

Director: Timothy Van Patten

Deadwood

“Childish Things”

Written by

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Nov. 22, 2004 Pink
Nov. 23, 2004 Yellow
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Nov. 29, 2004 Goldenrod
Nov. 30, 2004 Buff
Dec. 1, 2004 Salmon
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"Childish Things"

FADE IN:

2 EXT. ALMA'S CLAIM - EARLY MORNING

2

Ellsworth turns to his dog --

ELLSWORTH

Look at it this way --

Suggesting he has offered other constructions previously --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

-- mightn't the Lord give second chances? Not on merit necessarily, I ain't claiming that. Say He does it on whim. On whatever basis, when Tim Driscoll, that you lived with formerly, met his sorry end, you come to me, and we live happy enough, and s'pose that was more'n accident?

The dog's willing to entertain the premise --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

And here she comes, with that Little One beside her and another she fixes to produce, and reasons leap to mind I oughtn't expose 'em to my shortcomings, which are real and consistently shown over time, but the fucking thing is, what if it might be His will? I know now. I've learned. I can keep no one safe. Guardian and shepherd, and pray it's in His plan to leave us lucky.

The dog does not endorse but neither does he dispute --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

And keenness to my shortcomings don't blind me to seeing aright that when a boulder needs hauling, I will haul a boulder. Which is asset to a woman with a child in her care and another she fixes to deliver.

(MORE)

He studies the dog --

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

And what harm is believing not
taking the chance might be a
confounding of His will?

If the dog sees harm in believing this, he does not
say so --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

I'm taking that for fucking support.

Off which --

CUT TO:

5 INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

5

Bullock enters the kitchen. Martha's at the stove.
Bullock goes to pour himself some coffee, realizes
there isn't any --

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

BULLOCK

Are we without coffee?

MARTHA

I didn't make any coffee.

BULLOCK

Oh.

Some premonitory sense warns him off pursuing the subject --

MARTHA

William's home-schooling is an abject failure.

BULLOCK

I don't agree.

MARTHA

His schooling is a failure.

BULLOCK

And I risk repeating, I disagree. He numbers very well, he spells very well

He realizes she's crying --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

We'll talk about it another time.

MARTHA

Shall we revisit this subject on his twentieth birthday?

Bullock looks away --

BULLOCK

As you know, the teacher whom the camp had contracted --

MARTHA

I do know, Mister Bullock, yes. And I've done my best to school him at home.

(beat)

He needs to study with others.

(beat)

I will call on Mrs. Garret, whom I know must share my concerns.

He nods, looking away --

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

BULLOCK
That certainly makes sense.

Beat --

MARTHA
Ought I to write her a note asking
to call?

BULLOCK
That would certainly makes sense.

Off which --

CUT TO:

5A1 MOVED TO SC. 15

5A1

5A EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - MORNING

5A

The stage has arrived. Nuttall and Merrick supervise
the unloading of a bicycle from the back of the stage.
Swearengen calls from his balcony --

SWEARENGEN
Studying on a getaway Tom?

Nuttall fondles the bike, delighted --

NUTTALL
Ain't she a beauty Al?

Merrick peers up at Swearengen --

MERRICK
In France they are called
velocipedes -- from the Latin,
"go swiftly into the world."

NUTTALL
(happily)
This is the Gent's Bone-Shaker
model, and the French can stay the
fuck out of it.

Burns, as an optimist ever a sucker for the stage,
has, at the sound of Swearengen's voice, come out into
the thoroughfare from his observation-post on The Gem's
front porch, looks up at his employer like the RCA
Victor dog --

(CONTINUED)

5A CONTINUED:

5A

BURNS
(re the bicycle)
How's that for a contraption Boss?

SWEARENGEN
Summon from Farnum's that cunt
with the long Kraut moniker --

BURNS
E.B. ain't been over for coffee.

SWEARENGEN
Should I ask if Farnum's come for
coffee to get you to summon that
cunt?

Burns heads across the thoroughfare toward the hotel.
Swearengen talks to the package, his nod invoking Burns --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Dead and without a body you outstrip
him for intelligence.

He wipes his mouth, looks toward the horizon --

ANGLE - A RUSSIAN, BLAZANOV --

making an unskillful descent from a position atop the
coach, calling to Nuttall --

BLAZANOV
Would you please know Mister A. W.
Merrick?

Merrick steps forward --

MERRICK
I am A. W. Merrick.

Blazanov offers his hand --

BLAZANOV
I am Blazanov, agent for The
Cheyenne and Blackhills Telegraph
Company.

MERRICK
Welcome, Mister Blazanov --

BLAZANOV
Can you show me immediately to my
apparatus?

(CONTINUED)

5A CONTINUED: (2)

5A

MERRICK

(to Nuttall, re
Blazanov)

Our long-anticipated telegraph
operator.

(to Blazanov)

Your company having leased space
for you in my office, your
apparatus, Sir, is beside mine,
and I will take you to it with
pleasure.

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

watching Merrick and the new arrival start toward the
Pioneer's office --

SWEARENGEN

(to the package)

There's a fucking pair to draw to.

RESUME - BLAZANOV AND MERRICK

BLAZANOV

Has my apparatus been guarded from
interference?

MERRICK

In candor, Mister Blazanov some
nights more successfully than
others.

BLAZANOV

(intensely)

I hope the electrical fluid has
not blistered with fierce voltage
someone foolish to ground its
potential.

MERRICK

(in part to himself)

I'm not aware of any blistering,
and my hopes in that regard may
differ from yours.

BLAZANOV

(in part to himself)

Our greatest and best inventions
harbor also a power for harm.

ANGLE - NUTTALL

appreciatively considering his bicycle from various
angles.

(CONTINUED)

5A CONTINUED: (3)

5A

Naturally it's also drawn the attention of others, including the shit-stirrer Rutherford --

RUTHERFORD

Do the wheels seem of different size to you Tom?

NUTTALL

They're just the way I want 'em, so seek out something else to agitate over!

RESUME - SWEARENGEN

noting the approach toward the Grand Central of Martha and William Bullock, as has Nuttall who greets the boy jovially --

NUTTALL (CONT'D)

Have you seen my bicycle, Young Man!

William shares Nuttall's enthusiasm --

WILLIAM

They call that type a bone-shaker Sir.

NUTTALL

They do for a mortal truth!

FOLLOW SWEARENGEN

back inside --

5B INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

5B

Swearengen experiences the package's virtues as an interlocutor --

SWEARENGEN

Fucking Tom Nuttall. Save Dan Dority, no man in the camp braver than Tom or as game, but afflicted with childish yearnings.

Swearengen goes to the door of his office, opens it --

5C INT. THE GEM - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

5C

Swearengen comes out, looks down to Dority behind the bar --

(CONTINUED)

5C CONTINUED: 5C

SWEARENGEN

Ask Bullock over for a drink Dan.

Dority acknowledges this.

FOLLOW - SWEARENGEN

back into his office --

5D INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 5D

-- where Swearengen concludes his talk to the package --

SWEARENGEN

Time comes now we must put away
childish things.

Off which --

CUT TO:

10 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY 10

Alma and Sofia have a grammar in front of them. Alma
covers a word --

ALMA

Spell "house" and expect a grand
reward.

SOFIA

How grand?

They're enjoying themselves. A knock on the door
interrupts them. Alma, going to answer the door, looks
back --

ALMA

Very. Beyond my present imagining.

Alma opens the door, sees Richardson bearing a calling
card, which he holds out to her with awestruck, averted
gaze. She looks past the hominid, sees Martha and
William below, takes the card --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Thank you Richardson. Please ask
the sender up.

RICHARDSON

Yes.

FOLLOW Alma back inside --

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

ALMA

We're to have guests, Sofia, each of us -- yours is William Bullock, Mister Bullock's son, the young man to whom you sent candy.

She's straightening up the sitting room --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Arrange your books and toys, Dear, as if we cared for order.

