- And who was their chief?

Up there! Turn down the damn light.

Damn near blind a feller.

I say, Wild Bill, who was their chief?

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Keep your eyes open.

You have glaucoma, Mr Hickok.

It's often a result from too much proximity
to, uh... infected females.

Keep your eyes straight ahead.

If you take my meaning.

I had some trouble about ten years back.

Cleared right up when the local doc
stuck a hot wire up my privates.

How bad's it gonna get?

You are losing your eyesight, Mr Hickok.

May take... two years,
may take... ten.

I expect I just spent too much time
staring at the prairie sun.

By the summer of the nation's centennial,
CHEYENNE, JULY 1876

Bill had become an idle drifter.

Like myself, he was addicted to whisky,
cards, and the wastrel's life.

My name is Charles Prince,
English born and educated,
but for reasons of temperament,
America had become my adopted home.

As I much prefer to observe life
in the raw, I took myself west.

I was not disappointed.

Mighty interesting game, poker.

Can't tell you how many times in my life
I've gone bust.

Yes, but it's not the same for you.

You don't know what real poverty is.

Everybody wants to buy

the great Wild Bill dinner or drinks.

This pot is mine. Three kings.

Mr Hickok?

Mr Hickok, there's a man in the street
gonna give me a dollar

to come in here and tell you that

you're a coward, and a wife stealer...

and I can't say the rest,

but it was much worse.

What'd he say?

Bill Hickok!

I'm callin' you out!

Hickok!

You gonna ride or hide?

What's the matter?

Afraid of a cripply old man in a wheelchair
who can't even face you, are you?

What'd he say?

He said that you were a horse molester.

He say what horse?

What, are you hidin'?

The great Wild Bill Hickok

is actually inside hidin'?

- (man) What's this?

- (man #2) Wild Bill in a wheelchair!

Needless to say, Bill, all good fortune.

I never saw a greater compliment to Bill
than that paid

by the citizens of Cheyenne.

Their confidence in his marksmanship
was such that none of them ran for cover,
but lined up as if they were watching
some athletic contest.

- A whisky, please. Neat.

- You ain't gonna go out and watch this?

I don't think my friend needs my help.

I generally stay in the bar when he

gets involved with this sort of affair.

You just help yourself,

cos I ain't gonna miss it.
Here's to you, Bill.
This dispute had begun two years before,
when one Ed Plummer had called Bill out.
Some said the reason
was a gambling debt.
Others claimed that it involved a woman.
Bill discovered that the Plummers
regarded the affair as a family matter.
Argh! My leg!
I can't move my leg!
Aaargh!
Damn it, Will Plummer. I already shot you
once when you tried to bushwhack me.
You hear that? The man is accusing me.
Imagine that.
Have you forgotten, Mr Hickok,
that I am the aggrieved party here?
You must be drunk or gone crazy, Will.
Now, if you got any sense left,
you'll just head on home.
No, no. You're not gonna get off that easy.
You took the life from my brother.
And you left me a crippled old man
in a wheelchair.
You, sir, will die!
Mister, Wild Bill
just shot Will Plummer dead.
Then he told me to come ask you if you'd
mind to get the lead out of your ass...
sir... and come outside
and help untie him.
Will Plummer, rest in peace.
We owe God a death.
Bill chose to move on to the town
that was the talk of the entire West.
DEADWOOD GULCH,
DAKOTA TERRITORY, AUGUST 1876
Gold had been discovered a year before.
"Get rich quick" was in the air.
From raw wilderness, suddenly up came
this hell-roaring place called Deadwood.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
You, uh, haul our bags

over to the tent city.
Tell 'em to find room
for Bill Hickok and a friend.
How are the eyes, Bill?
Going to be a lot of strangers in this town.
Ah, I can see OK straight ahead.
The sides are narrowin' in, and it hurts.
Comes and goes,
but hurts like hell when it's on you.
This town. I really think it's like
something out of the Bible.
- What part of the Bible?
- The part right before God gets angry.
(whooping and cheering)
Deadwood was a haven
for cardsharps, con men,
thieves, killers, roughs, drunks,
pimps and whores...
along with those arbiters of disputes:
Whip, fist, knife and pistol.
These two fellers must have
caused some trouble.
No trouble, just a couple of card cheats.
That's the worst kind of feller.
Man that cheats at cards
ain't got no religion.
Howdy, Jane.
Howdy, Bill.
Boys! This here is James Butler Hickok.
(cheering and whooping)
Everybody to the bar!
Drinks are on Bill!
Wild Bill. Carl Mann.
Pleased to meet you. This here's
my place, Mann's Number 10.
Make it your personal headquarters.
What kind of whisky do you favour?
Well, Carl, I prefer it in a glass.
Other than that, it's all good.
- That's the great Hickok?
- Sure as hell is.
He'll buy you a drink, shake your hand,
and you can tell your grandkids about it.
Charles Prince, of London, New York

