

DEADWOOD

"Fool's Gold"

Written by

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*For Deadwood's creator,
Mr. David Milch*

FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The people of Deadwood gather before freshly erected gallows as Reverend JONAS REID (50s) steps atop the scaffold stage to minister the last rites of two bandits set to hang --

REID
Lord our God, I speak on behalf of
two souls set to depart.

The bandit to Reid's left, DOUGLAS HORTON (30s), bursts into tears whereas the bandit to his right, GAINS ABERNATHY (30s), stands stern as stone --

REID (cont'd)
Pardon the iniquity of these men,
Lord, as thou have pardoned us, from
Egypt until now.

The GRAVEDIGGER (50s), who moonlights as the camp's hangman, slips nooses over necks --

REID (cont'd)
May we let all bitterness and wrath,
anger and clamor, and evil speaking
be put away with all malice. For as
far as east is from west, so hath he
remove our transgressions from us.

ANGLE - SETH BULLOCK

Sheriff of Deadwood, standing at enough remove to be involved yet unnoticed, looks up at Reid at "transgressions," his visage that of a man at sea inside himself --

REID (O.C.)
And be ye kind and forgiving of one
another, as God and his son, Jesus
Christ, hath forgiven us.

ANGLE - AL SWEARENGEN

Owner of the Gem Saloon, atop his balcony, bottle in hand, eyeing not the proceedings but the camp's newspaperman, A.W. MERRICK, hastily scribbling notes among the rabble. Behind Swearengen, the dimwitted JOHNNY BURNS emerges --

BURNS
Not in his office, Merrick was.
Reckon he's down at the hanging.

SWEARENGEN

For once, you reckon fucking right.

Burns looks to the gibbet before proffering a notion, likely rehearsed, he hopes might garner some goodwill with his dispassionate employer --

BURNS

Ain't it somethin' when things just work they own selves out?

When Swearengen offers no response --

BURNS (cont'd)

Anyway, Adams is back.

SWEARENGEN

Travel from Yankton on fucking foot did he?

BURNS

He looks dog-tired, but I saw him hitch a horse 'fore he came in.

Already weary by the barrage of Burns' stupidity --

SWEARENGEN

Go get Dan now, Johnny.

BURNS

Uh, Dan's indisposed just now, boss. Got hisself a dose of the shits it seems.

SWEARENGEN

Jesus Christ.

BURNS

I can still fetch him if--

SWEARENGEN

--Can you remember a set of simple fucking instructions? Enact 'em prompt and to the fucking letter?

BURNS

'Course, Al.

SWEARENGEN

Yes or fucking no.

BURNS

Yes.

After an exasperated sigh --

SWEARENGEN

Tell Merrick I want to fucking see him. And send Adams up as escort if the fucking stairs ain't too treacherous for his hind legs. Then, succeeding the fucking drop, send some whores out to wrangle, huh.

BURNS

Consider it done.

Off Burns' exit and Swearengen's obvious incredulity --

RESUME - REID

Stepping before Horton --

REID

Douglas Horton, do you acknowledge thy sin unto thee, and iniquity you hath not hid? Will you confess thy transgressions unto the Lord and cast your sins into the depths of the sea, to be born again, bathed in the waters of forgiveness?

HORTON

(blubbering)

Yes.

After a trinity blessing, the Gravedigger bags his head --

REID

Gains Abernathy, do you--

ABERNATHY

--All of you can go fuck thyselves.

(re God)

Him too. For I --

The Gravedigger bags Abernathy's head, muzzling his tirade. The crowd stirs, to which Reid, ostensibly immune to both barb and blasphemy, says --

REID

Though we rebel against him, the Lord our God bestows all mercies. For forgiveness forges a new path, righteous and without regret, far from persecution and the eventual road of ruin. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

Trapdoors drop. Horton's neck snaps clean. Abernathy, on the hand, ain't so lucky. As he writhes in unimaginable agony --

EXT. BELLA UNION SALOON - CONTINUOUS

CON STAPLETON, an idiosyncratic, alky underling, and LEON, a drug-addled informant, spectate from the porch. The former, more amused than aghast, folds his arms. The latter, high as a pterodactyl's taint on opium, mimics him --

STAPLETON

Petulant a cocksucker the Almighty's
been known to be, you'd reckon
he'd've taken absolution.

LEON

"He moves in mysterious ways."

STAPLETON

History imputed, and outcomes
fucking forecasted, malevolent seems
a better fucking fit.

LEON

I'd testify.

Unbeknownst, their mercurial boss and owner of Bella Union Saloon, CY TOLLIVER, has materialized behind them --

TOLLIVER

What sin, gentlemen, the kind ailing
every man, ain't seen absolution
within these walls?

INTERCUT - REID

His eyes leave the uneasy crowd only to meet Swearengen's, who raises his bottle in salute --

TOLLIVER (V.O.)

Phantoms of mind mended. Merciless
consciences cleared. Pain fucking
lifted.

After Abernathy finally stops still --

RESUME - TOLLIVER

Who scoffs, then retreats inside. As he does --

LEON

Amen.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DUSK

Noticing Bullock observe the bodies being loaded onto a sled, prompts Reid, still atop the scaffold, to suggest --

REID

You do his work, Mr. Bullock.

BULLOCK

Not sure those two'd agree,
Reverend.

REID

Bless-ed are those who keep justice,
and who do righteousness at all
times. For whatsoever a man sow, so
too shall he reap.

Reid's words seem to antagonize Bullock, like an inadvertent strike at some unseen wound. There to unwittingly pile on --

MERRICK

May I have a word, Mr. Bullock? Or
many for that matter?

Reid's gone, leaving Merrick to contend with Bullock's palpable ire. Some of it no doubt born out of a reluctance to reopen a topic broached several times previous --

BULLOCK

You don't listen too well, do you,
Merrick?

Bullock walks away, Merrick follows --

MERRICK

Forgive me, Sheriff, my only aim is
that of the truth, not, as you might
imagine, to be a nuisance.

BULLOCK

Could've fooled me.

MERRICK

Are the members of this camp not
owed an account of--

BULLOCK

--No.

MERRICK

No?

BULLOCK

No.

MERRICK

Might you, Mr. Bullock, clarify the context behind the aforementioned "no?" Its denotation marking a refusal to forgive me or prescribing to the denial of a factual account of crimes committed to the camp?

BULLOCK

When you put it that way, Merrick, I'm inclined to say both.

Umbrage overruling his usual docility, Merrick, with his ink-stained hand, grabs Bullock's arm, halting their procession and inciting the sheriff's scowl. Something Burns, flanked by a few Gem whores, fails to see when he shouts --

BURNS

Mr. Merrick. Al'd like to see you.

BULLOCK

We're done here.

Off Bullock moving toward the Grand Central Hotel --

EXT. THE GEM - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Swearengen, at the appearance of his harlots and Burns' thumbs up while procuring Merrick, heads inside --

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DUSK

ALMA GARRET, recent widow and owner of the territory's largest gold claim, her ward, SOFIA, and Sofia's tutor, MISS ISRINGHAUSEN, dine at a table near the kitchen --

SOFIA

Ms. Izzy told me mama elephants carry their babies for...

Using her fingers, Miss Isringhausen signals twenty-two --

SOFIA (cont'd)

Twenty-two months.

Sofia puts her hand on Miss Isringhausen's --

SOFIA (cont'd)

Our mama's only nine.

Suppressing her scorn from Sofia's innocent gesture --

ALMA
That's wonderful, dear.
(to Miss Isringhausen)
How quickly you've seemed to capture
her affections.

Bullock enters --

BULLOCK
Evening.

ALMA
Good evening, Mr. Bullock.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Good evening, sir.

ALMA
Forgive me. This is Miss
Isringhausen, Sofia's new teacher.

BULLOCK
How do you do?

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Can you say good evening, Sofia?

SOFIA
Good evening.

BULLOCK
I'm sorry to intrude. Recent
development regarding your claim
requires immediate attention.

ALMA
I see.

Rising from the table --

ALMA (cont'd)
Please see she at least ventures an
attempt at her vegetables.
(so Sofia can hear)
For chocolate is reserved only for
those who do so.

As Alma and Bullock depart --

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Witness to the entire exchange via a crack in his kitchen door, provisional mayor, permanent voyeur, court buffoon, and proprietor of the hotel, E.B. FARNUM murmurs to himself, eyes ablaze with infomania --

FARNUM

The sheriff and widow rendezvous for the second time today. True news of her claim? Or subterfuge of seminal intent? Married I thought he was?

FARNUM'S POV --

FARNUM (cont'd)

Connubial chains wane. New locks set to latch.

As Bullock and Alma ascend --

FARNUM (cont'd)

The pull of pussy suffers no equal.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Once the door shuts, Bullock envelops her, inciting an avalanche of carnal kisses and caresses --

EXT. THE GEM - BACK ALLEY - DUSK

Enlivened by the successful completion of his tasks, Burns struts toward the privy where DAN DORITY, Gem bouncer and Swearengen's right-hand man, has taken up residence --

BURNS

How goes it, Dan?

DORITY

Fuck off, Johnny.

BURNS

Adams is back. Al had me gather him and Merrick for something and send the whores out after Gains and Dougie-Ho was lynched.

DORITY

Well good for fucking you, Johnny. Do me a favor and give 'em both a big, fat fucking kiss for me, will you?

BURNS
I's just keeping you updated, Dan.

DORITY
Which I don't recall asking midst
intervals of me shitting my goddamn
guts out. Now fuck the fuck off.

A beat --

BURNS
You feature it was something you
ate?

DORITY
Goddammit, Johnny!
(bowels churning)
Jesus Christ.

Off the privy as Burns flees --

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - DUSK

At his desk, Swearengen, soused yet inscrutable, studies
Merrick and SILAS ADAMS, his savvy and road-weary bird dog,
as they enter --

SWEARENGEN
You fucking avoiding me, Merrick?

MERRICK
Should I be?

SWEARENGEN
Let's fucking find out.

Merrick supplies Swearengen a draft article --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
You look terrible.

ADAMS
Yeah, well, Wu's still washing my
customary gown.

As Swearengen begins reading --

INT. ALMA'S ROOM - GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DUSK

Alma and Bullock ravage each other. There's something primal
and raw to this copulation opposite their typical love

making. The manifestation, perhaps, of a deep desire to sustain something not meant to last --

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DUSK

Packed house, sinning in full swing --

ANGLE - BURNS

At the bar, scanning the swarm until he spots a spectacled man, who'll come to be known as IVERSON DONAHUE (20s), bump into a PATRON (30s) with a practiced clumsiness and pickpocket his pocket watch. Before Burns can even balk --

DORITY (O.C.)

If it ain't Capt'n Fucking Update.

Burns turns to see a debilitated Dority approaching --

BURNS

Hey, Dan. You're, uh-- drink?

Dority snatches the bottle from Burns --

DORITY

They still up there?

BURNS

No one's gone in or out.

Dority, too sick to even take exception, pours a drink --

ANGLE - TRIXIE

Swearengen's favorite, whip-smart whore, ensconced in a blanket, flusher than usual, crossing the saloon to join the men. As she lights a cigarette --

TRIXIE

They still up there?

DORITY

"No one's gone in or out."

Dan finishes the first, pours another, this time inviting Trixie to join, but she declines, instead keeping her prompting gaze locked on Dority --

DORITY (cont'd)

Don't flash them fucking eyes at me, Trixie. If he wanted me or any of us up there, he'd've fucking said so.

TRIXIE
 Suppose we send up an emissary?
 Investigate under other fucking
 pretense?

DORITY
 'Long as it ain't me.

Off Trixie and DORITY training her gaze on Burns, who,
 preoccupied looking for Iverson, fails to notice --

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

On the bed, wrapped in sheets, Alma watches Bullock dress,
 eyes never leaving him, whereas he regards her like the sun.
 Nothing more than passing glances and feigned fixation. It
 isn't until he's fully clothed that he takes her in --

BULLOCK
 Have you seen my--

Alma smiles, his hat already in her lap. Bullock extends a
 hand, which Alma instead uses to pull herself up. Sheets fall
 as she, now completely exposed, fixes the hat atop his head.
 Shame never occurring to her --

BULLOCK (cont'd)
 Thank you.

ALMA
 You're welcome.

As Bullock exits --

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hoping it'll allay his amplifying consternation as Swearengen
 reads, Merrick leans forward, scrutinizing his critic's every
 reaction. A KNOCK at the door --

SWEARENGEN
 Yeah?

It's Burns, who, down the sights of Swearengen's surly gaze,
 forgets the entirety of his coaching and improvises --

BURNS
 Got us knuckler downstairs, boss.

SWEARENGEN
 Patrons or pussy?

BURNS

Patrons.

SWEARENGEN

Witnesses?

BURNS

Just me. So far.

Swearengen, enigmatic, resumes reading --

SWEARENGEN

Tell Dan then wait 'til I come down.

BURNS

Yes, sir.

Burns, gawking to gather some scrap of intel, lingers a little too long --

SWEARENGEN

Next sight I see better be you out
that fucking door 'less you know
another place hiring halfwits.

Once the door shuts behind Burns --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Why Merrick, when I read this, do I
picture you straddled atop a fucking
fence?

MERRICK

A visualization the culprit of
content or context, Al?

SWEARENGEN

Fucking both. Apart from this quote
from that cocksucker Pennington, in
one, two, five fucking paragraphs
you've safely said fucking nothing.

MERRICK

An outcome in which, given the
quality and quantity of information
available, I can confidently reside.

Swearengen slams his fist on the desk (and the article) --

SWEARENGEN

That ain't what we agreed.

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

Burns, foiled, returns to the bar --

TRIXIE

Well?

BURNS

They're still up there. Adams and Mr. Merrick.

TRIXIE

That it?

BURNS

Al was reading something by the looks of it.

TRIXIE

By the looks of it?

Having endured enough of Burns' stupidity for one evening --

TRIXIE (cont'd)

Observe, did ya, Johnny, on your fool's fucking errand, anything out of the fucking ordinary? Perhaps, I don't know, what the fuck he was reading, the chief fucking purpose of sending you, least worthy of the fucking task, to spy on said fucking secret gathering?

BURNS

When I came in they was just sitting there while Al read, Trixie.

TRIXIE

Suppose now I can sleep soundly knowing that beyond this fucking bar, you're about as useful as a prick on a fucking priest.

Trixie punctuates her rebuke by blowing smoke at Burns --

TRIXIE (cont'd)

And one of you smells like shit.

And like that, she's gone, which reminds Burns --

BURNS

See that fella there, Dan?

Off Dority lowering Burns' indicating point at Iverson --

EXT. STAR & BULLOCK HARDWARE - NIGHT

Bullock, features numb, stands before his shop as the weight of his world is winched back down onto his shoulders --

STAR (O.C.)
Believe loitering is illegal within
camp limits.

SOL STAR, Bullock's business partner, confidant, and closest friend, brushes past him. A palpable indifference to his gait and his mien. As he unlocks the store door --

STAR
Mr. Utter stopped by earlier.
Looking for you.

The backhanded brief purges whatever remained of Bullock's post-coital clarity. Weight back. Rage reignited --

BULLOCK
Anything else?

The two men lock eyes, each waiting on the other, until --

CLIFFORD (O.C.)
I see the sheriff right fucking
there. Sheriff!

ANGLE - CLIFFORD (50s)

Gambler, chronic crier of wolf, hunched over, waddling like Igor on approach. Escorting him with discernible displeasure is part-time deputy and full-time postman, CHARLIE UTTER --

CLIFFORD
A word, Sheriff? One out of earshot
of the deputy who delivers the mail?

After inhaling a sharp breath --

BULLOCK
What is it now?

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Swearengen and Merrick continue curating common ground --

MERRICK
Circulation without certainty will
only further erode faith in the
press--

SWEARENGEN

--Jesus Christ--

MERRICK

--While, while, while inviting expressions of such forsaken faith should annexation be in vain.

SWEARENGEN

Assuming there's any faith fucking left.

MERRICK

Conditions, Al, past and present, dictate function of the press. If new details have come to light, then by all means, shepherd me from my circumstantial darkness.

Swearngen retrieves a fresh bottle and three glasses from his desk, pours a round --

SWEARENGEN

Everybody knows, Merrick, to walk in the middle of the street is to welcome being run the fuck over.

MERRICK

I'm unfamiliar with that adage.

Swearngen offers no toast, finishing first as to not impede his pursuit of brass tacks --

SWEARENGEN

Don't mistake me, Merrick. Being vague has its fucking merits, look no further than the flimsy fucking footing upon which our nation was founded. But employed as the governing fucking force of this article, the very like announcing our annexation and newly appointed position to front tit of the American commonwealth, ain't fucking one of them. Don't the silent sword of supposition hang above our heads enough? Ready to impale and dismember without reason or fucking remorse?

MERRICK

I suppose.

SWEARENGEN

And can you suppose, fucking Merrick, to allay that fucking bag of agony, we might employ more rousing modes of message? A glimpse up the skirt at the forthcoming prosperity, its ornaments, and the amenities all us cocksuckers stand to inherit. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of fucking happiness and the like.

Pouring another as Merrick chews on it --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Desires, founded or fabricated, to avoid unsavory outcomes, retaliation for vows voided before full fruition say, ain't a reason to write fucking home about. In the event, to insulate and evade, we need only name the hand wielding the whip. The patsy for the other end of our pitchforks. Article like that, no choice but to unify.

While Merrick drinks, Swearengen adds a final nail --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

'Less of course your content to roll the dice with this fucking version. Incur the wrath of the fucking hooples should those Yankton cunts crawfish the fucking deal. Know Merrick, if that comes to pass, they, in their already dense fucking judgment, will be quick to brand you the author of their abraded hope and preferred orifice for their collective fucking pricks.

Merrick, accepting Swearengen's point, raises both hands to thwart further lecture, but this leaves another concern --

ADAMS

Painting Pennington in that light might garner favor here, but Yankton--

SWEARENGEN

--We cosseting them cocksuckers now? Must've missed the fine print in them fucking bribes included sucking their pricks in our own periodicals.

ADAMS
I'm just saying.

SWEARENGEN
Second stanza, paragraph four. Quote
from the fucking governor himself.
That don't suffice? Fuck you get a
quote from that cocksucker anyhow?

Lips loosened with liquor, Merrick lets slip --

MERRICK
It's Mr. Adams to whom the lion
share of credit is owed.

SWEARENGEN
Is that so?

ADAMS
Does off the record mean something
different wherever the fuck you're
from, you--

MERRICK
--Mr. Adams, I, I, I--

SWEARENGEN
--Oh would both of you shut the fuck
up.

Swearngen stares at Adams as if to say, 'Spill it' --

ADAMS
Told him it'd foster allegiance
amongst future constituents. Which,
made as most of them are, became
bait bound to be bit.

To suss out if Adams fully grasps the gambit in formulation,
Swearngen, suppressing his pride, feigns indignation --

SWEARENGEN
'Fuck does that help us?

ADAMS
Figure it gives us weight to move
masses in our accorded orientation,
having first sharpened our
pitchforks.

SWEARENGEN
So you fucking say.

Attempting to calm waters he mistakes for turbulent --

MERRICK

However uneasy the water's surface,
or odious the act, gentlemen, a
quote from the principal officiant
of our mutual futures does add an
undercurrent of solace to our
stream's new direction. A necessary
evil, should such a thing exist.

Swearengen, jockeying a bit, gazes at Merrick until he
detects a firm foundation --

SWEARENGEN

Fine.

MERRICK

Wasn't an easy statement to secure,
Al.

Holding back a smile as he pours the trio another drink --

SWEARENGEN

To Merrick, Adams, and their fucking
quote. Restitution for splinters
nested in knees, among other areas.

Before Merrick's resentment of his rejoinder and accompanying
implication manifests, Swearengen pivots --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

When do you go to print?

MERRICK

Tomorrow.

After his drink, Merrick heads for the door --

SWEARENGEN

Expel a little ink before you go,
Merrick? Free gratis.

Merrick, caught somewhere between elation and embarrassment,
a state which never ceases to amuse Swearengen, halts just
outside the office door just as Adams shuts it, smirking --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

So, what other news from the land of
lotus eaters?

INT. STAR & BULLOCK HARDWARE - NIGHT

Clifford's account continues --

BULLOCK
Your pocket watch?

CLIFFORD
With a mended silver chain. Yes,
sir.

UTTER
Something I was helping with. Was.

CLIFFORD
No more than he could help the
irksome timbre of his own fucking
voice.

UTTER
Shall I mimic yours to sound more a
cunt?

CLIFFORD
If imitation provokes more prompt
portage, then by all means.

Utter goes for Clifford, Bullock breaks it up --

BULLOCK
You're certain it was stolen.

CLIFFORD
Positive, Sheriff. Absconded without
consent.

UTTER
You got any fucking sense where it
absconded to?

CLIFFORD
If I did, why the fuck would I've
sifted through shit in the goddamn
street in search before finding you?

UTTER
Ain't that your natural fucking
habitat?
(to Bullock)
How we know he didn't piss the
fucking thing away on a cold streak
of cards and drink away any fucking
remembrance?

CLIFFORD
Fuck you and your fucking mail!

About to blow a gasket --

BULLOCK

Shut up. Both of you. Clifford,
stand up and tell me who you suspect
stole it.

CLIFFORD

'Fraid die's cast on that score,
Sheriff. Afternoon combing the
quagmire's filched my back of proper
fucking function.

Bullock squeezes the bridge of his nose --

BULLOCK

Recall, if you can, when last you
had possession.

CLIFFORD

This morning. At the Bella Union.
Right before my maiden roll, some
bespectacled cocksucker bumps into
me. Next thing I know, my fucking
watch is gone.

Bullock and Utter share a congruent glance --

BULLOCK

See to Sol about a replacement.

STAR

Freshly stocked, polished, and
wound.

CLIFFORD

And what of my previous piece?

UTTER

Best let that burden roll off your
fucking back.

As Bullock and Utter depart --

CLIFFORD

Careful of the chuckholes, Deputy.
I've mail still yet delivered.
(to Star)
Ain't buying nothing short of
guarantees fucking thing'll situate.

STAR

'Fraid there's no cure to a clock's
true nature.

Off Clifford's cockeyed glare --

EXT. BELLA UNION SALOON - NIGHT

Tolliver, smoking a cigar atop his balcony, notes Bullock and Utter approach --

TOLLIVER
Good evening, gentlemen.

UTTER
Was.

Tolliver smirks, hackles up --

BULLOCK
Leon around?

TOLLIVER
Now, why would you want to know that?

UTTER
Is he here or fucking not?

TOLLIVER
Was.

Rage unraveling the last threads of his patience, Bullock decides to reveal his hole card --

BULLOCK
If and when you see him, tell him, if he plans on pilfering from paying customers, best not announce it to them first, 'less he's content to kick his habit behind bars, leaving his employer caretaker to whatever tawdry tasks his absence elicits.

Concealing his surprise as much as his choler --

TOLLIVER
Wouldn't trust a man that wouldn't try to steal a little.

Once the lawmen are out of earshot --

TOLLIVER (cont'd)
Oft do I wonder if indignation is prerequisite to peacekeeping or if it sprouts from the ass once deputized?

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bullock and Utter tread toward The Gem --

UTTER

You gonna just let the cocksucker
walk?

BULLOCK

Reckon walking'll be a welcomed
result after Tolliver talks to him.

Intuiting Bullock's tone --

UTTER

You don't think he did it?

Bullock's tacit look to Utter vanishes the instant he sees
Alma at the window of her room. To allay what he reads as
doubt, Utter pivots --

UTTER (cont'd)

Uh, your house, one being built,
looks to be coming along. Caught a
glimpse day before last, delivering
a parcel to some pot-bellied tanner
come here from Indiana.

Bullock says nothing, rage pacing the edges of his eyes --

ALMA (PRE-LAP)

He died shortly after our arrival.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - ALMA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alma, looking out the window, and Miss Isringhausen converse
quietly outside the quarters where Sofia currently sleeps --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

You speak of your husband, ma'am?

ALMA

Brom. Yes.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN

My sincerest condolences, Mrs.
Garret. What grief must grip you
still.

Looking to Sofia's room --

ALMA

Soon after, she came under my care.

A beat. Then, perhaps probing a little too far --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Does the child know?

Alma turns, faces her, her tone impetuous --

ALMA
Know what, Miss Isringhausen?

Miss Isringhausen casts her eyes downward, submissive --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN
Forgive me, ma'am. I oughtn't
obtrude.

Tensions subsiding, Alma returns to the window --

ALMA
Goodnight, Miss Isringhausen.

Off Miss Isringhausen leaving without a farewell --

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Adams briefs Swearengen who, at his window, secretly observes
Alma at hers --

ADAMS
No inquiries or mentions of Claggett
far as I could gather short of
raising suspicion.

Swearengen allows himself a faint wry smile, visible via the
window's reflection, but invisible to Adams --

SWEARENGEN
No lamentations for a forlorn leech,
huh? Count me among those un-
fucking-surprised.

Having steeled himself enough with whiskey, Adams raises a
nagging rumination --

ADAMS
A fate awaiting most of us it seems.

Swearengen wheels around to face Adams, strikes at the
surmised heart --

SWEARENGEN

Any compunction for that cunt is to accept breath fucking wasted and invite fists to the fucking face.

ADAMS

Ain't that.

(beat)

Suppose a fact, absolute in nature, and having never done so previous, presented itself?

Swearengen, his demeanor discerning, pours a round --

SWEARENGEN

You know what pyrite is, Adams?

ADAMS

Yeah. Fool's gold.

SWEARENGEN

Fucking fool's gold. That's right. Hooples bring that shit in here at what some might call religious intervals, attempting of course to pass it off as currency or convert it to the very fucking like, all the while thinking, and that's being generous, they're the first clever cocksucker ever to fashion the fucking thought, and that we, having been born yesterday, won't spot the fucking difference. And they do it, Mr. Adams, again and again, knowing, full-fucking-well what fate awaits should the gambit run aground.

Swearengen makes the motion of cutting off a finger --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

To live is to live by life's fucking rules. Each set varied and exclusive to the chosen fucking path, save one.

(beat)

When it ends, the world ends with it. Rendering remembrance, along with every other fucking thing, to nothing more than fool's gold.

Off Swearengen's look, Adams, digesting his employer's exhortation, stands and heads for the door. When he opens it, Burns, about to knock, is standing there --

BURNS

Sheriff's downstairs. Wants a word.
Should I send him up?

SWEARENGEN

That knuckler still here?

BURNS

Yes, sir.

SWEARENGEN

I'll come fucking down.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Clifford lurches along, admonishing his new pocket watch --

CLIFFORD

In the spirit of sincerity, you ought to know, should the sheriff reclaim my former piece, you may find yourself out of work or, more likely, sheltered inside another pocket, which I submit as no slight nor denigration to your ability, but as admission of an aversion to change--

Unannounced, a mysterious drifter, MCGEE (40s), brushes past Clifford on horseback. The slight, intentional or otherwise, draws Clifford's eyes to the Sioux war bonnet strapped to the right-side saddle --

CLIFFORD (cont'd)

You get that headdress same place as your fucking manners?

McGee's total lack of response extinguishes Clifford's incendiary words and casts a foreboding look on its author when he glimpses the leather sack strapped to the left-side saddle. Off McGee's deadpan procession toward --

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - NIGHT

Swearngen, with Adams in tow, uses his stair descent as pretext to scan the area, before joining a feverish Dority, Burns, Utter, and visibly agitated Bullock at the bar --

SWEARENGEN

Johnny. A drink for our stalwart sheriff and his devoted deputy.

BULLOCK
We need to talk.

SWEARENGEN
I'm all fucking ears.

BULLOCK
Upstairs.

BURNS
Here ya are.

Swearengen swallows the drink along with his ire engendered by Bullock's authoritarian tone --

SWEARENGEN
Is venue for the matter you'd have
us discuss vital to its delivery?
Its significance somehow polluted by
the setting present?

BULLOCK
Would you'd prefer it broached
between bars?

Off Swearengen offering his wrists for cuffing --

ANGLE - IVERSON

Who bumps into a TRICK (50s) propositioning Swearengen's second favorite whore, DOLLY, only to flub the attempt. The Trick wheels around to Iverson, fist cocked --

IVERSON
Apologies, sir.

Quick, dexterous, and before retribution can commence, Iverson produces a dollar and places it in the Trick's fist as misdirection to successfully complete his heist --

IVERSON (cont'd)
For my inelegance.

TRICK
In-what?

IVERSON
My way of saying sorry.

TRICK
Fuck off four-eyes.

As he moves off, Iverson tips his hat to Dolly, causing him to bump into McGee by mistake --

IVERSON
Apologies, s--

The ominous and uneven patches of hair dangling for dear life beneath McGee's filthy hat sever Iverson's sentence, neither of which McGee seems to notice as he limps toward --

RESUME - THE BAR

SWEARENGEN
A thief? Pilfering pocket watches?

BULLOCK
Yeah.

BURNS
Any idea what they look like?

UTTER
Spectacled, we think.

ADAMS
Ain't much to go on.

UTTER
We know.

SWEARENGEN
That's nothing to go on. Half the cocksuckers in camp are spectacled and more than half of them thieves in some fucking fashion.

UTTER
We know that too.

BULLOCK
I'm only informing you as a fucking courtesy.

SWEARENGEN
Do I not look fucking grateful?
Apologies if it ain't as apparent as your finding's fucking footing.
(beat)
So what's next, huh? Shake the settlement upside down? See what the fuck falls from its deep fucking pockets? Shall his holiness go first?

Bullock steps to Swearngen. Amidst their stare down --

MCGEE
Al Swaengen?

 SWEARENGEN
Who's asking?

 TRICK (O.C.)
You fucking thieving me? Cunt's
fucking thieving me!

ANGLE - THE TRICK

Who has Dolly by the smock --

 DOLLY
I ain't take nothing, mister.

Before any further retort or retaliation from the Trick, Dority and Adams are on him. But before they can settle the squabble, a SCREAM silences the saloon --

 BURNS (O.C.)
Don't you fucking move!

ANGLE - MCGEE

Statue still as patrons back away from him, the lawmen's pistols, and the blast radius of Burns' double barrel --

 SWEARENGEN
Hold your fucking fire, Johnny.

Bullock approaches McGee as the leather sack he holds, tufts of black hair jutting out from an aperture near its top, shapes of faces protruding below, drips blood on the floor --

 BULLOCK
Relinquish the bag and raise your
fucking hands.
 (cocks the hammer)
Now.

The sack drops to a wet, grotesque thud --

 UTTER
Mind lowering the fucking cannon?

As Burns complies --

 SWEARENGEN
Any of you know him?

A DRUNKARD (30s) stumbles forward --

DRUNKARD
Hey, I know you.

UTTER
You know this man?

With confidence only a professional tosspot can possess --

DRUNKARD
Sure I do. He's the fucking sheriff.

UTTER
Step the fuck back 'fore I make
stupidity a fucking crime, lock you
up for good.

BULLOCK
Let's go.

Bullock marches McGee outside. During which, Iverson bumps into a distracted GAMBLER (60s), lifting his pocket watch --

IVERSON
Apologies, sir.

Little does Iverson know, Swearengen's seen him. But first things first --

SWEARENGEN
Johnny.

Lifting the hemorrhaging sack --

BURNS
Christ it's heavy.

As Burns disappears, Swearengen tosses a towel over the lingering blood puddle, then starts to clap --

SWEARENGEN
Some fucking show, huh?

One by one, members of the crowd begin to clap --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
It's twist, neither fathomed or
foreseen.

Soon applause fills the saloon --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
Magnificent performances.

EXT. THE GEM - CONTINUOUS

Utter follows behind Bullock as he manhandles McGee toward the Sheriff's Office --

BULLOCK
What's your name?

McGee doesn't answer --

UTTER
Sheriff asked you a question, son.

Again, nothing --

BULLOCK
What's your business here?

McGee stops, as if to speak, but instead gazes up to the window Alma currently watches from. Upon seeing this, Bullock pistol whips his prisoner in the back of his head --

UTTER
Bullock!

The blow drops McGee to the dirt, dislodging his hat, which, even concussed, he manages to fix atop his bleeding head --

CLOSE - ALMA

Her look somewhere between honored and horrified --

UTTER (O.C.)
Bullock?

RESUME - BULLOCK

Pistol trembling in his hand, tears in his eyes --

UTTER
Want me to, uh--

BULLOCK
--No. I'll fucking do it.

UTTER
Alright.

Off Bullock storming away, averting his eyes from Alma's --

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Swearengen, having moved to the ad hoc podium of the stair landing, continues his charade, the crowd eating out of his bloody hand --

SWEARENGEN

Let's not forget our sheriff, huh?
Stern and resolute. His swift hand
rivalled only by his sufferance of
truth and virtue.

Playing to the crowd's concurrence --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

I don't know about the lot of you,
but I, a mere mortal of this fucking
camp, and oftentimes less than that,
count myself among those lucky to
have such a hero nearby. So let it
be heard, as a gesture of thanks to
our faithful sheriff, the next
round's on the house.

EXCITABLE JOHN

Pussy too?

SWEARENGEN

Let's not lose our own fucking
heads.

Thunderous laughter cues the piano as business resumes. Not a soul minding the bloody towel. Having thrown out the maligned Trick, Adams and Dority join Swearengen on the landing, his gaze trained on Iverson --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Found our thief.

ADAMS

Wu's pigs ain't been fed in awhile.

After considering this a moment --

SWEARENGEN

You find out what you can about our
headless horseman.

(to Dan, re Iverson)

Give him a free poke, then bring him
upstairs soon as bowels comply.

Off Swearengen climbing the stairs --

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

McGee, forgoing the cot in his cell, sits on the floor. An act which seems to only further bewilder Utter --

UTTER

If soiling the bed's what worries you, don't. It's seen worse.

