

Director: Dan Minahan

“Deadwood”

“Advances, None Miraculous”

Written by

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Jan. 12, 2005 Pink (full)
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Jan. 17, 2005 Goldenrod (full)
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Feb. 9, 2005 Double Green
Mar. 18, 2005 Double Goldenrod

"Advances, None Miraculous"

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FADE IN:

3

INT. THE LIVERY - DAY

3

Hostetler picks up the nutting blade and throws it behind a stall as Fields cranes his neck from concealment to improve his view of the thoroughfare --

FIELDS

Takes a man in robust health to
limp about active as Steve is.

HOSTETLER

Horse runs trash like him down by
accident -- still ain't a white man
on earth'll stand against roping us
up.

Despite their danger, Fields obeys his nature by breaking Hostetler's balls --

FIELDS

John Brown would've.

HOSTETLER

Come the fuck from around there.

Fields squints at some reconfiguring of those collected in the distance --

POV - FIELDS

The indistinct figure of Bullock taking up into his arms a boy's inert form. After a beat --

FIELDS (O.S.)

Sheriff got a kid?

RESUME - FIELDS AND HOSTETLER

HOSTETLER

And wife. I sold him the plot he
built they' house on.

(CONTINUED)

Hostetler steps to the livery door, looks over Fields' shoulder, confirming by sight what Fields' question and his own sense of doom foreshadows --

HOSTETLER (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Off which --

CUT TO:

4 EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY

4

Bullock, walking toward Cochran's cabin with William in his arms and followed by various witnesses to the accident, passes Nuttall, who stands overcome with sorrow. Martha, having run out from the Hardware Store --

BULLOCK

(calls out to Martha)

Mrs. Bullock!

-- comes beside Bullock, moves with him toward Cochran's Alley, holding William's hand. A step or two behind Bullock and Martha, Star follows. Alma and Sofia and Ellsworth having lingered outside the Hardware Store, Alma indicates by a look to Ellsworth her intention to return with Sofia to the Grand Central, which is answered by Ellsworth's indication that he will mind the store. Trixie, having hung behind within the store, her features distorted by the sob she won't let loose, bolts suddenly past the others for the Gem --

CUT TO:

5 EXT. BELLA UNION - CONTINUOUS

5

Jack's beside Tolliver and Wolcott, who observe the passage of Bullock, Martha and the others --

JACK

Boss! Boss! That kid was trampled
Boss.

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER

(to Wolcott)

Child injured, unseemly even
calling the Doc for Mose.

JACK

Should we take him upstairs?

(CONTINUED)

Tolliver stares at the bartender as, far b.g., Johnny Burns, having observed the beginning of the process of transferring William into Cochran's cabin, runs up Chinaman's Alley toward the Gem --

TOLLIVER

"What's that I hear 'next room? Is that coming I hear, or dying?"
Would you pay for cunt Jack, those fucking circumstances?

(to Stapleton and Leon)

Put the tub-of-guts on the sled and take him to Joanie Stubbs'.

Leon and Stapleton take this in; Stapleton tries to sound cheerful --

STAPLETON

All the way to Joanie's huh?

Off which --

CUT TO:

7 INT. GEM SALOON - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

7

Swearengen hears with stony features the report from Burns, making current and expanding what he's been told by the still anxiously-present Trixie, on the condition of Bullock's son --

BURNS

He's definitely alive, 'cause being lifted into the cabin he give a moan out and blood come from his mouth.

Trixie turns away, shaking her head at Swearengen --

TRIXIE

I told you the state of affairs.

SWEARENGEN

As of fifteen minutes ago.

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

(to Burns, nearly
hysterical)

Run back to the Doc's cabin Johnny
-- see the boy again

SWEARENGEN

(evenly)

Shut up.

(to Burns)

Did you share word or look with
Cochran?

As Burns shakes his head no --

TRIXIE

-- maybe since you saw him he's
changed, that the half his chest
stove-in may've healed, or his poor
broken head.

SWEARENGEN

Shut up or I'll throw you out.

ANGLE - MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

watching, reacting as Swearengen looks to her --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(re the documents)

Sign these documents and leave
unharmd.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

I can't trust that Mister
Swearengen, being it's not to your
interest.

SWEARENGEN

That applies to you most fucking
sitting in that chair distracting
me from my fucking thinking, if I
have to come over there I'll cut
your fucking throat for you, pen
yet put to paper or not.

(CONTINUED)

She studies him, doesn't move. Swearengen gestures in frustration, confounded --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Half-smart fucking cunt.

He drinks from the bottle as he moves to the door --

SWEARENGEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dan --

8 INT. THE GEM - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

8

-- looks to Dority in the hall --

SWEARENGEN
Bring me Adams' fucking shadow.

DORITY
Fucking Hawkeye.

Swearengen nods. As Dority heads for the stairs, Merrick emerges from the passageway connecting the Gem with the offices of the Deadwood Pioneer, approaching Swearengen with cautious ineffectual surreptition --

MERRICK
That poor boy.

SWEARENGEN
What is it.

MERRICK
(low)
The Sheriff's tragic preoccupation
is also inopportune --
Commissioner Jarry returns to
Deadwood.

SWEARENGEN
How do you know.

MERRICK
Believing Blazanov might have
borrowed my acacia gum, Blazanov
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MERRICK (CONT'D)

himself being absent, as I
canvassed his desk for the missing
gum, I came upon the information by
accident.

SWEARENGEN

A telegram from Jarry.

MERRICK

Sent from Crook City.

SWEARENGEN

To whose attention.

MERRICK

The separate attentions of Messers
Wolcott and Tolliver.

SWEARENGEN

Same wording in each?

MERRICK

(nods)

Ironical isn't it? -- having
turned my newspaper to partisan
purpose in the name of the camp's
welfare, within the day, in the
name of that good, I progress to
betraying without regret the
sanctity of private communication.

SWEARENGEN

(doesn't care)

Ah well.

MERRICK

We come to the truth of our actions
only in the protraction of time.

SWEARENGEN

When does the cocksucker arrive?

MERRICK

"Next coach", his message said.

Swearengen calls down to the departing Dority --

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

If he ain't of aid to Bullock get
the Jew up here too.

MERRICK

Do you suppose the rumors we
floated in the Pioneer are what
prompt the Commissioner's return?

SWEARENGEN

Yes.

MERRICK

That wishing to preempt Wyoming and
Montana, he means to secure us for
Yankton and Dakota?

SWEARENGEN

Yes Merrick, and to sweeten the
deal we strike, these interests
we've fabricated must now be given
face.

Merrick looks to some far horizon --

MERRICK

Thus the uncharted journey
continues.

SWEARENGEN

Please, as we'll be more often in
each other's company, when moved to
that type utterance consider
drinking.

