

Director: Ed Bianchi

“Deadwood”

“Amalgamation and Capital”

Written by

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Production # P209  
(Script # S209)

Production Draft  
Dec. 10, 2004  
Dec. 13, 2004 Blue (full)  
Dec. 14, 2004 Pink (full)  
Dec. 29, 2004 Yellow (full)  
Jan. 3, 2005 Green  
Jan. 4, 2005 Goldenrod  
Jan. 6, 2005 Buff  
Mar. 18, 2005 Salmon

"Amalgamation and Capital"

FADE IN:

5 INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

5

William Bullock, his hastily donned shirt on inside out, descends the stairs, to find his uncle and stepfather, as he hoped to, not yet left for work --

BULLOCK

Good morning William.

WILLIAM

Good morning Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK

Are you sometimes permitted coffee?

WILLIAM

Yes sir, with cow's milk, and sugar.

BULLOCK

About a third of a cup?

WILLIAM

Completed with cow's milk.

Bullock begins to prepare the mixture he describes --

BULLOCK

As to sugar, three spoons?

William nods. Bullock hands him the cup. As William takes a sip --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Will this be the morning, William, do you suppose, when the tip of this lamp, like an Indian spear, goes into the top of my head.

WILLIAM

I don't know Sir.

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK

Does it stand comparison with your  
Mother's?

WILLIAM

No, Sir.

( CONTINUED )

BULLOCK

Stiffened with a further lace of  
sugar?

WILLIAM

I mean that he would make it, Sir.  
My father would.

ANGLE - MARTHA BULLOCK

on the stairs, pausing her descent to listen --

RESUME - BULLOCK AND WILLIAM

Bullock nods, pulls out a chair from the table --

BULLOCK

Have you time to sit a bit?

William considers --

WILLIAM

I suppose I might do, having  
chopped the kindling last evening.

BULLOCK

Would you tell me about your  
father, William?

WILLIAM

He pursued those bandits into  
Mexico, you know that, you brought  
him back, you know he's dead.

(beat)

I never thought to live in a place  
so big as Deadwood, Sir.

BULLOCK

I didn't know my brother so well as  
you'd a chance to. I was nine when  
Robert left our home. I think you  
knew him longer, until you were  
eleven.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

I knew him pretty well.

BULLOCK

What did he like doing best?

WILLIAM

Sometimes he'd sing, not army songs, but other kinds. He'd make mother laugh.

ANGLE - MARTHA

silently turning, making her way back up the stairs, still listening --

RESUME - BULLOCK AND WILLIAM

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

He made the best duck calls of anyone. He'd send away for the wood. He taught me comebacks, and feeder calls, and hails.

Off a perfunctory knock, Charlie Utter can be seen making his way into the mud room. Bullock moves to open the door --

BULLOCK

Mister Utter and I have camp-business to see to. But William, are you a good duck-caller?

WILLIAM

I s'pose I'm pretty good. I could show you, Sir.

BULLOCK

I know some pot holes over Belle Fourche-way 'are pretty good for ducks.

WILLIAM

All right Sir.

RESUME - MARTHA

(CONTINUED)

starting quickly down the stairs, not to lose opportunity --

MARTHA

Goodbye Mister Bullock.

Off Martha, the warmth in her voice, even if mystified and provisional, surprising her --

CUT TO:

8 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

8

Swearengen's at his mirror, looks up at the knock which is simultaneous with --

FARNUM (O.C.)

E.B. Farnum Al.

SWEARENGEN

Come in E.B.

Farnum enters --

FARNUM

I've been prostrated by the agonies of the damned.

SWEARENGEN

The Judgement's upon us then?

FARNUM

A molar rotted through.

SWEARENGEN

Distress to me as well, you being my eyes and ears, a day eventful as yesterday found you indisposed.

Farnum, whiffing Swearengen's measured suspicion, chuckles uneasily, conceals the hurt this causes his tooth --

FARNUM

Some solace in knowing I'm missed.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

You missed the advent of the  
fucking telegraph operator E.B.,  
that had you steered him to one of  
your rooms could've been kept tabs  
on henceforth, but instead has made  
his domestic arrangements beside  
his fucking transmitter.

FARNUM

The pain nearly killed me, and I  
almost strangled subsequent on a  
clove-soaked piece of cloth --

SWEARENGEN

(bored)

Water under the bridge then.

Farnum, knowing he should stop, keeps reliving the moment --

FARNUM

The cloth loosed itself from my  
molar's hollow and lodged in my  
airway below. Only Richardson's  
filthy hand foraging in my throat  
saved me from death, which in  
retrospect might've been  
preferable.

SWEARENGEN

As you still draw breath amongst us  
I'll ask you to befriend this  
fucking Russian --

FARNUM

Russian --

SWEARENGEN

The fucking telegraph operator E.B.  
is a fucking Russian.

FARNUM

Of course I'll befriend him. I'm  
fond of Russians.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

As trust between you deepens, we'll be particularly interested in messages to and from Yankton.

FARNUM

What's the Russian's name?

SWEARENGEN

I couldn't make it out.

A knock is followed by the looking in of Dan Dority, bearing under his arm the morning's edition of The Pioneer --

DORITY

(to Farnum)

Sorry E.B. --

(to Swearengen, re the paper)

Probably ought to have a look at this.

SWEARENGEN

E.B.'s leaving.

(to Farnum, re Blazanov)

You won't miss him -- he's living at Merrick's and he looks like a prize at a carnival.

Farnum's obsequiousness is paroxysmal --

FARNUM

What a delightful image to carry away with me.

Farnum's gone. Off Swearengen, receiving the newspaper, putting on his glasses with a defensive belligerence which prompts Dority's exit --

CUT TO:

Tolliver, at the bar, addresses Jack the Bartender, scowling at the morning's edition of The Pioneer --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

Swearengen's put the paper-man's  
boat to sea with a hold-full of  
fucking bullshit.

-- looks up from the newspaper at the approach of Tess, the  
whore he's assigned to Mose Manuel, and who's been spending  
time with Manuel in his room --

TESS

He wants five thousand more  
upstairs.

TOLLIVER

Jesus Christ. Tell him he's got to  
put his pants on and come down and  
get it himself.

TESS

He says it's a hundred if I bring  
it up.

Tolliver grits his teeth --

TOLLIVER

Is the five you already brought him  
in any kind of action Tess?

Tolliver answers Tess' headshake no with mirthless sarcasm --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

It's just for him to look at while  
he fucks you.

TESS

(nods)

Now he wants ten to look at.

TOLLIVER

While he fucks you.

She nods --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

So do I want my eight dollars Tess,  
of the nine he pays for the fuck,  
and my ninety of your hundred for  
bringing up the other five, or do I  
want to give Fat Boy the  
opportunity, if he has to come down  
for the other five, to test his  
luck on the floor here amongst the  
games of chance?

TESS

I see.

Tolliver leans in, seems near to hitting her --

TOLLIVER

And don't mistake me Honey -- I  
want to take the time to explain  
myself to you.

His leaning in has caused Tolliver not to see the arrival of  
Utter and Bullock, so that he reacts with mild surprise when  
Bullock addresses him from close by --

BULLOCK

We've come to see Mose Manuel about  
his brother getting shot.

Tolliver, recovering himself, recognizes in Bullock's request  
an alternative method of getting Manuel in proximity to the  
gaming tables --

TOLLIVER

Fetch Mose Manuel, Tess. Tell him  
Sheriff Bullock wants to pay his  
condolences here, amongst the games  
of chance.

\*  
\*  
\*

Tess departs. Tolliver holds up the newspaper --

TOLLIVER

All these rumors, Sheriff, swirling  
around you, how do you keep your  
hat on?

Bullock, taking Tolliver's query as an indication that the counter-strategies for protecting the camp, discussed with him by Swearengen the day before, have begun to be put into play, stays poker-faced --

BULLOCK

(to Utter)

Whiskey, Charlie?

Tolliver looks to Jack the Bartender, indicates Utter and Bullock --

TOLLIVER

Whiskey, Jack, and their money's no  
good.

Off which --

CUT TO:

10 MOVED TO SC. #14B 10

11 EXT. CHEZ AMI - DAY 11

Jane's splayed on the steps, asleep, stirs at Stubbs' emergence --

JANE

Who's that?

-- squints at Stubbs --

STUBBS

Joanie Stubbs. You're outside my  
place.

JANE

Keeping half-assed vigil, after-the-  
fact.

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS

Come in and tell me what you mean.

JANE

Naw that's all right. That cocksucker you spoke to me of come from here last night with a bloody fucking mug ....

STUBBS

I gave it to him.

JANE

Good. Anyways, he told me at rifle-point you was okay --

STUBBS

I am.

JANE

I knew if he was lying you was dead, feared finding you so in the darkness. Scared that way since I was small.

STUBBS

Come on in Jane.

JANE

If you was alive, "Why fucking knock?", was my thinking, interfere with you getting to sleep? Or, being asleep already --

By now it's clear to Stubbs Jane's afraid to go in --

STUBBS

Jane, it's nippy on my twat.

JANE

All right then see you later.

She's about to walk off --

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS

Do you remember you were in here yesterday?

JANE

Yes I fucking remember.

STUBBS

Well why not come in again?

A beat. There's enough adversarial perplexity in Stubbs' tone to put Jane on familiar ground; her tone nonetheless is uncharacteristically timid --

JANE

Well maybe I just fucking might.

Jane turns, following Stubbs' gaze to the thoroughfare, where Samuel Fields, the self-named Nigger General, leads by the rein toward Hostetler's Livery a horse up on its toes and without a saddle --

JANE (CONT'D)

Nigger General's got a wild horse on his hands.

Jane offers this passing Stubbs into the Chez Ami, and Stubbs finds nothing in the assertion worth interrupting her new friend's momentum --

CUT TO:

14 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

14

Burns and a whore are seated at the base of the stairway, Burns, using the Pioneer as text, fishing, from the shallow pool of his own knowledge, lessons in the ways of reading --

BURNS

(to a whore)

This here is a "D", this is a "G" .... All right, what's the first one?

(CONTINUED)

WHORE

It's a "D".

Burns rewards the whore by peering down the front of her smock --

SWEARENGEN

Shut up and get off the stairs.

Swearengen's descending, perusing the Pioneer, observed by Dority from behind the bar. Burns and the whore comply with his order as Swearengen begins to read aloud --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

"Sheriff Bullock declines comment on the swirl of rumors that parties in Helena with whom he has had long association are keenly interested in annexing our camp to the Montana territory ...."

(looks up to Dority)

So far fair enough --

(looks down, scowling)

"... The Pioneer also learns of interest more developed and advanced on the part of Wyoming ....

ANGLE - BURNS

addressing himself to the whore from their new position behind the stairs --

BURNS

You knew Cheyenne'd be heard from.

RESUME - SWEARENGEN

aggravated by Burns' uncomprehending enthusiasm, which he nonetheless accepts as an inevitability; looking to Dority --

SWEARENGEN

(re the article)

Here's where we get very fucking busy --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(reading)

"... and of an offer secretly proffered by certain elements in Washington D.C. to annex to America these our beloved Hills as a separate, free-standing territory, with an eye toward eventual statehood ...."

BURNS

(enthusiastically)

With Deadwood as the fucking headquarters.

SWEARENGEN

Don't spread your legs for 'em yet Johnny -- not with Mexico to be heard from and fucking France.

BURNS

I ain't showing 'em beaver Al -- just flashing a little petticoat.

Off which --

[REST OF SCENE MOVED TO SC 14C]

CUT TO:

14A

INT. DEADWOOD PIONEER - DAY

14A

Merrick, hovering over his press, pulls off with a flourish the final copy of a run of the Pioneer --

MERRICK

There. One hundred extra copies gentlemen, to satisfy the widened interest I expect today's edition may generate.

Merrick addresses himself to Blazanov and E.B. Farnum. Farnum, mentoring Blazanov on the ways of an unfamiliar culture, responds to Merrick's presentation with childlike, enthusiastic applause --

(CONTINUED)

FARNUM

Wonderful, eh Mister Blazanov?!  
One hundred copies extra!

Since arriving from Russia, Blazanov, when inferring the good intentions of others from their tone, but uncertain as to the specific meaning of their words, has discovered the utility of a cheerful generality --

BLAZANOV

Okay!

Merrick inhales with satisfaction --

MERRICK

Shall we walk a bit, my American  
and Russian friends?

Farnum does not forget his assignment from Swearengen to establish ties with Blazanov --

FARNUM

(to Blazanov)

Shall we?

Blazanov declines with pleasant courtesy --

BLAZANOV

I cannot leave my apparatus.

MERRICK

Are not all of us Mister Blazanov  
tethered in some sense to our  
labors? -- and, at a point in our  
lives, is not acceptance of that  
tethering discovery of a path to  
joy? --

BLAZANOV

I don't know Mister Merrick.

Merrick wasn't quite finished --

(CONTINUED)

MERRICK

-- and does not the very knowing we  
are tethered allow us in conscience  
on occasion the rejuvenating  
pleasures of respite?

Farnum seems so caught up in good feeling that, even while  
reversing position, enthusiasm does not desert him --

\*

FARNUM

Take your walk alone A.W. -- for I  
confess I'm mesmerized by Mister  
Blazanov's machine and hope he may  
explain its workings.

More than exercise, Merrick wants the approving companionship  
of friends --

MERRICK

Has Al seen The Pioneer?

Nor, for Farnum, is lying a bar to continued exuberance --

FARNUM

I don't know. A mystery you should  
seek to solve.

Merrick looks to the stairs which connect, via the building's  
second floor, with the Gem --

MERRICK

Perhaps I'll wander over.

Miss Isringhausen's come in --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Good day.

MERRICK

Good day, Miss -- A.W. Merrick of  
The Deadwood Pioneer.

(CONTINUED)

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I wish to send a telegram.

MERRICK

A telegram. I see. Then it's  
Mister Blazanov here you seek.

BLAZANOV

(to Miss Isringhausen)

How do you do. Blazanov, Cheyenne  
and Blackhills Telegraph Company.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

How do you do.

Farnum flashes at Miss Isringhausen his most solicitously  
insinuate smile --

FARNUM

Miss Isringhausen.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

(cold)

Mister Farnum.

(to Blazanov)

I wish this message sent.

BLAZANOV

Yes of course. I have a form here  
for you to write on.

\*  
\*

As Miss Isringhausen hands the copy to Blazanov --

MERRICK

Excuse me.

Merrick starts up the stairs --

FARNUM

(to Miss Isringhausen)

You seem uncowed by Mister  
Blazanov's "apparatus". Are you  
initiate in its mysteries?

(CONTINUED)

Farnum's question means to excuse his effort to peer at her message. She repositions herself to prevent him. Blazanov

(CONTINUED)

leans in to go over her copy with her. Farnum repositions himself to try for a look. Miss Isringhausen repositions herself. We sense this may go on a while --

CUT TO:

14B INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY (SHOT AS SC. #10)

14B

Ellsworth's presented to Alma the papers that need signing in connection with the loan from the Denver bank which will underwrite her formation of a bank in the camp, and for which she's pledged as collateral her gold --

ELLSWORTH

If you'd sign your name here Ma'am  
and give us a "A.G." in the corner.

Alma takes up a pen --

ALMA

Is that abbreviation a term of art  
in financial transactions? Ought I  
acquaint myself with its meaning?

ELLSWORTH

(deferential)

That abbreviation Ma'am is your  
initials.

As Alma signs and initials the document --

ALMA

And by asking the whereabouts of  
the currency I sign for receiving,  
do I reveal some even deeper  
stupidity?

ELLSWORTH

Coach from Denver should get in  
today.

ALMA

And the safe we've purchased, to be  
housed in the bank we're to build.

(CONTINUED)

ELLSWORTH

Inside the coach as well. The safe's inside the coach and the currency's inside the safe, is the full picture.

ALMA

There, I did manage to be stupid.

ELLSWORTH

No Ma'am.

ALMA

And you will see to the safe's temporary situation in the Star and Bullock Hardware Store.

ELLSWORTH

Yes Ma'am.

ALMA

Gaze averted from the awkwardnesses such a situation generates.

ELLSWORTH

Fixing my eyes instead on its plusses securing your money.

Alma feels a wave of nausea --

ALMA

Excellent then Mister Ellsworth -- and may I further impose on you to convey this letter?

Which, in a sealed envelope, she hands to him --

ELLSWORTH

Of course.

(now notes the addressee)

To Mister Swearngen.

ALMA

Please.

(CONTINUED)

Ellsworth succeeds only very partially in not showing his surprise and disapproval --

ELLSWORTH

All right.

Ellsworth broaches delicately the subject of her answer to his marriage proposal --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

Anything else for us to discuss?

ALMA

Not at this time.

She can't control the nausea, moves to the basin and vomits. Ellsworth looks away --

ELLSWORTH

I'll be going then.

ALMA

Please.

He does. Off Alma, leaning over the basin as the nausea strikes again --

CUT TO:

14C INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY (PARTLY SHOT AS PART OF SC. #14) 14C

Merrick's entered from the second floor walkway, full of himself --

MERRICK

Gentlemen.

Merrick notes in Swarengen's hand the morning's edition of the Pioneer, dissembles his proud gratification with a jaunty ingenuousness --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

What news?

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Hans Christian Andersen absconded  
with your printing press.

Merrick squints, pondering the import of this sarcasm --

BURNS

'Guess the telegraph's gonna bring  
a tremendous increase in the swirl  
and flood of rumors you'll be  
printing, eh Mister Merrick?

Swearengen gestures helplessly --

SWEARENGEN

(aside to Dority, re Burns  
and Merrick)  
Where does one fucking begin?

MERRICK

This ink-stained wretch just pulled  
an over-run of one hundred copies.

Swearengen raises his voice --

SWEARENGEN

Would you agree Dan that truth, if  
only a pinch, must season every  
falsehood, or the fucking palate  
rebels?

DORITY

That's the source of the zest.

SWEARENGEN

And mustn't the novice chef be  
mindful against ladling out his  
concoctions by the unseasoned  
fucking ton, lest, before he  
perfects his fucking art, he loses  
his clientele?

DORITY

The less ladled, the less left  
unet.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Not that his intentions may not be good, and hooray for his intentions. But scale, for Christ's sake. Amount, proportion, seasoning! 'Cause we are cooking for our fucking lives!

Swearengen starts for his office on the second floor --

ANGLE - DORITY

holding up the Pioneer --

DORITY

Sure love to get the ball-scores more prompt.

MERRICK

Doubtless the telegraph will bring them swirling in. Excuse me.

Merrick, salvaging what dignity he can, heads for the stairs, following Swearengen --

ANGLE - BURNS

looks up as Swearengen ascends, his tone in addressing the whore conveying he is accustomed by now to revelations of Swearengen's mastery of subjects Burns hadn't known he excelled in --

BURNS

That much knowledge and I never once saw that man behind a stove.

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

on the second floor, moving toward the door, is hailed by Merrick --

MERRICK

Al.

-- pausing, unsurprised, turns to let Merrick catch up --

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - ELLSWORTH

entering, producing, meditatively, the envelope given him by Alma as he approaches Dority, and, looking toward the second floor notes Merrick and Swearengen --

RESUME - SWEARENGEN AND MERRICK

SWEARENGEN

Every rumor floated by you in that article Merrick I believe is a living possibility for this camp, and I hope you fucking hear that as a compliment.

MERRICK

If so it's a first from your lips.

SWEARENGEN

Because all them options called next to accomplished fact in one fucking outgush makes people smell a rat -- were you fucking born yesterday?

MERRICK

No sir, I was not, I was not born yesterday!

SWEARENGEN

Then can we have a discussion as adults?

MERRICK

Yes, I think we'd better!

As they enter the office --

ANGLE - ELLSWORTH

deciding not to stick around, handing Dority the envelope --

(CONTINUED)

ELLSWORTH

I ain't waiting. Give this to him,  
and tell him whatever its import  
he'd best not serve the sender ill.

Dority and Burns watch Ellsworth stalk toward the front door

--

CUT TO:

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

15

SWEARENGEN

Drink with me.

MERRICK

All right, I suppose. Whatever  
you're having.

SWEARENGEN

You're fucking A-one right.

Swearengen pours two shots --

[REST OF SCENE MOVED TO SC. #18]

16 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

16

Dority and Burns' attention turns to Farnum's appearance on  
the second floor walkway, which connects the Gem to the  
offices of the Pioneer --

DORITY

In with Merrick E.B.

Farnum takes a seat in the second floor hallway waiting area,  
sullenly calls down to Dority and Burns --

FARNUM

I bear news that don't want to  
wait.

17 MOVED TO SC. #26

17

18 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (PARTLY SHOT AS PART OF SC. #15) 18

Swearengen's finished pouring the drinks, gives Merrick his --

SWEARENGEN

You liked writing your fucking article.

MERRICK

In a way.

SWEARENGEN

Worse ways to spend a night, put your shoulder to a fucking idea.

MERRICK

Evidently I put mine to over-many.

Swearengen shakes his head no --

SWEARENGEN

Pursued down over-many avenues -- the camp's welfare was the one idea.

MERRICK

I suppose that's so.

SWEARENGEN

Don't talk like a virgin I'm trying to lay. These interests 'come amongst us Merrick are fucking rough. They're going for our nuts, and our chance is going for theirs. Now, where are their fucking nuts?

MERRICK

You're asking, metaphorically, where is their point of vulnerability?

Swearengen fills the two shot glasses --

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

They shoot you in the head or cut  
your fucking throat only as a last  
resort.

He decides to drain both glasses --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

They prefer working under color of  
law.

-- then fills them again and offers one to Merrick --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

That's how they can be hurt -- that  
they're hypocrite cocksuckers --  
and where their fucking nuts of  
vulnerability are, that the fucking  
hypocrite lying tactics and  
instruments they themselves use to  
fuck people up the ass can be  
turned against them --

MERRICK

My newspaper being such an  
instrument.

SWEARENGEN

Drink that second fucking shot  
Merrick.

Merrick does --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

It's good, isn't it, up all night,  
shoulder to an idea, drinking with  
a fucking friend --

MERRICK

I like stinking of fucking ink,  
too.

Merrick holds out the palm of his hand --

(CONTINUED)

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Have a good fucking sniff Al.

SWEARENGEN

No.

MERRICK

All right, I understand, each to his own. I'll tell you what, I enjoy my fucking liquor.

SWEARENGEN

A trait in you that gave me early hope.

A pounding on the door --

FARNUM (O.S.)

Al! Something strange has transpired I need you to construe!

Swearengen rises, goes to the door and admits Farnum --

SWEARENGEN

What?

FARNUM

As I was befriending the Russian operator, that woman-tutor came to send a telegram. We jockeyed a bit as I sought a glance at its contents, and finally she shouted in so many words -- and here is the strangeness in a tutor -- to get the fuck away from her.

Dority's come up --

DORITY

Guess the private part of the meeting's over.

He hands Swearengen the envelope Ellsworth's delivered --

(CONTINUED)

DORITY (CONT'D)  
Ellsworth brung it.

(CONTINUED)

Swearengen looks at the handwriting, opens the envelope.  
Farnum looks to Dority and Merrick, defiantly invokes his  
news' worthiness of primacy --

FARNUM

In so many words!

Swearengen looks up from the letter --

SWEARENGEN

(to Farnum)

Where's the tutor now?

FARNUM

Still with the operator.  
Apparently waiting for an answer to  
her message.

SWEARENGEN

(to Merrick)

Leave through the front door. Walk  
around a few minutes before you go  
back to your place.

It takes Merrick a beat to realize nothing further will be  
said until he's gone. He leaves --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Dority)

Bring the tutor up here.

(a new thought)

Bring the Russian up too.

Farnum solicits his props --

FARNUM

Felt like something you'd want to  
construe.

SWEARENGEN

Go away E.B.

FARNUM

All right. Certainly.

(CONTINUED)

Off which --

CUT TO:

19 EXT. BULLOCK'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY 19

William leans his shovel carefully beside a hoe against the garden fence as he contemplates the small trench he has dug along the fence line at far end of the kitchen garden. He fishes in his pocket for a small package. He unties string and unwraps paper to get at three sunflower seeds --

20 INT. BULLOCK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 20

Martha Bullock looks out at William standing at the end of the garden. He has the seeds in his hand, he's unmoving, she senses more than sees his distress. She puts away the crockery dish she's finished drying and exits via the kitchen door --

21 EXT. BULLOCK'S HOUSE - GARDEN - CONTINUOUS 21

William hears his mother's considerate firm closing of the kitchen door, and kneels beside his fresh excavation and composes himself --

MARTHA

You've done a wonderful job with the garden William.

\*  
\*  
\*

WILLIAM

Thank you.

\*  
\*

MARTHA

Mister Bullock remarked to me only last night.

\*  
\*  
\*

WILLIAM

It's the seeds from the flower we had in Fort Quitman, which I had in the jar which broke and mice ate most of, and now I have only these three.

William holds out the sunflower seeds to his mother in the flat of his palm --

MARTHA

I didn't know you'd brought them.

WILLIAM

Mister Bullock's been missing father. I talked to him about it this morning. As Papa liked the sunflower, I thought Mister Bullock might as well.

( CONTINUED )

Martha indicates the seeds in his hand --

MARTHA

Then shall we plant those together?

Martha kneels beside William, watches him push the seeds into the earth --

WILLIAM

Push the soil firmly on them, while I get the watering can.

As William rises to collect the nearby watering can, and his mother pats the earth into place over the seeds --

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I may make some duck calls for Mister Bullock, too.

\*  
\*  
\*

Off which --

\*

CUT TO:

22

INT. BELLA UNION - DAY

22

Bullock and Utter at a table with Mose. Tolliver watches from the bar --

MOSE

An accident befell my brother, is the sum of what I know, and be glad I choose to say it.

BULLOCK

Gutshot, in Nuttall's Number Ten, by his own hand.

MOSE

Correct.

BULLOCK

The day you sell out the claim you two were partnered on.

MOSE

Correct, and fuck yourself, and don't act entitled to answers.

UTTER

Why was Charlie handling the gun?

MOSE

Fuck yourself, and don't act entitled.

UTTER

Why weren't you two watching Nuttall's Bike Ride.

MOSE

Fuck yourself.

Bullock reclaims the danger for himself --

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK

I want to see his gun and his  
remains. Where is Charlie buried?

TOLLIVER

Jesus Christ Bullock. Put a court  
together or don't.

UTTER

Quiet, you.

TOLLIVER

Don't hush me in my own fucking  
joint --

( CONTINUED )

Bullock's gaze goes to the entering Wolcott; Utter sees him too, and the corners of his mouth turn up like a dog's before attack. Tolliver is reminded of the beating Utter gave the Geologist --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

And if we take it outside, Old Man, expect a different outcome from the other fucking day.

UTTER

You best have five of your fucking cappers then with rifles at the ready.

TOLLIVER

I got five, and five behind them, indoors or out.

Wolcott's come beside Bullock --

WOLCOTT

It's my duty to inform you Sheriff that a Cornishman at theft has been shot at Mister Hearst's claim.

BULLOCK

Killed.

WOLCOTT

Yes, in flight.

UTTER

It's all fucking amalgamation and capital, ain't it Wolcott.

Tolliver's cappers, rifles readied, are now in evidence --

WOLCOTT

Mister Utter, are you a student of Hume? Smith? A disciple of Karl Marx?

Bullock begins backing toward the door --

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK

Come on Charlie.

WOLCOTT

My employer Mister Hearst has interests and connections in Montana, Sheriff, as are imputed to you in this morning's Pioneer.

UTTER

Don't answer him Bullock.

WOLCOTT

(to Bullock)

Should those commend us to conversing further.

UTTER

You shut your fucking mouth!

TOLLIVER

(to Bullock, re Utter)

Get him out of here.

UTTER

(to Manuel, re Wolcott)

Sure got to you, didn't he Mose?

(to Manuel, re Tolliver)

And now he's got to get you to die!

BULLOCK

Come on Charlie.

Bullock has Utter in the air, carries him out --

MOSE

My brother is buried in a secret burial place by his own private instructions!

(to Parisse)

Let me get my arm through here, Darling, so I can secure my toast.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

Off which --

CUT TO:

23 EXT. BELLA UNION - CONTINUOUS

23

Bullock and Utter --

UTTER

You're going to lift me one time  
too fucking many.

Bullock lets Utter's feet touch ground without releasing his  
hold around Utter's chest --

BULLOCK

Don't go back in if I let you go.

\*

UTTER

I'm leaving the whole fucking camp!

Bullock lets him go --

BULLOCK

Going where?

(CONTINUED)

UTTER

Letter come to hand I need to take  
to Bill's Missus --

(to the Merchant)

Excuse us .... Camp business.

(to Bullock)

-- he wrote just before he got  
killed.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BULLOCK

I see.

Utter's overtaken by a wave of despairing rage --

UTTER

And you know who fucking give it  
me? -- or how crazy life's got, and  
money must buy these bastards any  
fucking thing they want? --

Utter points toward the Bella Union --

UTTER (CONT'D)

That cocksucker inside, Mister  
Amalgamation and Capital.

BULLOCK

Hearst's geologist gave you the  
letter.

UTTER

That God knows who he fucking  
bought it off or how many hands it  
passed through, and it fucks me up  
thinking Bill's Missus has to  
handle something this cocksucker  
touched.

BULLOCK

Was it over the letter you beat him  
the other day?

UTTER

No. No. I gave my word not to say  
what that was over.

(CONTINUED)

Utter's code can't take the weight it's asked to bear. He wraps his arms around himself --

UTTER (CONT'D)

I better go, lest Amalgamation and Capital take one to his fucking head.

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK

What's the import of that expression?

UTTER

Do I look like I'd fucking know? Some big-shot Eastern magazine reporter interviewing Bill said that was what's changing things around.

Noting the approach of Martha and William from the direction of Bullock's house prompts Utter to invoke those in his own life he cannot protect against the assaults of corruption and insanity --

UTTER (CONT'D)

Jane, I don't know what's going to come of fucking Jane ....

BULLOCK

I'll keep an eye on her.

UTTER

You should lock her in that cell and don't let her fucking drink.

The silence which follows owes to both of them knowing this isn't practical. Utter's about to head for his freight office, glances toward the Bella Union --

UTTER (CONT'D)

And don't fuck yourself up over Mose Manuel --

BULLOCK

I won't.

UTTER

He'll get himself fleeced of what's rightfully his and what he got by murder. He'll be judge on himself and jury too, like the fucking most of us.

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK

Coach from Denver.

\*

Utter tips his hat in the direction of Martha and the boy,  
indicates Bullock --

UTTER

He's yours.

(CONTINUED)

Their attention's now drawn toward the arrival from the opposite end of the thoroughfare of the Treasure Coach from Denver bearing the currency to fund Alma's bank --

BULLOCK

Good luck, Charlie.

\*

ANGLE - ALMA GARRET

at her window in the Grand Central, notes the Coach as well --

RESUME - UTTER, BULLOCK, MARTHA AND WILLIAM

as Utter moves off, Bullock joins Martha and the boy --

MARTHA

We've brought you and Mister Star lunch.

BULLOCK

Thank you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - WHORE'S ROOM - DAY

Dority and Blazanov. Blazanov's frightened but resolute --

BLAZANOV

I cannot betray the confidence of messages.

DORITY

Don't guarantee what you'll never do Blazanov without imagining your feet to the fire.

BLAZANOV

Sir, I am a person that his parents have been murdered and no other family connection, and family

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BLAZANOV (CONT'D)

feeling, and belief in confidence of messages.

DORITY

And what the fuck's all that s'posed to mean?

BLAZANOV

I hope feet in the fire would not change me.

Dority takes this in, likes Blazanov well enough --

DORITY

'Long as you're being hopeful, hope Al don't help you find out.

A beat, then --

BLAZANOV

Many perfumes in here.

DORITY

From many whores.

Blazanov sniffs the air again. Off which --

CUT TO:

24A

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

24A

Swearengen has the documents before him he'd told Miss Isringhausen he'd draw --

SWEARENGEN

Terms as we'd agreed, ready for your signature.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

A question's arisen Mister Swearengen. I've asked for further instructions.

SWEARENGEN

A question in what regard.

(CONTINUED)

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

As to whether you're to be trusted.

A beat --

SWEARENGEN

Mrs. Garret's writ me a letter,  
saying how yesterday, losing her  
(MORE)

( CONTINUED )

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

temper with you somewhat, and judgment, she tipped she was on to you being a Pinkerton.

Swearengen holds Alma's letter out to Miss Isringhausen, who does not take it --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Being bright, I expect you concluded it was me must've told her, meaning maybe I've sold over to her, and with my allegiance now in question I expect you've wired the Pinkerton bigshots arguing you oughtn't sign documents could be used to prove you and your agency and Mrs. Garret's fucking in-laws hired me to lay at Mrs. Garret's doorstep the murder of her husband.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

And further Mister Swearengen, that as to purchase of your allegiance, now in question, they might wish to keep the bidding open.

SWEARENGEN

The bidding's open always on everyone Miss Isringhausen, but I suspect you understand that knowing as I do, should Mrs. Garret lose her claim, rather than operate it themselves her cunt in-laws will sell to third-party cocksuckers inimical to the whole of my interests in the camp, to buy my allegiance against myself the in-law cunts and the strong-arm shitheels would have to bid high indeed.

(beat)

More likely, Miss Isringhausen, I think you understand, you'd contemplate changing your allegiance before I would mine.

(CONTINUED)

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

What benefit would I consider might accrue to me?

SWEARENGEN

I've intercepted your shitheel boss' message back to you, sent by the miracle of telegraph, which speaks to that very question, and having it here before me, I read it to you verbatim --

Swearengen makes no pretense of reading anything --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

"Miss Isringhausen. As it will spare you great pain and keep you from being killed, sign the documents Mister Swearengen has drawn, take the five thousand, and disappear. Yours sincerely, your Boss Pinkerton Shitheels."

A beat, then --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

(evenly)

The five thousand alluded to in the invisible telegram --

Swearengen produces the currency, lays it beside the pen which lays beside the documents --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)

Without of course exposing him to the contents of the documents I would want the Sheriff present at my signature, and as my escort from the camp.

\*  
\*

Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

26 INT. CHEZ AMI - DAY (SHOT AS SC. #17) 26

Having bathed and changed her clothes for the first time since the murders, Stubbs emerges from the bedroom; Jane, who'd nodded off, stirs at her approach --

JANE  
I'm up.

STUBBS  
'Want the bath?

Jane finds the implications too daunting --

JANE  
I may well get to that.

She looks around the sitting room for another subject --

JANE (CONT'D)  
Ample here ain't it?

STUBBS  
Yep.

JANE  
Formerly a cooperage.

STUBBS  
My friend Eddie that bought him out said the man'd been a season ahead of himself.

JANE  
Lovely as it's fixed as a brothel, I expect you'll reopen soon enough -  
- restock and reopen.

STUBBS  
You'd think so wouldn't you?

It's ruefully good-natured; Stubbs doesn't feel her own indecision as a subject properly Jane's to consider or worry about --

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS (CONT'D)

Stay a while Jane. Be my guest.  
Favor me and stay.

Jane takes this in. Then her eyes narrow with mock-admonition and severity --

JANE

I get top fucking dollar.

Stubbs indicates a glass filled with bourbon --

STUBBS

This was yours from your last visit  
.... You want it?

JANE

No, I believe I'll let it lay.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY

Martha lays out the makings of the lunch she and William have brought; the men, otherwise occupied with installation of the safe, observe her sidelong and with the pleased, sheepish ineffectuality of those who know they will be served food better prepared and in better circumstances than they could arrange for themselves, but that the woman ostensibly serving them has some further purpose to which they will be made adjunctive and that when ready she will tell them and until then to be quiet. Meanwhile Trixie's been showing William how she does the books. He points to a number --

WILLIAM

Three added to three should make  
six.

TRIXIE

(colors)  
I'll sometimes make it nine to  
amuse myself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

(to Martha)

Vigilant to detail like his Pa.

\*

Martha's ready to reorganize reality --

MARTHA

I'd think Mrs. Garret as the bank's chief backer might wish to be present for its opening.

A beat --

ELLSWORTH

'Far as that I got her proxy.

Nor is Martha to be dissuaded --

MARTHA

But wouldn't she wish to be.

Bullock answers his wife while addressing himself to Ellsworth --

BULLOCK

Perhaps she would.

Bullock's lack of conviction is matched by Ellsworth's absence of enthusiasm --

ELLSWORTH

I can ask.

Tom Nuttall arrives. The safe drops --

\*

NUTTALL

'Morning all.

ELLSWORTH

(dour)

Morning Tom.

NUTTALL

Morning.

Ellsworth leaves --

BULLOCK

Congratulations on your ride.

NUTTALL

Thank you.

Trixie moves past Nuttall too --

TRIXIE

Congratulations.

NUTTALL

Thank you.

The generally distracted and perfunctory quality of his reception, given the magnitude of his triumph on the thoroughfare the day before, is disappointing to Nuttall --

WILLIAM

Congratulations Mister Nuttall.

NUTTALL

Thank you Young Man.

WILLIAM

How's the Boneshaker?

This is more to Nuttall's taste --

NUTTALL

Unshook. Which'd be a fib to say about me.

28 EXT. THOROUGHFARE - **INTERCUT**

28

Trixie's caught up with Ellsworth --

TRIXIE

What the fuck is going on?

ELLSWORTH

You ask the wrong fella.

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

The water comes to a boil between those two fucking women, I will fucking guarantee you that much.

ELLSWORTH

You won't be disputed by me.

TRIXIE

Nor illuminated neither.

ELLSWORTH

I can't illuminate what I don't understand.

( CONTINUED )

RESUME - THE HARDWARE STORE

NUTTALL

I've come Sheriff to ask what you've learned of the shooting yesterday in my place --

BULLOCK

Mose Manuel said his brother shot himself by accident.

NUTTALL

By accident, two hours before Mose sells their claim, that Charlie'd said they'd work theirselves, lock stock and barrel to the Hearst interests.

BULLOCK

No witnesses Tom.

Nuttall nods --

NUTTALL

Hurtful, brother against brother in a joint that bears my name. The most recent hurtful event.

\*  
\*

Bullock more or less to himself and without particular conviction, tries on Utter's formulation. Nuttall's temperament isn't suited to lingering on the subject --

\*  
\*

NUTTALL (CONT'D)

But might I ask William to assist me in calibrating the Boneshaker's handlebars?

\*

Bullock looks to his wife --

MARTHA

Go ahead William.

WILLIAM

I don't know how to calibrate  
handlebars Sir.

NUTTALL

Knowledge is overrated William.  
Diligence is what's required, in  
the service of a willing spirit.

William takes Nuttall's offered hand, which appears to make  
Nuttall's knees buckle --

NUTTALL (CONT'D)

Easy, easy Boy, I use my right to  
pour!

RESUME - THE THOROUGHFARE

Ellsworth and Trixie --

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

Don't portray yourself a fucking bystander. Have you proposed to Mrs. Garret as you fucking swore you would.

ELLSWORTH

Leaving aside what I did swear or didn't let's say I fucking have.

TRIXIE

And?

ELLSWORTH

And that's where matters stand. She ain't said yes or no.

TRIXIE

How does the lady incline, fucking Ellsworth?

ELLSWORTH

I wouldn't guess fucking Trixie.

TRIXIE

Did you present yourself enthusiastic?

ELLSWORTH

I didn't dance a jig if that's what you're asking.

TRIXIE

Or more fucking glum-like, and next to inviting refusal.

ELLSWORTH

Not glum, not enthusiastic, and not inviting refusal. Straightforward, I'd call it.

TRIXIE

Sincere.

(CONTINUED)

ELLSWORTH

Yes.

TRIXIE

Well what's her fucking problem then? You're worthy enough a fucking candidate given all her fucking givens.

( CONTINUED )

ELLSWORTH

She'd have to state her reservations.

TRIXIE

And what's the summons from this other one signify, and the laying out of fucking food?

ELLSWORTH

I do not know that either Trixie, I am only the message's mule.

She lets him go, calling after --

TRIXIE

And don't go fucking smart on me.

ELLSWORTH

Us mules are known not to be.

TRIXIE

And report back immediately.

CUT TO:

28A EXT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - DAY (SHOT AS SC. #A29) 28A \*

Jane walks up the stairs to Utter's -- \*

29 INT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - CONTINUOUS (SHOT AS SC. #25) 29 \*

Utter's packing for his trip. Jane enters --

UTTER

A new saloon in the camp Jane?

JANE

I know that's some clever opening gambit to culminate in breaking my balls.

UTTER

Just saying I checked your usual spots 'cause I wanted to say  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

UTTER (CONT'D)

goodbye before I left the camp so  
in case you go ahead and fucking  
die --

JANE

Goodbye, Charlie, goodbye -- have a  
good fucking trip and shut the fuck  
up --

Utter stares at her --

JANE (CONT'D)

'Cause it so happens when you  
return if no trees or animals  
killed you that you were fucking  
driving crazy with criticism you  
will find I have moved out of this  
shitbox so I don't have to fucking  
embarrass you or fucking have you  
hovering over me like the ugliest  
fucking nurse in the fucking  
universe.

UTTER

Into where?

JANE

Into where what?

UTTER

Into where are you fucking moving  
when you fucking move out of here?

Jane's moved to her cell, begun to roll up Hickok's robe that  
she uses for a blanket --

JANE

Into the fucking whorehouse down  
the way, which you sent me to see  
that woman at, if needing to piss  
in my ear didn't crowd out every  
other fucking thought or  
recollection in your head.

Utter takes this in --

(CONTINUED)

UTTER

How'd the two of you get along?

JANE

Did I just fucking say I'm moving  
in there?

UTTER

Which being it's a whorehouse could  
indicate some fucking business  
arrangement or some other fucking  
thing.

JANE

Yeah I'm going to be the Queen  
Hooker. You're a keen fucking  
student of the human scene Charlie.

A beat --

UTTER

Well, good. Good.

JANE

Where you going anyway?

UTTER

I've made a decision not to tell  
you.

Jane studies him --

JANE

If you made a decision not to tell  
me what did you just fucking tell  
me for.

Patently, Utter has agonized over this --

UTTER

My decision is not to tell you my  
specific destination, because I  
don't think I should. And that's  
that.

(CONTINUED)

She sees how disturbed he is and upset and decides to let him off the hook --

JANE

Well have a safe fucking journey to your unannounced destination, and a safe fucking return.

UTTER

And good luck with your new living arrangement and my best please to Miss Stubbs.

Jane heads down the stairs --

JANE

And you not only a fucking pain-in-the-balls Charlie, but also the strangest fucking person I ever met.

UTTER

You'll get no argument here.

It seems now that what is unresolved is who'll get the last word. Jane holds her piece until she's at the last step out, then --

JANE

Good.

She's gone. Off Utter, sad, and going back to his packing, checking the security of Hickok's letter to his wife --

UTTER

(to the letter)

If there's one fucking person I don't have to say one fucking word of explanation to about her it's you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

30 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY 30

Ellsworth and Alma. Alma is knitting --

ELLSWORTH

Mrs. Bullock then said, as it's yours, you might want to see the safe installed.

ALMA

Did she.

ELLSWORTH

Yes Ma'am. Having brought the mid-day meal, as the safe arrived with the money inside.

ALMA

And what did Mister Bullock say to Mrs. Bullock.

ELLSWORTH

He said maybe that's a good idea.

ALMA

With enthusiasm equaling yours as you describe the moment?

ELLSWORTH

I'd say on Mister Bullock's part, about equal enthusiasm Mrs. Garret, yes.

ALMA

Despite which Mrs. Bullock persisted.

ELLSWORTH

Yes.

ALMA

Well perhaps I oughtn't disappoint her.

Ellsworth steels himself --

(CONTINUED)

ELLSWORTH

Earlier, when I asked what else we might have to discuss, I referred to my proposal.

Alma considers him --

ALMA

I took that as your meaning at the time.

ELLSWORTH

Chose not to respond.

ALMA

Not to, yes, as I hadn't yet made up my mind.

ELLSWORTH

Have you now?

ALMA

Nor have I now.

A beat --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Would you have me decide now, before I act on Mrs. Bullock's invitation? Do you put me to those terms?

ELLSWORTH

I guess there's no burning rush.

ALMA

Shall we go for a walk, Sofia.

Off which --

CUT TO:

34 INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY 34

Bullock, Martha and Star. Partly owing to the exemption this grants from speech, they eat with appetite -- \*

MARTHA \*

(to Trixie) \*

Are you certain you won't join us? \*

TRIXIE \*

Oh, no, I usually avoid the midday meal. \*

\*

(CONTINUED)

All want to participate constructively and in good faith, but lack experience and vocabulary to proceed. After a beat --

MARTHA

\*

It occurred to me, Mrs. Garret having reason to be present in any case, we could discuss in more formed a fashion our plans for the children's schooling.

Martha's tone in no way denies the complexity of her feelings about Alma, or Bullock, or the relation between them; nor does Bullock in his grateful relief fail to understand this --

BULLOCK

Yes.

MARTHA

More constructively than is some previous conversation.

\*

\*

Bullock watches with private admiration, and felt futility, as Martha considers trying to marshal a better or fuller explanation of her original thought, or a better grounding of her reference, sees her then give up; offers awkwardly himself --

BULLOCK

I'm delighted.

STAR

(re the meat)

Wonderful.

Trixie's gaze surveys the other three. Burns enters --

BURNS

Mister Swearngen asks to see you Sheriff.

BULLOCK

Not just now.

Off which --

CUT TO:

37 EXT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY 37

Nuttall and William approach the bicycle leaning against a hitching post. Nuttall lovingly stands it upright --

NUTTALL

A man tying the right rope to the frame here, and the other end to a thunderhead, could use this machine to tow clouds.

( CONTINUED )

WILLIAM

I wish I was taller.

NUTTALL

When your legs lengthen I calculate  
you'll be among the world's great  
cloud-haulers.

WILLIAM

I meant just to ride as you did  
yesterday Mister Nuttall -- you  
should have seen your face.

Nuttall relives the experience as he describes it --

NUTTALL

Bella Union Gap was my crucible  
William -- the fabled mud slick:  
I shifted shoulders forward, not  
too much, and at a sludge-trench  
ho!, swung my buttocks left, by  
God, turned the bars just so, thump  
the buried plank, bom!, and did I  
not come through a treat --

Nuttall, seeing William's features transfigured by his  
description, feels transfigured himself --

NUTTALL (CONT'D)

William! Do we dare ride double?

WILLIAM

I do if you do!

(CONTINUED)

NUTTALL

I do! Dauntless then! -- courage  
high to the sticking place and  
honor bright as I mount and circle  
and consider how to sweep you up!

WILLIAM

Awaiting you here Sir!

-- to the delight of a few observant idlers, among them the  
shitbird Steve, drunk, and recollective of his own glorious  
youth --

STEVE

Great. Beautiful.

Steve's near tears. Nuttall rides his bike --

\*

CUT TO:

38 INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY

38

Alma and Ellsworth enter past Burns standing irrelevantly in  
the corner beside the front door --

ALMA

Good afternoon.

In the torrent of answering "Good afternoons", Martha's,  
offered with a gaze of level sincerity, is the culmination --

MARTHA

Good afternoon Mrs. Garret.

ALMA

Good afternoon Mrs. Bullock.

Martha indicates the safe --

MARTHA

Very good wishes on a venture  
offering opportunity to so many in  
the camp.

(CONTINUED)

ALMA

Thank you.

MARTHA

Hope.

ALMA

For taking up the education of the  
camp's children, my Sofia among  
them, thank you.

What comes to her next surprises Alma --

ALMA (CONT'D)

As I feel I expressed inadequately  
when last we spoke.

Their eyes hold. Burns takes a chance --

BURNS

It's to witness some wrist-business  
Sheriff -- Al said brief but of  
crucial importance.

Magical thinking in Bullock expresses itself in this fashion:  
he will only leave if he can believe relations between Martha  
and Alma, and Martha and himself, have turned some sort of  
corner --

BULLOCK

How long will we be?

BURNS

Brief, very. And you'd save me a  
beating.

A beat, then --

BULLOCK

Excuse me.

Burns nods politely to the women, including Trixie, then he  
and Bullock exit. After a beat --

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

(to Alma)

Bite of meat?

ALMA

No thank you.

(to Martha)

That would appear to be the safe.

\*  
\*

Off which --

CUT TO:

40

INT. BELLA UNION - DAY

40

Wolcott and Tolliver watch Mose gamble while he is fellated below the table. Disappointment at his card losing to Leon's prompts Mose to shout at the prostitute --

MOSE

Get your head on it! -- don't be spitting in your fucking hand!

TESS

(under the table)

My head is on it.

\*

Without doubting his whore, Tolliver, humoring Manuel, takes a chastising tone --

TOLLIVER

Get your head on it, Tess!

\*

TESS

It's on it Mister Tolliver.

\*

TOLLIVER

Does sound like a girl with a mouthful Mister Manuel.

WOLCOTT

(low)

Jesus Christ.

(CONTINUED)

MOSE

Her tongue in her cheek can achieve  
the same fucking effect.

WOLCOTT

(to Tolliver, impatient)

Enough of this. Bullock and that  
newspaper article demand attention.

Tolliver's happy watching Manuel's money roll in --

TOLLIVER

As does the carnage before us.

WOLCOTT

I require conversation with the  
Sheriff.

TOLLIVER

Confess a crime.

Mose slams his hand on the table beside his single card,  
points at Leon who deals for the house --

MOSE

You're fucking cheating me!  
(to the whore)  
Get the fuck out from under there.

As the whore scrambles out --

LEON

I ain't cheating you Sir.

Tolliver steps forward --

TOLLIVER

Will you have another dealer Mister  
Manuel?

MOSE

Another fucking cheat?

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

(placating)

Hot and cold's the way the cards  
run Sir, time immemorial --

Mose pulls his gun --

MOSE

I want it back! Give it back to  
me!

Cappers in three different positions train rifles on him,  
awaiting Tolliver's instruction --

TOLLIVER

Give his last wager back Leon, and  
we'll call that one no bet.

LEON

Yes Sir Mister Tolliver.

MOSE

All of it! Everything!

TOLLIVER

I can't do that Mister Manuel, as I  
believe you know, and those rifles  
are aimed at your head.

MOSE

Everything!

Wolcott steps forward --

WOLCOTT

Including youth, Mister Manuel?  
And why not beauty? -- not credibly  
restored perhaps, but as a new, non-  
negotiable term? And will you not  
have too your brother Charlie  
resurrected? Will you stipulate  
your envy of him be purged? Surely  
you'll insist Charlie retain  
certain defects -- his ineffable  
self-deceptions for example --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

which were your joy in life to rebuke, and purpose so far as you had one. I suppose you would see removed those qualities which caused you to love him, and the obliviousness to danger which allowed you to shed his blood.

Mose raises his gun and is shot from all angles --

TOLLIVER

(disgusted, to Jack the Bartender)

Get the fucking Doc.

(to Wolcott)

I could've cooled that out.

WOLCOTT

On my order Mister Tolliver Lee will burn this building, mutilating you before, during, or after, as I specify, or when he chooses unless I forbid.

TOLLIVER

(unafraid)

My full attention's at your disposal.

Wolcott calls after Jack --

WOLCOTT

Tell Sheriff Bullock what's transpired here, before you get the Doc.

Tolliver answers Jack's look of inquiry with a nod. Off Mose, on his back, breath coming short, bleeding from three separate wounds --

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

41 OMITTED 41

45 EXT. HOSTETLER'S LIVERY STABLE - CORRAL - DAY 45

Fields, the self-proclaimed Nigger General, assisted by Hostetler, unties the last of a multitude of ropes securing the Chestnut Horse to a pair of escort mules. A gunny sack covers the Chestnut Horse's head but for the flaring, twitching nostrils --

FIELDS

If you can nut this horse simultaneous with insulting me we can catch the cavalry before they head south and sell him for a hundred dollars.

Hostetler touches a couple spots on the animal's chest --

HOSTETLER

Arrow scar here, and been lance slashed.

FIELDS

Formerly Indian property like everything else in the camp.

HOSTETLER

Where'd you catch him?

FIELDS

Pity the brute beast pits his cunning against the Nigger General's. I sprung a rope-fence behind him in a box canyon. He'd escaped the Sioux, had freedom made, but his path crossed an in-season mare's.

HOSTETLER

I can nut him, but with the moon wrong he'll take it bad.

(CONTINUED)

FIELDS

Yeah well I ain't losing my chance  
at a hundred waiting on the fucking  
moon.

He holds out ten dollars to Hostetler, who hesitates a beat,  
then takes it, muttering as he moves off --

HOSTETLER

Wash him down so he don't infect.

FIELDS

(to the horse, good-  
natured)  
Nothing against your nuts -- it's  
just the cavalry wouldn't buy you  
with 'em on.

He sees Hostetler coming back with a pail of soapy water and  
a sponge --

FIELDS (CONT'D)

(still to the horse)  
And when you take it out on  
someone, remember white folks cut  
on you, sounding like niggers to  
throw you off.

[REST OF SCENE MOVED TO SC. 48]

Off which --

CUT TO:

Bullock, entering the Gem with Burns, sees Tom Nuttall  
preparing his bicycle with William and standing nearby, the  
trouble-maker Steve, who works to better his image by taking  
on the innocuous role of camp patriot at a public event.  
Bullock returns his boy's wave before disappearing inside the  
Gem --

CUT TO:

47 INT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - DAY 47

POV - FROM INSIDE THE SAFE

behind the currency stacked in the shot's foreground, Star and Ellsworth flank Alma's close, uncertain inspection of the capital she has provided to enable the bank's activity --

ALMA

This all seems very much in order.

As the safe's door closes --

INTERCUT WITH:

48 INT. LIVERY - DAY - **INTERCUT** (FORMERLY PART OF SC. 45) 48

(CONTINUED)

Hostetler having led the horse off a few paces and handed the halter rope back to Fields, pulls a nutting knife from the pocket of his overalls, causing him to skitter sideways a little --

\*

FIELDS

(to Horse)

Easy Boss. Regular feed in the cavalry, and space in your mind for new thoughts.

HOSTETLER

Hold that head rope.

\*

\*

RESUME - THE HARDWARE STORE

Alma's glad to turn away from the safe and whatever she was supposed to be doing there --

ALMA

I appreciate your tolerating, Mister Star --

She looks to Martha, at table with Sofia and Trixie --

ALMA (CONT'D)

-- and Mister Bullock's tolerating the encumbrance of your hardware business an added banking operation will entail.

STAR

Temporary situation that'll bring in traffic.

ALMA

We must settle on a site. The presence of a safe now demands it.

Under which Jack the Bartender's entered --

STAR

Sir. Hardware or finance?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I'm to fetch Sheriff Bullock.

STAR

Law then. He'll be back momentarily.

Uncertain whether he should go on to fetch the Doc or wait for Bullock, Jack takes up position by the door. Martha, having cut Sofia's meat into four pieces and reassembled them as a whole has now cut them again, whispers a query --

MARTHA

How many now?

SOFIA

(whispers back)

Eight.

Martha separates the pieces into two equal portions --

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(still whispering)

And now two portions of four.

Alma's been watching, calls approvingly at normal volume --

ALMA

Very good Sofia.

Sofia's intuitively, unmaliciously impish --

SOFIA

May I have candy?

Alma invokes mystification, with no effort at credibility --

ALMA

You ask a reward, Sofia, for doing your numbers? Where would you get such an idea?

\*  
\*

Trixie's approached, hands Star a nugget of gold --

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

First depositor --  
(low)  
-- from a Jewish admirer.

Star reddens, as if the use Trixie's making of the nugget labels their transaction commercial --

STAR

(low)  
That was a gift.

TRIXIE

(low)  
Can't I bank my presents?

Star places the nugget on a scale, produces a slip of deposit and starts to fill it out --

STAR

Trixie ...

He looks up waiting for her to say her last name --

TRIXIE

The Whore.

She covers her mouth in tardy recollection a child is present --

RESUME - THE LIVERY

taking the knife in his left hand, Hostetler reaches behind the Chestnut Horse, feeling for the animal's scrotum --

FIELDS

Don't you want to serve your  
country, much as it done for you.  
Bet you don't even vote.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HOSTETLER

Hold him, hold that leg rope.

\*

(CONTINUED)

FIELDS

Is he cut?

-- and the Chestnut Horse rears, tearing the rope from Fields' hands. The Chestnut Horse gallops around the corral, scrapes or shakes the sack from off his head, evades Fields and Hostetler, and jumping and crashing through a section of the corral, is gone --

RESUME - THE HARDWARE STORE

Alma acts to draw attention away from Trixie's misstep --

ALMA

May I sign this first receipt?

STAR

Please do.

She signs with a flourish, hands the slip to Trixie --

TRIXIE

Huzzah.

Alma's gaze meets Martha's; in their exchange a tentative and provisional optimism --

CUT TO:

49 EXT. THOROUGHFARE - ALLEY BY NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY

49

Steve, holding the boy, has failed to position William on the back of Nuttall's bike as Nuttall pedals past on the boardwalk; the running along-side has brought Steve and William into the mouth of the alley just to one side of the thoroughfare. Steve regards the fortuity of being near to participate in assisting William as opportunity to redeem himself with William's father offered by a deity whose affections for Steve are intermittent and vacillating --

WILLIAM

We missed.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

(to William)

Trial run -- no harm done at all.

(calls out to Nuttall)

Swing around Tom.

NUTTALL

On my way.

Steve reaches into his pocket, secretively places a dollar in William's palm --

STEVE

(low)

That's between us, tell no one I've give you that.

WILLIAM

I'd best not but thank you.

STEVE

Keep it secret, and you won't get into trouble, and if you told I helped you on the bike that's between you and your Father, or I strike you a kind person.

Clause upon solipsist clause increasingly obscures for Steve the realities of the present moment. So that he fails to see on the main thoroughfare the panicked passage of the horse which has broken loose from Hostetler's Livery, or the efforts of strangers to block its way, which, succeeding, cause the horse to veer into the alley, and to trample Steve and the Boy. A frantic Nuttall leaps from his bike, which falls to the boardwalk, runs back toward the alley --

CUT TO:

INT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - DAY

ON JACK THE BARTENDER

(CONTINUED)

exiting the Hardware store, his eyes widening at what he sees  
taking place in the thoroughfare --

\*

CUT TO:

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

51

Bullock, standing by Swearengen's desk as Miss Isringhausen  
sign the documents before her, moves to the window hearing  
the start of commotion in the thoroughfare. Off Swearengen  
as Bullock runs towards Swearengen's office door and exits --

CUT TO:

52 EXT. THOROUGHFARE - ALLEY BY NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY

52

As Nuttall reaches Steve, who is stunned but unhurt, beside  
whom William lies silent --

STEVE

My God I think my back's broke.

FADE OUT.