Director: Walter Hill

"Deadwood"

Written by

David Milch

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Aug. 19, 2002
Oct. 16, 2002 Blue
Oct. 21, 2002 Pink
Nov. 07, 2003 Yellow
"DEADWOOD"

FADE IN:

1  EXT. TOWN - MONTANA - NIGHT

The Town Square.  Seemingly deserted.  A SCAFFOLD centrally positioned.  SUPER:

      MONTANA TERRITORY
      JUNE, 1876

2  INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Seth Bullock, the settlement Marshal, arm in a sling, addressed by Clell Watson, a condemned man, from inside his cell --

      WATSON
      I was going to Deadwood same as you Marshal.

      BULLOCK
      (absently)
      Is that so.

      WATSON
      I had my plans just about set.  I only wish to Christ I had these past three days back.

      BULLOCK
      I can imagine.

      WATSON
      No law in Deadwood, is that true?

      BULLOCK
      (nods)
      Being on Indian land.

      WATSON
      So you won't be a Marshal.

      BULLOCK
      Taking goods there to open a hardware business, me and my partner.

      WATSON
      Jesus Christ Almighty.  No law at all, gold to scoop from the streams with your bare hands, and I got to
      (MORE)

      (CONTINUED)
WATSON (CONT'D)
fuck myself up stealing Byron
Sampson's horse.

BULLOCK
It's poor damn timing at the least.

WATSON
(wipes his mouth)
I'm sorry as hell about your
shoulder.

BULLOCK
Flesh-wound, don't look like it
wants to infect.

WATSON
Never mind flesh-wounds Sir, when
you're about to meet your Maker
you don't feature telling Him you
shot a Marshal in the shoulder for
only doing his legally ordained
job.

BULLOCK
He may've heard worse stories.

Watson feels like he's making progress with Bullock --

WATSON
God? -- if He ain't I'll tell Him
six or seven just on people of my
own personal acquaintance.
(moistens his lips)
I'd like to suggest an idea to you
Sir that I pray God you entertain
on its own fucking merits.

Bullock considers him --

BULLOCK
Does it involve letting you go?

WATSON
I know two scores Mr. Bullock we
could make in transit without going
twenty feet off our path, people
with cash on hand, and if once we
hit Deadwood you didn't want to
have to do with me we'd never speak
again, we'd meet as strangers the
rest of our fucking lives. Now
what do you think of that Sir?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BULLOCK
It don't appeal to me.

Star's come in --

WATSON
Get the fuck out of here a moment
Sir, would you? --

STAR
(low, to Bullock, re Watson)
Byron Sampson's coming for him.

WATSON
(to Star)
Sir would you get the fuck out?

BULLOCK
(to Star)
With how many backing his play?

STAR
A dozen, shit-faced. Sampson just caved in Tommy Raymond's head over at the No Name for arguing against it.

WATSON
(a new uneasiness)
What're you two conversating about?

A gunshot outside, then another --

WATSON (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

BYRON SAMPSON (O.S.)
Come out and talk to us Bullock.

As Bullock and Star look out the window --

WATSON
Who is that? That sounds like Byron Sampson.

Bullock looks back at Watson, loosing his arm from the makeshift sling which has protected his shoulder-wound --

BULLOCK
Yeah.

WATSON
What would he want?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Bullock looks to Star, then, as his eyes meet Watson's, Watson reads his fate --

WATSON (CONT'D)
Now you tell me what kind of luck I got.

Off which --

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. THE SQUARE - NIGHT

The CAMERA considers the feet of the men in the vigilante group as they await the confrontation's resolution, gradually settling on the pair owned by Byron Sampson, then panning up to his fascist mug --

SAMPSON
(calls out)
All you're doing stalling Bullock is pissin' me off, 'cause I guarantee you ain't making it through in there till sunup. Now you better come out from hiding behind that badge and that brick building and let Clell Watson get what he fucking deserves.

Star's pulled up on the wagon loaded with goods that he and Bullock will drive to Deadwood --

SAMPSON (CONT'D)
Oh and what do we got here? -- a Jew behind a wagon.

STAR
(loud, for Bullock's hearing)
Yeah and it's right here in the alley!

Star trains his rifle on Sampson as the jailhouse door comes open. Bullock shows first, his scatter-gun trained on Sampson's group as he produces Watson, hands bound, the hanging noose around his neck --

BULLOCK
(to Sampson)
I'm executing sentence now, and he's hanging under color of law!

(CONTINUED)
SAMPSON
If you and your partner plan to make Deadwood Marshal, do not try for this scaffold --

As Bullock, rather than making for the scaffold, tosses the rope over an overhanging beam of the jailhouse porch --

BULLOCK
That's a deal, you loudmouth cocksucker.

WATSON
This ain't right. My sister was coming in the morning.

BULLOCK
What would you have your sister told?

WATSON
It's not enough drop -- I'll strangle twenty minutes.

Bullock kicks a foot-stool into position --

BULLOCK
I'll help with the drop. Get up on that and tell me what you'd have your sister told.

SAMPSON
Do not dally that rope off at that porch!

Sampson discharges his rifle in the air. Bullock trains his shotgun on him --

BULLOCK
Any more gunplay gets answered! You called the law in Sampson -- you don't get to call it off 'cause you're liquored-up and popular on pay-day.

SAMPSON
And you don't get to tell me what I do and don't get to do 'cause you're leaving Montana anyways.

(CONTINUED)
BULLOCK
(to Watson)
Get up on that and say what you'd have your sister told.

SAMPSON
(to Watson)
Don't get up on that stool Cocksucker!

WATSON
Or what, you'll kill me?

The cornered Watson, goaded by resentment at Sampson and all the other bosses who never gave him a fair fucking shake, strikes an attitude of responsibility in response to Bullock's insistent offer --

WATSON (CONT'D)
(to Bullock)
Tell my sister, if he turns back up, raise my boy good.

-- discovers, as Bullock, eyes never leaving Sampson, on whom he keeps the scatter-gun trained, nods encouragement, a feeling not as hollow or far from conviction as he'd expected --

BULLOCK
What else.

-- experiments further --

WATSON
Tell her give him my boots.

BULLOCK
What else.

WATSON
(a new thought, coming more easily)
And to say his Daddy loved him.

BULLOCK
Anything else?

WATSON
(more easily)
And he asked God's forgiveness.

BULLOCK
Anything else?

(CONTINUED)
WATSON
Help me with my fucking fall.

Bullock swiftly wraps the rope around the post, comes down off the porch --

BULLOCK
Come ahead.

SAMPSON
(to Watson)
Do not jump off that stool.

WATSON
(to Sampson)
Fuck you!

Watson jumps. Bullock grabs the strangling man around the waist, yanking him down to break his neck. Star shoots in the air as Watson's body, after several final spasms, hangs as dead weight --

STAR
Stay back!

Bullock takes out a pencil from inside his coat, writes quickly on the back of the Death Warrant issued by the Judge --

STAR (CONT'D)
Move the fuck back while my partner takes his sweet-ass time writing whatever the hell he's writing!

SAMPSON
You've got a long fucking ride to Deadwood Bullock.

'Bcome after us, I hope you paid your boys danger-money past their wages Sampson, 'cause some of 'em are sure-God going to die.

He's finished writing --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
Who'll give his last words to the sister?

SAMPSON
(to his mob)
None of you better step the fuck up there.

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (4)

One vigilante answers Bullock's appeal to decency --

VIGILANTE
I'll do it.

Bullock hands the vigilante the warrant and his badge, nods to Star --

BULLOCK
Let's go.

Star reins the horses, bringing the wagon forward. Bullock, taking position on foot behind the wagon, backs away from Sampson and the others, the scatter-gun lowered but at the ready; as the wagon passes him and he climbs up onto its back, maintaining his vigilance --

FADE OUT:

SUPER:

DEADWOOD SETTLEMENT
BLACK HILLS INDIAN CESSION
JUNE 1876

EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO DEADWOOD GULCH - DAY

A wagon drawn by a team of eight oxen. The CAMERA ELEVATES to place the team and wagon at the head of a long line stalled on the narrow dirt path cut into the side of the piney mountain. This lead wagon has a broken axle -- backing up everything behind ... We hear the voice of CALAMITY JANE --

CALAMITY JANE (O.S.)
What a god-damned circus!

She is standing beside this wagon. She walks forward and looks far ahead and several thousand feet below, visible, around the path's bend, from her vantage --

JANE'S POV -

This second line, dozens of wagons long, winds back from the entrance to the Deadwood settlement --

RESUME JANE

She's twenty-three, graceless, dressed as a man, carries a bullwhip. Making her way back toward her own wagon, she reaches a man dressed in buckskin, whose name is CHARLIE UTTER --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CALAMITY JANE
Same damn wagon that broke down yesterday.

UTTER
Shit.

He falls in beside her --

CALAMITY JANE
And there's another damn line backed up half-a-mile from the camp.

UTTER
Shit.

CALAMITY JANE
It's not my fault, is it?

UTTER
Who said it was?

CALAMITY JANE
Don't blame me.

UTTER
I can say "shit," can't I?

Utter's climbed up to the driver's perch. He and Jane consider each other a stalemated beat, then Jane addresses some unseen second occupant in the covered back of the wagon --

CALAMITY JANE
Same damn wagon that broke down yesterday Bill.

INT. CHARLIE UTTER'S WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Lying on his back like a corpse in state, Wild Bill Hickok tries to outlast a migraine and hangover --

HICKOK
That's the holdup, eh?

CALAMITY JANE (O.S.)
Same wagon and no damn room to maneuver.

HICKOK
Sounds like it's tighter out there than a bull's ass in fly season Jane.

(CONTINUED)
The back step of the wagon takes Jane's weight, quashing Hickok's hopes he'll be left alone. His eyes stay closed. Jane looks in on Hickok, her idol and unrequited love. An incongruous shyness adds itself to her manner --

      CALAMITY JANE
    How's your headache?

      HICKOK
    Not bad.

      CALAMITY JANE
    Want me to canvass for whiskey?

      HICKOK
    That's all right Jane.

      CALAMITY JANE
    Believe me, we're stuck here a fucking while.

      HICKOK
    I know your canvassing techniques.
    I don't want any casualties on my conscience.

Jane blushes at this friendly banter, stealing a last look at Hickok before she disappears. Off the man-killer, eyes still closed --

RESUME - JANE - OUTSIDE THE WAGON

climbing down; frustrated at her desire to be of service, she addresses the assembled wagons as a single obstructive entity --

      CALAMITY JANE
    It's only Wild Bill Hickok you got stalled here in the muck, you ignorant fucking cunts.

Off which --

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - DAY

The camp's main thoroughfare, clogged by arriving freight teams and the commercial activities of those already settled in the camp, including saloon operators whose whores, building up good will, give whiskey away outside their tents.
CONTINUED:

Bullock's wagon has come to a stop at an unoccupied lot with twenty feet of frontage on the thoroughfare. Star, who's hiked ahead to arrange for the unloading of their goods, standing in the lot beside a man we'll come to know as DAN DORITY, comes forward, addresses Bullock --

STAR
(indicates Dority)
This rents at twenty a day Seth.

Bullock looks to the impassive Dority --

BULLOCK
Twenty dollars a day.

DORITY
Tents only. No construction.

STAR
Corner location.

Bullock looks to Star. Star counts the money out into Dority's band --

DORITY
(to Bullock)
In advance every morning to Mr. Swearengen at the Gem.

BULLOCK
Where's the Gem?

DORITY
You'll find it. Everybody does.

Dority leaves. Bullock and Star keep unloading. Whores stand on the balcony of the Gem looking out at the crowded streets. Dority walks into the Gem --

INT. GEM THEATER - DAY

Only two men present; the saloon's proprietor, AL SWEARENGEN, is weighing a bearded middle-aged miner named ELLSWORTH's gold poke on a scale behind the bar --

SWEARENGEN
Eight and one half ounces.

ELLSWORTH
That's not a bad clean-up, is it Swearengen?
SWEARENGEN
Hell no it's not.

The camera's CLOSER SCRUTINY reveals Swearengen's thumb adjusting the scale's balance in his favor --

ELLSWORTH
What's that amount to in dollars?
I know but I want to hear you say it.

Swearengen's removed the weights from the scale, shows the miner a series of computations chalked on a board --

SWEARENGEN
Eight ounces of gold times twenty dollars an ounce is a hundred sixty, plus ten dollars for a half-ounce makes a hundred seventy total.

ELLSWORTH
Inform your dealers and whores of my credit and pour me a goddamn drink.

As he pours the whiskey Swearengen looks to the returning Dority, indicates the miner with a show of respect --

SWEARENGEN
Hundred seventy credit Dan, for Ellsworth.

The bouncer falls in with his boss's tone --

DORITY
Yes sir, one seventy for Ellsworth, I'll let everyone know.

Dority hands over the twenty dollars --

DORITY (CONT'D)
Lot Four, some hardware guys.

ELLSWORTH
(re his drink)
First one today with this hand.

He downs his shot, lets the liquor burn --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)
Pour me another My Good Man.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

SWEARENGEN
An honor and pleasure My Good Man.

As Swearengen pours the drink --

ELLSWORTH
Now are these rumors true you're descended from the British nobility?

SWEARENGEN
I'm descended from all them cocksuckers.

The miner downs his second shot --

ELLSWORTH
Eight and one-half ounces.

He coughs, situating the ropes of mucous in his lungs more to his satisfaction --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)
I tell you what -- I may have fucked my life up flatter'n hammered shit, but I stand before you today beholden to no human cocksucker and working a paying fucking gold claim -- and not the U.S. Government saying I'm trespassing or the savage fucking Red Man himself or any of these other limber-dick cocksuckers passing themselves off as prospectors had better try to stop me.

SWEARENGEN
They better not try it in here.

ELLSWORTH
Goddamnit Swearengen, I don't trust you as far as I could throw you but I enjoy the way you lie.

SWEARENGEN
Thank you My Good Man.

ELLSWORTH
You're welcome, you conniving heavy-thumbed son-of-a-bitch.

(MORE)

We hear a gunshot from the rooms behind the bar. The Miner crouches, puts his hat on as if it were a helmet --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

Watch out.

Swearengen looks to Dority --

SWEARENGEN

That loopy broad.

Like Dority, Swearengen's already hurrying in the direction of the gunshot --

10A

EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - DAY

A drunken miner shoots in the air three times. Someone clubs him. CAMERA FINDS Star and Bullock, who have begun to unload their goods in proximity to Swearengen's saloon, and have heard the gunshot too --

STAR

It's a good day, isn't it Seth? -- not having to deal with every no-account who can pull a trigger?

During which Bullock has seemed to process some internal conflict --

BULLOCK

Sol, think we're over-represented in the slop-pot department here?

Bullock's tacit acceptance of their mercantile identity brings Star relief --

STAR

An asset to every domicile. No such thing as having too many slop-pots to sell.

CUT TO:

10B

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE GULCH - DAY

From the back of the wagon Hickok, moving tentatively, climbs forward to sit beside Utter --

HICKOK

I got an urge to see that camp Charlie.

Utter takes in Hickok's discomfiture, calls to Calamity Jane, who's been walking ahead --

(CONTINUED)
UTTER
Can we leave you with the stock
Jane? --
  (indicates saddle
horses)
Bill and me are gonna ride ahead
into the camp.

Jane climbs up on the wagon --

CALAMITY JANE
I expect I'll be there before
sundown.

Utter hands her the reins as he and Hickok descend --

UTTER
We'll know where to find you.

CALAMITY JANE
What in hell do you mean by that?

UTTER
Nothing.

CALAMITY JANE
That I enjoy a fucking drink?

UTTER
Oh for Christ's sake.

CALAMITY JANE
I wasn't aware that's outlawed.

HICKOK
Thanks for looking to the stock,
Jane.

She's instantly placated --

CALAMITY JANE
Excuse my ill-humor. Certain people
wear on my fucking nerves.

Hickok and Utter are mounting --

HICKOK
(deadpan)
She likes me better than she likes
you.

UTTER
I wish to hell I knew what I ever
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Hickok and Utter ride past Jane. Hickok tips his hat. Jane watches them go as they ride away. Hickok and Utter ride past a wagon, occupied by a family and drawn by horses. It's making its way in the opposite direction. The man and woman and their three children are blond. The youngest of the children, a five-year-old girl, stares at Jane, who addresses the driver --

**CALAMITY JANE**
You know a back way into the camp?

The woman says something to her husband in Swedish --

**WOMAN**
We don't go to the camp.

The woman's speech is heavily accented. She's used to having to repeat herself to be understood --

**WOMAN (CONT'D)**
We go home. Back to Minnesota.

**CALAMITY JANE**
You've probably got the right idea.

**INT. THE GEM - TRIXIE'S ROOM - DAY**

At the entrance to the room a whore named TRIXIE, whose face looks like raw meat --

**TRIXIE**
I said not to beat on me. I told him.

This is more or less addressed to Dority, who holds her Derringer --

**DORITY**
You got any other guns?

**TRIXIE**
No, I don't got any more.

A mortally wounded TRICK is sitting against the wall, shot through the temple. Swearengen's going through the Trick's pockets --

**TRICK**
Barnett Robinson, Ticonderoga New York. Do you find it?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN
Yeah here it is.

Swearengen's extracted an envelope --

TRICK
That's who to notify if this thing goes wrong.

SWEARENGEN
Barnett Robinson. I've got it right here.

Swearengen rises as in come Johnny Burns and Doc Cochran. Cochran greets the prostitute as he moves past --

COCHRAN
How are you Trixie?

TRIXIE
I told him don't beat on me Doc.

SWEARENGEN
(to Trixie)
No one asked for your version.

TRIXIE
He said I robbed him then he started in beating on me.
(to the Trick)
And I didn't rob you!

TRICK
I don't remember now.

TRIXIE
I didn't, goddamnit!

Cochran's crouching before the Trick, appraising his wounds. The Trick tries to raise his left hand to his left temple --

TRICK
She shot me right through the head.

COCHRAN
Don't put your fingers in it.

TRICK
Is it bad Doc?

COCHRAN
Quiet till I look.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

Cochran watches the Trick die --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
It was adequate to the purpose.

SWEARENGEN
(to Dority)
Get the Chinaman.

Cochran reacts to this --

COCHRAN
(to Swearengen, re
the dead man)
I'd sure like to know how he lasted
twenty minutes shot straight through
the brain.

