

Director: Steve Shill

Deadwood

“Something Very Expensive”

Written by

Steve Shill

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"Something Very Expensive"

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FADE IN:

1 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #5) 1

Cochran's just looked in Swearengen's eye, and had Swearengen, who's seated on the bed, press his bum arm against Cochran's hand --

SWEARENGEN

How am I?

COCHRAN

You, Al, are an object lesson in the healing powers of obstinacy and a hostile disposition.

SWEARENGEN

My leg and arm are still waxy.

COCHRAN

How they feel to you is not the relevant measure -- I judge objectively the way they respond to stimuli, and they are much fucking improved. In the overall, Sir, I call you a miracle.

*

*

*

Swearengen studies him --

CUT TO:

2 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #7) 2

Dority and Burns behind the bar react to the summoning sound of the bell, look toward the second floor, where Cochran emerges from Swearengen's office --

COCHRAN

Ready to meet the world.

Off which --

CUT TO:

3 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S SUITE - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #8) 3

Alma, Star, and Ellsworth. Alma's pale --

ALMA

I propose formation of a bank,
Mister Star, with yourself as chief
officer, my holdings in the camp
standing surety, and Mister
Ellsworth as overseer of my
interests.

STAR

I see.

ALMA

Not quite a rousing endorsement.

STAR

It's just what's needed, Mrs.
Garret. I don't know that I should
be part of it.

ALMA

Why, Mister Star?

He chooses awkwardly cryptic generality over saying
Bullock's name --

STAR

Other obligations.

ALMA

Oughtn't you, or anyone urging
such connections as disqualifying
you, consider the good of the camp?
We all have complicating
obligations.

At which point she rises, goes to the basin, and vomits.
Off Star, looking to Ellsworth --

CUT TO:

4 INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #9) 4

Tolliver and Wolcott at the bar, drinking coffee,
Wolcott examining claim titles recently purchased by
Tolliver, who now notes a whore exiting Jarry's room
at the top of the stairs; the whore gives Tolliver
"the office" to indicate Jarry's imminent appearance --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

Our boy's about to appear in high
dudgeon --

In fact Jarry now exits his room, bearing his luggage --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

We won't want him finding you a
source of solace or support.

Wolcott's already collected the documents, moves with
them now to a table. Jarry's reached the foot of the
stairs --

JARRY

You washed your hands of me, Mister
Tolliver, when I was beset by that
rabble, no less contemptibly than
Pontius Pilate.

TOLLIVER

'Far as standing the trial,
Commissioner, you way outperformed
the competition.

JARRY

I felt myself in danger.

TOLLIVER

Sometimes the shadow's cast by the
sheltering hand.

JARRY

Meaning the rabble was under your
control?

TOLLIVER

No Sir. Wouldn't have 'em. I am
attuned though to the workings of
what passes for their minds. And
this morning we see the result:
more claims offered for sale, and
prices pressed downward. S'pose
the owners fear you might visit
your ire on their titles?

JARRY

I want to get out of here.

TOLLIVER

I understand. Will you have a
quick wind of your timepiece before
you go?

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

He indicates Parisse --

JARRY

No Sir, no -- I will not. I feel
the earth wash away from beneath
me. I want to get away.

TOLLIVER

Let the girl ride a ways in the
wagon -- put her on the road when
you're done.

JARRY

No. No. I sever connection with
this place.

TOLLIVER

Well, we'll fucking miss you.

Jarry heads for the door, pauses beside Wolcott --

JARRY

You, Mister Wolcott, I find the
most severe disappointment of all.

WOLCOTT

Often to myself as well.

Jarry's gone. Tolliver's slid down the bar a bit to
facilitate exchange with Wolcott --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

What impressions do we expect he'll
take to Yankton.

TOLLIVER

That your money spends, and I'm a
dangerous man. Put us together,
ain't we the very image of Mister
Hearst as he'd want Yankton to
think of him?

Off which --

CUT TO:

5

MOVED TO SCENE #6B

5

6

EXT. BELLA UNION - DAY (WAS SCENE #22AA)

6

Tolliver and Wolcott outside the Bella Union, smoking cigars, very shortly after their previous conversation --

TOLLIVER

How much longer 'you suppose I'll be buying claims Mister Wolcott?

WOLCOTT

We're close to the end.

TOLLIVER

Otherwise I'll need to start dancing out here in longjohns or baying at the moon -- give people some idea why I'm going against logic --

WOLCOTT

This phase is nearly over --

ANGLE - THE THOROUGHFARE OUTSIDE BULLOCK'S HOUSE

where a cart, driven by a large, vigilant Chinese, carrying a rectangular load measuring about eighty inches high draped with canvas and filling the entire bed of the vehicle, moves slowly down the thoroughfare, past Bullock, on his way to work, who notes it with some brief, vague unease --

RESUME - TOLLIVER AND WOLCOTT

watching the cart approach --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

-- even as another begins.

Prompting Tolliver to consider the cart more carefully --

TOLLIVER

Chink wagon-driver -- I guess that'll pass for progress.

As it passes them and maneuvers the turn down Cochran's Alley, Wolcott gazes beyond the cart toward the Grand Central --

ANGLE - JARRY AND THE STAGECOACH

where Commissioner Jarry, his luggage before him, awaits impatiently the disembarking from the Bismarck stage of several arriving passengers, so that he may climb aboard and shake the camp's dust from his feet.

(CONTINUED)

One of the arrivals is Mary Stokes, the camp's new schoolteacher, who's climbing down is ignored by Jarry, but observed with eager interest by Merrick, silently belching as he emerges from his breakfast at the hotel and hurries forward to demonstrate a courtesy in assisting Stokes the County Commissioner has honored only in the breach --

MERRICK

A.W. Merrick, Madam, of the Deadwood Pioneer, making bold to introduce himself --

MARY

I am Mary Stokes, Mister Merrick --

MERRICK

I thought so, I hoped so -- I am delighted to make your acquaintance, and for the camp's children whom you will edify.

RESUME - TOLLIVER AND WOLCOTT

having drifted to the side entrance of the Bella Union, watching the clean-shaven, que-less Lee instruct the cart's driver -- the cart having come to a stop at the mouth of Chinaman's Alley -- as to the disposition of his cargo --

WOLCOTT

"Progress" Mister Tolliver, really? --

Under which Tolliver and Wolcott have observed the reaction of other Chinese in the alley -- their stealing sideways glances at Wu, measuring his reaction to Lee's taking the new arrival in hand -- and now to Wu's snatching up of a long poultry-cleaning knife and striding across to the cart and slashing the knife through its covering canvas and tearing the covering aside to reveal the bars of a cage through which are thrust beseeching arms --

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

-- wouldn't "change" be as apt, and less ungroundedly optimistic?

