

"Deadwood"

When The Eye Opens

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Final Draft

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CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

Al Swaengen is the Machiavellian owner of the Gem Saloon. He has a business relationship with Wu, the Chinese dope dealer. This relationship has created a growing tension with his rival, a proud racist named Cy Tolliver. Al's best whore and confidante, Trixie, has been sleeping with Sol Star, the hardware merchant.

E.B. Farnum is the owner of the Grand Central Hotel. He has been elected Mayor and protects the interests of Al.

Leon is Cy Tolliver's lackey and he has a penchant for killing the local Chinese. He acts as chief agent in Tolliver's effort to ignite a war between white men and the Chinese.

Dan Dority is the quick-witted road agent for Al Swaengen who takes care of the unclean business best kept quiet.

Sol Star is a hardware merchant who arrived with Seth Bullock. He's a down-to-earth guy simply looking to make his fortune. However, he's endangering himself by having an affair with the whore, Trixie.

Trixie is the most beautiful whore at the Gem. She's been under Al's protection and acts as his confidante. She's jeopardizing the relationship by sleeping with Sol.

Seth Bullock, a former Marshall from Montana, is now Sheriff of Deadwood. He is also co-owner of Star and Bullock Hardware. His wife & child are on their way to Deadwood, yet he's been having an affair with a local widow, Alma Garrett.

Cy Tolliver is the owner of the Bella Union Saloon, an upscale casino and whorehouse. Cy has a habit of smoking cigars and proclaiming his own superiority. He is determined to bring a war to Deadwood between the white men and the Chinese.

Harold Nolan is an intellectual from New York taking a trip West with his family (wife Caitlan, and son Samuel). They've stopped at Deadwood for rest and to learn more about Chinese culture.

Johnny Burns is the dim-witted road agent for Al Swaengen. Until he proves himself more capable of reasoning, Al gives him little responsibility.

Wu is a respected figure in the Chinese community. However, he isn't stationed as high as he could be, due to his willingness to dabble in illegal trade.

DEADWOOD

FADE IN:

INT. PINKERTON OFFICE - CHICAGO - DUSK (D-1)

TITLE CARD: Pinkerton Agency Chicago, IL

ALLAN PINKERTON, the patriarch of American investigation, looks stoically out the window behind his desk.

ED HUTCHINS, his right-hand lackey, sits at the front of the desk.

Pinkerton absently taps his knuckle on the window glass.

Hutchins begins to wonder if Pinkerton even realizes he's there.

HUTCHINS

Mr. Pinkerton...?

PINKERTON

There's a prospecting town in the
Black Hills....

Hutchins nearly jumps at the abruptness of Pinkerton's voice.

Without turning, Pinkerton motions toward signed papers naming the ad hoc municipal appointees of Deadwood, fanned across the desk.

HUTCHINS

(having a look)
Deadwood.

PINKERTON

Think they can put some names on paper
and wash the blood off their hands.

Hutchins grabs a handful and glances them over.

PINKERTON (CONT'D)

Legislature's reviewing their
recognition as a legal territory.

HUTCHINS

(looking up)
Think they'll give it to 'em?

PINKERTON

'Course, Ed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pinkerton turns and faces Hutchins as if it's necessity.

PINKERTON (CONT'D)

With the right-sized bribe they'd be a sovereign state if they asked for it -- and Deadwood's got gold in its veins.

HUTCHINS

(from the paperwork)

Says they had elections, sir.

Pinkerton pulls an ornate flask from his breast pocket and unscrews the cap.

PINKERTON

Think that means spit 'cuz they said it? Modern world's gonna answer to the law.

Takes a swig.

PINKERTON (CONT'D)

Let some rogue camp bend it under the distraction of Indian treaties... we undo everything we started.

HUTCHINS

(still buried in paperwork)

Got that feeling you get?

PINKERTON

It's driving me to drink.

Hutchins looks up with respectful subtlety.

PINKERTON (CONT'D)

I want some agents to go "prospecting" and see what we're really dealing with.

HUTCHINS

Yes, sir.

PINKERTON

If we kick them into the Union fair, we'll bag some gold for everybody.

HUTCHINS

And build our offices.

Pinkerton ignores the comment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINKERTON

A cavalry made a pass for retributions
on Little Big Horn and shored up at
Fort Robinson -- near Deadwood.

HUTCHINS

All right.

PINKERTON

Send two.

Pinkerton takes another swig and caps the flask.

He turns back to the window as Hutchins rises and puts his
hat on.

HUTCHINS

I'll wire it in. They'll be dropped
before tomorrow's light, sir.

To the window as much as Hutchins --

PINKERTON

Babylon's gonna fall.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM SALOON - NIGHT

The saloon is raging with piano play, card games, and
whores in full flirtation.

LEON, the wiry informant of the rival Bella Union Saloon,
bursts through the door with much fanfare.

His clothing is splattered with blood. More dried blood
streaks his cheeks and clot his goatee.

There is a slash in his shirt with a surface wound showing
through.

LEON

(loudly)

Whew! I need me a drink!

He gets the full attention he desired, especially from the
enigmatic owner of the Gem, AL SWEARENGEN.

However, Swearengen does little more than raise his
eyebrows and cock his head. Leaning on the bar beside him
is the unkempt, top hat-doffing Mayor, E.B. FARNUM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEON (CONT'D)

Y'all is probably wondering why I got
so damn much blood on me.

Leon walks toward the bar.

The piano stutters to a stop.

Swearengen straightens, drink in hand.

LEON (CONT'D)

It can get messy slaughtering cattle
and I've been working hard tonight,
fellas.

As he approaches the BARKEEP, a GAMBLER in the crowd throws
in.

GAMBLER

Say Leon, what kind of cattle fights
back?

A hesitant rumble of laughter peppers the Gem.

Leon turns toward the smart-ass.

LEON

The slant-eyed kind.

Without warning, Swearengen grabs the back of Leon's head
and shoves his face onto the bar surface.

SWEARENGEN

If I want a show in my establishment
I'll have a whore dangle her tits on
the stage.

He lifts Leon's head and speaks to it like it's
disconnected from his body.

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Junkies waging war for a short-sighted
cocksucker down the street pay double -
- and get this for a welcome.

He smashes Leon's head back into the bar.

LEON

(in pain but humored)
You can't touch me, Al. You know that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grabbing Leon's hair more forcefully, Swearengen drags him roughly through the Gem toward the door... while still protecting the drink in his hand.

SWEARENGEN

(during his cross)

Tell your owner to pay his mongrels enough to drink at his own place of business. Go back to your fuckin' hole.

EXT. MAIN STREET OUTSIDE THE GEM - CONTINUOUS

Swearengen slings Leon into the street causing him to roll awkwardly before he springs back to his feet defiantly.

Tufts of steam come from their mouths in the cold.

Faces gather at the door for the show.

SWEARENGEN

You are banned from this establishment. And I mean that permanently. Furthermore, you can share that decree with Tolliver and the rest of his cocksucker recruits.

LEON

(displaying himself)

This blood's on all of us, Al. You better decide whose side you're on real quick.

Swearengen knocks back the rest of his drink calmly, then throws a glass fastball at Leon -- who ducks, but it bounces off his back, making him yelp.

Swearengen is mildly impressed with himself.

SWEARENGEN

I'm on my side. The side of propriety and profit-making. I ain't on the chink's side, and I sure as hell ain't on yours. If that's not clear by now, I question the brains of the Bella Union.

Swearengen goes back inside.

Leon stands up, rubs his back and stumbles off.

INT. GEM SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The crowd returns to their business as Swearengen reconvenes with Farnum at the bar. The Barkeep pushes a fresh whiskey forward.

BARKEEP

Here y'are, Mr. Swearengen.

FARNUM

(to Swearengen)

I don't suspect we'll find it fortuitous to have another celestial turn up no longer with the living -- at the hands of our side of camp and all.

Swearengen gives him a look.

FARNUM (CONT'D)

You think he really done a Chinamen in tonight, Al?

SWEARENGEN

Well, we'll know first thing in morning, now won't we?

Farnum nods his head in agreement. He takes a sip of his whiskey.

FARNUM

Why do the chinks make that vociferous racket every time one of 'em gets killed?

SWEARENGEN

It's called a custom, E.B. Like your family line overcharging hotel guests and choking on words too big for their own heads.

FARNUM

I just think they could at least start the clattering and clanging later. It's only natural to have some breakfast first.

Swearengen turns and leans back on the bar, surveying his saloon.

The energy is crisp and cautious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN

(to Farnum)

Never thought I'd say this, but...

(to the PIANO PLAYER)

Play that fucking thing like I pay you to!

The piano play returns.

Swearengen knocks down his whiskey and the Barkeep fills it immediately.

Swearengen stops the Barkeep with his eyes.

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Seen Trixie?

BARKEEP

Not since dark.

SWEARENGEN

She go out?

BARKEEP

Last I saw she left out the front.

Swearengen frees the Barkeep from his gaze and takes a snort of his fresh whiskey.

He closes his eyes for a beat and drops his head back.

SWEARENGEN

In a back alley Chicago shithole, I bought twelve moderately healthy girls for the very reasonable price of twelve thousand dollars -- and property tax of a knife to the gut of a dirty Mick cop.

(drinks)

Ten thousand dollars left in my pocket when my wagons limped into camp with half my whores in coughing fits and a mole already staking out a plot for competition. But I set up first. Planted firm and fast because I know that a successful venture's 'bout as fair as it is pretty. And I'll tell ya what else I know: the careful use of blood speeds riches -- if you got the balls to spill it.

(drinks)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

But what I didn't know, is that some well-bred entrepreneurs let it flow just for goddamn sport.

FARNUM

What do you think needs doing?

SWEARENGEN

Well, Mayor, I came here for two reasons: to drink and fuck in peace... and to buy a modicum of goddamn respect through the cunning use of profits. I did not come here to die for someone else's pointless war.

(drinks)

Therefore, I need to adjust my method of maneuvering based on the new light the night has shone upon my opponent's character.

Farnum spins his glass absently.

Swearngen empties his whiskey and starts to walk off to the stairs to his office.

FARNUM

Where're you going, Al?

SWEARENGEN

No successful battle plan was ever drawn up to the tune of a tuneless piano.

(he stops without turning
when a thought hits)

Find Bullock and tell him I want him here first thing in the morning.

FARNUM

Me?

SWEARENGEN

No. The fucking ghost of Custer should spook him this way.

FARNUM

It's just that as I'm Mayor and all...

Swearngen turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN

If it's your brittle pride then get Dan or Johnny. If it's a question of revealing alliances, our Sheriff ain't as thick as you might think. I really don't give a fuck how you do it, but I need a word with him to coax this blind bitch I know out of the cellar.

FARNUM

A blind lady?

SWEARENGEN

That's right. I stole this ripe cunt's scales and locked her up a long time ago. But I suppose she can have her place if we keep a knife to her back.

FARNUM

Where're you keeping her, Al?

SWEARENGEN

(exhausted with the idiocy around him)

Figure out how to bring him, or who's gonna do it, just let our Sheriff know I need him here come light. And I think it needs saying E.B., I don't particularly enjoy flapping jaws in the first place... but whenever I put some juice on my words 'round you, I end up talking to myself.

He goes up the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The flakes of a first snow coat two solemn CHINESE people. They are kneeling on each side of a CHINESE CORPSE who has been viciously gutted.

They each hold one of the corpse's hands with heads bowed.

Two men on horseback in cavalry uniforms come across the Chinese. They stop their horses and look at each other with steam erupting from their nostrils, then look back at the mourning scene.

Their presence has no effect on the Chinese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CAVALRYMEN remove their hats. After a beat, they slowly trot away.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Farnum crosses the path of DAN DORITY, Swearengen's best road agent/henchmen.

DORITY

E.B.

FARNUM

Evening, Dan. Say, Al wanted me to find you.

DORITY

He did, did he?

FARNUM

Wants you to see that Mr. Bullock reports to him in the morning for a discussion.

DORITY

In the morning?

FARNUM

First thing.

DORITY

(repeating)

First thing in the morning Seth Bullock is to pay Al a visit -- and Al asked you to have me arrange it?

FARNUM

That's right.

DORITY

So let me get this straight. Al asked you to find me... so I could find Bullock. That right?

FARNUM

That's right.

DORITY

Well, if you're in the finding business, why didn't he just ask you to find Bullock on your own?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARNUM
Can't say exactly.

DORITY
Can't say, or don't know?

FARNUM
Can't say because I don't know.

A beat.

DORITY
Tell you what. You give me five dollars, and I'll do this thing.

FARNUM
Why should I pay you to do something Al asked for?

DORITY
'Cuz I'm gonna do this thing with nothing to say 'cuz there's nothing I know.

They share a look.

FARNUM
That's an indignation.

DORITY
For just five dollars, you can hire me to run all over town looking for somebody. Or, you can protect your dignity... for just five dollars. It's just up to you on how you want me to look at what I'm doing -- for my five dollars.

After a beat, Farnum reaches into his pocket, removes some money and shoves it into Dority's hand. Without a word, he walks off.

DORITY (CONT'D)
'Night, Mayor.

Dority victoriously pockets the money.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - NIGHT

SETH BULLOCK, Deadwood's hesitant Sheriff, walks into the bustling Bella Union Casino.

He is motioned over to sit across from the powerful owner of the Bella Union, CY TOLLIVER.

Tolliver chews on a cigar and has a bottle of gin and two glasses, one full.

As Bullock approaches --

TOLLIVER
Sheriff.

BULLOCK
Mr. Tolliver.

TOLLIVER
How's your evening?

BULLOCK
(abruptly)
Cold. I heard you were looking for me.

TOLLIVER
(chuckling)
Relax.

He pours Bullock a gin. He places it before the Sheriff.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
You're as tight as a Sioux wrapped in
a blanket.

Tolliver raises his glass and Bullock does the same.
Tolliver drinks.

BULLOCK
I mean no offense when I say that I
find little comfort within your
establishment.

Bullock drinks.

TOLLIVER
Sorry to hear that. I've done my best
to provide every amenity and desire a
man such as yourself might require.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BULLOCK

It's not the options you've made available.

TOLLIVER

Then what would you have me change?

BULLOCK

Nothing. It's more... something on the air.

TOLLIVER

Surely you don't retreat from the scent of sin.

BULLOCK

If you have business, I'd rather we speak to that.

TOLLIVER

Well, well. I see you...

Leon, freshly bathed and hair still wet, arrives excitedly with FRANCES, one of the Bella Union whores.

LEON

Frances okay, Mr. Tolliver?

TOLLIVER

(impatiently)

I said whichever one you'd like. Now go on.

Tolliver puts on a plastic smile and has a drink.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Sorry 'bout that. Simpler minds have little respect for etiquette.

(beat)

Now, I hope I haven't been unfriendly to you, Seth. I've sensed a distrust, and I'm hoping to make that right.

BULLOCK

It's my business to distrust. And it's my duty to make people earn a change of my heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOLLIVER

I understand. Yet another example that you and I aren't like the rest of this town.

Pulls on his cigar and exhales a small cloud of smoke.

BULLOCK

Can't say I follow.

TOLLIVER

It's a matter of class, Mr. Bullock. We may be two very different shades of nobility, but we are both of higher station than most of this lot.

BULLOCK

I couldn't disagree more.

TOLLIVER

That's difficult to understand.

BULLOCK

I feel I'm speaking plain enough.

TOLLIVER

This town could use a good cleaning, Sheriff and it's my fervent belief that I could help you with that. After all, that is what you've signed on for, isn't it?

BULLOCK

To clean up this town, yes.

TOLLIVER

Well, a little funding behind you could do a lot.

BULLOCK

I don't want money from those with interest. You can't take a proper bath in a tub full of shit.

TOLLIVER

Let me ask you this, Bullock: How are you to enforce the law without a jailhouse? What kind of cell you going to toss them in... one made of sticks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BULLOCK

If you're suggesting barter can outweigh my commitment to justice...

TOLLIVER

I'm bartering with ability to secure the tools of justice.

BULLOCK

And what am I bartering with?

TOLLIVER

Priorities.

Tolliver reaches across and refills Bullock's glass.

BULLOCK

I think you need to speak more plainly.

TOLLIVER

Priorities. Suppose some dirty chink stole a horse... well I'd think that calls for immediate hanging.

A beat.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

And suppose a Chinamen gets killed by a white man who was simply defending himself when attacked... well, I wouldn't think that'd need investigation, now would it? Justice served, wouldn't you say?

Bullock stands.

BULLOCK

I'd say this is not a conversation I can play a part in.

TOLLIVER

(intensely)

They're dangerous people, Bullock.

BULLOCK

We all boil when we get hot enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOLLIVER

If we don't prepare ourselves against savages, we could end up dead in our sleep.

BULLOCK

I only see one side pushing, Cy. You may give fools a good fright from your made-up stories, but I got my eye on peace.

He starts to go.

TOLLIVER

(yelling after him)

Everyone needs a side, Sheriff. Best choose early.

Bullock exits.

CUT TO:

INT. SOL STAR'S ROOM - NIGHT

TRIXIE, Al Swaengen's favorite whore and confidante is wrapped around hardware store owner, SOL STAR's torso as they lie naked in bed.

There's a pounding on the door.

Sol untangles himself from Trixie and pulls on his long underwear. He reaches the door just short of a new series of knocks.

Swinging the door open reveals Dan Dority.

DORITY

Mr. Star. I'm looking to locate your partner.

SOL

Can't say I know where he's keeping himself tonight, Dan.

Leaning, Dority catches Trixie trying to disappear in the sheets.

DORITY

Well, I tried his place, your shop... I thought I'd try here before I checked the widow's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOL
Don't know why you'd try the widow's.

DORITY
Well you never know where you're gonna
find folk.

There's an electric pause of whether Dority will say
something about Trixie...

SOL
I suppose you're right.

... and he will.

DORITY
For example, say Al was looking for
his best whore... where d'ya reckon
he'd send me?

TRIXIE
(from inside the room)
To hell.

DORITY
Oh. Is that Trixie? Didn't know you
was here.

TRIXIE
You finished your business, Dority.
Get on and go.

DORITY
(to Sol)
Tell your partner that Mr. Swearengen
needs a word, first thing.

SOL
When I see him.

DORITY
First thing.
(leaning in and sending it to
Trixie)
'Night, Trix.

Trixie drops flat on her back and stares blankly at the
ceiling.

Sol closes the door and returns to the bed wrapping himself
around Trixie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She quickly unwraps herself and rises. She slips her clothes on with a detached look.

Sol rolls over and sits up, leaning back on his elbows.

SOL
You just gonna go?

TRIXIE
What do you want, a goddamn kiss? A fuckin' thank you?

SOL
It ain't like he don't know nothing already.

Trixie looks at him with disbelief.

TRIXIE
I don't care about that. Christ. Why would I care about that? And I don't know why you're talking about it.

SOL
Then why're you leavin'?

She struggles with her buttons.

TRIXIE
'Cause I gotta get back.

SOL
Don't you wanna know what it's like to wake up beside somebody that feels something for you?

TRIXIE
That what you think this is all about?

SOL
I don't know. Do you do this to everyone you don't charge?

TRIXIE
You just gotta hear that I never done this before, don't ya? You gonna poke at me until I say it... so you feel good about yourself for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOL
Only thing I'm saying is that I want
you to stay.

TRIXIE
(fiercely)
Why? So what! We fucked for free.
Fucked for free -- even knowing how
Al's gonna be put off.

SOL
(defiantly)
That's right. We crossed him. Again.
So let's run it all the way.

TRIXIE
And I'm supposed to understand what
that means?

They look at each other for a loaded moment.

SOL
Stay here. I'll settle with him.
(beat)
Set you free. The store's doing well
enough already. I could make him an
offer...

TRIXIE
You think you can buy a lifetime of
fucks from out of Al's pocket? Don't
kid yourself.

SOL
I'd try to.

TRIXIE
(wryly)
Thanks for that.

Sol starts climbing out of bed.

SOL
Don't walk out that door, Trixie.

TRIXIE
What? You want another fuck then?

SOL
And more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He approaches.

TRIXIE

Well fucks are all I got to offer.

He puts his hand on her shoulders.

SOL

I don't believe that.

TRIXIE

A man's belief and his sense rarely know what the other's up to.

She wriggles free.

SOL

Look at me, Trixie!

She does... with fire.

SOL (CONT'D)

You're putting me on with this bullshit. If you were really this cold, you wouldn't be here spending time on a man like you know me to be.

TRIXIE

When the only power a woman has still ain't hers, sometimes she takes it and puts it somewhere just for herself. That's all. All it is, Sol. Don't you go feeling. Feelings got no place with me.

She turns to leave.

SOL

If I thought you came here without 'em, I wouldn't've touched you at all.

With her back to him, Sol is unable to see the pain in her face as she says flatly --

TRIXIE

Then I can't feel bad for a fool.

She starts to go, and stops without turning.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

And don't say my name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOL

Why not?

TRIXIE

(as she goes)

It don't sound right on your lips.

She exits.

Sol smacks his palm on the wall in frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. XIANG'S TEA ROOM - NIGHT

The four leading figures of the Chinese community are kneeling around a large table.

XIANG is a successful businessman and owner of the tea room.

TAM is a former Lord and respected elder.

XI is a wealthy socialite and advisor to Tam.

WU is a powerful businessman of shady practice who works with Swaengen, running opium to the white side of camp.

The following dialogue is SUBTITLED:

TAM

They organized. We must do the same.

XIANG

They did this for pretty appearance.

TAM

Then let us not make that mistake. We must be strong to appear weak.

XI

Wu, you know how they share power?

WU

My contact is stronger than any titles they made.

TAM

Then why does he not stop the violence and murder?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WU

There is another of equal strength and lesser judgement.

Silence as everyone is afraid to voice the next logical thought. Finally --

XIANG

If this other were to disappear, would there be war?

WU

He is the war. Without him, war is not their wish.

Another beat as they all share a thought.

TAM

Our people cannot take this life.

XIANG

Can we purchase this act?

WU

The price will have to equal his power.

XI

To avoid war, we can find funds. Outside the city, no one will sympathize with murderous Chinese.

TAM

Then it is for you to arrange, Wu.

A beat where Wu should have bowed. They look at him strangely.

WU

I will need your son, Tam.

TAM

(in disbelief)

The son of a Lord cannot engage in base practice.

WU

Negotiation without language works for opium and trade. Not for assassination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAM
My son will not dishonor his
ancestors!

Tam is clearly finished discussing it.

Wu cannot help himself.

WU
I will need translation.

XI
You are to find your own solution.

The door opens and a frost-covered CHINESE BOY anxiously calls to them.

CHINESE BOY
Master Xiang! Cho -- come look!

Tam leads a bow and they all follow him and rise quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - OUTSIDE XIANG'S TEA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Chinese leaders crowd around the entrance of the tea room and watch as the two snow-covered Chinese carry the corpse past them.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - OUTSIDE THE GEM - NIGHT

Trixie is approaching the Gem, quickly trying to outpace the cold and the gentle snow.

Before reaching the door, she puts her back to the side of the building under the protection of the balcony.

She exhales a cloud of breath and wipes snow from her shoulders as the muted piano echoes through the wall behind her.

She slides down the wall on her back and hugs her knees, longing to cry, but finds she's unable to.

On the balcony above her, Swearengen appears alone with a bottle of whiskey in hand. He is clearly hammered from the drinking and oblivious to Trixie's presence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trixie, crouched like a rabbit, goes silent and motionless.

SWEARENGEN

(to himself)

Goddamn you fucking idiot cocksucker.

Swearengen doubles over for a moment and gags as if about to vomit. Nothing comes, so he spits several times before straightening up again.

He tries to wipe the spit away with his foot and this only causes him to lose balance. He falls into the rail and his bottle goes with gravity.

It lands fairly close to Trixie and she struggles to remain silent despite her surprise.

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Son... bitch.

He falls to his knees, then collapses, and rolls to his back.

Eyes closed and snow gathering --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(almost a whisper)

Trixie.

We PULL BACK & DOWN revealing the two in snow-freckled moonlight with the distant piano.

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(loudly and randomly into the night)

Trixie!

(nearly inaudibly on his lips)

Fucking Trixie.

The two Cavalrymen trot into frame and stop at the sight of the huddled Trixie.

She raises a finger to her lips.

They hesitate, nod, and then move on.

FADE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - CHINESE DISTRICT - MORNING (D-2)

CLOSE on a gong as two mallets strike it in unison.

The gong rings out into --

INT. GEM SALOON - MORNING

Bright morning light spilling through the windows of the Gem Saloon as Swearengen staggers downstairs. He's hugging himself from the cold and holding a handkerchief.

SWEARENGEN

(loudly to no one particular)
Goddammit, Leon!

He kicks over a chair when he reaches the bottom of the steps.

The Barkeep is leaning on the bar with his chin in his hand. He cocks his head to look at Swearengen with mild interest.

A dealer deals a pathetic poker game of two.

A couple of whores are napping near the fireplace, draped over chairs.

BARKEEP

Them chinks been pounding on that
thing for...

Swearengen wipes his running nose and in a nasally voice:

SWEARENGEN

We're closed!

Everyone stares at Swearengen, a little unsure of what he means.

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

You tellin' me every last one of you
is that thick? Get. The fuck. Out!

They all dejectedly rise and exit as Swearengen pours himself a shot at the bar. He blows his nose and knocks the whiskey back.

When the last person has gone he walks to the bar, drops his head, and closes his eyes for a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

TRIXIE!

After a moment, she appears in the doorway.

TRIXIE

Yeah.

SWEARENGEN

Where'd you sleep last night?

TRIXIE

My room.

A pause as if he didn't think she'd show -- and is now unprepared for conversation.

SWEARENGEN

Was it warm enough?

TRIXIE

Enough.

SWEARENGEN

The cold can be bad for business if we don't keep the fires going.

TRIXIE

Well, they're going still.

There's another awkward pause.

SWEARENGEN

In the midst of this invisible storm
brewing my constitution's been
weakened. Fetch me a goddamn plate
from the restaurant.

He slaps some money loudly on the bar and walks coldly back up the steps without looking at her.

The gong rings out again through --

EXT. GEM SALOON - MORNING

SETH BULLOCK approaches the Gem with a cigarette in his mouth.

He stops for a moment as Trixie exits and walks past him without acknowledgement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls a drag, drops it, and enters the saloon.

INT. GEM SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The door swings behind Bullock's entrance.

He looks around, surprised to see the place empty.

BULLOCK

Al?

Swearengen emerges from his office upstairs.

SWEARENGEN

Prompt delivery indeed. And with a face that's fresh as a picture book hero.

BULLOCK

Well, you look like you slept with Wu's pigs.

SWEARENGEN

Feel like it, too. Well, come on up.

Swearengen retreats to his office.

Bullock moves up the steps.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CHINESE DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

A group of Chinese are working vigorously over the Chinese Corpse but it's unclear what they are doing to it.

In the distance, the two Chinese with mallets at the gong strike it again, causing it to ring into --

EXT. MAIN STREET - CHINESE MARKET - MORNING

HAROLD NOLAN, a bespectacled new arrival to Deadwood, stands with his wife, CAITLAN, and seven year-old son, SAMUEL, observing the market.

HAROLD NOLAN

(to his son, but including his wife)

There it is again. That sound comes from an instrument called a 'gong' and it's used only for special occasions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMUEL NOLAN

Why's today special?

HAROLD NOLAN

Very good question, Samuel. It appears to be a death.

CAITLAN NOLAN

Harold!

HAROLD NOLAN

What? Well, the boy knows what death is. We can't hide inevitabilities anymore than we can prevent them.

CAITLAN NOLAN

Could you at least try to avoid these discussions entirely.

HAROLD NOLAN

We agreed to stop here to observe their natural behaviors in a developing environment.

CAITLAN NOLAN

Well, I agreed because I was looking forward to a proper bed, and nothing more.

HAROLD NOLAN

These Chinese are fascinating. And our boy should be exposed to other cultures.

CAITLAN NOLAN

Yes, if you can understand them, I reckon they're quite fascinating.

HAROLD NOLAN

The language is rather odd and difficult, but that makes it all the more a treat for the inquisitive mind.

SAMUEL NOLAN

Who died?

HAROLD NOLAN

Well, I don't know, son. A Chinese person, obviously. But I don't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAITLAN NOLAN

How do you even know somebody died?

HAROLD NOLAN

Because along with the gong, they are clearly assembling a sort of procession, I think. And if I'm right, they'll soon parade the corpse about town.

CAITLAN NOLAN

How horrid.

ANGLE ON

JOHNNY BURNS, Swearengen's more dim-witted road agent, is in the Chinese market stumbling to make a purchase.

BURNS

Three!
(holding up fingers)
Three. Cords of wood.
(condescendingly)
Three. Cords. Of. Wood.

He points down to a small stack of firewood behind the stand.

The CHINESE MARKETEEER lifts a large bag of flour leaning against the firewood. He shows the contents to Burns and begins sewing the top shut with a large nail tied with twine.

He shouts to an assistant to fetch two more bags.

BURNS (CONT'D)

No, I need wood, goddammit.

Burns knocks on one of the wooden posts of the stand and points emphatically at the stack of wood.

The Chinese Marketeer answers in impatient Mandarin.

BURNS (CONT'D)

The fucking firewood. Right there!
(slowly)
Fire. Wood. Three cords.
(defeated)
Ah sonofabitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Burns starts to go around the stand to physically pick up a stick of wood as an example, but the Marketeer's chattering gets loud and angry -- drawing attention from the surrounding Chinese.

As Burns looks around, suddenly self-conscious, Harold Nolan approaches.

HAROLD NOLAN

What is it you need?

BURNS

I'm trying to buy some goddamn firewood and this here Chinaman's trying to give me a year's worth of flour.

HAROLD NOLAN

Firewood.

BURNS

Right.

HAROLD NOLAN

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)

Man here is want wood for to burn, not... bag of... white?

Pause as the Chinese Marketeer realizes what has just happened.

CHINESE MARKETEEER

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)

No one ever understands this man.

HAROLD NOLAN

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)

I believe you.

They almost smile.

CHINESE MARKETEEER

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)

How much he want?

HAROLD NOLAN

(to Burns)

How much?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURNS

(in awe)
Three cords.

HAROLD NOLAN

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)
Three... big... piles?

CHINESE MARKETEEER

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)
One hundred fifty.

HAROLD NOLAN

(to Burns)
A hundred fifty dollars.

Burns absently pays without the thought of haggling.

The Chinese Marketeer shouts off to his assistant.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY

E.B. Farnum is behind the desk when the two Cavalrymen, JURGESS and RICHARDS, descend the stairs and walk up to him.

FARNUM

Morning, gentleman. E.B. Farnum.

He extends his hand.

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Sole owner of this fine hotel
establishment and Mayor of Deadwood.

Jurgess takes his hand and shakes it.

JURGESS

Morning. Lieutenant Jurgess.

Without shaking --

RICHARDS

Lieutenant Richards.

FARNUM

My clerk tells me you showed late last
night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JURGESS

We did.

FARNUM

He also tells me he failed to look at your papers.

Jurgess & Richards each produce a piece of paper.

Farnum puts on reading glasses as he examines them.

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Sorry for this, but it's a courtesy to the honorable General Crook. Seems your boys stationed at Fort Robinson have been infatuated with the provisions of our modest camp.

RICHARDS

"Desertion is a hair's length from treason."

JURGESS

As the General is prone to say.

(beat)

You'll see there that our leave is authorized.

Farnum pretends to study the papers closer than he really is.

FARNUM

Looks in order to me.

He returns the papers to them and removes his glasses.

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Did you find the accommodations to your liking?

JURGESS

It was all we required.

FARNUM

I'm honored to provide proper respite to men in uniform. You'll be staying on for the week?

JURGESS

Indefinitely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FARNUM
You plan to do some prospecting?

JURGESS
We've no plans beyond enjoying the
comforts of town life.

The sound of the gong rings out again.

Jurgess furrows his brow.

JURGESS (CONT'D)
What's that owed to?

FARNUM
A Chinaman died.

JURGESS
And they always do that?

FARNUM
Always... well, I think it's always.

JURGESS
You know the dead man?

FARNUM
We don't know much about the
celestials... Chinamen. They have
their own business.

RICHARDS
Where are we to find food?

FARNUM
Something resembles it at the
restaurant just west of here.

Richards walks out. Jurgess tips his hat before following.

FARNUM (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Nice to meet you, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - OUTSIDE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jurgess and Richards stand outside watching in confusion as
a procession of Chinese are advancing in the far distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Children are running back and forth at the front through what looks like a wispy white cloud.

The gong has been replaced by faint Chinese music.

INT. SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bullock sits across from Swearengen.

Swearengen looks haggard behind his desk. He's dipping a cloth into a bowl of water on his desk.

SWEARENGEN

That tin suits you. A real sheriff in a fake camp. Don't know if I should resurrect our dead Reverend to teach me to pray or just fold my fuckin' hand.

BULLOCK

I don't aim to do much more than keep the peace and keep us... free from unnecessary eyes.

Swearengen holds the cloth to his forehead.

SWEARENGEN

Funny how surprised I get every time we agree, especially when it's beginning to be more often than not.

BULLOCK

I suspect I'm here for more than cocksucking compliments.

SWEARENGEN

Feisty fuckin' morning? Don't hurt yourself swinging at me. I may be the only blessing you got.

The music starts to swell a bit outside the window below.

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(down toward the music)
Goddamnit! The chink's fucking dead already -- why suffer the living?!

He drops his head back and lets loose a nasally groan. He blots his forehead with the wet cloth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BULLOCK

Why do you work with the Chinamen if they get you so hot?

SWEARENGEN

(sharply)

Because I don't join snakes in petty vendettas. I'm snake enough on my own and losing my fucking patience.

BULLOCK

Snakes don't often call themselves as much.

SWEARENGEN

(sternly)

Now who's suckin' whose cock?

(waves it off)

I'll get to my point being as my head feels like a bullet to the knee... and I might just pass out for the lack of an ability to die.

BULLOCK

I suppose I'd have mixed feelings about that.

They share a smile.

SWEARENGEN

All right, Bullock. I wouldn't give a shit about another unwarranted distraction -- add it to the stack. But that clever cocksucker Tolliver is stirring up a war that's gonna make a mess I don't appreciate. And I need them Chinamen here.

BULLOCK

Why's that?

SWEARENGEN

They provide rare goods that have a demand... and they keep this camp from being poisoned by predictability.

BULLOCK

Well, I think a swig of predictability would do some good 'round here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN

Yeah. I'd expect a man like you to say that.

BULLOCK

And what kind of man would you paint me?

Swearngen savors the thought. Takes the cloth and dips it into the bowl of water again.

SWEARENGEN

Righteous as it's convenient. Worrying about doing what's right before you done anything. But right or wrong ain't gonna be figured 'til it's already been done.

Swearngen plops his foot on the desk with a thud, and drapes the wet cloth over his face, save his mouth.

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

And that's an always. Best not see it coming and there's no time to think.

JOHNNY BURNS sticks his head through the crack of the door.

BURNS

Sorry to disturb you Al, but I brought you something.

Swearngen removes the cloth and sits up with ominous irritation.

SWEARENGEN

That all the respect you got for our Sheriff? You bust in to pass me a plate of food that Trixie should've delivered her own damn self?

BURNS

Well, no...

SWEARENGEN

(intimidatingly)
No?

BURNS

But...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN

So why the hell am I looking at your cocksucker face, then? Move along. One might attempt to think ahead and realize I don't need to see and hear everything as it happens.

BURNS

(like a hurt puppy)
Sorry. Sorry, Sheriff. I'll... uh, just be downstairs with him, Al. For when you're ready.

Burns disappears behind the door.

INT. GEM SALOON - DAY

Burns closes the office door and looks down at the Nolans sitting at the bar stools of the empty Gem.

BURNS

Uh... he'll be just a minute. Business with the Sheriff.

Caitlan Nolan can't suppress her irritation.

HAROLD NOLAN

(to Caitlan)
Just wait a few more moments. It could be a nice boon to make some extra traveling money for what we stopped to do anyway.

Samuel Nolan is resting his chin on the bar.

SAMUEL NOLAN

I wanna see the dead man.

Caitlan flashes an alarmed and angry look at Harold.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELLA UNION BALCONY - SIMULTANEOUS

Tolliver is leaning on his balcony rail watching the distant procession of Chinese.

Leon stands beside him, eating an apple.

TOLLIVER

Imagine possession of a cannon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEON

Lined up like that, wouldn't even need
a reload.

They relish the idea for a bit.

LEON (CONT'D)

What's next?

TOLLIVER

Nothing.

LEON

After we gutted another one, we gonna
just quit?

TOLLIVER

Let Al piss himself for a spell. Let
the chinks cower.

LEON

What's the point of that?

TOLLIVER

Now that he's pressed, Al just might
reveal his true allegiance -- for
everyone to see.

LEON

Goddamn chink-lover.

TOLLIVER

And the chinks could prove themselves
the savages that you and I know them
to be -- before everyone's eyes.

LEON

Bet they do.

TOLLIVER

But if we dip our arms deeper in
buckets of blood just now, we could
draw ourselves as the savages.

LEON

That's good thinkin', Mr. Tolliver.

TOLLIVER

Let 'em fire a round into their boots
while we watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leon throws the remains of his apple toward the procession and it falls a couple hundred yards short.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

SWEARENGEN

This all requires a little...
(gears shift visibly in his
head)
... did Johnny say 'him'?

BULLOCK

That's what I heard.

Swearengen's found some interest, after all...

He speeds up the proceedings.

SWEARENGEN

So -- the point. I'd like to hear from
your own chops that you got no trouble
with living among the chinks.

BULLOCK

Every life's got an equal right to
live or die, wherever they choose to
stop moving.

SWEARENGEN

Can't say I was looking for a poem.
But that being said...
(leaning forward)
I'm going to fight that cocksucker.
And it'd help my strategies, Sheriff,
to know the look of justice through
your beads.

BULLOCK

I side with peace, Al. I'll only eye
the methods.

SWEARENGEN

And if blood should spill?

BULLOCK

If I understand the reasons and the
result is peace... I might make a
point of steering clear of Wu's pigs
on particular days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat.

Bullock stands, suddenly upset with himself.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Look, I can't speak to circumstances
that ain't yet come to be.

Swearengen stands as well and escorts him to the office
door.

SWEARENGEN

No need to, Sheriff. Don't trouble
yourself with conscience, we buried
him when the ground was still soft.

BULLOCK

You think I'd take comfort in those
words?

SWEARENGEN

No. But we both know greater good is
dirty business.

Swearengen offers his hand when they step into the doorway.

INT. GEM SALOON - DAY

Harold Nolan and family are watching the Chinese procession
at the window with Johnny Burns.

They turn to catch Swearengen and Bullock's handshake
above.

Bullock starts down the steps.

Al addresses the crowd.

SWEARENGEN

Mr. Burns may not be the wisest in my
employ, but I did think him aware this
was not a place of business suited for
families.

BURNS

Sorry, Al. I was just thinkin' you
should meet Mr. Nolan's all... and
it's cold outside... and everyone
seems to be gone today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN

Mr. Nolan. That's you?

Bullock slows as he passes, wrestling with his curiosity. But he simply tips his hat and continues out the door.

HAROLD NOLAN

Harold Nolan. Writer, from New York, among other things.

SWEARENGEN

Other things?

HAROLD NOLAN

Scientist, professor, sociologist. Cultural enthusiast.

SWEARENGEN

Words we hear a lot 'round here. You stayin'?

CAITLAN NOLAN

(quickly cutting in)

Only a couple of nights to refresh our spirit.

SWEARENGEN

You seem like fine, interesting people. But I'm afraid I'm still at a loss as to why Burns brought you here.

BURNS

Speaks Chinese, Al.

Al bursts into laughter.

SWEARENGEN

That's the damnedest thing I heard my whole life over. Really.

HAROLD NOLAN

Not particularly well. But enough.

SWEARENGEN

Suppose I'm going to have to be nicer to Mr. Burns here for a spell. Cats tend to bring dead animals in, not wishes granted. Mr. Nolan, I entreat you to join me for a walk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAROLD NOLAN
Most certainly.

Swearengen descends the staircase.

SWEARENGEN
Johnny, open some peaches and give the woman and child anything they desire -- that we happen to have. Dan can fetch what we don't.

He reaches Burns and into his ear adds --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
And keep the girls in their rooms.

HAROLD NOLAN
Will you be all right, honey?

CAITLAN NOLAN
(only somewhat convincingly)
Sure. We'll be fine.

Swearengen leads Harold Nolan out of the front door.

Harold sends Caitlan one last look as tender as he is able.

CUT TO:

INT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - DAY

Jurgess and Richards walk into the hardware store as Sol is sifting through a box of various small items.

SOL
Gentlemen.
(noticing the uniforms)
That's cavalry, ain't it?

JURGESS
Yes.

SOL
Passing?

JURGESS
Staying for a spell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOL

Welcome to Deadwood. I'm Sol Star, one half-owner of Star and Bullock, brokers of fine wares.

JURGESS

Lieutenant Jurgess. This is Lieutenant Richards.

SOL

Always a pleasant surprise to have men in uniform about.

JURGESS

Good of you to say. Afraid we're not seeking wares just yet, more of an understanding of what the town itself has to offer.

SOL

Well, you've still come to the right place -- as I don't charge for information.

JURGESS

Appreciate that.

SOL

What do you fellows seek? Companionship?

JURGESS

We might.

SOL

Well you'll save money at the Gem, but you'll enjoy the view at the Bella Union. And both have drink and game to suit your cravings.

RICHARDS

What do you have for law?

Strange pause to match the far left-field question.

SOL

Well, my partner's our lawman.

RICHARDS

A store owner is the town watch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sol suddenly goes on the defensive.

SOL

My partner can handle double duty if anyone can.

RICHARDS

Are any cells occupied at the jail right now?

SOL

We haven't really built a jail just yet.

RICHARDS

A rather important detail to be left lacking in a town that's taken root, wouldn't you think?

Sol is becoming uncomfortable.

SOL

I don't mean insult... but you gents aren't aiming to bring mischief upon us, are you?

Doing damage control, Jurgess steps in.

JURGESS

Quite the opposite. We've just heard tale that this town was lawless and if we were to take a residence, it's important to get past the legend to see the sight.

SOL

Well, Deadwood's still young. We're gathering what we need at the pace it's required.

JURGESS

It was not our intent to offend, but I see that we have.

(gives Richards a small look)

Forgive us as we take our leave.

They pinch their hats and exit.

Sol looks perplexed as he watches them go.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The streets are beginning to bustle as white townspeople gather to watch the procession as if it were a parade.

The Chinese band is playing a mourning song as the funeral procession moves through the streets with a draped corpse carried overhead.

Younger members of the Chinese community run ahead tossing white papers punched full of holes to carpet the procession's path. They swirl and dive in the slight breeze.

ANGLE ON

TRIXIE, arriving before the Gem holding a plate of food. She's on the wrong side of the procession and unable to cross the street through the mourners.

Looking through the other side of the crowd, we see Swearengen exit the Gem with Harold Nolan.

ANGLE ON

HAROLD NOLAN, gleefully taking in the excitement of the procession as Al leads him alongside it in the opposite direction.

ANGLE ON

TRIXIE, looking at The Gem's front door. Her eyes narrow and harden as the Chinese continue to pass.

Tears well in her eyes and pieces of papers dance by her face as we move in CLOSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELLA UNION BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Tolliver, now alone, is smoking a cigar watching the last of the Chinese procession disappear in the distance.

Swearengen, with Nolan in tow, emerges from the procession. They are in the middle of passing when --

TOLLIVER
(down to Swearengen)
I hear my boys are no longer welcome
at the Gem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Al's chest puffs up and you can see the mental preparation in each man.

SWEARENGEN

(to Nolan)

I'm gonna need a moment.

(up to Tolliver)

I will not go to war, you piece of pompous shit.

Tolliver doesn't flinch.

Nolan does.

TOLLIVER

You play with dope, you get drug into a slant-eyed world, Al. You may slick your hair like a sophisticated man, but you can't hide baseness when you make deals with animals.

SWEARENGEN

Picking fights without provocation ain't my idea of class. And that's what divides you and me.

Tolliver arrogantly pulls on his cigar.

TOLLIVER

I don't see a divide to bridge. You just don't seem to comprehend that class is not something you attain, but something bred.

SWEARENGEN

I always thought class was something more than a manner of speech and kin with deep pockets.

TOLLIVER

I hardly think you're in position to talk kindness and fealty.

End of round one.

Swearengen turns and raises a finger to Nolan.

SWEARENGEN

(to Nolan)

I apologize, but I'll need a few more words.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(up to Tolliver)

A man's word is the only history by which he can be judged. And that decides his station. Your joint may sparkle but it's full of whores just the same.

TOLLIVER

You wish to compare our women?

SWEARENGEN

Your whores may be nicely painted, but they got the same rot growing in their cunts. So go fuck yourself.

End of round two.

Harold Nolan's discomfort is quite clear by his wide eyes and desire to disappear.

TOLLIVER

You certainly speak like a nobleman, Al.

SWEARENGEN

Let the Chinamen be. We got shit coming from all sides... we're better served helping each other.

TOLLIVER

I've yet to see any shit you didn't bring to us.

SWEARENGEN

If we don't work together I'm going to resign to thinking this town can't fit us both.

TOLLIVER

Get on the side of your own people and I speculate we can work together fine.

Swearngen gives him a harsh look and walks off determinedly.

It's a draw.

Nolan's frozen for a beat, then races to catch up with Al.

Tolliver chuckles and tokes on his cigar.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As they walk, Nolan looks at Swearengen despairingly.

HAROLD NOLAN
Is there some sort of trouble with the
Chinese?

SWEARENGEN
Not if you can help it.

HAROLD NOLAN
I don't understand.

SWEARENGEN
You will soon enough.

HAROLD NOLAN
Who was that?

SWEARENGEN
A problem.

They walk in silence for a bit as the Chinese music fades away.

HAROLD NOLAN
What did he mean by "the side of your
own people," when he said it?

SWEARENGEN
I've long been able to make razor wire
maneuvering seem like a harmless
cocksucker snowball fight. But that
prick is trying to start a war inside
the camp.

HAROLD NOLAN
With the Chinese?

SWEARENGEN
With the Chinese.

EXT. OUTSIDE WU'S BUTCHERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Wu stands at his usual station outside his butchershop surveying the activity in the marketplace.

Swearengen and Nolan arrive and approach Wu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wu gives a slight bow of the head and opens the door to his shop, ushering them inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WU'S BUTCHERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Swearengen rubs his hands together and then claps them.

SWEARENGEN

(to Wu)

Wu, Mr. Nolan.

(to Nolan)

Mr. Nolan, this is Wu.

Wu bows his head.

HAROLD NOLAN

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)

My pleasure.

Wu's eyes sparkle.

WU

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)

You speak Chinese?

HAROLD NOLAN

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)

A little.

WU

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)

Tell him my people want to pay him to...

SWEARENGEN

(to Nolan, cutting off Wu)

Tell him I have a big proposition.

HAROLD NOLAN

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)

Mr...

SWEARENGEN

Swearengen.

HAROLD NOLAN

(SUBTITLED Mandarin)

Mr. Swearengen has for you, big...
idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WU
(SUBTITLED Mandarin)
I also have an offer to...

Wu has a thought. We see him make the decision to hide his cards.

WU (CONT'D)
(SUBTITLED Mandarin)
I am listening.

Nolan nods at Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN
Tell him the cocksucking chink-hater,
Tolliver...

WU
Tolliver. Yes.

SWEARENGEN
Tell Wu, I will give him a lot of
money...

HAROLD NOLAN
(SUBTITLED Mandarin)
Mr. Swearengen give to you much
money...

SWEARENGEN
To kill Tolliver.

HAROLD NOLAN
I...

SWEARENGEN
What?

HAROLD NOLAN
I... can't do that!

SWEARENGEN
Why not?

HAROLD NOLAN
That's... well, that's ordering a
murder!

SWEARENGEN
A necessary one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAROLD NOLAN

I'm sorry, but I cannot assist you Mr. Swearengen. I did not know the circumstance.

SWEARENGEN

(viciously)

I don't care what you did or did not know! That cocksucker Tolliver is going to die or this whole town will burn for his amusement.

(a beat as he cools)

Someone of your intellect should understand that asking for this murder is the most humane thing you'll do all year. Maybe in your lifetime.

HAROLD NOLAN

But it's murder! Murder is never humane.

SWEARENGEN

How can you be in professions open to the complexities of life and be so ignorant of death's place?

HAROLD NOLAN

I'm a moral man...

SWEARENGEN

(roaring)

Then fucking translate!

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

The Bella Union is in full swing.

Jurgess and Richards are having drinks and questioning the guests.

Tolliver watches them with great interest.

INT. THE GEM SALOON - DAY

There are a couple of dirtied plates on the bar.

Caitlan Nolan is napping on a loveseat at the Gem.

Burns is playing cards with young Samuel Nolan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMUEL NOLAN

Eights.

BURNS

Go fish.

Swearengen and a shaken Harold Nolan enter.

SWEARENGEN

That was a timely arrival, Mr. Nolan.
You've done our town quite a turn.

(beat)

My coffers are in my office above.

Swearengen moves to the stairs and climbs laboriously.

Harold Nolan approaches his wife and wakes her.

HAROLD NOLAN

(softly)

I'm so sorry, Caitlan. I'm sorry.

CAITLAN NOLAN

What?

HAROLD NOLAN

I'm sorry. Sorry I left you. Never
again.

BURNS

(to Samuel)

Jacks.

CAITLAN NOLAN

I'm fine, Harold. Where did you go?

Swearengen is at the door to his office.

SWEARENGEN

(to Harold Nolan)

Your reward can be collected here in
my office -- where I shall now retire.

Swearengen goes through the door.

HAROLD NOLAN

(gently but urgently to
Caitlan)

We have to go. We have to leave this
place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAITLAN NOLAN

I don't understand. What happened?

HAROLD NOLAN

Let's collect our things from the hotel and leave this place.

CAITLAN NOLAN

Okay. But you don't need to frighten me, Harold.

BURNS

(to Samuel)

Deuces... deuces are twos, you know.

HAROLD NOLAN

I know. I just think we shouldn't wait any longer. We should go right now.

CAITLAN NOLAN

What did you do?

He lunges into her arms and hugs her tight.

Still holding her, he turns his head.

HAROLD NOLAN

Samuel? We're going. Stop your game, son. We're going back to the hotel.

Samuel dejectedly tosses his cards on to the pile face up.

BURNS

Hey, face down, kid.

(to Harold)

You're going?

HAROLD NOLAN

Yes.

BURNS

You didn't get your money. Al said you had...

HAROLD NOLAN

I don't care.

BURNS

(yelling up)

Hey Al!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAROLD NOLAN
(pulling Caitlan to her feet)
Come on!

CAITLAN NOLAN
Samuel!

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)
(shouting)
What?!

The Nolans gather at the door, and exit as --

BURNS
(yelling)
They're goin'!

Swearengen appears in his office doorway. He sees the swinging door.

Burns looks afraid Swearengen will nullify the good graces he'd just earned. Instead --

SWEARENGEN
Free services, too. That was some find, Johnny.

Swearengen disappears again.

BURNS
(yelling off)
Thanks, boss.

FADE TO:

EXT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - NIGHT

Bullock stands on the porch of the hardware store having a cigarette, reflecting on the day.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GEM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Swearengen walks out to find Trixie, but she's standing just outside the door, leaning on the building.

SWEARENGEN
The fuck you doing out here this late?

TRIXIE
We got no johns in there for me. I can't enjoy the sky? Breathe some air?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN

You can do whatever the fuck you want.

TRIXIE

Ain't that nice to know.

SWEARENGEN

(after a beat)

You hurt me, you know.

He starts to go back in.

TRIXIE

I ain't said nothing bad.

He stops and doesn't turn.

SWEARENGEN

I ain't talking about what you said.
And you know that.

TRIXIE

What I done is done. You think it's
gonna happen again?

SWEARENGEN

Fuck I care.

TRIXIE

Then why did I hurt you?

SWEARENGEN

You fuck some inbred 'cuz you want
to?! Just because you want to?!

TRIXIE

What's it to you? It was on my time.

He turns and storms over to her.

SWEARENGEN

You got no time unless I give it! I
own you!

TRIXIE

You know I can break that contract and
you've seen that I know how.

In her face:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN

You do yourself in, I'll reach down
and pull you from hell just to beat
you to fucking death.

TRIXIE

Why do you care so much?

He kisses her roughly, shoves her hard to the ground and
walks inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAKOTA ROAD - NIGHT

Harold Nolan navigates his wagon forward down the dark
road.

He looks back to his sleeping wife and child, bundled in
layers of clothes and wrapped in blankets.

Shame and fear cloud his face as he looks back to the road.

EXT. BELLA UNION BALCONY - NIGHT

A Chinese Assassin, knife at his side, approaches the door
to Tolliver's bedroom from the balcony with silent stealth.

Beneath him, Jurgess and Richards exit the Bella Union
singing.

INT. WU'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Wu takes on a pipe, calm and meditatively.

INT. SOL STAR'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Sol is lying on his back with the light still on. His eyes
fixed on the ceiling. He turns his head as --

EXT. DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Trixie gives a slight knock on a door and pushes it open
revealing --

INT. SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Swearengen sitting up in bed looking half-dead with a
bottle in hand.

He slowly rolls his head to address the situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trixie closes the door behind her and advances.

She tenderly removes the bottle from his hand and puts it gently on the floor, crawls into bed and curls up across his lap.

Pause.

A sob rattles Swearengen's frame and shatters the stone look on his face.

INT. TOLLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The assassin arrives at Tolliver's bedside.

He shoves a cloth into Tolliver's mouth and raises the knife to his neck threateningly.

Tolliver wakes with wide eyes and a muted gasp.

The assassin quickly unscrews the cap of a small bottle with his free hand and pours the liquid on to the cloth in Tolliver's mouth.

Tolliver explodes from the bed in a rage so sudden the assassin is knocked backward.

Blood surrounds a slit in Tolliver's shirt at the collarbone where the knife has obviously made a shallow gash.

Tolliver yanks the cloth from his mouth.

As the assassin hurries to his feet, Tolliver charges to tackle him.

They smash through the door destroying it and --

EXT. MAIN STREET - OUTSIDE THE BELLA UNION - CONTINUOUS

Their bodies continue momentum, crashing through the balcony rail and they drop roughly to the ground.

Tolliver's fall is broken on the now unconscious assassin's body...

... but the knife is stuck in Tolliver's bicep and poking out of his tricep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With his adrenaline flow he pulls it from his arm and plunges it through the assassin's neck -- nailing him to the cold earth at the windpipe.

Tolliver howls like an animal as he staggers to his feet.

He manages two steps before he collapses face down in the cold.

The CAMERA remains trained on Tolliver's panting face, we hear varied footsteps approach.

JURGESS (O.S.)
Jesus Christ.

BULLOCK (O.S.)
Step back!

LEON (O.S.)
It's a goddamn celestial.

Random exclamations of shock.

BULLOCK (O.S.)
Shut up, Leon! Everybody step back.

RICHARDS (O.S.)
What the hell happened?

LEON (O.S.)
Goddamn celestial...

BULLOCK
Shut the fuck up, Leon!

RICHARDS (O.S.)
Why don't you just step back, law man.

BULLOCK
Who the hell are you?

LEON (O.S.)
(shouting)
A goddamn celestial tried to kill Cy!

We continue to hear the shuffle of feet, cries of shock, and Leon shouting as we --

FADE OUT.