and parts west, friend of Wild Bill's.
I know you're Calamity Jane.
He's spoken of you many times.
Joe!
Half a grand howdy, pard!
The whole town's crazy. Every polecat
in the territory's looking for gold.
They ain't even got a sheriff yet.
I figure I'll nominate you for the job.
- Wild Bill?
- (Joe) They got varmints here that...
What are you doing?
Wild Bill, I'm talkin' to you.
You'd better look out when
you walk down the street in this town.
You listen careful to every sound.
I come here to kill you.
He's not wearing a gun, Bill.
The man that kills Wild Bill
is gonna be awful famous.
(laughter)
You come here to kill me?
Let me give you some advice.
If you have to shoot a man,
you shoot him in the guts.
Might not kill him.
Sometimes they die slow.
But it'll paralyse his brain,
and the fight's as good as over.
Why don't you shoot the little snot?
At least rough him up some.
- He's just a dumb-ass kid.
- I got...
You son of a bitch!
- How you been, Bill?
- Middlin'. Just middlin'.
I ain't seen you in two, maybe three years.
Well, I'm still here.
- How you been?
- Well, I'm still here too.
Lots of towns, lots of camps.
Good to see you, Jane.
I like seeing old friends.
It's just for old times' sake.

- You wipin' it off?
- No. I'm rubbin' it in.
You can see me about as much as you want. I guess that's always been the case. I'm just a little too available. I gotta be available too. Awful lot of people want a piece of Wild Bill. Let's have us a card game and a drink. Outta my way, boys.
As Bill played cards and drank whisky on into the night, Deadwood proceeded with its own forced levity and bizarre behaviour. The Dakota Dance Hall was the preferred site for assignations. This was no rude crib or flimsy shack. It featured papered walls, comfortable furniture, polished spittoons, and a piano that was actually in tune. You don't touch me. I saw what you were doing. I don't like it. Maybe you oughta. You picked the wrong one, cos I don't care. Ow! Owww!
Ow! My ear!
Are they shakin'? My hands?
Are they shakin'?
This your first time?
I'm showin' you
Wild Bill don't scare me none. He's right over there in the Number 10.
- How come you're after Wild Bill?
- I got personal reasons.
- What'd you say your name is, anyhow?
- Lurline.
Lurline Newcomb from Lawrence, Kansas. But I been all over. I bet you have. I kinda like that name Lurline. You were talking about Dave McCandless.
- You were sayin' of McCandless, Bill?
- He wasn't sayin' a goddamn thing.

You keep nosin' that around along with
Dave Tutt and how he took Bill's watch,
and them soldiers beat him
half to death in Hays City.

- I heard you killed seven men, Bill.

- He didn't have no reputation before that.

He just drove freight wagons.

It happened at Rock Creek Station.

Bill was taken with a woman kept by
the outlaw and horse thief McCandless.

Her name was Sarah.

McCandless and his bunch, ten men in all,
rode up lookin' to settle things.

Inside the station, Bill seen an old buffalo
gun. He wasn't sure it would shoot.

McCandless yelled

"We know you're in there,
and you've breathed your last breath
for messin' with my girl!"

Wild Bill was shot and cut bad

when they laid on him,

but he met 'em shootin', stabbin',
shoutin', hackin'.

He kicked and bit and kneed 'em down

till the air was blue with smoke

and the floor was wet with blood.

Ten men lay dead or dyin', and his boots
was fillin' with the blood of 16 wounds.

He thanked God and walked out into
the blindin' light before he fell over,
and that all happened July 12, 1861.

You can look it up.

I think it was maybe five killed.

- Are you all right, Bill?

- I'm fine, Charley.

I just need me some night air.

- Now, what set him off?

- Five men, Bill?

Well, hell, I thought it was seven!

The young kid stole a horse,

somebody said the Chinaman

looked the wrong way at a white woman,

and the Indian was in town tradin'

when we got the word about Custer.

We're gonna hang them all on Saturday.
In the Chinese section of Deadwood,
there was generally available
a remedy for the restless spirit.
Bill was susceptible to its application.
(in Chinese) Take it.
Afterwards, you'll have good dreams.
It will take you to a special place.
Dog soldiers. Cheyenne.
(speaks Cheyenne)
He said you saw a little dog. Um...
Can't make much sense out of it.
They followed your tracks.
Did the little dog speak to you?
The little dog's special medicine, sacred.
No! It's mine!
I'll kill you!
Argh! God!
Tell them I spoke to the little dog.
(speaks Cheyenne)
Tell them the little dog took me
to a holy place, then it disappeared.
(Joe speaks Cheyenne)
Then we went to the other world.
Tell them the little dog told me
that I was blessed. I'd live a long life.
(speaks Cheyenne)
Says you're a damn fine liar.
Says you saved yourself
and your friends for today.
But if he catches you killin' any buffalo
or takin' hides, the Cheyenne'll kill you.
What'd he tell you, Joe?
He said the next time
you saw the little dog,
you wouldn't live to see another moon.
(footsteps)
You OK, Bill?
I'm fine. No need to worry.
I damn well did get all concerned.
Nobody knew where you'd got to.
Had a hell of a time
findin' where you'd been.
Maybe I drank a little too much last night.

Had me some dreams.
Had too much on that Chinese pipe.
You're lookin' mighty peaked.
You wanna tell me
what you was dreamin' about?
About me and California Joe.
Things we did
when we come across some Indians
on a buffalo hunt six, seven years back.
What things? Bad things?
You know, they say sometimes
a dream might be a foretellin'.
Wasn't just a dream, it was a fact.
Gimme some room, Jane.
I gotta clear my head.
You ain't the same, Bill.
- How's that?
- I don't know.
You just... got kinda
different from before is all.
Maybe. I don't know.
You got a bathhouse in this town?
Sure could use one.
Howdy.
- What you doin' here?
- Maybe I'm just bein' friendly.
It ain't that I don't appreciate it.
I just got a lot of things to do today.
- What things?
- Weigh up my methods.
I'm gonna stir up old Wild Bill.
You'd better listen to me, because I know
where your Mr Wild Bill was last night.
One of them Chinese girls
told an upstairs girl that told me
that he went down to Song Lew's
and had himself a pipe.
You tell your friend, next time
he goes in there, tell me about it.
I'll make it worth her while. Yours, too.
You know, you can move all your plunder
into my room if you want.
It's the first room at the top of the stairs.
Maybe I'd better stay on

out at the tent city.

What's the problem?

No problem.

I think it just might be best if I stay out...

You got yourself some new gal?

I just ain't in the mood.

Well, you must have

got yourself some new gal.

You know, I don't ever remember askin'

to be the only thing in your life,

or you in mine, for that matter.

But what we had was kinda special,

and I don't see why we can't have it now,

so I would just like some kind of goddamn

explanation. You owe me that much.

I don't owe nobody nothin'.

I don't explain myself.

Not to you, not to some punk-ass kid!

Not to nobody!

Now, just run along and leave me be.

Sure thing.

And to hell with you, Mr Wild Bill!

In truth, Bill felt some remorse

for his argument with Jane.

But it was the nature of their friendship
that feelings for one another go unstated.

Typical for a man of action,

Bill found romance

the most perplexing aspect of his life.

Bill! Look what I got! This damn kid!

People said bring him. I bringed him!

(laughter)

Well, look what we got here. I'd stick
him in the manure bin if I was you, Joe.

Take him around back and shoot him.

He's makin' all kinds of trouble, Bill.

Skunk stuff, all of it.

Insulted some ladies,

broke some china over to the store.

He even claims that you told him to do it!

Here. You see to the damage.

- What name do you go by?

- Jack McCall.

Joe, cut his ropes.

Hear you been misbehavin', Jack.
What's the problem between me and you?
I don't like the way you treated my ma.
How you done whatever then you left her.
She kept track of you. She had lots
of stories from newspapers, dime novels.
I told her she should write you.
She said you wouldn't answer no letter.
- Who was she?
- A decent lady.
Miss Susannah Moore.
Greetings, Jack.
Charles Prince, friend of Bill's.
Could be that Wild Bill's made
a few mistakes over the years, but...
Well, it's understandable. But past is past.
Shut up, Charley.
Yeah, shut up, Charley.
I planned killin' you
from the time I found out
the man that ruined my ma
was a great hero to the country.
I'm gonna give you a chance in life, Jack.
I don't wanna kill nobody
so young and confused about things.
Joe, get him a horse, would you?
Put him on it and point him east.
East is where fellers like him oughta live,
but my recommendation is still to kill him.
I liked your ma. She was
a good, fine woman. Awful pretty.
This here's been
a real pleasure, Mr Hickok.
Not a word to your mother.
I don't wanna cause her no trouble.
She's dead six months.
I've been on your trail ever since.
(thunderclap)
It's gonna take some stitches.
That's what you get for actin' ornery.
Everybody in town's heard how the great
Wild Bill knocked you around. Hold still.
Now, you just don't worry about it none.
I accomplished my purposes.

The rumour of Jack McCall's purpose had spread through Deadwood. The circumstances called for a killing. There would be no shortage of killers to heed the summons.

You're Jack McCall?

- Whatever it is, I ain't interested.

- I'm Donnie. Donnie Lonigan.

I figure you and me got things to talk about.

- That right? Where you from, Donnie?

- New York. Came here to find the gold.

- Had a bad run of luck.

- Who's your friend?

Jubal Pickett. Pleased to meet you.

I say just throw 'em out, Jack.

They just look to be street trash.

A five-dollar whore's gonna tell me about street trash?

Oh, now.

Donnie, let's be polite.

How can I help you fellers?

We heard you're gonna be paying to kill a man.

You hears wrong.

You gonna do it by yourself, Jack?

All alone?

I doubt you ever even shot a feller.

Bill Hickok. He'd be at least a thousand dollars.

He's a two-gun plainsman.

And in addition, he carries a derringer in his vest pocket as a hide-out.

He's killed at least 20 people. That's not countin' what he done in the war.

I got three more fellers that work for me. They like to take chances for money.

Well, I ain't there yet, Donnie, but you boys stay in touch.

Well, hallelujah. Let's lift up our hands tonight and praise the Lord. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! How I love the Lord!

I love him, because he is able!

I love him, because he reached down and

he pulled me right from the gutters of sin!
I love him, because when sin and
sickness had me bound, he reached out.
He washed me in his precious blood.
Oh, hallelujah. And I am here to testify
tonight that it is my determination!
I will hold on! I will hold on
to the rock that is my salvation!
I will hold on to the word of God!
I will hold on to him!
Oh, yes, Satan, you can't touch me now!
Come on, you dirty devil!
I said you can't touch me now!
Oh, hallelujah.
Lift up your hands. Praise the Lord.
Hallelujah. Praise him.
Hallelujah. Thank you, Jesus.
Thank you, Jesus.
Amen. Thank you, Jesus.
Thank you, Jesus.
- Who's that feller?
- Yankee. Name of Bill Hickok.
He's awful dashin', ain't he? They say
he was spyin' around here during the war.
- He's lookin' at you.
- Look all he wants, won't do no good.
I bet he comes over
and asks you to dance.
- I won't dance with no Yankee.
- I thought you was a loyal Union woman.
I am. My dead husband wasn't.
He'd be rollin' in his grave
if I was dancin' with some Yankee feller.
I knew it. Here he comes.
It ain't gonna do no good. I didn't come
here to meet up with Yankee strangers.
You look like the prettiest girl around.
I was wonderin' if you wanna dance.
Surely.
You comin' with me?
I just think you're lyin'.
I ain't lyin'. I'll take you
on up to Springfield.
You had your way,

and you want to again, and you'll...
I'll take you on up to Springfield,
and that kid of yours, too.
I bet you have your way with lots of girls.
Bet you tell 'em all a whole pack of lies.
I ain't lyin'.
But I would if I couldn't figure
no other way with you.
(in Chinese) He has had two pipes.
He is a famous man.
I know. He has killed many.
He has had many fights.
Howdy, Bill.
- Dave.
- What brings you back to these parts?
I spent the last six months scoutin'
for the army. Figured I'd come back here,
see the sights, see my old friends.
I hope you ain't figurin' on startin'
back up with Miss Susannah Moore.
Got tired of waitin' on you,
took up with somebody else.
Who'd that be, Dave?
That'd be me, Bill.
She took up with me.
Be seein' you around.
(tinkly tune)
- Dave?
- Hm?
Where'd you get that watch?
Goddammit, how many times I told you
to stop botherin' me about things?
I recognise it. It's Bill's, ain't it?
His daddy gave him this watch.
You sure never took it off him.
Yeah? Well, I never said
I did that neither, did I?
Then how'd you get it?
Card game last night.
You walk around town wearin' this watch,
he'll kill you.
Say, pard.
You seen old Dave Tutt today?
I sure have.

He's right over across the way.
Tell me, friend, is he wearing my watch?
I really couldn't say.
Well...
By God, Bill, I'm glad to see
you could make it out today.
You know, this ain't about
no timepiece, Bill.
You know it...
and I know it.
He called it.
Whole damn thing didn't have to happen.
I come here for Wild Bill.
I don't want nobody interferin' none.
(speaks angrily in Chinese)
You ain't gonna slow me down none.
(speaks Chinese)
This is your time, Wild Bill.
Make your move, Jack.
We'll both go.
Hm! (speaks Chinese)
(bell tolling)
(Jack)
I've been thinkin' about you, Donnie.
I've been thinkin' a man has to seize
his opportunities where he finds them.
I tried last night,
but I fell short of my mark.
Now, you're a lot rougher feller than I am,
ain't you, Donnie?
You and your boys here are real capable.
And you've found your greatest
opportunity right here in Deadwood.
The most famous gunfighter
in all the world.
- He's gettin' old.
- He is for a fact.
But, uh, the sight of him in the street,
well, it could make a young feller shake.
He don't make me shake.
How much money are we talkin'?
You called it before, Donnie. \$1,000.
Here she is.
\$250 now, \$250 when we meet tonight,

the other half when it's done.
Want it or not?
(speaks Chinese)
(slurps)
I thank you for your kindness.
Wild Bill.
Maybe you can help me.
Where the hell did things go wrong?
This kid,
Miss Jane, trouble with my eyes.
You don't understand a blessed word
I'm sayin', do you?
(imitates slurping)
I had him. I had him
right there in front of me.
All I had to do was pull the trigger.
You ask yourself why you didn't?
I don't know.
Maybe I was enjoyin' the moment
too much, or... (chuckles)
...maybe I ain't got the nerve.
Tie the knot right there, would you? A bow
knot or something that'll slip real easy.
I guess this is fare thee well
between you and me.
Come tonight, I either
see him dead and be on the run...
or he'll kill me dead like all them others.
You've come this far.
That's already buckin' the odds.
Maybe you'll just go all the way.
(snores)
Break the seal on that bottle there,
would you, Carl?
Bill!
It's surely good to see you. Uh-huh.
Where you been, Bill? I thought
maybe that kid scared you outta town.
Would you find that help of yours
and tell him to go across to Jensen's barn,
tell them to have a horse ready?
I'm headin' out come dawn.
Yes, sir. I'll take care of it myself.
- D'you eat your supper?

- Wasn't hungry.

Now, that don't sound right to me.

Mm-mm.

You got to learn

to take better care of yourself.

Where the hell'd everybody go? There's not a damn person out there in the street.

There's a new gold strike 30 miles west of here. Real gargantua.

Whole town rushed off this morning.

You stayed?

Maybe I was worried about you, Bill.

Ain't damn likely.

Joe and Charley hung around too.

Nobody knew where you'd been holed up.

If you're lookin' for them, they're upstairs sleepin' in the flop room.

Had me another bad dream on the Chinese pipe.

- Things are comin' back to haunt me.

- I figured it was somethin' like that.

You got to stay away from that stuff.

Stick with whisky.

Go on, now. Drink that.

It's real good for you.

Mmm. Good, right?

Yeah. Thanks.

(horse whinnies)

Now, I want you all to listen to me.

We're gonna ride out past the Number 10 down to Jensen's barn.

I don't want anybody suspicious of our horses out front.

- You OK, Jack?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

Been waitin' for this for a real long time.

He had found

the band of jackals he needed.

But as Jack McCall rode through town, he experienced the terrifying certainty that a man faces when he is about to make his own name famous.

He lacked both a hero's calm, and

a coward's resolve to survive at any price.

(Bill) I have to admit, there's something about this kid that spooks me.
Must be his ma.
She was one hell of a damn fine woman.
She could talk good, drink,
tear off a piece...
I had a lot of good times
with Miss Susannah Moore.
I'd like us to be in love
like you and Susannah Moore.
She was the one, wasn't she?
The one you loved most of all.
That's why this kid's got a hold to you.
She was young and pretty,
and it was before
you was the great Wild Bill.
And you loved her
as close as you ever did anybody,
in an innocent kinda way.
Ain't that right?
Yeah, I suppose.
(riffles cards)
That's the way
I'd like you to feel about me.
Ain't it a sweet thought?
I think it's a very sweet and fine thought.
Didn't ever come real good till I met you.
- Now, why do you think that is?
- I don't know precisely.
I always reckoned I knew you
better than them others.
You've been around lots.
This pain in my eyes,
that's all I think about.
It comes and goes.
Your little... charm, it distracts me.
You and me, we had our time
in Cheyenne, didn't we? Hm?
We had something
kinda special for a while.
Yeah. Listen to us,
talking about our pleasures.
Mm. As if they mattered a damn.
All this love talk, I got me a hard-on.

You wanna see?
Surely.
You know, I'm just an ordinary fellow.
I don't want nobody thinkin' more
than that. It's all a bother to me.
This thing happens when I spend
a night or two with no sleep,
too much whisky, no food.
I get easy. Don't know that I should.
Oh, hush now, Bill.
Don't fight it none.
(player piano plays
"The Battle Hymn of the Republic")
Love you, Bill.
Right now I love you too, Jane.
Maybe we'd just better get on with it, hm?
? And his truth goes marchin' on
Hey!
Move easy or I kill you both.
Now get off her!
You inconsiderate bastard.
Get those guns in a tote sack
and head upstairs, see who's there.
Let's do it. Let's shoot the son of a bitch.
I'm thinkin'.
Don't hurry me none.
- Excuse me whilst I pull up my pants!
- Upstairs.
Don't want no back of the head shot
like Mr Lincoln.
Give me that pocket gun
you keep in there.
Hey! Would you mind avertin' your eyes?
I'm a little exposed here.
Donnie!
Goddammit! A Negro.
Just a gun-sharp.
Don't mind my colour. I make a livin'.
You ungrateful son of a bitch.
I almost got my ass shot off 20 times
tryin' to free your type during the war!
That was mighty white of you, Wild Bill.
Bill! The horses'll be ready at...
Aw, shit.

Who the hell are you?
I don't think these are gentlemen
we should challenge, Joe.
They look a bit on the rough and
boorish side, possibly even dangerous.
What are we waitin' for?
Let's get this done.
I told you I wanted to think things through.
I kinda enjoy the great man
bein' captured like he is.
You lose your nerve?
We've been here long enough.
- Well, play cards.
- You reckon we're really gonna do this?
You deserted my ma
and left her unacknowledged.
Then you shot and killed the only man
that coulda made her happy.
Your ma always knowed
I might have to leave.
She enjoyed our little time together,
just like I did.
Then how come you promised
you were gonna be like a father to me?
That's a mighty evil thing
to tell a young widow.
Now, you see, Jack,
that's the way it is with men and women.
Lots of times, men make some promises,
then take their pleasures and move on.
- Jane, play cards.
- Now, on the other side of the ledger,
you ought to understand that when
a woman finally surrenders to a man,
she's usually got him
just about where she wants him.
I'd love to go do my toilette,
s'il vous plat?
Sit back down.
- Bill?
- You can sit a minute.
I do believe I will.
Count me in, boys.
What if I could persuade Wild Bill

to let you go?
Erase the shadow
that he has cast over you.
Apologise.
Go drown in crap, Charley.
I don't know why this matters to me,
except that I'd miss Bill's company.
But every time there is a death of a hero,
we are all the less.
It drags down morale. People get anxious,
depressed, drink more, fight more,
causing more killings,
till the general uncertainty
destroys whatever
useful or good remains.
Jack, with luck, and rough cunning,
you've got maybe 40 years
to rid yourself of Wild Bill
and learn the value of simple things.
Fall in love with some pretty girl
and learn to cultivate your talents.
Is this your college education
that makes you dribble on so?
Oh, come on, Bill.
You can let this kid go.
Apologise for wrongs, real and imagined?
Shake hands, have a drink?
You'll need all the friends you can get
when your eyes get worse.
I don't apologise.
See, he figures whatever he done,
even if it wasn't perfect, was justifiable.
Well, you see, Jack.
Even if Bill won't do anything but die
restless, trying the patience of his friends,
maybe you could let him go.
Forgive him.
And move on.
He's the one captured here.
Well... I've said my piece.
You rotten bastard!
OK, Charley. Come on.
Come on. I got you.
Charley had him

some mighty interesting cards here.
There you go. Come on, sugar.
Carl, give me a rag or somethin'.
There ain't even a Chinaman out there.
There isn't much change.
I expect she could see a visitor, though.
She has her screaming fits now and then,
but most times she's normal.
I knew her family down in Arkansas.
Her momma's from Yell County.
The boy's been boarded out.
He's roomin' up the road there
at the James place.
- Our women ain't very pretty, are they?
- They look mostly hungry.
Probably are. The state's had us
on mush and molasses for months.
You shouldn't have come.
You got nothin' to be ashamed about.
The woman, she says you're normal.
That's what she says. Normal.
You act right, they'll let you out.
- I'll make 'em do it.
- No. I'll get outta here.
Don't you worry about that.
I just went through a bad time is all.
Lost my husband,
lost you, lost Dave.
You come into my life...
I thought you was the dashin' stranger
that was gonna change everything,
make it all fine.
And you did.
It was all real fine for a while.
The best I ever knew, about.
I even thought you was gonna be
a real good daddy to my son.
But then you went off, and...
when you come back,
it was gone. The special feeling was gone.
Go on your way.
I got my boy.
He'll take care of me.
I'll get outta here, and he'll take care

of me, and I'll take care of him.
Go on your way now, Bill.
You gonna do it?
You gonna shoot Wild Bill?
I just gotta get the time right in my head.
If you're gonna finish Bill, just get to it.
I killed two men in my life.
I never made no goddamn circus out of it!
I didn't know no ladies killed.
I was defendin' myself
against unnatural advances.
Well, pard, looks like you've come
to a messy end, no size to it.
Don't seem right for the great Wild Bill,
but it don't seem like nothin' can be done.
So I figure, Jack, since
all this makes no difference to Bill,
kill him quick and don't apologise.
You're gonna go to hell, Joe.
It'd be a kindness to have your company,
but I'm just tryin' to get it over with.
Kill him.
Make sure you do it clean.
Don't prolong it.
Just kill him! Let's get it done.
Everybody says kill you.
Ain't their concern. It's yours and mine.
Now, listen.
I have here one hell of an idea.
You just give me the pistol,
one hard slug in her,
I'll blow my own damn brains out,
save you the trouble!
Yes, let him kill himself.
He's been doing it all his life.
Give me the gun!
I left one slug in there. I'm gonna
stand back so you can fire when ready.
You wanna say goodbye?
Sure.
Goodbye, Jack.
I got you that time, Wild Bill.
Now this is it.
I can't.

For Christ's sake!
I couldn't do it last night in the
Chinese flophouse, and I can't do it now.
Cos I done it already.
Like the Bible says, I done it in my heart.
I killed you already.
How about I do it?
The man who kills Wild Bill
will be very famous.
Especially when he hangs for it.
Could you just jump over the bullshit?
Let's get outta here.
Be seein' you around, Wild Bill.
Maybe next time I won't be workin'
for no chickenshit kid.
Come on, let's go.
Well, at last I can do my toilette.
We got your guns! Anybody come outside
before we're gone, there will be a killin'!
Bill!
You all best stay in here.
Gimme one of them Colts, Bill.
Can't do it, Joe. I'm a better pistol shot
than you with either hand.
How are the eyes, Bill?
Never can tell, Charley.
It comes and goes.
The theatre of Bill's life
had come to demand
that he walk up
the centre of a muddy street
rather than use the boardwalk.
He had discovered being Wild Bill
was a profession in its own right.
(horses fretting)
You oughta know better
than to touch another man's hat.
Get him!
Come here, Jack.
Give me my pocket gun back.
I'm lettin' you live.
A sentimental gesture in honour
of your mother. Now get on outta here.
Thank you, Mr Hickok, sir.

Uh...

Mind if I have me a drink afore I leave?

I'll buy you one. Whisky's good for a man.

Helps you see things in perspective.

(Joe) Whisky and cards.

The Lord does provide.

Ohh!

I've been up here 20 minutes

cryin' my eyes out,

and none of you bastards would come up

and tell me what happened!

- Bill killed 'em, killed 'em all.

- I don't expect decent treatment from Bill,

but I figured a gent like Charley

would come upstairs and tell a lady!

I knew if I told you that Bill was alive,

you'd be mad at him again.

- What's he doin' here?

- (Joe) Bill's buyin' him a drink.

Go on there and drink your drink

and then head on outta town!

Else I'll be the one to put a bullet in ya!

Yes, ma'am.

You ain't no kinda man at all.

You're just some kinda fool.

This whole thing's

been too damn crazy, Bill!

You've always been able to do

whatever you want, and we don't matter!

- None of us! Ever!

- Hush up now.

I'm concentratin' on my cards.

I like this view over here better, boys.

And I'm gonna like you a whole lot better

when you've passed on!

That way I can just say I loved you

and I don't have to explain it none! (sobs)

Come on, deal 'em up, Joe.

My luck's runnin'.

You remember them soldiers

in Hays City, Bill?

(Charley) He remembers every fight

he was ever in. He loves them all.

(Bill) Goddamn soldiers!

Never liked them, any of them.
Never liked bein' one, neither.
Wasn't cut out for the army life.
Never liked eastern bastards, neither.
One time Bill says to his deputy,
Mike Williams, he says...
This is in Abilene. Bill says "I don't want
you mixin' in this, cos this is my affair."
"It's just between me and this feller
Phil Coe, who stole my watch."
Dave Tutt stole my watch.
Then Bill waded into this mob of drunks,
sharps, whores, mental deficientes,
all of 'em friends
of the great Texas gunfighter, Phil...
Phil Coe. Another one of them bullshit
Texans. Never much liked any of 'em.
Mean sons of bitches, usually
cheat at cards, never take a bath.
Bill says "Phil Coe, I'm arrestin' you,
because you went
and committed a murder."
All of a sudden Phil Coe pulls a drop
on Bill, who was too quick for him
and gunned him down with two shots,
the second one breakin' his spine.
He deserved it.
And that ain't the way it happened.
Then Bill heard footsteps
runnin' behind him.
He turns and fires, and accidentally
kills his own deputy, Mike Williams.
Then he tells the crowd
to clear the streets - which they done -
and he stands there
and cries over the body.
Nothin' like that ever happened.
It was windy. The dust got in my eyes.
Then there was the time
Bill fought them soldiers in Hays City.
A whole platoon of bluecoats
from the 7th Cavalry took him on
over a chance remark
about a woman Bill was seein'.

Bill's great fights always
involved a woman one way or another.
It was the only time the great Wild Bill
took off his guns.
Them soldiers damn near killed him
with their fists and boots.
Only the miracle of the bartender,
one Tommy Drum,
who gave Bill back his firearms,
saved the day.

Sendin' you home, Wild Bill.

No!

Jack McCall was hanged March 1 st, 1877,
for the murder of James Butler Hickok,
known as Wild Bill.

Like a city in the Old Testament,
Deadwood had become
a place of prophecy and visions.
Bill was 39 years old when he died.
I'm proud to say I was his friend.

What a fellowship

What a joy divine

Leaning on the everlasting arms

What a blessed peace

What a joy is mine

Leaning on the everlasting arms

? Leaning on Jesus

Leaning on Jesus

Safe and secure from all alarm

Leaning on Jesus

Leaning on Jesus

Leaning on the everlasting arms

Leaning on Jesus

Leaning on Jesus

Leaning on the everlasting arms