The arms undulate like the tentacles of a single creature as feebly pleading women's voices call out for food, water and God's mercy --

RESUME - WOLCOTT AND TOLLIVER

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

watching, Tolliver tilting his head with a mildly whetted interest --

TOLLIVER

Might those be my new employees?

RESUME - LEE AND WU

staring at each other across the alley --

WOLCOTT (O.S.)

A combat's in prospect between those two as equal as the Sioux' with the whites, or the bison's with the Sioux.

-- Wu suddenly sheathes his poultry knife, turns, heads up the alley toward the back entrance of The Gem. Cochran crosses toward his cabin --

RESUME - WOLCOTT AND TOLLIVER

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

An inevitability postponed.

Lee watches Wu's retreat, makes sure others have seen it as well, then turns and meets Wolcott's eyes. Half-smiling, Wolcott nods inadvertently patronizing approval. Lee returns his attention to the cart's driver, points peremptorily toward the place in the alley where the cages containing the women are to be situated --

6A

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - DAY (WAS SCENE #22AB)

6A

Merrick strains at the heft of each box as he helps the schoolteacher unload her belongings from the coach --

MARY

Books.

MERRICK

Wonderful.

MARY

I parted with several boxes in Bismarck --

MERRICK

I'm sure to Bismarck's betterment.

MARY

These I had to keep, mostly for the children's sake --

(CONTINUED)

6A

CONTINUED:

6A

MERRICK

And the other few, may I suspect,
for the sake of childhood memories
of your own?

Their eyes hold, then each looks away --

MARY

You may, and be in the right.

MERRICK

After you're situated Miss Stokes,
may I take you on a tour of the
camp?

MARY

I would be grateful.

MERRICK

No more than I, Madam, I assure
you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

6B

INT. SWEARENGEN'S ROOM - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #22; MOVED
FROM SCENE 5)

6B

Swearengen is posed in his chair to look powerful --

SWEARENGEN

All right?

Dority and Burns consider him from different angles --

DORITY

You tilt left from upright just a
half-a-cunt-hair Boss.

They speak in lowered tones because they know there's
a line of people waiting just outside Swearengen's
door --

SWEARENGEN

Then bring me fucking straight.

BURNS

I got him Dan.

Burns arranges Swearengen's posture, fusses with the
chair, making it straight and square to the desk and
at a good angle to the door --

(CONTINUED)

6B

CONTINUED:

6B

DORITY

There, perfect, he's straight as a string.

SWEARENGEN

Stand back then Johnny.

Burns complies as Dority starts for the door --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Send Farnum in first.

DORITY

Yes Sir.

SWEARENGEN

(to Burns)

Any drool, 'first fucking fleck you give me this --

Swearengen touches his ear --

BURNS

You've never showed no fucking spittle Al.

SWEARENGEN

Do as I fucking say.

BURNS

Yes Sir.

Swearengen nods to Dority, who opens the door, looks out --

CUT TO:

8

INT. THE GEM - HALLWAY OUTSIDE SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY
(SHOT AS SCENE #22A)

8

The summoned and supplicant, seated, among them Nuttall, Farnum, Miss Isringhausen and Adams. Also Trixie, a mere visitor, who rises at Dority's appearance --

TRIXIE

I'm going in.

FARNUM

Then why am I in first chair?

Ignoring Farnum, Trixie addresses the collective --

TRIXIE

Anyone else suck his prick?

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

The men drop their heads. Miss Isringhausen looks to some invisible horizon. Trixie moves past them all --

ANGLE - WU

in a corner, considering his pictographs, perhaps amending one, rehearsing in Cantonese the accompanying explanation he will make to Swaengen --

CUT TO:

9

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S ROOM - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #22B)

9

Swearengen, behind his desk, posed as before, watches Trixie light a cigarette to accommodate her nerves, then check herself --

TRIXIE

Does the fucking smoke bother you?

SWEARENGEN

I'm not a fucking grandmother you need to coddle.

She draws on the cigarette --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

How's the Jew-fucking going?

TRIXIE

All right.

SWEARENGEN

What does it add to my understanding?

TRIXIE

He's seeing the widow this morning. He's spoke to the other of forming a bank, and of her in that connection --

SWEARENGEN

Who's the fucking "other?"

TRIXIE

Fucking Bullock.

SWEARENGEN

My sensibilities don't need coddling either.

TRIXIE

It's no concern for you -- I don't like naming the cocksucker.

He likes being in her company --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Anyways, that may be its purpose, his sitting down with the widow.

SWEARENGEN

The Jew.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

She nods --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
I hope you're getting paid for the
pussy. 'Don't put a price to it
you lose their respect.

TRIXIE
He's teaching me accounts.

SWEARENGEN
That's all right. Learning to
them's like currency.

She knows he's trying to hurt her. Doesn't mind, even
gives him ammunition, God help her --

TRIXIE
He stares in my eyes when he fucks
me, longing-like.

SWEARENGEN
Jesus Christ.

She nods again, puts out her cigarette --

TRIXIE
You don't look so bad.

SWEARENGEN
I'm next thing to up and about.

Off which --

CUT TO:

10

INT. THE GEM - HALLWAY OUTSIDE SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY
(SHOT AS SCENE #22C)

10

Trixie exits; as she passes Farnum, she makes the
universal mime-gesture for fellatio, whispers --

TRIXIE
Liar.

Off Farnum's wounded dignity, as Swearengen's bell
summons --

11

INT. THE GEM - CONTINUOUS (SHOT AS SCENE #27)

11

Trixie descends after her meeting with Swearengen --

ELLSWORTH
Miss Trixie.

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

TRIXIE

What's this now?

ELLSWORTH

Nothing nefarious, I was looking
for you, my nerves have had a shock.

Trixie has a premonitory sense of who might've been
the cause --

TRIXIE

How so?

ELLSWORTH

Mrs. Garret took poorly.

TRIXIE

At the meeting with Mister Star?

Ellsworth nods, mimes the universal gesture for vomiting --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Come here.

Trixie directs him to the whores' rooms --

12

INT. THE GEM - WHORES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS (SHOT AS SCENE
#28)

12

A whore is splayed across one bed, lightly snoring,
whiskey bottle still in hand. Trixie and Ellsworth
enter --

ELLSWORTH

I'd add, she ain't looked well the
last few weeks, 'specially of a
morning. Pale.

Trixie gives him a hard stare --

TRIXIE

What are you fucking hinting at?

ELLSWORTH

Nothing.

He's back on his heels as she's intended --

TRIXIE

Nothing? "She ain't looked well
mornings," opposed to the rest of
the day? "Pale?"

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

ELLSWORTH

How does sharing observations make me liable to rebuke?

TRIXIE

You've got her knocked up, in other words.

ELLSWORTH

Me? I didn't get her any fucking way at all Trixie.

TRIXIE

In your opinion, I'm saying, she's in the way.

ELLSWORTH

I work for the woman, in her fucking employ --

TRIXIE

I understand that --

ELLSWORTH

-- is the sole fucking full extent of it.

Ellsworth unbuttons his collar, a guilty, guilty man --

TRIXIE

Would you do the right thing?

ELLSWORTH

I was not involved.

TRIXIE

We are past that. I know you wasn't fucking involved.

ELLSWORTH

And who was involved, too --

He starts drinking from the bottle --

ELLSWORTH (CONT'D)

-- 'far as that fucking goes.

-- unbuttons another button. She stares at him --

TRIXIE

Would you?

ELLSWORTH

Would I fucking what?

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

Do the right fucking thing, in
that fucking situation?

ELLSWORTH

What's the situation? Explain it.

TRIXIE

If she wanted the child, how a
woman wants one 'ain't certain
she's made to bear many, willing
even to bear it out of wedlock but
for the hurt she'd do another, and
the humiliation she'd do, and to
the other woman's little boy.
Would you do it then?

ELLSWORTH

Do

TRIXIE

The right fucking thing -- don't
get fucking coy with me.

ELLSWORTH

Marry her, you're saying, and the
child in the eyes of others the
issue of my loins.

TRIXIE

As much as they care to see, which
is only a passing glance, so the
come's true author ain't thrown in
their fucking face, or the true
author's wife's face, or the face
of their little fucking boy.

He drinks --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Well?

ELLSWORTH

Would she fucking have me?

TRIXIE

I'd work on that next.

Off which --

CUT TO:

13

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #29)

13

Swearengen in the same position, maybe with minor modification. Farnum collects himself, plunges in --

FARNUM

A man's come to camp -- Wolcott.
Agent for the Hearst interests.

Swearengen takes this in --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I believe he's made cause with
Tolliver, and Yankton.

SWEARENGEN

Why Yankton's suddenly got balls.

FARNUM

I made him think I was trying to
gull him, and that he'd turned the
tables on me.

SWEARENGEN

How much did he buy you for?

FARNUM

I kept Dan apprised while you
convalesced, in abbreviated fashion.

SWEARENGEN

How much?

FARNUM

Ten thousand dollars, enlisting
me, so he thought, to spread rumors
about rescission of the claims.

SWEARENGEN

Tolliver's the front?

FARNUM

(nods)

Buying from the panic sellers,
engaged by this Wolcott --

SWEARENGEN

That's agent for George Hearst.

FARNUM

That's it in a nutshell.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

An irrational cheerfulness comes over Farnum, which he as quickly renounces --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I meant you no disloyalty Al.

SWEARENGEN

You looked out for yourself, against the chance I'd die.

FARNUM

(earnestly)

I never wished that outcome. But I am a born follower.

(spits carefully in the cuspidor)

In any case, here we are -- if tactically disadvantaged, exactly as before in strength.

Farnum flexes his atrophied biceps. Swearengen rings his bell --

CUT TO:

14

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #29A)

14

Bullock's opened the store. Star returns --

STAR

'Morning.

BULLOCK

'Morning Sol.

STAR

Thanks for opening.

Star hangs up his coat. When he doesn't explain where he's been --

BULLOCK

You were out.

STAR

Yes. Paid a call, and then I've been walking.

Bullock waits. Star collects himself --

STAR (CONT'D)

The call was on Mrs. Garret.

Bullock stares at him --

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

BULLOCK

We agreed that wasn't going to happen.

STAR

Our agreement was to not solicit her investment in a bank. The call I paid was at her invitation.

BULLOCK

I don't give a fuck who invited who Sol --

STAR

That's your position.

BULLOCK

-- was the bank the subject of the meeting?

A customer comes in --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Get out.

STAR

(apologetic)

Excuse us a little while please.

The customer books. Star stares at Bullock --

STAR (CONT'D)

She invited me Seth.

BULLOCK

To talk about forming a bank. Came here and invited you --

STAR

Sent Ellsworth that works for her.

BULLOCK

-- and you told me none of it.

STAR

Suspecting maybe you mightn't act rational.

BULLOCK

But I'll bet you told the whore.

Star looks away, rubbing his neck --

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

STAR

We're done talking about this for now.

BULLOCK

No.

STAR

Yes, Seth. We're done talking. If you keep it up we're going to fight, and you'll have to work by yourself while I convalesce.

Bullock stares at him a beat, walks out. Off Star --

CUT TO:

15

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (SHOT AS SCENE #29B)

15

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Until late Mister Swearengen I was employed by Alma Garret, as tutor to her orphan ward.

ADAMS

Sacked, two days ago.

SWEARENGEN

Let her tell it.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

In the course of my employment, I frequently saw Mrs. Garret under the influence of opiates. In this state, she admitted to me having commissioned the murder of her husband.

A beat. Swearengen's eyes are augers, though his voice is smooth --

*

SWEARENGEN

What a world.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

She named you as her instrument.

SWEARENGEN

Said I'd killed him.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

She never specified you'd actually killed him --

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

SWEARENGEN

Left it vague-like.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Exactly.

SWEARENGEN

That I was her "instrument."

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Yes.

SWEARENGEN

So we could pin it on someone else,
or I could take the fall. Confess,
supporting your version --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Yes.

SWEARENGEN

-- in writing, and subsequently
escape.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Such has been known to occur.

SWEARENGEN

Leaving the widow lonely at the
bar of justice.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Better one than none at all.

Adams watches like he's center court at Wimbledon --

SWEARENGEN

Who do you work for?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

People of means.

SWEARENGEN

The people you work for were hired
by people of means. Don't get
cagey now Miss Isringhausen.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Let me suggest, Mister Swearngen,
you not be distracted from your
opportunity. Not who I work for
should concern you but the amount
you'll be paid and the surety of
its delivery.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Too fucking true -- why I hope fervently it ain't the Pinkertons whose pay you're in, and that her dead husband's people hired to steal her gold, as I've an unrelated hatred for those cocksuckers.

She meets his eyes evenly --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Fifty thousand dollars.

SWEARENGEN

Though I struggle to imagine who the fuck else it would be.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Fifty thousand dollars Mister Swarengen --

She looks to Adams --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (CONT'D)

-- separate from pay to your subordinates.

SWEARENGEN

Your pockets not mine.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Yes.

SWEARENGEN

(re Adams)

Would you charge against his for the pussy?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

No charge for the pussy.

Adams sees the world through new eyes --

SWEARENGEN

Mind if I take the day? --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Not at all.

SWEARENGEN

-- I've a lot on my plate just now, and I'm less than my full fucking self.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED: (3)

15

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

You seem quite formidable to me.
In any case, I'll wait to hear
from Silas.

SWEARENGEN

Do. That'd be grand.

Off which --

CUT TO:

16

EXT. THE THOROUGHFARE - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #29C)

16

Adams and Miss Isringhausen, after their sit-down with
Swearengen --

ADAMS

I guess if I call you a cunt I
needn't expect you to faint.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

No.

ADAMS

Would getting struck be a first?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

How have I injured your interests?

ADAMS

You think he's up there considering
me for promotion?

They've entered --

17

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS (SHOT AS SCENE
#29D)

17

Adams pauses --

ADAMS

Anyways, clear out of my room.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Come up and fuck me, why don't
you?

ADAMS

Simple as that.

(MORE)

He says it with bitter sarcasm --

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

ADAMS (CONT'D)

I'd fear snake-bite.

She studies him, smiles --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Come up, and fuck me, and I'll
answer every one you want to ask.

Off Adams, shaking his head, rubbing his neck --

CUT TO:

18

INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER 10 - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #29F)

18

Steve's drinking. Bullock comes in, comes up to him --

BULLOCK

You sober enough to listen?

Steve stares sullenly away, spits --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Did you just intend to insult me?

STEVE

'Scuse me, Sheriff.

BULLOCK

I know you face business reverses --

STEVE

Like losing my fucking claim.

BULLOCK

People angry at their difficulties
often act like fucking idiots.
But there'll be no murdering people
in this camp of any color, or
assaults on officials of any stripe --

STEVE

Even Yankton thieves in league
with God knows fucking who.

BULLOCK

Officials from Yankton or otherwise,
or thieves or not. If you can't
live with that, get out of this
fucking camp.

STEVE

I can live with it. All right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

STEVE (CONT'D)

Do you have to rub my fucking nose
in it?

Bullock swings, hits Steve in the jaw, knocks him off
his chair --

STEVE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

BULLOCK

Do not misconduct yourself again
in this camp.

Bullock's gone. Rutherford, a barroom counselor and
deadpan agitator, looks to Nuttall behind the bar --

RUTHERFORD

Must he take what the Sheriff just
fucking give him?

NUTTALL

Apparently so.

RUTHERFORD

He needn't, not by custom, not by
fucking law.

STEVE

Name my remedy.

RUTHERFORD

(to Nuttall)

Outside every county courthouse in
the land, ain't the fucking lady
blindfolded?

NUTTALL

True as far as it goes.

RUTHERFORD

To ignore how them scales she
carries sometimes get balanced
out.

NUTTALL

There I take no position.

Steve's processing the possibilities --

STEVE

I could take a leather punch, stab
the bastard's horse in the fucking
ass.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

RUTHERFORD

You could, and be in the right.

STEVE

Carve on its coat with a razor,
"Bullock I fucked your horse," and
square the fucking scales.

RUTHERFORD

And if her blindfold was down see
the lady a-winking while she told
you you done like a man.

STEVE

And if I carve "fuck," I will have
fucked the horse beforehand.

RUTHERFORD

Preaching to the fucking choir.

Steve grabs the bottle up from the table --

STEVE

Thanks.

RUTHERFORD

Sure.

Steve's gone. Rutherford looks to Nuttall --

RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

Mingle the shit somewhat.

NUTTALL

You ought to take up whittling.

Off which --

CUT TO:

19

INT. BELLA UNION - TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE
#37A)

19

Tolliver and Wolcott. Tolliver's signing documents,
putting them in Wolcott's pile --

TOLLIVER

Ready to receive currency, Captain,
in exchange for titles to claims.

Wolcott hands over more cash --

WOLCOTT

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

Tolliver counts the money during what follows --

TOLLIVER

And as I've learned to sustain
discourse while counting, I'm going
to ask you to take counsel with
me.

WOLCOTT

In what regard.

TOLLIVER

First, let's agree them chink whores
make a poor appearance.

WOLCOTT

Yes.

TOLLIVER

And 'far as locales for fucking,
those cribs they're in lack allure.

WOLCOTT

They may attract the intended
clientele.

TOLLIVER

Now that's the attitude right there
I want us to counsel on.

WOLCOTT

What attitude do you mean?

TOLLIVER

A smart-alecky sort of attitude,
almost with a quality of fucking
anger to it -- I don't find the
exact fucking words for it but it
fucking disturbs and concerns me.

WOLCOTT

By my own lights, I feel I manage
well.

TOLLIVER

You say that, Mister Wolcott, yet
I'll hear accounts of you being a
dangerous lay that add to my feeling
disturbed.

(MORE)

Wolcott stares at him --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Are you inclined, Sir, every so often, to ride one off the cliff? Girls, I mean.

WOLCOTT

I am disturbed at my private conduct being spoken of.

TOLLIVER

I'd think you fucking would be, Sir, and to think of Mister Hearst's disturbance if he was to fucking know, because that's a dangerous habit to indulge when not among friends.

WOLCOTT

Are you my friend, Mister Tolliver?

TOLLIVER

And someone past surprise at habits or inclinations or turns of events, and who don't confuse himself, 'far as sitting in judgment, with our Lord in fucking heaven.

WOLCOTT

I see.

TOLLIVER

And who'd never tattle to your employer, or jeopardize what's got to be a handsome fucking income. Goddamn right a friend, Mister Wolcott. All's I can't provide for the party is the cliff.

Wolcott picks up the documents --

WOLCOTT

Believing yourself past surprise does not commend you to me as a friend. A man inadequately sophisticated or merely ignorant or simply stupid may believe himself past surprise, then be surprised to discover, for example, that Mister Hearst already knows of my "inclinations" and finds them immaterial, suggesting as a corollary that your skills for blackmail and manipulation no longer

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (3)

19

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)
 are assets to you, and, for your fatuous belief in their efficacy, in fact have become liabilities. In short, you've overplayed your hand. I should think in consequence, now recognizing yourself as a man past his time, that during this last transitional period you would apply yourself with grateful, quiet diligence to such uses as others find you still suitable.

TOLLIVER
 You bet I'm grateful -- a man like yourself, warmed at Mister Hearst's bosom, secure in his confidence and trust -- taking the time and spending the energy to persuade a relic like me.

Wolcott's gone. Off Tolliver --

CUT TO: *

19A

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY

19A *

Wolcott's left the Bella Union and Tolliver, navigates the quagmire of the thoroughfare toward the other end of the camp. Though he employs his characteristic strategy for disowning his most fundamental motives and emotions -- which is to express himself ironically -- the rage heard in his diatribe to Tolliver still controls his voice --

WOLCOTT
 Past hope. Past kindness, or consideration. Past justice. Past satisfaction. Past warmth, or cold, or comfort. Past love. But past surprise? What an endlessly unfolding tedium life would then become.

