

Director: Gregg Fienberg

“Deadwood”

“The Whores Can Come”

Written by

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Production # P211
(Script # S214)

Production Draft
Jan. 27, 2005
Jan. 31, 2005 Blue (full)
Feb. 1, 2005 Pink (full)
Feb. 2, 2005 Yellow (full)
Feb. 3, 2005 Green
Feb. 4, 2005 Goldenrod
Feb. 7, 2005 Buff
Feb. 8, 2005 Salmon (full)
Feb. 9, 2005 Cherry
Feb. 10, 2005 Tan
Feb. 11, 2005 Double Blue
Feb. 14, 2005 Double Pink
Feb. 15, 2005 Double Yellow
Feb. 24, 2005 Double Green
Mar. 14, 2005 Double Goldenrod
Mar. 21, 2005 Double Buff

"The Whores Can Come"

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FADE IN:

2 EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - MORNING

2

Lee and those who serve him watch flames consume the body of a Chinese whore. At Lee's nod his underlings toss the body of a second whore onto the pyre. Denizens of the Alley not of Lee's camp who have watched with intimidation and fear note now Wu's hurried approach from his end of the Alley. Wu berates Lee, who studies him with contemptuous detachment. Some who appear to favor Wu drift closer to the confrontation, though unlike Lee's toughs, they are merchants, or past youth. Lee interrupts Wu's tirade, in an even tone challenges Wu to "put up or shut up". Wu struggles against the impulse to enter immediately into a combat he knows he cannot win. Lee repeats his challenge, to provoke Wu into exactly the imprudence which will defeat him. Finally Wu brings himself to disengage, even at the cost of losing face, the shame of which he endures as he returns to his part of the Alley to marshal his thoughts and intentions

CUT TO:

2A EXT. THE GEM - MORNING

2A

Swearengen, in a suit, leaves the Gem, intending to call on Bullock, whom he assumes is at home. As he negotiates the thoroughfare Swearengen smells the acrid smoke whose source he now identifies as Chinaman's Alley. The saloon-keeper's attention is drawn by carpentering sounds from the narrow alley adjoining the hardware store; he alters course --

CUT TO:

3 EXT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - MORNING

3

Bullock is hammering the final panel of William's coffin. Swearengen waits the beat it takes Bullock to become aware of his presence --

SWEARENGEN
Sorry Bullock.

(CONTINUED)

Bullock nods. His knuckle is bleeding. He seems not to understand Swearengen's intention in offering him his handkerchief. Bullock hoists the coffin onto his shoulder --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Can you abide me beside you twenty paces or so?

Bullock nods. Swearengen falls in step beside him as they make their way toward Bullock's house --

3A EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

3A

SWEARENGEN

Yankton's man is among us. Even under the circumstances, he may try you to confirm we're allied. If he does, your nod'd advance the cause.

BULLOCK

All right.

Swearengen stops --

SWEARENGEN

Sorry.

-- as Bullock continues toward the house --

BULLOCK

Thank you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

4 INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - PARLOR - MORNING

4

Bullock, having entered through the front door, sets the coffin on saw-horses in the parlor. He looks to the kitchen, where Martha is washing the corpse. Their eyes hold a beat, then Bullock, respecting her privacy, starts up the stairs --

5 INT. BULLOCK'S HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 5

-- where Bullock sees two open trunks, one containing the boy's belongings, the other containing Martha's. William's belongings have been neatly folded by his mother. Her own seem to have been thrown into the other trunk, perhaps in despair, perhaps at a different time --

CUT TO:

6 MOVED TO SC. 17B 6

7 MOVED TO SC. 18 7

8 INT. CHEZ AMI - MORNING 8

Mose Manuel still lives. Jane watches him breathe. Stubbs dozes in an overstuffed chair. Mose coughs, opens his eyes, coughs again; begins to assimilate his situation --

JANE

Yeah, you fat fuck, you're alive.

A beat, then --

MOSE

Let me die.

JANE

Is that "thank you" in whale-talk?

He coughs again, closes his eyes. She pours some water, holds it to his lips --

JANE (CONT'D)

Drink this.

Eyes closed, Mose takes a tentative sip. Stubbs has come awake, she and Jane exchange looks such as do nurses gratified that a sick one has made it through the night. Jane looks to Leon, who naps in one of the outer-lying chairs --

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Get up, get the Doc, and tell him
he's got a live one.

Still addressing Leon, she indicates Stapleton, who has
stirred at her words, only to find a more comfortable
position to continue sleeping --

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Tell him, too, his rupture-patient
left here to convalesce at his own
fucking place -- you give him your
shoulder to lean on as he was
getting the fuck out.

At this, one of Stapleton's eyes open --

CUT TO:

10 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - FRONT DESK - DAY

10

Farnum is behind the front desk, arranging a frayed mourning
wreath he'd stolen from the cemetery and saved for re-use.
Blazanov enters with a batch of telegrams --

FARNUM

Mister Blazanov, on a day of grief.

Blazanov announces his intentions word-for-word as was his
training at the home office --

BLAZANOV

Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph
Company -- telegrams for delivery.

FARNUM

Our acquaintance is established
Blazanov, and for my part our
friendship.

BLAZANOV

Thank you.

FARNUM

You needn't announce yourself every
morning, and your purpose.

BLAZANOV

Thank you.

Blazanov is about to go up and Farnum stops him --

(CONTINUED)

FARNUM

May I suggest as well that rather than you delivering your telegrams upstairs, interrupting the rest or secret depravities of well-armed guests --

Farnum points to the back wall of room cubby holes and pantomimes the distribution of telegrams into them --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

-- I could distribute them in these pigeonholes, to be collected by the guests at their leisure.

BLAZANOV

I am not permitted.

FARNUM

A man must put bread on his table, Mister Blazanov, I well understand. Suppose, to compensate you for lost gratuities, I were to pay you five dollars a day?

Their conversation is interrupted as Trixie enters from the street and goes upstairs. Both watch her progress up the stairs. Expecting an acceptance to his offer, Farnum turns his attention back to the Russian --

BLAZANOV

I am not permitted.

FARNUM

Do you hold me up for ten, Tartar, or fail to fathom my motive?

Farnum wills himself to smile benignly --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Once they had left your hand, and before they'd reached the hand of the addressee, can you conceive, Blazanov, some third party valuing
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

FARNUM (CONT'D)

the opportunity to examine those
telegrams?

BLAZANOV

Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph
Company requires personal delivery
by Blazanov --

Blazanov starts for the stairs. Farnum watches him --

FARNUM

Yet avarice is numbered among the
sins, and stupidity omitted.

Blazanov climbs --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I hope you get shot in the head.

Off Farnum --

CUT TO:

15

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

15

Trixie's with Alma trying to find a way to apologize --

TRIXIE

Don't even fucking ask me to
account for coming here yesterday
advising you how to answer
Ellsworth. Why I'd presume, while
operating my own life from a
shitpile, I cannot fucking imagine.

ALMA

Yesterday was a terrible day.

TRIXIE

The more praise due me then, adding
to its unsettlements.

(CONTINUED)

She's looking out the window --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

No Gem whores at the railings
today.

ALMA

Why not?

TRIXIE

Al won't permit 'em on the balcony.
He lets 'em on, they'll be leaping
off.

Trixie turns to Alma --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Very dramatic, we get, at the
passing of the fucking young.

ALMA

You haven't changed your opinion,
have you Trixie? As to my
accepting Ellsworth's marriage
proposal.

TRIXIE

My new opinion is, few choices as
are ours to make, others should
fucking stay out of the process.

She indicates Sofia, who occupies herself in a corner of the
other room --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Quiet like that, since the boy's
accident?

Alma nods. Trixie heads for the door, kisses the top of
Sofia's head as she passes. Off Alma, moving to rejoin her
daughter at the checkers board --

CUT TO:

16 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - WOLCOTT'S ROOM - DAY 16

Taking a dollar from his pocket, Wolcott moves toward the door, opens it to Blazanov, who bows --

BLAZANOV
Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph,
telegram for Mister Wolcott.

Wolcott hands him the gratuity --

WOLCOTT
How are you today Mister Blazanov?

(CONTINUED)

BLAZANOV

Thank you.

Wolcott shuts the door, opens the telegram, begins to read --

CUT TO:

16A INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

16A

Blazanov stands outside a door, now opened by Jarry, who holds out a lesser gratuity --

BLAZANOV

Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph

--

JARRY

Yes yes yes.

Jarry impatiently shows the coin to Blazanov --

BLAZANOV

Telegram for Mister Jarry.

JARRY

Yes, I am he.

He snatches the telegram, puts the coin in Blazanov's hand, closes the door in his face. Blazanov addresses the door --

BLAZANOV

Thank you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

17 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY [PART OF SCENE
FORMERLY SC. 21]

17

Dority, Burns, and Adams stand behind Wu, who has deployed a series of pictographs upon which, in an effort to bring Swearengen to an understanding of his situation, he now

(CONTINUED)

brings to bear the full exegetical resources of his English vocabulary --

WU

Cocksucker.

As Wu points to the first of the pictographs, against an evident impatience, Swearengen indicates he understands --

SWEARENGEN

San Francisco cocksucker, your
mortal fucking enemy --

Wu points at Swearengen like he's the best charades player in America --

WU

Swedgin!

That Wu now closes his eyes, places his hand to his forehead, considering how to expound the meaning of his next pictograph, tries Swearengen's patience further --

SWEARENGEN

Wu --

WU

Swedgin!

Wu's eyes stay closed, his free hand points at Swearengen demanding Swearengen's silence while Wu works out his approach. Swearengen's had enough, he points at the pictograph himself --

SWEARENGEN

I make these burnt-up whores, Wu,
that I smelt on the char this
morning, with your San Francisco
rival turning the fucking spit!

Swearengen points at his chest with perfunctory insistence --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Swedgin fucking knows.

(CONTINUED)

Wu takes a backseat to no man admiring the depth and breadth and extent of Swearengen's illumination, but even he is bowled over --

WU

Swedgin.

SWEARENGEN

I know about the burned-up whores,
I know about the San Francisco
cocksucker putting the match to
'em, and listen to this part, Wu --

Before Swearengen can complete his thought -- and, to the extent Wu senses what may be coming, in an effort to head it off -- Wu hurriedly resumes, pointing emphatically at the dish he's brought, on which has been painted a map of China --

WU

Chung Kuo.

Swearengen points at the dish too, feigning a naive enthusiastic curiosity, as if Wu's tactic has seduced him into recommitting to the effort to understand --

SWEARENGEN

China?

WU

Chung Kuo! China! Swedgin!

Wu recurs to the previously-indicated pictograph portraying the incineration of the stick-figure corpses, then at the map on the dish, encouraging Swearengen to synthesize the information --

SWEARENGEN

Chung Kuo! China! Celestial
whores in the fire! Are their
spirits fucked if their bones don't
get home? And do you come to me,
Wu, to back your move against the
evil San Francisco cocksucker?! Am
I getting the fucking drift?!

(CONTINUED)

WU

Swe-dgin!

SWEARENGEN

Swedgin gets it. And here's what
you need to get, Wu --

(points to himself)

Swedgin -- don't --

(mimes fornication)

-- give a fuck!

At his devastated inference of Swearengen's meaning, Wu's features transmute. Swearengen points in the Alley's direction --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Back to Chink's Alley, Wu. Fall to
your fucking prayers.

Wu shows a sickened, incredulous despair --

WU

Swedgin.

Behind him, as Wu collects his materials, the others look away. Swearengen appears to occupy himself with paperwork --

SWEARENGEN

I can use the plate if you want to
leave that.

Wu leaves. A beat, then Swearengen collects a bottle from the desk drawer, pours shots of whiskey for the other three --

[REST OF SCENE FORMERLY SC. 21]

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Why don't I back him?

DORITY

Hearst's in the other Chink's
corner.

BURNS

Meaning Wu has to lose.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Wouldn't be the worst thing, me
backing a loser to Hearst. Let him
lift me from the canvas after, dust
me the fuck off. I raise the great
man's hand, murmur best as my split
lips let me -- "Your man beat my
man's balls off, Mister Hearst."

Swearengen downs his shot --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

But Hearst's Chink bossing that
Alley ain't to my fucking taste.

The others down their shots. Swearengen refills the glasses
--

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Say something delays the battle of
the Chinks. Say in the interval I
find a few chances to show Mister
Hearst my ass. Meanwhile, pain-in-
the-balls Wu is sketching up a
storm, little fucking drawings of
himself -- brandishing the lash,
driving from the delivery ship an
entire quota of Chinks to be blown
to bits by dynamite working for
Hearst in his mines, at half the
fee per Chink Hearst pays the San
Francisco cocksucker. By this
time, having seen my ass so often,
Hearst knows I'm no long-term
threat, so some brief opposition of
our interests needn't force him to
engage me in a death-struggle, say
by opposing local elections. Those
circumstances, we risk backing
fucking Wu, and the great man
figures, "I am damaged by neither
outcome -- why not move to a
neutral corner, test my import
against the locals."

(CONTINUED)

They study Swearengen admiringly --

ADAMS

What delays Wu going for the other
Chink?

SWEARENGEN

Or the other Chink going for Wu?

ADAMS

That, too.

SWEARENGEN

If the other Chink takes
dissuasion, Wu we could put on ice.

Burns loves cerebrating at this level --

BURNS

How do we dissuade the other Chink?

SWEARENGEN

I s'pose laying eyes on him would
be the first step.

Dority nods that he'll make the connection. Burns imitates
Dority. Swearengen refills the glasses. Dority and Burns
head for the door. Swearengen addresses Adams before the
others can leave --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

My question is, push comes to
shove, wearing them Chinese
dresses, how well can you guys
fight.

Off which --

CUT TO:

17AA INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

17AA

Martha's at the window looking out at William's garden. In
the room where William's casket has been established,
Bullock's at the window which looks out onto the

(CONTINUED)

thoroughfare, his grateful attention on Star, outside, standing watch on the Bullocks' privacy. Bullock brings himself to join his wife --

BULLOCK

You've packed your things.

MARTHA

Yes.

BULLOCK

Thrown them, it looks like.

MARTHA

What is it Mister Bullock? What do you wish to say.

BULLOCK

That I'd hope in the throes of this day you'd not make any final decision.

MARTHA

I can't bear to stay.

He lowers his eyes. A beat, then, to draw their attention, Star clears his throat. They look to him --

STAR

The minister's here to discuss the service.

Bullock glances at his wife, who, without meeting his eyes, nods. Star gestures to Cramed, who stands just outside, to come in. Cramed enters --

BULLOCK

Reverend.

CRAMED

Mrs. Bullock. My deep sympathies, which I conveyed to your husband last evening.

MARTHA

Thank you. Will you have coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CRAMED

No thank you very much.

Star tries to get Bullock's attention, without success --

MARTHA

(to Cramed)

You wished to discuss William's service.

CRAMED

Yes. I suggested to Mister Bullock that we might hold service in front of the house.

MARTHA

That will be fine.

Bullock's eyes meets Star's; Star indicates his intention to leave if he can be of no further service. Bullock nods.
Star's gone --

CRAMED

As to the substance of the service -- do you wish psalms, a reading, my words, hymns, chosen speakers in memoriam, second reading --

BULLOCK

Let the service be brief.

MARTHA

Yes.

CRAMED

Certainly. Do you wish to provide me a detail or two about William --

MARTHA

I don't want that, please.

CRAMED

Do you have a favorite reading?
Did he?

(CONTINUED)

Martha shakes her head, nearing tears --

BULLOCK

You choose something.

CRAMED

Certainly.

BULLOCK

And you'll announce the burial is private?

CRAMED

I will. Shall there be, then, a passing-by of the casket after the service?

MARTHA

No.

CRAMED

Certainly.

BULLOCK

Thank you, Reverend.

Which terminates the exchange. Cramed exits. Martha moves to the point in the house where she can see William's kitchen garden. Bullock watches Martha, moved to join her, decides against it, notes --

17B EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS [FORMERLY SC. 6] 17B

POV - BULLOCK

The departing Cramed passes Jarry, ostentatiously loitering near the house --

18 EXT. BULLOCK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS [FORMERLY SC. 7] 18

Bullock lets himself quietly out of the house and crosses to Jarry --

JARRY

My condolences, Sheriff. My deepest sympathies.

BULLOCK

The answer is yes, Commissioner.
What you want to know.

Jarry studies him --

JARRY

(carefully)

Having to do with Mister
Swearengen, speaking with your
voice --

BULLOCK

Yes. That's all now.

Jarry nods vigorous agreement --

JARRY

My reluctance to intrude nearly
kept me from coming at all.

Bullock heads back into the house. Off which --

CUT TO:

18A INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

18A

Swearengen is behind the bar. Trixie enters, having had her talk with Alma --

SWEARENGEN

I see you made it through the
fucking night.

Trixie nods undemonstrative gratitude for Swearengen's assistance in that process, reacts to the wailing from the rear of the saloon --

TRIXIE

Jesus Christ.

Swearengen nods toward the whores' quarters --

SWEARENGEN

This'll be a pleasant fucking day,
with them wailing and gnashing
their teeth.

TRIXIE

Will they be allowed to pay their
respects?

SWEARENGEN

By who?

TRIXIE

By you most importantly, as always.
And should you in your greatness
consent, will he let 'em in his
house?

SWEARENGEN

I'll not object, but it's yours to
keep them she-apes from disgracing
me. As to Bullock's feelings, get
the Jew to find 'em out.

TRIXIE

Shall I ask about you as well?

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

What the fuck do I want to go there
for?

Trixie studies him another beat, then leaves --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to the wailing whores)
Shut the fuck up!

Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

Tolliver, at the bar, notes Leon's entrance --

(CONTINUED)

LEON

Mose Manuel made it through.

Tolliver stares at him in disgust --

TOLLIVER

Thank Heavens.

Under which Jarry's entered and approached --

LEON

Doc fixed Con's rupture too.

TOLLIVER

Go shoot some dope.

LEON

Thank you, Sir -- it's been a hell
of a trying night.

Leon goes. Jarry produces a slip of paper --

JARRY

I've a check for fifty thousand
dollars I'd like to cash with you.

TOLLIVER

I show that courtesy to people who
gamble in my joint.

JARRY

Yes, and I have no intention of
gambling here. But I wish to
afford you, Mister Tolliver, a
chance to show my colleagues in
Yankton that you are not blinded by
parochial rivalry to what the
greater good requires.

TOLLIVER

You'd deliver the fifty to
Swearengen.

(CONTINUED)

JARRY

Who'd no doubt prefer the check, to
have the bribe on record.

TOLLIVER

So this ain't you just being a
twitch 'likes rubbing people's
noses in their losses.

JARRY

Shall we transact our business at
the cage, Mister Tolliver, where I
was attacked the other day, and you
failed to come to my aid?

A beat, then Tolliver nods, and they start across the room --

CUT TO:

21 MOVED TO PART OF SC. 17 21

24 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 24

Farnum is behind his dismal ledger --

WOLCOTT

What price would you take for your
hotel Mister Farnum?

One of Farnum's eyes droops --

FARNUM

Why do you ask?

WOLCOTT

Because I want to buy it.

FARNUM

Do you, Sir. I presume as agent
for other parties.

WOLCOTT

Presume away.

(CONTINUED)

FARNUM

Is it warm in here?

WOLCOTT

To me it seems chilly.

FARNUM

Chilly is it? Richardson! --
Mister Wolcott finds it chilly.

(to Wolcott)

Not around. I'll see to it, Sir --
if you are chilly in ten minutes
time, pray for my immortal soul,
because some fatal mishap will have
befallen me --

Farnum makes for his room, opens its door with chivalric
bravado --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

-- short of which I will not fail
to dispel the chill now afflicting
you.

-- and disappears behind it --

25 INT. FARNUM'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

25

He presses his back against the door, bitterly gasps for air
--

FARNUM

Cocksuckers. 'Think they can take
away everything.

Off which --

CUT TO:

27 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY [FORMERLY SC. 47]

27

Swearengen and Adams are at the bar, waiting for Dority and
Burns to bring Lee back, though their thoughts are of the
forthcoming service. After a beat --

(CONTINUED)

ADAMS

You ain't going to that kid's
service?

Swearengen responds with exactly the same words he used to
answer Trixie --

SWEARENGEN

'The fuck would I want to go for?

-- despite the purportedly casual tone of which, Adams seals
the subject off --

ADAMS

I hate those fucking things too.

Jarry, whom they've expected, enters. A saddlebag filled
with the cash he collected at the Bella Union is slung over
his shoulder --

SWEARENGEN

(low to Adams)

Look fucking mournful.

ADAMS

(low)

Even more?

JARRY

(out of breath)

A sad day, Gentlemen, on which
commerce must intrude.

SWEARENGEN

Says who, that it must.

Jarry studies him --

JARRY

Given my need to confirm to Yankton
that we've executed our agreement,
might we permit it to intrude,
however briefly.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

No.

JARRY

Because of the death of the
Sheriff's son?

SWEARENGEN

If you need to ask you don't
deserve an answer.

JARRY

I should tell you that even in his
hour of grief Sheriff Bullock has
conveyed to me his reliance on you
as his proxy.

SWEARENGEN

And as his proxy, I do no business
on the day of my God-son's passing.

JARRY

I'm compelled to wonder, Mister
Swearengen, if your show of grief
might not be a pretext to some
other purpose --

SWEARENGEN

What a type you must consort with,
not to fear beating for such an
insult.

JARRY

-- if Montana, for example, has
sweetened its terms for annexing
this camp, and you delay the close
of our business not from piety but
to pursue these other negotiations.

SWEARENGEN

Leave here with your sick fucking
ghoulish thinking.

(CONTINUED)

JARRY

I'll have further instructions
within the day. If not honor,
practicality dictates granting
Yankton a further counter.

SWEARENGEN

Listen to me. Listen to me. If
you come back here offering one
dollar more than that fifty --
(indicates the bag)
-- you'll be thrown face-first in
the horseshit.

Jarry's blinking hard, searching Swearengen's response for
some hidden encouragement --

JARRY

But you would entertain
enhancements of the offer other
than cash?

SWEARENGEN

I do not discuss business on this
day.

Jarry recognizes that Swearengen's response, while emphatic
in tone, does not attempt to refute Jarry's interpretation --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Adams)

Silas.

ADAMS

You're buying yourself a bum's-
rush, Commissioner. When Mister
Swearengen says go he means it.

JARRY

All right. All right.
(to Swearengen)
I am not without imagination.

(CONTINUED)

Jarry's gone. Swearengen asks Adams with his eyebrows if that went as well as he's prepared to believe. Adams purses his lips to indicate it did --

ADAMS

That telegraph line to Yankton's going to be earning its keep today.

SWEARENGEN

I ought ask Farnum what inroads he's made with that fucking telegraph operator.

ADAMS

Should I go get him?

SWEARENGEN

(considers)

The fucking currying and combing E.B.'ll demand as to why I've not sent for him sooner. Beard the cocksucker in his lair.

ADAMS

Ask him myself over there has he got that operator bribed yet.

SWEARENGEN

Please.

Adams nods, goes --

CUT TO:

29 INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY

29

The store is closed. Trixie knocks. Star comes from the back where, readying for the service, he's been putting on his best suit. He opens the door to her --

STAR

Trixie.

He steps back for her to step in; though both seem well-disposed, the awkwardness between them, suspended by the

(CONTINUED)

moment's solidarity outside Cochran's cabin, on this more ordinary occasion still not fully resolved --

TRIXIE

He'd have me ask might the whores
pay the dead boy respects.

STAR

The service is outside the home.
All in the camp are welcome.

TRIXIE

They'll know to keep to their
place.

Star nods. She lingers uncomfortably --

STAR

Why did you go to him?

She's looking away --

TRIXIE

'Much as he's her misery, the
pimp's a whore's familiar, so the
sudden, strange, or violent draws
her to him. And hold to the
counter as I reveal this Mister
Star -- I've lived most of my life
a whore.

-- now meets his eyes --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Not that I wouldn't learn another
way.

Off which --

CUT TO:

31 INT. THE CHEZ AMI - DAY [SHOT AS SC. 38]

31

Standing in her underwear, Jane wiggles her fingers in drawn bath water addressing Stubbs --

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Hot! Hot! I mean I know it's
supposed to be but I ain't used to
it.

STUBBS

Maybe wait a little.

JANE

Yeah I'll wait a little bit before
I fucking get in.

A beat --

JANE (CONT'D)

Ever occur to you strange, bathing
in water you've dirtied, coming out
thinking you're clean?

STUBBS

You need a bath, Jane.

JANE

And I'm going to fucking take it,
I'm raising a general question.

Stubbs brings in a pair of boots she'd set outside the door --

STUBBS

If you want boots different from
your regular.

JANE

No, I do not. I will clean my
fucking regular boots.

STUBBS

Should you do that before your
bath?

JANE

No! Turn around!

Stubbs turns around. Jane mutters as she takes off her long-
johns --

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Dumb fucking luck it must've been,
me living this long without your
fucking guidance.

STUBBS

I don't like new boots either.

JANE

I ain't afraid of newness. It's
blisters give me pause.

Jane climbs into the tub, crouches, quickly raises up --

JANE (CONT'D)

And I burned my fucking snatch!

STUBBS

Or funerals.

JANE

"Or funerals" what?

STUBBS

Any more'n I like new boots.
(still not sure Jane
follows)
I don't like funerals.

JANE

I do. I do. I can't get to enough
of 'em.

Jane tries the water again, finds it cooler. Joanie smiles --

CUT TO:

32 INT. THE GEM - WHORES' ROOM - DAY [FORMERLY SC. 36]

32

CLOSE ON - DOLLY

engulfed in tears, trying to get her breath --

TRIXIE

For Christ's sake, cut it out.

(CONTINUED)

During which --

WIDEN TO INCLUDE

the remainder of the Gem whores, equally distraught,
variously demonstrative, as well as Trixie, before them,
smoking --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Exactly this behavior will keep you
from paying respects.

DOLLY

(still crying)

I won't be like this outside.

TRIXIE

If you want to get let out, don't
be like it inside either.

The whores start to straighten, get a hold of themselves --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Your decentest dresses -- shawls
over what can't be made so -- those
who don't have 'em see Jewel --

-- she points to Jewel who's standing stoically in the corner
--

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

-- she'll fit you with what's in
surplus.

As the girls rise --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

All who'd pay condolence turn in
your fucking works, nobody's going
out loaded.

One whore bursts out sobbing --

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

(re the tears)

Is that for grief or having to
abstain?

Off which --

CUT TO:

34 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

34

Lee appears at Swearengen's summons --

SWEARENGEN

I don't know what of my speech
you'll understand and I don't give
a fuck, or what terrorizing that
human bonfire this morning intends
toward the Chinks still under your
thumb: a White Man's son is dead,
that you'll be doing business with.
On the day his son is buried, the
stink of burning flesh ought not
offend the man's nose. The only
showing you need make that you've
understood our chat is a stop to
the fucking fires --

Swearengen seems suddenly overcome by impatient rage --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

-- and you might put off other
violence while you're at it, you
fucking heathen cocksucker, as a
decency to the day! Jesus fucking
Christ! No fighting between you
and Wu while the grieving goes on!
My God! -- pretend you're civilized
even if you ain't!

LEE

I am a civilized person.

Lee meets Swearengen's eyes, in his own undemonstrative
understanding and acquiescence --

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Take your civilization and get the
fuck out of here!

(CONTINUED)

Lee leaves. Swearengen's two pupils observe his transient satisfaction --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

He got the fucking message. Wait on Wu if you want.

BURNS

Wait until what?

SWEARENGEN

You want to go to the fucking service or fucking not?

BURNS

You don't have to ask us twice.

Dority and Burns hurry out to get dressed, prompting Swearengen, in solitude, to reaffirm his own position --

SWEARENGEN

'The fuck do I want to go for?

Off which --

CUT TO:

35	MOVED TO SC. 21	35
36	MOVED TO SC. 32	36
37	INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY [FORMERLY SC. 41]	37

Alma and Sofia across from each other at the checkers board. Sofia's eyes are to the board; Alma's are on Sofia. After a beat --

ALMA

You're very patient, Sofia, waiting for me to move.

No response from Sofia --

(CONTINUED)

ALMA (CONT'D)

I should think this has been a sad time for you, to see Mister Bullock's son hurt, and to hear now he's gone to Heaven, and I should think also it may remind you of other sad times.

Sofia's attention is to the board --

ALMA (CONT'D)

I've wished sometimes only to play checkers or occupy myself some way other than having to see and feel so much sadness, or feel every moment how difficult things are to understand or live with. I've sometimes thought I couldn't live with them. But I've found I can, Sofia. I've found I am, even when I think I'm not, or that I can't.

Alma reaches across the board and takes Sofia's hand and strokes it --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Knowing I am not your mother, and as sad as I am when I think of all you have lost, I am so grateful to be what mother to you I can be, and that happiness is given me only as I do not dispute what in your portion I cannot comfort or relieve.

(beat)

Can you look to me now, Sofia? Can you try?

Sofia looks up at Alma --

ALMA (CONT'D)

I would like you to help me, Sofia. I am sad at certain things, and afraid, but I don't want to miss

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALMA (CONT'D)

what happiness I can have, and you
can help me not to miss it, and I
will be so grateful, as much as you
are able, if you will trust me with
your sadness, and I will trust you
with mine, so that even when we are
sad we are grateful for how much we
love each other, and know always we
are in the world, as much in our
pain as in our happiness.

Sofia reaches across the board and kisses Alma, who embraces
her --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Thank you so much, darling. Thank
you, Sofia. Shall we dress now,
and say goodbye to William Bullock?

Off which --

CUT TO:

38 MOVED TO SC. 31

38

40 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

40

Johnny Burns displays a dead songbird to Dority on the palm
of his outstretched hand --

BURNS

I found this outside dead in front
of the window.

DORITY

Why bring it the fuck inside?

BURNS

Poor little finch.

(CONTINUED)

DORITY

Throw it out and wipe your hands.

As Burns walks to the front to toss away the bird --

BURNS

If a bird pecks on your window, or
crashes into one, it means there
has been a death.

Meanwhile Dority spits on a rag, resumes working polish into
the toe of a black boot --

DORITY

We know there's been a death.

Burns returns, wiping his hands on his pants --

BURNS

We do now, but this bird flew into
the window and died a while ago.
Before we knew. For all we know.

Dority stares at him --

DORITY

I got me and Al's shined but I'm
not doing yours.

BURNS

I got new boots, which pinch bad,
but have a factory-shine still.

DORITY

(incredulous)

Johnny. You cannot wear nothing
new to a funeral, especially you
can't wear new footwear.

BURNS

I never heard that.

(CONTINUED)

DORITY

Maybe when they was telling you,
you was listening to bullshit about
birds crashing into windows.

Trixie enters the bar from the whore's room and drops the box
of syringes and jewelry on the bar --

TRIXIE

To be kept 'til after the after-
funeral fuck-rush is over.

Dority places the shined shoes on the bar as he stows away
the box of works and Trixie immediately snatches up the
footwear --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Boots on a bar, what's the fuck's
the matter with you, Dan?

As Dority resituates the boots --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Gimme a whiskey bottle.

DORITY

This ain't the fucking time.

TRIXIE

I'm sprinkling it at the doorways.
Or would you rather Evil traipse
past the fucking threshold.

Dority hands her a bottle. He and Burns watch dubiously as
Trixie sprinkles whiskey across the entrance to the saloon --

BURNS

(re Trixie's superstition)
Must've brought it from the other
side.

Off which --

CUT TO:

CRAMED

I was nursed last fall in the
plague tent and saved to be born
anew and to preach the risen Lord --

Tolliver smacks him across the mouth --

TOLLIVER

The Lord Risen or the wheel, or the
shell and pea, in this camp, for
you, it's by my leave --

CRAMED

I will suffer any indignity --

TOLLIVER

-- which I still have not heard you
solicit.

CRAMED

Interference with God's work I will
not suffer.

TOLLIVER

Then you'd best be moving along,
Andy, 'cause absent tribute, even
as His employee, you don't get to
fucking operate.

Tolliver's got him by the seat of his pants and the scruff of
his neck and rushes him out of the joint --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Don't let me find you trying Andy,
or it's into the woods once more,
only this time left nailed to a
tree.

With a push into the thoroughfare Tolliver releases him,
turns and goes back inside --

CUT TO:

42 INT. THE GEM - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

42

The whores are lined up awaiting Trixie's inspection before the trip to Bullock's --

TRIXIE

Let no one that's turned in a
needle try eating the dope instead,
or shoving it up theirselves, as I
I will check eyes for signs before
we fucking leave.

Trixie grabs one whore beneath the chin squeezing her cheeks,
smells her breath --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

No being drunk either, Jenn, and
wash your fucking mouth, you got
seven kinds of cock-breath.

As Trixie moves to Swearengen's office, the indicted whore
holds her palm close to her mouth and breathes against it --

CUT TO:

43 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

43

Trixie enters --

TRIXIE

They're ready as they're going to
be.

SWEARENGEN

Underarms clean and cunts braided?

TRIXIE

They're ready.

Trixie turns away --

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

You are accountable.

TRIXIE

Maybe you should come and make them
accountable to you.

SWEARENGEN

Shut the fucking door behind you.

Trixie heads for the door. Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

47 MOVED TO SC. 27

47

50 EXT. BULLOCK HOUSE - DAY

50

The people of Deadwood look on as Cramed has a few final
words with Sheriff and Martha Bullock before finding a
position somewhat elevated from the street, on the steps,
near the little brook which runs past the Bullock house.

CRAMED

William Bullock, beloved son of
Martha and Seth, called to God,
aged eleven years. As we are
called by his passing. Let us bow
our heads.

Bullock and Martha do so with resignation, the Gem whores
with woeful abandon, drawing a precautionary poke from their
steward, Trixie --

CRAMED (CONT'D)

From the Book of Job: Oh that my
words were now written! --

-- Dority, eyes downcast in grateful piety, stands next to
Burns, head bowing in more practised observance --

CRAMED (CONT'D)

-- that they were graven with an
iron pen and lead, in the rock
forever!

(CONTINUED)

-- Alma, standing next to Ellsworth and holding Sofia's hand,
studies Bullock and Martha --

CRAMED (CONT'D)

For I know that my redeemer liveth
and he shall stand at the latter
day upon the earth:

Merrick, observes and struggles to suppress a cough.
Blazanov beside him, suppresses a cough as well --

CRAMED (CONT'D)

And though after my skin, worms
destroy this body --

Martha suddenly leaves Bullock's side, hurries into the house
--

51

INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

51

ON - THE OPEN COFFIN

William in his Sunday suit --

CRAMED (V.O.)

-- yet in my flesh I shall see God:
whom I shall see for myself, and my
eyes shall behold, and not another.

Martha comes beside William, taking his hand, leaning her
head close to his face, trying to breathe him in as she did
so many times when he was alive and asleep and she would come
into his room and watch him and her heart was so full of love
she thought it would burst; during which --

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

From Psalm 121: "I will lift up
mine eyes unto the hills, whence
cometh my help. My help cometh
from the Lord, which made Heaven
and Earth."

Martha brings herself to leave her son, and to go out again
from the house; under which --

(CONTINUED)

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

"The Lord is thy keeper. The Lord
is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day
nor the moon by night."

52 EXT. BULLOCK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

52

Martha returns to Bullock's side. He takes her hand --

CRAMED

"The Lord shall preserve thee from
all evil; he shall preserve thy
soul."

MARTHA

(to Bullock)

Let the people come to say goodbye
to William.

Bullock looks at her for an instant, moves to the Minister's
side --

CRAMED

"The Lord shall preserve thy going
out, and thy coming in, from this
time forth, and even forever more."

(looks up from his Bible)

At the request of the family, the
burial is private. On their
behalf, at their request, I thank
you all for coming.

Bullock whispers in Cramed's ear --

CRAMED (CONT'D)

Those who wish to pay final
respects to the corpse of William
Bullock are invited now into the
Bullock home.

(CONTINUED)

Among those responding with gratitude, in addition to Swearengen's whores, at the far margin of those in attendance, Tom Nuttall can be seen with the garland from the boys at the Number Ten. Nuttall moves to join the queue --

ANGLE - BULLOCK AND MARTHA

flanking the front door as the first of those paying respects enters, dropping flowers just outside --

53 INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

53

CLOSE ON - THE COFFIN

William Bullock at rest. The first mourner touches the covered lower portion of the casket, and the second. Blazanov, Merrick, Stubbs, Jane, Farnum, and Richardson follow --

CUT TO:

54 INT. CHEZ AMI - DAY

54

Cochran lifts Mose Manuel's dressing, checking his sutured repair of one of Manuel's wounds. Manuel raises his head just an inch or so, observes the physician in his blessed preoccupation --

INTERCUT
WITH:

54A INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

54A

PLEASE NOTE: THIS SCENE PRESUPPOSES THE DELETION OF THE FORE-SHADOWING HAND-HOLDINGS BETWEEN ELLSWORTH AND ALMA IN THE CUT OF THE EPISODE VIEWED ON MARCH 14, 2005. THIS SCENE SHOULD BE INTERCUT WITH AND AMONG THE PAYING OF RESPECTS TO WILLIAM'S BODY INSIDE THE BULLOCKS' HOME.

Ellsworth and Alma and Sofia ascend. Maybe Ellsworth carries Sofia. If not, he and Sofia hold hands. Maybe Ellsworth picks her up as they begin to climb because all three can't be on one stair at the same time --

(CONTINUED)

ELLSWORTH

Up you go, Little Lady.

*

They climb a step or two --

SOFIA

We picked flowers in William's
graveyard.

ALMA

You and Trixie.

SOFIA

(to Ellsworth)
Me and Trixie.

ELLSWORTH

"Trixie and I"'s how I think that's
s'posed to go.

ALMA

Yes, Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH

(to Sofia, re Alma)
And that's a lady who'd know.

Alma clarifies her meaning --

ALMA

Yes, to the question you've asked
me.

Ellsworth pauses on the stairs, looks at Alma, then Sofia --

ELLSWORTH

Yes to that one, too.

Alma walks away. Sofia sticks her tongue out at Ellsworth
and he returns the tiny gesture --

*

*

INTERCUT
WITH:

55 EXT. BULLOCK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

55

The line outside the house. Tom Nuttall, holding the memorial wreath from the boys at the Number Ten, has taken position behind the whores from the Gem, who, at Trixie's prodding, offer him position ahead of them. Nuttall declines, glad enough to be where he is --

55A EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

55A

Swearengen leans over the balcony, trying to see what may be going on at the service. Nearly loses his balance. Pushes away from the railing, embarrassed by his instant's disequilibrium, noting the approach of Dority, Adams and Burns --

DORITY

The girls'll be a few minutes.

BURNS

They're viewing the corpse.

ADAMS

Get Wu now?

SWEARENGEN

Please.

BURNS

How should we set up the shifts?

SWEARENGEN

(to Dority, re Burns)

What does he mean?

Dority looks to Burns for explanation --

BURNS

At the Ice House. Guarding Wu.

Swearengen rubs his temples --

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

(to Adams)

Bring him here. Give him one of
the whores' rooms.

Swearengen goes inside --

ANGLE - DORITY, BURNS AND ADAMS

moving away from the camera in the direction of Chinaman's
Alley --

BURNS

(miffed)

Didn't make sense when he said it.
That's the first place Wu's
people'd look.

DORITY

Figure of speech, Johnny.

ADAMS

Like, "I got you by the balls."

Off which --

TIME CUT
TO:

55AA EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - WU'S PIGPEN - DAY

55AA *

Wu rakes the ground outside his pigpen. One of the Chinamen
approaches him. Wu rebukes him. DORITY, Adams and Burns
approach --

*
*
*

DORITY

Wu! Swedgin!

*
*

WU

(gestures "let him come
here")

Swedgin!

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

ADAMS

*

(points upstairs)

*

No, Wu! Swedgin!

*

BURNS

*

Mister Wu! Why don't you come like
a gentleman --

*

*

Dority, Adams and Burns pick Wu up and carry him inside the
Gem through the back door --

*

*

CUT TO:

*

55B EXT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - NIGHT

55B *

Trixie stands outside, smoking, arms around herself against
the night chill. Peers down the thoroughfare, as she has
repeatedly the last hour or so, in the direction from which
Bullock, Martha and Star would appear on their return from
the graveyard --

56 MOVED TO SC. 41C

56

57 INT. BELLA UNION - NIGHT

57

Wolcott is in a state of suppressed agitation -- Tolliver
considers him --

TOLLIVER

Seems to me, Wolcott, last your
eyes had that unsettled look,
matters got grave for some girls

Wolcott doesn't answer --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

What does it, do you know? -- or
does the water just come on you
quick?

WOLCOTT

You're a desperate man aren't you,
Tolliver? Desperate. You feel
your position weakening.

(CONTINUED)

Tolliver doesn't disagree --

TOLLIVER

And what I do, situation like that,
'stead of murdering helpless women,
I get on my hind legs and fight.

Wolcott looks away from him. Jarry's entered; seeing
Wolcott, he evinces a righteous indignation --

JARRY

Mister Wolcott. I nourished the
suspicion our paths might cross in
the telegraph office. I of course
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JARRY (CONT'D)

am communicating with Yankton. I wonder if your messages would've been sent to Helena.

WOLCOTT

Mister Hearst is not a partisan in territorial rivalries, Commissioner, nor am I as his instrument.

The desperate Jarry's eyes fill with tears --

JARRY

My God I want to believe that.

WOLCOTT

The great man himself will allay your doubts -- he joins us within the week --

Tolliver, on his hind legs, senses the connection between this news and Wolcott's state of mind --

TOLLIVER

Does he for a fact.

JARRY

(to Wolcott)

I would hope, Sir, by that time, Yankton's answer to my telegram will have authorized me to offer and I will have heard accepted terms of annexation to this camp such that a huge banner can be hung across the thoroughfare --
"Welcome, George Hearst, to Deadwood of Dakota Territory!"

TOLLIVER

I don't envy you the interval, Commissioner. Ain't it the idle hours 'try us? Ain't they what lead us sometimes to the cliff, and sometimes fucking over?

(CONTINUED)

Wolcott looks away. Tolliver still addresses Jarry, though his words are for Wolcott's hearing --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

I may have to ask Mister Hearst if that's his experience, too, or of any of those he may know.

JARRY

I'd think I might swallow my questions rather than give them voice, to benefit most fully from the free range of Mister Hearst's own imagination and interests.

Wolcott walks out, disappointing Jarry --

JARRY (CONT'D)

What a curious man.

It's as if Tolliver hasn't heard Jarry speak --

TOLLIVER

Shoot craps, Commissioner?

JARRY

I never have, no.

TOLLIVER

Add "yet," Sir -- you'll have less to take back. Let's see, Tess that give you a bath is off the battle lines

(calls to a whore)

Alix, this distinguished gentleman's virgin at dice, would you help him bust his cherry?

ALIX

Sure.

TOLLIVER

She'll guide your hand, Commissioner and may allow you to reciprocate. Go ahead, children.

(CONTINUED)

As Alix leads Jarry toward the craps layout --

CRAMED (O.S.)

Be afraid of the sword: for wrath
bringeth the punishments of the
sword, that ye may know there is a
judgement.

It's Cramed, just inside the entrance --

TOLLIVER

Jesus fucking Christ. Boys,
remember where you picked that
hypocrite up earlier today?
(to a Capper, re Cramed)
Show him the rough way home.

The capper moves to act on these instructions; off Tolliver,
still in action --

CUT TO:

59 EXT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - NIGHT

59

Trixie watches as Cramed is thrown out of the Bella Union.
Sees, finally, as Cramed rises and collects himself, the
approach of the wagon driven by Star, and which carries
Bullock and Martha. Star sees her as well. As the wagon
passes, Trixie opens the door of the store and goes inside.
Star does not fail to note this --

CUT TO:

60 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

60

Swearengen. He's got a bottle and he's got Dolly --

SWEARENGEN

'The fuck do I need with another
funeral? Fucking caskets bring the
dunce out in the entire fucking
community.

(looks down)

Let me ask you a question -- you
think you're giving me a treat,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

drooling on my fucking nuts,
because I happen not to enjoy it.

DOLLY

Sorry.

SWEARENGEN

It's a strange fucking sensation
that distracts me from my hard-on.
And shut the fuck up.

He drinks --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

I took some fucking beating after
my brother's fucking funeral.
Smacks from every angle, still
dizzy from the smack on the left
and here comes a smack from the
right, fucking brain can't bounce
fast enough. Headache I fucking
had for three fucking weeks.

(beat)

'The fuck fault of mine is it if my
brother croaks? -- that's not even
my fucking brother. Fucking people
take me in off the street I
didn't ask 'em to take me in.
Fucking flopping like a fish on the
dock, my brother the perch, fucking
falling sickness. Let the old man
fucking beat you 'cause he's sad
and has his load on. I did better
in the orphanage, if that fat-ass
Mrs. Anderson hadn't turned out a
fucking pimp.

(beat)

Anyways, how was the funeral. Did
you carry on and disgrace yourself?

DOLLY

No.

SWEARENGEN

Everyone was sad I expect.

(CONTINUED)

DOLLY

But it was pretty, too.

SWEARENGEN

Shut up. Did you dye your hair?

CUT TO:

61 INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - NIGHT

61

Bullock stands looking at William's sunflower. Goes upstairs
--

CUT TO:

62 INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

62

Bullock comes into their bedroom. Sees in the barely illuminated room Martha, at her suitcase, folding the clothes she had thrown. After a beat, she rises. She still holds the folded clothes. She puts them at the foot of their bed. Sees Bullock, who comes to her and takes her hands --

BULLOCK

Whatever will let us live.

MARTHA

We will never be as we were.

BULLOCK

As we are now.

Off which --

FADE OUT.