Director: Davis Guggenheim

“Deadwood”

Sold Under Sin

Written by

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"Sold Under Sin"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - FALSE DAWN

Swearengen keeps vigil, as has become his custom, to
some purpose he can't name. As has become his custom,
Dority brings out tea, prepared by Burns, which he
leaves beside Swearengen. Anyone else, Burns has been
heard to opine, you'd think he'd lost his mind. To
which Dority's replied Burns is exactly right -- some
people act out of the ordinary, you say you understand
their ignorance. Others, like Al, you know you're
ignorant of their understanding --

CUT TO:

2 INT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - FALSE DAWN

Smith lies on a cot, his movement limited to one hand,
with which he pushes the air, agonized gestures
accompanying nostalgic delirium --

   SMITH
   My darling wife, I do well. To
carry God's word is such a joyous
burden.
   (beat)
   I have sixty-eight dollars put by.
Our belly cleaveth to the earth.

Cochran works with hammer and awl on Jewel's boot.
The intensity of feeling and attention with which he
works represents his attempt to exclude awareness of
the soul in suffering beside him --

   SMITH (CONT'D)
   I hope to be home soon Amanda.
   I'll help with the cider pressing.

Cochran struggles with the boot on his last, furiously
working his awl --

   COCHRAN
   Goddamn it.

He has pierced his palm deeply with the awl. He
staunches the flow of blood, looks to Smith --

   SMITH
   Son, Japeth, my boy, be of service
to your mother. She is comforted
when you read to her.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Cochran's eyes widen in helplessness, he moves to his door --

SMITH (CONT'D)
Our soul is bowed down to the dust.
Japeth, don't let her rise too early.

Cochran opens the door, desperate to see, or hear, anything else --

EXT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS - COCHRAN'S POV

Five horsemen, in great coats, hats on, unrecognizable in the darkness, pass --

SMITH (O.S.)
Redeem us for our mercies' sake.

Off which --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S BALCONY - FALSE DAWN

Swearengen spots the approaching riders, knowing in the instant they are the emissaries of whatever fate he's awaited; addresses Dority beside him --

SWEARENGEN
Have Johnny brew coffee and open some peaches.

Off Dority, whose bafflement at this pronouncement only confirms his confidence in Swearengen --

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Dority looks in to Burns --

DORITY
Coffee and peaches.

BURNS
Who are they?

DORITY
That Magistrate and some with soldiers' saddles.

BURNS
(worshipful)
And Al knew they was coming.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DORITY
He knew something was coming.

Burns starts for the kitchen --

BURNS
I'd about decided he just couldn't sleep without Trixie.

Off which --

RESUME - SWEARENGEN

watching --

TIME CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAWN

Swearengen, Clagett, and men we'll come to know as General George Crook, Captain John Wilson Bubb, and Lieutenants Thaddeus Capron and Henry Seaton. Capron's and Seaton's seating indicates their status as subordinate to the others, as does Bubb's in relation to Crook. Dority and Burns distribute the peaches and coffee and afterward observe from behind the bar --

CLAGETT
General Crook bears victory's garland, having routed the Minniconjou at Slim Buttes.

Swearengen's courtesy is short of enthusiasm or credence --

SWEARENGEN
Well done General.

CLAGETT
A first meting out of recompense for the massacre at the Little Bighorn.

SWEARENGEN
Yeah well fucking done.

CROOK
Am I right to believe I might've seen you in the Hills last year?

SWEARENGEN
Amongst them you gave the boot to -- said you'd see us back once the treaty got amended.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CROOK
I'm sure now you were the man.

SWEARENGEN
(grins)
Urged my fellow civilians to know when we were licked.

CROOK
Your voice was constructive.

CLAGETT
The day the General spoke of -- a day of vast import and change for this settlement -- fast approaches. He's called to Camp Robinson even now to impress upon Red Cloud and Spotted Tail the wisdom of the treaty's amendment. He and his men require resupply and respite, however brief, from the hardships of their campaign.

SWEARENGEN
They stopped at the right fucking place.

CROOK
Respite, Mister Swearengen --

Crook glances toward the back of the Gem where several of the early risers among the whores observe the proceedings --

CROOK (CONT'D)
-- short of the men becoming dissolute, or drawn to desertion.

SWEARENGEN
Unsaddled, allowed to gambol a bit and roll in the dust ....

CROOK
But not so they balk at re-harness.

SWEARENGEN
I'll make your feelings known to the other operators.

CROOK
Also as to profiteering in the sale of provisions.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

SWEARENGEN
I'll make it all known.

CROOK
I and the other officers would be grateful now for use of the bathhouse.

SWEARENGEN
It's just down the way -- Mister Burns here'll steer you.

As they rise --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
For them that avenged Custer -- if it ain't too dissolute -- the camp's going to want a parade.

Crook hates it --

CROOK
A parade's all right.

ANGLE - BURNS AND DORITY

Burns is coming out from behind the bar, mutters to Dority --

BURNS
I'm waiting for Al to collect Clagett by the scruff of the neck.

RESUME - SWEARENGEN AND CLAGETT

SWEARENGEN
Forego your bath a moment Magistrate --

CLAGETT
Certainly.

SWEARENGEN
-- or will you have a girl sponge you while we converse.

Clagett smiles indulgently to indicate to Crook either that Swearengen's making a joke or that the saloon-keeper fails utterly to understand Clagett's character -- though it's difficult for Clagett to sustain decorum and an elevated air while being steered summarily toward the Tit Corner --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Did young Adams deliver my message?

(CONTINUED)
CLAGETT
I haven't seen young Adams.

SWEARENGEN
No?

CLAGETT
I haven't been at Yankton. I've been representing the Territory at the treaty negotiations.

SWEARENGEN
As to further bribing you for help on that warrant against me, beyond the five thousand you already pocketed, the gist was fuck yourself.

CLAGETT
And do you now reconsider.

SWEARENGEN
No, Magistrate, I don't. Not if you heard from Adams or you didn't. Not even with the parade coming up. I wanted to tell you before you bathed.

CLAGETT
(evenly)
That's imprudent Al. It's a failure properly to value your freedom in the promising days ahead.

SWEARENGEN
Maybe you don't value enough keeping your fucking guts inside your belly.

CLAGETT
Those are the days behind us.

SWEARENGEN
No they're the days to our fucking left.

By which Swearengen means to indicate Dority standing behind the bar. Clagett shakes his head in something resembling pity --

CLAGETT
I didn't generate the warrant, and my disappearance wouldn't quash it. You can't murder an order, or

(MORE)
CLAGETT (CONT'D)
the telegraph that transmitted it, or all those content to put food on their tables simply by being its instruments. Can't be done.

SWEARENGEN
Get the fuck out of my joint.

CLAGETT
I bear you no ill will Al, nor do I hold you to an angry choice.

Swearengen stares at him. Clagett heads for the door. Swearengen moves toward the stairs. Off Dority, watching, thinking to sharpen his knife --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GEM - MORNING

Clagett emerges to see Merrick preparing to photograph Crook, Bubb and the two lieutenants. Crook is a study in abject misery as Merrick fusses with his photographic equipment --

CROOK
Sir, make your first effort count.

MERRICK
Moments away.

Farnum's emerged from the Grand Central, observes as well --

MERRICK (CONT'D)
May we see your victorious smile General?
(beat)
Perhaps not. Stern and resolute.

Merrick lights a pan of flash powder, and we --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

Swearengen and Dority --

SWEARENGEN
This bloated tick Clagett, feeding at the military's fucking neck, explaining the coming, higher, (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
outside order of things, how my
trumbling thanks are in order for
any part of what's mine it'll please
him to let me retain.

DORITY
I guess he bought his Bagman back.

SWEARENGEN
That I commissioned to kill him.
He proclaims their paths never
crossed.

DORITY
I guess he would.

SWEARENGEN
The odd instance of telling the
truth is what separates us from
the creatures that slither.
(finishes the peaches)
One way or another, this coxnsucker
Magistrate gets pried off that
General's neck -- he don't live to
return to Yankton.

Enter Farnum, for whom, facts being articles of
commerce, ignorance is destitution --

FARNUM
Can you imagine Al that as Mayor I
might like to learn the cavalry's
in camp other than by coming upon
them posing for photographs in the
goddamn thoroughfare?

SWEARENGEN
Cavalry's in camp E.B.

FARNUM
At whose behest?

SWEARENGEN
The People, always.

FARNUM
To what purpose?

SWEARENGEN
I know only a parade's in the
offing. They've had a victory
over the dirt-worshippers. Will
you lead the hosannas?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

Farnum's vanity allays his curiosity --

FARNUM
I suppose that's part of my mandate.

-- but never his greed.

FARNUM (CONT'D)
Mightn't I also coordinate satisfaction of the force's logistical needs?

SWEARENGEN
Work with their Quarter Master and Commissary Officer? -- is that your thinking?

FARNUM
As a conduit for our merchants.

SWEARENGEN
I only hope you'll charge something for your time.

Cochran's entered, having finished the fashioning of Jewel's boot --

FARNUM
Do you suppose a platform's in order when I receive the troops?

SWEARENGEN
I suppose you ought to return to your lobby, prepare your buffet, and keep your help from robbing you 'til you hear the fife and drum.

It makes sense to Farnum, who readies to leave --

FARNUM
Cavalry in the camp Doc -- may I number you in the reception committee?

COCHRAN
Fuck the cavalry and the committee that receives it.

FARNUM
Rely on my requiring a fair fee for your services of any of their ill I refer.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

Farnum's gone. Trixie's gone into the Kitchen through its back entrance, emerges with a cup of coffee from its front, finding in Cochran's presence occasion to let Swearengen hear her voice --

TRIEXIE
Hi Doc.

-- and speak to her if he wishes.

COCHRAN
Trixie.

Swearengen rises, heads up the stairs --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
(to Trixie)
Where's Jewel at?

TRIEXIE
The back.

Cochran nods, heads for the whores' quarters. Off Trixie, glancing toward the second floor --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - WHORES' ROOM - DAY (FORMERLY SC. # 12)

Cochran, holding his satchel under his arm, steers Jewel into the room. Jewel has her broom --

COCHRAN
Put your broom to one side and sit down.

She complies --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
I make this stipulation -- if you develop stiffness, or numbness, you will report these to me. You will not conceal these symptoms to sustain your hopes for the miraculous benefits of your fucking boot. The stiffness Jewel, or numbness, could signal a circulatory defect with serious implications, and if you lose a leg, your other conditions will prevent you getting about at all. I will not see you without the mobility you do have for the sake of a few weeks' illusion.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Cochran's tone has reached belligerence. Jewel does her best with it --

JEWEL
I'll report stiffness or numbness.

COCHRAN
Or pain or discomfort of any sort. Don't you be the Doctor, you report your symptoms and let me determine their significance.

JEWEL
Don't yell Doc.

COCHRAN
I'm yelling to make sure you goddamn understand.

JEWEL
I do. I understand.

COCHRAN
All right then. Here's your goddamn boot.

He pulls the boot from his satchel, hands it to her. Jewel's excitement undimmed by all his yelling --

JEWEL
Help me put it on.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DAY (FORMERLY SC. # 16)

Cochran enters. Swearengen, at the window, feels him come in, glances over his shoulder, then resumes his scrutiny of the thoroughfare --

SWEARENGEN
Walk in unannounced is a good way to get yourself killed Doc, especially now we're besieged.

Cochran's trying to find words for his purpose. Swearengen glances back --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Or do you see Crook's Army our deliverers.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

COCHRAN
Fuck Crook's Army.

Swearengen moves behind his desk, produces his bottle --

SWEARENGEN
Yet I'm told you were under colors in the War Between The States.

COCHRAN
I'm here about the Minister. He's beyond my art if I had any. He's near blind, mostly paralyzed and past controlling his functions.

SWEARENGEN
You're preaching to the fucking converted Doc. I was going to see to him but I've been fucking busy.

COCHRAN
See to him in what sense?

SWEARENGEN
In the fucking sense that he ought to be seen to, and put from his fucking misery.

COCHRAN
He don't want to be seen to like that. If he wanted that I'd've done it.

SWEARENGEN
Then what the fuck are you talking about.

COCHRAN
A man getting cared for and kept comfortable till he expires. Girls you put to the task, deduct your lost time from my pay.

SWEARENGEN
Pontius Fucking Pilate.

COCHRAN
I have not washed my hands of the Minister. But I am not a goddamn nurse. Whereas how many people in this place are being assisted with their emissions and cleaned up after even as we goddamn speak.
CONTINUED: (2)

SWEARENGEN
So I get the bag of shit.

COCHRAN
You get a human being to be cared for in his last extremity.

SWEARENGEN
A human being in his last extremity is a bag of shit.

COCHRAN
Fuck you Al.

SWEARENGEN
I'll send someone to pick him up.

COCHRAN
I made Jewel a brace and boot.

SWEARENGEN
Does it allay that fucking noise she makes dragging the leg about?

COCHRAN
No but it definitely helps her move better. If the noise troubles you so much put cotton in your ears.

Swearengen's looking back to the window --

SWEARENGEN
How's that Other One?

COCHRAN
Trixie's all right.

Swearengen turns, stares at Cochran hard a beat, then returns his gaze to the thoroughfare. Cochran leaves. After a beat Swearengen spies Burns in the thoroughfare --

SWEARENGEN
Johnny! Take a sled to Doc Cochran's, collect the fucking Minister and install him in the whores' quarters. Tell that Other One to prepare the fucking room.

BURNS
Trixie?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

Swearengen stares at him hard, turns and goes back inside --

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - LAUNDRY - DAY

Leon, faro dealer turned agent provocateur, is mid-argument with a Chinese Laundryman. A faction from the Laundryman's own community gather supportively behind him --

LEON
These rags were fine broadcloth shirts when I brung 'em in to launder.

The Laundryman gestures helpless incomprehension, his answer supplicating rather than confrontational --

LAUNDRYMAN
Six bits.

RACK FOCUS to --

ANGLE - TOLLIVER AND STAPLETON

watching from Cochran's Alley as the scene unfolds --

LEON
You owe me six bits apiece for these five Chicago shirts you ruined.

TOLLIVER
Looks to me like a deteriorating situation Sheriff.

STAPLETON
Too frequent to be borne. Downright intolerable.

Leon's playing to two or three miners --

LEON
These Celestials are washing our clothes in goddamn *feces*.

STAPLETON
I hope that slant-eyed coxswucker's look ain't as arrogant close up as it appears from this distance.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Stapleton starts across the alley, clearing his waistcoat from his holster. His DEPUTY tracks his movements at ten paces distance. Off Tolliver --

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - DAY

Alma and Russell. Sofia plays on the floor near her Grandfather, who periodically, playfully distracts her --

RUSSELL
Mining gold Alma is different business from panning in a stream. The machinery involved, wages -- it all demands capital. If as seems clear you've determined to stay here, I can see to your requirements in New York, secure your holding's credit as its Eastern Representative.

ALMA
You imagine some formal connection then, on-going ....

RUSSELL
Would that please you?

ALMA
I don't know Daddy. I'm not sure it would.

RUSSELL
Why not?

ALMA
I'm not sure I can explain, beyond saying the prospect frightens me.

RUSSELL
Must the pretense of my behavior generating from paternal concern be abandoned so quickly Darling?

ALMA
If you'll acknowledge what else it generates from, I won't abandon the idea at all.

RUSSELL
From my debts of course.

(CONTINUED)
ALMA
You said they'd been entirely satisfied.

RUSSELL
They had. Entirely. Those debts.

ALMA
But these are debts you hadn't admitted?

RUSSELL
These are debts I incurred subsequently. We might call them The Children of the Debts I admitted to.

ALMA
And generated by interest on the previous debts.

RUSSELL
Alma, watching you struggle with what's beneath your spirit to understand is always painful to me.

She looks away --

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
After you got me out of debt I got myself back in.

She nods --

ALMA
Having volunteered a promise you wouldn't. Wept, and volunteered.

RUSSELL
Conceive my own disappointment.

ALMA
Daddy.

RUSSELL
Forty-seven thousand Button.

ALMA
Forty-seven thousand?

RUSSELL
Has scale, doesn't it? Certainly there's something to that.

(CONTINUED)
ALMA
Who would give you so much credit?

RUSSELL
I lay that at the doorstep of your late husband's parents. My daughter becoming a Garret raised me in the lenders' estimations.

ALMA
I haven't anything like forty-seven thousand.

RUSSELL
That, Button, is why the concept of collateral developed.

ALMA
I could borrow that much against the claim.

RUSSELL
In an instant, and considerably more.

ALMA
All right Daddy. But in consideration, you'll dissociate yourself from further connection with the venture. I'll have that in writing before I help you.

He studies her, taking a coin from behind Sofia's ear --

RUSSELL
No, Darling. You'll help me, and you'll have no such thing.

A long beat as Alma takes this in, then --

ALMA
Get away from her.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - BREAKFAST BUFFET

Utter and Stubbs serving themselves at the breakfast buffet --

UTTER
Meal's on me Young Lady --

(continued)
CONTINUED:

STUBBS
(parodies an ingenue)
Why thank you Sir.

UTTER
My friend Jane repaid some money I never thought to see --

Utter's slightly distracted as he sees Alma, who carries Sofia, exit her room --

UTTER (CONT'D)
-- plus sent two dollars some-odd for Mrs. Garret to give that Child --

Utter now makes out, on Alma's closer approach as she descends the stairs, that she's crying, finishes his sentence only as a matter of courtesy --

UTTER (CONT'D)
-- fines Jane levied against herself for saying "fuck" or the like.

ANGLE - FARNUM AND THE COOK

behind the lobby desk, watching --

FARNUM
Something amiss Mrs. Garret? Has the Child took ill?

She doesn't answer, heads out the door. Farnum turns to the Cook, raises his eyebrows --

RESUME - UTTER AND STUBBS

who've also observed the departure --

UTTER
I'll give her the money later.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. BULLOCK AND STAR HARDWARE - DAY

Alma enters, carries the Child, who's tarrying she did not want to delay their arrival. She's been crying. Star and Bullock both recognize it --

BULLOCK
What is it Mrs. Garret?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

STAR
Seth, I've got to go do that.

Star gets out of the store. Bullock takes Alma's hand --

BULLOCK
What is it?

ALMA
Whatever impression my father has made on you, please believe me. Mister Bullock who have known him longer than he's here in his own interests and against mine and this Child's.

BULLOCK
I do.

Not only Bullock's words but their quickness to come and his reassuring tone are gifts to her --

ALMA
And I need your help. I'm asking for your help.

BULLOCK
You have it.

Off which --

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY

Star, who stands on the wooden boardwalk beside the Bella Union watching Bullock's and Alma's conversation in the Hardware Store, has been accosted by a shame-faced Merrick, who shows him the print of the posed photograph he'd taken of General Crook and Crook's advance guard --

MERRICK
Having confessed to the miserable outcome of my commemorative efforts, I'll throw myself on General Crook's mercy, and ask for a second opportunity.

STAR
I'll be surprised if he doesn't give it to you.
CONTINUED:

MERRICK
The record of such a momentous occasion oughtn't to be a cluster of foggy blobs.

Star's moving forward to better make out what appears to be the culmination of Bullock's and Alma's exchange inside the Hardware Store --

MERRICK (CONT'D)
And whose mercy, Mister Star, better to throw oneself on, than one of our own military leaders?

STAR
They love to have their pictures taken.

Star, having seen Bullock exit the Hardware Store under a full head of steam, is already moving away. Merrick watches a beat without reproach, then resumes his scrutiny of the photograph --

ANGLE - BULLOCK AND STAR

as Star catches up with his friend --

STAR
What's happened?

Bullock's personality has reduced itself to rage --

BULLOCK
Get away from me Sol.

STAR
What is it?

BULLOCK
Get away.

Star stops, calls after Bullock --

STAR
Should I stay with her at the store?

Which summons up in Bullock, however temporarily, a capacity for gratitude --

BULLOCK
Please.

Off Star, as Bullock heads for the Grand Central --
INT. GRAND CENTRAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Russell descends --

FARNUM
Ante Meridian constitutional Mister Russell? --

Russell, moving past the desk, ignores Farnum --

FARNUM (CONT'D)
-- or will we roll the bones again?

Farnum's shaking a handful of imaginary dice bears ominous resemblance to mimicry of masturbation. Russell turns back --

RUSSELL
It must cost you sleep -- the guests you drive off, the chances at thieving and bilking you lose needing to rub against your betters.

Russell's gone. Off Farnum, indicating to the Cook he takes this for a sympathetic assessment --

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

Russell's path crosses Bullock's --

BULLOCK
You and me are going to talk.

Russell considers him, moves past. Bullock turns, quickly catches up with him --

RUSSELL
You don't account for my preferences Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK
I'll beat you here in the street.

RUSSELL
First-rate thinking. My daughter's agent beats her father in the street. How better to condemn Alma to deepened suspicion as to her role in her husband's violent death.

Bullock keeps up with him but doesn't know what to say --
CONTINUED:

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Shoot craps, Mister Bullock?

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - BREAKFAST BUFFET

having observed through the window the exchange in the street, Utter and Stubbs rise --

STUBBS
Walk me to work Mister Utter?

UTTER
Yes.

Utter and Stubbs head for the door. Farnum hands his apron to the Cook --

FARNUM
I know what's in the till.

As Farnum hurries after --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - CONTINUOUS

Russell and Bullock enter in tandem --

RUSSELL
Were you bullied, Mister Bullock, when young and incapable?

Russell's moving toward the craps table, takes out his wallet --

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
And now do you see wrongs everywhere, and bullying you feel called to remedy?

While still moving Russell's withdrawn a hundred dollars in currency, tosses it onto the layout simultaneous with his arrival and announcing --

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Ten they do.

SAWYER
New shooter --

(CONTINUED)
Sawyer pushes a stack of chips in front of Russell, removing several which he places before Russell on the action line while pushing five die toward him with a stick --

SAWYER (CONT'D)
-- coming out.

RUSSELL
(to Bullock)
The bully who oppressed your youth isn't at the table with us -- perhaps he's long dead --

During which in a single motion Russell selects and tosses two of the die --

SAWYER
Five, the point's five.

Throughout what follows Sawyer conducts appropriately the business of the pit --

RUSSELL
-- and if you'd see the present with more clarity ...

ANGLE - MERRICK
inched closer, producing his notepad from his pocket --

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
... you'd recognize I'm not victimizing my daughter --

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

Utter and Stubbs, having departed the Grand Central, note Star emerging from the Hardware Store. Stubbs' gaze moves to Alma, who stands with Sofia at her side in the doorway of the establishment. Stubbs nods to Utter, then heads for the Hardware Store as Star and Utter move for the Bella Union --

RUSSELL (O.S.)
-- but seeking a small portion of the ample proceeds from her vein.

Stubbs, at the entry of the Hardware Store, rests her hand on Sofia's shoulder; Alma nods, indicates grateful assent to the change of guardianship, looks toward the Bella Union, possibly seeing Farnum making his way toward it, herself heads in that direction --
INT. BELLA UNION - CONTINUOUS

Utter and Star enter, followed closely by Farnum, aroused by the prospect of others' pain --

    RUSSELL (O.S.)
    Alma is harmed only in your particular view of things.

Under which, the cushioned sound of the die landing --

RESUME - RUSSELL AND BULLOCK

at the table --

    SAWYER (O.S.)
    Seven out, line away.

    RUSSELL
    And while I'll sign no guarantee not to return, or against some future claim on her compassion, realize I do hate it here. If you inhale and expel pure righteousness my olfactories are keen to the smell of shit.

Alma steps into the Casino, edges close enough to see her father and Bullock. Tolliver eyes Alma from across the room, as Star moves to her side --

    RUSSELL (CONT'D)
    Having heard all that -- and knowing as you must the injudiciousness of making an enemy of a man who could testify truthfully that five minutes before her marriage he'd heard his daughter wish her prospective husband dead, and who won't shrink from lying about what she admitted to him on his arrival in this cesspool as to her complicity in her husband's murder -- I suppose you'd best take your swing.

Under which Russell's reached for his cane, surreptitiously starts to remove the handle to free the shiv. Bullock clocks him, breaking his nose, dropping Russell to his knees. Bullock takes him by the hair, slams Russell's head into the edge of the craps table --

    SAWYER
    Watch the felt.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

As Alma looks on with initial, private gratification, Utter and Star move toward Bullock, who appears ready to murder the older man --

STAR
Seth.

Bullock lets go of Russell, who collapses, lying on the floor and exhaling bloody snot from his mangled nose. Bullock looks to Utter and Star, recovers himself --

BULLOCK
All right.

Bullock looks down at Russell, who's breathing with difficulty, face bloody and battered, kneels beside and leans in close --

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
Leave this camp, and draw a map for anyone who wants to believe your fucking lies. Anyone 'wants to put your daughter or her holdings in jeopardy, you show 'em how to get here, and tell 'em I'll be waiting.

Bullock gets up, walks toward the door, sees Alma for the first time, under which is heard the strains of Fife and Drum playing "Lillibulero," as General Crook's forces formally enter Deadwood. The observers are drawn to the sound, but don't yet move to see its source, held still by the possibility of some more decisive outcome to the confrontation before them. Bullock's and Alma's eyes hold a beat as he reaches her, but Bullock's gaze is haunted, and he moves past. Alma, looking toward Russell, drawn by some child's compulsion to come to his aid, moves forward a step or two, then summons saddened will to stop --

ALMA
(to the nearby Tessie)
Please see he's cleaned up.

ANGLE - SAWYER

collecting the die with his stick, stacking Russell's lost chips with his free hand --

SAWYER
Line away.

Off which --
EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY

Crook's Army parades into camp --

MOVED TO SC. 7

EXT. BELLA UNION - DAY

Bullock's emerged. Hears a gunshot, drifts up Cochran's Alley in the direction of the sound. Nuttall falls into step beside Bullock as Tolliver moves past them into Chinaman's Alley --

EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Bullock arrives to see Wu crouched beside the Laundryman, shot dead by Stapleton; Wu's gestures and shouts order his frightened countrymen to keep their distance --

STAPLETON
(to Wu)
Tell 'em stay back -- this ain't no single-shot Derringer.

LEON
Meant to blind me with that lye Sheriff, for showing what he done to my shirts.

Wu shouts angrily at Leon in Cantonese --

LEON (CONT'D)
Fuck your monkey-talk --

Bullock's come close enough to hear and to be recognized by Stapleton --

STAPLETON
(to Leon)
That's enough from you 'til I sort out the full particulars.

LEON
(still to Wu)
-- you may be a big-shot in this alley but you're less'n a nigger to me.

STAPLETON
Quiet! -- or be subject to reprimand!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

For an instant Stapleton's eyes meet those of Tom Nuttall who is angry and shamed at his role in empowering the card-sharp; Stapleton nods forcefully to his Deputy --

STAPLETON (CONT'D)

Take jurisdiction on that corpse.

-- as Bullock turns away --

ANGLE - TOLLIVER

watching, eyes meeting Bullock's --

RESUME - BULLOCK

his attention now drawn to the scene in front of the Grand Central, where the Cavalry's come to a halt and a Crowd has gathered to hear General Crook address them. E.g., Johnny Burns can be seen pulling the sled bearing Reverend Smith toward the rear entrance of the Gem; Bullock emerges from Cochran's Alley, as Tom Nuttall passes him and Tolliver moves toward his establishment --

EXT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

Bullock takes a position next to a wounded Soldier, as Crook on horseback, surrounded by men and officers, addresses the assembled citizenry and a single dignitary, Farnum, in front of the Grand Central --

CROOK

The Sioux and Cheyenne having burned the prairie, denying us fodder for our mounts, our provisions limited to what we carried, we turned for the Black Hills as the rains began.

Bullock moves to a position in the Crowd beside a slightly wounded Soldier, who turns to Bullock --

SOLDIER

My bay mare Sheridan, she foundered, that bastard had her shot.

CROOK

The march through mud was a trial sent from God. Hard necessity required of us much suffering, great sacrifice.

The Soldier mournfully agrees --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SOLDIER
We ate our fucking horses.

CROOK
Continuing south, we proved our worth against privation and through mud, and so were granted the opportunity and privilege to do likewise against the Indian.

The actual recollection of the battle makes the General yearn for a bath --

CROOK (CONT'D)
We came upon a village at Slim Buttes, 37 lodges of Minniconjous and at once attacked, from all four sides.

The General scratches at his infested scalp --

CROWD
Then what General? What in hell happened?

Crook presses forward --

CROOK
We overcame their resistance. There were no prisoners.

SOLDIER
Paid 'em out, man, woman and child for my have'n eaten my mare.

Crook waves a pair of cavalry gloves above his head --

CROOK
The village taken, we found Captain Keogh's gloves, last seen on his person as he rode with Custer to battle. And we found -- Captain --

Captain Bubb displays the guidon of the 7th Cav --

CROOK (CONT'D)
The guidon of the 7th cavalry. Taken by the Sioux at the Little Bighorn, and now reclaimed by white men.

Against his best nature, Crook allows the logic to take hold --

(CONTINUED)
Chief American Horse and his village are no more. Those Indians who rallied to his side are driven off -- among them the Hunkpapa bands under Crazy Horse. From today, those Sioux who do not make the peace at Camp Robinson will know defeat after bloody defeat, until not one stands bar or impediment to the progress of the United States.

Crook falls silent a beat, then manages --

Of which I expect this camp soon will be a part.

Huzzah!

Throughout his speech, Crook has been more or less aware of Farnum's jockeyings to place himself in Crook's field of vision and to identify himself as a figure of central import and consequence, looks to the hotelier now as he dismounts --

Captain Bubb is Quartermaster and Commissary Officer -- should he deal with you?

Exclusively. E.B. Farnum --

Farnum presents himself to Crook, who ignores him, moving past --

That's Captain Bubb.

Farnum, pivoting, seeks to portray his self-introduction as intended for Bubb from the first --

-- Mayor and, as to procurement of everything licit, your civilian counterpart.

ANGLE - CROOK
whose intention, silently affirmed by the nearby Clagett, is to enter the Grand Central, or at minimum remove himself from the scene of his oration, is obstructed by Merrick --

MERRICK
I hope I have you verbatim General but if you'll give me a moment to confirm --

RESUME - BUBB AND FARNUM

BUBB
The horses have had it awful ....

FARNUM
Hostetler at the Livery to the rescue -- as reliable a dusky as you'll come across, but may I first get the most general sense of your purchasing requirements?

As Farnum sits on the edge of a water-trough, producing paper and charcoal, and, b.g., Merrick is heard intoning Crook's speech --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

who finds Stapleton's come beside him --

STAPLETON
Glad you witnessed that transaction amongst the Celestials. They'll bow and scrape 'til there's six of 'em together and then no fucking white man's safe.

BULLOCK
Next murder you do on an errand you ought to take off your fucking badge.

STAPLETON
I'm not certain I take your inference and if I do I'm not sure I like it.

He takes Stapleton's badge off, tosses it in the mud. Their eyes hold --

NUTTALL
(to Stapleton)
Leave it there you bought-out son-of-a-bitch.

(CONTINUED)
Stapleton turns and walks toward the Bella Union --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

watching from the balcony, as Bullock, drawn by the saloon-keeper's gaze, looks up to meet his eyes; Bullock collects the badge and heads for the Gem, as if to confront and refute the truth understood between them.

ANGLE - CROOK AND MERRICK

flanked still by Clagett, and joined, on Crook's other flank, by Tolliver --

MERRICK
(from his notes, exalted)
"... the United States, of which I expect this camp will soon be a part."

Clagett's been looking for the opportunity to intervene --

CLAGETT
(to Crook, re Grand Central)
You'll find this hotel least among evils --

Crook, in abject misery, indicates Farnum, who's joyfully inscribing Bubb's purchase order --

CROOK
Is the place his?

Farnum's adjutant, the bald, toothless Cook, overhearing, gestures smiling welcome --

COOK
Yes but I can sign you in.

Which Tolliver takes as his opening --

TOLLIVER
Cyrus Tolliver General.

He indicates the Bella Union --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Small gesture of gratitude, I'd like you to quarter at my place.

Merrick, feigning a cough, tries to illuminate Crook --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (5)

MERRICK

Brothel.

-- following which he seeks to press his herniated intestine back from his testicular sac --

CROOK

(to Tolliver)
The portion to my use would have to be closed to other purposes.

TOLLIVER

That'll make it a large gesture, but we'll work something out.

As Tolliver squires Crook in the Bella Union's direction --

CROOK

(to Bubb)
Please deliver my trunk.

BUBB

Yes Sir.

Farnum's in a venal euphoria --

FARNUM

(re his list)
This is a tremendous number of provisions Captain, but of course you're buying for full-grown men.

Briefly losing his balance, Farnum nearly falls backward into the trough, but rights himself handily --

CUT TO:

MOVED TO SC. 8

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

The saloon's begun to fill with soldiers, two of whom accommodate uncertainty in loud bravado --

SOLDIER #1

I won't do a two-on-one. We'll take turns like white men.

ON DORITY

who, off camera, is filling several shot glasses with whisky while circumspectly eyeing --

BULLOCK

(continued)
his gaze fixed on some unseen line of division until Dority finishes pouring, upon which he takes up one of the glasses, downs its contents, meets Dority's eyes --

**BULLOCK**

If the man doesn't die whose face I just broke, he's going to go to New York City and tell Brom Garret's people it breaks his heart to say so, but his daughter had their son murdered. He'll tell 'em, knowing how he does they won't want their son's rightful property in the hands of the woman who killed him, he'll swear to what he heard from her own lips, and if once they get the gold claim she murdered for away from her, some small piece of it comes his way 'cause of his heartbreak and how he happens to be broke, that'll be up to them and their kindness and generosity. And those society people in New York City that live with their heads up their asses anyway'll believe him, and whoever they send out here may take up to fifteen minutes before they decide, being you were involved in the transaction first to last, it must've been you and your boss she hired to push her idiot husband off the cliff. 'Course they'll be wrong about Mrs. Garret but they'll be right as rain about you two cocksuckers. You tell him all that upstairs.

**DORITY**

(to Bullock)

If he don't die.

**BULLOCK**

If he don't die. I don't think I killed him.

**DORITY**

And being sure I understand you, if he don't die, you're saying the man's luck don't have to hold -- that's the message you want me to take upstairs.

Bullock downs the second glass of whisky --
BULLOCK
I don't swim in that shit.

Dority looks at the badge Bullock's forgotten he's holding --

DORITY
Why don't you put that on -- you're hypocrite enough to wear it.

Bullock turns and leaves. The Soldiers stare at the Whores on array, working on their nerve --

SOLDIER #2
I'll go first. Why the hell not.

SOLDIER #1
Go ahead then. Or should you go pussy and I'll go ass.

The camera TILTS UP to find a distraught Wu exiting Swearengen's office, transiting toward the stairs; Swearengen comes from the office to watch the Chinaman's descent --

SWEARENGEN
When'd you start thinking every wrong had a remedy Wu? -- did you come to the camp for justice or a place to make your fucking way?

As Wu heads out the back, where Trixie supervises Burns' installation of Smith in the whores' common room --

TIME CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Swearengen's at his window -- Dority, Burns, Farnum arrayed behind him --

SWEARENGEN
Under what provocation was that clown-hatted card-sharp when he slaughtered the chink?

BURNS
I was head-down Al, towing the Minister like a canal-mule.

SWEARENGEN
In the aftermath, once you'd raised your fucking head, did Stapleton (MORE)

(continues)
CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
strike you being frightened for
his fucking life?

BURNS
More strutting like a dung-hill
rooster.

SWEARENGEN
A put-up goddamn job then -- that
fuck-nut Tolliver's moving on
Chinatown.

FARNUM
That devious fuck-nut.

A silent beat, then Swearengen glances at Dority --

SWEARENGEN
'Far as this matter Bullock
commended to our attentions.

-- before resuming scrutiny of the thoroughfare --

DORITY
It's the exact-type murder you
preach the use of Al, that heads
trouble off down the road.

SWEARENGEN
You head off trouble down the road
once you've dealt with the trouble
on it.

By way of establishing he's Swearengen's nearer
intimate, Farnum rebukes Dority mildly and with
affection --

FARNUM
The trouble on the road Dan is
Al's enemy Magistrate Clagett's
cozy-seeming connection to the
military. If genuine, Al must
decide, ought he seek some alliance
with Clagett, however temporary or
dissembled?

Swearengen recognizes this as disguised and self-
interested advocacy on Farnum's part --

SWEARENGEN
At least 'til you're paid for the
Army's order.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

DORITY
(to Swearengen)
They're in the same fucking place.
I could see to Tolliver, the widow's father, and Clagett at a fell damn swoop.

SWEARENGEN
(good-natured; eyes never leaving the window)
What about having at the Cavalry while your talons are out?

Dority doesn't shrink from the premise --

DORITY
Rip that General's throat open, you'd hurry the pace of desertions.

Swearengen's seen something from the window, steps out to make sure he's right --

EXT. THE BALCONY - CONTINUOUS (FORMERLY SC. # 25)
Swearengen identifies Adams and Hawkeye, steps back inside --

RESUME - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SWEARENGEN
That cocksucker Clagett's bagman.
-- heads for the door, holds it open for the minions who follow; as Dority passes --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Moderation in all things.

Which is Swearengen's way of thanking Dority for his willingness to murder all Swearengen's enemies --

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. BELLA UNION - NIGHT
The poker area's been screened off for Crook's use. Maybe a meal and wine are being served to Tolliver, Crook, and Clagett by one of Tolliver's most attractive prostitutes --

(CONTINUED)
TOLLIVER
(to Crook)
Full respect to Magistrate Clagett, General, eager as we are to get taken into the Territory, those wheels grind slow. While every day in this camp and environs, tens of thousands of dollars in gold get cleaned up and put to circulation. Environment to test the moral mettle if we was all members of some religious order.

The whore serving the meal leans forward to deliver Crook's food --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Which we ain't.

Crook makes some token try at a diplomatic answer --

CROOK
The treaty business at Camp Robinson is of the first importance.

TOLLIVER
Who'd understand that better than us? A small fraction of your detachment left behind, a dozen or eighteen men, say, to keep the criminal element in check, cash compensation, unrecorded.

CROOK
Eighteen men couldn't patrol these Hills in safety. They could never leave the settlement.

TOLLIVER
Cash, unrecorded --

CLAGETT
(explanatory)
Because the legal situation's so fluid.

TOLLIVER
-- paid to them by their superior as deemed appropriate, a fee for the camp's stability, fixed at some percentage of the wealth generated at a daily estimate.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

CROOK
And who would be paying the superior?

TOLLIVER
(an affable chortle)
Me, for all of that --

CLAGETT
(to Crook, explanatory)
As agent of the grateful whole.

CROOK
I am paid by you, in other words, to leave eighteen men behind as your personal force.

TOLLIVER
Hell General, my military days are long past --

CROOK
Did you ever serve?

TOLLIVER
A privilege Fate denied me. Point is, any officer of your selection can command.

CROOK
Anyone congenial to your purposes.

TOLLIVER
A man can live in hope.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

Bullock stands, as he has for some moments, arms akimbo, ass against the counter, studying the toes of his boots, a portrait of shame and uncertainty. Star, as for some moments, occupies himself watching two Soldiers looking at sifting cradles, though with a sense of disingenuousness which finally demands expression --

STAR
I'm sensing you've done things today you wish you could amend Seth.

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

BULLOCK
What kind of a man have I become
Sol?

STAR
I don't know.
(lowers his voice
confidentially, as
if communicating a
deep secret)
The day ain't fucking over.

Now almost sheepishly, Bullock, stunned at the sudden
lifting of his spirits, continues to contemplate his
feet --

Cut to:

Moved to Scene 16C

INT. GEM - SALOON - NIGHT (INCLUDES FORMER SC. # 29)

Swearengen's behind the bar watching the cavalrmymen in
their nameless dissipations. Swearengen turns to Dority --

SWEARENGEN
The blue-back knows he wants from
the first what the civilian takes
hours to admit. If you could murder
their fucking officers I'd host
the soldiery with joy.

Under which Burns has returned --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is that Bagman and
his sidekick assassin?

BURNS
Stabled their horses at the livery
then over to Farnum's for a room.

SWEARENGEN
And the fucking Magistrate?

BURNS
Still at the Bella Union with Crook.
See that Bagman and Magistrate
first lay eyes on each other
unbeknownst to either of 'em being
privy to your seeing, you'd have
your fucking answers, wouldn't you
Al.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

DORITY

Al.

This by way of indicating to Swearengen that Adams has entered with Hawkeye --

SWEARENGEN

(to Burns)

Also if you came upon their secret diaries they kept each in separate detail, unbeknownst, you stupid son-of-a-bitch.

Adams has reached them --

ADAMS

Evening.

SWEARENGEN

Young Adams.

As Swearengen's arm corrals Adams and steers him to one of the columns --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

No satchel or case -- maybe you shrunk the Magistrate's head to carry in your frock-coat, the murder-warrant against me, now quashed, protruding from its tiny mouth.

ADAMS

I didn't get a chance to kill him. He'd left Yankton by the time I got to it. I figured I could catch him here.

SWEARENGEN

Unless your plan's to implement his fucking intentions towards me.

Adams takes this in --

ADAMS

I guess you could chew at it long enough to work out how it could be that way.

It's as if Adams hadn't spoken --

SWEARENGEN

Having give me time as he has to escape my angry mood, if I still decline his fucking extortions.

(CONTINUED)
ADAMS
That's how you left it with him? --
he's coming back to see you?

SWEARENGEN
(nods)
A chance to assay your loyalties
Young Adams.
(rubs his neck)
If the cocksucker'd ever show up.

Off which --

CUT TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

Star's now occupied cashing out two Soldiers at the
front. Bullock, who's wanted to leave since Star spoke,
has taken this long to overcome his embarrassment at
being moved by such simplicity; finally gathering
himself, he moves toward his friend, shakes his hand,
and splits. Off Star --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - NIGHT

Having finished their meal, Tolliver, Crook, and Clagett
smoke cigars. Against his sense of Crook's state of
mind, Tolliver's trying to close --

TOLLIVER
(re Crook's overturned
wine glass)
Whyn't you let me turn that over
for you General.

CROOK
No.

TOLLIVER
(re Clagett)
You won't mind if we continue to
worsen our own situations.

CROOK
For defense against threats from
without I'd suggest the camp form
a militia. As to civil disorders
and property disagreements, have
you hired a Sheriff?

(CONTINUED)
28A CONTINUED:

TOLLIVER
Yeah we've got one.

Tolliver's voice is void of enthusiasm --

CLAGETT
Did you say to me Mister Tolliver earlier that you imagined a chief use of the military presence to be the buttressing of the Sheriff's authority?

CROOK
(re Clagett)
Such indirection to such a tawdry purpose.

TOLLIVER
Fifty thousand dollars in gold.

Crook stares at him --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
I want those soldiers General. The man who gives them to me should share the wealth whose security he guarantees. It's fitting and fucking right.

Tolliver's and Crook's eyes hold --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Direct enough?

Under which Bullock has approached --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Mister Bullock.

BULLOCK
(to Crook)
I was a Marshal in Montana. My father served in the British Royal Army, and my brother Robert was a cavalryman killed fighting the Comancheros in Texas.

CROOK
Why are you here Mister Bullock?

BULLOCK
A man named Otis Russell is laid up in this establishment. He needs (MORE)
BULLOCK (CONT'D)
protection, and the camp Sheriff can be bought off for half-a-can of bacon grease.

Crook glances quickly in Tolliver's direction, then back to Bullock --

CROOK
From whom does the man need protection?

BULLOCK
Several in this camp. I beat him badly, and others have reason to wish him dead.

Crook studies Bullock --

CROOK
So long as we're here, I'll have Mister Russell under protection.

BULLOCK
Thank you Sir.

CROOK
I'd add that in a camp whose Sheriff can be bought for bacon-grease, a man, a former marshal who recognizes the dangers of his own temperament, might consider serving his fellows.

Tolliver knows he's swimming against the tide --

TOLLIVER
He's already Health Commissioner.

Bubb comes in --

BUBB
May I have a word General.

BULLOCK
I'm through. (to Crook)
Thank you.

Crook's eyes haven't left Bullock --

CROOK
We all have bloody thoughts.

Bullock nods, leaves --

(CONTINUED)
That merchants' agent is trying for our eye-teeth General. I'd rather reprovision with the fucking Sioux. I've three men under guard for burying their uniforms and five for bartering their weapons.

Bartering them for what?

Women, credit at the tables and prospecting tools.

Goddamnit. Form the men up, we'll bivouac outside camp. At daylight we move for Camp Robinson.

Sir.

Bubb's moving for the door --

Let me seek some remedy in the matter of resupply.

We move for Camp Robinson Magistrate, with your company or without it.

Of course. I understand.

Clagett's gone. Crook rises. Tolliver, in frustration, moves to the screen which separates him from the rest of the Bella Union, makes a last pass at Crook while observing the activity at the tables --

Twelve men General. Fifty thousand dollars.

If I were Sheriff I'd see you hung.

Crook heads for the stairs to the temporary quarters Tolliver's provided to prepare for travel --

TOLLIVER'S POV - THE CASINO
His gaze moves over the casino floor, noting the absence of Stubbs and then finding the craps table, seeing Sawyer palm chips as he runs the table. Off Tolliver --

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alma opens the door to Stubbs --

STUBBS
I brought these.

Stubbs hands Alma a folded handkerchief, which Alma unwraps as Sofia comes forward --

SOFIA
Joanie.

STUBBS
Hi sweetheart.

Alma sees the handkerchief contains bloody teeth --

ALMA
These are my father's?

Stubbs deprecates in friendly fashion the pretext of her visit --

STUBBS
Collected off the Bella Union floor. Maybe model replacements after -- maybe just remind him not to run his mouth.

Alma refolds the handkerchief and places it on a table --

ALMA
He will live, though. That seems clear?

STUBBS
Seems he will.

ALMA
Mister Bullock was my agent in this, as entirely as in the matter of my gold claim.

Stubbs understands guilt as Alma experiences it --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

STUBBS
On our way from Syracuse to Indiana so my Daddy could try farming, my Mama got cholera and died. He didn't make any better a farmer than millinery clerk, but he had a way-enough with words to get me believing my Mama in heaven wanted me to see to his needs, and then to add to the egg money seeing to the men he brought, and she wanted me talking my sisters into seeing to his needs, and then to the men. 'Til he sold me to Cy Tolliver.

Stubbs is stroking Sophia's hair, laughs in sudden nervous fear at a knock on the door --

STUBBS (CONT'D)
If he was here, I'd wish a beating mornings and evenings on my Daddy like your Pa took today.

Alma opens it to reveal Bullock --

BULLOCK
'Evening.

ALMA
Good evening Mister Bullock.

Stubbs has risen with Sofia, Bullock tips his hat to them --

ALMA (CONT'D)
Miss Stubbs brought me word of my father's condition, which holds the prospect of recovery.

STUBBS
(to Sofia)
You hungry Honey? Why don't we go down to that little restaurant and have some dinner.

ALMA
Please go for dinner with Miss Stubbs Sofia.

Sofia takes Stubbs' hand --

ALMA (CONT'D)
(to Stubbs)
Thank you so much.

(_CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

STUBBS
Sure.

They're gone. A beat, then --

ALMA
Will you sit down Mister Bullock?

It's not clear Bullock hears her or if he does that he understands --

BULLOCK
Until your father's well enough to travel, I've asked General Crook to see to his safety.

ALMA
Thank you.

BULLOCK
If he were to leave once he's well, and returned to act against your interests, we'll deal with that then.

ALMA
Yes.

BULLOCK
I stand here a married man.

ALMA
Yes. To your brother's widow, after your brother was killed. You took their five-year-old boy as your son.

BULLOCK
Married.

ALMA
Yes.

Bullock takes her into his arms. They kiss. As they separate Alma begins to unbutton her outer layer. Their momentary physical separation makes room for some of Bullock's shyness to return --

BULLOCK
If you'd be more comfortable behind the screen.

ALMA
Wouldn't that defeat our purpose?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

She moves toward him in her camisole. As they embrace --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

Swearengen waits for the Magistrate with a growing impatience. Finally, noting, as a reminder of the suffering within, Burns, standing outside the whores' room, Swearengen, needing to do something, heads in this direction --

INT. THE GEM - WHORES' ROOM - NIGHT

By the light of a kerosene lantern, Reverend Smith, his life-force dim and flickering, in a cot against the wall --

SMITH

For that which I do, I allow not;  
for what I would, that I do not;  
but what I hate, that do I.

Trixie bends in over him, removes a washcloth from his head and, crossing, hands it to Cochran and moistens it in a bowl, set atop a small table where sits in a straight back chair, he wrings it out and hands it back to her --

SMITH (CONT'D)

Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.

Swearengen enters --

SMITH (CONT'D)

I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me.

Trixie crosses to Smith, places the moistened cloth over Smith's forehead --

SWEARENGEN  
(to Cochran)  
Go ahead Doc. Go back to your cabin. Leave us to nurse him.

Cochran rises, won't meet Swearengen's eyes, exits past Trixie, who touches his arm comfortingly. Once Cochran's gone --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(to Trixie)
Get out.

A beat, then she rises, her look for Swearengen as she passes without reproach. Once she's gone --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(calls)
Johnny.

Burns enters, glances around apprehensively as Swearengen moves quickly to the head of Smith's bed --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
You want to be a road agent Johnny? Then don't delay. Doesn't do to dawdle, no hanging about the crossroads like a corner-boy.

Swearengen motions Burns closer. Burns reluctantly moves in. Smith breathes raggedly, then abruptly, blindly, turns his head toward Burns --

SMITH
Oh wretched man I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

Burns has jumped away, startled --

BURNS
I can't deliver him Al.

SWEARENGEN
Stand back then.

Swearengen takes the cloth from Smith's forehead and clamps it over his mouth and nose with one hand, cradling the back of his head with the other. Swearengen kneels at his work --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Look to a proper seal, stop up the breath, use firm even pressure, like packing a snowball.

Smith's feet kick a few times. Swearengen leans close --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
(whispers to Smith)
You can go now, brother.

It's done.

(CONTINUED)
33B CONTINUED: (2)
Swearengen releases the pressure of his grip, but continues to kneel and to cradle the Minister's head; Dority appears at the door --

DORITY
That Magistrate's here.

Swearengen rises, moving past Burns, nodding back in the direction of the corpse --

SWEARENGEN
Get the sled for him.

As Swearengen moves from the room, we see he's crying.
Off Burns --

CUT TO:

33C INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT (SHOT AS SCENE # 32)
Dority's summoned Swearengen from the whores' room, he emerges, passes Trixie, who sees he's crying. He looks to Clagett, who's at the bar --

CLAGETT
Things are in the saddle Al.

SWEARENGEN
Tell me what you mean upstairs.

Swearengen's already heading up the stairs. As Clagett follows, off which --

CUT TO:

34 INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FORMERLY SC. # 37)
Swearengen enters so that he can measure Clagett's reaction on recognizing Adams and Hawkeye, who are seated before Swearengen's desk. Dority's behind it, in the chair Swearengen usually occupies --

SWEARENGEN
(to Clagett)
Your employee Adams, and his butler.

CLAGETT
Yes. How are you Adams?

ADAMS
All right. We missed each other in Yankton.

(CONTINUED)
CLAGETT
Yes. I've been in company with
General Crook.

SWEARENGEN
Adams bore the message from me to
try fucking yourself.

CLAGETT
And now I find him in your office.

ADAMS
I thought I'd catch up with you here.

CLAGETT
In Swearengen's office.

SWEARENGEN
(to Adams, re Clagett)
Do you no longer serve his
interests, he seems to appear to
wonder.

(to Dority)
Adams, for his part, is stony-
featured, steeled to his purpose.

DORITY
Which he'd be.

SWEARENGEN
Yes, no matter where his allegiance
lay.

(beat)
However all that may be Magistrate,
living as we all do in doubt, please
proceed.

CLAGETT
General Crook is at the point of
decision whether to garrison some
number of soldiers here, or leave
the camp to find its own way. I
understand your strong preference
in this regard. Crook, for whatever
reason, has come to trust and rely
exclusively on my counsel. The
appropriate gesture by you toward
me will lead me to dissuade him
from the garrison option, as well
as clear away from above you the
cloud of uncertainty as to your
personal liabilities.
SWEARENGEN
Have you the document of inquiry from Chicago?

CLAGETT
The murder warrant. Yes Al.

SWEARENGEN
On your person.

CLAGETT
Yes. The appropriate gesture, and the constable-hand of the past will no longer weigh upon you.

SWEARENGEN
What man couldn't that be said of.

Adams, taking this as signal and summons, comes forward; Swearengen readies his revolver, and Dority his knife; Hawkeye's hand is on his holstered Colt; Adams cuts Clagett's throat, holds the Magistrate's head and upper body as, bleeding out, Clagett flaps like a fish; Adams searches the Magistrate's frock-coat pocket, finds the warrant, looks to Swearengen --

ADAMS
I'll feel better about giving you the paper if you take the fucking gun off me.

Swearengen lowers the weapon, rises --

SWEARENGEN
Swaddle the cocksucker and dispose of him. His money and effects are yours.

ADAMS
That don't count against the two thousand.

This appears to endear Adams to Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN
No, I still owe you the two.

Swearengen exits with Dority beside him as Hawkeye and Adams proceed with their bloody business --

CUT TO:
INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

In the aftermath of their love-making. Rifle shots from the thoroughfare and shouts, as if to steer strays to a herd. Bullock goes to the window --

BULLOCK'S P.O.V.

The soldiers being driven out of the various saloons, and gathering to move out --

RESUME - BULLOCK AND ALMA

Bullock begins to pull his clothes on --

    BULLOCK
    Crook's troops are mustering. I didn't think your father would have to travel so soon.

    ALMA
    I don't begrudge him an uncomfortable journey.

It's an unimposing invitation to Bullock to reconsider his intention to leave --

    BULLOCK
    I'll see him secured. After that he's on his own.

off which --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - CASINO - NIGHT

Tolliver's avuncular arm steers Sawyer by the shoulder into the cage --

    SAWYER
    We're leaving my post unguarded Cy.

-- and his office behind it --

INT. TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tolliver's tone is as friendly as Sawyer's --

    TOLLIVER
    Against my instincts Eddie. But I've got to take it over seeing it manned by a traitor.

(CONTINUED)
36B CONTINUED:

Their eyes hold --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Why the fuck would you steal? You live like a fucking monk.

SAWYER

To help Joanie set up on her own. Help her get away from you.

TOLLIVER

Ah Eddie -- look what happens when you go against the house.

CLOSE ON Sawyer as Tolliver's stiletto enters his chest --

CUT TO:

36C INT. GRAND CENTRAL - ALMA'S ROOM - NIGHT (SHOT AS PART OF SCENE # 36)

Bullock's dressed. Looks to her in the bed --

BULLOCK

Would you call me Seth once?

ALMA

Seth. Good night.

He leaves. Off Alma --

CUT TO:

36D INT. COCHRAN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Cochran moves from the rear of the cabin into frame. He takes a slug from the whisky bottle he has been carrying --

COCHRAN

If You ain't too inconceivably busy about Your majestic activities so far beyond our pitiful power to comprehend, listen!

(takes another swig, bows his head theatrically)

I present myself, a paltry supplicant.

He drops suddenly and in part involuntarily, to his knees --

(CONTINUED)
COCHRAN (CONT'D)
If I was a more adaptable primate, or one of Your regular petitioners, I s'pose I wouldn't be this pained. I guess I'd have a thick wad of cartilage over the patella protecting my knees from discomfort.

He takes another slug of whisky, suddenly sobs --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. Please God take that Minister. What use is his protracted suffering to You? -- what conceivable Godly use?

He now begins to weep openly --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
What use was the screaming of all those men? Did You need to hear them in their last agonies to know Your omnipotence?

A knock at the door. Cochran's head jerks up, he shouts --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
I'm fucking praying!

His voice fills with a desperate rage --

COCHRAN (CONT'D)
"Mother, find my arm." "Mommy!" "Mommy, they shot my leg off, oh God it hurts so bad."

Cochran himself endures in angry, helpless compassion the agonies of the dying. A louder knock --

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)
Doc!

He collects himself, looking heavenward --

COCHRAN
Admitting my understanding's imperfection, trusting You have a purpose, and praying You consider it served, I beg You to relent.

About to drink, he wipes his mouth instead, resignedly runs these last words together --

(CONTINUED)
COCHRAN (CONT'D)
Your will be done Amen.

SWEARENGEN (O.S.)
Goddamnit!

COCHRAN
(still to God)
Your rival. Or is that one of the fucking Heresies?

Cochran rises, as knocking continues. He opens the door on Swearengen, who indicates the body on the sled --

SWEARENGEN
He passed.

Cochran looks toward Smith's body, now beyond suffering --

COCHRAN
Will you help me bring him in?

SWEARENGEN
Sure Doc.

Swearengen does so --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
I'd've left him in state but I need the room for my whores.

COCHRAN
Thanks for seeing him through.

SWEARENGEN
Sure.

Swearengen considers Cochran --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Will you probe in his noggin now to see what went amiss?

COCHRAN
Not tonight. Tonight I plan to drink in.

SWEARENGEN
Announcing your plans Doc is a good way to hear God laugh.

He puts his arm around Cochran's shoulder --

(CONTINUED)
SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Come on with me, we'll toast the
Minister at my joint.

A beat, then Cochran accedes. As he and Swearengen
move toward the door, off Smith's smile, beautiful in
repose --

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINAMAN'S ALLEY - NIGHT - M.O.S.

Swearengen, moving with Cochran away from Cochran's
cabin and toward the Gem, stops as he sees Wu outside
his meat locker with his arm around a woman whose
shoulders are shaking as she sobs, whom the viewer is
entitled to infer is the widow of the Laundryman
Stapleton shot. While Cochran stands benumbed and
distracted, Wu gesticulates an explanation, Swearengen
expressing solicitude and commiseration, within the
limits of his personality. As Swearengen puts his arm
around the woman --

CUT TO:

INT. BELLA UNION - LOBBY - NIGHT

Bullock enters, navigating a stream of departing
officers and men to find General Crook as the cavalry
prepares to depart --

CROOK
Mister Bullock, I apologize -- we
leave here now and at daylight
make for Camp Robinson.

BULLOCK
Would you take Mister Russell,
'til he can make his way to New
York?

Crook studies Bullock --

CROOK
I would.

BULLOCK
I'll ready Mister Russell for
travel.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CROOK
I leave no soldiers here Mister Bullock. This camp is on its own.

BULLOCK
I understand.
(beat)
I've put hard thought to what you said to me.

CROOK
I don't often find thought helps me navigate, Sir, absent action.

Their eyes hold a last beat --

ANGLE - TOLLIVER

watching Crook and Bullock separate; as Crook heads for the door --

CROOK (CONT'D)
Thanks for your hospitality Mister Tolliver.

TOLLIVER
General.

-- as Bullock moves for the whores' room in back --

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)
Aim to finish him Bullock?

BULLOCK
To prepare him for travel.

Tolliver responds with a perverse, defeated cynicism --

TOLLIVER
If it's both I want ten dollars.

Tolliver notes Stubbs' arrival, past the exiting Crook; he summons her with a nod --

STUBBS
I was seeing to Mrs. Garret whose father got beat here.

TOLLIVER
I've learned not to question your whereabouts or comings or goings Honey. Now that I've got you here, I'll ask you to bring me a pin I lost in the office.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

STUBBS

A pin.

TOLLIVER

From my cravat. I'll be up on the balcony.

Tolliver watches as, with a forboding sense of premonition, Stubbs heads for his office. As he begins to climb the stairs --

INT. TOLLIVER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She enters, finds Sawyer in the chair, thinks him dead until he slowly turns to her, glassy-eyed, his hand over his wound, bleeding copiously. As she pulls out her handkerchief --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT (FORMERLY SC. # 45)

As horses are led into the center of the camp from Hostetler's Livery, soldiers issue from various fleshpots, driven from their dissipations by officers who sometimes prompt them toward their steeds with the flats of their sheathed swords -- the whole seen essentially from --

BULLOCK'S POV

as, having made his arrangements with Crook, he emerges from the Bella Union with the unconscious Russell over his shoulder, drapes him over and secures him hand and foot to an Army mule held at the ready by Star and a cavalryman, afterward moving through the mayhem toward the Gem Saloon; as appropriate --

ANGLE - TOLLIVER

on the balcony of the Bella Union observing Bullock's activity, waiting for Stubbs to join him --

ANGLE - ALMA GARRET

at the window of her hotel room, having put back on the dressing gown we'd seen her in before she and Bullock made love, watching -- perhaps as Bullock enters Swearengen's joint --

ANGLE - FARNUM

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:
bereft, his avarice confounded, on the porch of the Grand Central --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

Bullock enters, approaches Dority at the bar; Dority misconstrues Bullock's purposive manner as demanding to know if Russell's yet been killed --

DORITY
You expect quick action.

Bullock notes the entrance of Swearengen and Cochran, who've come through Chinaman's Alley, from the rear of the building --

BULLOCK
Just a whisky.

As Dority pours --

ANGLE - COCHRAN AND SWEARENGEN

The Saloon-keeper's seen Bullock --

SWEARENGEN
With you in a minute Doc.

Cochran nods, in sorrowing exhaustion and incertitude, stands where Swearengen's left him --

ANGLE - BULLOCK

having downed his drink, moving to meet Swearengen --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
What is it?

BULLOCK
We need to talk.

Swearengen nods, steers Bullock to the stairs; as they ascend --

ANGLE - JEWEL

moving to join Cochran --

JEWEL
Hi Doc.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Cochran finds blessing in her presence and his relation to it --

COCHRAN
How are you.

JEWEL
No stiffness or numbness.

COCHRAN
Let's see you move a bit.

She moves; he watches her, feeling this blessing too --

JEWEL
How do I look?

Cochran can't yield enough to his emotions to tell her --

COCHRAN
How do you feel is the goddamn important thing.

JEWEL
Good.

COCHRAN
Good then.

He's prepared to walk away --

JEWEL
Doc, give me a whirl.

No whore in the bar ever made a better pitch, but Cochran's a shy one --

COCHRAN
No, bullshit, I don't know how to dance.

He turns away, but she senses she's got a live one --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Swearengen opens the door, leads Bullock in. Bullock's gaze drifts to the fresh bloodstain --

BULLOCK
There's blood on your floor.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SWEARENGEN
I've got to get to that.

Under which sounds of the Bugler blowing assembly --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Crook's forces in full retreat.

BULLOCK
Taking Mrs. Garret's father along.

Swearengen takes this in --

SWEARENGEN
Up and about that quick.

BULLOCK
(shakes his head no)
He's slung over a mule.

SWEARENGEN
Alive, is my point. Dority give me to understand you'd as soon've seen him dead.

BULLOCK
Struck by lightning, or fallen from his horse and neck-broke.

SWEARENGEN
But not by the hand of man.

BULLOCK
He's the kind of lying, beady-eyed cocksucker that, the more he talks, the less anyone believes what he's saying.

SWEARENGEN
So even alive, in New York City say, and casting suspicion on the innocent, he wouldn't pose a threat.

BULLOCK
That's my belief.

SWEARENGEN
Come to after urging Dority to his murder.

BULLOCK
On further reflection, yes.

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (2)

SWEARENGEN
So it’s a close question. And if the cocksucker returns to camp flanked by long-coated Pinkertons, then it's a problem past remedy.

BULLOCK
They'd have to have witnesses, past lies the father told and which his daughter'd deny.

SWEARENGEN
So laying head to pillow at night, thinking of myself cradled in the arms of justice is what's to ease me into sleep.

BULLOCK
If that man comes back to the camp he'll be my problem to deal with.

SWEARENGEN
The way Hickok and you dealt with Ned Mason.

BULLOCK
(shakes his head no)
I'll be the fucking sheriff. (forcing the words out)
Assuming I get approved.

Swearengen considers him --

SWEARENGEN
Huzzah.

Further sounds from the readied-to-depart troops in the street. Bullock produces the badge from his pocket, pins it on his lapel --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)
Am I any the less a patriot for feeling a secret pleasure as the forces of order retreat?

Bullock follows Swearengen out onto the balcony --
as Bullock and Swearengen emerge, to see Crook's forces on the verge of being as organized for departure as they're ever going to be, which does not preclude one soldier from sudden desertion, running away through the muck of the thoroughfare, perhaps taking the time to pull his pants down and moon Crook, this as torches are illuminated and the military forces, at the Bugler's urging, ride out; as appropriate --

ANGLE - TOLLIVER

as Stubbs emerges onto the balcony, hands Tolliver his knife, stands next to him, leaving a space between them for the absent Sawyer --

ANGLE - ALMA

at the window, attentive in particular not only to Bullock across the way but to the mule, led by the previously-seen cavalryman, bearing her father's inert form --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN AND BULLOCK

watching; Swearengen's eyes may be to Alma --

SWEARENGEN

You know I've never spoke to her once since she came to camp?

The horsemen are riding out --

SWEARENGEN (CONT'D)

Do you think that's another reason not to kill her old man, besides whatever is going on between the two of you?

Bullock's response is not a denial --

BULLOCK

Yeah.

SWEARENGEN

Anyways, Sheriff, I'll be about scrubbing out that bloodstain which mysteriously appeared. You take your time.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Swearengen goes inside. Off Bullock, his gaze holding Mrs. Alma Garret's --

CUT TO:

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

He glances at the bloodstain, moves past --

INT. THE GEM - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

-- emerges, leans over the railing, observing the activity below --

SWEARENGEN'S POV

Jewel dancing with Cochran --

RESUME - SWEARENGEN

as his eyes meet Trixie's, watching them as well --

FADE OUT.