A KNOCK. In passing, Alma briefly considers herself in the mirror, silently rebukes her visage for wanting to hate Mrs. Bullock's coming upon her unannounced. She opens the door --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Bullock, how kind of you to call. Sofia and I are delighted.

MARTHA

Thank you so much for seeing us.

ALMA

Good morning William.

WILLIAM

Good morning Mrs. Garret.

SOFIA

House. H-O-U-S-E.

ALMA

Exactly, Sofia.
(to Martha and William)
Please come in.

WILLIAM

It smells awful nice in here.

ALMA

We had berry tea before Sofia's lesson --
(to Martha)
Will you have some?

MARTHA

Please, if it's not a trouble.

WILLIAM

I don't want any, thank you. I didn't know the smell was from tea.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

Martha's thrilled by what this answer bespeaks of William's upbringing --

ALMA

Will you show William your corner in our other room Sofia? Not your toys, show him only your books.

WILLIAM

(to Alma)

Thank you.

As Sofia takes William's hand, leading him toward the other room, the boy is prompted by his mother's nod --

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(to Sofia)

And thank you for the candy the day I came to camp.

William's sick of all these thankyou's. The children disappear. Alma leaves slightly ajar the door between the rooms, turns, about to prepare Martha's tea --

MARTHA

Please forgive the suddenness of my coming.

ALMA

Not at all Mrs. Bullock.

MARTHA

I feel an urgency about the matter which brings me.

Alma moves away from the kettle, sits across from Martha --

ALMA

Please tell me what it is.

MARTHA

You know that Miss Stokes, the teacher for whom we'd waited so long --

ALMA

-- has fled.

MARTHA

Yes.

ALMA

A great disappointment to me, as I'm sure it was to you.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

MARTHA

I hope I'm adequate to guiding my son's studies -- I believe I am -- but a child in solitude cannot find his gift for society. And now another delay is in prospect before another teacher comes whose commitment, like Miss Stokes', may not survive exposure to the camp --

ALMA

What do you propose?

MARTHA

That I teach the camp's children.

Knowing this is a wonderful idea, Alma forces a smile, to conceal her perplexity at hating it --

11 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - THE BEDROOM - **INTERCUT**

11

Sofia and William --

WILLIAM

Is "house" the hardest word you can spell?

SOFIA

(lies)

Yes.

William puts her in her place --

WILLIAM

"Six-shooter." S-I-X Second word -- S-H-O-O-T-E-R. Six-shooter.

12 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - RESUME

12

Alma's at the kettle, trying to light the fire beneath it which will reheat the water for the tea --

ALMA

Usually the water is brought from the kitchen, already at a boil --

The smile she forced when Martha spoke before is now frozen on Alma's features --

MARTHA

Please don't bother with the tea.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

ALMA

It's not a bother, it would hardly be a bother had I only been properly prepared On a second opportunity, with adequate notification, we'll meet you in order and readiness.

MARTHA

I seem always to come upon you with inadequate notice.

ALMA

As you remarked, simple courtesy would forestall that.

By now Alma is enraged and shocked, and Martha shocked by her own lack of surprise and sudden matching anger --

MARTHA

I'm trying to imagine what courtesy of mine would have forestalled the last awkwardness between us --

They stare at each other a long beat, then --

ALMA

Do you wish then to take Sofia under your care as well.

MARTHA

As well as whom Mrs. Garret?

And something vindictive surfaces in Alma, and cruel --

ALMA

Why Mrs. Bullock, as well as your son. Whom else would I mean?

Off which --

CUT TO:

15 INT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - DAY (FORMERLY SC. 5AA)

15

Star behind the counter, Trixie at her books. Bullock enters, hangs up his coat and hat --

STAR

Morning.

BULLOCK

'Morning.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

TRIXIE

Morning.

STAR

How are Martha and William?

BULLOCK

Well.

A beat --

STAR

What would you think of Marcus' lot Seth as location for the bank?

BULLOCK

I can see the arguments in favor.

Bullock busies himself with work --

STAR

He's going back to Bismarck. Asking fourteen thousand, ten of which he'd carry at one percent a month, which I find reasonable.

Bullock doesn't answer. After a beat --

STAR (CONT'D)

Obviously the location's its great virtue.

BULLOCK

Under all the circumstances I disagree.

Star risks sarcasm --

STAR

Too central?

BULLOCK

(flares)

Not too central no -- I'm thinking more the chief backer might find unpleasant this building being always in her view --

STAR

I see.

Dan Dority pops his head in --

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (2)

15

DORITY

Al'd like words with you Bullock.

BULLOCK

About what?

DORITY

Didn't say.

BULLOCK

I'll be by in a while.

DORITY

All right.

Dority's gone. An awkward beat, then Bullock looks to Star --

BULLOCK

Anything further you need explained chapter and verse?

Star comes back at him --

STAR

I hadn't understood the matter continued so tender.

BULLOCK

It ain't "tenderness" avoiding provocation -- it's common fucking courtesy.

Trixie finally rises --

TRIXIE

Which neither of you's showing much of toward me.

STAR

It's over, it's finished.

Trixie sits back down --

TRIXIE

Jesus fucking Christ.

Martha and William glance at Bullock on their way from Alma's. Off which --

CUT TO:

17 MOVED TO SC. 26

17

17A INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY (FORMERLY SC. 20) 17A

Swearengen is behind his desk, on which the package containing the Indian Head is situated. After a beat, the pleasure of meditating aloud overcomes the hesitation to address something dead which sets in when he hasn't spoken to the head for a few minutes --

SWEARENGEN

(as Burns)

"E.B. didn't come for coffee."

(as himself)

Discourse with a severed head,
'least your train of thought ain't
forever interrupted by idiocies.

(beat)

You was close to being shipped as
mail the other night, Chief, did
you know that? You think travel
would've improved you? Or being
of a race of savages maybe you'd've
failed to benefit.

With a private sheepishness, Swearengen calls gruff answer to a knock --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Yeah.

Dority opens the door from the outside, shows in Miss Isringhausen, whom Swearengen advances to greet --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Good morning.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Good morning, Mister Swearengen.

Miss Isringhausen walks into Swearengen --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)

Excuse me -- the change of light

....

SWEARENGEN

Pupils slow adjusting -- I hope
that don't owe to morphine.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

No.

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED:

17A

SWEARENGEN

Anyhow, thanks for the brush against
my prick.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

May I sit down.

SWEARENGEN

Please.

He's pulled a bottle and glass from the drawer, placed
them on the desk --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Too early for you?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I don't time my drinking.

He produces another glass, fills it while calling out --

SWEARENGEN

Dan.

Dority enters. Situates himself in the corner --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Fifty thousand from you to me,
Mister Dority signs for the murder
of Brom Garret, on my orders, as
commissioned by his faithless wife.
Second document, signed by you,
detailing that during transport to
New York for trial along with the
faithless wife, Dority escapes
from custody. Fifty you to me
now, ten now you to Dority, ten
now you to Adams.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Agreed with these amendments: twenty-
five to you on signatures -- on
Dority's safe return following his
"escape," and your giving over the
document signed by me to an agent
designated by Pinkerton or burning
it in the agent's presence, the
second twenty-five.

SWEARENGEN

Agreed.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Will you draft Dority's confession?

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED: (2)

17A

SWEARENGEN

I'll draft both the fucking documents. Find your way out while I explain myself to the guilty party.

Dority comes forward, takes up the bottle and drinks --

DORITY

Feel free to brush against my prick.

Miss Isringhausen leaves --

SWEARENGEN

She's got a good head on her shoulders which is more than I can say for certain other parties in the room.

CUT TO:

17A1 INT. BELLA UNION - DAY

17A1

Wolcott and Tolliver recognize the arrival of Mose Manuel, an irascible and inward type who, with his brother Charlie, operates a claim second only to Alma's for richness --

TOLLIVER

You got the worst one, Mose. And ugly as he is, that miserable a disposition.

Tolliver, moving off, hails Mose congenially --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Mister Manuel how are you Sir.

MOSE

Fuck you, Tolliver, your crooked games and your watered-down liquor.

WOLCOTT

Francis Wolcott Mister Manuel, thank you for coming.

MOSE

State your business.

WOLCOTT

An admirable rigor in manner. Won't you join me? Do I guess rightly Sir, that you and your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17A1 CONTINUED:

17A1

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)
brother don't deal happily with
groups of men?

(CONTINUED)

17A1 CONTINUED: (2)

17A1

MOSE

Nor each other.

WOLCOTT

Yet you've made a rich find, and done well in beginning its development.

MOSE

State your business.

WOLCOTT

Further development may require organization on a scale and dealings with men to which you and your brother are not suited, or not disposed to attempt.

MOSE

With thieving bastard Cornishmen you mean? Below ground in the shafts? High-graders every one of 'em.

WOLCOTT

The interests I represent have learned to deal effectively over the years with high-grading and other forms of theft by employees.

MOSE

You ain't learned no effective method when it's my brother going against you.

WOLCOTT

Against us in what sense?

MOSE

In all five fucking senses. He's been robbing me since I was six.

WOLCOTT

More reason you and he might sever connection toward taking separate paths.

MOSE

I'm talking to you ain't I?

WOLCOTT

We would offer two hundred thousand for an undivided ownership of your claim.

(CONTINUED)

17A1 CONTINUED: (3)

17A1

MOSE

Meaning we'd both have to fucking sell.

WOLCOTT

I'd presume your brother has stays and encumbrances on your right of separate sale.

MOSE

He's encumbered every fucking breath I've ever fucking taken.

Wipes his mouth --

MOSE (CONT'D)

Two hundred thousand.

WOLCOTT

Would it expedite matters if I made our case to your brother?

MOSE

I'll make the fucking case once I find the saloon he's in.

WOLCOTT

He should understand that our patience is not inexhaustable.

MOSE

Did I say I thought it was?

WOLCOTT

No.

MOSE

Don't tell me how to talk to my brother.

WOLCOTT

Certainly not.

MOSE

Unless you're trying to fucking irritate me.

WOLCOTT

The opposite of my intention.

MOSE

Two hundred thousand.

(CONTINUED)

17A1 CONTINUED: (4)

17A1

WOLCOTT

Cash.

Mose walks away --

{REST OF SCENE MOVED TO NEW SC. 38}

Off which --

CUT TO:

17B INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY (FORMERLY SC. 25)

17B

Bullock's at the table with Swearengen. Swearengen pours them two shots. Bullock drinks but wants Al to get to the point --

SWEARENGEN

What did you know about me Bullock, first we met? -- without concern for my feelings.

BULLOCK

That you were a killer.

SWEARENGEN

(nods)

Certain facts show in the mug.

A whore walks by --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Look at her -- you know she's fucked for food. Tom Nuttall sees a bicycle -- you know he was a happy kid. What shows in me excludes from my influence the many who shrink from a murderer.

BULLOCK

What's the point?

SWEARENGEN

In your mug is no such history. Are you a cunt-driven near-maniac, or stalwart and moved by principle? The many cannot tell, for you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17B CONTINUED:

17B

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

yourself are so fucking confused.
But as you do make a good appearance
they're prone to grant you their
trust -- which will stand us as an
asset in the coming campaign.

BULLOCK

What's the campaign?

SWEARENGEN

You've friends in Montana of high
position? -- some-type fucking
judge?

BULLOCK

I've cut ties with the judge
in Montana.

SWEARENGEN

Amiably or owing money?

BULLOCK

Maybe you're mistrusted less for
a killer than showing your cards a
corner at a time.

SWEARENGEN

Well said. Those sharing a common
'cause should share a common trust.

BULLOCK

Starting soon, with what the cause
is.

SWEARENGEN

Our cause is surviving not being
allied with Yankton or cogs of the
Hearst machine, to show it don't
fate us like runts or two-headed
calves or pigs with excess legs to
a good fucking grinding-up. I
asked after the Montana judge toward
maybe drumming up interest in us
there.

BULLOCK

Annexation to Montana instead of
Dakota.

SWEARENGEN

(nods)

Hiking our skirts to Helena might
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17B CONTINUED: (2)

17B

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

put Yankton back on its heels.
Also, as minutes turn to hours
over the piss-pot, I wonder should
we ruminate publicly in loud voices
over forming a territory of our
own with an eye toward future
statehood, or even our own republic --

BULLOCK

No dictatorship?

SWEARENGEN

'The fuck do we want with a
dictatorship that weakens the public
voice? -- that'd ease the enemy's
way. Noise made and overtures to
outside interests and enlistment
of the hooples' participation is
what the situation demands, and a
trustworthy mug, vague of motive,
should be out there bugling the
call.

BULLOCK

I'm not interested.

SWEARENGEN

Our moment permits "interest" in
one question only -- "Will we of
Deadwood be more than targets for
ass-fucking?" To not grab ankle
is to declare yourself interested.
What's your posture Bullock?

BULLOCK

As you see.

SWEARENGEN

Huzzah then.

Swearengen having already refilled their glasses, he
and Bullock drink, as, at the bar, after toasting
solidarity, does a drunk, who's been watching and
listening. Bullock offers information adjunct to their
intentions --

BULLOCK

Mrs. Garret will underwrite a bank.

SWEARENGEN

As she fucking should, to strengthen
us internally with circulating
capital.

(CONTINUED)

17B CONTINUED: (3)

17B

BULLOCK

Sol Star will be its chief officer.

SWEARENGEN

As he fucking should be.

BULLOCK

I will not be involved.

SWEARENGEN

As you definitely fucking should not, given muddying connections to the underwriter and the plans we have for your future.

The drunk at the bar, uncomprehending, but caught up in the momentous atmosphere, toasts them both again --

CUT TO:

19 EXT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - DAY

19

Jane has just finished throwing up against the side of the building. She straightens and wipes her mouth with her sleeve. Utter takes in the mess --

UTTER

That's mighty good for business.

JANE

Shut up.

Under which Jane's retrieved a pail of water and poured it over the puke --

UTTER

There's a girl sitting by herself in that whorehouse, Joanie Stubbs.

JANE

Next you see her give her my congratulations.

UTTER

Seeing you know about losing friends, you might be a good person to talk to her, cause she just lost a lot of 'em.

JANE

How does standing in my own puke prompt you to volunteer me for a condolence call.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

UTTER

Why fucking wouldn't it Jane? You
like being situated how you are?
In your own fucking throw-up,
driving off my trade?

She stares at Utter --

JANE

What fucking friends did she lose
anyway?

Off which --

CUT TO:

20 MOVED TO SC. 17A 20

25 MOVED TO SC. 17B 25

26 INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - DAY (FORMERLY SC. 17) 26

Bullock's come home for lunch, finds Martha at the
counter --

MARTHA

I had time only to make cold-meat
sandwiches, after seeing Mrs.
Garret.

BULLOCK

Fine.

MARTHA

There's cold cider in the cellar.

BULLOCK

I'll get it.

He moves to do so. Before he can get out of the room --

MARTHA

She thought it wonderful that I
should teach the camp's children.

He pauses --

BULLOCK

Good.

MARTHA

Wonderful.

(MORE)

It's unclear if she realizes she's crying --

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Poor woman. Husband killed, left alone Any person would have found her situation sympathetic -- let alone someone of your instincts.

He imagines the sputtering of some flame, sees it gutter, flicker, and die --

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Mister Nuttall has received a bicycle.

BULLOCK

(quietly)

Has he.

MARTHA

William was excited to see it.

BULLOCK

Good.

She hates being so upset and unhappy that she cannot make logical transitions --

MARTHA

Your food is ready. He's out back weeding. William is.

She goes out to join her son. Off Bullock --

CUT TO:

27

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

27

Alma lingers where she'd failed to light the fire for Martha's tea. This culminating failure, of course, Alma accepts as her own. But she cannot help feeling that Martha's portion of responsibility -- more generally and profoundly and culpably -- for what has ignited between them, is larger by far than her own. Alma and Bullock love each other. And it is she, not Bullock's wife, who carries Bullock's child....

She's begun moving around the room. Nothing satisfies or occupies her.

The circumscriptions of her physical condition Alma has accepted without complaint; the constrictions of her situation in the camp she has borne less easily, because they lack necessity, or justice....

28 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 28

Alma looks in on the child, strains to manage a smile for Sofia not dissimilar to the smile she'd achieved when Bullock's wife had suggested becoming teacher for the camp's children.

And now to have been confronted, without notice, to have had to countenance homely, self-deluding pieties, here in the small square of space she'd been able to claim as her own, where she'd fashioned some semblance of civil existence....

Alma leaves the sitting room, moves into the hallway, closes the door without a backward look at the child.

Off Sofia --

CUT TO:

29 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 29
(NOT TO BE SHOT MONDAY 12/6)

Alma moves with a quick anger which does not fully shield her from the intuition that she's doing something stupid and self-indulgent --

CUT TO:

30 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - MISS ISRINGHAUSEN'S ROOM - DAY 30

Miss Isringhausen opens the door to Alma --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Mrs. Garret.

ALMA

How are you Miss Isringhausen.
May I come in.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Please do.

Alma doesn't --

ALMA

Presumption in me or discourtesy,
Miss Isringhausen, freight
impatience at your lingering in
the camp.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I see.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

ALMA

Why do you linger? The stages are frequent, and you are past your stated purpose. Have you another?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Please do come in, Mrs. Garret.

Alma finally does, feeling a fear she tries to mask with bravado --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)

Do you believe I do?

ALMA

My beliefs about you have to do with your soul, which I feel as cold and ungenerous, unless you are a counterfeit. And if you are a counterfeit, the deception comes so naturally, I'd credit its source in such a soul -- meaning cold and ungenerous -- and, as capable of counterfeit, manipulative and treacherous as well.

Miss Isringhausen gives an intentionally unpersuasive performance parodying the theatrically elaborate construction of Alma's speech --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Who can you think I am Mrs. Garret? I, a poor working girl --

ALMA

You are not.

Miss Isringhausen descends further into working-class vernacular, trying, by the implication of inauthenticity, to provoke Alma into revealing whatever authentic knowledge about Miss Isringhausen she may have --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I only hope your high wroth Ma'am, don't bespeak some affair gone amiss -- I hope to Christ not involving Mister Bullock.

(MORE)

Alma tries to give her a smack, and Miss Isringhausen catches her hand, abandons pretense --

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED: (2)

30

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)

Even under such duress, you oughtn't
presume to strike me.

As Alma struggles to free her hand, Miss I. tightens her grip, now trying to frighten and intimidate Alma into loosening her tongue --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)

For who do you take me then? For
who do you mistake me?

To dissuade the other woman's belief that coercing her will force any further revelation, Alma stops struggling to free her hand, calms her voice --

ALMA

I mistake you for no one Miss
Isringhausen but yourself, and I
know you for a fact.

A beat, then Miss Isringhausen lets go Alma's hand --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

All right Mrs. Garret. You've had
your fit of temper. Get the fuck
back to your room.

Which Alma sets out to do. Off Miss Isringhausen,
closing the door in the camera's face --

CUT TO:

31

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

31

CLOSE ON - ALMA'S FACE

as she returns to her room shocked by what she's done
and discovered in herself --

32

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

32

CLOSE ON - SOFIA

reacting with relief as --

ANGLE - THE DOOR

comes open and Alma enters, and approaches and smooths
her hair --

CUT TO:

34 INT. NUMBER TEN SALOON - DAY

34

Rutherford, observed by Marvin and a further cadre of hoopleheads drawn to the saloon by the novelty of the pennyfarthing bicycle which Nuttall has parked centrally, the better for the crowd to admire, and himself to keep a jealous eye on --

RUTHERFORD

Do you s'pose, had the inventor moved amongst us, he'd've made a model more suited to sink-holes?

NUTTALL

Guided and pedaled aright, she'll roll smooth as a ball on a green.

A hoople examining the bone-crusher, presumes to move it --

NUTTALL (CONT'D)

Yours ain't the hands or feet!

Merrick has entered with Blazanov --

BLAZANOV

So this is the famous place of death.

Merrick, sensing the remark may be misconstrued, clarifies its referent --

MERRICK

At that very table Mister Blazanov, Wild Bill Hickok was shot.

BLAZANOV

I have read the account, perhaps from your hand.

Nuttall's sick of feeling himself associated with murder --

NUTTALL

My bicycle masters boardwalk and quagmire with aplomb! -- those that doubt me suck cock by choice!

RUTHERFORD

Does that signal a willingness to wager Tom?

NUTTALL

You're goddamn right, in specie or fucking currency!

(CONTINUED)

MARVIN
(to no one in
particular)
Even odds he don't balance
unsupported inside twenty minutes.

RUTHERFORD
Surely odds must differ from
quagmire to boardwalk --

NUTTALL
I don't speak of the quagmire
lengthwise.

RUTHERFORD
Shall "quagmire" mean the Bella
Union Gap of the thoroughfare?

NUTTALL
Done!

RUTHERFORD
Eight-to-one odds on the quagmire!

NUTTALL
I will swoop across it! Eight-to-
one taken to a hundred!

RUTHERFORD
Even odds on the boardwalk!

NUTTALL
Done! -- taken to a hundred! --

Nuttall proposes an exuberant codicil --

NUTTALL (CONT'D)
-- loose boards to be nailed,
commerce suspended, animals, drunks
and sundries cleared from my lane
of passage!

RUTHERFORD
Done!

Merrick's delighted --

MERRICK
May I have time to ready my camera?

NUTTALL
Get going.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

MERRICK

I'll make fresh plates and mix
new stop-bath.

NUTTALL

Whatever the fuck that means.

MERRICK

Come Mister Blazanov.

Merrick hurries off with the willing, mystified
Blazanov --

BLAZANOV

What has just happened?

Nuttall's not sure --

NUTTALL

Those who doubt me suck cock by
choice!

Off which --

CUT TO:

35 INT. CHEZ AMI - DAY

35

Jane peers in at one of the French doors --

JANE

Hello.

Stubbs seated with her back to her --

STUBBS

Closed.

JANE

I ain't here for any funny business.
My name's Jane Cannary, you and me
got a pain-in-the-balls mutual
acquaintance, Charlie fucking Utter.

STUBBS

How do you do Jane. Joanie Stubbs.

JANE

How do you do.

STUBBS

Would you like a drink?

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

JANE

Yes but my opening position's no.

She considers the parlor --

JANE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't think this is where the
fucking goes on.

STUBBS

No.

JANE

Probably where they sit and fucking
anticipate.

STUBBS

That's right.

JANE

Not that I never been in a brothel.
I been in plenty, with my legs up,
sometimes conscious. Just none of
'em swell like this.

STUBBS

I'm going to drink Jane.

JANE

I don't fucking mind -- I'll
probably join you within the minute.

Stubbs goes to pour herself a drink --

JANE (CONT'D)

Charlie says you lost your friends.

STUBBS

Yes.

JANE

I don't guess it was plague.

STUBBS

No.

JANE

Fucking violence probably.

Stubbs returns, again seats herself --

JANE (CONT'D)

I worked a plague-tent last year.

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS

People spoke of all the good you did.

JANE

Some left the tent upright.

STUBBS

And the others had the blessing of your company.

JANE

Blessings was the cross-eyed Reverend's department.

(wipes her mouth)

Maybe I will have a fucking drink, for sociability's sake and because I'm a fucking drunk.

STUBBS

What's your preference?

JANE

That it ain't been previously swallowed.

(off Stubbs' grin)

Bourbon if you got it.

STUBBS

Bourbon from Kentucky.

JANE

I should certainly fucking hope so.

Jane drums her fingers on the over-stuffed chair --

JANE (CONT'D)

Murdered, your friends?

STUBBS

Best probably not to talk about it.

JANE

If we held to that rule we'd be mute like monks months at a fucking time.

STUBBS

Three of 'em murdered, and the rest shooed from camp so they wouldn't be.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I heard of a beating Charlie Utter
dispensed some cocksucker yesterday --
I wonder if that was connected.

STUBBS

I wouldn't be surprised.
(abandons discretion)
Yes.

JANE

Does he pose you a further danger,
the cocksucker? Is that's what's
got you sitting in the dark?

STUBBS

Does sitting count as waiting?

Stubbs' voice is wondering, quiet, and ashamed. After
a beat --

JANE

I'll say that's an attitude fit
for darkness, not knowing what to
say else. Or pretending it ain't
familiar.

STUBBS

Where do you stay Jane?

JANE

In the cell at Charlie's. Not
under lock and key -- he makes it
available to me, my friend Bill's
robe for blanket and the like.

STUBBS

I was at his burying, your friend
Bill.

JANE

I watched from the hill up above.

Jane rises --

JANE (CONT'D)

Anyways. Pleased to meet you.

STUBBS

Pleased to meet you Jane. Thanks
for coming by.

(MORE)

Jane heads for the door --

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (4)

35

STUBBS (CONT'D)

Don't you want your drink?

Jane's surprised she hasn't had it already --

JANE

I guess I'll leave it. Refined
spirits'll sometimes convulse me.

She's gone. Off Stubbs --

CUT TO:

37 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S SUITE - DAY

37

A knock at the door; Alma moves to open it, finds
Ellsworth --

ALMA

Mister Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH

I was hoping for a word.

ALMA

As many as you like.

She beckons him in; he enters, after first scanning
the hallway to see who might be watching --

ALMA (CONT'D)

(good-natured)

Is your purpose clandestine?

ELLSWORTH

Private, 'far as that goes.

ALMA

Sofia's taking her nap.

She closes the door to the bedroom, sits, invites him
to sit as well, which he does --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Let me get you a better chair.

ELLSWORTH

Does it speak ill of me that I'm
comfortable in this one? The other
morning you was indisposed.

ALMA

I regret having imposed that on
your attention.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

ELLSWORTH

I had a wife, took by typhus, and
our baby girl.

ALMA

I'm so sorry, Mister Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH

Thank you. Anyways, I'm acquainted
with certain experiences -- throwing
up mornings as an example.

ALMA

I see.

ELLSWORTH

(miserably pressing
on)

I'd also say, not claiming
credentials raising family, as my
time with 'em was brief, I'd hope
it'd testify to willingness.

She studies him. He averts his gaze while completing
his thought --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

As a candidate for marriage, or so
forth. Offering myself.

Gets down on his knee --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

Completing the sorry presentation.

She does her best to dissemble her surprise --

ALMA

I'm deeply grateful for your
proposal. May I request a brief
interval before giving you my
answer?

ELLSWORTH

'Long as you want. It'll give me
time to get up.

Which he does --

ALMA

I'll ask a little longer than that,
and some solitude.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

ELLSWORTH
Of course.

ALMA
Thank you very much Mister
Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH
Yes Ma'am.

Off which --

CUT TO:

37A INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

37A

Swearengen and the package --

SWEARENGEN
Package you for shipment, yet fail
to affix a destination. What would
you call that Chief? -- some fucking
division of feeling or the like.

A KNOCK --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Yeah.

Dority enters --

DORITY
If I'm overstepping Boss I
apologize, but if you'd've took a
chance I'd failed to afford, I'd
feel like fucking hell.

SWEARENGEN
I'm waiting.

DORITY
Lately I'll hear you speaking in
here when I know you're by yourself.

Swearengen stares --

DORITY (CONT'D)
Just a moment ago -- most recently.

Dority feels himself losing momentum, bravely perseveres --

DORITY (CONT'D)
And I'd only want to say, awake or
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37A CONTINUED:

37A

DORITY (CONT'D)
asleep, on-shift or off, never
doubt my availability, if you'd
prefer a human present.

SWEARENGEN
You've not reached the age yet
Dan, have you, where you're moved
to utterance of thoughts kept
properly silent. You've not arrived
at that fucking phase.

DORITY
I've been known to mutter.

SWEARENGEN
Not the odd mutter -- habitual
fucking vocalizing of thoughts
best kept to yourself.

DORITY
And that's what you're doing in
here.

SWEARENGEN
In a fucking nutshell.

Dority's at the point of departure --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
I will confide further, what in
prudence I should withhold --

DORITY
Boss, what you'n me've rode through,
Prudence is unsaddled and dry.

SWEARENGEN
Lately I'll speak to this package --

Dority assimilates this --

DORITY
If it don't talk back to you, I'd
call that just a quirkful habit.

SWEARENGEN
-- containing the severed, rotting
head I paid bounty on last year of
that murdered fucking Indian.

Words fail Dority at this moment, and his gesture,
which means to convey casual dismissal, is vague,
general, and unpersuasive --

(CONTINUED)

37A CONTINUED: (2)

37A

DORITY
Anyways. Late shift.

SWEARENGEN
Did you subscribe one way or the
other on Tom Nuttall's big ride?

Dority shakes his head no --

DORITY
I don't see him making it but I
didn't want to root against. Has
the head got an opinion?

Dority leaves. Swearengen looks to the package --

SWEARENGEN
The applicable maxim Chief: If
you're inclined to a position, bet
it; if you're certain, bet against
it.

Swearengen rubs his jaw --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
I got to cut this shit out.

Off which --

CUT TO:

38 INT. BELLA UNION - DAY (FORMERLY PART OF SC. 17AA)

38

Wolcott's at a table, drinking, drafting a letter to
Hearst --

{{REST OF SCENE MOVED TO SC. 38B & 38D}}

INTERCUT WITH:

38A EXT. HEARST MINEHEAD - DAY

38A

Twenty or thirty miners, under the supervision of a
half dozen hard and burly armed security men, emerge
from the Hearst minehead at the end of their shift --

WOLCOTT (V.O.)
The operations of the old Aurora
and Keets mines and a number of
smaller adjoining claims are now
entirely consolidated, access to
the former Hidden Treasure property.

38B INT. BELLA UNION - DAY - **INTERCUT AS APPROPRIATE:** (SHOT
AS PART OF SC. 38)

38B

Tolliver at the bar as Cochran approaches --

COCHRAN

No one's with child. Tessie may
have clap.

TOLLIVER

We'll take her off the firing line.

Cochran defers departure --

COCHRAN

With whatever intervening
supervision, I take them new-arrived
Chinese whores to be under your
control.

Wolcott hears this --

(CONTINUED)

38B CONTINUED:

38B

TOLLIVER
Well-evaluated Doc.

COCHRAN
I'd be available to see to their
care --

Cochran indicates some nearby Bella Union whore --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
-- like I do these here.

TOLLIVER
Declined with thanks.

Cochran struggles to sustain his more or less casual
tone --

COCHRAN
You may not be aware that beyond
their afflictions those girls are
fucking starving to death.

TOLLIVER
I ain't one Doc 'holds the White
Man's as the sole and only path.
I strive to tolerate what I may
not agree with. Those people's
culture, their women are disposable --
they ship 'em unfed and replace
'em as they expire.

Under Cochran's scrutiny Tolliver offers mitigation --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
They dose 'em with opium, I know,
which I gather eases their pangs.

COCHRAN
Under this arrangement, I'll
withdraw from caring for your
whites.

TOLLIVER
For Christ's sake Doc --

COCHRAN
I have to live too.

Tolliver mistakes his meaning, indicates the white
prostitutes --

(CONTINUED)

38B CONTINUED: (2)

38B

TOLLIVER

Raise your rates on these then --
don't disrupt the other fucking
equilibrium.

Cochran's eyes narrow as he clarifies himself --

COCHRAN

I would see to those others pro--
bono.

Tolliver tries to lighten the atmosphere while admitting
ignorance --

TOLLIVER

I know what that means but prove
to me you do.

COCHRAN

It won't cost you anything.

Tolliver takes this in with wry good nature --

TOLLIVER

Well Jesus Christ. Here too let
me tolerate the different point of
view.

ANGLE - WOLCOTT

-- watching, unable to muster irony adequate to
accommodate his despair, returning to his letter to
Hearst --

CUT TO:

38C EXT. HEARST MINEHEAD - DAY

38C

The miners file in orderly fashion past a time keeper,
each man presenting his card and having his hours
recorded --

WOLCOTT (V.O.)

Anxious as I know you to be Mister
Hearst to move to twenty-four hour
operation, until workers-at-wage
outnumber individual prospectors
in the camp, the matter of Chinese
labor remains delicate of
introduction, and we must therefore
rest content with Germans and
Cornish unwilling to work at night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38C CONTINUED:

38C

The miners remove their pocketless under-ground clothing -- their boots, hats, socks, and shorts, they hang their clothing on hooks and stow their boots beneath benches and move naked toward a shower --

WOLCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We shower them after every shift, and the gold they've combed into their hair with grease we recover from the traps installed beneath the wash house facility.

As the naked men shower, a guard watches one miner with particular interest. The miner he has his eye on walks with small, careful steps in an effort to hold his butt cheeks tightly together --

WOLCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Cornish are quicker than the Germans but ever ready to combine and complain, and deserve their reputation as high-graders which if anything is understated.

The suspicious guard, Captain Turner, signs his interest in the particular miner to another guard who crooks his finger at yet a third. The two guards move toward the suspect miner, who anxiously looks about him, but seeing no possible line of escape awaits his fate with a show of resignation --

WOLCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Through the vigilance of our security fellows, the unremitting larceny of these cunning and clannish men is held somewhat in check. I cite in particular the effectiveness of Captain Turner whom you may remember from the Comstock.

(MORE)

The two guards charged with apprehending the suspect drag him out of the showers and tow him unresisting before Captain Turner. Turner indicates with his billy club the miner should bend over. The miner hesitates or perhaps looks to his co-workers for support, and is immediately clipped on the side of the skull with the billy. The other miners continue to make a show of going about their showering, but all eyes are fixed on the suspect miner, who now bends over, naked, before Captain Turner --

(CONTINUED)

38C CONTINUED: (2)

38C

WOLCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

With purchase of the claim formerly operated by the Manuel brothers, we control save one (the Garret property) every considerable deposit now discovered.

Turner steps forward, keeping his eyes on the other miners, sticks a couple of fingers up the suspect's ass. After brief foraging, the naked miner bolts, but not far, as Turner deliberately draws his sidearm and shoots the fleeing man in the back, killing him. Wolcott watches --

*
*

WOLCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I am told your arrival is imminent Mister Hearst. I look forward to showing you every aspect of what I believe soon may be truthfully described as the largest and most forward-looking gold operation in the world.

Turner's put his weapon to one side in order to rub between square-nailed thumb and forefinger a wad of fecal matter, which finally gives up its evidence -- gold filings and nuggets in the shit --

WOLCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yours most respectfully, Francis Wolcott.

CUT TO:

38D INT. BELLA UNION - DAY (SHOT AS PART OF SC. 38)

38D

Wolcott is finishing his signature on the letter --

CUT TO:

39 EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - DAY

39

Swearengen, defensive against his own earlier reproach, emerges with the package containing the Indian Head and a knife --

SWEARENGEN

Yet don't the Decapitated deserve recreation Chief as much if not more as those of us not yet dismembered?

As he starts to cut open the box --

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

ANGLE - THE THOROUGHFARE

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED: (2)

39

a crowd has gathered to witness the great event.
Preparing to face the course, Nuttall's whispering to
his bicycle as if it were a favored horse while
delicately oiling its axles --

ANGLE - UTTER

watching --

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3) 39

ANGLE - RICHARDSON

outside The Grand Central, torn between fellow feeling for Nuttall and terror of Farnum, whose approval to watch Nuttall's effort, unlikely as it is to be granted, he now heads back inside to seek --

39A INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY 39A

Richardson addresses the Irish lad behind the counter --

RICHARDSON
How's his toothache?

IRISH LAD
(low voice)
I ain't required Richardson -- I'm hoping His Nibs's sleeping so I can sneak out and watch the ride.

Richardson heads for Farnum's closet behind the counter, disappointing the Lad --

39B INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - FARNUM'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS 39B

Richardson peers in, finds Farnum aqua-faced and getting bluer. This is Richardson's moment to shine! His Master has collapsed! Farnum's past the stage of coughs and sputters, is now gurgling with subsiding intensity --

RICHARDSON
Mister Farnum?! -- what's killing you?!

Richardson drops to his knees beside Farnum, opens Farnum's unresisting jaw, reaches his hand deep, then even more deeply down Farnum's throat. Farnum gags, launching past his epiglottis and Richardson's nose a piece of cloth. Richardson, ascribing no significance to this event, slaps Farnum a good one --

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Sir!

FARNUM
(weakly)
Richardson

RICHARDSON
What's afflicting you?!

Richardson pours a pitcher of water on Farnum --

(CONTINUED)

39B CONTINUED:

39B

FARNUM

Stop it for God's sake, and get
away from me!

Farnum's left hand flails at Richardson, fending off
his further ministrations and freeing Farnum himself
to evaluate his state of being --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I'd put clove-soaked cloth to my
tooth! -- I must've gagged on it
napping!

RICHARDSON

Are you saved Sir?!

FARNUM

My God your filthy hand was down
my throat!

RICHARDSON

May I go out to watch the bicycle?!

FARNUM

Watch the earth yielding up its
dead, so long as it's not near me!

Richardson's gone. Off Farnum, taking salvation for
granted, probing sullenly at his molar with his tongue --

CUT TO:

39C INT. THE GEM - BALCONY - DAY (FORMERLY PART OF SC. 46)

39C

Swearengen, with the package now open, and a look of
surreptition on his mug, undemonstratively pulls the
head from the box, considers it --

SWEARENGEN

You, fucking Chief, are uglier
than before, when you were also no
treat to the eyes.

Swearengen holds the head low, disassembling their
continuing dialogue by staring with a imperial
detachment at the spectacle in the thoroughfare and
moving his lips only minimally --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Suffer the low vantage even if
your view's obstructed -- it's
better for my standing in the camp.

ANGLE - STAR AND TRIXIE

(CONTINUED)

39C

CONTINUED:

39C

emerging from the hardware store --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

standing on the side of the thoroughfare opposite from William and Martha, relocates the Soap Peddler so that he will neither obstruct Nuttall's passage nor pick the pockets of the unwary --

ANGLE - RICHARDSON

having achieved his viewing vantage, and holding the antlers once touched by Alma Garret, whose talismanic powers for good he hopes may be transferable to Nuttall --

CUT TO:

40

INT. NUMBER TEN SALOON - DAY

40

Mose and his brother --

MOSE

We got to sell the claim Charlie.

CHARLIE

Why?

MOSE

'Cause if we don't we'll fuck it up.

CHARLIE

Speak for yourself.

MOSE

All right -- speaking for myself, if we don't sell, you'll fuck it up.

CHARLIE

Speak for yourself.

MOSE

He offered us two hundred thousand dollars, enough for any sane fucking purpose.

CHARLIE

If that's the offer the claim's worth more.

MOSE

To them with nature and training
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

MOSE (CONT'D)

to get the more, which leaves us
out of the race.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

CHARLIE

Speak for yourself.

Mose takes out his gun, shoots Charlie in the heart. No one else sees the murder -- they're outside for Nuttall's Big Run. Mose crouches over his brother --

MOSE

This one you don't talk me out of.

He can't believe he's killed him --

CUT TO:

43 MOVED TO SC. 56

43

44 MOVED TO SC. 57

44

45 MOVED TO SC. 58

45

46 EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - DAY - (PART OF SCENE MOVED TO SC. 39C)

46

With a look protective of Nuttall, who is climbing aboard the bicycle, as if the Chief's impression of his friend might be formed by Nuttall's present behavior --

SWEARENGEN

Helped many friends of yours to the Happy Hunting Ground. Formidable, Tom was -- and no more a fool now than time shows us all.

ANGLE - MERRICK

observed by Blazanov, has his camera at the ready --

MERRICK

Using the smallest possible aperture Mister Blazanov, and fastest shutter-speed, our endeavor will be to capture Mister Nuttall's attempt in all its valor and velocity.

BLAZANOV

Good.

ANGLE - RUTHERFORD

at the margin of the thoroughfare, watching a hoople whisper in the ear of Tom Nuttall. Nuttall, who's going deaf, having leaned in to verify the words, now exclaims --

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

NUTTALL

That is a lay-down you propose!

-- under which he's tugged a short, flat sap from his pocket which he uses to lay the expectant hoopler senseless in the mud --

NUTTALL (CONT'D)

Corruption won't never breathe stinky on my bicycle!

A hoopler, friend of the fallen, tugs at Doc Cochran's sleeve, indicates his unconscious friend. We see Cochran hold up one finger "just a minute," the race is about to begin --

ANGLE - MARVIN

raising a shotgun's barrel to the sky, firing --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

watching Nuttall run beside his bicycle, hopping on, wobbling --

SWEARENGEN

Go ahead young man!

ANGLE - NUTTALL

He pedals bravely down the boardwalk, gaining confidence and speed as he passes ranks of cheering whores and hooplers. A look of concern crosses his face as he plunges into the sludge between the boardwalks, but after a shocking slew right and left, and a near disaster, his crossing of the finish line is captured by Merrick's camera and flash, and Blazanov's only slightly tardy cheer. Dismounting, Nuttall's surrounded by congratulatory townsfolk, united in collective jubilation at his triumph. Even Wolcott approves before quickly feeling himself a fraud or disenfranchised --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

watching with deep pleasure, and confiding in the severed head --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Made it Chief.

RESUME - WOLCOTT

Wolcott starts at Mose's touch --

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED: (2)

46

MOSE

My brother had an accident.

Wolcott takes this in --

WOLCOTT

What's his condition now?

MOSE

Fatal. Dead. A fatal gunshot.

WOLCOTT

A shot at what range?

MOSE

Close fucking range in the heart.

He's thinking that it's his brother dead --

WOLCOTT

So an accident, handling his weapon.
A self-inflicted wound.

Mose feels his way into this exonerating formulation --

MOSE

Fucking stupid showing off when he
was fucking drinking, or stupid
fucking trick, more than fucking
once he'd do that. Oh for Christ's
sake.

WOLCOTT

(as if dictating)

Before his accident you had told
your brother of our offer and he
had agreed to accept.

MOSE

Jesus Christ almighty.

Wolcott decides to abbreviate the niceties --

WOLCOTT

Are there other kin Mister Manuel?

MOSE

Just us.

WOLCOTT

Mother and father dead, no siblings?

Mose is devastated, shakes his head no --

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED: (3)

46

MOSE

What the fuck did I just say to you?

WOLCOTT

Do you accept our offer as your brother's sole heir, and agent of your own interests?

MOSE

Two hundred thousand.

WOLCOTT

Cash. Upon execution.

MOSE

Executed, he's already executed.

RESUME - SWEARENGEN

replacing the head in the package, restoring the package's top --

SWEARENGEN

Well we had our fucking lark.

Swearengen hefts the package under his arm, walks back into his office --

TIME CUT TO:

48

INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - NIGHT (FORMERLY SC. 53)

48

The aftermath of a long silent dinner. Bullock stands before the fire, grateful for its mesmeric distractions. Martha returns from seeing to William --

BULLOCK

Is the boy warm enough?

MARTHA

Yes. Thank you.

He stirs the embers ineffectually --

MARTHA (CONT'D)

This roof over our heads Mister Bullock testifies to your care for William and me. The fostering affection and guidance you show my son to shape him into a man will only deepen my gratitude to you. Toward me, no further demonstrations are necessary.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

Her voice is decisive and distant, and bitterness remains even in her now half-heartedly invoking a justifying motive beyond personal rejection --

MARTHA (CONT'D)

As other duties claim your attentions.

BULLOCK

None such as you conceive since your arrival --

MARTHA

Then you will have new energies at your disposal.

She's moving toward the stairs --

BULLOCK

-- nor will they again, whatever the state of our relations.

MARTHA

Do not sacrifice further on my account Mister Bullock!

A few steps up, she stops to look down at him --

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I reject the offering! I repudiate it! I find it poisonous!

She resumes her ascent, disappears. Off Bullock, giving up on the fire --

CUT TO:

50 INT. DEADWOOD PIONEER - NIGHT

50

Swearingen appears on the second floor --

SWEARENGEN

Not the eyesore of my previous visit.

MERRICK

Al. Welcome. Yes, tidied and reconstituted, prompted in no small measure I might add by your very much appreciated exhortations.

Swearingen's descending --

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

SWEARENGEN

I've jotted a few fucking thoughts
for your perusal.

MERRICK

In what regard?

SWEARENGEN

Peruse 'em and you'll fucking find
out.

He hands the piece of paper over. Merrick begins to
read. Swearengen sees the telegraph equipment --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

What's this now?

MERRICK

That Al, is the telegraph
"apparatus" whose operator, Mister
Blazanov, presently is taking the
air.

Having read through silently the piece of paper
Swearengen's given him, Merrick reads aloud with
surprise --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

"Sheriff Bullock would not confirm
having met with representatives
from Montana Territory to discuss
their offer of annexation."

(looks up)

Is this true Al?

SWEARENGEN

Did he fucking confirm it to you?

MERRICK

I haven't spoken with Bullock.

SWEARENGEN

So I guess then he ain't confirmed
it. Now answer me this fucking
question -- why in fuck do I learn
of this telegraph operator's arrival
tardily and by accident?

Merrick makes timid display of his arsenal of irony --

MERRICK

I hadn't realized you were owed
official notification, nor that
the charge to deliver it was mine.

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (2)

50

Swearengen stares at him --

SWEARENGEN

Merrick. You and me are allies.
We're marching together into battle.
And are not smart-ass replies
amongst allies a waste of fucking
time?

MERRICK

Allies? Marching?

It appeals to Merrick --

SWEARENGEN

"Allies marching" is exactly fucking
correct, and this operator hitting
camp is big. The prime dereliction
is Farnum's, whose bailiwick
specifically is new arrivals, but
you also were fucking remiss.

MERRICK

What "battle" are we marching toward
in formation of some sort Al?

In comes Blazanov, who's bought a sleeping bag --

BLAZANOV

I've purchased a sleeping equipment.

Swearengen stares at him suspiciously --

MERRICK

Mister Blazanov, Mister Swearengen.

Blazanov comes forward with formal courtesy --

BLAZANOV

How do you do Mister Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

All right Blazanov. That's a
pronounced fucking accent you got.

BLAZANOV

I am Russian.

Swearengen couldn't be friendlier --

SWEARENGEN

Well you could've waited saying
that 'til I was fucking seated.

(CONTINUED)

MERRICK

(to Blazanov)

Mister Swearengen heard with keen interest that you are the camp's telegraph operator.

BLAZANOV

(to Swearengen)

How do you do.

SWEARENGEN

You're master of the fucking secret code and every other fucking thing, is that right?

BLAZANOV

Not so secret.

SWEARENGEN

That's some fucking skill, people must try bribing you right and left.

Blazanov is good-natured too, and being this is one he's heard before, he's pleased to chuckle -- one of the boys and in on the joke --

BLAZANOV

No no, I am not allowed.

SWEARENGEN

Nor am I, nor any of us, we're every one strictly forbade -- is the fucking beauty of it all.

BLAZANOV

I think I haven't enough English for you Mister Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

Bullshit, you got the exact right fucking amount, and my only question left for you Young Man is your feelings on getting your prick sucked constantly and without charge.

Blazanov looks to Merrick in some confusion and uncertainty. Merrick forces a jubilant laugh --

MERRICK

And thus Mister Blazanov, you encounter one of our wonderful

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (4)

50

MERRICK (CONT'D)
meaningless American traditions of
tall-tale conversation and tales,
and good nature.

SWEARENGEN
The Gem, Blazanov, my saloon,
couldn't be more convenient to
your place of business, via private
walkway, which you see me employ
as we speak, and also from the
public thoroughfare.

Swearengen is in fact ascending --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Visit there to experience a
tradition unique to the camp and
my place, which is new-arrived
telegraph operators fucking free,
be their preference in tale tall
or fucking otherwise. And by all
means welcome to America.

Swearengen's up on the second floor. Merrick holds up
the piece of paper --

MERRICK
What am I to do with these thoughts
Al?

SWEARENGEN
Publishing might be a thought.

Swearengen's gone. Merrick looks to Blazanov, gestures
in the direction of Swearengen's departure --

MERRICK
A bastion of the camp, though not
a subject easily mastered.

Blazanov's laying out his bedroll --

BLAZANOV
I will sleep beside my apparatus.

Off which --

CUT TO:

COCHRAN

-- if you are his the more disgrace
to your soul.

As Cochran heads toward the cages, during which Lee's proprietary gaze goes to the cages of the Chinese prostitutes, one of which he notes Cochran about to enter -- Lee looks back to Wolcott for explanation. Wolcott shakes his head in the negative, indicating Cochran --

WOLCOTT

The movements of conviction Mister
Lee. Best not interfere.

Lee wipes his hands against each other --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

Your brother and your bullet are
no longer amongst us.

Mose reclaims Wolcott's attention --

MOSE

Fucking happens the fucking gun my
brother was cleaning when he shot
himself was mine.

WOLCOTT

Is that so.

MOSE

And I'm asking to know if a person
of the mind will have a way to
recover the fucking bullet.

WOLCOTT

I expect not, Mister Manuel, or
that, other than yours, any such
mind is in the camp, and suggest
you think of other things. Like
the money Mister Tolliver is waiting
to present you at the Bella Union.

MOSE

That easy. Forget a fucking
brother.

WOLCOTT

Money has properties in that regard
to be explored as thoroughly as
once you did your claim --

Mose retraces Chinaman's Alley toward the Bella Union --

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

MOSE
(to himself)
With him. With Charlie.

Wolcott watches him briefly --

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3)

54

WOLCOTT

-- though no remedy is discovered
yet sovereign against sentimental
remorse.

(to a Chinese Whore)

Close your eyes!

As Wolcott starts slowly toward Chinaman's Alley's
other end, observed by Lee --

CUT TO:

54A INT. WHORE'S CAGE - CONTINUOUS

54A

In the dank and dark cubicle an emaciated prostitute
lays prone on a straw mat. Cochran's looking to the
girl, leans down to peer into her eyes which are glassy
and unfocused, indicates a flower and half-loaf of
bread beside her --

COCHRAN

Who brought you that?

Her face registers neither understanding nor, in its
absence of animation, desire of any kind except the
release of death. This terrifies Cochran, who rises,
leaves the cage --

54B EXT. WHORE'S CAGE - CONTINUOUS

54B

As Cochran, emerging, inhaling desperately, sees Wolcott --

COCHRAN

For shame!

As Cochran moves past Wolcott, in the direction of his
cabin, Wolcott resumes his solitary passage toward the
other end of Chinaman's Alley --

CUT TO:

55 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

55

Utter walks up on Hickok's grave. Tries to collect
his thoughts, which aren't collectable. After a beat --

UTTER

'Evening Bill. Jane ain't with me
'cause she's a drunken fucking
mess and I don't know what to do
about it. I know you want her
looked out for and I'm doing my
fucking best but I won't stand

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

UTTER (CONT'D)
before you claiming optimism.
Other news is, your letter you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

UTTER (CONT'D)

wrote your wife just before that cocksucker murdered you has come to my hand, I won't even try explaining fucking how. Knowing what we do about our fucked-up postal system I ain't committing it to the fucking mails, but you know I'll try to get it to her, which I'd pray'd be a portion off your mind. When I've found where she's at on my way starting off I'll tell you. All right. God bless you Bill. 'Far as Jane, drunk as you've seen her, you've never seen her this worse, and between us, maybe having lost wanting to keep on, so I don't know what the fuck to do, but you know I'll keep trying.

*
*
*

He leaves. Off the grave --

CUT TO:

55A EXT. THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT

55A

A stranger to himself, though with a deep sense of the exercise's futility, Bullock repositions the Soap Hustler away from the legitimate merchants --

CUT TO:

55B EXT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

55B

She stands at the window looking out --

CUT TO:

56 INT. CHEZ AMI - NIGHT (FORMERLY SC. 43)

56

Stubbs is waiting in the chair. Hears a KNOCK. Doesn't turn around --

STUBBS

It's open.

Wolcott opens the door, enters --

WOLCOTT

I alone am returned to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS

Do what you came to -- don't put
it in a dress.

She still hasn't looked back. Wolcott closes from
behind as if they were dreaming --

WOLCOTT

I don't know what I came to do.

STUBBS

Is it easier, saying that?

WOLCOTT

The other nights I've known.

She rises, turns. The bourbon bottle is still on the
table --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

Basil Hayden bourbon. Ready for
me.

She picks up the bottle, experiences breaking it on
his face as a revelation. For Wolcott, loss of
consciousness and falling is some form of equal relief.
She considers him bleeding on the floor --

STUBBS

No, I was drinking earlier.

She's surprised at her voice's calm, as if she's never
heard herself speak. He looks up at her, blinking the
blood from his eyes --

WOLCOTT

Do what you're here for.

STUBBS

I don't know what I'm here for.

She resumes her chair, drops the bottle on the floor.
He reaches into his pocket --

STUBBS (CONT'D)

Don't fucking try to kill me.

Her tone is distant, resolute --

WOLCOTT

I was reaching for my purse.
(MORE)

Which, filled with gold, he produces, weakly tosses in
her direction. The purse lands heavily at her feet --

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

Will you undress me?

A beat, then --

STUBBS

No, or kill you either, and don't
you fucking kill me. Get out of
here, and lock the door behind
you.

Stubbs rises, goes into the bedroom where the others
were murdered --

57 INT. CHEZ AMI - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (FORMERLY SC. 44)

57

-- Stubbs closes the door and locks it and puts the
key down her corset, and after a beat calls at the
closed door --

STUBBS

And I got a fucking gun in here
too, and get the fuck out and lock
the front fucking door.

She stares at the closed door in front of her for a
beat, then backs to the bed and sits on it, producing
her Derringer, holding it beside her, not trained at
the door but at the ready. A beat, then --

CUT TO:

58 EXT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - NIGHT (FORMERLY SC. 45)

58

Jane, who had fallen to drink in Utter's absence and
has just come to, unsteadily descends the stairs from
the second floor, the uncertainty of her navigation
compounded by the fact she's carrying her rifle --

JANE

(to herself)

Fucking pass-out drunk, 'sleep at
the fucking switch.

(nearly stumbles)

And where's fucking Charlie to
piss in my ear when he's fucking
needed?

(MORE)

She reaches the first floor boardwalk, peering with
myopic intensity toward the Chez Ami from which she
sees emerging like the bodied indictment of her
alcoholism, the bloody figure of Wolcott. Jane shouts
desperately --

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Stop there you! Are you the fucking
cocksucker!?

WOLCOTT

I may well be.

JANE

Did you just kill that girl in the
Chez Ami?!

WOLCOTT

No I did not. The girl in the
Chez Ami is well.

JANE

Whose blood's on your fucking mug?

WOLCOTT

My own. My name is Francis Wolcott.
(hands her his card)
If you find me untrue in any
particular I stay at the Grand
Central Hotel.

JANE

(re card)

What the fuck is this?

She calls after Wolcott --

JANE (CONT'D)

Who runs that joint?

WOLCOTT

A grotesque named Farnum.

JANE

You ain't lied so far.

Off Jane, starting for the Chez Ami as Wolcott moves
past --

FADE OUT.