

Director: Davis Guggenheim

“Deadwood”

Episode Two

Written by

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"Deadwood"

Episode Two

CAST

Seth Bullock
Al Swearengen
Sol Star
Alma Garret
Wild Bill Hickok
Jane
Doc Cochran
Tom Nuttall
Trixie
Brom Garret
Dan Dority
Charlie Utter
Ellsworth
E.B. Farnum
Jack McCall

A.W. Merrick
H.W. Smith
Johnny Burns
Jimmy Irons
Lou Varnes
Mr. Wu
The Metz child
Jewel
Persimmon Phil
Con Stapleton
Tom Mason
Whore #1
Whore #2
Whore #3

"Deadwood"

Episode Two

SETS

INTERIORS

Bullock's and Star's Tent
The Gem
 Saloon
 Swearngen's Office
 Whores' Room
 Swearngen's Bedroom
Grand Central Hotel
 Dining Room
 Lobby
 Hickok's Room
 Garrets' Room
 Driscoll's Old Room
Nuttall's Number Ten
Doc Cochran's Office
Utter's and Hickok's Wagon

EXTERIORS

Mr. Wu's
Main Street
Street (Smith's coffin-building)
Doc Cochran's Office
Claim Number Nine Above Discovery
Deadwood Graveyard
Nuttall's Number Ten
Woods
Camp (Ellsworth)
Alley

*

DEADWOOD EPISODE TWO

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MR. WU'S - DAY

1

Wu, muckraking outside his pigpen, always glad to see a Caucasian in logistical difficulty, considers the labored approach of E.B. Farnum, who, harassed by a mongrel cur, wheels an overloaded laundry-trundle through the deep-rutted goop. The winded hotelier unloads the piled linens into Wu's wash-tub --

FARNUM

(to Wu)

Wash-ee.

When removed from the trundle, the last of the sheets, bloodied, reveals Tim Driscoll's quartered corpse. The dog yaps with deepened yearning. Farnum, raising his gaze from Driscoll's body to Wu, indicates the pigs --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Eat-ee.

Wu understands. Farnum looks from the pigs to the dog to Driscoll's remains --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

His dog-ee.

(points to the pigs)

Them eat-ee dog-ee too --

Farnum lacks intellectual rigor to pursue further the logic of pidgin grammar --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

-- or eat-ee him yourself you
leering Heathen.

Hand to the trundle for balance, Farnum yanks his left boot out of the goop's suction, moving off as the cur keeps barking, and the CAMERA HOLDS ON, among the trundle's unspeakable contents, Driscoll's face --

CUT TO:

2 CLOSE ON SWEARENGEN

2

seen from a further remove but at the same angle as Driscoll, eyes coming open, a vigilance immediately animating him, getting him to his feet, to his piss-pot, hurrying his pissing; he looks to the sleeping Trixie, comes to the side of the bed, takes up the gun Trixie has laid there; wakes her up --

SWEARENGEN

(re the gun)

Was this for me?

TRIXIE

I brought it for you.

Their eyes hold a beat, then --

SWEARENGEN

Get out.

He holds her sleeping gown out to her. She rises, naked, takes the gown. As she pulls it over her head he pushes her toward the door, grabbing up his suspended pants --

CUT TO:

3 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

3

where Jewel is sweeping. Swearengen comes down the stairs --

SWEARENGEN

Coffee.

She heads for the kitchen. Farnum's entered --

FARNUM

(carefully)

'Morning Al.

SWEARENGEN

I'd like someone to tell me what in fuck is going forward in this camp.

FARNUM

Tim Driscoll's checked out -- I can tell you that much.

This placates Swearengen --

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

SWEARENGEN

Left your hotel has he?

FARNUM

Moved to Wu's pigsty.

-- but only briefly --

SWEARENGEN

And what was that shootout about?

FARNUM

At sunup?

SWEARENGEN

Yes at fucking sunup.

FARNUM

'Far as I heard Al, Hickok and one of them hardware guys you're renting to threw down on the fella 'brought word in of that Squarehead family's massacre -- suspected he was in on the kill.

SWEARENGEN

What's it to Hickok or that hardware guy either how them Squareheads come to die?

FARNUM

I couldn't agree with you more.

Jewel returns with Swearengen's coffee --

SWEARENGEN

If you don't stop dragging that fucking leg.

JEWEL

(to Farnum)

Coffee?

FARNUM

I might have one cup.

He glances sideways at Swearengen to make sure this is okay --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

(to Swearengen)

Did you know one Squarehead lived? Little Squarehead girl. They took her to the Doc's.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

SWEARENGEN

In what condition?

FARNUM

I don't know Al.

(beat)

If she was to make it wouldn't she
have a story to tell.

CLOSE ON SWEARENGEN

features working, vigilant, as when he awoke, against
a still-encroaching fear --

CUT TO:

4 CLOSE ON BULLOCK

4

no less haunted than Swearengen, seen in a shaving
mirror. His cheeks are lathered, though he hasn't
brought the razor to his face; instead observes in the
mirror's reflection one prospector enacting for another,
while glancing in Bullock's direction, Bullock's and
Hickok's shooting of Ned Mason. He starts involuntarily
at --

STAR (O.S.)

Should we test that hotel's kitchen
Seth?

ANGLE - STAR

returning to their tent from his ablutions at the creek.
Bullock towels off the lather --

BULLOCK

I'll meet you.

ON Star, as Bullock moves away --

CUT TO:

5 EXT. STREET - DAY

5

Rev. Smith is carpentering a coffin, kibbitzed by a
seemingly idle Johnny Burns. They note Bullock's
passage --

SMITH

Men like Mr. Seth Bullock there
raise a camp up.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

BURNS

(indicates the coffin)
Fella going to be staying in that
box might argue with you Reverend.

SMITH

Mr. Bullock did not draw first.
And I point to his commissioning
me to build The Departed a coffin,
and see to his Christian burial.

BURNS

Any idea on The Departed's name?

SMITH

In his effects I found a letter
addressed to Tom Mason --

BURNS

I know a Tom Mason but this ain't
him.

SMITH

(patiently)
-- which, having prayed, I decided
to open. The sender, Mrs. Walter
Mason, writes "I have asked your
brother Ned to bear this to you,"
from which I conclude The Departed's
name is Ned.

BURNS

Ned Mason, huh?

SMITH

Possibly the Tom Mason you know is
the dead man's brother. If he's
in the camp he should be notified.

BURNS

No, I ain't seen Tom around.

Burns sustains his innocuous tone, but averts his gaze
from the minister --

CUT TO:

6 EXT. DOC COCHRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

6

Jane, a blanket around her shoulders, sleeps sitting
against the side of Cochran's small, rough-hewn cabin,
splay-legged like an unmastered puppet. Cochran's
come out --

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

COCHRAN

Wake up.

Jane does, getting to her feet --

JANE

How's that Little One?

COCHRAN

Still among us.

JANE

I'm asking you what her prospects are.

Cochran lets himself trust a fellow outcast --

COCHRAN

If her wounds don't fester she might could have a fighting chance.

-- and Jane's feeling for the child permits a brief, blessed breaking-free from the manacled belligerence of her own personality --

JANE

Good.

Cochran notes Bullock's approach --

COCHRAN

Nothing of that to him.

JANE

He's all right.

COCHRAN

(insistent)
Not a word.

Bullock's reached them, tips his hat to Jane --

BULLOCK

'Morning.

JANE

'Morning Bullock.

BULLOCK

(to Cochran)
I was wondering how that child fared.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

COCHRAN

It's iffy. Touch and go. I'm not optimistic.

BULLOCK

Has she spoken?

COCHRAN

No. She's not conscious. I'd be surprised if she ever is.

Ordinarily, Bullock, the former lawman, might be made suspicious by such over-emphatic insistence; in this instance he discounts it as irritable misanthropy --

BULLOCK

I'd like to hear, whichever way it goes.

Cochran nods, looking away. Bullock tips his hat to Jane --

JANE

If you see Bill Hickok or that sore-asshole Charlie Utter, could you say I looked to the stock?

BULLOCK

Sure. I'll let 'em know.

When he's gone --

JANE

You're wrong not to trust him. He formed the party that found this Little One, among all the dead of her family.

COCHRAN

Didn't he? And didn't he shoot a man he suspected in the murders? And if I confided, wouldn't he circulate my optimism? Wouldn't he say "When that Little One speaks you'll find out I was right -- not the Sioux 'killed her family but road-agents."

Cochran turns to her --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

And s'pose it was road-agents, and they hear his talk. Where does the Little One stand then?

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (3)

6

Grudgingly, Jane acknowledges a sense in this --

JANE

You got a dark turn of mind.

COCHRAN

I see more misery out of them moving
to justify themselves as them
that set out to do harm.

Off which --

CUT TO:

7

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

7

Utter and Hickok preparing their breakfasts at the
hotel's version of a buffet. Star's seated at one of
the tables b.g. Utter rejects the first roll he's
selected --

UTTER

Same dead roach in the same damn
biscuit. *

A hungover Hickok agrees --

HICKOK

He stuck to his position.

Bullock enters --

BULLOCK

(to Hickok)

'Morning.

HICKOK

'Morning Montana.

Hickok doesn't trust his hand with the coffee pot.
Utter quickly takes it up --

UTTER

(to Bullock)

Joe?

BULLOCK

Much obliged.

As Utter pours --

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

(to Hickok)

Your friend asked me to say she's
looked to your stock.

HICKOK

Thanks.

BULLOCK

She's back now keeping watch on
that child we found.

Hickok studies Bullock unimposingly --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

'Far as her chances, the Doc's not
optimistic.

HICKOK

From the look of him, would you
think that Doc's been wrong once
or twice in his life?

Which brings from Bullock an appreciative grin --

BULLOCK

Maybe once or twice.

Utter senses that his friend's contact with Bullock
elevates Hickok's spirits, calls after Bullock as he
drifts toward Star's table --

UTTER

We'll likely be by your tent later --

STAR

Good.

UTTER

-- get Bill here outfitted with
some prospecting gear.

FOLLOW Hickok and Utter as they move toward their table --

HICKOK

Don't do that Charlie.

UTTER

Do what?

HICKOK

Trumpet my intentions -- herd me
like a damn steer.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

UTTER
(defensive)
Ain't you here to prospect for
gold?

Hickok busies himself with his bacon --

UTTER (CONT'D)
If you're just going to gamble
Bill let's get it said -- I'll
arrange appearance money for you
at one of these joints.

HICKOK
That ain't gambling -- it's shilling
for the house.

UTTER
It's getting you a regular damn
source of income --

Utter notes the arrival in the room of the newspaperman
Merrick, lowers his voice --

UTTER (CONT'D)
-- so this don't wind up like
Cheyenne.

ANGLE - BULLOCK AND STAR

at their table, also noting Merrick's arrival, his
serving himself at the buffet --

STAR
(re the child)
You did your part Seth. She
wouldn't have lived the night.

Bullock wants to let it go --

BULLOCK
What offer should we make on the
purchase of that lot?

STAR
That barber next to us paid six
hundred for his lot ten days ago.

BULLOCK
Seller's market.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

STAR

(nods)
I'd say we're well-bought at seven-
fifty and we don't go past a
thousand.

They register Merrick's approach --

MERRICK

May I join you? There's nowhere
else to sit.

They make room. Merrick, taking a chair, addresses
Bullock, voice raised so Hickok will hear --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Well Mr. Bullock. After the events
of last night, for an ink-stained
wretch like me to come upon you
and Mr. Hickok in the same dining
room is luck indeed.

Bullock meets his eyes --

BULLOCK

I don't want to talk about last
night's events.

MERRICK

I see. Fair enough. I know how
to pocket my notebook sir.

As they commence to eat --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

These same wretched biscuits.

Off which --

CUT TO:

8 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

8

Farnum's behind his desk. Alma Garret descends --

FARNUM

Mrs. Garret.

ALMA

Mister Farnum.

Alma joins him. He can see she's jonesing, smells
money --

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

FARNUM
I hope you slept well.

ALMA
As it happens, I did not.

FARNUM
I'm very sorry. Do you require
the Doctor?

ALMA
Yes. Please.

Alma gives him some dough --

FARNUM
Certainly ma'am. Of course. Sorry
you're poorly again.

She walks on. HOLD ON Farnum, exhibiting the predator's
innocent pleasure at sighting weakened prey --

FARNUM (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Somebody's low on dope.

Off which --

CUT TO:

9 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

9

The men rise at Alma's stiff-moving entrance. She
nods perfunctory, polite acknowledgment as they resume
their seats --

ANGLE - MERRICK, BULLOCK AND STAR

Merrick watches her prepare her breakfast plate --

MERRICK
That is Mrs. Alma Garret, whose
husband, I'm told, while standing
at the bar of Al Swearengen's
Saloon, bought a gold claim last
night for twenty thousand dollars.

STAR
We rent our lot from Al Swearengen.

MERRICK
I'm not surprised to hear it Sir.

Merrick's distracted, looking around the room --

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Tim Driscoll, the claim's seller,
lives here at the hotel. He must
be sleeping in.

ANGLE - HICKOK

watching Alma's hands shake as she pours her coffee.
He recognizes a fellow sufferer. She feels Hickok's
eyes on her, doesn't look up --

CUT TO:

10

EXT. CLAIM NUMBER NINE ABOVE DISCOVERY - DAY

10

Brom, with Dority's half-hearted assistance, pans his
claim for gold. Ellsworth's come by --

ELLSWORTH

'Morning boys.

DORITY

Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH

(to Brom)

Name's Ellsworth. I hear you bought
these digs.

BROM

(nods)

Brom Garret. How do you do.

ELLSWORTH

My claim's one over.

BROM

(miserable)

I see.

ELLSWORTH

Cleaning up any yellow?

DORITY

(feigned optimism)

Day's young.

BROM

(to Ellsworth)

How's it running at your claim?

ELLSWORTH

I've met my quota for whiskey,
pussy and food.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

DORITY

Get on over to the Gem then
Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH

(to Brom)

Further efforts'll only benefit
the faro dealers.

BROM

This exact spot showed a fistful
of nuggets two nights ago.

ELLSWORTH

Don't weaken Pilgrim. 'Tween
nuggets and nothing she's usually
going to show you some flake.

He's gone. Brom glumly resumes his efforts --

BROM

She hasn't even showed me any flake.

-- earning the fish-eye from DORITY. Off which --

CUT TO:

11 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

11

Behind the bar, Swearengen, striving for patience,
receives Johnny Burns' report --

BURNS

"No," the Bible-thumper says, "the
dead man's named Ned Mason -- maybe
the Tom you know's his brother."
"Oh I doubt that, Reverend," I
say, "the Tom Mason I know's nowhere
near here."

SWEARENGEN

Johnny.

BURNS

But what was I thinking? -- "Damned
if Al didn't center-shoot the bulls-
eye: 'wasn't Sioux killed them
Squareheads but Persimmon Phil,
Tom Mason, and the croaker headed
for this coffin, who must be some
fuck-up younger brother of Tom's."

Swearengen's noted the entrance of Bullock and Star --

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

SWEARENGEN

(to Burns)

Listen to me. Go get Doc Cochran.

Burns wants some love --

BURNS

And I never tipped the Thumper to none of it Al. Played it dumb as a pile of rocks.

SWEARENGEN

Bring the Doc. Say I want him to see to the whores.

BURNS

All right Sir.

Burns, moving past the new arrivals, amiably acknowledges their different paths --

BURNS (CONT'D)

S'cuse me fellas.

BULLOCK

Mr. Swearengen?

SWEARENGEN

That's right.

STAR

Sol Star.

BULLOCK

Seth Bullock --

SWEARENGEN

How do you do men?

Bullock hands Swearengen twenty dollars in currency --

STAR

Rent on Lot Four.

Swearengen's eyes widen theatrically --

SWEARENGEN

Lot Four -- the hardware boys.
I want to buy you fellas a drink.
You do drink don't you?

Star finds something off-putting in the way this is asked --

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

STAR

Sure.

Swearengen's turned to collect a bottle --

SWEARENGEN

How's business on that lot? Hell
of a spot isn't it? Any more foot
traffic you'd have to call it a
riot.

-- suddenly adopts a tone of exaggerated caution --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

I'm turning back slow, nothing in
hand but this whiskey bottle --

Star and Bullock exchange a look. Swearengen, turning
now to face them, grins amiably at Bullock as he fills
the shot glasses --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

-- they say you're not a man I'd
want mistaking my intentions.

Bullock's temper starts rising --

BULLOCK

Who says that? I'd like to ask
'em what they mean.

STAR

That fella drew on Seth this
morning.

SWEARENGEN

I never heard different.

BULLOCK

No one mistook his intentions.

SWEARENGEN

Let's leave it all alone. I'm
stupidest when I try to be funny.

A beat, then Bullock and Star both down their shots.
Swearengen refills their glasses --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

These're still free.

(to Bullock)

Sorry for hitting a nerve.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

BULLOCK

We'd like to offer on that lot
we're renting.

SWEARENGEN

I'll sell my back teeth for the
right money.

STAR

Would six hundred get the job done?

SWEARENGEN

You've been talking to Kerrigan
beside you.

STAR

We met him to say hello.

SWEARENGEN

Values've went up since Kerrigan
and me did business. Folks pouring
in every day. I tear my hair and
gnash my teeth I sold to that barber
so cheap.

BULLOCK

What would you take for the lot?

SWEARENGEN

(considers)

I guess before I made a price I'd
want to know if you boys have
unnamed partners.

BULLOCK

Why?

SWEARENGEN

(to Star, benign)

I think specifically of Wild Bill
Hickok.

(to Bullock)

Didn't you and Hickok act together
in the street this morning?

STAR

We just met Wild Bill Hickok.

BULLOCK

(over Star, and to
him; re Swearengen)

What business of that is his?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

The angrily flustered Bullock's garbling his thought prompts a friendly smile from Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN

You mean what business of mine is that.

Bullock's further goaded --

BULLOCK

Don't tell me what the fuck I mean.

Swearengen seems taken aback --

SWEARENGEN

That's not a tone to get a deal done.

Star wants to get Bullock out, finds opportunity in the entrance of two figures we'll come to know as Persimmon Phil and Tom Mason --

STAR

(to Swearengen)
Should we sort it out another time?

SWEARENGEN

Sure.

STAR

(re new arrivals)
Thirsty people.

SWEARENGEN

(to Bullock)
And you and me'll find our proper stride.

BULLOCK

All right.

Star expands on Bullock's minimal civility --

STAR

(to Swearengen)
Good luck on the day's trade.

Swearengen amplifies further --

SWEARENGEN

(to Star)
I won't even wish you luck, 'cause
I can tell you ain't the type that
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (5)

11

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
needs it. I marked you for an
earner the minute you come in my
sight --

Under which Bullock and Star have started away --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
-- Jew bastard.

Swearengen's features transmute yet again as Persimmon
Phil and Tom Mason reach him --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Two wayfarers, when I'd heard you
were three.

PERSIMMON PHIL
How 'you doing Al?

SWEARENGEN
Shall we all let's drink upstairs?

TOM
I can be persuaded.

Swearengen puts his arm around Tom --

SWEARENGEN
And will you have a whore Tom? Or
are you still staying true to that
heifer?

TOM
It's over with her and me.

PERSIMMON PHIL
He went sweet on a buffalo by
Yankton.

SWEARENGEN
(to Tom)
Where's brother Neddy anyway?

TOM
(suddenly evasive)
Fuck if I know, that fucker.

Tom sees Trixie on the second floor --

TOM (CONT'D)
I'll take her.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (6) 11

Swearengen's features are inscrutable --

SWEARENGEN

Pick another.

As they climb --

CUT TO:

12 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY 12

Bullock and Star head toward their tent, Star watching his friend stew silently. After a beat --

BULLOCK

I don't like that son-of-a-bitch.

STAR

Thank God you didn't let him see it.

BULLOCK

Calls me loose with a gun. Was he there?

STAR

We'll just get the lot bought Seth and have nothing more to do with him. Buy the lot, then we give him a wide berth.

Bullock stops, studies Star, lets him know he's aware he's being handled --

BULLOCK

Or we could just forget about putting money in the cocksucker's pocket.

Star meets his eyes --

STAR

It's a hell of a location, but we could let the whole thing go.

A beat, then a compelling antagonism toward Swearengen beyond will, logic, justice or injustice asserts itself in Bullock --

BULLOCK

No.

Smith's been standing outside their tent, noted their approach, come to meet them --

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SMITH

I've acted on your commission Mr. Bullock -- built a coffin and dug a grave.

BULLOCK

Thank you.

SMITH

(to both men)

Will you join me now for the burial service?

It's just what Bullock and Star want to do --

CUT TO:

13 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - HICKOK'S ROOM - DAY

13

Utter and Hickok in different corners of the room. Maybe Hickok's looking out the window, Utter's seated at the edge of the bed, looking in the opposite direction. After a beat --

UTTER

All's I was saying Bill, till you start your prospecting, if you're gonna gamble, let's get you protected a little.

Hickok doesn't look back --

HICKOK

I know what you were saying.

UTTER

Extra business you bring a joint, interruptions you stand for off folks wanting to glad-hand, that all deserves compensation.

HICKOK

Don't shop me to those places Charlie.

A knock --

FARNUM (O.S.)

E.B. Farnum gentlemen. Mr. Utter's room is ready.

Utter rises, looks to his friend with saddened resignation --

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

UTTER

Go ahead and do it your way then
Bill.

Off Hickok, as Utter collects his valise and moves
toward the door --

TIME CUT TO:

14 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DRISCOLL'S OLD ROOM - DAY

14

E.B. Farnum shows Charlie Utter into the murdered Tim
Driscoll's former room --

FARNUM

Cleaned and thoroughly aired --

Chuckling unctuously, Farnum gestures grandly toward
the open window --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

-- the previous guest was Irish.

Utter just stares at him. Farnum decides not to linger,
hands Utter the key --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

No tip necessary sir. I operate
the hotel.

Farnum exits. Off Utter, forlorn, sitting on the bed,
taking in the empty room, noting a blood-spot the
circumference of his hat brim on the floor beside the
bed --

CUT TO:

15 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Swearengen and Persimmon Phil drink. Shouts and thumps
against walls announce Tom Mason's banging a prostitute
in the adjoining room --

PERSIMMON PHIL

Listen to Tom carry on.

Swearengen doesn't seem interested --

SWEARENGEN

Bad luck you wasn't here yesterday.

PERSIMMON PHIL

What did I miss?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

SWEARENGEN

A Squarehead family leaving I
could've tipped you to. Heading
back to Minnesota.

PERSIMMON PHIL

Well off? Are they worth still
trying to catch?

SWEARENGEN

Sioux already caught 'em. Did for
'em last night on the road to
Spearfish.

PERSIMMON PHIL

Those heathen cocksuckers. So we
missed a good score.

Swearengen studies Persimmon Phil --

SWEARENGEN

Keep lying and I'll murder you in
that chair.

PERSIMMON PHIL

What's wrong Al? What're you
talking about.

Swearengen just stares at him. After a beat --

PERSIMMON PHIL (CONT'D)

All right, I'm going to tell you
what happened, which is the God's
truth. We come on that family by
accident. No one was looking to
hold your end out or anything of
the sort, or conceal a goddamn
thing.

Persimmon Phil, failing to dissemble his fear, produces
a leather pouch filled with gold dust --

PERSIMMON PHIL (CONT'D)

Your end, weighed to the ounce.
And my only problem, because we
hadn't cleared it with you
You know how you get Al, you know
that yourself, so my problem was
raising the subject. I had it all
weighed out.

He's put the pouch before Swearengen, who ignores it --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

SWEARENGEN

You know why I get how I get?

PERSIMMON PHIL

You want to go over the job. You don't like loose ends. I appreciate that.

SWEARENGEN

I don't like messes, or things done half-assed, or bags of shit left to hold --

PERSIMMON PHIL

There was no loose ends Al, I guarantee you that much.

SWEARENGEN

-- 'cause I've got a whole operation to consider.

A beat. Persimmon Phil, shifting uneasily, hoping against hope he's put matters to rest, reacts to a whoop --

PERSIMMON PHIL

Listen to Tom.

SWEARENGEN

One of the Squareheads lived.

PERSIMMON PHIL

No.

SWEARENGEN

No?

PERSIMMON PHIL

I'm saying it's hard to believe. I mean I believe you, but we saw to 'em pretty good.

SWEARENGEN

They brought the kid back to camp. It's over at the sawbones'.

PERSIMMON PHIL

Is it talking? Can it even speak English? When we was seeing to 'em they all screamed in Squarehead.

SWEARENGEN

Where's Ned Mason?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

Persimmon Phil wipes his mouth --

PERSIMMON PHIL

What a fucking story that is Al,
if you only knew the fucking problem
he was.

Swearengen just stares. Persimmon Phil tries to get
his spit up --

PERSIMMON PHIL (CONT'D)

Comes the Squareheads' time, Ned
spooks and rides off, as full as
Tom's and my hands were doing what
we had to do. So God knows where
he's got to.

(indicates pouch)

Anyways, your cut reflects he's
out, there's no cut in there for
Ned.

SWEARENGEN

He came here.

PERSIMMON PHIL

No.

SWEARENGEN

Say "no" again I'll murder you
where you fucking sit.

PERSIMMON PHIL

He swore he'd head for Cheyenne.

SWEARENGEN

But here's closer, isn't it? --
and every one of you cocksuckers
goes for the easiest chance.

PERSIMMON PHIL

So where's Ned now?

SWEARENGEN

Where he is now is he stirs the
whole camp up last night with his
massacre story, till I'm giving
liquor away and cunt at half-price
to keep my crowd controlled, and a
party makes up from Nuttall's to
ride back out to Spearfish -- Wild
Bill Hickok and them two guys
'walked past you downstairs and
several other meddling pains-in-

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
the-balls that save the Squarehead
kid and tell Ned to stick around
till they see what the kid has to
say about him.

PERSIMMON PHIL
Wild Bill Hickok?

SWEARENGEN
And Ned throws down.

PERSIMMON PHIL
(incredulous)
Against Wild Bill Hickok.

SWEARENGEN
Against Hickok and this other
cocksucker that draws almost as
fast, so it's a toss-up who blew
Ned's head off.

PERSIMMON PHIL
Jesus Christ Al. I'm sorry for
all the bother.

SWEARENGEN
You let Ned run, leave a Squarehead
alive, and me to clean up the mess.
Those were the only loose ends.

PERSIMMON PHIL
I want you to take my share. Honest
to fucking Christ --

Swearengen gets to his feet, approaches Persimmon Phil --

SWEARENGEN
I don't want your share, and I
don't want that kid telling people
in English or Squarehead or drawing
pictures in the shit with twigs
how it wasn't Indians killed her
people but whites.

Swearengen punches Persimmon Phil in the ear, knocks
him to the floor sideways --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
This camp could be up for grabs.
God knows what these cocksuckers
are here for, Hickok and the rest,
and what I'm going to have to do
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5)

15

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
about it. And just when I need to
keep my head clear, you give me
these shit-bags to hold.

Swearengen looks up as, from the next room, Tommy Mason
shouts announcement of his orgasm --

TOMMY (O.S.)
Yahoo! Yahoo!

Swearengen's mouth is at Persimmon Phil's ear --

SWEARENGEN
I should cut your fucking throat
for you.

PERSIMMON PHIL
Please. Don't cut my throat. Let
me help you straighten it out.

A pounding on the door. Swearengen's eyes never leave
Persimmon Phil as he admits Tommy Mason, who stands
before them, pants around his ankles, wielding a fistful
of prick --

TOM
That snatch is branded!

SWEARENGEN
Attaboy Tom.

Swearengen looks in at the adjoining room's open door
to see the sullen, bedraggled whore --

TOM
She's branded with the Flying T!

SWEARENGEN
Attaboy. Put your iron away now.

Swearengen, patting Tom on the back, moves past him
into his own office --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(to Persimmon Phil)
All right. You help me straighten
it out.

Off which --

CUT TO:

16 INT. DOC COCHRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

16

Cochran and Jane flank the Norwegian child, who lies, eyes-closed, on a wooden pallet. Jane's customary preemptive belligerence is tempered by sheepish appreciation as Cochran supervises her poulticing of the child's leg wounds. A knock on the door --

BURNS (O.S.)

Doc, you'll get me in dutch with Al.

Cochran addresses the door --

COCHRAN

Just another damn moment.
(to Jane, re the dressing)
Don't press down -- just lay it on light.

JANE

If it looks like I'm pressing I'm not.

Cochran watches. Jane begins to trust herself --

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm not putting any goddamn pressure.

COCHRAN

Very good.

BURNS (O.S.)

Doc!

COCHRAN

I have to go.

JANE

I expect caring for them whores' business areas is a big damn part of your income.

Some private drama enacts itself in Cochran to which Jane is oblivious, a primitive, shaming fear. Cochran moves to collect his bag --

JANE (CONT'D)

So this is what you want me to do?

COCHRAN

Yes, and don't let anyone in.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

JANE

Believe me, anyone tries getting
in here that's not you is going to
be damn fucking sorry.

COCHRAN

All right.

Inexplicably, uncomfortably, Jane finds herself liking
Cochran enough to try cracking a joke --

JANE

I may not let you back.

Cochran studies her a beat, leaves. Off Jane, looking
at the Little One --

CUT TO:

17 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

17

Swearengen and Persimmon Phil flank Tom Mason, who's
shit-faced now and tearful --

TOM

That poor fucking kid. My poor
fucking brother.

SWEARENGEN

Terrible.

TOM

(to Persimmon Phil)
We should've stopped him from
running Phil. Every damn thing
that kid does on his own, he gets
himself in trouble.

Persimmon Phil gestures vaguely, hoping to convey
resignation --

SWEARENGEN

Anyways, he's gone, and rest his
soul.

PERSIMMON PHIL

That's all.

SWEARENGEN

They shot him off his fucking horse.

TOM

Rest his poor fucking soul, and
let him rest in fucking peace.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SWEARENGEN

They butt into other people's business, and make the business of others their own, these bought-out no-good cocksuckers.

Tom is forced to consider this --

TOM

Hickok, you're talking about?

SWEARENGEN

Big fucking shot that he is --

Swearengen, behind Tom, impatiently prompts Persimmon Phil to run with this --

PERSIMMON PHIL

When he's standing in front of somebody.

SWEARENGEN

Oh, one in his ear from behind I'd like to see how fucking tough he was.

PERSIMMON PHIL

That's right -- the cocksucker.

A knock from Burns and his entrance interrupt Swearengen's and Phil's momentum --

SWEARENGEN

(to Tom)

Hey. Rest your brother's soul.

PERSIMMON PHIL

That's all.

BURNS

Condolences Tom.

TOM

He's gone Johnny. I don't think you ever met him.

BURNS

No.

(to Swearengen)

Doc's here Al.

Swearengen nods, moves toward the door --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

SWEARENGEN

(to Tom)

Fuck Hickok and what he did to
your poor fucking brother.

Swearengen's gone. Tom looks to Burns --

TOM

My mother'll never fucking forgive
me.

Burns nods, taking his cue from the expression of
solicitude on Persimmon Phil's mug. Off which --

CUT TO:

18 INT. THE GEM - WHORES' ROOM - DAY

18

Trixie observes Cochran, who's examining an abscess on
Whore #1's arm --

COCHRAN

(to Whore #1)

This is festered now, 'cause you
won't take a flame to your damn
needle.

WHORE #1

I do Doc, every time before I use
it.

COCHRAN

Stop lying.

WHORE #1

Anyways, I'm quitting.

TRIXIE

They say you're looking to a Little
One Doc.

Cochran appears not to hear, looks to Whore #2, who's
lubricating her chamber of commerce --

COCHRAN

How's that unguent work?

WHORE #2

It's nice and cool on me Doc.

COCHRAN

I'm trying more lanolin.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

WHORE #3
(to whore #2)
Give me a dollop of that.

Under which Swearengen's come in, addresses Whore #1 --

SWEARENGEN
How's that pussy-lotion feel?
Should I try some on my ass?

Cochran addresses Swearengen without looking at him --

COCHRAN
Al.

Swearengen talks to the back of Cochran's head --

SWEARENGEN
Will she live?

A beat --

COCHRAN
Who?

SWEARENGEN
The Norwegian kid. How many
children 'you caring for?

COCHRAN
I'm not optimistic.

SWEARENGEN
I see.

Cochran hates himself for being too afraid to look
Swearengen in the eye --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Does she speak English? What's
she got to say for herself anyway?

COCHRAN
Hasn't said a word Al, or been
conscious a second.

SWEARENGEN
Too bad. She could settle who
killed her family -- if it was
road-agents or the Sioux.

COCHRAN
I don't know nothing about that.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

SWEARENGEN

But she does, see. That's the point. She could settle it.

COCHRAN

I doubt she'll settle anything. I doubt we'll ever even know what language she spoke.

Cochran can't meet Swearengen's eyes, and it's this that tells the saloon-keeper what he needs to know --

SWEARENGEN

Give every one of these girls a good going-over Doc. Look to 'em like they're your own.

COCHRAN

Don't you tell me my job. I see to them I can see to the way I'm goddamn able, and that's all I can goddamn do.

Swearengen nods, exits. Cochran turns to Trixie --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

(re her bruises)
Let's see your face.

TRIXIE

Are you poorly Doc?

Cochran's shame and fear still work on him --

COCHRAN

Don't worry about me. I know what I am and what I'm not.

WHORE #2

This extra lanolin's cool on me Doc.

Off which --

CUT TO:

19 EXT. DEADWOOD GRAVEYARD - DAY

19

Smith presides at Ned Mason's burial. Bullock and Star witness --

SMITH

Our Christ as he was crucified
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

SMITH (CONT'D)

addressed the thief who was hanging by his side: "Verily, I say unto thee, This day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

(looks to Bullock and Star)

Your ways are not our ways O Lord. We abide, the just and unjust alike, under your tearless eye. Tearless not because you do not see us, but because you see what we are so well.

(eyes raised)

Lamb of God, who takest away the sin of the world, send your angels to welcome this body into paradise. Lamb of God who takest away the sin of the world, grant this soul eternal rest. Amen.

Smith smiles his thanks to the witnesses, begins to shovel dirt over the coffin. Bullock and Star move away. For several beats Smith's sermon works in them -- its message of a divine, indifferent forgiveness -- without rising to the level of consciousness or an organizing principle. Then --

BULLOCK

Let's get that lot bought.

STAR

Let it sit some Seth. We'll go back and see him tonight.

Off which --

CUT TO:

20

OMITTED

20*

21 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - GARRETS' ROOM - DAY 21*

Cochran, having examined Alma, applies a compress to her head. He puts a dark-colored bottle on the bedstand --

COCHRAN

I've replenished your medicine.

At the window, a shamed Cochran sees Swearengen leave the Gem -- *

COCHRAN'S POV *

Swearengen heads for the dispensary where Jane watches over the child -- *

ALMA (O.S.) *

Thank you Doctor. I'm very grateful for your attention. I only wish my symptoms would subside. *

RESUME - COCHRAN AND ALMA *

Cochran turns to her -- *

COCHRAN *

If I said I would see to your requirements whether you had symptoms or not, do you suppose that would help you to heal?

She opens her eyes --

ALMA

I don't understand.

COCHRAN

I believe you do Madam. I believe we understand each other. There are people in this camp in genuine need of my attention.

He indicates the bottle of laudanum --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

Make this adequate to your purpose for the next several days.

ALMA

Thank you Doctor.

Cochran contemplates leaving, pauses, hating himself, to give Swearengen a clear field -- *

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21
COCHRAN *
Let me examine your eyes again. *
Off which -- *

CUT TO: *

21A INT. DOC COCHRAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FORMERLY SC. 20) 21A*
Jane hears the door open. She leaves her post by the *
sleeping girl to go see Swearengen enter --

JANE
What do you want?

SWEARENGEN
Doc asked me to see your patient.

JANE
What for? What do you know about
it? Who the fuck are you?

Swearengen moves by Jane to see the girl --

JANE (CONT'D)
Don't you fucking ignore me.

Swearengen turns to her, smiles --

SWEARENGEN
You don't want to interfere with
me.

JANE
You think I'm scared of you?

His smile grows more friendly --

SWEARENGEN
Sure you are. And if I take a
knife to you you'll be scared worse
and a long time dying.

JANE
I ain't scared to die. I ain't
scared of nobody.

But she is afraid, and they both know it. Swearengen
turns, stares down at the pale and still Norwegian
girl --

JANE (CONT'D)
Get away from her. Leave that
Little One alone.

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED:

21A

Swearengen ignores her. Jane puts her hand over her mouth, starts crying --

JANE (CONT'D)

Leave her alone you cocksucker!

His hand PINCHES the little girl on the underside of her wrist. Her eyes open, stare up at him in pain --

SWEARENGEN

Hello.

Jane sobs hysterically, shamed at her terror of Swearengen, her inability to help the girl --

JANE

Do it to me if you have to! Go ahead and do it to me!

Swearengen, having found out what he needs to know, moves past her --

SWEARENGEN

Why would I do it to you.

Off which --

21B EXT. THOROUGHFARE BETWEEN COCHRAN'S OFFICE AND THE GEM - DAY

21B*
*

Cochran comes around the corner, sees Swearengen, who's come twenty paces or so from Cochran's office. As if Swearengen were the apparition of Cochran's every failure of will and flinch from human contact or its living and embodied consequence, approaching him now to call him to account for leaving the little girl to Jane's protection so that Cochran might protect his own fear. Cochran is moved forward by some sense of relief that his failure and inadequacy are now finally called to judgment, to find that, as he moves, some contrary sense enters into him, even some hope that what approaches him may not be judgment executed on his shortcomings but possibility, this hope quickening his stride until, as he reaches Swearengen, his movement is purposeful --

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

COCHRAN

*
*

Did you hurt her?

Swearengen considers him familiarly and with a reassuring tone --

*
*

(CONTINUED)

21B CONTINUED:

21B

SWEARENGEN

No. No Doc. And she's better
than you thought. Her eyes are
open.

*
*
*
*

Cochran considers Swearengen a beat, until it comes to
him that possibility is not in the thoroughfare but
the improvised wooden structure ahead of him. As he
hurries toward this, off Swearengen --

*
*
*
*

DISSOLVE TO:

*

22 EXT. THE CAMP - DUSK

22

Ellsworth stirs the contents of a stew pot hanging
over his fire.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

Snags a piece of meat from the pot, tosses it over his shoulder --

ELLSWORTH

Don't think I don't know you're in back of me, either. Majority of the great Indian scouts learned their craft at my knee.

He checks out the corner of his eye, confirming Driscoll's dog is still behind him --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

Where's your boss anyhow? Did he sell that New York City Dude a pinched-out claim and head off somewheres with the proceeds?

Ellsworth tosses another piece of meat over his shoulder not quite so far away from him --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

I wouldn't've thought him the sort to leave a dog behind.

He pokes at the embers of his fire, notes the mongrel, whose fear of him has diminished, in closer proximity --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

Even one ugly as you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

22A INT. DOC COCHRAN'S OFFICE - DUSK (FORMERLY SC. # 24)

22A*

Cochran and Jane --

*

JANE

*

I fell apart. I couldn't look out for the Little One. That fucker looked at me and I fell apart in front of him.

*

COCHRAN

*

All right. You're not the first.

*

JANE

*

No I'm not the first. Who said I was the first? You think he's the fucking first? I've been fucked plenty, and tougher fucks than he

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

JANE (CONT'D)
was, and littler than her by plenty.
They fucked me plenty, so you can
go fuck yourself.

He looks away, the only comfort he can give her --

COCHRAN
Go ahead now. Leave her to me.

JANE
Was he a road-agent? Was he among
them that did for her family?

COCHRAN
(shakes his head no)
He owns the Gem Saloon.

JANE
Then what's it to him if she can
open her eyes.

COCHRAN
Go ahead.

JANE
Does road-agents work for him?

COCHRAN
(emphatic impatience)
I'll take care of her.

She readies to leave --

JANE
I'm sorry. I apologize.

COCHRAN
You got nothing to apologize for.
You got a gift for this. You cared
for her real good.

JANE
Don't be mean.

COCHRAN
No, you got a gift.

Jane leaves. Off Cochran --

CUT TO:

23 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

23

Farnum at the lobby desk. Brom comes in, dirty and tired --

FARNUM

Mr. Garret. How was your day at the digs?

-- doing his best to dissemble both abject despair and a scheme to unload his troubles --

BROM

A mixed experience Mr. Farnum. My claim retains every bit of its promise, but I'm afraid I've injured my back.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

FARNUM

All that twisting and turning.

BROM

It's wrenched at least, and I fear something worse. I may not be cut out for this sort of activity.

FARNUM

Many aren't.

Brom leans in to confide --

BROM

Under the circumstances, perhaps I should reconsider.

Farnum leans in as well --

FARNUM

What, Sir?

BROM

However reluctantly. In light of my physical difficulties.

FARNUM

I don't take your meaning Mr. Garret.

BROM

I refer to your offer on my gold claim.

FARNUM

My offer?

BROM

Last night Mr. Farnum, before witnesses at the Gem Saloon, you offered sixteen thousand dollars.

FARNUM

I see.

BROM

I'm prepared to reconsider.

FARNUM

I have a confession to make Mr. Garret. I have a weakness for spirits.

Brom studies him --

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

BROM

Are you saying you were drunk last night?

FARNUM

I must've been Sir. I black out. No memory at all of my actions. Please ignore any offers made while in my condition.

BROM

And yet you didn't seem drunk.

FARNUM

I suppose that's why I'm such a danger to myself.

Farnum only half-tries to sell this; Brom begins to sense how utterly he's beyond his depth --

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE # 22A)

24*

25 INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - NIGHT

25*

Hickok's playing cards with the same crew from the night before. Utter comes in, careful not to look in Hickok's direction, bellies up to the bar. Tom Nuttall comes to serve him --

NUTTALL

There you are.

UTTER

'Evening.

NUTTALL

I've been wondering where you got to. I seen Mr. Hickok come in but then I didn't see you.

Utter nods, downs the shot Nuttall's poured him --

NUTTALL (CONT'D)

You fellas had a busy time of it last night.

UTTER

Busy enough.

Utter keeps himself from looking in Hickok's direction. Nuttall notices --

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

NUTTALL

D'you raise that topic with Mr. Hickok you and me talked about? --

UTTER

It's not going to work out.

NUTTALL

'Far as him gambling here exclusive?

UTTER

He wants to be a free agent. Come and go as he pleases.

NUTTALL

I could raise the ante a little.

UTTER

I said it's not going to work.

(beat)

How's he doing anyway?

NUTTALL

He took a hundred twenty-five credit. Fifty, fifty again, and then twenty-five.

Utter nods, unsurprised, puts down money for his drink --

UTTER

I'm good for the one twenty-five. Anything past that, you're on your own hook.

He walks out. Off Nuttall, looking toward Hickok --

CUT TO:

26

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

26

Dority's with him --

DORITY

Jesus Christ Almighty Al.

SWEARENGEN

'Far as that sewer-mouth friend of Hickok's that's playing nurse, you can tip her over with a feather.

*
*
*

DORITY

A little girl -- that's a tough one on my conscience.

*

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

SWEARENGEN

We could let her spread word folks got road-agents to fear more'n Indians -- breed mistrust, one white for another, through the whole fucking camp. That'd be another option.

Persimmon Phil comes in --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Is he ready?

PERSIMMON PHIL

Tom's ready Al but he's awful drunk. I don't trust him to pull it off.

SWEARENGEN

It's not a bank-job. He walks up to the cocksucker and puts one in his ear.

PERSIMMON PHIL

If he runs his mouth like he is now, Hickok'll never let him close enough.

A knock. Swearngen slams his hand on the table --

SWEARENGEN

Who in fuck is it?

Johnny Burns looks in --

BURNS

Them hardware guys are asking for you downstairs Al.

SWEARENGEN

Tell 'em I'll be fucking down.

Cowed, Burns nods, closes the door. Swearngen gets to his feet --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Persimmon Phil)

Pour coffee in Tom then bring him to see me, 'cause he is going out tonight to murder that son-of-a-bitch.

Swearngen heads for the door, looks to Dority --

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Where do you and me stand?

DORITY

(nods, defeated)

We're all right.

Swearengen exits --

PERSIMMON PHIL

(to Dority)

What're you supposed to do?

DORITY

Nothing.

Off Dority, averting his gaze --

CUT TO:

26A

INT. DOC COCHRAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

26A*

Cochran and the little girl. He's changing her compresses. The little One's eyes are open. She's more comfortable --

COCHRAN

Never speak to nobody. If you can understand me, don't show it.

After a beat, the girl speaks, frail-voiced, in her native tongue --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

All right. If you have to talk, talk like that.

Cochran moves his shotgun closer to him --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

You're going to be all right.

CUT TO:

27

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

27

Bullock and Star at a table, note Swearengen's coming down the stairs --

STAR

See if this makes sense to you Seth. I do the talking.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

BULLOCK

Fine with me.

STAR

Some people don't get along. If
they have business to do with each
other, they find a way around it.

*

*

BULLOCK

Don't talk to me like I'm five
Sol.

Swearengen's reached them --

SWEARENGEN

Boys.

Bullock gets to his feet --

BULLOCK

'Evening. Sol's got my proxy.

Swearengen takes this in --

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

SWEARENGEN

Meaning him and me should talk
without you.

BULLOCK

That's what it means.

Bullock heads for the bar. Swearengen exchanges a
look with Trixie as he and Star seat themselves. B.g.,
we see Trixie move in Bullock's direction --

SWEARENGEN

What's your partner so mad about
all the time?

STAR

He's not mad.

SWEARENGEN

Then he's got a mean way of being
happy.

STAR

'Far as offering on your lot Mr.
Swearengen, we'd probably go seven-
fifty.

SWEARENGEN

You'd probably go a thousand.

STAR

Say we would. Does a thousand get
it done?

A beat --

SWEARENGEN

My concern Sol -- you mind if I
call you Sol?

STAR

Please do.

SWEARENGEN

My concern, anything can happen
under a tent. A hardware operation
could turn into a gambling joint,
ain't that right?

STAR

That's not going to happen Mr.
Swearengen.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

SWEARENGEN

Sell to you boys outright, I could be installing my own eventual competition in a prime location, with the A number-one man-killer in the west holding an unnamed piece of their action.

STAR

We met Hickok by coincidence. He's not an unnamed partner.

SWEARENGEN

So you say. But a camp like this Sol, no law or enforceable contracts, you want to watch a man a little while 'til you see what his word counts for. So s'pose we value the lot at a thousand, you boys pay me five hundred, and whatever use you put that lot to between now and the first snow, I'm in for half the net. Come October we finish out the deal, all knowing each other better.

STAR

Seth won't accept it Mr. Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

I thought you had his proxy.

STAR

Just up to a point.

SWEARENGEN

See that ain't my sense of a proxy. That's what I'd want these few months for, till we agreed what things mean.

STAR

I'm telling you, we're just a hardware operation.

SWEARENGEN

You heard my offer.

Star moves off. Trixie joins Swearengen --

TRIXIE

(re Bullock)

He didn't want to drink and he didn't want to fuck.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

Swearengen looks toward Bullock --

SWEARENGEN

Anyone, or just you?

TRIXIE

Anyone.

Swearengen doesn't like it --

ANGLE - STAR AND BULLOCK

at the bar --

STAR

We pay five hundred now, he gets fifty percent of our net till the first snow, then we buy out the rest of his interest.

BULLOCK

No.

STAR

It's a great location Seth. He wants to be sure we don't turn it to gambling, or Hickok's not in with us.

BULLOCK

I won't be partners with him.

STAR

We wouldn't be after October.

BULLOCK

I won't be partners.

Bullock heads for Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN

You've got Trixie all distressed, she wanted to give you a ride.

BULLOCK

A thousand now. If anyone in that tent or the building we put up turns a playing card or pours a drink or offers a woman's services, you get title back and keep our fucking money.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

Under which Persimmon Phil has brought the provisionally sobered-up Tom Mason downstairs for Swearengen's approval --

TOM

I'm ready to go Al.

SWEARENGEN

(re Bullock)

Let me finish with him.

PERSIMMON PHIL

C'mere Tom.

TOM

I'm absolutely fucking ready.

They move away. Swearengen considers Bullock --

SWEARENGEN

What makes you talk to me in that tone of voice?

BULLOCK

I'm making a counter-offer.

SWEARENGEN

(rubs his neck)

You come into camp, rent my lot, inside six hours you put one in a guy's eye, with Wild Bill Hickok backing your play. Next day I'm supposed to sell you my lot and put you in business and not ask who in fuck you are and what the fuck you're doing here.

BULLOCK

'Far as what happened in the street with Bill Hickok being involved, that was a turn of events.

SWEARENGEN

What?

BULLOCK

It was a turn of events.

SWEARENGEN

A turn of events. Your partner called it a coincidence. So with this coincidence and turn of events involving you and this man-killer

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (5)

27

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

staring me in the fucking face,
and while I've got five other
fucking things I'm supposed to be
paying attention to, even so I
make a sensible proposal, and you
answer by insulting me in my own
joint.

Star's come to join them --

STAR

Seth didn't mean to insult you Mr.
Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

You don't know nothing about it.
You weren't here and you don't
have his proxy, so why don't you
do whatever you people do when
you're not running your mouths and
trying to cheat honest people out
of what they earn by Christian
work.

BULLOCK

You don't want to be talking that
way.

SWEARENGEN

Don't tell me how to talk in my
own fucking place!

It explodes from Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

And here's my counter-offer to your
counter-offer: go fuck yourself.

STAR

Come here Seth.

They could go at each other right then --

STAR (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Seth.

Swearengen's eyes never leave Bullock --

SWEARENGEN

(to Star)

Get him away from me.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (6)

27

But Star knows better than to intercede further.
Another beat, then --

TRIXIE

(to Bullock)

Mister, the best bath and blow-job
you ever had's not twelve steps up
those stairs.

She says it, not expecting Bullock to accept, but, by
interposing herself, to disrupt whatever magnetism
draws Bullock and Swearengen violently toward each
other. It works. Bullock turns, walks away. Star
follows. As Persimmon Phil and Tom Mason move to rejoin
him --

TOM

Phil talked to me Al --

SWEARENGEN

Shut up.

TOM

-- I got the play.

PERSIMMON PHIL

Just listen to Al Tom.

Swearengen addresses Johnny Burns --

SWEARENGEN

Is he still over there?

BURNS

Hickok? At Nuttall's? He's still
there Al -- still playing cards.

SWEARENGEN

Make it simpler Johnny -- go find
that newspaper cocksucker and
announce the entire fucking plan
to him so he can put it in his
paper.

As Burns averts his gaze, shame-faced, Swearengen looks
to Persimmon Phil and Mason --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Tom)

You walk up to Hickok, you're an
ordinary guy.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (7)

27

TOM

He don't know I'm the guy whose
brother he killed --

SWEARENGEN

That's your edge.

TOM

The cocksucker.

SWEARENGEN

You don't want to lose that edge.
That's what to keep in mind. 'Much
as you may want to say something,
your big opportunity is keep your
fucking mouth shut till you do
what you're there to do.

TOM

I only wish someone'd point out
the other cocksucker that did for
Ned with Hickok, 'cause I'd settle
that cocksucker's hash for him too.

This lack of focus in Tom's thinking discourages
Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN

Jesus Mary and Joseph.

PERSIMMON PHIL

Don't worry about that now Tom.

SWEARENGEN

Give him another fucking cup of
coffee.

(to Tom)

One more cup of coffee, then Phil's
going to walk you to Nuttall's.

TOM

I'll take it from there. Only I'd
just like to say to him one fucking
time while he still draws fucking
breath Al, "Here Hickok, this is
for my brother Ned."

Swearengen suppresses the impulse to kill Tom Mason
where he stands --

SWEARENGEN

Wait. Wait. When you're covered
with his blood and brains say those
exact words.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (8) 27

Off which --

CUT TO:

28 EXT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - NIGHT 28

Bullock and Star walking. After a beat, Star stops, considers his friend --

STAR

Listen to me Seth. This camp is a going concern. We could secure our futures here. Hardware could just be a start. Top of my head, we could set up a freight operation, pay to restock our inventory off the fees from other freight

BULLOCK

Camp needs a bank.

STAR

The camp also needs a bank, is exactly damn right.

BULLOCK

Every tent with a scale charges interest on exchange.

STAR

Five percent, gold to currency and currency back to gold.

BULLOCK

Charge one percent, you'd have capital to make loans.

Now Star studies his friend --

STAR

Seth, if you see all these possibilities, why get sidetracked by that saloon-keeper? We just want to buy his lot.

A beat, then --

BULLOCK

What about what he called you?

STAR

I've been called worse by better.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

BULLOCK

Get it in writing from the son-of-a-bitch, we buy the other half in October.

STAR

You just leave it to me.

Bullock looks away, to where Charlie Utter, pissing against the side of Nuttall's, leaning forward, one hand braced against the side of the building, has just achieved a stentorian emission of flatus, renewing the strength of his stream; Utter, looking over his shoulder with an animal's guilty pleasure to determine if he's been heard, meets Bullock's gaze --

UTTER

'Evening.

BULLOCK

'Evening.

UTTER

Bill and me didn't make it to your tent.

BULLOCK

Tomorrow's another day.

Utter shakes his head --

UTTER

Prospect -- his express purpose coming to this camp. Make a stake for his new wife -- his idea. But don't suggest buying a shovel or a sifting cradle. Don't herd him like a damn steer.

(passes gas again;
possibly mudding
his longjohns)

Uh-oh.

Tom Mason and Persimmon Phil walk past them, enter Nuttall's --

STAR

Anyways, have a good evening.

UTTER

What's the secret Bullock?

BULLOCK

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

UTTER

You've got some of Bill's qualities,
but then you got something he's
missing.

Utter situates his schwanz inside his pants, liberating
his hands --

UTTER (CONT'D)

(itemizes on his
fingers)

Get along in the world. Turn a
dollar. Look out for yourself.

(raises his eyes)

He don't know how to do it. See
what I'm saying? I'd like to know
your secret and then I could tell
it to Bill.

BULLOCK

I don't know any secrets.

UTTER

Don't tell me if you don't want
to. Find occasion and tell him
yourself. He likes you.

Utter turns, supported now by the side of Nuttall's as
he swigs from his bottle --

UTTER (CONT'D)

Just don't wait too long.

Bullock and Star tip their hats to Utter, head into
the saloon. HOLD ON Utter a beat, looking up at the
night sky --

*
*

JANE (O.S.)

They throw you out?

*
*

She's drunk too, clambering up the incline from the
creek behind the saloon --

*

UTTER

No they did not. I left on my own
steam. I choose to be out here.

*
*

JANE

Well I was drinking by the goddamn
creek out of my own fucking free
will. Where's Bill?

*
*
*

UTTER

Inside, losing at cards.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3) 28

Jane nods, swigs from her bottle, heads for the adjoining alley -- *

JANE *

Someone I need to go kill. *

28A EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS 28A*

Jane appears. Utter follows -- *

UTTER *

Who? *

JANE *

You are not my target but keep bothering me and I'll add you to the list. *

UTTER *

Who're you talking about, damnit! *

She nods vaguely in the direction of the Gem -- *

JANE *

The greasy-haired limey cocksucker that runs the Gem saloon. *

UTTER *

What do you need to kill him for? *

JANE *

To show him it's two different things between a coward and a lapse of momentary fear. *

UTTER *

You listen to me Jane. I don't know what you're talking about, but I can guaran-fucking-tee 'you have at that man you won't come out of that joint alive, so I suggest you don't do it. *

JANE *

The sun ain't rose on the day when I pay heed to what you say. *

Jane struggles not to cry. Utter panics -- *

UTTER *

What's this now? *

She looks away -- *

(CONTINUED)

28A CONTINUED: 28A

JANE *
He scared me Charlie. I ain't *
been scared since I was a little *
girl.
She weeps -- *

UTTER *
Oh Jesus. *

He looks away, pats the air in the general direction *
of her shoulder -- *

UTTER (CONT'D) *
All right then. There there. *

Off which -- *

CUT TO: *

29 INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - NIGHT 29

Hickok, Con Stapleton, Jack McCall, Lou Varnes playing
poker --

ANGLE - PERSIMMON PHIL AND TOM MASON

at the bar. After a beat --

PERSIMMON PHIL
How do you feel?

TOM
One more shot. And maybe one more
cup of coffee.

Hickok sees Bullock, rises --

HICKOK
I'm out for a couple.

MCCALL
(breaking balls)
Go get you some more ammo Wild
Bill, that kind of luck's bound to
turn.

Hickok studies him --

HICKOK
Your name's Jack?

MCCALL
Correct.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

HICKOK

What're you in the game for Jack?

MCCALL

What'm I in it for?

HICKOK

If irritating me's what you're
after, you can quit playing now,
'cause you got the job done.

Hickok moves toward the bar. HOLD ON McCall as his features transmute from frightened intimidation to a triumphant grin; looking to his comrades, he widens his eyes as much as his drooped left lid permits, puckers his mouth like a fish out of water --

ANGLE - HICKOK

joining Bullock and Star --

HICKOK

Montana.
(to Star)
'Evening.

STAR

'Evening.

HICKOK

(to Nuttall)
What'd be your opinion 'far as me
getting another fifty?

NUTTALL

You want another fifty in credit?

HICKOK

If that's all right with you.

NUTTALL

I suppose.

Nuttall's tone is identifiably less solicitous and supportive. He turns to get the chips --

HICKOK

(to Bullock)
Play poker?

BULLOCK

I'm no good at it.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

HICKOK

And you let that slow you down?

At the edge of his field of vision, Hickok notes what Tom Mason himself does not realize -- that Mason is getting up nerve to make his move. For a coward like Mason, this means, not entering into readiness, but being gradually overwhelmed by an anxiety which only striking out can relieve --

HICKOK (CONT'D)

(to Bullock)

Fella over in the corner intends me harm. Come to that, would you keep an eye on his friend?

BULLOCK

Yes.

HICKOK

See who I mean?

BULLOCK

Yes Sir.

HICKOK

Thanks Montana.

Nuttall's back with Hickok's chips --

NUTTALL

I wouldn't want the water getting no deeper than this Mr. Hickok.

HICKOK

Fair enough.

Hickok nods to Bullock, moves away --

BULLOCK

Stand away from me Sol. Over by my right.

Star's thrilled --

ANGLE - THE POKER TABLE

Jack McCall, eyeing Hickok's approach, resumes his fish imitation --

STAPLETON

Don't get too stupid Jack.

McCall makes his mouth more human --

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

MCCALL
(to Hickok)
Restored to our bosoms.

As Hickok resumes his seat --

CUT TO:

29A EXT. CORNER - NIGHT

29A*

Jane and Utter on post at the crossroads of the camp thoroughfares. Dority exits the Gem on his murderous route to Cochran's cabin. Noting Jane at the corner of his vision, he glances at her in cursory fashion, dispensing any concern that, as Swearengen had warned, she might still be protecting the child --

JANE
The fuck you looking at?

She doesn't know Dority, assumes his gaze expresses the intrusive, unwanted curiosity her appearance has prompted since she was twelve. Dority's got no business with her, moves past --

JANE (CONT'D)
(mutters to Utter)
He's no fucking Adonis himself.

30 INT. DOC COCHRAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

30*

A knock on the door. Cochran takes up the shotgun, goes to the door and opens it. It's Dority --

DORITY
Go on away from here a little while
Doc.

COCHRAN
I won't.

Dority studies him --

DORITY
Go on away. Go up and see to the
whores.

COCHRAN
No.

DORITY
You know I'll go through you if I
have to.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

It's not a hundred percent persuasive --

*

COCHRAN

Let me remind you of something.
Kill me, you're up to your elbows
in snatches again like before I
got to this damn camp; caring for
'em, nursing 'em day in and out,
taking Al's heat every time one of
'em's poorly.

Dority looks to the night sky --

DORITY

Between that and a slit throat
Doc, which Al will give me if I
tell him I left that child here
alive, you know what I'm going to
pick.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED: (2)

30

COCHRAN

Then do what you have to, 'cause I ain't letting you past.

DORITY

Jesus Christ Doc. Jesus Christ. You're pitting me against Al!

COCHRAN

So the fuck be it!

Dority wipes his mouth --

DORITY

I ain't going it alone -- you're coming with me to make the case!

Off which --

*

CUT TO:

31

INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - NIGHT

31

Tom Mason rises, downs what's left in Persimmon Phil's glass of whiskey --

TOM

Here I go.

PERSIMMON PHIL

No words, and no gun till you're on him.

TOM

Here I go.

Tom moves in Hickok's direction, silent and true to Persimmon Phil's instruction. He's three steps away, just at the point his brain has sent the signal to draw, when Hickok pulls his gun and shoots him in the belly --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

hand to his gun, watching Persimmon Phil, who never makes a move --

RESUME - THE POKER TABLE

The others have ducked; McCall's first to find his voice --

MCCALL

What the fuck.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

STAPLETON
That man's gun never left his
holster Mr. Hickok.

HICKOK
(evenly)
He meant me harm.

TOM
(dying, to Hickok)
You killed my brother you mother
fucker.

HICKOK
And now I killed you.

Tom dies. Bullock's come beside Hickok --

BULLOCK
(to the others, re
Tom)
He was going for his gun. I saw
it.

Jimmy Irons has seen it all, splits. Stapleton wants
Hickok to know he's not against him --

STAPLETON
A revenge-seeker. I guess he did
mean you harm.

Off which --

CUT TO:

32 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

32*

Jane and Utter, still waiting at the "triangulation"
point, note Dority and Cochran moving away from
Cochran's dwelling --

*
*
*

JANE
Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ Charlie.
Have we been asleep at the switch?

*
*

Jane starts in Dority's and Cochran's direction --

*

UTTER
What's wrong?

*
*

He follows her --

*

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

JANE
(re Dority, to Utter)
Has he got his arm on the Doc?

*
*
*

Jane stops twenty paces or so away from Cochran and
Dority --

*
*

JANE (CONT'D)
Are you with that ugly fuck of
your own free fucking choice Doc?

*
*
*

ANGLE - COCHRAN

*

COCHRAN
(calls to Jane)
Yes I am.
(to Dority, more
conversationally)
And I'd rather be lucky than smart.

*
*
*
*
*

Off which --

*

CUT TO:

*

33

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

33

Swearengen's at a table, has received Jimmy Irons'
report --

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

SWEARENGEN

Word for word, what the hardware guy said.

IRONS

The hardware guy?

SWEARENGEN

The hardware guy. Did you not fucking tell me the hardware guy was standing next to Hickok? *

IRONS

The hardware guy says something like, "Hickok's right, he was going for his gun, I saw him go for it too."

SWEARENGEN

Something like.

IRONS

My tooth was paining me awful Sir -- but I'm certain that was the gist.

Swearengen's noted Persimmon Phil's approach --

SWEARENGEN

Get some dope from Johnny.

IRONS

Thanks an awful lot Mr. Swearengen. This tooth's about brought me to my knees.

Irons tips his hat to Persimmon Phil, moving away. Swearengen looks to Persimmon Phil --

SWEARENGEN

Tell me one thing. When that idiot made his move did he tip it?

PERSIMMON PHIL

Tom didn't say boo Al. Hickok just must've smelled him.

Swearengen shakes his head, looking away, notes Cochran and Dority as they approach the table --

DORITY

You're not going to believe what fucking happened Al.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

SWEARENGEN

What.

COCHRAN

That lunatic that runs with Hickok absconded with that child. She must be under his protection.

Swearengen takes this in, looks to Persimmon Phil --

SWEARENGEN

C'mere.

Off which --

CUT TO:

34 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - GARRETS' ROOM - NIGHT

34

Brom's dirty, tired and discouraged. He's washing. Alma's at her dressing table --

BROM

I may as well confide in you Alma.

Loaded, she has infinite patience --

ALMA

Of course.

BROM

I'm beginning to fear we've been duped. Our gold claim may be worthless.

ALMA

Really.

BROM

Driscoll, the seller, has vanished. Dan Dority, my inside informant and fount of all conviction, seems now to have lost his enthusiasm. And Farnum, our damp-handed host, who last night bid against me, tonight proclaims he was drunk.

(wipes his mouth)

I've begun to think even Al Swearengen's name should be added to the conspirators' list.

ALMA

How disappointed you must be.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

BROM

I know -- I told you I believed
I'd found a friend in Al, but as I
now look back, Al not only presided
at the sale, he facilitated my
involvement at every turn.

ALMA

I suppose a community such as this
draws a certain type of man.

BROM

Alma, I've mentioned to you
exchanging hellos with Wild Bill
Hickok in the hotel hallway.

ALMA

You've said he seemed very civil.

BROM

Very friendly, in the hallway and
on the stairs.

(beat)

Do you suppose we might enlist him
in our cause?

ALMA

Is that the sort of thing he does?

BROM

For a fee and percentage of monies
recovered? I'd think it's exactly
his line.

The thought of Hickok as an ally makes Brom's
imagination more punitive and confrontational --

BROM (CONT'D)

I may well include the name of Al
Swearengen, when Wild Bill and I
confer.

Off which --

CUT TO:

35

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

35

Persimmon Phil and Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN

You're sure that child doesn't
know what you look like.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

PERSIMMON PHIL

To a moral damn certainty Al. We never laid eyes on each other.

SWEARENGEN

(friendly)
She told you?

PERSIMMON PHIL

What do you mean?

SWEARENGEN

You know you never laid eyes on her. But how in fuck can you be sure she'd never laid eyes on you unless she told you.

PERSIMMON PHIL

I misspoke. I'm confident that child don't know what I look like, but I can't guarantee it to a moral certainty.

Persimmon Phil knows he's playing for his life --

PERSIMMON PHIL (CONT'D)

And I know you've got a whole operation to consider here, and you don't need being worried or distracted 'far as her possibly recognizing me even if it's the slimmest of slim possibilities. So what should I do -- stay out of the camp till you deal with this? Why don't I do that, and you can have Johnny check under the rock -- I'll put messages for you under the rock ... And I'll check under the rock every day in case you sent messages for me.

SWEARENGEN

Very prudent.

He's putting gold into the safe. Persimmon Phil rises --

PERSIMMON PHIL

Have I got time for a quick blow-job before I go?

Swearengen turns back with a dagger, stabs Phil in the heart --

35A OMITTED 35A*

35B INT. THE GEM - SALOON - CONTINUOUS 35B*

Cochran and Dority have taken a table while awaiting the outcome of Swearengen's private interview with Persimmon Phil. After a beat, during which one or both might furtively gaze in the direction of Swearengen's office where the interview is taking place -- *

COCHRAN *

It occurs to me, with Tom Mason dead, Persimmon Phil's the last man upright Al might worry that child could identify. *

They see Swearengen emerge from his office. He calls down to Dority -- *

SWEARENGEN *

Get up here. Bring the sled. *

Dority rises, winks at Cochran with his right eye, the eye Swearengen can't see. Off which -- *

CUT TO:

36 EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT 36

The wagon Utter and Hickok and Jane came in on. Hobbled stock nearby --

37 INT. UTTER AND HICKOK'S WAGON - CONTINUOUS 37

Utter prepares a pallet for the Little One, as Jane sings to her --

JANE

Row row row your boat
Gently down the stream
Merrily merrily merrily
Life is but a dream.

She looks to Utter --

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

JANE (CONT'D)

Goddamnit.

He's forgotten to take up the round. Now commences --

UTTER

Row row row your boat
Gently down the stream --

Jane begins her round as Utter continues --

UTTER (CONT'D)

Merrily merrily merrily
Life is but a dream.

Off which --

FADE OUT.