

Director: Ed Bianchi

“Deadwood”

“A Lie Agreed Upon, Part I”

Written by

David Milch

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Copyright 2004. Home Box Office, a division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. No portion of this script may be performed, published, reproduced, sold or distributed by any means, or quoted or published in any medium, including on any web site, without the prior written consent of Home Box Office. This material is the property of Home Box Office and is intended and restricted solely for Home Box Office personnel. Distribution or disclosure of this material to unauthorized persons is prohibited.

Production # P201
(Script # S201)

Production Draft
July 16, 2004
July 19, 2004 Blue
July 22, 2004 Pink
July 23, 2004 Yellow
July 26, 2004 Green
July 28, 2004 Goldenrod
July 30, 2004 Buff
Aug. 02, 2004 Salmon
Aug. 16, 2004 Cherry
Sept. 16, 2004 Tan

"A Lie Agreed Upon"

FADE IN:

1 INT. STAGECOACH - MORNING 1

A rocky ride in tight quarters. The CAMERA PANS unfamiliar faces; a plain WOMAN in her mid-thirties accompanied by a fidgety eight-year-old BOY; three reasonably-attractive and enticingly-attired PROSTITUTES in the charge of a striking MADAM, early forties. As the coach navigates a bump, the exposed portions of one whore's rack bounce spectacularly; the kid can't help staring; the slight, unobtrusive shot the mother's foot delivers to the kid's shin makes no invidious distinction between whores and Madam and mother and son, only reminds the boy it's not polite to stare --

2 EXT. SPEARFISH ROAD - CONTINUOUS 2

The bright spring morning. The stagecoach passes six men running wires, hammering in spikes, snaking a telegraph line inexorably through the Hills --

ADAMS (O.S.)
The Hills get divided into three
counties. Each county has a
Commissioner --

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)
Appointed by fucking who?

ADAMS (O.S.)
The Governor.

CUT TO:

2A INT. GRAND CENTRAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE ALMA'S ROOM - DAY 2A

Alma opens the door to Bullock --

BULLOCK
'Morning.

ALMA
Good morning Mister Bullock.

Behind Alma, Sofia can be seen receiving a reading lesson from her tutor, MISS ISRINGHAUSEN --

SOFIA
Ox Box Fox --

Miss Isringhausen, seeing Bullock, rises --

(CONTINUED)

2A

CONTINUED:

2A

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK
Good morning. Good morning Sofia,
sorry to interrupt your lesson.

SOFIA
We're finished.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
No we are not Sofia, and we'll
continue downstairs.

As Sofia rises, Bullock produces an account book and a
bound array of invoices and loose receipts --

CUT TO:

3

EXT. BELLA UNION BALCONY - MORNING

3

In what impresses as part of her morning's routine,
Joanie Stubbs looks toward the Hills, makes out, high
up on the ridge, the stage's approach; long training
against hope can't quite suppress her excitement --

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)
And when does that fucking happen?

As Stubbs hurries inside --

ADAMS (O.S.)
It already did.

4

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

4

He's behind his desk. Adams is just inside the office
door. Dority's on the other side of the office --

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

SWEARENGEN

Anyone I know?

ADAMS

(shakes his head no)

They're all from Yankton.

SWEARENGEN

Being you're the bearer of
unsettling news, why don't you
step the fuck inside ... and close
the fucking door? --

Adams retraces his steps to comply. As he approaches
the desk --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

No one from the Hills.

ADAMS

All Pennington's people.

Dority's crossed behind Adams to be at Swearengen's
flank --

DORITY

Saves travel --

-- hoping that, in contrast with Adams' tidings, his
own proposal will put him in Swearengen's good favor --

DORITY (CONT'D)

-- go to the one destination, murder
the three of 'em, 'see how they
like being Commissioners after
they're dead.

Swearengen's features are noncommittal, as if he senses
he's entered an arena where his own instincts, shared
with Dority, to simplicity and brutality and directness,
no longer serve --

5

INT. BELLA UNION - HALLWAY - MORNING

5

As Stubbs repeats a furtive, urgent knock on Lila's
door, Lila reveals herself in a sleeping gown and robe --

STUBBS

Coach coming Lila.

Stubbs' willingness to intrude on her privacy prompts
Lila to the correct inference; her tone is careful --

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

LILA
With your friend and her girls?

STUBBS
(sheepish)
I don't know, it's still way up in
the Hills.

LILA
You want me to come watch with
you?

STUBBS
No, no, no ... All right ... I
mean do whatever you want but I'll
wait for you up there.

CUT TO:

5A

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

5A

They sit beside each other at the table in the front
room; Bullock leads Alma through the paperwork --

BULLOCK
All the invoices other than the
submission from Hendy Iron have
been acted on --

ALMA
I see.

BULLOCK
You'll note I've made partial
payment to them --

ALMA
Yes.

BULLOCK
-- questioning a possible
duplication

ALMA
For the bill-hooks.

BULLOCK
Yes.

Bullock closes the ledger --

ALMA
Thank you for your attentions in
all these matters.

(CONTINUED)

5A

CONTINUED:

5A

BULLOCK

You're welcome.

They suddenly clinch, begin to kiss each other hungrily --

CUT TO:

6

RESUME - SWEARENGEN AND ADAMS

6

Swearengen's produced a bottle, fills his glass --

ADAMS

He wrote you a letter, Pennington.

Adams offers the letter to Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN

That you held back from me till
now.

ADAMS

To say what I knew first.

SWEARENGEN

Be seated ...

Swearengen takes the letter, places it on his desk --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

I'm going to do something now,
which, while I do it, if you think
to yourself, "My God, he's a
cocksucker," that'll be fine. But
if you look at me like I'm a
cocksucker, then you'll be risking
injury.

Under which Swearengen, having opened the letter, and
put the whiskey bottle beside the two empty glasses on
his desk, has taken a magnifying glass from the drawer --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

It's fucking come to this.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

As Swearengen, holding the magnifying instrument to the letter, begins to read, Adams fills his glass, looks to Dority, who nods acquiescence to Adams filling his glass as well --

7 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY 7

Farnum behind the desk. ELLSWORTH enters, notes MERRICK spooning oatmeal into his bowl at the buffet --

FARNUM
Mister Ellsworth. Is the Garret
gold in readiness for shipment to
Denver?

Despite his dislike of Farnum, Ellsworth makes the effort to be polite --

ELLSWORTH
That it is.

FARNUM
I'd expect delay before the owner
blesses its passage. While little
Sofia is off with her tutor, Mrs.
Garret consults with Mister Bullock --

Farnum's tone is cheerfully lascivious and insinuating --

ELLSWORTH
All right.

Ellsworth, refusing to meet Farnum's eyes, looks outside, signals the guardsmen to lower their load --

FARNUM
-- in Bullock's capacity, of course,
as her claim's trustee.

Merrick averts his gaze in embarrassment. Ellsworth turns back to Farnum --

ELLSWORTH
That's all the cleverness on that
subject I'm inclined to hear from
you.

8 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - MORNING 8

Alma and Bullock make love. The clothes are in disarray around the room. Prominent on the floor, Bullock's vest, on which is pinned his badge --

9 RESUME - ELLSWORTH AND FARNUM 9

Farnum gestures with amiable deference --

FARNUM
Biscuits? Piping fresh.

ELLSWORTH
Yeah, when both of us was young.

Ellsworth makes no move for the buffet, settles in to wait --

9A INT. GRAND CENTRAL - RESTAURANT - DAY 9A

Sofia and Miss Isringhausen continue Sofia's lesson. Some bit of bark, loosened from the ceiling by the fornication on the floor above, falls onto the table. Miss Isringhausen brushes it away --

10 RESUME - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE 10

Swearengen's finished reading but hasn't looked up from the letter --

ADAMS
Anyways, I could use a bath.

Swearengen begins to read aloud --

SWEARENGEN
"I urge you Mister Swearengen not to take as injury to your interests my appointing only men from Yankton. For not being of the region, such men, serving as Commissioners, I hold as less likely to obstruct those, like yourself, who actively pursue their destinies in the Hills. In those brave endeavors be assured of my best hopes, high esteem, and continued gratitude for your gestures of support."

Swearengen looks up, refolds the letter --

DORITY
That's the fucking type, chop 'em in pieces, each slithers happily away, still lying in your fucking face.

Swearengen indicates the letter, searches Adams' eyes --

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

SWEARENGEN

What am I to make of this?

ADAMS

He don't know yet what he wants to
do.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

SWEARENGEN

He knew what to do with the fucking
bribes I sent.

ADAMS

That's a gift they're born with.
'Far as how hard to move on the
camp, he ain't sure yet all of
what he'd be going against.

SWEARENGEN

Maybe that does argue for cutting
some throats.

ADAMS

That'd put you where he wants you.
If you got other ways to come at
him's what he ain't clear about.

Swearengen smashes his knuckles down on the desk --

11

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

11

Bullock's and Alma's sex reaches a climax having to do
more with self-annihilation than love --

12

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

12

Swearengen rises, collecting his bottle, heads for the
balcony. Dority and Adams look at each other. When
Adams steps forward, Dority quickly moves to catch up
with him --

13

EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

13

Swearengen swigs, grimaces, squinting east, where the
work of the Western Union crew continues on the ridge --

SWEARENGEN

Messages from invisible sources.
What some people think of as
progress.

By way of demonstrating to Adams the relaxed quality
of his relationship with their employer, Dority
challenges Swearengen with feigned offhandedness --

DORITY

Ain't the heathens used smoke-
signals all through recorded
history?

SWEARENGEN

How's that a fucking recommendation?

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

-- immediately apprehends he's gone beyond his depth --

DORITY

Anyways, 'seems letters posted one person to another's just slower versions of the same idea.

SWEARENGEN

When's the last fucking letter you got from a stranger, Dan?

-- touches toe out for a second bottom --

DORITY

Bad news about my Pa?

SWEARENGEN

Bad news, or tries against our interests, is our sole communications from strangers, so let's by all means plant poles across the land and festoon the cocksuckers with wires to hurry the sorry word and blinker our judgments of motive.

DORITY

You've give it more thought than me.

SWEARENGEN

Ain't the state of things cloudy already? Don't we face enough imponderables!

DORITY

Say the word, them fucking poles are kindling.

Dority directs a dirty look at Adams, whom he believes must be enjoying his discomfiture --

14

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM

14

Near the foot of the bed, Bullock sits distracted on the small velvet-colored stool Sofia often uses. Alma, still in bed, in a posture like Goya's maja, watches him --

ALMA

After we've made love, are you some times happy?

Bullock looks back to her --

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

BULLOCK

Because I get up from the bed? Is
that why you wonder?

She nods --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

I'll intend something, come to
myself realizing I've only stood
or sat thinking about you --
(cannot believe he
trusts himself to
say what follows)
-- just now, that your toes are
beautiful --

He returns to the bed, sits at her feet, takes her
hand --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

-- when I'd intended to replenish
the kindling.

She smiles --

ALMA

I was raised believing dereliction
of duty is the one sure way to
happiness --

Bullock means to answer her original question --

BULLOCK

So often, with you, I've been
perfectly happy.

A KNOCK. They react with guilty unease --

ELLSWORTH (O.S.)

Could I start the shipment loading,
keep the men from falling to drink?

BULLOCK

(calls out)
Yes, please.

Alma completes her thought about duty and happiness --

ALMA

-- now I believe in you.

Bullock begins to dress. Alma looks away --

15 EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - MORNING

15

Swearengen drinks, noting the egress from the Grand Central Hotel of a strongbox borne and guarded by riflemen under Ellsworth's supervision --

SWEARENGEN
Does Bullock think, if I wanted
it, four horsemen with rifles would
ward me off that woman's gold?

DORITY
Maybe it's precautions against
other operators.

As the riflemen install the strongbox in a waiting wagon --

SWEARENGEN
No precautions of his protect her.
Them other operators forebear from
respect for me, and knowing what
hot blood your blade'd draw if
they ever fucking presumed.

Bullock exits the Grand Central --

DORITY
He don't intend it as insult,
Bullock -- is my only point.

Swearengen's eyes narrow --

SWEARENGEN
The horror's you're fucking right.
He don't know if he's breathing
air or taking it in through fucking
gills --

-- his gaze rising to where, from her window on the second floor --

16 ALMA GARRET

16

considers the activity below --

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)
-- he's that fucking cunt-struck.
(MORE)

-- especially BULLOCK, who, supervising the loading of the gold, gives the impression that, even if she weren't above, Alma would be present to him, his sense of what will protect and make her safe the organizing principle of his behavior --

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

SWEARENGEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Believes they're afloat in some
faery-bubble, the three of 'em
lighter'n air -- him, her snatch,
and his stupid fucking badge.

17 RESUME - SWEARENGEN AND DORITY 17

As he drinks, a GUNSHOT --

SWEARENGEN
Where's it from?

DORITY
I'd guess the Number Ten.

SWEARENGEN
Fucking hope Tom Nuttall didn't
just take the quick way out.

DORITY
No, there's Himself.

Under which Nuttall, fighting to keep bowler on noggin,
is seen exiting the Number Ten. As Bullock heads toward
Nuttall, Swearengen looks to Adams --

SWEARENGEN
Self-deceiving cocksucker I am,
believing when America took us in
Bullock'd be a fucking resource.
Look at him, striding out like
some randy maniac bishop.
(voice raised)
Our Sheriff, about his duties to
the camp!

Bullock slows, looking up at Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Luck 'trouble didn't jump off
earlier, eh Bullock?
(a glance toward
Alma in her window)
-- might've found you mid-thrust
at other business.
(MORE)

Bullock stops, stares at Swearengen in outrage. Charlie
Utter, hurrying from the building which houses his
freight business, affixing deputy's badge to suit-coat,
stops as well --

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

ANGLE - TRIxie

smoking on the Gem's front porch; already with a view
of Bullock, she edges forward to try for a look above,
to see Swearengen on his balcony --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

defiant against his own suspicion he may have gone too
far --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(to Bullock)
What is it? -- taken by a vision?
You wouldn't want to be staring
like that at me.

RESUME - BULLOCK AND NUTTALL

Nuttall, knowing the world has just changed for Bullock,
nods apologetically toward the Number Ten --

NUTTALL
It's only Bummer Dan, but I think
he's killed.

BULLOCK
(to Swearengen)
Stay where you are!

SWEARENGEN
I ain't going noplacE.

Bullock forces himself to move on. Nuttall and Utter
fall in beside him. Swearengen goes back into his
office --

18

INT. SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

18

-- after a last swig places his bottle on the desk.
Dority and Adams have come in too --

DORITY
I'll get my other guns.

SWEARENGEN
That ain't how this wants to
resolve.

(MORE)

Precluded from supporting Swearengen by force, Dority
stands hapless and shame-faced --

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Go ahead down Dan. See to the
cunt and whiskey.

ADAMS
You want me up here?

SWEARENGEN
No, go take your bath.

Adams and Dority leave. Swearengen wipes his mouth,
mutters self-justification --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
'You need a donkey's attention,
you bring a fucking pole down
between his ears!

Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

19

INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY

19

Lying dead on the floor in a pool of blood is BUMMER
DAN, a half-witted drunk wearing a dirty garment made
from the brightly-striped Hudson's Bay blankets traded
with the Indians. TOM NUTTALL hovers anxiously beside
his employee, HARRY YOUNG, as Harry explains matters
to Bullock --

HARRY
In no ways did I wish that man
harm or take against him.

BULLOCK
You did shoot him.

HARRY
(nods)
Only on account of the jacket.

Utter's at Bullock's ear --

UTTER
I'll hear from the other drunks.

As Utter moves off --

NUTTALL
(to Bullock)
Harry mistook Bummer Dan for
Slippery Dan --

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

HARRY

-- that'd pulled his cock out
previous, started filling the
cuspidor yon.

Harry points to the spittoon a few paces off near Bummer
Dan's body. Bullock ignores Harry, keeps his eye on
Nuttall --

BULLOCK

You will keep this short.

NUTTALL

Harry shouts for Slippery to stop,
but Slippery casts his johnson
toward Harry, pisses at him over
the bar --

Bullock's look resignedly invokes Harry's participation --

HARRY

Pulled my gun Sheriff, told Slippery
"Get out, you're ruled-off for the
day, darken that door before dawn
tomorrow I will shoot you fucking
dead."

NUTTALL

Harry's shirt-front's urine-sopped
still.

Harry plucks at his damp shirt, offering a pinch of
cloth to Bullock in evidence. Bullock indicates the
body, teeth gritted, emphasizing clarity's primacy --

BULLOCK

But this is Bummer Dan.

SLIPPERY (O.S.)

Oh my God, it's true --

NUTTALL

(to Bullock)

There's Slippery.

Utter, having left the saloon at the instigation of
several patrons b.g. and returned with SLIPPERY DAN in
tow, now loosens his hold, allowing Slippery in a
drunken stab at reverence to approach the corpse and
fall to his knees --

SLIPPERY

-- Bummer's fucking dead.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

HARRY

They know that, you filthy piss-spraying beast.

BULLOCK

(to Slippery)

Get up off your knees.

SLIPPERY

My God. Bummer.

UTTER

Get up and tell your part in this.

Slippery rises --

SLIPPERY

My part Sheriff was putting Bummer in my jacket and sending the poor fuck in here.

BULLOCK

To what purpose?

SLIPPERY

Thinking, if Harry maybe winged one at Bummer, mistaking him for me he'd threatened to murder ... it'd be funny.

Bullock looks away --

HARRY

What's my liability Mister Bullock?
Ain't getting pissed-on provocation?

BULLOCK

You didn't kill who you meant to,
or mean to kill the man you did
....

Deciding these words are dispositive, Bullock tries by his body-language to convey that what began as a pause has become a completed thought. Slippery, sensing no harsh penalty in prospect, positions himself for a pleasant day-long scratch at the scab of remorse --

SLIPPERY

What's my liability? Worse in some way?

BULLOCK

Box him and see he's buried.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (3)

19

Bullock heads for the door, where, against the possibility he's been lax, he stops, turns, points --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
But I'm telling the both of you,
watch it.

Bullock exits. Slippery looks to Utter --

SLIPPERY
May I retrieve my jacket off him
Deputy? --

Utter nods. Slippery kneels, features contorting --

SLIPPERY (CONT'D)
-- or retrieve the worst fucking
joke I ever played? Or why people
wonder why I drink?

UTTER
(to Harry, re Slippery)
Pulls that prick-stunt again, shoot
him.

Utter leaves too. As Nuttall nods affirmation to Harry of the wisdom of Utter's counsel --

CUT TO:

20

EXT. THE THOROUGHFARE - DAY

20

Utter hurries after Bullock, who's heading for The Gem --

UTTER
Wait up Bullock.

BULLOCK
Private business. Thanks.

Bullock doesn't look back --

UTTER
Won't be private if Swearengen's
got his cappers at his flanks.

BULLOCK
Private. Thank you Charlie.

HUCKSTER
Soap with a prize inside! You got
any prizes inside that meat? Ha,
ha, ha.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

Bullock pauses, noting a disagreement in progress between a vegetable merchant and the HUCKSTER who made his first appearance hawking "soap with a prize inside" in the opening episode. Bullock closes on the hustler --

BULLOCK

Cocksucker! You've been told to keep an interval between yourself and legitimate merchants.

HUCKSTER

I keep my interval Sheriff. It's their increase crowding me.

As Bullock, striving for patience, and still under Utter's protective observation, considers how to minimize the time he must allocate to resolving this nuisance --

BULLOCK

We're going to count out twenty-five paces. Count with me, we're at fourteen. Count it with me.

BULLOCK AND HUCKSTER

Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen ...

CUT TO:

21

EXT. BELLA UNION - BALCONY - DAY

21

Tolliver appears unannounced behind Lila and Stubbs, greets them suddenly, with seemingly cheerful surprise --

TOLLIVER

Why Joanie Stubbs and Miss Lila -- what brings you to the air this fine spring morning?

Stubbs would convey that their presence on the porch is innocuous --

STUBBS

Stage from Bismarck.

TOLLIVER

Bismarck you say?!

Tolliver considers the approaching stage --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

And don't the kid in all of us look forward to the new arrival.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
I still tingle at the bottom of my
balls. Who could be coming?
President Hayes? Maybe it's
jugglers, or face-painters

Tolliver puts a paternally affectionate arm around
each --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
(to Stubbs)
Where do you feel it Honey?

STUBBS
At the bottom of your balls.

Off Stubbs --

CUT TO:

22

INT. STAGECOACH, WAGON TRAIL, SPEARFISH ROAD - DAY

22

The boy, WILLIAM, a quizzical look upon his face, eyes
slightly pinched, lips pursed, carefully lifts his left
buttock, and slowly, silently passes gas. As the scent
disperses, one of the whores cocks eye at the boy --

WHORE #1
Air's gone a little fixed.

-- whose look of innocence all but admits his guilt --

MARTHA
And I guess we know who fixed it.

Martha's drawn back part-way the curtain on the stage
door --

WILLIAM
Look at the man in the creek Mama!

MARTHA
He's panning for his fortune.

WILLIAM
We won't see Mister Bullock in the
creek though.

MARTHA
No.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

MADAM
(to William, knowing
he wants her to ask)
Didn't you say he's the Sheriff?

The boy cranes his neck to see more out the window --

WILLIAM
Partner of Bullock and Star Hardware
and Sheriff of the Deadwood Camp.

The women peer out a bit themselves --

23

EXT. WAGON TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

23

A HORSE grazes just off the trail, its rider secured to the saddle by a rig frequent falls have forced her to improvise. Harnessed behind the horse is a travois on which has been lashed an ornate, brass-handled coffin. This is CALAMITY JANE, trying to make her way back to Deadwood, in drunken semi-consciousness-consciousness feeling the stage pass in proximity --

JANE
Cocksucker!

-- having warned off whoever might mean her ill, Jane lowers nose again into the horse's mane --

CUT TO:

24

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

24

As Bullock enters, in a fixed rage heads for the stairs to Swearengen's office. On seeing Bullock, Trixie, who's taken up position near the piano, moves for the front door and exits --

ANGLE - DORITY AND ADAMS

on either side of the base of the stairs, as the Sheriff reaches them --

DORITY
Bullock.

BULLOCK
Do I need to watch my back against you?

DORITY
Al's said to stay out of it.

Bullock heads up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

Dority and Adams note Utter's entrance into the saloon. Adams takes up a position flanking Utter. Burns, behind the bar, not having witnessed the earlier exchange between Swearengen and Bullock, watches all this movement with mystification --

CUT TO:

25 INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY 25

Star's pleasantly surprised to see Trixie come in --

STAR
'Morning.

TRIXIE
If you'd spare your partner a
gutting Mister Star you might make
your way to the Gem.

Star moves to collect his jacket --

STAR
A gutting at whose hand?

TRIXIE
My Boss called him out clear across
the thoroughfare.

STAR
Unprovoked?

Star's struggling to get the jacket on while collecting a Derringer from the desk --

TRIXIE
(noncommittal)
He was seeing after Mrs. Garret's
interests, your partner, when my
Boss shouted.

Star understands the disingenuousness of Trixie's answer. Hands her the key --

STAR
Will you lock up for me please?

TRIXIE
Sure.

As Star heads for the door --

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

STAR

Your Boss should do like me --
learn to look the other way.

It's unclear if Star, hurrying out, means this for
Trixie's hearing; in any case, she's heard him --

TRIXIE

Ain't his line.

Off Trixie --

CUT TO:

26

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S QUARTERS - DAY

26

Swearengen, leaning forward slightly, hand against the
wall, stands at the chamber-pot in the corner of his
bedroom, failing to urinate. As Bullock enters --

SWEARENGEN

It's age 'impedes my stream, no
fucking fear of you.

Bullock's teeth are clenched, his lips drawn back --

BULLOCK

Get in here.

SWEARENGEN

In due fucking course. But tell
me first Bullock, while I stand
here fucking humbled, does the
Widow Garret have a going fucking
hard-rock concern and five-stamp
mill crushing gold out from her
quartz all day and fucking night?

The seeming non-sequitur throws Bullock off-stride --

BULLOCK

What?!

27

EXT. THE GEM - INTERCUT

27

Trixie is nearly across the thoroughfare as Star, ahead
of her, disappears inside The Gem. She takes up
position on the porch, turning her back to the saloon's
entrance as if she could thereby secure neutrality --

28

RESUME - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE

28

Swearengen and Bullock. Swearengen's still at the
chamber pot --

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

SWEARENGEN

But does she cast her lot with the camp, furnish others here a chance maybe to develop what they got, to hang on or even prosper?

BULLOCK

You pie-faced cocksucker -- get in here and account for your insult.

29 INT. THE GEM - SALOON 29

Burns, still behind the bar, watches Star make his way to join Utter at the end of the bar near the shoeshine chair, at Dority's instructive nod now moves toward the front of the room, pauses at the piano, once he has Trixie in view outside, as Dority emphatically gestures that this is where Burns should remain. Burns' mystification deepens but his compliance is complete --

SWEARENGEN (O.S., CONT'D)

Or, with you at her ear among other points of entry, instead of doing her civic duty, does she ship her fucking loot to Denver?

30 RESUME - SWEARENGEN AND BULLOCK 30

BULLOCK

"Civic duty." Opposed by her own and her dead husband's family, to put her assets at play in a camp with no law, or government worth the name.

SWEARENGEN

Being here's where she lives and struck lucky, "civic duty," yeah. And time's come for her among others to quit their fucking shirking, because Yankton's making its move.

(disgusted he still
can't piss)

This fucking thing!

Swearengen puts his johnson away --

BULLOCK

Meaning what, "Yankton's making its move" --

(MORE)

Bullock wipes his mouth, hand shaking as he tries to control his temper --

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

-- without more insults.

SWEARENGEN

We're getting ass-fucked, carved into counties without one fucking Commissioner coming from the Hills.

BULLOCK

How do you have the information?

SWEARENGEN

From the Governor himself, in a pricey little personal note. They want to make us a trough for Yankton's snouts, and the hoop- heads need buttressing against going over to those cocksuckers. I'll handle my areas but there's dimensions and fucking angles I'm not expert at you would be, if you'd sheath your prick long enough --

BULLOCK

Shut up!

SWEARENGEN

-- resumed being the upright pain-in-the-balls that graced us all last summer.

BULLOCK

Shut up you son-of-a-bitch.

With amazement, and perhaps envy, Swearengen recognizes Bullock's close to tears --

SWEARENGEN

Jesus Christ Bullock. The world abounds in cunt of every kind, hers included.

Incredulity in Swearengen yields to a pained resignation as he watches Bullock unbuckle his gunbelt, lay it on Swearengen's desk --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

'Course if it'd steer you from something stupid, I could profess a different position.

Bullock puts his badge there as well --

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2) 30

BULLOCK

Will I find you've got a knife?

Swearengen knows they're now past words --

SWEARENGEN

I won't need any fucking knife.

Bullock goes for him. Swearengen head-butts Bullock as they clinch. The butt breaks Bullock's nose, but he keeps hold of Swearengen, frees his right hand, raining blows on Swearengen's face as he drives him backward toward the balcony --

31 EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS 31

-- where, pressed against the railing, Swearengen brings his knee into Bullock's groin, butts him again, yanks him forward; Bullock, balance lost, holds to Swearengen's vest, takes the saloon-keeper with him over the railing --

32 EXT. THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS 32

In the mud of the thoroughfare below, Swearengen shouts as Bullock lands on him, breaking some of Swearengen's ribs. Trixie watches, drawn off the porch. Swearengen, gasping for air, turns on his side to try to rise. Bullock, less injured, collects himself more quickly. Trixie's eyes and Swearengen's meet, Swearengen's asking no pity; on all fours, he offers what defense his injury permits as Bullock begins to beat on him. The stage bearing the whores and Madam and Bullock's wife and child pulls to a stop not far from where Bullock beats on Swearengen as Trixie hurries inside --

32A ANGLE - BELLA UNION - BALCONY 32A

As Tolliver, Stubbs and Lila observe the melee --

TOLLIVER

(yielding, within
irony, to optimism)

Awful possibility is both men
sustaining mortal injuries
But I'm rarely that fucking lucky.

33 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - CONTINUOUS 33

-- her eyes finding Burns near the piano --

TRIXIE

Where's Dan.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

Dority's already coming forward; Burns collects the piano player's rifle, follows Dority past Trixie, who only now seeks out Star at the bar with her eyes. Star and Utter head for the door, Adams --

34 RESUME - THE THOROUGHFARE - ANGLE - DORITY 34

coming off the porch of The Gem, closing on Bullock, butt-ending the back of Bullock's head with his rifle; Bullock goes face-forward in the mud; instinct and habit war in Dority with the prudential sense killing Bullock might not be in his province --

35 OMITTED 35
AND AND
36 36

36A ANGLE - SOFIA 36A

and a woman in her late twenties we'll come to know as Miss Isringhausen, her tutor, who leads the child by the hand, circumventing the carnage, looking up toward Alma, who watches from her window in helpless despair --

37 RESUME - DORITY AND BULLOCK 37

as Dority flips the stock and takes aim --

DORITY
You looking to get killed
cocksucker? See how you like
wearing the badge then.

-- Adams, hurrying forward, bear-hugs Dority from behind, forcing the rifle-barrel down --

ADAMS
(placatingly)
He ain't your kill.

NEW ANGLE - BURNS

turned to face The Gem, rifle trained on the emerging Star and Utter --

BURNS
Don't come further.

Star and Utter separate, still coming on. Star's drawn Derringer is now visible to Burns. Burns SHOOTs Star, who falls, hit in the shoulder, as Utter draws his six-gun.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

Burns, turning the rifle on Utter, cannot sustain aim as he fires; Utter grabs at the side of his face, struck by wadding and a small fragment of the rifle-shell --

UTTER

Jesus Christ.

Burns, hurrying toward Utter, kicks the gun out of his hand --

BURNS

Jesus Christ Almighty.

Burns is crying. B.g., Merrick and Farnum, having heard the rifle shot, hurry out from the Grand Central --

FARNUM

Here now!

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

struggles to come upright, believing he must now kill Bullock for Bullock's having appeared to best him before the camp; Swearengen draws a dagger from his boot --

SWEARENGEN

I do have a knife -- it comes to me now.

ANGLE - THE BOY

looking out from the window of the stage at the bloody, muddled face of Bullock, his Uncle and adoptive Father, who, struggling for his faculties, returns the boy's gaze without absolute recognition --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Welcome to fucking Deadwood.

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

following Bullock's eyes, sees the boy's terror and fear, feels lift from him inexplicably the compulsion to murder; Swearengen puts the knife away, bites his lip as he makes himself straighten fully; laboring onto the porch of The Gem, he nods to Trixie to help Star --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Wave a penny under his Jew's nose --
if they've living breath left it
brings 'em right around.

Swearengen disappears inside --

ANGLE - THE STAGECOACH

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED: (2)

37

As the stage's Driver and Messenger find positions of safety from which to secure the coach and begin unloading the luggage, Martha Bullock descends hurriedly from the passenger's compartment, forestalls her son's accompanying her by placing his hand on the rear wheel of the coach and instructing him with a look that he's not to let it go -- during the last of this, the Madam is seen b.g. descending from the coach to the mud of the thoroughfare to better gauge whether the shooting's over and if her girls can get out yet --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

devoted, however absurdly, to achieving composure appropriate to welcoming his family, struggling to his feet, swaying, thinking better of moving forward. Martha's made her way to him --

MARTHA

Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK

Happy surprise.

Against his difficulty focusing his vision, Bullock tries to gauge the extent of the injuries to Utter and Star --

UTTER

(for general
consumption)

No one's dead. Mister Star's
shoulder's hurt.

38

ANGLE - THE BELLA UNION - BALCONY

38

Stubbs covers her mouth in recognition and the sudden access of joy as she recognizes the Madam. Tolliver's gaze moves from Stubbs to the object of Stubbs' reaction --

TOLLIVER

Siamese hookers, joined at the
hand. Joanie, ain't that your
high-end whore friend Maddie?

STUBBS

Yes.

TOLLIVER

That I'd thought'd took her snatch
to New York?

STUBBS

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

Tolliver recognizes the day's momentum has shifted away from promise and toward the shitter --

TOLLIVER
Wonderful how folks can get around now.

Tolliver's gaze moves from Maddie in the thoroughfare to Lila beside him like a predator's to prey, pushes their heads together --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Oh look. Your heads are joined now too. Ain't it wonderful Lila? -- Joanie's friend is here.

LILA
Wonderful!!

38A

RESUME - BULLOCK AND MARTHA

38A

-- joined by Merrick, as Farnum hovers behind, close enough to hear but far enough away as to stay at liberty to report to Swaengen --

BULLOCK
(to Merrick, vaguely)
Doc Cochran needs to come from Whitewood --

MERRICK
Yes.
(to Martha)
A.W. Merrick --

Merrick offers this over his shoulder as he hurries to follow Bullock, who moves unsteadily toward the coach --

BULLOCK
Mister Star and Utter should be taken to our store --

-- reaches his son --

WILLIAM
Hello Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK
Hello William. I'm all right.
(to the Messenger)
I'll be grateful if you'd take their belongings to a house I've built at the west edge.

(CONTINUED)

38A CONTINUED: 38A

Bullock passes out --

TIME CUT TO:

39 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY - BULLOCK'S POV 39

The figures of Farnum and Merrick, slightly blurred, are observed entering, placing pails of steaming water in proximity to Star, laid out on the hardware store counter, and Cochran, deploying his surgical instruments. As Trixie takes from Star's lips the mug he's just drained of laudanum --

STAR

(foggy)

I'm braced Doc, if you want to start digging.

Cochran nods perfunctorily at this opiated bravery --

COCHRAN

Seconds away.

(to Farnum)

Tell Wu that drunk best not get et by his pigs till I've had my way with the corpse.

MERRICK

Hmm! Kid ... no corpse ...

Merrick would remind Cochran of the Boy's presence. Bullock's gaze moves to the shapes of Utter, seated at Bullock's desk, and, pressing fresh wet towels to the wounds at Utter's eye and ear, Bullock's wife --

UTTER

Thank you Ma'am.

-- finally reaching clarity at the figure of his Son in the corner --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

straightening as he addresses the Boy --

BULLOCK

I'm all right William --

Martha turns at the sound of Bullock's voice --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

-- my head hurts but I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

WILLIAM

Where are your gun and badge Mister
Bullock?

BULLOCK

It was personal between me and the
man I fought, so I'd took them
off.

WILLIAM

But he'd kept a knife.

BULLOCK

I didn't know that when I disarmed.

WILLIAM

Will you arrest him now for the
knife?

MARTHA

That's questions enough for Mister
Bullock William.

Cochran, ready to operate, looks to Trixie, indicates
the emptied mug --

COCHRAN

Another dose.

STAR

(a reassuring chuckle)

I got my load on Doc --

Cochran's first incision cuts through Star's euphoria --

STAR (CONT'D)

(moans)

-- oh.

TRIXIE

All right Mister Star.

Trixie hurries the replenished glass to his lips --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

adrenalized and wild-eyed in the fight's aftermath,
concussed by the blow from Dority's rifle-butt, and
pleased at the man he is when talking to William --

BULLOCK

Don't doubt I'll have back my gun
and badge.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

ANGLE - FARNUM

having taken in Bullock's statement, now clearing his throat emphatically -- a solicitous neighbor making known he intends to leave unless he's needed further; no one pays attention; Farnum heads for the door to report on his spying to Swearengen. Off Mrs. Bullock, taking in the stranger who is her husband --

CUT TO:

40 OMITTED 40
THRU THRU
41B 41B

CUT TO:

42 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY 42

Barney the Barber's just pulled tight the bandage that's to hold together Swearengen's broken ribs --

SWEARENGEN

Jesus Christ!

BARNEY

Sorry Al. That bandage wants to be tight.

SWEARENGEN

Does it? Ask it if it wants to be wound around your fucking neck. Get away from me Barney.

BARNEY

Yes Sir.

Barney moves off --

ANGLE - BURNS AND DORITY

at the bar. DORITY indicates the other end of the bar, where Adams can be seen glancing sidelong toward them --

DORITY

Fucking Adams.

Burns is half shit-faced --

BURNS

Restrained you, didn't he.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)

Fuck me!

Which he'll repeat as necessary as he efforts to tighten his bandages --

DORITY

Obstructs me in the thoroughfare,
now he wants to bill and coo.

BURNS

What was that Jewish fella thinking
Dan, to charge at me with a purse-
gun?

DORITY

Unfamiliar situation, over-trying
to prove himself.

BURNS

(miserable)

What was the whole damn thing about
anyhow?

DORITY

Al was calling Bullock to the fold.

BURNS

Bullock ain't of Al's flock.

DORITY

He'll be calling numbers now to
the fold he don't trust like us or
even like, because we're joining
America, run by cocksuckers you
can't trust at all, Governors or
Commissioners or so forth. That's
going to be the new way of things
Johnny --

BURNS

All right.

DORITY

-- and you have to learn to accept
it, and fucking control yourself.

Dority looks away, heartbroken at the prospect --

BURNS

Anyways, I guess I proved my outside
range hitting a target's half-a-
forefinger.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (2)

42

DORITY

You wasn't that used to the situation yourself.

BURNS

What do you mean I wasn't used to it?

Dority registers private exasperation at Burns' downing the drink Dority has just poured for himself --

BURNS (CONT'D)

Not by one long goddamn shot Dan was that my first human target.

Burns holds out Dority's own glass for Dority to refill for him. As Dority does, JEWEL is seen descending the stairs, one hand to the railing for balance, under her free arm Bullock's gun and badge --

JEWEL

I found these seeing to your piss-pot, and I know they ain't yours.

SWEARENGEN

What tipped you off? -- the fucking badge? Put them down there.

She places Bullock's gun and badge on the barber's chair. Swearengen studies Jewel --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Is that some piece of private hilarity?

JEWEL

What?

SWEARENGEN

The piss-pot remark.

JEWEL

No.

SWEARENGEN

I made water off the balcony this morning, if it's any of your fucking affair.

(MORE)

Under which Farnum's entered, wincing sympathetically at Swearengen's distress --

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (3)

42

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(to Jewel)
Get away from me.

Farnum retreats --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Not you E.B. Get back here.

-- now returns --

FARNUM
Heavens. It's all like some great
Greek battle.

SWEARENGEN
Fucking Doc -- tends to the
respectable types before us that
employ him regular. Are the woman
and child Bullock's?

FARNUM
His wife and son.

Burns, behind the bar, has come to its far edge to
query Farnum --

BURNS
How was Mister Star? How was
Charlie Utter?

SWEARENGEN
Shut up Johnny.

Swearengen and Farnum are moving to the bar --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Detail Bullock's condition.

FARNUM
The worse for wear. No clarity to
his look or focus, as I could cite
in other combatants.

The hand-gesture from Farnum which indicates to Burns
that he refers to Swearengen himself pretends to be
covert, then is broadened and extended by Farnum until
he's certain Swearengen's seen --

SWEARENGEN
You touch me again E.B., I'll drive
your nose into your fucking brains.
Did he state his further intentions?

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (4)

42

FARNUM

To have his gun and badge back.

Swearengen takes this in --

SWEARENGEN

In what fucking tone?

FARNUM

I'd shy from putting a name to it
Al. He was talking to an eight-
year-old.

SWEARENGEN

Did it sound like he was spoiling
for more?

FARNUM

I'd hate to guess and be wrong.

Swearengen nods, looking away --

SWEARENGEN

Fresh whores in that coach. Find
out where they'll be working.

FARNUM

I could take him his gun and badge,
plumb his intent as we talked.

SWEARENGEN

And how would the chat begin E.B.? --
"Along with your hardware, as he
looks a cunt anyhow, Al wants you
to have this rose?"

Farnum nods resignedly --

FARNUM

I'll look into the new whores.

Farnum leaves. Burns tracks him from behind the bar --

ADAMS

(to Swearengen)

How are you?

BURNS

Is my bullet out? Will Star live?

FARNUM

(low-voiced as well)

If he don't he's going happy.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (5)

42

BURNS

Will Utter be blind? And deaf?

FARNUM

No. Let me suss out that new trim
Johnny before I earn some added
rebuke.

Off Burns as Farnum hurriedly disappears --

ANGLE - DORITY

behind the bar, as Adams comes before him --

ADAMS

All's I want to say, I ain't your
enemy.

Dority considers Adams --

DORITY

Whatever reason you thought you
had, coming on me how you did,
nine times of ten that's the last
move you're going to make.

Adams downs his drink, nods, hoping he and Dority might
have reached an understanding. Swearengen calls to
Dority --

SWEARENGEN

Bullock says he'll have his weapon
back.

DORITY

To do what with?

SWEARENGEN

Open question.

DORITY

I'll be ready.
(to Adams)
And you had your once in ten.

Off Adams, as Dority moves away --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

meditative, pouring himself a drink --

SWEARENGEN

Cow-eyed kid looking out from that
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (6)

42

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
coach. That's what fucking unmanned
me.

Swearengen suddenly looks around to make sure he hasn't
been heard. Off which --

CUT TO:

43

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

43

Miss Isringhausen's assisting Alma's hurried preparation
of a food basket --

ALMA
He couldn't have known she was
coming --

Alma finds the lie which will give respectable grounds
for her inference --

ALMA (CONT'D)
-- just today I'd asked after Mister
Bullock's family, and he said
nothing of their being en route.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
You're kind extending the hand of
welcome.

ALMA
At its best this camp is forbidding
to new arrivals --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
That was very much my experience.

ALMA
-- let alone to have to come upon
Mister Bullock in the mud of that
thoroughfare, injured who knows
how seriously

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Thank goodness he seemed coming
back to himself.

Alma considers Miss Isringhausen, irrationally resentful
at the tutor's having undercut, however unintentionally,
Alma's secret reason for visiting the Hardware Store --

ALMA
Miss Isringhausen, I didn't realize
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

ALMA (CONT'D)
medicine was among your areas of
expertise.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
It isn't Mrs. Garret.

ALMA
Perhaps I'll better learn Mister
Bullock's condition in his presence
... and Mister Star's and Utter's
condition.

Alma hates affecting such patrician hauteur --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Yes Ma'am.

-- is grateful at Sofia's coming forward with a small
bag of candy wrapped in ribbon, which the child adds
to the basket. Alma crouches before Sofia, touches
her cheek --

ALMA
Have you put a ribbon around your
candy Sofia? And do you want me
to give it to that boy?

Sofia nods --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Please answer in words Sofia.

SOFIA
(to Alma)
Yes please.

A KNOCK. Miss Isringhausen opens the door to Ellsworth,
to whom Alma's sent word she'd like an escort --

ELLSWORTH
Miss Isringhausen.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Mister Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH
Here to steer Mrs. Garret.

Alma rises, handing Ellsworth the welcome basket --

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2) 43

ALMA
(to Sofia)
Then Mister Ellsworth and I will
make the delivery.

-- accepting his offered arm --

CUT TO:

44 EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY 44

Alma and Ellsworth, carrying the basket, walk toward
the hardware store --

ELLSWORTH
Not as I was asked, Mrs. Garret --
I wonder if this call ain't better
paid another day.

ALMA
I've stopped believing I can dictate
the terms of my opportunities.

ELLSWORTH
Some'd say it might be your choice
what chances you decide not to
take -- "some" being the butt-in,
loudmouth types.

ALMA
Shall I walk on alone Mister
Ellsworth?

ELLSWORTH
No Ma'am.

They continue in silence --

CUT TO:

45 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DUSK 45

Cochran's removed the bullet from Star's shoulder,
drops it in the canister Trixie's provided, where the
bullet has a soft landing --

STAR
I'm sorry for throwing up.

COCHRAN
If you hadn't I'd suspect your
previous habits.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

Under which Alma enters past Ellsworth, and holds the gift-basket. Bullock's eyes open wider as he sees Alma --

ALMA
Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK
Mrs. Garret.

Alma's gaze quickly moves away from Bullock to the others in the room --

ALMA
How are you feeling Mister Star?

Star's not sure who's talking to him, or the exact import of the question --

STAR
I've puked twice.

COCHRAN
Mrs. Garret?

TRIXIE
Mrs. Garret.

ALMA
Trixie.

With each passing moment Alma feels the situation's awkwardness weigh more heavily --

ALMA (CONT'D)
Mister Utter.

UTTER
Ma'am.
(re his face)
Don't be alarmed -- 'lot of this damage is old.

Trixie's nod falls short of judging Alma for having come, and may contain a portion of pity. As Alma's eyes move to Martha Bullock --

BULLOCK
(quickly)
May I introduce my wife Martha and our son William -- Mrs. Alma Garret.

ALMA
How do you do.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED: (2)

45

MARTHA

How do you do.

ALMA

How do you do William.

WILLIAM

How do you do.

BULLOCK

And Ellsworth who superintends
Mrs. Garret's claim.

ELLSWORTH

Ma'am. William.

WILLIAM

How do you do.

ALMA

(to Martha)

You've discovered us in distressing
circumstances.

MARTHA

We're safe and glad of joining
Mister Bullock.

Alma takes the gift-basket from Ellsworth, brings it
to Martha --

ALMA

I hope something in this may be
useful to your settling in.

MARTHA

Thank you.

BULLOCK

Thank you.

ALMA

(to Martha)

My ward includes sweets for your
son, when his mother decides he
may have them.

WILLIAM

Is your ward a boy?

ALMA

A girl, Sofia -- I think a bit
younger than you are.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED: (3)

45

WILLIAM

Oh.

(at his mother's
prompting)

Thank you.

Bullock takes the plunge --

BULLOCK

(to Martha)

You recall Mrs. Garret from my
letters.

A beat --

MARTHA

Yes.

Question and answer hang foul in the air; Utter tries
to dispel them with breathy enthusiasm --

UTTER

That's good luck you had right
there, 'cause I carry the mail,
and I'll admit today before lay-
people we lose more letters'n we
deliver.

Concluding with an over-hearty guffaw, Utter seems as
if, to offer further distraction, he might turn a
somersault. Bullock's eyes are wider still as he
strains to exhibit credulity. Alma, looking to
Bullock's wife, suspects, for an instant, that Martha
meets her gaze with unillusioned acceptance; then Alma
decides that, as they have just met, her impressions
can't be trusted --

ALMA

I'll say good-bye, with hopes I
see you again soon.

MARTHA

Yes.

ALMA

I'll hope to see you soon William.

WILLIAM

Thanks for the sweets.

Alma feels suddenly incapable of completing the
courtesies of departure, moves for the door. Ellsworth
considers William with mock-severity --

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED: (4)

45

ELLSWORTH

Do not be pestering me about the
good fishing spots -- I name 'em
only over breakfast at the Grand
Central Hotel, and what I call my
dog.

He follows Alma out. A beat, then --

BULLOCK

(to Martha)

Will you see your house?

MARTHA

I'd like to very much.

Bullock takes the basket --

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I've recovered your bonnet from
your previous post.

MERRICK

At your convenience Mrs. Bullock,
readers of The Black Hills Pioneer
will be pleased to hear of your
journey and your first impressions
of the camp.

The inappropriateness under the circumstances of the
last part of this more-or-less rote invitation occurs
to Merrick only tardily --

COCHRAN

(to Martha)

You don't have to give 'em all.

Martha answers Cochran, who's in the last stages of
suturing Star's wound, with a politely inscrutable
smile --

BULLOCK

(to Trixie)

Thank you for watching over Mister
Star.

TRIXIE

(nods)

No need of your hurrying.

BULLOCK

Thank you.

(MORE)

Bullock holds his hand out to his adopted Son --

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED: (5)

45

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

William?

-- who finds this occasion to affirm full confidence
in Bullock --

WILLIAM

You built that house.

Off which --

CUT TO:

46

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DUSK

46

Alma and Ellsworth walk toward the Grand Central.
After several beats --

ALMA

He never wrote of me in his letters
to her.

Ellsworth doesn't respond --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Did he.

She doesn't pose it as a question --

ELLSWORTH

We ain't ever spoke on what he's
wrote to his wife or hasn't, Mrs.
Garret.

ALMA

Or why he has or hasn't.

ELLSWORTH

No Ma'am. And you and I hadn't
ought to either.

ALMA

Thank you for taking me Mister
Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH

You're welcome Ma'am.

Off which --

CUT TO:

46A INT. BELLA UNION - TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - DAY

46A

Tolliver, Maddie and Stubbs, a seeming love-fest --

TOLLIVER

You better let me hold that chair
for Maddie Joanie. I've got to
make a good impression. Milady
...

MADDIE

Milord.

TOLLIVER

The lack of notice is my only
regret.

MADDIE

That's my fault, for giving Joanie
none.

TOLLIVER

Were you hedging your bets Maddie?

MADDIE

Feared losing my nerve all the way
to the camp.

TOLLIVER

Then wondered had that coach brought
you to Gettysburg. Gettysburg.
The fucking battle. The carnage.

MADDIE

Oh yes, that's what I wondered.

TOLLIVER

What?

MADDIE

Wondered.

TOLLIVER

(to Stubbs)

Wondered You secured that
building Honey, when? --

STUBBS

November.

TOLLIVER

(to Maddie, re Stubbs)

Got the place in November, that I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46A

CONTINUED:

46A

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
guess you'll be operating out of.
I'd've thought a trick was behind
it, but Joanie's fuck-money goes
for jewels. How long 'we had that
understanding Honey?

STUBBS
Since I was fourteen.

TOLLIVER
I've been giving Joanie jewels for
her fuck-money since she was
fourteen years of age, and not
once have I come out ahead.

STUBBS
Anyways.

TOLLIVER
Anyways, since November, 'looked
to me the project lay fallow, but
I guess it was just germinating.

STUBBS
Should we talk in private Cy?

TOLLIVER
(to Maddie)
Would that be rude?

MADDIE
Not at all.

TOLLIVER
Eighteen-year relationship between
Joanie and me and just one moment
together?

MADDIE
Of course.

Maddie rises to depart --

TOLLIVER
Suck some pricks if you like, and
keep whatever they give you. My
way of saying welcome.

MADDIE
(grins)
Any blind ones out there?

She's gone --

(CONTINUED)

46A

CONTINUED: (2)

46A

TOLLIVER

Gal's got some sand to her, I
remember that.

STUBBS

You ain't going to keep me Cy.

TOLLIVER

You get no argument from me.

STUBBS

Okay.

TOLLIVER

It's been me nudging you from the
nest, Young Lady, urging you take
fucking wing.

STUBBS

Okay.

TOLLIVER

Where'd the money come from that
bought that place?

She knew he'd ask this now --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Your Daddy sold me you for six-and-
a-half bucks, so a rich relation's
tough to swallow.

She doesn't answer --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

It's respectful not to lie Honey,
but further silence'll get me
violent.

STUBBS

You know where the backing came
from.

TOLLIVER

Farewell gesture from Eddie Sawyer?

She doesn't answer --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

I knew Eddie'd been stealing from
me. And he flees, and you turn up
owning that place. But would you
make that move on the heels of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

46A

CONTINUED: (3)

46A

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Eddie leaving? It didn't make sense to me. That's like taking an advert, 'Money stole from Cy by roly-poly Eddie bought me this establishment.'

Stubbs looks away --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Then I decided, "Eddie bought Joanie that place without her even knowing he did it. That was Eddie's little secret rebellion against me before he waddled into the night. And Joanie's doing nothing with it subsequent, that's been her showing me how she'd decided to handle the bag of shit Eddie'd left her to hold."

STUBBS
No. I was only waiting for Maddie.

TOLLIVER
I was right about the rest though.

STUBBS
You were right about everything else.

TOLLIVER
Have you heard from Eddie? Is he doing well?

STUBBS
I haven't heard from him.

TOLLIVER
Then we're allowed to live in hope.

STUBBS
I don't work here no more Cy, do you understand? No matter what.

TOLLIVER
It's kill you or let you go.

She nods, meets his eyes --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Could I make it with you dead?

(CONTINUED)

46A CONTINUED: (4)

46A

STUBBS

Why try?

She smiles --

TOLLIVER

Look at that. Look at that
beautiful smile.

A beat --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

All right Darling. Let me let you
go.

STUBBS

Thank you.

TOLLIVER

Shall we all take the air while
Maddie hears the happy news? Let's
go get the fucking crone.

He's risen, takes Stubbs' hand --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

I feel like a boy. I feel like
skipping, I'm that fucking hopeful
and excited for you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

46B OMITTED

46B

47 EXT. THE THOROUGHFARE - AS SEEN FROM BULLOCK'S HOUSE -
DUSK

47

The Boy's beside Bullock and Martha. Bullock, carrying
the basket with some awkwardness, tries to find the
tone which would be appropriate to conveying what would
have been the contents of letters he neither wrote nor
sent and which Martha has said she received; attempts
an understated, good-natured irony --

BULLOCK

You'll recall what I wrote about
her husband -- how he'd sought his
money back on a claim, died in a
fall before gaining satisfaction,
and the claim proved out rich.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

WILLIAM

Is that the house Sir? -- the
splendid one ahead?

BULLOCK

It is.

MARTHA

You can walk a little piece ahead
William ... just a little piece.

BULLOCK

(increasingly
strained)

And of my promise I'd help the
widow as I could --

Bullock decides to go ahead and say it --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

-- made to Wild Bill Hickok.

Martha interrupts --

MARTHA

Yes Mister Bullock, and you must
be as weary from the day's events
and your work readying the house
as we are from travel. Please
don't trouble to repeat yourself.

BULLOCK

All right.

Off which as they continue toward the house --

CUT TO:

47A

EXT. BELLA UNION - BALCONY - EVER-DEEPENING DUSK, BOY
IT'S ALMOST DARK --

47A

Tolliver, Stubbs, and Maddie. Below, the Bullocks
pass --

MADDIE

We traveled with that woman and
her boy.

TOLLIVER

And while you traveled with her,
her husband the Sheriff was pickling
his prick in the cunt-brine of
another.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47A

CONTINUED:

47A

Tolliver notes the arrival of Lila and several other
Bella Union whores --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Look at Lila, delivering her
ducklings all undamaged and dry.

STUBBS
How're we going to celebrate Cy?

MADDIE
My vote's for hearty but brief.

Tolliver stares at her --

TOLLIVER
Votes don't count here just yet.
(a smile)
But I know you've had a wearisome
journey.

He holds up the bottle of champagne --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Looks a little small, Lila, but I
guess you girls are used to making
the best of that.
(to Maddie)
Just fleeting as fucking innocence,
let me toast a bold new venture.
(to Stubbs)
Has your place got a name Honey?

STUBBS
The Chez Ami.

TOLLIVER
Catchy. Open your yaps, Girls,
and stick out your tongues.
(toasts)
To the Chez Ami, and Joanie and
Maddie --
(to one of the whores)
-- stick your fucking tongue out! --
(resumes toast)
-- able hands at a whorehouse
tiller, and also Doris, one of the
Bella's best cocksuckers, that I
send with them as a gesture of
friendship --

MADDIE
We've got the girls we need.

(CONTINUED)

47A

CONTINUED: (2)

47A

It's as if Maddie hasn't spoken --

TOLLIVER

(to Doris)

-- bon voyage Sweetheart, as long
as we're speaking French.

STUBBS

We've got all the girls we need
Cy.

Tolliver turns to Stubbs --

TOLLIVER

Don't fear she'll spy Joanie.
Please don't reject Doris on that
basis. You'll just get her belly-
cut by me showing you I'm serious,
and an uncut Bella whore sent with
you.

(voice going hard)

Being funds stole from me by Eddie
put the Chez Ami on its feet, I
consider myself an investor, and I
will have my interest looked to --
sixty cents from dollar one -- and
a true count fucking verified.

STUBBS

All right.

A beat. Her agreement leaves Tolliver unsatisfied --

TOLLIVER

Lila, take the Girls out, and Doris,
why don't you pack? Did you have
anything when I bought you?

Doris shakes her head --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Just pack the rags you use to wipe
the come off with. All right
Joanie?

STUBBS

Yes. And now we're going to go.

He feels her resolution and pity for him --

TOLLIVER

What do you think, I'm a monkey in
the zoo? -- you think I'm going to
throw my shit after you?

(CONTINUED)

47A CONTINUED: (3)

47A

STUBBS

No.

TOLLIVER

Don't fucking talk to me like I'm
a monkey.

(looks to Lila)

Get those cunts out of here. And
don't believe there's no good women
till you've seen one with maggots
in her eyes.

Tolliver considers the thoroughfare as, behind him,
the women begin to disperse --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Bet the wheel before you leave
Joanie, you're on a lucky run.

Out of stoicism and fear, in whatever proportion,
Tolliver never looks back --

CUT TO:

47B EXT. BULLOCK'S HOUSE - PAST SUNSET

47B

Bullock's features register his growing embarrassment
at the implications of his earlier exchange with his
wife; as they approach the house, his tone is almost
desperate --

BULLOCK

This is it.

MARTHA

May we go inside?

BULLOCK

Did you get the letter about the
house?

MARTHA

I have it here.

Bullock's nod means to fend off her showing it to him --

BULLOCK

That has all my thoughts.

She studies him --

MARTHA

May we go in?

(CONTINUED)

47B

CONTINUED:

47B

Bullock looks like a trapped, panicked animal --

BULLOCK

I should go back now. You and the
boy go in.

She recognizes without understanding it his passage
into crisis --

MARTHA

Let's go in the house Mister Bullock
has made us William.

William didn't hear Bullock's declining of Martha's
invitation --

WILLIAM

Come on Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK

Not just now William.

WILLIAM

Don't you want to come in.

BULLOCK

I can't come in just now.

WILLIAM

After you've seen to the camp?
Gotten your gun and badge back?

Bullock doesn't answer --

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'll take my mother in.

BULLOCK

Thank you.

WILLIAM

Come on Mother.

She lets him take her hand --

MARTHA

(to Bullock)

Thank you.

Bullock nods, turns away, starts back toward the camp.
The FOCUS STAYS ON BULLOCK, denying clarity to the
figures of William and Martha behind him as they prepare
to enter the house. As Bullock walks --

(CONTINUED)

47B CONTINUED: (2)

47B

BULLOCK (V.O.)

Dear Mrs. Bullock,

Your house is near-finished. My satisfaction does not exceed the camp's lumbermen and sawyers, whose patience I have tried by my over-watchful eye for greenness and for good square-edged quality in the cut boards. I have chosen pine, one year seasoned, for the sills, posts, floor-joists and rafters. The other framing timber is of spruce. Where partitions bear upon them I have doubled the beams, and supported the floor with locust-posts set three feet into the ground. I think you may laugh to see the mullioned windows with their view of the camp from out the parlor

The viewer will by this point have seen Cochran, ahead of Bullock, crossing from the Hardware Store to the Gem --

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

Being unfinished, they look like unfocused eyes. I have left these and all final decorative choices to your superior judgment and sensibility. I hope that you and the Boy may arrive in good health and safety. I look forward to our opportunity to better get to know each other.

Bullock has reached the Grand Central Hotel --

47C INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

47C

-- entered its lobby, where he's observed by Farnum. He ascends the stairs to the second floor, knocks on Alma Garret's door.

BULLOCK (O.S., CONT'D)

I pray that in my brother's stead I may be permitted to be a father to the Boy as good as Robert would have been, and as to your care and comfort and safety, as good a husband to you.

(MORE)

She opens the door to him --

(CONTINUED)

47C

CONTINUED:

47C

BULLOCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yours sincerely, Seth Bullock.

As he takes Alma in his arms --

FADE OUT.