

"Deadwood"

Written by

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(PILOT)

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*"But let us note, too, how glory may flare, of a sudden, up,  
from the filth of the world's floor."*

"Deadwood"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. TOWN - MONTANA - DUSK 1

The last rays of a burnt-orange SUNSET. WE SEE one street and eleven wooden buildings in the middle of a vast horizon line. Seemingly deserted. A SCAFFOLD in front of the JAILHOUSE.

SUPER:

MONTANA TERRITORY  
JUNE, 1876

From BEHIND CAMERA, EIGHT HORSEMEN appear -- walk their mounts toward the town --

2 INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT 2

SETH BULLOCK, watching the Horsemen in the street outside the jailhouse, is addressed by a nervous HANGMAN --

HANGMAN

My deal with the judge was twelve dollars to hang this prick, not to get strung up next to him.

BULLOCK

You're not getting strung up.

HANGMAN

I got your guarantee, huh?

CONDEMNED MAN

(from his cell)

Is this about me?

BULLOCK

Be quiet.

Bullock has opened the front door to the jail house to admit SOL STAR --

CONDEMNED MAN

Or what? -- you'll hang me?

BULLOCK

(to Star)

Who's coming?

(CONTINUED)

STAR

Joe Beckwith isn't, or Jimmy  
Sturges.

HANGMAN

(distraught)

All them from The Golden Door are  
coming except Joe Beckwith and  
Jimmy Sturges?

A drunken shout from outside --

VOICE (O.S.)

Come out and talk to us Bullock.

BULLOCK

(to Star)

Byron Sampson.

STAR

(to Bullock)

They got their loads on and  
Sampson's got their dicks up.

(re condemned man)

They want him dead tonight.

The hangman weighs in with an equally confidential  
tone --

HANGMAN

What argues against letting Sampson  
and those other boys do the job?

BULLOCK

'Cause that loudmouth shithead's  
not who the judge hired.

HANGMAN

Yeah well I don't need the twelve  
dollars that bad.

CONDEMNED MAN

Is that shouting about me? I got  
a legal right to know.

BULLOCK

The only right you got's getting  
hanged tomorrow morning at seven.

Bullock starts for the door --

STAR

They're paying twelve dollars in  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

STAR (CONT'D)

Deadwood for picks and we got seven dozen. They're paying ten dollars for shovels ....

BULLOCK

We'll get there.

STAR

Fifteen dollars for boots -- we got nine dozen in assorted sizes.

Bullock steps outside --

CONDEMNED MAN

(to Star)

What are you quoting those prices about?

STAR

For God's sake be quiet.

CONDEMNED MAN

What've they got to do with me?

Off which --

3 EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

3

Bullock faces eight men --

SAMPSON

How are you Marshal? You and the Jew packed for Deadwood?

BULLOCK

Piece of rope business in the morning and we're off.

SAMPSON

'Far as that goes we can get you an early start.

Bullock looks past Sampson --

BULLOCK

This isn't how to put a leg up on the evening boys.

SAMPSON

(indicates jail)

Assholes like Jerry Watson that rob and carry on got to know who to be afraid of.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

BULLOCK

What happens to them like Jerry  
Watson is up to the judge and  
whoever takes over as marshal.

SAMPSON

You're leaving. We're who's  
staying, and we say different.

BULLOCK

Well fuck what you say.

The hangman emerges from the jail waving his white  
snot-rag above his head --

HANGMAN

I got no quarrel with anyone here.

For an instant the hangman looks to Byron Sampson as  
if seeking a grant of passage, then he breaks into a  
run, past the scaffold where Jerry Watson is to be  
hanged. The hangman's frightened deference has Sampson  
puffed up --

SAMPSON

We're coming in for Jerry.

BULLOCK

Don't try it.

SAMPSON

No one wants to hurt you Bullock.

BULLOCK

You come for Jerry it won't be me  
getting hurt.

Then Bullock backs toward the door --

4

INT. THE JAIL - CONTINUOUS

4

Bullock re-enters --

BULLOCK

Drunken sons of bitches.

STAR

I remind you you're a married man.  
I remind you you sent Martha to  
Michigan for us to try the Hills --

BULLOCK

We'll get there.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

STAR

-- not for me to write her news of  
your finish here.

BULLOCK

If he has to hang tonight Sol it's  
going to be under color of law.

A shot rings out. Star flinches, studies Bullock.  
Another shot, bringing Bullock to his decision. He  
considers his friend --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Where's that Bible?

Star turns to rummage the desk. Bullock collects the  
jail-cell keys and moves toward the cell --

CONDEMNED MAN

Are you two talking about me?

Bullock meets the man's frightened gaze; his voice is  
level --

BULLOCK

Yes.

Behind Bullock, Star appears with a battered Bible --

5 EXT. THE STREET - A MOMENT LATER

5

The jailhouse door comes open. Bullock shows first, a  
cut-down scatter gun braced under his right arm, trained  
on Sampson's group. Bullock produces the condemned  
man, hands bound, the hanging noose around his neck,  
guiding him forward with his free hand at the man's  
elbow. A frightened, resolute Star, flanking the man  
at his other side, appears next, his hand also at the  
man's elbow. In Star's other hand is Bullock's six-  
shooter. They move toward the scaffold --

BULLOCK

We're executing sentence now.

SAMPSON

Give him to us. We've got some  
coal oil for him first.

BULLOCK

No, and any more gunplay's getting  
answered.

As they continue --

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

CONDEMNED MAN

(to Bullock)

This isn't right. My sister was coming.

BULLOCK

What would you have her told?

The scaffold's before them --

CONDEMNED MAN

Raise my boy good. Keep him fed.

They climb its few steps. Bullock indicates the step-stool on the platform --

BULLOCK

Step up.

The man climbs onto the stool --

CONDEMNED MAN

Tell him his dad loved him.

Bullock tosses the free end of the hanging rope over the scaffold's cross beam, catches and ties the rope to a rail, leaving two feet slack --

CONDEMNED MAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for what I done. I ask God's forgiveness.

The man clenches his eyes closed. Bullock kicks the stool out from under him. The rope goes taut, taking the man's weight. The man jerks and farts as he strangles. Bullock witnesses the agony a dutiful beat, then, as Star keeps his shotgun trained on Sampson, takes a pencil from inside his coat, writes quickly on the back of the Death Warrant issued by the Judge; looks up --

BULLOCK

Who'll give his last words to the sister?

A vigilante answers Bullock's appeal to decency --

VIGILANTE

I will.

The man comes forward. Bullock gives the man the Warrant and his badge, looks to Star --

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

BULLOCK

Give him the Bible.

Star hands this over --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Off some sign of hope restored to Star's features --

CUT TO:

SUPER:

DEADWOOD SETTLEMENT  
BLACK HILLS INDIAN CESSION  
JUNE 1876

6 EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO DEADWOOD GULCH - DAY

6

A wagon drawn by a team of eight oxen. The CAMERA ELEVATES to place the team and wagon in a line of twenty wagons. The wagons aren't moving, stalled in the traffic, wheels sunk into ground softened by the spring thaw and runoff and rutted by the passage over the past weeks of dozens of other wagon teams headed into Deadwood. We hear the voice of CALAMITY JANE --

CALAMITY JANE (O.S.)

What a fucking circus!

The CAMERA FINDS her making her way back to the wagon. She's thirty, graceless, dressed as a man; carries a bullwhip --

CALAMITY JANE (CONT'D)

Half-a-mile's worth of wagons, all  
the way back from the camp.

The driver's smallish, in buckskin. His name is CHARLIE  
UTTER --

UTTER

Shit.

CALAMITY JANE

Must be fifty wagons before our  
group even starts.

UTTER

Shit.

CALAMITY JANE

It's not my fault, is it?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

UTTER

Who said it was?

