

Director: Davis Guggenheim

Deadwood

"Plague"

Written by

Malcolm MacRury

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Production # P106

(Script # S102)

Production Draft

Sept. 10, 2003

Sept. 11, 2003 Blue

Sept. 12, 2003 Pink

Sept. 15, 2003 Yellow

Sept. 16, 2003 Green

Sept. 17, 2003 Goldenrod

Sept. 18, 2003 Buff

Oct. 04, 2003 Salmon

Oct. 06, 2003 Cherry

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Oct. 16, 2003 Double-Blue

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Plague

*

FADE IN:

0A EXT. ON THE TRAIL OF JACK MCCALL - DAY

0A

Before the action begins, Bullock's approach has spooked a bereaving Indian, who has headed for a nearby grove of trees, from which he now mounts an attack, shooting Bullock with the same arrow he'd just had blessed by the Great Spirit.

This arrow hits Bullock's horse, the horse falls, and Bullock, not knowing where the arrow came from, hides behind his fallen horse while trying to detect where and who the enemy is.

The attacking Indian can be seen soundlessly circling to the OTHER SIDE of the road and charging Bullock from behind, only to smash him in the face with a hand club, this to humiliate him before scalping him. This act of humiliation is called "counting coup."

Bullock, turning quickly, fires at the attacking Indian, shoots the Indian's horse instead, the horse falls, and the Indian and Bullock engage in hand-to-hand combat. Bullock kills the Indian. Turning toward the camera with blood streaming down his face from the wound in his skull, he starts to walk. After twenty paces or so, he collapses.

CUT TO:

1 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - MORNING

1

Merrick's drinking at the bar. Dority's behind it. Merrick, an amateur, throws it down hard --

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

MERRICK

May I say Dan, having resumed drinking alcohol, I cannot for the life of me understand how I ever could've given it up.

DORITY

Takes the edge off the tough ones.

MERRICK

Takes the edge off. Well-put. And may I say Dan, I often find you a source of many well-put and witty things that you say.

DORITY

Thanks.

Merrick raises the glass, toasts its contents --

MERRICK

The Hickok murder. Exoneration of the coward McCall. Stain on the camp's escutcheon

Johnny Burns shepherds Cochran into the saloon. Cochran's carrying his medical bag. Dority nods them toward the rear --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Doc! Libation?

Cochran ignores the offer, heads for his destination. Merrick drinks, holds out his empty glass to Dority, who refills it --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

I wonder if he thought I said "live patient."

2 INT. WHORES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

2

Cochran looks at a man stiff-backed and shivering with fever. It's the Idler who came to camp on the same coach as Cramed.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Swearengen and a whore are to one side --

SWEARENGEN

He couldn't get it up, give her a
dollar to wait

WHORE

But he just keeps getting sicker.

SWEARENGEN

Shut up.
(to Cochran)
Come talk to me after.

Cochran nods. Swearengen exits. Cochran considers
the man, unsurprised --

CUT TO:

3 INT. BELLA UNION - DAY

3

Ellsworth's at the bar behind a whiskey. Stubbs comes
next to him --

STUBBS

Will you keep a girl company?

ELLSWORTH

I will, but I'm expensive.

STUBBS

(grins)
I knew that looking at you.

Stubbs sits beside him --

STUBBS (CONT'D)

I'm Joanie.

ELLSWORTH

Ellsworth.

He holds out his hand. As she shakes it --

STUBBS

First visit to the Bella Union
Ellsworth?

ELLSWORTH

Yes'm. My leisure hours are
generally spent at the Gem.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

STUBBS

And what fills the rest of your time?

ELLSWORTH

Well'm, I've got myself a working gold claim.

STUBBS

Well Sir, is that a damn fact.

ELLSWORTH

A hell of a working gold claim, and if we knew each other better I'd throw "fucking" in there somewhere.

STUBBS

If you did I'd try to catch it.

ELLSWORTH

A working fucking gold claim Joanie, and thank you for allowing me my full range of expression.

Stubbs leans in a little, lowers her voice confidentially --

STUBBS

Ellsworth.

He leans in too, whispers --

ELLSWORTH

What?

STUBBS

Do you shoot craps?

ELLSWORTH

I do not, but I'm a lethally quick study.

STUBBS

C'mon.

They head for the table, holding hands --

ANGLE - TOLLIVER

watching Ellsworth's and Stubbs' progress, then, with the habitual restless movement of his gaze, noting at the saloon entrance the arrival of Joey, the minion he'd sent days ago to Nebraska for smallpox vaccine.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

Tolliver heads for him --

TOLLIVER

Joey.

JOEY

I'm sick Boss -- I ain't right.

TOLLIVER

Keep your voice down.

JOEY

I'd never've made Nebraska. I got fever and my back hurts something awful.

TOLLIVER

All right Son, lay up 'til you're better.

JOEY

Here's the list you give me.

He holds this out to Tolliver --

TOLLIVER

You hold it for now.

JOEY

A fella who can read said one item's for the smallpox.

TOLLIVER

What're you doing showing that list around Joey?

JOEY

When I got poorly by Buffalo Gap I was seeing could I fill the items there.

TOLLIVER

That's a breach of goddamn trust.

JOEY

Have I got smallpox Mr. Tolliver?

TOLLIVER

How do I know? Maybe you got yourself a dose.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

JOEY
(low-voiced)
No, I wouldn't. I'm virgin --
that's how come I jumped when you
told about Nebraska Pussy.

TOLLIVER
Anyways, you go lay up.

JOEY
All right Sir.

As Joey moves stiffly toward one of the first-floor rooms in the back of the saloon, Tolliver signals Sawyer, who's observed the exchange --

SAWYER
Joey didn't make Nebraska.

TOLLIVER
(nods)
'Come down with whatever ailed
Andy Cramed.

SAWYER
I wonder if Joey was after a remedy
for Andy, maybe without even
knowing.

TOLLIVER
Ain't you clever Eddie.

SAWYER
Was I being clever? I thought I
was worrying about getting the
plague.

TOLLIVER
(hard)
Why don't you concentrate on running
the bones in on Joanie's mark.

SAWYER
A welcome diversion.

Off which --

CUT TO:

4 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

4

While waiting for Cochran's report, Swearengen's
debriefing Farnum --

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

The woman's living in your fucking hotel -- but you can't find pretext for pressing the offer on her claim.

FARNUM

I can't outflank Trixie, Al -- the whore guards that widow like a mother hen.

SWEARENGEN

Because she's dosing her with opium priming her for your approach.

FARNUM

Be that as it may.

SWEARENGEN

E.B. You put the offer in your pocket. You knock on the widow's door --

FARNUM

Trixie'll answer.

SWEARENGEN

When Trixie answers, tell her I want to talk to her. When Trixie leaves, you gain entry and broach the sale. Can you circumnavigate the child, or must I map that for you too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

Farnum mutters unintelligibly. Swearengen's voice flares --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

What?

FARNUM

Nothing.

A knock as Cochran looks in --

SWEARENGEN

C'mon Doc, him and me are finished.

(to Farnum)

Don't play that shit where you make me drag your words out of you. Declare yourself or shut the fuck up.

FARNUM

I said something strange is going on in that hotel room.

Farnum's voice is raised. He exits quickly. Swearengen looks to Cochran --

SWEARENGEN

Same fucking thing. Won't tell you what's strange. Makes you drag it from him next time he's around.

Swearengen's postponing the inevitable --

COCHRAN

It's bad Al.

Swearengen wipes his mouth --

SWEARENGEN

The fucking plague, is it.

COCHRAN

Smallpox.

SWEARENGEN

It would land at my joint.

COCHRAN

Yours wasn't first.

As Swearengen studies Cochran --

CUT TO:

4A EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY

4A

Heading back for the Grand Central, Farnum voices his
resentment toward Swearengen, though not too loud --

FARNUM

No deceit too prolonged, no errand
too demeaning, no rebuke too vile.
Al Swearengen's the cue, and Farnum
merely his billiard ball.

His boot gets stuck in the mud --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Goddamn quagmire of piss and
horseshit!

Off which --

CUT TO:

5 (FIRST BULLOCK SCENE MOVES TO SCENE 0A) 5

6 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ON THE DOOR OF ALMA'S ROOM - DAY 6

as Trixie opens it a crack --

TRIXIE

What?

Reveal Farnum --

FARNUM

Al wants to see you Trixie.

Farnum cranes his neck trying to peer inside. Trixie makes no bones about obstructing Farnum's look into the room --

TRIXIE

All right.

FARNUM

He wants you over there now.

TRIXIE

I'll be there when I get there
E.B.

Farnum makes a last try at seeing Alma --

FARNUM

How is Mrs. Garret anyway?

TRIXIE

Hunky-dory.

Trixie shuts the door on Farnum --

7 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 7

-- turns to Alma, who's good and dope-sick now --

TRIXIE

My boss wants me. I'll be back
quick as I can.

(re Farnum)

Don't open to that fuck-nut.

Alma nods, her world constricted to bone-pain and nausea and self-pity --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

This passes.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

Her tone is insistent, brings Alma to meet her eyes --

ALMA

All right.

Then Trixie looks to the child, enunciates with cheerful precision and comically inappropriate emphasis --

TRIXIE

Good-bye.

Trixie makes it sound as if she's sick of the whole business. The child grins, proud of her English --

CHILD

Good-bye Trixie.

Off which --

CUT TO:

8 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 8

As Trixie descends, Farnum portrays preoccupation behind his desk. Their eyes meet; they understand each other thoroughly. Off which --

CUT TO:

9 INT. BELLA UNION - DAY 9

Tolliver, poker-faced, watches Cochran enter with Swearengen --

TOLLIVER

Gentlemen.

SWEARENGEN

What do you hear of that vaccine?

Tolliver's look to Cochran suggests he's betrayed a trust --

COCHRAN

(re Swearengen)

He's had a case break out at his place.

TOLLIVER

Shall we talk in the cage? -- or why don't the three of us leap up on tables and shout questions to each other across the room.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

SWEARENGEN

What about the vaccine?

TOLLIVER

The boy never made Nebraska. He took sick.

COCHRAN

Where is he now?

TOLLIVER

In the back here.

SWEARENGEN

And how the fuck long has that been?

TOLLIVER

You don't want to pursue that tone.

SWEARENGEN

You've sat on news no one's after that medicine, and I'm asking the duration.

TOLLIVER

And I'm saying questions in that tone'll get you told to fuck yourself.

COCHRAN

Show me the room where the boy is.

TOLLIVER

(to Swearengen, cold irony)

Won't you join us?

As they move off, a cheer from gathered onlookers and bettors prompts the camera to find --

THE CRAPS LAYOUT

where Ellsworth, flanked by Joanie Stubbs, has rolled another winner --

ELLSWORTH

How long've they been playing this without me.

Off Stubbs, her smile for Ellsworth, eyes on Tolliver and the others --

CUT TO:

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

Farnum, carrying fresh linens and his chain of pass-
keys, unlocks Alma's door and enters --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ALMA

What is it?

The voice comes from the bed. He moves in its direction, sees her, in a dressing gown, hair in disarray, knees drawn up to her chest. Farnum moves close to her, studies her eyes. She turns her head away --

ALMA (CONT'D)

What do you want?

FARNUM

It's laundry day Madam. I brought fresh linen.

ALMA

Leave it and go.

FARNUM

Are you ill?

ALMA

Leave the room.

Farnum's seen what he needs --

FARNUM

Of course. Here, Sweetheart.

He puts the linen beside the child on the bed --

CHILD

Good-bye.

FARNUM

Goodness, she's learning English.

Farnum's gone. Off Alma --

CUT TO:

11 INT. BELLA UNION - BEDROOM - DAY

11

Joey's on the bed, sick. Cochran's finishing his examination. Swaengen and Tolliver observe --

SWEARENGEN

We should chat this all out.

TOLLIVER

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

Off which --

CUT TO:

11A EXT. COCHRAN'S ALLEY - DAY 11A*

Jane approaches Cochran's cabin from the far end of the alley. She's drunk and, as she perceives the case, incognito, reacts with a meditative self-directed mutter, after the fact, to attention from the curious -- *

JANE *

If I had that mug on me I believe I'd cut down getting told how butt-fucking ugly I was by not staring at fucking strangers. *

Jane squints, swaying, identifying the cabin before her as the cabin she seeks -- *

JANE (CONT'D) *

A sorry fucking piece of construction, even in this shit-hole camp. *

(beat) *

A passer-through has a right to make inquiries. A leave-taker has it. Last I looked I was a fucking citizen. *

She marshals will to approach the door of Cochran's cabin, begins by speaking for herself -- *

JANE (CONT'D) *

I carried that fucking Child. *

-- then in rejoinder to some imagined sarcastic riposte from Cochran -- *

JANE (CONT'D) *

No, not in my belly, but nearly that fucking bloody, you impertinent fucking cocksucker -- *

She punctuates the final expletive by trying the door, stands back in frightened surprise on realizing it's open to her -- *

JANE (CONT'D) *

It's Jane Canary, calling on Doc Fucking Cochran. Are you fucking in there? *

(MORE)

No answer. *

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED: 11A

Jane responds defiantly to those who, residing in her imagination, always watch -- *

JANE (CONT'D) *

I believe I'll fucking wait. *

And closes the door behind her -- *

CUT TO: *

12 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY 12*

Swearngen returns. Merrick's at the end of the bar. Dority's behind it --

DORITY

Trixie's upstairs, and E.B.'s waiting for you in the kitchen.

Swearngen pauses beside Merrick --

SWEARENGEN

Quit drinking a few hours, we're having a get-together.

MERRICK

Whom do you mean?

Swearngen's headed for the kitchen, looks to Burns --

SWEARENGEN

Buy some fucking fruit or the like.

13 INT. THE GEM - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 13

Farnum's sitting at the stove as Swearngen looks in --

FARNUM

I said something strange was afoot in that woman's room.

CUT TO:

14 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY 14

Burns is consulting with Dority --

BURNS

How much fruit? How many's a fucking get-together?

Swearngen's stony-faced emergence from the kitchen prompts Dority's urgent whisper --

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

DORITY

I'll tell you one thing sure Johnny --
now's not a good time to ask.

As Swearengen climbs the stairs --

15 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Trixie's waiting, sitting in a chair, as he enters --

SWEARENGEN

Did you give the place a good toss?

TRIXIE

I know what's in this room.

SWEARENGEN

How's the widow? Are you giving her that dope?

TRIXIE

(nods)

I give it to her regular.

He studies her --

SWEARENGEN

And she takes it.

TRIXIE

She goes behind where she dresses to spare the child seeing.

SWEARENGEN

And when she's behind where she dresses to spare the child, do you see billows of fucking dope-smoke rising?

TRIXIE

She says she eats it.

Each lie comes to her separately. And they're the first lies she's ever told Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN

Does she act high to you?

TRIXIE

I can't be sure -- I've never seen a rich person high before.

Trixie's amazed she's able to confound him. He comes to her --

SWEARENGEN

The next piece of dope Trixie, you go behind the screen with the widow and watch her put it in her mouth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

You watch her swallow. Afterward,
you look down her fucking yap and
you verify she's nothing above or
below her fucking tongue.

TRIXIE

I'll find a good reason.

SWEARENGEN

Are you being fucking clever with
me?

TRIXIE

Well how'm I supposed to do that
Al and not arouse her suspicion?

SWEARENGEN

The suspicion you want to worry
about is mine, of if you're giving
it to her at all.

TRIXIE

Why wouldn't I?

SWEARENGEN

I'll try touching the moon before
working on a whore's thinking.
Only know this Trixie -- if that
woman ain't muddle-headed the next
time Farnum sees her, you pay.

TRIXIE

Can I go back?

SWEARENGEN

Please.

Off which --

CUT TO:

15A INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

15A

Farnum's at the bar. Watches Trixie come down the
stairs, eyeing him with cold indifference. Turns his
attention to the bad ending of a counseling session
between Dority and Whore #6 at one of the tables --
Whore #6 rises and hurries in tears toward a back room.
Farnum looks back to Trixie as she exits the saloon,
then to Dority as he rises from the table, comes behind
the bar, and, finally, to Swearengen, who's descended
from above --

(CONTINUED)

15A CONTINUED:

15A

SWEARENGEN

Me and Trixie chatted on the subject
of the widow taking the dope.

FARNUM

(noncommittal)

I see.

SWEARENGEN

Trixie's going to make sure she
does.

FARNUM

(without conviction)

Good.

SWEARENGEN

You find pretext to determine Trixie
ain't lying.

His hero's finally exhibiting mistrust and a capacity
for double-dealing prompts Farnum's immense relief --

FARNUM

Ah.

-- and, thus reassured, to assuage an insecurity --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

And will you want me back here for
the get-together?

SWEARENGEN

How the fuck could we do it without
you E.B.?

FARNUM

(flattered)

The truth isn't in you Al.

SWEARENGEN

That makes two of us.

Farnum heads for the door --

DORITY

(to Swearengen, re
#6)

Dolly that was with that drummer's
afraid he give her plague.

Swearengen nods resignedly, looking in the direction
of Dolly's disappearance --

(CONTINUED)

15A CONTINUED: (2)

15A

SWEARENGEN

I'll let the fountain die down a bit.

Off which --

CUT TO:

15B EXT. THE STREET - DAY

15B

Farnum once again hazards the thoroughfare --

FARNUM

Has Trixie overplayed her hand?
Has half-smart, believing itself
intelligent, stood revealed as
bone-stupid?

He dodges some horseshit, pats his shoulder, grooms
the unseen Little Al --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

We will soon find out.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. ON THE TRAIL OF JACK MCCALL - DAY

16

Charlie Utter rides up, leading a pack-team. He sees the two fallen horses, noting the arrow in one. He looks around carefully, then dismounts and moves to examine the horses more closely, finding them still warm. His gaze moves to the nearby body and disfigured face of the dead Indian. Investigating further, ten paces or so toward the east, he finds Bullock lying where he fell, blood soaking the grass around his head. Utter goes to him, confirms he's still alive.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

As he begins to minister to him --

CUT TO:

19 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 19

Trixie returns. Farnum's behind the desk --

TRIXIE

As many different ways as they
painted Judas Iscariot E.B., every
fucking portrait looks like you.

As she ascends --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

FARNUM
And too-clever-by-half is worse
than bone-stupid.

Off which --

CUT TO:

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

21

The child sits on Alma's bed at its foot. Sings to
her in words she doesn't understand --

THE CHILD
Row row row your beau, gembly downda
stream
(as if she were a
second singer picking
up the round)
Row row row your beau, gembly downda
stream

Trixie enters --

TRIXIE
Merrily merrily merrily merrily --

THE CHILD
Marely marely marely
marely --

TRIXIE
Life is but a dream.

THE CHILD
Life is budda dream.

Trixie frames the child's face with her hands --

TRIXIE
Lovely.

ALMA
Very lovely.

Alma's drawn up under the covers, her head turned to
one side. Trixie sits beside her --

TRIXIE
You'll have to do something for me
now --
(as Alma looks away)
-- and I know you can. When
Farnum's here, so we can buy you
time to get well, you have to fake
being high.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ALMA

I hurt too much to stand up.

TRIXIE

When you're good and high, are you
on your feet, or do you like a
nice lay-down.

B.g., the child begins to sing again --

THE CHILD

Row row row your beau

TRIXIE

You can do it Alma.

Their eyes hold. Off which --

CUT TO:

22 MOVED TO 15A

22

23 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - DAY

23

Trixie comes down with an armful of sheets. Farnum observes from the buffet area --

TRIXIE
These sheets need cleaning.

FARNUM
I just provided new linens.

TRIXIE
And now they got sick on 'em.

FARNUM
And I'm not a damn laundry service.

TRIXIE
Only when you're on the fucking snoop.

FARNUM
Your tongue'd embarrass a reptile.
(re sheets)
Take those to the Chinaman. Show you want a clean exchange. Say "for Mr. Farnum, Wu. Sheet for Mr. Farnum."

(MORE)

She studies him a last contemptuous beat, walks out. Once sure she's gone, he heads for the stairs --

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

FARNUM (CONT'D)

You and Wu should understand each other by the first snow.

As Farnum climbs with all the grace of any upended tortoise --

CUT TO:

24 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

24

Trixie crosses the main thoroughfare. Star hails her --

STAR

Hello.

TRIXIE

Hello Mr. Star.

STAR

May I help with those sheets?

TRIXIE

I've got 'em.

STAR

How is Mrs. Garret.

TRIXIE

Still not receiving.

STAR

(polite)

You do tell her I've asked to call.

TRIXIE

(nods)

On commission from Mr. Bullock.
How's business at your store?

STAR

Brisk.

TRIXIE

Good.

She's gone. Off Star, a man who knows when he's been handled --

CUT TO:

25 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

25

Farnum lets himself in. Tip-toes toward the bed.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

The child appears to be asleep on her pallet, though at some point in the scene, when she opens an eye to sneak a peek at Farnum, we'll realize she's faking. Farnum reaches Alma's bedside, the soul of delicacy --

FARNUM

Madam?

She rolls onto her back, stares at him, apparently opium-addled --

ALMA

Yes.

Something promiscuously indifferent in her tone prompts from Farnum a stupid, randy smile --

FARNUM

How are you?

ALMA

Better Mr. Farnum. Thank you.

FARNUM

I'm glad.

ALMA

How are you?

It's too openly inviting, and without the necessary element of shame. As Farnum backs away --

FARNUM

Very well. Thank you. Excuse me.
Left more linens. I'd heard someone
threw up.

He's gone. The little girl raises her head. She liked the game of pretend. Off Alma, in her features some provisional flicker of pride --

CUT TO:

27 INT. THE GEM - WHORES' DRESSING ROOM - DAY

27

Swearengen looks in on Whore #6, who's in a chair beside the window --

SWEARENGEN

You better have a paying dwarf underneath you.

WHORE #6

Am I dying?

He sees that she's crying. Sits beside her --

SWEARENGEN

Turn the fucking water off and tell me what you did. I know you didn't fuck the guy.

WHORE #6

No.

SWEARENGEN

Did you suck his prick?

WHORE

He didn't want to show it to me till he had a hard-on.

SWEARENGEN

That's what you call a mistake of youth.

Which nearly gets a smile out of her --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Did you mug it up with him?

WHORE #6

A little.

SWEARENGEN

French-like or normal?

WHORE #6

(offended)

Normal.

SWEARENGEN

So any hoople-head 'drank from the same glass as this guy did'd have as much right sitting here weeping as you, except I couldn't kick his ass and tell him to get to work.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

She considers Swearengen, wipes her eyes --

WHORE #6

My Mom died of it when we was coming out and that's when my Dad gave us up.

SWEARENGEN

That sad story tells me maybe you got exposed and ain't a candidate for it no more.

He rises --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Stick to hand-jobs for a day or two if you feel like.

He's gone. Off the Whore --

CUT TO:

31 INT. COCHRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Cochran, coming into his place, is startled to find Jane --

COCHRAN

Jesus Christ!

JANE

Did you shit yourself?

COCHRAN

I take it you've been out on a hoot.

JANE

I've been drunk awhile, correct. What the fuck is that to you?

COCHRAN

The question was well-meant. Like if you were a farmer, I'd say "how's the farming going?"

JANE

I did lose my fucking best friend you know.

Cochran nods --

COCHRAN

I know.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

That he is himself so inward and guarded, even in expressing sympathy, is what makes it possible for her to approach him --

JANE

Anyways, I ain't here to teach you any fucking manners. I was wondering about that child.

She looks away --

COCHRAN

She's fine.

She can't meet his eyes --

JANE

And what else.

COCHRAN

She's staying with that widow, and a whore from the Gem is with her too.

JANE

What the fuck is a whore doing with her?

COCHRAN

The widow has her own health problems --

JANE

Is she a fucking dope-fiend? -- because she was hitting that morphine bottle like it was a water-trough.

Cochran resolutely completes his own thought --

COCHRAN

-- and Trixie is taking care of her.

JANE

Trixie being the fucking whore.

COCHRAN

You've got very high standards as applied to other people.

JANE

I ain't judging anyone, I'm seeking information --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

COCHRAN

Well are you adequately informed? --

JANE

Yes I am you cocksucker.

COCHRAN

-- 'cause I'm in the midst of a situation.

Jane considers him --

JANE

The smallpox?

Cochran considers Jane --

COCHRAN

What the fuck is that to you?

JANE

A fella in the woods I see to say hello to has it -- 'less he got it from a trout I'd figure some in the camp to be down with it too.

COCHRAN

What's he doing in the woods.

JANE

Someone threw him there. Anyways he's better now.

COCHRAN

How are you feeling?

JANE

What's that supposed to mean?

COCHRAN

How-do-you-feel?

JANE

Why?

COCHRAN

Jesus Christ. I take it you're feeling well. Am I wrong?

JANE

No you're not fucking wrong.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

COCHRAN

Well that's what I fucking wanted to know.

JANE

I'll lay you out as soon as look at you.

COCHRAN

Here's my point. You've been caring for a sick man who don't seem to've got you sick.

JANE

Who said I was caring for him.

COCHRAN

I did.

JANE

Well ain't you a wise owl.

COCHRAN

And being you have a gift for it, and I'm going to have sick ones up to my hips, I was wondering if you might want to come back to camp.

Jane considers him. Her lower lip begins to quiver --

JANE

My best friend died.

COCHRAN

And he ain't coming back. You want to help me? You can do your drinking off work the way I do.

Off which --

CUT TO:

35	OMITTED MOVED TO SCENE 22	35*
37	OMITTED (MOVED TO THE BEGINNING OF SCENE 50)	37
40	INT. SMITH'S TENT - DAY	40

He's lying on his cot, open-eyed, his back turned to the tent entrance, patient with whatever haunts his gaze. Reacts to Burns' voice --

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BURNS

It's Johnny Burns Reverend.

Smith quickly sits up, turning --

SMITH

How are you Mr. Burns.

BURNS

There's a meeting at the Gem in around an hour Mister Swearengen thought you'd want to come to.

SMITH

At his saloon.

BURNS

Yes Sir.

SMITH

May I ask the meeting's purpose?

BURNS

He don't get into that with me.

SMITH

All right, thank you. Tell Mister Swearengen I'll be there.

BURNS

He's having me get fruit, I know that much.

SMITH

Fine.

Burns is gone. Off Smith, collecting himself with noticeable effort --

CUT TO:

43 OMITTED

43

46 MOVED TO SCENE 57

46

49 INT. BELLA UNION - DAY (FORMERLY SC. 54)

49

They're at the craps table --

ELLSWORTH

'Pears luck pinches-out at this game even quicker'n prospecting.

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS

It can come back that quick too.

Her heart's not in selling him on this, but he's so taken with her she doesn't need to --

ELLSWORTH

Can't weaken, same as in the creek.

The next words seem to escape her --

STUBBS

Do you want to stop awhile
Ellsworth? We can stop.

-- and are heard by Sawyer with deadpan incredulity. Tolliver, a few steps further distant, turns away in disgusted amazement --

ELLSWORTH

What if my luck comes back? -- I won't be here to reap the benefit.

STUBBS

Maybe it'll wait for you.

TOLLIVER

'Course too maybe it won't --

Tolliver's come beside them --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

-- right Joanie?

Tolliver's smiling, holds her eyes --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Maybe you want to stop awhile Honey.
'Need to piss?

He's telling her, if she's going to queer the action, to get away from the table --

STUBBS

(to Ellsworth)

Excuse me.

(to Tolliver)

Did I say that too polite Cy?

TOLLIVER

Go ahead off now.

(MORE)

Tolliver looks to Sawyer as Stubbs walks away --

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED: (2)

49

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Push the bones my way Eddie, would you? -- let's warm the world back up.

Sawyer complies, running in a pair of winning dice to reheat the table. Tolliver collects these and blows on them as he pushes some chips forward --

SAWYER

Coming out.

Tolliver rolls --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Winner seven.

TOLLIVER

Let it ride --
(paws for the dice)
-- and do not detain me.

Tolliver collects the dice and in the same motion tosses them --

SAWYER

(voice rising)

Winner seven, seven a winner.

TOLLIVER

(to Ellsworth)

Get on me fast Young Man, I've got a meeting in fifteen minutes.

ELLSWORTH

Perhaps I'll hazard twenty.

TOLLIVER

Wagons away.

Tolliver rolls again --

SAWYER

Winner seven, seven a winner.

Off which --

CUT TO:

50

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

50

Swearngen's sit-down includes Tolliver, Cochran, Merrick, Farnum, Star, Nuttall and Reverend Smith. Farnum's at Swearngen's ear --

(CONTINUED)

FARNUM

(confidentially)

Trixie did her work and then some Al. Must've put a double-handful of that dope down the widow's throat.

SWEARENGEN

Did you happen to offer on her gold claim?

FARNUM

(lower still)

The moment was wrong. The dope'd made her randy.

Swearengen's eyes narrow with the effort to imagine the scene --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Lustful looks, heavy breathing, out-thrust chest -- the full catalogue.

SWEARENGEN

I only hope you comported yourself as a gentleman E.B.

FARNUM

There was a child in the room.

Swearengen looks to the others as Farnum follows the moral high-road to his seat --

SWEARENGEN

Peaches and pears on the bar, spoon it out amongst yourselves.

He sits, emphasizing his democratic impulses --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

The first thing to say is the plague's in the fucking camp.

COCHRAN

Smallpox. Plague is spread by rats.

SWEARENGEN

I was raised calling it plague, but Doc wants that in reserve in case our luck holds and the rats descend on us too. Whatever you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (2)

50

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
fucking call it, the point is for
no one to throw their fucking
dresses over their heads. You
wait it out. You outlast the
cocksucker. I've outlasted several
fucking outbreaks. Is it pretty? --
no. But it passes. So -- we need
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
a place for them that get it, to
care for 'em and keep 'em out of
sight where they don't frighten
everyone and make 'em disgusted --

STAR
Mr. Bullock and me'll have lumber
left from putting our building up.

SWEARENGEN
A tent's the better impression,
emphasizes it's a passing phase.

COCHRAN
I can operate with a tent.

SWEARENGEN
'Far as vaccine, one place we know
has it's Fort Kearney --

NUTTALL
How do we know that?

SWEARENGEN
Off the fucking issue Tom --

COCHRAN
Bismarck and Cheyenne've probably
got it too.

SWEARENGEN
We should send to all three places,
and with time a factor stage-coaches
ain't the right conveyance. Say
three groups of horsemen, five
riders to a group to fend off the
dirt-worshippers. Say sixty dollars
a rider, ten in advance and fifty
on return.

Farnum's already been doing the computations --

FARNUM
Would be three times five times
sixty Nine hundred dollars at
the worst --
(explanatory to the
others)
-- assuming they all survive.

SWEARENGEN
Add in for the vaccine and paying
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
the Doc, I'd say fifteen hundred's
the target -- I'm in for five.

Swearengen puts the gold or currency on the table --

TOLLIVER
Five hundred.

Tolliver produces his money --

NUTTALL
Two.

-- as does Nuttall --

FARNUM
Two.

-- as does Farnum --

SWEARENGEN
Are you fucking kidding me E.B.?

Farnum amends his tone to suggest he'd been in the
middle of his sentence --

FARNUM
-- hundred fifty.

-- and supplements his contribution.

STAR
Fifty from Bullock and Star.

FARNUM
That hits the target.

Swearengen mutters an explanation directed as much to
himself as anyone else --

SWEARENGEN
Treat the hoople-heads free, that's
cheap good-will.

MERRICK
I'd urge some form of public
announcement in The Pioneer.

SWEARENGEN
Get the jump on the fucking panic-
mongers, and with some sort of
positive angle to it

(CONTINUED)

MERRICK

(to Cochran)

Can you give me five minutes Doc
after the meeting adjourns?

Swearengen offers examples of the appropriate
journalistic tone --

SWEARENGEN

"Vaccine's on the way," or "It
looks to be a mild fucking type."

SMITH

(to Merrick)

It would also be useful to condemn
apocalyptic predictions --

SWEARENGEN

(to Merrick)

Yeah, nip that Sodom and Gomorrah
shit in the bud.

SMITH

-- and stigmatizing the afflicted.

Merrick nods aggressively, taking notes --

COCHRAN

Where will we locate the pest tent?

TOLLIVER

I bought a plot at the end of
Chinks' Alley you can use.

SWEARENGEN

Going to build a joint in future
catering to the Celestials, ain't
you Cy? -- you clever cocksucker.

TOLLIVER

They are the fucking degenerate
gamblers among all the races Al.

STAR

I'll see to recruiting the riders.

SWEARENGEN

(to Farnum, re Star)

Ten a rider advance money.

Farnum's already counting it out --

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (6)

50

FARNUM

(to Star)

If I can get your John Hancock for
receipt of the one-fifty.

SWEARENGEN

(by way of disbanding
the meeting)

There's fruit up there if anyone
didn't get any

As the men rise, Smith has a grand mal seizure, falls
to the floor in convulsion --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Oh for Christ's sake.

Cochran hurries to the Minister, kneels beside him,
supporting the back of his neck --

COCHRAN

All right. All right Reverend.

Cochran's smoothing Smith's forehead --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

Get me something to keep his jaws
open --

Burns has come forward --

BURNS

Fruit-spoon Doc.

SWEARENGEN

Get the fuck away from him Johnny --
he'll break every tooth in his
mouth.

Dority holds the leather sheath out to Cochran from
which he's just removed his murder-knife --

DORITY

Here Doc.

Cochran forces the sheath between the Minister's jaws,
yanks his hand away after getting it bit --

COCHRAN

Shit that always happens.

Merrick hands Cochran his handkerchief --

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (7)

50

MERRICK

I won't claim that's pristine.

Cochran wraps his hand, still smoothing Smith's forehead --

COCHRAN

All right Reverend.

The spasms wracking Smith begin to diminish --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

Doing better Reverend. Easing
off.

SWEARENGEN

(to Star)

Ever seen him do that?

Star shakes his head no. Cochran looks up --

COCHRAN

He'll be all right.

SWEARENGEN

Yeah, I had a fucking brother given
to that. We'd make pennies off it
when it come on him in the street.

Smith's seizure has fully subsided, though he plainly
doesn't register Swearengen's amiably intended words --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Reverend -- you could've just said
"amen."

Off which --

CUT TO:

51

EXT. ON THE TRAIL OF JACK MCCALL - BULLOCK'S POV - DAY

51

He makes out, indistinctly, the features of Charlie
Utter. Utter's ministering to his head-wound, talks
too much and too quickly, gradually coming into focus --

UTTER

The three red hands was three men
killed hand-to-hand -- the red
circle was one killed off horseback.
The lines on the pony's legs was
times the heathen "counted coup."
With them, whether you mean to
kill your man after or you're just
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

UTTER (CONT'D)
showing off, you first hit him
with a gun-butt or a stick or a
club. That's counting coup --
that's why he come for you instead
of picking you off with an arrow
like he did your horse.

BULLOCK
Charlie.

It's the first word Bullock's spoken --

UTTER
There you are. That was a bad
hombre you got by.

BULLOCK
Bill's dead Charlie.

Utter looks away --

UTTER
Of your own seeing?

BULLOCK
Yeah.

A long beat, then he manages --

UTTER
I heard it spoke of two days ago,
but as often as he wasn't before,
I hoped he wasn't this time too.

BULLOCK
I'm after the bastard that did it.

UTTER
Can you ride?

Bullock nods, wincing at the pain the movement causes.
He's noted the pick-axes on one of Utter's pack-horses --

BULLOCK
Let's dig a grave.

UTTER
I'd as soon not waste the fucking
time.

BULLOCK
It won't take us long.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

UTTER
(re the dead Indian)
You ain't doing him no favor. His
way to heaven's above ground and
looking west.

BULLOCK
Let's do that then.

Like Utter, Bullock's working not to get angry; he
moves to turn the Indian in the proper direction --

UTTER
Don't you want to take him over
the ridge to their fucking holy
ground and put him up there with
his headless buddy? That's what
you nearly got killed for,
interfering with his big fucking
medicine.

Bullock's eyes meet Utter's. He finds taking the
dead Indian over the ridge a good idea. As Utter looks
away, shaking his head --

CUT TO:

52 INT. THE GEM - WHORES' LOUNGE - DAY

52

Cochran's sitting with Smith, who shows the effects of
the seizure which overcame him during the meeting to
discuss the plague. Cochran's manner is informal, but
he's methodically about the business of securing Smith's
medical history --

COCHRAN
How's that tea suit you?

SMITH
Excellent. Very refreshing.
Oughtn't we be about the business
of the tent for the afflicted?

COCHRAN
(nods)
That's being looked to Reverend --

SMITH
I'm at your disposal as to their
care, any way I can be of help.

COCHRAN
Once I'm satisfied about your
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
condition I'll load responsibilities
onto you like a pack-mule.

SMITH
I take it I suffered some sort of
convulsion or seizure, perhaps
brought on by irregular hours.

COCHRAN
I see.

Cochran's come forward, peers into Smith's eyes --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
I guess I can expect you'll be
hanging up your shingle soon in
competition with me.

SMITH
(smiles)
No Sir.

COCHRAN
How'd you feel before the spell
come on you.

SMITH
I noticed a peculiar smell in the
air, as if something were burning.

COCHRAN
Was this the first time?

SMITH
No, the first episode was several
days ago after the service for Mr.
Hickok.

COCHRAN
Any between that one and this?

SMITH
No Sir.

COCHRAN
Follow my finger.

He moves his finger across Smith's field of vision --

SMITH
(complying)
Or perhaps I just need glasses.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

Swearengen's looked in --

SWEARENGEN

(to Cochran)

Merrick needs to see you for his
article.

Cochran nods, still considering Smith --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(re Smith)

Prescribe this man several peaches
and send him on his merry way.

Off which --

CUT TO:

54 MOVED TO SC. # 49

54

57 INT. BELLA UNION - HALLWAY OUTSIDE JOEY'S ROOM - DAY 57
(FORMERLY SC. # 46)

Stubbs finds one of her girls outside Joey's sick room --

STUBBS
The money's out front Honey.

TESSIE
Okay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

Stubbs gives Tessie time to pull herself together --

TESSIE (CONT'D)
Spots are coming out all over him.

STUBBS
That don't decide how it ends.

Stubbs glances involuntarily in the direction of the sick- room --

TESSIE
Joey was cherry.

STUBBS
I know.

TESSIE
He didn't want us to do it till he knew how.

Tessie's ready. As they walk toward the front --

STUBBS
You'll do better if the tricks don't think looking at 'em makes you cry.

Which buys from Tessie as close an approximation as she can manage to a smile --

TESSIE
He liked me.

STUBBS
I know Honey.

As Stubbs steers Tessie toward work --

CUT TO:

65

EXT. THE DEADWOOD PIONEER - PRINTING PRESS - DAY

65

Merrick's about to print the day's edition of the Deadwood Pioneer. Swaengen, Tolliver and Cochran have converged on the Newspaperman to advise and consent on the article containing the smallpox announcement --

MERRICK
(reading)
"Two cases of the smallpox have been diagnosed in our camp by Doctor Amos Cochran."

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Doc.

Swearengen directs Cochran's attention to the emergence from the Gem of the Idler, borne on a stretcher by Dority and Burns. Cochran, moving to join them, calls back to Merrick --

COCHRAN

Get "Amos" out of there.

MERRICK

(marking the copy)

Strike "Amos." "At Doctor Cochran's suggestion, a Pest Tent, endowed by the generous retailers of this fine community, is being erected for the afflicted on the South End --

Under which we've seen Cochran leading Dority and Burns through the walk-path beside the Gem toward Chinaman's Alley --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

-- and riders have been dispatched to secure vaccine --"

SWEARENGEN

(over Merrick's shoulder)

Maybe you put there "and they're probably already on their way back."

MERRICK

(teeth gritted)

"The Pioneer is assured of their imminent return."

TOLLIVER

(a sop to Merrick's vanity)

That's catchier.

MERRICK

"Thanks also to the aforementioned merchants, the vaccine will be distributed gratis."

SWEARENGEN

"Free gratis."

MERRICK

"Free gratis" is a redundancy.

(CONTINUED)

Swearengen looks to Farnum, who covers with a cough his explanation of what "redundancy" means --

FARNUM

Repeats itself.

SWEARENGEN

(to Merrick)

Then leave "gratis" out.

MERRICK

What luck for me Al you've such a keen editorial sense.

(huffily marking the copy)

"Distributed free." Period.

Merrick looks around --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

It will take time to reset the type.

SWEARENGEN

Yeah, go ahead.

As Merrick, realizing Swearengen and the others, out of pride of authorship, intend to stick around, commences the revisions, Tolliver moves beside Swearengen --

TOLLIVER

Thanks for not putting stink on me before with the others over that Fort Kearney business.

SWEARENGEN

Okay.

Under which Jane, approaching the Grand Central next door, has paused on noting Swearengen and Farnum. All her fear of Swearengen fuels the preemptively defiant belligerence with which she addresses Farnum --

JANE

I'm back.

FARNUM

Your room has been re-rented.

JANE

Fuck you and fuck your goddamn room. I'm calling on the Widow

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (3)

65

JANE (CONT'D)
and the Little One in her care,
and if I was you or any cocksucker
with you I wouldn't try to stop
me.

FARNUM
Be brief.

JANE
Be fucked.

She heads inside --

FARNUM
(more or less to
himself)
Her gutter-mouth, and the widow in
an opium stupor: a conversation
for the ages.

Off which --

CUT TO:

66 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - STAIRS - DAY

66

Jane, headed for Alma's room, marches up the stairs,
making a point of not looking in the direction of
Hickok's old room; starts in fear as, suddenly, like
Fate itself, the door opens, and a figure emerges.
During the beat it takes Jane, at the head of the
landing, to collect herself, the figure locks the door
of the room, takes up a sample case --

JANE
Hey Fuck-Nut! What you got in
that suitcase?

SALESMAN
Millinery samples, if it's any of
your concern.

JANE
Millinery samples, ain't that
perfect.

SALESMAN
Some women take the trouble to
make a decent appearance.

JANE
Well for your information, Mister
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

JANE (CONT'D)
Millinery Sample Suitcase
Cocksucker, you're staying in the
former room of someone you ain't
fit to lick the boots of --

SALESMAN
Wild Bill Hickok. I pay two dollars
a day extra.

She takes this in, looks away --

JANE
Good luck with your fucking day
selling hats.

She heads toward Alma's room. Off the Salesman,
beginning his descent --

67 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - OUTSIDE ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

67

Jane knocks on the door like a landlord summoning
tenants tardy with rent --

JANE
It's Jane!

Her features, configured in readiness to counter -- if
expressed by an occupant of the room on whose door she
has just knocked -- any of the thousand rebukes or
rejections which play like an anvil chorus constantly
in her head, now transfigure in delight as the child
opens the door --

JANE (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

CHILD
Hello Jane.

JANE
Look at you. Listen to you. Oh
my God in heaven.

The child's opened the door wide; Jane enters the room --

68 INT. ALMA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

68

Trixie's in the corner; it's she who dispatched the child to admit Jane out of some impulse to offer proof of her own good intentions and effectiveness --

TRIXIE

I'm Trixie.

JANE

I think I've seen you.

Some primitive effort at courtesy prompts Jane to feign failure of recollection as to where she's seen Trixie --

TRIXIE

At the Gem.

-- while Trixie's effectively naming herself a whore makes Jane respect her --

JANE

Yeah maybe that's where.

She looks to Alma, who lies in the bed with her legs drawn up, hair in mild disarray, her face damp with sweat --

JANE (CONT'D)

You look like shit.
(to the child)
Owe you a penny.

ALMA

I'm better. And I'm so sorry about Mr. Hickok.

JANE

(averts her gaze)

Yeah.

She smooths the child's hair, not looking at her, finds strength finally to free herself from thoughts of Bill --

JANE (CONT'D)

You ought to get your husband out of that creek.

ALMA

When I feel just a little better.

JANE

Ship him back to New York I guess.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

ALMA

No.

JANE

Anyways, I'm glad to see this Little
One in good condition and talking
to boot --

TRIXIE

Come see her all the time.

JANE

No. I'll be amongst sick people
and if I wasn't I'd be shit-faced

....

(brings herself to
look to the child)

-- but I'm going to carry this
exact recollection of your lovely
mug and put a penny aside every
time I curse and that's my promise
to you and me too we'll see each
other again down the road.

(looks to Alma and
Trixie)

Anyways, so long.

Trixie's nod prompts the child --

CHILD

Good-bye Jane.

The child's up on tiptoes --

JANE

Well good-bye yourself.

-- as Jane leans down to receive her kiss. Off which --

CUT TO:

70

EXT. THE DEADWOOD PIONEER - PRINTING PRESS - DAY

70

Merrick pulls the first copy of the day's edition off
the press, shows it to the others --

MERRICK

Gentlemen. Or should I say "my
fellow authors."

It's the mildest of ironic tones -- Merrick's glad of
the outcome --

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED:

70

SWEARENGEN

Let's see.

He and Tolliver and Farnum consider the finished product --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Tolliver)

I wonder if it should have a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

question mark --
(tone illustrating
the effect)
"The Plague In Deadwood?"

MERRICK

(definitive)
The type is set. You are reading
the finished edition.

Under which Jane has re-emerged --

JANE

I'm done in there -- where would
Doc Cochran have got to.

Her question's directed at Farnum, but Tolliver gives
the answer --

TOLLIVER

South end of Chinaman's Alley.

She follows his gaze to the entrance of the Bella Union,
out of which Tess has just emerged escorting Joey on a
stretcher --

JANE

They'll get me there.

As she moves to join Tess and Joey and those who carry
his stretcher --

JANE (CONT'D)

(to Farnum)
I'll be back for my other pants.

FARNUM

Disposed of as abandoned.

By now Jane's fifteen paces away -- drawn, however
inexplicably, by the magnetism of her good intentions,
Tolliver begins to follow. Swearengen, made sheepish
by the regret he feels at the conclusion of the communal
effort, drifts toward the Gem. Farnum tries to keep
the communal feeling going by scapegoating Jane --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

First story for your next issue
Mr. Merrick -- "Town Drunk Walks
Upright."

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (3)

70

It's offered at volume loud enough for Swearengen and perhaps even Tolliver to hear; but neither reacts, and Farnum too is left with a resumed sense of solitude. Off his wistfulness at which --

CUT TO:

71 INT. BELLA UNION - DAY

71

At the craps table, Sawyer, rolling dice alone, seemingly to amuse himself, looks up as Tolliver enters --

SAWYER
Quite the civic figure Cy.

TOLLIVER
That's me, that's what I live for.

He notes Tess in the corner --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Find out from Joanie how exposed that one got to the kid.

Sawyer bridles slightly, never stops rolling the dice --

SAWYER
Anything else I can ask her for you?

TOLLIVER
Eddie, if I talk to her just now I'll break her fucking jaw.

Sawyer nods acquiescence --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
How happy did we leave that prospector?

SAWYER
He'll be back.

Tolliver primps him a little --

TOLLIVER
You've still got an awful smooth hand Young Man.

SAWYER
Yeah.

TOLLIVER
Practice makes perfect, eh?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

SAWYER

Yeah Cy.

He turns his hand over, shows Tolliver the pair of dice he'd palmed and run into the game earlier --

SAWYER (CONT'D)

And you give a good hand-job yourself.

Sawyer's tone is cold. They don't like each other very much just now. As Tolliver moves off --

CUT TO:

72 INT. THE PEST TENT - DAY

72

Under Cochran's supervision, Dority and Burns situate the Idler --

COCHRAN

Thank you Fellas.

BURNS

Sure Doc.

He manages this despite holding his breath. Burns and Dority make hasty exit. Reverend Smith comes forward to sit beside the sick man, pats his lips with a wet cloth --

SMITH

All right Sir.

COCHRAN

(to Smith)

Are you up to this?

SMITH

Oh yes. I'm right where I'm supposed to be.

Cochran moves to the open flap of the tent --

73 EXT. THE PEST TENT - CONTINUOUS

73

Adorned with numerous signs like "Contagious," "Smallpox," "Keep Away," and one skull-and-crossbones to illuminate the illiterate. Cochran emerges to see Jane, Tess, Joey and his litter-bearers approach --

JANE

Here's another one for you.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

COCHRAN

So I see.

Off which --

CUT TO:

74 EXT. INDIAN BURIAL SITE - DAY

74

From a distance, we see Bullock and Utter raise the body of the Indian Bullock has killed atop the "burial stand" the Indian, before the encounter with Bullock, had himself prepared for his brother, whose decapitated body already rests atop the platform.

The burial stand is a structure about six feet high built of four wooden poles tied together with rawhide. Stretched over the tops of the poles is a buffalo hide strong enough to support the two bodies.

As Bullock and Utter, having executed these burial rites, move to their horses to embark on the pursuit of McCall --

CUT TO:

75 INT. BELLA UNION - STUBBS' BEDROOM - DAY

75

Tolliver comes in on Stubbs. Not that she hadn't expected it, but she still shivers with fear --

TOLLIVER

What the fuck is wrong with you?

STUBBS

I don't know.

TOLLIVER

You better figure it the fuck out Joanie 'cause this free-ride shit's coming to a quick fucking halt.

STUBBS

Free ride.

TOLLIVER

What would you call it?

STUBBS

I earn my way.

TOLLIVER

How? Posing in expensive dresses
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
and breaking up the cat-fights?
Taking trouble to steer the trade?
That don't pay the freight Honey.
You're here to create a fucking
atmosphere. Fucking atmosphere
you create lately? -- "I'm sad."
And then there's your bad days --
"Oh, I'm so sad."

She almost laughs --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Why won't you laugh? -- that'd be
like the fucking sun coming out.

Now she almost cries --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
What is it Sweetheart?

STUBBS
I guess it's coming here.

TOLLIVER
What's wrong with coming here?
You never liked the River that
much. What's wrong with a fresh
start?

STUBBS
How you feel when there isn't one.

TOLLIVER
Well, shit. Stay here -- I'll
bring you back a fucking lollipop.

She nods --

STUBBS
Sorry I cracked on your play with
that prospector.

TOLLIVER
Me and Eddie turned it to a longer
campaign. If he don't get plague
it'll all have a happy end.
(beat)
My worry's you. And my concerns,
and feelings of fucking affection.

STUBBS
Shut up Cy.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

TOLLIVER
Work on believing it Joanie.
That'll be the start you need.

He touches her softly on the cheek with the back of his hand --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
That's the way I always want to touch you. Just like that.

He rises --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Don't make me do it different.

He's gone. Off Stubbs --

CUT TO:

76 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

76

Swearngen's at the bar, the Deadwood Pioneer spread in front of him. He's reading aloud to Dority --

SWEARENGEN
"The Pioneer is assured of their imminent return."

Dority, at a loss for response, draws on the skepticism learned at Swearngen's knee --

DORITY
I'll believe it when I see it.

Swearngen considers him with wounded ire --

SWEARENGEN
"Imminent return" was one of my contributions to the fucking article, the idea for that phrase.

DORITY
That was a good way to put it.

Swearngen indulges some dim and fleeting recollection of the Biblical proverb involving pearls and swine, then returns to his scrutiny of the paper --

SWEARENGEN
"Pest Tent ... being erected on the South End."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(looks up)

How about that fucking Tolliver
buying up property on the q.t.

DORITY

(grins)

Looked like he was struggling with
a shit making his offer to loan
out the lot.

SWEARENGEN

Nonetheless.

(meditative)

The man senses the fucking
possibilities of things. To imagine
at this fucking juncture an emporium
catering to Winks takes brass
fucking balls.

(gaze returning to
Dority)

And yet Tom Nuttall can't stand
the cocksucker. And do you want
to know why? -- because Tom knows
Tolliver's smarter'n he is. Whereas
Tom knows I'm smarter'n he is on
my dumbest fucking day and it don't
bother him at all, because I have
the fucking common touch.

(returns to the paper)

"Gratis," Merrick wanted to put in
there. Is the point to inform
your reader or make him feel like
a fucking dunce? "Free," I had
him put. Or, it could've been
"free gratis," would've made your
point and taught 'em another word.

DORITY

I wish to fuck he'd have news of
the baseball.

Swearengen stares at Dority again -- the saloon owner's
yearning sparing the employee rebuke --

SWEARENGEN

Different path taken at certain
forks in the road, who knows what
kind of fucking joint we'd be in
now.

(MORE)

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK --

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

'Course the truth is, as far as a
base of operation, you cannot beat
a fucking saloon.

Off which --

FADE OUT.

76A INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

76A

Swearengen's at the bar with Dority --

SWEARENGEN

(re Bullock)

When you can't stand sight of the cocksucker he's underfoot, but lead him to a fucking mother-lode, he shuns you. Did he say he was coming over?

DORITY

He was asking would you be in.

SWEARENGEN

Is that an answer? -- 'cause I don't know that fucking means.

DORITY

He did say something about seeing the Widow.

SWEARENGEN

All right -- he'd see her first. That's his fucking priority. But how long does that take?

DORITY

Strike of that size I s'pose there's plans to be made.

SWEARENGEN

And you made it look right? -- like it was Ellsworth 'found it?

DORITY

Yeah, he played it real good.

SWEARENGEN

How'd you come to him as the assayer?

DORITY

I trust him Al and his claim's right adjacent.

Swearengen stares at him --

SWEARENGEN

If this was anyone else Dan, you and me'd pursue this topic the whole way to its fucking conclusion.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

76A CONTINUED:

76A

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

But to demonstrate my absolute faith in you, if I was to assume that whatever Ellsworth saw or didn't see previous, or knows, is put to fucking rest, would I be correct?

A beat, then --

DORITY

Yes Sir.

SWEARENGEN

Good. Now where is this cocksucker?

Miles joins them at the bar --

MILES

I was wondering Sir if I could have the afternoon off. My sister was told of a man looked like our Dad's picture over by Lead.

SWEARENGEN

(distracted)

Sure Kid, go do what you need.

DORITY

Is that why I seen you at the livery renting horses.

MILES

That's right Mr. Dority.

As Miles heads for the door --

SWEARENGEN

Pretty optimistic arranging conveyance before you requested fucking leave.

MILES

It was in hope of your good nature Sir.

Miles exits, past the arriving Bullock --

SWEARENGEN

A free drink, Bullock, for news of E.B. Farnum -- on learning of the widow's luck did he turn face to the wall and die?

(CONTINUED)

76A CONTINUED: (2)

76A

Swearengen pours --

BULLOCK

He threw up.

SWEARENGEN

Stoic -- that shows the man's
fucking dignity.

Bullock tips his glass, drinks, so does Swearengen.
As he refills their glasses --

BULLOCK

She won't be selling.

SWEARENGEN

Of course she won't. I should
think the fuck not, not for any
twenty thousand anyway.

BULLOCK

Appreciate the good faith you
showed, sending along your man and
choosing that assayer.

SWEARENGEN

Did you hear the Heathens have
been called back to the Agency,
and in a spasm of good sense they're
fucking going?

BULLOCK

I heard.

Bullock's reminded of the talk he and Hickok had the
night they worked together on putting up the shell of
the Hardware Store --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Before you know it we'll have laws
here and every other fucking thing.

SWEARENGEN

Hard language but sound thinking.
If a treaty gets signed, you and I
share an interest in getting along.
Tics or habits of behavior either
finds off-putting in the other
have to be seen in that context.
In this matter with the Widow, I
wanted to show you my bona-fides
for cooperation.

(CONTINUED)

76A CONTINUED: (3)

76A

BULLOCK

And that would extend to Mrs.
Garret's future safety?

SWEARENGEN

My word on this -- every day as
the sun sets and the Widow, sitting
on her ass in New York city looks
West and thinks to herself "There
where the sun disappears, so long
as it's no skin off my fucking
nose, God bless each and every one
of the ignorant cocksuckers toiling
and striving mightily to add to my
ever-increasing wealth," she will
be safe from my fucking wiles.

BULLOCK

She's staying.

SWEARENGEN

That cunt!

(wipes his mouth)

Well she'll still be safe, as a
gesture of conciliation to you,
and you can name that as my motive
to her.

BULLOCK

I appreciate the gesture. And in
return, let me confide to you that
Farnum's highest offer was nineteen-
thousand five hundred.

Bullock turns around and leaves. Swearengen wipes his
mouth again --

SWEARENGEN

Where is that fucking whore.

Off which --

CUT TO: