

# 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 Swaengen'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.

Swearengen 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.

Swearengen 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 Swearengen. Amidst their stare down --

MCGEE  
Al Swearengen?

                  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