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# Westworld

By Jonathan Nolan

(Theme music playing)

**Man:**

Woman, Western accent: Yes. I'm sorry. I'm not feeling quite myself.

**Man:**

Woman, standard accent: I'm in a dream.

**Man:**

wake up from this dream?

**Dolores:**

**Man:**

my questions correctly. Understand?

**Dolores:**

**Man:**

reality?

(fly buzzes)

**Dolores:**

(birds chirping)

**Man:**

**Dolores:**

disarray. I choose to see the beauty.

Morning, Daddy. You sleep well?

Well enough.

You headed out to set down some of this natural splendor?

Thought I might.

**Dolores:**

(piano playing)

**Man:**

**Dolores:**

**Passenger:**

My family was here.

We went fishing, did the gold hunt in the mountains.

And last time?

I came alone.

Went straight evil.

It was the best two weeks of my life.

**Dolores:**

(train whistle blows)

That at one point or another, we were all new to this world.

(piano continues playing)

(bell ringing)

The newcomers are just looking for the same thing we are... A place to be free to stake out our dreams, a place with unlimited possibilities.

Oh, God, it's incredible.

Better be for what we're paying.

(Clanging)

(distant dog barking)

(grunting)

(kids shouting)

Murderous son of a bitch named Hector Escaton gunned down the marshal.

He's holed up in the mountains.

You there.

You look like the kind of man who'd put his mettle to it.

Not today, Sheriff. Apologies.

(Chatter)

Rye whiskey.

What about it?

Well, it ain't doing any good sitting in that bottle.

(Glass thuds)

(liquid pouring)

You're new.

Not much of a rind on you.

I'll give you a discount.

Well, no offense, but...

I'd rather earn a woman's affection than pay for it.

You're always paying for it, darling.

The difference is our costs are fixed and posted right there on the door.

**Man:**

**Dolores:**

cease to wonder at the thought that any day the course of my whole life could change with just one chance encounter.

Don't mind me.

Just trying to look chivalrous.

You came back.  
I told you I would.  
Can I see you home?  
Well, that all depends. Can you keep up?  
Well, I have to fetch my horse.  
Better fetch him fast.

**Teddy:**

Never understood how you keep them all headed in the same direction.  
(laughs) I forget you dress like a cowboy, but that's about the extent of it.  
See that one?  
Yeah.  
That's the Judas steer.  
Rest will follow wherever you make him go.  
How do you pick him out?  
Just know these things.  
Same as I knew you'd be back.  
You saying I'm predictable?  
There's a path for everyone.  
Your path leads you back to me.  
I know things will work out the way they're meant to.  
Same as I know my daddy still won't be happy to see you.  
(laughs)  
(sighs)  
(mooing)  
Father wouldn't let them roam this close to dark.  
(Gunshot)  
(gunshot)  
Stay put, Dolores.  
(Groans)  
Ain't you got anything out here other than milk, old man?  
Go ahead.  
I'm in no rush to meet my judgment, but I'm more sure of the outcome than you, you son of a...  
(gunshot)  
Nothing but milk, then.  
Shame of it is you killed the old woman before any of us could have a turn.  
I reckon she's still warm enough.  
Nobody gonna judge you for it.  
(Man whistles)  
(gunshot)  
Oh, shlt. shlt, shlt, shlt.  
(Gunshots)

**Man:**

That there are no chance encounters? That you and everyone you know were built to gratify the desires of the people who pay to visit your world?

Daddy!

Daddy!

(Sobbing) Daddy! No!

**Man:**

Hello again.

Your daddy gave it up quickly.

Think he's losing his touch.

You'll be following right behind him, you son of a bitch.

Is that any way to treat an old friend?

I've been coming here for 30 years, but you still don't remember me, do you?

After all we've been through.

They gave you a little more pluck, Dolores.

Absolutely charming.

(sobbing)

Take your hands off her.

Oh, Teddy.

Any special tricks for us?

They teach you to sit up, beg?

How about I give you the first shot, hmm?

After all, every dog has his day.

Well, your mouth move fast enough.

How about your gun?

(Gunshot)

(gunshot)

**Man:**

they can do anything they want to you?

I never understood why they paired some of you off.

Seems cruel.