CALAMITY JANE

Don't blame me.

UTTER

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

They consider each other a stalemated beat, then Jane addresses some unseen second occupant in the covered back of the wagon --

CALAMITY JANE

Tremendous line of wagons Bill.

7 INT. CHARLIE UTTER'S WAGON - CONTINUOUS

7

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

HICKOK

That's the hold-up, eh?

CALAMITY JANE (O.S.)

Tremendous line, and no fucking room to maneuver.

The back step of the wagon takes Jane's weight, quashing Hickok's hopes he'll be left alone. Jane looks in on Hickok, her idol and unrequited love. Hickok's eyes stay closed --

HICKOK

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

An incongruous shyness adds itself to Jane's manner --

CALAMITY JANE

How's your headache?

HICKOK

Not bad.

CALAMITY JANE

You want a drink?

HICKOK

No.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CALAMITY JANE  
Believe me, we're going to be a  
fucking while.

HICKOK  
Maybe later.

CALAMITY JANE  
Don't say I didn't warn you.

HICKOK  
No.

Jane's head disappears. Off Hickok, eyes still closed --

8 RESUME - JANE - OUTSIDE THE WAGON

8

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:

9 EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - DAY

9

The camp's thoroughfare congested by freight teams and  
the activities of two newly arrived gambling outfits,  
who build up good will by parading their whores on  
horseback and giving whiskey away outside the tents  
where they'll be doing business --

A NAKED WOMAN appears amid the wagons and horseback  
traffic. She's a whore, benumbed by narcotics -- in  
an almost trance-like state as she walks barefooted  
through the muck. A big man, DON DORITY, comes out of  
nowhere -- carries a blanket which he throws around  
her -- leads her toward --

10 INT. GEM THEATER - DAY

10

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.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

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.

From the door behind, Dority enters with the whore --  
takes her to the back rooms.

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.

Dority re-emerges from the rear --

ELLSWORTH

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

As he pours the whiskey Swearengen looks to Dority,  
his number one muscle guy, 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.

ELLSWORTH

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

He downs his shot, lets the liquor burn --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

Pour me another My Good Man.

SWEARENGEN

An honor and pleasure My Good Man.

As Swearengen pours the drink --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

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

ELLSWORTH

I'm descended from all them  
cocksuckers.

The miner downs his second shot --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

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 mother-fucker.

(MORE)

We hear a gunshot from the rooms behind the bar.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

The Miner crouches --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

Watch out.

Ellsworth stays low, heads for the door.

Swearengen's gaze moves in the opposite direction, to Dan Dority, who is rising --

SWEARENGEN

I warned you about her.

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

11 INT. THE GEM - ROOMS AT THE REAR - DAY

11

Swearengen enters, crouches before a mortally wounded TRICK, sitting against the wall, shot through the temple.

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

TRIXIE

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

Dan Dority's just found Trixie's Derringer under the mattress --

DORITY

Got her pistol Al.

Meanwhile Swearengen's going through the Trick's pockets --

TRICK

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11  
Off which --

CUT TO:

12 EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE GULCH - DAY 12  
From the back of the wagon Hickok has climbed forward  
to sit beside Charlie --

HICKOK  
Why don't we hobble the stock here  
Charlie and ride ahead into town.

Utter calls to Calamity Jane, who's been walking ahead --

UTTER  
(re oxen)  
Let's pull these bastards out of  
line Jane --  
(indicates saddle  
horses)  
Bill and me may ride ahead into  
camp.

Jane climbs up on the wagon --

CALAMITY JANE  
Once I see to the stock, I may do  
the same.

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.

She's instantly placated --

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

CALAMITY JANE

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

She breaks out her bullwhip --

CALAMITY JANE (CONT'D)

Yaaah!

Jane cracks the whip above the oxen's heads as Hickok  
and Utter ride away --

HICKOK

(deadpan)

She likes me better than she likes  
you.

UTTER

I wish to hell I knew what I ever  
did to get on that woman's wrong  
side.

13 RESUME - JANE - THE WAGON

13

Jane now notes a solitary wagon, occupied by a family  
of five and drawn by two horses, 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. The wagon finds  
passage by navigating on the incline at the side of  
the mud path. It tilts precariously. Jane addresses  
the driver --

CALAMITY JANE

You know a back way into the camp?

DRIVER

We don't go to the camp.

The man's speech is heavily accented. He's used to  
having to repeat himself to be understood --

DRIVER (CONT'D)

We go home. Back to Minnesota.

CALAMITY JANE

You've probably got the right idea.

Off which --

CUT TO:

14 EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - DAY

14

CAMERA FINDS Star and Bullock, the partners who have begun to unload their goods in proximity to Swearengen's saloon, and have heard the gunshot --

STAR

It's a new 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

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

Which refers to the wares they're unloading. 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.

Unnoticed, JOHNNY BURNS and DOC COCHRAN move by --  
enter The Gem --

CUT TO:

15 INT. THE GEM - ROOMS AT THE REAR

15

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!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

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  
Keep your fingers out of it.

TRICK  
Is it bad Doc?

COCHRAN  
Quiet till I look.

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  
Could 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.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

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.

COCHRAN

That wouldn't come from me.

Swearengen approaches Trixie --

SWEARENGEN

C'mere.

TRIXIE

I said to stop.

SWEARENGEN

Tell me in my office.

Swearengen's grabbed her arm, exits with her past Burns, who, 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 --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

COCHRAN

It won't matter to Mr. Wu's pig.

Off which --

CUT TO:

16 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

16

Bullock and Star unload their wagon among the long-horned oxen clogging the thoroughfare. A LOUDMOUTH on horseback 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.

Bullock fixes his gaze on the Loudmouth --

BULLOCK

We know what we're doing. Go back to your wagon.

LOUDMOUTH

And what if I don't?

BULLOCK

Stand there mouthing off and you'll find out.

Hickok and Utter, riding into town, slow their horses on hearing this. Star approaches the Loudmouth with a chamber pot --

STAR

Have a commode for your inconvenience.

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

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

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.

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

LOUDMOUTH

Hurry up and get finished!

The Loudmouth rides 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:

17 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

17

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 --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

E.B. wishes he could grab the words from the air and stuff them back in his mouth --

CUT TO:

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

18

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

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.

TRIXIE

Do what you're going to do to me.

SWEARENGEN

Don't tell me what to do.

(MORE)

A beat, then he grabs her by the throat, throws her on her back and 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.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Her eyes bulge as she begins to suffocate --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Either way this comes out we'll  
only have to do it once.

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

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 unremitted pain. The CAMERA FINDS --

20 A TENT

20

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, leather and rubber --

STAR

Leather boots ten dollars, rubber 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-cradles, the prospector's best friend --

STAR

Perfected at the Montana Strikes, sifting-cradles 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.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

STAR

Step up gentlemen and purchase  
quality goods!

CUSTOMER #1

(at the counter)

I'll look at your biggest rubber  
boots.

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.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

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 --

CUSTOMER #3

Store-keep! Hold some large rubber  
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:

21 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

21

Hickok, in near-foppish finery, leans against the wall outside the room he shares with Utter. As when he was seen reclining in the wagon, the absence of expression in his features suggests a corpse in state, or a figure in a wax museum. But Hickok's eyes animate warily at the first 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.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

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.

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

UTTER (CONT'D)

"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:

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

22

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 --

(CONTINUED)

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.

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. We could be operating here in peace.

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?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(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  
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.

(MORE)

Swearengen's dressed, ready --

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Let's get that Dude's money.

Off which --

CUT TO:

23 INT. THE GEM - WHORES' WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

23

Six whores. 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 #2

But she's a mean type herself.

Burns shows up to herd them off to work --

BURNS

Let's go.

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.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Off which --

CUT TO:

24 INT. THE GEM - TRIXIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

24

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 --

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. Just get me another gun.

Off which --

CUT TO:

25 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

25

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

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)

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?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

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

BROM

Did you hear Bill Hickok's in town?

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  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

BROM (CONT'D)

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.

SWEARENGEN

I see. Fair enough.

BROM

That's what I had to ascertain.

Dority's brought the drinks. Swearengen points to  
himself to indicate they're on the house, downs his  
drink as Dority leaves --

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 --

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

BROM

Who is that?

SWEARENGEN

Tim Driscoll, shit-faced. You may  
still be in luck.

Off which --

CUT TO:

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

26

Hickok and Utter enter the saloon --

27 ANGLE - A.W. MERRICK

27

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 --

28 ANGLE - HICKOK AND UTTER

28

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.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

As Hickok and Utter drink --

29 NEW ANGLE - TABLE 29

LOU VARNES, Johnny Burns, JACK MCCALL and CON STAPLETON  
have been watching the activity at the bar --

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. All  
right? Now you apply that to  
whatever you think may be my  
reference --

30 ANGLE - MERRICK 30

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

31 RESUME - HICKOK, UTTER, AND NUTTALL 31

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.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

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.

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:

32 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

32

Swearengen, Driscoll, and Brom. They all seem to have made friends --

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.

Driscoll stares at Brom skeptically --

DRISCOLL

What were you?

SWEARENGEN

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

DRISCOLL

(to Brom, re  
Swearengen)

No because I wound up thinking he  
was bullshitting me, and just now  
I'm about to transact something. I  
think "Wait, all you got in this  
camp's your word, Al Swearengen  
doesn't bullshit, I tell the other  
mother-fucker wait back at my room  
ten minutes, you know, just wait  
ten minutes at the hotel and let  
me just verify because Al isn't  
usually a mother-fucker." 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 from Mr. Garret for your  
claim.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DRISCOLL

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 --

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.

BROM

I have the money -- Al's discounting  
my letter of credit.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

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. Fourteen thousand.

SWEARENGEN

(to Brom)

Spit in your hand.

BROM

What?

SWEARENGEN

Hurry up and spit in your hand.

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

You're too late Farnum.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

(re Brom)

I just sold for fourteen thousand  
to this guy.

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.

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)

'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.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4)

32

BROM

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

DRISCOLL

I'm only saying till money's passed  
between us, the deal isn't done.

SWEARENGEN

The deal is done --

Swearengen pushes the sack toward Driscoll --

BROM

We spat in our hands Tim.

DRISCOLL

What the fuck do you know about  
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.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (5)

32

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.

FARNUM  
Damnit! 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.

BROM  
I got it Al.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (6)

32

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

SWEARENGEN

(to Brom)

Yes you did.

Behind Brom, Swearengen notes Trixie ambulating painfully in search of a john. Her gaze meets his, though her eyes are so swollen he has no confident sense of what she's feeling --

CUT TO:

33 EXT. A PIG PEN - NIGHT

33

The Chinaman feeds the Trick, upon whose mortal remains Doc Cochran has completed his examination, to his pot-bellied pig --

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

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

Brom Garret enters a hotel room whose spartan appointment has been embellished by his wife ALMA, thirty, beautiful, married to Brom to salvage her own family's straitened financial circumstances and come with him from New York pursuing her own idea of adventure --

BROM  
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.

ALMA  
And where was your Secret Agent?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

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 smooths his hair, watching 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

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:

35 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

35

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 --

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

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.

H.W. SMITH

Then you and Mr. Bullock partnered  
in Montana.

STAR

That's where we partnered up.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

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?

MAN

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

H.W. SMITH

The Metz family took the Spearfish  
Road --

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

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.

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

CUT TO:

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

36

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 --

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?

(CONTINUED)

DRISCOLL

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

SWEARENGEN

Uh-huh.

DRISCOLL

So I want 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.

DRISCOLL

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

Swearngen just stares at Driscoll --

DRISCOLL (CONT'D)

So fourteen thousand -- thirty percent of that's what? -- what is that, forty-two hundred?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

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

Fine, just give me five hundred at  
the fucking tables then. Jesus  
Christ almighty.

SWEARENGEN

Are we holding markers?

DRISCOLL

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.

DRISCOLL

And a piece of fucking pussy.

SWEARENGEN

Tell Dan, and tell him to come see  
me.

Driscoll's up, walking out --

DRISCOLL

Goddamnit Al!

He's gone. Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

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

37

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

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.

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.

38 AT THE BAR

38

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 --

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

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?

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 --

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

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.

39 ANGLE - STAR, BULLOCK, AND THE MAN

39

entering, approaching the bar --

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

Did you see the massacre or not?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

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 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.

(MORE)

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

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

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.

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

BULLOCK  
Here we go.

Off which --

CUT TO:

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

40

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.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

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?

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?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

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 rode back to where it happened,  
Hickok and some others rode back  
out with him.

Swearengen considers this --

SWEARENGEN  
Did he look happy to go?

Swearengen's question surprises Jimmy --

JIMMY  
He didn't look that happy.

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  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)  
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 Iron 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

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41 INT. LIVERY STABLE - NIGHT

41

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

These depredations are the Indians' death-throes Mr. Hickok. 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.

Hickok looks to Bullock --

HICKOK

Does "bosom" mean "tit?"

BULLOCK

Same thing.

Hickok pulls himself into the saddle, walks his mount near Bullock --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

You were a marshal in Kansas?

Hickok nods --

HICKOK

You?

BULLOCK

Montana.

HICKOK

Come to your senses now?

BULLOCK

Yes Sir.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Something in his disclaimer works on Bullock, who indicates the unnamed Man clinching up a fresh mount across the way --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

His story on this don't hold water.

HICKOK

No.

They ride out. Off which --

CUT TO:

42 EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - NIGHT

42

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

43 POV THROUGH GEM THEATER WINDOW - NIGHT

43

As the rescue party passes by --

44 AT THE GEM WINDOW - NIGHT

44

Johnny Burns, watching the horsemen, then turns as he hears Swearengen's voice behind --

SWEARENGEN

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

45 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

45

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 clearheaded. And starting tomorrow morning, I will offer a personal fifty-dollar bounty for every decapitated head of as many of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)  
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.  
In the hub-bub, Jewel surreptitiously delivers a PISTOL  
to Trixie, while Burns comes to Swearengen's side --

BURNS  
(low)  
Good talk Al.

Swearengen receives the compliment graciously --

SWEARENGEN  
I'll tell you the truth, the more  
I think about it, for murdering  
people on the road to Spearfish,  
my money's on Persimmon Bill.

BURNS  
Making it look like the Indians.

SWEARENGEN  
That is his specialty.

Off which --

CUT TO:

46 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR - DAWN

46

Dority approaches Tim Driscoll's room, a Bowie knife  
between his teeth. B.g., we see Farnum at the head of  
the stairs.

Farnum begins his descent as Dority uses a pass key to  
enter Driscoll's room --

47 INT. DRISCOLL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47

Dority enters. Driscoll sits up in bed --

DRISCOLL  
What is it?

Dority takes the knife from between his teeth --

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

DORITY

Hush Tim.

He's on him --

CUT TO:

48 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

48

Ellsworth's with Trixie. She doesn't realize he's seen the Derringer secreted between her breasts --

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 I'll pay a dollar a minute to hear you. Get anything off your chest you feel like.

She doesn't answer. Ellsworth drinks --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

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

CALAMITY JANE (O.S.)

Peter-sucking for drinks, even up!

49 ANGLE - JANE

49

entering the saloon from the street, shit-faced --

50 SWEARENGEN AND DORITY

50

reacting -- DORITY's been in quiet conversation with Swearengen, giving him the news --

DORITY

That's that sewer-mouth that follows Hickok around.

SWEARENGEN

She's not sucking dicks for drinks in here.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Across the way -- Jane's been talking to a couple of drunken miners -- she turns to the entire barroom --

CALAMITY JANE

(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. I know the road to Spearfish. And I don't drink where I'm the only fucking one with balls.

She's gone --

CUT TO:

51 EXT. A CLEARING OFF THE SPEARFISH ROAD - NIGHT

51

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 --

CUT TO:

52 EXT. MAIN STREET - DEADWOOD - DAWN 52

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

53 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - GARRETS' ROOM - DAWN 53

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, watching him --

CUT TO:

54 INT. THE GEM - DAWN 54

The crowd beginning to thin. Swearengen climbing the stairs to the second floor. At the landing looking down, seeing Trixie and Ellsworth. Trixie looking up, seeing Swearengen --

CUT TO:

55 EXT. THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DAWN 55

Brom comes outside --

56 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DAWN 56

Alma squeezes a draught of laudanum from a 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 --

57 ALMA'S POV - THE STREET 57

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

CUT TO:

58 EXT. THE ROAD BACK FROM SPEARFISH - DAWN 58

The Riders, returning, encounter Jane --

HICKOK

Miss Jane.

CALAMITY JANE

I'd've been with you Bill, but I didn't get word about all this till a couple hours after you headed out.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

HICKOK

It's all right. Nothing more  
could've been done.

He rides on -- revealing Bullock holding the child.  
Bullock gives Jane the girl to hold.

She wheels her horse, treasuring the child, rides back  
with them toward the camp. FIND Bullock and Star,  
careful to keep the unnamed Man in sight --

BULLOCK

Did that look like Indians to you?

STAR

Seth, when this girl's in a Doctor's  
care, we have done our duty.

BULLOCK

(re the Man)

His story's wrong.

STAR

A story don't have to be right to  
be none of my business.

BULLOCK

Your father tell you that?

STAR

(resigned)

In Vienna.

59 ANGLE - HICKOK AND UTTER

59

riding beside each other, taking in the unnamed Man --

UTTER

Keeps distance from that little  
one, don't he Bill?

Hickok doesn't answer --

CUT TO:

60 EXT. DEADWOOD STREET - MORNING

60

Bullock and Merrick have dismounted in front of Doc  
Cochran's office, Merrick calling to Cochran as they  
hurry toward his door.

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

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Jane, handing the child down -- as Cochran starts inside --

CALAMITY JANE

Easy goddamnit --

Draws her gun on Cochran --

CALAMITY JANE (CONT'D)

You just hold on till I'm with  
you. We all got an interest here.

She dismounts. Merrick joins her at Bullock's nod, as  
Utter does at Hickok's. As now finally does Star with  
visible reluctance so that Bullock and Hickok are alone  
with the Man, who's stayed on his horse --

MAN

I guess I done my duty, and I was  
glad enough to help.

As Cochran and the child disappear with the others  
into his office --

BULLOCK

Stick around and see if she lives.

MAN

No, I was glad enough to do my  
duty. That little one'll be in my  
prayers.

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.

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)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

MAN

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

HICKOK

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

BULLOCK

Get down off your horse or face  
the consequences.

The Man spurs his horse to escape, but it wheels and  
rears. Facing Hickok, he screams, gets his pistol a  
few inches out of its holster before Hickok's bullet  
hits his left eye. He loses all coordination, falls  
dead from the horse. A quick draw himself, Bullock  
has cleared his holster too, but not yet had time to  
fire. He stares at Hickok, incredulous --

HICKOK

Was that you or me, Montana?

BULLOCK

That was you.

As the others hurry from inside --

CUT TO:

61 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

61

It adjoins his office but has a separate door. 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. Gets into the bed beside  
Swearengen, lays her head on his shoulder. Off  
Swearengen, unsurprised, utterly alone --

FADE OUT.

THE END