

Director: Ed Bianchi

“Deadwood”

“Boy-the-Earth-Talks-To”

Written by

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Production # P212

(Script # S210)

Production Draft

Feb. 14, 2005

Feb. 16, 2005 Blue (full)

Feb. 17, 2005 Pink

Feb. 18, 2005 Yellow (full)

Feb. 21, 2005 Green (full)

Feb. 22, 2005 Goldenrod

Feb. 23, 2005 Buff

Feb. 24, 2005 Salmon

Feb. 27, 2005 Cherry

Feb. 28, 2005 Tan

Mar. 1, 2005 Double Blue

Mar. 2, 2005 Double Pink

Mar. 4, 2005 Double Yellow

Mar. 7, 2005 Double Green

Mar. 8, 2005 Double Goldenrod (full)

Mar. 9, 2005 Double Buff

Mar. 14, 2005 Double Salmon

Mar. 15, 2005 Double Cherry

Mar. 16, 2005 Double Tan

Mar. 17, 2005 Triple Blue

Mar. 21, 2005 Triple Pink

"Boy-the-Earth-Talks-To"

FADE IN:

3 INT. THE GEM - WHORES' ROOM - DAWN 3

Wu slips out of the whores' room, past Davey the bartender, asleep on a chair outside the door, his shotgun beside him leaning against the wall. As Wu heads for the saloon's back exit --

3A EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - CONTINUOUS 3A

Wu exits the back door of the Gem, where he signs to an older traditionally-dressed Chinese who calls to a boy working nearby. The two Chinese follow Wu into an alcove/doorway west of Wu's pigpen --

CUT TO:

4 EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - DAWN 4

Swearengen, drinking his morning tea, surveys the thoroughfare, attention fixing on the egress from the Cheyenne Coach of a tall figure, late-50's, in whose effacing self-possession Swearengen recognizes the possibility of power. Their gazes meet briefly, then Swearengen goes inside --

CUT TO:

4A INT. DEADWOOD PIONEER - DAWN 4A

In the waiting area of the Pioneer office, near the tented adjunct leased to the telegraph company, Commissioner Jarry, a supplicant whose wired entreaties have gone long-unanswered, dozes in slouched disshevelment. Blazanov, seated before his apparatus, dozes too, with perfect posture and attire. Both come awake as the telegraph clicks to life. Blazanov taps back, identifying himself and starts to write --

*

*

CUT TO:

5

EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - DAWN

5

Wu steps from an alcove into the Alley, watching as, ahead of him, Wu's men move in the direction of a Lee henchman standing outside a laundry. The boy engages Lee's man in conversation as Wu's older minion, having passed the man, turns, producing a half-moon hatchet, and plunges it in the henchman's back --

ANGLE - JOHNNY BURNS

emerging from Wu's meat-locker with a side of pork, hearing the victim's scream, which produces Lee from a nearby building as the old man flees past it. Lee murders the old man, as the boy flees down the alley --

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - WU

coming forward to engage Lee --

RESUME - JOHNNY BURNS

juggling the side of pork onto his off-shoulder and drawing his pistol as he hurries toward the trouble --

BURNS

Jesus Christ! All Chinese but Wu
stay put!

WU

(yelling in Chinese)

Burns knows the next few seconds are decisive, trains his weapon on Wu --

BURNS

Wu get to me or I'll drop you!

Burns gestures exaggeratedly to convey his meaning to Wu, who glares defiantly at his enemy Lee, whose own prudential reservations about killing a White duel with anger at Wu's attack.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Get here with me Wu, so I can take
you to the Gem, where you wasn't
s'posed to leave from 'gainst
exactly this-type bullshit --

Burns' tone seems to bring Wu toward some portion of his meaning --

BURNS (CONT'D)

Swedgin -- Wu.

-- he yields to Burns' bracing him suddenly from behind, backing with him toward the Gem --

(CONTINUED)

BURNS (CONT'D)

(to Lee)

You stand the fuck down or I'll
blow off your tall Chinese head.

Lee continues as Burns drags, knocks on the door --

BURNS (CONT'D)

Davey, if you're in there, open the
fucking door.

LEE

(in Chinese)

Look at Wu with the White Devil.

Off which --

CUT TO:

5C

INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

5C

A house in mourning. Martha, in a black dress, brings
Bullock tea --

BULLOCK

Thank you.

Martha sits in a chair beside Bullock. The margin between
their chairs would accommodate a boy's coffin placed length-
wise. They face the camp, which they cannot see because the
blinds are drawn. Well-disposed each to the other, they are
without experience or vocabulary or gesture to act on their
shared disposition. A long beat, then Bullock sips his tea,
makes an approving expression for Martha to observe. Off
which --

CUT TO:

6

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY

6

Alma's walking through the camp in the direction of the
graveyard --

(CONTINUED)

ALMA (V.O.)

I don't know why I wish to address you. You never understood anything I said when you were alive and I can't imagine being dead would improve your understanding. If lying in the ground you can think or have feelings, you may hate me and my part in your fate as I sometimes hate you for bringing me here, though I know your bringing me was the end of something whose beginning I had as much a part of, certainly, as you. I am afraid. Perhaps I confide to you because you cannot tell anyone. I feel ungrateful for being afraid but I am so afraid my life is living me and soon will be over and not a moment will have been my own, and of how much my body now tells me that is fine and right.

She stops, still on the thoroughfare, not yet having left the camp --

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

I am to have a child and I have a child in my care. This place we came to and where you died is where I am living now and I don't know that any other would be different for me. He is a good man.

She turns and starts back --

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

And he whom I love is here as well.

Off which --

CUT TO:

7

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

7

Swearengen, Wu, Burns, Dority, Adams, and Farnum, in whose hotel Hearst has enrolled himself. Swearengen's pacing behind the others, who sit facing his desk --

SWEARENGEN

One more fucking day, that's all he
had to control himself, and I
could've had him in business.

WU

Swedgin.

SWEARENGEN

Shut the fuck up, Wu.

(to Burns, re Wu)

He has excuses. He's a fucking
Chink, that who knows their tribal
requirements. Maybe if they don't
act within the week they're
excluded from fucking dominoes or
the like.

Swearengen punches Burns, knocking him off the chair, not for the first time --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

But you, to tip our fucking
position before I can show Hearst
my ass.

Burns flexes his jaw, resuming his seat --

BURNS

Sorry Al.

SWEARENGEN

Hold the other Chink off at
gunpoint --

(re Wu)

-- bring him the fuck up here

(CONTINUED)

Swearengen hits him again, again knocks him off the chair --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

I'm so fucking pleased, Johnny, I
trusted you to go out and buy meat.

BURNS

Sorry.

It's barely a croak, and Burns stays down --

SWEARENGEN

(to Burns, indicates Wu)
Tell him you're sorry, that now
I'll have to slit his fucking
throat to show Hearst my ass.

A beat --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Farnum)
Tell him I'd like to see him.

FARNUM

Hearst.

Swearengen stares at him --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

My only reluctance, Al, I have had
such an on-set of diarrhea --

SWEARENGEN

E.B.

FARNUM

If the conversation's brief I'm
absolutely equal to it. What shall
I invoke as your reason?

SWEARENGEN

How about the fucking truth?

(CONTINUED)

FARNUM

Interesting. Excellent.

SWEARENGEN

The Chink that attacked his Chink
has been captured by my employee.
If Hearst has a moment I'd be
grateful for a word before I deal
with the Chink in my custody.

Wu knows he's being talked about --

WU

Swedgin.

SWEARENGEN

Shut the fuck up.

FARNUM

The Sheriff being in mourning, and
his Deputy away from camp, as a
measure of your respect, you enlist
me, the Mayor, as message-bearer.

SWEARENGEN

If he comes here I'll show him the
fucking miscreant, or wherever he
wants to fucking meet.

FARNUM

But you'd like it here.

SWEARENGEN

Don't you set any fucking terms,
E.B. He's got reason enough to
want the look-around.

FARNUM

Fine then.

Farnum's gone. Swearengen looks to Dority and Adams,
indicates Wu --

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Put him back in the whores'
quarters, you incompetent fucks,
and one of you might think of
standing guard.

Dority and Adams shepherd Wu out. Burns tentatively gets to
his feet --

BURNS

Wasn't my watch he excaped on, Al.

SWEARENGEN

Go away, Johnny.

Burns heads for the door --

BURNS

I had the ten to four.

SWEARENGEN

Shut the fucking door!

Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - MORNING

Tolliver at table. While Tolliver's served from one side and
begins to eat, Leon reports from the other --

LEON

Wu's reappeared, Mister Tolliver.
His and Lee's Chinks went at it,
looked like one dead apiece.

TOLLIVER

From whence the fuck did Wu
reappear?

LEON

Seemed to me he just fucking
materialized.

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

From the clouds or in some type
conveyance?

LEON

Make me choose I'll pick the
clouds. One minute he ain't by his
sty and my next glance he is, then
there's one dead by axe -- Lee's
man -- and one by bullet --

TOLLIVER

Wu's.

LEON

(nods)

From Lee's pistol. Then Wu and Lee
are coming for each other like
stags, 'til Burns drags Wu inside
the Gem.

TOLLIVER

Drags Wu inside the Gem.

LEON

Burns does, yes Sir, pointing his
pistol at Lee.

TOLLIVER

Could Wu've issued from the Gem as
well?

LEON

I wouldn't say he didn't.

Tolliver studies Leon as, from the other side Jack the
Bartender appears, whispers in Tolliver's ear --

JACK THE BARTENDER

Larson, that I got the dollar in
with, says he's just brought George
Hearst to camp, Sir.

Tolliver wipes his mouth, calls to Con Stapleton without
looking at him --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

Con Stapleton.

Stapleton, while convalescing from his hernia, has become somewhat meditative and withdrawn and given to pondering the head of the bison mounted on the west wall --

STAPLETON

Yes Sir.

He joins Tolliver --

TOLLIVER

Situate yourself at the Grand Central. Tell me what fucking Wolcott's doing.

STAPLETON

Yes Sir, Mister T.

TOLLIVER

Can the bison spare you?

STAPLETON

Something strikes me fucking melancholy about that creature.

He's gone. Tolliver rubs his neck, addresses Leon and Jack the Bartender --

TOLLIVER

'Sort as don't know better could mistake me for being outside looking in, Boys.

-- looks to where Tess is reading the Bible --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Then you see your idle snatch reading Scripture and know there's still hope.

Off which --

CUT TO:

9

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

9

Alma and Trixie --

TRIXIE

How's the nerves?

ALMA

Active.

TRIXIE

Ordinarily I'd give you 'to the
ceremony to reconsider, but the
Jew's got a fucking dress for me to
wear that once I put it on you get
no further chance to back out. So
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE (CONT'D)
shall we fall off the wagon? Head
for the hills or California? Or is
this where we make our stand?

ALMA
This appears to be it.

TRIXIE
Good enough for Custer wasn't it?

ALMA
No more jokes, Trixie.

TRIXIE
Okay. No more jokes. Alma.

They look toward Sofia, who's got her wedding dress laid out,
looks to her mother for approval to start getting ready --

ALMA
Go ahead, Sofia.

Off which --

CUT TO:

10

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - BUFFET - DAY

10

Hearst and Wolcott --

HEARST
Are we done with our buying,
Francis?

WOLCOTT
All but one of the important finds.

HEARST
I've forty stamps and a millwright
coming in from the Ophir.

WOLCOTT
I've the mill sited, the ground
tiled and leveled. The find we
don't yet own isn't placed to
obstruct operation.

(CONTINUED)

HEARST

I'll want it bought.

WOLCOTT

I believe its title will be
contested in coming months -- to
act now might buy the contest but
not the find.

HEARST

All this fiddle-fucking around,
tactical back and forth

WOLCOTT

We're up and running, Mister
Hearst. With a millwright, and
double shifts, we should be full-
bore inside a week.

HEARST

Getting it out of the ground,
that's what I love. Thank you for
handling the acquisitions, Francis.

FARNUM

(whispers to himself)

Excuse me, Gentlemen. Mister
Hearst, might I escort you across
the thoroughfare? -- to meet a
local luminary?

WOLCOTT

Will you join me at the operation
this morning?

HEARST

I may this afternoon. I'm going to
concede the morning to my back.

Hearst notes --

CLOSE - FARNUM

(CONTINUED)

more or less in hiding behind the stairs, observing them, holding a biscuit, chewing on his thumb, spitting, rehearsing, in a whisper, as he awaits his opportunity, how he will issue Swearengen's invitation. He starts to walk to the door but then remembers his purpose and makes his way toward Hearst. Stapleton situates himself towards the door, but stop near the table to resume his eavesdropping --

RESUME - HEARST

eyeing Farnum --

HEARST (CONT'D)

That fellow looks like he escaped a specimen box.

FARNUM

Excuse me, Gentleman. Forgive me for interrupting your repasse. I am E.B. Farnum, Mayor and hotelier, and I know you are George Hearst.

Farnum pauses and grabs the table and clenches his rear --

HEARST

Yes?

FARNUM

Allow me a moment of silence, Mister Hearst. I am having a digestive crisis and must focus on suppressing its expression.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY

Star is serving a customer as Ellsworth enters, preoccupied and in such a state of agitation as to be oblivious to the presence of an outsider --

(CONTINUED)

ELLSWORTH

Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. I
can't fucking do it.

(CONTINUED)

Of the possible meanings of this, Star fears the worst, though he feigns jocularly for the benefit of the browsing customer --

STAR

Well well, I'm eager to know what you mean, let me just complete this gentleman's transaction.

Star has made change, which he gives the customer --

CUSTOMER

And I'll have a look at one of those pans.

STAR

Not now. Tomorrow I'll make you a price.

(re Ellsworth)

This is the prospective groom for today's prospective wedding, and I'm going to wait on him now in privacy.

Star tries to present all this in high good-natured spirits as if it made sense. The customer leaves --

ELLSWORTH

I'm surprised you've any trade left, often as I clear the joint.

STAR

What can't you do?

ELLSWORTH

Any of it, it feels like, these fucking mittens in particular. "Traditional," the fucking tailor says. Not in my experience they ain't, and if I imagined where they might be, amongst males about to marry ain't what comes to my mind. Look at these cocksuckers --

Ellsworth shows Star the gloves. Star's eyes narrow --

(CONTINUED)

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

Lavender. The rigor in New York
City, whatever the fuck that means.

Ellsworth has misheard "de rigeur" --

STAR

Have you brought up not wearing
them.

ELLSWORTH

What if they're her idea? That's
liable to bring the dromedary to
its knees. Christ I'm in mortal
misery.

Ellsworth moves towards the door. Star forces a cheery note
into his voice --

STAR

Anyways, today's the day.

Ellsworth's gone. Off Star --

CUT TO:

Swearngen finds Davey the bartender cleaning a table --

SWEARENGEN

Going to the wedding, Davey?

Idle questions from Swearngen never being idle, Davey
chuckles uneasily --

DAVEY

Not hardly, Mister Swearngen.
Wasn't invited.

SWEARENGEN

I was. What do you think of that?
These vicious rumors I was
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
responsible for her first husband's
death, fucking woman invites me to
her wedding.

DAVEY
Guess it's no accounting for why
people do things.

SWEARENGEN
The congregation says "Amen,"
Davey.

Swearengen puts his arm around Davey's shoulder, begins to
walk him in what turns out to be a circle --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Consider the fucking Chinaman.

DAVEY
Wu.

SWEARENGEN
(nods)
Forsakes safety and even odds in a
future fight to enter immediate
fucking dubious combat. Here
again, what gets into peoples'
heads.

DAVEY
The congregation says "Amen."

Swearengen brings them to a stop --

SWEARENGEN
What?

DAVEY
Nothing, I was being funny.

SWEARENGEN
Don't get fucking funny with me.

Swearengen starts walking them again --

(CONTINUED)

DAVEY

I didn't mean to interrupt your
train of thought.

Swearengen stops --

SWEARENGEN

What?

DAVEY

Nothing, Sir.

SWEARENGEN

Shut up.

Davey nods, terrified. Swearengen frames Davey's chin with
his own thumb and forefinger --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Don't fucking breathe, Davey.

Davey shakes his head no --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Did you loose that Chinaman to fuck
up my plans? --

Davey shakes his head no --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

-- don't lie or the breath you're
holding is the last you'll ever
draw.

DAVEY

Can I speak?

SWEARENGEN

Go ahead.

DAVEY

I need to breathe.

SWEARENGEN

Go ahead and take a breath.

(CONTINUED)

DAVEY

I fucking fell asleep, Sir, on my
fucking watch over the Chinaman.

SWEARENGEN

He didn't pay you to let him go.

Davey shakes his head no emphatically --

DAVEY

I fell off to sleep from the
holding of the three jobs.

SWEARENGEN

Wu told me he paid you.

DAVEY

Then he's a lying fucking bastard.

Davey's near tears. Swearengen studies him. After a beat he
releases his hold on Davey's chin --

SWEARENGEN

Don't fall asleep, Davey.

DAVEY

No Sir.

SWEARENGEN

Quit a job before you'd sleep on
it.

DAVEY

Yes Sir.

They're back at the table where they started. Hearst enters,
steered by Farnum --

FARNUM

There he is. That's Mister
Swearengen.

HEARST

Yes I see.

(CONTINUED)

Davey picks up his rag, but has to sit down so he doesn't faint. Burns peeks out from the kitchen --

SWEARENGEN

I call this an impressive
contingent. Would you be Mister
Hearst?

HEARST

Yes Sir.

Hearst offers his hand --

SWEARENGEN

Al Swearengen, how do you do.

HEARST

Pleased to meet you, Mister
Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN

I'll suggest we adjourn to my
quarters.

As they head for the stairs Hearst indicates the Elk's head
above the bar --

HEARST

Your kill, Sir?

SWEARENGEN

Who?

HEARST

The animal.

SWEARENGEN

No, fuck no, I'm a terrible fucking
shot. Work better closer in.

Adams has joined Farnum --

FARNUM

I'll stay below, Gentlemen, unless
you wish me up above.

(CONTINUED)

They ignore him. Swearengen notes Hearst's wince as they move up the stairs --

SWEARENGEN

Hurt back?

HEARST

A little achy today.

SWEARENGEN

Declining years spare us no fucking indignity. My most recent blessing's a horse-apple up my asshole -- half my waking hours get applied to passing water.

Swearengen looks to Dority --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(re Wu)

Bring that Celestial to my office, Dan, so I can show him to Mister Hearst.

Off Farnum, smiling weakly, as if he's chosen exclusion to further the meeting's prospects --

FARNUM

Very auspicious beginning.

Burns wipes the homemade remedy off his mouth --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - DAY

Tolliver hasn't moved. Observes Stapleton's return --

STAPLETON

They ate at the buffet, then he headed for Hearst's workings.

TOLLIVER

Wolcott.

(CONTINUED)

STAPLETON

Wolcott did, yes Sir.

TOLLIVER

And when you say "they," Con --

STAPLETON

"They" would be Wolcott and Hearst.

TOLLIVER

And Hearst does not go to his own
fucking workings.

STAPLETON

No Sir he does not.

TOLLIVER

(genial)

I wonder where he fucking goes,
before I murder you where you
fucking stand.

The reason for Stapleton's reluctance becomes clear --

STAPLETON

"He," goes ... to the Gem Saloon.

He says the last part as quickly as possible --

TOLLIVER

Hearst goes to the Gem Saloon.

STAPLETON

Yes Sir, he does.

TOLLIVER

By chance?

STAPLETON

No Sir, in the company of E.B.
Farnum.

Tolliver nods --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

I would go over there, Con, if I were you, and I would watch for their leaving and then I would report that back to me, when they leave and where they get to.

STAPLETON

All right, Sir.

TOLLIVER

And that, I would think, would be your best chance at living through the day.

STAPLETON

Always what I got my eye to.

Stapleton's gone. Tolliver looks toward Tess --

TOLLIVER

Old Testament or New, Tess? -- what's Andy Cramed got you reading?

TESS

Revelations.

TOLLIVER

Fucking many-headed beasts always put me off my feed.

Off which --

CUT TO:

Jenn and another whore sit outside Trixie's room. Trixie's trying on her wedding dress. Jewel's helping her --

TRIXIE

Stick me one more fucking time, Jewel, I'll drop you in a pool of blood.

(CONTINUED)

JEWEL

You can't stand still.

TRIXIE

I'm moving trying to defend myself.

They consider her appearance in the mirror --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

He's getting what he asked for,
anyways. Fucking loony Jew.

Jewel hands her the brooch Trixie gave her to sell a year ago
to replace the gun Dority confiscated after Trixie murdered
the trick from Ticonderoga --

JEWEL

Wear this.

Trixie studies it --

TRIXIE

Devious fucking cripple you are.
How did you pay that time then for
the gun I sent you to buy.

JEWEL

Gave up a piece of pussy.

One of the whores sneaks a look in --

TRIXIE

On your fucking way, the both of
you.

Jenn disappears. Trixie pins the brooch on, pleasing Jewel.
Off which --

CUT TO:

Swearengen and Hearst --

(CONTINUED)

HEARST

I'd think with those balcony doors
open you get a little cross-draft
in summer.

SWEARENGEN

I do indeed.

HEARST

I've spent the last summers in
Mexico.

SWEARENGEN

That fucking heat must be
oppressive. Nevada's was drier I'd
expect.

HEARST

(nods)
Have you been there?

SWEARENGEN

(shakes his head no)
Inferno for me was Australia --
'waste of two years that was. Come
in, here we are --

Dority's brought in Wu --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

-- this yellow monkey is Wu.

Hearst gives Wu a nod and a friendly enough smile --

HEARST

Older fella. Not often you can
tell how old they are.

SWEARENGEN

Done a turn or two for me, Wu has,
and well-enough liked by his own.
His display against your Chink was
my first fucking inkling he's
irrational.

(CONTINUED)

HEARST

Mister Lee, the man he tried to
kill, has worked well for me in
several camps.

SWEARENGEN

God bless Lee then, and off with
fucking Wu's head. You've your
finger on the cause of it too:
where your Chink's forward-looking
-- "Set the bodies ablaze and
on with the day's fucking trade" --
(indicates Wu)
-- this one being longer in the
tooth

HEARST

Set what bodies ablaze?

SWEARENGEN

-- custom holds stronger to what
passes for his mind.

HEARST

What dead, Mister Swearengen?

SWEARENGEN

The whores for your workers. Not
only does the burning of their
corpses save cargo space 'far as
returning their bones to the
homeland -- which I gather they
hold as their big fucking chance at
the afterlife -- but what a
tremendous tactic, terrifying the
unburned here.

Hearst studies him with a courteous smile --

HEARST

Do you know prospecting, Mister
Swearengen?

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Fucking nothing of it.

HEARST

-- and securing the color when found?

SWEARENGEN

Not a fucking thing.

HEARST

It's really all I care about.

SWEARENGEN

I fucking hope so. I'd hate to think you're this good at something that's only a fucking hobby.

HEARST

Most often, my finds are in wild places, which I prefer. When that's not so, I want friendly relations with my predecessors, so I can secure the color undistracted.

SWEARENGEN

Concentration, see -- I suspect that's a key with you hugely-successful types.

HEARST

If others can provide here with less disruption to the camp services Lee has provided me elsewhere, I'd have no objection to using them.

SWEARENGEN

Labor being the fucking essential.

HEARST

(nods)

Toward securing the color.

(CONTINUED)

Swearengen indicates Wu --

SWEARENGEN

That's the camp's original Chink,
Sir -- every subsequent Chink is
his import. Wu'll staff your
mines, and those that survive the
explosions he can place in the
kitchens and laundries.

He indicates Wu --

HEARST

Does he understand us?

SWEARENGEN

(shakes his head no)
Very little English -- no words
we've employed so far. Say
"cocksucker," Wu.

WU

Cocksucker.

SWEARENGEN

(to Hearst)
That, "San Francisco," and
"Swedgin" are all I've heard him
use.

WU

Swedgin.

SWEARENGEN

Shut up.

HEARST

As between your man and mine, I'd
need some demonstration before
making a final choice. Your man
would need to prove out.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Now that's a fucking mining term,
that's an expression I've fucking
heard.

HEARST

And you understand its import and
context.

SWEARENGEN

Yes Sir.

HEARST

Pleasure meeting you, Mister
Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

Honor and a pleasure meeting you,
Mister Hearst.

Hearst's gone. Swearengen looks to Wu --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Kill a rooster, Wu, to offer up for
thanks, and then get to honing your
weapons for this evening's
demonstration.

Off which --

CUT TO:

19A INT. THE GEM - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

19A

As Hearst descends, the door opens that connects the Gem to
The Pioneer, Jarry appearing, holding a telegram. He heads
for Swearengen's office. Hearst and Farnum exit the Gem --

CUT TO:

20 EXT. THE GEM - DAY

20

Farnum and Hearst are headed back toward the Grand Central --

(CONTINUED)

FARNUM

How may I serve you further, Mister
Hearst -- be the fashion great or
mean.

(CONTINUED)

HEARST

Make a price on your hotel --
Mister Wolcott says you avoid it.

FARNUM

May I quibble with "avoid," Sir, as
inexactly fitting the case?

HEARST

Make a price.

FARNUM

Not all not-makings-of-a-price are
avoidances, necessarily, would you
say?

HEARST

What will you take?

FARNUM

Leave me alone goddamn you!

The words having escaped, Farnum tardily covers his mouth,
sits down in the thoroughfare --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Forgive me. Excuse me. I am mad.
My hotel is also my hospital. I am
my own warden. I mustn't sell,
lest I then wander the thoroughfare
gibbering like a simian, and
brandishing my privates in my fist.

HEARST

Will you take a hundred thousand if
I keep you on as manager.

A beat, then Farnum begins blinking ferociously, as if to
bring Hearst into focus --

FARNUM

I must. Yes of course.

(CONTINUED)

HEARST

I'll have the money sent to you
shortly.

FARNUM

Where am I? Why am I on my ass?

He reaches out his hand for Hearst to help him up --

CUT TO:

21 INT. CHEZ AMI - BEDROOM - DAY

21

Jane's undressing, shouts to the door --

JANE

I'm embarrassed to say I know you.
A supposed intelligent woman
holding with rank superstition.

Stubbs enters with several dresses over her arm and a
fabrication on her lips --

STUBBS

Same clothes worn to nuptials, the
week of a memorial, curse bride and
groom forever.

MOSE (O.S.)

Where's my lunch?

JANE

Shut up, Mose!

STUBBS

(low)

He asked for work here.

JANE

As what?

STUBBS

Watchman's what he suggested.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

We're a vacant structure, in case
he ain't fucking noticed.

STUBBS

I think he shrinks from leaving.

JANE

(imitates her whisper)
And the name for that is
"malingering."

Jane's down to her Union Suit. Stubbs holds out to her the
simplest, plainest undergarments she could find --

JANE (CONT'D)

I will not.

STUBBS

You will.

Jane squints at these askance --

JANE

Is that part of the superstition?

STUBBS

Undergarments, yes. Over privates.
In layers. Or the bride and groom
are doomed.

As Jane begins to remove her Union Suit --

CUT TO:

22

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

22

Swearengen's behind his desk. Jarry's before him --

SWEARENGEN

You smell like cat piss.

JARRY

I've been working so hard and so
diligently on your behalf, Mister
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JARRY (CONT'D)

Swearengen, that may well be the case.

Jarry's just presented a document, which Swearengen, having produced his magnifying glass, prepares to read --

JARRY (CONT'D)

May I say to you, Mister Swearengen, that the week since our meeting has seen me conduct with Yankton an active telegraphic correspondence which on every count has ameliorated the terms of the proposal before you in favor of the Deadwood camp, and that regardless of the outcome, I am proud of that advocacy.

SWEARENGEN

And having said that are you liable to say more?

JARRY

Let the document now speak for itself.

Swearengen again raises the magnifying glass. Jarry can't resist --

JARRY (CONT'D)

The letters may get larger but the numbers will not.

Swearengen lowers the glass. Jarry raises his hand, chuckles obsequiously --

JARRY (CONT'D)

Forgive me. Long hours. Giddy at the smell of the barn.

SWEARENGEN

Get out of here.

JARRY

Not necessary, Mister Swearengen.
(points to himself)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

JARRY (CONT'D)

Stoic composure. The next sound
you hear will be that of your own
voice.

SWEARENGEN

Get the fuck out. You'll know when
I've come to an answer.

Jarry studies him --

JARRY

I must tell you, I require a
response within the hour.

Swearengen holds the proposal out to Jarry --

JARRY (CONT'D)

Or as soon as humanly possible.

Swearengen puts the proposal back on his desk and again takes
up the magnifying glass. Jarry tip-toes out. Swearengen
looks at the document --

*

[REST OF SC. MOVED TO SC. #25]

*

CUT TO:

*

24 INT. BELLA UNION - DAY

24 *

Stapleton returns yet again, reluctantly, as he knows that
this time he bears bad tidings --

TOLLIVER

Yes, Con.

(CONTINUED)

STAPLETON

Hearst is now at the claim mid-thoroughfare you bought from Marvin
Somes.

TOLLIVER

Still in company with Farnum.

STAPLETON

No, Sir. They left the Gem,
conversed a bit, Farnum fell over
backward, Hearst helped him to his
feet, and at that point they parted
company.

TOLLIVER

Makes a lot of fucking sense, Con.
Well done, well done.

Tolliver rises --

STAPLETON

Farnum returned to his hotel,
that's readying for them nuptials,
Ellsworth's and the Widow Garret.

TOLLIVER

All right.

Tolliver leaves the Bella Union. Stapleton looks to Tess --

STAPLETON

(to Tess)

Guess that's the last Ellsworth'll
be seeing of a placer-cradle.

(looks up to the bison)

Set for life!

Off which --

CUT TO:

25 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY [FORMERLY PART OF SC. #22] 25 *

Adams enters -- *

ADAMS *

Davey said you wanted to see me. *

SWEARENGEN *

Get in here and help me parse this *

cocksucker. *

Swearengen nods him forward to a shared scrutiny of the *

document -- *

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D) *

We study for our fucking lives. *

As Adams comes beside him -- *

CUT TO: *

26 EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - PLACER MINE - DAY 26

Tolliver, having got word of Hearst's whereabouts, makes his way from the direction of the Bella Union toward the small placer operation being conducted mid-thoroughfare. There he finds a number of men, among them the tycoon, engaged in the work --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

Mister George Hearst -- three hours
in camp and gone straight to
exploring our vitals.

A number of the workers glance at Tolliver, who makes his way
toward the one who does not, Hearst, down in the hole, hands
full of muck.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Cy Tolliver, Mister Hearst, that's
acted for your interests at one or
several removes these last couple
months.

Hearst climbs out of the hole and wipes his hands on his
clothing before shaking Tolliver's hand --

HEARST

How do you do. Did you buy me this
hole?

TOLLIVER

Off Marvin Some, Sir, yes I did.

HEARST

(to the other men)
She's out of color, Boys -- let's
fill her and benefit traffic.

Hearst moves off toward the Grand Central, accompanied by
Tolliver --

TOLLIVER

I was told to act on all offers.

HEARST

You did well, Mister Tolliver. We
want to be comprehensive.

TOLLIVER

(confidential)
Been in the mud a bit for you
myself, Mister Hearst, had my
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

shovel out, covering work of your
Mister Wolcott.

Hearst seems only vaguely to understand what Tolliver's
saying, and not to be interested at all --

HEARST

Thank you for that.

TOLLIVER

Scooped and scrubbed and cleaned up
the guts and gore, because I do
what the business requires.

Hearst stops outside the Grand Central, studies it --

HEARST

Well now, here's my hotel.

TOLLIVER

Camp elders called a meeting in the
aftermath -- barely time to wash my
hands before I talked 'em into
washing theirs.

Hearst finally meets Tolliver's eyes --

HEARST

I've been traveling, Sir. Let's
resume another time once I've
rested.

TOLLIVER

I guess I can manage things a while
longer, keep the whiff away from
him.

HEARST

What whiff away from who?

TOLLIVER

Suspicion, off your geologist
Wolcott, for cutting three whores'
throats.

(CONTINUED)

Off which --

CUT TO:

32 MOVED TO SC. 39

32

33 INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

33

Martha and Bullock, positioned as we saw them last and no better endowed -- their only resources, that is, are constancy and steadfastness and willingness to be visited by grace. Which, after a further instant, is granted them --

MARTHA

Would you still be willing Mister Bullock, to see me take up the teaching of the camp's children?

BULLOCK

I would, yes. I'd be delighted.

Very gently and tentatively, she identifies what may be excessive in the last of what he says --

MARTHA

Would you.

He maintains his position --

BULLOCK

Delighted.

-- and finds himself expanding it --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

For you and for the children.

-- and going even further --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

I wish you'd been my teacher.

Bullock's expansiveness, and his surprise at its repeatedly overtaking him, are both engaging and uncalculatedly, inadvertently flirtatious --

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Were you a poor student Mister
Bullock?

BULLOCK

I was adequate at my lessons.

MARTHA

And your deportment?

BULLOCK

Poor. I took poorly to discipline.

A beat --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

To speak honestly, I still respond
poorly today.

Their eyes meet very briefly. They are too uncertain of what
has generated the ease between them to risk sustaining their
gaze. Martha, in fact, finds that looking down brings upon
her a wave of sorrow, which she voices in confusion --

MARTHA

I don't want to lose him, but I
wouldn't upset them either.

A beat, then Bullock answers with solicitous incomprehension
--

BULLOCK

I see.

MARTHA

They're enough daunted by schooling
itself.

BULLOCK

Oh yes.

She realizes, finally, that Bullock hasn't understood her --

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

I speak of wearing mourning until
the year has passed.

Bullock nods, afraid to take a position --

MARTHA (CONT'D)

But I believe, that if I teach them
with love, I won't make them
afraid. And I don't want to forget
him.

BULLOCK

You will never forget him.

MARTHA

No.

BULLOCK

But must do as seems fit.

MARTHA

Thank you.

BULLOCK

As to your attire.

MARTHA

Yes. Thank you.

She takes his hand without looking at him. In return,
without looking at her, he squeezes hers --

CUT TO:

37

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

37

Hearst occasionally spits tobacco juice throughout, the
product of a plug in his cud. Wolcott has brandy and a
cigar. The room is in process of being enlarged and
remodeled and walls may be missing --

HEARST

These walls are coming down soon.

(CONTINUED)

WOLCOTT

They're your walls now.

HEARST

Since I was a child in Missouri
I've been down every hole I could
find.

WOLCOTT

"Boy-the-earth-talks-to."

HEARST

I've told you the Indians called me
that.

WOLCOTT

Yes.

HEARST

It talks to you too, Francis, I
know. In our years together your
hearing has stayed keen.

An unmistakable sadness in Hearst. Wolcott waits --

HEARST (CONT'D)

This gambler Tolliver, who was our
agent securing the claims, has
spoken to me about you.

Wolcott waits, then puts out his cigar --

HEARST (CONT'D)

He says you've murdered women,
prostitutes. That he disposed of
their bodies for you. Well!

Wolcott looks away --

WOLCOTT

When I was in Campeche, you wrote a
letter in my behalf: "I am aware of
Mister Wolcott's difficulty. You
will find me personally grateful
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

for any adjustments you may make in his case."

HEARST

To the Jefe de Policia.

WOLCOTT

What did you think that was about?

HEARST

I didn't think about it. You were my agent in Mexico. You had many responsibilities. You asked for the letter and I wrote it.

WOLCOTT

As, when the earth addresses you particularly, you never ask its reasons.

HEARST

I don't need to know why I'm lucky.

WOLCOTT

What if the earth talks to us to get us to arrange its amusements.

HEARST

That sounds like goddamned nonsense to me.

WOLCOTT

Suppose, to you it whispers "You are King over me. I exist to flesh your will" --

HEARST

Nonsense.

WOLCOTT

-- and to me "There is no sin."

Hearst looks away, shaking his head --

(CONTINUED)

HEARST

You've been doing this since
Mexico.

WOLCOTT

It happened in Mexico, and now it's
happened here.

HEARST

We must end our connection,
Francis. You understand that.
Make a severance you think fair --
you know I won't quibble.

Wolcott looks away as well, fighting off tears --

HEARST (CONT'D)

Does some spirit overtake you? --
is that what you mean about the
talking?

WOLCOTT

No.

HEARST

It tells me where the color is.
That's all it tells me. My God.

Off which --

CUT TO:

39

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY [FORMERLY SC. 32]

39

Tom Nuttall at a table putting a good dent in a bottle.
Swearengen descends the stairs --

NUTTALL

There's talk of an offer on my
place.

SWEARENGEN

How will you answer?

(CONTINUED)

NUTTALL

I came to take counsel with you.

SWEARENGEN

Sober or drunk, is what I'm asking.

Nuttall studies him --

NUTTALL

I've my wits about me, Al.

SWEARENGEN

Maybe then you'll want a few more.

NUTTALL

Don't talk to me in fucking
riddles.

SWEARENGEN

Drunk, Tom, for reasons not to do
with business, you'll sell, and if
that's your decision let me offer.
Sober, you know selling's stupid.

NUTTALL

What's my reason-not-to-do-with-
business?

SWEARENGEN

Use your own fucking faculties.

Nuttall ponders --

NUTTALL

Remorse.

SWEARENGEN

Over that boy, that was none of
your fucking fault.

Swearngen holds the bottle out to Nuttall --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Again?

(CONTINUED)

NUTTALL

Not right now.

A beat --

NUTTALL (CONT'D)

Ellsworth and the Widow Garret.
What odds would you've made on
that?

SWEARENGEN

Every so often there's a love-
match.

Swearengen rises, taking up the bottle. Nuttall gets to his
feet as well --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

'Harry behind your bar?

NUTTALL

(nods)
Pilfering from me probably as we
speak.

Nuttall heads for the door. Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

39AA INT. GRAND CENTRAL - HEARST'S ROOM - DAY

39AA

Hearst stands distracted in the middle of the room as Captain
Turner puts a last several bound stacks of currency into a
leather satchel. Turner closes the satchel. He stands
waiting. For several beats, as if seeking to confirm that
his pleasant-seeming expression accurately measures his state
of mind, the camera searches Hearst's features, which finally
configure in courteous apology as he becomes aware that
Turner awaits further orders --

HEARST

Go ahead and take that to him,
Captain, thank you very much.

(CONTINUED)

39AA

CONTINUED:

39AA

The tone of this does not support any more confident inference about the nature of his inner life. When distracted his expression was pleasant; become aware of his distraction, he is apologetic and courteous. Turner leaves. Hearst's features do not change as he notes the sledgehammer in the corner of the room, picks it up and hefts it; for all the hammer is inanimate, Hearst's expression still could be described as pleasant, even courteous, nor could one who took it for apologetic be absolutely refuted --

CUT TO:

39A MOVED TO SC. 40A

39A

40 INT. ELLSWORTH'S ROOM - DAY

40

Ellsworth is getting ready for his wedding. As he cleans his teeth, he cuts his gums and quickly makes sure he didn't bloody his pants --

CUT TO:

40A INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY [FORMERLY SC. 39A]

40A

Captain Turner enters, presents to Farnum a carpet bag, turns and leaves. Farnum eyes the bag salaciously, caresses the handle, gingerly lifts it. Captain Turner sneezes --

*

FARNUM

*

Bless you!

*

Farnum disappears with the bag inside his room --

*

CUT TO:

41 MOVED TO SC. 46C

41

42 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

42

Since we last saw them Adams and Swearengen have been going over Jarry's proposal. Swearengen is in the back taking a piss --

(CONTINUED)

ADAMS

(points)

This has to be a date certain.
"Timely fashion" means fucking
nothing.

SWEARENGEN

(agreeing)

"Timely fashion" means once they
got the fix in.

ADAMS

So when do you want the elections?

SWEARENGEN

When we got the fix in.

Swearengen's kidding on the square. They both drink --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

'Sooner the fucking better.

ADAMS

Six weeks?

SWEARENGEN

No more.

ADAMS

'Far as bringing ringers in, period
of residence'd be a nice shiv to
stick in their ribs.

SWEARENGEN

Now you're using your fucking
noodle. How do we put that in
words?

ADAMS

"Period of residence."

SWEARENGEN

What are you, being smart with me?

(CONTINUED)

ADAMS

How would you put it?

Swearengen considers --

SWEARENGEN

"Period of residence not less than"
.... What?

ADAMS

Two weeks.

SWEARENGEN

"No one shall be eligible to vote
who hasn't been two weeks in the
camp"

Adams is writing --

ADAMS

Unless committed to dump in our
favor.

SWEARENGEN

I'd like to get this fucking done.

ADAMS

(writing)

"... has not been two weeks in
camp."

SWEARENGEN

Now I'll tell you what the fuck
else, and it makes me weep to say
it -- delete the fucking fifty.

ADAMS

Shall I urge you to reconsider?

SWEARENGEN

If we get this thing on its feet, I
will be without peer robbing these
cocksuckers senseless -- I don't
want the founding document
recording a fucking bribe.

(CONTINUED)

ADAMS

(resigned)

Strike number four in the original,
with disgust it was even brought
up.

Swearengen studies the document; then --

SWEARENGEN

What else?

Adams gestures he's satisfied --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Summon that cat-piss-smelling
fuckhead, and His Holiness the
Sheriff.

Adams glances out the window --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

You've margin before your duties in
the Alley.

ADAMS

I do need time to put on my
costume.

Adams leaves. Swearengen walks out on the balcony --

43 EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

43

Swearengen sees Jarry looking dispossessed by the gathering
wedding celebrants, on the porch of the Grand Central, waves
him forward --

SWEARENGEN

Commissioner? -- shall we chat?

Jarry comes forward, crossing Star's and Trixie's egress onto
the thoroughfare, Star having collected Trixie at the Gem --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to them)

Ain't you two a picture.

(CONTINUED)

Star and Trixie stop, look up --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Save me a trip, Trixie. Should
have let it hit her in the schnoz.
Remind her of escorts days past.

Swearengen tosses her an envelope which she catches --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

A gift for the bride, from her
child's former tutor, in absentia.

As Star and Trixie resume their progress across the
thoroughfare --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Whirling her's all right, Star, but
no stepping on her fucking toes.

As Swearengen looks toward the Grand Central where the
ceremony's about to begin, Adams comes out onto the
thoroughfare from the Gem --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(calls to him)

Adams. Saw Yankton's hypocrite.

Adams stops, looks up; Swearengen indicates Jarry --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(re Bullock)

Only His Holiness, and we'll have a
quorum.

Adams nods his understanding, starts toward Bullock's house.
As Swearengen moves back inside --

CUT TO:

44 MOVED TO SC. 48F

44

45 MOVED TO SC. 47D

45

45F INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

45F

Martha has taken Bullock's empty cup into the kitchen with no thought of replenishing it, only to discover the fact she now conveys as she returns to him on the crest of a wave of good feeling bringing yet another cup of tea --

MARTHA

There was just a little left.

Bullock takes it reluctantly --

BULLOCK

(helplessly well-intended)

Ahh ...

Bullock puts his leg back down. Martha resumes what, given her characteristic reticence comes close to a cheerful babble --

MARTHA

With the way deliveries have improved, I expect the school books within a month.

Bullock tries to drink the tea once again --

BULLOCK

I don't think that's overly optimistic --

He sustains the same idiotic smile, as if thereby achieving some connection in logic between his previous statement and what now follows --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

-- and you know, I don't like this tea.

She studies him --

MARTHA

Shall I make you coffee?

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK

To be honest, at home, I less
prefer coffee than tea.

MARTHA

Why do you drink so much coffee?

BULLOCK

I find your tea not to my taste.
Too weak.

MARTHA

I do not make weak tea.

BULLOCK

(nods)
I like mine unusually strong.

MARTHA

You might have said Seth. It's an
easy thing to fix.

BULLOCK

You're right. I've said it now.

MARTHA

I'm not a mind reader.

Inexplicably to both of them, the exchange seems to have
developed some element of sexual banter, which prompts her to
rise and move toward the kitchen --

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

My goodness.

They feel very well. A knock. Bullock goes to the door, sees Adams outside, opens the door to him --

ADAMS

Sorry. I know you're in mourning.
Camp business. Can you come?

Bullock nods, looks back to Martha --

MARTHA

I heard.

BULLOCK

Let me get my things.

Bullock goes to the mud room to retrieve his gun and badge --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

(to Martha)

I won't be long.

Rather than anything skewed or stunted in Bullock's relationship with Martha, the under-note of concealed, boyish enthusiasm in Bullock's assurance his foray outside the house will be constructive and abbreviated further augurs the possibility their relationship may achieve a sound and happy domesticity --

CUT TO:

46

INT. THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

46

A GENERAL NOTE ON THE WEDDING SEQUENCE AND ITS AFTERMATH -- WHETHER OR NOT IT'S INDICATED IN THE SCRIPT, WE WILL ALWAYS BE ABLE TO INTERCUT BETWEEN, ON ONE HAND, THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE WEDDING AND THE WEDDING ITSELF, AND, ON THE OTHER, EVENTS TRANSPIRING AT THE SAME TIME IN OTHER PARTS OF THE CAMP. THIS MEANS, FOR EXAMPLE, THAT IN THE SEQUENCE BELOW, THE DESCENT OF SOFIA AND ALMA AND STAR CAN BE SEPARATED, SAY BY A SHOT OF BULLOCK AND MARTHA AT HOME OR EVENTS IN SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE, FROM CRAMED BEGINNING THE SERVICE ITSELF. RATHER THAN TYING US INTO A LINEAR PRESENTATION,

(CONTINUED)

THIS MORE IMPRESSIONISTIC APPROACH OUGHT TO MAKE THE SHOOTING OF THE VERY COMPLICATED WEDDING AND NIGHTTIME CELEBRATORY SEQUENCE AT LEAST marginally more manageable --

Richardson races around the lobby trying to secure the final preparations --

[REST OF SC. MOVED TO SC. #46B]

*

46A INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - FARNUM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS [SHOT AS PART OF SC. #49C]

46A *

*

Standing at the door to his room, Farnum holds the carpet-bag from Captain Turner tight to his chest --

*

*

FARNUM

*

(as he looks through the
peep-hole)

*

*

Isn't it time to start the
ceremony?

*

*

He moves away from the door and further into his room --

*

FARNUM (CONT'D)

*

And now, my Dear Lady, shall I part
thou leather lips?

*

*

46B INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS [SHOT AS PART OF SC. #46]

46B *

*

Richardson jumps and accidentally stabs himself with the antlers in his jacket. Merrick, Jane, Stubbs and Doc Cochran

(CONTINUED)

stand anxiously, wondering what their duties are as guests and witnesses. Ellsworth stands at the bottom of the stairs, nervously tugging at his lavender gloves. Sofia appears at the top of the stairs, bearing a bouquet. At her appearance the minister, Cramed, nods to the musicians who commence playing Wagner's Bridal Chorus. Alma, still uneasy, on the arm of Star and preceded by Trixie, her maid of honor, descends the stairs and takes her position on Ellsworth's left hand, before the minister. Sofia sticks her tongue out at Ellsworth. Ellsworth winks back. Jane picks at her butt. Stubbs disciplines her --

JANE

It's the underwears.

Cramed clears his throat, smiles at the couple and commences to read --

CRAMED

Dearly beloved we are gathered
together here in the sight of God
and in the face of this company, to
join this man and this woman in
holy Matrimony --

CUT TO:

46C

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY (SHOT AS SC. 41)

46C

As Charlie Utter rides past the Chez Ami heading for his business he spots preparation in progress for the wedding celebration; the thoroughfare's roped off, tables set out, lanterns strung on ropes --

CRAMED (V.O.)

-- which estate instituted of God
in the time of man's innocence
signifying unto us the mystical
union that is betwixt Christ and
his Church --

Utter dismounts and after brief words with the men roasting a pig over a pit dug in the street near his doorway, and a long

(CONTINUED)

46C

CONTINUED:

46C

incredulous look at the Grand Central, he lets himself in to his building --

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

-- therefore not to be entered into lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly and in fear of God.

CUT TO:

46F

OMITTED

46F

47

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

47

CRAMED

If any man here can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

Cramed glances around canvassing the room for objections. Ellsworth checks the room as well, none being forthcoming, Cramed turns his attention again to the couple before him --

CRAMED (CONT'D)

I require and charge you both --

CUT TO:

47B

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - FARNUM'S ROOM - DAY [SHOT AS PART OF SC. 47B *
#49C] *

Farnum opens the carpet-bag -- *

FARNUM *

Don't you fall on me, don't you
fall on me *

The currency received from the sale of his hotel rains down upon him -- *

FARNUM (CONT'D) *

Oh, you fell all over me! *

(CONTINUED)

47B

CONTINUED:

47B

Farnum lies on his back with his arms and legs in the air, the contents of the satchel on his mid-section, his arms and legs paddling within it like an over-turned tortoise. He hears the pounding of the walls coming from Hearst's room, and his arms and legs shoot out, go rigid. After a beat, he relaxes, then goes rigid again with each following blow of Hearst's sledgehammer --

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

47C

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - HEARST'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47C *

Pleasantly, and courteously, Hearst attacks the walls with the hammer; to guess that he is further pleased by the invigoration of physical activity would not seem inapposite; what cannot be doubted, in the absolute disjunction between his surface and what drives him from within, is his legitimacy as Wolcott's progenitor. As the walls come down --

CUT TO:

47D

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - WOLCOTT'S ROOM - DAY (SHOT AS SC. #45)

47D

*

Wolcott stands at his desk. In the foreground, his carpet-bag and a coil of rope --

(CONTINUED)

CRAMED (V.O.)

-- if either of ye know of any
impediment, why ye may not be
joined, one with the other, confess
it now.

CUT TO:

47G

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

47G

Trixie pinches Sofia's nose. Cramed gives the couple a most
probing look, then --

CRAMED

Whitney Conway Ellsworth --

(Trixie laughs)

-- wilt thou have this woman to thy
wedded wife, to live after God's
ordinance in the holy estate of
Matrimony? Wilt thou love her,
comfort her, honor and keep her in
sickness and in health; and,
forsaking all others, keep thee
only unto her, so long as ye both
shall live?

Ellsworth winces to hear his Christian name spoke aloud --

ELLSWORTH

I will.

Merrick wipes his eyes. Cramed speaks to Alma --

CRAMED

Alma Russell Garret, wilt thou have
this man to thy wedded husband, to
live together after God's ordinance
in the holy estate of Matrimony?

ALMA

I will.

CRAMED

Continuing -- Wilt thou obey him,
and serve him, love, honor and keep
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47G

CONTINUED:

47G

CRAMED (CONT'D)

him in sickness and in health; and
forsaking all others, keep thee
only unto him, so long as ye both
shall live.

ALMA

(quickly)

I will.

CRAMED

Who giveth this Woman to be married
to this Man?

STAR

I do, both.

Star presents Alma's right hand to the Minister, Cramed
causes Ellsworth to take Alma's right hand in his own --

CRAMED

Say after me --

CUT TO:

48

EXT. BULLOCK HOUSE - WILLIAM'S GARDEN - DAY

48

Martha Bullock, with a watering can tends to William's
recently planted sunflower seeds, she notices something in
the fresh earth --

CRAMED (V.O.)

"I, Whitney Conway Ellsworth" --

ELLSWORTH (V.O.)

I Whitney Conway Ellsworth --

Cramed's voice fades. Martha kneels in the dirt, reaches out
a hand to touch the slightest of green things -- her dead
son's sunflowers have sprouted --

CRAMED/ELLSWORTH (V.O.)

-- do vow to love, cherish, and
obey, protect 'til death so us
part. According to God's holy
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CRAMED/ELLSWORTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
ordinance. I give thee my trough
thereto --

CUT TO:

48C INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

48C

CRAMED
Say after me. "I Alma Russell
Garret --"

ALMA
I Alma Russell Garret --

CUT TO:

48F INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY (SHOT AS SC. 44)

48F

Bullock stands by the window as Swearengen and Jarry hammer
out an election agreement --

CRAMED/ALMA (V.O.)
-- do vow to love, cherish and
protect, obey, til death do us
part, according to God's holy
ordinance; and thereto I give thee
my troth.

Bullock goes over to the desk to look over the proposal and
gives it back to Jarry --

CUT TO:

49 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

49

CRAMED
The ring.

Merrick blows his nose. Star produces the ring, hands it to
Ellsworth, who at a sign from Cramed hands it to Alma.
Cramed then takes the ring from Alma and hands it to
Ellsworth. Cramed nods to Ellsworth --

CRAMED (CONT'D)
(whispers to Ellsworth)
You put it on her left finger.

(CONTINUED)

Jane laughs --

ELLSWORTH

With this ring I thee wed.

The ring is a bit small for Alma's finger and it brings levity to the ceremony. Ellsworth puts the ring on the fourth finger of Alma's left hand. Cramed joins the couple's right hands together --

CRAMED

Those whom God has joined together
let no man put asunder.

Alma takes the rapt Sofia's hand in her free one --

CUT TO:

49C MOVED TO SC. 47B

49C *

49F INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

49F *

CRAMED

For as much as Alma and Whitney
have consented together in holy
wedlock, and have witnessed the
same before God and this company,
and thereto have given and pledged
their troth, each to the other, and
have declared the same by giving
and receiving a Ring, and by
joining hands; I pronounce that
they are Man and Wife, In the Name
of the Father, and of the Son, and
of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Ladies
and Gentlemen, I present to you
Mister and Mrs. Ellsworth.

*
*
*
*

Ellsworth and Alma kiss chastely --

ELLSWORTH

We ask now you all join us for a
collation and dancing in the
thoroughfare.

Mendelssohn's Wedding March begins. Star pays Cramed.
Everyone congratulates the couple, glad the ceremony is over.
Alma leads Sofia out to the thoroughfare to get the
celebration started. Off which --

TIME CUT
TO:

52 MOVED TO SC. 57

52

53 EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT [FORMERLY PART OF SC. 59]

53

The wedding party is finishing up their meal. Alma,
Ellsworth and Sofia sit at the head table. The Tailor moves
to the musicians --

TAILOR

Start the music!

(CONTINUED)

As they commence Sofia runs to Trixie and Star. Alma looks to Ellsworth, they rise, move onto the center of the dance-floor. The crowd applauds as they begin to waltz --

ANGLE - MERRICK

having readied his camera, photographs the newly married couple. As his flash smokes --

ANGLE - WOLCOTT

exiting the Grand Central with his carpet-bag, moving down the thoroughfare and passing near enough to Stubbs for her to shrink closer to Jane --

INT. THE GEM - WHORES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS [FORMERLY SC. 57]

A curious whore is peering into the room where Dority, Adams and Burns, back to the camera, are changing into Chinese work-tunics. As Dority wriggles chest and abdomen into his tunic the garment splits at its seams --

DORITY

Aw, shit-fire.

A whore giggles; Dority turns to face her --

DORITY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is so funny?

JENNIFER

Nothing.

Wu appears in the doorway, sets down a basket full of weapons and claps his hands twice --

DORITY

Who you clapping orders at, Wu --
you only got us on loan.

Wu hands each of them a Chinese mask to put on --

ADAMS

Aw for Christ's sake.

(CONTINUED)

BURNS

I guess in for a penny in for a
fucking pound.

As Adams and Burns put their masks on, Wu raises his voice to
Dority --

WU

Swedgin!

DORITY

I wouldn't fucking bet he'd approve
it, Wu, if I went up and fucking
asked him.

WU

Swehhh-gin!

A beat, then Dority puts his mask on as well. As the quartet
moves toward the rear exit of the saloon --

BURNS

(to Adams)

You want to swap?

CUT TO:

TOLLIVER

(re the bed)

You're going to need a board for
this.

(CONTINUED)

HEARST

Full and final payment, Mister
Tolliver, for what service you
conceive you have rendered me.

TOLLIVER

The Lord Himself would testify to
me having served you, Mister
Hearst, and to what should be my
just reward.

Tolliver cups his hand at his ear --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Is that the Cocksucker addressing
us from the fucking whirlwind?
"George Hearst -- Cy Tolliver
looked to your man, for whom he had
no great affection, to keep any
stink off you. Cy's just reward --
every claim he helped you buy, he's
in for five percent. Cy, as I'll
sometimes be busy elsewhere, take
your own fucking precautions: see
to it, and be sure George fucking
knows, should harm come to you at
others' hands --

Tolliver's gaze takes in the Captain --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

-- Wolcott's letter gets broad
circulation --"

HEARST

Tell me what letter you mean.

TOLLIVER

George asks what letter You refer
to, Lord.

Tolliver's cupping his hand at his ear is more perfunctory --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

"That you, Cy, before you'd dispose of them whores, made the murdering geologist write, once he'd told you George knew of his habits."

Tolliver lowers his hand, looks to Hearst --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

That letter, He means.

Tolliver moves to the desk. Captain Turner gets his gun ready --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

'Disturb you being in the public eye, Sir? Some don't mind -- fuck, some men like it, but I wonder if you're among 'em.

HEARST

Put your hand down, Sir. I mean you no harm. But I can't speak for Captain Turner.

TOLLIVER

"Put your hand down, Cy" -- I hear you Lord. 'Press being sold-out cunts, hardly matters if a story's true, but one like this that is, and sporting a man like you, and a fucked-up geologist, and whores dug up from shallow graves with their throats slit ear-to-ear? -- and the same to their poor privates.

Tolliver cups his hand at his ear again --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

What's that, Lord?

(chortles affectionately)

You would, would You? -- You dirty-minded Cocksucker.

(to Hearst)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (3)

55

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Says He'd follow a story like that
Himself.

Tolliver rises --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

This is a settled camp. You need
more'n a rock expert anyway. Five
percent, and your interests seen to
by one that controls his appetites.

Tolliver's gone. Captain Turner nods questioningly in the
direction of Tolliver's departure --

HEARST

You would first want to know if
there's a letter.

CAPTAIN TURNER

Let me look into that first.

Off which --

CUT TO:

57 MOVED TO SC. 54

57

57A EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

57A

POV - BULLOCK FROM SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE

Tolliver exits the Grand Central, heads for the Bella Union --

58 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - MOS

58

Bullock has come around Swearengen's desk; he and Swearengen
peruse the signed document with satisfaction as Jarry, seen
from behind, exits the office. Without looking up Swearengen
offers his hand to Bullock, who shakes it perfunctorily,
exits the office as well. Off Swearengen --

58A INT. THE GEM - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS - MOS

58A

Bullock moves toward the stairs. Perhaps, below, Jarry,
recognizable by his stupid bowler, can be seen heading for
the front door. As Bullock begins his descent into the

(CONTINUED)

saloon, Swearengen exits his office, calls down to Davey
behind the bar --

*

SWEARENGEN

*

Davey, tell Merrick to go ahead and
print.

*

*

Davey starts around the bar, pauses at a word from Bullock,
makes a glass and bottle available to Bullock, then heads off
on his errand. Bullock pours himself a drink, becomes aware
of Swearengen's observation, toasts him perfunctorily,
seemingly with some increment of concern for what Swearengen
will infer from his behavior, and that the saloon-keeper's
inference be that he does not intend to stay. Apparently
Bullock succeeds. Swearengen goes back into his office --

*

59 EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT [PART OF SC. MOVED TO SC. 53] 59

(CONTINUED)

Davey the bartender, comes beside Merrick and tells him about the Elections. Merrick hurries to the offices of his newspaper, but stops to do a celebratory twirl with Nuttall --

ANGLE - ALMA

reaching her hand out for Sofia to join her and Ellsworth on the dance-floor. As Sofia moves to them the Tailor encourages Trixie and Star to dance as well. They comply, begin to waltz. The Tailor now looks to Jewel, sitting on a bench by herself, motions for her to join in the celebration. When she declines, the tailor dances with himself --

ANGLE - JANE

seeing Charlie Utter, moving to join the party. Suddenly mortified by her attire, she turns to the Hoople next to her and after a running start, clocks him --

JANE

'The fuck are you looking at.

Utter rushes to the fallen Hoople. Stubbs moves to Jane, tries to bring her back into the fold. As Utter helps the poor bastard up, aided by Tom Nuttall --

HOOPLE

I wasn't looking at her.

UTTER

She don't know what the fuck she's looking at. She half fucking blind.

(CONTINUED)

Utter joins Stubbs and Jane --

JANE

Welcome fucking home.

Utter looks to Stubbs, they smile greeting. As Utter, and Stubbs, and finally Jane, reluctantly begin to move to the music --

ANGLE - THE GEM WHORES

starting to dance as well, with each other and with the miners who are joining where they can --

ANGLE - ALMA AND ELLSWORTH

going inside as the music ends. As the crowd applauds Alma, Ellsworth and Sofia move inside the Grand Central to change their clothes. As they pass the Tailor he points exuberantly to Ellsworth's gloves --

TAILOR

Mister Ellsworth, was I right about the gloves?

The music picks up and everyone starts to dance. Utter convinces Jane to hit the dance floor --

[REST OF SCENE MOVED TO SC. 65]

CUT TO:

60 EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - NIGHT 60 *

Wu accompanied by Dority, Burns and Adams, indicates a dark house -- one of Lee's operations. Dority enters the doorway and a moment later emerges from the shadows having found the building unoccupied. Wu, Burns and Adams turn and proceed down the alley but turns at the sound of -- *

ANGLE - DORITY *

being attacked by one of Lee's henchman who lay concealed inside the dark building and who has surprised him from the rear. As Lee's henchman bears Dority to the ground, Adams *

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

followed a pace distance by a limping Burns, snaps his axe *
into the cranium of Lee's man -- *

CUT TO: *

62

INT. CHEZ AMI - NIGHT

62

Cochran is closing his medical bag. Behind him, a seated Mose Manuel buttons his shirt over his bandages. Cochran, making a decision, turns, moves to Mose and brings him to his feet, the meaning of the words he speaks unmistakably conveyed by his actions -- "you will get up, and come outside, and breathe this sweet night air with me." As Cochran half-strong-arms, half-assists his patient to the door --

CUT TO:

63

EXT. CHEZ AMI - CONTINUOUS

63

Cochran takes a deep breath, then a second with still more verve and gusto, as an example to Mose. Mose takes a breath, then another. Cochran take his leave, heading back with his bag toward the center of the camp where the wedding reception continues. Mose, turning back toward the entrance to the

(CONTINUED)

Chez Ami, takes another breath more in the voluptuary manner demonstrated by Cochran. Behind him, Wolcott drops into frame, his neck snapped by the rope noose whose further end is tied to the Chez Ami catwalk; his hat rests on the ground and the dying man jerks and farts and his body swings. As Captain Turner strolls by, sees Wolcott's body --

*
*
*

CUT TO:

63A

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT [SHOT AS PART OF SC. #65]

63A

The celebration continues. Merrick and Blazanov come out of the Pioneer with the announcements for the elections --

ANGLE - MERRICK

a big-busted whore getting him to dance. Merrick coaxes Blazanov to join the dancing --

ANGLE - COCHRAN

approaching the festivities from the Chez Ami, sees Jewel sitting alone. He moves to her, she happily rises, they sway together to the music --

ANGLE - ALMA, ELLSWORTH AND SOFIA

emerging from the Grand Central. The tailor leads Alma to the waiting coach, where she is lifted into her seat --

ANGLE - SOFIA

wanting to join the dancing, urging Ellsworth onto the dance floor. The other celebrants move off the platform to make room for the child. As Sofia teaches Ellsworth her dance --

ANGLE - TRIXIE

moving to Star, retrieving the envelope Swearengen had asked her to deliver. She takes the envelope to Alma, hands it to her as she waits in the coach --

RESUME - SOFIA

(CONTINUED)

63A

CONTINUED:

63A

as her dance ends and she is swept up by Ellsworth and into the waiting coach. Ellsworth indicates to the tailor he's removed his gloves --

TAILOR

(referring to the gloves)

Mister Ellsworth, have we forgotten something?

64

EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - NIGHT

64

Swearengen's drinking. After a beat --

SWEARENGEN

My race, different from those which
worship dirt and shall go unnamed,
celebrate our unions with dignity --
unremitting music, vomiting over
each others' clothes, and fatality,
on average, one per twenty guests.

*

*

*

He drinks, goes back inside --

64A

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

64A

-- where the boxed Indian Head awaits him at his desk.
Swearengen drinks, addresses the box --

SWEARENGEN

Elections next in prospect, Chief,
display no less egregious, but
yearned toward by us smaller
creatures, imperilled now by
behemoths, as would still swim
these fetid waters.

*

The recollection of Bullock drinking at the bar nagging at the margin of consciousness, Swearengen rises and heads for the door --

64B

INT. THE GEM - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

64B

Swearengen emerges, sees Bullock --

(CONTINUED)

64B

CONTINUED:

64B

SWEARENGEN

Don't you have a fucking home to
get to?

Their eyes hold a beat then Swearengen goes back inside --

64C

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

64C

Swearengen's back with the Chief --

SWEARENGEN

Fraught with contingencies is the
fucking electoral process: will His
Holiness climb into a bottle? --
pursue the Widow stiff-pricked the
miles to her Hot Springs honeymoon?
Who would bear the locals' banner
then?

*

He heads for the balcony --

64D

EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

64D

-- appears, noting after a beat Bullock's egress from below
into the thoroughfare, observing to himself, re Bullock's
house --

SWEARENGEN

I believe it's to your fucking
right.

A last look exchanged between Bullock and Alma, then Bullock
heads in the direction the saloon-keeper's prescribed.
Swearengen starts back inside with a provisional relief --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Dickless, dooming our species'
future, we'd face a present with
far fewer pitfalls.

[REST OF SCENE SHOT AS PART OF SC. #65]

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - ALMA AND ELLSWORTH'S COACH

as the last of the luggage is loaded it begins to pull out,
flanked by two fiddlers on foot --

CUT TO:

65 MOVED TO SC. 64D

65

66 EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - NIGHT

66 *

A Chinese gambler, one of a party, is rebuked by Lee's game
boss. While thus distracted the game boss is murdered by
Burns and Adams --

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*

CUT TO:

*

67 INT. LEE'S PLEASURE HOUSE - NIGHT

67 *

Mister Lee takes his ease on an elevated pallet, stupefying
himself with a pipe-bowl of opium, barely aware of being
fellated by a rugged whore. Wu approaches unseen, reaches in
and grabs his hair, jerking his head back and exposing his
neck. Wu cuts Mister Lee's throat, and, dragging the girl by
the arm into the alley, kicks her in the ass and sends her on
her way --

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CUT TO:

*

68 INT. BELLA UNION - NIGHT

68

Tolliver crosses from one side of the bar to intercept whores
making for the celebration in the street. He stands before
them in the door way --

TOLLIVER

Where the fuck are you all bound-
out for?

A softer-featured whore has enough nerve to answer --

WHORE #1

We want to dance, that's all.

Tolliver looks to Tess, who conceals a Bible behind her --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

Would that be the Good Book your
ass is concealing from my view,
Tess? You want to dance, or pray
with Preacher Cramed?

TESS

He's counseling me over Joey dying.

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

Is he, Stupid? Has he got yet to
the part how before he saw the
light he give Joey plague to begin
with?

TESS

And how the Lord's ways ain't to be
known.

TOLLIVER

All them years learning sleight-of-
hand -- my God I should've took to
the cloth.

The soft-featured girl slips around Tolliver's off-side and
into the street. A Capper moves to go after her --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Fucking let her go.

(calls after)

Get good and fucking muddy, Honey,
and when the music stops, if the
Spirit keeps moving, go ahead and
fuck a pig.

Now Tess moves past him too. Tolliver's nostrils dilate with
angry frustration; lips drawn back, he shows his teeth in a
murderous smile, addressing the Capper re Tess --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Preacher's cutting her from the
herd, and her I shoo back in.

CUT TO:

69

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

69

The wedding party. Jane and Stubbs with Cramed --

CRAMED

(to Stubbs, re Jane)

My survival's owed this Lady here.

JANE

(to Cramed)

'Got your quiver-full of words
again, don't you?

(to Stubbs)

'Found him in the woods, all's he
could say was "I'm sorry."

STUBBS

When I first knew Andy all's he
could say was "deal."

Cramed laughs, just before they hear Tolliver --

TOLLIVER (O.S.)

Now most men Andy, once they'd
brought one fucking plague to the
camp, they'd lay the fuck off.

(CONTINUED)

Tess has reached Stubbs, Jane and Cramed; Cramed puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder --

CRAMED

All right, Dear.

(CONTINUED)

Tolliver's coming toward them --

TOLLIVER

Not you -- now you're going to
Bible-talk my whores --

Cramed starts moving toward Tolliver --

CRAMED

God is not mocked, Cy.

TOLLIVER

You got a pestilence for every
fucking occasion.

Tolliver's grabbed him at the lapels --

CRAMED

God is not mocked, you son-of-a-
bitch!

Tolliver's shoulders hunch slightly, he releases Cramed, who walks away from them all, down Cochran's Alley, out of the camp through the muck of the thoroughfare. A disbelieving shock and pain -- poorly dissembled by a try at wry incredulity -- fills Tolliver's features as he looks toward Stubbs and Jane and Tess, who cannot be sure what's transpired. Tolliver turns, starts back toward the Bella Union, his hand covering his belly --

TOLLIVER

Cocksucker fucking gutted me.

ANGLE - DORITY, BURNS, AND ADAMS

coming from Chinaman's Alley --

ANGLE - TOLLIVER

increasing his pace as blood begins to seep between his fingers --

ANGLE - THE THREE WOMEN

watching --

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS
(flat-voiced, to Tess)
See to him, Honey.

(CONTINUED)

-- as Tess hurries after --

RESUME - TOLLIVER

walking with more difficulty but compounded resolution. He raises his gaze --

TOLLIVER

I ain't going to die. Don't let me die.

Stubbs turns, a glazed look. Off which, as Tess comes beside to give Tolliver support --

CUT TO:

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

70

Swearengen and his bottle behind the desk, the Chief in his box upon it, considered by the saloon-keeper askance --

SWEARENGEN

Fucking Bullock's a problem for another day. The present question is, what's the outcome amongst the Celestials?

*
*
*

He rises, takes the Chief back outside --

71 EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

71

Swearengen and the Chief emerge, Swearengen considering the throng, much-denuded of our principals, still dancing --

SWEARENGEN

They dance on, Chief, however much at their homes, as at yours and mine, confort and love await.

*

He sees Dority, Adams and Burns coming back --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Unhurt, it appears.

(CONTINUED)

DORITY

Don't hold for them went ag'in' us.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

I should hope fucking not.

Wu hurries up to join them --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(re Wu)

How'd he fight?

BURNS

'Give a good fucking account, did
Mister Wu, and all the change back
they wanted.

SWEARENGEN

Lee?

Wu, standing separated from the others, nonetheless answers
for Burns --

WU

San Francisco cocksucker.

Wu mimes the cutting of a throat --

SWEARENGEN

Well done then, Men.

As Burns, Dority and Adams start into the Gem --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Well done, Adams, the day's full
course, indoors and out.

Adams has paused --

ADAMS

Thanks.

Grateful for Adams coming to his aid in the Alley, Dority
punches him as hard as he can --

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

(CONTINUED)

He follows Burns and Dority inside. Swearengen and Wu look at each other --

WU

Swedgin.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

All right, Wu.

Wu takes a knife out, severs his que, shows Swearengen --

WU

Wu, 'Merca.

SWEARENGEN

That will hold you tight to Her
tit.

WU

Haing-dai.

Wu holds his fingers together. Swearengen reciprocates --

SWEARENGEN

To your post, Boss Wu --

Wu pockets his que and heads for Chinaman's Alley; Swearengen
addresses the Chief --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(re Wu's post)

As someone's always on the eye to
take it. Who knows better than
you.

*

*

Fewer revelers still, their stamina memorialized by the flash
of Merrick's camera, in the immediate aftermath of which,
prompted by a whore's hand on his privates, Merrick's head,
like a tortoise's, protrudes inquisitively from its black
cloth shell. As Swearengen, holding the Chief, looks to the
dancers --

FADE OUT.