(Gunshot)

And then I realized winning doesn't mean anything unless someone else loses.

Which means you're here to be the loser.

Let me help you, son.

Seems you're not the man you thought you were.

Come on, beautiful.

Oh! Oh, no! No!

Teddy! Teddy!

(Gunshots)

No, no, no, please don't hurt him.

I'll do whatever you say. (screams)

I didn't pay all this money 'cause I want it easy.

I want you to fight.

Don't you touch her!

(gunshot)

(hammer clicks)

(gunshot)

(gasps)

God damn, feels good to be back.

(Screams)

Let's celebrate.

(Dolores screaming) No! Don't! Oh, no, no! No! (screaming continues)

**Man:**

newcomers, Dolores?

No!

**Dolores:**

person I meet reminds me how lucky I am to be alive...

(Dolores crying, screaming)

...and how beautiful this world can be.

(piano playing)

(train whistle blowing)

**Woman:**

Look at that one. He's perfect.

Perfect is boring.

I'm more interested in the bad guys.

(Buzzing)

Did you see it?

No.

Give it a second. She'll do it again.

Her finger. That's not standard.

I noticed it last night.

Went looking in the update.

It's a whole new class of gestures.

But if we didn't put it there, then who did?

Ford. He still reviews every update before we issue them.

He must have slipped it in there without telling anyone.

(Beeps)

He calls them "reveries."

The old gestures were just generic movements.

These are tied to specific memories.

How?

The memories are purged at the end of every narrative loop.

But they're still in there, waiting to be overwritten.

He found a way to access them, like a subconscious.

A hooker with hidden depths?

Every man's dream.

It's the tiny things that make them seem real, that make the guests fall in love with them.

(Beeping)

Excuse me.

(Beeping stops)

We have a problem?

We have some unscheduled activity.

Evidently, one of your creatures is restless.

In the park?

No, sublevel 83, cold storage.

We should be cautious.

Send a response team, full armor.

I'll take care of it myself.

I think you guys enjoy playing dress up as much as the guests.

The hosts can't hurt you by design.

You don't have kids at home, do you, Bernard?

No.

If you did, you'd know that they all rebel eventually.

You'll forgive them for being a little uptight.

Every time your team rolls out an update, there's a possibility of a critical failure.

We don't update the hosts in cold storage and the park hasn't had a critical failure in over 30 years.

Meaning we're overdue.

I'll go along, too. If it's one of mine, I might be able to help.

They're only yours until they stop working, Bernie.

Then they're mine.

(Elevator rattling)

(guns cocking)

(beeping)

Cooling system's been down for weeks.

Gonna smell fantastic. I recommend you hang back.

**Bernard:**

Livestock management's got other priorities.

(Beeping)

Besides... no one's complained.

**Host:**

Take all your money, drink all your booze.

Stop.

Unless you plan to decommission the boss.

(Glasses clink)

Ain't got a cherry, that ain't no sin.

She's still got the box that the cherry come in.

(Whirring)

I'll drink to that.

The old coffin varnish.

They don't make that like they used to.

Hmm.

They don't make anything like they used to.

Damn right. Men neither.

I've seen a few showdowns in my day.

More than you know.

(Chuckles)

(liquid pours)

Shall we drink to the lady with the white shoes?

Perhaps we better drink to a... deep and dreamless slumber.

Old Bill here was always a good listener.

He was the second host we ever built.

Were you with us in those days, Bernard, or was that before your time?

Most were decommissioned before I was brought on, I'm afraid.

They repeated themselves, broke down constantly.

A simple handshake would give them away.

You'll put yourself away again, won't you, Bill?

I saw the new gestures, the reveries.

They're beautiful.

The distance you've traveled from then till now, it's remarkable.

Yeah, that's a word for it.

Morning, Daddy. You sleep well?

Well enough.

You headed out to set down some of this natural splendor?

Thought I might.

After my errands, of course.

See you home before dark.

That bandit who gunned down the marshal is still hiding up there in the hills.

I'm not a child anymore. I'll be just fine.

When I was a law man...

Yes, Daddy, I know all about when you were a law man.

I know all your stories and so does every boy that ever came courting.