By which point he's reached the Chez Ami --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 No, Doris, we mustn't let you be past surprise.

Off which --

CUT TO: *

20 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ADAMS' ROOM - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #30) 20

He's fucked her and asked his first question --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
She'd placed adverts for a tutor
in Chicago, and Boston and New
York, the interests that employ me
saw.

ADAMS
For the child she'd taken in.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Yes.

ADAMS
What was you doing at the time? --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Piloting a steamboat.

He laughs, then wonders if it might be true --

ADAMS
Was Al right, who hired you people
to fuck her up?

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
That's not something I'm told.

ADAMS
Must be the dead husband's parents,
if they want to hang that murder
off her neck.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
It would make sense.
(beat)
Why does Swaengen hate the
Pinkertons?

ADAMS
Beats me, stalwart organization
like that. Did you help them miners
up the scaffold in Pennsylvania?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
I was busy on the Mississip'.

Off which --

CUT TO:

21

INT. CHEZ AMI - PARLOR - DAY

21

Maddie sips tea and pages through a catalogue or
magazine. Doris is seated at a small table, writing a
letter home. Doris traces her letters with difficulty.
Maddie looks as Wolcott enters --

MADDIE
Carrie's napping, I'll waken her.

WOLCOTT
You needn't. I want to see this
young lady just now.

He indicates Doris --

MADDIE
All right.

Maddie keeps a poker-face --

MADDIE (CONT'D)
Doris?

As a frightened Doris rises --

CUT TO:

22

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - DAY (WAS SCENE #29BB)

22

Merrick leads Mary down the thoroughfare --

MERRICK

Ah ... the teachers one remembers!
The thrilling kindness of the extra
moment taken, the word of
encouragement offered -- "You,
young man or woman" -- as the case
might have been -- "have an
interesting turn of mind."

MARY

Yes, and to take that extra moment
in turn.

MERRICK

Oh Miss Stokes -- to alter a life's
course with a word. How I revere
your profession.

MARY

Thank you, Mister Merrick.

MERRICK

No, thank you, Miss Stokes, and
all teachers in you.

As they walk on --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

This before you is the Bullock
house

CUT TO:

23

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE
#35)

23

Swearengen's tired. The meetings are taking their
toll. Wu has presented him with a series of
pictographs. Swearengen points to the represented
figure of Lee --

SWEARENGEN

I've got to meet him, Wu.

Wu chooses to interpret Swearengen's words and gestures
as a profound condemnation of Lee, with which he
profoundly agrees --

WU

Cocksucker.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN
San Francisco cocksucker --
(points to himself)
-- I need to meet.

WU
(points to Swearengen)
Swedgin --
(to pictograph)
-- cocksucker

Swearengen confirms --

SWEARENGEN
Swedgin and San Francisco
cocksucker. Swedgin needs to meet.
See how much juice.

Wu considers this, eyes narrowing --

WU
Juice?

SWEARENGEN
How much juice San Francisco
cocksucker has. I need to see.

Wu goes to the balcony, points to Bullock and Star
hardware, looking back at Swearengen --

WU
Swedgin -- San Francisco cocksucker --

Wu traces a hooked nose in the air --

WU (CONT'D)
-- Juice?

Swearengen realizes they've vectored off --

SWEARENGEN
No juice. Forget juice --

WU
(adamant agreement)
No juice, no San Francisco
cocksucker, no Swedgin. Swedgin,
Wu.

Swearengen's running out of gas --

SWEARENGEN
I should've made this fucking
meeting first.

23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

He rings the bell. Off which --

CUT TO:

24 INT. CHEZ AMI - PARLOR - DAY 24

Maddie, in the same position, reads the same catalogue, no longer idly, but out of some unreasoning terrified hope that by her immobility she may magically prevent the murderous actions of others. Stubbs arrives --

MADDIE

Where are the other girls?

STUBBS

Mooning over a dress at that store.

She recognizes Maddie's distress --

STUBBS (CONT'D)

What is it?

MADDIE

He's in a room with Doris. Wolcott.
Mister W.

STUBBS

Why is he with Doris?

MADDIE

I don't know.

STUBBS

Why ain't he with Carrie?

MADDIE

Carrie's napping.

Maddie looks down at her catalogue. What is at the root of her guilty fear, she tries to present in a tone of idle speculation --

MADDIE (CONT'D)

I don't know what Carrie might
have told Wolcott about Doris to
make him want to fuck her.

Stubbs studies her --

STUBBS

Maybe that she reports to Cy
Tolliver? To keep Wolcott from
bouncing Doris off more walls? --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

STUBBS (CONT'D)

'course that wouldn't make Wolcott
want to fuck her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED: (2)

24

STUBBS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look up from your fucking magazine
Maddie.

Maddie does, meets Stubbs' eyes as Wolcott comes from
the room he's been in with Doris --

WOLCOTT

I'd like to see Carrie now.

Off which --

CUT TO:

25

INT. BELLA UNION - TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE
29EA)

25

Tolliver pours drinks for Leon and Stapleton --

LEON

How's Doris doing at the new snatch-
palace?

TOLLIVER

Take a seat.

(beat)

Assist me in a flight of fancy,
gentlemen.

STAPLETON

Don't make me think of Leon in a
dress, Mister T.

LEON

(to Tolliver, re
Stapleton)

Or me of him any way but fully
clothed.

TOLLIVER

Mister Merrick appears before you.
"Someone's fucked with my newspaper
office," he says. "My presses are
a mess. My vowel-tray's overturned"
or the like. How do you respond?

Leon and Stapleton look at each other --

LEON

"Go fuck yourself?"

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

Stapleton falls in with Leon's lead --

STAPLETON

"We don't know nothing about it."

LEON

"If you ain't here to fuck or be fleeced, get on your merry way."

TOLLIVER

How about "Referee's the only neutral in a prize fight Merrick, and you ain't one of those."

A beat --

STAPLETON

We could say that.

LEON

What would we mean?

Tolliver begins to pace --

TOLLIVER

I don't know fellas. I do not fucking know.

STAPLETON

If you don't, we don't have to either.

He confronts them --

TOLLIVER

I am saying, as far as I'm concerned, your initiative and leadership abilities and stick-fucking-toitiveness are all in fucking question, and was I either or both of you I'd consider this a fucking test.

They consider the premise --

LEON

When do you s'pose he'll show up?

STAPLETON

Once we've paid a visit to his place, Leon.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED: (2)

25

Stapleton invokes his companion's obtuse display as exemplifying the corrosive exposure he must deal with daily, and to make available for Tolliver's inference the likely explanation for the degraded quality of Stapleton's own mental processes --

LEON

Oh.

STAPLETON

(to Tolliver)

And in the aftermath, when Merrick's path crosses ours, he'll hear of The Neutral and The Prize Fight --

LEON

In no uncertain terms.

STAPLETON

And know the import of that fucking parable.

TOLLIVER

All right then.

LEON

Got any sledgehammers?

TOLLIVER

Always.

Off which --

CUT TO:

25A

INT. CHEZ AMI - BEDROOM - DAY

25A

Wolcott and Carrie seated. Doris dead in the bed. He's cut her throat. Carrie cries silently. A shaken Wolcott affects a resigned meditation --

WOLCOTT

What are we to do here, Carrie?

CARRIE

Get rid of her. They'll let you.

WOLCOTT

I s'pose they will, but that won't dispose of the problem.

CARRIE

What's the problem?

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED: 25A

He doesn't answer --

25B INT. CHEZ AMI - PARLOR - **INTERCUT** 25B

Stubbs and Maddie. After a beat --

STUBBS

I'm going in there.

MADDIE

No you aren't.

STUBBS

He ain't the type to be with two women.

MADDIE

I never took his full history.

STUBBS

I'm saying he ain't.

Maddie doesn't answer --

RESUME - WOLCOTT AND CARRIE

CARRIE

What's the problem?

WOLCOTT

I don't know. I can't say. I don't want you to have seen me.

CARRIE

I don't care you killed her. She must've did something to you.

WOLCOTT

I mean something different. I don't want to have been seen.

A beat --

CARRIE

So you're fucking crazy then, and you're going to kill me in this fucking shit-hole.

He doesn't answer --

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Do you know how to not make it hurt?

(CONTINUED)

25B

CONTINUED:

25B

He doesn't answer. Carrie tries suddenly to rise. He grabs her, slashes her throat, covers her mouth. She stares at him, dying --

WOLCOTT
(re his trapped arm)
I could cut off my arm or risk
inconveniencing you one last time.

RESUME - PARLOR

Maddie and Stubbs. A beat, then Stubbs rises, goes to the desk for her gun --

STUBBS
I'm going in.

MADDIE
(re gun)
Your gun isn't there.

-- which Maddie produces from under the catalogue --

MADDIE (CONT'D)
I've got it and I'll kill you with
it. I'll kill you Joanie ... go
on, go on! Get out!

Stubbs turns away. She walks to the front door, wondering if she'll be shot. She's gone. Off Maddie --

26 & 45 FOLDED INTO 25A AND 25B

26 & 45

46 EXT. THOROUGHFARE - DAY

46

Stubbs walking in the thoroughfare, weeping, resolute. Utter's unloading a wagon outside his freight office, sees her --

UTTER
Miss Stubbs.

STUBBS
Mister Utter.

She walks on. Off Utter --

CUT TO:

46A INT. CHEZ AMI - PARLOR - DAY

46A

Maddie sits, waits. Wolcott emerges from the bedroom. She rises --

(CONTINUED)

46A

CONTINUED:

46A

MADDIE

What did you do, Mister W.?

He considers her, sees her gun. Holds his straight-razor behind him --

WOLCOTT

Something very expensive.

(CONTINUED)

46A

CONTINUED: (2)

46A

If surviving had been important enough, before coming at him hard and directly and with the gun aimed she'd've looked to see what was in his hand. As it is, coming at him with the gun aimed and announcing her terms without concession or qualification or adjustment -- and, perhaps, secretly, a desire to be spared what the next years would have held -- are what govern --

MADDIE

One hundred thousand dollars, for
now, and more when I want for as
many years as I live! Do you hear?
Do you understand?

*
*

The same motion which exposes Wolcott's blade cuts her throat. As if it hadn't been he who killed her, Wolcott watches her fall, looks away, misses her brief wondering relief, looks back as she begins to cough and choke, looks away again as she holds out her empty hand --

CUT TO:

47

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S ROOM - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #38)

47

Swearengen sits off slightly from upright, the price of the long afternoon of meetings. Before him is the San Francisco Cocksucker Lee. Swearengen looks to Dority, who collects a bag of gold from the open safe, places it before Lee, then stands to one side. Lee briefly, indifferently, glances at the bag of gold, then looks back to Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN

(to Dority)

Again.

Dority retraces his passage -- collects another bag of gold, puts it in front of Lee, who glances at it with deepened indifference, again looks to Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Dority)

Open the fucking bag for him.
Verify it's fucking gold.

Lee shakes his head in the negative --

LEE

I know.

A beat --

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

SWEARENGEN
Anyways, good to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED: (2)

47

Lee rises. Dority opens the door. Lee leaves. Swearngen nods to Dority, who moves toward the partition in the room's corner --

DORITY

C'mon out Wu.

Wu appears. Rubs thumb and forefinger together, looking to Swearngen --

WU

Juice.

SWEARENGEN

If twenty don't tempt him to converse? -- you're fucking-A-right.

Swearngen points between himself and Wu, then in the direction of Lee's departure --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Maybe we should be working for him.

Wu points between himself and Swearngen --

WU

Wu, Swedgin --

-- waves off the inclusion of Lee. Swearngen wearily acknowledges their solidarity --

SWEARENGEN

All right Wu -- I had a long fucking day.

WU

-- no San Francisco cocksucker.

DORITY

C'mon Wu. Al's tired, time to look to your pigs.

Wu's gone. Swearngen looks to Dority at the door --

SWEARENGEN

Hearst.

DORITY

What about him?

SWEARENGEN

Operates from San Francisco, same as the new chink.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED: (3)

47

DORITY

You think the chink's here in
connection with Hearst?

SWEARENGEN

You think he was born looking down
his nose at twenty thousand?

Off which --

CUT TO:

48

INT. BELLA UNION - DAY

48

Stubbs finds Tolliver at the bar --

STUBBS

Trouble at my place Cy.

He doesn't look at her --

TOLLIVER

Where is Sheriff Bullock when he's
needed?

STUBBS

Her last report to you, did Doris
speak of getting beat on?

Tolliver turns to Stubbs, studies her --

STUBBS (CONT'D)

That's the man making the trouble.

Tolliver's already headed for the door --

TOLLIVER

Don't you fucking follow me.

Tolliver's gone. Stubbs looks to Jack the Bartender --

STUBBS

How much money you got Jack?

JACK

Don't put me in the fucking middle
Joanie.

STUBBS

I wouldn't.

JACK

Fourteen hundred.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

Lila's approached --

STUBBS

Can you run to Mister Utter's Lila,
tell him to ready a wagon?

LILA

Sure Joanie.

Lila's gone. Stubbs looks back to the bartender --

STUBBS

Go get your fucking money Jack.

Jack goes to get his money. Off Stubbs --

CUT TO:

49

INT. CHEZ AMI - WHORES' BEDROOM - DAY

49

In the doorway between the parlor and the bedroom,
Tolliver looks at the two murdered prostitutes. Turns
back into the parlor, where Wolcott sits in a chair
beside Maddie's body --

TOLLIVER

The chief fact is, no witnesses
are extant.

WOLCOTT

The other madam was here, once
when I came out. Joanie Stubbs.

TOLLIVER

(indicates Maddie)

Before you did this.

WOLCOTT

Yes. When I came out again she
was gone.

TOLLIVER

Was she ever in the bedroom?

WOLCOTT

No.

TOLLIVER

Don't worry about the other madam.
(MORE)

He sits down close to him --

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Go to the hotel. Eat if you can stand the food. This'll be took care of.

Wolcott meets his eyes --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

I told you, Mister Wolcott, all's I can't provide's the cliff. Go on, get out of here.

*
*

Off which --

CUT TO:

49A

INT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - LATE AFTERNOON

49A

Bullock and Star. After a beat --

BULLOCK

I apologize for bringing Trixie into it. And calling her what I did.

STAR

Wasn't new information to me.

A beat --

BULLOCK

After you and me talked, I searched that idiot Steve out to rebuke him and smack him in the face for being who he was.

Bullock points to his head --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

The Sheriff.

(beat)

Tell me about your meeting with Mrs. Garret.

STAR

She never once mentioned your name. She wants to form the bank to better the camp.

BULLOCK

And asked you to be involved.

STAR

To serve as chief officer.

(CONTINUED)

49A CONTINUED: 49A

BULLOCK
You'd be a good one.

STAR
I think she may be pregnant. *

Off Bullock --

TIME CUT TO:

50 EXT. THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 50

Merrick and Mary Stokes cross the thoroughfare --

MERRICK
Lot, before God, could make no
case for that food.

MARY
Lot might have been in that food.

MERRICK
Over-salted as it was?

She smiles. He's thrilled, chuckles emphatically --

MERRICK (CONT'D)
I took that to be your meaning.
Ha ha ha!

They enter --

51 INT. THE PIONEER - CONTINUOUS 51

The office is devastated. So is Merrick. Mary is
frightened, and puts her handkerchief to her nose
against an odor of excrement --

CUT TO:

52 INT. LIVERY STABLE - NIGHT (SHOT AS SCENE #40) 52

STEVE (O.S.)
I cannot keep a fucking hard-on.
I'm just gonna jerk off and you
tell people that I fucked this
horse.

Hostetler, asleep on his pallet in a stall, hears a
thump, some shuffling. Opens his eyes, sees Jubal
back into the side-room where he's been sleeping.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

Jubal sees Hostetler, trains his gun on him --

JUBAL

Stay asleep.

Jubal's voice is low and afraid. From inside the livery, a series of grunts. Jubal's lowered the gun a few inches, and turned it slightly away --

JUBAL (CONT'D)

Don't come no further.

This though Hostetler hadn't moved yet. Now Hostetler stands up, points to a back door. Jubal hurries off as Hostetler turns again in the direction of the grunts, which now culminate in a groan of satisfaction. Hostetler takes up a dung shovel, moves off --

LIVERY STALL

where Steve, who has just finished masturbating on the hind left leg of Bullock's horse, shakes his detumescing johnson to deposit on the horse a last few gobs of come, and whispers with drunken vindictiveness --

STEVE

Tell the sheriff how that fucking felt, getting your leg come on, or how I jerked off and spared you an ass-fucking because I'm above that fucking shit.

HOSTETLER

What else did they teach at the school that taught you that?

Steve stands immobile, his back to Hostetler, as Hostetler's back was to him the day before, when Steve intimidated Hostetler into giving up the hiding place of the Nigger General --

CUT TO:

53

EXT. THE THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT

53

Tolliver, returning from the Chez Ami, is confronted by an irate and shaken Merrick, who's come out from the office of The Pioneer --

MERRICK

My office has been torn apart Mister Tolliver.

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

Hard luck.

MERRICK

My press is damaged -- my vowel-tray beyond repair -- and the newly-arrived schoolteacher, Miss Stokes, has been badly frightened and retreated to her hotel.

TOLLIVER

Do we blame unsavory elements?

MERRICK

I regard this incident Mister Tolliver as post-script to the visit by County Commissioner Jarry.

TOLLIVER

Interesting.

MERRICK

Retribution for my refusal to associate my newspaper with Yankton's notice on title to the claims --

TOLLIVER

Pinning the notice on a post, you mean, instead of printing it under your masthead?

MERRICK

That is my meaning exactly. Dissociating The Black Hills Pioneer from what I took to be the opposite of an effort to inform.

TOLLIVER

Maybe if you'd done your part, calmed the fucking waters a little, instead of treeing the County Commissioner the hooples would've gone to get their loads on and waited for the next edition.

MERRICK

We differ, Mister Tolliver, on the function of the press.

TOLLIVER

Ain't the lesson for you in this Merrick that with fucked-up

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED: (2)

53

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
machinery the press cannot function
at all?

MERRICK
And was that the vandalism's
purpose, Sir, and of the dog
defecating in my office? -- with
ruffians dispatched by you as the
lesson's author?

TOLLIVER
(evenly)
I'd doubt they had a dog with 'em.

Tolliver walks away from him. Off Merrick --

CUT TO:

54

INT. LIVERY STABLE - NIGHT (SHOT AS SCENE #44)

54

Hostetler is sitting across from Steve in silence --

STEVE
I never did you no harm, Hostetler.

HOSTETLER
You shut your fucking mouth.

Hostetler turns at the sound of Fields entering. Fields
is drunk too --

FIELDS
Hostetler. What in hell're you
doing.

HOSTETLER
He was in here fucking a horse.

STEVE
I did not fuck that horse.

FIELDS
(to Hostetler)
I'm asking what you're doing.

HOSTETLER
I'm fixing to get my shoeing hammer
and hit this bastard right here --
(lays forefinger
between his brows)
-- drop him like he's beef.

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

54

STEVE
I never fucking harmed you.

(CONTINUED)

FIELDS

I guess he ain't talking to me.

STEVE

(to Fields)

I never killed you like he's fixing to kill me.

FIELDS

(to Hostetler)

How hard you worked, all the shit you had to eat -- only way killing Steve here makes sense is you sign all you got on earth across to me first. That event, I could see the logic.

HOSTETLER

I might kill you after I kill him. This is my fucking will.

Fields takes a drink, then --

FIELDS

Steve, do you believe God can act through a nigger?

STEVE

God does not want you to kill.

FIELDS

Do you believe He could let me feel mercy toward you, that tarred me and fucked a horse.

STEVE

I do, and I did not fuck the horse.

FIELDS

Would you go hence in gratitude if you received mercy in this stable.

STEVE

I would.

Hostetler watches Fields take the chalkboard from --

FIELDS

(to Hostetler)

Write out "I fucked the Sheriff's horse," and then we're going to have Steve sign it.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

I didn't fuck his horse.

HOSTETLER

(as he writes)

"I ... fucked ... Bullock's ...
horse ..."

STEVE

I jerked off and came on his leg.

FIELDS

Would you sign to slight
exaggeration to keep from getting
brained?

STEVE

Yes.

FIELDS

Would you bless colored people,
and God that's Father to us all.

STEVE

I would, and go hence in gratitude.

Hostetler has chalked on the board "I fucked Bullock's horse," hands the board to Fields. Hostetler takes up the dung shovel and holds it over Steve's head as Fields cuts Steve's ropes, hands Steve the chalk. Steve signs his name, reciting as he goes --

STEVE (CONT'D)

Steve -- Fields.

FIELDS

Go hence now, Steve, go on.

STEVE

I go.

FIELDS

And if gratitude ebbs, remember we
got your signature.

STEVE

I go and remember.

Steve splits. After a beat --

HOSTETLER

Took a liquor drink that had me
asleep, how he got in, and I got
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED: (4)

54

HOSTETLER (CONT'D)

carried away.

(rubs his neck)

I ain't drunk in seventeen years.

FIELDS

Well you're over that now.

Fields offers Hostetler his bottle. Hostetler shakes his head no --

HOSTETLER

No. I don't want it.

Fields gestures acceptance of Hostetler's position --

FIELDS

Did that tom-boy get you my message?

HOSTETLER

That when they came for you like they done before you'd've done how I did.

FIELDS

But quicker. Or never've hid me in the first place.

HOSTETLER

I appreciated the message.

Fields again offers the bottle. Hostetler again shakes his head no --

FIELDS

So be it henceforth.

He drinks --

CUT TO:

55

INT. BULLOCK'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

55

A stoney-faced Bullock and Martha and the boy at dinner. After a beat --

MARTHA

Was it a difficult day?

BULLOCK

No.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

WILLIAM

Mama met the new teacher, and very much liked her.

MARTHA

Mister Merrick brought her to call.

BULLOCK

Good.

MARTHA

I liked her very much, and I'm delighted she's finally arrived.

BULLOCK

Good.

Off which --

CUT TO:

56

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

56

Cochran's finishing his examination of Swearengen, who's in the chair beside his bed --

SWEARENGEN

I lack my accustomed stamina.

In fact Swearengen seems proud of how he's gotten through the day, as are his cohorts --

DORITY

Bullshit Doc -- they come at Al in waves, and he stands 'em all the fuck all off.

*

BURNS

He'd've beat Sherman to the sea.

SWEARENGEN

(to Burns)

Lacking use of a leg -- would they've fired me from a fucking cannon?

*

COCHRAN

I find you in excellent fettle.

Swearengen wants to credit Cochran's sincerity but not at the cost of deceiving himself --

SWEARENGEN

Relative to my former wreckage.

(CONTINUED)

COCHRAN

Relatively speaking, yes. All conditions are fucking relative.

Cochran's closed his medical case. Swearengen surreptitiously indicates his right hand, which he endeavors to flex --

SWEARENGEN

(low)

How's this, relatively speaking? *

COCHRAN

(low)

Better than this morning.

Swearengen nods --

SWEARENGEN

All right. Thanks.

As Cochran heads for the door --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Poke a girl before you go, change off rummaging their twats. *

Cochran pauses --

COCHRAN

I hope you ain't connected with the new Chinese prostitutes. *

Swearengen takes it in --

SWEARENGEN

I ain't, but I'd try to make friends with their pimp. *

Cochran's gone. Swearengen turns to Dority --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

We need to muscle-up.

DORITY

Local?

SWEARENGEN

(shakes his head no)

You don't know who's been bought.

BURNS

Send me to Cheyenne.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

(to Dority)

You go.

Swearengen puts the best face on his mistrust of Burns' judgment --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Burns)

I want you close.

Regretting the hurt Swearengen's preference for him may have caused, Burns gestures solace to Dority, who gestures resigned acknowledgement --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

I'll take a look outside. *

Dority and Burns hurry forward, disowning connection with the hands they use to help Swearengen to his feet. Swearengen grabs hold of the knob as they reach the door to the balcony. Dority and Burns let go of him, see he has his balance; Dority nods to Burns that they should go -- *

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Dority)

Where's that fucking forest-type you marauded with before we met?

DORITY

Crop Ear?

SWEARENGEN

Yeah, lacking the use his fucking horn. *

DORITY

He ain't available.

Burns knows that Crop Ear is dead, having disposed of the body after Dority murdered him; also, Swearengen's benediction has brought him to realize that he is quicker-witted than Dority, whom he now assists by providing specific, vivifying detail --

BURNS

Didn't I hear lately, Dan, Crop Ear's marauding elsewheres? --

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED: (3)

56

Dority seems largely ungrateful --

DORITY

Yeah.

SWEARENGEN

Let's not appear as fucking triplets.

(MORE)

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED: (4)

56

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Go down now, the both of you.

As Dority and Burns move to the door --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

It's not loud enough for them to hear --

57

EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

57

Swearengen makes sure no one is looking up before maneuvering himself to the railing; after a breath or two, he can consider the thoroughfare without the distracting recognition of having had to exert himself more than before he fell ill; then, looking out, he experiences the blessed relief of the ordinary --

SWEARENGEN

Took some fucking portion of the relative fucking weight.

58

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT

58

From the alley beside the dress shop, Charlie Utter, like some particularly homely draft animal, pulls a wagon, its cargo covered by a blanket, into the thoroughfare, where he hitches the wagon to a team of horses, nods to the waiting Stubbs, who, after allowing a beat to discourage casual observation, backs toward the covered cargo, speaks to it without looking in its direction --

STUBBS

Someone put a hand out.

Three pairs of hands appear from under the blanket. Still without turning, feeling with her own hand for the hand of one of the whores, Stubbs passes over her shoulder the money Jack the bartender gave her --

STUBBS (CONT'D)

Who got it?

ENID

Enid.

STUBBS

Split it three ways Enid.

ENID

Thanks Joanie.

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS

(to Utter)

Thank you very much.

UTTER

Certainly.

Stubbs nods to Utter, who gets the team going. She calls after, for the other two girls to hear --

STUBBS

It's fourteen hundred, split it
three ways. Never come back!

Off Stubbs, raising her eyes from the wagon, seeing Swearngen on his balcony, remembering him from the time of her arrival in the camp with Tolliver and Eddie Sawyer; Swearngen remembers her as well, though the look between them has to do not with recollection, but some shared recognition of the hour of the night --

FADE OUT.