McGee gives no response or indication of understanding, which only adds to Utter's bewilderment. A KNOCK at the door. As Utter moves toward it --

UTTER (cont'd)

Hell if I'll ever understand how someone can do something like that.

MCGEE

Same way they do it to us.

Off an astonished Utter letting in the camp's Civil War-scarred doctor, DOC COCHRAN --

INT. REVEREND REID'S TENT - NIGHT

Reid, awake, lying on a cot, stares at the EMPTY COT across from him expectantly. After a beat, he dims his lamp --

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As he shuts the door, Dority indicates Iverson, sitting before Swearengen, declined the gratis shag --

SWEARENGEN

Drink?

IVERSON

No thank you.

As he pours one for himself --

SWEARENGEN

No drink. No women. Even when offered free. What am I meant to make of that?

IVERSON

Nothing's ever free, sir.

Swearengen smirks, amused by the irony of Iverson's quip and the nonchalant guile to his comportment. Pours another --

SWEARENGEN

What's your name?

IVERSON

Iverson Donahue.

SWEARENGEN

Well, Iverson Donahue, I'd consider carefully your next reply should you intend egress from this office other than rolled inside the rug above which you sit.

As Dority furtively brandishes his blade --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

How long you been working my joint?

Swearengen, silent and stone-faced, studies Iverson with a look which breaks most. But Iverson says nothing, staring back with an expression every bit as enigmatic and tired --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Dan.

As Dan goes to grab him, Iverson closes his eyes and lifts his chin, welcoming Dority's blade. Spotting this, Swearengen raises his hand, halting Dority. A long beat --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Mr. Donahue.

Iverson's eyes open to meet Swearengen's --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

How'd you like a job?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Under Utter's armed overwatch, Cochran examines McGee --

COCHRAN

The laceration to the back of your crown will require suturing. Go ahead and remove your hat.

Cochran digs through his medicinal saddlebag, retrieves a bottle of laudanum, offers it to McGee --

COCHRAN (cont'd)

For the pain.

After McGee makes no indication --

COCHRAN (cont'd)
 Suit yourself.

Cochran places the laudanum back in his bag --

COCHRAN (cont'd)
 Take your damn hat off.

McGee warily complies as Cochran gathers his suture tools --

COCHRAN (cont'd)
 I'm going to need you to resist the
 instinct to retreat. Because without
 an analgesic, this is likely to--

Cochran turns back to McGee only to freeze in horrified
 curiosity at McGee's mutilated and disfigured crown of scars
 and patchy hair. The remnants of a scalping survived --

MCGEE
 Hurt?

INT. THE GEM - SWEARENGEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ten pocket watches sit on Swearengen's desk. While pretending
 to admire one with a mended silver chain --

SWEARENGEN
 How long you been at this?

IVERSON
 Awhile.

SWEARENGEN
 Partners?

Iverson shakes his head --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
 Honest thief are we?

DORITY
 Or a loyal fucking liar.

SWEARENGEN
 Two things. First, as a show of good
 faith, I'll permit you passage and
 with full retention of your loot.
 Going forward, I'll take 40 percent
 at the time of conversion, which you
 can do here so long as, and here
 comes the fucking second, you
 abstain on Gem premises. Word gets
 (MORE)

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
 around, people being fucking fleeced
 short of Saloon standard, well,
 let's just say that's a stain that
 can't be washed off. Not to mention,
 how stealing from them is, by
 extension, stealing from me. With
 what's theirs bound to become mine
 anyway. But know, before you
 respond, should you infringe, the
 fucking former won't apply.

Iverson spits in his hand, Swearengen reciprocates. After
 they shake, Iverson gathers what was agreed, and heads for
 the door. But before he can leave --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
 Why the watches?

IVERSON
 Ease, mainly.
 (beat)
 Amusing too, stealing the vehicle
 for the one thing can't ever be
 stolen.

With that, he's gone, much to the chagrin of Dority --

DORITY
 Must've missed the snow outside it
 being fucking Christmas.

SWEARENGEN
 Dan--

DORITY
 --Cocksucker steals in here and you
 just let them walk the fuck out?

SWEARENGEN
 Does death scare you, Dan?

DORITY
 What?

SWEARENGEN
 Dyin'. Does the prospect frighten
 you?

DORITY
 I ain't frightened just like I ain't
 able to see the fucking point of
 asking.

SWEARENGEN

Point is, that kid, Iverson, wasn't either, only he seemed to welcome it. Far from the usual fucking reception, wouldn't you say?

(beat)

There's utility to even broken things, Dan. Something to remember when you're running a place of your own. Abide thief, sure. But never a hypocrite. Stones being incongruous guests of glass houses.

Off Dority's pale, puzzled look --

INT. BULLOCK HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM (UNFINISHED) - NIGHT

Seated on the edge of what will become his side of the bed, Bullock, hat in his hands, squeezes the brim as if it were the source of his festering contrition. After a moment, he stands and departs. Off the revealed bundling board --

EXT. GRAVEYARD - GRAVE OF WILD BILL HICKOK - MORNING

Asleep at its footstone with a bottle beside her is the hard-drinking, hard-talking frontierswoman, CALAMITY JANE. The SMACK of a shovel meeting dry dirt wakes her --

JANE

Ain't no law against sleeping in cemeteries, far as I fucking recollect.

Spotting the Gravedigger --

JANE (cont'd)

Bet you stay fucking busy.

Unamused, the Gravedigger resumes digging. Jane situates her phlegm as she gets to her feet, washing it and last night's emotions down with a gulp of whiskey --

JANE (cont'd)

So long, Bill.

Off Jane staggering into camp --

INT. BELLA UNION - MORNING

Leon, coming down hard from yesterday's high, slinks inside. Withdrawals subjugating his sense, he fails to see Tolliver, seated at the entrance, waiting for him --

TOLLIVER

Why, Leon...

Leon damn near jumps out of his skin --

TOLLIVER (cont'd)

Looking rather far from the standard shores of decadence, son.

LEON

Staring down the barrel of sick as shit, Mr. Tolliver. Dope's dried up. Camp's shipment was raided. Again.

TOLLIVER

A tragedy. One I'm sure you played no part in.

Tolliver prowls toward Leon, eyes menacing --

TOLLIVER (cont'd)

'Course a fiend can't be trusted save satisfying their fucking habit.

LEON

Mr. Tolliver--

Tolliver seizes Leon's nape. Slams his head down on a nearby craps table. Chips hop as a knife is drawn to his ear --

TOLLIVER

You fucking thieving, Leon?

LEON

No, Mr. Tolliver. Never.

TOLLIVER

Keep lying and punishment'll prolong to lengths I shutter to speak.

LEON

God's honest, Mr. Tolliver. Please.

Ever one to recognize the truth, Tolliver lets Leon go. Before he can savage the crowd of catatonic spectators --

LEON (cont'd)

What alleged am I to have stolen?

TOLLIVER

Fuck difference does that make?

The mental gymnastics of recall cause Leon to wince --

LEON

Yesterday, some shaver in specs kept
falling into folks. Cappers kicked
him to the curb.

TOLLIVER

A drunk absent his sea legs. So the
fuck what?

LEON

Near after, couple customers claimed
their watches had gone missing.
Thought nothing of it until...

TOLLIVER

Until?

LEON

Until I saw him, last night, leaving
The Gem. Sober as a saint.

Off Tolliver, wheels turning --

INT. REVEREND REID'S TENT - MORNING

Reid stands over last night's empty cot now occupied by
someone asleep on their side. He rips the covers off,
revealing their naked, bruised body --

REID

Get up.

The nude body rolls over. It's Iverson --

REID (cont'd)

You have work to do.

Off Reid's exit --

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - MORNING

Farnum fiddles with the front desk log as pretense to lurk on
his breakfast buffeters. RICHARDSON, Farnum's dopey cook,
lackey, and biped scratching post, emerges from the door
behind, taps his master on the shoulder, startling him --

FARNUM

Jiminy Christmas, Richardson. What is it? And before you answer, illuminate me why you skulk furtive as a feather in my unaware presence, yet lumber like a Neanderthal, splintering your knuckles, the remainder?

RICHARDSON

We're out of bacon.

FARNUM

Swine consuming their own. If only the species that sprouted you upheld the same custom.

RICHARDSON

I don't like bacon.

Alma appears at the stairs --

FARNUM

Good morning, Mrs. Garret.

ALMA

Good morning, Mr. Richardson.

Alma descends, enters the Dining Room. Farnum, fuming from the slight, swats the smiling minion with his kerchief --

FARNUM

Replenish the pork reserves. Fly!

Richardson runs out. Off Farnum eyeing ELLSWORTH, prospector and manager of Alma's claim, help her to his table --

EXT. MR. WU'S ALLEY - MORNING

Early chores and commerce commence. Presiding over it all is MR. WU, Swaengen's Asian counterpart and leader of Deadwood's Chinese faction. That is until he spots Jane --

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Before her hangover can take hold, Jane stops and takes a pull that'd topple most men. That's when she spots --

ANGLE - REID

Outside his tent, pacing back and forth, Bible in hand but arms flailing wildly as he talks to himself --

RESUME - JANE

JANE

And they say I ain't fucking right.

Restarting her procession, Jane holds up her bottle, addressing it as if it were a person --

JANE (cont'd)

Say, I was to confide a secret. Two secrets rather. Could you resist judgment's urge and the irreparable damage to relationships which always seems to fucking follow? Thought so.

(a swig)

Never have I prayed. I know, and I know what you're fucking thinking. Suppose its purpose is what eludes me. The reward which awaits whispering wishes and wrongdoings to whoever the fuck's up there listening.

(another swig)

Before I share the second, let me just say, if I drop you on account of bursting into blasphemous flames, I fucking apologize in advance. I ain't fond of that preacher. Who, upon first arriving to camp, and during our first fucking meeting, quoted, chapter and fucking verse, how drunkenness is a sin. Like any of us need fucking reminding. But you know, what thing making that other thing tolerable fucking ain't? If life don't abstain, why the fuck should I?

Jane lowers her bottle to realize she's outside the --

EXT. NO. 10 SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The very structure in which her beloved hero, WILD BILL HICKOK, was slain. Her vice on the bottle tightens --

JANE

Said no fucking judgments.

ANGLE - WU

Amused by Jane's drunken display, he almost fails to clock the STAGECOACH barreling into camp, heading right for her --

RESUME - JANE

Sensing someone's gaze upon her, wheels around to spot her oriental observer. As she bats tears away --

JANE (cont'd)
The fuck you looking at?

Wu's arm raises, signifying the universal gesture for 'Behind you,' just in time for Jane to turn as the stage blows by her, showering her with mud --

CLOSE ON - WU

Whose eyes meet the livery-wearing stage driver's, a young man of Chinese descent named WEN (30s). While Wu's look is one of recognition, Wen's is one of masked misery --

RESUME - JANE

As she throws her ruined bottle at the coach --

JANE (cont'd)
Cocksuckers!

-- which misses wide left and smashes through a window of --

EXT. UTTER FREIGHT AND MAIL - CONTINUOUS

Bursting out the door to investigate is Utter --

JANE
Ah shit.

UTTER
Jane? Did you --

Spotting her soiled clothes --

UTTER (cont'd)
-- Why you covered in mud?

JANE
(re Wu)
Told me it's good for my complexion.

UTTER
Who did, Jane?

Wu's gone, leaving Utter instantly crestfallen --

UTTER (cont'd)
 Why don't you, uh, come on in. Get
 yourself cleaned up.

As Jane considers the kindness --

UTTER (cont'd)
 Then you can get back to putting the
 bartenders out of biness.

JANE
 Fuck you, Charlie.

Jane walks over, notices Charlie locking up --

JANE (cont'd)
 Hell's this now?

UTTER
 Ain't you done enough damage to my
 place for one day?

JANE
 Where the fuck do you propose I go
 then, Charlie?

Utter nods toward the Sheriff's Office --

JANE (cont'd)
 You half-cracked cocksucker. I'd
 like to see you fucking try it!

Jane grabs at her mud-covered revolver, too slick to draw --

JANE (cont'd)
 'Cause if quiet's how you suspect me
 to go, shit, you've got, goddammit.

UTTER
 You ain't been quiet your whole damn
 life, Jane. Besides, I ain't taking
 you in. We got a tub out back.
 Private like.

JANE
 Like 'em clean for the gallows do
 we?

Utter starts walking. Jane looks to where Wu was --

JANE (cont'd)
 Wonder what celestial credit that
 act of fucking kindness'll incur.

UTTER

How 'bout a new fucking window?

Off Jane's smirk --

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - DINING ROOM - MORNING

Alma and Ellsworth talk at a table while Farnum, under the façade of helpful maître d', eavesdrops --

ELLSWORTH

Them two shafts we sank last week
are full canvas.

(off her look)

Uh, up and running. Plan is--

FARNUM

--More coffee, Mrs. Garret?

ALMA

No, thank you, Mr. Farnum.

FARNUM

So you see me after all. For a
moment, I feared I'd awoke an
apparition in afterlife. Destined to
wander a purgatory of my colleagues
and cohorts.

ALMA

What a tragedy to confuse us as
colleagues and cohorts.

Farnum strains a smile, curtsies, then slithers away --

ALMA (cont'd)

You were saying, Mr. Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH

Plan is to have two more shafts dug
and running by next week's end.

ALMA

And their preliminary returns?

ELLSWORTH

Ample.

ALMA

And its supply?

ELLSWORTH

Far from exhausted.

ALMA

Mr. Ellsworth, in this instance, I'd prefer you speak freely and in terms more easily decipherable.

ELLSWORTH

Enough to make that moist-handed mayor shit his pantaloons, pining for purgatory.

Off Alma expanding elation --

EXT. THE GEM - MORNING

Swearengen surveys the sheriff's office from his balcony --

SWEARENGEN

What his prisoner portends is what I struggle to fathom.

Below, Richardson scurries across the street, bacon dangling from his arms like a human clothesline. Swearengen looks over to the stool next to him. Atop it, a packaged parcel. Inside, the rotting head of a dead Indian --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Jealously is unbecoming, Chief. Even for the bodiless. Them presented last night pose no more a threat to you than he to reason.

SWEARENGEN'S POV - WEN

Driving up the thoroughfare, apprehension amplifying with every slack-jawed citizen he passes --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Him on the other hand.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Wen parks the stage in clusterfuck fashion. Hubbub swells until CHARLES WADE (40s), well-dressed, well-favored, and well-heeled, hops out of the cabin --

WADE

Would appear a pilot of your pigmentation remains a mystery in these parts, Wen.

Stalwart and striking, Wade draws the crowd's attention and envy in equal parts. Self-possessed in this routine effect,

his hard eyes scan the camp until meeting Swearengen's. The two titans study one another until Farnum interrupts --

FARNUM
Good morning, good sir.

Wade looks back to Swearengen, but he's gone --

WADE
Hello. How do you do, Mr.--

FARNUM
--Farnum. Mayor E.B. Farnum. At your service.

WADE
D.W. Livingston at yours. Mayor?
Mayor of the Deadwood camp?

FARNUM
Must I attest twice?

Farnum inflates at Wade's contrived yet convincing chuckle until he sees Richardson approaching, who he shoos away --

FARNUM (cont'd)
In addition, owner and operator of the hotel before you.

WADE
Successful politician and businessman. How industrious.

FARNUM
My goodness. Who revealed my Greek heel for gallantry?

WADE
Is it not for all great men, E.B.?

Wade begins helping Wen unload the stage. Something Farnum, foreign to such flattery, is too tickled to notice --

FARNUM
And you, Mr. Livingston? Is it business which beckons you to camp? Or perhaps something more colorful?

Wade unleashes his most charming smile --

WADE
Say it was.

FARNUM

Then you've come to the right place.
Are you prospector or most modest
magnate? I lean toward the latter.

WADE

You're too kind, E.B. But I daresay
the truth would only disappoint you.

FARNUM

I find the truth never to be a
disappointment, D.W. Daresaid or
otherwise. Have you a claim? Or
designs to secure one?

WADE

'Fraid I lean toward the latter.

FARNUM

Fear not, sir. As intermediary for
several such transactions, I possess
knowledge of both persons and prices
known to loosen golden grips, should
means remain unhindered.

WADE

Say they were.

Off Farnum, machinations and euphoria swirling --

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bullock writes what looks to be a letter at his desk, the
cell behind him empty. As Jane and Utter enter --

JANE

Then he says, "Where's your prick?"

The punchline falls flat in the presence of Bullock --

UTTER

Morning, Bullock.

BULLOCK

Charlie. Jane.

JANE

Bullock.

Bullock casts a confounded look at Jane's muddy clothes --

UTTER

Stagecoach, driving way too fucking fast, gonna have a word with the driver, 'bout trampled her. Suppose a little mud's better than the other though. Eh, Jane?

JANE

If the other relieves me of you two assholes.

UTTER

Our guest check out?

BULLOCK

He did.

Outside, in the b.g. behind Utter and Jane, Alma approaches. Bullock stands, grabs his hat --

BULLOCK (cont'd)

Excuse me.

Once Bullock's outside --

JANE

Fuck long's that been going on?

Off Utter, oblivious --

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alma's exuberance is evident --

BULLOCK

I take it your meeting with Ellsworth went well?

-- as is Bullock's compunction, but before he can atone --

ALMA

It did, yes. So well, in fact, I sought you out myself to say, multiple matters for my claim require your personal attention.

If Bullock could blush, he would --

BULLOCK

Alma.

ALMA

"Each day we begin anew," my mother used to say. I'd like to begin this one with an escort from my claim's trustee to my hotel as amends for actions past.

This seems to placate Bullock --

BULLOCK

I'll meet you there shortly.

ALMA

And if I expressed immediate attention was required?

BULLOCK

Just need to let Sol know he'll be minding the store alone today.

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - MORNING

As a drained Dority watches Adams and Burns eat breakfast, we hear the door to Swearengen's office door slam shut --

ANGLE - SWEARENGEN

Marching along the second floor banister --

SWEARENGEN

E.B. been over yet?

BURNS

No, sir.

JEWEL, the Gem's cook and chambermaid with cerebral palsy, appears below --

JEWEL

You want breakfast, Al?

SWEARENGEN

Coffee.

Swearengen descends as Jewel teeters back to the kitchen, Each step a small fortification to their resolves --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

What do we know of the chink almost crashed a coach into the Central?

BURNS

You fucking serious, boss?

SWEARENGEN

Serious as them scalps dumped on my floor. Scalps you better of fucking disposed of proper, lest yours be joining them. What'd Bullock say of the incident anyhow?

Adams hesitates --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

If some semblance of recountal don't emit from your mouth in the next five seconds, a scalping will be a welcomed fucking reprieve.

ADAMS

When I inquired about the man, he said keeping you abreast rests just beneath his morning shit in precedence.

SWEARENGEN

Way with words our sheriff. Anything else?

ADAMS

Few folks said Bullock struck him. No word why, but the Doc was called.

SWEARENGEN

Go get him. Tell him Dan's knocking on death's door.

A vexing beat --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Fuck's some nobody doing, coming in here, looking to bank on a rescinded bounty, huh? Stirring up shit 'tween the sheriff and me. Like I ain't got enough fucking problems.

Dority and Adams know better, Burns on the other hand --

BURNS

Sure it ain't nothing a slit throat can't solve, right, Al?

SWEARENGEN

Right you are, Johnny. Right as raining frogs. That's exactly the kind of improvident fucking thinking that got Custer's curtains drawn early.

Burns smiles, foolishly stirred by Swearengen's sarcasm --

ADAMS

Worked for the magistrate.

SWEARENGEN

What?

ADAMS

Solved a problem or two in the past's all I'm saying.

SWEARENGEN

Problems whose ramifications remain unrealized. Past solutions ain't always gonna solve present fucking problems. No. Something don't smell right here. You included. When's the last time your body saw some fucking bathwater, huh? Any answers looking to avoid you need only stand downwind for a fucking head start.

Adams parries it, but Swearengen's gaze persists --

ADAMS

Can I finish my fucking breakfast?

SWEARENGEN

No.

As Adams heads for the door, Jewel hobbles in with coffee --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)

Now that I can breathe through my fucking nose again.

(to Jewel)

You know the last time I saw someone like you I was charged admission.

JEWEL

Was she a good lay?

SWEARENGEN

Get back to the kitchen.

JEWEL

What about breakfast? You ain't ate since yesterday.

SWEARENGEN

You'll have my reply when you get there.

As Jewel departs, Swearengen burns his lips on the coffee --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
Fuck is Trixie?

Before anyone can answer --

JEWEL (O.S.)
She took sick last night.

SWEARENGEN
Bacon. Eggs. Hold the spittle.

JEWEL (O.S.)
We're out of bacon and Adams ate the last egg.

SWEARENGEN
Jesus Christ. She elaborate on that fucking position?

JEWEL (O.S.)
What do you think, Al?

BURNS
Come to think of it, she did seem poorly last night.

Swearengen looks to Dority who shakes his head --

BURNS (cont'd)
Want me to check if she's at the Jews?

Swearengen stares at Burns, considers dousing him with his coffee but instead moves toward the Whore's Quarters --

SWEARENGEN
Open the place the fuck up. And tell Bullock I'd like an audience. But send Johnny, huh. Wouldn't want him quills out before I figure what's tipping the scales opposite our fucking favor.

Burns perks up, heads for the door --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
Oh and Johnny, better to let others presume you're simple than open your mouth and prove him right.

Off Burns, befuddled --

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - MORNING

Farnum and Wade continue their dueling gambits --

WADE

And this Mr. Swearengen. You're certain he'd sell?

FARNUM

Offers fair with terms agreed, yes, Mr. Livingston. I do.

WADE

And where might he be called upon?

Gesturing toward it, all but licking his lips --

FARNUM

Why at his saloon, of course. The Gem. Largest and grandest temple of amusement in Deadwood. Shall we see to his availability?

Wade looks to the balcony where Swearengen stood before --

WADE

I see said the blind man.

FARNUM

Beg your pardon?

WADE

I said soon, Mr. Farnum. Soon.

FARNUM

Of course. You are weary from travel.

WADE

Nonsense. I'd first love a tour of the camp. And who better to lead it than its mayor. Schedule permitting.

FARNUM

Malleable hours. A perk of majesty.

WADE

Wonderful. Once Wen installs me--

Wade notices Farnum's flummoxed look --

WADE (cont'd)

Forgive me, E.B. I suppose I should've inquired about vacancy first. Have you rooms available?

FARNUM

No. I mean yes. Yes, of course. Vacancy. Well, no. Not for all.

WADE

For Wen, you mean?

FARNUM

For when what?

WADE

Wen.

FARNUM

When? Since our inception, I suppose.

WADE

I refer to my driver, Mr. Mayor. But no matter. Whether forbidden under camp statute or etched atop the hotel's foundation, Wen'll find his own way.

Wade pats Wen's back, who tenses at the touch. Covering --

WADE (cont'd)

You've been most hospitable, Mayor Farnum. Would you'd permit a brief forbearance to policy and permit Wen to secure my affects inside? I'd be most grateful.

FARNUM

Certainly.

As Wade and Wen enter the Grand Central --

INT. STAR AND BULLOCK HARDWARE - MORNING

Star, bookkeeping behind the counter, doesn't look up as Bullock enters and walks to their makeshift vanity --

BULLOCK

Good morning.

STAR

Yes, it is.

As he readies to shave --

BULLOCK
I won't be able to see to the store
this afternoon.

STAR
Alright.

BULLOCK
Likely be absent from closing as
well.

STAR
Not a problem.

Tension hurrying his hand, Bullock nicks himself. Inspecting the wound, he inadvertently catches his reflection in the cloudy mirror. His look darkens --

BULLOCK
Sol.

STAR
A sheriff's schedule is duty-bound
to be dutiful.

Off Bullock, relieved --

INT. THE GEM - WHORE'S QUARTERS - MORNING

Harlots in various states of undress. Trixie holed up in bed, clammy, nauseous-looking. Swearengen bursts in --

SWEARENGEN
Everyone out. Prepare smiles both
plane and perpendicular for
business.

After shutting the door --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
Better not be the fucking plague.

Trixie shakes her head, points to her mouth, which Swearengen mistakes for her nose --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
The Jew? And here I was thinking the
only lineal lurgy they carried was
command of commerce.

Trixie glowers, unamused --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
 Anyway. Doc's on his way.

Trixie smiles, hoping it'll veil the truth and the reticence she has for the forthcoming conversation. As he exits --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
 I'll have him see to Johnny instead,
 huh. Finally put to bed the theory
 man can't live without brain.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Farnum, strolling the thoroughfare, contemplates, aloud --

FARNUM
 Two fools depart, another arrives
 with celestial in tow and money soon
 to part. A peculiar hand. No less
 one that must be played.

A trio of grimy MINERS (40s) pass by him --

MINER #1
 Mr. Mayor.

The Miner's derisive tone stirs laughter amongst his fellows and smothers any aplomb generated from his chinwag with Wade. Under his breath, as the miners move off --

FARNUM
 Shall I address you by your hard-won
 title? Future pile of pig shit.

After recentering himself --

FARNUM (cont'd)
 Involving Al at this stage would be
 wise. Great aid in angles examined
 and maneuvers planned.

Spotting Alma walking to his hotel --

FARNUM (cont'd)
 As was done for her husband. Only
 this time, enacted to the letter and
 with a bigger piece of the pie. For
 as the boondoggles broker, founder,
 and formulator, like the very rooms
 at my hotel, my rates have gone up.

As Farnum heads for the Gem --

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - WADE'S ROOM - DAY

Last of the luggage deposited, Wen heads for the door --

WADE

Wait.

Wen stops, turns to Wade, who raises his hand, causing Wen to flinch. Instead, Wade uses it to caress Wen's cheek. A gesture Wen appears to find worse than the one he was expecting. Seeing this, Wade seems to lose interest --

WADE (cont'd)

See to the horses.

Off Wen, wasting no time departing --

INT. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Alma, walking on air, floats up the steps until Wen passes her. Her visage of erotic expectation transmuting into apparitional alarm as she watches him dash out the door --

WADE (O.C.)

Hello, Mrs. Garret.

Alma wheels around to see Wade at the top of the stairs --

ALMA

Oh my god.

WADE

Close but not quite.

Wade descends to share an artificially affectionate embrace with Alma, who looks like she's just seen a ghost --

ALMA

Forgive me, Charles. I--

WADE

--It's D.W. Livingston for the time being, dear.

As they separate, Alma casts a confused look, puzzled by the purpose of such subterfuge. Wade's look in response acts as both answer and bludgeon, knocking Alma's wind from her --

WADE (cont'd)

I was terribly sorry to hear about, Brom.

ALMA

Yes.

WADE

I'm told this camp can be quite treacherous.

Wade lets the insinuation hang in the stale air a beat --

WADE (cont'd)

Are you free for dinner this evening?

ALMA

Yes.

Wade checks his pocket watch --

WADE

Is seven suitable? The mayor's giving me a tour of the camp.

Alma nods.

WADE (cont'd)

Excellent.

Wade descends. Stops on the last step. Looks back up at Alma struggling to catch her breath --

WADE (cont'd)

How is the food here anyway?

ALMA

Monstrous.

Off Wade's devilish grin --

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

Farnum enters --

FARNUM

Morning, Dan.

Rebellious bowels desist Dan's reply. As he runs off --

SWEARENGEN

E.B.

FARNUM

Morning, Al.

SWEARENGEN

What do you know of the chink--

WU (O.C.)

--Swedgin!

ANGLE - BACK DOOR HALLWAY

As Wu stomps in (*Note: Wu communicates with Swearengen using the only two English words he knows, "Swedgin," and, "Cocksuckah," Swearengen interprets the rest*) --

RESUME - SWEARENGEN

SWEARENGEN

Jesus Christ.

FARNUM

That's why I'm here, Al. Never mind the driver, but the passenger--

WU

--Swedgin.

Wu gives a fervent point to Swearengen's office --

FARNUM

Silence, heathen. For Al and I have important matters to moot. 'Less of course you're here to make restitution for fleecing me on the replenishment of my pork provisions.

WU

Cocksuckah.

Patience approaching its precipice --

SWEARENGEN

Go wait over there, E.B.

FARNUM

Celestials and complacency, name a better match.

SWEARENGEN

Come back later, Wu.

Almost pleading --

WU

Swedgin.

SWEARENGEN

Later.

As Wu storms off --

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

Alma at her vanity yet miles away mentally from beautifying its troubled reflection. She opens a drawer and retrieves a stack of unopened letters. A KNOCK at the door --

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (O.S.)
Mrs. Garret? Sofia's finished her morning lesson, may we--

ALMA
--Please take Sofia for a brief walk, Miss Isringhausen. Thank you.

MISS ISRINGHAUSEN (O.S.)
Yes, ma'am.

Alma opens one of the letters. The heading reads: "*My dearest Brom,*" its footer: "*All my love, C.W.*" --

CLOSE ON - ALMA

As she reads. Suppressed memories, bubbling up from depths beyond reckoning, unshackle until she furiously swipes the entire stack off the vanity onto the floor. Every letter is from Wade. Another KNOCK at the door --

ALMA
My instructions were clear, Miss--

BULLOCK (O.S.)
--It's Seth Bullock, Mrs. Garret.

INTERCUT - OUTSIDE ALMA'S ROOM

ALMA (O.S.)
Just a moment.

The door unlocks. Bullock opens it to see to Alma retreating to her window, the letters gone --

RESUME - INSIDE ALMA'S ROOM

Alma looks out, buying time to let her flushed face and frazzled features subside. Sensing something is amiss --

BULLOCK
What is it?

After an agonizing beat, Alma turns, her look incredulous --

ALMA

Nothing.

As they embrace and begin to kiss --

SWEARENGEN (PRE-LAP)

What did he say exactly?

INT. THE GEM - SALOON - DAY

Al and Farnum at a table --

FARNUM

That he's come to camp in search of gold with hopes of acquiring a claim. After mention of my experience as mediator in such matters, I broached the topic of capital to which he assured was no obstacle.

Swearengen sits back --

FARNUM (cont'd)

A genuine whale, it seems. Shall I set the first hook amidst my tour of the town, Ishmael?

Swearengen doesn't answer --

FARNUM (cont'd)

Far as division of percentages go--

SWEARENGEN

--Doc!

Swearengen moves to the entering Cochran, leaving Farnum alone with his exasperation --

COCHRAN

What's the matter with Dan?

SWEARENGEN

I believe that's your fucking department and, though claiming she don't, it's Trixie who actually needs seen to.

Cochran tries to move on, his tolerance for Swearengen's witticisms already waning, but Swearengen stops him --

SWEARENGEN (cont'd)
 What do you know of Bullock's
 prisoner? And spare me the patient
 confidentiality horseshit, huh.

COCHRAN
 Nothing. I saw to his wound.

SWEARENGEN
 That it?

COCHRAN
 Didn't seem to be going anywhere.

The rejoinder appears to amuse Swearengen. As Cochran moves
 past him, he clocks Dority emerging from the back --

COCHRAN (cont'd)
 Forgo the spirits, wash your hands,
 and keep yourself quenched.
 (off Dority's look)
 Drink lots of water and fucking boil
 'fore you do.

FARNUM
 Shall I cancel the excursion in
 favor of inquest of this prisoner?

SWEARENGEN
 No. Take your fucking tour. Make him
 feel comfortable, like you're the
 type he should be trusting. Then,
 when he's good and greased, bring
 him here. Do nothing else. No lures
 of claims or hooks of fucking gold.
 Let me be the fucking angler,
 understood?

FARNUM
 Distinctly.

SWEARENGEN
 E.B.

FARNUM
 A tour among titans. Nothing more.

SWEARENGEN
 Go.

Swearengen's eyes move to the blood stain on the floor. As he
 takes off his jacket and begins rolling up his sleeves --

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Iverson ambles toward the Bella Union --

ANGLE - LEON

Across the street, watching. After he thumbs his nose, two cappers grab Iverson, the third knocking him unconscious --

INT. THE GEM - WHORE'S QUARTERS - DAY

Cochran examines Trixie --

COCHRAN

I guess my question to you Trixie is what possible effect you featured waiting this long to see me would achieve?

TRIXIE

No offense, Doc, but I didn't feature to see you at all.

COCHRAN

I don't expect you to understand this, but my life's prerogative centers around the health and safety of others, obstructing me out of pride is akin to murdering what you're currently carrying.

Trixie says nothing --

COCHRAN (cont'd)

How far along are you?

TRIXIE

Twenty-two weeks. Give or take.

COCHRAN

How do you wish to proceed?

Off her look, Cochran begins packing up his medical kit. Noticing his hands shaking, Trixie grabs one --

TRIXIE

Doc.

COCHRAN

Side effect of spirits.

Trixie's look persists --

COCHRAN (cont'd)
 The prisoner your insufferable boss'
 pestering me for details on was
 scalped as a child.

TRIXIE
 Bet that didn't tickle.

COCHRAN
 On the contrary...

INTERCUT - WADE

Outside the Grand Central, forebodingly studying the Gem --

COCHRAN (V.O.)
 According to him, no pain was
 perceptible...

As Farnum approaches, Wade's demeanor one-eighties --

FARNUM
 Shall we?
 (beat)
 Preliminary legwork for acquiring a
 claim is underway, Mr. Livingston --

INTERCUT - SWEARENGEN

Scrubbing the blood stain --

COCHRAN (V.O.)
 But that the removal of his scalp
 sounded like the ominous roar and
 peal of distant thunder.

A dark figure approaches behind him --

DORITY
 Boss.

Swearngen looks up to see McGee darkening his door --

MCGEE
 You owe me three hundred dollars.

Off Swearngen --

FADE OUT