I know how boys think. Was one myself once.  
Given to all manner of drinking and mischief.  
Whatever happened to that fearsome ne'er-do-well?  
He vanished the day I became your father.  
I am what I am because of you, and I wouldn't have it any other way.  
I know, Daddy.  
I'll be home before dark.  
(Bell ringing)  
(chatter)  
(hammer clanging)

**Sheriff:**

marshal.  
He's now holed up in the mountains.  
You there.  
You look like the kind of man who'd put his mettle to it.  
What do you think, honey?  
Sounds fun.  
You're new.  
Not much of a rind on you.  
I'll give you a discount.  
No offense, but I'd rather earn a woman's affection than pay for it.  
(speaking Chinese)

**Clarence:**

Hey, Teddy.  
Yeah, last trip, this dude showed me around.  
What's the good word, Teddy?  
Mighty kind of you.  
Sweet.  
Not as sweet as you.  
I'm afraid I've got other plans tonight, Dolores.  
Have a pleasant evening.  
You're new. Not much of a...  
Place your bets, gentlemen. Place your bets.  
(Flies buzzing)  
(whistles)  
(horse whinnies)  
Yeah, looks like Hector's been this way.  
Any idea how much longer this is gonna take?  
My wife doesn't want to be up here after dark.  
We know he's up in these hills somewhere.  
He's gonna put up one hell of a fight when we...  
When we... when we...

Sheriff?

Something is wrong with it. I want to head back to town.

Now.

**Lee:**

You updated the guy, and now he's a six-foot gourd with epilepsy.

So what the f\*ck happened?

I don't know.

Well, that's exactly what you want to hear from your head of programming.

We haven't finished the diagnostic yet.

Clearly it's exhibiting some aberrant behavior.

Pretty f\*cking aberrant, Bernie.

Your hosts get sick, they get lost, but this is grotesque.

Is it a problem with the update?

Possible, but not likely.

If it's the unlikely version, how many hosts have you updated so far?

Maybe 10% of the population.

All right, we pull all updated hosts until we can figure it out.

Are you f\*cking kidding me?

That's 200 hosts spread across a dozen active storylines.

The guests interrupt your precious storylines all the time when they want to shoot or f\*ck something.

No, when they want to.

We sell complete immersion in 100 interconnected narratives.

A relentless f\*cking experience.

Now, you pull one character, the overall story adjusts.

You pull 200 at once, and it's a f\*cking disaster!

I mean, what do you propose we do?

Close down? Issue f\*cking gift certificates?

It's beautiful... Your brow.

When you're angry but trying to control it, the fine muscles pull into a little arc.

It's elegant.

Would you mind if I recorded it?

I'd love to show it to my team.

No, Bernard, you may not record it.

Ah, there it is again.

We have 1,400 guests in the park.

I need to know if they're in any danger.

His core code is intact, which means he can't hurt a guest.

He literally couldn't hurt a fly.

All he can do is...

(snorts)

...that.

All right, Bernie.

Run a diagnostic.

In the meantime, there's so much as an unscripted sneeze, I want to know about it.

(Beeping)

(bird screeching)

(chatter, laughter)

(people grunting, moaning)

This place is f\*cking wild.

**Clarence:**

Level one.

You ride out of town, that's when the real demented sh1t begins.

That's where my man Teddy comes in.

He's like a guide.

Honestly, the guy kind of creeps me out.

(laughs)

f\*ck it, he leads us out in the canyons, we get bored, we just use him for target practice.

**Father:**

It's too adult for Jacob.

We didn't mean to bother you.

No bother at all. It's a beautiful spot.

I always found it a shame that I have it all to myself.

They come here every day.

Would you like a closer look?

(Horse nickers)

(clicks tongue)

Don't be scared. They're very gentle.

Here, put your hand out real flat.

They're beautiful, aren't they?

You're one of them, aren't you?

You're not real.

I have to go now. Sun's almost down.

You should, too. There's bandits in these hills.

(Man whistles)

**Man #2:**

(Horse whinnies)

(men shouting, whistling)

Here we go, yah!

Yah!

(Whistles)

You waiting up for me, Daddy?  
I told you I'd be home before dark.  
I found this in the field today.  
Doesn't look like anything to me.  
But where is she?  
Have you ever seen anything like this place?  
Doesn't look like anything to me.  
I'm gonna help Mama put supper on.  
(Lighter clinks, clicks)  
I had the same thought.  
Needed a little sunshine before turning in.  
So, when do you get to rotate home again?  
If you're this bad at writing small talk, how the f\*ck did you get your job?  
Get to the point.  
I wanted to apologize if I came across as aggressive.  
And I wanted to talk to you about the update.  
The problem's been resolved.  
There should never have been an update in the first place.  
Ford and Bernard keep making the things more lifelike.  
But does anyone truly want that?  
Do you want to think that your husband is really f\*cking that beautiful girl or that you really just shot someone?  
This place works because the guests know the hosts aren't real.  
So what exactly are you suggesting?  
Stop the updates altogether.  
Maybe even roll them back a bit.  
Make the hosts more manageable.  
Lobotomies tend to do that.  
Well, think of the benefits in terms of design time, maintenance, costs.  
Not to mention the Dr. Ford factor.  
The guy's gonna chase his demons right over the deep end.  
I mean, no one respects him more than me, but at some point...  
I. No one respects him more than I.  
Your pronoun is the subject of the second clause.  
I was saying...  
You were saying should our fearless leader have a breakdown, you want to leverage it for your career.  
Listen, a changing of the guard is long overdue.  
I just wanted you to know that you have my support and that I know that the corporation's real interest in this place goes way beyond gratifying some rich assholes who want to play cowboy.  
And here I thought you were only good for writing depraved little fantasies.

You're right.

This place is one thing to the guests, another thing to the shareholders, and something completely different to management.

So enlighten me.

What do you think management's real interests are?

You're smart enough to guess there's a bigger picture, but not smart enough to see what it is.

You know how much use that makes your support to me?

f\*ck all.

Get some sleep, Mr. Sizemore.

You'll have more rich assholes to gratify tomorrow.

(Piano playing)

Early night, Maeve?

Feeling a bit out of sorts.

Clementine can pick up the slack.

Night.

Forgetting something, Kissy?

I'm beginning to think you're getting sweet on me.

Well, on account of you being half cornhusker.

Tell me which half is which and I'll search that half.

(laughs)

Yeah, the half that's gonna cut your f\*cking throat.

(Floorboards creak)

I told you, I didn't take...

(hammer clicks)

(gurgling)

Good as new again, huh?

Sometimes I envy your forgetfulness.

We've got a serious problem with one of the hosts.

Thinking this one's still thirsty.

Not gonna die this time, Arnold.

Ain't nothing gonna kill me.

(Gasps)

(gunshot)

(whimpering)

You can't have none. Ain't for you.

Found me another bottle.

You're a growing boy.

A growing boy.

(laughs)

Growing boy!

(Powers down)

We got two guests inside.

We'll go talk to them, you sort this mess out.

You know, they're supposed to turn on each other, but only if a guest takes them on the High Sierra storyline, and Walter always buys it. Well, I guess Walter got tired of buying it. I suppose this means the sheriff wasn't an isolated incident. It's good news, really. Confirms the problem was part of the update. We can roll them back, clean them up, put them back in service. You think I'm gonna sign off on this f\*cking homicidal thing going back into service? It's homicidal by design. Walter kills other hosts all the time. I'll admit the method here is a little unconventional, but it didn't hurt a guest. The hosts are supposed to stay within their loops, stick to their scripts with minor improvisations. This isn't a minor improvisation. This is a f\*cking shitstorm. We recall all remaining updated hosts tomorrow. Examine them one by one, decommission the faulty ones. What about narrative? A recall of that size will be disruptive. I've told our overstimulated friend to advance the saloon heist a week and make it twice as bloody. Should give us cover to recall the remaining hosts and the guests will love it. I'm not sure Ford will approve. I'm not sure either, which is why you get to be the one to tell him. This is your fuckup, Bernie. Only seems fair.

**Ford:**

isolated the bug?  
That's so unlike you, Bernard.  
Unless, of course, you have and are simply embarrassed by the result.  
It's the code you added, sir.  
The reveries.  
It has some...  
"Mistakes" is the word you're too embarrassed to use.  
You ought not to be. You're a product of a trillion of them.  
Evolution forged the entirety of sentient life on this planet using only one tool...  
The mistake.  
I flattered myself we were taking a more disciplined approach here.  
I suppose self-delusion is a gift of natural selection as well.

