

Director: Michael Almereyda

Deadwood

“E.B. Was Left Out”

Written by

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Nov. 05, 2004
Nov. 08, 2004 Blue
Nov. 09, 2004 Pink (full)
Nov. 10, 2004 Yellow (full)
Nov. 11, 2004 Green
Nov. 12, 2004 Goldenrod
Nov. 15, 2004 Buff
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Nov. 17, 2004 Cherry
Nov. 18, 2004 Tan
Nov. 23, 2004 Double Blue
Mar. 4, 2005 Double Pink
Mar. 5, 2005 Double Yellow
Mar. 18, 2005 Double Green

"E.B Was Left Out"

FADE IN:

2 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - WOLCOTT'S ROOM - DAWN 2

as Wolcott's eyes come open, briefly registering surprise that he still lives. An accustomed resignation follows, but does not as ordinarily sustain itself. He brings his feet to the floor, feels wonderment and provisional hope, of judgment being passed against him --

CUT TO:

3 INT. BELLA UNION - TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - DAWN 3

Where Lee, before a satisfied Tolliver, wipes his hands together to indicate some vanishing from the world of appearances --

TOLLIVER

You use pigs too Lee? -- or some other disposal method?

Lee just looks at him. Tolliver winks --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

I don't bandy my secrets either.

He nods dismissal. As the Chinaman leaves --

3A INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - CONTINUOUS 3A

Leon and Stapleton, already discomfited by Lee's private interview with Tolliver, react with compounded incertitude to the entrance of Joanie Stubbs, who, watching out for Tolliver, notes Lee's egress from Tolliver's office as she lands at the bar --

JACK

Joanie.

Stubbs produces a mound wrapped in swaddling, undemonstratively pushes it across the bar --

STUBBS

Thanks for the loan Jack.

JACK

Sure.

He quickly takes up the swaddled funds and puts them out of sight --

(CONTINUED)

3A CONTINUED:

3A

STUBBS

Hundred extra's in the wrap you'll
hurt my feelings not to take.

She's moving toward Tolliver's office --

ANGLE - STAPLETON AND LEON

disempowered supernumeraries, note, swivel-headed,
Lee's departure, then Stubbs' disappearance into
Tolliver's office, with frowning, mute disapproval --

LEON

What the fuck are you tipping your
fucking hat at?

STAPELTON

Like one human being to another.

LEON

(under his breath)
Glorified fucking monkey.

3B INT. TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

3B

Stubbs looks in --

TOLLIVER

Joanie Stubbs. How are things at
your place?

STUBBS

It's just me left.

TOLLIVER

I see.

STUBBS

Could you tell me what happened to
those girls?

TOLLIVER

All six?

STUBBS

I'm asking after my friend Maddie,
and Doris that you sent to work
with us, and a outside whore, pretty-
looking like a doll, that 'far as
I know, when I left Wolcott there
last night to come and get you,
was all three still alive.

(CONTINUED)

3B CONTINUED:

3B

TOLLIVER

I'd be curious what happened to
the other three.

STUBBS

They're sent away Cy, never to
return or be a problem, as I won't
be either to you or Wolcott, and I
ask after Maddie and Doris and the
outside girl not making a problem
but if Wolcott killed 'em and
there's remains to see 'em buried.

(CONTINUED)

3B CONTINUED: (2)

3B

TOLLIVER

There's no remains.

Stubbs looks away --

STUBBS

All right.

TOLLIVER

And you're there now by yourself,
the Chez Ami.

She nods --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

No picnic, is it Honey, running
pussy. Tough way to make a buck.

Stubbs leaves. Tolliver wonders why seeing her
devastated and seemingly without resource doesn't make
him happier --

CUT TO:

4 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BEDROOM - MORNING (WAS SCENE
#10)

4

Farnum looks in. Swearengen is dressed, and the suit
he will wear to Alma's later in the episode is on
prominent display. (Note: This presupposes the deletion
of the subsequent scene with Adams) --

FARNUM

Morning Al.

SWEARENGEN

Request of the Widow Garret, E.B. --
that I be allowed to pay her a
call.

By now Farnum's noticed the suit --

FARNUM

Today? Shall I tell her time is
of the essence, Al?

SWEARENGEN

When ain't it?

FARNUM

I'll aim for early afternoon.

*

SWEARENGEN

Stop walking with me, E.B.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

FARNUM

Yes, of course. And if she pries
and pokes and prods me to elicit
your intentions?

*

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

SWEARENGEN

Tell her I wouldn't say.

Farnum tries a laugh to dissemble his growing uneasiness --

FARNUM

And if she asks me why you wouldn't?

SWEARENGEN

Say you're a pain in my balls that
cannot desist from inquiry 'til
told to shut his fucking mouth and
act on the task he's been fucking
given.

E.B. tilts his chin up slightly and frowns a bit so
his lips won't quiver with hurt --

FARNUM

Fine then. Excuse me.

Swearengen thinks nothing of the exchange, but in the
departing Mayor a seed of doubt has been planted, which
will germinate then flower before sundown. Off which --

*

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3) 4

CUT TO: *

5 EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - MORNING 5

Utter dismounts outside the Chez Ami --

6 INT. CHEZ AMI - PARLOR - MORNING 6

Stubbs sits in the middle of the parlor, which shows no sign of the previous day's violence, turns her head at the sound, behind her, of the door cracked open. Utter looks in --

UTTER

Hello.

STUBBS

Hello.

Utter closes the door, enters the room, comes in deferential proximity of Stubbs --

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

UTTER

Them girls are good and gone. I saw 'em to the Spearfish, and Donald 'driving 'em on's a trustworthy person.

STUBBS

Thank you.

UTTER

They was sad separating from you, and o'course worried what'd transpired to that older woman'd brung 'em from the East.

STUBBS

Thank you for all you did.

Utter understands she has declined the chance to explain --

UTTER

Can I get a drink before I go?

STUBBS

Please.

Utter goes to the bar, returns with a bottle and two glasses, pours two shots and hands one to Stubbs. She takes it, doesn't drink --

UTTER

Cheers.

He doesn't drink until she drinks hers. Then he sets down his glass, leaves the bottle next to Stubbs, exits. Off Stubbs --

CUT TO:

8

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - WOLCOTT'S ROOM - MORNING (WAS SCENE # 20)

8

He's put his pants on and maybe his undershirt, has lathered his face to shave around his beard. The area to be shaved is minuscule. He appears to lack will to proceed. The act contemplated perhaps seems vain. The razor lowers to his neck at the jugular, of its own slight weight depresses the skin. Wolcott watches. The razor does not cut his throat as it did the throats of the women the night before. He wishes he were a man to help the razor --

CUT TO:

15

CONTINUED:

15

UTTER

I see.

STUBBS

My Mama feared my Daddy, and I did, and my sisters too. I never met a girl 'til Maddie that wasn't afraid of men.

UTTER

Is that so.

STUBBS

When Eddie give me that building, I couldn't see it. Not on my own or my wildest dreams. But then Maddie's wallpaper come and maybe I'd have a chance, and not being afraid would come into me.

UTTER

And Maddie's dead now.

STUBBS

And her girl Carrie she brought and Doris who Cy made come with us to spy.

UTTER

Maddie, and Carrie she brought with her, and Doris who Cy made come with you --

STUBBS

And the place empty of any sign they was ever born or lived or got killed.

Utter takes a stab --

UTTER

And it was Cy Tolliver 'killed 'em.

STUBBS

A man named Wolcott killed 'em, that works for George Hearst.

UTTER

Why?

STUBBS

I don't know that. I'm not a man.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

Utter moves to the crying Stubbs --

UTTER

We're friends.

She studies him --

STUBBS

It's a secret Charlie -- it's only
between us. I told you as a friend.

UTTER

That's how I heard it.

A beat, then, afraid he'll frighten her, he offers his
open arms. She moves into his embrace --

UTTER (CONT'D)

I'm your friend. Don't ever walk
past me.

Off which --

CUT TO:

16 INT. THE BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

16

Tolliver approaches Stapleton and Leon --

TOLLIVER

Boys. You seem troubled.

STAPLETON

Them chinks ain't pullin', Mister
T. --

LEON

Even at a dime a fuck.

STAPLETON

Unvarnished truth, Sir -- 'far as
generating clientele, we ain't
found a way around their
strangeness.

TOLLIVER

What's been your approach?

Leon and Stapleton look at each other --

STAPLETON

Cost, primarily. Inexpensiveness.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

LEON

The dime.

TOLLIVER

I'd go at the strangeness Boys,
take it head-on, turn it to your
fucking advantage.

(consults his Muse)

Among humans, for grip, the
Chinawoman's snatch has no peer.
In all nature the python is its
only rival, though few have lived
to tell the tale.

STAPELTON

(to Leon, re Tolliver)

We are dwarfs in the company of a
giant.

LEON

Did our bust-up of Merrick's office
have its effect Mister Tolliver?

TOLLIVER

It did Leon.

LEON

How'd he take to the shit on the
floor?

TOLLIVER

Made a strong impression. Was
that a touch of yours?

LEON

Yes Sir it was.

Off Leon's quiet pride, and Stapleton's collegial
acknowledgement, which jovially hints at reserve,
conveying to Tolliver too that floor-shitting is not
his own style --

CUT TO:

18 MOVED TO SCENE #30

18

20 MOVED TO SCENE #8

20

22 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - BUFFET - DAY

22

Farnum approaches Alma Garret, seated with Sofia,
bearing a small salver of organ meats --

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

ALMA

Mister Farnum.

FARNUM

A selection of choice humbles for
the little girl.

Farnum drops the plate before Sofia, who catches a
whiff of ammonia off the meats --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

How adorably she sniffs at the
tang of freshness in the kidneys.

ALMA

We've finished our meal, Mr. Farnum.

As Alma rises, taking Sofia's hand, Farnum rises as
well, while moving to keep up with Alma thrusts the
kidney plate on the passing Richardson --

FARNUM

Mister Swearengen, Ma'am, with
whom your deceased husband had
acquaintance though I believe you
yourself did not, requests an
interview.

UTTER (O.S.)

Mind where you stomp your fuckin'
feet.

By the end of this, they are near though not visible
to Charlie Utter, who is behind Wolcott in the buffet
line, and whose remark has prompted Wolcott to turn --

WOLCOTT

Are you addressing me?

UTTER

Too late to catch whoever taught
you your fucking manners.

Farnum ostentatiously positions himself to insulate
Alma and Sofia from the disputants --

FARNUM

Gentlemen -- consider your
listeners.

ALMA

(to Farnum)

Tell Mister Swearengen I will
receive him at two o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (2)

22

Alma is about to start up the stairs. As the scorpion turns upon itself, Farnum's curiosity impels him --

FARNUM

A penny for your thoughts.

She considers him --

ALMA

I am glad to be leaving your company.

FARNUM

And as to the purpose of the meeting?

ALMA

Didn't Mister Swaengen confide?

FARNUM

He hasn't been well.

Farnum exits, heading for the Gem, as Alma and Sofia ascend, perhaps glancing toward --

UTTER AND WOLCOTT

still at the end of the buffet line, a dozen patrons long, which snakes into the lobby --

UTTER

That's twice you've fucking stared at me.

WOLCOTT

I feel you breathing on my neck --

UTTER

Should I exhale out my ass?

WOLCOTT

-- and I believe you're doing it intentionally.

UTTER

Why? -- you think I believe you're a cunt?

Wolcott stares at Utter, recognizing his purposefulness --

WOLCOTT

If we fight, it won't be a casual matter.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

UTTER

Oh I see you got a big fucking knife there, and hid somewheres on your person you probably got a pussified shooting instrument, but I am good at first impressions, and you are a fucking cunt, and I doubt you've fought many men, or maybe even one.

Utter grabs Wolcott by the ear and starts kicking him in the ass and pushing him toward the door --

23 EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

23

Utter drags Wolcott into the mud in the center of the thoroughfare and twists at his ear and keeps kicking him in the ass to punctuate what he's saying --

UTTER

Now you're going to take a beating --

ANGLE - TOLLIVER

emerging from the Bella Union, summoned by a capper, taking in the ass-kicking --

UTTER (CONT'D)

-- and know how it feels to be helpless, and no one to fucking stick up for you.

Utter steps back to drop-kick Wolcott in the genitals, then, as Wolcott drops to his knees, kicks him in the face. At this escalation Tolliver shakes his head, reaffirming to the capper that he's not to intervene, then crosses Cochran's alley toward The Gem as Utter drops to his own knees, and proceeds to the part of the beating punctuated by punches --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

hurrying from the Hardware Store, moving on Utter, grabbing him from behind --

BULLOCK

Charlie! What did he do?

UTTER

It's personal fucking business!

Off which --

CUT TO:

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

24

Swearengen's in his office. Burns is reporting from the balcony --

BURNS
Bullock's stepped in. Tolliver's still headed towards us.

Farnum enters off a perfunctory knock --

FARNUM
Two o'clock, my hotel, the Widow Garret's suite.

SWEARENGEN
What do you know of the fisticuffs?

FARNUM
Amongst who?

Burns has come in, overheard --

BURNS
Utter, and the fella you was sitting with downstairs the other day.

FARNUM
Wolcott?
(to Swearengen)
Just now when I was leaving the hotel, Wolcott had stepped accidentally on Utter's foot --

BURNS
If Utter's got corns that might could've touched it off.

Under which Dority's entered --

SWEARENGEN
Tolliver wants to see me.

Dority is long past surprise at Swearengen's prescience --

DORITY
Should I send him up?

SWEARENGEN
Tell him I'm coming down.
(MORE)

Dority's gone. Farnum makes ready to leave --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Last night I saw Utter drive a wagon from the camp while that whore 'used to work for Tolliver called to someone hid in the wagon-bed.

Farnum pauses in his egress --

FARNUM

You connect that with the beating in the thoroughfare?

SWEARENGEN

Sooner than on Utter's corns.

FARNUM

I will station myself downstairs as an observer.

Farnum exits. Swearengen rises, forestalls Burns' advance --

SWEARENGEN

I will urinate before seeing Tolliver, unless stopped by your fucking hovering.

Off which --

CUT TO:

25 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

25

Star watches Bullock bring Utter in; neither partner has seen Utter in a rage like this --

UTTER

That's enough fucking manhandling.

BULLOCK

Take it easy Charlie.

UTTER

Take your fucking hands off and I'll take it fucking easier.

BULLOCK

Will you stay put?

UTTER

Don't order me the fuck around.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

BULLOCK
I'm taking 'em off --
(MORE)

Bullock releases his hold on Utter --

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Please don't go back outside.

Utter stares, at Bullock, then Star, coming to himself as his adrenaline subsides. Bullock, his friend, studies him --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

What happened?

UTTER

The cocksucker stepped on my toe.

He can't meet Bullock's eyes --

CUT TO:

25A INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - DAY

25A

The same population more or less as awaited the buffet before the fight began, and many of whom witnessed its outcome. Richardson's before the desk as Wolcott drags himself in --

WOLCOTT

I'd be grateful to see the doctor.

Off Richardson, as Wolcott moves to the stairs --

CUT TO:

26 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

26

Swearengen, unassisted, descends the stairs carefully, Burns a step or two behind. The waiting Tolliver, seated at a table, takes it in, as does Dority behind the bar, and Farnum, on the patrons' side, at the bar's far end --

TOLLIVER

Moving somewhat rheumatic, young man.

JEWEL

He's always dragging that fucking leg.

SWEARENGEN

The fucking morning chill.

TOLLIVER

In which our Deputy Sheriff Utter just kicked living crap out of a citizen.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

SWEARENGEN

How's that impinge on men like us.

Tolliver looks to Dority --

TOLLIVER

(to Swearengen; re
their conversation)

You let your help supervise.

Swearengen motions to Dority to move away.

(CONTINUED)

Swearengen's noted Trixie march into the saloon; she approaches him and Tolliver --

TRIXIE

I'm back whoring, whoever's interested.

SWEARENGEN

(evenly)

Get upstairs.

She does. Swearengen looks to Tolliver --

TOLLIVER

The man beaten's chief geologist in the Hearst operation.

SWEARENGEN

Hearst. Of the Comstock.

TOLLIVER

Had you heard at all they were around?

SWEARENGEN

How did the geologist give offense?

TOLLIVER

I don't know, that's a thing I'd like to find out.

SWEARENGEN

Wrong response whatever the fucking provocation.

TOLLIVER

Amen, brother.

SWEARENGEN

How would you suggest we proceed?

TOLLIVER

Maybe convene with Bullock and Utter. Discover the details. Let it be known that's the wrong ox to gore.

SWEARENGEN

I'll put the sit-down together.

Off their measured and measuring affability --

CUT TO:

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

27

Trixie's sitting in his office as he comes in --

TRIXIE

You're much more fucking mobile.

SWEARENGEN

What's this about coming back
whoring?

TRIXIE

I'm done at that hardware store,
with their fucking harping and
badgering.

SWEARENGEN

Who's harping, the Jew?

TRIXIE

Are you making a fucking pun?

SWEARENGEN

I'm asking a fucking question.

TRIXIE

The Jew, and fucking Bullock also --
I'm erratic with my decimals and
the like.

SWEARENGEN

And "harping" now's hardship on
the same fucking order as a boot
to your fucking neck.

Trixie looks away --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Don't fault them Trixie for your
fucking fears of tumbling to
something new.

TRIXIE

Meaning you want me back there,
secreted and listening in.

SWEARENGEN

Attentive in particular to talk of
Hearst's geologist.

She studies him, nods --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Mind your fucking decimals.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

She's gone. Off Swearengen, missing her --

CUT TO:

28 INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER 10 - DAY 28

Leon and Stapleton have been trying to drum up patrons for the Chinese prostitutes --

LEON

There was a time folks avoided the train, for fear of the locomotive.

STAPLETON

Some still walk long distances, when they could ride in comfort and luxury.

MARVIN

I won't fuck Chinese. I got a mother living yet.

HAWKEYE

'She the jealous type?

Marvin scowls at Hawkeye, who looks away, as Rutherford slashes the air laterally with an open hand --

RUTHERFORD

(to Leon)

'Can't deny it's off-putting them Chinese girls' quiffers ain't quite plum.

STAPLETON

That's a fucking libel and myth.

MARVIN

They'll never get my dime.

LEON

Another round, Tom, for the board.

NUTTALL

You're past due on three.

Leon counts out the money to Nuttall --

RUTHERFORD

There are them as fuck squaws.

LEON

Pathfinders, I call 'em.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

The drinks poured and assigned, Hawkeye toasts --

HAWKEYE

I call mine "John Rodger."

Stapleton looks to Nuttall --

STAPLETON

You ever hear Tom, the Chinese
whore has a ancient way of milkin'
you of sorrow, loneliness and that
awful feeling of being forsaken.

Nuttall, who still resents Stapleton for his
embarrassing deportment as Sheriff after Nuttall'd
nominated him for the post, won't stand shill for the
game --

NUTTALL

Seems to me that'd leave you with
nothing.

Off which --

CUT TO:

30 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY (WAS SCENE #18) 30

Swearengen's brushing his suit. A knock --

SWEARENGEN

Yeah!

Adams enters, bearing a white shirt --

ADAMS

Dority said Wu delivered this and I should bring it up so our talking don't delay your preparation.

SWEARENGEN

Sit down.

Adams tries to let Swearengen know he's drawn the proper lessons from his experience with the Pinkerton agent Isringhausen --

ADAMS

That phony fucking tutor turned me out pretty good, Al.

SWEARENGEN

Apparently.

ADAMS

Practically inside out. 'Guess that's what makes 'em the fucking Pinkertons.

(beat)

The "fucking Pinkertons." I wonder if that's an official department of their organization.

SWEARENGEN

Are you done?

ADAMS

I want to fucking kill her.

SWEARENGEN

The phony fucking tutor.

ADAMS

(nods)

Miss Isringhausen. I'm here for your permission.

SWEARENGEN

Alive, she could further a plan that would bring me a large sum.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

Adams takes this in --

ADAMS

She could?

SWEARENGEN

If that might persuade you to desist.

Reminding Adams he's in the continuing-education course --

ADAMS

Sure, I'll desist.

SWEARENGEN

Thanks for the shirt.

Off which --

CUT TO:

37 EXT. THE GEM - DAY 37

Swearengen emerges, negotiates the thoroughfare with a show of casual competence --

38 INT. THE GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 38

Swearengen enters. Farnum leaps to life --

FARNUM

Al -- a new suit?

SWEARENGEN

No.

FARNUM

The ruddy health of your complexion may bring the pattern out differently.

As Swearengen moves to the stairs, Farnum touches toe out from behind the desk --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I'll see you to the Widow's chambers.

SWEARENGEN

Go back.

FARNUM

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

Swearengen begins his ascent, the cost of his casual competence increasing. Off Farnum --

CUT TO:

39 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY 39

Alma opens the door to Swearengen --

ALMA

Mister Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

Afternoon. How do you do. Thanks for seeing me.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

ALMA

Will you sit down?

She indicates two chairs in the parlor. B.g., Sofia reads in the bedroom. As they sit --

SWEARENGEN

Late congratulations on your claim proving out. I'd urged patience on your husband before he had his mishap.

ALMA

Yet I've always assumed, after my husband's death, you tried to buy from me through Mister Farnum.

SWEARENGEN

Anyways, water under the bridge.

Sofia's at Alma's arm, come from the bedroom, tugging on Alma's sleeve --

SOFIA

May I go downstairs?

ALMA

Mister Swearengen's only come to talk Sofia.

She escorts Sofia back into the bedroom --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Read in here Darling.

-- closes the door. Under her return --

ALMA (CONT'D)

You frighten her.

SWEARENGEN

I'll have that effect.

ALMA

I think more specifically it was your plotting against her life.

He licks his lips --

SWEARENGEN

I'd take tea.

She ignores this --

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED: (2)

39

ALMA

What did you wish to discuss?

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

The child's tutor, that you recently sacked.

ALMA

Miss Isringhausen.

SWEARENGEN

She's a Pinkerton.

ALMA

I don't find that credible.

SWEARENGEN

That's the way they like it. Your husband's family chartered the Agency to pin his dying on you so as once you're jailed or hanged they can bag your gold.

Alma takes this in --

ALMA

How do you support this contention?

SWEARENGEN

She's come to me, through a fella she banged named Adams.

ALMA

Miss Isringhausen.

SWEARENGEN

Wants to pay me to confirm what she'll say you confessed to her, that you hired me to kill him.

She takes this in --

ALMA

How much have they offered?

SWEARENGEN

Fifty thousand. I'd sign a confession, be taken into custody, then they'd let me escape. Who must they think they're dealing with.

ALMA

And how much do you ask from me as commission to tell the truth?

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

I don't like the Pinkertons. They muscle for the bosses, like the bosses ain't got enough edge --

Alma's openly skeptical --

ALMA

So you would side with me on principle.

SWEARENGEN

Now I'll finish my fucking sentence.

ALMA

Excuse me.

SWEARENGEN

I don't like the Pinkertons, plus being the Hearst Combine and their fucking ilk have eyes to take over here, whyever you're staying suits my purpose.

ALMA

As much as you can, please minimize your obscenities.

Swearengen's eyes narrow as he searches his recollection --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Before "ilk."

He indicates he'll make the effort --

SWEARENGEN

So there's my prejudices and personal interests, that argue for siding with you. Also, if you'd want to match their fifty, that's between you and your God.

ALMA

And what warrant would I have against repetitions of this interview?

SWEARENGEN

I'd make 'em write the offer out and their terms, and I'd make the cocksucker sign it, Pinkerton himself -- I hate that bastard
....

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED: (5)

39

ALMA

Please Mister Swearengen.

He signals acquiescence and regret --

SWEARENGEN

-- make 'em offer and sign and
turn the document to you so you'd
have it in evidence against 'em.

A beat --

ALMA

Let me consider.

He rises --

SWEARENGEN

Tell that child no hard feelings.

ALMA

What tea do you enjoy -- we'll
have it at your next visit.

It embarrasses him to confess --

SWEARENGEN

I like that fucking black
Darjeeling.

He raises his hand, catching himself. Off Alma --

CUT TO:

40

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - DAY

40

Farnum's behind his desk, watches Swearengen descend.
After a beat --

FARNUM

Have we a new Pope?

Swearengen doesn't speak for a few more steps, then,
dissembling a deepening exhaustion --

SWEARENGEN

She's some fuck E.B.

Off which --

CUT TO:

43 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - WOLCOTT'S ROOM - DAY

43

Cochran's examining Wolcott --

WOLCOTT

What can you tell me Doctor of the man with whom I disagreed.

COCHRAN

Richardson, who summoned me, said it was Charlie Utter, who was Wild Bill Hickok's best friend.

WOLCOTT

I see.

(beat)

I'm told Hickok stayed in this room.

COCHRAN

I'd expect that's said of more than one room in this hotel.

WOLCOTT

So Hickok didn't stay here?

COCHRAN

I don't know what room he stayed in. Several of your ribs are broken. If you wish to occupy yourself with plasters I can make some up.

WOLCOTT

I can occupy myself otherwise.

COCHRAN

My fee is three dollars.

WOLCOTT

Will you give me my purse?

He indicates the table. Cochran hands him the purse --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)

Does your path cross Mister Utter's, Doctor?

COCHRAN

Sometimes.

WOLCOTT

You might tell him I own a letter
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)
said to be his best friend's last.
If he'll call on me I'd think of
giving it to him.

Wolcott hands Cochran a nugget --

COCHRAN
That's worth more than three
dollars.

WOLCOTT
Credit the excess against service
to the indigent -- I suspect you
of such a virtue.

Cochran collects his bag --

COCHRAN
If I deliver your message will
there be a renewal of violence?

WOLCOTT
I'd hope not Doctor -- I didn't do
well in the original.

Off which --

CUT TO:

49 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

49

Camp Fathers' meeting. Bullock, Utter, Star, Tolliver, Nuttall, and Cochran. Dority's attire gives some indication of his anticipated trip to Cheyenne. Burns has distributed canned peaches to all except Nuttall, to whom, in deference to Nuttall's previous gastrointestinal misadventure with the peaches, he's given pears. Swarengen at the head of the table, uses a brief silence to force Tolliver's hand --

TOLLIVER

In the thoroughfare this morning, an event transpired which cannot be repeated. As the Apostle had it, 'time's past for acting like infants. I assume Mister Utter was provoked. Yet for the sake of all, the man that provoked him, employed by who he is, cannot be fucking beaten.

Nuttall looks to Utter sympathetically --

NUTTALL

What was the provocation?

TOLLIVER

Not the fucking point.

BULLOCK

I'd like to hear it too.

A beat --

UTTER

Hearst's man stepped on my foot.

Nuttall confides forgivingly to Bullock --

NUTTALL

(re Utter)

Prob'ly capped some untoward chain of events.

Tolliver, relieved that, Tolliver having provided occasion and opportunity, Utter has not revealed what Tolliver surmises, correctly, to be the real reason for the beating, takes a non-judgmental but educative tone, implying what unanticipated, catastrophic consequences for the collective can ensue from one individual yielding to casual irritations --

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

TOLLIVER
(to Utter)
Stepped on your foot.

Nuttall tries to establish a context for what some
might take to be over-reaction --

(CONTINUED)

NUTTALL

And did he condescend, Deputy, to
your yelp of fucking pain?

UTTER

I'm done talking about it.

Swearengen makes his move, taking the role of one,
respectful of Utter's reticence, who nonetheless, out
of his own sense of outrage, cannot longer keep silent --

SWEARENGEN

Maybe, Cy, Mister Utter'd want to
tell us about a wagon-drive he
took last night, and who he had in
concealment, in behest of that
whore 'used to work for you.

(to the others)

And how the morning's shit-kicking
resulted.

Not that Swearengen has any real idea what the
connection might be --

TOLLIVER

The background of the beating ain't
the point, no more'n the incident's
particulars, or how offensive if I
knew 'em I might find the details
personally. The Hearst interests
require special treatment, and we
face that like men or get
steamrolled by the fucking
alternative.

BULLOCK

Which is what?

TOLLIVER

Which is them, pissed-off they ain't
getting treated special, replacing
us that don't with those that
fucking will.

BULLOCK

Say what brought the beating on
Charlie, leaving out your foot.

Tolliver slaps the table, gets to his feet, laughing
with incredulous frustration --

TOLLIVER

Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

don't care what brought it on.
(as if this were
absurd)

Say it was a murder -- or more'n
one -- George Hearst's Chief
Geologist don't get convicted of
any crime in any court convened by
humans. They'll buy the judge, or
if they can't the jury or
witnesses, or if not they'll start
into killing, so what the fuck are
we talking about? Why would we
want to know?

Swearengen's gotten from the meeting all he wanted --

SWEARENGEN

Cy. All that Geologist did was
step on Utter's foot.

Tolliver turns over his peach dish --

TOLLIVER

Are we done? -- are we fucking
done? 'Cause if you people aren't,
I am.

Tolliver, starting for the door, realizes that indulging
in the theatrics of a departure may deprive him of
useful information, takes up position by the piano --

SWEARENGEN

(to Bullock)

If Hearst's man ain't pursuing
remedies, and Utter ain't, that'd
leave you speaking for the camp.

Bullock, with an eye to Utter, shakes his head in the
negative --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Adjourned.

All rise --

STAR

(low)

Where was Farnum?

Bullock shrugs --

ANGLE - COCHRAN AND UTTER

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED: (4)

49

Cochran confides --

COCHRAN

He wants to see you.

UTTER

Who?

COCHRAN

Wolcott.

UTTER

We transacted our business.

COCHRAN

He says he has Hickok's last letter --
if you see him he'll give it to
you.

ANGLE - TOLLIVER

trying to overhear this --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

observing Tolliver --

TOLLIVER

(to Cochran)

What was that all about?

COCHRAN

Nothing.

CUT TO:

50

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - DAY

50

Farnum, near the entrance to the hotel, watching, across
the thoroughfare, the meeting's various participants
exit The Gem and separate, addresses Richardson at his
post behind the desk --

FARNUM

The bald contempt of it. Why not
issue five abreast, gibbering and
grimacing, cavorting and taunting --
"E.B. was left out. E.B. was left
out."

(MORE)

He watches as they part ways; his tone-of-voice is
confrontational, its volume carefully modulated --

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

FARNUM (CONT'D)
Cocksuckers! Cunt-lickers! Make
your filthy gestures! Public
service was never my primary career!

Toward the end of the imprecation Farnum's eyes have
narrowed --

FARNUM (CONT'D)
Two come this way.

He gestures violently toward Richardson to come out
from behind the desk, kicks at the assistant, missing,
as Richardson hurries toward the kitchen. Composing
his cravat, licking his palms to run through his filthy
hair, Farnum moves toward position behind the desk --

50A EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

50A

Bullock and Tolliver make their way across the
thoroughfare toward the Grand Central -- Tolliver
growingly uneasy as the fact of their shared destination
becomes clear --

TOLLIVER
I only hope, Sheriff, us having
just come to fucking consensus,
you intend no further worrying of
this matter.

BULLOCK
I don't.

Tolliver's visibly relieved. As they come onto the
hotel porch --

TOLLIVER
Or, for your own sake, that you're
coming here to fucking eat.

They enter --

50B INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

50B

Farnum salutes the arrivals with a feigned cheerfulness --

FARNUM
Gentlemen.

BULLOCK
Farnum.

FARNUM
Come from the Gathering of Worthies.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50B CONTINUED:

50B

Tolliver lingers in the lobby as Bullock walks past Farnum, starts up the stairs --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Whatever was purposed by your get-together at The Gem I hope came to full fruition.

Tolliver's eyes are on Bullock --

TOLLIVER

Thanks.

FARNUM

Or whatever was the need for my exclusion.

Bullock reaches the second-floor landing, turns left toward Alma's room, glances down at Farnum and Tolliver. Farnum gives Bullock a thumbs-up --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

I believe she's in.

Bullock reaches Alma's door, knocks --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

(low-voiced, to Tolliver)

As is the child, which may confound his intention.

Off Farnum's subtly knowing fornicatory gesture --

50C INT. ALMA'S ROOM - INTERCUT (SHOT AS PART OF SCENE #53)

50C

She's napping beside Sofia, rises, comes to the door --

50D RESUME - FARNUM AND TOLLIVER

50D

as the door opens to Bullock, who enters --

TOLLIVER

Shall you and I chat Farnum?

Farnum and Tolliver watch the door close --

FARNUM

As you wish.

(CONTINUED)

50D CONTINUED:

50D

Farnum dusts the desk-top with his jacket-cuff by way of suggesting that their conversation will be no more than an idle filling-of-the-time --

CUT TO:

50E INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY (SHOT AS SCENE #53) 50E

Alma opens the door to Bullock --

ALMA

Mister Bullock. Please come in.

He does. She puts her finger to her lips, indicating the bedroom where Sofia can be seen napping on her bed. Bullock nods --

BULLOCK

I apologize for calling unannounced.

ALMA

You find us in only mild disarray.

She indicates Sofia's dolls and some textbooks --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Sofia has me now for teacher as well as guardian.

She offers him a chair, sits as he does --

BULLOCK

How are you feeling?

ALMA

Well, thank you -- as I hope you are and your family.

BULLOCK

We're all very well.

He's absolutely stymied. She realizes that a flicker of resentment and mean-spiritedness has prompted her denying him any opening --

ALMA

I feel better lately in the afternoons than I do mornings.

He knows he's in it now --

BULLOCK

Ah.

ALMA

You find the right time of day to surprise me.

BULLOCK

Yes, that's good luck.

(CONTINUED)

50E CONTINUED:

50E

ALMA

Mister Star, with whom I met
yesterday, was not so fortunate.

BULLOCK

Was that a morning meeting?

ALMA

(nods)

I fell ill at its conclusion. Or,
my falling ill was the conclusion's
cause.

BULLOCK

Oh yes.

If he could he'd gouge out his eyes. She hears the
better angels of her nature --

ALMA

We discussed the formation of a
bank.

BULLOCK

It's an excellent idea, and Sol
would be an excellent chief officer.

ALMA

I'm glad of your opinion.

BULLOCK

And generous on your part, who
need not put capital at risk --

ALMA

Thank you.

BULLOCK

-- and supportive of the camp at a
crucial hour of its history.

ALMA

Thank you very much.

A beat --

BULLOCK

Would it be better for you if I
left?

ALMA

We seem to be conversing amiably.

(CONTINUED)

50E CONTINUED: (2)

50E

BULLOCK

I mean the camp.

ALMA

Because I'm unwell in the mornings?

He gestures helpless acceptance of the euphemism --

BULLOCK

Would it be easier for you?

She almost yields to anger --

ALMA

Why would your leaving change in any material way my situation here in the camp? Whether you stay or go, I will be unwell mornings for a period of time, after which my appearance will begin noticeably to change

BULLOCK

I mean, as to your seeing me in the camp, more or less daily ... would you prefer not to?

ALMA

Mister Bullock. If you believe the change in my condition, and the decent concern for others we claimed as our purpose in separating, now dictates your leaving the camp and uprooting your family, I will not judge your decision, but please do not ask me to make it for you. I'm sufficiently occupied deciding things for myself, and for loved ones of my own.

He looks away --

BULLOCK

I understand. I don't wish to make things more difficult for you. I intended the opposite. I'm reliable for that outcome.

He rises. She can't help asking --

ALMA

Will you stay? Will she be certain to know?

(CONTINUED)

50E CONTINUED: (3)

50E

BULLOCK

She knows I loved you.

He meets her eyes --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

That part's mine to decide.

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

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

It becomes you.

He's gone. Off Alma --

CUT TO:

50F INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - DAY

50F

Farnum and Tolliver, as Bullock descends --

TOLLIVER

(repeating what Farnum
has told him)

Spartan at table, solitary at
leisure.

FARNUM

That, Sir, is the little of Wolcott
I know --

TOLLIVER

Nothing withheld, is the crucial
point.

FARNUM

Not one jot or tittle.

As Tolliver moves toward the stairs, Farnum tracks him
agitatedly behind the desk --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

And now, Sir, for your answer to
me --

TOLLIVER

Yeah, I don't know why he didn't
invite you.

Bullock and Tolliver pass each other on the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

50F CONTINUED:

50F

Farnum gnaws at his knuckle, smiling hysterically at Bullock as Bullock leaves, then probes his eye with his thumb as he looks toward the second floor, where Tolliver knocks on Wolcott's door --

CUT TO:

51 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - WOLCOTT'S ROOM - DAY

51

Wolcott answers the door. It's Tolliver --

TOLLIVER

How do you feel?

WOLCOTT

I'll be all right.

TOLLIVER

I'm sorry as hell this happened. Any consolation, I'm taking the necessary steps so the day's events ain't repeated and last night's ain't further pursued.

Wolcott nods. Tolliver musters a jovially collegial tone --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

I guess my remaining concern's why you'd invite to come a'calling the man that nearly beat you to death.

WOLCOTT

To know why he did it.

TOLLIVER

I can save you time with that Mister W. Utter was dismayed you killed them whores. The ones you didn't murder he spirited from the camp. Now, 'stead of information, would your true goal be further rebuke? -- get cuffed around a little more? Let me hire someone for the job, 'cause Utter's liable to kill you, and I don't need you dead.

WOLCOTT

Get out.

Tolliver looks away, shaking his head --

TOLLIVER

You are tough to be a friend to.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

WOLCOTT

You make a good point.

Tolliver's nostrils dilate with the effort not to flick a finger at Wolcott's earlobe, or fracture his skull. He leaves. Off Wolcott --

CUT TO:

51A INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - DAY 51A

Farnum watches Tolliver descend. Farnum's sufficiently intimidated by Tolliver's obvious aggravation and distraction that he must work up his nerve to pursue the inquiry circumstance had earlier forced him to abandon --

FARNUM

Only one would think, as Mayor
....

TOLLIVER

I don't know Farnum. I don't
fucking know.

FARNUM

By all means then let's let the
matter rest.

Off Farnum, the corners of his mouth turning down, seemingly near tears, as Tolliver exits --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Go Back!

Off which --

CUT TO:

51B INT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - LATE AFTERNOON 51B

Bullock's been back a few minutes from his visit to Alma --

BULLOCK

Charlie Utter didn't happen to
look in.

STAR

No.

A beat --

(CONTINUED)

51B CONTINUED:

51B

BULLOCK

Protective an eye as Charlie has
for that madam Joanie Stubbs, if
all her whores didn't make it to
that wagon, and that was on
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51B CONTINUED: (2)

51B

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Wolcott's account, you could see what ensued in the thoroughfare.

STAR

Charlie maybe closed-mouthed to shield her from repercussions?

Bullock's silence confirms this as his speculation; then --

BULLOCK

I saw Mrs. Garret. I support your enlisting in her banking venture.

STAR

Good.

BULLOCK

She is as you thought.

STAR

I thought so.

They share a neutral look, acknowledging the stupidity of Star's rejoinder without impeding the conversation's advance. Under which, Trixie's entered. Bullock moves for the door --

BULLOCK

I'll take the air.

TRIXIE

Don't on my account. I come to apologize for my work with the decimals, and my attitude over my errors.

She looks to Bullock, can't help herself --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

And as I do tend to be prickly when in the wrong, if you on your part was to realize Moses did the heavy lifting already with the fucking tablets and so forth, that might lighten the atmosphere too.

BULLOCK

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

51B CONTINUED: (3)

51B

STAR
(to Trixie)
Guidance for me before you return
to your numbers?

(CONTINUED)

51B CONTINUED: (4)

51B

TRIXIE

Tread lightly, who lives in hope
of pussy.

Off which --

TIME CUT TO:

52 EXT. COCHRAN'S ALLEY - NIGHT

52

Leon and Stapleton, shit-faced and self-pitying, gaze
toward Chinaman's Alley, morosely attentive in
particular to the cribs of the Chinese prostitutes --

STAPLETON

Burdens you with the fucking task,
lordly fucking attitude, fucking
weight of the execution's on you.

LEON

Fucking Mister T.

STAPLETON

But do not falter or fail -- "How
in fuck could you be remiss? -- a
moron could've carried that out."

LEON

"Strangles your prick like a python" --
there's a fucking selling point.

Stapleton squints down the alley --

STAPLETON

Is that a white male?

LEON

Where?

STAPLETON

Issued from a Chineese whore-hut.

Stapleton sees the man more clearly and with growing
enthusiasm --

STAPLETON (CONT'D)

And walking like a man relieved --

LEON

He is re-positioning his johnson.

Stapleton hails the man --

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

STAPLETON

Sir! May I and my friend have a moment?

The man stops a few steps distant --

LEON

We're wondering if you fucked a chink.

MAN

What would that be to you?

STAPLETON

They're under our care.

LEON

We're their supervisors.

STAPLETON

At a decent fucking remove.

The man considers them --

MAN

Say I did.

STAPLETON

We'd be eager to know your reaction.

LEON

Was it worth the fucking dime?

STAPLETON

Or do you feel they're overpriced?

MAN

It was well worth the dime. There's a run on from the other side of camp all the way down to the creek. Tallest fucking Chinaman I ever seen keeping the line in fucking order.

STAPLETON

Really.

MAN

Lot of the fellas, you know, outpaced by white pussy's price.

A beat --

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

STAPLETON

Thank you for taking the time.

LEON

Thanks for that information.

The man moves away. Leon and Stapleton feel even more acutely the looming possibility of extraneity --

LEON (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. You know the fucking Chinaman he made reference to, don't you?

STAPLETON

Better suited than us in every fucking aspect of the task. Fluent in both languages, and don't mind standing in filth

Off their proceeding toward the Bella Union, tails between their legs --

LEON

I see a time coming when we appreciate that chink's better qualittites.

Off which --

CUT TO:

52A INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

52A

Swearengen's sits across the room from the object of his address --

SWEARENGEN

A man -- as it happens a rival of mine -- learning the secret of a great man's lieutenant, would make the lieutenant his slave. My rival knows widening the circle of the informed, diluting his power, will confound his intention. He takes precaution to be sole-sharer of the secret. Then, the world being the world, along comes a half-assed knight-errant -- Hickok's former partner Utter -- to put all my rival's plans at risk. I'd have audience with Utter, to verify my thinking. He earns his bread

(MORE)

*
*

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED:

52A

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
shipping packages, and as the dim-
wit nobility that made him intercede
now may make him reticent, you,
Chief, will be my prop and ploy
whilst I seek to draw him out.

Swearengen crosses the toom, coming into proximity
with a package he apparently has been speaking to.
The package, on a chair, is wrapped in brown paper,
and secured with twine --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
I congratulate myself having kept
you around. Why make a show
disposing of you, was my fucking
thinking. Not like we were short
of storage space, and if there's a
chance in a thousand you people've
been praying right, why draw your
Boss' attention. Anyways, I've no
plan us parting company, as you
will note I've inscribed no address.

He's gone --

CUT TO:

53 MOVED TO 50E

53

53A EXT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - NIGHT (WAS SCENE #55)

53A

Utter's sitting at his post, taking counsel with a
bottle. A bleary-eyed Jane approaches from the
thoroughfare --

UTTER
Miss Here-She-Was-Where's-She-Gone.

She's got no fight in her --

JANE
What's that to you?

UTTER
Only I got packages 'could be
halfway by now to Cheyenne.

JANE
Is it fucking Tuesday already?

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED:

53A

UTTER

It's fucking Thursday Jane.

JANE

So I got five days 'til I got to
leave.

UTTER

No.

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED: (2)

53A

He stares at her, shakes his head --

JANE

Or I see.

She hates being so in the wrong --

JANE (CONT'D)

You look your usual piece of shit.

UTTER

Not you Jane. You look like dew
on fucking roses.

She blinks a few times against a sudden on-rush of
shame and fear --

JANE

Woke up on the dirt in the fucking
graveyard, questioning dusk or
dawn.

UTTER

It was dusk.

JANE

I know it was dusk, because now
it's fucking night.

(beat)

Fucking bruises all over.

UTTER

Dished out by who.

She shakes her head, shrugs, knitting her brow to keep
from crying --

JANE

It's getting the upper-fucking
hand on me again Charlie.

Utter notes, twenty paces or so away, Swearengen, making
his way down the thoroughfare carrying the small package
he will use as a prop in his conversation with Utter --

UTTER

Go on upstairs and clean up.

JANE

Thanks.

UTTER

Go on and clean up for Christ's
sake.

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED: (3)

53A

JANE

All right Charlie. Thanks.

Jane moves toward the stairs, begins her climb. Utter watches the last part of Swearengen's approach --

SWEARENGEN

'Evening.

Utter indicates the package --

UTTER

I'm fucking closed.

SWEARENGEN

Banker's hours, eh?

Swearengen looks out at the thoroughfare. Utter nods again at the package --

UTTER

Where's it going anyways?

Swearengen looks down --

SWEARENGEN

Jesus Christ, I didn't even inscribe the destination.

(beat)

Anyways, 'far as the thoroughfare this morning, I'd've done the exact same fucking thing.

UTTER

Anyways, I'm done talking about it.

SWEARENGEN

I don't care who he works for -- 'thinks he can get away with that? You give that cocksucker what he fucking needed.

While feeling bound by his promise to Stubbs, Utter's glad of Swearengen's support, and would not close his ears to more --

UTTER

Stepped on my fucking toe.

SWEARENGEN

Sick fucking bastard. I knew it looking at the wagon, for Christ's sake.

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED: (4)

53A

Utter studies him, takes a swig from his bottle --

UTTER
Poor fucking girl.

SWEARENGEN
Tolliver's whore.

Utter nods --

UTTER
Never seen a girl that distraught.

Swearengen's tone indicts, mildly, Utter's insensitivity --

SWEARENGEN
Wouldn't you've been?

Utter considers this, nods --

UTTER
Being a man, you believe you've
seen the equal.

SWEARENGEN
No. Not to that.

Swearengen's voice is emphatic. He rolls the dice --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
She told me too.

Utter studies him --

UTTER
Told you what?

SWEARENGEN
What she saw.

UTTER
She didn't see fucking nothing.

SWEARENGEN
Not "see" in that sense, of seeing
....

UTTER
Get the fuck away from me.

Swearengen nods --

SWEARENGEN
'Night.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED: (5)

53A

-- turns, making his way toward the Gem --

*

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

*

Every fracas ain't a victory, Chief.

*

[TO THE EDITOR: Please note the end of last line, "as
who knows better than you," formerly included in the
on-set script pages has been deleted.]

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED: (6) 53A

Off Swearengen, knowing, while he didn't get everything,
he got a lot -- *

CUT TO:

53B EXT. GRAND CENTRAL - NIGHT 53B

Farnum's on the porch, peering in the direction of
Utter Freight and Mail. Rehearsing --

FARNUM

Disappointed? -- perhaps a little --
but I choose to think not betrayed.

He considers, finds his position commendable. Loses
faith in it --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Shat upon? -- jaws pried open and
puked in?

He sees Swearengen, hurries toward him, penitent at
his brief vacillation --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Al!

Only E.B.'s not saying "Tara" keeps the resemblance
from being complete --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

navigating the quagmire, noting Farnum's approach,
holding his good hand out to ward Farnum off should
Farnum try to embrace him. As the two meet --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Why, Al?

SWEARENGEN

Because, E.B., being present at
that meeting, and made as you are,
you'd've found blackmail
irresistible, and pursuing it
would've got you murdered.

Swearengen walks on. The logic of his words imposes
itself on Farnum, who, coming to terms, calls after --

FARNUM

Thank you then. And am I still
Mayor?

Swearengen doesn't look back --

(CONTINUED)

53B CONTINUED: 53B

SWEARENGEN
For all of me, in perpetuity.

Off the happy office-holder --

CUT TO:

54 MOVED TO SCENE #65 54

55 MOVED TO SCENE #53A 55

58 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT 58

Swearengen returns with his package, approaches the bar, which is manned by Burns, who pours him a drink --

BURNS
Full fucking day Boss.

Swearengen feels like he's back in the swim --

SWEARENGEN
They all are.

BURNS
Still got that package I see.

SWEARENGEN
Nothing gets by you.

DORITY
Thought I'd head for Cheyenne in the morning.

SWEARENGEN
I ain't sure that's still the idea Dan.

DORITY
(disappointed)
Uh-huh.

Swearengen nods for Burns to pour Dority a drink, talks to him like a soon-to-be equal --

SWEARENGEN
What happened today to Tolliver? -- that illustrates why 'til the race is fucking finished you never mark the wager "paid." Wakes up this morning in bed with the fucking Hearst Combine and knowing he's got us by the balls. Whatever
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED:

58

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
sick fucking business that fucking
geologist transacted, you can bet
he was up to his wrists in --

(CONTINUED)

DORITY

Tolliver.

SWEARENGEN

Tolliver, yes -- before or after
or in the fucking middle, thinking
he'd give himself the fucking edge,
which is the right fucking move,
underwrite whatever sick fucking
business the geologist is involved
in, guarantee his fucking position.
But what fucking happens Dan? --
right?

Dority doesn't know what he's talking about --

DORITY

Always the fucking way.

Dority nods emphatically, drinks to avoid saying more --

SWEARENGEN

What happens? Tell me.

Dority sticks with generalities --

DORITY

He fucks himself up the ass,
Tolliver.

SWEARENGEN

No mean feat, yet how often we
bring it off.

A beat --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Who showed me something in that
meeting was Bullock. Gave Utter
chance to name his reason, then
fucking let it rest.

BURNS

You know he was sore-provoked,
Utter, being a mild-mannered fucking
type.

SWEARENGEN

You're fucking infallible.
(i.e. at missing the
point)
Bullock, I'm speaking of, that
avoided putting his own pet
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED: (3)

58

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

interests -- guilt, so forth,
innocence, fucking who did what
when -- ahead of the camp's fucking
needs, which shows me fucking
progress, and growing fucking
maturity how the world's tail
fucking wags.

He looks back to Dority --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Anyways, that's why Cheyenne's
cancelled.

DORITY

I figured as much.

Swearengen heads for the stairs. Dority looks to Burns,
speaks low --

DORITY (CONT'D)

I was looking forward to that trip.
Place no one knows you, make a
couple mistakes

Dority's gesture of resignation accepts the burdens of
maturity and command. Burns nods sagely, attentive to
Swearengen's progress --

BURNS

Al's making for the crossover into
Merrick's place.

DORITY

I always thought we'd take that
spot on, maybe expand our snatch
operation.

Dority's wistful tone owes more to his cancelled trip
than amendment of his plans to pander --

CUT TO:

62

INT. DEADWOOD PIONEER - NIGHT

62

Swearengen comes across the second-floor connector
between The Gem and Merrick's office, calls down to
Merrick sitting at his desk --

SWEARENGEN

Did you know this fucking walkway
connected us?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

MERRICK

Several of your patrons, in
different stages of undress, have
illuminated me.

Merrick's subdued --

SWEARENGEN

Why were you absent from the
meeting?

MERRICK

Not in a proper frame of mind.

He indicates his damaged press --

SWEARENGEN

What happened there?

MERRICK

Last night not only was my press
disabled -- the office was
ransacked and feces mounded in the
corner. A message of objection to
my handling of Yankton's notice
about the claims.

SWEARENGEN

Posting rather than publishing.

MERRICK

(nods)

The camp's new schoolteacher, a
lovely woman, was so traumatized
by what she saw here that she left
on today's stage.

SWEARENGEN

Cy Tolliver?

MERRICK

(nods)

Who did not even trouble when
confronted to deny it.

SWEARENGEN

Why ain't you up and running again?

MERRICK

I'm in despair. The physical damage
is reparable. The psychic wound
may be permanent.

A beat --

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

You ever been beaten Merrick?

MERRICK

Once, when I thought I had small
pox, Doc Cochran slapped me in the
face.

Swearengen moves to him, with his good hand smacks him
on the jaw. Merrick is shocked --

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Stop it Al.

SWEARENGEN

Are you dead?

Merrick flexes the mandible --

MERRICK

I am in pain, but obviously I am
not dead.

SWEARENGEN

And obviously you didn't fucking
die when the Doc hit you.

MERRICK

No.

SWEARENGEN

So counting last night we know of
three fucking damage-incidents
that didn't kill you. Damage or
pain don't end the world, or despair
or fucking beatings. The world
ends when you're dead, and 'til
then you got more punishment in
store. Stand it like a man and
give some back.

Merrick is heartened --

MERRICK

What was the meeting about?

SWEARENGEN

I think there's been secret
bloodshed. The press might want
to get on it.

Swearengen's gone. Off Merrick --

CUT TO:

63 INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - NIGHT

63

Stubbs walks in, moves straight to the bar, flashes a smile at the bartender half-convinced, half-haunted --

STUBBS

You want to fuck me Jack?

Jack takes in all of it, protects both of them by acting as if she's joking --

JACK

When haven't I?

Under which Tolliver's come from some part of the joint where Stubbs can't see him --

STUBBS

Would you pay?

It's impossible now not to recognize her demoralization, though as her friend Jack keeps from showing it --

JACK

Could I double your mark and call it a gift? -- that way I'd keep my illusions.

Tolliver joins them --

TOLLIVER

Let me borrow this beauty, Jack.

JACK

All yours Boss.

TOLLIVER

Bring Cindy down that's pouring champagne and slap her in the fucking face.

Tolliver takes Stubbs' arm, squires her toward a table at the poker area --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

You seem subdued.

STUBBS

I'm good and fucked-up Cy.

He holds a chair for her. Whispers in her ear as she sits --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

Not nearly as your friend Mister
Wolcott. His day was 'busy as his
night. Got his balls beat by
Charlie Utter.

He's seated himself as well, considers her --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, them that's dead is
gone -- we give 'em to God and
move on.

She can't meet his eyes --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Hell, you didn't have to see 'em,
fucking throats cut You didn't
clean up their gore.

STUBBS

Don't tell me you cleaned up
anyone's gore Cy.

TOLLIVER

I fucking supervised -- lacked
even the distraction of activity.

He's warming to his task --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Your friend Maddie's problem, Young
Lady? -- didn't want to get old.
Well who the fuck does? But them
of us with stamina and fortitude
don't go searching out some maniac
with a straight-razor to put us
from our fear.

STUBBS

Shut up Cy.

TOLLIVER

I will guarantee you one thing,
Joanie -- she showed that man her
neck, picked him for her
executioner, 'cause she couldn't
look the future in the eye. Highly
undesirable in a business partner,
now wouldn't you agree?

She nods, eyes down --

(CONTINUED)

STUBBS

Stop talking.

TOLLIVER

I won't stop talking, nor show the fucking future my neck, nor permit it in a fucking friend. I propose instead me and you, Miss Stubbs, wrestle the fucking future to the ground. We fix your place up, get all new stuff, open the fuck back up. It ain't like some cloud's above the joint. Knowledge ain't general what went on there and those that know ain't going to say.

A beat --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Grant me at least as your friend, if we don't partner, while that maniac's loose in the camp you'll avoid that fucking place. Move back here, Joanie, where I can fucking protect you.

She gets to her feet --

STUBBS

No.

He feels how close he is to losing her -- he grabs her hand --

TOLLIVER

What the fuck did you come here for Joanie, if not to be protected? Don't be like your dead fucking friend, afraid to face the truth.

STUBBS

I was looking to turn a trick.

He studies her --

TOLLIVER

What better venue.

He grits his teeth as she leaves --

65 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - WOLCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT (WAS SCENE #54)

65

Wolcott opens the door to Utter --

WOLCOTT
Mister Utter. You'll agree our shaking hands would be incongruous.

UTTER
I come for my partner's letter, which you told Doc Cochran you'd give me.

Wolcott nods, moves away from the door with difficulty, the result of the beating Utter administered --

WOLCOTT
I can't guarantee it's genuine, but it has the feel of authenticity, and it's clear he would want her to have it.

UTTER
It's to his wife then.

WOLCOTT
Agnes Lake.

Utter holds out his hand, never believing it'll be this easy --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)
Prudence dictates my requiring in return your account of what Miss Stubbs told you.

UTTER
The prudentest thing you could do is not name that girl again with me in the fucking room.

WOLCOTT
It was she -- the nameless she -- who set you upon me.

Utter stares at Wolcott a beat, then looks away. Wolcott quotes from memory --

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)
"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
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

WOLCOTT (CONT'D)
with wishes even for my enemies I
will make the plunge and try to
swim to the other shore. J. B.
Hickok, Wild Bill."

UTTER
Keep this shit up you're going to
earn a trip out the fucking window.

WOLCOTT
I'm simply asking confirmation of
what you were told and by whom.

UTTER
And I'm promising I'll sooner blow
off your fucking head and take the
fucking letter from your corpse
than confide any fucking particulars --

Wolcott interrupts to provoke Utter --

WOLCOTT
To me.

UTTER
-- to any fucking one, when I give
my word I wouldn't.

WOLCOTT
Thank you Mister Utter. That's
what I wanted to know.

He hands Utter the letter. Off Utter's stunned surprise --

UTTER
(off door)
Open, or closed?

WOLCOTT
Open, please.

CUT TO:

66

INT. CHEZ AMI - PARLOR - NIGHT

66

In the darkened parlor, Stubbs sits alone. Knows she's
waiting but does not know what for --

FADE OUT: