

DEADWOOD

"Here Was a Man"

Written by

Elizabeth Sarnoff

FADE IN:

INT. BELLA UNION - NIGHT

An exhausted Hickok faces an exhausted and anxious McCall at poker. McCall's wearing a new suit he'd bought after Bullock threw him in the mud, but he hasn't washed. The other players have folded but await the game's outcome. Tolliver and Sawyer, and gamblers at various gaming tables, also watch. McCall pushes a substantial pile of chips into the center of the table --

MCCALL
Raise a hundred.

HICKOK
Back a hundred.

MCCALL
(to the onlookers re
Hickok)
Man's overplaying his hand.

McCall pushes all his remaining chips into play --

MCCALL (CONT'D)
Whatever the fuck I've got left.

Joanie Stubbs, dealing, counts McCall's chips --

JOANIE
(to Hickok)
Four-twenty back to you.

Hickok counts out the appropriate chips, eyes never leaving McCall, turns his cards over -- a pair of fours. McCall laughs emptily --

MCCALL
As advertised. More nerve than
sense, huh Bill?

JOANIE
(to McCall)
What've you got?

McCall tosses his cards into the center face-down --

MCCALL
(to the onlookers)
He stays on fours -- and they call
this a game of skill.
(to Hickok)
You gutted me, didn't you Bill, you
son-of-a-bitch.

At McCall's profanity Tolliver steps forward --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOLLIVER
(to McCall)
You were told about the talk.

HICKOK
Go eat Jack.

Hickok tosses a dollar chip to McCall, who, recognizing in Hickok's eyes something like a pitying fellow-feeling, knows at that moment he must kill him. He pushes his chair back, rises, pocketing the dollar --

MCCALL
All right, thank you for that kindness. You just bought something with that.

As he moves past, Tolliver avers to Sawyer --

TOLLIVER
(re McCall)
Some boys can't be near a cliff without jumping off.

Hickok's pushed his chips toward Joanie --

HICKOK
Twenty for the dealer -- much appreciated.

She gazes at him evenly --

JOANIE
Any ideas for the rest? Hickok shakes his head no --

HICKOK
(politely)
I believe I'll stay with cash. Off which --

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Bullock is up carpentering. Hickok's exited the Bella Union --

HICKOK
Montana.

Bullock's a little embarrassed to be found working at three in the morning --

BULLOCK
No rest for the wicked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HICKOK

(grins)

But what're you doing up?

BULLOCK

It's cooler working now. Quieter.

Bullock decides to enlarge this oblique apology --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Sorry you had to listen to them
drunken fools before Mr. Hickok,
when you and Mr. Utter was helping
us.

HICKOK

I come through unharmed. And
"Bill"'d be easier on my nerves.
"Mr. Hickok" makes me look for the
warrant in your hand.

BULLOCK

(grins)

All right.

Hickok's tied back his hair, climbs up to where Bullock's
working --

HICKOK

"Montana" okay with you?

BULLOCK

(nods)

Only other nickname I ever had was
"Sloth"

HICKOK

Don't seem to fit.

BULLOCK

Choice was among the Seven Sins. I
guess I got out before the others
surfaced.

As they're up in the air and can see around a little, Hickok
reacts to the growth of the settlement --

HICKOK

Camp looks like a good bet.

BULLOCK

My wife and boy are with her people
in Michigan. I hope I can bring 'em
out soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HICKOK

They'll get the Sioux making peace.
Pretty quick you'll have laws here
and every other damn thing.

BULLOCK

I'll settle for property rights.

HICKOK

Will you?

Hickok's tone is friendly, leaves to Bullock how to take this
--

HICKOK (CONT'D)

I'm recently married myself.

BULLOCK

Is that so.

HICKOK

The missus operates a circus. She's
in Cincinnati waiting for word of
my success.

BULLOCK

Sol and I put our last sifting
cradle aside for you.

Hickok studies Bullock, touched --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Why don't you go ahead and use it
Bill.

HICKOK

What slows me down is thinking
about freezing my balls off in a
creek working for the cocksuckers
I'd lose the gold to at poker.

Bullock looks down. Hickok looks away --

HICKOK (CONT'D)

I'm flat out tired.

BULLOCK

Turn in. I've got her covered.

HICKOK

I believe I will. 'Night Montana.

BULLOCK

'Night Bill.

Hickok's climbed down --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HICKOK
My Pop called me "Kite."

-- makes an erratic bobbing movement with his hand. He walks away. Off Bullock --

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - UTTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Utter's up waiting for Hickok, who's entered --

UTTER
I was supposed to leave for
Cheyenne two damn hours ago.

HICKOK
What kept you Charlie?

UTTER
You don't fucking sleep. I don't
know what the fuck is happening to
you.

HICKOK
So you stayed in camp to tuck me
in?

UTTER
If you don't want to prospect Bill,
I could put you in charge of this
mail route I'm getting --

HICKOK
I'm doing what I want to do.

UTTER
Bullshit.

HICKOK
'Some goddamn point a man's due to
stop arguing with hisself and
feeling twice the goddamn fool he
knows he is 'cause he can't be
something he tries to be every
goddamn day without once getting to
dinnertime and not fucking it up. I
don't want to fight it no more,
understand me Charlie? -- and I
don't want you pissing in my ear
about it. Can you let me go to hell
the way I want to?

Utter turns away, crying --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UTTER

Yeah I can do that. He gathers up
his things --

HICKOK

Good luck in Cheyenne.

Utter's gone. Off Hickok --

TIME CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - FALSE DAWN

Swearengen is looking out the window onto the street. Farnum
is seated --

FARNUM

You know me Al, I don't scrutinize
or second guess.

(chuckles theatrically)

If you wanted to explain why I'm to
buy the Dude out of a worthless
claim I'd surely listen.

Swearengen reacts to what he sees outside --

SWEARENGEN

Jesus Christ.

FARNUM

What is it?

SWEARENGEN

(indicates outside)

The Dude must've had some kind of
accident.

Farnum joins him at the window --

THEIR POV --

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dority leads a pack mule with Brom Garret's body slung over
its midsection toward the Grand Central Hotel --

RESUME -- SWEARENGEN AND FARNUM

Farnum keeps his voice neutral --

FARNUM

My word.

SWEARENGEN

Looks dead, don't he.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARNUM

Yes.

SWEARENGEN

My reasoning was, get the Dude his money back to keep him from asking in the Pinkertons.

Farnum thinks he's got the play --

FARNUM

Appears now that's unnecessary.

SWEARENGEN

Make the offer to his wife.

An incredulous Farnum doesn't think he's got the play anymore --

CUT TO:

INT. ALMA'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Alma Garret during her all-night vigil has moved a chair to the window and seated herself, at some time thereafter has rested her arms on the ledge and lowered her head; as she has at intervals since, prompted from shallow sleep by sudden unease of spirit, she raises her head, eyes opening to see --

ALMA'S POV SHOT - MAIN STREET

Dority ties the mule's lead-rope to a post, moves toward the hotel entrance --

FARNUM (O.S.)

Al, once that dope-fiend throws her skirts over her head and high-tails back to New York, you think she's going to give one wet fart about what happened at this camp, let alone send the Pinkertons out? And twenty thousand's a lot of money.

RESUME - ALMA

as she rises, having recognized the body on the mule as her husband's. Her hand covers her mouth, she turns away from the window. She is at the mirror. She does not look at her reflection, or at her hand as it moves to the laudanum bottle. The shaking hand draws the opiate, delivers it to the water glass beside the bottle --

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)

Let me say several things to you E.B. First, twenty thousand is a lot of money. Second, it's my fucking money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alma's face stays turned away as the hand collects the glass. She returns to the window, looks again at her husband's body on the mule. Hears Dority's knock, in a spasm of shame drinks the liquid. She shudders, moves to the door and opens it. He holds his hat in his hands. His clothes are covered with her husband's blood. His eyes are mournful and deferentially solicitous, but she does not meet his gaze. Moves past him into the hallway and down the stairs. Dority, relieved by this thinning-out of his role, follows at a respectful distance --

SWEARENGEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Third, the widow, being a dope-fiend, might let matters rest. But fourth, when this camp holds a lot more than twenty thousand for me as long as I don't get murdered by the fucking Pinkertons, why take the chance?

RESUME - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE

SWEARENGEN

Now go see to the fucking widow.

FARNUM

All right Sir.

Farnum heads for the door. Off Swearengen, content, as the dawn breaks, at not yet having spoken a word of truth --

CUT TO:

ALMA - ON THE STREET

beside the mule, examining her husband's body as if doing a penance; Brom's face is bloodied and crushed. Dority, who has followed Alma out, still holding his hat in his hands, notes Farnum exiting the Gem, crossing the street --

RESUME - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE

Swearengen's watching, brings his suspenders to his shoulders and moves away from the window --

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Farnum's stopped at a demonstratively deferential distance from Alma --

FARNUM

Mrs. Garret. What a tragic turn. Do you require Doctor Cochran?

She looks to him --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARNUM (CONT'D)
To treat your terrible grief.

ALMA
Yes, I would like to see the
Doctor.

FARNUM
Of course. Who wouldn't. I'll get
him right away.

ALMA
Ask him before he comes please to
examine my husband's injuries. I'd
like his opinion how they were
sustained.

FARNUM
I assume your husband died in a
fall.

ALMA
All I asked you to do was get the
goddamn Doctor.

FARNUM
Of course Madam.

Alma starts up the stairs of the hotel porch, stops to
consider Dority --

ALMA
Is that what happened Mr. Dority? --
a tragic turn? -- a terrible,
accidental fall?

DORITY
I'm sorry.

ALMA
Oh yes.

She enters the hotel. Dority heads for the Gem, only the most
inscrutable of glances passing between him and Farnum, who,
having paused to observe the exchange, now yanks at the
mule's reins --

FARNUM
On, Stupid.

As Farnum leads the animal bearing Brom's body toward
Cochran's office --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

working on the hardware store building, watching Farnum's progress --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

Dority enters. Swearengen's at the bar --

DORITY

She wouldn't have nothing to do with me Al. Told E.B. to have the Doc go over the body.

SWEARENGEN

I hope E.B. went to get him.

DORITY

He went.

SWEARENGEN

Her strong shoulder in time of need. Dority's pouring himself a drink --

DORITY

Think he smells the gold?

SWEARENGEN

(shakes his head no)
E.B.'s too busy sniffing what he can steal being go-between.
(looks to Dority)
Whereas you show me foresight Dan, and loyalty, how you handled making the find.

DORITY

I just know when I'm out of my depth. Off which --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COCHRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Farnum, having led the mule bearing Brom's body along the main thoroughfare to Cochran's office and gone inside, emerges with the Physician --

FARNUM

(indicates body)
Amateur. Comes on a lark to dabble and falls to his death from the ridge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they lift the body from the mule and carry it toward Cochran's office --

FARNUM (CONT'D)
Yet the widow suspects foul play.

INT. DOC COCHRAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As they enter. They place the body on Cochran's examining bench --

FARNUM
I know Al wants her leaving here
with as least of a sour taste in
her mouth as possible Doc...

Cochran's taking in the injuries to Brom's skull --

COCHRAN
Wouldn't you expect her husband's
death to be tart on her tongue no
matter how it happened?

FARNUM
Question's whether it's Fate she
blames or people in the camp.

Now Cochran's going over Brom's still-clothed body --

FARNUM (CONT'D)
What're you looking for?

COCHRAN
Bullet wounds.

FARNUM
Any on him?

COCHRAN
No.

Cochran covers the body, prepared to head back to the hotel.
As they exit --

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Bullock's still working. Star joins him --

STAR
'Morning Seth. When'd you get up?

BULLOCK
I didn't go to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bullock indicates Cochran and Farnum's progress toward the Grand Central Hotel --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

The woman that newspaperman pointed out to us yesterday just lost her husband.

STAR

'Fella 'bought the gold claim at Swearengen's saloon.

BULLOCK

(nods)

Innkeep just took the body down to the Doc's.

Almost guiltily, Star allows his attention to turn to the result's of Bullock's labors --

STAR

You weren't twiddling your thumbs overnight, were you.

The partners consider the structure with growing pride.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Merrick, serving himself at the buffet as Cochran and Farnum enter, feels a surge of hope he'll have company at breakfast. Disappointedly watches them ascend to the second floor. Returns to probing the coagulated oatmeal --

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cochran and Farnum stand outside the Garret's room. Cochran's already knocked. She opens the door --

FARNUM

I've brought the Doctor.

ALMA

Please come in, Doctor.

She closes the door on Farnum as Cochran enters --

INT. ALMA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alma and Cochran --

COCHRAN

I'm very sorry about your husband.

ALMA

Was he murdered Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COCHRAN

I was told he fell from the ridge.
He had skull fractures consistent
with that. He'd not been wounded by
bullets or strangled -- no other
sign of foul play.

ALMA

Leaving how he came to fall.

COCHRAN

As to that I've no opinion.

ALMA

And yet in treating me Doctor you
were full of opinion. You took the
most comprehensive view.

COCHRAN

I said you needn't make up symptoms
to get the laudanum you wanted.

ALMA

Perhaps you don't feel at such
perfect liberty to opine on my
husband's case as you did on mine.
Do other considerations constrain
you? Do other men?

COCHRAN

I don't know how his skull got
caved in.

Cochran collects his bag --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

You're a bright woman, aren't you?
You must've been going through hell
here.

He puts a bottle of laudanum on Alma's dressing table, moves
toward the door --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

Get on home Mrs. Garret.

He leaves. Alma looks at the bottle --

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Farnum, waiting in the hallway, watches Cochran exit the
Garret's room and close the door --

FARNUM

What's her mood?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cochran only stares at him as he passes. Farnum's about to knock, pauses as he hears glass smashing inside --

INT. ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

Having thrown the container of laudanum against the wall, she stands weeping in futile confusion. After a beat, at the sound of Farnum's timid knock --

ALMA

Who is it?

FARNUM (O.S.)

Mr. Farnum, Mrs. Garret. May I be of further service?

ALMA

Once I've determined my plans I'll certainly need a coffin.

FARNUM (O.S.)

I'll see to it.

ALMA

Thank you.

A silent beat. She's not sure if he's gone away. Another knock, a little less timid --

ALMA (CONT'D)

What is it?

FARNUM (O.S.)

Would you open the door Ma'am? I'd like to say something to your face.

She collects herself, opens the door --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I'm overcome with remorse Mrs. Garret that I failed to change the course of events.

She stares at him --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

It was me your husband outbid for the claim.

She parodies his elevated locution --

ALMA

You who could've bought it later, but begged off on grounds you'd been drunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARNUM

Intemperately raising my offer was
what I begged off on Ma'am. I've
never doubted drunk or sober the
claim was worth my original bid.

Against the deep intuition it's a mistake, she lets herself
pursue this --

ALMA

Which was what, Mr. Farnum?

FARNUM

Twelve thousand dollars Mrs.
Garret.

-- feels an inevitable logic develop --

ALMA

And do you offer me that now?

Farnum acts as if he hadn't till this moment considered the
possibility --

FARNUM

If it will simplify your situation
in any way -- yes, I renew my offer
at twelve thousand.

She studies him --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I know it won't bring him back.

ALMA

No. We both know that.

(beat)

You'll have my answer shortly.

FARNUM

All right Madam.

Farnum leaves. Alma looks at the place on the floor where the
contents of the laudanum container have darkened the wood.
This instant's inaction compounds her fear. She quickly moves
into the hall --

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alma crosses to Hickok's room. She knocks on the door. It's
answered by Jane --

ALMA

Is this Mr. Hickok's room?

JANE

Who's asking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALMA

My name is Alma Garret. My husband's just died under suspicious circumstances...

JANE

Suspect someone else. When Bill's killed a man he says so and states his reasons.

ALMA

I don't suspect him. My husband had tried to engage Mr. Hickok just before his death, and I thought, though they hadn't come to terms, perhaps he'd be willing to advise me in my present situation. I'd pay whatever fee he thought appropriate.

JANE

To talk to you.

ALMA

(looks away)

I've no one else in the camp.

A beat --

JANE

I'll get him -- he's sleeping one off.

ALMA

Thank you.

JANE

Sorry about your husband.

ALMA

May I ask your name?

JANE

Jane.

ALMA

Thank you Jane.

JANE

(moving off)

Wait in your room -- it'll take him awhile to get the phlegm situated.

Alma nods agreement --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - DAY

Cochran's with Tolliver and Joanie Stubbs somewhere on the main floor. Tolliver's looking to build the relationship on a broad base of bullshit --

TOLLIVER

I'm sure you don't need me explaining, place like outs, a Doc in frequent attendance can sow the seeds of doubt.

COCHRAN

All depends on your standards of hygiene.

TOLLIVER

Oh we want 'em shiny, make no mistake --

COCHRAN

There's a wide range of normal.

Stubbs cuts through it --

STUBBS

Friday and Saturday morning and a midweek day of your choice'd be right for us.

Cochran appreciates her directness --

COCHRAN

I can work that out.

TOLLIVER

What does Swearengen pay for a visit?

COCHRAN

Twenty dollars per routine call, all girls in.

TOLLIVER

And what's his idea of routine? -- once every three or four months?

Cochran just stares at him --

STUBBS

Lubricants.

Whereas he likes her --

COCHRAN

Armed and ready Madam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cochran goes, passing a just-entered gambler in a black frock coat, maybe fifty, whose attire's the worst for the trail; that it's not better dusted off, particularly as the gambler seems to value an impression of focus and intention, suggests some defect in his concentration or energy. The gambler, CRAMED, carries his own valise; his portmanteau's deposited by some just-hired idler, whom while visibly thinking of more important things, he politely tips a dollar --

CRAMED

Thanks very much.

Tolliver approaches him as a stranger, greets him affably --

TOLLIVER

Howdy.

CRAMED

(a busy man)

Howdy yourself -- are you the operator?

TOLLIVER

Cy Tolliver.

CRAMED

Name's Cramed. I'd like a room, I'd like exclusive use of a safe, and I'd like to shoot some dice.

TOLLIVER

And I'd like to think this is the first day of a long friendship Mr. Cramed -- we'll get you a room and if you'll step into my office we'll meet your needs for a safe. Help you with your luggage?

CRAMED

Suitcase can go to the room.

TOLLIVER

I expect you'll keep the valise.

CRAMED

Keep what you expect to yourself and you'll improve our chances at that friendship.

Which has taken them out of public hearing --

TOLLIVER

Young man.

CRAMED

How are you Cy. Did some nice job with this place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tolliver indicates the just-arrived Sawyer --

TOLLIVER
Eddie's work.

JOANIE (O.S.)
Hey Andy.

CRAMED
Hello Sweetheart.

Which is the first of his greetings Cramed has seemed to utter with genuine pleasure. He wipes his mouth, looks back to Tolliver --

CRAMED (CONT'D)
Let's go, let's get something working.

SAWYER
We could rob Cy.

Tolliver laughs --

TOLLIVER
(to Cramed)
How about a bath first and a nap and some sex with an unfamiliar woman.

CRAMED
Sure.

SAWYER
Signal when ready Commander.

Cramed's banter has sounded forced. He starts out, looks to Sawyer --

CRAMED
If I didn't make my point I would like to get something fucking working.

SAWYER
Sure Andy.

Cramed heads up the stairs. Tolliver looks to Joanie --

TOLLIVER
How's Andy look?

JOANIE
Like he spent three weeks on a wagon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Joanie likes Cramed, knows any perceptual consensus of an individual's weakness begins to invalidate him. Tolliver looks to Sawyer --

TOLLIVER
Doesn't Joanie have kind eyes.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - MORNING

Farnum and Swearengen at a table --

FARNUM
I'm optimistic Al. And she's
promised a prompt reply.

SWEARENGEN
I'd've thought she'd say yes on the
spot.

A thought seems to occur to Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
You did offer the whole twenty.

Farnum appears to take umbrage --

FARNUM
How can you even ask me that?

The tone of Farnum's reply seems to prompt further doubt in Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN
E.B.

Farnum can't hold it in --

FARNUM
I offered twelve --

Swearengen slams his hand on the table in a show of exasperation --

SWEARENGEN
Did I ask you to play her? Can't
you follow one simple fucking
instruction?

FARNUM
She will take the twelve Al and be
happy to get it, and all you'll
have to decide is how much of that
eight you saved should go to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN
You're incorrigible.

Perceiving Swearengen as resigned, Farnum's cheerfully relieved --

FARNUM
I do my best.

Swearengen produces several bags of gold dust --

SWEARENGEN
Weigh out the twelve. If she says yes, there'll be something in it for you.

FARNUM
Hint at the amount.

SWEARENGEN
Don't get ahead of yourself E.B. When she's signed a bill of sale, once you've come back and signed that over to me...

FARNUM
(chortles)
It is your twelve after all...

SWEARENGEN
When all that's done I'd expect you'd walk out with two thousand.

FARNUM
Fair recompense.

SWEARENGEN
For saving me money in spite of myself.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

Where Jane has brought Alma for an audience with Hickok --

ALMA
I suggested to my husband last night that we should try to view our time here as one experience bought at a single price. Even now that he's murdered I feel that -- to stake the boundaries at just that fact isn't possible.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALMA (CONT'D)

For one, this camp hasn't laws or courts, and if it did I've no evidence. I'd've tried to take it all whole if they hadn't offered on the claim. To receive their money would be a separate matter -- make me an accomplice of a different sort.

HICKOK

How've you been an accomplice till now?

ALMA

A wife inevitably feels she's had some part in whatever befalls her husband.

She'd averted her gaze, now looks back --

ALMA (CONT'D)

I'm answerable hereafter on different terms. I need to know what I'd be selling them.

HICKOK

You don't believe the money's to keep the Pinkertons away.

ALMA

Why pay me? If it were ransom to keep the Pinkertons off why not pay it to Brom, instead of killing him?

A beat --

HICKOK

It's this saloon operator you think's pulling the strings.

ALMA

Al Swearngen. It was certainly he manipulating Brom.

JANE

A slimy limey cocksucker.

HICKOK

All right Ma'am. True sounding's not guaranteed, but I'll try for a feel of the bottom.

ALMA

What shall I pay you Mr. Hickok?

HICKOK

I'd prefer you pick the figure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALMA
Is a hundred dollars enough?

HICKOK
Perfect.

Hickok's past caring. Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Farnum, behind the counter, watches Hickok descend, exit. Watches him cross toward the Gem. Impelled by curiosity but slowed by foreboding, Farnum starts this way himself. Merrick, watching from the dining area, begins to hurry through his meal --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

Hickok enters. Walks to the bar, addresses Dority behind it --

HICKOK
Whiskey.

Dority pours the drink as Johnny Burns heads up the stairs to tell Swearengen. Farnum, entering, confirms Hickok's presence --

FARNUM
(to himself)
Boy oh boy. My my my.

He takes a table near the door --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Leon, the disinforming dope-fiend faro dealer from the Bella Union, has been briefing Swearengen --

LEON
Good now great, is how I'd describe it Mr. Swearengen. Well-attended, but we wasn't overrun.

SWEARENGEN
How did they take to the craps game?

LEON
Like chimps at their first fire.

Burns knocks, looks in --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURNS
(to Swearengen)
Downstairs.

As Swearengen takes this in --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

Farnum, at the end of the bar farthest from Hickok, receives a drink from Dority --

FARNUM
Thank you Dan.

He means for Hickok to hear this, to announce his presence as benign. Hickok doesn't react. Farnum returns to his table as Swearengen comes down the stairs. Merrick enters from the outside, joining Farnum at his table as Swearengen approaches the bar --

SWEARENGEN
I'm Al Swearengen Mr. Hickok, and the last few days I've been locked in my room weeping, searching my memories where my path might've crossed yours previous and how I might've given offense, that you'd stay in this camp not fifty feet from my joint and never once walk in.

HICKOK
No poker.

SWEARENGEN
It it that simple.
(eyes never leave
Hickok's)
Dan! Dismantle the titty-corner and set up a poker table!

HICKOK
Not necessary Mr. Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN
I've always felt poker slows a joint's action, been a liquor, pussy and faro guy my entire fucking career, but certain people are due respect.

HICKOK
This man Garret that fell off the rocks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN
The Eastern Dude?

HICKOK
(nods)
His widow's had an offer on his claim from that innkeeper sitting in the corner. She's reluctant to sell till she understands what's behind it.

Hickok never looks in Farnum's direction, nor does Swearengen
--

SWEARENGEN
Why have you ask me?

HICKOK
She believes you'd know.

A beat --

SWEARENGEN
Her husband come here with childish ideas. Buys himself a gold claim with me an honest broker. Claim pinches out, which will happen, but he won't take that like a man. Needs someone to blame, and the seller's left camp, so the husband picks me, says he'll bring the Pinkertons in if I don't make restitution. I've got a healthy operation here. I didn't build it brooding on the right and wrong of things. I don't need the Pinkertons descending like locusts, so I bend over for the tenderfoot cocksucker: "Reconnoiter the claim fully," I say, "and if then you're still unhappy I will give you your fucking money back." And the tenderfoot agrees, and as he's completing his reconnoiter the cocksucker falls to his death. A pure fucking accident, but up jumps the widow in righteous indignation. Wants the Doctor to examine him for murder-wounds. My visions of locusts return, I see the Pinkertons coming in swarms --

HICKOK
Commissioned by the widow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SWEARENGEN

Who I recognize is grieving, and
has better intentions probably than
a hold on the truth.

HICKOK

How does the innkeep come to make
the offer?

SWEARENGEN

(lowers his voice)

Under-bid when I brokered the sale,
and still believes in the claim --

HICKOK

(lowers his voice too)

Even though the gold's pinched out.

SWEARENGEN

The camp's expanding, and we just
had a hotel close. He sees the
property as real estate...

A beat. Their voices stay down --

HICKOK

I'll take this back to the widow.

SWEARENGEN

I only hope you show it to her in a
favorable fucking light.

HICKOK

What's that worth?

SWEARENGEN

What?

HICKOK

The light I show it in. What's it
worth to you?

A beat, then --

SWEARENGEN

Why, Wild Bill.

ANGLE - MERRICK AND FARNUM

trying at their considerable remove, to construe what's been
transpiring --

MERRICK

They certainly don't appear at
odds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off which --

CUT TO:

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

Alma and Jane await Hickok's return. The child's resting on the bed. A beat, then Jane attempts to bridge the chasm between her experience and Alma's --

JANE

What happened to that Little One
was the same, exact cocksucker.

Alma takes this in as best she can. Jane senses she has more work to do --

JANE (CONT'D)

Same as he was pulling the strings
on your husband's fleecing and
getting him killed, this Swearengen
operated the road agents that done
for this Little One's people.

ALMA

The poor child. To lose her family.
To see them slaughtered.

Jane feels some provisional sense of accomplishment at having successfully communicated her thought --

JANE

Very same cocksucker.

She notes Alma's shifting uncomfortably --

JANE (CONT'D)

If you people drink you look like
you could use one.

A knock --

HICKOK (O.S.)

It's Bill.

Jane rises, lets him in --

JANE

You didn't happen to put one right
between that shithead's eyes, now
did you Bill?

HICKOK

Unless you need the money right
away Mrs. Garret, I'd defer a
decision 'til someone honest and
competent did a second reconnoiter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALMA

May I commission you?

HICKOK

(shakes his head no)

Some'd question my fitness on
either count but I'll guarantee you
I'm not competent. I do know
someone I'd trust to ask.

ALMA

I'd be very grateful.

HICKOK

Name Bullock. I'll go talk to him
now.

He starts for the door --

JANE

How'd you leave it with the
cocksucker Bill?

HICKOK

On terms he'd understand.

He's gone --

ALMA

(to herself, re Penelope's
ploy in the Odyssey)
Maybe I should start weaving my
husband's funeral pall.

Without knowing what she's talking about, Jane knows it would
be good for Alma to keep busy --

JANE

Sure, go ahead. Want company? --
I'll bring the Little One over.

ALMA

I didn't actually mean I'd...

JANE

Or be by yourself if you want to.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

Farnum's joined Swearengen at the bar --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARNUM

Al, watching you even at a distance
was a pleasure and privilege.

SWEARENGEN

If she don't come to you with her
answer inside an hour, you pay a
call on her.

FARNUM

But Hickok's an ally, am I right. I
mean if that wasn't a fucking ally
leaving my eyes completely deceived
me.

SWEARENGEN

An hour E.B.

FARNUM

Yes Sir.

Farnum's gone, past Ellsworth, who's entered, approaches
Dority at the other end of the bar --

ELLSWORTH

Pour me a drink Dan and ask me the
key to long life.

DORITY

What is it.

ELLSWORTH

Most important human quality for a
person to reach old age.

Dority puts the whiskey in front of Ellsworth --

DORITY

Buy you a drink if you'll tell me.

Ellsworth downs his shot, grimaces --

ELLSWORTH

Same as a dog keeps his nose --
don't poke it where it don't
belong.

Dority whiffs where this may be going --

DORITY

Wise words.

Dority refills Ellsworth's glass --

ELLSWORTH

A lesson hard come-by, but
thoroughly learned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ellsworth looks around the saloon as if ruminating --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

But something else I know -- is my
knowing what I know and someone
else knowing it are two entirely
different things.

DORITY

I'm near losing the trail
Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH

Say someone thought I saw something
I shouldn't have --

DORITY

Whereabouts?

ELLSWORTH

On a ridge or wherever the hell
else. If it took me leaving camp to
prove I can mind my own business,
it'd be a friend who told me that
instead of throwing me to the pigs.

Ellsworth looks away, against a spasm of fear, and resolve
not to beg --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

Is my whole philosophy and outlook.
Make use of it as you will.

He leaves. Off DORITY --

ANGLE - ANOTHER PART OF THE BAR

when Nuttall, mass of fears and mistaken certainties, has
found Swearengen --

NUTTALL

If he was here sealing an
appearance arrangement, I'm glad it
was you tied him up Al and not that
new fucking operation with their
fancy signs and cleaned-up women
where I heard he was gambling all
night.

SWEARENGEN

We made no appearance agreement.

NUTTALL

You and Hickok didn't.

SWEARENGEN

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NUTTALL

I see. 'Cause his game at my place yesterday was this far from coming to lead, him and this droop-eyed hoople-head, and I had to shut it down. And if that gave him offense, or umbrage, I can't worry about his plans, where he decides to gamble elsewhere, or this new joint overwhelms the camp.

SWEARENGEN

We made no agreement.

Nuttall nods --

NUTTALL

What do think of that new joint?

SWEARENGEN

Nice sign.

Nuttall rubs his neck, makes ready to leave --

NUTTALL

(thumb and forefinger)

This far from fucking gunplay.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY

Con Stapleton, Lou Varnes, and McCall, still in his new-bought green suit. Stapleton and Varnes are playing double-solitaire. In McCall's exhaustion is an incoherence both vicious and subdued --

MCCALL

Jack-fucking-high. That's what I held, and I bet every fucking cent.

STAPLETON

Miracle to me's you sit here bragging about it.

MCCALL

I'm not bragging, or a braggart or a blow-hard. I state a fact and I live by a fact.

VARNES

Anyways, it's over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCALL

And you believe that because you're
a walking fucking cunt with your
cunt and eye moving.

VARNES

No matter now your day's gone Jack,
you're always fun to talk to.

MCCALL

Give me a buck then Lou -- send me
off for a meal. Give me a buck and
see what part of you gets shot,
because I possess a fucking gun I
didn't bet.

Thought of a gun in McCall's hand unsettles both Stapleton
and Varnes --

STAPLETON

I'll pay five dollars for that gun,
sight-unseen, because what you need
Jack is a stake to make your
comeback. That's what'd get you out
of this brown-study you're in.

MCCALL

I believe not.

STAPLETON

Or show me the gun and name a price
and if it's close to fair I'll pay
it.

MCCALL

I believe not. I believe no.

He's gone, past the arriving Nuttall, who casts a morose eye
on the card game, which generates in revenue for the house, -
i.e. Nuttall, exactly nothing --

VARNES

(to Stapleton, re McCall)
He too is God's handiwork.

Nuttall's joined them --

NUTTALL

Double fucking solitaire. Where's
your fucking ball-gowns? Break out
the chips boys, and let's get a
poker game going.

As Nuttall takes a seat --

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY

Hickok, Bullock and Star inside the partly constructed building --

BULLOCK

I don't know this camp. I'd have to bring someone from Montana.

STAR

Would the widow give it that much time?

HICKOK

(nods)

She don't want to be stupid or fooled, wants to stand up for her husband better'n he did for himself. Not that she ought to stick around.

BULLOCK

'Far as that goes she could sign a proxy.

HICKOK

There's her hundred in it and what the saloon-keeper gave me if you'd want to take it on.

BULLOCK

All right.

Hickok understands Bullock's agreement is a gesture of respect to him. He gives Bullock Alma's hundred dollars and Swaengren's hundred and fifty --

HICKOK

I guess she's all right 'til the saloon-keep decides I'm not trustworthy.

STAR

Trust ain't his long suit -- she ought to be looking for a wagon.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

Trixie and Dority. Ellsworth drinking in the corner. Dority's miserable --

DORITY

I like Ellsworth too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRIXIE

There's a difference between
talking a lot, which Ellsworth does
enjoy, and overstepping.

DORITY

He don't get into other people's
business.

TRIXIE

Then what are we talking about Dan?

DORITY

My own standards on who's reliable
ain't the same as Al's.

TRIXIE

So Ellsworth has to leave camp over
the difference?

DORITY

He does if it's that or kill him.
He said to tell him if those were
the choices.

TRIXIE

Don't you do it.

DORITY

Which?

TRIXIE

Either.

Dority rises, moves away. Off Trixie, at the table --

NEW ANGLE - FARNUM AND SWEARENGEN

Swearengen's gaze is murderous, fixed --

SWEARENGEN

Asks a bribe to do something he
never intends. Takes my hundred
fifty, then tells her not to sell.

FARNUM

Why are you so sure he told her not
to Al?

SWEARENGEN

You went back there. You knocked on
her door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARNUM

She said he reported to her his conversation with you but she wasn't prepared yet to give me an answer.

SWEARENGEN

Does that make sense to you? That she'd hire Hickok to come talk to me, he'd go back and tell her to sell, and then she'd say she wasn't ready to make up her mind?

(wipes his mouth)

That idiot couldn't put one in his ear.

FARNUM

If you're talking about Tom Mason, I'd say that's water under the bridge.

SWEARENGEN

And I'd say Hickok has to die if I have to kill him myself.

FARNUM

Jesus Al. Jesus. With all that's going on? How would it sit with the widow, for one thing. How would that dispose her toward us?

SWEARENGEN

Let me pose you a question E.B., you fucking cunt. If someone comes at you, what're you supposed to do about it?

Farnum marshals all his minimal nerve --

FARNUM

And I'll pose you a question back, Al Swearengen. If a friend or at least a professional colleague has a mistaken impression of who's coming at him and who isn't, what're you supposed to do then?

The frightened screech with which Farnum concludes, first emitted by the common ancestor of the bird and reptile, seems to penetrate Swearengen's paranoid resolution --

SWEARENGEN

You don't think he's coming at me.

FARNUM

I don't think Hickok's coming at you Al, no I don't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I think you're a man with so many different responsibilities you sometimes get feeling beset, and in that frame of mind take things personal.

Swearengen rubs his forehead --

SWEARENGEN

I'd sooner the cocksucker was dead. Simplify working the widow.

FARNUM

We don't get to choose the world we live in.

SWEARENGEN

Bella Union cocksuckers to worry about and every other damn thing.

FARNUM

You've got a full plate.

SWEARENGEN

I need to fuck something.

Swearengen's gaze finds Trixie; he nods perfunctorily, first at her then at his second-floor office. Trixie heads for the office as Swearengen goes to the bar to collect a bottle. Farnum rubs his neck, calling after Swearengen --

FARNUM

That's using the old noggin Al. Get yourself some relief and let the world do its own spinning.

ANGLE - DORITY

who's taken over from the other bartender, as Ellsworth hails him uneasily --

ELLSWORTH

What's new Dan?

DORITY

Nothing.

ELLSWORTH

No news?

DORITY

If I had something to tell you Ellsworth one way or another I'd tell it to you.

ELLSWORTH

Then I guess I better have another drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - ROOM NUMBER EIGHT - DAY

Cramed lies asleep on the bed. He's fully dressed, still has his boots on. Starts, shamed, at Joanie's knock, struggles to get his boots off --

CRAMED
Who is it?

JOANIE (O.S.)
Joanie.

CRAMED
Wait a second Honey, give me just a second.

He give up trying to get his boots off. He splashes water on his face, opens the door. Joanie enters --

CRAMED (CONT'D)
I fell asleep.

JOANIE
I broke up three cat-fights Andy, girls wanting to give you a bath.

CRAMED
I fell right to hell asleep.

JOANIE
You ready to get some strange?

His lower lip quivers --

CRAMED
Tell you the truth Joanie, I feel out of sorts.

JOANIE
You had a long trip and I've heard worse confessions.

CRAMED
That's gospel truth which I hope you'll keep to yourself.

JOANIE
Sure I will Andy.

CRAMED
I feel fucking unwell to myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOANIE

Why don't you lie back and let me
get your boots off?

He's getting fever, which makes his fear and worry more
conscious --

CRAMED

I'm not sure you ought to touch me
Honey, is the gospel on that score.

JOANIE

No girl in the world ever got sick
pulling off a pair of boots Andy,
but if you want I won't take more
liberties.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

Tolliver and Sawyer with Merrick somewhere on the floor --

TOLLIVER

Fifty dollars an issue.

Merrick's red-faced with pleasure --

MERRICK

Frankly Sir, that would purchase
your advertisement an amount of
space wildly incommensurate with
the accompanying articles.

TOLLIVER

(to Sawyer)

See I've never heard that word in
my life --

SAWYER

That's his trade -- he's a
wordsmith.

TOLLIVER

You shoot craps Mr. Merrick?

MERRICK

Excuse me? Oh, no, I haven't shot
the craps in some time.

SAWYER

(friendly)

Like ever?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERRICK

If you'll keep my secret, no I've
never shot them.

They wait. Merrick gets an interesting idea --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

(to his Muse)

I wonder if that would be an
article? -- a man learns to shoot
the craps?

Tolliver's seen Stubbs coming down the stairs; instinctively
sensing trouble, he wants to get Merrick out --

TOLLIVER

Anyway, we're agreed on fifty an
issue --

Merrick senses he's on an unprecedented roll of luck --

MERRICK

Had we? -- actually agreed? I feel
almost duty-bound to remonstrate...

TOLLIVER

(to Sawyer)

Three months advance Eddie, fifty
an issue --

Sawyer's seen Stubbs too and had he same premonition --

SAWYER

Let's see the man in the cage.

He's already steering him in this direction --

MERRICK

Seriously?

Tolliver calls after the journalist --

TOLLIVER

Don't let him take your money Mr.
Merrick while he's teaching you
that game.

Stubbs is beside Tolliver --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Who'd you give to Andy?

JOANIE

Nobody. He's poorly.

SAWYER

Does he need a Doctor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOANIE
Maybe he does.

TOLLIVER
Goddamnit. I told you I didn't like
the way he looked.

Tolliver's waved two underlings toward him; as the arrive --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
(to Minion #1)
Stand outside room eight. No one in
or out.
(to Minion #2)
Get the Doc. Tell him someone fell.

As the minions act on his orders, Tolliver looks back to
Joanie --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
I told you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

Hickok's finishing his report to Alma --

ALMA
Thank you so much Mr. Hickok. I'll
look forward to Mr. Bullock's
contacting me.

HICKOK
May I ask Ma'am when you'd expect
to leave the camp?

ALMA
I'm not certain.

He takes this in --

HICKOK
Bullock's honorable Mrs. Garret --
you can trust him to see to your
interests.

ALMA
He couldn't come more highly
recommended.

He studies her for a beat --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HICKOK

You know the sound of thunder,
don't you Mrs. Garret.

ALMA

Of course.

HICKOK

Can you imagine that sound if I ask
you to?

She bridles a little --

ALMA

Yes I can Mr. Hickok.

HICKOK

Your husband and me had this talk,
and I told him to head home to
avoid a dark result. But I didn't
say it in thunder. Ma'am, if you
linger in this camp, you've got a
real good look at getting killed.

His voice suddenly takes on a admonitory intensity --

HICKOK (CONT'D)

Listen to the thunder.

A beat, then he rises --

HICKOK (CONT'D)

Very good luck to you.

ALMA

Thank you for all your help.

He's gone. Off alma, in that first stage of opium withdrawal
which is the nervous anticipation of physical sickness --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Swearengen fucks Trixie. His gaze is distracted. He's got her
arms raised as if he's robbing her, pins her hands. She
watches him --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

Tolliver being joined by Doc Cochran --

TOLLIVER

Thanks for coming Doc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COCHRAN
The boy said someone fell.

TOLLIVER
Room eight.

Cochran follows Tolliver's gaze to the second floor, notes the underling standing guard outside Cramed's room.

CUT TO:

INT. UTTER'S ROOM - DAY

Hickok labors at his spelling and penmanship, writing a letter to his wife --

HICKOK (V.O.)
My own darling wife Agnes: I never was as well in my life, but you would laugh to see me now. Look a fool, as I just got in from prospecting.

A knock at the door, Hickok looks up --

JANE (O.S.)
It's Jane Bill.

HICKOK
Come ahead.

He puts down the pen, pushes the paper forward on the desk. Jane enters holding the Metz child --

JANE
The Little One is cool as a cucumber.

HICKOK
Is that so.

Jane's brought the child to Hickok --

JANE
Feel this Little One's forehead.

Hickok does so --

HICKOK
Fever and you have parted ways Young Lady.

The child smiles, answers in Norwegian --

HICKOK (CONT'D)
(to Jane)
Did she just ask to borrow money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jane laughs, inexplicably blushes --

JANE
Anyways, how'd it go with Bullock?

HICKOK
He'll help the widow.

JANE
Good for him. Good for you. Did you tell her so?

Hickok nods --

JANE (CONT'D)
I'd keep her company but she's working on her husband's funeral pall.

HICKOK
She wasn't about it when I was with her.

JANE
No, huh?

HICKOK
Nope.

JANE
Think she'd want company?

HICKOK
I'll bet she'd enjoy yours.

JANE
Maybe she'd enjoy feeling the Little One's forehead.

Jane lingers, as always, in his company --

JANE (CONT'D)
You're probably enjoying your damn privacy with Charlie headed for Cheyenne.

HICKOK
(nods)
I'm writing my wife.

JANE
Why didn't you say something, damn you!

She's heading for the door --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE (CONT'D)
(to the child)
Owe you a penny.

HICKOK
See you later Jane.

JANE
See you later Bill.

She goes. Hickok sits at the desk again, resumes his letter --

HICKOK (V.O.)
Will go out prospecting again
tomorrow. I'm almost sure I will do
well. We will have a home yet. Then
we will be so happy. Here the man
is, hurrying me to get off the
letter. Goodbye my dear Agnes. J.B.
Hickok, Will Bill.

(beat)
P.S. -- if such should be we never
meet again, while firing my last
shot I will gently breathe the name
of my wife, and I will make the
plunge and try to swim to the other
shore.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - ROOM NUMBER EIGHT - DAY

With Joanie b.g., Cochran completes his examination of
Cramed, who's now delirious with high fever --

CRAMED
Oh my back. Oh my aching back.

Tolliver's entered --

COCHRAN
(voice raised)
I'll give you something to ease
that.

Cochran turns to his medical bag to produce this --

TOLLIVER
What's he got Doc?

COCHRAN
I guess his back's what he landed
on when he fell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRAMED

My back's split and broken.

TOLLIVER

I don't know when he landed on.

(to Joanie)

Who said he fell?

Cochran has no patience for the bullshit --

COCHRAN

(to Tolliver)

'Course if pus-sy sores raise up on
his face and trunk, more likely
he's got other trouble.

Joanie looks away --

CRAMED

Get me a game, the way I ache.

JOANIE

Okay Andy.

CRAMED

Did you lose your friend in the
fire?

Off which --

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Hickok exits the Grand Central; he's dressed to play cards,
heads for Nuttall's --

EXT. AN ALLEY - A CHINESE-OPERATED FOOD TENT

McCall's served an American meal. Doesn't like any part of
the set-up --

INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - CONTINUOUS

Hickok enters. Nuttall, at the poker table playing with
Stapleton, Varnes and a man we'll come to know as Capt.
William Massey, rises, delighted at Hickok's arrival, joins
him at the bar. Hickok's produced his wallet, removes the
cash he won from McCall, puts it on the bar to repay
Nuttall's advances and buy chips for the game. Nuttall's
manner conveys that the repayment was the last thing he had
on his mind. Given the owner's happy relief at what Hickok's
re-appearance augurs for the future of his saloon, this may
even be true. Nuttall's called to his bartender for chips,
during which Hickok comes to the poker table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Massey's in the chair, with a full view of the saloon's front entrance, which Hickok would normally occupy, but Hickok chooses not to make a point of this, taking instead the seat already vacated by Nuttall, who, now jubilantly rejoining Hickok, stacks before the gunfighter the chips he's purchased. Stapleton's already dealing --

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

Jane's brought the child with her; they keep Alma company. Alma's at the window --

ALMA

He was the best company, from the time I was ever so little. Problems or difficulties or even sadness... No such things. Not permitted. The evening I was presented to society, I later found out he'd been able to attend only by physically fleeing some dismal legal difficulty. In that sense, me marriage to Mr. Garret was a tremendous solution. Tremendous. At the ceremony I remember Father whispering to me, "Darling, I can never repay you for what you're about to do, but I can repay everyone else." And he said, "To think of you, with him, in that godforsaken place, is almost unbearable."

JANE

Meaning your husband.

ALMA

And I said, "Maybe he'll die."

She looks to the street --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

His head turned to one side, Swearengen finishes fornicating. Wondering at what she takes to be her destiny, Trixie comes with him --

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Bullock and Star come to some milestone in the construction of their building --

INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY

McCall enters Nuttall's. If Hickok senses his approach, he gives no sign. McCall reaches the poker table, produces his pistol and shoots Hickok in the back of the head --

MCCALL

Take that goddamn you!

McCall trains the weapon on the others in the saloon, moving toward the back door; then he flees --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - ROOM NUMBER EIGHT - SAME TIME

As Joanie stands in the corner, gaze averted. Pustulating sores area raised on Cramed's face. With his eyes open, he hallucinates some horror short of what is overtaking him --

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY

McCall runs toward a saddled horse he intends to steal, jumps to mount; the saddle is loose, and he brings it down upon him as he falls to the mud. Of those who've pursued him from the saloon, Nuttall is first to reach McCall, who, trapped beneath the saddle, feels in the mud for the pistol he's dropped; Nuttall grabs the weapon, yanks the saddle off McCall, punches him once in the face as he brings him to his feet --

EXT. BULLOCK AND STAR'S HARDWARE - DAY

Bullock and Star look in the direction of Nuttall's outside which a commotion has begun; as moves toward them --

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

Jane has come beside Alma, watches with her this beginning of focused activity on the street. Jane's eyes show some premonitory sense of doom. She nods to Alma, indicating the child, as she moves toward the door --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

As part of the slow, post-coital resumption of vigilance his soul-sickness demands, Swearengen's wandered to the window, sees Nuttall and the others from the Number Ten bring McCall from the alley onto the street --

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Bullock sees this too. He's already covered half the distance from the hardware store. He's close enough to recognize McCall --

ANOTHER ANGLE - JANE

comes running out of the Grand Central, past Farnum, who stands on the porch of his hotel, content to be no closer. Jane rushes up to the group who restrain McCall --

JANE
What happened?

STAPLETON
He shot Wild Bill Hickok.

Off her --

INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY

Into which Bullock has been drawn by his Marshall's intuition or some deeper fate. He approaches Hickok, slumped dead on the table, blood pooling from the mortal wound in his head. An after-death spasm shifts the body's balance; Hickok falls to the floor. As Jane appears at the entrance to the bar, Bullock kneels beside Hickok --

FADE OUT.