

Director: Steve Shill

“Deadwood”

“New Money”

Written by

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Production Draft

Aug. 23, 2004

Aug. 24, 2004 Blue

Aug. 27, 2004 Pink

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Sept. 01, 2004 Buff

Sept. 02, 2004 Salmon

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Sept. 08, 2004 Tan

Sept. 09, 2004 Double Blue

Sept. 10, 2004 Double Pink

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Oct. 07, 2004 Double Buff

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Dec. 15, 2004 Double Cherry

Mar. 18, 2005 Double Tan

"New Money"

FADE IN:

A0 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - BUFFET - MORNING

A0

Maddie and Stubbs serving themselves --

STUBBS

The fare itself is disgraceful.

MADDIE

Yes.

STUBBS

But the company's often lovely.

ANGLE - CHARLIE UTTER

already seated and finishing his meal, rising, tipping his hat --

UTTER

'Morning Ladies.

STUBBS

(indicates Maddie)

Mister Charlie Utter, my friend Maddie.

UTTER

How do you do.

MADDIE

How do you do Mister Utter.

STUBBS

(to Utter)

How are you feeling?

(to Maddie)

Charlie was part of that gunplay yesterday.

UTTER

My hearing's about back. I gave up worry over my face some years past.

STUBBS

Awful glad to see you're all right.

(CONTINUED)

A0

CONTINUED:

A0

UTTER

(to Maddie)

Would you be the Maddie Joanie
spoke of hoping might some day
join her from New York?

MADDIE

I would.

UTTER

Pleasure then to see you here, and
I hope your plans come to fruition.

MADDIE

Thank you Sir.

UTTER

Don't you think of fucking getting
that table. I should go, I got a
guest probably damaging my place.

He's gone --

MADDIE

He is lovely.

1

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

1

Expensive leather luggage is unloaded from the stage
and stacked on the Grand Central's porch by the driver.
Farnum, in fully aroused venality, is close beside
Francis Wolcott, bearded, handsome, thirty-eight --

FARNUM

May I ask Mister Wolcott what
prospect draws you to our Hills?

WOLCOTT

Gold.

FARNUM

Gold, I see.

Utter exits onto the porch --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

'Morning Mister Utter.

UTTER

'Morning.

Farnum gestures at Utter's departing figure --

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

FARNUM

Frequents my buffet religiously.

WOLCOTT

I hope to locate and secure an assortment of claims.

FARNUM

An assortment -- shrewd hedging which makes me doubt this is your first foray.

Wolcott tips the driver who's finished unloading his luggage --

WOLCOTT

If it were, I don't suppose I'd admit that to you.

FARNUM

Only confirming my original impression.

Farnum shoves Richardson the Cook toward Wolcott's belongings --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

My staff will install your possessions.

WOLCOTT

Thank you.

They head for the Grand Central lobby, Farnum chuckling obsequiously, bouncing his fingertips off each other like a mouse finicking over a piece of cheese --

2

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

2

Ellsworth's escorting Alma from her suite --

ELLSWORTH

I hope the night passed well for you Ma'am.

ALMA

Yes, and thank you for asking, and for your kind accompaniment last evening to the Bullock and Star Hardware Store --

ELLSWORTH

Very welcome.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

ALMA

Mister Bullock won't be overseer
any longer to the business aspects
of my claim.

Ellsworth produces a piece of paper --

ELLSWORTH

I took the liberty last night Mrs.
Garret of listing men in the camp
'might be appropriate successors.

ALMA

That was kind, but I intend now,
with your continued supervision of
the physical operation, to see to
the business aspect myself.

ELLSWORTH

I see.

ALMA

Are you willing to continue in
that capacity?

ELLSWORTH

Yes Ma'am.

They've reached the bottom of the stairs --

ALMA

Would you mind foregoing the buffet?

ELLSWORTH

No Ma'am.

ALMA

Then I'll be grateful if you'll
take me to my claim.

ELLSWORTH

Certainly.

ALMA

Thank you Ellsworth.

She covers his hand with her own --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Ellsworth nods as he guides her from the hotel, passing
Wolcott and Farnum at the buffet --

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

FARNUM

No reason I suppose why you'd have learned as yet I'm also the camp's Mayor.

WOLCOTT

No.

FARNUM

Mysterious, isn't it, why people see us as they do -- why the many choose to regard one man over others as a figure of probity.

Farnum knows that having baited his hook and secured a nibble he should allow his caught fish play; but that wouldn't be E.B. --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I wonder if I arouse such feelings toward myself for being myself so given to spontaneous fits of trust.

WOLCOTT

Do you feel one coming on?

FARNUM

Something in your carriage and purpose does prompt me in that direction.

WOLCOTT

This oatmeal looks old.

Farnum peers into the oatmeal pot --

FARNUM

It does, doesn't it. Richardson, goddamn you!

As Richardson appears --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

The oatmeal is clotted.

RICHARDSON

It's forty-five minutes yet till the three hours.

FARNUM

Stop spouting gibberish and replace the damned oatmeal!

(CONTINUED)

WOLCOTT

I'll make do with the bacon.

FARNUM

My chef Richardson A camp
like this, one draws one's menials
from a small and brackish pool.

(rubs his neck)

Once the pig is digested, perhaps
we can pursue a possibility that's
come to mind.

WOLCOTT

If the spirit still moves in you,
sure.

FARNUM

Maybe we can do it now.

WOLCOTT

No, let's first let your mind ripen
and mature the possibility.

FARNUM

Certainly ... of course.

ANGLE - MADDIE AND STUBBS

Stubbs, who cannot see Wolcott, is studying her
distracted companion, who can --

MADDIE

(re Farnum)

The creature I saw outside our
place last night who you said is
the camp's mayor now perches like
a vulture above that man at
breakfast.

Stubbs looks back to Maddie --

STUBBS

Farnum. He owns the hotel.

MADDIE

Have you affection for Mayor Farnum?

STUBBS

None.

MADDIE

Good. Because the man the Mayor
expects to digest is going to toy
and play with Mister Farnum from

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (4)

2

MADDIE (CONT'D)
camouflage for as long as he finds
it amusing and then make him a
meal of his own.

STUBBS
Who is the man?

MADDIE
A trick. A specialist who asks to
be called Mister W.

A beat, as Stubbs stares at Maddie, then --

Off which --

CUT TO:

2A

INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - DAY

2A

Bullock and Martha. She's got breakfast ready except
for what she'll cook now that he's up --

BULLOCK
'Morning.

MARTHA
Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

2A

CONTINUED:

2A

BULLOCK

'The boy looking to his holdings?

MARTHA

Hard about it.

Bullock indicates his badge and gun --

BULLOCK

He saw my badge and gun?

MARTHA

Yes. Will you have coffee?

BULLOCK

Please.

MARTHA

Scrambled eggs and bacon.

BULLOCK

Please ... Thank you. You brought provisions.

MARTHA

During the night while I was waiting for you to come home.

BULLOCK

Twenty-four hour camp.

MARTHA

So I saw.

BULLOCK

Certain things I said yesterday, I regret. I'll be grateful if you'd not rely on them.

MARTHA

All right.

BULLOCK

Representations I made, as to letters I'd written. I didn't.

MARTHA

I'll be grateful then if you'd not rely on my assurance I got them.

He studies her --

BULLOCK

All right.

(CONTINUED)

2A

CONTINUED: (2)

2A

She meets his eyes --

MARTHA

I'll hold my deepest gratitude
Mister Bullock for what will let
us live, as we are now.

Off which --

CUT TO:

2B

EXT. BULLOCK HOUSE - DAY

2B

William's by the creek with a red-haired boy, DAMON --

DAMON

Did you only just get here?

WILLIAM

Just yesterday.

DAMON

I watched the Sheriff build this
house.

WILLIAM

Mister Bullock's my Pa's brother,
that married my Ma when my Pa got
killed, so now he's my Pa and my
Uncle.

DAMON

Big trout lives down there under
the deeper part.

Under which a buck-board, packed with belongings, has
approached with Damon's father, a wiry prospector at
the ribbons --

PROSPECTOR

Damon!

DAMON

(to his father)

Coming!

(to William)

My Pa and me are going to grow
apples in Oregon.

WILLIAM

Will you come back?

(CONTINUED)

2B

CONTINUED:

2B

DAMON

Pa says he's never coming back here.

He's already moving to join his father --

DAMON (CONT'D)

Keep your eye on that rainbow -- I call him Jumbo.

He's gone. Bullock's come out of the house --

BULLOCK

'Morning William.

WILLIAM

'Morning Mister Bullock.

Bullock's come beside him --

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You got your gun and badge back.

BULLOCK

I did. I left them in that basket so you could see.

WILLIAM

Did you fight that man again?

BULLOCK

No, we didn't have to fight.

As they watch the buckboard drive off --

WILLIAM

That boy's going to Oregon.

Bullock moves past his son, turns at the bottom of the stairs --

BULLOCK

There's a trout loiters afternoons just downstream there. After work maybe we can make him pay for his slothful ways.

WILLIAM

That boy calls him Jumbo.

Off William, as Bullock heads toward the center of the camp --

CUT TO:

3 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY 3

Burns and Dority both staring at the closed door of Swearengen's office --

DORITY

You want to know when we're going to open Tess? We're going to open when Johnny and I say we're going to open and the three of you lurking outside Al's door is not going to hasten the fucking process.

Farnum knocks on the front door --

FARNUM (O.S.)

E.B. Farnum demanding entry!

DORITY

Fucking near sunup when he called it quits, he's entitled to a sleeping-in.

BURNS

He locks the door, Dan, when he leaves his office. Al does not lock the door when he's inside.

Which truth is no less disconcerting to Dority than Burns --

DORITY

Well this is the exception that proves the fucking rule.

BURNS

I s'pose.

4 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - INTERCUT 4

He's on the floor, legs drawn up, face soaked with sweat from a septic fever --

5 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - CONTINUOUS 5

Dority and Burns note the approach with a royal's self-importance of E.B. Farnum --

FARNUM

Summon Al.

BURNS

He ain't summonable.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

FARNUM

For the news I bear he'll be plenty
summonable.

DORITY

Why'n't you go up and summon him
yourself E.B.?

FARNUM

Happily.

DORITY

He's behind lock-and-key.

FARNUM

You're certain he's within?

BURNS

Called out at my knock, said get
the fuck away.

Farnum considers this --

FARNUM

Fornication demanding discretion,
or a bribe.

Dority's worry makes him irritable --

DORITY

He's alone, and he's going to
fucking stay alone till he chooses
otherwise --

BURNS

I think he's fucking poorly -- his
voice had a gravelly timbre.

DORITY

(to Farnum)

-- you want to leave him a fucking
message?

E.B.'s this full of himself --

FARNUM

In fact, I do. Yes. Give me an
instant and I'll compose it.

(MORE)

E.B.'s good brow, his right, arches. His eyes fix on
some Olympian distance --

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

FARNUM (CONT'D)

"Al. If you're not dead and already
mouldering, I send news to revive
you. A fish to rival the fabled
Leviathan has swum into our waters.
He's hooked. Get well soon and
we'll land the cocksucker together.
Your friend, E.B."

Farnum gives the gloves in his left hand a saucy flip,
looks to Burns --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

You might add, as a post script --
"I also have the news you dispatched
me to secure of the newly-arrived
cunt."

Farnum spares a last estimate for the mortals who've
attended his discourse, strolls toward the door. After
a beat --

BURNS

My Pa's timbre got gravelly just
before the grippe come over him.

DORITY

How was it when he woke up after
tying on a good one the fucking
night before.

BURNS

It'd be gravelly then too.

Burns is grateful --

CUT TO:

5BA

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - DAY

5BA

Bullock's waiting in the lobby as Richardson descends
with Miss Isringhausen and Sofia --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Good morning Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK

Good morning. Good morning Sofia.

SOFIA

Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

5BA

CONTINUED:

5BA

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Mrs. Garret has gone to see to her claim.

BULLOCK

Has she.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Yes, with Mister Ellsworth.

BULLOCK

I see.

Miss Isringhausen produces Bullock's watch --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

She asked me, if I saw you, please to give you this back.

Bullock looks to Sofia, then to Miss Isringhausen --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)

Sofia can learn on another watch.

BULLOCK

All right.

Miss Isringhausen's about to take Sofia back upstairs --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

When opportunity permits, you might inquire of Mrs. Garret, as few children as are in the camp

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I understand Mister Bullock, and I'll inquire.

BULLOCK

Certainly, if she decided it was appropriate, other parties would be delighted, and grateful.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Yes, well she'll have to decide that.

BULLOCK

Yes.

Miss Isringhausen considers Bullock, turns and leads Sofia back up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

5BA

CONTINUED: (2)

5BA

Bullock, exiting, crosses the entering Farnum, who, bearing several of Wolcott's pieces of luggage almost at eye-level, doesn't recognize Bullock until Bullock's almost past --

FARNUM

The camp pugilist.

Bullock ignores him. Farnum puts down the luggage --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Done with the pig Mister Wolcott?
Will you see your room now?

Wolcott notes Maddie and Stubbs, having finished their meal, exiting to Farnum's other side. Rises --

WOLCOTT

I do not find you an aid to
digestion Mister Farnum.

FARNUM

We only begin to know each other
Sir.

Off which --

CUT TO:

5BB

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY (FORMERLY SC. # 5B)

5BB

Maddie and Stubbs on their way back to the Chez Ami --

MADDIE

Fond as I am of you Joanie, I
wouldn't have brought my girls and
my own tired ass out here on just
your kind invitation.

STUBBS

And the trick sweetened the
prospect. Mister W.

MADDIE

He offered on one of my girls to
bring her out here.

STUBBS

For you to send her with him.

MADDIE

(nods)
Being Mister W's chief lookout for
George Hearst,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5BB

CONTINUED:

5BB

MADDIE (CONT'D)
that struck biggest in the Comstock
and Mexico, I knew he'd just
endorsed the camp's future.

STUBBS
Hooray then for us.

MADDIE
The short side is, he's cranky
when disappointed.

STUBBS
Is that his specialty?

MADDIE
Crankiness yes. Mister W enjoys
being cranky with his women, but
sometimes, when disappointed, his
crankiness runs away with him.

STUBBS
And what's going to disappoint
him?

MADDIE
Devious sort that I am, I've got
the girl he's interested in on
ice.

STUBBS
Did he see us? *

MADDIE
He saw us. *

Off which --

CUT TO:

5BC

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - HICKOK'S OLD ROOM - DAY
(FORMERLY SCENE # 5C)

5BC

Farnum and Wolcott. Farnum's showing him in --

FARNUM
Get away Richardson! I've got it!
Will this be satisfactory?

WOLCOTT
Very adequate, while I look for
other quarters.

(CONTINUED)

5BC

CONTINUED:

5BC

FARNUM

May I then bring your luggage?

WOLCOTT

Please do. May I help you?

(CONTINUED)

5BC

CONTINUED: (2)

5BC

FARNUM

No, no, Sir. That would not be permitted. Please sit yourself. The room has a distinguished pedigree --

WOLCOTT

Really.

FARNUM

Having accommodated Wild Bill Hickok until his untimely demise.

WOLCOTT

Has that implications for the rate?

FARNUM

I have charged a premium since, but that would go against my present intention.

Wolcott nods, considers Farnum --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

You see, Mister Wolcott, I'm the custodian -- note I do not say owner -- of Hickok's final earthly communication. Since the letter came to my possession, I've had the deep, certain sense I was holding it in trust for its proper recipient.

WOLCOTT

It's a letter?

FARNUM

A letter, yes.

Farnum produces it, shows it to Wolcott who takes it into his own hands --

WOLCOTT

It's damp.

FARNUM

Only the envelope.

Farnum dries his palms against his jacket before accepting the letter's return --

WOLCOTT

Wouldn't the addressee be a good candidate?

(CONTINUED)

5BC

CONTINUED: (3)

5BC

FARNUM

Certainly, if the logistics of delivery weren't beyond me. The addressee --

WOLCOTT

Agnes Lake.

FARNUM

(nods)

-- an itinerant, a circus performer Hickok married shortly before coming here. The document's import, the vagaries of our postal service The trust I've been given is holy Mister Wolcott. And while you may believe other purposes brought you to Deadwood, permit me to conceive it was Fate 'delivered' you to my hotel, allowing me to offer you responsibility for the letter's delivery.

WOLCOTT

How much do you want me to pay?

FARNUM

(chuckles)

I'd hardly expect you to pay anything, imagining rather that I will pay you a fee for your efforts.

Wolcott exhibits an amiable impatience with this stall portion of the con --

WOLCOTT

All right.

FARNUM

Say, your costs to see the letter delivered, plus one hundred dollars.

WOLCOTT

Done.

FARNUM

Set against whatever profits you might generate, should delivery prove impossible, from the information the letter contains.

Wolcott's glad the stall's over --

(CONTINUED)

5BC

CONTINUED: (4)

5BC

WOLCOTT

What reason have you for believing it holds such information?

FARNUM

Mister Wolcott, not an hour before giving me the letter, with a drunk's endearing indiscretion, Bill confided to me having come upon a quartz deposit that had made his hands -- so sure and steady in deadly encounter -- to tremble and quiver with awe. A deposit, in Bill's own words, promising "wealth beyond counting." How much wealth is that? I don't know Mister Wolcott. I don't know how high Bill could count.

Farnum's own right hand trembles slightly as it presses closed his lips, trying to get him to shut up --

WOLCOTT

And this set-off, against profits I might gain, in the event the letter, proving undeliverable to Agnes Lake, and subsequently opened by me, contains such valuable information -- have you an amount in mind?

FARNUM

Ten thousand dollars.

WOLCOTT

Less the hundred you would pay me.

FARNUM

Correct.

WOLCOTT

Ninety-nine hundred net, me to you.

FARNUM

Yes.

WOLCOTT

And I would pay you that now, before attempting the letter's delivery?

FARNUM

Oh yes. Once you have the letter,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5BC

CONTINUED: (5)

5BC

FARNUM (CONT'D)

all my connection to it is severed.
Rather than merely as its custodian
you may see yourself as the letter's
owner, entitled thereby to exploit
whatever information it may contain.

WOLCOTT

I see.

FARNUM

To deliver to this Agnes Lake or
not, or whatever the hell you wanted
to do.

WOLCOTT

You'll have my decision shortly.

FARNUM

I'd knock a thousand off if you
made it now.

WOLCOTT

I'd rather consider over a walk.

FARNUM

Fine then.

Both of Farnum's hands now keep his lips pinched closed --

CUT TO:

5AA

INT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - STAR'S ROOM - DAY

5AA

Star and Trixie. She's dressing to return to the Gem --

STAR

I see now what it takes to bring
you back into my life.

TRIXIE

Just passing through Mister Star.

STAR

Even so -- makes a man glad he has
three limbs left to be damaged.

They hear the sound of Bullock's entry in the front --

BULLOCK (O.S.)

Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

5AA

CONTINUED:

5AA

TRIXIE

(quickly)

A man gets me into his life with
five bucks -- two if he just needs
a handshake.

Under which Bullock's entered --

BULLOCK

Good morning.

STAR

'Morning.

Trixie, more or less ignoring Bullock, readies to leave --

STAR (CONT'D)

Trixie?

She looks to him --

STAR (CONT'D)

Many thanks.

He holds out his hand. She shakes it --

STAR (CONT'D)

Ah.

She can't help smiling, though she won't let Bullock
see; leaves --

BULLOCK

How bad does that pain?

STAR

It's all right.

BULLOCK

I'm in my house Sol.

STAR

With Martha and the Boy?

BULLOCK

Chose not to put 'em in the
thoroughfare. Or I see what you're
asking -- 'far as her having a
different opinion, possibly, once
I'd showed up. No, she chose to
stay.

Star studies him with a mix of frustration and affection --

(CONTINUED)

5AA

CONTINUED: (2)

5AA

STAR

I was just more or less moving the conversation along.

BULLOCK

I see.

Bullock rises, embarrassed --

STAR

Anyways, could you open up.

BULLOCK

Sure. Glad to. Need any help with your person?

STAR

No I'm all right.

Bullock moves out to the front as Star prepares to join him --

BULLOCK (O.S.)

Swearengen said county commissioners are all from Yankton.

STAR

When was this?

BULLOCK (O.S.)

Just before we hit the mud.

(beat)

It's wrong the Hills get no representation.

STAR

Even in an Eden like this wrongs sometimes occur.

Bullock looks back in --

BULLOCK

I meant maybe we should try to do something about it.

STAR

I'm with you.

As Star gets to his feet --

CUT TO:

5AB EXT. GOLD CLAIM - DAY

5AB

Alma and Ellsworth observe the stamp mill, shout at each other over the noise --

ALMA

Does the scope of the find Mister Ellsworth warrant more than the five-stamp mill we operate with now.

ELLSWORTH

No question Ma'am, your holdings justify twenty-five stamps easy. Just a matter of waiting till the legalities get resolved.

ALMA

And why would purchase of the larger machine await the legal resolution.

ELLSWORTH

Well Ma'am, 'cause without title, you wouldn't own no quartz for your twenty-five stamp machine to crush.

Ellsworth's tone is inadvertently patronizing --

CUT TO:

5A INT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - MORNING

5A

Utter enters, moves toward the cage, inside which Jane sleeps her load off. He considers her a beat with private, undemonstrative, undiluted affection, then --

UTTER

Wake up Jane.

She squints her eyes tight shut against the onslaught of hangover she knows will accompany consciousness --

UTTER (CONT'D)

Wake up, and take account you're indoors.

Slowly she brings herself to a seated position. He puts the cup of water he's poured against her hands --

UTTER (CONT'D)

This is water now.

(CONTINUED)

5A

CONTINUED:

5A

JANE

Get the fuck away from me then.

UTTER

Drink it and don't be stupid.

She does, coughs a little, opens each eye painfully to the light --

JANE

Christ, are we arrested?

UTTER

I explained all this to you Jane, that I'm the fucking deputy, that I fixed up the overflow cell in case you come back

JANE

Shut up then.

UTTER

-- and you replied I was boring shit out of you 'cause the Doc already'd told you all about it.

JANE

Well evidently I don't remember fuck-all, and fuck you.

UTTER

No because after every other fucking thing we went through last night you got to make us stop at that new joint across from Nuttall's --

JANE

Will you kindly shut your fucking mouth.

She now realizes that, when lying on the cot inside the cell, she's been covered by Wild Bill's buffalo-robe coat --

JANE (CONT'D)

'The fuck's Bill's coat doing here?

UTTER

He wouldn't've seen it useless or a souvenir -- 'figured I'd give it work keeping the bed warm.

She takes this in --

(CONTINUED)

5A

CONTINUED: (2)

5A

JANE

Where's it headed now I'm the occupant?

UTTER

It ain't going anywheres.

Jane takes a moment, considers the coat, the bed, and the room prepared for her --

JANE

Thank you Charlie.

Jane lays down again and returns to sleep. Off Utter --

CUT TO:

5A

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE # 5BB)

5A

5B

OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE # 5BC)

5B

6

INT. THE GEM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

6

Cochran's been endeavoring to gain entrance to Swaengen's office --

COCHRAN

(hushed)

Goddamn it Al! Such as they are, my arts cannot be practiced at this remove!

A beat, then, still trying to suppress the racket, Cochran pounds lightly on the door --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

Stop being a baby! Any secret you feel needs keeping won't be betrayed by me!

Under which Trixie's approached --

TRIXIE

Doc.

COCHRAN

Trixie.

(MORE)

Cochran acts as if he's just left Swaengen's sanctum --

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
(at the door, loud,
as if prescribing)
Rest, uninterrupted. No visits,
no exceptions.

Trixie considers Cochran, who hopes he's just demonstrated for Swearengen's hearing his ability to protect a confidence --

TRIXIE
(low)
From the fray with Bullock, he's poorly, or his troubles with his prick?

COCHRAN
(just as low)
If he'll grant you fucking entry maybe you'll confide that to me.

Cochran's moving toward the stairs. Trixie takes up his former position, knocks on the door --

TRIXIE
It's Trixie, that's overheard the Doc's instruction, so let me just shout my information from here.

7

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

7

He's worse, reaches for the rag beside him on the floor, but can't find it and can't turn his head to look for where it is. He stops feeling for it with his hand, stares with stoic, feverish distraction --

8

INT. THE GEM - SECOND FLOOR - INTERCUT AS APPROPRIATE

8

TRIXIE
Nobody's dead. Bullock's gone to that house he built. Star's on his feet more or less.

No response --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)
Anyways, I'm going to stay on the ear over to the Hardware Store.

SWEARENGEN
Yeah.

She's shocked at how weak his voice sounds. Tries to get a rise out of him --

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

TRIXIE

Fucking telegraph poles are 'next thing to landed in the fucking thoroughfare. Next leap of the creature they'll be here.

No response. She knows it's bad --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

All right Al.

She moves to the stairs --

9

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - CONTINUOUS

9

Burns and Dority, behind the bar, watch her descend and approach them purposefully --

TRIXIE

Where's fucking Dolly?

DORITY

Fucking.

TRIXIE

When was she last with him?

DORITY

Daybreak, before he give Bullock back his iron.

BURNS

We seen him after she did.

Trixie realizes she's gotten what information's available --

TRIXIE

(to Burns)

You brew him my fucking tea, you put it on a tray, and you take it up and make him fucking drink it.

BURNS

All right.

DORITY

(to Trixie)

Did he speak to you at all?

BURNS

He ain't dead is he?

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

TRIXIE

No he ain't dead.

(to Dority)

If he don't present himself in a few hours' time, kick down the door and get the fucking Doc in there.

She leaves --

BURNS

I knew he was fucking poorly.

Off which --

CUT TO:

15

INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

15

Wolcott enters, moves to the bar. Lila's there --

LILA

I'm Lila. Welcome to the Bella Union.

WOLCOTT

I'm Francis Wolcott, which I'd be grateful if you'd tell your employer.

Tolliver's already spotted the new money, drifts in its direction. Lila turns to him --

LILA

This is Francis Wolcott, Cy.

TOLLIVER

Cy Tolliver, Mister Wolcott, how do you do and what will you drink?

WOLCOTT

Kentucky bourbon if you've got it.

TOLLIVER

Pour Mister Wolcott a bourbon Jack, and tell him it's from Kentucky.

JACK

Kentucky bourbon -- straight up?

WOLCOTT

Please.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

TOLLIVER

Shall we have Lila drink with us?
Would you like to drink with Lila
alone?

WOLCOTT

I'd prefer we two converse
privately.

TOLLIVER

Just talk now, Sir -- I'm not that
kind of fella.

Wolcott downs his drink, then --

WOLCOTT

Maybe you've just been waiting for
the right offer.

TOLLIVER

It's late in the game but I s'pose
anything's possible.

WOLCOTT

Why don't we take the air?

TOLLIVER

Fair enough.

As they move toward the door --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

If I'm to lose my virtue I'd as
soon it be outside these walls
.... Motherfucker.

Off Jack and Lila --

15A

EXT. BELLA UNION - CONTINUOUS

15A

Wolcott and Tolliver emerge. Tolliver isn't sure how
much he dislikes this guy, or is afraid of him --

WOLCOTT

You've approached a group in San
Francisco my employer does business
with.

TOLLIVER

That "group" and "employer" bullshit
really quickens me with fucking
trust.

(CONTINUED)

15A

CONTINUED:

15A

WOLCOTT

The "group" you approached is a fraternal Chinese organization --

At this moment Tolliver knows he's in the deep end of the pool --

TOLLIVER

"Tong"'s not a clever-enough word?

WOLCOTT

You've offered them a contract to send members to this camp. That organization has a pre-existing arrangement with my employer.

TOLLIVER

So you work for who Wolcott? -- the railroads, or some mining combination 'brings those slant-eyes in by the boat-load.

WOLCOTT

I work for one man.

Tolliver tries one last irony against a growing fear --

TOLLIVER

Jesus Christ, and doesn't every one of us.

WOLCOTT

George Hearst.

A beat, then --

TOLLIVER

I meant no disrespect of any kind to you or Mister Hearst by any word I've said from the moment we met.

WOLCOTT

I understand that.

Tolliver's looking across the way, at Mister Wu, who, looking back, knows no good can come of what he sees --

TOLLIVER

I have nothing but respect for Mister Hearst, in the Comstock, in Montana and every other place he's ever operated, without jape or jest.

(CONTINUED)

15A

CONTINUED: (2)

15A

WOLCOTT

And the overture you made to the group in San Francisco showed imagination and foresight and a tolerance for risk that was impressive to Mister Hearst. We want to work with you here.

TOLLIVER

You do.

WOLCOTT

Yes we do.

He hollers across the way --

TOLLIVER

Con Stapleton! Leon! Get over here and meet a fucking gentleman.

As they start across --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Those two work for me now among the Celestials setting up that miserable cocksucker --

Tolliver indicates Wu undemonstratively --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

-- to get knocked off his high horse.

As Stapleton and Leon near --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Con. Leon.
(to himself)
I knew this fucking camp had legs under it.

WOLCOTT

(evenly)
I don't want to meet 'em.

TOLLIVER

(to Stapleton and Leon)
Go inside. Meet me inside.

STAPLETON

Yes Sir.

(CONTINUED)

15A

CONTINUED: (3)

15A

LEON

Yes Sir Mister Tolliver.

TOLLIVER

Go ahead in fellas.

As Leon and Stapleton move past --

WOLCOTT

My only contact's with you.

TOLLIVER

'Far as they're concerned you and
Mister Hearst don't even exist.

WOLCOTT

And as far as you're concerned Cy,
Mister Hearst doesn't either.

TOLLIVER

Who?

Off which --

CUT TO:

16

INT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - DAY

16

Star's doing the books in the raised section at the
hardware store's rear. Bullock's receiving payment
from a CUSTOMER --

BULLOCK

Timely purchase -- that's our last
in stock.

The Customer leaves. Star responds to Bullock's
observation --

STAR

Goddamn outthinking myself --
resupplying in smaller orders.

BULLOCK

You've been dealing with a few
uncertainties.

STAR

If the claims get allowed or they
don't, or Yankton stacks the
commissioners or not, we're either
in business or we ain't, and if we
are, you reduce costs buying in
volume.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

Bullock's reminded of all he values in his partner --

BULLOCK

Your old man?

STAR

On his death-bed in fucking Vienna.

In comes Utter, bearing a box of unsorted documents --

UTTER

Fellas.

(to Star)

On the mend?

STAR

Doing better, thank you.

UTTER

(to Bullock)

We was going to thin these inquiries yesterday, before that trouble with Bummer Dan.

BULLOCK

(understatedly
apologetic)

We've been going to thin 'em for several weeks.

UTTER

(to Bullock)

Farnum's slop-house okay? -- Jane's sleeping her load off in the overflow cell.

Bullock's coming around the counter --

BULLOCK

(to Star)

Inquiries from other jurisdictions.

UTTER

Who's the fella said never put off till tomorrow what'll wait till the day after.

He and Bullock are heading for the door --

BULLOCK

Not Sol's father.

A glance between Bullock and Star as Bullock and Utter exit.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2) 16

Off Star, realizing he does feel better --

CUT TO:

17 INT. THE GEM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY 17

Jewel's at the door. Cochran's beside her. Jewel
knocks --

JEWEL

I've got to get to your piss-pot
Al.

After a beat, she looks to Cochran, whose nod prompts
her to extend her efforts --

JEWEL (CONT'D)

Otherwise, when your mood changes,
you're going to fucking yell at me
for not doing it. Al, I think I
should get the Doc.

A beat. She looks to Cochran, who shakes his head
dispiritedly --

JEWEL (CONT'D)

You need to let the Doc in Al, and
let him see to you.

(beat)

I was sick and the Doc helped me.
And you ain't yelled since then my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

JEWEL (CONT'D)
foot's dragging, and you need now
to give Doc chance to help you.
Fuck this, right Doc?

COCHRAN
Fuck it!

Another beat, then Jewel turns, looks over the balcony
to where, below, Dority and Burns are watching --

JEWEL
Break the fucking door down Dan.

DORITY
Now?

JEWEL
Ain't now what I'm fucking asking?

Dority comes running up the stairs. Jewel turns back
to Cochran --

JEWEL (CONT'D)
If I was you Doc, I'd get out of
the fucking way.

Cochran does, just in time, as Dority, bringing all
his strength to bear, rams his shoulder against the
door. Which doesn't give --

DORITY
Jesus Fucking Christ.

He holds his shoulder, kicks at the door, which comes
off its hinges. HOLD ON Dority, as first Cochran,
then Jewel move into Swearengen's office. Burns has
come up the stairs --

BURNS
(to Dority)
Are you all right?

DORITY
I just broke my fucking shoulder.

Dority, doubled over, just stares at him. Burns heads
inside too --

18

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

18

Cochran's kneeling beside Swearengen, who's supine,
glassy-eyed, in septic shock --

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

COCHRAN
(to Swearengen)
Al!
(to the room in
general)
Open up my case. Bring some coffee
up in a douche-bag.

Jewel's already moving to comply with the latter instruction. Burns stands fearfully in the background, joined by the broken-shouldered Dority --

DORITY
Am I going to have to get the
fucking coffee Johnny, and put it
in the fucking douche-bag?

BURNS
What's Doc going to do with it?

COCHRAN
Introduce it into his anus, if
you'd ever fucking bring it to me.

Burns is gone. Dority can't bear to look at Swearengen's suffering, turns therefore to call after Burns --

DORITY
Why Johnny, you thinking of hanging
up a shingle?

ANGLE - COCHRAN

as Jewel labors to kneel beside him --

JEWEL
Do we need to give him laudanum?

COCHRAN
Please.

Jewel grasps to collect the bottle with her crippled fingers. Cochran smoothes Swearengen's fevered brow --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
All right Al.

Off which --

CUT TO:

18AA INT. GRAND CENTRAL - BUFFET - DAY

18AA

Utter observes Bullock perusing that portion of the warrants and requests from other jurisdictions on which Utter has had to defer taking action during the period of Bullock's preoccupation with Mrs. Garret. After a beat --

BULLOCK
(reading aloud)
"Please don't let up on the Stackpole case as I am very sure he is out there."

Bullock looks up --

UTTER
No idea.

BULLOCK
I never heard of it either.

UTTER
All the portions you had on your plate, I hesitated to fucking inquire.

BULLOCK
I couldn't've helped if you had.

UTTER
Fuck the Stackpole case then, and the letter from Arapahoe County concerning it, which goes in the "fucked case" file --

Utter puts the document in the "fucked case" file, picks up another document --

ANGLE - THE LOBBY

Farnum and Richardson are behind the desk. Farnum's staring up at Wolcott's closed door, trying not to savage his hand with his teeth --

(CONTINUED)

18AA CONTINUED:

18AA

FARNUM

What could the man be doing up there?

RICHARDSON

Seven pieces of luggage -- I'd expect he's unpacking.

FARNUM

He intends to move -- why unpack only to have to pack again.

RICHARDSON

He could be brushing his clothes, or washing up.

FARNUM

I'd like to give you a kick to the shin that would cripple you.

They consider each other for the shortest of beats before Richardson heads for his kitchen --

RICHARDSON

Or he could be napping.

Off Farnum, looking to Hickok's room, gnawing at his knuckles --

CUT TO:

18AB EXT. THE ROAD BACK FROM THE CLAIM - DAY

18AB

Alma and Ellsworth, making their way back to camp from her claim --

ALMA

I'd like to buy Mister Farnum's hotel.

ELLSWORTH

To do what with Mrs. Garret?

ALMA

To renovate and make my residence.

ELLSWORTH

I can think of better locations Ma'am with friendlier views.

ALMA

None that would offer the further pleasure of putting Mister Farnum in the thoroughfare.

(CONTINUED)

18AB CONTINUED:

18AB

ELLSWORTH

I'd expect a man like Farnum finds quarters pretty easy.

ALMA

I'd expect, even with his venality satisfied, a man like Mister Farnum would feel himself dispossessed and unanchored. I think he'd be very sad, and I'd like to observe him in that condition.

ELLSWORTH

I guess most of us got luck enough to be too broke to act on them-type ideas.

ALMA

What type-ideas do you refer to?

ELLSWORTH

The type the low-born would say we get when we're pissed-off, though with my own aristocratic lineage I use the term "sore-disappointed."

A beat, then --

ALMA

I am pissed-off.

ELLSWORTH

'Last turns the wheel's took for you Ma'am, I'd say you come by that honest. If punching someone in the nose'd help, I volunteer one that's well broke-in.

He points at his own schnozz as they enter the hotel --

18AC INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

18AC

Farnum observes Alma and Ellsworth with dour distraction --

FARNUM

Safely-returned.

They ignore him, moving toward the stairs --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

who's seated with a view of the lobby, and notes Alma's and Ellsworth's entrance -- prompting Utter's glance in this direction as well --

(CONTINUED)

18AC CONTINUED:

18AC

ANGLE - ALMA

-- who, seeing Bullock, chooses, unmistakably, to avert her gaze. Ellsworth takes all of this in. As they ascend --

ELLSWORTH

(low)

You know what else Mrs. Garret? --
why not get the twenty-five stamp

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18AC

CONTINUED: (2)

18AC

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

mill? However Yankton treats the claims, you'd have clear title to the machine, and a steady demand for its use.

ALMA

I agree.

ELLSWORTH

That's the reliable money in these camps anyway Ma'am, the damn machinery. Why not fucking get it.

Ellsworth slams his hand over his mouth, realizing that his enthusiasm and compassion have overcome his manners. Below, Farnum sees Wolcott above them, emerging from his room like the resurrected Christ --

FARNUM

Oh!

Alma whispers to Ellsworth in conspiratorial fashion --

ALMA

I quite fucking agree.

As they reach the landing, crossing with Wolcott, who tips his hat to Alma --

WOLCOTT

'Afternoon.

ALMA

Good afternoon.

ANGLE - FARNUM

watching Wolcott's descent --

FARNUM

Mister Wolcott. Were you napping?
Cleaning your clothes?

Wolcott doesn't answer till, reaching the desk, he lays before Farnum an envelope filled with currency --

WOLCOTT

To buy the Hickok letter.

FARNUM

Wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

18AC CONTINUED: (3)

18AC

WOLCOTT

I'll have a bill of sale.

FARNUM

Certainly Sir. Of course.

Farnum picks up his pen, begins to write, tongue extruded --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

For reasons of legal nicety, we'll say you're purchasing the right to deliver.

Off Wolcott, admiring the specimen before him --

CUT TO:

18B INT. CHEZ AMI - DAY

18B

Stubbs and Maddie --

ENID

Any idea when we're going to open?

STUBBS

(to the other whores)

It's cool, sit outside. Wide knees.

As they comply, Maddie considers Stubbs --

MADDIE

Are we going to argue?

STUBBS

We're partners, ain't we Maddie? And ain't that a lot of planning and thinking to not let your partner in on.

MADDIE

Not sharing it before I even know the trick's in camp don't put me wrong Joanie.

STUBBS

It don't put you right, 'far as an atmosphere of trust.

MADDIE

Joanie, was there any odds when me and my girls got out here, you might've told me you'd changed your mind.

(CONTINUED)

18B

CONTINUED:

18B

STUBBS

I guess there was a chance.

MADDIE

Or I'd've found you dead? Or moved along?

STUBBS

No chance on moved along.

MADDIE

Only way to guarantee an outcome
Honey is contracting to get fucked.

STUBBS

Well I'm out of that racket now.

MADDIE

Everything else is a chance,
including me letting you down.
But if I do, using my head won't
be the tip-off.

Stubbs nods, looking away --

STUBBS

How will you bring the girl into
it?

MADDIE

At the trick's fierce insistence.

STUBBS

And what's our split?

MADDIE

Fifty-fifty.

Which, for excluding the main performer, surprises
Stubbs --

STUBBS

What's the girl's end?

MADDIE

I wouldn't rule out a wooden box.
(beat)
We shouldn't let the girls see us
fighting.

Stubbs opens the door to allow the girls back in. As
they pass --

(CONTINUED)

18B

CONTINUED: (2)

18B

STUBBS
(to Maddie)
Shall we open tonight?

MADDIE
Yes, let's.

(CONTINUED)

18B CONTINUED: (3) 18B

Off which --

CUT TO:

18C INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - DAY 18C

Wolcott descends from his room, observed by Farnum who's behind the desk --

FARNUM

Mister Wolcott.

WOLCOTT

Mister Farnum, the contents of that letter are a deep disappointment. Not a word of any find or promising location.

FARNUM

You opened it then?

WOLCOTT

Are you trifling with me?

FARNUM

It occurs to me Sir this conversation were best had elsewhere.

WOLCOTT

But not postponed.

FARNUM

Not postponed Mister Wolcott, no. We are men Sir. When we disagree we come to resolution promptly.

Farnum's come around the desk --

WOLCOTT

Where are we going?

FARNUM

The Gem Saloon. It's just across the way.

WOLCOTT

Please take your hand off my shoulder.

Off which --

18D EXT. THE THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

18D

Wolcott and Farnum cross toward Swearengen's joint --

FARNUM

Some ancient Italian maxim applies to our situation whose particulars escape me.

WOLCOTT

Is the gist that I'm shit out of luck?

FARNUM

Did they speak that way then?

19 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - CONTINUOUS

19

Wolcott and Farnum enter --

FARNUM

To my own recollection, the dagos had it, a purchase being made, its outcome, for good or ill, is solely the purchaser's province. Please, won't you sit down ...

He's steered Wolcott to a table near the tit-corner --

WOLCOTT

You'd have me take the experience then as a lesson, dearly purchased.

FARNUM

I wonder, Sir, if you wouldn't enjoy a drink or some other relief of tension.

WOLCOTT

No.

Wolcott's voice, for the first time, seems angry --

FARNUM

I should tell you, Mister Wolcott, I have seen men, in this very camp, feeling themselves victimized, seek redress in fashions I thought imprudent.

WOLCOTT

Violently you mean.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

FARNUM

And invariably to their own
detriment, outcomes not for the
squeamish or delicate of
disposition.

(indicates Burns
behind the bar)

That man, a close personal friend,
could testify as much.

WOLCOTT

He's a fucking imposing specimen.

FARNUM

Thus, at the lesson, dearly bought
as you would have it, is where I
would leave this business.

Dority, inside the whore's room, screams. Then Dority
emerges --

WOLCOTT

(re Dority)

Another imposing specimen. In any
case, I was an intermediary in
this transaction.

FARNUM

Ah. Then, having been a pupil, it
falls to you now to instruct your
principal.

(beat)

I wonder Mister Wolcott if some
second letter couldn't be drafted
to put some sharper point on the
lesson, maybe remunerative to both
our interests.

The tit-licker emerges from the titty-corner --

TIT-LICKER

It's not the same in the afternoon!

FARNUM

Ignore him! He's in a world of
his own.

The whores also emerge from the titty-corner --

WOLCOTT

Then those would be apparitions,
in any case. Your idea would be,
we fuck Mister Hearst twice.

(CONTINUED)

Cochran exits the whores' room and heads up the stairs. Wolcott notices Cochran. Farnum, oblivious to Cochran, takes in what Wolcott just said --

FARNUM

I missed the name, Sir, but I can aver as a general principle my days of fucking anyone are long in the past.

Wolcott nods --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Whomever you represent --

WOLCOTT

George Hearst.

FARNUM

The name is immaterial --

WOLCOTT

I bought the letter as Mister Hearst's representative. George Hearst, of the Ophir find in the Comstock --

FARNUM

And so many others, so many others, of course I know George Hearst --

WOLCOTT

You know him personally?

FARNUM

I do not know him personally. I do not know him personally. But I do of course know of George Hearst's reputation and accomplishments and wealth, and power and reputation, and I would say as well and most importantly -- I have nothing to teach that man. George Hearst needs learn no lesson from me, nor would I permit him entrance into a lesson inadvertently or by accident I wouldn't subsequently and immediately cancel and back out of. Or his agent or intermediary.

WOLCOTT

Mister Hearst doesn't renege on contracts.

(CONTINUED)

FARNUM

Well then what am I to do? What am I to do Mister Wolcott, but admit a terrible and tragic miscalculation and supplicate myself and beg mercy and understanding and forgiveness, and to aver if you would contemplate any separate or side transaction or understanding.

WOLCOTT

Please remove your hand from my forearm and do not touch me again.

FARNUM

I look poor, Sir, but that is a cultivated pose and posture. I am not poor and I am not stingy when fundamental interests are at stake. Believe you me. As a complete aside.

WOLCOTT

There's a service you could do Mister Hearst which will set off exactly against the funds he might otherwise believe you fleeced him of.

FARNUM

Anything Sir.

WOLCOTT

This service would enlist you and one or two others circulating certain rumors about the future of the camp, in particular about the validity of the present titles to the claim.

*
*
*
*
*

FARNUM

Done. Consider me enlisted. Consider the validity called into question.

*
*
*

WOLCOTT

I also wish to know the location of your highest-end brothel.

FARNUM

As it happens, a whorehouse succeeding to that title has just opened.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (4)

19

WOLCOTT

Nothing just happens Mister Farnum.
Does this hat make my head look
big?

*
*
*

FARNUM

No, Sir, it makes your head look
the perfect size.

*
*
*

WOLCOTT

Thank you.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (5) 19
Off which --

CUT TO:

19A INT. BELLA UNION - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE # 25) 19A
Tolliver addresses the gathered Bella Union staff. It
seems he's been drinking and dealing with the dashing
of hopes --

(CONTINUED)

19A

CONTINUED:

19A

TOLLIVER

You're going to find something out now, about yourselves and your fellow man, how you handle adversity, or rumors about adversity or ill-fortune, or turns of luck.

Tolliver paces in silence a beat or two, decides against being more specific --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

And I'm not going to further rumor, or be a party to that bullshit. You want to know where I stand, just look the fuck at where I'm standing -- you'll find out all you need to know. I ain't going anywhere.

The logic of which last assertion seems to feed into some deeper river of conviction --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

And if anyone else wants to, two weeks' fucking severance is waiting for you right fucking now, and step right the fuck up.

He stares at them --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

All right then. That shows me something. But any time, day or night, anyone wants to fucking waver or fucking change their minds, step right the fuck up and get your severance.

He stares at them harder --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

All right then.

He heads for his office. Off the staff --

CUT TO:

21

INT. THE GEM - KITCHEN - DAY

21

Cochran's doing his best to sterilize a diagnostic instrument in water boiling on the stove. Trixie's watching him --

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

TRIXIE

What are you going to do to him?

Cochran withdraws the instrument from the boiling water --

COCHRAN

Pass this instrument through his penis into his bladder. If he has stones, they'll click against the metal of the instrument. Assuming the clicks can be heard above his screams, we'll have identified the cause of his obstruction.

TRIXIE

To what fucking end?

COCHRAN

To the end, if I think he'll die otherwise, of cutting him open above the pubis and taking the stones out.

TRIXIE

Which'll probably kill him anyways.

COCHRAN

What shall I say to you Trixie -- I'm sure of a happy outcome, for Al and every one of us.

He's gone. Off Trixie --

CUT TO:

25

MOVED TO SCENE 19A

25

26

INT. BELLA UNION - TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - DAY (FORMERLY SC # 30)

26

He's behind his desk. Leon and Con Stapleton appear in the doorway --

LEON

Minute for us Mister Tolliver?

TOLLIVER

What is it?

They look a little timid --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Come in and shut the door.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

They come in and shut the door --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

What the fuck is it?

Stapleton and Leon look to each other --

STAPLETON

Anything you want to tell us Mister T?

TOLLIVER

I told you what I wanted to tell you outside.

STAPLETON

Believe me, you don't have waverers standing in front of you or doubters or anyone looking for fucking severance.

LEON

Just the opposite.

TOLLIVER

What does that mean? -- you're looking for a raise? Because now is not the hour. I don't flinch or flee but I'm not a fucking idiot either.

STAPLETON

"What's going on," I suppose, is Leon's question Mister Tolliver.

LEON

'Truth is, my questions are answered ninety percent, and for the rest, let me get good and fucking loaded and the devil can take the hindmost.

STAPLETON

(to Leon)

If you fucking walk out of here us two are going to have words and more than words at my first opportunity --

(to Tolliver)

-- because this was ninety percent his idea to come in here.

TOLLIVER

Somebody better turn over a hole card.

(CONTINUED)

LEON

Both of us took a real positive impression, Sir, off the talk you give us just recently here in your office --

STAPLETON

Relative to this talk you just concluded.

TOLLIVER

And?

STAPLETON

And, I guess you'd say a wonderment with us is, if we mistook the tone of one talk or the other, and, if so, which?

TOLLIVER

I dispute that one fucking thing changed between those two talks as to my attitude and resolve.

LEON

Did the facts of the camp's situation change?

TOLLIVER

Not to my certain knowledge. If you're asking in the interim have I been privy to a rumor, 'far as claims being invalidated, all titles thrown out, the answer is yes.

STAPLETON

That would account for it.

Tolliver seems to marshal an effort to raise conviction --

TOLLIVER

But the only goddamn fact I'm aware of is, I never knew any man 'ate a rumor, or clothed himself with one or secured himself a piece of pussy.

Stapleton falls in with this try at building morale, in this case, his own --

STAPLETON

Rumors are not facts.

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

So if any gutless cocksucker tumbles
to what's going on, and decides to
cut and run --

LEON

Fuck severance. We're not here
for severance.

TOLLIVER

I'm not talking about severance --
I'm talking about any gutless
cocksucker that wants to cut and
run and sell his fucking holdings --

Tolliver rubs his neck, resigning himself to what honor
demands over the protests of prudence --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

-- you tell him to come see me.

LEON

I'd hate to even talk to that type
of gutless cocksucker.

TOLLIVER

You can talk to him that much, to
say Cy Tolliver'll buy whatever
he's fucking selling, if he's that
little faith in the camp, or rumors
of judicial invalidation, or panic
to ensue from that.

It's a tone of privately despairing dismissal --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Go ahead Boys, go on outside and
do your jobs, is all we can fucking
do right now, and not waver.

As Stapleton and Leon move to the door --

STAPLETON

(to Leon)

It's enough to make a man consider
opium.

LEON

Ho ho ho.

Stapleton looks over his shoulder, winks unpersuasively
at Tolliver to suggest he was kidding. Off Tolliver --

CUT TO:

27

INT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - LATE AFTERNOON

27

Star's behind the counter. Trixie looks in, tentatively, not wanting to enter if Bullock's there --

TRIXIE

Is he here too?

STAR

No.

She comes in --

STAR (CONT'D)

He's my friend Trixie.

TRIXIE

Among other fucking things.

She paces --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Anyways, I wondered if you'd teach me to do accounts.

STAR

All right.

TRIXIE

I'll pay you, or you can take it out in cunt.

STAR

I won't teach you if you keep that up.

She nods, looking away --

TRIXIE

Anyways, that other asshole's got fever and poison in his blood and stones in his fucking guts and more'n likely to die.

She stamps out her cigarette --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Fuck every fucking one of you, I wish I was a fucking tree.

She's gone. Off Star --

CUT TO:

30 MOVED TO SCENE 26 30
32 INT. CHEZ AMI - NIGHT 32

They're just about to open. Wolcott enters --

MADDIE
(coming forward)
Mister W.

WOLCOTT
Hello.

MADDIE
You jump the gun on our opening by
half-an-hour but I believe we can
make an exception.

Stubbs has come over as well --

MADDIE (CONT'D)
My partner Joanie.

STUBBS
How do you do?

WOLCOTT
How do you do.

MADDIE
Our caller fancies Basil's Bourbon
Joanie, which is hid beneath the
floorboard at the bar.

STUBBS
All right.

She moves to the bar --

MADDIE
Won't you sit.

WOLCOTT
I don't know that I will.

Wolcott, having surveyed the sitting room, feels
impatient displeasure at what he hasn't found --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)
Where is she?

MADDIE
Carrie's been detained.

(CONTINUED)

WOLCOTT

Detained.

MADDIE

You don't need me telling you
Carrie's mind's her own. When we
hit Cheyenne she stopped to see a
relative.

Wolcott stares at her. Stubbs has arrived with
Wolcott's drink --

STUBBS

Basil Hayden, hid beneath the
floorboard as advertised.

Wolcott's gaze stays fixed on Maddie --

WOLCOTT

How close a relative is she fucking
in Cheyenne?

Maddie meets his gaze, her voice even and friendly --

MADDIE

She's coming soon Mister W.

WOLCOTT

Would you say her arrival's
imminent?

MADDIE

A matter of days.

WOLCOTT

How many days are in a "matter?"

STUBBS

Would fucking something else fill
the time?

He considers her with sarcastic deprecation --

WOLCOTT

How much do you cost?

Maddie's about to intercede --

STUBBS

Ain't for sale Sir. But I would
fuck you for free.

WOLCOTT

I have to say you ain't my type.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED: (2)

32

STUBBS

Do you stand there Mister W saying
you're dead solid sure you'll not
ever again be surprised till you've
completed your earthly course?

Maddie just stares at Stubbs, who could pass just now
for a smart-ass sixteen-year-old virgin cruising to
lose her cherry and knowing how to score big money
doing it --

STUBBS (CONT'D)

Ain't that presumptuous Sir, and
ain't our quoted fee to surprise
you fair and just?

WOLCOTT

I always pay for my pussy.

STUBBS

Well, I may let you then -- if you
go ahead and twist my arm. Do you
pay extra for that?

She leads him toward the back --

WOLCOTT

Unhand me.

The bottle of bourbon's in her other hand --

STUBBS

I, Mister W, and Mister Basil Hayden
do not wish to be disturbed.

Off Maddie, watching, worried for Stubbs' safety until
Stubbs shows, behind her bustle, for Maddie to observe,
a Derringer. Maddie's only provisionally reassured,
though her concern has been redirected --

MADDIE

(to Atlantis)

If she kills that cocksucker I'm
going to have to work till I'm
seventy.

Off which --

CUT TO:

34

INT. BELLA UNION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

34

Lila and Tolliver are in bed, the aftermath of sex --

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

TOLLIVER

How was that, just purely as a
piece of fucking Lila -- like
scoring beef on the hoof.

(CONTINUED)

LILA

It was fine.

TOLLIVER

Three words too many even if they
wasn't lies.

His arms are folded on the pillow behind his head --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Let's save the bullshit and lies
and all the conversation Honey for
the tricks. Your opinion on the
before, during or after ain't a
subject of interest for me, so
when I ask, live in faith I'm just
teasing.

After a beat --

LILA

People downstairs are scared.

TOLLIVER

Are they.

LILA

Off your talk, they think you
believe the camp's in jeopardy.

TOLLIVER

I ain't answerable for
misinterpretations.

Tolliver's feeling good enough to come within hailing
distance of confiding --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Truth is, Lila, the weather's
getting better, and it looks to
stay mild a spell. Old Cy's
outlasted the cocksuckers one more
time. If it was in me to kid myself
I'd take this for proving God loves
me.

LILA

I believe He loves us.

TOLLIVER

Do you Sweetheart? -- did His Hand
lead me buying and turning you
out? A lovely thought. Next you're
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED: (3)

34

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
in touch, would you put the good
word in?

LILA
I do. I pray for you every night.

His eyes narrow like he's been slapped --

TOLLIVER
All right, Stupid --

It's the soothing tone a parent would take getting a
child to sleep --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
-- time to shut your fucking mouth.
Shut your fucking mouth now, and
turn over and close your eyes.

She turns over, closes her eyes. For a beat, hands
still folded behind his head, Tolliver tries to stare
God down. Then he blinks, sneers, and rolls on his
side himself, turning his face away --

CUT TO:

35

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

35

Alma and Miss Isringhausen and Sofia --

ALMA
Mister Ellsworth will buy a twenty-
five stamp mill for the claim.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Will he.

ALMA
It's warranted by the find, and,
stamping mills being scarce in the
Hills, others may hire its use as
well, providing an additional source
of income.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
I see.

ALMA
I also contemplate underwriting a
bank.

(CONTINUED)

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Mister Bullock frequently remarked
the camp's need of one.

ALMA
Which oughtn't to damn the idea.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
No, of course not.

A beat --

ALMA
You returned his timepiece.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Yes. I thought I'd told you.

ALMA
You did Miss Isringhausen. I'm
recurring to the topic, hoping
you'll be more expansive.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
He accepted the timepiece Ma'am,
and raised another subject you and
I ought pursue at some different
moment.

ALMA
Must I credit the right of that
"ought" Miss Isringhausen, or may
I suspect you enjoy setting terms?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
"Terms" Ma'am?

ALMA
Playing arbiter of the when and
why of things.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Pursuing the second subject Mister
Bullock raised, Mrs. Garret, might
upset a person, now present, junior
to you and me.

ALMA
I cannot imagine how such a pursuit
could be any more upsetting than
the atmosphere of relentless
disapproval you so consistently
generate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Which begets, unexpectedly --

ALMA (CONT'D)
I've no further need of your
services Miss Isringhausen.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
I'll say good-night then to you
and Sofia.

ALMA
My meaning is I'd prefer your good-
bye.

Miss Isringhausen takes this in --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
I wonder Ma'am, if having made so
many decisions so quickly your
patience may be short just now.
I'd appeal to you to reconsider
your preferences in the morning.

ALMA
In any case, you'll want to retire
to your room.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
I hope you'll recall that I've
traveled from Chicago to enter
your employ and have no emergent
prospects.

ALMA
We'll come to some arrangement.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
All right.

She turns to leave --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)
I'll say good-night then.

ALMA
As is your custom, without having
spared one affectionate look for
my child.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
My training Ma'am is that, being
engaged to see to the child's
education, my soliciting her
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED: (3)

35

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)
affections would intrude on the
mother's province.

ALMA
And I would call that a logical
distinction Miss Isringhausen having
nothing to do with how people live.

A beat, then Miss Isringhausen heads for the door.
Off Alma, smoothing Sofia's hair --

CUT TO:

35A

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - TWILIGHT

35A

Trixie's smoking outside the Grand Central, self-exiled
from both The Gem and the Hardware Store. Jane,
hungover, makes her way delicately from Utter's Freight,
provisionally committed to trying how a meal will sit
on her stomach --

JANE
Hey.

TRIXIE
Wayfarer returned.

Jane contemplates moving past --

JANE
Can't do it.

TRIXIE
What.

JANE
Eat.

Trixie offers her bottle of beer to Jane --

TRIXIE
Finish that.

Jane takes the bottle, bringing it toward her lips --

JANE
Don't tempt me.

TRIXIE
Go ahead.

Jane finishes the bottle in one fell swoop, wipes her
mouth --

(CONTINUED)

35A

CONTINUED:

35A

JANE

That's fucking progress.

A beat, then Trixie, moved to confide, nods toward the second floor of The Gem --

TRIXIE

Cocksucker upstairs.

Jane squints myopically in the direction Trixie seems to indicate --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Across the way, whorehouse where I work.

JANE

Swearengen. He is a fucking cocksucker.

TRIXIE

Locks the fucking door, so people can't get to help him. Fucking ashamed to be sick.

As a gesture of friendship Jane tries to adduce supporting evidence --

JANE

You know he had it designed to murder that Little One.

TRIXIE

No. I didn't.

JANE

Hell yes he had it designed. Charlie and me spirited her from camp, forced him to a second victim suitable to his cocksucker's purpose.

TRIXIE

You think they're fucking different if their dicks've been cut on? They ain't no fucking different. You gotta like their friends or they won't teach you fucking numbers, or every fucking other regulation they set.

Jane senses between them -- regrettable given their developing camaraderie -- various divergences of feeling and opinion --

(CONTINUED)

35A

CONTINUED: (2)

35A

JANE

Anyways.

TRIXIE

'Far as it fucking goes, he also brought the cripple from that orphanage.

Trixie nods toward Swaengen's office. Jane squints that way again --

JANE

What orphanage?

TRIXIE

And don't buy his bullshit about the nine-cent trick.

JANE

What cripple?

TRIXIE

That he says he's got around against some hoople-head only having nine cents and wanting a piece of pussy. That ain't it. Why she's around is, it's his sick fucking way of protecting her.

JANE

I'm going to get a bottle.

TRIXIE

There's entries on both sides of the ledger is the fucking point, as I already talk like a Jew.

JANE

Looks like a nice cool evening.

Trixie nods acknowledgment, wiping tears away --

TRIXIE

Glad to see you back.

Jane lingers a last beat --

JANE

Maybe he's got a good side to him too, that I entirely fucking missed. Always fucking possible, drunk as I am fucking continuously.

(CONTINUED)

35A CONTINUED: (3) 35A

-- then goes to get her bottle. Off Trixie --

CUT TO:

36 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - NIGHT 36

Farnum and Richardson. They're closing down the kitchen for the night --

FARNUM

Richardson, Richardson, Richardson --
when will come the quiet hours of
our declining years?

Richardson doesn't answer --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I'm talking to you Dimwit.

Richardson still nurses a mad over his mistreatment in their earlier conversation --

RICHARDSON

I wasn't listening.

Farnum subordinates his deep distaste for Richardson to his larger purpose --

FARNUM

I am confiding that turbulence,
upheaval of the most violent sort --
churning seas, waves of a scale
and force to make the most seasoned
seafarer vomit -- are in prospect
for this camp. And we, Richardson,
you, I, and, tragically, others --
so very many others who journeyed
to the Hills to stake their claims,
and, with those, their hopes for
the future -- are but pawns of the
savage sea, and playthings of the
fucking deep.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

He studies Richardson, uncertain if his meaning has penetrated; perseveres with ill-humor --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Not for us, apparently, the placid harbor, on which, voyages near complete, to bob and rot, becalmed. For us, to the very end, the dizzying surges of the storm, and its crashing descents.

Their eyes hold --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Do you understand me, you repulsive lout?

RICHARDSON

No.

FARNUM

The claims, Richardson. They're to be overturned. Save the few who dispose of their holdings before word circulates, destitution looms.

RICHARDSON

Oh dear.

FARNUM

Yes. Yes. Even you now recognize the situation.

(wipes his mouth)

Ah well. Take the rest of the night off Richardson. Until the first terrifying illuminations and thunderclaps, find solace as you will among your fellows.

RICHARDSON

Thank you Sir.

FARNUM

But confide in no one.

As Richardson hurries off --

CUT TO:

37

INT. CHEZ AMI - STUBBS' ROOM - NIGHT

37

His duster's off but that's as far as he's let things go. He sits on the edge of the bed. Stubbs, fully clothed, has draped herself across it --

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS

Would we have even more fun naked?
Or I could and you could stay
dressed. Or, the opposite.

Her voice couldn't be more cheerful --

WOLCOTT

Who am I?

STUBBS

Mister W, ain't that what we're
trying to track down?

WOLCOTT

What we're tracking is whether
you're clever or too clever by
half.

STUBBS

Ask me your question again.

WOLCOTT

Who am I?

STUBBS

You're Mister W.

WOLCOTT

What else?

STUBBS

Your boss struck bigger'n anyone
in the Comstock and Mexico, so you
being here puts a shine to this
camp's prospects.

WOLCOTT

Who is my boss?

STUBBS

Maddie didn't say.

WOLCOTT

And you didn't ask.

STUBBS

Nope.

(MORE)

He studies her --

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS (CONT'D)

Ain't curious that way.

A beat --

WOLCOTT

Unbutton my shirt.

STUBBS

Yes Sir.

WOLCOTT

Do not look at my face.

STUBBS

No Sirree.

She's doing as she's been told --

WOLCOTT

Shall I tell you who I work for?

STUBBS

As you wish. If you do how shall I occupy myself while you're doing it?

WOLCOTT

The same way as if I don't.

STUBBS

For me to judge?

WOLCOTT

As you wish.

STUBBS

Your shirt buttons are your big interest? -- how those are undone?

He smiles. She begins to work the fly of his trousers --

STUBBS (CONT'D)

Or shall we advance to these buttons here? -- and shall I hazard an approach I rarely find ill-received?

WOLCOTT

No.

Stubbs pulls away with casual unsurprise --

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED: (3)

37

STUBBS

Shall I hazard an approach on myself
I never remember refusing? -- and
will you supervise closely?

He appears to consider --

STUBBS (CONT'D)

Mister W, I'm going to take that
as a yes.

She lifts her skirts, begins to caress herself --

WOLCOTT

No. Take it as a no.

A beat, then she lowers her skirts --

STUBBS

(pleasant)

Nuts.

His voice is pleasant too, though it seems an effort
of will --

WOLCOTT

What a tiny corner of operation
for an amusing mind. I'll promise
as I sojourn here to bring you
stories of the world of men.

Wolcott's buttoning his buttons --

STUBBS

I'll just be waiting here diddling
myself.

Off which --

CUT TO:

38

EXT. THE GEM - NIGHT

38

Trixie's solitary figure in the thoroughfare,
contemplating Swearengen's quarters. She smokes, angry
at herself for her worry and distress --

39

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

39

Swearengen's fever is probably 105. He's in septic
shock and, if conscious, delirious. Cochran's at one
side of Swearengen's bed. Dority, a reluctant
participant, stands to the other side, while Burns
lingers near the door.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

Cochran regrets the terrible pain he's about to cause, though his manner is matter-of-fact --

COCHRAN

I'm going to pass this through
your penis Al, up into your bladder,
and I'll say to you once I'm sorry
for how it hurts.

Swearengen writhes, cries out as Cochran introduces the instrument. Cochran dislocates his distress to dissatisfaction with Dority --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

Goddamnit hold him still!

As Dority complies --

SWEARENGEN

Oh! Mother of God!

Burns, bearing up poorly under Swearengen's screams, moves to the balcony --

40

EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

40

-- looks down at Trixie, both grimacing with fright and sympathy --

TRIXIE

Fuck you Johnny! Get in there and
fucking help him!

BURNS

What am I supposed to do?

Farnum, having heard Swearengen's scream, emerges onto the porch of his hotel --

TRIXIE

Put your hand in his mouth! Let
him bite your fucking hand!

She's crying. Burns goes back inside --

41

INT. SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

41

-- where an agonized Swearengen arches his torso in a futile effort to tolerate or escape the probe --

COCHRAN

All right Al. It's into your
bladder and I hear the fucking
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
stone, and I'll try now to move
the stone to release your water,
so push now if you can, son --

SWEARENGEN
Oh God! Mother take me!

COCHRAN
-- push if you can to get your
water flowing.

Swearengen, conscious or not, in an ecstasy of will
arches his body still further --

SWEARENGEN
I'm trying! Oh my Christ!

INTERCUT WITH:

41A EXT. THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 41A

As Trixie and Farnum cringe under the onslaught of
Swearengen's screams, Utter and Jane can be seen
emerging from Utter's freight building --

41 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE (RESUME) 41

DORITY
I'll kill you Doc! By God you
take that out of him!

COCHRAN
Shut up!

41B EXT. THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 41B

where Star, who'd been smoking on the porch of the
hardware store, rises, unable to decide whether or not
to approach. Leon can be seen, b.g., observing from
outside the Bella Union --

CUT TO:

41C INT. THE BULLOCK HOUSE - NIGHT 41C

Bullock, Martha and William, far enough from the center
of camp to be oblivious to Swearengen's agony, eat
their dinner --

CUT TO:

41 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - (RESUME) 41

A mix of blood and urine begins to drip from the other end of the instrument --

COCHRAN
All right Al. All right.

Burns has been averting his gaze, turns now with some fugitive hope --

BURNS
Is he all right now? Is he cured now?

Cochran's eyes never leave the instrument, the flow from which diminishes to an intermittent drip, then stops --

COCHRAN
All right. That's fucking something.

DORITY
Is that something anyway Doc?

COCHRAN
I'm taking it out of you Al. Hold on and you won't hurt so bad.

Swearengen whimpers as Cochran begins to remove the instrument --

42 EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY 42

Trixie's biting her hand. Burns appears. Without understanding of what's transpired, he tries to relay his sense of what he heard --

BURNS
He put something out of himself Trixie. That's something anyway.

TRIXIE
Is it out of him?

BURNS
The instrument's out of him.

TRIXIE
And what of the fucking stone?

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

BURNS

I didn't see any fucking stone
come out.

Trixie throws down her cigarette, walks away. Off
Burns, head lowered --

FADE OUT.