

Director: Michael Engler

Deadwood

"Bullock Returns To The Camp"

Written by

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Production # P107
(*Script # S103*)

Production Draft

Sept. 22, 2003
Sept. 23, 2003 Blue
Sept. 24, 2003 Pink
Sept. 26, 2003 Yellow
Sept. 27, 2003 Green
Sept. 29, 2003 Goldenrod
Sept. 30, 2003 Buff
Oct. 01, 2003 Salmon
Oct. 02, 2003 Cherry
Oct. 04, 2003 Tan
Oct. 06, 2003 Double-Blue
Jan. 06, 2004 Double-Pink

DEADWOOD EPISODE SEVEN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STOCKADE - NIGHT

1

Bullock and Utter enter. Unobtrusively, Bullock indicates to Utter a paint stabled among a number of other horses --

BULLOCK
That's what he was riding.

UTTER
All right.

They dismount, tie up their horses near a primitive tavern outside of which three men sit at a table drinking --

UTTER (CONT'D)
'Evening.

MAN
'Evening back.

BULLOCK
Look at that paint, Charlie.

Utter's tone is ruefully resigned, as if he knows what must now inevitably follow --

UTTER
I seen it.

BULLOCK
(to the Man)
I had an appy just like that.

UTTER
(to the Man)
Foundered.
(re Bullock)
Makes me miserable reminiscing on it.

BULLOCK
(to the Man, re the Appaloosa)
Would you know the owner?

UTTER
If he'd sell the horse, is what he really wants to know.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

MAN
I don't know if he'll sell, but
the fucking jerk's in that
bunkhouse.

BULLOCK
Thank you.

As Bullock and Utter walk in this direction --

CUT TO:

2

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

2

Bullock and Utter enter. Along both the side walls of the structure men in bunk-beds sleep or smoke or read. Bullock and Utter move to the rear, where the structure extends to their right, and where, as they turn, they see at the end of the extension, sleeping face-down on a rough-hewn table, Jack McCall. The walls of the extension are also lined with bunk-beds, whose occupants Bullock, sustaining his gaze at McCall, addresses --

BULLOCK
(indicating McCall)
Being a loudmouth cunt, I guess
some time since he's been here
that fella face-down on the table
probably spoke of killing Wild
Bill Hickok. Well we're Bill
Hickok's friends.

The men already have begun clearing out as Bullock unholsters his revolver; he approaches McCall, who, groggily raising his head, has come more awake than his behavior admits to --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
I'm Seth Bullock, McCall --

UTTER
Charlie Utter --

BULLOCK
-- and if you got your head blown
off now sitting there with your
back turned that'd be as fair a
play as you gave him --

Instead, Bullock cold-cocks McCall with the gun-butt, knocking him unconscious --

CUT TO:

3 EXT. STOCKADE - NIGHT

3

The Man outside the cantina watches Bullock and Utter sling McCall over the Appaloosa --

MAN
(to Bullock)
Guess you want to soften him up
some before you make your offer.

Utter and Bullock just stare at the Man, who gestures to them his wish for their safe passage. As they mount --

BULLOCK
(to Utter)
My plan's taking him to Yankton
for trial. If you've got a
different idea, I can ride ahead.

A beat, then --

UTTER
No, let's take the cocksucker to
Yankton.

As they leave the stockade, leading the paint --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

6 EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - MORNING

6

Jane's burning clothes outside the Pest Tent. A Wagon pulls into camp from the south end; stops nearby --

WAGON DRIVER
'Far as I go.

As MILES ANDERSON, boyish good-looks, and a beautiful young woman, FLORA ANDERSON, disembark --

MILES
We sure appreciate the ride Sir.

WAGON DRIVER
Hope you find your dad.

FLORA
Thank you.

They study the tent, take in the warning signs --

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

MILES
(to the driver)
Hope you don't find your brother
in there.

WAGON DRIVER
(without conviction)
Yeah, maybe he's just off on a
toot.

JANE
Move it the fuck along.

She's burning clothes to one side of the tent. As
Flora and Miles hasten on foot toward the main
thoroughfare --

CUT TO:

7

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

7

Alma's dressing behind the screen.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

Trixie holds out a new dress she's acquired for the Metz Child and raises her arms in demonstration --

TRIXIE

Raise your paws for Santa Claus!

The Child giggles, raises her arms --

THE CHILD

Raise your paws!

As Trixie puts the dress over the Child's head Alma emerges in an ornate black mourning dress --

ALMA

(to the child)

What a pretty dress.

Trixie's looked out the window, noted Star's approach in a wagon --

TRIXIE

There's Mr. Star to collect us.

She looks across the thoroughfare to the Gem, on whose second-floor balcony Swearengen can be seen, returning Trixie's gaze as he takes his morning coffee --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

When we leave the hotel I'm sure
my boss'll be watching.

ALMA

Shall I reel and stagger?

The remark seems to take Alma herself by surprise. Trixie manages a smile --

ALMA (CONT'D)

I know the risk lying to him has
put you to. I can't imagine why
I'd make it the subject of humor.

TRIXIE

You're feeling better.

ALMA

I'll certainly carry myself as a
faithful consumer of the opium
he's had you provide me.

(MORE)

Trixie reacts as Star knocks --

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

ALMA (CONT'D)

Mr. Star's been ever so attentive.

TRIXIE

Very considerate.

Trixie, who hasn't blushed in twenty years, seems close to blushing under Alma's gaze as she heads for the door, opens it to Star --

STAR

Am I early?

ALMA

Good morning Mr. Star, I'll be ready in just a moment.

STAR

I can have a cup of coffee downstairs.

ALMA

Not at all. Wait here with Trixie. I'll just be a moment.

Off Alma, readying to bury her husband, surprised yet again by the blessed ordinary, in this case, promotion of a shy flirtation between a whore and a hardware merchant --

CUT TO:

10

MOVED TO SC. # 17

10

11 EXT. THE THOROUGHFARE - DAY 11

Star conducts Alma, Trixie and the Child out of the Grand Central and to the wagon which will carry them to the graveyard. Alma glances toward the balcony of the Gem, first relieved, then defiant at Swearengen's absence. As she is helped by Star into the wagon --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AT THE WINDOW

concealed, watching --

12 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 12

Swearengen considers Farnum, who's seated on the visitor's side of the desk --

SWEARENGEN
That Widow ain't high.

FARNUM
Maybe waiting till after the service.

SWEARENGEN
When she'd to want to get good and
fucking loaded is before the fucking
service, against all the fucking
carrying-on.

Farnum nods provisionally --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
What do you think?

FARNUM
Makes sense.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

SWEARENGEN

Just like that, huh E.B.? "Makes sense?" Meaning what that whore's been telling me the last ten fucking days about seeing the Widow taking the dope and your own fucking assurances you've verified she's loaded personally are both full of shit.

Farnum hitches up his pants --

FARNUM

I looked in on the woman daily. If I was fooled, perhaps I've dulled my senses to duplicity. Perhaps I've chosen simple-mindedness Al over realizing a certain friend has used me as an instrument of purposes he conceals.

SWEARENGEN

Say what you're going to say or prepare for eternal fucking silence.

FARNUM

I don't believe you commissioned me to offer on the Widow's claim to keep the Regulators off you Al. I think someone found something out there you want.

SWEARENGEN

Assume you ain't been privy to all the ins and outs on that matter, for the sake of the fucking discussion. Was I asleep E.B. when you and me swore undying loyalty and full-faith mutual disclosure to each other of every fucking detail of every fucking move each of us would ever fucking make?

FARNUM

You've used me as a pawn Al.

SWEARENGEN

And you've fucked up the game, is the central fucking present issue. We agreed on two thousand. You want a percentage instead? If there's a fucking score, which as
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
you stand here making a piss-puddle
on the floor like a fucking two-
year old is very much in doubt,
you've got a percentage E.B.

Farnum takes this in --

FARNUM
I do.

SWEARENGEN
Yeah.

FARNUM
How big?

SWEARENGEN
Two percent of the first million,
half-a-percent after.

FARNUM
If you want to feel a genuinely
damp palm Al, select either of my
hands.

SWEARENGEN
Get to the funeral E.B. If you
have to, go to twenty, but get the
fucking claim.

FARNUM
Twenty if I have to. My word.

Farnum's gone. Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

16

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

16

Miles and Flora with DORITY --

DORITY
I ain't heard of a Henry Anderson
in camp but that don't mean one
ain't.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

Miles nods to Flora, who carefully produces a worn photograph --

MILES

(to Dority)

This was took of him in the Union
Army, he'd be twelve years older
now --

As Dority reaches for it --

MILES (CONT'D)

-- could you let her hold it for
you?

FLORA

With so much showing it's pretty
near fallen apart.

She's come beside Dority so he can examine the
photograph --

FLORA (CONT'D)

(points)

Third here in the middle row.

He likes standing next to her. She's so young it takes
anything sexual or predatory out of their proximity
and it's nice to be next to a young girl and trying to
help her and she is pretty and he wouldn't mind fucking
her but he'd never force her to fuck him and he'd like
to think that's why he's different from all the others
in the camp who'd want to fuck her and would force her
which he wouldn't unless he could tell she secretly
liked it that way as many of them do. He looks up
from the picture --

DORITY

Face ain't familiar.

FLORA

Thanks for looking.

She moves away from him with the picture which makes
him sad because of the intensity of his good intentions.
Privately, several other men in the saloon are similarly
moved and well-disposed --

DORITY

(to Miles)

It's definite he's in these Hills?

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

MILES

(nods)

Wrote from Bismarck he'd send for
us when he got set up.

LOUDMOUTH #2

I just gotta say it's no guarantee
your Dad's anywhere near this area,
and there's no fucking joy in me
telling you that but it's the
goddamn truth and the way human
beings are.

This is how Loudmouth #2 expresses the scent of his
intense good intentions toward the girl, and his opinion
seems to bring to the surface in both Miles and Flora
a discouragement each had labored to suppress --

FLORA

He was going to send for our mother
and us.

DORITY

Is your mother with you?

FLORA

She passed.

Under which Swearengen descends from the second floor --

DORITY

Anyways, good luck.

MILES

Would you know of work for me? --

LOUDMOUTH #2

It's no guarantee he's even here,
I'll just tell you that straight
out.

DORITY

Why don't you shut the fuck up?

Swearengen's assayed their appearances --

SWEARENGEN

She can get work right here.

MILES

No.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (3)

16

SWEARENGEN

We've got a titty corner if she's delicate.

MILES

No.

FLORA

(to Swearengen)

No, thank you.

Swearengen seems a little sheepish --

SWEARENGEN

(to Miles)

Can you push a broom?

MILES

And I could start now.

SWEARENGEN

Four bits a day and I'll bet you'd like the first in advance.

MILES

If you wouldn't mind.

Having nodded to Dority to issue the money to Miles, Swearengen indicates Flora --

SWEARENGEN

Same for her as regrets for me being such a ruffian.

(to Flora, re Miles)

If I don't fire him first you can pick him up at ten.

FLORA

Thank you Sir.

Dority hands her the four bits --

DORITY

Good luck.

FLORA

Thank you.

As Flora exits, Swearengen looks to Miles, indicating Jewel, who's sweeping the hallway of the first-floor whores' quarters --

SWEARENGEN

See if you can master her technique.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (4) 16

Off which --

CUT TO:

17 INT. PEST TENT - DAY 17

The afflicted, including Joey and the Idler, lie on cots. Reverend Smith puts a cool cloth on Joey's head. Joey now has full-blown smallpox, his face and body covered with pustules --

SMITH

All right Son.

Joey's beyond hearing, moans. Smith rises, finds Jane --

SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm required at the graveyard.
The Widow Garret is laying her
husband to rest.

JANE

(nods)

I'd've bet a month's wages that
burial would've took place in New
York City, if I had a fucking paying
job.

SMITH

(indicates Joey)

The wet cloth to his lips seems to
give him some relief.

JANE

All right.

Smith nods, moves off. Jane approaches Cochran, who's
completing his examination of Cramed --

JANE (CONT'D)

What do you think of my patient
Doc?

COCHRAN

He'll want to steer clear of his
reflection awhile --

(to Cramed)

-- but you're symptom-free, you
ain't contagious no more, and you
can't get reinfected.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

JANE
(to Cramed)
Them as heals under my care stay
fucking healed.

CRAMED
Thanks Doc.
(to Jane)
Thanks Miss.

COCHRAN
(to Cramed)
We've got some clothes over here.

Cochran's already moving to get them --

CRAMED
Hereafter in calamity I'll know to
send for Jane.

JANE
(to Cramed)
You going to stick around the camp?

CRAMED
I believe I will awhile.

JANE
Good. I'm going to monitor your
activities, find out what you do
'weighs so heavy on your fucking
conscience. When I first come on
you in the woods, all you could
say was "I apologize."

Cramed smiles awkwardly, receives the clothes from
Cochran --

COCHRAN
You're on your own for alterations.

JANE
(indicates Joey)
I've got to see to this fella.
Good luck.

CRAMED
Good luck to you.

Cramed starts to put his clothes on. Off Jane, heading
for Joey, observed by Cochran with satisfaction out of
the corner of his eye --

CUT TO:

19 INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

19

At the cage, Tolliver examines the Union Army photograph shown him by Flora --

TOLLIVER
What a handsome man. I wish I
could tell you I recognize him.

FLORA
Thank you anyway.

Tolliver, sensing in Flora's presence as if they too had human form mutual mercenary benefits -- even if disproportionately shared -- also nourishes intense good intentions --

TOLLIVER
Your Dad I expect.

FLORA
Yes.

TOLLIVER
And you've reason to think he's
here.

FLORA
He wrote us from Bismarck he'd be
prospecting the Hills.

TOLLIVER
"Us" being you and who else
Sweetheart?

FLORA
My brother --
(gestures vaguely)
-- he just got work over here.

TOLLIVER
Good for him. And it's just the
two of you?

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

FLORA

(nods)

Our Mother passed, why we come
from Buffalo.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

TOLLIVER
How old's Brother?

FLORA
Sixteen.

TOLLIVER
And you're out here looking for
your Dad.

FLORA
Yes.

TOLLIVER
Henry.

FLORA
Yes.

Some of this he's reciting for the benefit of Sawyer,
who's come beside him at Tolliver's unobtrusive signal --

TOLLIVER
Out here looking for their father
Eddie, her and her older brother.
Got a photograph but I don't
recognize the likeness.

Flora's unfolded the photograph again for the solicitous
Sawyer to examine --

SAWYER
No.

-- meanwhile Joanie Stubbs has observed and approaches --

TOLLIVER
(to Flora)
Henry Anderson.

FLORA
Yes.

SAWYER
Yeah I don't recognize him.

During which Stubbs has come beside the girl, looked
at the photograph too --

TOLLIVER
(to Flora)
And what are you going to do while
Brother works?

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (3)

19

FLORA

Work too while we're looking to
set aside if we have to move on.

TOLLIVER

If Dad don't turn up here.

She nods. A beat --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

What do you do?

FLORA

Sew and clean and cook and sweep.

TOLLIVER

And how quick do you learn?

FLORA

I guess I learn pretty quick.

Tolliver gestures toward Stubbs --

TOLLIVER

Maestro.

Off which --

CUT TO:

19A

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

19A

Smith is finishing up his sermon, presiding over the
funeral of Brom. Camera pans the mourners; they include
Alma, Star and, standing an ostentatiously deferential
distance to the side, Farnum --

SMITH

We are strangers and sojourners.
Mr. Garret's burial place is a
great distance from New York City,
but his home is in his Father's
House --

ANGLE - TRIxie AND THE CHILD

Trixie, having brought the Child a distance from the
others at the burial site, sits with her in the grass
picking flowers --

SMITH (CONT'D)

-- and on the Great Day His Father
will take him into it as He will
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19A CONTINUED:

19A

SMITH (CONT'D)
all who confess His Son Savior
from wherever we are put to rest.

RESUME - SMITH

Smith nods for the body to be lowered --

SMITH (CONT'D)
Our hymn is "A Mighty Fortress" --

As the mourners take up the hymn --

RESUME - TRIXIE AND THE CHILD

The Child is adding to the collection of flowers in
her hand. Trixie, looking to the distance, notes --

ANGLE - BULLOCK AND UTTER

As they appear descending from the ridge toward the
camp. Bullock rides free; Utter leads three pack horses
behind him --

RESUME - THE GRAVEYARD

Star and Smith are shoveling dirt on the coffin.
Farnum, having noted Bullock's approach, has hastened
to Alma --

FARNUM
My own requirements Madam force me
to ignore what is seemly -- another
opportunity has presented itself
and I must decide where to place
my capital. Might raising my offer,
say to nineteen thousand five
hundred dollars, prompt you to an
immediate answer?

She's followed his furtive gaze, recognizes Bullock
and Utter coming closer --

ALMA
No Mr. Farnum.

RESUME - TRIXIE AND THE CHILD

The Child lays down flowers one at a time --

THE CHILD
Ingrid ... Marta ...
(MORE)

It's her version of laying her family to rest.

(CONTINUED)

19A CONTINUED: (2)

19A

Trixie understands -- at some inarticulate level had hoped for such an outcome --

THE CHILD (CONT'D)

Papa ... Mama.

TRIXIE

Then I'm glad I brought you
Sweetheart.

RESUME - ALMA AND FARNUM

Both now openly observing Bullock and Utter, who have brought their horses to a stop. Farnum, knowing his prospects for immediate success are nil, tries to put a good face on things --

FARNUM

I will require a decision within
twenty-four hours.

ALMA

Stop speaking to me please Mr.
Farnum.

Farnum grudgingly resumes singing, faking the words, which he never knew --

RESUME - BULLOCK AND UTTER

Bullock, about to dismount, responds to the pain in Utter's features --

BULLOCK

Why don't you go ahead to the camp?
I'll ride in with Mr. Star.

UTTER

(nods)
Yeah, I'd as soon not see Bill
now. I'll see him some other time.

Utter heads for the camp. As Bullock ascends toward the graveyard, his eyes meet Alma's and Star's. B.g., we see Trixie and the Child moving to join them. Off which, as the hymn concludes --

CUT TO:

20 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

20

Swearengen's doing his books behind the bar. Without seeming purpose, Dority, cleaning glasses, wanders into his proximity.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

Knowing Dority doesn't wander anywhere without purpose,
Swearengen looks up at him --

DORITY

Hope you ain't give up on that
little runt of a girl Al.

SWEARENGEN

Are you worried for her Dan?
Wandering the muck of our
thoroughfare, her tiny self
all but swallowed up in horseshit?

Miles, assigned to sweep the stairs from top to bottom,
is completing his task --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Hey Kid.

Miles turns --

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

MILES

Yes Sir.

SWEARENGEN

C'mere. Stand with us here a second.

Miles approaches tentatively. Nothing happens --

MILES

What're we doing.

SWEARENGEN

Waiting. What the fuck does it look like.

Swearengen has his arms folded in front of him. Dority does the same. The Kid follows suit. After a moment, a male figure emerges from the screened-off area of the tit-corner placing his hat on his head with a mixture of sheepishness, satisfaction, and resumed decorum --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Out the door he'll go, and prompt as a Swiss fucking timepiece you will now see three big-titted whores emerge from behind that screen.

Indeed, the man departs, and out from the barricaded tit-corner come three large-breasted prostitutes rearranging their smock-tops --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Stands 'em at two-foot intervals with their smock-tops down and all but sprints past 'em giving their titties a lick, and if he misses a tittie does not let himself retrace his steps.

MILES

Don't tell me.

SWEARENGEN

Then off he goes as you saw yourself, relieved for the day. What's your name now, Miles?

MILES

Miles, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (3)

20

SWEARENGEN

Strange Miles, yes, but here's
what to understand about the fucking
specialists -- they pay a premium
and they never make fucking trouble.
Sometimes I imagine in my declining
years running a small joint in
Manchester England catering to the
specialists exclusive -- to let
them know they're amongst their
own maybe I'll operate from the
corner hanging upside down like a
fucking bat.

The Kid grins --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

We're not bad sorts here, are we
Miles?

MILES

No.

SWEARENGEN

So would you put in a good word
for us with your fucking sister.

Seemingly in spite of himself, the Kid grins even more
broadly --

MILES

I know you don't mean it Mr.
Swearengen.

During which Farnum's entered, stations himself at the
far end of the bar. Swearengen moves toward Farnum,
looking back at Miles --

SWEARENGEN

O'course I don't -- how dare you
even consider I might.

The kid's grin is even bigger. Swearengen's beside
Farnum --

FARNUM

I did my part. Raised our offer
to twenty and demanded answer within
the day.

SWEARENGEN

But what, you cocksucker.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (4)

20

FARNUM

Complications have ensued.
Bullock's come back. I expect
she'll want to take counsel with
him.

A beat, then --

SWEARENGEN

Tell the whore I want to see her.

FARNUM

Forthwith. And I trust this doesn't
alter our agreement.

SWEARENGEN

And I trust you understand that
two percent of nothing is fucking
nothing.

Farnum's gone. Swearengen looks to the kid --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Reliable help. Precious beyond
fucking diamonds and less frequently
found.

Off which --

CUT TO:

20A INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - BREAKFAST BUFFET - DAY

20A

Bullock and Alma at the buffet --

BULLOCK

Mr. Star just told me that fella
from Montana I knew to trust won't
be able to assay your claim.

ALMA

I see.

BULLOCK

We'll engage someone local and
I'll keep an eye on him.

ALMA

As I've decided to stay in camp
Mr. Bullock, at least for the near
term, I hope you'll feel absolved
of those responsibilities toward
my interests you undertook at Mr.
Hickok's request.

(CONTINUED)

20A CONTINUED:

20A

BULLOCK

I'd prefer to see 'em through.

ALMA

They're properly mine -- I even feel marginally more capable of shouldering them -- and I certainly realize you and Mr. Star have responsibilities of your own.

BULLOCK

Are you firing me Mrs. Garret?

ALMA

I'm offering you absolution.

BULLOCK

Otherwise I'm staying on.

They've seated themselves -- she can't help looking at the wound on his forehead --

ALMA

I'm so sorry you were hurt.

His nod acknowledges her solicitude without taking up the subject --

BULLOCK

How hard have they been coming at you to sell?

ALMA

I could confide that in an effort to blur my judgment, Mr. Swearengen engaged intermediaries to dose me with opium, but that would entail acknowledging I've had a weakness in that direction.

Bullock lowers his gaze. Alma colors --

ALMA (CONT'D)

More appropriately, I could add that at the graveyard Mr. Farnum raised his offer seven thousand five hundred dollars, presumably also on Mr. Swearengen's instruction, and set a twenty-four hour limit on my reply.

BULLOCK

Given the circumstances I'd say that's coming pretty hard.

(CONTINUED)

20A CONTINUED: (2)

20A

ALMA

I suppose that argues for prompt
selection of a local assayer. Is
that the correct term?

BULLOCK

(lies politely)

I don't know if it's that or
"assayer."

ALMA

Please forgive me for making you
uncomfortable Mr. Bullock. I had
better manners before I began to
abstain.

BULLOCK

That's all right.

He's blushing --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Anyways, are you at risk for the
smallpox?

ALMA

I was inoculated in New York City.
The child whose life you saved
presumably has not been, but I
assume she's safer in my care than
traveling in a closed stage with
strangers.

BULLOCK

Anyways, I'll line up the assayer.

ALMA

Thank you.

He nods --

BULLOCK

You are changed.

ALMA

You seem changed too.

Off which --

CUT TO:

20B INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY

20B

Star watches as Trixie, holding the sleeping child,
peruses his wares --

STAR
Our stock's depleted, but we are
offering a one-hundred percent
discount on any item that catches
your eye.

TRIXIE
I've got money.

STAR
Our special "Get Acquainted With
Those We'd Like To Get Acquainted
With" sale.

Under which Utter enters, bearing an armload of pick-
axes --

STAR (CONT'D)
Mr. Utter.

UTTER
I brought these pick-axes for you
to sell, and there's two sifting
cradles on that black cayuse.

STAR
Mighty grateful Sir.

UTTER
Here okay?

STAR
There's fine.

Utter deposits the pick-axes on the floor --

UTTER
You got this place just about built,
don't you.

STAR
Saving the last master-strokes for
Seth.

Utter's noticed Trixie, tips his hat --

UTTER
Hello. Didn't see you there.
Beautiful child.

(CONTINUED)

20B

CONTINUED:

20B

Trixie nods --

TRIXIE

Thank you.

For the thousandth time, Utter's begun a futile slapping
of his pockets --

UTTER

Lost the receipt for my costs.

STAR

Maybe while you was busy saving my
partner's life.

UTTER

Seventy-eight dollars.

STAR

Very reasonable.

UTTER

And I charge twenty percent
generally for the freighting.

STAR

You can see how bad we needed to
restock.

UTTER

Don't trouble if you ain't got it.
Pay me whenever you can.

STAR

I've got it right here Mr. Utter.

UTTER

No don't do business with me today.

It seems as if Utter may weep --

UTTER (CONT'D)

Let me get you those sifting
cradles.

Utter exits. Star follows him. Off Trixie --

20C

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

20C

Utter's at the cayuse untying the sifting cradles --

UTTER

Untie these for you. Seventy-eight
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20C CONTINUED:

20C

UTTER (CONT'D)
dollars plus twenty percent. Pay
whenever you can.

STAR
I don't know if you heard me inside,
thanking you for helping my friend.

UTTER
I heard you. That's all right.

Utter hands him the sifting cradles --

STAR
And I'm sorry you lost yours.

UTTER
All right. Thank you.

Utter walks away past the approaching Farnum --

FARNUM
Mr. Utter, welcome back. We've
had a mild increase in rates but I
do have a room available.

UTTER
I'll see.

STAR
What do you want Mr. Farnum?

FARNUM
I've a message for Trixie, that's
looking to that orphan child.
She's to see her longer-term
employer.

STAR
I'll tell her.

FARNUM
Do you know who that is?

STAR
I know she works at the Gem.

Farnum's peered past Star into the open door of the
hardware store --

FARNUM
And even so admit her to your trade
at public hours. Congratulations
Sir on your advanced thinking.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20C

CONTINUED: (2)

20C

Star nods. Farnum calls past him --

FARNUM (CONT'D)
Al wants you Trixie.

-- looks to Star apologetically --

FARNUM (CONT'D)
I'm a stickler for the self-
delivered message.

Off which --

CUT TO:

21

INT. BELLA UNION - WHORES' DRESSING ROOM - DAY

21

As whores circulate, discreetly trying to get a line
on the new arrival, Stubbs is sitting with Flora.
After a beat --

FLORA
Our Dad ain't here -- I know it if
my Brother don't. Maybe he never
even tried to get here.

STUBBS
I guess it could be that way.

FLORA
Maybe he made for California or
somewhere else, and he told us
he'd be here so we wouldn't know
the right place to look for him.

STUBBS
Or maybe he did try to get here
and couldn't. Maybe something
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

STUBBS (CONT'D)
happened to him. So many ways it
could be Flora, not much point
deciding which it was.

Flora nods, looking away --

FLORA
He won't even think it though, my
Brother.

STUBBS
Must be how he needs to do.

FLORA
I'm not a virgin, if you want to
know that. I had a boyfriend in
Buffalo.

STUBBS
Was you upset to have to leave
him?

FLORA
What do you think?

STUBBS
I don't know.

FLORA
(starts to cry)
I was upset. And the same time he
was a stupid son-of-a-bitch, and
rough.

She makes herself stop crying --

FLORA (CONT'D)
You can't tell my Brother about
him. He'd make it back to Buffalo
and shoot Louis in the head.

Stubbs almost laughs --

STUBBS
All that way in defense of your
virtue.

FLORA
'Lot more trouble than I took with
it.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

Off which --

CUT TO:

22 INT. BELLA UNION - DAY 22

Sawyer's surprised to see Cramed at the saloon entrance.
He motions to Tolliver --

SAWYER

Cy.

Tolliver moves quickly to Cramed --

TOLLIVER

(pleasantly)

Lazarus risen. Look at you you
son-of-a-gun.

Cramed's gaze is fixed as he studies Tolliver --

CRAMED

(evenly)

Hello Cy.

Sawyer's come over as well --

SAWYER

Good to see you Andy.

Cramed bears Sawyer no ill will, holds out his hand --

CRAMED

Don't be afraid to shake with me
Eddie. I ain't contagious no more.

They shake as Tolliver indicates Cramed's improvised
attire --

TOLLIVER

Highly becoming outfit.

CRAMED

I'm here for my belongings.

TOLLIVER

They're gone Andy. Measures to
stop the spread.

(MORE)

Cramed takes it in --

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

(big smile)

Hell the important thing's you're well. I'll front you whatever you need, let's get something going.

Stubbs has come down from the whores' room --

STUBBS

Andy.

CRAMED

In the flesh Honey, which ain't much to look at.

STUBBS

You made it Andy.

CRAMED

(back to Tolliver)

And we ain't getting nothing going. All I come back for Cy was my things, and you tossed them too.

Tolliver's produced some currency --

TOLLIVER

Andy would you take this and get yourself out of that clown outfit, and once you cool down a little think how you'd've done different with someone showing up in the shape you was in and my responsibilities to meet.

CRAMED

Better than throw 'em in the woods to fucking die?

Tolliver stuffs the money in the breast pocket of Cramed's coat or shirt --

TOLLIVER

Then don't think about nothing Andy -- use the money for a horn to toot and go join the fucking circus.

Cramed studies Tolliver a beat, leaves. Tolliver looks to Stubbs --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Did you turn her out?

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (2)

22

STUBBS

(nods)

Her Brother's going to be a problem.

TOLLIVER

Fuck her Brother. We'll handle
the Brother if we have to kill the
cocksucker. That's a prime piece
of pussy.

Tolliver walks away. Off Stubbs and Sawyer --

CUT TO:

24

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

24

He watches Trixie enter in her mourning clothes --

SWEARENGEN

Ain't you a picture.

TRIXIE

What is it?

Swearengen reacts with exaggerated solicitude --

SWEARENGEN

Am I detaining you some way? --
am I fucking imposing?

TRIXIE

Mrs. Garret's to sit down with
Bullock -- I thought you'd want me
over there.

SWEARENGEN

To give me a full and fair report.

He's up close to her. She meets his eyes --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Will the Widow have her wits about
her Trixie? Will they pass the
opium pipe like heathens between
'em? -- her and fucking Bullock?

TRIXIE

What're you pissed off for?

SWEARENGEN

I ain't pissed off. I'm in fucking
wonderment. I'm waiting to be
kept happy by another fucking fairy-
tale.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

TRIXIE

Do you want me back at the hotel
or are you going to do something
to me.

She contorts in pain as he grabs her at the crotch --

SWEARENGEN

Why would I want you back there or
rely on a fucking thing you told
me transpired when you lied about
her taking that dope?

Trixie's voice is barely above a whisper --

TRIXIE

Her being high wasn't going to
have nothing to do with whether or
not she sold you that claim. And
she wanted to get off the dope.
And that Little One needs someone
to care for her, and maybe get her
the fuck out of here. And I knew
that wouldn't be me.

(beat)

So do you want me back there and
to tell you what they fucking decide
or would you rather tear my guts
out?

A beat, then he releases her --

SWEARENGEN

Go on back there. Quick.

As she moves toward the door --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Don't kid yourself Trixie. Don't
get a mistaken idea.

She nods, leaves. Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

26

INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY

26

Lou Varnes, Con Stapleton and Capt. Massey play poker
at the table where Hickok was murdered. Utter comes
in, makes his way to the bar, nods to Nuttall --

NUTTALL

Mr. Utter.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

UTTER

This is where Bill got killed,
huh?

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

NUTTALL

(nods)

I'll be sorry about that as long
as I live.

UTTER

Could you tell me about it?

NUTTALL

Around sun-up over at that Bella
Union joint Mr. Hickok had gutted
McCall at draw, and now here Mr.
Hickok was at poker again say with
two hours of daylight left. And
in come the coward McCall, walked
up on him and shot him in the head.

UTTER

Bill never knowing he come in.

NUTTALL

And those of us that did no inkling
what he intended. Murdered him
right where he sat.

The others have been eavesdropping, awaiting opportunity
to join in --

MASSEY

If I may Sir, Wild Bill was sitting
here --

(indicates chair)

-- as McCall entered at the front
and approached the table, causing
no apprehension since he'd often
frequented the game. Of a sudden
McCall produced his revolver,
shouting "take that, damn you!" as
he fired The muzzle couldn't
have been three inches from Wild
Bill's head.

The climax of his rendition achieved, Massey discreetly
assigns his own role to the denouement --

MASSEY (CONT'D)

I'm told Hickok fell dead
immediately, but I won't testify
to it, for the bullet, after it
passed through Hickok's brain, had
struck me in the right wrist, and
I lost several seconds to pain
before regaining my senses. You've
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (3)

26

MASSEY (CONT'D)
my word as eyewitness to the rest,
and I suppose this wound as added
proof --
(holds up his wrist)
-- for the doctors fear to cripple
me in the hand I use to write, and
I'll carry the murderer's bullet
to my grave.

Utter stares at Massey, recognizing him as avatar of a
process which will turn every fact about Hickok and
every lie into an article of commerce; finally brings
himself to look away --

UTTER
(to Nuttall)
Thanks.

Nuttall nods as Utter heads for the door. HOLD ON the
card players --

MASSEY
Aces over eights, was the hand
that Wild Bill held.

STAPLETON
Sure Captain.

Off which --

CUT TO:

28

INT. BELLA UNION - THE WHORES' ROOM - DAY

28

Flora's in a whore's outfit, whose outer wrap Stubbs
presently arrays in more demure and concealing fashion.
They study her appearance in the mirror --

STUBBS
Do you like how that falls?

FLORA
Sure.

STUBBS
Do-you-like-it-Flora?

FLORA
Why not?

Framing Flora's chin with her hand, Stubbs turns the
girl's head so they face each other --

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

STUBBS

I'd prefer you happy Honey, but if
you can't be, you need to pretend
at it better'n you're doing or
you're going to be hungry and cold
and getting done to you for nothing
outside what you'd've made money
to live on and save up besides if
you'd've acted the part in here.

FLORA

I thought I just had to act it
with them that want to stick it in
me.

Stubbs studies her --

STUBBS

You never know who that might be
Flora.

Flora stares at her, then smiles what appears to be a
novice's version of enticement --

STUBBS (CONT'D)

There you go.

Stubbs looks away, dizzy with despair --

FLORA

I'd prefer you happy.

Stubbs looks back in amazement, persuades herself
Flora's is an ingenuous, surface perception --

STUBBS

Or at least pretending better.

There's Flora's smile again, but without enticement,
only sweet credulity --

CUT TO:

29

INT. PEST TENT - DAY

29

Smith returns after conducting the burial service.
Jane and Cochran are there with Joey's body --

JANE

I think he's dead Doc.

Cochran comes beside Jane, examines Joey only
perfunctorily to confirm her assessment, then closes
his eyes. Behind them, Smith's entered the tent --

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

COCHRAN

(to Jane)

Tell the litter-bearers to not
make so much of getting him out of
here.

Jane nods --

SMITH

Has young Joey gone to dust?

COCHRAN

Yeah.

He nods, indicating to Smith his concern that the misery
of the other patients not be compounded by the fear
they'll feel if they hear of the death. Smith seems
not to register Cochran's intention. He stares at the
dead boy's ravaged features --

SMITH

As flesh must, to be restored by
the Savior's return.

Something seems to have broken inside Smith -- though
he turns brightly to another subject --

SMITH (CONT'D)

Mr. Bullock is back among us, and
also Mr. Utter.

JANE

Does Charlie know about Bill?

SMITH

(nods)

They were together, Mr. Bullock
and he. They'd captured Jack
McCall.

JANE

I hope that's only the beginning
of what they fucking did to him.

SMITH

Gave him over to the Federal
authorities.

JANE

Gave him over?

SMITH

Rendered unto Caesar.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (2)

29

JANE

Jesus Christ.

SMITH

Mr. Bullock was struck by an
Indian's ax, marked like the first-
born of Adam and Eve.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (3)

29

JANE

Are you drunk?

SMITH

No.

But Smith does now experience a petit-mal seizure --

JANE

What the fuck is that?

COCHRAN

(to Smith)

All right. All right.

Cochran's guided Smith to a sitting position on a cot. The seizure stills. Smith's unaware he's had it, continues with a vague purposiveness --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

It's all right Reverend.

SMITH

He marks us sinful, and forgiven
by confession.

COCHRAN

All right.

SMITH

He has told us, and shown us. He
has told me.

COCHRAN

You listen to me now Reverend.
You're goddamn exhausted and you
give yourself no respite, and these
seizures may owe something to that,
but it also wouldn't surprise me
if you've got a lesion in your
goddamn head, and that's what's
giving you the seizures and
generating your chats with The
goddamn Divinity, no goddamn offense
intended.

SMITH

None taken Sir.

COCHRAN

Now get out of here and get yourself
some rest.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (4)

29

JANE

Go ahead Reverend -- the Doc's
tired too, why he's speaking so
fucking harsh.

Smith gathers himself --

SMITH

Could the lesion not be the
instrument of God's instructive
intention Doctor, if I am so
afflicted?

COCHRAN

Of course it could, His ways not
being ours and all. But could He
not also Reverend want you getting
yourself some goddamn rest?

Smith nods, smiles, leaves. Off which --

CUT TO:

29A

EXT. THE GEM - DUSK

29A

Flora pauses outside the entrance to the Gem to free
herself of a suitor named Terence --

FLORA

You've got to go away now.

(CONTINUED)

29A CONTINUED:

29A

TERENCE

We don't have to do nothing --
I'll pay the same rate just to sit
with you.

FLORA

My brother works in there Terence,

FLORA (CONT'D)

and he stands a hard watch. If
you want me again tomorrow you
better let me go in here by myself.

TERENCE

What time do you start?

FLORA

Eleven, I guess I'll be receiving
around noon.

TERENCE

All right Flora, and here's a dollar
anyway.

He presses it in her hand. She smiles at him as he
walks away, then goes inside --

30 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - CONTINUOUS

30

As Flora enters. Dority approaches with a proprietary
air --

DORITY

'Evening Miss.

FLORA

'Evening Sir.

DORITY

You showed up early.

FLORA

Yes.

Dority senses this early arrival has to do with him
but she's too shy to say so --

DORITY

Do I guess no luck finding Dad?

FLORA

No luck.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

DORITY

I know you'd've had a cheerier
look on your face.

Her brother's seen her --

MILES

You're early Sis.

FLORA

I know.

Dority approaches a drunk asleep at a corner table,
kicks him in the boot --

DORITY

Drink at the bar or get out.

The drunk awakens, gets to his feet and moves off,
during which Dority's given the drunk's former table
and chair a quick wipe --

DORITY (CONT'D)

(to Flora)

Sit here Miss and I'll get you a
beverage -- soft cider or
sarsaparilla.

FLORA

Cider if it's not a trouble.

HOLD ON Flora as Dority heads for the bar, then --

ANGLE - DORITY

passing Loudmouth #2 --

LOUDMOUTH #2

Did she find her Dad?

DORITY

Her odds finding him're better'n
yours leaving here upright if you
keep running that fucking mouth.

Off which --

CUT TO:

31

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DUSK

31

Star and Bullock.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

The third party in the room is Bullock's experience
after leaving the camp in pursuit of McCall, his need
to account for the killing of the Indian to his friend --

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (2)

31

STAR

Swearengen's had his hand on the tiller 'far as dealing with this epidemic.

BULLOCK

Is that so?

STAR

'Dead don't drink or chase women I guess is his thinking.

Bullock nods. After a beat --

BULLOCK

That Indian fought like hell.

STAR

I guess you did too.

Bullock looks away --

BULLOCK

Charlie figured out how it must've been. The Indian had to kill me for coming on the burial place, and maybe it'd been me too that 'killed his friend and cut his friend's head off so his friend wouldn't have eyes to see the sun set all those years he'd be lying there dead, so he had to kill me for that too, and he couldn't before he laid hands on me or the killing wouldn't be honorable.

(shakes his head,
weeping)

We fought like fucking hell, I'll tell you that much, and I never once had the upper hand. It just happened out the way it happened out. But I'll tell you this much Sol, I fucking beat him after he was dead, I beat the shit out of him. Jesus Christ, and he was just trying to live same as me, and do honor to his friend and make some fucking sense out of things, and we wind up that way and I wind up after beating him till I couldn't recognize his face. For Christ's sake.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (3)

31

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
(trying to collect
himself)
That Indian saved Jack McCall's
life, I'll tell you that fucking
much.

STAR
Not for long.

Bullock readies to leave --

BULLOCK
With Bryan McDonald not coming, I
want his recommendation who should
assay the Widow's claim.

Star studies him --

STAR
Whose?

BULLOCK
Swearengen's.

Star stares at him, incredulous --

STAR
You might want to get his thinking
too on who should guard that
henhouse we're going to build.

Bullock walks out, embarrassed by the waves of sorrow
and anger and regret which still wash over him. Off
Star --

CUT TO:

32

INT. THE GEM - DUSK

32

Flora's table. Miles sweeps nearby --

MILES
Are you all right?

FLORA
Yes. Are you?

MILES
Yes. They're nice here and Mr.
Swearengen's funny as all get-out.
(MORE)

Miles nods, smiling, in Swearengen's direction.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

It's not clear if Swearengen's looking at them, which means he is. Miles' expression never changes --

MILES (CONT'D)
(to Flora)
Which place'd make a better score?

FLORA
Where I'm working. But why not
take 'em both?

ANGLE - BULLOCK

having entered, approaching Swearengen --

BULLOCK
Can we have a private talk?

SWEARENGEN
Sure we can. Should I be armed?

BULLOCK
Where do you want to talk?

SWEARENGEN
C'mere.

Bullock follows him up the stairs --

ANGLE - DORITY AND BURNS

working behind the bar. Burns has noted the exchange between Swearengen and Bullock, but relies on DORITY to refract its meaning --

BURNS
What do you think of that?

DORITY
I think that son-of-a-bitch better
stop looking evil at that little
girl.

Off which --

CUT TO:

33

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

33

Bullock seated before Swearengen's desk. Swearengen's pouring them drinks before taking his own seat --

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

SWEARENGEN

Was it McCall 'improved your
appearance?

BULLOCK

No.

SWEARENGEN

Well whoever did the job, I hope
you gave as good as you got, and
I'm glad to see you back, with me
being superstitious and all hell
breaking loose after you left.

BULLOCK

I'm here about Mrs. Garret.

SWEARENGEN

And congratulations lining McCall
up to get what he deserves in the
Territory.

BULLOCK

I want to talk about Mrs. Garret.

SWEARENGEN

That planted her husband this
morning.

BULLOCK

I'd wrote a man about coming to
assay her claim, but he can't make
it.

SWEARENGEN

Plenty of local alternatives.

BULLOCK

I want you to nominate someone.

Swearengen studies him --

SWEARENGEN

Do you.

BULLOCK

(nods)

So if any way his work was mistaken,
I'd be coming after you.

SWEARENGEN

You would.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (2)

33

BULLOCK

Yeah.

SWEARENGEN

And since I've nothing to do with
the fucking venture, what if I
decline to make the fucking
recommendation?

BULLOCK

Then you better hope whoever I
find does his job right, 'cause
I'm still holding you accountable.

SWEARENGEN

I-ain't-involved. It's E.B. Farnum
offering on her claim.

BULLOCK

Farnum's your water-boy. And I
know what you've been trying to do
to her.

Swearngen takes this in --

SWEARENGEN

So here you come in all nobility
threatening me with a dire result
if the property the Widow's husband
thought worthless and wanted sold
turns out not to be pinched-out.

BULLOCK

You and me know how it is Mr.
Swearngen.

SWEARENGEN

How what is?

BULLOCK

We know. She gets a square shake
or I come for you.

Swearngen stares at him, goes to the observation window --

SWEARENGEN

What if I come for you? Are you
ready for that?

BULLOCK

I guess I'd better be.

-- monitors the activity in the saloon below --

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED: (3)

33

SWEARENGEN

Then close your fucking store,
'cause being ready for me will
occupy your waking hours and you
better have someone to hand the
task off to when you close your
fucking eyes.

BULLOCK

We understand each other.

The sound of a melee breaking out --

SWEARENGEN

Jesus fucking Christ!

Swearengen heads for the door, stands at it --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Walk past me Your Holiness, so I
can lock up my fucking office.

As Bullock walks past, and Swearengen locks his place
up --

33A

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - CONTINUOUS

33A

Dority uses his knife, whose blade is deep in the
Loudmouth's aortic artery, to leverage the man off the
ground --

DORITY

Stare at her now you cocksucker,
and think your fucking filthy
thoughts. She's the last thing
your filthy fucking eyes are going
to see.

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AND BULLOCK

heading for the stairs --

SWEARENGEN

(calls to Dority)

Dan!

(to Bullock)

And what about this type of carrying-
on? Do I assume, now you've taken
over the camp, you'll have a say
on every fucking outcome?

ANGLE - DORITY

lifting the Loudmouth higher --

(CONTINUED)

33A CONTINUED:

33A

DORITY

Look at her!

The Loudmouth's dying. His eyes bulge in pain and wonderment --

RESUME - SWEARENGEN AND BULLOCK

descending --

SWEARENGEN

Let him down Dan! Let him fucking down!

Dority releases the Loudmouth, who falls to the floor.

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Bullock)

Or should I have told him to hold him up?

Bullock has stared at the unfolding murder transfixed, sickened, as if the Loudmouth were the Indian and, in the savage protraction of the assault, Dority were Bullock himself. He needs to move past --

BULLOCK

(to Swearengen)

You heard what I said about the Widow.

Swearengen's steered Dority out of the center of attention --

SWEARENGEN

Yes Your Holiness. And you heard me.

As Bullock heads for the door, Swearengen makes a general pronouncement --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

I assume this was a fair fucking fight!

No one disagrees --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Two free drinks for everybody, and drinks all night for them that help with the disposal.

(CONTINUED)

33A CONTINUED: (2)

33A

He's got more takers than he needs. Off the brother and sister, watching from the corner in apparent amazement --

CUT TO:

34 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

34

Trixie's preparing the Child's palette as Alma paces --

ALMA

What must Mr. Bullock have been thinking as I inflicted on him my personal confidences.

TRIXIE

I don't know.

ALMA

Nor do I. At least he kept a decent privacy.

TRIXIE

I have to go back to the Gem.

Alma studies her --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

He's waiting for me now to tell him yours and Mr. Bullock's thinking about selling the claim. And I won't be able to lie no more. The next I tell'll be the last, so I better just go back.

ALMA

Mr. Swaengen discovered our deception?

TRIXIE

Yeah.

ALMA

How?

The bitterness Trixie's kept from her voice escapes her now --

TRIXIE

Looking at you walk out the fucking hotel.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

ALMA
He did not. I was careful to see
he wasn't at the window.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED: (2)

34

TRIXIE

It don't matter Mrs. Garret. I
got to go back, is the point, and
you need someone to look to this
child, and with the choices bigger
elsewhere and nothing I can tell
to hold you here maybe you should
think of selling and getting out.

ALMA

Would you want to take her and go?

To Trixie the idea is beyond imagining and therefore
she treats it as foolish --

TRIXIE

Where? -- I've no people anywhere.

ALMA

You could go to New York -- I could
have my relatives see you
established.

Trixie stares at her --

TRIXIE

What the fuck? What would keep
you here? You want to fuck this
man here? Fuck him then think of
the child.

ALMA

Do not use that language with me
Trixie or that tone.

TRIXIE

(laughs)

Don't you want to say "to remember
my place?" I do, you rich cunt,
and I'm going back to it.

For an instant, with aching angry despair, Trixie seems
to contemplate what awaits her; then she looks at the
child --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

She's about to say her name you
know. She named her sisters and
her folks.

(looks back to Alma)

Think of selling. If you took her
away you could hear her say it.

Trixie's gone before the child understands her purpose.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3) 34

As she looks to Alma --

CUT TO:

35 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 35

Jane's perched over Hickok's grave, conveying to him
as is her recent custom the local events of the day --

JANE
That Joey passed this afternoon.
'Been suffering awful.
(forces herself past
this recollection)
But that frog-looking fella left
the tent, that I found up in the
woods? Left the tent a fucking
cure pronounced by the Doc himself.
And in the dumbest-looking outfit
a grown man ever wore.

Jane starts, hearing a sound behind her --

JANE (CONT'D)
(calls out, afraid
to turn)
Who's there goddamnit!

Utter's come up from the path below --

JANE (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ! Come upon a person
unawares in a fucking graveyard.

Utter nods, looking past her to Hickok's marker --

JANE (CONT'D)
I heard you was back in the camp.

Utter's looking at the marker --

JANE (CONT'D)
I heard you and that Bullock got
the cocksucker did for Bill.

-- his grief moving Jane closer to the tears she is
resolved to avoid shedding in his presence --

UTTER
Was he dead by the time you saw
him?

JANE
Yeah, he was already dead.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

UTTER

Why'd he let that son-of-a-bitch
get to him?

JANE

I don't know Charlie.
(fighting against
tears)
Anyways, if people don't scare me
past speaking, I tell him the
fucking news.

UTTER

Go ahead.

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK --

JANE

Charlie avenged your fucking murder --

UTTER

And that fella Bullock was with me
you seemed to like.

JANE

-- although it occurred to me to
wonder why the fuck they didn't do
for the cocksucker right on the
fucking spot.

UTTER

Is that something we need to get
into in front of him?

Off which --

FADE OUT.

THE END