

Director: Davis Guggenheim

"Deadwood"

Episode Three

Written by

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"Deadwood"

Episode Three

CAST

Seth Bullock
Al Swearengen
Sol Star
Alma Garret
Wild Bill Hickok
Jane Cannary
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
The Metz child
Con Stapleton
Leon
Man #1
Man #2
Player
Cy Tolliver
Joanie Stubbs
Eddie Sawyer
Artie Simpson
Huckster

"Deadwood"

Episode Three

SETS

INTERIORS

The Gem
 Saloon
 Swearengen's Office
 Swearengen's Bedroom
Bullock and Star's Hardware Tent
Doc Cochran's Office
Nuttall's Number Ten
Grand Central Hotel
 Lobby
 Dining Room
 Garrets' Room/Hallway
 Hickok's Room
 Second-Floor Hallway
The Bella Union
 Saloon

EXTERIORS

Main Street
Main Street (in front of the Gem)
Ellsworth's Claim
Outside Town (burial site)
Claim Number Nine Above Discovery
Bottom of the Gulch
Main Street (The Gem/Grand Central Hotel – Trixie's POV)
Main Street – Bullock's and Star's Hardware Tent

"DEADWOOD EPISODE THREE"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ELLSWORTH'S CLAIM - DAY

1

Ellsworth works his sluice-system at the creek-bank,
watches Driscoll's dog paw at a woodchuck hole --

ELLSWORTH

(to his dog)

He's down in that hole for a fact,
and pitiful as you pursued him you
better hope he ain't got space
enough to roll around and hold his
sides and bust a gut laughing.

As the disgruntled dog gives up his digging --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

'Tells the other woodchucks at the
club this afternoon he might not
even call it a escape -- might
just say it was his morning's
entertainment.

DORITY (O.S.)

Hey Ellsworth.

The dog runs for cover as Dority appears --

ELLSWORTH

Hey Dan Dority. Where's the Great
Prospector?

DORITY

I guess Brom slept in this morning.

ELLSWORTH

S'pose his enthusiasm's on the
wane?

Their eyes hold --

DORITY

Always possible. If he shows up,
would you tell him I quit waiting?

ELLSWORTH

Sure I will.

DORITY

See you at the Gem.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

ELLSWORTH

Always possible.

A last look between them, then Dority leaves. After a beat --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

(to the dog)

Gone.

As the cur comes out of hiding --

CUT TO:

2 EXT. OUTSIDE TOWN - DAY

2

An improvised burial area twenty feet or so off the wagon path into Deadwood. Just beside the piled earth covering the new grave of his brother Ned, a plain coffin with Tom Mason's body inside is lowered into the ground with ropes by the newspaperman Merrick and Seth Bullock. The Reverend Smith reads from the Bible --

SMITH

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein."

TIGHT ON BULLOCK

standing back, studying the minister --

SMITH (CONT'D)

"For he hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods."

Bullock's gaze rises to where Calamity Jane and Charlie Utter, both on horseback, pass on the wagon path. Jane carries the Metz child --

SMITH (CONT'D)

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully."

Bullock's gaze has risen beyond Jane and Utter and the child toward the camp which is their destination, and where can be made out the last of a series of wagons, garishly painted --

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

SMITH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"He shall receive the blessing
from the Lord and justice from the
God of his salvation."

3 NEW ANGLE - POV FROM SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE WINDOW

3

The long row of garishly painted wagons of which the wagon Bullock saw was last. These wagons bear the dealers and gambling equipment and other personnel of an organization new to the settlement, and, the restlessness of the camera's survey seems to suggest, destined to unsettle its existence. Whores on horseback also in the organization's employ shake their tits at gawking onlookers by way of greeting as, from the lobby of the Simpson Hotel, the hotel's occupants, summarily evicted, disgorge onto the street in various states of disarray. Atop the building a crudely lettered "Simpson Hotel" sign is being replaced by one rendered more professionally and rebaptizing the edifice "The Bella Union Saloon" -- the whole process supervised by three figures we'll come to know as Cy Tolliver, Ed Sawyer, and Comstock Joanie Stubbs. The Voiceover has continued --

SMITH (O.S.)

"Lift up your heads o ye gates and
be ye lifted up ye everlasting
doors and the King of Glory shall
come in."

4 TIGHT ON AL SWEARENGEN

4

Outraged, incredulous, his gaze moving as if in search of some impression which does not portend disaster to E.B. Farnum's Grand Central Hotel, fixing there on the figure, observable in a second-story window, of Alma Garret, whose eyes for this brief instant meet Swearengen's --

SMITH (O.S.)

We conclude with verses from
Proverbs Sixteen

Behind Alma her husband Brom can be seen rehearsing; he pantomimes, first, exaggeratedly delighted surprise at some fortuitous meeting, then some serious discussion with the party come-upon, and, finally, a meeting of the minds which is punctuated by a mimed handshake; Alma seems embarrassed to be under Swearengen's scrutiny, disappears from the window --

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

RESUME - SWEARENGEN

-- after a last cursory look at the street, during which he may or may not note Sol Star's emergence from his tent in deal-making attire, also turning away --

5 RESUME - BURIAL SITE

5

Smith, plainly unsettled, has found his new place in the scriptures --

SMITH

"Everyone proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord; though hand join in hand he shall not be unpunished. By mercy and truth is iniquity purged, and by the fear of the Lord do men depart from evil. A man's ways please the Lord when he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Smith closes his Bible, meets Bullock's eyes, then takes up a shovel and begins to cover the grave with dirt. Careful against impiety, Merrick moves a step closer to Bullock, addresses him quietly --

MERRICK

Might we edify my readers Mr. Bullock?

BULLOCK

I don't know what "edify" means.

MERRICK

Can we talk about last night's gunfight?

BULLOCK

No.

Under which Bullock has moved forward, away from Merrick; he takes the shovel from Smith, continuing the work of burial --

CUT TO:

6 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

6

Swearengen, exiting the Gem, tucks the end of his night-shirt into his pants; Star's approached from his tent, a step too late to engage Swearengen, who's made for Farnum's familiar face --

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

SWEARENGEN

What the fuck.

FARNUM

All's I can speculate Al, whoever these Bella Union people are, they bought Artie Simpson's place on the quiet, prearranged turning it into a joint.

Swearengen looks to the aforementioned Simpson --

SWEARENGEN

This no-good fucking Judas --

-- readied to ascend the wagon which will take him from the settlement. Swearengen heads for Simpson --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Hey Fuck-Nut!

SIMPSON

You just take it easy Al!

SWEARENGEN

How long were you hatching this fucking plot!

SIMPSON

I made a practical goddamn business decision!

SWEARENGEN

Selling to strangers, and no chance for me to match their fucking offer!

SIMPSON

You couldn't've! You'd've killed me before you'd've matched! It's between you and them now!

SWEARENGEN

Drive careful, cocksucker!

SIMPSON

And don't think I haven't taken precautions! --

Under which, several riders, hired by Simpson to protect him, move into escort position --

SIMPSON (CONT'D)

-- don't think I don't know your mind!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Simpson brings the reins down on the harnessed horses' flanks. The wagon lurches forward. Swearengen, his will confounded, feels suddenly underdressed; he strides through the muck toward the haven of the Gem. Star tries again --

STAR

I hate to press you on that lot
Mr. Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN

I ain't ready to close yet.

STAR

-- it's just we're anxious to start
building.

SWEARENGEN

If you need the answer now it's
no.

As Swearengen walks away from Star, Johnny Burns falls in on his boss' other side --

BURNS

Wu won't feed Persimmon Phil to
his pigs Al --

SWEARENGEN

Get away from me.

BURNS

-- wants five dollars to do the
job.

SWEARENGEN

Get away or I'll break your jaw.

Johnny Burns stops stock-still in the mud --

ANGLE - E.B. FARNUM

considering the new operators apprehensively as he
returns to the Grand Central --

CUT TO:

7 INT. DOC COCHRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

7

Cochran's examining the Norwegian child under Jane's
and Utter's anxious supervision --

JANE

She's warm, isn't she.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

UTTER

Still ain't talking neither.

JANE

That's besides the point. You shut up.

COCHRAN

She will have fever, being wolf-bit.

JANE

Only reason we risked bringing her into camp.

COCHRAN

You don't have to fear the saloon-keeper. He's not a danger to her no more.

JANE

He's not?

Cochran again touches the girl's forehead while speaking for Utter's hearing --

COCHRAN

Saloon-keeper worried if the Little One said road-agents killed her people, who the road-agents might say they worked for --

JANE

(to Utter)
Meaning him.

COCHRAN

But he took another approach to his problem.

(beat)

She would do better indoors.

UTTER

I told Jane she could take my room with the Little One and I'd move back in with Bill.

JANE

I will not stay in no hotel. They don't want me, they won't give me a room!

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

COCHRAN

Why don't both of you lower your
voices?

*

Cochran's mixed some analgesic in water, offers it to the little girl in a spoon. Having observed Cochran's mimed consumption of the medicine, the child takes it into her mouth. It's as if Jane and Utter swallow the medicine themselves, to immediate healthful effect; relief shows in their features, and the tone of their bickering becomes inappropriately cheerful --

JANE

(to Utter, whispers)

What did I say about noise?

(to Cochran, re Utter)

Snores the whole fucking night!

UTTER

Snoring's past a person's control!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

Off which --

CUT TO:

8 INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY

8

Ass-end of an all-night poker game. Hickok, the big loser, is drunk and composed. McCall's winnings are before him in ostentatious stacks. Con Stapleton and Lou Varnes are the other players. Nuttall, who's loaned Hickok more funds, observes from behind the bar in silent misery. It's mid-hand --

HICKOK
(to Stapleton, who's
dealing)

Two.

MCCALL
Same for me only better.

STAPLETON
Three for the dealer.

Stapleton distributes the cards. Varnes is already out --

STAPLETON (CONT'D)
(to McCall)
Opener bets.

MCCALL
Well damn, Bill, even a stopped
clock's right sometime, common
logic says you're going to win one
here pretty soon. But I'm still
going to push my luck.

McCall pushes twenty dollars into the pot, appearing only now to notice Hickok hasn't funds enough to call --

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Or what've you got left there? --
eight dollars?
(looks to Nuttall)
Ready to stand any more credit to
Wild Bill here Tom?

Though he seems ingenuously oblivious, McCall calculates the volume of his voice to embarrass --

NUTTALL
I didn't hear him ask for any.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

MCCALL

Want me to' just bet eight Bill?

HICKOK

'This cover my call?

Hickok produces one of his pistols, puts it on the table. It's just what McCall wanted --

MCCALL

Bill, I can't let you put your gun up. That Colt's worth more than my raise by a good forty bucks.

HICKOK

Are you taking the bet?

MCCALL

Tell you what -- I'll add forty to my raise to make the bet fair

He puts these chips in the table-center, smiles amiably --

MCCALL (CONT'D)

And fifty again if you'll put up the set.

Hickok doesn't blink, produces his second gun quickly enough to prompt an instant's flinch in his adversary. McCall pushes another stack forward to match Hickok's wager of the second weapon --

STAPLETON

Pot's right.

Now the room is still, all the air sucked out. McCall lays his hand down --

MCCALL

Nine-high straight do the trick?

Hickok lays down his cards --

STAPLETON

Pot to the club flush.

Droop-lidded McCall takes this in, tries to sustain his bravado by meeting Hickok's gaze --

MCCALL

One in a row for you Bill.

McCall raises his hands above his head, stretching theatrically --

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (2)

8

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Who's hungry? -- what the hell
damn time is it anyways?

Hickok stares at McCall as he collects his guns and
holsters them --

HICKOK

Sure you want to quit Jack? Game's
all that's between you and getting
called a cunt.

STAPLETON

Whoa.

NUTTALL

Meeting's adjourned fellas. Take
it all outside.

HICKOK

That dropped eye of yours looks
like the hood on a cunt to me Jack.
When you talk your mouth looks
like a cunt moving.

MCCALL

I ain't getting in no gunfight
with you Hickok.

HICKOK

But you will run your cunt-mouth
at me.

Hickok's voice is heavy with sleeplessness and
alcoholism past alleviation by drink --

HICKOK (CONT'D)

And I will take it to play poker.

He rises, looks to Nuttall, indicates his stacked chips --

NUTTALL

I'll tote up accounts Mr. Hickok
and we'll do whatever wrist-business
we need to next you're in.

Hickok nods, looks to those at the table --

HICKOK

Anyone 'wants to can find me at
the Grand Central.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

As Hickok walks out --

CUT TO:

9 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

9

Several tenants displaced from the Simpson Hotel
congregate outside the Grand Central lobby as, behind
the desk, Farnum resists Utter's effort to gain housing
for the Norwegian child and Jane --

FARNUM

A guest checking out severs his
connection with his room --

UTTER

I ain't checking out -- I'm saying
I can move over with Mr. Hickok
....

FARNUM

By my lights Sir that is a checkout,
and a checkout can't stipulate the
room's next occupant.

JANE

(to Utter)

I said they'd find a way to stop
me.

UTTER

If it's raising room rates you're
after go ahead and raise 'em.

FARNUM

Rates aren't the only factor --

Farnum's gesture invokes those outside --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

-- there's a waiting list for
occupancy!

JANE

You undertaker-looking son-of-a-
bitch -- this little girl's doctor-
ordered to live indoors and I'm
assigned to change her dressings.

FARNUM

A sad story that's none of my affair
Madam --

(pinch-lipped)

-- if I guess your sex correct.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

HICKOK (O.S.)

What's the problem Innkeeper?

They see him --

FARNUM

Mr. Hickok.

Brom Garret, descended from the second floor, pauses to listen --

UTTER

Little One took fever in that wagon last night Bill. I thought Jane and her could stay in my room and I could move back in with you.

FARNUM

I'm not in opposition Sir. Just the opposite! Who wouldn't want to accommodate a sick little girl?! But the Simpson Hotel's closed its doors! If Mr. Utter's vacating, shouldn't these people who've been trying me all morning get first call? Isn't that simple fairness?

JANE

(to Hickok, re Farnum)

He don't give fuck-all for fairness -- he just don't want me in here.

HICKOK

(to Farnum, re Utter and Jane)

How about if he stays in his room and the lady moves in with me. That way no one's vacating nothing.

Jane puts her hand on the reception desk for support --

FARNUM

(weak)

That would out-flank the checkout issue but it might raise questions of decorum.

HICKOK

With who?

Farnum tries to get spit enough to swallow --

FARNUM

No one pertinent I 'spose.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

HICKOK
(to Farnum, re Jane)
Let her in. I'm going to get some
breakfast.

As Hickok heads for the dining room, Farnum, taking up
the master key-ring, calls after him --

FARNUM
There will be a rate adjustment.

Hickok's disappeared around the corner. Brom moves
past Utter --

BROM
'Morning. Excuse me.

-- heading for the dining room to seek an audience
with Hickok. Utter watches the disgruntled Farnum
lead Jane to the stairs. Jane, carrying the child,
keeps secret her suspicion she's dreaming. As they
climb, Farnum observes to her in a fierce whisper --

FARNUM
I've heard the stories Madam -- I
tell you that at flag-fall. You
are here on sufferance!

JANE
Kiss my ass.

-- then indicates the child with defensive propriety --

JANE (CONT'D)
She don't understand English in
case you're wondering.

Below, in the lobby, Utter heads for the dining room
himself --

CUT TO:

10 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

10

Bullock and Smith walking back --

REV. SMITH
I was a field nurse during the
War, at Shiloh and Second Manassas.
(beat)
That was a good deal of violence.

BULLOCK
Is that when you got your calling?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

REV. SMITH

Yes it was Sir -- out of that crucible. Out of all that horror, to come to God's grace. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

Smith smiles at Bullock with a pained urgency --

REV. SMITH (CONT'D)

He directeth all our steps Mr. Bullock. All of us.

Bullock bridles slightly --

BULLOCK

If you're preaching at me Reverend you need to put some more light on the text.

REV. SMITH

If I'm preaching at you Sir I do you a disservice.

They've reached the hardware tent. Star's waiting outside. The tent's been partially dismantled in preparation for the move to the new lot, and a good deal of the goods are packed for easy transport --

REV. SMITH (CONT'D)

Good morning Mr. Star.

STAR

'Morning Reverend.

BULLOCK

Did we get the lot? Can we start building? The Reverend's come to help.

STAR

(shakes his head no)

We're still hanging fire.

Bullock takes this in, his temper building --

BULLOCK

What's the damn hold-up?

STAR

New gambling outfit come into town Seth -- time wasn't right to push him to a decision.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

BULLOCK

I got all the lumber cut.

STAR

And I warned you that was premature.

BULLOCK

You said ninety-eight percent after
your last conversation with that
son-of-a-bitch.

STAR

Ninety-eight is not a hundred.

A beat, then --

*

BULLOCK

Goddamnit.

*

*

Off which --

*

CUT TO:

*

11

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

11*

He's dressing --

*

SWEARENGEN

Cocksuckers.

Trixie's helping him --

*

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Where were they when Dan and me
were chopping trees in this gulch,
hands all blistered, buck-tooth
fucking beavers rolling around in
the creek, slapping their tails on
the water like we was hired
entertainment.

TRIXIE

I'd've paid a nickel to see you
chop wood.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

SWEARENGEN

Don't think I wasn't blow-for-blow
beside Dan. I can play that shit
when I have to.

He considers himself in the mirror Trixie holds up for
him --

*
*

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

But I been to Chicago too.

Off which --

TIME CUT TO:

12 INT. THE BELLA UNION - DAY

12

Well along in its transformation, as observed by
Swearengen, just arrived, an image of sartorial finery.
Eddie Sawyer and Joanie Stubbs ride herd respectively
on the set-up of gambling equipment and facilities for
prostitution. Tolliver, supervising the whole, is
first to note Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN

I guess this ain't a hotel no more.

STUBBS

Come see us tonight when we open
-- we'll find you a place to lay
down.

TOLLIVER

And someone to keep your feet warm.

Swearengen offers his hand to Tolliver --

SWEARENGEN

I'm Al Swearengen, my joint's across
the way.

SAWYER

The Gem?

SWEARENGEN

That's it.

TOLLIVER

Cy Tolliver, Al.

Shaking hands, Tolliver identifies his partners --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Ed Sawyer, Joanie Stubbs.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Swearengen shakes hands all around --

SWEARENGEN

You people must've trained with
the heathens, come upon us
unbeknownst.

Tolliver appears to take Swearengen's opening of this
subject as good-natured banter not requiring pursuit --

TOLLIVER

How long 'you been in camp Al?

SWEARENGEN

This time Cy since March -- I was
here last year too, but the fucking
cavalry drove us out.

TOLLIVER

Put all the whites out didn't they.

SWEARENGEN

Deep-fucking thinkers in Washington
put that policy together. This
year though, so many soldiers
deserting to prospect, they give
the ghost up and let us all back
in. And o'course Custer sorted
out the fucking Sioux for us, so
now we're safe as at our mothers'
tits.

Tolliver and the others grin --

TOLLIVER

Did a job for our side, didn't he
Al?

SWEARENGEN

How about that long-haired fucking
blow-hard? I'll tell you this
though Cy -- and you can mark my
fucking words -- Crazy Horse winning
at the Little Big Horn bought his
people one good long-term ass-
fucking, 'cause them Washington
cocksuckers will now be coming at
'em hard. You do not want to be a
dirt-worshiping heathen from this
point forward.

Swearengen can't tell if they're in his palm or he's
in theirs --

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Anyways, here we are settling the world's problems.

(rubs his mouth)

I'm wondering Cy -- you and me want to talk about our areas of overlap? So we're not at each other's throats?

TOLLIVER

Give me a for-instance Al.

SWEARENGEN

Women. Would we want to agree on rates?

Tolliver defers to Stubbs, who addresses Swearengen in a voice friendly and businesslike --

STUBBS

Far as pussy Al, we'll want to let the market sort itself out.

SWEARENGEN

(to Tolliver)

Sounds to me like I'm up against specialty acts. How about table-games, avoiding overlap there?

Tolliver looks to Eddie Sawyer --

SAWYER

We'll be featuring craps Al --

SWEARENGEN

I played craps in Chicago. I don't offer it myself -- gets these hoople-heads confused.

Swearengen rubs his neck --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

So that's one overlap avoided. Now what about faro?

SAWYER

We'll have it.

SWEARENGEN

Is that decision hard-and-fast?

Sawyer looks to Tolliver --

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

TOLLIVER

I just don't see overlap being a problem Al, even where we duplicate. We're offering different atmospheres. You're a pioneer-type, a trailblazer type, and you're going to draw a trail-blazing element.

SWEARENGEN

Meaning I get the ones that don't wash.

SAWYER

Must cut through the stink though when they walk in with those sacks-full of gold.

SWEARENGEN

Oh the money spends, definitely.

Swearngen resents being answered by an underling, looks back to Tolliver, who gives him a big friendly smile --

TOLLIVER

Anyways, thanks for the neighborly visit.

SWEARENGEN

Yeah, good to meet you, very good luck to you. You're opening at eight, huh?

SAWYER

That's what we're aiming at.

SWEARENGEN

Eight o'clock, good for you.

Swearngen turns, takes the long walk out, his gaze lingering briefly on one of Tolliver's faro dealers. When Swearngen's gone Tolliver looks to Eddie Sawyer, inviting his assessment of their rival --

SAWYER

He wouldn't set a fire right away.

TOLLIVER

Come to cases though, he would set a fire.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

Tolliver offers this, not out of any sense of jeopardy, but as an archaeologist might after enjoying an encounter, stimulating to his imagination, with a relic of some precursor civilization --

CUT TO:

13 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

13

Hickok, Utter, and Brom --

HICKOK

'Way you tell it Mister, 'man didn't sell you that claim holding a gun to your head.

BROM

Frankly Mr. Hickok, as a novice in these matters I was duped. And now the seller's disappeared.

(to Utter,
irrelevantly)

You moved into his room.

UTTER

Sounds like you're up Shit's Creek.

BROM

(confiding)

The seller had accomplices, gentlemen, men of what passes for position in this place.

(to Hickok)

I'd pay a handsome bounty if they were brought to make restitution.

HICKOK

Sorry you lost your money Mister, but I ain't for hire to rob it back.

BROM

I make no terms as to method.

HICKOK

You don't figure a good talking-to'd do the trick.

Brom looks away, embarrassed but resolute --

BROM

I'm not leaving camp without my money.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

UTTER

Mister, that fella you said had my
room before me?

BROM

A man named Tim Driscoll, yes.
Pure charlatan.

UTTER

Fresh stain on my floor when I
moved in. He may've checked out
short a useful amount of blood.

BROM

It wouldn't surprise me in the
least.

UTTER

That'd make them accomplices you
were talking about dangerous people
to deal with.

BROM

Yes. I quite take your point. No
honor among thieves.

(to Hickok)

Thanks for your time. I'll pursue
my remedies in some other fashion.

Brom splits. Hickok looks to Utter --

HICKOK

I don't think he took your point,
quite.

UTTER

I think he quite missed it.

Hickok gets to his feet --

HICKOK

Believe I'll pass out Charlie.

UTTER

I guess you was playing poker all
night.

HICKOK

Yessir.

Utter's too worried about Hickok to try to accomplish
a smooth conversational transition --

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

UTTER

When we was coming into camp, Jane
and me seen that Montana fella you
seem to like --

HICKOK

(nods)

Bullock. He had my back again
last night.

UTTER

He was seeing to the result this
morning.

HICKOK

Man has an active conscience.

UTTER

What would you think of us and him
and his friend having dinner
tonight?

HICKOK

Why?

UTTER

Why? People gotta eat, don't they
Bill?

HICKOK

True enough. Mark me down for a
yes.

UTTER

And maybe you'd enjoy sitting with
someone 'wasn't looking to beat
you at cards or blow your head
off.

Hickok moves off. Off Utter, watching his friend go
with futile concern --

CUT TO:

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

14

Swearengen, silent at his desk. Before him, his
minions. After a beat --

SWEARENGEN

What we're not going to do is set
any fucking fires. Not yet anyhow.

Swearengen rubs his neck --

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Farnum)

I want to know who did their leg work.

FARNUM

You hit the nail square Al. Whoever went-between them Bella Union people and Artie Simpson would be a prime source of information.

SWEARENGEN

Do not repeat back to me what I just said in different fucking words.

A pregnant pause --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

And I want to know who cut the cheese.

All eyes are downcast --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

I'll tell you this much for openers -- we are setting off an area on the balcony, and God help whoever doesn't use it, because the next stink I have to smell in this office, that person goes out the window into the muck on their fucking heads and we'll see how they like farting from that position.

Swearengen begins to pace --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

"Can't we hurry and close on the lot Mr. Swearengen." Wouldn't that be a great fucking set-up, if they're all of the same fucking party.

No one has the temerity to ask him to explain. He stops, stares at them --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Two days ago them hardware guys come to camp, inside six hours people start falling like bowling pins. Oh and here's a coincidence --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Wild Bill Hickok's got the one
cocksucker's back.

FARNUM

You think them hardware guys and
Hickok might be the advance party
for them saloon operators Al?

SWEARENGEN

You just did the same fucking thing
I told you not to.

(to Burns)

Get them two. Say I'm ready to
conclude on their offer.

BURNS

The hardware guys.

SWEARENGEN

Who the fuck do you think I'm
talking about?

BURNS

Here I go Al.

SWEARENGEN

Stop at Wu's on your way, tell
that cocksucker either he feeds
his pigs Persimmon Phil or tonight
I'll serve 'em Raw Loin of Oriental.

BURNS

See I thought you forgot about
that Al, I thought that slipped
between the cracks.

Swearngen just stares at him. Burns is gone.
Swearngen looks to Irons --

SWEARENGEN

A faro dealer at that new joint's
a dope-fiend -- tall guy with a
skanky red beard

IRONS

(eagerly)

Want me to get next to him Mr.
Swearngen? Let me take a few
dollars -- I'll play at his table.

SWEARENGEN

Not that that fucking joint's open
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

yet, or that sending you out with
two dollars in your pocket I'd see
you back again till you were broke
and couldn't get no more credit
from whoever was filling up your
pipe.

(as Irons looks down
shame-faced)

Stop hustling. I'll give you dope
when you bring the cocksucker back
here.

IRONS

He's as good as standing in front
of you Mr. Swearengen.

Irons is gone. Swearengen looks out the window, hates
feeling this vulnerable --

SWEARENGEN

Stick around. Help me measure
where their loyalties lie.

FARNUM

These hardware guys.

SWEARENGEN

You did it again.

Swearengen can't meet Farnum's eyes --

FARNUM

Sure Al.

(beat)

'Far as the other matter -- I
haven't passed gas in a public
place since I left Philadelphia at
twelve.

Off the distracted Swearengen --

CUT TO:

15 INT./EXT. BULLOCK AND STAR'S HARDWARE TENT - DAY

15

McCall, still drunk, ostensibly perusing their wares,
is near to falling asleep --

BULLOCK

Look at that jackass.

Star calls to him --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

STAR

Help you with anything?

MCCALL

I'll tell you who's being done a favor at this exact moment, or would you like to guess? A favor in this tent.

STAR

I'd guess it's you yourself Sir, considering quality goods.

MCCALL

Favor here's being done for Wild Bill Fucking Hickok.

Which prompts Bullock and irritates him --

BULLOCK

What're you talking about?

MCCALL

Because if I'm prospecting in the hills, he's not getting his just desserts, at a poker table or otherwise -- and don't ask what I mean by that last part.

Bullock's voice is level --

BULLOCK

What do you mean?

McCall smiles with drunken subtlety --

MCCALL

I said you'd do better not asking.

Bullock notes, behind McCall, the entrance of Charlie Utter --

BULLOCK

(to McCall)

Get out of here.

McCall's lost contact with Bullock, shows Star a sifting cradle --

MCCALL

I'll buy this one. What's the price?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

BULLOCK

You ain't buying nothing.

Some unseen principle deprives McCall of balance -- in contorting to regain it he notes Utter behind him --

MCCALL

I know you. Where do I know you from?

UTTER

Can't help you with that Pardner.

It comes to McCall --

MCCALL

You follow him around

Bullock grabs McCall at neck-nape and pants-seat and bum-rushes him from the tent, heaves him face-down in the muck --

BULLOCK

That tent's shut to you -- don't come back there.

Bullock goes back inside --

MCCALL

You got a favor being done you Mister, if you know or not, or know or not what it is.

Hearing no answer, McCall raises his face enough to blink, prepares to collect himself --

MCCALL (CONT'D)

Fuck you, and plans I may have had to buy something --

He's got his hands in the muck for balance, begins to begin to rise --

MCCALL (CONT'D)

-- or prospect, or not settle that fuckhead's account.

Utter's hat is in his hands; he watches Bullock resume his place --

UTTER

(to Star)

I'd be lousy at retail, I guarantee
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

UTTER (CONT'D)
you that much. Wouldn't have
patience for it.

STAR
(indicates Bullock)
We're not sure how much future he's
got.

Utter scratches at the back of his neck --

UTTER
Anyways, I wanted to tell you fellas --
'several days I'll be going back
to Cheyenne.

Star and Bullock aren't sure what to make of this.
Utter plunges onward --

UTTER (CONT'D)
I operate a freight business out
of there. If you need resupply
I'll be bringing several wagons
back, 'far as restocking your
inventory.

STAR
That's good to know.

UTTER
Not drumming business up -- that's
not my purpose. I got all the
business I need. Just you seem
like nice fellas.

He looks like he wants to hang himself --

UTTER (CONT'D)
And I was half-wondering too if
you'd want to join me and Bill for
dinner.

STAR
Sure.

UTTER
Tonight or some other time.

BULLOCK
Let's do it tonight.

UTTER
Whatever's convenient.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

BULLOCK

Sure.

For his friend's sake, having plumbed the core-resources
of his social skills, Utter stands now near befuddlement --

UTTER

I feel like I should've brought
posies with me.

Burns has come in --

STAR

Afternoon. Help you find something?

BURNS

Mr. Swearengen wants to see you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

16 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - GARRETS' ROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

16

Alma sits at her dressing table, watching Brom stew --

BROM

The burden falls on me Alma. That
much now is clear.

ALMA

Mr. Hickok left no possibility he
might reconsider?

BROM

None. Nor was I sure that if he'd
agreed the man before me at that
breakfast table was equal to the
task.

He paces --

ALMA

Make me only one promise then Brom.

BROM

Don't ask me to amend my purpose --

ALMA

That before seeing Mr. Swearengen
you take your walk.

He ponders this --

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

BROM
To clear my head and reflect.

ALMA
If only to perfect your arguments.

BROM
I see.

He searches her eyes with all the seriousness he's
capable of --

BROM (CONT'D)
I accept this suggestion, out of
feeling for its author.

She smoothes the curl at his forehead --

ALMA
Thank you.

He opens the door --

BROM
If I'm stooped when next you see
me it won't be worry weighing me
down but the bags of our recovered
gold.

ALMA
Take your walk Dear.

He leaves. Alma postpones getting high, believing she
may have seen at the door of the room across the hall,
which is also opened a crack, another female eye. She
widens slightly her door's aperture. The woman behind
the other door does the same. Their eyes meet, hold
an irrefutable beat before the other woman slams her
door closed. Alma again defers going for her dope,
peers further into the hallway, sees Brom at its far
end contemplating Hickok's supine form. A husband's
preternatural sense of coming suddenly under his wife's
scrutiny prompts Brom to raise his head and turn --

BROM
It's Hickok, Alma, unconscious.

ALMA
I see.

BROM
I take this for proof my
reservations were well-grounded.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

Now she does need to get high. Closes the door. Brom notes her disappearance, starts at a snore from Hickok, sets off --

17 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - HICKOK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

17

Jane sits on a chair beside the bed, watching the little girl sleep --

JANE

Too considerate to disturb us,
wouldn't have truck with that room-
clerk ghoul to get let in to
Charlie's. Rather sleep in the
fucking hallway -- that's the kind
of man he is.

Jane realizes she's said "fuck," but remorse has all but lost its sting --

JANE (CONT'D)

I owe you another fucking penny.
Owe you another one.

Jane changes the compress on the child's head --

JANE (CONT'D)

I don't know if you ever should
learn English. Never mind foul --
spare you knowing how ignorant
people are.

Her hand lingers on her there gratefully --

JANE (CONT'D)

But then I could tell you about
Bill, sleeping in the hallway out
of thought for others. And I know
some other fucking stories too.
Owe you another penny.

Off which --

18 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - GARRETS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

18

Alma, at the window, having already taken her first draught of laudanum, and while squeezing replenishment of the opiate, drop after drop, into a water-glass, considers with luxuriating indolence the puny affairs of men as pursued on the street below. As distorted by the liquid, she sees through the glass and a spasm of guilt forces her to focus upon --

19 ALMA'S POV - BROM

19

-- having finished his first circuit of the camp, pausing now outside the Gem. Alma watches Brom's effort at marshaling resolve to enter Swearengen's saloon, and the faltering of his will, returns her attention to the liquid as he moves on --

CUT TO:

20 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

20

Bullock, Star and Swearengen; b.g., Dority and Farnum --

SWEARENGEN

(more or less to
Star)

I only hope you understand me being short with you out on the street this morning.

STAR

You had a lot on your mind.

SWEARENGEN

I had a lot on what's left of my fucking mind, these new interests coming in, and I hope you see now what my thinking was yesterday not selling that lot to you outright.

BULLOCK

What's your thinking today?

SWEARENGEN

(to Star, re Bullock)
Gets dead-center to the fucking point, which I like in most situations.

Star's warning glance prompts from Bullock a nod which means to be acquiescent but impresses as only provisional --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Star)
Do you know those new saloon interests? Are you acquainted with 'em at all?

STAR

No.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

BULLOCK

Not them and not Bill Hickok, and
all we want to do is run a hardware
business.

Swearengen studies Bullock --

SWEARENGEN

I've got to be satisfied. You
understand? And I'm the type simple
cocksucker that when he sees
lightning readies for thunder, and
takes the thunder if it comes for
part of the same fucking storm
....

STAR

Why wouldn't you Mr. Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

Thank you for saying that even if
you don't fucking mean it.

BULLOCK

What would make you comfortable
selling to us?

Swearengen's glance in Farnum's direction puts the
hotel operator on notice to check Swearengen's thinking --

SWEARENGEN

A thousand, with right of first
refusal on any further sale.

Unobtrusively, Farnum nods approval of Swearengen's
move --

STAR

Accepted.

SWEARENGEN

Right to buy back at the original
sale price plus the cost of your
improvements.

Farnum nods that Swearengen's on a roll --

STAR

Accepted.

Swearengen's got his confidence back --

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

SWEARENGEN

No gambling on the fucking premises,
or no association of any sort with
these Bella Union cocksuckers.

STAR

Accepted.

BULLOCK

We can't sell 'em our goods?

SWEARENGEN

No -- what do you think of that?

STAR

Accepted.

SWEARENGEN

(to Bullock)

What do you think?

BULLOCK

Accepted.

-- so much so, that, reassured further by Bullock's
capitulation, he softens these Draconian terms --

SWEARENGEN

Or what they'd buy in the normal
course of your normal fucking
business I guess'd be okay to
transact, with these cocksuckers.

BULLOCK

We can sell 'em our wares.

SWEARENGEN

Your normal fucking wares. No
gambling or whoring or whiskey on
the fucking premises, is the chief
fucking point.

STAR

Agreed.

Star offers his hand in agreement --

SWEARENGEN

I spit in my hand, will that drive
you screaming into the Hills?

Star and Swearengen spit, shake hands. Bullock and
Swearengen do the same, watching each other carefully --

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (3)

20

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

The thousand'd be nice.

Star's already produced a billfold from which he begins to extract currency. Swearengen nods to Farnum that it's okay for Farnum to go --

FARNUM

Happy outcome.

He waves valediction to Swearengen, heading for the door. Off Swearengen, as the bills accumulate before him --

CUT TO:

21 OMITTED

21

21A EXT. THE GEM - DAY

21A*

Utter's waiting outside the Gem for Bullock and Star. The Huckster's pitching him an idea --

HUCKSTER

A shooting exhibition --

Charlie's approached by deep-thinkers like this in every camp he and Hickok hit --

UTTER

That idea for Mr. Hickok's been had and acted on by a few people before you.

Utter notes Farnum b.g. exiting the Gem. The more Farnum attempts to navigate the thoroughfare as a man without qualm of conscience, the more his movement becomes sheepish and surreptitious. Finally, far b.g., he ostentatiously plants himself as the equivalent of a window-shopper at the establishment beside the Bella Union. During all of which, the Huckster embellishes his proposal with compounded enthusiasm --

HUCKSTER

-- but, then, afterward, we dig out the bullets out of the tree and sell the fucking bullets --

UTTER

Uh-huh.

HUCKSTER

-- and the fucking playing cards
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED:

21A

HUCKSTER (CONT'D)
he used as targets. That's the
part I was coming to.

UTTER
How about the tree-bark behind the
fucking playing-card targets.

HUCKSTER
Hell yes we'll sell the fucking
bark.

Utter's grateful to note Star and Bullock come out of
the Gem --

UTTER
What do you say, fellas?

STAR
We got our lot Mr. Utter.

UTTER
Well hooray for you boys.

HUCKSTER
(to Utter)
Two days I can get the word out.
Ten cents to watch and we'll charge
for the souvenirs --

UTTER
I ain't going to take you up on it
Mister.

HUCKSTER
(lower)
There's twenty for you on the quiet.

UTTER
No, and the talk between us is
over.

Utter's eyes have gone cold. The Huckster moves off,
eyes on the beckoning future --

HUCKSTER
Soap with a prize inside!

UTTER
(to Star, re
Swearengen)
So you got that man to sell.

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED: (2)

21A

STAR
Never had to strain so to spend a
thousand dollars.

*
*

BULLOCK
(to Utter)
Will you and Mr. Hickok excuse us
from dinner?

*
*
*

UTTER
(visibly disappointed)
You'd as soon not do it, huh?

*
*

BULLOCK
We'd like to get to building.

*

STAR
Will we see you for breakfast
tomorrow?

*
*
*

UTTER
Sure. We might even catch Bill
coming back from cards. Anyways,
congratulations to the both of you
and good luck.

*
*
*
*

STAR
Thanks Mr. Utter.

BULLOCK
Thank you.

Bullock and Star watch as the older man sets off for
the Grand Central Hotel, and E.B. Farnum, having
satisfied himself he's bored to stupefaction anyone
who might've been watching him, skulks into the Bella
Union saloon --

*
*
*
*
*

CUT TO:

22 INT. THE BELLA UNION - DAY

22

Farnum enters, wanders among the workers without
apparent aim or purpose, a shy and shambling bumpkin --

FARNUM
My goodness. My heavens. My
goodness gracious.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

The work continues apace. Farnum arrives at a craps table whose installation Eddie Sawyer supervises. He raises his voice a little --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Heavens to Betsy.

This draws Sawyer's attention. He considers Farnum with a show of patronizing urbanity --

SAWYER

What do you think Hiram? -- ever seen a craps layout?

FARNUM

My first.

SAWYER

Shall I show you how it works?

FARNUM

I might could follow. I do read and cipher.

SAWYER

Well you're well in advance of the pack.

Under which Sawyer's steered Farnum to a second table, fully installed but unattended, points to an inscription on its felt --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Tell me what this says.

FARNUM

"P-A-S-S" says "pass."

SAWYER

You can read, can't you.

FARNUM

I wasn't raised to lie.

Farnum now lowers his voice --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I'm liable to be killed Eddie.
He's on my scent and closing.

-- while Sawyer pantomimes movements which would suggest to an observer that he's explaining the inscriptions on the felt --

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (2)

22

SAWYER

Curious tactics coming here then,
E.B.

Farnum's whisper is an angry hiss --

FARNUM

To remind you secrecy is of the
essence! That's a dangerous man.
Let him doubt those he's trusted,
this camp'll run red with blood.

Sawyer receives this with more seriousness than his
tone admits --

SAWYER

Argues for raising your room-rates.
'Least make the game worth the
candle.

FARNUM

I wonder how cavalier your
attitude'll be if a pig starts
gnawing through your vitals.

Sawyer distributes chips on the layout as if
demonstrating possible wagers --

SAWYER

Bet on me screaming for mercy.

FARNUM

Turned down your offer to buy and
pointed you to Artie Simpson --
whole damn extent of my involvement,
and I'm staring straight at
extinction.

Smiling affably, Sawyer puts his last stack of chips
on "Don't Come" --

SAWYER

He may get you anyway E.B. -- but
if your nerve goes he'll get you
sure.

Off which --

CUT TO:

22A INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

22A*

Dority's behind the bar.

*

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

Burns approaches, produces several sheets of paper on which have been painstakingly inscribed a series of inscrutable drawings --

*
*
*

BURNS

Give me a fresh eye on these Dan.

*
*

Dority examines the first of the sketches --

*

BURNS (CONT'D)

Plans for Al's platform.

*
*

Under which Jimmy Irons enters, leading upstairs the red-bearded faro-dealer Swearengen saw at the Bella Union --

*
*
*

BURNS (CONT'D)

This one's a lot of construction, extending the balcony over the alley --

*
*
*
*

Burns shuffles the sheets --

*

BURNS (CONT'D)

-- but if you just add a leverage post, the boys'll be farting right outside Al's window.

*
*
*
*

Dority considers him --

*

DORITY

I'd wait till he came back to me, then show Al the alternatives.

*
*
*

BURNS

(relieved)

Let him make the choice.

*
*
*

DORITY

If he ever came back I'd show Al I did the work and then I'd leave it up to him.

*
*
*

Burns' nod affirms Dority's and trumps it with a wink --

*

DORITY (CONT'D)

Watch the bar for me?

*
*

BURNS

Go do what you've got to do.

*
*

Dority does. Off Burns --

*

CUT TO:

*

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

23*

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

Standing beside Jimmy Irons is Leon, the red-bearded
dope-fiend faro-dealer --

*
*

SWEARENGEN

Get along with me, only dope-problem
you'll have in this camp is not
walking loopy into the ass-end of
horses or passing out in feed-
troughs.

LEON

Jimmy said you'd do right by me
Mr. Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

Safe's open Jimmy, get Leon here
some of that dope.

IRONS

Yes Sir.

SWEARENGEN

(to Leon, re Jimmy)
Hear his voice tremble? -- he's
thinking, "My God, how long's the
safe been open?"

IRONS

(chuckles uneasily)
'Never crossed my mind Mr.
Swearengen.

Irons has collected the opium, hands it to Swearengen,
who breaks off a tarry black piece --

SWEARENGEN

(to Leon)
Dope's not my own preferred form
of relaxation but I did sample
this shit and believe me I nearly
converted.

LEON

I look forward to trying it Mr.
Swearengen.

All this time, Swearengen's interest is drawn outside
to the affronting structure across the way --

SWEARENGEN

Everything that goes on at the
place.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (2)

23

LEON

I'll give you a daily rundown.

SWEARENGEN

Yeah, that'll be convenient for
the both of us.

At this moment Swearengen apprehends a form slinking
with accustomed stealth from the Bella Union toward
its lair at the Grand Central Hotel; stares at the
creature with a forming intuition

*

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Here's the type I'd want to know
about

(points)

Just left your joint, the Judas-
goat-looking fella

Leon comes to the window --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

See him? Coyote-moving type --

Swearengen's palms suddenly frame the dope-fiend's
skull at the temples, guiding Leon's gaze with a fierce
pedagogical pressure --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

See him?

It's as if Swearengen is forcing his own gaze to focus --

LEON

(winces)

The short guy.

SWEARENGEN

Yeah. With his paws always damp
like a just-shit fucking turd.

-- asking himself "could I have missed danger so
close?" He makes himself let go of Leon's head --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

That's the type I'd want to know
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
about, comings and goings and any
dealings with your bosses.

LEON
I'll keep a special eye on him.

Leon flexes his jaw and optic muscles --

TRIXIE (O.S.)
Al?

Swearengen addresses the closed door --

SWEARENGEN
What?

TRIXIE (O.S.)
That Cherry New York Dude's
downstairs asking for you.

SWEARENGEN
No good. Jolly him the fuck out.

TRIXIE (O.S.)
He's talking about the Pinkertons.

Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

24 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

24

Descending the stairs, Swearengen calls out to Brom --

SWEARENGEN
Dan Dority thought you were dead.

BROM
Yes, I didn't go to the claim this
morning. I chose not to.

SWEARENGEN
You should've let him know, I've
had him in tears here the last
several hours.
(calls o.s.)
Dan!

Dority emerges from a back room --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Look Dan! --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(indicates Brom)
He's alive!

BROM
(to Dority)
Yes, I chose not to go to the claim.

SWEARENGEN
Whiskey Brom? Snatch?

BROM
Frankly Al, I'm here to speak with
you, and I'm not to be distracted.

SWEARENGEN
Proceed then My Son. Speak frankly.

BROM
We needn't reach the question of
whether my claim has "pinched out,"
as the saying goes, or whether it
was a sham proposition to begin
with. Let's just say I've lost
faith in the property.

SWEARENGEN
Have you.

BROM
And I want my twenty thousand
dollars back.

SWEARENGEN
In the heat you've confused me
with Tim Driscoll.

BROM
I think we're both aware Al that
Tim Driscoll's no longer in camp.
And because I believe you colluded
with Driscoll, and perhaps were in
cahoots with other parties as well,
I require satisfaction from you.

SWEARENGEN
It's the heat again Brom. I don't
collude and I don't cahoot.

BROM
Al, are you familiar with the
Pinkerton Agency?

Swearengen stares at him, rubbing his nose --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

SWEARENGEN

Why?

BROM

In pursuing its business interests my family's had several occasions to engage the Pinkertons. We maintain friendly relations. I'd prefer we two settle this as gentlemen, but if need be, the Pinkertons can be made party to our dispute.

SWEARENGEN

(to Dority)

Has he reconnoitered the rims with you at all?

DORITY

Never.

SWEARENGEN

Did he ask to and you refused?

Dority shakes his head no --

DORITY

We hadn't got to it Al -- I assumed he was in for the long haul.

BROM

What are you talking about specifically?

SWEARENGEN

The gold you found washed down from somewheres. That's the law of gravity. Your claim runs rim to rim the width of the fucking gulch. That means the original deposit the gold you found washed down from is likely on your claim. Above, near one of the rims.

BROM

That's what you feel I should reconnoiter.

SWEARENGEN

It's the first thing the Pinkertons'll do, I promise you that much.

(to Dority)

Or am I fucking wrong?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

DORITY

No that's how they operate.

SWEARENGEN

(to Dority)

If he wanted would you reconnoiter with him?

DORITY

I was waiting for him out there all morning Al.

SWEARENGEN

Is that a yes or a no?

DORITY

Yes, I'm happy to reconnoiter with him.

BROM

(to Swearengen)

And if Dan's and my good-faith reconnoitering doesn't show the source of the gold, do you then make restitution Al? Or do I have recourse to the Agency?

SWEARENGEN

All right, yes, if at that point you ask, I'll make restitution

....

A lethal mirth at the corners of Swearengen's eyes --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Rights and wrongs aside, because you got me by the fucking balls.

BROM

Let me go home and change. Do I need climbing gear?

SWEARENGEN

You may want to bring a pick-axe.

Brom chooses to believe the talk's gone well --

BROM

Fine then.

-- stands his ground a self-satisfied instant longer before walking out. Swearengen looks to Dority --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

SWEARENGEN

Make it look like an accident.

Off which --

CUT TO:

25 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

25

At several steps' remove from Hickok's sleeping form,
Utter and Jane whisper in fierce colloquy --

UTTER

Ain't this a pretty picture.

JANE

I can't remedy what I don't know
about.

UTTER

Passed out in a public hallway.

Under which Brom Garret ascends to the second floor --

JANE

He never knocked on the damn door.
'Time I looked out he was already
snoring. Did you want me to drag
him in by the damn heels?

HICKOK

I say leave him where he is and go
about your own business.

Hickok's eyes stay closed. Jane looks to Utter --

JANE

He's up. I hope you're happy.
Congratulations cocksucker.

Scrupulous to avoid what he takes to be a private drama,
Brom knocks on his door and stares at it rigidly.
Utter addresses the closed-eyed Hickok even as he allows
himself a last fulminating look at Jane --

UTTER

Dinner's cancelled Bill.

HICKOK

All right.

UTTER

Those two fellas got their lot
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

UTTER (CONT'D)

bought and they're starting right ahead with the building.

HICKOK

Sure.

Alma admits Brom to their room --

JANE

I was that shocked seeing you sleeping out here Bill. First saw you maybe an hour ago.

(to Utter, re Hickok)

Didn't want to disturb me and the child Charlie, why he must've sought entry to your room. Wherever the fuck you were at.

UTTER

I'd like to know where the goddamn inn-keep was. He could've let Bill in.

HICKOK

You're not going to let me sleep, are you.

Hickok's tone has more tolerance in it than anger. He opens his eyes --

JANE

I'd've let you sleep as long as you wanted Bill.

HICKOK

How's that Little One?

JANE

Good, she's napping. More'n I can say for you.

Hickok sits up --

HICKOK

(to Utter)

Was those hardware boys looking for extra hands?

Utter decides to lie --

UTTER

(nods)

Inquiring in a roundabout way.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

Off which --

CUT TO:

26 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - GARRETS' ROOM - DAY

26

Brom ponders modifying his mining outfit --

BROM

I think leather boots rather than
rubber, given the terrain.

ALMA

I don't agree with this plan.

BROM

Reconnoitering the rims is exactly
the sort of due diligence Father
will ask if I've done.

ALMA

Nor do I see the need to involve
your father.

BROM

It was my mention of the Pinkertons
Alma which brought Al Swearengen
around, and the Pinkertons can't
come into this unless Father does
as well. I wouldn't even know
where to look for them.

ALMA

Oughtn't we possibly to take a
different view of all this Brom? --
consider we've had an adventure
costing twenty thousand dollars
and let matters rest there?

BROM

Let them rest?

ALMA

Yes. If you wish to see more of
the West let's leave now and see
it, or else return to New York. I
don't think we should linger here.

BROM

I have no abiding affection for
this camp Alma, but I won't leave
without my money.

He's dressed and ready for adventure.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Notes Alma preparing a draught of laudanum --

BROM (CONT'D)

Why do you take that medicine?

The words seem to escape from him --

ALMA

You know why. To relieve my headaches.

BROM

The other day I had a whopper of a headache and I sampled a bit. I'd hardly call the dull, numbed, floating feeling I experienced "relief."

His tone is uneasy and reproachful, as if, before addressing his suspicion she'd taken a lover, she'd inconsiderately forced him openly to expose his fear. She knows how to head off this subject --

ALMA

Perhaps the sexes experience the medicine differently.

She watches as, at the mention of sex, her husband colors and turns away --

BROM

In any case, I hope you feel better.

ALMA

Thank you.

He's gone. Off Alma --

TIME CUT TO:

27 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

27

Standing sentry on his second-floor balcony, Swearengen watches the last preparations for the Bella Union's opening. Hears behind him --

FARNUM (O.S.)

I'll tell you what Al -- you've got a hell of a nice turnout downstairs. Hell of a Monday crowd.

SWEARENGEN

E.B.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

He turns, considers Farnum affably --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming.

28 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

28

-- Farnum's been brought by Johnny Burns --

FARNUM

Whistle and I'm underfoot. Loyal's
a damn dog.

Swearengen's gaze returns to the street at the sound
of gunfire. Four employees empty their six-shooters
into the air as Cy Tolliver throws the Bella Union's
doors open to admit a considerable waiting crowd.
Even as he addresses Burns, Swearengen's eyes never
leave the scene across the street --

SWEARENGEN

(to Burns)

What's the post for in the fart-
area?

BURNS

Leverage. Should I take it down?

Swearengen shakes his head no --

SWEARENGEN

Give me and E.B. some privacy.

Off which --

CUT TO:

29 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

29

At the lot formerly housing the barber's tent, Bullock,
Hickok, Utter and Star put hammer to nail building the
new hardware store. A kibbitzer engages Hickok --

MAN #1

I'll tell you this much Wild Bill,
and I'd say the same to the angels
in heaven -- as a stage performer,
you cannot act a single damn lick.

Hickok appears to have made peace long ago with
uninvited familiarities --

HICKOK

I call that a fair judgment.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MAN #1

I saw you on stage in Hartford
Connecticut and I'd've bet U.S.
currency you'd been strangled and
killed and just didn't know you
was dead yet.

HICKOK

(to Bullock)

Was you born patient Montana, or
did you cultivate it?

BULLOCK

I guess I'm patient for labor.

HICKOK

(grins)

Back-and-forth with your fellow
man don't have as much charm for
you?

BULLOCK

(grins too)

Not as much.

A second man engages the first --

MAN #2

Why tell him that type story?

MAN #1

I saw him perform with Buffalo
Bill Cody and Texas Jack Omohundro
on the stage in Hartford
Connecticut.

MAN #2

Who gives a fuck? You think he
was put on earth to hear you run
him down?

HICKOK

I'm all right men.

MAN #2

(to Man #1)

No why don't you get out of my
sight before I do something I'll
fucking regret.

The first man starts walking away --

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (2)

29

MAN #1

I'll tell whatever kind of story I
feel like telling.

MAN #2

That's right! -- tell it walking!

The first man's gone --

BULLOCK

Anyways, Sol and me are sure
grateful you and Mr. Utter taking
the time to help.

MAN #2

Go ahead about your work Mr. Hickok,
he won't bother you no more.

Hickok ignores the man --

HICKOK

(to Bullock, wry)

Charlie encourages me being in
your company. He feels you're a
positive influence.

*

MAN #2

No reason you'd remember me, but I
saw you Marshal in Abilene -- saw
you blow one cocksucker's head
right the fuck off his neck

Hickok looks away, plainly losing patience --

MAN #2 (CONT'D)

I also saw you dead-center three
bullets on an ace of spades playing
card at twenty-five goddamn paces.

UTTER

We're working here friend.

MAN #2

(to Hickok)

Some other loudmouth like this
loudmouth I just sorted out said
you'd doctored that playing card
before you ever tacked it to that
tree.

HICKOK

And did you sort him out too?

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (3)

29

MAN #2

You're goddamn right.

HICKOK

Well thanks for all those efforts,
but now it's time you moved along.

MAN #2

Sorted him out proper -- gouged
out the both of his fucking eyes.

UTTER

All right Friend.

MAN #2

All right what? Who was talking
to you?

HICKOK

Move along. I'm tired listening
to you.

MAN #2

You're tired of listening?

BULLOCK

That's what he said.

MAN #2

I guess everyone's talking to me
now.

HICKOK

Get the fuck out of here.

MAN #2

All right. I hear you Wild Bill.
My hearing ain't impaired like
your sight's supposed to be. You
don't need to insult me twice.

*
*
*
*

He's moving away --

MAN #2 (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what -- I hope you
get what's coming to you, and sooner
rather than later. I hope they
sort you out and I get to see it.
I hope you're gut-shot and die
slow. I hope they get you in this
camp.

*
*

The man's gone. Utter looks to Star --

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

29

UTTER

Throw me some more of them nails.
(to Hickok)
You need nails Bill?

Hickok disengages from the building --

HICKOK

(to Bullock)
I'm going to desert you. Play
some poker and drink some whiskey.

BULLOCK

Thanks for your help.

HICKOK

See you later Charlie.

UTTER

All right Bill.

Off which --

CUT TO:

30 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

30

Swearengen's gazing out the window, eyes fixed on the
lot where Hickok is assisting the building of the
hardware store. He gestures theatrically to Farnum --

SWEARENGEN

For having nothing to do with him,
those hardware cocksuckers sure
seem joined to Hickok at the hip.

FARNUM

You made your judgment on that
situation Al, and I believe you
judged correct.

SWEARENGEN

No connection with Hickok, or
between any of 'em and them new
saloon people.

FARNUM

You saw it like that and I did
too, to the best of the both of
our thinking.

SWEARENGEN

Which was important to me.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

FARNUM

Which was?

SWEARENGEN

What?

FARNUM

When you said "which was," I didn't follow what you were asking.

SWEARENGEN

I wasn't asking nothing. I was saying, because I didn't have full information, your impression on this was important. Of someone I could trust.

By now, Farnum's hands are dripping with perspiration. He takes out a rag and dries them --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

FARNUM

My palms are damp.

SWEARENGEN

Your palms are always damp.

FARNUM

Yes.

SWEARENGEN

So is something wrong?

FARNUM

No.

Off which --

CUT TO:

31 EXT. ELLSWORTH'S CLAIM - NIGHT

31

He's sitting at the cooking fire, notes at a distance Brom Garret and Dan Dority climbing toward the top of Brom's claim --

*

ELLSWORTH

(to the dog)

The Great Prospector's found his second wind. Unless he's getting blown along.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Off which --

CUT TO:

32 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

32

Neither Swearengen or Farnum's moved or even blinked --

FARNUM

You tell me what's wrong Al. Have
you a doubt or misgiving? You
tell me.

SWEARENGEN

Generally, with my misgivings or
doubts, I go ahead and kill the
mother-fucker I have doubts or
misgivings about.

Farnum knows he's playing for his life --

FARNUM

But these are special circumstances.

Swearengen considers him --

SWEARENGEN

I don't know what you mean by
special circumstances. If I want
to, I can burn the whole fucking
camp down.

FARNUM

Yes you can.

SWEARENGEN

Cut your throat first and then
burn down the whole fucking camp.

FARNUM

You can, that's right.

SWEARENGEN

So I don't know what the fuck you
mean.

FARNUM

I mean, short of burning it all
down, you got to trust someone.

A beat, then --

SWEARENGEN

What were you doing over there?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

FARNUM

Where?

Swearengen stares at him --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

At the Bella Union?

The instant the words are past his lips he knows he's
erred, quickly offers --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Gathering impressions. Scouting.

-- knows he's still in error and almost out of chances --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Listen to me. Listen to me. I
was the go-between. It was me.
But without malicious intention.

CLOSE ON SWEARENGEN --

CUT TO:

33 EXT. CLAIM NUMBER NINE ABOVE DISCOVERY - NIGHT

33

Brom and Dority, attaining the summit at the Gulch's
eastern rim. The disappointment Brom knows he ought
to feel at not having found more gold is subsumed by
his pride at having made the climb --

BROM

I'll confess to being winded.

Sees Dority come for him --

BROM (CONT'D)

Oh Dan, no --

-- struggles, moaning with juvenile terror --

BROM (CONT'D)

Mother.

-- as Dority pushes him from the rim --

CUT TO:

34 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

34

-- as if, in his extremity, supplanting the fear which has governed his every breath, the hotel operator has been suffused by Sawyer's admonition against loss of nerve --

FARNUM

Simple greed. One less hotel in camp. Shorten up the room-supply. No conspiracy, and no betrayal.

(beat)

If you're going to murder me I'd appreciate a quick dying and not getting 'et by the pigs, 'case there's Resurrection of The Flesh.

A beat, then --

SWEARENGEN

Stay friendly with them cocksuckers.

Swearengen walks past Farnum, out of his office. Farnum hears the door slam, realizes he's saved. All of his character defects return --

FARNUM

With them Bella Union people?

Off which --

CUT TO:

35 EXT. BOTTOM OF THE GULCH - NIGHT

35

Dority, descending from the rim to reach the spot where Brom has fallen, comes upon a gold outcropping, begins, amazed, to trace its extent. Hears Brom moan. Covers the outcropping with brush, moves to Brom's fallen form. He's nearly dead. Crouching, Dority raises Brom's head by the forelock, snaps his face down on a rock, killing him --

*
*
*

NEW ANGLE - ELLSWORTH

watching, holding the dog, his hand over its mouth --

*

CUT TO:

36 OMITTED
AND
37

36*
AND
37

37A INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - HICKOK'S ROOM - NIGHT

37A*

Jane and the Metz child. The child watches her. Jane feels her forehead for the hundredth time --

*
*

JANE

*

If he comes, I'm going to move you to that nice palette only 'cause he's far too big for it and so would I be. So if you wake up on the palette that's what happened. And him and me being where we are is the circumstances of the room, period, and the grownups are just sleeping. But don't be afraid to wake me up. All right, Sweetheart, close your eyes.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Jane takes her hand to her own face, moves her palm over her eyes to show the child it's time to go to sleep --

*
*
*

JANE (CONT'D)

*

Go ahead Child, I'm right here.

*

The Child closes her eyes to show Jane she understands, opens them again to see if Jane has recognized her purpose. Jane nods, smiles --

*
*
*

JANE (CONT'D)

*

Go ahead.

*

As the Child closes her eyes again --

*

CUT TO:

*

38 INT. BELLA UNION - SALOON - NIGHT

38*

Full-swing. Tolliver watches from across the room as a small crowd has gathered to watch Hickok play poker. A Player approaches him --

PLAYER

When it was a hotel this morning I was tossed out of this place on my ass.

*
*

TOLLIVER

Wasn't on our watch Sir, and I hope you got a compensation chit.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

PLAYER

The chit was a nice fucking touch --

TOLLIVER

Have two more --

PLAYER

(taken with his own
wit)

I may apply these toward a nice
touch of fucking.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (2)

38

TOLLIVER

All right now.

The player's about to move off --

PLAYER

Wild Bill Hickok over there.

TOLLIVER

I believe that's him. And the
snatch is over in this direction.

Tolliver points the way, and the player follows it.
Joanie Stubbs has joined Tolliver. They consider Hickok
across the room --

STUBBS

Tina or Molly can be quiet, if you
want him kept company.

TOLLIVER

That man's already doing all he
wants to.

She nods, agreeing --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

If I sent him anyone it'd be you.

She smiles, moving off. Tolliver considers the room
while drifting toward the faro table manned by Leon
the dope-fiend --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Are you loaded Leon?

LEON

Well on the path Mr. Tolliver.
That man at the Gem's got some
serious shit.

Sawyer's joined them --

TOLLIVER

I know when you make your first
report on us to him you'll remember
to say thanks.

*
*
*

SAWYER

I hope you're not too fucked-up to
deal seconds for us Leon.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (3)

38

LEON

The opium ain't made yet Mr. Sawyer
that can fuck me up that bad.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (4)

38

TOLLIVER

Atta boy.

Off Tolliver's POV of Hickok across the room --

CUT TO:

38A

38A*

39

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

39

Swearengen and Trixie in bed. Swearengen's sitting up. His gaze is fixed, inscrutable --

*
*

SWEARENGEN

*

Trust. That's a great way to operate. Learn all the ins and outs of getting killed.

*
*
*

(beat)

*

Every fucking beating I'm grateful for. Every fucking one. Get it all beat out of you, then you know what the fucking world is.

*
*
*
*

A knock at the door is followed by a loud whisper --

*

DORITY (O.S.)

It's Dan Al, better open up.

SWEARENGEN

(to Trixie)

Let him in.

Swearengen sits up a little more as Trixie rises. She puts on her nightgown, admits Dority, walks out onto the balcony. Dority comes beside Swearengen, squats to confide --

*
*

DORITY

It's a mixed report Al.

*

Swearengen nods Dority in closer --

*

CLOSE ON THEIR LIPS --

SWEARENGEN

Just tell me is it done.

*

DORITY

It's done. He's gone.

*

INTERCUT WITH:

40 EXT. MAIN STREET - THE GEM/GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - NIGHT 40

Trixie, on the balcony, looks across the thoroughfare,
meets the eyes of Alma Garret, keeping watch for her
husband at the window of her hotel room -- *

41 RESUME - SWEARENGEN AND DORITY - EXTREME CLOSE-UP 41

SWEARENGEN
What's the mixture? *

DORITY
He went owning a hell of a fucking
gold strike.

Off which --

FADE OUT.

THE END