SWEARENGEN
Prospect in him till Dan finds the
Chinaman.

COCHRAN
Do you mind if I take him to my
place?

SWEARENGEN
Sure --
(to Johnny Burns)
-- help Doc move this guy --
(to Dority)
-- bring the Chinaman to the Doc's.

DORITY
Sure I will.

Dority exits --

BURNS
(to Cochran)
I'll bring the sled right in Doc.

COCHRAN
Good.

Cochran's crouched again in front of the stiff, can't
keep himself from probing the wound in his head --

SWEARENGEN
You drink free today Doc. And I'd
hope any talk of this would keep
the gun out of the whore's hand.

(CONTINUED)
COCHRAN
That wouldn't come from me.

SWEARENGEN
The bastard did himself in.

Swearengen approaches Trixie --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
C'mere.

TRIXIE
I said to stop.

SWEARENGEN
Tell me in my office.

Swearengen's grabbed her arm, exits with her past

Burns --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Johnny, get the gimp to clean this
place up.

Burns, returned with the stretcher, winces as he sees
Cochran's probe -- introduced into the entrance wound
at the Trick's left temple -- emerge from the exit
wound on the other side of the dead man's skull --

BURNS
(plaintive objection)
Doc.

COCHRAN
Either something was peculiar in
this man's cerebral set-up, or
they can write off the forebrain
as the seat of thought and speech.

BURNS
Let's just get him on the sled --

As Cochran and Burns proceed with this task --

COCHRAN
It won't matter to Mr. Wu's pigs.

Off which --

CUT TO:
EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Bullock and Star unload their wagon among the long-horned oxen clogging the thoroughfare. A LOUDMOUTH leading a horse and wagon observes them --

LOUDMOUTH

Jesus Christ Almighty. Two hundred miles through Indian country to have to put up with this crap.

STAR

We're pretty near done. We had a long wait same as you.

LOUDMOUTH

I'm just wondering if that's the first wagon you ever unloaded. Hold my fucking horse, I'll show you how to do it.

Hickok and Utter ride into town. Bullock fixes his gaze on the Loudmouth --

BULLOCK

We know what we're doing. Put your hat back on and stick with your wagon.

LOUDMOUTH

And what if I don't?

BULLOCK

Stand there mouthing off and you'll find out.

Star approaches the Loudmouth with a chamber pot --

STAR

Have a commode for your inconvenience.

Bullock turns away, disowning Star's gesture at conciliation --

LOUDMOUTH

(to Star)

You think I'm paying you for that?

STAR

Free from Star and Bullock Hardware, open in Deadwood 'soon as we locate.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Star hasn't given the Loudmouth a handle to keep hold of the dispute --

LOUDMOUTH
Hurry up and get finished!

The Loudmouth moves away carrying the commode. Hickok's watched with interest. For a beat his eyes and Bullock's meet, exchanging some shared recognition. As Hickok and Utter continue toward the hotel --

STAR
My father's last words, just before he passed away there in Vienna -- "Sol, those who can't abide a goddamn fool get slowed down some at retail."

BULLOCK
I've got to put a book together of your old man's deathbed sayings.

STAR
That was Wild Bill Hickok just riding past us Seth. I've seen him in photographs.

BULLOCK
Pin a rose on Wild Bill.

Bullock and Star note, in b.g., Burns and Doc Cochran transporting the body of the Trick, covered by a now-bloodstained sheet, toward Cochran's office --

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

E.B. FARNUM, room clerk and sole proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel, behind the front desk. Farnum's hands are always clammy, but the legendary Hickok standing across from him has sweat beading on his forehead and words spilling from his mouth --

FARNUM
We'd heard rumors you might be coming, but you can't believe every rumor. We heard you might be coming from Cheyenne.

HICKOK
Here I am.

(CONTINUED)
FARNUM
If every rumor was true, we'd all have been scalped now by the Sioux, or the government would've tossed us out as treaty violators.

Hickok just stares at him. The nervous Farnum seeks a transition, offers his hand to Utter --

FARNUM (CONT'D)
E.B. Farnum. How do you do?

Utter shakes hands --

UTTER
Charlie Utter. You've got some mighty clammy hands there Pardner.

FARNUM
Damp palms run in my family.

As Farnum wipes his hand on his vest --

FARNUM (CONT'D)
Here to prospect Mr. Hickok? -- or on other business?

HICKOK
I'm here to get a room. Are you here selling 'em?

As Farnum's asshole puckers --

UTTER
Could we get two? We're worn out looking at each other.

FARNUM
Separate rooms. I'll arrange that by tomorrow but today I can't arrange it.
(to Hickok)
Unless you kill a guest.

It's a stab at humor. E.B. wishes he could grab the words from the air and stuff them back in his mouth --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

A counseling session. Swearengen sits on a chair. Trixie's on her bed --

(CONTINUED)
TRIXIE
He lost his stake gambling. He told me before he passed out. Said he'd lost his stake and hadn't found no gold and he was going back east after one last piece of pussy.

SWEARENGEN
None of that's anything to me.

TRIXIE
Wakes back up and starts in beating on me, where's his stake, where's all his money ....

SWEARENGEN
You call Dan or you call Johnny --

TRIXIE
-- it must've been me took it from him.

SWEARENGEN
-- you don't shoot nobody 'cause that's bad for my business --

He tosses to the floor the crumpled envelope with the address of the Trick's next-of-kin --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
-- and it's bad for the camp's reputation. He beat the living shit out of you, didn't he?

TRIXIE
Do what you're going to do to me.

SWEARENGEN
Don't tell me what to do.

A beat, then he grabs her by the throat, throws her against the wall. She falls down on her back. He puts his boot to her neck, pulling hard on her arm for balance and to cut her breath off. It's how she'd always dreamed she'd end. Her eyes bulge as she begins to suffocate --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Either way this comes out we'll only have to do it once.

(MORE)

Trixie's neck and face have gone purple above where Swearengen has her by the throat.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

The anger's out of her, all that's left is a wistful fear. Her eyes glaze as she begins to die. Swearengen slacks his hold. She chokes, gasps. He watches, ready to finish her --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

What's it to be Trixie?

TRIXIE
(barely audible, childlike)

I'll be good. I'll take what they do to me.

SWEARENGEN

All right then.

Off which --

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18A  EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - NIGHT  18A

A HURDY-GURDY MAN stands on the boardwalk -- cranking his box. A young buck-toothed MINER clogs to the music as others clap in time...

19  EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT  19

Burning torches illuminate the street at irregular intervals. Still a few wagons being unloaded. Among the considerable pedestrian traffic, mostly on the lookout for trouble, are various open-air commercial establishments, including Flaherty's Tonsorial And Dental Tent, from which emerge howls of unremitting pain. The CAMERA FINDS --

19A  INT. THE HARDWARE TENT - NIGHT  19A

Bullock and Star ready to present their wares to the camp; Bullock shows the relish of a man preparing to dive onto jagged rocks --

STAR
  It ain't like something's being foisted on 'em they'll be sorry they bought come sun-up.

BULLOCK
  I know that.

STAR
  These are quality items. They meet these folks' needs. They're being offered at fair mark-up, and we're announcing their availability.

BULLOCK
  Brought through Indian Country, figures into the mark-up.

STAR
  By us, at personal peril.

BULLOCK
  Let's go.

STAR
  Coming out with your fly down might strike the wrong note.

(CONTINUED)
Bullock quickly checks his fly, which is not down, scowls at his deadpan partner as Star holds open the curtain of the tent for Bullock to precede him --

**EXT. TENT - CONTINUOUS (AS WRITTEN)**

its flap being thrown open from inside by Bullock, revealing, as he steps out, a makeshift counter behind which Star is situated, and which displays their items for sale --

BULLOCK
Come have a look boys, Star and Bullock Hardware and Mercantile just open for business. We've got boots to sell you --

STAR
Knee boots ten dollars, hip boots fifteen.

BULLOCK
We've got picks, pans, and shovels --

STAR
Picks for twelve dollars, shovels at ten and pans at eight.

BULLOCK
We've got placer-crades, the prospector's best friend --

STAR
Perfected at the Montana Strikes, sifting-crades at twenty-five dollars --

BULLOCK
We've got chamber-pots to sell, and if you don't know what one of those is the man living next to you will appreciate your finding out.

STAR
Step up gentlemen and purchase quality goods!

CUSTOMER #1
(at the counter)
I'll look at your biggest size hip boots.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

STAR
I got 'em right here.

Star proceeds to pull the boots from stock while Bullock demonstrates the rocking motion of a placer cradle for a miner --

BULLOCK
(for all to hear)
We stand by our stock. Any item that don't do what it's supposed to will be exchanged for one that does, and we'll be here for you to find us.

A shill approaches from the margin of the gathered onlookers --

SHILL
Son of a bitch, the man said I might get a prize!

His astonished outburst having drawn attention, the shill exhibits a torn plain-paper wrapper in one hand and a five-dollar bill in the other --

SHILL (CONT'D)
I paid fifty cents for this bar of soap, and here's a five-dollar prize in the wrapper!

CUSTOMER #2
(to the shill)
Where'd you buy that soap at?

SHILL
Man standing right over there.

The shill's mug turns sour as Bullock comes between him and the mark --

BULLOCK
Front your game away from our tent.

The shill, having checked out Bullock's eyes, calls out as he drifts away --

SHILL
Cash prizes in every night's case of soap.

Under the last of which a voice bellows toward Star from the rear of the gathering --

(CONTINUED)
CUSTOMER #3
Store-keep! Hold some large boots
till I get there and I'll pay you
two dollars extra.

BULLOCK
Set prices boys, and first-come-
first-to-be-served.
(to Customer #3, in
friendly placation)
We'll get you squared away.

Star looks to Bullock --

STAR
We should've brought more damn
boots.

Off the partners, pleased at the action --

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hickok, in near-foppish finery, leans against the wall.
He resembles a corpse or wax figure. His eyes animate
at the sound of Utter's voice --

UTTER (O.S.)
Conviction's coming over me Bill.
I'm feeling more and more positive.

The man-killer relaxes his vigilance --

UTTER (CONT'D)
Are you out there?

HICKOK
And ready for whiskey.

UTTER (O.S.)
Which way will you provide for the
new Mrs. Hickok is the sole and
only question. Not if you make a
stake, but how. It's just a matter
of you focusing down, and choosing
from alternatives.
(MORE)

Utter appears, as well turned-out as his friend,
musteriing a self-approving enthusiasm which is meant
to infect Hickok --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

"Strangers in town, trouble expected."

HICKOK
This is my last camp Charlie.

Utter chooses to put a positive cast on this --

UTTER
Amen Pardner. We got the same exact conviction. This one gets it done.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Swearengen's shaving, getting ready for the night's activity. Farnum and Burns are present --

SWEARENGEN
Wild Bill Hickok. Nothing can ever be simple.

FARNUM
(tentative)
He didn't speak of having lawman ambitions Al.

SWEARENGEN
Didn't he? How many communities was he a lawman in?

FARNUM
We're an illegal settlement on Indian land. What law's he going to enforce?

Swearengen's pursuing his own line of thought --

SWEARENGEN
Plus here come two new gambling outfits for me to deal with.

BURNS
'Far as that goes Al, they say they met in Bismarck by coincidence, the Chicago group in by railroad and the Wyoming boys coming off the river.

(Continued)
22 CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN
Good Johnny, you stay a fucking imbecile. When I see lightning I expect thunder, and when two outfits come into camp together and one trumpets faro and the other one craps I feel like they might've had a conversation.

He drinks, in his element, widening his horizons to consider other impositions by Fate on the smooth enactment of his will --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Starting right the fuck with Custer getting himself massacred, it's one thing after another. Leaves the godless savage cocksucker Sioux on the warpath. If that longhaired loudmouth had held his end up we could be operating here in peace.

As Dan Dority comes in --

DORITY
That New York Dude's downstairs Al.

SWEARENGEN
Did he order whiskey?

DORITY
Yeah.

SWEARENGEN
Did he down it or is he sipping at it?

DORITY
He's sipping.

SWEARENGEN
Why did I even ask?
   (to Farnum)
Go get Tim Driscoll. Make sure the Dude sees you leave.

FARNUM
What should I tell Tim?

SWEARENGEN
Send him over here. Tell him he's drunk and sorry for himself. Give
   (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

him five minutes, then you come back.

FARNUM

All right Al.

Farnum's about to leave, pauses --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

'Far as Hickok, Al, if I'd pushed him any harder on his plans I was afraid he'd shoot me.

SWEARENGEN

Go get Driscoll.

Farnum splits --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(re Farnum)
Afraid he'd shoot him. Got that Dude downstairs gut-hooked and ready to land, here come all these distractions. Whore can't bang the trick and take his money, she has to put one in his head.

Swearengen's minions carefully indicate assent --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

How about Doc Cochran for a sick son-of-a-bitch Boys? --
(to Burns)
Did you see the gleeful little grin on his mug when he shoved that rod into the Stiff's head? Don't run into the Doc in any graveyards if you want to see the sun rise.

Swearengen's dressed, ready --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Let's get that Dude's money.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - WHORES' WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Six whores.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Getting undressed -- each pulling on a chemise, primping in front of a large broken mirror -- Trixie's not among them. They smoke, drink beer, ready to be called --

WHORE #1
I won't work early shifts.

WHORE #2
You get a mean-type trick.

WHORE #1
But I'll bet she was quick to the gun.

WHORE #3
You can call out awhile till Dan or Johnny show up.

WHORE #4
And meanwhile be taking a beating.

WHORE #5
But she's a mean type herself.

Burns shows up to herd them off to work --

BURNS
Okay ladies.

As the girls rise --

WHORE #4
(to Whore #2)
She must've done some fancy fucking to keep Al from killing her.

WHORE #5
(to herself)
Some of them new Chicago girls looked shiny.

WHORE #6
See how they look in two weeks.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - TRIXIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

JEWEL, the whores' maid, having helped Trixie dress, now helps her get to her feet. Trixie looks at herself in a shard of mirror. After a beat --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TRIXIE
I need another gun.

JEWEL
For in case they beat on you.

She holds out a brooch to Jewel --

TRIXIE
Never mind what for. Take this and get me another gun.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

Swearengen and Dority come downstairs --

SWEARENGEN
There's no free feels in this house.

At the bar, BROM GARRETT, thirty, a genial dilettante, reacts as --

SWEARENGEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Brom Garret Of Manhattan --

Swearengen, whose tone and features have taken on a new affability, joins the younger man --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
-- Scourge Of The Deadwood Faro Tables.

Brom grins self-consciously --

BROM
C'mon Al. Don't think I confuse two nights holding good cards with being a faro sharp.

SWEARENGEN
(to Dority)
Two here Dan.
(re Brom's drink)
You see a finish to that?

Brom nods, drains the remainder of his drink, trying not to gag --

BROM
Did you hear Bill Hickok's in town?

(CONTINUED)
SWEARENGEN
Yes I did. Does that give you the vapors?

Brom's a little surprised by Swearengen's breezily standoffish tone. Studies Swearengen --

BROM
Are you mad about something Al?

SWEARENGEN
I'm not mad about nothing. All's I can tell you, things sort out pretty fast around here Brom. They sort out fast in Deadwood, and I vouched for you with Tim Driscoll two hours in here last night when I gather you must've been home in bed sleeping, and the end result, Tim's just about got his claim sold to E.B. Farnum.

BROM
What? Where's Driscoll now?

SWEARENGEN
Not here so I'd assume at his hotel.

BROM
You told me he's here by six.

SWEARENGEN
Well he ain't yet.

BROM
Al, E.B. Farnum just saw me here and headed for the door.

SWEARENGEN
Well I wouldn't know how to interpret that.

Brom rubs his neck --

BROM
I was doing the leg-work Al. I was doing the due-diligence. You tell me Driscoll's got money trouble and he's a motivated seller. Fair enough. But how did I know his claim's not played out? I had to do the leg-work on that.
CONTINUED: (2)

SWEARENGEN
I see. Fair enough.

BROM
That's what I had to ascertain.

SWEARENGEN
And did you do the leg-work?

Brom throws his drink down too, doesn't gag, then --

BROM
Al --

Brom's right hand is on the bar; he opens his fingers part way to reveal what he's concealed hitherto -- a nugget of gold; Swearengen reacts quickly --

SWEARENGEN
For God's sake close your fist.

BROM
Cleaned up during the night, with five more just like it from Claim Number Nine above Discovery -- panned at the Driscoll claim.

SWEARENGEN
All's I can say Brom, I only hope while you were winning the battle you didn't lose the fucking war.

BROM
But now Driscoll's not here, and E.B. Farnum sees me and heads for the door.

SWEARENGEN
That's my fucking point.

Dority ostentatiously clears his throat, indicating the approach of a full-featured, red-faced Irishman --

BROM
Who is that?

SWEARENGEN
Tim Driscoll, shit-faced. Let me handle the play.

BROM
My God, he sure looks shit-faced.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. NUTTALL AND MANN'S SALOON NUMBER TEN - NIGHT

Hickok and Utter enter the saloon. On Main Street behind, two men drunkenly fight -- a small crowd gathers as they punch each other brutally --

ANGLE - A.W. MERRICK

Mid-forties, mutton-chop sideburns and arm-garters, publisher and sole reporter of the Deadwood Pioneer, brought to his feet as if charged by an electrical current, despite a torpid liver and chronic lumbago, by Hickok's arrival; Merrick immediately sits down again to consider the tactics of his approach to the newsworthy man-killer and his companion now taking their places at the bar --

ANGLE - HICKOK AND UTTER

joined by TOM NUTTALL, the owner, tending bar --

NUTTALL

Boys.

HICKOK

Whiskeys.

NUTTALL

Two whiskeys.
   (pouring, gaze averted)
I'm respecting your privacy, not saying your name, but I certainly recognize you, and I'd like to buy the round.

HICKOK
   (indicates Utter)
Charlie Utter.

NUTTALL

Tom Nuttall Charlie.

UTTER

Tom.

As Hickok and Utter drink --
ERNE VARNES, JACK MCCALL and CON STAPLETON have been watching the activity at the bar --

VARNES
That's Bill Hickok. I saw him kill Phil Coe in Abilene.

JACK MCCALL
I'll say one thing before anyone opens their mouth, and then I'll say no more on the subject, and I'll be through for the fucking evening. I am not impressed.

STAPLETON
Who's supposed to be impressed?

JACK MCCALL
I'm telling you who's not impressed. All right? Now you apply that to whatever you think may be my reference and I intend to gut that son of a bitch at poker whenever the opportunity presents itself.

His plan conceived and courage mustered, making his way toward Hickok and Utter --

Nuttall notes Merrick's approach --

NUTTALL
(to Hickok)
A newspaper man's coming up -- I don't know how you want to handle the publicity angle.

Merrick's reached them --

MERRICK
A.W. Merrick Mr. Hickok, of The Deadwood Pioneer.

Hickok's look is not uncivil; he indicates Utter --

HICKOK
We're drinking whiskey.
MERRICK
Certainly. Certainly.

Merrick addresses Nuttall, eagerly searching his pockets --

MERRICK (CONT'D)
Whiskeys here Mr. Nuttall.

HICKOK
(indicates Utter)
Charlie Utter.

MERRICK
How do you do.

UTTER
How do you do. Thanks for the drink.

HICKOK
You write for a newspaper?

MERRICK
Infirmities permitting.

UTTER
What's wrong with you?

MERRICK
Don't get me started. Don't let me afflict you sir. Don't let me afflict you with the litany. Torpid liver, lumbago, twisted spleen.

NUTTALL
(to Merrick)
Two bucks.

MERRICK
Of course.
(paying)
What's brought you to the camp Mr. Hickok? -- may I tell my readers?

HICKOK
A warrant out on me in Cheyenne.

UTTER
(feigns amusement)
Get off that now Bill.

Merrick responds diplomatically --
MERRICK
I suppose for a man like you
warrants are a vocational hazard.

Hickok's self-irony is deadpan --

HICKOK
Calling me a professional vagrant?

UTTER
Bill.

MERRICK
(to Hickok)
The warrant was for vagrancy?

UTTER
(to Merrick)
He's kidding. You better not put
that in your paper. You ought to
know when someone's making a joke.

Nuttall's taken all this in --

NUTTALL
Anyways, in this camp warrants
don't count.

Hickok indicates the poker table --

HICKOK
If you run that game, can I buy
fifty in chips?

NUTTALL
I do and you can. Settle up after,
see how your luck runs.

Utter reacts with barely concealed dismay --

UTTER
You feel like playing now Bill, or
should we take in the rest of the
camp?

HICKOK
I feel like playing now.

Nuttall hands Hickok his chips --

NUTTALL
Draw and seven stud, dealer calls
the game.
CONTINUED: (3)

HICKOK
Sounds fair. See you later Charlie.

UTTER
All right Bill.

Merrick watches Hickok head for the table --

MERRICK
What a grand surprise. I never thought he'd live long enough for me to meet him.

Off a stoically disconsolate Utter --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

Swearengen, Driscoll, and Brom. They all seem to have made friends. A whore sits with the piano player --

DRISCOLL
(to Brom, re Swearengen)
I wound up thinking he bullshitted me on the subject of you.

SWEARENGEN
I don't bullshit.

BROM
(to Driscoll)
I was indisposed last night. That's why I didn't show up.

Driscoll stares at Brom with a show of bellicose confusion --

DRISCOLL
What were you?

SWEARENGEN
He wasn't feeling well Tim. But here we all are today.

DRISCOLL
(to Brom, re Swearengen)
When you didn't show up I wound up thinking Al bullshitted me, and I'm about to transact on my claim just now with a different party

(MORE)

(Continued)
DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
when I think "Wait, Al Swearengen doesn't bullshit," so I tell the clammy-handed fuckhead wait here ten minutes at my room while I verify on the subject of you because Al doesn't usually bullshit. And so forth.

By the end of which Driscoll seems totally incoherent. Brom looks to Swearengen for help --

SWEARENGEN
(to Driscoll)
What you're saying, you'll entertain an offer now from Mr. Garret for your claim.

DRISCOLL
No, no, no. I don't "entertain" anybody --
(to Brom)
-- don't expect anyone to fucking entertain you.

BROM
I'd like to offer on Claim Nine above Discovery.

DRISCOLL
I've had all the fucking entertainment I need from this fucking place. You think I give a fuck where you're from? Where are you from anyway?

BROM
New York City.

DRISCOLL
You think I give a fuck?

SWEARENGEN
(to Brom, urgently)
What's your offer?

BROM
Fourteen thousand dollars for mineral and riparian rights.

Driscoll stares at him, apparently ready to come to blows --

(CONTINUED)
DRISCOLL
What the fuck did you just say to me?

SWEARENGEN
Tim! Tim!

BROM
Fourteen thousand dollars for mineral and water rights above and below ground.

DRISCOLL
I'll knock you into fucking next week -- I don't care how many suits you're wearing.
(crosses back)
Bend your ass on the table Mabel. This dollar's not for beer.

WHORE
My name's Caroline --

DRISCOLL
Yeah but you'll always be Mabel to me.

SWEARENGEN
Fourteen thousand dollars, Claim Nine above Discovery -- yes or no Tim?

Swearengen, gazing with what seems to be anxiety toward the door, where E.B. Farnum can be seen returning, slams his fist on the bar, looking back to Driscoll --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Yes or no?!

DRISCOLL
All right. But make it fourteen thousand.

SWEARENGEN (to Brom)
Spit in your hand.

BROM
What?

SWEARENGEN
Hurry up and spit in your hand.

(CONTINUED)
Instead Brom stares mesmerized at the thick tobacco-brown loogie descending from Driscoll's lips. The loogie lands and pools in Driscoll's right hand. Brom's inaction apparently prompts Driscoll to suspicion; he looks to Swearengen, eyes narrowing --

DRISCOLL  
(re Brom)  
What's his fucking problem?

Brom snaps out of it --

BROM  
Nothing.

-- quickly spits in his palm. Swearengen brings Brom's and Driscoll's right hands together --

SWEARENGEN  
Done and witnessed.

Farnum reaches them --

FARNUM  
Am I too late?

DRISCOLL  
No, no, no. You're too late Farnum.  
(re Brom)  
I just sold for fourteen thousand to this goose-looking fella.

FARNUM  
(to Brom)  
Will you take sixteen?

BROM  
No. Thank you, but no.

DRISCOLL  
(to Swearengen, re Farnum)  
What a lying cunt. "Twelve and a half thousand Mr. Driscoll, every cent I can lay hands on and all the claim's worth."

FARNUM  
(ignoring Driscoll; to Brom)  
Sixteen thousand. That's two thousand profit standing over a drink.

(CONTINUED)
BROM
I believe events will prove Claim
Nine above Discovery was worth far
more than sixteen thousand Mr.
Farnum.

Brom's optimism seems to arouse a new reservation in
Driscoll about his decision's wisdom, to make him
reconsider his options --

DRISCOLL
(to Swearengen, re
Brom)
Unhand me Al. 'Course I haven't
seen his fucking money yet.

SWEARENGEN
I'm discounting his bank note --

He puts a sack of gold dust on the counter --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
That's ten thousand, I'll weigh
four out of the other sack right
now.

BROM
Al's holding a full-faith letter
of credit for twenty-thousand
dollars drawn on the Bank of New
York.

DRISCOLL
Well faith's one thing. I'm only
saying till money's passed between
us, the deal isn't done.

SWEARENGEN
The deal is done --

DRISCOLL
It isn't done.

Swearengen pushes the sack toward Driscoll --

SWEARENGEN
It is done.

BROM
We spat in our hands Tim.

DRISCOLL
What the fuck do you know about
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
it? I'll knock you into next
fucking week.
(to Farnum)
Will you offer me sixteen thousand?

Farnum seems somewhat uncertain --

FARNUM
I suppose, if you're open to further
offers.

BROM
(to Driscoll)
Sixteen thousand five hundred.

Swearengen stares at Brom, incredulous --

SWEARENGEN
What the hell did you just do Brom? --

BROM
(to Driscoll)
Will you close at sixteen-five?

SWEARENGEN
(to Brom)
-- you just re-opened the fucking
bidding.

FARNUM
(to Driscoll)
Seventeen thousand.

BROM
(to Driscoll)
Seventeen thousand five hundred --
and I go no farther.

FARNUM
Eighteen.

BROM
Nineteen.

FARNUM
Nineteen thousand eight hundred,
that's every cent I can put
together.

BROM
Twenty thousand.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (6)

FARNUM

Damn it! Damnit!

Driscoll looks like a shit-faced, elegantly self-satisfied Cheshire cat --

DRISCOLL

Twenty once? -- twenty twice? --

FARNUM

I can't!

BROM

(to Driscoll, re Farnum)

It's over, he's through ....

Brom spits in his hand again optimistically --

BROM (CONT'D)

Is it over?

DRISCOLL

All right. All right --

From sinus passage and lung Driscoll collects in his throat a fulsome bolus of phlegm, emits this into his right palm --

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

-- twenty does it. Sold to the goose-looking man in the shiny suit!

BROM

I got it Al.

Swearengen again clasps together the right hands of the two principals --

SWEARENGEN

(to Brom)

Yes you did.

Brom downs a shot. Swearengen looks disgusted. Farnum looks lost --

CUT TO:

EXT. A PIG PEN - NIGHT

Doc Cochran, Johnny Burns, and Mr. Wu feed the Trick, upon whose mortal remains Doc has completed his examination, to Mr. Wu's three pigs --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BURNS
Sure I can't be of any help to you
Mr. Wu?

MR. WU
(in Cantonese)
You white boy, shut up!

COCHRAN
I expect some of those words mean
"you meddling son of a bitch."

BURNS
If I'm of no use here, I believe
I'll head back to the Gem.

COCHRAN
You're no use.

Burns leaves. Cochran and Mr. Wu continue to watch
the pigs --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
What a thing a man is Mr. Wu.

Mr. Wu just smiles. Off which --

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - THE GARRETS' ROOM - NIGHT

Alma walks in and sits down. CLOSE ON DROPPER -- withdrawing an amber fluid from a laudanum vial, releasing the drops into a glass of water. ALMA GARRET is thirty, beautiful, married after The Panic of 1873 to salvage her father's straitened financial circumstances and, preferring a fool's errand to the circumscriptions of New York society, come west with her husband to prospect. With a wry surreptition expressing shame rather than any fear of discovery, she drinks her morning draught. There's a knock at the door --

BROM
Banish all headaches. Spit in your hand Alma.

ALMA
Why?

BROM
Spit, I'm going to show you something.

She watches the ingenuous fool she's trying to love spit in his own hand --

ALMA
Promise you'll tell my mother about this.

-- spits in hers to humor him. He brings their hands together --

BROM
I've bought it. We own a gold claim. This was how we sealed the deal.

ALMA
And then did everyone dry their hands?

He gives her his suit-coat handkerchief, continues eagerly --

BROM
Do you know who was bidding against me? Farnum, who owns this hotel.

(CONTINUED)
ALMA
And where was your Secret Agent?

BROM
Dan Dority -- he was tending bar. No one realized Dan had helped me reconnoiter the claim. Al Swearengen who owns the saloon was intermediary, he brokered the transaction. Driscoll, the seller? -- legless with liquor. You'll have a vivid entry for an article when I've told you all the details.

ALMA
I've already begun to imagine it.

He's at the window, looking out at the Deadwood night --

BROM
It was a near thing till the end -- I had to go all our twenty thousand to turn Farnum away.

She watches him, convinced that, however inconceivable his behavior, she prefers her situation to the strictures of the life she'd left behind. And the laudanum takes the edge off --

ALMA
Ah well.

BROM
I'll have to write the bank to renew my credit. (sour resignation) Of course they'll contact Father.

ALMA
Well, I'd expect that's inevitable.

He turns back to her --

BROM
Wild Bill Hickok's here. I'm sure he's going to prospect too.

Off which --

CUT TO:
Inside the open-flapped sales tent, Bullock and Star secure the fraction of their wares they didn't sell with the assistance of a bearded middle-aged man we'll come to know as H.W. SMITH. During which --

H.W. SMITH
My wife and children are in Louisville Kentucky, I'm saving to bring them out. Days I dig on the Foster Water Ditch, nights I watch folks' goods like I'm going to do for yours.

STAR
Schedule like that, Mr. Smith, it sounds like you'll have them here soon.

H.W. SMITH
Then Sabbaths I preach Christ crucified and raised from the dead.

Neither Bullock nor Star is quite sure how to respond to this. After a beat, as they continue to work --

BULLOCK
I'm from Etobicoke Ontario.

H.W. SMITH
So you were born in Canada.

BULLOCK
Come to Montana when I was seventeen. That's when I met up with Mr. Star.

H.W. SMITH
Is that so.

STAR
I was born in Austria.

H.W. SMITH
Austria. Wonderful where people come from.

STAR
Born in Austria, then I grew up in Chillicothe Ohio.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

H.W. SMITH
Then you and Mr. Bullock partnered in Montana.

STAR
That's where we partnered up.

H.W. SMITH
The Lord's our final comfort, but it's a solace having friends. I know that from past experience.

They're finished. As they come outside the tent --

H.W. SMITH (CONT'D)
You sold up a storm here tonight, didn't you?

STAR
We did all right.

BULLOCK
We'll be a few hours Mr. Smith, we want to look around the camp.

Bullock's noted the approach of an UNKEMPT MAN on a slow-moving horse. Bullock's scrutiny prompts the man to check his instinctive, furtive gaze at the contents of the tent --

MAN
I seen a terrible thing tonight.

BULLOCK
What did you see?

MAN
White people dead and scalped, man, woman and children with their arms and legs hacked off.

BULLOCK
Where? How many dead?

MAN
A whole family on the road to Spearfish. My God. These heathen bloodthirsty savages.

H.W. SMITH
How many was it died?
CONTINUED: (2)

MAN
The whole family hacked and mutilated. Parents and two children.

H.W. SMITH
The Metz family took the Spearfish Road -- going home to Minnesota.

MAN
Then that was probably them.

H.W. SMITH
They had three children.

The man takes this in --

MAN
Were there three? It could've been three. They were that hacked and spread around.

Smith clasps his hands --

H.W. SMITH
Rest their souls.

Star clasps his hands as well --

STAR
Rest their souls.

Tardily, the man clasps his hands as well and closes his eyes in perfunctory, unpersuasive piety. Star glances with sidelong uneasiness at his partner, who's studying the man. The man opens his eyes, instinctively looking toward Bullock --

BULLOCK
You probably need a drink.

H.W. SMITH
I will tend to your horse.

The drink-idea sits well with the man, but not the prospective company --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Swearengen and Driscoll. Driscoll hands the two bags of gold to Swearengen, who examines the knot in the cinch of one of the sacks, his version of a seal --

(CONTINUED)
DRISCOLL
Don't insult me Al -- I haven't put a finger on either of those bags.

Which brings no change in Swearengen's process. As he examines the knot on the second bag --

SWEARENGEN
How much do you want?

DRISCOLL
How much? We agreed on thirty percent. Thirty percent of twenty would be six.

SWEARENGEN
Uh-huh.

DRISCOLL
So I want the six thousand.

SWEARENGEN
What's thirty percent of fourteen thousand?

DRISCOLL
What the fuck Al.

SWEARENGEN
Who told you to take him to twenty?

DRISCOLL
I could feel he had more in him. It was a spontaneous fucking feeling. I knew there was more to get.

SWEARENGEN
And you thought six more would be the jackpot. Take him from fourteen to twenty.

DRISCOLL
Jesus Christ Al, if you had further plans I wish you'd've said something to me.

SWEARENGEN
Should I tell you when I plan to shit tomorrow, or would that be none of your fucking business.

(CONTINUED)
DRISCOLL
Jesus Christ. If me taking him to twenty fucked up some future plan of yours, I apologize for my spontaneity.

Swearengen just stares at Driscoll, looks to Farnum --

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
So fourteen thousand -- thirty percent of that's what? -- what is that, forty-two hundred?

Swearengen doesn't answer --

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)
Or what the fuck arrangement do you suggest now?

SWEARENGEN
What do you suggest?

DRISCOLL
Oh Jesus fucking Christ. You know you get in a mood like this, I'd as soon not even discuss it. Let me hold five hundred and we'll discuss the rest of it some other fucking time.

SWEARENGEN
Cash, or credit at the tables?

DRISCOLL
Time of trial, the fucking English in ya comes out. Fine, just give me five hundred at the fucking tables then. Jesus Christ almighty.

SWEARENGEN
Are we holding markers?

DRISCOLL
You been holding markers on me and my kin for centuries on both sides of the fucking water. What the fuck do I know? Dority'll know that better'n me. Go ahead and credit it against the fucking markers then, and let me hold twenty fucking cash.

SWEARENGEN
Tell Dan to give you twenty.

(CONTINUED)
DRISCOLL
And a piece of fucking pussy.

SWEARENGEN
Tell Dan, and tell him to come see me.

Driscoll's up, walking out --

DRISCOLL
(to Farnum)
Thanks for steppin' on the side of right and justice ya' deaf, dumb bastard.

Driscoll walks out. Farnum steps up to Swearengen --

FARNUM
I tell ya' Al, you could have knocked me over with a feather when he took him to twenty. Did you see me strugglin' to stay on the path? Anyway, we'll talk about my end later.

Farnum leaves. Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

INT. NUTTALL'S AND MANN'S - POKER TABLE - NIGHT

Hickok's seated beside Jack McCall. Con Stapleton and WILLIAM R. MASSIE and Johnny Varnes at the table also. The others having shown their hole cards, Jack McCall now turns his --

JACK MCCALL
You called my bluff Hickok, I was trying to run one.

Then reacts with apparent surprise --

JACK MCCALL (CONT'D)
Whoa, wait on Mary, my God -- I got a third eight under there ....

Varnes wants to abbreviate the moment --

VARNES
(to McCall)
Three eights wins -- your pot.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK MCCALL
-- I absolutely did not realize that.

VARNES
(to McCall)
Your chips.

Despite Varnes' prompting, McCall doesn't collect his chips yet --

JACK MCCALL
(to Hickok)
Sitting here thinking I'm fucking bluffing my third eight, I mistakingly outdraw the greatest gunfighter in the world.

As if such luck demands some gesture of gracious contrition, McCall signals one of the girls --

JACK MCCALL (CONT'D)
Full round, entire round, dealer and players.

-- then begins collecting his chips --

HICKOK
Meaning the third eight.

McCall, apparently coming late to the understanding he's being addressed, looks up from stacking --

JACK MCCALL
What?

HICKOK
Saying you outdrew me. You meant the third eight.

McCall grins with provisional innocence --

JACK MCCALL
What else would I have meant?

HICKOK
Say it and then we'll play cards.

The look in McCall's eyes no longer matches his lingering grin. A beat, then --

JACK MCCALL
The third eight's what I meant.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

HICKOK
(to Varnes)
Deal.

VARNES
Antes up, same again.

The players toss in their antes. McCall fans his stacked chips. The chips click --

JACK MCCALL
Jesus Christ, can we shake hands or something? -- relieve the atmosphere? I mean how stupid do you think I am?

HICKOK
I don't know, I just met you.

AT THE BAR

Utter and Nuttall. Utter's a little drunk --

UTTER
(re Hickok)
Comes to look for business opportunity and he sits there losing at poker.

Nuttall fills Utter's glass --

NUTTALL
Is he having a bad run? -- I can't see that far.

UTTER
You'd have to see back to Cheyenne. He's lost his patience, stays in the hands if he's holding cards or not.

(wipes his mouth)
How's your crowd here tonight anyway?

NUTTALL
All right.

UTTER
It's better'n all right and you know it -- you see that damn much.

(finishes his drink)
Bill Hickok's an asset to any saloon, any joint he frequents, you agree with me on that or not?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Nuttall considers Utter --

**NUTTALL**

Have you got a say on that, 'far as where he drinks and gambles?

**UTTER**

Suppose I did.

**NUTTALL**

Fifty a night if he'll frequent here exclusive.

**UTTER**

Fifty -- what a sport you turn out to be.

**NUTTALL**

Then you quote a figure and we'll discuss it.

**UTTER**

Let's come to one understanding. Any figure I came up with, part of that you'd give him to gamble or piss away however else he was going to do it, and that's the only part he'd know about.

Nuttall takes this in --

**NUTTALL**

I'd work with you.

**UTTER**

The rest you'd give to me and I'd hold it in trust for his future.

**NUTTALL**

That'd be your affair.

**UTTER**

Listen to me. That man's recently married. He needs to put a stake together. That's all I'd be in this for. I own a going freight business in Cheyenne.

**NUTTALL**

I'd work with you.

ANGLE - STAR, BULLOCK, AND THE MAN entering, approaching the bar --

(CONTINUED)
MAN
Nothing against you fellas, I'd as soon do my drinking getting a piece of ass.

BULLOCK
First you'll want people to know about that family.

The Man stares at Bullock, unsure if he suspects him or not --

MAN
What harm is it me meeting my needs before I circulate the news? Tonight's a lost issue. No one's leaving camp in darkness to see to some dead folks' remains with heathen savages around.

BULLOCK
What if the third child's alive?

MAN
Listen Mister. It was a massacre, and I'm the one that saw it. No one was alive.

BULLOCK
Were you there? Did you see the massacre or not?

MAN
I told you, I got there afterward.

BULLOCK
So by then the child could've got away from where you saw those other bodies, or the child could've been hiding and so afraid of who you might be it didn't call out.

MAN
Listen to me. I'm not going out there tonight, so mind your own goddamn business.

His voice has gotten louder. Star, against his pragmatic impulse to avoid involvement, raises his voice, so it's impossible for those nearby not to hear --

STAR
You're saying a family's massacred

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
STAR (CONT'D)
by Indians on the road to Spearfish
and one child may still be alive
out there and it's no one's concern
in this saloon?

Which brings Utter into the conversation --

UTTER
(to the man)
What's this about a massacre?

MAN
Ah for Christ's sake.

STAR
(re man)
He says he saw the bodies.

MAN
Goddamnit I'm not going out there
again tonight after I just made
camp with my scalp by sheer dumb
fucking luck.

Hickok's joined them, addresses the man --

HICKOK
Ride out and show us the place.
I'll guarantee your scalp.

Another man, JIMMY IRON, heads for The Gem to pass on
what he's heard --

HICKOK (CONT'D)
(to Bullock)
Are you riding?

BULLOCK
(nods, indicates
Star)
Yeah, we'll ride.

UTTER
(to Nuttall)
More to be said.

Merrick's joined them --

MERRICK
(to Hickok)
May I ride? I'd be honored to
ride, infirmities permitting.
CONTINUED: (3)

Bullock looks to the Man with a disarming show of friendliness --

BULLOCK

Here we go.

The group walks out. McCall looks on as they leave --

MCCALL

Wild Bill fucking Hickok.

Off which --

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The posse walks out onto the street. Hickok pauses as the others pass and Bullock approaches --

HICKOK

That fella ever get his wagon past you this afternoon?

BULLOCK

Yeah, he got by.

HICKOK

He keep his hat on?

Bullock smiles. They walk on --

BULLOCK

You were a marshal in Kansas?

HICKOK

Yeah, you?

BULLOCK

Montana.

HICKOK

Come to your senses now?

BULLOCK

Yes sir.

A pause --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

That fella's story on this don't hold water.

HICKOK

No it don't.

(CONTINUED)
They walk on. Jimmy Iron runs through the street toward the Gem --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dority enters. Swearengen's behind his desk --

SWEARENGEN
What'd you give Driscoll?

DORITY
Twenty bucks and a free poke with Wanda.

SWEARENGEN
Half-smart mick that he is.

DORITY
Tim fucked up with the Dude, huh?

SWEARENGEN
Gets the Dude's case-money with the Dude only out here three days. How's the Dude ask his people back home for more? They're liable to send the Pinkertons.

DORITY
So shut the Dude down?

SWEARENGEN
(nods)
You being his secret best friend, he'll want you out prospecting in the morning beside him.

(beat)
That claim needs to pinch out.

DORITY
(grins)
He don't have much stamina, a few days ought to do it.

SWEARENGEN
And Tim Driscoll needs to be seen to.

Dority studies Swearengen --

DORITY
No kidding Al?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN

No kidding.

DORITY

Not that nobody asked, I'd look to Trixie for danger before I'd look to Tim.

Swearengen stares at him --

SWEARENGEN

No kidding.

Dority looks away. Burns enters with Jimmy Iron --

BURNS

(timidly)

Jimmy says the Sioux massacred a family on the Spearfish Road.

Swearengen looks at Iron --

JIMMY

A hand come into Nuttall's Number Ten telling the story Mr. Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

Who was he?

JIMMY

I never seen him before.

SWEARENGEN

Can you get him over here? Is he still in Nuttall's?

Jimmy shakes his head no --

JIMMY

They're riding back to where it happened, Hickok and some others are riding with him.

Swearengen considers this --

SWEARENGEN

Did he look happy to go?

Swearengen's question surprises Jimmy --

JIMMY

He didn't look too happy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2) SWEARENGEN
How many people downstairs did you
tell about this?

JIMMY
A few.

SWEARENGEN
A few?

Swearengen punches Burns in the face, knocking him
down --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
You let him tell a few people
downstairs before you bring this
to me?

BURNS
Al, I brought him as soon as I
heard.

SWEARENGEN
How many people you think the
people he talked to have talked to
by now? I guarantee at this minute
my whole fucking action downstairs
is fucked up, and nobody's drinking
and nobody's gambling and nobody's
chasing tail. I've got to deal
with that.

Swearengen, about to leave, takes stock --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(to Iron)
You want ten dollars or a ball of
dope?

JIMMY
Dope please, Mr. Swearengen.

He looks to Dority, indicates Jimmy Iron --

SWEARENGEN
Give him a ball of dope.

-- now kicks the prostrate Burns with less than full
force --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Stand the fuck up and go to work.

Swearengen's gone. Dority signals Iron forward --
DORITY
Come on, I'll take care of you.

Dority looks to Burns, who's remained on the floor out of residual fear and hurt feelings --

DORITY (CONT'D)
He's got a lot on his mind Johnny.

Dority and Jimmy Irons leave. Off Burns, whose lower lip protrudes and trembles like a boy after his Pa's given him a licking --

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE
FADE IN:

INT. LIVERY STABLE - NIGHT

As Bullock, Utter, Star, Hickok, The Man, and Merrick adjust their saddles and mount up -- the newspaperman glad of the chance to opine before a captive celebrity listener --

MERRICK

The paradox is the massacre at Little Big Horn signals the Indians' death-throes Mr. Utter. History has overtaken the treaty which gave them this land. The gold we've found here has overtaken it. I believe within a year Congress will rescind the Ft. Laramie Treaty, Deadwood and these Hills will be annexed to the Dakota Territory, and we who have pursued our destinies outside law or statute will be restored to the bosom of the nation and that's what I believe.

Hickok turns to Bullock --

HICKOK

That fella ever get his wagon past you this afternoon?

BULLOCK

Yeah, he got by.

HICKOK

We keep his hat on?

Utter turns away --

UTTER

I think I need to drink alone.

MERRICK

Please forgive me.

Merrick walks back to his table --

HICKOK

Does "bosom" mean "tit?"

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VARNES

Same thing.