Indeed it is.

But, of course, we've managed to slip evolution's leash now, haven't we? We can cure any disease, keep even the weakest of us alive, and, you know, one fine day perhaps we shall even resurrect the dead.

Call forth Lazarus from his cave.

Do you know what that means?

It means that we're done.

That this is as good as we're going to get.

It also means that you must indulge me the occasional mistake.

(Groans)

About three liters.

That's how much blood I left in you.

Lose more than that, you die.

But for now, you're mine.

I'm gonna get some answers out of you.

(Gurgles)

(laughs)

Where are you... (laughs)

(coughing)

What do you want?

You know about games, don't you, Kissy?

Well, this is a complicated one.

I don't play. I only deal.

Who said anything about you playing?

You're livestock, scenery.

I play.

The others, they just come here to get their rocks off, shoot a couple Indians.

But there's a deeper level to this game.

You're gonna show me how to get there.

A lot of wisdom in ancient cultures.

(Coughs)

And perhaps it's... time to dig deeper into yours.

No. No. No.

(Screaming)

(birds chirping)

Morning, Daddy. Did you sleep well?

Daddy, you've been out here all night?

I had a question.

A question you're not supposed to ask.

Which gave me an answer you're not supposed to know.

What's wrong, Daddy?

Would you like to know...

(stuttering) the question?

Question?

Mama!

Mama, help! Come quick!

Don't worry.

Don't worry. I'll take care of you.

No!

(gasps)

You should go. Leave.

Don't you see?

Hell is empty and all the devils are here.

(Whispers)

You stay right here. Understand?

I'm gonna find the doctor.

You came back.

I told you I would.

What's wrong?

You have to come with me right away.

My father's very ill.

(Piano playing)

I think we best stay put.

All right. All right.

With considerable effort and lack of sleep, I've managed to massage events to inspire Hector to head to town a week early.

Oh, and I've also punched up the speech he gives after robbing the saloon.

It's chilling. You'll see.

I can barely contain myself.

That's the sheriff's horse, you son of a bitch.

(Gunshot)

(people screaming)

His rifle, too.

(Gunshot)

(people screaming)

(gunshots)

(people screaming)

(gunshot)

All the banks and trains around here, and you f\*cking reprobates choose to rob us?

Why not?

You're all here indulging your particular vices.

And so I've come to indulge mine.

(Gunfire continues)

I've got to get back to Father.

(Gunfire continues)

Dolores, no!



(Grunts)  
Teddy.  
Don't mind me.  
Just... just trying to look chivalrous.  
Oh, Teddy.  
(Gunshots)  
(groaning)  
You're a low-down son of a bitch.  
I know.  
I know we both believe the same thing.  
No matter how dirty the business, do it well.  
(Whistles)  
No telling there's anything worthwhile in that safe.  
We should take this sweet little bitch just in case.  
(Gunshot)  
(gasps)  
(piano playing)  
(gunshot)  
(grunts)  
(gunshot)  
Problem with the righteous... They can't shoot for shlt.  
Making a hell of a racket, though.  
(Gunshots)  
You wanted me.  
Well, let this be a lesson.  
The lesson is...  
(gunshot)  
(gunshots)  
(grunts)  
Oh, Jesus.  
(Breathing heavily)  
(laughs)  
Look at that! I just shot him through the neck!  
And his pal here, too.  
Look at her wriggle.  
Yo, go get that photographer.  
I want to get a picture of this.  
Okay.  
Whoo!  
You're welcome.  
Maybe you'll get to your speech next time.  
Oh, Teddy.  
At least I got to see you one last time.  
(Crying) You're not going anywhere, now, hear?

There's a path for everyone.  
My path is bound with yours.  
Teddy?  
Teddy, no.  
Please.  
No, we've only just begun.  
(Sobbing)  
(flashbulb pops)  
(laughs)  
That was good. Hang on. Hang on.  
Let me get the hat. Get the hat.  
(laughs) All right.  
Help, please.  
My father's sick at home, but I can't just leave him out here in the street.  
(Crying)  
Soon this will all feel like a distant dream.  
Until then, may you rest in a deep and dreamless slumber.  
(Beeps)  
Two more over here.  
We got them all.  
That's all of them.  
Any preliminary results?  
Most of them are checking out fine.  
We had one who... definitely was not.  
Bring her back online.  
(Beeping)  
(gasping)  
Cognition only. No emotional affect.  
(Gasping stops)  
All right, sweetheart, can you hear me?  
Yes.  
I'm sorry. I'm not feeling quite myself.  
Lose the accent.  
Do you know where you are?  
I'm in a dream.  
That's right, Dolores. You're in a dream.  
A dream that could determine your life.  
You want to wake up from this dream, Dolores?  
Yes.  
I'm terrified.  
There's nothing to be afraid of, as long as you answer my questions correctly.  
You understand?

Yes.

Good.

First, have you ever questioned the nature of your reality?

No.

Has anyone around you?

For instance, your father?

**Dolores:**

He showed you a picture.

That's right.

**Stubbs:**

**Dolores:**

If it breached, he needs to be put down.

That's the policy.

Would it not be best for us to discover why first, Ms. Cullen?

Please.

We've run a full diagnostic, but the results are, well, confusing.

Tell me, what happened to your program?

(Shivering)

"When we are born, we cry we are come to this great stage of f-f-fools."

That is enough.

Tell me, do you have access to your previous configuration?

Yes.

Access that, please.

What is your name?

Mr. Peter Abernathy.

Mr. Abernathy, what are your drives?

Tend to my herd.

Look after my wife.

Your final drive?

Well, my daughter Dolores, of course.

I must protect Dolores.

I am who I am because of her, and, well, I...

I wouldn't have it...

I-I wouldn't have it any... other...

I-I have to warn her.

Warn who?

Dolores.

The things they do to her.

The things you do to her.

I have to protect her.

I have to help her. I...

She's got to get out.  
Very good, Mr. Abernathy.  
That's enough.

**Bernard:**

Access your current build, please.  
What is your name?  
Rose is a rose... is a rose.  
What is your itinerary?  
To meet my maker.  
Uh-huh.  
Well, you're in luck.  
And what do you want to say to your maker?  
By most mechanical and dirty hand...  
(laughs)  
I shall have such revenges on you both.  
The things I will do.  
What they are, yet I know not, but they will be the terrors of the earth.  
You don't know where you are, do you?  
You're in a prison of your own sins.  
(laughs)  
Turn it off.  
(Powers down)  
What the hell was that?  
I don't know. He's off script.  
We didn't program any of those behaviors.  
Shakespeare.  
We've used this host in a number of different roles, have we not?  
Since I've been here, he's been Abernathy for 10 years.  
He was sheriff for a while before then.  
And before that...  
The professor.  
Yes, from a horror narrative called "The Dinner Party."  
He was leader of a group of cultists out in the desert who turned cannibal.

**Ford:**

Gertrude Stein.  
I admit the last one is a bit of an anachronism, but I couldn't resist.  
These are fragments of prior builds.  
The reveries must be allowing him to access them.  
No cause for alarm, Bernard.  
Simply our old work coming back to haunt us.

**Stubbs:**

What was it?  
He said I shouldn't tell anyone.  
I won't tell anyone else.  
Promise.  
He said, "These violent delights have violent ends."

**Stubbs:**

No.  
I don't think so.  
Have you ever lied to us?  
No.  
Last question, Dolores.  
Would you ever hurt a living thing?  
No.  
Of course not.  
Tilt your head back, please, Peter.  
(Whirring)

**Woman:**

You don't think any of that had an impact on her core code?  
Not good old Dolores.  
You know why she's special?  
She's been repaired so many times, she's practically brand-new.  
Don't let that fool you.  
She's the oldest host in the park.  
Come on, sweetheart.  
Tell us what you think of your world.  
(Western accent) This world?  
(Birds chirping)  
Some people choose to see the ugliness in this world. The disarray.  
Morning, Daddy. You sleep well?  
Well enough.  
You heading out to do some more of that painting of yours?

**Dolores:**

(whispering)  
(train whistle blows)

**Dolores:**

(fly buzzing)  
I know things will work out the way they're meant to.