Swearngen goes back inside. Off Merrick --

CUT TO:

9 MOVED TO SC. 14AA

9

11 INT. LIVERY - DAY

11

Hostetler and Fields. Hostetler's got a shotgun. A knock.
They react with fear. After a beat --

(CONTINUED)

HOSTETLER

(calls out)

Closed.

JANE (O.S.)

Well when you re-the-fuck-open,
note Jane Cannary, extended stay in
the camp, asking you to turn out
her horse.

HOSTETLER

I'll note it down.

JANE (O.S.)

Many fucking thanks.

A beat, during which, very tentatively, Hostetler's fear and
Fields' begins to subside, then --

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

'Short Nigger General in there?

HOSTETLER

No.

JANE (O.S.)

How 'bout that stud he brought to
camp with a cock hanging
past his hocks?

HOSTETLER

He ain't here.

JANE (O.S.)

Well, congratulations being closed.

Several beats, then Hostetler checks the security of the bar
holding closed the stable doors ----

FIELDS

There goes no one associating me
with that horse.

(CONTINUED)

HOSTETLER

Every day since I lived in this
camp white folks that's shot and
stabbed on each other still walks
around to do their bidness.

FIELDS

Maybe we could too.

Hostetler grows more angry --

HOSTETLER

Ownliest violence we meant was to
that stallion's prick, toward
turning an honest dollar.

FIELDS

'Far as that, when them boys was
near to vulcanizing me, Bullock
threw down against 'em.

HOSTETLER

I ain't begging mercy of them I
hadn't ought to have to.

FIELDS

Well, there is the many other
settlements advertising welcome to
midnight-black niggers like us.

HOSTETLER

My fucking choice!

Hostetler suddenly turns the shotgun toward his head --

FIELDS

Hostetler! Jesus Christ!

Fields grabs at the shotgun, forces its barrel down --

HOSTETLER

My fucking choice! 'Never begged
and I will break your fucking arms
if you won't let go.

(CONTINUED)

FIELDS

Let's ride six hours Hostetler.
No harm in that -- you won't have
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

FIELDS (CONT'D)

to beg me once. If you're still of
a mind then I'll shoot you.

A beat. Hostetler, relenting, releases the shotgun to
Fields' control --

HOSTETLER

If I'm of a mind I'll do what I
need to myself.

FIELDS

Don't forget to bring all your
money, in case you go ahead and
take that option.

Off which --

CUT TO:

12 INT. COCHRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

12

William, lying on his back, shirtless, his pants ripped to
tattered shreds. Scrapes and the beginnings of bruises cover
his face and his torso. Martha puts a cool rag to his
forehead --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

in the front part of the cabin, where he's been summoned by
Cochran, watching William's labored breathing; short, slow
breaths that cause his chest to draw inward rather than
expand.

INCLUDE - COCHRAN

BULLOCK

You don't bandage him.

COCHRAN

No.

A beat, as Bullock takes in the meaning of this --

BULLOCK

Then I'd wish to take him home.

(CONTINUED)

COCHRAN

The easing of his pain might best
be accomplished here.

BULLOCK

So there is some possibility of
management.

A beat, as Bullock takes the meaning in of this as well --

COCHRAN

Your frame or mine wouldn't
withstand a stampeding like that,
never mind the unstable one of a
boy of William's years. Further,
his brain has been hurt, to an
extent indicated by his loss of
control of his eyes -- his eye-
movements are no longer coordinated
....

Cochran has been speaking quietly and slowly, giving Bullock
opportunity, as the facts of William's situation accumulate,
to stop him, as Bullock now chooses to do --

BULLOCK

Might it be of some comfort, his
mother talking to him. For him to
hear her voice.

COCHRAN

It might well. His father's too.
(beat)
And tell your wife she will not
harm him to take a cloth to his
brow.

Off which --

CUT TO:

12AA INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DAY

12AA

FARNUM

They congregate outside Cochran's
cabin. They've taken the child
there. I wish him well. Not that
I'm privy to anything or any
information.

Dority enters looking for Hawkeye. He finds Farnum at his
post, hands folded in front of him --

DORITY

Where's fucking Hawkeye.

FARNUM

I see, Dan. With the world off its
axis, I'm no more to you than a
room clerk.

(CONTINUED)

DORITY

Hawkeye E.B., is he here or fucking
not?

FARNUM

Not. For three days. Will you
have a shine Sir? Leave your shoes
while you eat.

DORITY

You see Hawkeye, E.B., you grab him
and bring him to me.

FARNUM

If you'll leave your dirty clothes
I'll see to them.

Dority grabs him at the collar --

DORITY

Did you fucking hear me?

FARNUM

Yes.

Dority lets him go and is gone --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

A broken heart does not impair
hearing. Cocksucker!

Off which --

CUT TO:

12AB

INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - DAY

12AB

In Jack's absence, Tolliver's tending bar, which he hates.
Taking a drink order from Wolcott is the cherry atop the
saloon-keeper's sundae --

WOLCOTT

Bourbon please?

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER
Coming right the fuck up.

-- notes Jack the Bartender's return --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Did they get that fat bastard to
Joanie's? Did her Ladyship take
him in?

JACK THE BARTENDER
Ain't towed him halfway yet, Boss,
Leon and Con.

Tolliver shakes his head, runs his hand through his hair --

TOLLIVER
We got to get a better sled.

JACK THE BARTENDER
Less the sled's holdup than Con's.

TOLLIVER
Which is what.

JACK THE BARTENDER
Says he threw a rupture.

TOLLIVER
Go back to that fucking circus act,
tell 'em get Mose Manuel to
Joanie's or a rupture won't be a
tickle to the pain I'll throw 'em
later.

Wolcott's prompting brings Tolliver to note the arrival of
Commissioner Jarry, to grit his teeth and amend his
instructions to Jack the Bartender --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
(to Jack the Bartender)
Never mind the fucking circus act --
tend the fucking bar. Or fuck the
bar, see if Bullock's boy died.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

(uncertain)

Okay.

TOLLIVER

And if he did, you fucking moron,
tell the Doc about Mose.

As Jack the Bartender exits, Tolliver looks to Jarry with
cold frustration --

(CONTINUED)

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Commissioner.

JARRY

I share your enthusiasm.
(includes Wolcott)
You received my telegrams.

WOLCOTT

On an eventful day.

JARRY

Where will I find Sheriff Bullock.

TOLLIVER

His boy's had an accident. He's
with him at the Doc's.

JARRY

Where is the Doc's?

WOLCOTT

Don't be a fool.

JARRY

Yankton's interests force
imposition on Bullock's privacies,
as, I'd think Mister Wolcott, do
your employer's.

TOLLIVER

You'll get a pistol-whipping, and
not learn a fucking thing.

JARRY

(irritated)

Are these injuries mortal, to earn
such commendable deference?

TOLLIVER

Mortal's how I'd be betting.

Not what Jarry had expected, the answer falls short of
causing him distress --

(CONTINUED)

JARRY

Of course that casts a different
light. Very sad for the Sheriff.
And his son.

During which he considers alternatives --

JARRY (CONT'D)

Can that paperman be made sensible?

TOLLIVER

The article's a plant from
Swearengen, if that's what you'd
want to ask Merrick.

JARRY

It's the beginning of what I'd want
to ask.

TOLLIVER

Don't take much, does it
Commissioner, to get your balls
tucked up.

Jarry studies him --

JARRY

They're very sensitive to changes
in weather. Do you feel one coming
on?

Jarry's gone --

WOLCOTT

I am a sinner who does not expect
forgiveness. But I am not a
governmental official.

Off which --

CUT TO:

12A EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY

12A

Dority, on his way to the hardware store in search of Star, sights his quarry some distance down Cochran's Alley, on the outskirts of the small crowd that's gathered waiting for news of William's condition. Dority heads over --

DORITY

(to Star)

Al wants to see you at the Gem.

STAR

When I can.

Dority studies him --

DORITY

He didn't say nothing about that.

STAR

I'm saying.

DORITY

You're saying what?

STAR

"When - I - can."

DORITY

You going to get fucking smart with me? You want me to lift you in the air, carry you before the camp like a turtle with its legs wiggling?

Star looks back to Cochran's door, which isn't opening, and feeling anyway a distaste at having no role for the moment more differentiated than others in the spectating crowd starts to move toward the Gem -- only to note Dority hanging back, considering the mounted progress toward the Grand Central of Silas Adams --

DORITY (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

Adams brings his mount to pause; Dority, starting toward Adams, looks back at Star --

DORITY (CONT'D)
Go ahead in and wait.

STAR
Fuck if I will.

DORITY
Fuck if you fucking won't.

A beat, then Star starts toward the Gem --

ANGLE - ADAMS

tying his horse to a hitchpost outside the Grand Central,
approached by Dority --

DORITY (CONT'D)
Adams! Where's Hawkeye?

ADAMS
I don't know. What did he do?

DORITY
Al wants him.

ADAMS
For what?

DORITY
You're about to take a beating for
every time today I've been asked
"what for" already.

Adams considers this --

ADAMS
Any chance Al wanted Hawkeye to ask
him where I was?

A beat --

(CONTINUED)

ADAMS (CONT'D)

I got to take a shit.

DORITY

Put it off.

ADAMS

It won't be put off, but them kind
don't take long.

Adams is already heading for the Grand Central. DORITY
hurries to catch up --

DORITY

I'll wait on you. I ain't coming
back there empty-handed.

ADAMS

Don't stay too close.

Off which --

CUT TO:

13

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

13

Trixie, wild-eyed, at a table smoking and drinking a shot.
Jewel is hovering, waiting for an answer --

TRIXIE

Jesus fucking Christ. Go the fuck
over there Jewel. Wait the fuck
outside. If he's a use for you
Doc'll put you to it.

JEWEL

Just stand there?

TRIXIE

No build yourself a shrine.

JEWEL

I mean should I knock and let Doc
know I'm there and then stand the
fuck outside.

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE
Yeah, do that.

(CONTINUED)

JEWEL

Thanks Trixie.

Jewel heads for the back exit, which is the straightest way to Cochran's --

TRIXIE

(to herself)

Now the child is saved.

She looks toward the front, where Star, at Dority's dispatch, stands arms akimbo --

STAR

'Cocksucker upstairs sends his retriever out to collect me, with instructions I'm to wait 'til summoned.

TRIXIE

I s'pose then you should sit the fuck down.

STAR

And I come too, and find you, like you never left this place to learn your numbers.

TRIXIE

Did you teaching me make me accountable for my whereabouts the rest of my fucking days?

Star nods toward Swearengen's door --

STAR

If he wants me he can fucking come find me.

TRIXIE

Why not wait to find out what he wants.

STAR

Why don't you tell me yourself.

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

Because I don't know that, Mister
Star.

STAR

Other events have a claim to
attention.

TRIXIE

He knows about the other events.

STAR

And ain't you his fucking lapdog
Trixie.

TRIXIE

I ain't nobody's fucking lapdog.

STAR

Hard to think even of you coming to
learn numbers without its being to
his purpose.

She stares at him defiantly --

TRIXIE

Any more to that fucking thought?

He looks away --

STAR

I'll have a fucking drink.

As she moves to get him one --

TRIXIE

Have the horse piss. It's on
special. If you couldn't be of use
he'd not've sent for you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

14 EXT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - DAY

14

In the alley beside the stairs which lead to her cell, Jane, furtively poking behind emptied boxes -- if not searching for at least prepared to find some bottle she may have secreted against fear overcoming abstinence --

JANE

Just because I'm looking for a
fucking bottle that I might've
misplaced during my drinking days
does not mean that if I find the
bottle I'm going to fucking drink
it.

She sees Tom Nuttall, distraught and ashamed, but prepared to receive the information he seeks from anyone --

JANE (CONT'D)

Ahh! Jesus Christ!

NUTTALL

You know whose horse it was?

JANE

"Whose horse it was" what?

As Nuttall prepares himself for the ordeal of telling her --

CUT TO:

14A INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

14A

Dority enters with Adams. Star rises --

STAR

I'm not waiting anymore. I talk to
him now or I leave.

DORITY

(adamant)

He first requested Hawkeye --

STAR

This is Adams.

(CONTINUED)

DORITY

I know who the fuck it is, and he's
going up there before you -- now
shut the fuck up and sit down.

(CONTINUED)

14A CONTINUED: (2)

14A

Dority points Adams toward the stairs. Adams begins his ascent. Star sits down after having looked at Trixie standing at the bar --

CUT TO:

14AA EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY [SHOT AS SC. 9]

14AA

Leon and Stapleton are dragging Mose Manuel on the sled --

STAPLETON

*

I wish I could help more.

LEON

*

We've been walking for two hours,
it still looks like a fucking
mirage.

*

*

STAPLETON

*

Let me take a turn Maybe I
better not.

*

*

Off which --

CUT TO:

14B INT. CHEZ AMI - DAY

14B

Jane sits on the sofa. Stubbs stands with her back to the window. Both yearn to be of service and feel unworthy --

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Last thing required at a child's
sick bed, unlubricated drunk
sweating and fucking vomiting.

STUBBS

I ain't one for blood, is my worry.

A perfunctory pounding is followed immediately by the doors
being thrown open to reveal Leon and Stapleton, who have the
wounded, bleeding bulk of Mose Manuel in tow, belly-up,
behind them on the sled. Stapleton's left hand is to his
crotch --

STAPLETON

I may be worse hurt than him.

Off Jane and Stubbs, feeling inexplicably reprieved --

CUT TO:

15 INT. GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Swearengen and Miss Isringhausen sit across from each other
at his desk, unspeaking, like a long-married couple at
dinner. A knock at the door --

SWEARENGEN

Yeah.

The door opens to admit Adams, who shuts the door behind him
--

(CONTINUED)

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

If you've come to murder me Silas,
I haven't yet signed the papers.

SWEARENGEN

How do you lay claim to a passable
mind while ignoring, if I'd wanted
to do you in, my inviting the
Sheriff up to witness.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

By not putting it beyond your own
mind's quality Mister Swearengen to
have enacted the incident in the
thoroughfare which then drew the
Sheriff away.

Swearengen knows she posits this with less than full
conviction, he brushes it aside --

SWEARENGEN

I should rebuke them as did my
bidding, letting the horse strike
the Sheriff's child before you'd
signed your name.

A beat, during which Miss Isringhausen, still unintimidated,
seems finally to yield, not to Swearengen's logic, but to the
persuasiveness of his manly composure. She picks up the pen
and signs. Following which Swearengen pulls from a drawer a
folded piece of paper and hands it to Adams, who unfolds the
paper, comparing what he sees written on it to what she's
just produced, shakes his head no --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Miss Isringhausen)

Even swayed at last by my manly
composure, you sign in a false
hand.

Miss Isringhausen indicates the document of agreement --

(CONTINUED)

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

Mightn't this be my true hand? --
(re the paper held by
Adams)
-- and my hand to the hotel
register false?

Swearengen's headshake no duplicates Adams' --

SWEARENGEN

Though trying to stay in good odor
with your employer raises you in my
esteem.

She signs again, looks to Swearengen, who looks to Adams, who
nods confirmation she's matched the signature in the
register. A long moment as she waits to see if she'll be
killed, then Swearengen tosses a packet of money onto the
desk --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

I wish I'd five like you.

Isringhausen rises, quickly moves toward the door. Watched
with silent yearning by Adams, who's observed in turn by
Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Ah youth.

Off which --

CUT TO:

16 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - CONTINUOUS

16

Dority and Star watch as Miss Isringhausen makes her way from
Swearengen's office along the second floor hallway to the
stairs --

DORITY

(to Star)
I expect that puts you up.

(CONTINUED)

Star slowly moves toward the stairs, studying Miss Isringhausen as she passes; having believed her until this moment a member of his world rather than Swearengen's, he feels their encounter as an augury: whether of proof to come that the portion of the world under Swearengen's sway is larger than Star has understood, or that worlds he's believed separate are the same, is what he ascends to discover. Miss Isringhausen exits the saloon --

CUT TO:

20 MOVED TO SC. 43B 20

21 INT. NUTTALL'S NUMBER TEN - DAY [FORMERLY SC. 43D] 21

Steve's at his table with a bottle. The other regulars keep their distance --

STEVE

"In whose keeping would the horse have been? Whose oversight would've let him loose and not've seen him pursued?" Every answer lay at the livery, and twice I drug myself to it, but the livery was fucking closed.

Steve takes a drink --

RUTHERFORD

I propose we put in towards a white satin comforter for presentation to the injured boy's mother.

STEVE

"Back in three hours," scrawled in Nigger hand on a sign pinned to the door. I wish I'd've caught 'em leaving. Tore-up fucking back and all, I wish I'd've 'seen 'em run. The pure fucking niggerness of it.

RUTHERFORD

Here's Tom.

(CONTINUED)

The room stills, Nuttall walks in, holds out his hand for the bottle, which Harry the bartender hands him, then catching sight of the boneshaker, behind him, in the mirror, without turning, Nuttall gestures, indicating his aversion to the presence of the once-loved machine --

NUTTALL

Take that fucking thing outside.

Nuttall has moved on, toward a table in the rear--

HARRY

(To Hoople)

Outside with it. Leaned somewhere
out of sight.

Nuttall sits, pours a drink, still bewildered at the tragedy, knowing grief and regret both have room yet to grow. Rutherford, at the encouraging nods of several patrons, approaches Nuttall's table --

RUTHERFORD

On behalf of us all, just to say
we're sorry.

NUTTALL

Thank you.

RUTHERFORD

We think of putting in toward an
embroidered comforter.

NUTTALL

I can't fucking think about it.

Steve speaks as if refuting someone else's position --

STEVE

Tom Nuttall bears no more
responsibility in any fucking way
for the hurt to the Sheriff's boy
than I do as an innocent fucking
helpful bystander.

Steve slams his bottle on the table --

(CONTINUED)

STEVE (CONT'D)
Jungle fucking niggers.

Off which --

CUT TO:

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

25

Swearengen, Star and Adams --

SWEARENGEN
(to Star)
Before his present troubles, and
whilst you pursued your preferred
activities, your partner Bullock
joined a campaign to which I hope
you'll now subscribe --

STAR
What do you mean my "preferred"
activities?

SWEARENGEN
-- giving Adams here a course in
Montana politics.

STAR
What did you mean by what you said?

SWEARENGEN
A reference to money-getting. A
try at wit.

STAR
I don't find those funny.

SWEARENGEN
I apologize.

(CONTINUED)

STAR

If you want my help don't insult me.

SWEARENGEN

Jesus Christ. Show me the secret grip that proves my regret and let's be about our business.

Star shakes his head, looks away. Adams clears his throat, reminding Swearengen of the urgency of bringing Star around --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

(to Star)

Will you salt Adams with expertise about Helena's politics and Butte's, to be taken by this cunt Commissioner as samplings from a vein of familiarity so rich, wide, and deep as to leave the Commissioner in no doubt that Montana, stiff-pricked, has been courting Adams as Deadwood's representative so strenuously toward annexation as to force Adams finally to flee, lest, shouting "Yes, yes, take us!" he yield the camp's virtue on the spot.

A beat, then --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

As Bullock would wish, toward the camp's greater good. My shortcomings notwithstanding.

STAR

Yeah, I'll school him.

Off which --

CUT TO:

40 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY 40

Alma opens the door to Trixie --

TRIXIE
Mrs. Garret.

ALMA
Trixie. Please come in.

She does --

ALMA (CONT'D)
Does William Bullock continue
unchanged?

Trixie nods, glancing at Alma resentfully --

TRIXIE
As to Ellsworth's proposal of
marriage, which way do you incline?

Alma studies her --

ALMA
Do you take us in from on high then
Trixie, and are you privy to all
our secrets?

TRIXIE
Which way.

ALMA
The prospect of Ellsworth in the
role of father delights me --

TRIXIE
You're pregnant, you need a
husband. If it's fucking him gives
you pause, he'd never make you.

ALMA
What gives me pause, having had the
experience, is the prospect of
marriage without love.

(CONTINUED)

TRIXIE

But when it came to cases, you did
make the fucking leap.

(CONTINUED)

A beat, then --

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Ellsworth waits on your answer.
Whatever you await before giving
it.

Off Alma --

CUT TO:

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

43

Al sits at his desk while Star and Adams sit across from
him --

STAR

Butte's got Montana's gold. Being
territorial seat, Helena might well
romance us, for balance against
Butte.

This speculation is received in silence, taking some of
Star's starch out --

STAR (CONT'D)

Keep Butte from becoming capital.

SWEARENGEN

Why ain't they then? Romancing us.

STAR

I don't know.

SWEARENGEN

Names and places Star, as
instructed, and leaving to us their
deployment.

STAR

Fuck you Swearengen.

SWEARENGEN

Suggestion received -- please
proceed.

(CONTINUED)

Star collects his thoughts --

STAR

Clark and Daly are the two
strongest men in the territory.

ADAMS

Both from Butte?

SWEARENGEN

(off Star's nod)

Both from gold exclusive?

STAR

Clark started in mercantile but
he's strong in gold now.

SWEARENGEN

Any chance they'd combine?

STAR

(head-shake no)

They fucking hate each other.

Adams and Swearengen look at each other with provisional
optimism --

ADAMS

Who's the later arrival?

STAR

Daly, from Salt Lake, with Comstock
money behind him.

SWEARENGEN

What the fuck?

ADAMS

(more conciliatory)

Backed by Comstock money, you'd
consider his connection to Hearst.

SWEARENGEN

What do you know of Clark's ways?

(CONTINUED)

STAR

Clark or Daly?

SWEARENGEN

Clark, Star. We can't chance Daly.

STAR

I don't know Clark's ways, or
Daly's either. I'm not from
fucking Butte, remember?

SWEARENGEN

If I remember you're from Helena.

STAR

That's fucking correct.

SWEARENGEN

I wonder if Clark's ever been
there?

Star starts to see where this is going --

STAR

Yeah he's been to Helena.

ADAMS

(more conciliatory)

When he was there, we wonder where
he might have et.

SWEARENGEN

That you might suggest you'd seen
him.

STAR

I fucking ate with him once, all
right?

SWEARENGEN

Don't tell me you might recall what
type appetite he exhibited Star, or
his preference as to food. Don't
tell me we're getting some fucking
place.

(CONTINUED)

As Star searches his recollection, starting to enjoy this process --

CUT TO:

43B INT. CHEZ AMI - DAY [FORMERLY SC. 20]

43B

CLOSE ON - COCHRAN

crouched; suddenly thrusting forward his thumb --

WIDEN TO INCLUDE - STAPLETON

eyes widening with new understanding as the part of his intestine trapped in his testicular sac is forced by Cochran's thumb-thrust back behind the inguinal wall --

STAPLETON

Murder me someone!

COCHRAN

Be quiet!

As Cochran rises, leaving Stapleton, his passage reveals, b.g., Leon, whose features, answering Stapleton's suffering, still form in a sympathetic wince, though the glass of bourbon he's poured himself as reward for transporting Mose, and imagining what sudden turn in the present situation might produce Stubbs' decision to fuck him, increasingly claim his attention.

ANGLE - COCHRAN

recurring to examination of Mose, still on the sled; listening once more to his breathing and again inspecting his wounds. Jane comes in from outdoors with three pitchforks --

JANE

We slide these under the sled,
lever the cocksucker vertical, tilt
him further forward and drop him on
the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

COCHRAN

Why not run at him across the room
and stab him with all three
pitchforks?

Jane stares at Cochran, who's readying to leave; she
indicates Mose --

JANE

Ain't you going to cut?

COCHRAN

Guessing through the fat where his
heart is, the bullet's lodged too
close.

He starts for the door, responds to their silence --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)

I have other patients. I choose
not to undertake a futile and
exhausting procedure. I am better
occupied otherwise.

STAPLETON

(groaning)

I'm still in fucking discomfort,
Doc.

COCHRAN

(to Jane)

Nurse him, he's herniated.

Cochran's gone. Jane glances at Stapleton then turns away,
mutters to Stubbs --

JANE

I'd punch that cocksucker's balls
before I'd cup 'em for comfort --
he's the cardsharp 'told me 'bout
Bill.

Mose moans, coughs. Jane moves beside him --

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

All right, Slim.

Leon's sidled next to Stubbs --

LEON

Hey, Joanie.

STUBBS

No chance.

He's not surprised. Off which --

CUT TO:

43D MOVED TO SC. 21

43D

44 EXT. DEADWOOD PIONEER - DAY

44

Jarry tries the door of The Pioneer, finds it locked. This is the way the whole fucking day's gone. He knocks peremptorily --

JARRY

Mister Merrick. May we have a word.

-- sees the shade pulled down by some invisible hand --

MERRICK

You and I Commissioner Jarry have nothing whatever to discuss. Seek your conversations elsewhere.

A beat, then the irate Jarry moves on --

44A INT. DEADWOOD PIONEER - CONTINUOUS

44A

Merrick stands several steps back from the door, waiting for events to refute him. After a beat, very provisionally, he looks toward Blazanov's tented extension of the Pioneer's office --

ANGLE - STAR AND BLAZANOV

standing beside each other, watching him with approval --

(CONTINUED)

MERRICK

(to Star)

I hope that will achieve what the
party adjoining us intends.

STAR

I expect it would.

(CONTINUED)

MERRICK

(to Blazanov)

Mister Star bore me certain
instructions.

BLAZANOV

(to Star)

Thank you.

Off which --

CUT TO:

[INTERVENING SCENES]

44C MOVED TO SC. 44G

44C

44E MOVED TO SC. 44L

44E

44G INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY [FORMERLY SC. 44C]

44G

Swearengen sits at his desk while Adams and Jarry sit across
from him --

JARRY

If the article I refer to has any
substance, my questions should be
directed to Sheriff Bullock --

SWEARENGEN

Bullock's got a family problem.

JARRY

So I understand. I will pray for a
happy outcome.

ADAMS

So what the fuck do you want with
us?

SWEARENGEN

Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

JARRY

I'd hope that even in its gravest
outcome, the Sheriff's crisis might
produce the blessing of our
reconciliation.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

I'm listening.

ADAMS

Well then shame the fuck on you.

JARRY

Gentlemen. We are men of
experience. Self-interest is
immutable but its dictates vary
daily.

ADAMS

You talk like you take it up the
ass.

JARRY

I do not, my friend Adams, "Take it
up the ass" --

ADAMS

Don't call me your fucking friend.

Addressing Swearengen's cooler head, Jarry speaks over Adams
insistently --

JARRY

-- but I suspect those who do
consider they advance their own
interests. Like them, shall we
pursue what might gratify us
mutually?

SWEARENGEN

(to Adams)

He makes sense, if you'd calm the
fuck down.

ADAMS

I'm the one he insulted, and with
reference to you. I've got pride
if you don't.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

I got pride, which I know when to
fucking swallow.

ADAMS

Maybe you take it up the ass.

SWEARENGEN

Jesus fucking Christ, must I make
you leave the room?

