

Director: Ed Bianchi

“Deadwood”

“A Lie Agreed Upon, Part II”

Written by

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Production # P202
(Script # S202)

Production Draft
Aug. 09, 2004
Aug. 10, 2004 Blue
Aug. 11, 2004 Pink
Aug. 12, 2004 Yellow
Aug. 13, 2004 Green
Aug. 15, 2004 Goldenrod
Aug. 16, 2004 Buff
Aug. 17, 2004 Salmon
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Aug. 19, 2004 Tan
Aug. 20, 2004 Double Blue
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"A Lie Agreed Upon, Part 2"

FADE IN:

1 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1

Swearengen grunts as Cochran finishes securing a new bandage around his ribs and over the shoulder of one arm --

SWEARENGEN
How's Bullock doing?

COCHRAN
I don't discuss my patients, one with another.

SWEARENGEN
Still bleeding out his fucking ear?
He was bleeding from it pretty fucking good out there in the thoroughfare.

COCHRAN
Tell me about your other department.

If Swearengen hears this he ignores it --

SWEARENGEN
You inform that fucking lunatic next you see him I'm fit as a fucking fiddle and ready to play on.

COCHRAN
Inform me Al what mark on the piss pot you filled to.

SWEARENGEN
The volume was adequate. I didn't check the fucking mark.

COCHRAN
No discharge of gleans, or burning or soreness.

Under which Burns enters, holding out Swearengen's newly cleaned suit, wincing against the vapors of formaldehyde --

BURNS
Wu cleaned your suit. It's aromafied from the solvent.

SWEARENGEN
Why don't we let it cure in the air a bit --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

As Burns starts forward --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
-- not on the balcony! Not on the
balcony!

Burns turns on his heel and exits --

COCHRAN
(to Swearengen)
Gleets. Burning. Soreness.

SWEARENGEN
The first gleet I discharge I will
fucking tell you. Do not be fucking
asking me that every fucking day.

Farnum's entered, all self-important urgency --

FARNUM
He's come back to my hotel.

SWEARENGEN
Bullock.

FARNUM
(nods)
Upstairs to the widow. I can't
say if they're in rut -- I didn't
linger for the song of the bed-
stead.

Receiving no commensurate response, Farnum leaves.
After a beat, Swearengen addresses Cochran's residual
expectation --

SWEARENGEN
We're done with that department.
That discussion is done.

Off which --

CUT TO:

2

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

2

Alma and Bullock. He's on Sofia's settee, leaning
forward, elbows on his knees, hands folded before him.
She's waited for him to speak since they mugged it up
at the door, takes a different tack --

ALMA
I'm relieved that Mister Star and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

ALMA (CONT'D)
Mister Utter weren't more badly
injured.

BULLOCK
Yes.

A beat --

ALMA
I hope my coming to your store
caused no awkwardness.

BULLOCK
It was kind of you bringing that
basket for my family.

ALMA
Might I ask if you'd been aware
their arrival was so imminent.

BULLOCK
No.

-- now realizes it's not clear if he's rejected her
question or answered it --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
She'd written that William seemed
entirely recovered, but no mention
of intending to travel.

Alma nods --

ALMA
He's handsome ... your brother's
son.

BULLOCK
He's a fine boy.

ALMA
I'd so like to see to your injuries,
however superficially.

Which prompts from Bullock an alternative --

BULLOCK
My proposal would be, we leave the
camp, immediately, or remain and
sever connection.

Alma takes this in --

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

ALMA

A choice for me to make.

BULLOCK

Yes.

ALMA

Alone.

His answer is pained --

BULLOCK

I don't seek to absolve myself. I
don't believe I'm to be relied
upon.

Her realization is pitying --

ALMA

For an account even of your own
feelings.

BULLOCK

I only know that for us to stay
and not sever connection would add
lying to her humiliation, renew
her humiliation daily

ALMA

I understand.

(beat)

You say I must choose "immediately"
....

BULLOCK

Tonight.

ALMA

I'd need some part of "tonight" to
consider.

BULLOCK

Yes.

ALMA

Others are involved for me as well.

For each of them, the number of these "others" grows
in the silence. Bullock rises --

BULLOCK

I'll come back in a few hours.

She rises also --

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (3)

2

ALMA

Be very careful in the interval
Mister Bullock.

He's not sure what she means --

BULLOCK

All right.

She moves to embrace him --

ALMA

Be careful.

He leaves. Off Alma --

CUT TO:

3

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - NIGHT

3

Star and Trixie and Utter and Merrick. Star's just been installed on his cot in the private area of the Hardware Store. Trixie's taking position beside him, while Utter, having assisted her in guiding Star from the store counter to the cot, now, with a handkerchief, catches up at daubing his facial injuries, while trying also to put the best face on the recent tension-filled moments in the Hardware Store --

TRIXIE

Two fucking three!

UTTER

Lovely family.
(daubing harder at
his eye)
The Bullocks.

TRIXIE

Grand.

STAR

Looked forward all this while, I
meet 'em with my load on.

TRIXIE

Two fucking three. Look the fuck
out!

Utter's transferred application of the handkerchief to the back of his neck, turned so that, addressing Merrick, he's out of Trixie's hearing --

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

UTTER

I ought probably to get more
weapons.

Though he has no idea what's at stake in the question,
Merrick's flattered to be asked, particularly, as
Utter's done, in a secretive tone. Merrick shuts the
door --

MERRICK

(equally secretive)

why?

Utter stares at him for a beat --

UTTER

What?

MERRICK

(louder but still
secretive)

Why would you?

UTTER

Maybe you didn't notice Bullock
was without his gun --

Now Merrick feels he understands; moreover, that he
can provide information which will save Utter a trip --

MERRICK

I did. Perhaps, with the ringing
in your ears, you didn't hear Mister
Bullock say he'd get his old weapon
back.

UTTER

(incredulous)

You think maybe a new gun might be
useful to Bullock arranging his
old one's return? -- and more
backing his position?

MERRICK

(eyes narrowing with
perception)

You think of securing several
weapons for Mister Bullock to wield
in the "arrangement."

Bullock enters, moves through the store into Star's
room --

3A INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - STAR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3A

Trixie's noted Bullock's entrance --

TRIXIE
(to Star)
Here's your friend back, without
his family.

Under which, as Bullock approaches, Trixie rises --

BULLOCK
(to Trixie)
May I have a word with Sol.

TRIXIE
Sure.
(to Star)
Will you mind if I hang about
awhile?

STAR
Fuck no.

Trixie heads for the door. Bullock moves to take her
seat --

3B INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - NIGHT 3B

Utter and Merrick watch Trixie exit. Utter pushes his
waistcoat away from his holstered six-shooter,
addressing Merrick --

UTTER
I think, if it comes to it, instead
of a Rogers, I'd do better backing
Bullock with a fucking scatter-
gun. And before you ask, I intend
to breathe in and out through the
fucking process, continuously.

Utter exits. Off Merrick --

3C INT. STAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3C

Bullock's seated --

BULLOCK
I'm sorry you got shot.

STAR
A man like me gets used to it.

Bullock forces the transition --

(CONTINUED)

3C

CONTINUED:

3C

BULLOCK

If it'd came to it, I'd've seen to
dissolving the partnership, and
sending your mother the proceeds.

STAR

Why would I expect otherwise?

BULLOCK

And I know you'd do the same.

STAR

What are you thinking of?

-- lets the non-sequiturs accumulate --

BULLOCK

Along with any funds I might
forward.

STAR

From the afterlife you mean.

-- presses on --

BULLOCK

Any funds I'd send subsequent, I
know you'd administer in their
interests. Martha and the boy.

STAR

Yes. You're correct. What are
you fucking thinking of?

Bullock looks away --

STAR (CONT'D)

What we've built and been through,
you don't get to walk away without
saying why.

BULLOCK

You know why.

STAR

That don't mean you don't have to
say it. I'm sick of knowing and
you not saying.

Bullock looks down --

BULLOCK

I love her.

(CONTINUED)

3C

CONTINUED: (2)

3C

STAR

Good. You fucking said it. So now I can tell you you're wrong. You loved her these months and stayed. Ain't love'd make you run, but shame. And now let me ask you this -- you think shame'd end when you cleared the fucking camp?

BULLOCK

It's shameful either way, Sol.

STAR

It's life either way --
(mimics Bullock's
mournful tone)
"Seth."

Bullock rises --

BULLOCK

I'm sorry you got shot.

STAR

I am too. But I like being loaded. I like telling you what the fuck I think, you cocksucker.

BULLOCK

I know you'll see to their interests.

STAR

Yes I will, you cocksucker.

Bullock heads for the door. Star forces himself up on an elbow, almost to a sitting position to keep Bullock in sight --

STAR (CONT'D)

And I like saying "cocksucker" --
what the fuck do you think of that?

-- sinks back down in agony and exhaustion as Bullock disappears --

CUT TO:

4

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT

4

Utter's been waiting for Bullock.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Beside him, waiting to resume her vigil over Star, Trixie, feeling awkward at the openness of her concern for the merchant and worry about the situation generally, reminds Utter and herself of her essential identity --

TRIXIE

Would you want a fast blow-job?

Utter's ears still ring --

UTTER

What?

TRIXIE

Quick open-air blow-job?

UTTER

Ah. No. Thank you.

Both are relieved as Bullock emerges. Their paths diverge as Utter heads for the Sheriff and Trixie moves toward the hardware store --

TRIXIE

(calls to Utter)

Maybe Mister Star'll want one.

Hurrying toward Bullock, Utter doesn't hear --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

as Utter joins him --

UTTER

Bullock.

BULLOCK

Charlie. Thanks for going against orders.

UTTER

I'll tell you, I've got such a fucking ringing in my ears.

BULLOCK

(louder)

Thanks for taking my back before.

UTTER

Ah. You're welcome.

(MORE)

Utter's concerned about where Bullock may be headed --

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

UTTER (CONT'D)

I'll bet your wife and son were
overtook by that lovely home you
built 'em. What'd that boy say
about a creek in his own front
yard.

Utter, unsure if Bullock has or hasn't answered, won't
risk losing momentum --

UTTER (CONT'D)

And what a fine appearance he makes.
And, if you don't mind my saying,
she's one striking woman, Mrs.
Bullock --

(hurries to
desensualize the
adjective)
-- 'sense of "dignified" and
"upright."

BULLOCK

Thank you.

UTTER

Anyway, where the fuck are you
headed?

BULLOCK

To get my things from Al Swearengen.

UTTER

Ah.

BULLOCK

Maybe for a word with Dan Dority
too that gave me this headache.

UTTER

To The Gem then.

Utter, without the vaguest idea how to effect his
purpose, suddenly grabs Bullock's arm --

UTTER (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, I'm faint. A
faintness come over me.

Bullock stops, supports Utter in the street --

UTTER (CONT'D)

Jesus that's a fucking light-headed
sensation.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (3)

4

BULLOCK

Do you want to go to your place?

UTTER

Maybe I should.

BULLOCK

Give me some weight.

UTTER

Maybe that's the fucking prudent course.

BULLOCK

Come on.

UTTER

To not keel forward and drown in fucking horse-shit.

As they move past the Gem toward Utter's place --

BULLOCK

How are you feeling?

UTTER

All right. Things are wavy-like before my eyes.

Off which --

CUT TO:

5

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

5

Adams, Swearengen, and Dority. Burns, like the tide, approaches and recedes, according to Swearengen's look --

ADAMS

'What it's worth, Yankton's afraid of Bullock.

Swearengen considers him --

SWEARENGEN

Say no more. Refrain from further explaining yourself.

ADAMS

Till Congress approves, nothing's to say the Hills get made part of Dakota. 'Far as that, Montana's got pull Dakota don't. Montana's got silver for bribes --

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

SWEARENGEN
(fleshing Adams'
argument)
Thieving Indian agents 'all fucking
Dakota's got --

ADAMS
(nods)
It ain't fresh money to the game.

DORITY
How's that argue for Bullock living
or dying?

ADAMS
Yankton thinks Bullock's Montana's
man.

SWEARENGEN
On what basis?

ADAMS
He was favorite of a judge in Helena
that wanted him in politics. They
figure he's a stalking horse here
for the judge's interests.

DORITY
Yankton's head's up their asses
thinking Bullock's anyone's man.
Bullock don't know whose man he is
himself.

SWEARENGEN
(to Adams)
In the thoroughfare, as I readied
to stab the cocksucker, had you
any impulse to hint at this?

ADAMS
The moment didn't seem right.

SWEARENGEN
I expect over time your quickness
with the cocky rejoinder has got
you many punches in the face.

ADAMS
Depends what you call "many."

DORITY
There's another fucking clever
one.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

Dority looks to Swearengen for license to hit Adams,
which Swearengen does not issue --

SWEARENGEN

To Yankton's thinking, would Bullock
dead curb Montana's interest, or
incite 'em to a stronger expression?

ADAMS

I don't know.

Swearengen glances at Dority's readied rifle --

SWEARENGEN

If he's spoiling to mix with us
further, they may get a chance to
find out.

CUT TO:

6

EXT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - NIGHT

6

Bullock situates Utter on a barrel to ameliorate Utter's
feigned light-headedness --

UTTER

Thanks Bullock.

BULLOCK

All right.

UTTER

I'm next to completely collected.

Bullock nods with an effort at patience --

UTTER (CONT'D)

'Three separate occasions I've
been shot at, struck, and fought
on. Now a miss takes my
equilibrium.

BULLOCK

Anyways.

UTTER

You want to get to The Gem, huh?

BULLOCK

Yeah.

UTTER

Why?

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

BULLOCK

I told you why.

UTTER

I mean why just this instant, say,
different from later a little while,
when a friend could back your play.

Bullock stares at him --

UTTER (CONT'D)

Some place you need to get to after
that?

Bullock sits back reluctantly --

CUT TO:

6A

INT. CHEZ AMI - NIGHT

6A

In the near darkness, the shapes of barrels, parts of barrels, and tools for making barrels. After a beat, the opening of the door, with whatever illumination their lanterns afford, and the torches from the street, reveals Stubbs and Maddie in the doorway. They move inside tentatively, with the three girls Maddie's brought from New York, and Doris from the Bella Union, filling the illuminated part of the frame behind them. Even in the near darkness, the daunted disappointment of the New York whores is unmistakable --

STUBBS

I got the elements stored in back.

Maddie knows that the first step toward allaying her whores' disappointment is to good-naturedly give it voice --

MADDIE

I hope to Christ you do.

(to the girls)

Come in! Don't anyone bolt for
freedom.

(to Stubbs)

I got them cut off from the rear.

STUBBS

Kept accumulating 'em secret so Cy
wouldn't think I was proceeding.

Stubbs has been leading the others to a room along the back wall, opens another door --

6B INT. MADAM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

6B

The same darkness which framed the shapes of the abandoned cooperage at the front now outlines the settees, curtains, and other appointments for the brothel which Stubbs has stored in what will also serve, as the DOOR OPENS and the lanterns carried by Stubbs and Maddie now reveal, the tastefully decorated Madam's bedroom. Stubbs indicates some rolled wallpaper in one corner --

MADDIE
Well, well, well.

STUBBS
There's the wallpaper you sent Maddie.

MADDIE
Yes Ma'am.

Behind Stubbs and Maddie, the other women have filtered in, beam in relief. Even Doris, whose fundamental emotion is one of terror, manages a smile --

MADDIE (CONT'D)
Ladies, why don't you put your attentions to some of the lighter furniture and we'll hire some great minds to do the heavy lifting. Roll up your sleeves, Doris! Hard work dispels worry.

Off which --

CUT TO:

7 INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - NIGHT

7

Trixie's next to the wounded Star --

TRIXIE
I hope your shoulder pains like some sharp-toothed creature's chewing at it inside and gnawing.

STAR
How did I give offense?

TRIXIE
No one needs feeling as good as you'd feel otherwise
(MORE)

She looks away, biting at her lip --

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

I say from fucking experience.

She switches sides of her lip to bite on --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

And I didn't need the fucking activity today, and fucking crises. I prefer sucking prick, is the fucking short of it.

STAR

I'd settle for a vigorous hand-holding.

TRIXIE

Oh you're a funny fucking Jew, and type that insinuates himself.

Looking away, she takes his hand --

CUT TO:

A7

INT. BELLA UNION - TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A7

In the aftermath of Stubbs' departure, Tolliver addresses Leon, Stapleton, Lila and Jack the Bartender --

TOLLIVER

General principle, I believe in fostering people's tries at improving theirselves, and I think you all also know I've got a special fondness for Joanie Stubbs. If those things wasn't true, in this camp, at this present juncture, I Cy Tolliver would not have backed an exclusively high-end whoring operation at the far fucking end of the camp without concealed access for its trade. Be that as it may, and wishing Joanie Godspeed, this congregation gathers so I can assure each of you that our operation here, the Bella Union, is organized exactly to capitalize on what this camp is ready for, and what it's going to become, and that surprises in that regard are coming sooner rather than later that'll give occasion for me to take a fresh look at each of you, and for you to strut your stuff.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A7

CONTINUED:

A7

He stacks four twenty-dollar gold pieces on the desk --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
And I want each of you to take one
of these as a gesture of optimism
and good will, and get the fuck
back to work.

He chuckles as they queue to collect their bonuses --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
I'm also announcing that Leon's
captaincy of the gaming tables,
which has been temporary, is now a
permanent position.

LEON
(moved)
With the understanding, if Eddie
ever shows back up, I turn the
stick over with no whimper or
complaint.

TOLLIVER
That won't be happening Leon.

LEON
Or whatever the fucking situation
is, with loyalty and no complaint.

Jack the Bartender and Con Stapleton have picked up
their money --

TOLLIVER
Jack, Con, wonderful.

JACK
Thanks Boss.

TOLLIVER
Huge challenges 'round the bend.

STAPLETON
Making real inroads of conciliation
among the Celestials Mister T --

TOLLIVER
High-odds on them daily drawings
doing the trick?

STAPLETON
They're a real fucking healing
gesture.

(CONTINUED)

A7

CONTINUED: (2)

A7

Everyone's gone but Lila, who presents her purse --

TOLLIVER
Every cent in your kick Lila?

LILA
Every cent.

TOLLIVER
Coming to what?

LILA
Three-hundred twenty-seven dollars.

Tolliver nods --

TOLLIVER
And here's a ruby Honey that any
establishment of your fucking
choosing will appraise at five-
hundred dollars or more.

They exchange the money for the jewelry --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
With my promise, all you do is
name 'em, every earthly need of
yours will be met.

LILA
All right.

TOLLIVER
Why you should never be found with
cash after your half-hour fucking
grace period after your shift.

She nods, about to leave --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Lila.

She stops. He indicates the twenty-dollar gold piece
she's holding. She hands it to him --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Toward another ruby, or some other
stone?

She meets his eyes a beat, turns and walks out. Off
Tolliver --

CUT TO:

7A EXT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - NIGHT (SHOT AS P201, SCENE #48) 7A

Lights are burning at Doc's; he's returned to work --

7B INT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - NIGHT (SHOT AS P201, SCENE #49) 7B

-- deep in the cranial recesses of The Stiff Formerly Known As Bummer Dan. To one side is a lab book where we can see Cochran's medical sketches accompanied by brief, neat notes. Cochran absently takes a sip from a beaker of alcohol, then removes the amygdala from the corpse, gives it brief scrutiny, weighs it, and drops it into the convenient beaker --

7C EXT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - NIGHT (SHOT AS P201, SCENE #50) 7C

Jane's horse has come to a halt outside Doc's place, Jane's drunk-riding safety rig has somehow malfunctioned and she is hanging by one boot, lying in the mud, partly secured to the saddle --

JANE

Keep your fucking distance. Remain on your side of the street, do not interfere with me in any way.

-- addressing a pair of incurious Chinese across the street. Jane reaches for a knife in her boot to cut herself free, can't manage it. Cochran enters her field of view --

COCHRAN

You are an entangled inebriate, are you not?

JANE

This happens to be a rig and contraption of my own devising against repeated accidental falls that has temporarily malfunctioned!

COCHRAN

Very well knotted.

JANE

I'm back in camp, Cochran, because I'm dying and I need a place to breath my fucking last and not for no human aid or consolation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7C

CONTINUED:

7C

Cochran tries to untie Jane's leg --

JANE (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, you're bad with your hands!

She reaches again for her boot and fails --

JANE (CONT'D)
If I wasn't practically fuckin' dead, I'd reach that knife. I farted, so what? Don't you try and disarm me you cocksucker, just lift me up and I'll do it myself.
(sits up)
Now allow me a moment while I endeavor not to vomit on you, you cocksucker!

Cochran pulls the knife from Jane's boot, she grabs it from him and cuts herself loose. Cochran admires the beautiful coffin on the travois as Jane picks herself up --

COCHRAN
How'd you come in possession of a potentate's casket?

JANE
'Saying it's too much coffin for the likes of me?

COCHRAN
Merely indulging a fool's curiosity.

JANE
I won it, at poker. 'Game was broke up by a murder 'fore I could lose it back.

Jane contemplates the coffin, believing her inability to rid herself of it signals the cold imprimatur of coming doom --

JANE (CONT'D)
Do you want to help me up, or should I help you?

COCHRAN
That regurgitation, is that a settled issue?

JANE
Settled!

(CONTINUED)

7C

CONTINUED: (2)

7C

COCHRAN

I'm going to help you! Step in
and let me examine you. Even if
you're past help, enhancing my
understanding may allow others the
benefit of your mortal illness.

JANE

Do you mock me cocksucker?

COCHRAN

No. Come inside, Jane.

Doc, sensing her agreement, turns toward the cabin.
Jane puts a hand on his shoulder at the entrance --

JANE

If I cooperate, promise when I'm
dead you'll plant me with a view
of where Bill is.

COCHRAN

(nods, indicates the
coffin)

If it takes that sarcophagus to
secure the plot.

JANE

Go on, then.

Doc enters the cabin --

7D

INT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS (SHOT AS P201, SCENE #51) 7D

Jane enters, and, at the sight of partially dissected
Bummer Dan, she freezes --

COCHRAN

Come on Jane ... come on, that's
it!

JANE

You fucking ghoul.

Cochran's collected a stethoscope and thermometer --

COCHRAN

Lie down here, and ignore the other
patient.

He waves Jane to an examining bed. She lies. He opens
her jacket, palpates the lymph-glands at her throat
and under her arms --

(CONTINUED)

7D

CONTINUED:

7D

JANE

You're fucking tickling me.

COCHRAN

I'm through. Close your eyes.

JANE

Just don't put any pennies on those.

-- feels her eyeballs through her closed lids. Nods
and frowns --

COCHRAN

Unbutton your blouse.

JANE

(eyes still closed)

I will not.

COCHRAN

Jane, for me the female breast
long ago lost mystery or allure.
Open your goddamn blouse.

Cochran sticks a thermometer in her mouth. She begins
to comply, against the thermometer's impediment
achieving speech --

JANE

I'm keeping my fucking eyes shut,
but I'll know every fucking move
you make.

Cochran palpates her abdomen, lifts her left breast so
he can listen to her heart with the stethoscope --

JANE (CONT'D)

I'll have your further promise you
won't forage in my remains when
I'm fucking dead, as you obviously
don't scruple from that type of
sick behavior.

COCHRAN

I promise and sit up if you're not
too drunk.

Jane opens her eyes, does up her blouse stands --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

Your liver runs from your chin to
your genitals. I suggest you quit
drinking.

(CONTINUED)

7D

CONTINUED: (2)

7D

JANE

I will when you do, you ugly son-
of-a-bitch.

COCHRAN

Nature's a forgiving mistress.
You might could have some time to
fill before She collects her due --

JANE

As if I would credit any opinion
from you on the subject of health.

COCHRAN

If you'd care to sojourn among us,
Charlie Utter's put aside a room
for you at his freight building --

Jane takes this in --

JANE

Has he got animals in there?

Off which --

CUT TO:

8

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE 11A)

8

9

EXT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - NIGHT

9

Bullock is seated hard on an upturned crate. Utter's
on a barrel a few feet away --

BULLOCK

Fort Cooper, on the Butterfield
Stage Route.

UTTER

I know that Fort. On the Brazos.

BULLOCK

That's where I found him. I was
thirteen, he had to send me back.
But we had a good talk before I
left. Probably I'd've come looking
for him again, but next year was
The War. Robert was cavalry, I'd
no way to locate where he was.

UTTER

Fucking War had everyone all over
everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

BULLOCK

We wrote, less after my father passed and I headed to Montana. I had letters when he married and when they had their boy. And we'd threaten visits. When finally I did come to Fort Quitman where Robert was posted and met Martha and William, Robert wasn't there. He was following back some raid across the Rio Grande. I'd let it wait too long. He got shot and killed in Mexico and buried there.

Utter makes a gesture intended to convey his regret, but which suggests violent death's about what you'd expect of Mexico --

UTTER

Fucking Mexico.

BULLOCK

I went down and found him and brought him back.

Utter nods understanding --

UTTER

Wrong to let them lay there --

Not to be ungenerous --

UTTER (CONT'D)

-- unless you're Mexican.

Bullock suddenly sobs, turns his head away from Utter, waving his hand. Utter's up like a jack-in-the-box --

UTTER (CONT'D)

Now my bowels are in a fucking upheaval.

He moves away, turns his back to give Bullock his privacy --

UTTER (CONT'D)

Stand off to pass wind, don't ever say I'm not a fucking gentleman.

JANE (O.S.)

Fuck you two.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2) 9

They see her on her horse, her coffin in tow on the
travois --

CUT TO:

10 OMITTED 10
THRU THRU
11 (SCENE 10 MOVED TO SCENE 35) 11 (SCENE

10 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT 10

She's talking to Miss Isringhausen --

ALMA
He will leave with me, if I tell
him it's my wish.

Miss Isringhausen's learned not to be free with her
answers --

ALMA (CONT'D)
What our life would be like is
another question.

Alma's look solicits a response --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
I would say Ma'am, it might be
like living atop a volcano.

ALMA
That's been done Miss Isringhausen.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Certainly. And with a good deal
of excitement, I should think. A
sense every day of high adventure,
and, of course, danger. And
possibly worse.

ALMA
As to "excitement," would you
possibly include happiness?

Miss Isringhausen avoids Alma's gaze --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Why not Mrs. Garret?

Alma rises, moves to the window --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)
Please don't be angry with me Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

ALMA

No.

She looks back --

ALMA (CONT'D)

We do love each other. To be
together wouldn't seem so outlandish
a proposition.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

No Ma'am.

ALMA

Except for every other single thing.

Off which --

CUT TO:

12

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE 15B)

12

13

OMITTED (SCENE 13 MOVED TO SCENE 15A)

13

14

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

14

Nuttall and Swearengen at the bar. Nuttall considers
his fellow saloon-keeper commiseratively --

NUTTALL

My concern, past your physical
well-being, is what the dispute
portends.

SWEARENGEN

Yeah, I don't know.

NUTTALL

Does it seem settled between you,
or still unresolved.

SWEARENGEN

I don't fucking know.

NUTTALL

Your ribs are fucking hurting,
aren't they?

SWEARENGEN

Yes they fucking are.

NUTTALL

I always believed, of His sufferings
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

NUTTALL (CONT'D)
on the Cross, His busted ribs
would've hurt Him the worst.

Hawkeye has come in. Swearengen looks to Adams, who's
also noted Hawkeye's arrival --

SWEARENGEN
Adams. Your cutthroat friend.

Adams is heading for him. Swearengen shows Hawkeye a
thumbs-up --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(calls to Hawkeye)
I'd've thought you was somewheres
in Florida, getting your belly
rubbed by a Seminole.

ANGLE - HAWKEYE AND ADAMS

Adams joins Hawkeye --

ADAMS
What the fuck?

HAWKEYE
You would not believe what happened
to me Boss.

ADAMS
If Kate's Hogranch is part of the
story and fucking that half-breed,
go ahead and try me.

HAWKEYE
That was not the stop that detained
me.

ADAMS
I'm past my fill of this shit.
Next time don't catch up.

Adams moves off, back toward the bar. Hawkeye calls
after with injured dignity --

HAWKEYE
Guess the Day of the Samaritan's
passed --
(more or less to
himself)
-- stop to help stranded sisters.

Adams, back to the bar, glances toward Swearengen --

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

SWEARENGEN

Severe reprimand?

Adams drinks --

ANGLE - DORITY

having grabbed a bar towel, moving to the table next to where Hawkeye's seated himself --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AND NUTTALL

watching --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

The storm-clouds gather.

A token glance at the roof from Nuttall before he looks back to Swearengen, takes his cue from Swearengen's gaze, which is directed toward --

ANGLE - DORITY AND HAWKEYE

Hawkeye watches DORITY continue his wiping of the adjoining table --

HAWKEYE

Hoss, I'd say you about got her clean.

DORITY stares at him with narrowed eyes and a tight, mirthless smile --

DORITY

You're another fucking clever one, ain't you? I'll bet on the trail, when you ain't greasing poles or choosing-up who plays rider, him and you just bust each other's guts.

DORITY's glance toward Adams clarifies Hawkeye's understanding --

HAWKEYE

We do laugh some about you.

The conclusion of which Hawkeye punctuates by throwing a shoulder into DORITY's midsection as preface to upending him. But DORITY, readied, reaching his arms over Hawkeye's back, lifts Hawkeye's legs to take his purchase, slams him to the floor --

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (3)

14

DORITY

I'll hear a real belly-giggle out
of you soon, cocksucker.

-- begins to beat on him --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AND NUTTALL

Nuttall's invariable admiration for Swearengen is just
now occasioned by his rival's prescience --

NUTTALL

Hell of a fucking call Al.

Swearengen's gaze is fixed on Adams, who watches with
growing agitation as DORITY, smiling and staring at
him tauntingly, beats on Hawkeye with one-sided
viciousness. Adams directs to Swearengen a look of
desperate appeal; Swearengen answers with a head-shake
no. Among the customers who have gathered at safe
remove to indulge their blood-lust is Slippery Dan,
eighty-sixed earlier in the day from Nuttall's for the
practical joke which killed Bummer Dan. A connoisseur's
appreciation admixes in Slippery with nostalgia as he
claps his hands like a child --

SLIPPERY DAN

Christ, that's a country ass-
kicking.

Thwarted in his true desire to help Hawkeye, Adams
grabs Slippery Dan by the lapels of his Hudson's Bay
coat --

ADAMS

You shut your fucking mouth.

-- runs him backward, impaling him on the antlers beside
the bar --

ANGLE - NUTTALL AND SWEARENGEN

watching --

NUTTALL

He just twelve-pointed Slippery
Dan.

Swearengen's moving toward the action, holding out his
hand as he passes Burns, receiving Burns' shotgun,
which, arriving in proximity to the on-going beating,
Swearengen points at the roof and discharges --

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (4)

14

SWEARENGEN

Next one's to your head Dan --

Dority pauses at his work, sees the rifle-barrel trained at his head --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

-- do not doubt me.

Another beat, then Dority, experiencing this as the last in a series of rejections from Swearengen and exhibitions of Swearengen's preference for Adams and Adams' associates, climbs off Hawkeye, beginning to weep --

DORITY

That's great, and fucking great,
and fucking beautiful.

Upright, he covers his eyes, runs for the back. Swearengen's look to Adams indicates Slippery Dan, whose limbs flail and spasm like some failing laboratory specimen's --

SWEARENGEN

(to Adams, re Slippery)

You want to draw him off the fucking
antlers?

Burns issues a caution as Adams advances --

BURNS

Careful.

As Adams begins the disimpaling --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AND NUTTALL

Swearengen lowers his eyes, rubs his forehead --

SWEARENGEN

Feels like a cannonball up my ass.

TIME CUT TO:

*

14A

EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - NIGHT (FORMERLY SCENE # 33)

14A *

Wu and Cochran observe Bummer Dan being devoured by
Wu's pigs --

*

*

(CONTINUED)

14A

CONTINUED:

14A

COCHRAN
(to Wu, re Bummer
Dan)
Alcocholic encephalopathy. Wet-
brain.

Wu doesn't care, looks down the alley, where Adams,
more or less accompanied by the well-beaten Hawkeye,
can be seen bearing over his shoulder the swaddled
remains of the twelve-pointed Slippery Dan. Wu frowns --
he doesn't know Adams --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
(re Adams)
Works for Swedgin --

Cochran accompanys this with a thumbs-up gesture.
Wu takes in Cochran's meaning, looks back to Adams,
showing him an open hand --

WU
Fi' dollah.

Adams nods, about to dump the corpse into the pigpen.
Wu restrains him, forcing Adams to rummage his pocket
while balancing the corpse until he produces the gold
piece and gives it to Wu, who then stands back, allowing
Adams to dump the body. Adams turns, starts back up
the alley, rejoining Hawkeye --

HAWKEYE
(ruefully)
Anything else I can do for you
Boss?

ADAMS
Keep up.

Which is Adams' way of accepting Hawkeye's apology.
Off which --

CUT TO:

15

INT. THE GEM - WHORE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

15

Dority vigorously wipes away his tears with a whore's bloomers, looks away at Swearengen's entrance --

DORITY

Don't waste your words Al or
valuable fucking time. Anything
you want, send Adams to give me
the order.

SWEARENGEN

Dan.

DORITY

You chose. You took his fucking
part.

SWEARENGEN

As was meet and proper at that
fucking moment.

DORITY

And trained the fucking gun at my
head.

SWEARENGEN

And persuaded you I'd fucking use
it, in order not to have to.

(beat)

Dan, where you or me would have
slammed that hoople up, planted
him back, and twisted the cocksucker
until each point of that buck's
rack showed out his chest, then
done it twice more in case the
fuck mistook the first two times
for accident, what did Adams do?

DORITY

He fucking walked away.

SWEARENGEN

A different man from you and me.

Dority takes in the compelling logic of this, slowly
persuaded --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Whatever lurks ahead of grievous
abominations and disorder, we walk
into together like always.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

DORITY

As you'd never say to Adams?

SWEARENGEN

As I'd never say.

Dority offers his hand. Swearengen shakes it, wincing at the various pains the gesture induces --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Would you send fucking Dolly up?

DORITY

Sure Boss.

Off which --

CUT TO:

15A

EXT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - NIGHT

15A

Jane, Utter, and Bullock --

JANE

A fella in Livingston went sweet on me. Finnish fella from Finland, hardly spoke fucking English. Brought me flowers and some dry food they like. And one night he takes my arm and we walk out together and he starts in.

She looks up at the same moon which shone then --

JANE (CONT'D)

And whispers in his Finland accent, "I want to suck your cock."

Bullock quickly shuts his eyes as if asleep. Jane looks back, considers Utter --

JANE (CONT'D)

What do you fucking think of that?

UTTER

Missed the end-part Jane -- can't practically hear fuck-all, fucking bullet near-creased my ear.

JANE

Didn't do your face no favors neither. Put him to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

15A

CONTINUED:

15A

Bullock opens his eyes as if awakening, gets to his feet --

BULLOCK

I've got to go.

UTTER

Wait! Wait! Let me get weapons.

JANE

For what?

UTTER

I told you we was involved in a falling-out, and I guess hostilities may be about to resume.

Jane considers the marked and swollen countenances of the two men --

JANE

Fucking people carry on like savages. You going to tell me now who it was with?

UTTER

Swearengen.

Jane turns full attention to Utter --

JANE

The limey cocksucker 'nearly did for the Little One.

UTTER

Uh-huh.

JANE

(to Utter)

Why the fuck was you withholding that information?

UTTER

In the futile hope of preventing you roiling the waters.

JANE

How is that Little One the limey cocksucker nearly killed? Did you pay her the money I sent for swearing?

UTTER

I paid her.

(CONTINUED)

15A

CONTINUED: (2)

15A

JANE

Still cared for by the widow Garret?

Prompted by Alma's name, Bullock gets to his feet, or if he's already on his feet, makes some purposive gesture --

BULLOCK

I'll have my gun and badge back.

Utter looks at Jane, shaking his head --

JANE

Well go get the fucking weapons for us to back him Charlie.

UTTER

Sure, let me wake my fucking watchman.

JANE

(to Bullock)

How you been otherwise?

Off which --

CUT TO:

15A1

EXT. CHEZ AMI - NIGHT

15A1

With the conversion in process, the CAMERA finds Farnum skulking furtively outside peering in. Picking through the discarded detritus of the now defunct cooperage, his hand instinctively finds a small wheelbarrow; he ponders whether to purloin it --

15A1

INT. CHEZ AMI - NIGHT - INTERCUT

15A1

Four Prospectors labor alongside the girls, sleeves rolled and brooms at the ready. Stubbs is hanging curtains, her gaze moves to Doris, who's isolated herself cleaning a window at the far end of the place, then to the workman who steadies her ladder, who wears a rag tied over his ears --

STUBBS

(testing)

What time is it, Lester?

MADDIE

I tied that good, Joanie, he don't hear nothing.

(MORE)

Joanie climbs down --

(CONTINUED)

15A1 CONTINUED:

15A1

MADDIE (CONT'D)

(re Doris)

If she had fifty dollars in her
kick, would that poor thing have
sand enough to run?

STUBBS

No.

MADDIE

We'll try to keep her alive then --

STUBBS

Short of jumping in the grave with
her.

MADDIE

Amen Sister.

Enid's approached, indicates one of the workers standing
by the door --

ENID

Man says he's finished, needs to
get to his claim.

MADDIE

Four hours work, he's earned two
bucks.

ENID

Says he wants to take it in pussy.

Stubbs looks toward the man whose eager attention to
the conversation names him author of the request --

STUBBS

You want cash Elmer, to convert to
pussy at The Gem or Bella Union.

Stubbs gives Enid the two dollars --

ELMER

All right Joanie.

-- which Enid delivers to Elmer --

STUBBS

You let it be known in camp. 'Close
to pussy as two bucks'll get a man
in here is a deep whiff walking
past.

(CONTINUED)

15A1

CONTINUED: (2)

15A1

ELMER

Can I take one of them for free?

STUBBS

Have at it.

MADDIE

Fan some at him Rosie, as he's leaving.

Elmer does, leaving --

ELMER

Oh Mother, it's the ocean!

Stubbs has joined Enid at the chess table --

STUBBS

It ain't checkers Honey -- don't be jumping one over the other.

Maddie notes Farnum hovering outside --

MADDIE

There's a rodent looking creature lamping one of your barrels.

STUBBS

(without looking)

Pay him no heed, it's the Mayor.

RESUME - FARNUM

who falls to temptation, lifting the wheelbarrow to avoid its squeaky wheels calling attention, makes off with it into Chinaman's alley --

CUT TO:

15B

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT (FORMERLY SCENE 12)

15B

Alma and Miss Isringhausen. Their exchange has continued --

ALMA

He couldn't have meant that. Not possibly.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I shouldn't have thought so.

(CONTINUED)

15B

CONTINUED:

15B

ALMA

You don't believe he'd imagine,
were he and I to go, I'd leave
Sofia behind.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I'm not certain Mrs. Garret. I
didn't hear him speak.

ALMA

Because others rescued and nursed
her? Is the idea she belongs to
the camp? Are we some filthy,
vicious outpost of Brook Farm?

(beat)

She's been with me for seven months.
She's part of my life, as I am of
hers.

(beat)

He couldn't have.

Alma now notes the trio moving from Utter's Freight
and Mail toward The Gem. Off which --

CUT TO:

16

EXT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - NIGHT

16

Trixie's outside taking a smoke break. Notes Bullock,
Utter and Jane advancing from Utter's Freight and Mail.
Bullock's re-armed, courtesy of Utter. Utter and Jane
carry shotguns. Trixie tosses down her cigarette,
turns, slowly walks into the hardware store --

17

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - CONTINUOUS

17

Trixie stands in the darkness of the empty hardware
store. A beat, then she proceeds angrily toward Star's
quarters in the rear --

18

INT. STAR'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

18

He's sleeping. She comes in --

TRIXIE

Does he want to fucking die? I
understand that has its appeal,
but not going out a fucking cunt,
taking fucking others with you.

Eyes closed, Star raises his good arm --

STAR

Dulled faculties.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

TRIXIE

Your stupid fuck of a stupid fucking partner.

Star opens his eyes --

STAR

Wants to die?

He winces, sitting up on the pallet --

STAR (CONT'D)

Help me Trixie.

TRIXIE

Fucking motherless cunt of a fuck.

She's already getting his shirt --

CUT TO:

18A

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

18A

Dority's behind the bar. Burns is wiping Slippery Dan's life-blood off the antlers --

BURNS

Never seen a man killed like that.

DORITY

Believe me Johnny, more'n just a couple of them antler points would've stuck out the cocksucker's chest if it was Al or me killing him.

Burns takes a step back, making sure the antlers aren't tilted --

BURNS

Anyways, give Adams a chance to meet Wu.

DORITY

His fucking sidekick looked a candidate for them pigs himself.

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)

Jesus Christ!

Burns looks to Dority --

(CONTINUED)

18A

CONTINUED:

18A

BURNS

Either Al just got God or Dolly's
got her thumb back up his ass.

Dority's gaze has moved to the entrance where Bullock's
walked in, followed by Utter and Jane, carrying their
shotguns --

DORITY

(casual)

Walk like a dumb-fuck into the
kitchen Johnny, get the shotgun
out the stove, and never move it
off Bullock.

As Burns heads for the kitchen --

CUT TO:

19

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

19

Swearengen's leaned over the bedstead; Dolly the whore
is massaging his prostate with her thumb. His head is
bowed --

SWEARENGEN

I halfway wonder if this don't
exaggerate the condition instead
of allaying it, if I might should
query the Doc. But then the
cocksucker'd ask after "gleets."

He suddenly shivers in agony, hand going to his forehead --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Swearengen steps forward to get away from the pain.
Dolly tries to move in tandem so as to maintain her
thumb's penetration of his anus. Swearengen STOPS,
intending to rebuke her, to say something like "For
Christ's sake don't chase after me if I'm trying to
flee," but nearly loses consciousness as Dolly's
continued forward movement drives her digit deep into
his small intestine. He raises his hand, swallows
hard several times to keep from vomiting, then --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Take it out. Remove your thumb.
(MORE)

She does --

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Why, if I was moving forward to
get away from you, would you have
fucking pursued me --

DOLLY
Sorry.

SWEARENGEN
-- and when I stopped, pressed on
yourself, to drive your thumb into
my intestine.

DOLLY
Sorry.

SWEARENGEN
Is it a river of blood or what the
fuck is pouring out of it now?

DOLLY
Nothing.

SWEARENGEN
Close the ass-flap.

She begins to button up his long-johns --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
The entire fucking region of my
asshole is now one gigantic fucking
throb, I have no idea what's
transpiring inside.

DOLLY
Shall I suck your prick?

SWEARENGEN
Please.

Off which --

20

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

20

Bullock at the bar, Dority behind it across from him --

DORITY
I'm telling you he ain't available --
(leans forward)
-- and sore-tempted to murder your
friends just for thinking they got
me flanked.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

Perhaps the CAMERA pans down, below the surface of the bar, to show Dority's rifles trained in opposite directions at Utter and Jane at each end of the bar --

ANGLE - JANE

looking toward the kitchen --

JANE

(calls out)

Be aware Bullock, some fungus-faced fuck has a rifle on you from this shit-box's version of a kitchen.

BULLOCK

(to Dority)

I'm going up to his office.

DORITY

Go ahead, if you want a second fucking crack atop the noodle, or a bullet blowing it off.

UTTER

(calls out)

The Sheriff's here to reclaim his property. No one's looking for fucking gun-play.

DORITY

Bull shit.

UTTER

'He receives his property, you'll find us ready, eager, and happy to leave.

JANE

To fucking consider it, depending on your fucking attitudes, and admitting who's fucking boss, and general fucking apology.

UTTER

Jesus fucking Christ!

Teeth gritted, Bullock strides purposefully for the door. Jane and Utter back out in his wake --

UTTER (CONT'D)

(to Jane)

Thank God you missed Appomattox.

20A EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS 20A

Bullock's exited The Gem, turns to look up at the balcony as Utter and Jane emerge --

21 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT 21

Dolly fellates the meditative Swearengen's virile member --

SWEARENGEN
Even this now gives me no pleasure.

BULLOCK (O.S.)
Swearengen!

JANE (O.S.)
Any limey cocksuckers up there?

Swearengen looks toward the balcony, rubs his neck --

SWEARENGEN
(to Dolly)
Faster.

Dolly increases the pace of her blow-job --

22 EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 22

Bullock, Jane and Utter --

BULLOCK
Be down in five minutes with my guns and badge or I'll be up there to get them!

JANE
(shouts up)
Start down now you limey cocksucker. Allow for getting stuck crawling out from under the bed!

Utter's glaring at Jane --

UTTER
Will you stop roiling the fucking water?

JANE
Roiled water's bore many limey cocksuckers to a disastrous finish.

Bullock reaches for his pocket-watch, discovers he doesn't have it --

22 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

22

From the window by the front doors and opposite the
tit-corner, Dority and Burns watch and listen to the
activity on the thoroughfare, trying to assess its
degree of seriousness. Rifles are in evidence but not
at the ready --

22A INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

22A

Against Dolly's disposition to stop to listen to his
analyses, Swearengen's grabbed a handful of hair at
the top of her head to keep her to a proper pace --

SWEARENGEN

Bullock's a fucking strategist,
ain't he? Sets terms to humiliate
me publicly, and my penalty if I
don't comply is he'll walk into
the bar downstairs and take fifteen
bullets in the chest.

BULLOCK (O.S.)

Four minutes!

SWEARENGEN

(winces)

Jesus! Him tolling the time needn't
occasion you raking my prick with
your fucking incisors!

DOLLY

(a muffled locution)

Sorry.

SWEARENGEN

Shut up.

Swearengen thinks on, with such focus and intensity he
forgets his role as coxswain --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

And that's not a fucking hoople-
head. Bullock's one of those
special fucking cases that you
don't know what in fuck's going on
in their minds. And he's big with
Montana.

(starts her head
going again)

Big. I found that out today,
because the news earlier about
Yankton and the fucking

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22A

CONTINUED:

22A

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
commissioners wasn't adequately
confusing. Not to mention the
fucking telegraph coming, and four
whores that I don't know who the
fuck they work for.

BULLOCK (O.S.)
Three minutes.

SWEARENGEN
(shouts)
Shut the fuck up!

Dolly continues. Swearngen looks to some undefined
distance --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
I s'pose I do fucking understand --
so fucking confused, and disgusted
at the fucking mess you always
make, and wanting it over, and the
blessing of a quick fucking end.
(rubs his neck)
Adopt the fucking underhanded
central approach and use your middle
digit so you don't take a vicious
angle with your nail, and we'll
attempt a two-front attack.

Dolly complies --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
And try double-time.

Swearngen speeds her up --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Holds himself to a standard beyond
our fucking natures, and wants
execution 'cause he's failed.

BULLOCK (O.S.)
One minute!

UTTER (O.S.)
What happened to two minutes?

Swearngen, gesturing in futility and frustration,
takes Dolly's mouth off his penis --

SWEARENGEN
You talk about one person fucking
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED: (2) 22A

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
up another person's entire fucking
day.

Off which --

22A1 EXT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - NIGHT 22A1

standing outside the entrance of which Star and Trixie
observe the activity in the thoroughfare --

STAR
I'd best go over.

TRIXIE
Wait.

22A2 EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - NIGHT (FORMERLY SC # 23) 22A2

Swearengen emerges, calls down to Bullock --

SWEARENGEN
Wait.

-- turns and goes back inside --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(to Dolly)
Linger here awhile and don't
consider thievery.

He picks up his timepiece --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Thirty seconds!

22B OMITTED (MOVED TO 22D) 22B

22C INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT 22C

Swearengen descends in his Union suit, carrying
Bullock's badge and gunbelt, calls to Burns --

SWEARENGEN
Johnny, produce that coal-oil-
stinking suit.

As Burns hurries toward the back --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(to Dority)
Unless you'd rather get it for me.

(CONTINUED)

22C CONTINUED: 22C

Dority appreciates the gesture of consideration but waves it off as beneath him --

CUT TO:

22D EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 22D

The CAMERA finds Merrick emerged from the offices of the Pioneer, RACKS FOCUS to his POV of Star, who now stands alone outside the Hardware Store, then RACKS to Burns emerging from the Gem --

BURNS

(calls out)

He's coming. He's detained getting dressed.

JANE

(shouts back)

Ain't it always a trial picking out the gown 'best conceals you fucking pissed yourself?

Burns disappears back inside --

UTTER

Maybe Swearengen's delayed deciding when hell breaks loose how many different vantages inside that building he wants the rifle-fire coming from. Is another fucking possibility.

BULLOCK

I wish to fuck you'd let me finish this the way I prefer.

JANE

Well we wish to fuck you'd find something else to wish for.

ANGLE - TRIXIE

emerging from the Hardware Store carrying a six-shooter and a rifle. Offers either to Star --

TRIXIE

I commend the six-shooter, being that rifle's first recoil will knock you unconscious with pain.

STAR

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

22D CONTINUED: 22D

Star takes the six-shooter. HOLD ON Trixie as Star makes his way toward the others --

TRIXIE
This selfish cocksucker.

She hefts the rifle, staring at Bullock --

22D1 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT 22D1

She's looking out the window at the activity in the thoroughfare --

ALMA
When I came to this camp, and for several years before, I depended on spirits of laudanum.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
May I ask against what indisposition?

ALMA
Various indispositions. The remedy was invariable.

Miss Isringhausen gets it now. Or perhaps, having gotten it all along, she now makes a show of compassion --

ALMA (CONT'D)
Caring for Sofia has been a great joy, and a great freedom. To give up her care, in love's name or any other, the selfishness of that I'd've been too afraid.

22D2 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT 22D2

Swearengen's dressed. Dority offers him the choice of a knife or gun, which Swearengen declines with a headshake --

SWEARENGEN
Not to say, should the situation deteriorate, you boys wouldn't open fire from concealment.

His gaze includes Burns. He's collecting Bullock's badge and gun --

22D2 EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS 22D2

Bullock takes his best shot at sparing Utter and Jane the danger of the coming confrontation --

(CONTINUED)

22D2 CONTINUED:

22D2

BULLOCK

(to Utter)

At some point you ought to realize
getting Jane's mouth out of the
game might improve everybody's
odds.

JANE

'Take Swearengen five or six changes
of clothes 'fore you found words
to hurt my feelings Bullock.

Utter feels compelled to come to Jane's defense --

UTTER

Odds or running her mouth aside,
'probably do to keep in mind Jane's
intentions're generally good.

Under which --

SWEARENGEN

nostrils dilated, as they will be throughout the scene,
against the smell emitted by his suit, comes onto the
front porch of the Gem, carrying before him like
offerings Bullock's badge, belt and gun --

RESUME - BULLOCK, UTTER AND JANE

BULLOCK

I know they are. I apologize,
Jane.

JANE

Forget it.

Jane's noted Star's approach --

JANE (CONT'D)

The hardware Jew, at less than
full force. Now they'll be fucking
quaking.

RESUME - SWEARENGEN

into the thoroughfare now, straining for, and more or
less accomplishing, a conciliatory civility --

SWEARENGEN

I regret the delay. I was
sequestered. Have been, one thing
and another, since last we met. I
also apologize for stinking.

(CONTINUED)

22D2 CONTINUED: (2)

22D2

JANE

Welcome change from your usual
odor of skunk.

Utter kicks her in the ass, undemonstratively.
Swearengen raises for general observation Bullock's
badge and gun --

SWEARENGEN

I offer you these in hope you'll
wear 'em for a good long fucking
time, and in this fucking camp,
whose ever fucking thumb we're
under --

22D3 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - INTERCUT

22D3

where Burns has rejoined Dority at the window, rifles
poised --

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)

-- and where came to my mind just
minutes ago what the Reverend Smith,
rest his soul --

RESUME - THOROUGHFARE (SHOT AS PART OF SCENE 22D2)

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

-- that his body was found on the
road apparently murdered by the
Heathens only months ago, said to
me on the subject of you, that
"Mister Bullock raises a camp up,
and I only hope he'll reside among
us and improve our general fucking
atmosphere a good long fucking
time, with whatever personal
complications or fucking
difficulties every one of us fucking
has, and where we realize running
away accomplishes absolutely fucking
nothing."

Bullock receives the gun and badge and belt --

BULLOCK

Did you find my hat?

SWEARENGEN

(calls toward the
balcony)

Dolly!

(MORE)

She'd been secretly observing, sheepishly appears --

(CONTINUED)

22D3

CONTINUED:

22D3

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Look for the Sheriff's hat!

Dolly turns, heads back inside Swearengen's office --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(strives for a
nostalgic smile)
With that half-dead face the
Reverend had, and cock-eyed look,
like the victim of a lightning-
strike.

Dolly re-appears with Bullock's hat --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
May she sail it down? -- would
that be degrading?

BULLOCK
No.

SWEARENGEN
Toss it Dolly.

Dolly tosses the hat, and Bullock catches it --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
I wish she aimed as well with her
thumb.

Swearengen moves to re-enter The Gem --

ANGLE - MERRICK

hurrying forward from wherever he's been situated,
hefting his notebook, which he almost greedily
anticipates filling soon with accounts from all the
principals of what's transpired --

22E

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

22E

She's at the window, watching. Bullock looks up.
Alma turns away --

ANGLE - BULLOCK'S POV

The curtain closes, cutting Alma off from sight --

RESUME - ALMA

She's been holding Bullock's timepiece --

(CONTINUED)

22E

CONTINUED:

22E

ALMA

When opportunity offers, please
return this to Mister Bullock.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Yes Ma'am.

Alma picks up one of the small pillows Sofia sometimes
asks to have with her while she sleeps, moves with
this toward the suite's anteroom. Off Miss Isringhausen --

RESUME - MAIN THOROUGHFARE

Merrick, who'd more or less decided on Swearengen as
his first interview, pauses on seeing him disappear
inside The Gem. Not that Merrick hasn't secured
interviews inside The Gem. No, it's the multitude of
opportunities, the reportorial choices he must make
about which among these opportunities to pursue, which
confounds and, yes, verges on immobilizing him. But
he perseveres warmly against this tendency toward frozen
incertitude which, candidly, has afflicted him more
than once in the past; which is to say, he takes a
step forward toward Bullock and the others --

ANGLE - BULLOCK, UTTER, STAR AND JANE

UTTER

(to Bullock, with an
edge)

Unless you object, I thought of
housing Jane in the overflow cell --

BULLOCK

Sure.

UTTER

Unless given how she runs her mouth
you feel that connects her too
officially to camp business.

BULLOCK

No.

(to Jane)

I hope you heard me apologize.

JANE

I nursed a fella in the woods 'bored
my ass with apologies too, 'cept
he had the excuse of high-fever.

Bullock grins, putting on his gun-belt. Merrick's
joined them --

(CONTINUED)

22E

CONTINUED: (2)

22E

MERRICK

Momentous events from every
perspective.

Jane considers Merrick a beat, then looks to Utter --

JANE

Show me to my cage.

She's already moving toward his building. Utter hurries
to catch up. Star's moving away from Bullock, with
effort and slowly. Bullock catches him --

BULLOCK

Thank you.

STAR

(indicates Trixie)

She can situate me.

BULLOCK

All right.

Bullock stops, lets Trixie, who's come forward, still
carrying the rifle, help Star into the store. Bullock
turns back, to find Merrick, who has persevered forward,
a proximate obstruction --

MERRICK

Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK

I don't want to talk about it.

Bullock heads toward his house --

MERRICK

As a practical matter, self-
censorship of the rigor which
obtains in this camp so muzzles
the press as to make of the first
amendment a hollow superfluity.

Which further consideration offers Merrick the solace
always afforded by the well-turned phrase; heartened,
he enters The Gem --

TIME CUT TO:

*

33	MOVED TO SCENE 14A	33	*
34	EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - FALSE DAWN	34	*

Bullock has paused on the town side of the creek before
his house --

35

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - FALSE DAWN - INTERCUT

35

Swearengen's concluding his part of business operations for the night. Merrick's in his train --

SWEARENGEN

As to the conflict's genesis, I lay it at cunt's doorstep. Has "cunt" one 'n' and two 't's or the other way 'round?

Merrick chortles uneasily --

MERRICK

Now Al.

SWEARENGEN

You've solicited the true account.

MERRICK

Within the limits of decency.

SWEARENGEN

You want the decent truth.

MERRICK

I choose to believe truth and decency need not be at odds.

SWEARENGEN

You'll hear no argument from me. Let it help me accumulate capital or at worst not interfere, a story is true and decent.

Carrying his strongbox, the broke-ribbed Swearengen has started his laborious ascent of the stairs. Merrick follows --

MERRICK

I would define truth and decency in such endeavor as: "the facts, rendered fully, within social standards and sensibilities, without bias or abridgment."

SWEARENGEN

Why do I imagine a snake swallowing its tail?

MERRICK

Which is to say, the economic motive is but one strand in the social
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

MERRICK (CONT'D)
tapestry my exemplary account would
weave.

SWEARENGEN
Ass-fucking the dirt-worshippers
providing another, as a pleasure
beyond gain.

MERRICK
Now now now now now now.

SWEARENGEN
Is that your heathen imitation?
Jump up and down and shout a few
whoops, as in "whoops that ass-
fucking hurts."

MERRICK
A more elevated perspective would
construe our conduct, as white men
...
(it comes to him)
-- enacting a Manifest Destiny.

SWEARENGEN
How would that further your story?
"In Deadwood today, two men,
Manifestly Destined, beat each
other senseless. As to rumors the
issue was cunt, this paper takes
no position."

They've entered Swearengen's room --

36

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

36

He begins to disrobe, continues his imagined article
with a candor discomfiting to Merrick --

SWEARENGEN
Whereas the warp and woof and
fucking weave of my story's tapestry
would foster the illusions which
further commerce.

Swearengen's down to his union suit, climbs into bed,
arms folded behind his head as he conceives his article --

37

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - FALSE DAWN - INTERCUT

37

Bullock remains on the town side of the creek --

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

SWEARENGEN (V.O.)

"Throughout Deadwood tonight heads may be laid to pillow assuaged and reassured, for the Purveyor for Profit of Everything Sordid and Vicious, Al Swearengen, already beat to a fare-thee-well by Sheriff Bullock earlier in the day, has now respectfully returned to the Sheriff the implements and ornaments of his Office.

-- finally crosses and enters --

38

INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

38

-- sees his wife seated in a chair, eyes closed, waiting. On hearing Bullock enter the mud room, she rises --

SWEARENGEN (V.O.)

Without the tawdry walls of Swearengen's Saloon, The Gem, decent citizens may pursue with a new and jaunty freedom every form of Christian commerce, in which connection we mention particularly"

-- studies him without judgment as he hangs the gunbelt he's wearing and scrapes the mud from his boots --

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

-- then you throw in the names of a few businesses 'gave you good-sized adverts --

She's joined him at the door --

BULLOCK

(to Martha)

May I come in with my boots?

MARTHA

Of course.

BULLOCK

Have you slept?

MARTHA

I waited for you.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

Bullock, carrying the gunbelt and badge he retrieved from Swearengen, advances toward the area of the room where William lies asleep, still holding the now empty basket as he'd undertaken to do when he last spoke to Bullock; pauses to explain to Martha --

BULLOCK

To show the boy when he awakes
I've got these back.

Bullock lays the gun and badge inside the basket, so that when William awakens he will see them --

MARTHA

I see that you installed a bundling
board in the bed upstairs.

BULLOCK

I did.

MARTHA

I hope you don't mind that I've
removed it.

BULLOCK

No.

Martha leads Bullock upstairs, pausing first to look back at her boy, then again to Bullock. Off which --

39

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT

39

Swearengen's no longer speaking. Perhaps we hear the door close as Merrick departs. But Swearengen's imagined newspaper story continues in voice-over --

SWEARENGEN (V.O.)

"The ethics of journalism require
The Pioneer also to report that
within the Gem, on Deadwood's main
thoroughfare, comely whores,
decently-priced liquor and the
squarest games of chance in the
Hills remain unabatedly available,
at all hours, seven days a week."

Off Swearengen --

FADE OUT: