

Director: Ed Bianchi

Deadwood

"The Trial Of Jack McCall"

Written by

John Belluso

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The Trial Of Jack McCall

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FADE IN:

1 INT. A TENT BESIDE NUTTALL'S - MORNING 1

Hickok's body, harried by flies, lies on a table set up by Tom Nuttall. The mortal wound to his head has received token cosmetic treatment. A line of the curious and respectful snakes from the table outside the tent. At the body, each onlooker waves around Hickok's head to clear the flies --

ACROSS THE STREET - OUTSIDE THE "BLACK HILLS PIONEER"

where Merrick, a portly Janus, observes, on his left, potential jurors depositing slips of paper inscribed with their names into a hat or bowl; this line is long and includes Seth Bullock; on Merrick's right, a second, shorter line of better-dressed men, lawyers, put their signed slips in another bowl --

MERRICK

Jurors will be drawn from the bowl on my left -- officers of the court from the bowl on my right. I have no say in either outcome --
(favoring the lawyers)
-- please make no attempt to bribe me.

Observing all this from above are --

2 SWEARENGEN AND TOLLIVER 2

at the balcony of the Gem outside Swearengen's office --

TOLLIVER

That newspaper fella seems a good sort.

SWEARENGEN

He's all right.

TOLLIVER

How far into the process will he stay involved?

SWEARENGEN

Till those shysters take over.

Swearengen looks toward the Grand Central, sees Alma pacing at the window --

3 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

Alma's looking out the window. She's dope-sick, panicky. Cochran examines the Metz child, though the real purpose of his visit is to see Alma --

ALMA

I don't know what's become of the woman who was Mr. Hickok's friend.

COCHRAN

Probably drunk over his murder.

ALMA

Yes, well, there's a child to be considered.

He pats the girl's hand --

COCHRAN

She couldn't be doing better.

Alma fends off with nervous irritability any part of this intended as a compliment --

ALMA

Despite her situation.

COCHRAN

I don't see your medicine.

ALMA

No. I broke the bottle.

COCHRAN

All right.

He prepares to replenish her supply --

ALMA

No.

Cochran looks at her --

COCHRAN

I don't know as this'd be the time to stop taking that laudanum Mrs. Garret.

ALMA

What a pleasant surprise Doctor, hearing you admit to the limits of your knowledge.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

Cochran glances out the window --

COCHRAN
Have you made travel plans?

ALMA
Before his murder, Mr. Hickok
arranged with a Mr. Bullock to
look to my affairs here.

COCHRAN
That's good, that'll free you up
to leave.

She doesn't seem to hear him --

4 EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS 4

Bullock, in the line of prospective jurors --

TOM SMITH
These are good boots you people
sold me.

BULLOCK
(distracted)
Glad you're satisfied.

Bullock angrily exits the line and approaches a Huckster
set up outside the viewing tent --

HUCKSTER
Five cents a tuft -- hair off a
heathen dead less than a day.

BULLOCK
Cut that shit out.

The Huckster's stunned for a beat --

HUCKSTER
No law against me selling these
Mister.

BULLOCK
No law either against me breaking
your fucking jaw if you don't quit
it.

(MORE)

Grabbing up the pole the beribboned tufts are tied to,
Bullock breaks it over his knee, tosses the pieces
into a nearby cooking fire. Nuttall's come out of his
place. Bullock moves to him --

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
(re the body in state)
Put him out here like a goddamn
circus freak.

NUTTALL
I'm not making a penny Mr. Bullock.
People wanted to pay their respects.

As Bullock walks away --

NUTTALL (CONT'D)
I had him to the side and they
knocked the damn tent over.

*

5 RESUME - SWEARENGEN AND TOLLIVER

5

watching Bullock's display --

TOLLIVER

'Man has a powerful temper.

SWEARENGEN

That hardware cocksucker's been an on-going pain in my balls since him and his partner showed up.

TOLLIVER

Where do you suppose the heathen's head got to them tufts of hair came off of Al?

Tolliver's shit-stirring; he knows the answer very well. Swearengen looks away --

SWEARENGEN

Yeah, I dunno.

TOLLIVER

Didn't some Mexican bring the head in for bounty?

SWEARENGEN

If it's important to you I'll look it up in my yesterday's diary.

Tolliver's got a big smile for Swearengen as they move inside Swearengen's office --

TOLLIVER

Couldn't matter less.

6 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

6

SWEARENGEN

'Far as the trial itself, loss of revenue notwithstanding I got no problem acting as host.

TOLLIVER

I'm happy to have it at my joint, but being you're senior in the community it'd seem somehow out of place.

They've moved through the office --

7

INT. THE GEM - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

7

-- head for the stairs --

SWEARENGEN

Would it, somehow? Anyways, we'll have it here.

Swearengen pauses before they begin their descent --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

But just let me say once in your hearing, for outright stupidity, the whole fucking trial-concept stands shoulder-to-shoulder with that cocksucker Custer's thinking when he headed for that ridge.

TOLLIVER

It's got its disadvantages.

They start down the stairs --

SWEARENGEN

We're illegal. Our whole goal is get annexed to the United fucking States. We start holding trials, what's to keep the United States fucking Congress from saying, "Oh, excuse us, we didn't realize you were a fucking sovereign community and nation out there. Where's your cocksuckers' flag, where's your fucking navy or the like? Maybe when we make our treaty with the Sioux, we ought to treat you people like renegade fucking rebels, deny your fucking gold and property claims and hand everything over instead to our ne'er-do-well cousins and brothers-in-law."

Tolliver wonders at the labyrinthine resourcefulness of Swearengen's paranoia --

TOLLIVER

That we don't want.

Their eyes hold a beat --

SWEARENGEN

But if we're going to have the fucking thing it might as well be at my joint.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

TOLLIVER

Same exact page in the hymnal Al.

They exit the saloon --

8 EXT. THE GEM - FRONT PORCH - DAY 8

Tolliver and Swearengen emerge as Merrick commences selection of the jury; he feels mysteriously exalted by the process of juridical democracy, but has decided covering his eyes would be excessive; instead, drawing the first slip, has raised his gaze to the horizon; looks back now to read --

MERRICK

Tom Smith of Lead, juror number one

The first juror is the man who thanked Bullock for the quality of the boots he'd bought --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AND TOLLIVER

watching --

SWEARENGEN

How's business?

TOLLIVER

Hot and cold, struggling to get our craps concept off the ground.

SWEARENGEN

That's any new idea, you know, 'takes the hoople-heads time to adjust. Sometimes I wish we could just hit 'em over the head, rob 'em, and throw their bodies in the creek.

TOLLIVER

But that would be wrong.

NEW ANGLE - BULLOCK

has resumed his place in line after making friends with the tuft-seller, is approached by Cochran --

COCHRAN

Mr. Bullock.

BULLOCK

Doc.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

COCHRAN

I've just seen Mrs. Garret.

BULLOCK

(pats his shirt pocket)

I've got a proxy for her to sign.

COCHRAN

You ought to get that done so she can go ahead and leave camp.

BULLOCK

Anything else on your schedule I'm behind on?

Cochran studies him --

COCHRAN

No Sir.

Merrick has finished drawing the twelve names --

MERRICK

I will now draw from the lawyers' business cards in the second hat a Presiding Magistrate, Prosecutor, and Counsel for the Defense --

Swearingen raises his voice affably to gain the collective's attention --

SWEARENGEN

When that part's done, and not prejudging the evidence, why don't we try the cocksucker at my place.

Tolliver's voice is raised too, heartily good-natured, as if it were the voice of all enfranchised people everywhere --

TOLLIVER

Second. Carried.

Off which --

CUT TO:

9

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DAY

9

The CAMERA PANS DOWN from the window of Alma Garret's room, where the Metz child observes the public life of the camp, to the common entrance into the hotel lobby --

10 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

10

Alma and Farnum. The Hotelier, forced by his cook's absence to prepare the breakfast buffet, is out of sorts. Alma, beginning now to experience the physiological symptoms of withdrawal, cannot bear the sight of food, but has felt driven to approach Farnum on the subject of care for the child --

FARNUM

There's a cripple who'd do if I could pry her from Mr. Swearngen.

ALMA

How much money would loosen his grip?

FARNUM

More likely Al'd bridle at breaking his routine. He likes to berate the gimp mornings.

ALMA

I cannot see to this child. She needs someone less distracted.

The words escape her with sudden vehemence --

FARNUM

I wish to see you extricated from all these complications and difficulties Mrs. Garret, as much as you do yourself --

Alma laughs with frightened, despairing bitterness --

ALMA

Thank you Mr. Farnum.

Farnum, noting Bullock's entrance and approach, hurries his close --

FARNUM

-- and in that regard wonder if you've decided on my bid for your claim.

Alma's seen him too --

ALMA

Are you Mr. Bullock?

He's surprised to be recognized --

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

BULLOCK

Yes.

ALMA

I'm Alma Garret.

BULLOCK

How do you do.

FARNUM

Please excuse me. I'm spread so thin with my cook out.

Farnum moves to a different part of the buffet table, restoring some bacon left by a guest to the larger serving plate, and staying within hearing distance. Bullock's produced the proxy form --

BULLOCK

(to Alma)

I've got this for you to sign.

ALMA

(to Farnum)

Have you a pen at the desk Mr. Farnum? --

FARNUM

Certainly.

Bullock and Alma move to the desk --

ALMA

Several days ago I watched you and Wild Bill Hickok support each other in a gunfight from the window of my room. Later, when Mr. Hickok spoke highly of a Mr. Bullock, I imagined it might be you.

Farnum's joined them, providing the pen; Alma reacts to his craning his neck to read the document --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Mr. Bullock will have authority to act in my behalf on all matters relating to the claim --

FARNUM

I see.

ALMA

In case you couldn't I thought I'd tell you.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

She signs the paper. Farnum looks like he may be sick --

FARNUM
Wonderful. One load off your back.
(wipes his mouth)
Let me see about getting you that
cripple.

Off which --

CUT TO:

11 INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY 11

Tolliver enters as Joanie Stubbs comes down the stairs --

TOLLIVER
Is he dead or alive?

STUBBS
He's sick.

TOLLIVER
And we ain't no hospital.

Tolliver signals over one of the two minions who've
been standing guard over Cramed's room --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
(to the Minion)
Number Eight is relocating. Bundle
him up, put some of Leon's remedy
down him and take him to the Hills.

The Minion looks uncomfortable --

MINION
Can someone else do it Mr. Tolliver?

Tolliver studies the Minion, smiles affably --

TOLLIVER
Sure they can. Shall I get someone
else to take him?

MINION
No I'll do it.

TOLLIVER
And burn the blanket afterward.
Thanks Pal.

The Minion heads upstairs toward Cramed's room.
Tolliver never looks at Stubbs --

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

STUBBS

Some do get well Cy.

TOLLIVER

His chances'll improve outdoors.
The bracing air.

Stubbs walks away from him. Off Tolliver --

CUT TO:

12 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY 12

Swearengen observes the Gem's conversion to a palace of justice without expression, though every change is like a flaying of his flesh --

SWEARENGEN

(to Dority, evenly)

What're you moving the tables for?

DORITY

You said you wanted the jury here.

SWEARENGEN

Can't they sit at separate tables?

DORITY

You want the tables put together
Al or not?

SWEARENGEN

I want nothing done that five
minutes can't undo as soon as this
fiasco concludes.

He looks at Jewel --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Clean somewhere where I can't see
you.

Jewel drags herself out of Swearengen's field of vision.
Farnum's scurried over from the Grand Central --

FARNUM

Complications with the widow Al.
She's give her proxy to that
hardware fella.

SWEARENGEN

(to himself)

Hickok. Breaks my balls from the
afterlife.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

The passive-aggressive Farnum indulges his character-defect of fleshing out the other person's thought --

FARNUM

You feel before he was murdered
Hickok enlisted Bullock in the
Widow's cause.

Swearengen's stare at Farnum is lethal --

SWEARENGEN

Advance the subject or pick up a
broom.

FARNUM

Signing a proxy don't mean the
Widow can't do a deal -- it just
includes Bullock in.

SWEARENGEN

If she trusts her own judgment the
Widow don't let Hickok bring the
hardware cocksucker into it.

FARNUM

She's trying to stay off the dope.
Maybe loaded she'd get her self-
confidence back.

SWEARENGEN

Let me camp beneath her window and
suggest it.

FARNUM

Hickok's half-woman friend's off
somewheres on a tear -- the orphan
Squarehead's in the Widow's care.
The Widow feels put-upon -- she's
asked me to find her some help. I
suggested The Gimp

SWEARENGEN

No.

FARNUM

-- so as not to put a whore up
first-off. Now I will propose
Trixie.

Swearengen's features stay impassive, but he likes it --

SWEARENGEN

For a get-acquainted gift she could
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

bring the Widow a good-sized ball
of dope.

FARNUM

Yes.

SWEARENGEN

Well thought-through E.B. Tell
the Widow you've a candidate.

FARNUM

I have to go look to my roast. My
cook's on the queue to see Hickok's
remains, then he'll probably sneak
here for the trial.

Swearengen hears the sound of a whiskey-bottle breaking,
looks toward Burns behind the bar; Farnum tiptoes out;
Burns, who'd toppled the bottle while spreading a sheet
over the liquor supply, meets Swearengen's eyes --

BURNS

Oops.

Off which --

CUT TO:

13 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

13

Returned from seeing Alma, Bullock finds waiting for
him, as Star seeks out ways to busy himself, a visibly
unsettled Smith --

BULLOCK

Reverend.

SMITH

(fragile formality)

Sir. Who stands for Mr. Hickok?

BULLOCK

What do you mean?

SMITH

Mr. Utter's gone to Cheyenne and I
don't find Mr. Hickok's woman-
friend. Mr. Nuttall's commissioned
the coffin but wishes not to
participate further. I need
guidance in certain matters, but I
don't know who stands for him.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

The partners exchange a look testing the other's intuition of how far the Minister has come unhinged, before Bullock looks back to Smith --

BULLOCK

What are you trying to find out?

SMITH

For example, I thought "How Firm A Foundation."

Star and Smith have already discussed this --

STAR

(to Bullock)

For the hymn.

BULLOCK

Sounds a good choice.

SMITH

Do you think so?

BULLOCK

Yes.

SMITH

Might something else be more appropriate?

BULLOCK

I don't know Reverend.

SMITH

I think "How Firm A Foundation" for the hymn, and from the gospel, First Corinthians Twelve.

BULLOCK

All right.

SMITH

"If the foot shall say 'because I am not the hand I am not of the body,' is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear shall say 'because I am not the eye I am not of the body,' is it therefore not?

....

(MORE)

An uncomfortable silence. Smith seems at the point of leaving, then seeks Bullock's gaze, his voice becoming more sweet-spiritedly hortatory --

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED: (2)

13

SMITH (CONT'D)

"Now hath God set the members every
one of them in the body as it hath
pleased Him."

Bullock finds it in himself to meet the minister's
eyes --

BULLOCK

That's a good choice Reverend.

SMITH

Do you think so?

Smith's voice is almost supplicating --

BULLOCK

Yes. I do.

The Minister smiles, but his relief is brief; his
features knit again --

SMITH

Twelve and thirteen, I think.

Smith's gone. Bullock blinks against a wave of anger
whose source is inexplicable and profound --

STAR

(to Bullock)

Are we open for business?

The question's half-hearted; Bullock walks away without
answering, the wave of anger carrying him --

CLOSE ON BULLOCK

-- because there is no acknowledgment in his demeanor
or carriage, it is impossible to know if he realizes
he's begun to weep. The anger carries him --

14

EXT. BELLA UNION - DAY

14

Bullock turns the corner, moving in the direction of
Wu's pig pen. Wu can be identified fifteen steps or
so closer to Bullock than his pigs, standing sentinel,
to no apparent purpose --

CLOSE ON BULLOCK

moving forward, in his eyes now recognizable as
murderous volition what was inscrutably present in
Wu's --

15 EXT. THE AREA AROUND WU'S PIG PEN - DAY 15

-- as Bullock reaches Wu, moves past him, entering a nondescript log building. HOLD ON Wu a beat, then --

16 INT. WU'S MEAT LOCKER - CONTINUOUS 16

Where McCall is being held for trial. A few carcasses hang from the rafters. McCall is on a chair, hands and feet bound by rope; to keep him in place, the rope has also been run between the wooden slats of the floor -- the slats kept open to receive the blood of the murdered animals. Bullock enters. McCall peers at him --

MCCALL

I know you.

BULLOCK

I know you too.

MCCALL

I guess when you was bum-rushing me from your fine-fucking-hardware-establishment you didn't see this coming, did you.

BULLOCK

I halfway did, you droop-eyed cocksucker.

MCCALL

I was born droop-eyed, all right?

BULLOCK

And who do you blame for the rest of the fucking mess?

MCCALL

Let me ask you this, cocksucker -- you think they know of me in New York City by now?

BULLOCK

If you wasn't tied up I'd kill you.

MCCALL

What're you crying for?

BULLOCK

What?

Bullock didn't know he was --

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

MCCALL

I'm asking what you're crying about.
Did you love Hickok so much? Was
you sweethearts? Did he stick his
dick up your ass?

Two lives are saved now; Bullock suddenly turns as
from the direction of the meat locker's entrance, he
hears someone clearing his throat; it's an older,
distinguished-looking man with a gray mustache --

DEFENSE LAWYER

I'm this man's counsel.

Bullock stares at him, blinking again and again; finally --

BULLOCK

Pin a rose on you.

Bullock walks out. McCall and his lawyer stare at
each other --

MCCALL

I'd shake your hand but I'm trussed
up like a Christmas pig.

The Lawyer comes forward, past the hanging carcasses --

DEFENSE LAWYER

You're better situated'n your
companions.

McCall laughs, feels a surge of hopefulness --

MCCALL

I'm a hard case for you Counselor
and no mistake. Everyone saw me
shoot him.

DEFENSE LAWYER

If you'll let me set our strategy,
I think we won't dispute what people
saw.

MCCALL

Then I guess you're here to break
me out.

The Lawyer chuckles perfunctorily, then, seemingly
moved by an avuncular solicitude, comes close to McCall --

DEFENSE LAWYER

Son, did James Butler Hickok ever
kill a relative of yours?

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

MCCALL

James Butler Hickok.

DEFENSE LAWYER

Wild Bill Hickok. Did he ever
kill a brother of yours or the
like?

MCCALL

A brother.

DEFENSE LAWYER

I'm asking if what happened in
that saloon was vengeance for the
death of a family member. A brother
in Abilene or the like.

They consider each other a silent beat; the Lawyer
pats McCall's knee --

CUT TO:

17

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE OF CAMP - DAY

17

The Minion from the Bella Union, dragging Cramed on a
sled, has come to a relatively cleared and level spot
in the wood; careful not to touch the gambler, he dumps
him onto the ground --

CRAMED

Oh Jesus.

The Minion considers him --

MINION

Are you all right?

No answer from Cramed, whose body is rigid with fever
and chill, and upon whose face the harbinging marks of
smallpox have begun to appear. A beat, then the Minion,
knowing he bore Cramed no personal malice in bringing
him here to die, and feeling the gambler should know
this as well, and therefore resenting Cramed's failure
to ease his departure with some reply, pulls the blanket
from beneath Cramed, pours whiskey on the blanket,
sets it ablaze, and leaves. The area is clear enough
that the flames are no danger to the man or the trees.
As the blanket burns --

CRAMED

Oh Christ. Oh God, take me.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17
Off which --

CUT TO:

18 INT. THE GEM - WHORES' ROOM - DAY 18
Swearengen finds Trixie --

SWEARENGEN
Clean up.

TRIXIE
(jokes)
Am I on jury duty?

SWEARENGEN
Put a decent-enough dress on to
help a widow with a kid.

Trixie hears this with a surge of happiness she's
careful to hide --

TRIXIE
What widow in camp has a kid?

SWEARENGEN
The Widow is the New York Dude's
Widow, and the kid is the orphan
Squarehead.

TRIXIE
I didn't know she was caring for
that child now.

SWEARENGEN
Does it change what fucking dress
you wear?

Trixie doesn't want to lose the opportunity, forces a
smile --

TRIXIE
No.

SWEARENGEN
The Widow's a dope-fiend. She's
been drinking it.

Swearengen hands her a ball of opium --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Help her expand her horizons.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Off which --

CUT TO:

19 INT. BELLA UNION - DAY 19

Cochran and Tolliver. Cochran's come to confirm his already-certain intuition about Cramed's condition --

COCHRAN

I see no guard outside Room Eight.

TOLLIVER

Yeah, Room Eight left.

COCHRAN

Borne by angels?

Cochran's angrily obvious irony imputes complicity to Tolliver in compromising the physician's fundamental responsibilities --

TOLLIVER

You don't have that man to worry about anymore Doctor. You or me either. Put the man in Room Eight from your mind.

Cochran won't have it --

COCHRAN

Sir. I have no vaccine for the sickness the man in room eight didn't have. The closest place that does to my knowledge is Ft. Kearney. If you want to remedy the epidemic you have no reason to expect will break out, I'd send someone there right away.

Their eyes hold --

TOLLIVER

Heard you loud and clear Doctor.

COCHRAN

Will you send someone, Mr. Tolliver?

TOLLIVER

If I do, you'll be first to know.

COCHRAN

If you don't, and I have to, that'll
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
be known to every damn person in
this camp.

Cochran walks out. Tolliver looks to one of his minions --

TOLLIVER
Joey. Ever had Nebraska pussy?

JOEY
Not to my knowledge Mr. Tolliver.

Tolliver looks to his side-man --

TOLLIVER
Get over here Eddie Sawyer.

As Sawyer moves in their direction, Tolliver puts a
hand on each of Joey's shoulders --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
(to Sawyer)
True or not Eddie? -- when a man
wets his end in Nebraska pussy,
his life is changed forever.

Sawyer goes with the play --

SAWYER
Speaking only for myself, I still
mark the anniversary.

JOEY
Point me in the right direction.

TOLLIVER
(to Sawyer)
Hear that Eddie?

SAWYER
Boy's got a healthy attitude.

Off which --

CUT TO:

20

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

20

He's behind his desk. Burns looks in --

BURNS
Yes Sir.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

SWEARENGEN

Come here.

Burns approaches. Swearengen removes the head of a dead Indian from his desk --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Get this out of here.

Burns considers how best to take hold of the head, decides on the hair --

BURNS

Get rid of it?

SWEARENGEN

Did you hear me announce the other night I would pay a fifty-dollar bounty for every fucking Indian head?

BURNS

I was right next to you Al.

SWEARENGEN

This is the first head. Some chili-chomper's off somewheres right now spending my fifty. You get rid of that head, you'd better know of another place with a position open for an idiot.

BURNS

All right. I've got a couple places I can keep it.

SWEARENGEN

Keep it till after the trial.

Burns considers the head --

BURNS

What'll you do then -- put it somewhere in the bar?

Swearengen's thoughts are elsewhere --

BURNS (CONT'D)

Nice conversation piece if it's handled the right way.

Off which --

CUT TO:

21 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

21

In the room where Tim Driscoll was murdered, Farnum scrubs the floor where Driscoll's blood has stained the wood --

FARNUM

You have been tested Al Swearengen,
and your deepest purposes proved.
"There's gold on the woman's claim,"
you might as well have shouted
from the rooftops! "That's why
I'm jumping through hoops to get
it back. Thorough as I fleeced
the fool she married, I will fleece
his widow too, using loyal
associates like Eustace Bailey
Farnum as my go-betweens and dupes.
To explain why I want her bought
out I'll make a pretext of my fear
of the Pinkertons. I'll throw a
token fee at Farnum. Why should I
reward E.B. with some small
fractional participation in the
claim, or let him lay by a little
security and source of continuing
income for his declining years?
What's he ever done for me? --
except let me terrify him every
goddamn day of his life 'til the
idea of bowel-regularity is a
forlorn fucking hope?"

Farnum throws water on the floor to wash the soap off
where he's been scrubbing; considers the stain --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

"Not to mention ordering a man
killed in one of E.B.'s rooms so
every free fucking moment of his
life E.B. has to spend scrubbing
the floor to keep from having to
lower his rates."

He keeps scrubbing. Off which --

CUT TO:

21A INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - MORNING

21A

Alma's at the window, near desperation in her desire to be anywhere but in her body. The Child plays on the floor. Trixie knocks --

TRIXIE (O.S.)

Mrs. Garret?

ALMA

Who is it?

TRIXIE (O.S.)

I'm sent to help you with the Little One --

Alma opens the door to admit her --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

-- I'm Trixie.

ALMA

Thank you Trixie for coming on such short notice.

TRIXIE

(to the child)

Aren't you pretty.

Alma watches some natural mothering gesture from Trixie, taking the child up or smoothing her hair away from her face --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your husband Ma'am. It's good of you to care for the child.

ALMA

I'd had the impression you were ... hurt.

TRIXIE

Ma'am?

ALMA

Mr. Farnum said you had some physical liability.

Trixie gets it --

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED:

21A

TRIXIE

I'm not her. She's lovely though.
Jewel.

(re the child)

May I wash her? Give her a nice
bath?

ALMA

Of course.

TRIXIE

All right Little One.

The child likes how Trixie treats her, says something
about it in Norwegian --

ALMA

She doesn't speak English.

TRIXIE

(points to herself)

Trixie. I'm Trixie.

Off Alma --

CUT TO:

22 INT. THE GEM "COURTROOM" - DAY

22

Twelve jurors, including Ellsworth, seated at abutting tables, flank the officers of the court --

MAGISTRATE

Rules of the court: no nonsense.
The Prosecution will open, the
Defense will respond, the Jury
will be charged and deliberate.
(points to the
prosecutor)
Go ahead.

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AND DORITY

Swearengen, approving of the Magistrate's brevity, gives DORITY an unobtrusive thumbs-up. DORITY, meanwhile, has made eye-contact with Ellsworth who, after apparently rubbing a dust-mote out of his left lamp, leaves the lid in the position of a wink --

ANGLE - THE PROSECUTOR

The Prosecutor addresses the Jury --

PROSECUTOR

We shoulder a great weight here
today. We're many of us miners,
but this is no claim dispute

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

lowers his head in despair --

SWEARENGEN

(mutters)
Christmas.

DORITY

(didn't hear)
What?

SWEARENGEN

We're going to be here till fucking
Christmas.

It's a little louder than Swearengen intended; he stares down those who glance his way --

RESUME - PROSECUTOR

He's moved closer to the jury --

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

PROSECUTOR
Yesterday, a man of reputation was
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

killed in this camp. The killer had no reputation, but the circumstances speak badly enough of his character that in time to come he may get one. Now, everyone knows, even when the killer's a coward, not every killing's a murder. You jurors have to decide if this killing was. And your decision'll come to this: either a man giving you a dollar for breakfast is provocation beyond endurance, or Jack McCall shooting Wild Bill Hickok was murder pure and simple.

The Prosecutor sits down. Swearengen delivers his review --

SWEARENGEN

Picked his pace up toward the end.

The Magistrate looks to McCall's lawyer --

MAGISTRATE

Go ahead.

The gray-haired man gets to his feet, looks at McCall beside him --

DEFENSE LAWYER

Why'd you shoot Hickok Mr. McCall?

MCCALL

He murdered my brother in Kansas.

DEFENSE LAWYER

Murdered your brother in Kansas.
All right Son.

The Defense Attorney heads toward his seat --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AND DORITY

Dority allows himself a provisional optimism; Swearengen knows this without looking at him --

SWEARENGEN

Don't count your fucking chickens.

RESUME - THE TRIAL PARTICIPANTS

(CONTINUED)

MAGISTRATE
(to the Prosecutor)
Go ahead.

PROSECUTOR
When'd Hickok murder your brother
Mr. McCall?

MCCALL
In Kansas. Abilene.

PROSECUTOR
Are you still drunk? I asked you
when.

MCCALL
I don't know the exact year. When
they were both in Abilene.

PROSECUTOR
Were you present?

MCCALL
Not at the shooting, no.

PROSECUTOR
But you were in Abilene when it
happened.

MCCALL
Not when the shooting happened,
no.

ANGLE - DORITY AND SWEARENGEN

Swearengen's features have clouded --

SWEARENGEN
(to DORITY)
Tell the Judge I want to see him.

RESUME - THE TRIAL PARTICIPANTS

PROSECUTOR
Were you ever in Abilene?

MCCALL
Yes.

PROSECUTOR
Do you often play cards, McCall,
for three days, with a man who
murdered your brother, before, in
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (4)

22

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)
passion's white heat, you take
your revenge?

During which we've seen Dority whispering in the Judge's
ear --

MCCALL
It wasn't white heat. I had to
find my chance.

Dority's moved away from the Magistrate --

MAGISTRATE
(to the Prosecutor)
If that's it, I need a break for
nature and then we'll finish.

PROSECUTOR
Do you have a brother Mr. McCall?

MCCALL
Yes. And Hickok killed him.

MAGISTRATE
Break for nature.

The Magistrate moves for the stairs; headed-off by
Capt. Massey --

MASSEY
(holds his arm up)
The bullet that killed Hickok's in
my wrist. Any chance I could
testify?

MAGISTRATE
McCall just admitted to the killing.

MASSEY
'Years to come, if I'm giving talks
or the like, I'd sure like being
on the record. There's fifty in
it for you, and I'd be telling the
truth.

The Magistrate walks away from him. Off Massey --

CUT TO:

22A EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

22A

Cramed lies on the ground in the cleared area of the woods, smallpox pustules now formed and identifiable on his face. He's hallucinating, touching the eruptions --

CRAMED

Strike me dead. I apologize.
Please, I hurt so much now.

CLOSE ON CRAMED'S FACE

his eyes coming open --

REVERSE

he sees above him what could be an apparition. Calamity Jane, shit-faced, grieving Hickok's death alone in the woods --

JANE

You're one sick fucking customer.

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

Cramed recognizes the sound of a voice but formulates no thought; the bacillus is eating his brain; certain words recur, fragments of intentions or regrets --

CRAMED

I apologize.

JANE

Don't apologize to me -- I don't even fucking know you.

(beat)

Want a drink? No lipping the bottle but I've got a pretty steady pouring hand.

CRAMED

I apologize.

JANE

Accepted. Shut the fuck up.

She kneels --

JANE (CONT'D)

Open your yap.

Cramed's eyes are closed, his body's rigid --

JANE (CONT'D)

Hey! Open up!

Jane sees that he can't understand. Sits on the ground beside him --

JANE (CONT'D)

More for me anyhow.

A beat --

JANE (CONT'D)

My best friend died. Man I had my best-friend feeling about in the world.

CRAMED

Oh God. Oh God.

JANE

Took you as he found you. Thought the best of you. Sweet to me.

CRAMED

I apologize.

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED: (2)

22A

She looks to him --

JANE

I'll get water from the creek, but
if you don't stop apologizing I
won't give you a goddamn drop.

(beat)

All right Mister? I'm coming back
with some water.

She rises, walks off. Off Cramed, staring at something
beyond sight --

CUT TO:

23 OMITTED

23

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

24

Swearengen and the Magistrate --

SWEARENGEN

You want a blow-job while I talk to you?

MAGISTRATE

No.

SWEARENGEN

I'm not offering it personally.

MAGISTRATE

Make your point.

Swearengen nods, considers how to proceed --

SWEARENGEN

My point is, before a guilty verdict would get executed on this cocksucker, three guys'd walk into that meat-locker where he's being held with bags over their heads and cut his fucking throat, and half-an-hour later that Celestial's pigs'd be lying on their backs with their little hooves in the air belching up human remains.

MAGISTRATE

Are you saying you'll order that done?

SWEARENGEN

I'm saying I've had a vision it'd happen, my second of the day. The first come watching all them lawyers on line this morning. They begun to slither in my sight like vipers. So's not to puke I closed my eyes, but the vision kept on, it got worse -- now I saw the Big Nest of Vipers in Washington. They were taking us here in the camp for acting like we could set our own laws up or organizations -- I saw the Big Vipers deciding they had

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
to strangle and swallow us up with every fucking thing we'd gained out here. It was horrible. How could we fucking avoid it? How could we let the Vipers in the Big Nest know we weren't looking for any fucking trouble?

MAGISTRATE
That's when your second vision came to you.

SWEARENGEN
Yes, with the cutthroats and the pigs. But who wants all that blood spilt Judge? Isn't there some simpler way not to piss the Big Vipers off?

The Magistrate's gotten the message --

MAGISTRATE
I want to get back to the trial.

Off which --

CUT TO:

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

25

Trixie and Alma --

TRIXIE
Are you poorly? Crampy?

ALMA
Yes.

TRIXIE
Does laudanum help?

Alma looks away --

ALMA
It did. It doesn't anymore.

It's close enough for Trixie to take it as a confession.
After a beat --

TRIXIE
Are you afraid?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

ALMA

Yes.

TRIXIE

I was awful afraid when I was
stopping. First I was afraid I
was going to die, and then I was
afraid I wouldn't. And then one
day I woke up free.

Trixie's looking at the child, smoothing her hair, as
she pats Alma's hand --

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED

26

27 INT. THE GEM "COURTROOM" - DAY - DORITY

27

rejoined by Swearengen, as, below, after the break for nature, the participants resume position --

DORITY
Good talk?

SWEARENGEN
We'll see.

DORITY
That second guy, Al?

Dority indicates a jury member --

SWEARENGEN
Curly hair?

DORITY
(nods)
Telling me the other night how bad Hickok needed killing -- how Hickok insulted him in the street.

It's the man who turned on Hickok when Hickok, Bullock, Star and Utter were working and Hickok would not banter with him --

SWEARENGEN
Hope he's got a forceful personality.

DORITY
Kind of whines through his nose -- type you might side with just to shut him up.

ANGLE - MAGISTRATE

The Magistrate addresses the Jury --

MAGISTRATE
This camp is part of no territory, state, or nation. The Stars and Stripes may soon fly here, but that day is not yet. You of the jury are therefore without law upon which to decide this case. How then are you to decide it? You must rely on common custom. That McCall killed Hickok is not in dispute. McCall claims he was
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)
taking revenge, that Hickok murdered
his brother. If you believe what
he says may be true, custom dictates
excusing him. Retire now and begin
your deliberations.

The camera finds Ellsworth among the jury members as
they rise --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AND DORITY

SWEARENGEN
'Spose Ellsworth'll stand with us?

DORITY
Foursquare.

Swearengen's done all a man can --

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2) 27

SWEARENGEN

Open the bar and get the girls
fucking 'til the jury's back.

Off which --

CUT TO:

28 INT./EXT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE BUILDING - DAY 28

Star watches Bullock, who is so angrily conflicted as to have lost the capacity to act, and, shamed, sits in sullen silence --

STAR

How do you suppose the trial's
going?

BULLOCK

I don't know.

STAR

They should've took him into the
Territory. Hang him here, they'll
be opening a can of worms.

Star offers this with gaze averted. When Bullock doesn't respond --

STAR (CONT'D)

Guess it's all a can of worms.

BULLOCK

Now you're talking.

Under which Smith's appeared, haggard and resolute --

SMITH

Will you help me with the body?

As Bullock and Star move to comply --

CUT TO:

29 EXT. THE WOODS - DAY 29

Jane returns from the creek to find Cramed worse, no longer senselessly repeating words but given over to the restless moaning agitation that signals the closer approach of death. She observes this a beat before kneeling beside him --

JANE

It's me Mister -- back with water.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

She holds the flask an inch or so from Cramed's mouth and pours. He chokes a little --

JANE (CONT'D)

Maybe some whiskey's still in there -- probably won't do you no harm.

Cramed stops choking, returns to his low frightened moan. Jane wets a rag and uses it to moisten Cramed's blistered lips --

JANE (CONT'D)

Saw the widow's husband in the creek, 'less they're keeping more'n one body cool for shipping back east. Tethered, wrapped up, and floating like a lure for some huge fucking fish.

(beat)

The widow's got the Little One now. I had her awhile, but I ain't the type she should be with long-term. Fucking drunk and so forth.

Cramed's quieted, Jane's voice having soothed him. She looks up --

JANE (CONT'D)

Now there's a bird I ain't never seen before. Shall I talk about it to you?

Off which --

CUT TO:

30 INT./EXT. MAIN STREET - HICKOK'S VIEWING TENT - DAY

30

Star, Bullock, and Smith place Hickok's body in the wooden coffin, carry it outside. Those still waiting for a view follow out of the tent, and those who've been waiting outside for the passage to commence to the graveyard congregate behind --

CUT TO:

30A INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

30A

Tolliver and Sawyer in the almost-empty casino --

SAWYER

May I confide?

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED:

30A

TOLLIVER

Certainly.

SAWYER

I've never been laid in Nebraska.

TOLLIVER

We all of us sometimes embellish.

SAWYER

I feel unburdened.

TOLLIVER

Happy to help.

SAWYER

What'd you send him to get?

TOLLIVER

If I haven't said yet Eddie, you think asking's going to make me?

Under which Stubbs in an elegant morning dress has descended --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Look at the lady.

STUBBS

It's quiet, I thought I'd see Hickok buried.

Her eyes are cold --

TOLLIVER

Sure.

STUBBS

"Sure" what?

TOLLIVER

Sure Joanie, go ahead.

She studies him a beat --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Or was your point you weren't asking permission.

She's gone --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Conscience-struck. Needs to sing a hymn.

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED: (2)

30A

SAWYER

She liked Andy.

TOLLIVER

I did too.

Off which --

CUT TO:

31 INT. COCHRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Trixie knocks, looks in at the door --

TRIXIE

Doc?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

COCHRAN (O.S.)

In back.

She follows the sound of his voice to his makeshift laboratory where he's preparing unguents --

TRIXIE

Hi Doc.

COCHRAN

What is it?

TRIXIE

Couple years ago I took powders against some awful cramping -- I wish I knew what was in 'em

COCHRAN

That'd be helpful.

TRIXIE

Brownish-like. I put 'em in my tea.

COCHRAN

(considers her)

If these are your monthlies I generally prescribe a day or two of laudanum against the cramp.

TRIXIE

(shakes her head no)

Coming off the laudanum's what had me crampy.

COCHRAN

Then you'd been using it more than a few days.

TRIXIE

Little longer, yeah. Between twelve and however old I was three years ago.

COCHRAN

Have you taken it back up again?

She shakes her head no, meets Cochran's eyes --

TRIXIE

It's the rich woman 'wants to stop. The Widow.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

COCHRAN

What's that to you?

TRIXIE

Or to you why I'd be interested.

Neither is combative. A beat, then Cochran turns, collects mortar and pestle --

COCHRAN

I won't swear this was your sovereign remedy, but the color'll be right and it should give her some relief.

-- brings down various jars containing the elements to be mixed --

TRIXIE

Thanks Doc.

COCHRAN

(mutters to himself)

Little enough to do, with what's coming.

TRIXIE

And what would that be?

As he begins his grinding, Cochran gives her some of her own back --

COCHRAN

And what would that be to you?

32 OMITTED

32

CUT TO:

33 INT. THE GEM - SECOND FLOOR - A WHORE'S ROOM - DAY

33

Her legs in the air, Whore #6 is fucking a trick; Dority looks in off a perfunctory knock --

DORITY

Finish your business, the jury's coming back.

CUT TO:

34 INT. THE GEM "COURTROOM" - DAY

34

Burns re-covers the bar with a sheet; the Defense and the Accused and the Prosecutor rise as the Magistrate takes his seat. The jury's seated already. Swearingen takes his perch on the second floor, joined by Dority. The Magistrate addresses the Jury Foreman --

MAGISTRATE

What's your verdict?

The Jury Foreman rises --

JURY FOREMAN/MAN #2

Innocent.

MAGISTRATE

Thank you. Defendant's free.

He slaps his hand on whatever wooden surface is available --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AND DORITY

SWEARENGEN

Don't ever knock this camp to me.

ANGLE - MCCALL

offering his hand in thanks to the Defense Lawyer, who, without making a show of rejecting his client's gesture, fails to reciprocate --

DEFENSE LAWYER

Good luck to you Son.

Off which --

CUT TO:

35 EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - DAY

35

The grave's been dug. The coffin's beside it. Smith preaches to the assembled, Joanie Stubbs among them --

SMITH

Mr. Hickok will lie beside two brothers. One he likely killed, the other he killed for certain, and he's been killed now in turn. So much blood, and on the battlefields of The Brothers' War I saw more blood than this, and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

SMITH (CONT'D)

asked then after the purpose and
did not know, and don't know the
purpose now, but know now to testify
that, not knowing, I believe. St.
Paul tells us "By one Spirit are
we all baptized into one body,
whether we be Jews or Gentiles,
bond or free, and have been all
made to drink into one Spirit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED: (2)

35

SMITH (CONT'D)

For the body is not one member but many." He tells us "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body which seem to be more feeble, and those members of the body which we think to be less honorable, all are necessary." He says that "There should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care, one to another, and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." I believe in God's purpose, not knowing it. I ask Him, moving in me, to allow me to see His will. I ask Him, moving in others, to allow them to see it.

His eyes are fixed on Bullock. Then --

SMITH (CONT'D)

Let us sing "How Firm A Foundation" as Mr. Hickok is laid to rest.

As the assembly begins to sing, and Bullock and Star, among others, come forward to lower the coffin --

CUT TO:

36

OMITTED

36

37

OMITTED

37

38 EXT. ROAD INTO CAMP - DAY

38

A buckboard bears Bullock, Star, and Smith back from Hickok's burial service --

SMITH

You were kind to me, a stranger --

Smith looks ahead; Bullock and Star aren't sure who he's talking to --

SMITH (CONT'D)

Many of us have asked, being broken, how were we to live. You took me into the body of the camp. "I'm from Etobicoke Ontario. I'm from Vienna Austria."

Smith looks at Bullock --

SMITH (CONT'D)

May I ask, Sir, what you feel now may be your part?

BULLOCK

I can't say I know what you're talking about Reverend.

SMITH

I would not impose. It's been given me to ask.

BULLOCK

Okay then, you did what you were given to do.

STAR

The camp was lucky you were here today Reverend.

SMITH

I am a frail and feeble vessel, but we can none of us deny our parts, however we may flee or argue.

BULLOCK

Could we finish the ride in quiet?

SMITH

Certainly. Certainly Sir.

Off which --

CUT TO:

39 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

39

The crowded post-trial festivities center around McCall, victoriously cadging drinks at the bar. At the other end of the bar, Merrick, having consumed the one-and-a-half shots of whiskey that gets his load on, is ruminatively morose, suddenly raises his empty glass --

MERRICK

Should it ever be your misfortune
Gentlemen, or mine, to need to
kill a man, let us toast together
the possibility that our trials be
held in this camp.

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

approaches McCall --

SWEARENGEN

What's your name? -- Jack?

MCCALL

Yes Sir. Buy me a drink and I'll
make my mark.

SWEARENGEN

Stick around camp Jack, I'll make
mine for you.

MCCALL

What in hell's that supposed to
mean?

SWEARENGEN

It means there's a horse for you
outside you want to get on before
someone murders you who gives a
fuck about right and wrong, or I
do.

This is all more or less in McCall's ear. Now
Swearengen stands back, pats him affably on the shoulder --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

It's the paint, Jack, right in
front of my joint.

McCall studies Swearengen, starts for the door. Dority
joins Swearengen as Swearengen watches him go --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Remember this for when you run
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

your own place: that type guy hanging around gets people agitated, forces 'em to take a position one side or the other. And agitation in a joint brings a slight bump-up in whiskey sales, but the sale of cunt plummets.

(beat)

That's why I often wonder if I should take down that fucking picture of Lincoln.

Off which --

CUT TO:

40 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY 40

Bullock and Star have returned. See McCall ride out. Star looks to Bullock, whose features are inscrutable. He turns and walks into the hardware store, followed by Star --

CUT TO:

40A INT. BELLA UNION - DAY 40A

Joanie Stubbs returns. Tolliver's in the cage. Watches her go upstairs. She knows he's watching, won't look at him; Tolliver knows he's got fence to mend --

CUT TO:

41 INT. SMITH'S TENT - DAY 41

Smith puts his Bible in its special place in the tent, pours water into a basin and washes his hands. As he dries his hands a look of accustomed consternation comes to Smith's features. He sits carefully on a crudely fashioned bench which is the tent's only furnishing. As if to calm what is overtaking him or in acquiescence or resignation, he folds his hands. Falls forward in seizure --

CUT TO:

41A OMITTED 41A

41B INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY 41B

Bullock and Star. Bullock rails as he hangs up his frock coat and vest and rolls up his sleeves as a prelude to going to work --

(CONTINUED)

41B CONTINUED:

41B

BULLOCK

That man is a lunatic. High water
he never made much sense, but now
he just utters pure gibberish.

STAR

Did he seem pale to you?

BULLOCK

What?

STAR

Did he seem pale?

BULLOCK

How the fuck do I know if he was
pale.

STAR

He looked pale to me.

BULLOCK

Maybe he was Sol. Let's say he
was. Will you shut up about it?

Star shuts up. Bullock keeps pacing --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

(as if he were Smith)

What is your part and my part?
What part of my part is your part?
Is my foot your knee? How about
your ear? -- whose the fuck is
that?

STAR

(conciliatory)

Yeah, I don't know.

Bullock stops, stares --

BULLOCK

What don't you know? -- if he was
pale or not?

STAR

What you're supposed to do.

Bullock starts putting his go-to-burial clothes back
on --

BULLOCK

I'm not supposed to do anything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41B CONTINUED: (2)

41B

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Let's agree to that. Not one
fucking thing that I don't decide
I'm gonna. All right Sol?

STAR

Your suspenders.

Star indicates that Bullock has put his vest and frock
coat back on without pulling up his suspenders --

BULLOCK

Goddamnit!

Bullock fixes it --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

And if I kill the droop-eyed son-
of-a-bitch, and my "part's" getting
hanged for it, good luck with the
fucking store.

STAR

All right Seth.

A long beat, then --

BULLOCK

I'll write to Mary, and see the
letter posted. You look out for
that Widow.

STAR

All right Seth.

Bullock starts to leave, pauses --

BULLOCK

Could I impose on you to pack a
bag to cut down on that cocksucker's
head start?

STAR

(nods)

Be packed by the time you ride
out.

As Bullock leaves --

CUT TO:

41B1 INT. BELLA UNION - UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

41B1

Two whores in a tub. Stubbs sponges them. Tolliver
looks in.

(CONTINUED)

41B1 CONTINUED: 41B1

She meets his eyes, continues to sponge the whores. The intuitive participation each has in the other's emotional life has produced a profound enmeshment; they live in and through each other in some fluid, frightening interpenetration of consciousness --

TOLLIVER

Appears there's nothing for a man to do here.

If Tolliver's experiencing his disempowerment was what she was after, this is too quick and easy a capitulation to give her real satisfaction; in this sense, he wins the round. Stubbs' hand frames the chin of the closest whore, turns her face; Stubbs kisses the whore, probes her mouth with her tongue, staring at Tolliver, hating him --

CUT TO:

41C EXT. THE WOODS - DAY 41C

Jane sits with Cramed, sings "Row, Row, Row Your Boat." Stops briefly. The dying man seems to become more distressed. She starts to sing again --

CUT TO:

41D INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY 41D

Trixie finishes mixing the powder Cochran gave her into a cup of hot tea, brings it to Alma, who manages to get some of it down. Trixie now moves to the Metz child, resumes a game of paddy-cake or the like --

CUT TO:

42 OMITTED 42

42A EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY 42A

From the doorway of the structure he and Bullock have built, Star watches his partner approach on horseback, gives him a carpetbag. Bullock slings the carpetbag over the pommel of his saddle, rides out after the murderer McCall. Off which --

FADE OUT.

THE END