Jarry's cunning and mastery of psychology persuades him the
time to tip the scales has arrived --

JARRY

Everything's on the table.

A beat, then --

SWEARENGEN

(to Adams)

Tell him what Bullock had you
doing.

Adams studies Swearengen. The younger man is a portrait of
disillusionment and profound resistance, even a sense of
being personally betrayed --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Tell him what you were doing in
Montana.

-- yet, ultimately resigned to the necessity of acquiescence,
prepares himself to comply --

CUT TO:

44I

INT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - DAY

44I

Bullock and Martha. Cochran's left them to talk --

MARTHA

I want to take him home.

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK

Doc says better he's not moved.

Martha's looking away --

MARTHA

There's no better about it.

A beat, then she searches his eyes --

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Is there?

BULLOCK

The Doctor says that the cloth to his brow may comfort William, and being spoken to.

She seems not to hear --

MARTHA

If I'd kept him in Michigan.

Such comfort as he can be to his wife is in concealing how this wounds him --

BULLOCK

Yes.

After a beat, she again takes up the burden of her maternal love --

MARTHA

What does the Doctor tell us to say.

Off which --

CUT TO:

44J EXT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

44J

Returned from the Chez Ami, about to re-enter his cabin, Cochran glimpses Bullock and Martha through the front window, gratefully recognizes that such aid as can be given William will be, and all beyond his art. Averting his gaze respectfully, he catches sight of Jewel, who stands keeping watch beside Wu, whom she makes nervous. Doc approaches them, indicates his cabin --

COCHRAN

(to Jewel)

Any turn here, come get me at the
Chez Ami.

JEWEL

Sure, Doc.

COCHRAN

I'll be operating on a whale.

Cochran, hefting his bag, retraces his steps toward the
whorehouse. Jewel looks to Wu --

JEWEL

He wants me to stick around.

-- who nods, though he does not understand --

CUT TO:

44L INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY [FORMERLY SC. 44E]

44L

Jarry's belly-hooked --

(CONTINUED)

JARRY

It strains credulity. The
imagination balks.

ADAMS

(to Swearengen)

I sit here, right? While he calls
me a liar.

JARRY

No one's calling you a liar Mister
Adams. I'm sure you agree, the
idea of a man conducting the
business of his territory in the
private room of some restaurant --

ADAMS

The Stonehouse

JARRY

"The Stonehouse." -- offering
bounty to secure the allegiance of
others -- while wearing a bag over
his head

SWEARENGEN

(to Adams)

I won't pretend it didn't strike me
strange.

While seeming to talk to Swearengen, Jarry begins a dialogue
with the Montana figure taking shape in his imagination --

JARRY

Maintaining anonymity, clearly,
while forming an impression of
Adams.

-- and to patronize him --

JARRY (CONT'D)

One imagines other paths to the
purpose.

(CONTINUED)

ADAMS

(to Swaengren)

And I'm giving less and less a fuck
what you strain or balk at, too.

(CONTINUED)

JARRY

Apart from what the bag bespeaks of
its wearer, what concerns me is his
offer for your support.

ADAMS

(to Swearengen)

Ask me what ought concern us? -- is
the offer fucking real.

SWEARENGEN

We turn the camp toward Montana,
fifty thousand ain't unreasonable --
(to Jarry)
Though anyone can bandy numbers.

ADAMS

What's unreasonable is Bullock's
quote for his cut.

SWEARENGEN

Clark would have the fifty, but was
the man really speaking for Clark.

JARRY

Consider another alternative.
Suppose it were Clark who was
speaking.

Adams and Swearengen seem struck by lightning --

JARRY (CONT'D)

Why would a representative of
Clark, unknown to Adams, therefore
unrecognizable, and never to meet
him again, conceal himself beneath
a bag?

ADAMS

Maybe he had open sores.

JARRY

But you would know Clark from
photographs. Or at least he'd not
risk you might.

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Anyways.

Jarry chuckles affectionate adoption of Swearengen's folksy locution --

JARRY

Anyways, if Deadwood will grant an interval before answering Montana's offer, I'll convey my impressions to Yankton and learn if they wish to counter.

A seemingly dissatisfied Adams looks away --

SWEARENGEN

No objection. Though I only speak for myself.

JARRY

Mister Swearengen, you're far too modest.

Jarry's risen --

JARRY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen.

Jarry exits. A beat, then Swearengen looks to Adams --

ADAMS

What just happened?

SWEARENGEN

We knocked the cocksucker up. Soon he'll find himself delivering.

ADAMS

The fifty?

SWEARENGEN

Elections.

ADAMS

How do you s'pose that kid's doing.

(CONTINUED)

Swearengen's hardmindedness precludes as sentimental
compassion for what he cannot effect --

SWEARENGEN
Ain't my department.

Off which --

TIME CUT
TO:

44M INT. BELLA UNION - DUSK [FORMERLY SC. 47]

44M

Jarry, returned from the Gem, joins Wolcott and Tolliver --

JARRY
Back among friends.

TOLLIVER
With what increase in knowledge?

As Jarry sits --

JARRY
Mister Merrick proved reticent, so
I called at the Gem Saloon, where
Swearengen and the young cutthroat
Adams --

TOLLIVER
Yankton's young cutthroat times
past, if memory don't deceive.

Jarry considers Tolliver, then redirects himself to Wolcott --

JARRY
Adams, as it happens, is just
returned from Helena, sent by
Swearengen to hear from Montana an
offer to annex this camp. It
emerges further that, pretensions
to holiness notwithstanding, your
Sheriff Bullock is the courtship's
go-between.

(CONTINUED)

Because the implications of this begin to marginalize him,
Tolliver makes a show of skepticism --

TOLLIVER

All kind of sense to that --
Bullock bedding down with
Swearengen -- being they just
nearly killed each other.

JARRY

(to Wolcott, ignoring
Tolliver)

Might greed and enmity in Bullock
be served by passing-on to
Swearengen an overture beneficial
to Bullock's pocket, and requiring
of Swearengen the demeaning
business of filling it?

WOLCOTT

What did the Helena conversations
produce?

JARRY

An offer of fifty thousand for
Swearengen to back Montana.

TOLLIVER

He's losing his belly for the grift
-- I'd've said they offered a
hundred.

JARRY

(still to Wolcott)

Impossible, certainly, to know the
offer was made; and if made, would
be honored by Montana in the act.

WOLCOTT

Will they entertain other offers?

JARRY

That Swearengen traffics in bribes,
I testify to first-hand. That your
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JARRY (CONT'D)

employer is a man of means, you
have amply demonstrated.
Swearengen's putting himself up for
auction, as he has not hitherto,
without stipulating as to local
appointments, is the development of
consequence. Let the Montana offer
be real or a fraud of his
concoction -- Swearengen is
certainly real. Your employer must
decide if he will pay for
Swearengen, and not quibble at his
pumping the price. Let those
dismayed at Swearengen's enlistment
recall that combat makes comrades,
and be resigned.

Tolliver looks away --

TOLLIVER

'Biggest fish I ever seen landed,
Commissioner. Did I say that
resigned enough?

WOLCOTT

(to Jarry)

Had Swearengen word of Bullock's
boy?

TOLLIVER

(snorts)

Surprising which comrades'll show
up sentimental.

Off which --

CUT TO:

45 EXT. THE HILLS OUTSIDE OF CAMP - NIGHT

45

Hostetler laying in his bedroll, disturbed by the splatter of
urine, raises his head from the saddle he's using as a pillow
to discover Fields, not more than seven feet from the fire,
restowing his johnson --

(CONTINUED)

HOSTETLER

You could put yourself to more
distance.

FIELDS

I'm scared to go off in the dark,
and when I'm scared I can't piss,
so I got to piss in the light.

Three horses, the two men's mounts and a mare, are tethered
at the edge of the fire light --

(CONTINUED)

FIELDS (CONT'D)

What about Oregon, Hostetler? --
you could be my apprentice, carry
love-notes from pot-gut shitheads'
to the women they keep on the side.

Somewhere off, the rogue Bay whinnies. A beat --

HOSTETLER

I'm going to catch the son-of-a-
bitch, take him back to the camp --

FIELDS

That might bring about some
killing.

HOSTETLER

Kill the horse, that's on them, and
I guess it's their right, but they
ain't going to get to kill me.

FIELDS

(angry frustration)

No 'cause come to them cases you'll
blow your own head off. Oh and
then Hostetler, once you cheated
them white cocksuckers, won't they
roll around and gnash their teeth --

HOSTETLER

What you mean "cheated"?

FIELDS

"Hostetler beat us! He come out
victorious, there with his head
blowed off."

HOSTETLER

I never cheated a white cocksucker
in my life.

FIELDS

I'm saying them whose rope you
cheated.

(CONTINUED)

HOSTETLER

Or come to that a nigger either.

Fields stares at the fire --

FIELDS

They ain't hung you, Hostetler, and
maybe won't get the chance, but
they sure have made you crazy with
pride.

A long beat, then Hostetler, stung, attempts to imagine a
life beyond prideful self-enclosure --

(CONTINUED)

HOSTETLER

A man as did go back, told his
part, brought the horse he set
loose to them he'd caused to
suffer, paid respects for pain he
couldn't ever fix If it
happened they forgave him, so he
didn't need to do to hisself what
he wouldn't let be done to him
He might think, setting out
afterward with whatever fucking
loudmouth went with him, if he made
Oregon alive, he might could open a
livery.

Fields still looks at the fire --

FIELDS

Then let's find the fucking horse.

Off which --

CUT TO:

46	MOVED TO SC. 52A	46
47	MOVED TO SC. 44M	47
49	INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LANDING BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS - NIGHT	49

Farnum finds Richardson holding up a small set of antlers to
the large set of antlers on the wall --

FARNUM

Account for yourself, Richardson,
as best you can. Not the
fundamental problem, just the
immediate behavior.

RICHARDSON

I'm praying for the Sheriff's boy.

FARNUM

To the God of Antlers and Hooves?

(CONTINUED)

Richardson shows Farnum his talisman --

RICHARDSON

It protected Mrs. Garret when she
walked alone at night.

(CONTINUED)

FARNUM

Invoked by you.

RICHARDSON

(nods)

I'm asking It to bless his journey.

FARNUM

Pray away then, Moron, for all the
harm you'll do. I'll do your work
in the kitchen.

Farnum starts away, looks back --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

But leave off when guests ascend.

Off Richardson, resuming his silent entreaties --

CUT TO:

50

INT. DEADWOOD PIONEER - NIGHT

50

The deportment of Merrick and Blazanov attempts to ascribe normalcy to the continued presence of Star, who is positioned in proximity to the door, observing the activities in the hardware store across the thoroughfare. To return to the store would be to deny his loving concern for Bullock and Bullock's family; to take up position outside Cochran's cabin would be an admission that his connection to the Bullocks is inessential, that he is a supernumerary. He has continued in the newspaper office these several hours in humiliated irresolution, finally is blessed by a lifting of his pride. He leaves the office --

CUT TO:

52

INT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - NIGHT

52

Bullock and Martha watch William's suffering --

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK

(to William)

Trixie asks me to thank you for
finding her error in numbers this
afternoon.

After a brief yielding to perfectionist self-pity at his
uncertainty, Bullock goes on --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Ducks have landed on the Spearfish
Pond.

He doesn't know how to proceed --

MARTHA

Father's eager to hear you sound
your calls.

BULLOCK

Yes. Hear you calling them in.

(CONTINUED)

He prays for imagination --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

I'm proud of the calls you've made.
I've much enjoyed showing you how
to make them. Now you make them
better than I do. Thank you for
caring for Mother. At times when I
am away, it's comfort to know you
are with her. I am much pleased
now that we all can be together.

MARTHA

I am so much pleased, William, as
is your father.

BULLOCK

Calling ducks, and your garden, and
helping your mother, and that we
love you.

She puts down the cloth she has been using to cool his
forehead --

MARTHA

Rest now, William, we'll rest and
rise together.

CUT TO:

52AA EXT. THE GEM - NIGHT

52AA

Swearngen surveys the thoroughfare --

CUT TO:

52A INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT [FORMERLY SC. 46]

52A

Swearngen, descending the stairs from his office, sees
Trixie sitting alone, contemplating a shot glass full of
whiskey. Crossing toward her, he notes Merrick and Blazanov
at the bar, Burns behind it. Dority and Adams sit together
at a table, one bottle between them. Swearngen comes beside
Trixie --

(CONTINUED)

SWEARENGEN

Why ain't you among the
circumcised?

She looks up at him --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

The day saw advances, Trixie. None
miraculous.

She looks away. Swearengen looks to Burns --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Where's the Gimp?

TRIXIE

On watch outside Cochran's.

Swearengen knew it would be Trixie to answer; still looks to
Burns --

SWEARENGEN

Why not stand with her.

Burns' brow furrows; he prepares to comply; Trixie heads for
the back exit; Swearengen indicates to Burns it was Trixie he
meant should go --

CUT TO:

53 EXT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - NIGHT

53

After a beat, Wu comes from his dwelling with some steaming
tea, which, disapprovingly, and while looking elsewhere, he
offers her against the evening chill. Jewel indicates
appreciation, and that her infirmity will prevent her from
taking up the cup --

JEWEL

(pointing to herself)

Oh no, Gimp. But thanks anyhow.

Wu's scowl deepens at the spectacle, witnessed by his
countrymen, of a woman addressing him publicly, to decline

(CONTINUED)

his offered service, on a subject not connected with
business. Saving face, he gulps the tea himself, his eyes

(CONTINUED)

suddenly narrowing as he burns his tongue; during which, on her other flank, Star has come beside Jewel, hoping that her presence outside the cabin may signal she is privy to what has developed in Star's absence --

STAR

What do you know of the Sheriff's son?

JEWEL

Nothing. But they want me to keep watch.

Star and Jewel note Trixie making her way toward them through Chinaman's Alley. Wu goes into his place. Trixie joins Star and Jewel in their vigil --

CUT TO:

56 INT. CHEZ AMI - NIGHT

56

Cochran's preparing to operate on Mose. Jane and Stubbs will assist. Leon's drifted beside Stapleton, who's resigned himself to a diminished role in unfolding events --

STAPLETON

Throbbing's somewhat subsided.

JANE

That's a load off everyone's mind.

COCHRAN

'Hoof hits one inch over, the boy's pain's done and they don't have to watch him suffer. I doubt He's omniscient, but I know He's myopic.

JANE

Why don't you concentrate on the fucking task at hand.

Cochran stares at Jane, who responds to her feelings of intimidation, as is her wont, by reaffirming her position with compounded defiance, in this instance pointing at Mose --

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Go on!

COCHRAN

(to Stubbs)

Hold this.

(CONTINUED)

A beat, then Cochran moves to comply. Jane, indicating Cochran, whispers to Stubbs her one piece of special knowledge about assisting the physician at surgery --

JANE

Don't press too hard on the bandages, or he jumps down your fucking throat.

COCHRAN

Now we may not be able to find the bullet in amongst the adipose tissue. Or finding it, we mayn't be able to remove it, or removing it, to avoid killing him.

JANE

(to Stubbs, for Cochran's hearing)

Cheerful cocksucker, ain't he?

COCHRAN

But I guess we can give it a fucking whirl.

As he makes the first incision --

CUT TO:

59 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

59

Farnum's dicing vegetables and dropping them into a cauldron. The onions make him weep. He notes the entrance of Cramed into the otherwise empty dining area --

CRAMED

My name is Cramed. I've heard a boy's trampled and like to die.

FARNUM

You look familiar.

(CONTINUED)

CRAMED

I came last year to hustle dice,
took sick with plague. I minister
now in Lead --

(CONTINUED)

FARNUM

How's the new racket pay?

Cramed studies Farnum, whose unease with his distress at the injury to Bullock's son compels him irrelevantly to explain the cause of his weeping --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

Fucking onions.

CRAMED

Knowing this camp's without a minister, I've come to be on call to the family. Shall I ask elsewhere or will you tell me their name.

FARNUM

Bullock. Their boy's at Cochran's cabin.

CRAMED

Thank you.

FARNUM

Two dollars a room if you're staying over.

CRAMED

I may.

FARNUM

Fifty cents off for clergy. Six dollars extra if they set up for dice in the room.

Cramed studies him, moves off. Farnum calls after --

FARNUM (CONT'D)

If idolatry offends you, avoid looking left as you exit.

Off which --

CUT TO:

60 INT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - NIGHT 60

CLOSE ON - WILLIAM

A number of seconds go by. He has not drawn breath --

WIDEN TO INCLUDE - BULLOCK AND MARTHA

They watch William. He has not drawn breath --

CUT TO:

61 EXT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BALCONY - NIGHT 61

Swearengen surveys the thoroughfare. A beat, then his head tilts up, his nostrils dilate slightly, attentive to what's on the wind. On the thoroughfare below, Cramed exits the Grand Central --

CUT TO:

62 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT 62

Alma, at her window, watches Cramed's progress on the thoroughfare. She looks back to where Sofia lies asleep. For a time, like cards in a deck, the variables in her situation turn over in her mind. Finally she is blessed to experience her incertitude in humility. Alma decides that she will briefly leave Sofia to seek news of Bullock's boy --

CUT TO:

63 INT. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT 63

Whatever is on the wind prompts Ellsworth to probe the possibility he has done his duty at the store and might consider closing. Tentatively, he has taken up the store-key, moved to the front door, where he sees Cramed, whom he does not know, moving toward Cochran's cabin. Standing at the door, the impulse to close still seems right to Ellsworth, and he decides to do it --

CUT TO:

64 INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

64

As Alma descends, Richardson turns to face her, putting his antlers behind him --

(CONTINUED)

ALMA

I will take the air, Richardson,
very briefly.

ANGLE - FARNUM

who's finished dicing vegetables, has just left the kitchen,
stops in his progress across the dining room to eavesdrop --

RESUME - ALMA AND RICHARDSON

ALMA (CONT'D)

I've left my door ajar, indicating
my trust for you, which you have
well-earned in days past, escorting
me so reliably. Will you stand in
the hallway above so that you may
answer, if Sofia awakes and calls
out -- "Your Mother is just away,
Sofia, very very soon to return,
and all is well."

RICHARDSON

Yes, Ma'am.

ALMA

Perhaps without going inside, as
this might startle her.

RICHARDSON

Yes.

As Alma descends, Richardson continues to turn to keep the
antlers out of her sight --

ANGLE - FARNUM

moving to keep himself out of sight as Alma passes. Farnum
considers finding relief in confronting and persecuting
Richardson on some pretext. Instead, seating himself in
solitude in the darkened dining room, he allows his minion to
meet his responsibilities --

CUT TO:

65 INT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - NIGHT 65

CLOSE ON - WILLIAM

who has not drawn breath.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE - BULLOCK AND MARTHA

watching him, knowing now he has passed. Martha reaches out her hand to her son and smooths the hair from his forehead --

66 EXT. ALLEY ACROSS FROM COCHRAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS 66

Star and Jewel and Trixie, who do not know Cramed to speak to, observe his approach toward Cochran's cabin; Star, as Cramed nears the cabin, feels the impulse to call out and stop him; before Star can act on this the cabin door opens and Bullock appears, come away to allow his wife to be alone with her child. From across the alley, Star and Trixie and Jewel watch, though they cannot hear, as Cramed explains to Bullock who he is and why he has come; Bullock's gaze is to distance, but he seems to hear Cramed and understand and consent --

CUT TO:

67 EXT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - NIGHT 67

Where Alma, standing on the hotel porch, observed from his balcony across the way by Swearengen, with whom she has already exchanged looks of greeting, turns attention to Ellsworth's approach from the direction of the hardware store. Ellsworth joins Alma, follows her gaze toward the Bella Union Gap, where Star can be seen moving toward them --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

seeing Star, turning, going back inside --

RESUME - ALMA AND ELLSWORTH

as Star comes nearer, reading the message in his features --

CUT TO:

68 INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

68

Swearengen, descending the stairs from his office, finds sitting together at a table Dority and Adams, one bottle between them; Burns presides over the bar. The three men watch as Swearengen descends. From the back entrance to the saloon, which opens onto Chinaman's Alley, Trixie and Jewel approach. Burns pours Swearengen a drink as he reaches the bar. Off which --

FADE OUT.