Hickok pulls himself into the saddle, walks his mount near Bullock. They ride out. Off which --

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

The rescue party turns onto the muddy thoroughfare -- heading for the Spearfish Road --

POV THROUGH GEM THEATER WINDOW - NIGHT

As the rescue party passes by --

AT THE GEM WINDOW - NIGHT

Johnny Burns, watching the horsemen, then turns at the sound of a pistol shot authored by Dority --

DORITY

Al's got words!

Swearengen takes the floor, looks at the ceiling, indicates Dority and his gun --

SWEARENGEN

(to the crowd)

When it starts pissing rain in here you'll know who to blame.

(beat)

I know word's circulating the Indians killed a family on the Spearfish Road.

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

Swearengen's come among his patrons --

SWEARENGEN

... And it's not for me to tell anyone in this camp what to do, much as I don't want more people getting their throats cut or their scalps lifted or any other godless thing these godless bloodthirsty heathens do, or if someone wants to ride out in darkest night. But I will tell you this. I would use tonight to get myself organized, and ride out in the morning

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
clearheaded. And starting tomorrow morning, I will offer a personal fifty-dollar bounty for every decapitated head of as many of these godless heathen cocksuckers as anyone can bring in tomorrow, with no upper limit. And that's all I say on that subject, except the next round is on The House, and God rest the souls of that family. And pussy's half-price the next fifteen minutes.

His listeners receive Swearengen's arguments volubly. Trixie is in the bar. Jewel surreptitiously delivers a PISTOL to Trixie. She hides it in her bosom and returns to the hubbub of the saloon. Jewel watches her go. Swearengen surveys the crowd as Burns comes up --

BURNS
It's all right Al, I know you got a lot on your mind. And that was one helluva talk. You got everybody back at the tables doing what they're doing.

SWEARENGEN
I'll tell you the truth, for murdering people on the road to Spearfish, my money'd be on Persimmon Phil.

BURNS
Making it look like Indians.

SWEARENGEN
That is his specialty.

JANE enters the saloon from the street shit-faced --

CALAMITY JANE
Where's Bill Hickok? Where's Charlie Utter?
(to a whore)
What the fuck you looking at? Peter sucking for drinks, even up!
(MORE)

She walks over to the bar --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CALAMITY JANE (CONT'D)
You don't have to wear a dress to suck a prick. Gimme a drink.

SWEARENGEN, DORITY AND BURNS
react --

DORITY
That's the sewer mouth that follows Hickok around.

SWEARENGEN
She's not sucking dicks for drinks in here.

Across the way, Jane's been talking to the bartender. She turns to the guy next to her --

CALAMITY JANE
You want some of this stove pipe?

She downs a drink and turns to the room --

CALAMITY JANE (CONT'D)
(shouts)
Is it true? Indians killing white people? Why are we standing here?

A MAN
We'll ride out tomorrow in daylight.

CALAMITY JANE
Really? Tomorrow? What's your fucking rush?
(collects herself)
I'm going now, even without Bill, even without Charlie. I know the road to Spearfish. And I don't drink where I'm the only fucking one with balls.

She's gone --

SWEARENGEN
Let her go, she ain't taking no business. And don't forget to kill Tim.

CUT TO:
EXT. A CLEARING OFF THE SPEARFISH ROAD - NIGHT

Coming through the deep woods, the riders show their horses as they arrive at the site of the killings. The family's wagon is overturned beside the road.

Trunks have been broken open and rummaged -- clothing, pans, and various baking utensils are strewn about.

The riders dismount, proceed into the meadow, except for The Man, who remains by the road with the horses.

The bodies are a hundred feet in. Wolves tear at the remains, agitated and desperate as the men approach with their torches.

To one side, at the hollow of a fallen, long-decayed tree, a renegade wolf paws and growls. Bullock brandishes his torch, drives off the wolf. He goes to his knees, inside the hollow sees the lower left leg of a child. The leg is bloody, lacerated by the wolf's clawings. Bullock suffers himself to pull at the bloody leg, draws out a child, THE GIRL whose eyes met Jane's as her family left the camp. She's lost half her blood, is beyond speech or terror. Bullock takes her in his arms. Off which --

51A - 57 OMITTED

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD BACK FROM SPEARFISH - DAWN

The Riders, returning, encounter Jane. Off a nod from Hickok, Bullock gives her the girl to hold. She wheels her horse, treasuring the child, rides back with them toward the camp. Bullock and Star are careful to keep the unnamed Man in sight --

EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - EARLY MORNING

As first light breaks across the now eerily quiet roadway --

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - GARRETS' ROOM - EARLY MORNING

He's dressing to go out to Claim Number Nine, now The Garret Claim. Everything he puts on is new. Looks at his wife sleeping. Turns away, readying to leave. She's not asleep, opens her eyes, watches him exit --

CUT TO:
59B  INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR - EARLY MORNING

Dority and Farnum make their way up the stairs. Brom is descending, speaks to Farnum, though his message is for Dority --

BROM
Good morning Gentlemen. No hard feelings I hope Mr. Farnum.

FARNUM
No hard feelings Mr. Garret.

BROM
I'm about to go out to my claim.

FARNUM
Good luck to you.

Brom continues down the stairs. Follow Farnum and Dority. Farnum hands Dority a pass key, waits outside Driscoll's room as Dority, drawing a Bowie knife, putting it between his teeth, opens the door and enters --

59C  INT. DRISCOLL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dority enters. Driscoll sits up in bed --

DRISCOLL
What is it?

Dority takes the knife from between his teeth --

DORITY
Hush Tim.

Dority cuts his throat and stabs him. Driscoll screams --

CUT TO:

59D  INT. GARRETS' HOTEL ROOM - ON ALMA

watching Brom exit the hotel and move out into the street. Reacting as she hears Driscoll's muffled scream --

CUT TO:

59E  INT. THE GEM - EARLY MORNING

The crowd has thinned out. Swearengen climbing the stairs to the second floor. At the landing looking down, seeing Trixie and Ellsworth. Trixie looking up, seeing Swearengen. She doesn't realize Ellsworth's seen the Derringer secreted between her breasts --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ELLSWORTH
I don't intrude on the affairs of others. It's problem enough keeping my own life straight. If something's not my affair I don't pretend it is.

Trixie looks away --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)
Contrariwise, if you feel like talking about that dead light, I'll pay a dollar a minute to hear you. Get anything off your chest you feel like.

TRIXIE
What I got on my chest don't concern you Ellsworth.

Ellsworth drinks --

ELLSWORTH
And fuck us all anyway for the limber-dicked cocksuckers we are.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEADWOOD STREET - EARLY MORNING

The posse rides up to Cochran's office. Merrick has dismounted, calls to Cochran as they hurry toward his door --

MERRICK
Doc, Doc, get up! We've got somebody for you!

Behind them the others rein their horses in as Cochran, coming outside, sees the bloody child in Jane's arms and moves toward her. Jane, handing the child down -- as Cochran starts inside --

CALAMITY JANE
Wait for me goddamnit --

Draws her gun on Cochran --

CALAMITY JANE (CONT'D)
You just hold on till I'm with you.

She dismounts. She, Doc and Utter take the child into the office --

(Continued)
UTTER
She don't mean nothing Doc, she's just excitable.

Hickok and Bullock watch, then look to each other. Bullock dismounts and walks toward the Man who has been watching from a distance. Hickok watches Bullock go. He turns to Star —

HICKOK
What kind of hand is your friend with a gun?

STAR
I don't feel qualified to say.

Bullock approaches the Man —

MAN
I guess I done my duty, and I was glad enough to help. That little one'll be in my prayers.

BULLOCK
Stick around and see if she lives.

MAN
No, I was glad enough to do my duty.

BULLOCK
Get off your horse.

MAN
What? Who are you to tell me what to do? This here's a free camp -- no one more law'n anyone else.

Hickok approaches —

BULLOCK
Law or no, if need be I'll tie you to a tree till we see if that little girl lives and what she has to say about you.

MAN
Listen here! I'm an innocent man. It was Indians, goddamnit!

BULLOCK
Too much ransacking and too many goods left behind. Someone was after money.

(CONTINUED)
Goddamnit, if I had to do with what happened why would I come to this camp?

Hickok's now beside Bullock, addresses the Man --

Maybe when it got thick out there you ran. Maybe the others was going to ground but you had to have pussy or get to a faro layout. I've felt that way sometimes after a kill.

Get down off your horse or face the consequences.

The Man screams, goes for his gun, gets his pistol a few inches out of its holster before Hickok's bullet hits his left eye. He falls dead from the horse. Bullock has cleared his holster too, and fired --

Was that you or me, Montana?

My money'd be on you.

Hickok and Bullock walk away. They pass Star, Merrick and Utter --

(to Star, re Bullock)
You're qualified to say he's good.

CUT TO:

Alma squeezes a draught of laudanum from the dropper into a glass of water, drinks her first dose of the day, then goes to the window, peering out, careful not to be observed --

As her husband, relieved that his advisor has appeared, moves to join the approaching Dan Dority --

It adjoins his office but has a separate door.

(CONTINUED)
He lies on his bed, waiting. At the knock he collects his pistol, holds it under the covers --

SWEARENGEN
Yeah.

Trixie opens the door. She comes toward him. At the bedside, takes the Derringer from between her breasts, places it on the table. She pulls off her chemise, gets into the bed beside Swearengen and lays her head on his shoulder. Off Swearengen, unsurprised, utterly alone --

FADE OUT.

THE END