

Director: Alan Taylor

“Deadwood”

“Requiem for a Gleet”

Written by

Ted Mann

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"Requiem for a Gleet"

FADE IN:

0A INT. BULLOCK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING (FORMERLY SCENE
1B)

0A

Bullock swings his legs out of bed, bends down to feel for his boots. As he fumbles in his search, Martha rises --

MARTHA

Let me light the lamp.

She does so --

BULLOCK

I've misplaced my boots.

MARTHA

I put them downstairs by the kitchen door.

BULLOCK

I'm just used to them by the bed.

MARTHA

I cleaned the boots and I put them by the kitchen door.

BULLOCK

I was asleep when you took them and did that.

MARTHA

Yes. Would you rather I not?

BULLOCK

No. No. Only that I had intended to be awake last night so we could talk, which, what with how it's been, we have not done, in the peace of evening as I would like, since your arrival.

MARTHA

I'd enjoy to converse in the stillness, after the day, like that.

BULLOCK

Tonight I'll take two cups of coffee and I will not fall asleep and we'll do as we mean to.

(CONTINUED)

0A

CONTINUED:

0A

MARTHA

(beat)

In the morning, in the quiet before we each take up our work, is also a pleasant occasion for such intercourse.

BULLOCK

Yes.

MARTHA

Would you wish to start a discussion this morning?

BULLOCK

I would not want to disturb the boy.

MARTHA

William sleeps soundly. If you'll look to the bedroom door, Mister Bullock --

Bullock closes and latches the door. He crosses to Martha, by the bed, they stare into each other's eyes, she reaches out and circles a palm on his chest, he pulls her close and kisses her, passionately, on the lips, the neck, they fall back on the bed, remove their night clothes and consummate the marriage --

CUT TO:

0A1

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S ROOM - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE # A0)

0A1

Dolly and Trixie are giving the feverish, unconscious Swearingen a sponge bath --

DOLLY

Have I killed him?

TRIXIE

First, the dead don't shiver. Next, you just done what he asked. And ain't more likely what's turned him worse his underlying woe than a thumb up his ass attempting his fucking relief?

Dolly nods, looking away, her lower lip quivering --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

So why don't you shut the fuck up.

(CONTINUED)

0A1 CONTINUED: 0A1

Off Swaerengen's suffering mug --

CUT TO:

1 EXT. ALMA'S MINE HEAD - DAY 1

Wolcott stands with his hands behind his back, seemingly less attentive to the imposing process and deafening noise of the stamp mill nearby than to the undeveloped areas around Mrs. Garret's claim. Notes the approach, from the direction of the stamp mill, of Ellsworth --

WOLCOTT

Hello.

The whole of their exchange is carried on in shouts --

ELLSWORTH

What's your business?

WOLCOTT

I'm Francis Wolcott.

ELLSWORTH

My name is Ellsworth, Mister Francis Wolcott. Can you hear me?

WOLCOTT

Yes Sir. How do you do.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

ELLSWORTH

I'm well, and glad you make me out --

WOLCOTT

Yes Sir.

ELLSWORTH

Them as poke around Mrs. Garret's workings without a by-your-leave ain't welcome, Mister Wolcott, and you ought not repeat your fucking error.

WOLCOTT

That's an uncivil response to an innocent error.

ELLSWORTH

Did you work in the Comstock when you was beardless?

WOLCOTT

I did.

ELLSWORTH

For Mister George Hearst, as a keen eye for the color.

WOLCOTT

You have the advantage of me Mister Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH

That ain't a possibility Wolcott, no more than an error of yours would be innocent.

WOLCOTT

I do dimly recall an Ellsworth who superintended the Consolidated Virginia operation --

ELLSWORTH

I don't give a fuck what you recall.

WOLCOTT

A hero, dug a week without respite to save three poor souls from a cave-in

ELLSWORTH

Forty-six corpses down a fucking hole that ought never to have been dug.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (2)

1

WOLCOTT

Always a choice, to count the saved
or lost.

ELLSWORTH

Get off this property.

WOLCOTT

Just as a man opposed to inevitable
change needn't invariably be called
a "Luddite." Another choice might
be simply to describe him as slow
in his processes.

ELLSWORTH

You tell the cocksucker you work
for the next surrogate he sends
oughtn't to be bloody from the
Comstock.

WOLCOTT

The noise is terrible, isn't it
Mister Ellsworth? Like Fate.

As Wolcott leaves, Ellsworth rubs his beard with a
shaking hand --

CUT TO:

1A

INT. THE GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

1A

Alma watches Sofia teach her dolls to read --

SOFIA

Ox -- box -- fox

At the sound of a knock, Alma rises, whispers to her
ward --

ALMA

Nora's attentions are wandering.
If I were you I would bribe her
with candy.

Sofia grins. Follow Alma into the sitting room and as
she opens the door on Miss Isringhausen --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Good morning.

ALMA

Please come in Miss Isringhausen.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1A

CONTINUED:

1A

Miss Isringhausen follows Alma into her sitting room,
waits to be further invited --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Will you sit down?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Do you remain of a mind Ma'am to
dispense with my services?

ALMA

I have immense respect for your
training and intelligence Miss
Isringhausen, and gratitude for
your efforts toward Sofia's
education. I am ill-suited
temperamentally to collaborate
with you, as women in our positions
must.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I see.

ALMA

I propose to pay you six months'
wages severance, and an additional
two-hundred dollars against the
expenses of your journey here and
return to Chicago. While you make
your arrangements, I will continue
to pay for your room here at the
hotel.

Alma proceeds toward counting out the stipulated
severance --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

As to those financial terms Mrs.
Garret, your behavior is very fair.

Alma studies her --

ALMA

Miss Isringhausen, Cotton Mather
would have found hard and joyless
the standards you so resolutely
apply to me, and Sofia, and of
course to yourself.

She presents the tutor her severance --

ALMA (CONT'D)

I wish you very well.

(CONTINUED)

1A

CONTINUED: (2)

1A

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Thank you Madam. I'll not say
good-bye to Sofia, to spare her
upset.

Alma studies her in silent disappointment and something
like pity. Miss Isringhausen heads for the door. Off
Alma --

CUT TO:

1B

MOVED TO SCENE 0A

1B

2

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - MORNING

2

Dority's behind the bar. Looks up anxiously at
Swearengen's door, dissembles his look as he notes
Farnum entering --

FARNUM

Dan.

DORITY

E.B. Coffee?

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

FARNUM

Please.

Farnum glances toward Swearengen's door --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I'll be candid Dan. I did not
sleep well last night.

Dority's pouring him coffee --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I heard screaming. From Al's room.

DORITY

Happens up there many a fucking
evening.

FARNUM

Al was fucking screaming Dan. And
I'm wondering how he's feeling
this morning. And you dancing
around the pole ain't allaying my
fucking anxieties.

DORITY

You hear any screams from him now?

FARNUM

Silence ain't proof either way.

DORITY

Take no tone with me E.B. 'cause I
will slap you fucking silly.
(collects himself)
He is on the mend. He is not
fucking receiving.

Farnum, never a stickler for full illumination, accepts
Dority's offered denial --

FARNUM

That's all I was fucking asking.

DORITY

Well that's your fucking answer.

FARNUM

Convey my joy, and tell him numerous
scores await.

Dority gestures impatient acknowledgment of Farnum's
usual patter.

(CONTINUED)

Farnum, backing away, gestures with equal impatience, departs, past a road agent, Crop Ear, entering from the street. He moves toward the bar, making some show of not taking in every single thing going on in the joint. Burns exits Swearengen's room, and gives Dority an ambivalent shrug as he traverses the second floor hallway. Crop-ear in turn, follows Dority's gaze, sees Burns, narrows his eyes --

CROP EAR

Soft fucking day, Dan.

DORITY

Crop Ear. Or, sorry, Eamon.

CROP EAR

Take a good look Dan, they ain't growed back.

Crop Ear jerks his head in the direction of Swearengen's quarters as Burns descends the stairs and takes a position at the end of the bar --

BURNS

Al's out early. To look at a place in Gayville.

The look from Crop Ear which receives this informs Burns that, having been overly specific, he has also been unpersuasive, and that the strange taste in his mouth is foot --

CROP EAR

You must seize fortune by the forelock Dan, that's why I'm here, to put a matter before him. You know I'll not waste the man's time.

DORITY

No you won't.

CROP EAR

That's some fucking way you have about you, Dan.

DORITY

You can have your say to me and Johnny, or you can get the fuck out.

CROP EAR

I'll say gladly in the hope you'll commend my words to him who's in

(MORE)

2

CONTINUED: (3)

2

CROP EAR (CONT'D)

Gayville at the earliest
opportunity.

Crop Ear studies his listers, drops his voice to a
confidential mutter --

CROP EAR (CONT'D)

I contemplate a piece of activity.
I need to organize reliable fellows,
locate a right place to waylay the
metal --

DORITY

I'll let him know.

CROP EAR

Twenty-five percent, one full
quarter of the proceeds in toto,
to Al Swaengen, The Gem Saloon,
you and Johnny, as the fucking
case may be.

DORITY

I said I'd let him know.

CROP EAR

In exchange for his blessing.
With no more work required than it
takes to give the go-ahead wink.

He looks with disingenuous eagerness from Dority to
Burns and back --

CROP EAR (CONT'D)

When do you suppose I could expect
the favor of a response? Assuming,
Dan, you do decide the proposal
merits his attention.

DORITY

Tomorrow afternoon.

CROP EAR

He's overnight in Gayville then.

Dority glares, Crop Ear retreats with a placating
gesture. Slowly enough to see Cochran exit Swaengen's
room --

CROP EAR (CONT'D)

Tomorrow afternoon it is.

Crop Ear exits, and Dority turns to Burns -

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (4)

2

BURNS

(contrite)

Getting particular where he was
gone, I realize now, was a fucking
mistake, which happened because
I'm so fucking worried.

DORITY

Going forward I'll manage the
earless cunt.

Off which --

CUT TO:

3

MOVED TO SCENE A0

3

3B

MOVED TO SCENE 6C

3B

3C

EXT. THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE # 7A)

3C

The whore Carrie descends from the stage, as does the Chinaman rival to Wu. As does Commissioner Jarry from Yankton. Wolcott, returning from Alma's claim, reaches Carrie as she receives her luggage from the messenger --

WOLCOTT

May I help with your bags Miss?

CARRIE

No you can't. Or look at me or talk to me 'til I've took a bath.

Wolcott succeeds in stifling a smile, in favor of a chastised contrition which, falling just short of sincerity, seems gently mocking --

WOLCOTT

Follow this quagmire then Ma'am.
The establishment you'll want is last on your right.

He hands the driver two gold pieces --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

Please take the lady's luggage to the Chez Ami.

DRIVER

Sir.

WOLCOTT

And don't look at her or talk to her 'til she's bathed.

It's Carrie now fighting off a grin or even, as, with affected hauteur, she moves away from Wolcott and ahead of her luggage, an indication she's heard. Farnum's emerged, come beside Wolcott --

FARNUM

Mister Wolcott.
(louder)
Deceptively fair weather, given the devastating rumors.

(CONTINUED)

3C

CONTINUED:

3C

Wolcott leans in slightly to address E.B. --

WOLCOTT

Less volume Mister Farnum and more conviction.

FARNUM

Yes.

Wolcott moves off in the general direction of the Bella Union, and, at least arguably by accident, parallel to the Chinaman. Farnum's approached by the Commissioner --

JARRY

(indicates Grand Central)

Your hotel?

FARNUM

It is Sir --

Farnum considers Jarry's suitcase approvingly --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

-- your luggage?

JARRY

Yes.

FARNUM

May I install it in one of our better rooms?

JARRY

Please. And direct me to the Bella Union.

Farnum points, the nervous apprehension aroused by Swaengren's incapacity making him run his mouth --

FARNUM

Not fifty yards as the bird flies,
or a man is led on by his prick,
or needing to test his luck.

Jarry starts off. Farnum acts to detain him so he can make a better impression --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

To whom shall I assign the room?

JARRY

Hugo Jarry.

(CONTINUED)

3C

CONTINUED: (2)

3C

FARNUM

(points to himself)

E.B. Farnum.

(indicates the hotel
front)

Owner-proprietor, also Mayor, though
that position's largely ceremonial.

Jarry points to himself, hollowly parodies affability --

JARRY

Lawrence County Commissioner. The
position's real.

Jarry starts away. Farnum looks sick --

ANGLE - ADAMS

falling in beside the Commissioner --

ADAMS

Hello, Jarry. Commissioner Jarry.

JARRY

Commissioner Jarry now, yes, as of
the last five days. Delighted to
find you here Adams.

ADAMS

You could have known my next
whereabouts if you'd talked to me
in Yankton, where I sat outside
your office half a fucking day.

JARRY

It's seemed to many of us in
Yankton, in the aftermath of
magistrate Clagett's disappearance,
that you'd chosen different
companions.

ADAMS

Last I saw Clagett he'd come to
this camp with General Crook -- I
figured he'd left with him too.

JARRY

And perhaps was plucked up
subsequently from amidst the troops
by savages -- such moonlight
treachery being their stealthy
hallmark.

Adams meets his eyes --

(CONTINUED)

3C

CONTINUED: (3)

3C

ADAMS

Maybe he took a bribe from someone,
didn't hold his end up, and got
his just deserts.

During which Jarry finds more to interest him elsewhere
in the thoroughfare --

JARRY'S POV - WOLCOTT AND THE CHINAMAN WITH WHOM JARRY
CAME INTO CAMP

-- to one side of the Bella Union, in conversation --

JARRY (O.S.)

Not a matter of personal interest
to me or to others in Yankton, any
more than your choice of companions.

During which Jarry's POV moves to Wu, near his pigpen,
observing with seeming neutrality and private distress
the conversation between Wolcott and his interlocutor --
whom Wu recognizes as representative of a San Francisco
tong rival to Wu's -- to which Jarry's gaze now returns --

RESUME - JARRY AND ADAMS

ADAMS

If you're trying to freeze out
Swearengen before the Governor
makes his play, you're betting the
wrong way.

JARRY

Someone certainly is.

ADAMS

Anyways, I'll tell him I saw you.

JARRY

I'm on a close schedule or I'd pay
my respects myself.

Off Adams, as Jarry moves toward the Bella Union --

CUT TO:

3D

INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

3D

Tolliver's at a table negotiating with a fifty-five
year old prospector --

TOLLIVER

I only hope Marvin you ain't privy
to information that I ain't.

(CONTINUED)

3D

CONTINUED:

3D

PROSPECTOR

Six hundred U.S. dollars, Mister
Tolliver, Claim Sixteen Above
Discovery.

TOLLIVER

That ain't responsive to my previous
fucking statement Young Man.

PROSPECTOR

I'll tell you what Sir, it's the
fucking altitude that's got to me.

TOLLIVER

I see.

PROSPECTOR

Nose bleeds and every other fucking
thing.

TOLLIVER

Well your health's got to come
first -- light as my kit's got,
we'll go on and say "done."

With no great enthusiasm Tolliver spits in his hand,
shakes the prospector's, during which he notes Jarry's
entrance --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

(to Stapleton)

Six hundred dollars Con.

STAPLETON

Right here Sir.

Stapleton comes forward with the gold --

TOLLIVER

Jesus Christ, don't pay it to me,
Marvin here'll shoot both of us.

Tolliver's gaze has never left the entrance, where he
now notes Wolcott's appearance as well --

STAPLETON

Here you go Marvin.

He pushes the stack toward the prospector --

TOLLIVER

Are you lettered Marvin?

(CONTINUED)

3D

CONTINUED: (2)

3D

PROSPECTOR
I'm up to making an X Sir.

TOLLIVER
Con, you sign as witness.

STAPLETON
Will do Mister T.

Tolliver's already moving away. Marvin, for whom wrist-business is stressful, reacts to Stapleton's proximity --

PROSPECTOR
Don't be looking over my shoulder when I'm making my fucking mark.

Off which --

CUT TO:

3E

INT. CHEZ AMI - DAY

3E

Maddie's going over the books at the desk. Stubbs is going over the books at another desk. The silence is oppressive. Maddie puts down her pen --

MADDIE
Don't ever say that to me again -- you "surprised" yourself.

STUBBS
It's what happened.

MADDIE
I don't want to hear it spoken of, because it darkens my thoughts.

STUBBS
About who you're partnered with.

MADDIE
Yes. Exactly. They get led by their dicks -- 'our cunts lead us, we lose our only edge.

STUBBS
That wasn't what was going on.

MADDIE
Was it worse? Were you angry at him Joanie? -- was that what surprised you, how angry you were, because George Hearst's second is a cruel and evil man?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3E

CONTINUED:

3E

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Did you think maybe you'd shoot him, and get all of us little people even?

STUBBS

I took that gun into the room with me to protect myself.

MADDIE

Who fucking asked you to go into the room with him?

Maddie's pacing --

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Nobody gets even. We get dead, and before I go I intend a long and comfortable retirement, and that cocksucker's going to pay the freight.

STUBBS

Something terrible is going to happen here.

CARRIE (O.S.)

Go away, he tipped you.

MADDIE

You don't even know the girl he wants to harm -- you stay the fuck out of it.

They react as Carrie knocks on the door, opens it --

CARRIE

This whole camp smells like shit.

Off which --

CUT TO:

3F

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE # 10)

3F

Adams enters, moves to Dority at the bar, indicates with a head-nod Swearingen's office --

ADAMS

May I go up today?

DORITY

(arms folded)

Uh-uh.

(CONTINUED)

3F

CONTINUED:

3F

ADAMS

How long's my fucking sentence?

DORITY

Any message?

Adams rubs hard at his chin --

ADAMS

Is there any fucking chance you
and me don't end in blood.

DORITY

Any of you ever realizing the sun
don't rise and set on you and me?

ADAMS

And what the fuck does that fucking
mean?

(CONTINUED)

3F

CONTINUED: (2)

3F

DORITY

It means other fucking factors may be factors in my fucking decision-making besides how much I find you a pain-in-the-balls personally.

Adams swallows several times, studying the floor --

ADAMS

Please report, Commissioner Jarry from Yankton has arrived to the camp and intends to fuck Al up the ass.

A beat. Then Dority leans in --

DORITY

Said he to you, while doing the same?

Adams shakes his head, presses the palms of his hands to his brows in an effort not to strike --

ADAMS

It's important he hears that -- you do him disservice not to say.

Dority's tenor suddenly changes. He lets himself seek relief from the isolation of command --

DORITY

Listen to me Adams. Al's fucked up. May be dying.

Adams studies Dority, then --

ADAMS

Jesus.

DORITY

You're fucking right, Jesus. Stone's plugged his piss-passages --

Adams is processing this --

ADAMS

Okay ... all right --

Dority's so relieved to confide he begins to make up possible complications --

DORITY

'All we know, he's got piss backed-up into his lungs --

(CONTINUED)

3F

CONTINUED: (3)

3F

ADAMS

Can he talk?

DORITY

No he can't fucking talk. Just shivers and stares at nothing and screams when the Doc abuses him with his fucking prick-poles.

A beat --

ADAMS

Sorry I broke your balls.

DORITY

I'll report your news when it seems he might take my meaning.

Adams nods, turns --

DORITY (CONT'D)

How's your little fucking buddy there, that I put the beating on?

ADAMS

Hawkeye.

DORITY

Yeah, Hawkeye.

ADAMS

He'll live.

Off which --

CUT TO:

4

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - BUFFET - DAY

4

Alma, watching the street, is joined by Ellsworth --

ELLSWORTH

'Morning Ma'am.

ALMA

Good morning Mister Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH

I hope you spent a restful night.

He's distracted and preoccupied --

ALMA

I did, thank you --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

She's taking his measure --

ALMA (CONT'D)

-- but this morning I note an amount
of confusion and anxiety abroad,
and words of panic about Yankton's
disposition of the claims.

She inclines her head toward two departing miners --

ELLSWORTH

Panic's easier on the back than
the short-handled shovel.

ALMA

I see.

She tries to sound reassured --

ELLSWORTH

The Creator in His infinite wisdom
Mrs. Garret salted His works so
where gold was, there also you'd
find rumor; though He decreed just
as firm the opposite wouldn't always
hold.

ALMA

You understand, I needn't be
comforted at the expense of the
truth.

ELLSWORTH

I'm late, Ma'am, over shooing a
man off your diggings named Francis
Wolcott, that scouts for George
Hearst, who wouldn't spare attention
for a camp or the sun itself if he
didn't think it likely to fill his
coffers.

(beat)

Nor the sort'd shrink from a lie,
or more than one, to advance his
purpose, or be ignorant how to
circulate his falsehoods without
others knowing their source.

His gaze takes in the activities around them --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

And now I come to the camp, to
hear the waters called muddied and
the current quickened, though I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)
see no change in the creek. And
the Hooples -- certain-sure the
flood-crest fast approaches --have
begun some keen thinking: they'll
get ahead of events, maybe sell
their claims at discount; anything
to unharness so they can head for
the higher ground.

He meets her eyes --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)
Myself Ma'am, I'd be betting the
levee'll hold.

Off which --

CUT TO:

4A

MOVED TO SCENE 20

4A

4B

INT. BULLOCK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

4B

Martha Bullock sings as she moves from the stove to
place a bowl of oatmeal in front of William --

WILLIAM
Did you speak of it to Mister
Bullock Mama?

MARTHA
Not yet William.

WILLIAM
Will you speak of it today?

Bullock enters dressed but for his boots --

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Good morning Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK
Good morning.

Bullock takes his place at the table --

MARTHA
Oatmeal, Seth?

BULLOCK
Please, Martha.

Martha places a bowl of mush before Bullock.

(CONTINUED)

4B

CONTINUED:

4B

William decides to venture --

WILLIAM

Mister Bullock, mother was wanting
a kitchen garden, which I would
have the care of.

BULLOCK

Have you chosen a spot yet?

WILLIAM

I paced one out in back of the
house sir, yesterday, and would
have broke the ground, but for
wanting the tools.

BULLOCK

Would you like to go now and tell
Mister Star you need shovel, hoe
and a rake?

WILLIAM

Yes sir.

BULLOCK

Do you recall your way to the
hardware store?

WILLIAM

I do yes, thank you sir.

He starts for the door and halts to ask --

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Is it okay for me to go now, Mama?

MARTHA

It is.

William exits. Bullock watches Martha, the graceful
sway of of her body beneath her clothing as she tends
the stove, his oatmeal forgotten --

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Do you like the oatmeal?

BULLOCK

It's very hot.

MARTHA

You haven't tried it.

Bullock rises --

(CONTINUED)

4B

CONTINUED: (2)

4B

BULLOCK

Good, well-crafted porridge holds
heat like a brick.

Crosses and kisses her --

MARTHA

It'll be some time before it cools
to your taste then, Seth.

BULLOCK

You don't mind my letting the mush
set?

He takes her hand leads her toward the stairs --

MARTHA

Porridge can always be warmed up.

The head upstairs, bodies brushing, hand in hand --

BULLOCK

Over and over. Until it congeals
into a hard rough discus.

MARTHA

When it must be turned over to the
chickens who will happily eat it
in that condition.

BULLOCK

I'm glad we're of a mind on that --

As they enter the bedroom --

CUT TO:

4C

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - DAY

4C

Adams enters from the thoroughfare --

FARNUM

Mister Adams. What a day.

Adams reluctantly stops --

ADAMS

How so.

FARNUM

How so? Every fucking way.
(MORE)

E.B. attempts a jaunty dismissal of his own terror --

(CONTINUED)

4C

CONTINUED:

4C

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I jest, Sir, ignore me.

Adams starts for the stairs. Farnum chuckles desperately, evincing what he hopes is a benign and endearing curiosity --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I do wonder what you might've been conversing at with that bald cocksucker who showed all but open disdain toward me in announcing himself the County Commissioner.

ADAMS

More or less told me to fuck myself.

E.B. spits on the floor in a show of good nature --

FARNUM

Did he.

ADAMS

'We done?

FARNUM

Further, happening to be at the window twenty and a few-odd minutes ago, I noticed you, subsequent to that exchange, entering The Gem.

ADAMS

What in fuck is on your mind?

FARNUM

Images of flood, Adams, conflagration, Biblical in proportion

Farnum wants to chuckle for several minutes straight, but realizes the primacy, now of all times, of apparent sanity --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I was at The Gem earlier myself, asking after the proprietor's health.

ADAMS

I wouldn't know about that.

FARNUM

I'll indulge that tiny falsehood,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4C

CONTINUED: (2)

4C

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Adams, and beg a truthful answer
how Al took your news about the
Commmissioner.

ADAMS

I didn't talk to him Farnum.

FARNUM

I see. I see. So the edict's in
force -- "Confide in E.B. no
longer."

ADAMS

I-did-not-talk-to-him.

Farnum studies him --

FARNUM

Because he's ill?

ADAMS

If you know Al's sick, Farnum, why
the fuck are you asking? -- what
is this, some fucking test?

Adams goes up the stairs. Having given the old knuckle
a good fucking chomp, E.B. notes with satisfaction
that he's drawn blood --

(CONTINUED)

4C CONTINUED: (3) 4C

CUT TO:

5 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - DAY 5

Swearengen is in bed, feverish, uremic, curled around the pain in his lower abdomen, faced away from Cochran, who's seated himself at the head of the bed. Dority stands near the foot, situated so as to see Swearengen's face. (The bed may be re-situated.) Burns hovers apprehensively further back --

COCHRAN

We come to a crisis Al, and I have to say my piece.

Dority is watching Swearengen's face. Cochran looks to him in inquiry, Dority nods in the affirmative, though Swearengen's features give no perceptible indication of recognition --

(CONTINUED)

DORITY

He hears you.

COCHRAN

The obstruction in your bladder is not relieved. Poisons are accumulating in your body. The instrument whose introduction caused you such pain, and which allowed you to pass a certain amount of water, was ineffectual at repositioning the stones. In the absence of my lithotrite I ordered seven fucking months ago, the stones can be excised surgically in one of two ways. The so-called "high" operation cuts into the bladder from above your penis; the other enters from below --

BURNS

Below what Doc?

COCHRAN

His balls.

Burns attempts an air of expertise --

BURNS

So the "low" entails cutting through the 'tain't.

COCHRAN

(to Swearengen)

I've seen the high operation performed, I assisted at closing, and afterwards discussed it with the surgeon. 'Come to it, that's what I'd prefer to try.

Cochran looks to Dority for Swearengen's answer --

DORITY

He's with you.

COCHRAN

How did he indicate.

DORITY

Hard blink to the high cut, and a scowl for going through the 'tain't.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

COCHRAN

"To cut the bladder is fatal,"
said Hippocrates. I wish I could
tell you the intervening years
have refuted him.

Cochran is staring into the middle distance, talking
to himself as much as to Swearengen --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

With the knife in expert hands,
two men in ten survive the procedure
we contemplate. But at what point,
absent intervention, will your
condition so deteriorate as to put
you beyond recovery? I believe
the point approaches. I am not an
expert, but I will make my best
effort, and I ask now for your
consent.

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN'S FACE

unchanging and expressionless --

ANGLE - DORITY

searching Swearengen's eyes, realizing he's beyond
responding, or caring, perhaps beyond helping --

DORITY

The upper Al? And is that your
final call?

A beat --

DORITY (CONT'D)

Al wants the upper Doc. Better go
and make ready.

Dority heads out onto the balcony. Cochran rises --

COCHRAN

Come downstairs Johnny and help me
at the stove.

BURNS

Sure Doc.

6

EXT. THE BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

6

Dority looks out at the thoroughfare, crying --

CUT TO:

6A INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

6A

Wolcott, Jarry and Tolliver, the poker area temporarily converted to a dining room, as in Episode Twelve of the first season. They've just finished wolfing food --

JARRY

As to claims filed and worked prior to the new treaty -- in essence, while the Hills still belonged to the Sioux -- a presumption of legitimacy will apply, subject to qualification, and according to mitigating facts. In short, no controlling principle being invoked, title will be determined on a case-by-case basis. On claims which are overturned, new title will be awarded at set prices, via lottery, to those submitting verified offers.

TOLLIVER

Territorial officials to be excluded from eligibility?

JARRY

Yes.

TOLLIVER

Better tell your friends and relatives to pick their lucky suits out for that drawing.

JARRY

Only after Mister Wolcott's have picked out theirs.

He sips his wine, considers the sommelier, Parisse, appreciatively --

JARRY (CONT'D)

Of course, anticipation of the forthcoming judicial holding may itself largely cleanse the market --

WOLCOTT

Always preferable to keep government out.

JARRY

Would that argue for allowing word
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6A

CONTINUED:

6A

JARRY (CONT'D)
of my presence to circulate a bit
before I present myself officially?

TOLLIVER
A man might use that time to put
some stink on his johnson.

Jarry giggles, closes his eyes, and puts his hands
over his ears. Wolcott looks to Tolliver, who shrugs --

CUT TO:

6B

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY

6B

Trixie enters --

TRIXIE
Hello?

She advances further into the store --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)
You wouldn't step out and leave
the door unlocked?

STAR
Down here. Behind the counter.

Star emerges on a rolling stool, which gives him better
access to the lower shelves.

STAR (CONT'D)
Taking inventory.

He rises to his feet, pained by his shoulder --

TRIXIE
I can't do a lesson today.

STAR
All right.

TRIXIE
He's too sick, maybe he'll fucking
die but I can't stay, though it'd
be smarter to stay, and to learn
to calculate fucking interest on
that accommodation paper or discount
notes or whatever the fuck.

She's sobbing. Star embraces her, consolingly, without
romantic intent --

(CONTINUED)

6B

CONTINUED:

6B

STAR

Another time. It's fine Trixie.

Trixie seeing Bullock about to enter, abruptly shakes off Star's embrace --

TRIXIE

I got to go.

As Bullock enters, Trixie exits, ignoring him. Bullock looks to Star, nods in the direction of Trixie's departure --

BULLOCK

You want to go out for a bit?

Star shakes his head no --

STAR

She says Swearengen's bad off. Last night I heard him screaming out again and again. I guess he's worsened with the day.

Though his inner state is joyous, Bullock's mien still shows his characteristic sobriety. He picks up a broom --

BULLOCK

Thanks for outfitting the boy with garden equipment.

STAR

He's planning to take some prizes come harvest fair; he mentioned corn and squash both.

Bullock suddenly smiles --

BULLOCK

I'm optimistic, Sol.

STAR

I'm glad.

Bullock glances around their premises and reflects --

BULLOCK

I owe the place some work.

STAR

I had some news from Denver concerning our proposal on the bank.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6B

CONTINUED: (2)

6B

Star crosses to the cash drawer, takes out a sheaf of papers finds one at which he glances briefly --

STAR (CONT'D)

We'd need to find fifteen percent of our proposed capitalization --

BULLOCK

If we capitalize at the two million we figured on --

STAR

Three hundred thousand, separate from what Denver'll underwrite.

Star rubs his neck --

STAR (CONT'D)

Or, they'd credit Mrs. Garret's accounts as collateral.

BULLOCK

We're not doing that.

STAR

I don't advocate it, I'm informing you of a communication they volunteered.

BULLOCK

We're not doing that.

STAR

S'pose I'll have to dip into my own kit then. Even so, it's back to cutting my own hair.

BULLOCK

I'll take the idea around.

Star studies him --

STAR

Swearengen'd put it up.

BULLOCK

To fucking reputable people.

STAR

If money had to be clean before it was recirculated we'd still be living in fucking caves.

(CONTINUED)

6B

CONTINUED: (3)

6B

BULLOCK

Your old man?

STAR

Me.

Off which --

CUT TO:

6C

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - KITCHEN - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 3B)

6C

Farnum is pacing. Richardson's preparing the midday repast --

FARNUM

It is no disloyalty to be a realist
Richardson. We are mortal. One
hopes for the best. One perseveres.
One re-evaluates, constantly. One
is an asshole if one doesn't.

(rubs his neck)

Loyalty expanded is not loyalty
betrayed! I contemplate no
disloyalty to that man!

(gnaws at his knuckle)

I feel exposed. I don't like being
weak, and I know that I am. I
yearn to rely on a stronger will.
I fear what I'm capable of in its
absence.

Farnum stares at Richardson. Always lurking at the margin of consciousness is revulsion with the cook as some sordid caricature of E.B. himself --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Whereas you, Richardson, know
nothing of yourself. Are you
shitting, or going blind? Or on
foot, or horseback? You vile
fucking lump!

He picks up the nearest kitchen implement, only just restrains himself from striking Richardson on the shoulder, instead pushes toward him a clot of offal --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Bury that in the shepherd's pie!

He's gone. Off Richardson, doing as he's been told --

CUT TO:

6D

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

6D

Dority behind the bar. Trixie smoking at a table.
After a beat --

DORITY

A creature up on its hind legs --
same as Crop Ear and the other
half-dozen bushwhackers I'd fall
in with or out in the forest as
suited my daily purposes.

She finally looks at him --

DORITY (CONT'D)

Is what I was 'til my path crossed
Al's.

TRIXIE

Well bang the drum and play the
pipes and I'll rend our fucking
garments.

DORITY

Just saying.

TRIXIE

I ain't hearing confessions this
afternoon.

A beat --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Say you'll burn it down with me.

DORITY

What.

TRIXIE

This fucking place, before letting
Tolliver take it over.

DORITY

Done.

Jewel comes out from Swearengen's room. Dority and
Trixie are both afraid he's dead. Trixie's gotten to
her feet, watches Jewel navigate the first steps of
the second floor walkway --

TRIXIE

Open your mouth Jewel and say
something we can't fucking
understand.

(CONTINUED)

6D

CONTINUED:

6D

JEWEL

He's asking for you.

TRIXIE

Well don't die with your fucking secret.

Trixie's on her way up --

DORITY

(to Jewel)

Clean number three, Dottie said she bled.

As Jewel disappears into another room on the second floor, Dority rubs his neck, watches Trixie head for Swarengen's room --

CUT TO:

7

INT. THE GEM - KITCHEN - DAY

7

Cochran's preparing his instruments. His hands are unsteady. Maybe he drops an instrument --

COCHRAN

Goddamnit.

BURNS

I may get a whiskey, Doc. You want a whiskey?

Cochran stares at him with angry, impatient incredulity --

COCHRAN

No I don't want a fucking whiskey.

BURNS

Maybe 'far as steadying your hand.

COCHRAN

How dare you. You shut your fucking mouth.

BURNS

I didn't mean nothing by it.

COCHRAN

Drink don't steady the hand. It dulls fucking worry over the hand's unsteadiness.

(MORE)

Cochran drops another instrument --

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ
Almighty. I don't need to kill
more men.

Burns bends to pick up the instrument, sings his
fingers --

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

BURNS

Damn!

Cochran stares at him, rubs his neck --

COCHRAN

Top left of my fucking bag.

Burns is sucking his fingers --

BURNS

What?

Cochran collects the instrument with his surgical tongs --

COCHRAN

There's balm, you fucking idiot,
against the fucking burn you just
sustained.

BURNS

Thanks Doc.

Off Cochran, girding himself to go back upstairs, as
Burns rummages in his physician's bag --

CUT TO:

7A

MOVED TO SCENE 3C

7A

8

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

8

Wu enters through the back in a state of high agitation.
Dority watches Wu approach. Dority's nervous and
distracted, waiting for Cochran to ready his surgical
implements --

DORITY

Go away Wu.

Wu points upstairs at the closed door of Swearengen's
office --

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

WU

Swedgin.

DORITY

Ain't gonna happen.

With menacing protraction and a curled lower lip, Wu indicates the depth of his resolve --

WU

Swedgggge in!

DORITY

No!

WU

Swedgin!

DORITY

No Wu. He's fucked up. Al can't talk to you and I can't understand what you say, so get the fuck out.

Dority raises an admonishing hand as Wu gathers himself for the effort to make himself understood --

DORITY (CONT'D)

Don't you start sucking in air to talk gibberish now --

WU

Cocksuckah!

Wu points to himself --

DORITY

Aw for Christ's sake.

Wu points beside himself --

WU

Cocksuckah!

DORITY

It's wasted on me Wu.

Wu shows his pigtail --

WU

Cocksuckah!

(MORE)

-- points beside himself --

(CONTINUED)

WU (CONT'D)

Cocksuckah!

DORITY

I don't fucking get it Wu, I'm not smart like Al and we got a big fucking amount on our plate just now!

Wu manhandles his pigtail, points beside himself again --

WU

Cocksuckah! Cocksuckah!

-- stamps his foot --

WU (CONT'D)

Sahn -- Frahn -- Cisco!

DORITY

Jesus fucking Christ! You got an invisible cocksucker beside yourself and he's from San Francisco.

Wu studies Dority, measuring the trustworthiness of Dority's assessment purely by Dority's tone, which suggests for the first time in their exchange an effort of imagination. Wu repeats himself, slowly, patiently, and encouragingly, as if to a very young student, to confirm Dority's understanding. First points to himself --

WU

Cocksuckah --

-- then to the space beside himself --

WU (CONT'D)

-- cocksuckah --

-- and his pigtail --

WU (CONT'D)

Sahn -- Frahn -- Cisco.

DORITY

I'm going with you wanting me to tell Al some cocksucker like you from San Francisco's got your dander up.

A beat as Wu decides he must gamble that Dority understands, and that the necessary measure of his wager is to reassure Dority.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (3)

8

Wu nods, gives a big wink and a thumbs-up to Dority, then points to Swearingen's door --

WU

Swedgin.

Cochran and Burns appear from the kitchen, ready for the procedure --

DORITY

I'll tell him now. Going right up to tell him.

Dority indicates his destination, joining Cochran and Burns in their ascent --

BURNS

Tell him what?

DORITY

God only knows.

Burns calls back to Wu as they climb --

BURNS

Why'n't you learn to speak American Wu? -- save everyone a lot of fucking trouble!

Wu points to his chest adamantly --

WU

No Englishee, Wu, Bak-wae-lo!

By which Wu indicates his refusal to assimilate to the language or ways of the White Devil --

WU (CONT'D)

Swedgin!

-- and his reliance on a certain kind of honor among certain kinds of thieves. Off Wu --

CUT TO:

10

MOVED TO SCENE 3F

10

10A

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ADAMS' ROOM - DAY

10A

Adams opens the door to a distraught-looking Miss Isringhausen --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Mister Adams. Good day.

(CONTINUED)

10A

CONTINUED:

10A

ADAMS

Good day Miss Isringhausen.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I can't imagine what you must be thinking at the moment --

ADAMS

I'm thinking it's a great hotel --

The good-natured off-handedness of his tone means to put her at ease --

ADAMS (CONT'D)

-- please come in.

Adams opens the door wider, allows her inside --

ADAMS (CONT'D)

I can offer you whisky, or water I just washed my face in.

She seems to contemplate before her a yawning chasm, and to decide to leap --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I will have whisky, Sir.

Adams is as surprised as she intends --

ADAMS

Sure.

He turns, cleans the one available glass with the flap of his shirt, fills the glass, as if it were he who'd be drinking, then, not to seem a ruffian, surreptitiously restores half the glass' contents to the bottle; during all of which --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I've just been discharged. Sacked.

ADAMS

By Mrs. Garret?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

As tutor for her ward.

Adams gives her the glass --

ADAMS

I hope you punched her in the nose.

(CONTINUED)

10A

CONTINUED: (2)

10A

Miss Isringhausen contemplates the glass like it's her cherry --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

This is a day of firsts. Dismissal from employment, unchaperoned presence in a man's room --

She sips the whiskey, winces --

ADAMS

I'm sorry for your news Miss Isringhausen, but if that's your first taste of liquor I'm sorry for the hand you've been playing your whole life.

She manages a smile, but relief seems only to expose to her the vistas of a deeper sadness; her lip quivers and she averts her gaze -- all this sympathetically observed by Adams --

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Mind if I drink from the bottle?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

No Sir.

Suddenly she begins to cry --

ADAMS

Oh boy. Oh my.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I'm sorry.

ADAMS

You want me to get out of here?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

It's your room.

ADAMS

That's okay, you're not a thief.

It's plain to him it's too late to leave; he's trapped --

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Oh, don't cry now. Would you feel better if I shot myself?

She looks up, stares at him in wondering terror --

(CONTINUED)

10A

CONTINUED: (3)

10A

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Why do you say that?

ADAMS

I apologize. It was a stupid way
of trying to be funny.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Because I fear I may be killed.

ADAMS

What?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I can't explain. It's nightmarish,
incomprehensible.

ADAMS

Who's threatening your life?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Mrs. Garret. I know it seems
impossible. But I can testify to
you Mister Adams, I would not be
the first she's killed.

Off Adams, licking at the bridge of his mouth, where
unbeknownst to him, the hook has just been set --

CUT TO:

10B

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - DUSK (FORMERLY SCENE # 20)

10B

E. B. Farnum hails Alma Garret as she passes through
the lobby --

FARNUM

Mrs. Garret. What male would not
trade our small superiority of
intellect to possess that gift of
intuition so bountifully bestowed
on the lesser sex.

Alma parodies ingenuousness --

ALMA

Mister Farnum, your meaning is
beyond me.

FARNUM

I imagine you Madam, awakening the
other morning, suddenly and for no
earthly reason convinced the camp
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10B

CONTINUED:

10B

FARNUM (CONT'D)
was at peril. "My gold should be spirited to Denver" -- I imagine you thinking, maybe as you brushed your hair, and without worrying the conviction or studying upon it, sending the gold away.

ALMA
At peril Mister Farnum? The camp? Your meaning is beyond me.

FARNUM
Ma'am, if a Nubian genie were at my disposal I'd see his great nigger fingers whisk up my hotel and deposit it in Denver just as you did your gold.

Alma tries to focus Farnum's grandiloquence --

ALMA
Because the camp's at peril.

FARNUM
Yes, Madam, yes, peril, and worse than peril.

ALMA
Perhaps you should sell.

FARNUM
Mrs. Garret. Had I your intuition, would I not have done.

ALMA
I'll buy it.

FARNUM
Aren't you wonderful and kind. And intuitive and generous. No, I couldn't burden you nor impose upon your generosity, tremendously wealthy as you are.

ALMA
Name your price Mister Farnum. We'll close the transaction now.

FARNUM
Ah Madam. Now you unsettle and trifle with me --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10B

CONTINUED: (2)

10B

Against Farnum's effort to chuckle and sustain his pose, his true feelings begin to surface --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

-- and make me uncertain and nervous.

ALMA

My intention is quite otherwise, and intuition.

FARNUM

Oh, your intuition.

ALMA

Name your price. How do you males put it? -- "shit or get off the chamber pot?"

FARNUM

Oh Mrs. Garret. Shit indeed. Oh dear.

ALMA

Unless, Mister Farnum

He prays this is an opening --

FARNUM

Unless what Madam? Do you reconsider?

ALMA

No, no.

FARNUM

I'd understand -- it's your sex's prerogative.

ALMA

Unless, I meant to say, you're lying about the camp's peril.

FARNUM

Lying? I?

ALMA

But why would you do that.

FARNUM

Exactly.

ALMA

You will make a price for me then.

(CONTINUED)

10B

CONTINUED: (3)

10B

FARNUM

Let me consider, Mrs. Garret.

ALMA

Don't, Mister Farnum. Trust your instincts. We'll have you in a dress in no time.

She turns, starts up the stairs, fights the impulse to look back and see Farnum dealing with his nausea. Anyway, Farnum's turned away too --

FARNUM

(to himself)

The miserable, haughty cunt, putting me beyond my depth.

Off which --

CUT TO:

10C

INT. BELLA UNION - TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - DUSK

10C

Wolcott, Tolliver, and Lee --

WOLCOTT

Mister Lee will provide opium to you exclusively for sale to whites in the camp; you'll receive fifty percent of the gaming proceeds from Celestials' Alley --

TOLLIVER

My men lamp the take -- 'spare Mister Lee here explaining how business was slow 'cause of the Buddha's wedding anniversary.

WOLCOTT

Your men lamp the take -- also on proceeds from Celestial prostitutes. How many do you want?

TOLLIVER

(to Lee)

How many can you bring?

LEE

How many?

Tolliver looks to Wolcott --

(CONTINUED)

10C

CONTINUED:

10C

TOLLIVER

Sounds like a man with an
inexhaustible supply.

(to Lee)

How much English have you got, my
friend?

Lee doesn't answer. Tolliver smiles amiably --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Maybe when we know each other
better.

(to Wolcott)

I'll take a dozen. I don't want
'em fucked-out, I set the rates,
and their upkeep's on him.

WOLCOTT

My understanding is upkeep is quite
minimal.

TOLLIVER

Good.

(re Lee)

Give him more to spend on Mahjongg.

Tolliver again studies Lee, who returns his gaze --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

If you understand me, Mister Lee,
I regard you as sort of an angel
sent by your God or mine to square
for my many acts of kindness in my
progress through this vale of tears,
and on the basis of that faith I
won't question the apparent one-
sidedness of our arrangement.

WOLCOTT

The arrangement's not yours and
Mister Lee's alone.

TOLLIVER

Yes. In ways I don't understand,
it must benefit you and the man
whose name I must never say to
have Mister Lee in camp and perhaps
Mister Wu out of it -- maybe among
the spirits of his ancestors.
Would those have to do with a
plentiful and compliant labor-pool
for some substantial mining
operation? Would Lee here be
exacting a levy on the workers?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10C

CONTINUED: (2)

10C

Tolliver draws on his cigar --

(CONTINUED)

10C

CONTINUED: (3)

10C

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

And what a blessing for me, finally
to reach a point in life where I
don't feel I have to know.

Off which --

CUT TO:

11

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - DUSK

11

Trixie, Dority, and Burns, around Swearengen on his
bed, watch Cochran, who, gaze averted, surgical
instruments arrayed before him in apparent readiness,
nonetheless does not proceed --

DORITY

Should I tie him high or tie him
low, Doc?

COCHRAN

Don't tie him 'til I tell you to.

Trixie, intuiting Cochran's emotional crisis, tries to
prompt the physician --

TRIXIE

Shall we go ahead and put a good
fucking hit of the dope down him
Doc?

COCHRAN

Do not give him any laudanum --
did you give him fucking laudanum?

Since he's been present throughout, it doesn't make
sense to the others that Cochran feels the need to ask --

DORITY

Trixie didn't give Al nothing Doc.

COCHRAN

Don't 'till I say to.

CLOSE - SWEARENGEN

studying the frightened physician; the saloon-keeper's
gaze then goes to Dority, invoking Dority's scrutiny
of Cochran. Dority obeys, sees what Swearengen sees,
looks back to Swearengen to confirm this. Swearengen
signals to Dority with his eyes that Cochran isn't up
to the task, that he, Swearengen, will endeavor to
pass the stone. In his native generosity of spirit,
Dority finds the pretext least shaming to Cochran --

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

DORITY

We got to tie you and secure you
for surgery.

*
*
*

COCHRAN

What is it, Al?

*
*

DORITY

Wait a second, Doc -- wait. Al's
showing he fears the knife.

(to Swearengen)

Are you afraid, Al? You want to
try again passing the stone?

Cochran himself studies Swearengen's eyes --

COCHRAN

Are you afraid, Al?

*

TRIXIE

Are you afraid, Al? Christ, I'm
on his nuts.

*
*
*

DORITY

You want to try passing it, Al? --
in preference to the knife? That's
what he's fucking indicating, Doc.

It prompts Cochran to a sudden rummaging in his medical
bag --

COCHRAN

Goddamn smelling-salts is what
we're going to administer. Do you
hear me Al?

He's found the salts, moves to Swearengen --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

Here's a good fucking dose of salts
to your nose to get your fucking
attention!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

The fumes make Swearengen wince --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

Sit him up! You sit him up! You
get him to his fucking feet --

TRIXIE

Go on boys.

Cochran maintains the salts under Swearengen's nose as Swearengen involuntarily turns his head, grimaces at the compounding of his pain as he's brought to his feet --

COCHRAN

Pull his prick out.

It's addressed to Burns, at whose hesitation Trixie acts, producing Swearengen's johnson from inside his long-johns --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

Now you fucking piss Al!

Cochran slaps Swearengen in the face --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

You piss and no mistake, and go
ahead and fucking piss or Dan'll
slap you silly!

DORITY

I'll fucking slap you Al, and do
not fucking mistake me!

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

Just try to piss. Doc wants you
to try to piss Al.

COCHRAN

Go ahead and try. Go on and try
Al, because I'm loathe to fucking
cut.

Cochran looks away, his hand going to his face as he
begins to weep --

BURNS

Come on Al.

Burns makes a hissing sound, like a parent encouraging
a somnolent child, taken to toilet during the night,
to begin to urinate. Swearngen moans as he tries to
generate a stream --

TRIXIE

Come on Al. There you come.

DORITY

There you come Al.

This is wishful. Swearngen's producing no urine.
His features contort as he redoubles his effort. It's
Cochran, struggling to compose himself, to meet his
responsibilities to his patient, who notes the first
bloody drops falling to the floor --

COCHRAN

There you go. There you go, you
ox-minded son of a bitch! Push at
it Al! Push at it you bastard!

Swearngen's feet lift off the floor with the effort.
Dority and Burns hold him up --

TRIXIE

Push at it Al! You'd do a fucking
horse proud with the strength of
that fucking stream.

COCHRAN

Lay him down! Lay Al down and
we're going to take care of this,
and I'm going to put that goddamn
instrument back up you Al and help
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED: (4)

11

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
you clear this cocksucker that
you're making progress at, and
we're not going to fucking cut at
you.

Cochran's grabbed the Van Buren sound he'd used
previously, looks to Trixie --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
Knees toward his chest --

-- and to Dority --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
Hold him tight.

-- and to Burns --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
Go to the balcony Johnny.

Burns shakes his head no --

BURNS
I've charge of the salts.

Swearngen screams as Cochran introduces the instrument --

COCHRAN
I'm sorry. I'm sorry --

Cochran's voice is strong now and purposeful --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
-- and there I hear the fucking
stone's click --

He looks to Trixie --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
-- now you milk his fucking prick
top to bottom, and you bring that
cocksucker down.

As Trixie commences, Swearngen screams like a man
crucified, and Cochran like one redeemed --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
And look at the fucking gleets
chase each other out!
(MORE)

Urine and blood and pus and broken calculi drip on to
the floor.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (5) 11

Cochran presses his cheek against Swaengen's --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
God bless you Al, and thank you
for saving me!

Off which --

CUT TO:

20 MOVED TO SCENE 10B 20

23 INT. CHEZ AMI - NIGHT 23

Carrie and Wolcott and Maddie and Stubbs and the other girls of the Chez Ami. If Wolcott only could have a bag over his head he'd just walk into the bedroom and do whatever he was going to do to Carrie but no one ever said the world is just --

WOLCOTT
Are you uncomfortable girls?

MADDIE
They're fine. You're paying for them to stand in that position, they'll stand in that position. They've been in more awkward positions before.

WOLCOTT
Thousands of years ago, in Cyprus, women went about their own lives only after first spending time as prostitutes at the temple of Aphrodite. The tribute of their promiscuity meant to secure for the island the goddess' grant of bountiful crops and good weather.

He looks at the women --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)
Woman's generative instrument on the altar of the race's necessities -- have we not come some "fer" piece since then? Who for example fucks on altars anymore, or pretends anything can make up the weather's mind?

CARRIE
Are you going to fuck me tonight Francis? -- I want to go to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

Wolcott pulls at the tip of his nose --

WOLCOTT
I bore Carrie.

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE

To death.

WOLCOTT

A real possibility.

(to Doris)

You were peeking -- I asked you
not to look.

DORIS

Sorry.

Wolcott pushes her against the wall --

WOLCOTT

It's all right.

(beat)

The old myths are extraordinary.

Maybe Maddie's feeling some sort of anticipatory guilt
at whatever she may be collaborating in -- anyway,
she's nervous and irritable --

MADDIE

Why not go do what you're going to
do Mister W.

WOLCOTT

Am I on a schedule then?

STUBBS

She only meant, our educations can
wait.

WOLCOTT

I quite enjoyed our talk the other
night.

Carrie sees half a chance of getting to sleep early --

CARRIE

Do you want to fuck her?

WOLCOTT

No, Carrie, no -- or I'd say so.

(rubs his neck)

The atmosphere of the room turns
against me. A growing collective
impatience, where should be a haven
of indulgence.

(MORE)

He piles some gold up in front of him --

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (3)

23

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

Won't you indulge me.

STUBBS

We're trying Mister W. But you
are behaving badly.

He studies her --

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (4)

23

WOLCOTT

Disappointing, from you whom I
thought to regale with details of
the myths: gods fornicating with
mortals, the endless incest --
fathers upon daughters upon sisters

....

Stubbs gets up, walks to one of the doors, stares out --

MADDIE

(to Wolcott, re Carrie)
Take her in or get out. Please.

WOLCOTT

Excuse us.

MADDIE

Of course.

As he and Carrie head for the bedroom, Wolcott indicates
the gold --

WOLCOTT

(to Maddie, re Stubbs)
Be generous. I think I've upset
her.

Off which --

CUT TO:

25

INT. BELLA UNION - WHORES' WORKING ROOM - NIGHT

25

Commissioner Jarry's in the tub with Parisse. He's
getting a bubble bath. He's got bubbles on his head
and on his hairy shoulders. He's got bubbles on his
hairy chest. With no less solemnity than he's shown
heretofore, he's examining in a hand-mirror the
distribution of all the bubbles Parisse has put on his
torso and on his head. He blows some of the bubbles
off one of his shoulders --

PARISSE

Well, whatever were you aiming at?

JARRY

Your titties.

Tolliver looks in --

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

TOLLIVER

Any chance in here of an imminent
finish Commissioner?

Jarry stares at Tolliver resentfully --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

My thought being, you might want
to deliver our newspaper editor a
certain document before he's too
drunk to make it out.

JARRY

(sullen)

I think not, until my bath is
finished.

TOLLIVER

Uh-huh.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED: (2)

25

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

(to Parisse)

I think a finish would involve you
blowing some of them bubbles under
water Honey.

Tolliver exits. Guiding himself in the mirror, Jarry
evens-out the distribution of the bubbles atop his
head as Parisse, taking a deep breath, ducks her head
in the bath-water. Off which --

CUT TO:

29

INT. CHEZ AMI - WHORES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

Wolcott and Carrie. They're clothed, as they will be
throughout. He's sitting on a chair. She's taking in
the appointments of the room where she's going to be
working. The bed's as hard and lumpy as she knew it
was going to be --

WOLCOTT

Were you seeing a relative, Carrie? --
or did the Madame withhold you to
frustrate me.

CARRIE

She doesn't tell me why she does
things.

WOLCOTT

But you'd know if you were seeing
a relative.

CARRIE

Yes. I wasn't.

WOLCOTT

Were you seeing anyone?

CARRIE

A wild Indian. I fucked him and I
fucked his horse.

WOLCOTT

You hate it here.

CARRIE

I suppose you don't.

WOLCOTT

I don't, no. The rocks tell me
stories, and now I have you.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

CARRIE

Yes well I'm not a crazy person so
they don't talk to me and I'm with
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE (CONT'D)
me wherever I am so I wish I was
in fucking New York.

WOLCOTT
The rocks don't talk to me, but
still I learn their stories.

CARRIE
Oh I understand now. Thank you
for saying it like I'm a baby.

He looks away, tries not to show her how much she amuses
and pleases him. After a beat --

WOLCOTT
These Hills are unimaginably rich.

CARRIE
So what.

WOLCOTT
To compel even the vagrant
attentions of someone like my
employer.

CARRIE
I won't stay, for any amount.

WOLCOTT
For a large amount, will you stay
for a little?

CARRIE
Give me some now.

WOLCOTT
Of course.

He produces another purse. She's come to where he
sits, straddles him. He gives her the purse --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)
More than I gave the Madame.

CARRIE
And you mustn't hit me like you do
the others.

WOLCOTT
You've never displeased me.

She reaches behind herself and between her legs to
massage his Johnson through his pants.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (3)

29

It's like a nurse might act with a pain-in-the-balls
five year old who's chronically ill and whom she likes
despite his character defects --

CARRIE

Don't fucking hit me, Francis.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (4)

29

WOLCOTT

Done. Agreed.

CARRIE

I will run away to the Indians.

WOLCOTT

You would change the course of history. You'd be the first of the women Chiefs.

He comes --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm too quick.

CARRIE

You can't be too quick for me.

She's climbed off him, turned away. Along with terrifying her, he amuses and pleases her too --

CARRIE (CONT'D)

You might want to try it sometimes with your prick outside your pants.

WOLCOTT

I sense Miss Stubbs has fucked a relative.

CARRIE

It's a big club.

Off which --

CUT TO:

30

OMITTED

30

30A

OMITTED

30A

30B OMITTED

30B

40 INT. THE GEM - NIGHT

40

Crop Ear's reappeared, with his load on --

DORITY

Eamon.

CROP EAR

Call me Crop Ears Dan. Go ahead
and call me Crop Ears, but be
careful to put the "s" on --

(demonstrates)

-- 'cause living in the camp I
guess has dulled your sight and
other senses and you missed I'd
cut the other off.

DORITY

So you did. Congratulations.

CROP EAR

Some months ago. And why I done
it, so assholes 'wanted to converse
over the subject, that I hadn't
killed the first time they was
clever? -- this'd give 'em another
go.

DORITY

I see.

CROP EAR

Didn't take one swallow of liquor
either Dan. Cut it off cold-sober
and stood there and let it bleed.

DORITY

What a man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

They stare at each other -- adaptations of the same species, one fated to extinction, the other to be doom's instrument, though in this moment Dority, so profoundly relieved in the aftermath of Swearengen's having cleared the stone, is resolved to gesture at living with Crop Ear in peace --

DORITY (CONT'D)

Anyways Eamon, tonight's not tomorrow afternoon, but here you are and doubtless wanting an answer from Al --

CROP EAR

Has he per any fucking chance returned from Gayville Dan where he never was to begin with?

DORITY

Al's upstairs, and if you'll agree to certain rules I'm going to grant you a brief audience.

CROP EAR

Don't it feel good to play at "Boss" Dan?

DORITY

Unless it's more important to you to break my balls over you never learning to move amongst civilized people.

A beat, as Crop Ear struggles not to go for Dority, wins his battle and manages a smile --

CROP EAR

No, the audience is more important.

DORITY

Listen careful then as we walk.

He starts them toward the stairs --

DORITY (CONT'D)

You present your proposition for the robbery -- the location, take you're prepared to guarantee, fee to Al and bonus for overage. Then you shut the fuck up Eamon because Al's had a tough fucking go and you let him indicate however he chooses a yes to you or a no. Now that's fair, ain't it?

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

CROP EAR

You're a great man Dan. It's you
that's the great one.

They're half-way up the stairs --

DORITY

Do not break my fucking balls --

CROP EAR

And don't you call me Crop Ear,
you gutless son-of-a-bitch --

DORITY

Everyone chooses how to live their
fucking life --

CROP EAR

And you chose life as a cunt and
standing behind a bar --

DORITY

Jesus Christ Almighty I've been
trying to do you a favor.

CROP EAR

I'll have no favors from you!

DORITY

All right, all right then Crop
Ears, you fucking pain-in-the-ass.

Dority's produced his knife, quick as a wink cuts Crop
Ear's throat, lets him drop to the floor. Dority turns
on his heel, heads back toward the stairs, leaving
Crop Ear flopping --

DORITY (CONT'D)

(muttering to himself)

Gonna measure Al's recovery, try
and do this cocksucker a favor ...

ANGLE - BURNS

behind the bar, watching Dority descend --

DORITY (CONT'D)

Fucking Crop Ear's dying up there
Johnny. Take him to the fucking
Chinaman and throw him away --

BURNS

Sure Dan.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3) 40

As Burns comes out from behind the bar, and he and Dority cross, follow Dority --

DORITY

I got no fucking patience for it! --
I had too fucking tough a day!

CUT TO:

41 INT. THE BULLOCK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 41

They've made love and are happy and calm in each other's presence and uncrowded and unaccompanied by ghosts. After a beat Bullock takes in the room as if for the first time, the number of trunks still containing Martha's possessions, like sentinels no longer on guard --

BULLOCK

Won't you unpack?

MARTHA

Yes, now I will.

Off which --

42 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 42 *

Swearengen lies in bed sleeping -- *

FADE OUT.