

Director: Gregg Fienberg

Deadwood

“Complications” (Formerly “Difficulties”)

Written by

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Oct. 5, 2004 Pink  
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Oct. 8, 2004 Goldenrod  
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"Complications"

FADE IN:

4 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAWN 4

Overcome by yet another wave of nausea, Alma sits up in bed, grabs the porcelain pitcher on the night stand and vomits into it. She rises from the bed and moves to the doorway to look in on Sofia, who sleeps soundly. Alma rinses her mouth in the wash basin, then, raising her eyes, considers herself in the mirror, after a beat fixes her hair, pulls on a wrap and pinches her cheeks to put color in her face --

CUT TO:

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

Swearengen wakes to find Dority, Burns and Cochran looming over his bed, faces creased with worry --

SWEARENGEN

Boys.

Even as a croak, his voice brings relief to the others. Cochran studies Swearengen with a careful joy --

COCHRAN

How are you?

Dority stares down at Swearengen with undisguised affection --

SWEARENGEN

Did you fuck me while I was out?

DORITY

Hell no.

SWEARENGEN

Then quit looking at me like that.

A relieved Burns emits a burst of nervous laughter --

BURNS

'Cept for talking a little cockeyed,  
Al is back to his accustomed self.

Cochran speaks quickly --

COCHRAN

And what that is, speech, 'crisis  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

like he's went through, Al's body-parts'll show their healing at different rates.

BURNS

You talk cockeyed Boss all you want as long as you want -- just so you're miserable and mean.

SWEARENGEN

(to Cochran)

How cockeyed do I look?

COCHRAN

Appropriately cockeyed, for what you've been through and the fall you took --

SWEARENGEN

Does Bullock look worse?

COCHRAN

Naming your adversary shows your memory's intact --

DORITY

You got to bring all your fucking wiles to bear Al, 'cause developments need interpreting on every fucking front --

COCHRAN

Al's out of the development-interpretation business for the short time-being --

However wishfully, Dority feels he knows better than the physician his master, and what his master needs, nonetheless demonstrates his respect for Swearengen's convalescent state by offering up first the more-or-less lightly humorous and inconsequential --

DORITY

Wu, now, he's being haunted by some giant Celestial, which he's invisible, but Wu knows he's from San Francisco --

COCHRAN

Goddamnit Dan! -- you shut the fuck up so this man can harbor his resources!

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

Swearengen, with great effort, hones in on Dority --

SWEARENGEN

You look around Chink's Alley?  
Any big unfamiliar chinks?

Dority, reprovved, forces a chuckle --

DORITY

It's nothing at all to it Al, I  
told you for a laugh, 'cause of  
fucking excitable Wu.

SWEARENGEN

What else is going on?

Swearengen's voice is weak, his attention engaged.  
Cochran stares daggers at the others --

BURNS

Nothing special.

DORITY

Not a damn thing that can't fucking  
wait Boss. I only said for a  
fucking laugh.

Cochran's mumbo-jumbo about different body parts healing  
at different speed has worked for three or four  
exchanges, but by now, it is clear to Swearengen's  
understanding that, everyone having recognized the  
relative immobility of the right side of his mug, they  
have begun ostentatiously to avoid staring at him --

SWEARENGEN

There's a bell behind the bar.

BURNS

Absolutely.

SWEARENGEN

I do not seek reassurance I ain't  
hallucinating. I know there's a  
bell, I'm telling you I want it  
brought up here.

BURNS

Absolutely Al.

Burns heads for the door. At Cochran's nod, Dority  
follows. Swearengen attempts sitting up, dissembling  
as best he can the partial paralysis of his right arm --

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (3)

5

COCHRAN

You want some water?

SWEARENGEN

Yeah, some fucking water.

Cochran deliberately delivers some water so Swearengen has to reach for it with his right arm. They lock eyes --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

It doesn't work. Don't be a fucking jerk.

Cochran leans close, peers into Swearengen's right eye --

COCHRAN

Your right eye's filled with blood.  
Can you use your right arm at all.

With an effort of will Swearengen lifts his right arm half-way to horizontal --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

That's good, that's a good sign  
Al.

SWEARENGEN

Don't talk to me that way.

COCHRAN

If I lifted your arm and it dropped  
back limp, that would be a bad  
sign.

SWEARENGEN

Do not bullshit me.

COCHRAN

I won't. I think you've had a  
small stroke. Guessing, maybe  
from the strain of that stone.

SWEARENGEN

You keep bullshitting them.

COCHRAN

I will.

SWEARENGEN

If it gets out I'll cut your fucking  
throat, and I wield the blade well  
with my left.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (4)

5

COCHRAN

It will not get out. I'll be back tonight, and not to find you besieged by half-wits.

SWEARENGEN

If I need it you fucking kill me.

COCHRAN

Stop that.

SWEARENGEN

Come upon me no better, you better hope I'm fucking worse, 'cause I wield the blade well with my left.

His speech is more slurred --

COCHRAN

I know Al. So you've said. Don't you put a fucking clock on this.

Cochran rises, smooths Swearengen's forehead. Swearengen does his best to look away. Off which --

CUT TO:

5A

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

5A

Dority and Burns, at the bar, shooting odds and evens for who gets to take the bell to Swearengen --

BURNS

Odds!

Burns wins --

DORITY

Two out of three.

BURNS

Jesus Christ .... Evens!

They shoot, Dority loses --

DORITY

Fuck!

They look up expectantly as Cochran descends --

DORITY (CONT'D)

(explaining)

For who takes the bell up.

(CONTINUED)

5A

CONTINUED:

5A

COCHRAN

Do something for me fellas, would you?

Dority pours himself a drink --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

These after-effects are going to diminish as time passes --

DORITY

I instructed Johnny, we make nothing of it, his eye or crippled arm.

BURNS

I gave it no fucking heed up there, I was fucking intent not to.

COCHRAN

I don't know if I'd even be so fucking intent --

DORITY

Uh-huh.

BURNS

I see.

COCHRAN

I'd give it no heed, more casual-like.

DORITY

Yet you wouldn't let me jolly with him.

COCHRAN

(to a colleague)

I wouldn't give him grist for his mill, 'far as thinking about this or that, and no big fucking deal as to appearance or any other fucking thing, but pure jollyment I think is exactly the right fucking tack.

DORITY

You got it Doc.

COCHRAN

All right. I'll see you later.

DORITY

All right.

(CONTINUED)

5A

CONTINUED: (2)

5A

BURNS  
(calling after)  
He's going to be all right, isn't  
he?

COCHRAN  
Sure he will.

Cochran heads out. Burns indicates Jewel sweeping in  
a corner --

BURNS  
Al wouldn't take to living hindered.

DORITY  
Go ahead and take him the bell.

For someone of Dority's professional stature, it  
wouldn't be appropriate anyway --

CUT TO:

5A1

INT. BELLA UNION - TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - DAY

5A1

Doris and Tolliver. As had been the agreement between  
Tolliver, Stubbs and Maddie, Doris has brought Tolliver  
his share of the proceeds from the operation of the  
Chez Ami, which he's counting as the scene begins. He  
looks up from the gold and currency, the amount of  
which exceeds his expectations, and which therefore,  
as he wishes the project ill, irritates him --

TOLLIVER  
You wouldn't s'pose they'd be  
salting the fucking find over there,  
now would you Doris? -- showing  
old Cy a good time?

As she's been in all the months since Tolliver bought  
her from her mother, Doris is afraid --

DORIS  
I don't know.

TOLLIVER  
You don't know, or you don't  
understand what the fuck I'm talking  
about?

DORIS  
I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

5A1

CONTINUED:

5A1

TOLLIVER

I'm wondering if maybe your new bosses Maddie and Joanie are sending me more'n my proper share, give me a false fucking picture of how their pussy's selling.

DORIS

I don't know.

TOLLIVER

(re money)

'Cause this is fucking heavy action for a operation ahead of itself for decor and location and every other fucking aspect relative to the fucking camp.

She knows better than to answer --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Or do you fucking disagree?

DORIS

It's mostly from just the one trick.

TOLLIVER

Which is who?

DORIS

I don't know his name. They call him "Mister W."

TOLLIVER

What's he look like?

DORIS

I wouldn't know how to say.

TOLLIVER

Ah, you fucking mutt. Is he tall or short?

DORIS

Tall.

TOLLIVER

Thin or fat?

DORIS

Thin. Good-looking, I guess.

TOLLIVER

Clean-shaved or bearded?

(CONTINUED)

5A1

CONTINUED: (2)

5A1

DORIS

Bearded.

Tolliver takes it in --

DORIS (CONT'D)

He threw me into a wall last night.

TOLLIVER

Don't tell me. On what pretext  
Sweetheart.

DORIS

I looked at him.

TOLLIVER

And that was against his  
instructions?

DORIS

He had all the girls facing the  
wall.

TOLLIVER

And you peeked.

She nods --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

And was he manipulating his johnson  
or the like when you turned and  
looked at him.

DORIS

No.

TOLLIVER

Just didn't want you to look.

She nods --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

And was this more or less a push  
to the wall or did he fucking fling  
you violent-like and with more of  
the same in mind.

DORIS

Violent-like.

TOLLIVER

Well that's a man with a problem,  
ain't it Doris?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5A1

CONTINUED: (3)

5A1

She nods --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Mister W. Jesus Christ. Can I be  
that fucking lucky?

He holds out to her a twenty-dollar gold piece --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)  
That's fucking danger-pay, Doris,  
and thanks for taking the duty.

DORIS  
If I gave you the twenty and twenty  
more would you let me out of it?

TOLLIVER  
No Darling. Turn your pretty little  
ass around and get back over there.

Off which --

CUT TO:

5A2

INT. CHEZ AMI - BATH - MORNING

5A2

Carrie's in a bath. Stubbs enters with a pail of hot  
water --

STUBBS  
Warm it up?

CARRIE  
Thank you.

Stubbs pours in the water --

STUBBS  
How did you sleep Carrie?

CARRIE  
All right I guess. How did you  
sleep?

STUBBS  
All right.

CARRIE  
Are you guessing?

STUBBS  
I guess I'm guessing.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5A2

CONTINUED:

5A2

Stubbs holds up a washcloth --

STUBBS (CONT'D)

Do your back?

CARRIE

Thank you.

Stubbs begins to wash the girl's back --

CARRIE (CONT'D)

My trick got you upset.

STUBBS

I was in with him the night before.  
I guessed he took to watching.

CARRIE

How did that work out?

STUBBS

Guess he don't. Or anyway not  
that night. Or maybe just not me.

CARRIE

Do you want to know what I do with  
him?

STUBBS

If you want to say.

CARRIE

I get him off through his pants.

STUBBS

Ah.

CARRIE

Acting like my hand's my snatch.

STUBBS

Reaching around behind you?

CARRIE

Behind and between my legs.

STUBBS

Through his pants.

CARRIE

Yeah.

STUBBS

You don't put your hand inside?

(CONTINUED)

5A2

CONTINUED: (2)

5A2

CARRIE

Nope.

STUBBS

Are you naked?

CARRIE

Dressed, except for my stockings.

STUBBS

Talk any special way?

CARRIE

I remind him not to hit me.

A beat --

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Do you want to be writing this  
down?

Stubbs laughs uneasily --

CUT TO:

5B

INT. BLACK HILLS PIONEER - DAY

5B

Jarry enters --

JARRY

I take you for the man in charge.

Merrick, seeing the new face in town, extends his hand  
jovially --

MERRICK

A.W. Merrick Sir. Owner-publisher,  
editor-in-chief, and for the moment  
sole reporter.

They shake --

JARRY

Hugo Jarry. County commissioner,  
appointed by Governor Pennington.

MERRICK

Of this county.

JARRY

Yes.

MERRICK

Has our county a name?

(CONTINUED)

5B

CONTINUED:

5B

JARRY  
Lawrence County.

(CONTINUED)

5B

CONTINUED: (2)

5B

MERRICK

I see. Well. Thank you for that information, and congratulations. Lawrence County.

Jarry inhales deep --

JARRY

Ink.

MERRICK

Yes.

JARRY

My father was a newspaper man. Lowell Sentinel-Bee. I was raised among these contraptions.

MERRICK

Were you.

He doesn't like this guy --

JARRY

Great respect for the fourth estate. Here's the statement to print --

Jarry hands it to Merrick, who begins to read aloud --

MERRICK

'As to ownership of the claims in the newly constituted County of Lawrence, as annexed to the Dakota Territory, a presumption of legitimate title shall obtain for claims filed, or staked according to custom, and worked actively and continuously prior to amendment of the treaty with the Sioux Nation, September 1876. This presumption shall be subject to qualification, according to mitigating facts.'

Merrick looks up --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

If I discern its meaning correctly, this statement means ... nothing.

JARRY

The statement continues.

It's not clear if Jarry is responding to Merrick or ignoring him.

(CONTINUED)

5B

CONTINUED: (3)

5B

Merrick finishes reading the document aloud --

MERRICK

'New title will be awarded on claims to which title is denied, at set prices, via lottery, as conducted by the county commissioner, at times and locations to be publicly announced.'

JARRY

I'll be grateful if that goes in your next edition.

MERRICK

I must tell you Commissioner, even with that last bit added, what exactly will or won't qualify or mitigate the presumption of ownership eludes me.

JARRY

I didn't realize that was a bar the statement had to hurdle.

MERRICK

But oughtn't the governing principle be available to the public's understanding.

JARRY

Interesting. Worth a long, lingering meditation.

MERRICK

Perhaps we could meditate together. Would you have time now for an interview?

JARRY

No Sir I have not.

MERRICK

In the absence of some accompanying explanation Commissioner, this statement may work a very unsettling effect.

JARRY

Are there many uneasy consciences in your camp?

(CONTINUED)

5B

CONTINUED: (4)

5B

MERRICK

Clear conscience does not always  
guarantee clear title.

JARRY

In any case, Sir, as commissioner  
of this county, and bidding you  
good-day, I present you this  
statement, to be printed in your  
paper as organ of record in this  
camp.

Jarry's gone. Off a troubled Merrick --

CUT TO:

6

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - BUFFET - DAY

6

Farnum, haggard with not having slept, paces, rehearsing  
a speech --

FARNUM

Madam. In the chambers of my heart  
beats a love for every crooked  
timber of this shit-box of a  
structure ... this building, its  
warped floor-boards and rickety  
chairs ....

A clatter from the kitchen --

RICHARDSON (O.S.)

Fie!

FARNUM

Why, even in Richardson, my chef,  
my eyes see not the debased beast  
identified by others, but a beloved  
household pet somehow walking  
upright ... see in Richardson a  
half-witted child, nonetheless  
adored ....

Richardson emerges from the kitchen holding an iron  
pot dripping stew --

RICHARDSON

I saved a lot -- I'll mop the rest  
in a moment.

Farnum wheels at a creak on the stairs, recognizing  
Alma --

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

FARNUM

Mrs. Garret -- the very subject of  
my thoughts.

ALMA

May I borrow Richardson please,  
Mister Farnum, to see me on an  
errand.

Richardson's eyes widen. His lucky day. He smooths  
his several wisps of hair with wetted palm --

FARNUM

Would you prefer other company  
Ma'am? -- less ... mysterious?

ALMA

No Mister Farnum.

FARNUM

Richardson! Go with Mrs. Garret!

ALMA

Thank you Mister Farnum.

FARNUM

(to Richardson)

Eyes down.

Richardson nods. He and Alma exit. After a beat,  
Farnum resumes his rehearsal --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Therefore Madam, as to your generous  
offer to purchase my hotel, I must  
gratefully decline.

Farnum looks up, to his Muse, one eye cocked; after a  
beat, when the vicious Cunt has given him no sign, he  
goes to the window to spy --

FARNUM'S POV - THE THOROUGHFARE

Alma stands alone, outside The Gem --

FARNUM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

My God! -- has Richardson made her  
wait while he throws back a  
whiskey?! The bald selfishness of  
it! -- admirable.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. THE GEM - DAY

7

Richardson emerges, rejoins Alma --

RICHARDSON  
(to Alma)  
Trixie's to the hardware store,  
the Big One said.

ALMA  
May we go there then Richardson?  
Have you time?

RICHARDSON  
Yes. I only have stew to mop before  
lunch.

They walk a piece --

RICHARDSON (CONT'D)  
I like you.

Alma considers the implications of this, then --

ALMA  
Thank you Richardson.

RICHARDSON  
You're pretty.

ALMA  
Thank you very much. Probably  
that's all either of us needs to  
say on that subject, ever again.

They arrive at the hardware store --

ALMA (CONT'D)  
I'm uncertain how long I may be,  
so I'll send you back to the hotel.

She gives him several gold coins. He has them in his  
hand, though he doesn't seem to notice --

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Richardson, and good-  
bye.

She enters the hardware store --

RICHARDSON  
It's like seeing a nice daisy every  
day.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

Off Richardson, lingering a last beat, then heading back to the hotel --

CUT TO:

8 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY 8

The business day just begun. Bullock behind the cash counter, Star replenishing inventory, his back to the door, Trixie, seated at the back desk with an account book, having just failed to match two columns of numbers --

TRIXIE

Cunt!

Looking up defiantly, first at Bullock, then Star, she notes Alma standing mesmerized at the door --

ALMA

Good morning.

TRIXIE

(rising)

Good morning.

ALMA

May we have a private word?

In unison Bullock and Star make preliminary, panicky moves toward Star's bedroom. Trixie looks at them with everlasting contempt as she crosses the floor --

TRIXIE

Going out for a smoke.

She joins Alma, who musters a weak-voiced valediction --

ALMA

Gentlemen.

The women exit --

9 EXT. OUTSIDE HARDWARE STORE - CONTINUOUS 9

They're outside --

TRIXIE

Are you knocked up?

What Alma nearly is is knocked over --

ALMA

Why would you ask?

(CONTINUED)

Trixie lights a cigarette --

TRIXIE

You wouldn't've come here first --  
'means first you went to The Gem,  
where you never yet stepped foot  
in.

ALMA

I sent in Richardson.

TRIXIE

Meaning first you crossed the  
thoroughfare with him, opening the  
possibility you're only puking  
from the company you keep --

ALMA

I think I am pregnant.

TRIXIE

So they tell him who tells you  
"she's here at the hardware store  
learning accounts," meaning all  
you have to brave to get to me is  
the selfish cocksucker that got  
you in the way.

ALMA

I think I am.

TRIXIE

We make tea. Pennyroyal and cohosh.  
If that's what you come to find  
out.

ALMA

I might very well die in delivery.

TRIXIE

Holy cow.

ALMA

I meant to say, more likely than  
other women, I might die, because  
an ailment when I was little shaped  
me for difficulty at childbirth.

Trixie, regretting the hard tone she's taken, takes a  
harder tone still --

TRIXIE

Why not take your tale of woe to  
the Doc?

(CONTINUED)

ALMA

I feel, possibly unfairly, that  
Doctor Cochran judges me.

Alma's trying not to cry --

TRIXIE

Lucky then you come to me, that  
takes you to my bosom and smooths  
your hair and tells you all will  
be well.

Trixie puts out her cigarette --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

I can tell you this much Mrs. Garret --  
if you take the tea, lay plenty of  
dope in beforehand, 'cause I've  
killed seven and every bleeding-  
out I laced on good and tight and  
for a good long fucking while after --  
the body-pain goes but not the  
fucking other, not for months and  
months.

Trixie wipes her nose --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

'Course you got the one with you,  
so maybe it'd be different.

ALMA

I want children of my own.

A beat --

TRIXIE

Let me finish my Jewish lessons  
here, and then come find you.

ALMA

Thank you very much. Thank you  
Trixie.

TRIXIE

All right.

ALMA

My name is Alma.

TRIXIE

I know your name.

She goes back inside.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3) 9

Off Alma, starting toward the Grand Central alone --

CUT TO:

10 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - SILAS ADAMS'S ROOM - DAY 10

Adams knocks on his door. Smooths his hair. Waits.  
The door opens, revealing Miss Isringhausen, to whom  
he's given his room --

ADAMS  
Miss Isringhausen.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN  
Mister Adams.

ADAMS  
May I collect a change of clothes?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN  
Of course.

He moves toward the bureau --

ADAMS  
I hope you slept well.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN  
I'm mortified to say I did.

ADAMS  
Mortified?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN  
For having done so at the cost of  
your comfort.

ADAMS  
I sleep anywhere Ma'am. I'm like  
a dog in that regard. We don't  
want you murdered in your bed.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN  
Perhaps it was irrational, my being  
so afraid.

ADAMS  
That ain't a test fear's got to  
pass.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN  
I know she's had others done for.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

ADAMS

So you said.

He's removed his one clean shirt from the bureau --

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Anyways.

She advances on him --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

May I know your given name?

ADAMS

Silas. If I remember correct.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

You've shown charity to one among strangers Silas, giving her great solace.

ADAMS

Thank you. Or you're welcome, I guess.

She's pretty close now. He swallows hard --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Thank you Silas --

She takes his hand, puts it on her breast --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)

-- and you're welcome.

Adams studies Miss Isringhausen, considering every possible interpretation of her gesture other than the one toward which his own sinfully lascivious nature has contemptibly leapt, but none do the job; he makes bold to mug it up with her --

CUT TO:

12

EXT. LIVERY STABLE - DAY

12

Samuel Fields, wearing a dusty and incomplete impression of a Union General's field uniform, dismounts a horse long written off as lost by the livery stable's owner, Hostetler, who angrily takes the animal's bridle from Fields --

HOSTETLER

You was to have this horse one week --

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

FIELDS

Nugget's sound and spoiled, been livin' on peppermints and apples in the private stables of a San Francisco dry-goods Big-Shot.

Hostetler's examining the animal carefully, running his hands down its legs to feel for heat --

HOSTETLER

-- makes you owing for seventeen weeks additional.

Fields follows Hostetler as he leads the horse back into the stable and situates it in a stall --

FIELDS

Delivered emerald earrings to Missus Big-Shot, and a diamond bracelet and matching choker to Mister Big-Shot's mistress --

HOSTETLER

Four dollars a week times seventeen.

Hostetler puts the figures on a chalkboard and begins to cypher. Fields produces a roll of money from his watch pocket, peels off a bill and hands it to Hostetler --

FIELDS

Cypher the result against this hundred.

Hostetler inscribes the figure on his chalkboard --

HOSTETLER

A hundred dollars, take away sixty-eight dollars owing --

FIELDS

Put the balance toward our future trade.

Hostetler continues to write --

HOSTETLER

Nigger General, thirty-two dollars credit.

FIELDS

I hope I didn't mistake myself there in California, or misdeliver at that fucking opera house.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

Hostetler picks up a rake, though he doesn't start raking --

FIELDS (CONT'D)

If I confused between the missus and the mistress who was supposed to get the earrings and who was supposed to get the choker, when he gets back to San Francisco that Big-Shot may have hell to pay.

Hostetler permits himself a secret amusement --

HOSTETLER

Where's the dry-goods Big-Shot at now?

FIELDS

Setting up a outlet in Elizabethville, and fucking himself a squaw.

HOSTETLER

Being you was away, maybe now's a chance to take that uniform off.

FIELDS

If I do, who's to know I'm the Nigger General?

HOSTETLER

By your own telling you was never in no union army, let alone no fucking general. And this ain't time or place to be drawing people's attention, even for a goddamn fool.

FIELDS

Yeah I keep missing that time and place. It must be my goddamn foolishness.

Now Hostetler starts raking --

HOSTETLER

You better let me clean my stalls.

Off which --

CUT TO:

12A

INT. DOC COCHRAN'S CABIN - DAY

12A

A perfunctory bang on the door, then Trixie barges in --

(CONTINUED)

12A

CONTINUED:

12A

TRIXIE

Congratulations Doc, on your high-and-holy bullshit! It's water off a duck to some, but others still got feelings!

Cochran assumes she's talking about Swaengen --

COCHRAN

I hardly meant to exclude you, Trixie, 'specially as you assisted so invaluablely. Sparing chapter and verse, I'd say he's progressing satisfactorily.

TRIXIE

Like I lack my own fucking sources 'far as that one's condition.

COCHRAN

Of whom then are we fucking speaking?

TRIXIE

One as might die in childbirth more likely than us lucky others, but so sponged-down in your disapproval when she was kicking the fucking dope she's afraid now to seek your care.

It takes Cochran a beat to digest this --

COCHRAN

I'll call on her.

TRIXIE

On some other fucking pretext.

COCHRAN

All right.

Trixie nods, heads for the door --

TRIXIE

Mighty fucking big of you Doc.

He calls after her --

COCHRAN

You have as miserable a disposition as your employer.

(CONTINUED)

12A

CONTINUED: (2)

12A

TRIXIE

I ain't exclusive to him no more!

She's gone. Off Cochran, putting his bag together for a house call --

CUT TO:

13

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - DAY

13

The Nigger General, looking to get his load on, and understanding the strictures in the camp, as applied to him, concerning the securing of spirits, notes with interest, in passing Utter Freight and Mail, Jane, shit-faced, in possession of a half-full whiskey bottle --

FIELDS

Hey now Miss Lady --

He holds out a fistful of currency --

FIELDS (CONT'D)

How much you want for that bottle?

Jane squints at him --

JANE

What the fuck are you s'posed to be?

He thinks she refers to his color --

FIELDS

The currency spends, Ma'am.

JANE

Is that some dilapidated-type fucking uniform? I scouted for fucking Custer --

FIELDS

A great man, that would've wanted you to sell me that bottle.

JANE

He was no great fucking man. He was a long-haired cocksucker that could've saved many lives by more drinking, and stop being so fucking ambitious, and many still fucking above-ground, and not scalped by the fucking heathens and their guts spread over the Plains. You're a nigger, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

FIELDS

For a fact.

JANE

My name's Jane.

FIELDS

I am the Nigger General Fields,  
private transporter of love-gifts  
and letters.

She holds out the bottle --

JANE

Want a drink?

FIELDS

I want to buy that bottle from  
you.

JANE

Well you ain't buying it, but you're  
welcome to a fucking drink --

FIELDS

Thank you.

Fields looks around him as he takes a swig from the  
bottle --

JANE

And don't fucking look around  
because I don't care who sees a  
nigger drinking with me, or drinking  
from my bottle, or how stupid his  
fucking outfit is.

Fields points to his shoulder patch --

FIELDS

This is the epaulette of a union  
army general.

Jane raises up on a haunch --

JANE

This is the ass of a drunken shit-  
bird.

She offers him the bottle again --

JANE (CONT'D)

Finish this with me if you can sit  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED: (2)

13

JANE (CONT'D)  
beside someone and not stink or  
fart.

He drinks, sits beside her --

FIELDS  
I will cut the odd fart but I've  
never noticed they stink.

JANE  
I got the self-same gift.

Off which --

CUT TO:

13A

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY (FORMERLY SCENE 16)

13A

After having listened to Sofia's heart, Cochran puts  
away his stethoscope. Alma stands watching --

ALMA  
Her bearing gives you suspicions  
as to her health?

COCHRAN  
None at all. My notes have it  
near a year since her last exam --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)  
with the daylong lull between  
gunfights I thought I'd have a  
look.

ALMA  
I see.

COCHRAN  
And she's coming along beautifully.

Alma brushes the girl's hair with her hand. Cochran  
indicates the adjoining room --

ALMA  
Excuse us Darling.

They move to the next room --

ALMA (CONT'D)  
I'm not giving her too many sweets?

(CONTINUED)

13A

CONTINUED:

13A

COCHRAN

I measure excess in that area by erratic disposition.

ALMA

Sofia has a beautiful evenness of temper.

COCHRAN

Then your spoiling's likely within limits.

When employing tactics of indirection, Cochran tends to scrunch up his nose --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

As I've cared for you as well, shall I ask after your health also.

Their eyes hold, then Alma, suspecting Trixie may have tipped Cochran, and feeling disempowered in consequence, finds what control she can in refusing to confide --

ALMA

I continue relieved of the weakness you treated me for.

COCHRAN

Anything else to report?

It's more brusque than he'd've wished, and the brusqueness has its effect --

ALMA

No.

He wishes he were a better person --

COCHRAN

Or that you might wish to discuss?

She wishes she were better too, that rather than nourishing resentments she could release them --

ALMA

No Doctor.

Cochran takes it all in --

COCHRAN

I am a poor vessel Madam, even for the paltry cargo I bear. If my previous efforts at your care have  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13A

CONTINUED: (2)

13A

COCHRAN (CONT'D)  
given offense, I apologize -- I  
find myself intolerable most of my  
waking hours.

ALMA  
Thank you for examining Sofia.

He prepares to leave --

COCHRAN  
Folk-wisdom and remedies known to  
others in the camp are often quite  
adequate to the requirements of  
health. Trixie, for example, is a  
stalwart and reliable source for  
these. However, I have some  
particular competence as to the  
implications of anatomical  
anomalies, congenital or consequent  
to previous illness, and I'd hope,  
should circumstances dictate, you'd  
avail yourself of this,  
notwithstanding my idiosyncrasies  
and defects of character.

A beat --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)  
Please.

Off which --

CUT TO:

14

INT. BELLA UNION - TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Tolliver watches Wolcott examine the bills of sale for  
claims bought in Hearst's silent interest --

TOLLIVER  
My experience Mister Wolcott, come  
to making restitution for others'  
outlays, the rich can be tardy.

Without looking up, Wolcott produces an envelope which  
he places on the desk and covers with his hand --

WOLCOTT  
I'm just satisfying myself my  
employer will be getting what he's  
paying for.

Tolliver indicates the pile --

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

TOLLIVER

Bills of sale drawn good and legal,  
signatures genuine and witnessed.

With seeming joviality, Tolliver, noting Parisse's  
approach with the Commissioner, gestures invitation --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Join us Commissioner.

JARRY

Gentlemen.

TOLLIVER

(to Wolcott, re Jarry)

First underwater blow-job last  
night.

Which means to embarrass Jarry and throw him off-stride  
and accomplish Jarry's demotion in Wolcott's eyes.  
Jarry, to regain ground, addresses Tolliver in a tone  
tough-minded and businesslike --

JARRY

Notice about the claims is in your  
newspaper publisher's hands. For  
a fat man he's rather reedy.

It gets Wolcott's attention --

WOLCOTT

"Reedy" in what sense.

JARRY

Of being a sentimentalist.

WOLCOTT

State your meaning clearly.

Jarry makes a show of turning away from Tolliver and  
addressing only Wolcott --

JARRY

That the Yankton statement might  
cause unease among the local claim-  
holders as to the security of their  
titles, Mister Merrick found  
personally distressing. He found  
it wrong and unfair.

WOLCOTT

Was he looking for a bribe?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

JARRY

He was not. I have a nose for that. In any case, he's manageable. I quite stared him down.

Leon comes in --

TOLLIVER

Just chewing the fat in here Leon, barge right the fuck amongst us.

LEON

Mister Merrick posted that statement outside his office Mister Tolliver --

JARRY

(pleased with himself)  
Put an Extra out, did he?

LEON

No edition of the paper at all. Just the statement on a post, and people are fucking riled.

JARRY

"Riled" or frightened?

LEON

Riled Sir --

Tolliver's on his feet --

TOLLIVER

That's a type of unsettlement we ain't necessarily after.

LEON

(re Jarry)  
Wanting to know where he's at, and who the fuck he thinks he is.

TOLLIVER

You want to "manage" this, Commissioner, or shall I?

WOLCOTT

Go on Tolliver.

Jarry looks away. Tolliver heads for the door --

TOLLIVER

Maybe take another bath.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3) 14  
Off which --

CUT TO:

14A EXT. DEADWOOD PIONEER - DAY 14A  
Merrick watches the prospectors gathered out front to read Jarry's posted statement --

JUBAL

What in fuck's that word s'posed to mean?

MERRICK

"Mitigating," as applied to a presumption, would mean to lessen, or soften, strength, or rigor.

Steve doesn't like the way Merrick talks, but keeps his focus --

STEVE

It's "soft" then we own claims we've worked near a year, and this Commissioner that give you the statement ain't man or considerate enough to say so to us face-to-face.

(to Merrick)

Yes or fucking no in English.

MERRICK

I do not connect myself with this notice Sir beyond publishing it for scrutiny -- and that not under my paper's masthead -- for I believe, absent explanation the Commissioner could have provided by granting an interview, or being present to elucidate, in its very ambiguity the statement is provocative.

STEVE

I ought to punch you in the fucking nose.

Which brings to the mug of Johnny Burns, who's been watching from the porch of The Gem, a look of concern --

MERRICK

Why would you punch me?

(CONTINUED)

14A

CONTINUED:

14A

As Burns enters the saloon, to solicit counsel from wiser minds --

STEVE

You had him here, didn't you? --  
to give you the fucking words to  
print on your fucking machine.

MERRICK

Which is short of saying I could  
have forced him to a purpose of my  
own.

STEVE

Show me where the cocksucker's at --  
I won't fall short of force.

ANGLE - STAR

who's been watching from just outside the hardware store, and notes Tolliver and Leon moving toward the office of the Pioneer, and decides that Bullock, who's gone home for lunch, should be notified of the drift of things, and heads toward Bullock's house to notify him --

RESUME - THE PIONEER

as Tolliver reaches the crowd --

TOLLIVER

Who convened the meeting Boys?

Steve indicates the posted statement --

STEVE

New county commissioner give Merrick  
a fucking "statement" mitigating  
us into an ass-fucking.

TOLLIVER

Ouch.

STEVE

Put me from a claim I worked near  
a year, they'll need more'n words  
on paper.

As Tolliver begins silently to peruse the statement --

CUT TO:

14B INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

14B

Swearengen's in bed. Jewel's tidying. Dority's nearby --

JEWEL

-- and then I yelled "break down the fucking door Dan."

SWEARENGEN

So it's you gets docked for the broken fucking door and hinges.

A breathless Burns enters --

BURNS

Doc said only what would jolly you Al, but I believe Mister Merrick might be in the fucking soup.

DORITY

You got a yawning fucking chasm of a mouth on you Johnny.

BURNS

(to Swearengen)

Fucking county commissioner had Mister Merrick post notice, title on the claims to get decided case by case.

SWEARENGEN

(evenly)

The county commissioner's in camp.

BURNS

Yep. And that hoople-head Steve's about to punch Merrick for putting the notice up, and I know you've got a liking for Merrick.

SWEARENGEN

I want you to stop thinking now Johnny. Do not think, and only answer the question I'm going to ask you.

BURNS

Yes Sir.

SWEARENGEN

Where is the Commissioner now?

BURNS

The Commissioner or Mister Merrick.

(CONTINUED)

14B

CONTINUED:

14B

SWEARENGEN

The Commissioner Johnny. Where is the Commissioner?

BURNS

The Bella Union, he's moved over.

SWEARENGEN

Jesus fucking Christ.

Dority gives Burns a covert "OK" sign, accompanied by a wink and followed by a thumbs-up --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Get Bullock.

DORITY

Bullock.

SWEARENGEN

Bullock. Get Bullock.

DORITY

Yes Sir.

Dority's gone. Burns is satisfied he's gauged the situation's potential seriousness correctly --

BURNS

May call for the Sheriff, eh Al? -- fisticuffs 'tween Merrick and Steve?

SWEARENGEN

So many put the Yellowstone atop the natural wonders Johnny -- for me there's only you.

INTERCUT TO:

14B1

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - DAY (FORMERLY SECOND HALF OF SC. 14A)

14B1

Resume the crowd at the poster, watching Tolliver digest the notice's contents --

TOLLIVER

(affably)

Reads to me they're inclining toward the present title-holders.

STEVE

But then they start to fucking mitigate.

(CONTINUED)

14B1 CONTINUED:

14B1

TOLLIVER

(keeps reading)

Yeah they do get to mitigating  
this last part.

(turns)

I guess my question's: who of us  
here didn't know what government  
was before we came? Wasn't half  
our purpose coming to get shet of  
the cocksucker?

ANGLE - DORITY

exiting The Gem, heading for the hardware store --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

And here it catches up to us again,  
to do what's in its nature -- lie  
to us and confuse us and steal  
what we come to by toil and being  
lucky just once in our fucking  
lives.

ANGLE - STAR AND BULLOCK

who've left Bullock's house, heading toward the center  
of the camp --

RESUME - TOLLIVER

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

If we're going to be surprised at  
that, Boys -- government being  
government -- will we next be  
shocked by the rivers running and  
the trees casting fucking shade?

ANGLE - DORITY, STAR AND BULLOCK

conversating --

RESUME - TOLLIVER

rubbing his jaw --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Look, I have said before, and still  
fucking say -- those of a mind,  
make a price on your claims, get  
out from under uncertainty. And  
that's from no fucking goodness on  
my part, or no fucking charity  
either.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14B1 CONTINUED: (2)

14B1

ANGLE - BULLOCK, STAR AND DORITY

Bullock and DORITY head for The Gem as Star returns to the hardware store. Farnum, having emerged onto the porch of his hotel, watches the armada moving into battle without him --

RESUME - TOLLIVER

-- with ever-deepening conviction --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

I am past picking up again. The spot might be wrong, but here's where I'm making my stand. And I'll also say, for being a fucking commissioner, this Jarry don't seem a bad sort, under the limits of what he is.

STEVE

Wait a minute. That means you've been fucking talking to him.

Tolliver seems to bridle --

TOLLIVER

When in fuck did I say I wasn't?

Darrow never closed on his prey with Steve's merciless precision --

STEVE

I am asking you where the fuck he is, and is he at your fucking joint?

TOLLIVER

And I am telling you "yes," and making no fucking apologies, and saying one more question in that tone will collect you a broken jaw.

STEVE

I don't need another question, because I have located the fact I was seeking, which is the fucking Commissioner's whereabouts, and whoever wants can come with me.

(CONTINUED)

14B1 CONTINUED: (3)

14B1

As Tolliver gestures some vague acknowledgement of having been bested, Steve heads for the whorehouse casino, perhaps imagining an earlier incarnation in which he now would be removing his powdered wig after successful pleadings at chancery. Jubal and his cohorts follow him. Tolliver's already nodded to Leon, who's on his way to the Bella Union, a few steps ahead of the crowd --

MERRICK

A dangerous turn Mister Tolliver.

TOLLIVER

Yes. Temper loosened my tongue.

Off which --

CUT TO:

14B2 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - DAY - ON SWEARENGEN

14B2

-- propped up in bed, supported by pillows --

SWEARENGEN

You've got gall, come before me so nearly healed.

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE --

Bullock --

BULLOCK

Are you all right?

Swearengen gestures to himself lefthanded --

SWEARENGEN

On the fucking mend, and that's all we need fucking say of it. What do you know of this new commissioner?

BULLOCK

His notice on the claims has people pissed off.

SWEARENGEN

I would not want that cocksucker harmed.

BULLOCK

I don't intend him any.

(CONTINUED)

14B2 CONTINUED:

14B2

SWEARENGEN

And don't be fucking clever with me. He's allied with Tolliver, are you aware of that?

BULLOCK

No.

SWEARENGEN

Bed-ridden I know more than you. The point is, if their man's allied with Tolliver, and comes to fucking harm, between the hooples and me, who's Yankton going to put it on?

BULLOCK

You.

SWEARENGEN

Do they understand how much of what happens is people being stupid and drunk, and finding something to blame besides that for their lives being totally fucked? No, they don't --

BULLOCK

Yankton.

SWEARENGEN

Yankton, correct, because they're too busy stealing to study human nature.

Swearengen's voice has risen to such an extent that a worried Burns looks in --

BURNS

Did you ring Al?

Swearengen picks up the bell and rings it --

SWEARENGEN

That's what the fucking bell sounds like, did you hear that fucking sound?

BURNS

No.

SWEARENGEN

Then get the fuck out.

(MORE)

Burns exits. Swearengen stares at Bullock --

(CONTINUED)

14B2 CONTINUED: (2)

14B2

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

And, being both of you are  
government officials, you and him  
ought to fucking look out for each  
other. Sheriff.

Off which --

CUT TO:

14C INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

14C

Steve and the other camp academicians, in a half-circle  
outside the cashier's cage, in colloquy with  
Commissioner Jarry, who, standing within, exerts his  
considerable charisma to control the discourse. Wolcott  
on the gaming floor to one side. Stapleton and Leon  
are also present, and the Bella girls, and some gamblers --

JARRY

Had you vision as well as sight,  
you'd recognize in me not only a  
man but an institution as well,  
and the future.

STEVE

Fuck you, fuck the institution,  
and fuck the future.

JARRY

You do not fuck the future Sir.  
The future fucks you.

STEVE

Come out from that cage, you  
billiard-ball looking cocksucker.

JARRY

I do not take orders from hooligans.

STEVE

Come out, we'll see if them cappers  
choose you to watch or Tolliver's  
fucking money.

ANGLE - STAPLETON

addressing Leon --

STAPLETON

Not a chancy call.

RESUME - THE CASHIER'S CAGE AND ENVIRONS - ON JARRY

(CONTINUED)

14C

CONTINUED:

14C

whose upper lip, but for the atavism of a reptilian cold-bloodedness, would be beaded with sweat --

JARRY

Should you impede my progress Sir,  
were I to attempt leaving this  
cage, you would seal your Fate as  
irrevocably as the Tyrant crossing  
the Rubicon.

STEVE

(to Jubal)

Is he asking to suck my prick?

JUBAL

(to Jarry)

Why don't you just explain the  
fucking statement Commissioner  
'far as us keeping title to our  
claims?

JARRY

I will explain nothing under duress.

It's the final provocation --

STEVE

Have you ever lived a day in your  
fucking life?

(MORE)

Steve begins shaking the cage --

ANGLE - TOLLIVER

at the entrance to the Bella Union, his finger to the  
side of his nose, shaking his head in the negative --

ANGLE - WOLCOTT AND STAPLETON

Both note Tolliver's gesture; Wolcott moves toward the  
stairs for the second floor, while Stapleton, gesturing  
as Tolliver has done, relays his employer's instruction  
while looking straight ahead --

ANGLE - THE BELLA UNION MUSCLE

noting Stapleton, forbearing from coming to Jarry's  
aid --

RESUME - STEVE'S SUPPORTERS

who, recognizing Tolliver's cappers do not intend to  
intervene, come to Steve's assistance --

(CONTINUED)

14C

CONTINUED: (2)

14C

STEVE (CONT'D)

Pitch, Commissioner, burning the  
top off your fucking head -- is  
that vision or sight, or cunt or  
duress.

-- these augmenting efforts causing the cage to topple  
forward --

JARRY

Help me!

-- and Jarry to land on his mug, and hurt terribly his  
fingertips, which have protruded through the cage,  
folded over at the joint, to hold to the wire with  
prehensile tenacity. Steve wrestles at the cage's  
door --

STEVE

Let's see what you explain with  
pitch on your fucking head.

ANGLE - BULLOCK

entering past Tolliver, noting his inappropriate  
passivity --

BULLOCK

What the fuck, Tolliver.

Bullock's drawn his gun --

TOLLIVER

The Mob is an ungodly creature  
Sheriff.

As Bullock advances, Tolliver indicates to the cappers  
to back him. Bullock shoots into the ceiling --

BULLOCK

Stand away or be shot, he's under  
protection of the law.

He punctuates his finish with another bullet to the  
ceiling, irritating Tolliver --

TOLLIVER

You got their fucking attention.

Off which --

CUT TO:

14D EXT. THOROUGHFARE - DAY

14D

Jane and the General silently meditate whether they're as drunk as they need to be. After a beat --

FIELDS

Fuck 'em anyhow.

JANE

Don't get me started.

Jane realizes she is exactly as drunk as she needs to be, and with an expansive generosity hands Fields the bottle --

JANE (CONT'D)

Do not get me started, little Nigger General, unless you're ready for the full fucking force of the truth.

FIELDS

If something's got to go in front of "Nigger" -- and don't it always? -- I prefer "short" to "little."

JANE

"Short Nigger's" a deal, and I'm a girl 'keeps a bargain. Or I can just call you "Nigger," if that's what you prefer -- you prefer just plain "Nigger?"

Fields decides that he, too, with his last swig, will soon be perfectly drunk; he nods a sage satisfaction --

FIELDS

Call me "Just Plain Nigger." Or call me "Nigger of the Plains."

JANE

"Short Plains Nigger."

FIELDS

"Nigger of the High Desert."  
(MORE)

Fields rises, having seen coming toward them: Bullock, with Jarry in protective custody; perhaps ten paces behind, two of Tolliver's cappers; and Steve, Jubal and say ten other academicians flanking Bullock's progress on the other side of the thoroughfare --

(CONTINUED)

14D

CONTINUED:

14D

FIELDS (CONT'D)

Thanks for conversating Miss Jane,  
and the whiskey.

Jane squints in the same direction --

JANE

I'm going blind as a fucking bat --  
who's that, the fucking Sheriff? --  
with two assholes on his flank?

Fields is gone --

ANGLE - BULLOCK AND JARRY

The Commissioner, secretly relieved, while portraying  
irately wounded dignity, shakes elbow resentfully at  
Bullock's guidance --

JARRY

I feel no less manhandled by you,  
Sir.

BULLOCK

If they still had you, by now you'd  
be feeling worse.

They've reached Jane --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

(to Jane)

I need the lock-up.

JANE

Wait'll I take out Bill's robe.

Jane precedes them up the stairs. As Jarry and Bullock  
climb --

JANE (CONT'D)

Christ, these steps are uneven!

JARRY

And now to jail, as wretched  
indignity accumulates.

BULLOCK

A beating short of murder might've  
done you considerable good.

Off which --

CUT TO:

14D1 INT. BELLA UNION - DAY

14D1

Ascending, Tolliver joins Wolcott at the point on the stairs from which Wolcott's watched Jarry roughed up --

WOLCOTT

The Commissioner meets his constituents.

TOLLIVER

'Man has to work some dogs to learn how the world's tail wags.

WOLCOTT

Not coming to his aid, you mean to build his character.

Tolliver's smile is benign --

TOLLIVER

We all ain't sound like you, Sir. Many could use some construction-work. Fellas like yourself, that's hard to understand. Your foundation's sunk deep. Your framing's first-rate, your masonwork .... Nothing unfinished in you, or rotten, or damaged, or sick ....

As Wolcott studies Tolliver, wondering what he knows --

CUT TO:

14E INT. LIVERY - DAY

14E

Hostetler shovels hay into the bed of an empty stall, levels with the shovel's bottom, and a notable ungentleness, the pile in its middle --

HOSTETLER

I hope you fucking strangle under there.

From under the hay, the voice of the Nigger General --

FIELDS (O.S.)

Mark us even on that hundred.

CUT TO:

14F INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ADAMS' ROOM - DAY

14F

Miss Isringhausen and Adams in the rack. After a beat --

(CONTINUED)

14F

CONTINUED:

14F

ADAMS

Do you smoke?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

No I do not. If you do please  
feel free.

He shakes his head no. Another beat --

ADAMS

If I took advantage I apologize.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

You took no more advantage of me,  
Silas, than the Samaritan did the  
traveler from Jerusalem.

Adams doesn't have much Bible --

ADAMS

Good.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I should tell you, Silas, that the  
Mister Swearengen I've heard you  
say you work for is named by Mrs.  
Garret as her instrument in her  
husband's murder.

ADAMS

Named by Mrs. Garret?

(CONTINUED)

14F

CONTINUED: (2)

14F

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Yes.

ADAMS

As her instrument. Jesus Christ.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14F

CONTINUED: (3)

14F

Adams gets up, gets his liquor bottle, and takes a good fucking pull at it --

ADAMS (CONT'D)

What's your first name?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Alice.

ADAMS

Well, Alice, your story don't get less strange the more of it you tell.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Because Mister Swarengen wouldn't do such a thing?

ADAMS

What generates the fucking strangeness is her saying he was her hire.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I see.

ADAMS

Yeah well that makes fucking one of us.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Would you introduce me to Mister Swarengen?

ADAMS

You're asking me to?

She nods. He considers the implications --

ADAMS (CONT'D)

You want to meet him.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Please.

ADAMS

Why do I feel lucky we didn't meet across a poker table?

She doesn't answer --

ADAMS (CONT'D)

Anyways, he ain't up to chatting just now.

(CONTINUED)

14F

CONTINUED: (4)

14F

Silas.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

(CONTINUED)

14F CONTINUED: (5) 14F

She beckons Adams by slowly raising her nightgown to invite him back. Adams looks back to her, she grins naughtily. He brings the bottle back to the bed --

CUT TO:

14G EXT. THROUGHFARE - DAY 14G

Steve outlines to the other academicians a plan for the foreseeable future --

STEVE

We drag the nigger from the livery to our pitch-pot in Chink's Alley. We make a good fucking racket so Bullock hears. He comes out. He gives fucking pursuit. Once he's across the thoroughfare, the several of us hidden come from under the fucking stairs and go up and grab the commissioner.

JUBAL

'Spose Bullock comes out shooting?

Steve considers this --

STEVE

Or, we could just grab the nigger.

Steve wonders if in his last embodiment, rather than bewigged at Chancery, he was beside the great Khan, or another marauding tactician --

CUT TO:

16 MOVED TO SCENE 13A 16

17 OMITTED 17

18 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY 18

Alma and Cochran. Cochran's finished his exam --

COCHRAN

My guess'd be six weeks along.

(CONTINUED)

ALMA

I see.

COCHRAN

Your pelvic girdle does show effects of your childhood illness. Your labor may be difficult.

ALMA

When you say "difficult" --

COCHRAN

I have counseled patients, on the basis of their anatomy, against taking pregnancies to term. I do not make that argument to you, nor recommend Caesarean delivery.

ALMA

So, no more "difficult" than --

COCHRAN

No, Mrs. Garret. More difficult.

ALMA

Than a usual delivery.

COCHRAN

Yes.

ALMA

Do you distinguish "difficult" from "dangerous?"

COCHRAN

Yes. Your shape does not add danger to the delivery such as to justify, for example, the risks of the Caesarean procedure --

ALMA

It adds pain. "Difficult" in that sense.

COCHRAN

Especially as you may be reluctant to mollify with opiates the "difficulty's" effects.

A beat --

ALMA

Thank you very much Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

COCHRAN

You're welcome.

A beat, as Cochran decides not to answer questions he hasn't been asked, or to ask those Alma hasn't invited, then --

ALMA

I've been told it wasn't an alternative for me even to contemplate, so this is new information.

COCHRAN

I see.

(beat)

Now that the choice is within your province, do you incline in one direction or the other?

ALMA

To be honest Doctor, I'm living into the thought I've any choice at all.

Off which --

CUT TO:

19

INT. LIVERY - DAY

19

Hostetler's at his chalkboard, inscribing the two or three provisions of his will --

HOSTETLER

You know what I'm writing here, fucking General Nigger? I'm writing my fucking will to my ingrate sister that outlasted me ....

-- hears, without surprise, from behind him --

STEVE

What else did they teach you Hostetler, at that school where you learned how to write?

HOSTETLER

He under the hay in that stall.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

STEVE \*  
They taught you good. \*  
(to mob) \*  
Come on, you gutless cunts! \*

Off Hostetler, lowering his eyes in shamed anticipation  
of what he will do next --

CUT TO:

20 EXT. THOROUGHFARE - DAY - ON CHARLIE UTTER 20

returning to camp at the reins of a freight wagon,  
witnessing, at such distance as to make him uncertain  
exactly what it is he's seeing, Steve and the others  
dragging the Nigger General toward Chinatown --

CUT TO:

21 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - DAY 21

Swearengen watches Farnum and Dority come in from the balcony --

FARNUM  
They grabbed up a nigger.

SWEARENGEN  
Where the fucking nigger come into this?

DORITY  
Hooples got him from the livery.

SWEARENGEN  
What about Bullock and the Commissioner?

DORITY  
I reckon they're still upstairs.

SWEARENGEN  
You've added a fucking irrelevance.

DORITY  
Wasn't Hostetler, some little nigger.

Off which --

CUT TO:

22 INT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - DAY 22

Jane and Bullock outside the cell in which Jarry has been installed. Jane's folding Bill's robe --

JARRY  
I'll give you twenty dollars to let me use that for my bedroll.

JANE  
You got a better chance waking up looking normal.

Utter enters --

JANE (CONT'D)  
Hey Charlie.

UTTER  
(to Bullock)  
Is the Nigger General back to camp?

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

JANE

Yes he is.

UTTER

Don't act like you'd know, Jane,  
just 'cause you're already drunk.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (2)

22

JANE

You are an ignorant cocksucker --

UTTER

He come over winter when you was gone.

JANE

-- that's ignorant I met him today.

BULLOCK

Why do you ask about him Charlie?

UTTER

Looked like he was going to get done for -- I couldn't see to be sure.

Bullock heads for the stairs, with Utter just behind --

JARRY

I'm thirsty.

JANE

Lie on your back, take aim and piss.

Off which --

CUT TO:

23

EXT. CHINAMEN'S ALLEY - DAY

23

In a cleared space in the alley, seemingly invisible to the Chinese going about their activities around them, Steve and several others have torn off Fields' clothes --

FIELDS

How'd I wrong you choice Gentlemen? --

STEVE

You want to start with me getting fucking drafted? -- so my cousin got the fucking confectionery?

Fields is dropped to the ground. Two louts-at-a-trot approach with a smoking bucket of tar --

FIELDS

And that's why you're going to vulcanize me?

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

STEVE

Shut your fucking mouth.

FIELDS

Cousin trapped East 'lowed you here to strike it rich, now ain't that so Sir?

STEVE

Get him the fuck up! You stole my look at riches, you and your fucking monkey cousins.

With the stirring stick drawn from the pitch-pot, on Fields' shoulder, where it was formerly ornamented by his epaulette, Steve slathers the boiling tar --

FIELDS

(screams)

You mother-fucker!

The report of Bullock's gun, shot skyward --

BULLOCK

Disperse this riotous assembly.

UTTER

Let go 'the Nigger General.

Utter's trained his shotgun on the mob --

STEVE

This monkey just mother-fucked me!

BULLOCK

I'll mother-fuck you and blow your head off!

Off Utter's surprise at the extremity of Bullock's language --

CUT TO:

30

OMITTED

30

30A  
AND  
30B

OMITTED

30A  
AND  
30B

40

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

40

Star's in the back, lying on the cot, staring at the ceiling, hands folded behind his head. After a beat --

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

TRIXIE (O.S.)

Cunt!

Star looks in the direction of Trixie's voice --

STAR

May I please go over those columns  
with you?

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

TRIXIE (O.S.)

What is the fucking point of you  
going over the columns? You know  
the method of this shit already! --  
took in probably at your mother's  
fucking tit!

Star looks back up at the ceiling --

STAR

God help me for enjoying you out  
there even only to abuse me.

(beat)

Although I also wouldn't mind  
getting fucked.

TRIXIE (O.S.)

A last try at twinning these columns  
and you'll have your fucking wish.

STAR

The correct answer in each instance  
is one hundred twenty-seven dollars  
and forty-nine cents.

TRIXIE (O.S.)

You fuck!

He can tell from her voice she's amused --

CUT TO:

41

EXT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - NIGHT

41

The store's closed. Alma's walking, alone. Sees the  
light on in the back of the store's front room. Knocks.  
We see Trixie rise, move toward the front door -- PULL  
BACK to reveal this is --

RICHARDSON'S POV

He's across the thoroughfare, keeping watch over Alma  
in what she takes to be her solitary walk. He holds  
the antlers which he has kept against her instruction  
because they had been in her hand. As Trixie opens  
the door --

42

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - NIGHT

42

Trixie lets her in --

ALMA

Good evening Trixie.

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

I was coming to you once I'd done  
these columns and fucked a friend.

Alma smiles with polite uncertainty --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Anyone else look in on you today?

ALMA

I did have another visitor, yes.

Trixie raises her voice --

TRIXIE

I'm going to light a fucking  
cigarette in here and fuck anyone  
that doesn't like it.

Alma doesn't realize Star's in back, so assumes Trixie's  
talking to her --

ALMA

Please do smoke.

TRIXIE

Oh thank you so much.

Trixie puts her cigarette together --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

How did the other visitor's visit  
go?

ALMA

It went well. Very well. It was  
Doctor Cochran 'came to see me, or  
who came originally to see Sofia  
to give her a routine examination --

TRIXIE

What did he say about you?

ALMA

I am, as we had thought.

TRIXIE

And?

ALMA

And he expects an uneventful course,  
though not without difficulties.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (2)

42

TRIXIE

I love the fucking way they put  
it.

ALMA

That's my formulation.

TRIXIE

Does "formulation" mean "plan?"

ALMA

My plan, for the moment, is to  
watch and wait.

TRIXIE

And that feels right to you?

ALMA

It feels right just now.

(beat)

I'm so grateful Trixie, for all  
you did and may have done.

A beat, then --

TRIXIE

(as if she were Alma)

I couldn't help noticing Trixie,  
you're occupied now at the Hardware  
store?

Alma looks up --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

(as herself)

Yes, Alma, I am -- you don't mind  
my calling you Alma, I hope? --

ALMA

(grins)

No.

TRIXIE

Yes I am spending time at Bullock  
and Star's, learning to do accounts.

ALMA

I'm so delighted.

TRIXIE

Though I'm also fucking one of the  
owners.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (3)

42

ALMA

Well. I'm delighted at that as well.

(beat)

Trixie, may I have a puff on your cigarette?

TRIXIE

Have you ever smoked before?

ALMA

No ...

(smokes)

Thank you again.

TRIXIE

Sure.

ALMA

Good night.

Alma leaves. Trixie follows her to lock up --

TRIXIE

Congratulations.

43

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

43

Star's turned to look toward the front. Pleased as she appears --

STAR

Hello there.

TRIXIE

One hundred twenty-seven dollars and forty-nine cents, both columns, separate verified.

STAR

Lying with aplomb -- you've got the true calling.

TRIXIE

What you heard otherwise is none of your business.

STAR

I didn't hear anything else.

TRIXIE

Let me work on your column now.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

She comes to him and kisses him, feels for his johnson --

CUT TO:

44 EXT. THE THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 44

Alma's walking home. On the other side of the thoroughfare, her guardian Richardson observes --

CUT TO:

44A INT. CHEZ AMI - WHORES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

44A

Wolcott and Carrie. They're both clothed, lie on the bed, the covers of which have not been turned down. Their postures in relation to each other seem more awkwardly adolescent than adult. Wolcott's reading to her from a letter, seemingly grateful for the prop --

WOLCOTT

"My own darling wife Agnes. I have but a few moments left before this letter starts."

A secretly attentive Carrie affects disinterest in the letter's contents --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

"I never was as well in my life, but you would laugh to see me now, as I just got in from prospecting."

(to Carrie)

He's lying -- I'm told he didn't prospect a moment of his time in the camp.

CARRIE

We must report him so he'll be punished.

WOLCOTT

(resumes reading)

"I am almost sure I will do well here. We will have a home yet, then we will be so happy." He spells like a child. "Sure" he spells "s-h-u-r-e."

CARRIE

Is it a very long letter?

WOLCOTT

No, as you're about to discover. "Here the man is hurrying me -- I have but a few moments left before the mail must start. Goodbye my dear Wife."

CARRIE

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

WOLCOTT

"J.B. Hickok, Wild Bill."

(CONTINUED)

44A

CONTINUED:

44A

CARRIE  
Goodbye, Wild Bill.

WOLCOTT  
(shyly)  
There's a post-script.

CARRIE  
Is it a long post-script?

WOLCOTT  
"Agnes, Darling, if such should be  
we never meet again, while firing  
my last shot I will gently breathe  
the name of my wife -- Agnes --  
and with wishes even for my enemies  
I will make the plunge and try to  
swim to the other shore."

Wolcott folds the letter. Carrie turns to him --

CARRIE  
Are you a man who needs his trousers  
rubbed. \*

Wolcott's gaze is averted --

WOLCOTT  
I am a man who needs his trousers  
taken off.

She studies him, touches his cheek with the back of  
her hand --

CARRIE  
I can do that.

Off which --

CUT TO:

45

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

45

Cochran's examining Swearengen's eyes --

COCHRAN  
Seems to me there's reabsorption  
of the hemorrhage.

SWEARENGEN  
Auguring what?

(CONTINUED)

COCHRAN

Auguring come morning the white of  
your eye be less fucking bloody.

SWEARENGEN

What the fuck good is less blood  
in my eye? I want use of my fucking  
limbs.

COCHRAN

I understand.

SWEARENGEN

I have spent my last day abed  
hearing second-hand news from  
imbeciles.

COCHRAN

'Strike you as overweening Al,  
setting Nature to a schedule?

SWEARENGEN

I'm not setting terms for Nature --  
I'm setting 'em for myself.

COCHRAN

(extending  
Swearengen's thought)  
-- who has dominion over Nature:  
Al Swearengen, owner-proprietor.

SWEARENGEN

Of when he takes his leave, you're  
A-one fucking right.

A knock. Johnny looks in, indicates the hall, mouths  
silently "Bullock," and points to his left breast where,  
if he were Bullock, he'd be wearing a badge --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

COCHRAN

"Bullock?"

Johnny nods, points to Cochran --

SWEARENGEN

(to Burns)

Why the fuck you whispering?

(calls out)

Bullock!

BURNS

(low, aggrieved)

I could've said you was asleep.

Bullock's appeared --

BULLOCK

Doc.

COCHRAN

Sheriff. Pithy and civil --

He points his finger at both Bullock and Swearengen to make the admonition comprehensive, leaves --

BULLOCK

The Commissioner's all right.

SWEARENGEN

Thanks for that. Let me get on my feet, I'll hold my end up and more so.

Bullock nods. A beat --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

What did you want?

BULLOCK

Tell you about the Commissioner. See how you were feeling.

SWEARENGEN

I'm feeling fucking fine. No need to ask how I'm fucking feeling.

(MORE)

A beat, as Swearengen senses Bullock wants conversation with him about the state of the camp but has too much pride to initiate the discussion -- hands Bullock the bottle --

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED: (3)

45

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

You wipe the rim off that bottle,  
I'll knock you from my present  
vantage.

(beat)

They're coming against us, have no  
illusions on that score either.

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK

Post notice like that, not award  
even one commissioner of the three  
to local citizenry ....

SWEARENGEN

I'll guarantee you too, politicians  
ain't got balls for this type  
unsupported move. Someone's backing  
their play or they'd be here bending  
over for us.

BULLOCK

Is it Tolliver?

SWEARENGEN

Tolliver is us. They're not going  
to back Tolliver over me this early  
in the game.

BULLOCK

I see.

SWEARENGEN

There's a nigger somewheres in the  
fucking woodpile, someone from  
outside the camp.

Bullock nods. A beat --

BULLOCK

Anyways.

He's ready to leave --

SWEARENGEN

Did they kill that nigger they  
grabbed, the hooples?

BULLOCK

Tarred his shoulder.

SWEARENGEN

What stopped 'em at that?

BULLOCK

Me.

Bullock heads for the door --

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED: (5)

45

SWEARENGEN

Let me get on my fucking feet,  
I'll carry my share of the water.

BULLOCK

My money's on you.

He leaves. Off Swearengen --

CUT TO:

46

INT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - NIGHT

46

With a cloth dipped in kerosene, Jane daubs at the  
clotted tar on the Nigger General's shoulder, then --

JANE

Here comes some pain for you.

As she peels some of the tar off the Nigger General  
bites down on his lower lip --

JANE (CONT'D)

Ever think of screaming 'stead of  
biting through your own fucking  
flesh.

FIELDS

It's my fucking pain.

JANE

And I'm suggesting an improved way  
of dealing with it, which is how  
progress occurs.

JARRY

Will you two be quiet.

ANGLE - JARRY

sitting in the cage. Jane turns, stares at him --

JANE

Not only will we not be quiet, you  
frog-faced fuck, but I am going to  
drag this stick back and forth  
across the bars of your cell --

-- which she commences to do --

JARRY

I am not a prisoner. I am in  
protective custody.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

-- in care of a deputy deputized  
by the deputy Sheriff who orders  
you to shut the fuck up.

FIELDS

You know Hostetler?

JANE

That runs the livery?

FIELDS

Taller'n me.

JANE

I know him.

FIELDS

I'd be glad if he heard I'd've  
done just like he did, but quicker.

JANE

I guess he'll understand that if I  
don't.

FIELDS

He'll understand. I'd tell him  
myself but I'm keeping indoors  
tonight.

JANE

Here comes some more pain --

She peels tar. He bites at his lip. Off which --

FADE OUT.