

Witches of Deadwood County

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Based on David Milch's Deadwood Series

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. DEADWOOD FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

Fields of harvest wheat blow in evening wind. Ordered sheaves lay scattered next to a tree line. A ritual occurs around a summer bonfire.

Calamity Jane, Trixie, Joanne Stubbs, Alma and Jewel gather among a group of Deadwood saloon girls. The women are in sexy dress congruent with a harvest ritual transplanted to North American fields.

JOANNE STUBBS  
Sisters, are you willing?

GROUP  
(four girls)  
We are.

Four Gem saloon girls, DEMME, PROSPER, PERSE and DOLLY stand forward. There is a sensual beauty about the women, Prosper and Perse almost twins.

JOANNE STUBBS  
Maids of the harvest.

Perse and Prosper finish placing garlands in each others hair.

TRIXIE  
Have you reflected?

Highlight pick axe, spade, axe and plough.

GROUP  
(four girls)  
We have.

TRIXIE  
Handmaids reclaim your dignity.

In the bonfire's heat, bodies sweat and glisten as feet dance over bare earth.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. GEM HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

Outside the second floor of the Gem, Swearengen rises from his bed seeing the bonfire from his balcony.

SWEARENGEN  
Dolores, take a look here. Dolly,  
Dolores?

Swearengen turns but the spot for Dolores in his bed is empty.

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)  
Dolores, goddamn bitch, where did  
you go?

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DEADWOOD FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

Dolly pulls out golden red stitches from a handkerchief around the bonfire.

DOLLY  
Gold threads, Ariadne's web,  
Prosperina's heart. Buried seeds  
send shoots seeking Heaven's  
sunlight.

Joanne takes the thread from Dolly.

Gold dust flies. Pans and tambourines tinkle.

JOANNE STUBBS  
Threads to remember and to forget.

Joanne drops the thread in the fire which magically rises and dissolves into flames suggesting past Deadwood figures who have passed on: the family killed in the first Deadwood episode, the girl killed by Swearengen to satisfy Hearst.

DEMME grabs the ax and hurls it at a tree with a surprising strength.

DEMME  
Obstructions in the fields.

The ax sticks.

DEMME (CONT'D)  
The Ax also cuts timber for our  
use. .

Demme walks over and pulls the blade out.

DEMME (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(straining)  
Repeated blows cleave their way  
through hard wood. Perseverance in  
overcoming obstacles.

With another couple blows, the Deadwood tree falls into  
fire.

CUT TO:

4 INT. HEARST BEDROOM - NIGHT

In his bedroom Hearst wakes suddenly as if struck.

HEARST  
(In his sleep)  
My. . . heart.

Fields outside lie empty under the harvest moon.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. DEADWOOD FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

Another Gem Girl, Prosper takes up the plough. Laughter at  
her bawdy motions.

PROSPER  
Through ploughing a seed finds its  
place. The ploughmen we know.

Prosper drives her hands into the wet soil.

PROSPER (cont'd)  
Breaking through ground, at times  
our hearts. Driven through soil,  
prepared by rains of knowledge,  
wisdom, love.

DEMME pours water from a vase to wash Prosper's hands.

Dolly drives the pick axe into the wet space formed from the  
poured water.

JOANNE STUBBS

The pick axe.

DOLLY

The miners tool. Used to break rock  
and soil, open space for seed and  
gold.

Dolly picks up what looks like a gold rock.

DOLLY (cont'd)

Emblematic of alchemical abilities  
which nature bestows on us to focus  
men's minds through that between  
our thighs.

PERSE touches spade edges.

PERSE

To penetrate deeper. Feminine  
powers, perseverance striving to  
encompass our natures - the spade.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. DEADWOOD MAIN STREET SALOON - NIGHT

In Deadwood streets, Bullock takes his badge off somehow  
feeling the heat.

He examines his reflection and behind it he notices a  
playing card has fallen on the ground behind him: the Ace of  
Spades.

He looks up.

Starlight and Venus in the sky.

Bullock picks up the card, places it in his pocket.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. DEADWOOD FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

Joanne Stubbs hands out stalks of wheat to Perse, Prosper,  
Demme and Dolly.

JOANNE STUBBS

The stations of our lot though  
lowly, may prepare us for what is  
honorable. Scorn not the humblest  
objects that offers you affection.

TRIXIE

Separate stalks possess little,  
beauty.

The women pool stalks together.

DEMME

But together make a firm staff.

DOLLY

With potential for life.

JEWEL

full of instruction.

PERSE

to nourish seeds.

PROSPER

Which grow.

Sheaves are thrown open with garland flowers to form a  
harvest bed. Ties holding robes loosen. Perse and Prosper  
jump through the fire together.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. DEADWOOD COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Walking home on a country road, the sick preacher, Reverend  
Smith notices the cut and tied sheaves of harvest wheat and  
distant bonfire.

PREACHER

Something wicked this way comes.

He closes a bible and mumbles to himself down the road.

Flames in the distance.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. DEADWOOD FOREST EDGE - NIGHT

Out of the bonfire's depths, a cart drawn by horses and rider merge onto Deadwood country roads.

The GUNMAKER, an imposing dark figure, dour and with a sense of weight, drives his horses. Huge hands navigate his horse's reigns.

GUNMAKER

He that will not plow by reason of  
cold begs in the harvest.

A little boy, ANGEL rides by the Gunmaker's side as if escorting a funeral procession.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)

Happy is the man that findeth  
wisdom and understanding.

ANGEL

For that merchandise is better than  
gold.

The back of the cart is loaded heavy with rifles and guns that bump up and down on the country road through wheat fields, tree lines and under the vast night sky.

CUT TO:

10 INT. GEM HOTEL - DAWN

ET Farnum barges in on Swearengen who works on the GEM's books. There is a STATUE of Prosperina on Swearengen's desk and DOLLY sits beside him in her regular saloon clothes.

FARNUM

Al.

SWEARENGEN

Not now, ET.

FARNUM

Al, I need to. . .

SWEARENGEN

Not now, ET, I'm right in the  
middle of doing these fucking  
books.

FARNUM  
Boss, this is important. . .

SWEARENGEN  
ET, didn't you hear me, I just said  
I'm in the middle of these fucking  
books! (To Dolly). Get me a  
coffee, would you, hun?

Swearengen slaps her butt as Dolly goes to get the coffee.

FARNUM  
(agitated)  
Boss, this can't wait.

Swearengen is surprised.

SWEARENGEN  
Ok, ET, this better be fucking  
good.

Farnum takes out a letter.

FARNUM  
(clearing his throat)  
Dear Mr. Swearengen, pursuant to  
our longstanding agreement and  
being your employee in high esteem  
and good regard. . .

SWEARENGEN  
ET, cut to the fucking chase.  
These prologues wear on my  
patience.

FARNUM  
(clears throat, starts again)  
And so there will be no conflict of  
interest.

Dolly returns bringing Swearengen his coffee and a couple  
steaming sweet rolls on a tray.

SWEARENGEN  
ET, did you hear me? My patience is  
wearing fucking thin.

Swearengen notices the slender vase of flowers and wheat  
stalks which she places bending over the desk.

He gives her a squeeze as she's leaving, picking up a roll.



FARNUM

Al, the fact of the matter is I'm quitting.

SWEARENGEN

You're what?

Swearengen spills some of his coffee.

FARNUM

I'm putting in my letter of resignation, AL.

Dolly returns, wiping the spill and giving ET a look.

SWEARENGEN

Pass that by me again, ET.

FARNUM

I'm quitting.

SWEARENGEN

I don't think I'm believing my fucking ears.

FARNUM

Resigning Al both as Hotel manager and mayor of Deadwood.

SWEARENGEN

May I ask to fucking do what?

FARNUM

To pursue my dreams and ambitions, Al. I'm starting a gold exchange, across the street with Blazanov, the telegraph operator.

SWEARENGEN

You have got to be out of your fucking noggin!

Swearengen walks to his window where a gold exchange sign is hung on a building across the street.

The Sign reads 'EXCHANGE YOUR GOLD FOR DOLLARS HERE'.

SWEARENGEN(CONT'D)

A gold exchange! What do you know about gold or exchanges. Straight to Hell!

Swearengen contemplates the Prosperina statue.

SWEARENGEN(CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 When did you start on this flight  
 of fancy?

Blazanov walks into the saloon.

BLAZANOV  
 Ahh, Al, so you've heard the good  
 news. Let's all have a toast.

CUT TO:

11 INT. GEM SALOON STAGE- MORNING

In the Gem Saloon Langrishe's theatre company actors butcher  
 a scene from Macbeth.

LANGRISHE  
 Stage right. No, I said right!

While they watch, Perse and Demme eat breakfast.

Behind them at tableside are ax and spade from the previous  
 night.

POOR MACBETH #1  
 The Prince of Cumberland! That is a  
 step on which I must fall down, or  
 else o'erleap.

The actor leaps but trips and falls over a sheaf of wheat.

POOR MACBETH #1 (cont'd)  
 (Dusting himself off)  
 . . . .For in my way it lies.  
 Stars, hide your fires; Let not  
 light see my black and deep  
 desires.

Langrishe goes to the spade behind one of the girls and  
 knocks it up and down.

LANGRISHE  
 No, no, no. My God, man, this is  
 Macbeth not Falstaff! The man's  
 describing his "black and deep  
 desires". Try it again.

The actor rises from the ground.

PERSE  
More Gusto!

POOR MACBETH #1  
Stars, hide your fires; Let not  
light see my black and deep  
desires.

The actor eyes the girls. Perse, in flimsy top, sucks on a POMEGRANATE while Demme ladles out a steaming bowl of Barley soup.

LANGRISHE  
Keep your eyes on Banquo not the  
pomegranates, man. This is not a  
kitchen menu, and you're not a  
waiter! Remember Macbeth. Black and  
deep desires.

CHARLIE  
(From behind bar)  
You're making it sound all wrong.

Perse spits out pomegranate seeds and places them on the plate in front of her and counting out six as they slip around.

POOR MACBETH #1  
I'm just not understanding those  
slippery lines about fate and  
desires and chance tossing us all  
about, Mr. Langrishe? It doesn't  
sound. .American.

There is a FARMER'S ALMANAC on the table with calendar seasons which Perse and Demme turn their attention towards.

They contemplating the length of the approaching fall and Winter months.

Langrishe waves for Charlie to pour him a drink.

LANGRISHE  
(to Actor)  
My God, man - this isn't American.  
It's the Queen's English! The high  
season of European renaissance.  
"Pluto's chariot. To Hades with  
you!"

Demme looks up from the calendar and hides the ax under the table.

The actor tries to start the scene again this time mounting a bale of hay and cajoling Banquo to do the same.

Langrishe's frustration is overpowering.

LANGRISHE (CONT'D)

Down, dogs in kennel! We need a Banquo and Macbeth who are adept with navigating three witches for Godsake.

Demme and Perse snicker at Langrishe's comments sizing up the actor's bodkin. Demme has placed her feet on the axe blade under the table.

LANGRISHE

Let alone oer'leaping ambitions.

Langrishe grabs the spade now threatening damage.

LANGRISH

This is the f\*\*\* bard! Lord hear my prayer from Heaven thy dwelling place. I am having to dig deep through loam here.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. DEADWOOD TOWN COUNTRY ROAD AND FENCE

Sheaves of wheat line fields from the fall harvest and behind these ashes and remnants of last night's bonfire.

Seth Bullock and Swearengen shoot cans off sheaves.

Wu passes by on a cart with horses stopping to take a look at the bonfire's ashes.

Swearengen and Bullock walk over to WU.

WU

You very good shot, Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

Don't mind saying that I am, Wu.

Wu gets off his cart and walks over to Bullock.

WU

Sheriff, Bullock, you draw gun me now.

BULLOCK  
On you, Wu?

WU  
Yes, me now - You - Wu.

BULLOCK  
Couldn't do that to you, Mr. Wu.

WU  
Mr. Wu? No, please sheriff. Wu, you do.

Bullock slowly starts to draw his gun. As he does so Wu does a Kung Fu manoeuver throwing the gun and Seth.

WU (cont'd)  
(proudly)  
You try now, Swearengen.

Swearengen tries to draw his gun before Wu notices trying to distract Wu with his words.

SWEARENGEN  
Now Wu, I couldn't do that.

Wu throws the gun and Swearengen in a flip.

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)  
What the fuck was that?

WU  
Kung Fu, my friends.

Swearengen picks himself up dizzy and wondering what just happened.

SWEARENGEN  
Kung what?

CUT TO:

13 INT. GEM HOTEL -RESTAURANT - DAY

Farnum and Blazanov enjoy an extravagant harvest dinner. The restaurant is decorated appropriately with wreaths placed by the girls from the night before.

Angel and the Gunmaker sit eating in another section.

Prosper brings out Jewel's platter.

FARNUM

Feast your eyes and thank you,  
Ma'am.

He winks at the voluptuous girl as she puts down the food.

FARNUM (cont'd)

Excuse my French, miss but what's  
your name?

PROSPER

Prosper.

FARNUM

Prosperity it shall be! You're  
looking at two new entrepreneurs  
who will soon be building saloons  
and theaters all over Bismark and  
Cheyenne.

Smiling, Prosper listens tongue in cheek.

BLAZANOV

We may build as far as Winnipeg in  
Canada but let's not get ahead of  
ourselves, ET. We've got a  
business to run first.

FARNUM

Tell me about the spread again?

BLAZANOV

(winking at Prosper)

It's the spread in prices between  
the New York exchange and our  
prices.

Prosper bends over to set flower vases on other tables.

FARNUM

Go to. I do like the sound of that  
that, assuming the spread.

BLAZANOV

Like buttered bread and with the  
telegraph we've got a key Deadwood  
advantage.

FARNUM

What's that again?

BLAZANOV  
Speed of Information.

FARNUM  
Right, speed of information.

The men look on as Prosper bends over to give Angel a chance to smell one of flower vases.

CUT TO:

14 INT. DEADWOOD SCHOOL - DAY

In the school, Martha Bullock teaches the children lines of verse for the fall pageant.

JIMMY  
When I do count the clock that  
tells the time.

MARTHA  
That's clock, James. Repeat again.

Students giggle.

JIMMY  
That's what I said Mrs. Bullock.  
Clock.

More giggles from the boys. A couple girls just nod their head 'no' to the foolishness.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
When I count the clock that tells  
the time and see how brave day is  
skunked into dark night.

MARTHA  
Oh my. . .That's sunk.

JIMMY  
Sunk, as in a ship?

MARTHA  
As in Apollo's sunlight descending.  
There are no skunks in Shakespeare.  
Only Deadwood. This classroom too,  
at times.

The children laugh.

MARTHA (cont'd)  
 Girls, lets continue with the  
 harvest pageant. Places please and  
 Sarah start with "Divine Demeter.

A little girl Sarah takes her place among a couple others  
 wearing costumes resembling Persephone and Demeter.

SARAH  
 (reading)  
 "Divine Demeter, giver of seasons  
 and glorious gifts who of the  
 immortals or mortal men seized  
 Persephone and grieved your heart?"

MARTHA  
 Jimmy, lines and I already asked  
 you to put on the Hades costume.

JIMMY  
 Mrs. Bullock?

MARTHA  
 What's the matter now?

JIMMY  
 My mother said Hades is  
 anti-Christian and I shouldn't be  
 donning the devil's vestments.

MARTHA  
 (exasperated)  
 By Zeuss, this is a classical  
 education so put on your costume...

Martha picks up one of the cardboard lightning bolts.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 Or tell your mother you're getting  
 a pre-Christian lightning bolt in  
 your you know where.

Children's laughter.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. GEM SALOON - DAY

One of Swearengen's men, Dan accidentally puts a hole in a  
 full bag of grain with his knife. His attention is focused  
 on Perse, bouncing up and down on a plough.



Swearengen witness's Dan's sloppiness.

SWEARENGEN

Hells bells, Dan. Watch where you're sticking that! That's our daily bread for winter you moron.

Swearengen takes the knife from Dan.

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Keep your eyes off the fucking cunts and go get me a broom. We've got work to do here.

Dan runs off. Farnum saunters by.

Al slaps Perse on the ass to get off the plough and on her way.

FARNUM

I think I used to handle that a little more delicately, Al.

Swearengen tries to places the leaking bag of grain into another bag.

SWEARENGEN

Help me, ET. I still remember a coupled spilled bags around here from your wondering eyes too.

FARNUM

As they say, you shouldn't cry over a little spilled grain, Al.

Dan comes back with a couple brooms and begins brooming.

DAN

You coming back now, ET?

FARNUM

No Dan, Just helping, Al. I am on my way to entrepreneurial prosperity. Just a matter of time.

Swearengen looks at ET's shabby long coat, pant hole and worn boots.

SWEARENGEN

(ironically)

Showing well already, ET..

Swearengen ties the bag and gives Dan a kick.

SWEARENGEN(CONT'D)

Be more careful and ET, to every  
time a season.

CUT TO:

16 INT. SOL'S HARDWARE STORE - DAY

In the store, the mysterious Gunmaker and Angel conclude a transaction with Sol for the purchase of guns.

SOL

Two hundred and forty dollars.

GUNMAKER

A fair exchange. Silver rather than  
wisdom.

ANGEL

For all of those new and shiny  
guns.

The pair exit and pass Bullock as he enters.

BULLOCK

Speak of the devil and wisdom  
rather than silver yet.

SOL

What a pair and if I didn't know  
better I'd say, that fellow was  
Wild Bill back from Hell.

BULLOCK

They do seem somehow wrong for God  
fearing America, don't they?

Seth looks back at the strange pair.

SOL

I can find no better word than  
Pagan heathens.

The pair laugh together.

BULLOCK

Pagan heathens in Deadwood eh? That  
now makes two bizarre things I've  
heard today.

SOL  
What was the first?

BULLOCK  
That boy told another child that  
Calamity Jane was his mother.

CUT TO:

17 INT. GEM SALOON - DAY

Swearengen enters carrying one of the bags of grain over his shoulder. In the Saloon, the Gem girls, Demme and Dolly examine pages of the actors' Macbeth crib books.

DOLLY  
'All hail Macbeth!"

Hearst follows shortly after.

DEMME  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and  
shalt be What thou art promised.

SWEARENGEN  
Go tell it on the mountain.

DOLLY  
That's not Shakespeare?

SWEARENGEN  
I never said it was.

CUT TO:

18 INT. GEM SALOON RESTAURANT - DAY

Langrishe, Hearst and the preacher sit around the dinner table while Prosper and Perse, hover about.

LANGRISHE  
(smiling at the girls)  
Father, can I ask if you have any  
real knowledge of witches?

PREACHER  
I have read the Malleus Melficarum.

LANGRISHE  
Is that Latin?

PREACHER  
The British translation but yes,  
from 1484. Pope Innocent VIII,  
deputized two Dominicans.

LANGRISHE  
For what.

PREACHER  
(matter-of-factly)  
Satanic compactions among the  
female sex.

Hearst takes an apple off the table.

HEARST  
Begin with Eve.

LANGRISHE  
Gentlemen, I was thinking more of a  
Lewis and Clark for demonology.

PREACHER  
Try earlier classic connections,  
'the Gods' before our 'one God'.

HEARST  
Sounds like 'Malleus Melficerum'  
contains more than any God fearing  
American needs to know. What  
foolishness!

Hearst stands up and begins to leave.

LANGRISHE  
Like the theatre and other epic  
tragedies of our collective  
tradition, Mr. Hearst. We're  
putting on a production of  
Shakespeare's Macbeth in Deadwood.  
I hope you'll attend.

CUT TO:

19

INT. BULLOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

In the night Bullock dreams of the mysterious Gunmaker on a shooting range outside town. This scene is shot as a dream sequence

GUNMAKER

The road you have traveled, Sheriff  
- familiar and easy. The one you  
now enter in the middle of life's  
journey rough and uneven.

Angel takes practice shots one after another at a row of cans.

Bullock walks along and doesn't seem to get shot as the boy shoots his gun.

ANGEL

Get out of the way, Mr. I'm  
practicing. Promises of justice,  
progress and improvement are  
elusive. Ambition and greed rule.

The boy shoots directly at Bullock but the bullets fly right by him. Harvest wheat blows in the background.

GUNMAKER

Can't you see he's practicing his  
words? Didn't you hear them,  
Sheriff? You should get out of the  
way and let the boy practice.

Angel takes another direct shot at Bullock.

Bullock walks over to Wu next to a flowing stream.

Wu bends down to the stream with his hand to show Bullock how the water flows. He smiles and politely cups his hands before getting a drink.

WU

Be like water, Swearengen.

The stream irrigates background wheat fields.

BULLOCK

I'm Bullock, Mr. WU.

Wu offers the water to Bullock.

WU  
Be like water, Swearengen.

Sound of gunshot.

Bullock abruptly awakes.

CUT TO:

20 INT. GEM SALOON DOLLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Demme and Dolly pull Langrishe onto a velvet couch.

Two wreaths from the previous harvest ritual sit on a desk table.

There is also a needle with golden thread and petite point. On it is pictured, a classic scene with a Mesulina and Poseidon.

DEMME  
Put us in the play.

DOLLY  
At least as understudies.

DEMME  
Or what about a lady in waiting for Lady Macbeth.

DOLLY  
I'd prefer lady Macbeth.

LANGRISH  
You can both try out for the scene where Macbeth disciplines Lady Macbeth.

The women giggle.

DEMME  
I don't seem to remember that scene.

LANGRISHE  
I'll set up a private refresher for both of you, ladies, toute de suite.

DOLLY

Toute de suite, is that legal here?

Langrishe closes the rooms door and places one of the wreaths on Demme's head.

LANGRISHE

Quite.

Demme looks at the upper body of the petite point Mesulina, comparing ample figures and letting her corset top drop.

DEMME

Suitable for a serpentine audition?

Dolly places the other wreath on Langrishe.

LANGRISHE

Very. Have you girls ever heard the term, Bacchanal?

Increasing laughter.

CUT TO:

21 INT. GEM HOTEL - RESTAURANT - DAY

The Gunmaker and the boy sit around a table. The table has been cleared except for a Tarot deck that the Gunmaker has in front of him. It is of an ancient Italian design, THE VISCONTI DECK.

Perse and Prosper sit twittering at the table opposite the Gunmaker and a couple more girls, look on from the wings waiting for their fortunes to be read.

GUNMAKER

Knight of Swords, Pentacles, Cups.  
Threshers of grain, parlor maids or  
simply to get your cards read?

PROSPER

The third option if you please.

The Gunmaker sweeps out the cards and then gathers them up placing them in Angel's hands.

The boy shuffles the larger deck quickly cutting three piles face down.

GUNMAKER

Ladies of faith or chance? Faith that God ultimately bring you into pleasant fields of Paradise or chance that this journey may take you elsewhere. Who would like her cards read first?

Perse tentatively puts up her hand.

The little boy gives Purse the first pile to cut which she does. He then turns over the card.

ANGEL

The Lovers. To the upright there ariseth light in darkness.

He looks at Perse and smiles.

ANGEL (cont'd)

And darkness always only for a season.

The girls twitter.

GUNMAKER

(to the others)

Note down these comments and others seeds of ideas that you too may help elucidate.

The Gunmaker pushes the next pile towards Perse which she cuts. Angel turns the card around.

ANGEL

The Hangman. The knife is used in a stubborn season to prune a stragglng branch or cut a plant whose nature you may wish to graft on your own.

Perse tries to puzzle out Angel's comments.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

In opportunities for intercourse, treat these as fate and do not bruise wounds you wished heal.

She cuts the last pile. Angel draws the last card.

ANGEL

Death.

Angel puts his head down.



GUNMAKER

The reaper. Heed the wisdom.  
Seasons turn. Change is the course  
of life both in our lives and  
histories.

Perse grapples with understanding the Gunmaker's words,  
Angelo grabs Perse's hand.

ANGEL

Engraft only such truths that will  
be your guide.

GUNMAKER

The cards have spoken.

CUT TO:

22 INT. GEM SALOON STAGE - DAY

Langrishe approaches Swearengen and Bullock who stand at the  
bar.

LANGRISHE

Gentlemen, I must call on you as my  
friends. A pair of our players  
have skipped town and I have a  
Macbeth to put on.

SWEARENGEN

I can't help you there, Langrishe.  
I'm not an actor, just an  
unambitious saloon keeper.

Langrish motions for Dolly and Demme to approach. Both now  
wear Sexy Scottish Lady Macbeth and Lady in waiting outfits.

Bullock takes a stiff drink.

LANGRISHE

Men play many roles in their lives,  
Gentlemen and all the world a  
stage.

Dolly offers Swearengen Macbeth's Scottish cloak placing a  
crown on the barstool.

SWEARENGEN

A Scottish Broadcloth? and where  
did you get that (pointing to  
crown)?

LANGRISHE

Tartan black of your ancestors,  
Swearengen. A royal cloak of few  
colors that has traveled from heath  
to seashores. A worthy crown for a  
would-be king.

DEMME

(to Bullock)

And Banquo's insignia and sword.

Bullock politely examines Banquo's insignia and sword which also has larger interest for him.

BULLOCK

Girls, I've not acted in anything  
since grammar school. And then it  
was simply the school's Christmas  
play.

Calamity Jane, Joanie Stubbs and Jewel appear out of stage right. They are in sexy witch costumes and uncannily transitioned into character.

FIRST WITCH (JOANNE STUBBS)

*When shall we three meet again, in  
thunder, lightning, or in rain?*

SECOND WITCH (CALAMITY JANE)

*When the hurlyburly's done, when  
the battle's lost and won.*

THIRD WITCH (JEWEL)

*That will be ere the set of sun.*

FIRST WITCH (JOANNE STUBBS)

*Where the place?*

SECOND WITCH (CALAMITY JANE)

*Upon the heath.*

THIRD WITCH (JEWEL)

*There to meet with. . . Macbeth.*

All eyes now look to Swearengen and Bullock.

LANGRISHE

Bravo!

SWEARENGEN

Don't get any ideas yet and  
who said you could use my  
cauldrons?

Dolly dumps the cloak onto Swearengen and and Demme thrusts the sword and insignia into Bullock's hands.

Swearengen takes another swig.

WITCHES

*Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy  
air.*

Langrishe thrusts crib books onto Al and Seth and pushing them into position.

LANGRISHE

(Commanding)

On your x's please, Everyone!

X's are placed among sheaves.

CUT TO:

23 INT. GOLD EXCHANGE - DAY

In the Gold exchange ET Farnum stands pouring gold dust onto his SCALE.

The scale has an 'x' mark on it's base and is ornate with a miniature representation of Persephone, Demeter and Hades on the various sides.

The Gunmaker exchanges his gold for dollars.

GUNMAKER

Autumn rewards efforts to increase  
the store of our comforts.

FARNUM

Right about that but you do realize  
this is not an agricultural  
exchange?

The Gunmaker places the dollars Farnum has given him into a wallet and gives the boy a couple dollars.

GUNMAKER (CONT'D)

When ripened fruits and fall leaves  
give place to Winter, all rest from  
labor.

Farnum reflects on the Gunmaker's word as he walks out with the boy.

He walks over to Blazanov going over the codes coming in from telegraph from the New York Exchange.

A couple other miners enter the premises.

FARNUM  
 (to Blazanov)  
 Are you sure that was 4.75 an ounce  
 with the mark-up and the spread.  
 You know he may be right that my  
 winter is also coming?

A little black marble statue of THE MINOTAUR stands next to Blazanov's telegraph.

BLAZANOV  
 ET, that's what the teletype says  
 and I've done the calculation  
 twice.

ET nods his head dejectedly at Blazanov and the minotaur and returns to the line.

MINER #1  
 Fair is fair in love and war ET,  
 and I would like my money, pronto.

Farnum reluctantly weighs out the sum looking at a couple more entering the exchange.

CUT TO:

24 INT. GEM HOTEL - GIRL'S ROOM - DAY

The Gunmaker is soaped down in a tub by Perse. She sponges the large shoulders and chest of the older man's Grecian frame and beard.

A desk table beside the tub contains a tray with bread, a vase with Poppies and ripe grain stalks.

KNOCK on the door.

PERSE  
 Who is it?

PROSPER  
 Perse, it's Prosper.

Dripping wet the Gunmaker slowly makes his way out of the water.

PERSE

What do you want?

Perse tries to stop him but seeing it's no use places a towel over his lower body as he exits.

PROSPER

Have you seen my Farmer's Almanac?

The almanac is splayed open to winter months beside the bed.

PERSE

No, I really can't say I have.

PROSPER

Are you indisposed?

The Gunmaker opens the door.

It looks like Prosper also has just taken a bath and has placed a couple flower in her hair.

Seeing Prosper, the Gunmaker grabs her.

PROSPER (cont'd)

Hell no, sir.

The Gunmaker picks up Prosper and brings her back into the room.

PROSPER (cont'd)

(struggling)

I'm officially off duty. . .

The pair's composition mimicks sculptural depictions of Prosperina Abducted by Hades.

PROSPER (cont'd)

I just wanted my calendar.

The Gunmaker's foot lands on the calendar.

His towel comes loose as he drops Prosper backward on the bed.

CUT TO:

25 INT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY

Farnum and the telegraph operator have completely bungled NY gold exchange prices.

BLAZANOV

Our spread does not seem to be blossoming to our advantage, ET.

Blazanov walks over and places his hands on the weigh scale figures.

FARNUM

It seems we've also expended all of our funds quite rapidly. What's the problem?

BLAZANOV

All of our funds?

FARNUM

Actually, more than all. I've had to take a loan against my own savings.

BLAZANOV

What a reversal of fortune.

Blazanov's black marble minotaur on his desk looks on from the distance.

ET FARNUM

A veritable labyrinth.

CUT TO:

26 INT GEM HALLWAY - DAY

Demme walks along the Gem's second floor hall doors. In front of a dressing mirror in her room Dolly hugs the fur lining of her cloak practicing Lady Macbeth's knife scene.

DEMME

(in mirror)

Have you seen Prosper? I've been looking all over for her.

DOLLY

What do you need?

DEMME

I wanted to get my almanac back.

Dolly turns and makes her way down the hall with Demme to Perce's room putting the knife to her lips for quiet and then pointing with it.

Sounds of panting, moaning and the bed creaking.

DOLLY

(laughs)

Winter's not yet arrived in Cawdor!

CUT TO:

27 INT. GEM SALOON - DAY

In the Gem saloon Swearengen and Bullock finish taking off their costumes. Dolly and Demme return.

SWEARENGEN

This has been amusing but I have a saloon and genuine business to run here, gentlemen and ladies or should I say . . .

DOLLY

(holding knife)

Don't say it, Al.

LANGRISHE

My good fellows. An actor's craft takes practice and you all are so full of charisma, vim and vigor (looking at ladies). So much better than those two previous buffoons. Please reconsider.

SWEARENGEN

No dice.

DOLLY

I am so looking forward to being your Lady Macbeth, Al!

SWEARENGEN

Don't get any fancy ideas.

DOLLY twirls Lady MacBeth's Knife.

LANGRISHE

Think of the free advertising to see you both grace the Gem's stage..

SWEARENGEN

I don't need the advertising that much.

DEMME

There is a lot of competition now, Al.

BULLOCK

And I did not ask to strut nor fret upon this stage either.

LANGRISHE

Sheriff, we're not asking for Hamlet but simply one night with the girls until my English boys arrive. They are on their way directly from England's West End.

DEMME

(British Accent)

More like the East End's sixth circle of halfpenny dreadfuls.

LANGRISHE

Gentlemen, save us from the slings of misfortune.

SWEARENGEN

Well, I suppose we could do a better job than that for one night. I'll think about it.

Langrishe walks over to Demme and gives her a look.

LANGRISHE (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

This too is not the time casting reviews. I'm trying to seal our main draw here.

Bullock and Swearengen start to walk away.

LANGRISHE

Just reflect on the lessons you have already learnt.



SWEARENGEN

Such as?

LANGRISHE

Grace, charm, timing.

Swearengen motions to Dan for the good bottle behind the bar.

SWEARENGEN

Pronto, Dan.

LANGRISHE

And lest I forget possibilities of our sweet and common English tongue.

SWEARENGEN

Damn, I am going go to blow your fucking head off, if I don't get that drink now. How's that for sweet and common?

DAN

Coming right up boss.

Swearengen and Bullock drink up.

LANGRISHE

One here too then, Mr. Dan. Coralling this company has not been easy.

Dan begins to pour Langrishe a drink.

LANGRISHE (cont'd)

A stiff one Dan. I need to rise for this occasion. What I do for art.

Havoc now unexpectedly arises in another area of the saloon.

Swearengen takes another swig and walks over to see what is the matter.

At the poker tables, there is a cat fight between Perse and Prosper.

Swearengen grabs them by the hair and pulls them apart.

SWEARENGEN

What is going on here?

He also gives a kick to the chair of the Gunmaker who had been sitting gambling between them so he flies backwards.

PERSE

Al, it was Prosper's fault.

PROSPER

No, Al. Perse started it. This isn't her table.

PERSE

I came down with him, Al.

Perse points to the Gunmaker who now stands up slowly putting back on his cowboy hat which seems a little small.

SWEARENGEN

I don't care who. . .fucking started it.

CHARLIE

(to Al)

ET, used to keep the tables in order and girls on schedule boss.

SWEARENGEN

Well, who the fuck is doing that now?

CHARLIE

Richardson.

SWEARENGEN

Richardson?

Richardson is shown in the back having a conversation with his Elk effigy.

RICHARDSON

And then I asked Missus Springflower, Missus Springflower says I, would it please milady. I really said it that way, would it please, milady Missus Springflower.

SWEARENGEN

(yelling)

Richardson!

RICHARDSON

Yes, boss.

SWEARENGEN

Get over here now.

AL looks at the Gunmaker and in spite of his size takes a deep breath and then confronts him.

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)  
 For you. I don't want to know but  
 get the fuck out of here, now. I  
 don't want any more trouble  
 tonight.

The Gunmaker gives him an ugly look, smiles slightly and  
 makes his way back up to his room.

Richardson walks over to Al with his head hangdog.

RICHARDSON  
 (making excuses)  
 I never asked for the job, Mr.  
 Swearengen. Mr. Farnum was always  
 so fastidious about that type  
 organization with the girls. And  
 I so enjoyed my place back there  
 with Jewel on the as requested  
 basis.

Swearengen looks around watching the Gunmaker skulk his way  
 back upstairs. The forces of chaos are effecting the balance  
 and ET Farnum's absence is felt. Everyone seems to feel it  
 including the girls.

Al looks over at the desk where ET used to stand seeing the  
 oily top-hat ET left behind.

SWEARENGEN  
 Who the fuck gave that job to  
 Richardson?

CHARLIE  
 You did, Al.

CUT TO:

28 INT. PIONEER NEWSPAPER - NIGHT

In the Pioneer Newspaper, a printing of a Macbeth poster is  
 bungled.

CLOSE-UP THEATRE POSTER

'Come See MacDeath'.

Langrishe runs in.

LANGRISHE

(yelling)

"It's not McDeath. It's Macbeth,  
you idiots! This play has only been  
a staple of the western canon for  
the past two hundred years"

The printers look at each other. They had been examining a more 'sexy' ad they have dolled up of the girls for the Gem's fall Harvest festival!

Farnum and Blazanov walk by outside heads hung and dejected.

CUT TO:

29 INT. GEM SWEARENGEN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Swearengen has a nightmare and is awakened in the middle of the night out of his sleep by Dolores.

DOLORES

What is the matter?

SWEARENGEN

I dreamed that that my hands were  
full of blood and that mother\*\*\*\*  
who had come in to sell guns had  
taken everyone's and left with ET  
and a wagon full of our\*\*\*rifles.

DOLORES

It's all that acting you've been  
doing AL but perhaps not a bad  
thing, taking ET.

SWEARENGEN

You might be right about that.

DOLORES

And anyways, ET is a terrible shot  
so that can't happen.

SWEARENGEN

I need to wash my hands.

CUT TO:

30 INT. GEM SALOON - NIGHT

Swearengen makes his way out of his room and down the stairs.

The Gem is closed with everything put away for the night.

Swearengen sees signs of ET's absence: an open ledger, the unhinged hotel front desk.

Swearengen is sleepy but makes his way to Jewel's larder cutting and eating a piece of bread and pomegranate.

As the fruit's nectar runs down his cheek, he notices, a back door ajar and makes his way to close it.

He sees flickering through the window.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. STABLES - NIGHT

Swearengen makes his way to the stables.

The doors are partially ajar with something going on inside. People move around.

As in Bullock's dream, there should be the lingering question whether this is real or whether this sequence is a dream beginning from where Swearengen awakes.

Swearengen rubs his eyes still sleepy but as he opens them:

The Gunmaker's boy, Angel, sits on a couple haystacks dressed in what looks like a Roman-style robe with a wreath of hay and flowers in his hair.

The following should have the look/lighting of 19th Century American paintings of classic Greek/Roman gods.

In Angel's right hand he hold a long roman spear or rifle. It is hard to tell because it is dark.

The boy patiently sits on the haystack, holding the spear with one hand, eating what looks like an apple with the other.

Swearengen approaches.

CUT TO:

32 INT. STABLE \_ NIGHT

Swearengen surveys the incredulous scene.

Gem girls are dressed in ritualistic sexy Roman toga combined with American fall harvest workers style.

Through set design there should be the feeling of the fecundity of harvest, sacred feminine but also hieratic, rites of Eleusis - sacred temple prostitute in the girls' lineage transferred to Deadwood.

GUNMAKER

Servants of the harvest, maids,  
shepherdesses and gleaners.

The stable is decorated festively as for a fall harvest festival, Pagan with an American redivivus, the Grange.

A spider's web with spider hangs on one of the barnyard corner beams.

The Gunmaker sits on hay bales arranged as a throne.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)

Yellow grain waves, rustling corn  
stalks, hands gathering orchards.

The Gem's torch bearing maidens surround him in relaxed drapery. The scene resemble the frescos of Pompei's Villa of Mysteries.

On one side of the Gunmaker, stands Perce a Botticelli saloon girl harvest Venus.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)

Sister, brothers, good seeds  
planted.

The Gunmaker places his hand onto one of the bags of grain Swearengen had carried through the saloon earlier.

The golden thread that Joanne dissolved in the fire now patches the hole.

In back of the Gunmaker, Demme holds a harvest mask - a laughing old man with mouth agape and a beard of hay, a likeness of Richardson in Greek mask.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)

Beauty everywhere abounds. Be  
faithful, hopeful, charitable.

Perce walks over kneels and puts her hand on the Gunmaker's left inside thigh.

Perse's back is partially undraped by other women as she places her head on his lap.

Demme and Dolores hold switches made of long stems harvest wheat. They ritually haze Perce on her undraped back.

GUNMAKER (CONT'D)

Harvesters and threshers of grain  
teach others wisdom, what is  
earnest, what is true.

Prosper very loosely wears her robed mantle on the other side of the Gunmaker. We see her from her undraped back profile. She lifts her hands above her head.

GUNMAKER

Bidden or unbidden God is present.  
The bounty of summer harvest upon  
us.

The women with the torches open the stable doors.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)

Prosperina returns to Hades.

Prosper open the Gunmaker's white shirt vestment so his chest is exposed.

The Gunmaker stands forward.

With the exception of Perce and Prosper, the woman all stand back looking to Swearengen.

GUNMAKER (cont'd)

Winter approaches followed by  
Spring.

HIGHTLIGHT Jewel's saloon serving tray covered in the petite point cloth and a richly baked and embroidered bread and salt on it.

Angel runs inside picking up Jewel's tray and carrying this slowly back towards the barn doors.

Swearengen stands amazed looking on the scene.

The little boy bows and places the tray down in front of him.

Angel gives Swearengen a gleaming silver rifle.

ANGEL  
 (whispers)  
 The task for which you have come.

Swearengen takes the rifle and lifts and cocks it.

The barn animals raise their ears in attention.

At the side of a stall are some few wooden crib planks, a hammer, a few nails.

Sound of Gunshot.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. CHURCH - DAWN

The congregation is in session. Bullock walks outside in the rising morning sun.

CONGREGATION  
 (singing)  
 Waiting for the harvest, and the  
 time of reaping, we shall come  
 rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.

Bullock walks to the doors but can't bring himself to go in.

CONGREGATION (cont'd)  
 (singing)  
 Bringing in the sheaves, bringing  
 in the sheaves, we shall come  
 rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.

Bullock notices girls in the rows. Demme, Dolly, Prosper, Perce, Alma, Trixie, Jane, and Joanne Stubbs now in their Sunday best.

CONGREGATION (cont'd)  
 Sowing in the sunshine sowing in  
 the shadows, fearing neither clouds  
 nor winter's chilling breeze, We  
 shall come rejoicing bringing in  
 the sheaves.

Miners, children, Bullock's wife Martha and son stand singing in other rows.

CONGREGATION (cont'd)  
 Going forth with weeping, sowing  
 for the Master, though the loss  
 (MORE)



CONGREGATION (cont'd)  
 sustained our spirit often grieves,  
 we will come rejoicing bringing in  
 the sheaves.

Perce and Prosper raise their heads from their song books to  
 Bullock.

CUT TO:

34 INT. GEM SALOON - DAY

Farnum and Blazanov stand at the saloon bar commiserating  
 over their mounting losses.

FARNUM  
 If you're thinking what I'm  
 thinking we should call it a day.

BLAZONOV  
 I think you're right.

A drunk miner approaches.

MINER #1  
 (belligerent)  
 ET, you still owe me two hundred  
 dollars.

ET FARNUM  
 Look, I told you already, I'll get  
 it to you on Monday.

MINER #1  
 I want it now, ET.

Another drunk miner approaches.

MINER #2  
 You heard him ET, he wants it now.

The saloon gets quiet.

ET FARNUM  
 (Slow and Deliberate)  
 I'm sorry but I cannot pay you  
 right now. I don't have the money.  
 And if you'd take a look around,  
 you'd have some greater  
 understanding as to where my  
 venture capital has gone.

MINER #1

Don't give me that Shakespeare lip,  
ET.

The miner takes out his gun.

ET puts on his hat and turns on his way.

ET FARNUM

I told you, I can't pay you now,  
Goodnight.

The miner shoots ET in the back.

CUT TO:

35 EXT DEADWOOD CHURCH - DAY

Bullock walks away from church to graveyard.

He stops in front of Wild Bill Hickock's tombstone. (cf. historical lingam gravestone with Bill and crossed guns)

The Church congregation can be heard in the distance.

CONGREGATION

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing  
in the sheaves. We will come  
rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.

Bullock walks to the planted harvest wheat. He stands among the wheat putting his palms out to grasp grain.

PREACHER

In the morning we sow, In the  
evening, providence withholds not  
it's hand. No one knows who will  
prosper.

Bullock sows a handful of grain he has taken up in his hands. There is a hieratic feeling in the revolutionary slow motion.

PREACHER (cont'd)

For those seeds which fall in the  
good soil, these are those who hold  
fast to the word, of good heart,  
who bear trials with patience. And  
there are those seeds fallen on  
poor soil.

Bullock crouches down placing his hands in the dry soil and cracked earth in the rising morning sun.

PREACHER (cont'd)

Sow sparingly, reap sparingly. Sow bountifully reap bountifully. No one knows when rains will come.

The sky is clear as far as the eye can see.

From the Church's window, Martha's eyes fall on Bullock.

As their eyes meet, he stands.

Behind them Mr. Wu rides his cart laughing among fields of harvest wheat.

CUT TO:

36 INT. DOC MCOY'S OFFICE - DAY

Swearengen and the Telegraph operator wait while Doc COCHRAN finishes bandaging Farnum.

DOC COCHRAN

How did it happen?

FARNUM

Business ventures gone wrong, Doc. Life's vagaries, I suppose.

The doctor washes his hands.

DOC COCHRAN

Business venture or life's vagaries, eh? Keep the wound clean and take a couple days off.

Swearengen looks at Doc washing his hands.

SWEARENGEN

You know, Doc I had this dream last night. I shot an important man and couldn't wash the blood off my hands.

DOC COCHRAN

(smiles)

No one's hands in this town are clean, Al and men are 'not' important.

SWEARENGEN

That true, Doc but this was a dream, I think?

FARNUM

Al, you've shot lots of men in your time.

Doc finishes washing his hands and helps ET out.

DOC COCHRAN

(to Swearengen)

I heard from Dolly you're playing Macbeth so perhaps think about your ambitions.

SWEARENGEN

What do you mean?

DOC COCHRAN

Take stock and keep washing, Al.

CUT TO:

37 EXT DEADWOOD - NIGHT

ET and AL make their way back to the Gem. Swearengen helps Farnum walk.

FARNUM

AL?

SWEARENGEN

Yes, ET.

FARNUM

I just wanted to say I appreciate you taking me to the doctor's and helping me back like this. Perhaps I'm the one that needs to take stock.

SWEARENGEN

Bullshit ET. Don't get sentimental on me. I know your old schemes.

They walk under the night stars.

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

But I did have a dream last night and I'm still trying to decide

(MORE)

SWEARENGEN(CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 whether it was a dream or I really  
 do need to think about things.

FARNUM  
 Al, I don't know about that but if  
 you could still use some help at  
 the Gem, I'd be happy to put my  
 services at your disposal.

SWEARENGEN  
 And what makes you think I want you  
 back?

FARNUM  
 Al, change is constant in life and  
 technology and finance a labyrinth  
 I'd rather not continue down.

SWEARENGEN  
 Is that all you got?

Farnum winces as he tries to move his shoulder and continue walking.

FARNUM  
 Well, Richardson has mentioned too  
 there may be an upcoming vacancy on  
 the premises?

CUT TO:

38 INT. DEADWOOD TAOIST TEMPLE - DAY

Swearngen and Bullock walk through Wu's Taoist temple in Chinatown.

There is a ceremony taking place. Veneration of the ancestors.

This dialogue seems to be going through Swearngen's head as the two walk through the temple.

GUNMAKER V.O.  
 Under heaven all see beauty because  
 there is ugliness. All know good  
 because there is evil.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. DEADWOOD TAOIST TEMPLE - DAY

At the back outside of the temple, WU has organized a Kung-fu school. Various young Chinese workers and a couple Chinese and white boys practice Kung Fu with partners and alone.

WU

Ahh, Swearengen, Bullock, very good, you come.

BULLOCK

Well, I've never been in that kind of Church, Wu. I don't go in churches much. . .as a rule.

WU presents them with two sets of robes.

WU

(bowing)

You take present, Swearengen, for you Bullock. You practice with us today.

The men reluctantly accept the gifts, bowing.

A little child runs up to them with two belts.

WU (cont'd)

White belt, you beginners.

The child bows and they bow back.

WU (cont'd)

Very good, very good.

SWEARENGEN

Now white belts, acting, crazy dreams.

BULLOCK

We're taking up a variety of interests in our old age, Al.

SWEARENGEN

Speak for yourself, mother\*\*\*.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. DEADWOOD FOREST EDGE - DUSK

The Gunmaker pulls out of town, wagon now empty. Prosper and Perce sit beside him.

Night and a harvest moon. Bonfires blaze in the distance.

GUNMAKER V.O.

Ten thousand things rise and fall,  
creating not possessing, working  
yet not taking credit.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. DEADWOOD SALOON - NIGHT

Miners, women, Gem girls and Chinese dressed in their Deadwood finest mill about the patio and make their way into the saloon.

A little Angel-haired boy with his mother behind him examines a poster at the front of the saloon

POSTER 'HARVEST MACBETH PREMIERE TONIGHT'.

The poster combines the previous 'MacDeath' poster with the more salacious Harvest festival ad.

The byline of this poster reads "Birnam Wood comes to Dead wood". Various saloon girls are drawn as tree soldiers with their legs highlighted as sexy tree trunks.

Farnum gathers tickets with his bandaged shoulder.

FARNUM

Is everyone in? Final call. Al  
Swearngen and Seth Bullock in  
Deadwood's Premiere performance of  
'Harvest Macbeth' The show will  
begin promptly in 5:00 minutes.

Richardson take final tickets.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. CALAMITY JANE HOME - NIGHT

Joanne Stubbs sits reading by the fire. Calamity Jane walks to the window and watches the Gunmaker leave in the distance.

Angel walks to the window beside her.

CALAMITY JANE (VO)

Not collecting treasures, prevents stealing, not seeing desirable things prevents the heart's confusion. Planting and cultivating, Autumn ends and Winter begins. Hope for Spring.

Jane notices Prosper and Perce next to the Gunmaker in the spot previously inhabited by Angel.

Angel takes Jane's hand and looks up at her

CUT TO:

43 INT. GEM SALOON - STAGE - NIGHT

The Gem has been appropriately decorated for Langrishe's production, a combination of Macbeth and the Fall Harvest festival with harvest theme and Scottish heath castle landscape.

ET Farnum is now backstage running to and fro serving as best he can with his bandaged shoulder.

FARNUM

Al, Bullock. Final act. The crowd is loving it.

LANGRISHE

Places everyone. One minute to final curtain.

The saloon packed with inebriated miners, laps full of the Gem girls.

FARNUM

Dim the lights, Charlie Act V.

Macbeth's final Birnham wood scene opens with Gem girls legs painted with branches unrolling the curtain on the saloon stage almost as a burlesque.



MACBETH (SWEARINGTON):  
 I will not yield, To kiss the  
 ground before young Malcolm's feet,

The sexy trees come to Birnham wood. Hoots and hollers from the miners. The Gem's girls' soldier tree dresses expose a lot of thigh.

A few select cloth bark pieces of the more endowed girls strip away as Birnham wood advances.

MACBETH (CONT'D)  
 And to be baited with the rabble's  
 curse. Though Birnam Wood be come  
 to Dunsinane, And thou opposed,  
 being of no woman born.

More hoots and hollers from the miners as Birnham wood's Gem soldiers shimmy and shake.

Farnum and the girls do their best to 'shhh!' the crowd.

Swearengen continues his ambitious efforts.

MACBETH (SWEARINGTON)  
 Yet I will try the last. Before my  
 body I throw my warlike shield. Lay  
 on, McDuff And damned be him that  
 first cries, "Hold, enough!".

To everyone's surprise, McDuff appears as Wu in Scottish gear.

Charlie cannot contain himself.

CHARLIE  
 It's WU in a Kilt! Mr. Wu. Woohoo!!

McDuff (Wu) and Swearengen (Macbeth) fight.

As McDuff goes for Macbeth, he is not quickly slain but both show off Wu's previous martial arts lessons in an impressive mix of Kung Fu/Scottish highland fighting.

Wu's Chinese Kung fu students and relatives stand look on from the back of the saloon, respectfully dressed and quite impressed.

Dolly throws Macbeth Lady Macbeth's knife at a key moment.

MINERS  
 (yelling)  
 Wow, woohoo! Go, Al. Get 'em  
 Sheriff!

## CHINESE CROWD

Xiu, zi chen! WU, zu zhie!!! Wu!

Swearengen comes to an impressive draw with Banquo and Mcduff in an formidable display of knife, kick, punch and gun moves.

Swearengen puts down his knife and all bow to each other and audience.

Cheers by all!

## CROWD

(various voices)

Woohoo!!! Go Al! Yes, that's what  
I call Macbeth!!! Worth every  
penny. Bravo. Encore.

Al takes off his battle armor and lays down his crown next to the knife and one of the harvest wreaths that has been placed near the throne.

## LANGRISHE

"Hey, that's not how the play ends.  
What have you done with your lines  
and the bard?"

## SWEARENGEN

That's how the play ends when Al  
Swearengen give you Deadwood  
Macbeth.

More all out applause and shouts of approval from the miners and Chinese. A couple hats fly in the air.

## SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Enough, enough and thank you.  
Drinks on the house for everyone  
and the finest of Birnham wood half  
price for the next hour".

A standing ovation from the miners.

The actors and girls come out to take a bow amid momentous applause, miners already vying for their piece of Birnham wood.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. DEADWOOD EXCHANGE - DAY

At the exchange, Blazanov and Farnum, still bandaged, close and lock the door to the exchange.

Two sheaves of wheat and a garland without flowers sit next to the exchange door.

BLAZANOV

Did you put those here, ET?

FARNUM

Not me. Perhaps the ghost of a dead king.

They chuckle together and nail a 'Closed for the Season' placard to the door. Blazanov places the garland over it and sheaves in front.

BLAZANOV

We'll leave these as a gift to the Gods and call it a draw.

Blazanov picks up Farnum's scale and Farnum takes the minotaur as they walk away.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. DEADWOOD COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The Gunmaker's cart fades in the distance on the long Deadwood road.

Shadows and a bonfire dance together in the distance.

Beyond the bonfire, an apple tree with a few apples.

Sheaves and another field of harvest wheat blow amid the night wind.

FADE OUT