



# Episode 28: Full Faith and Credit

Directed by: Ed Bianchi  
Written by: Ted Mann

*(Morning at the Bella Union, Doc walks in, coughing. He knocks on Cy's door and enters.)*

**Cy:** Doc.

**Doc:** How you feelin'?

**Cy:** Sleepy...As a man fuckin' should at this hour, if you don't mind me sayin'.

**Doc:** It's this hour I'm able to see to ya.

**Cy:** I understand and I'm grateful.

**Doc:** At least half that fuckin' statement's a fuckin' lie.

*(He starts coughing harshly again, he gets up and walks across the room – his back to Cy and a handkerchief to his mouth.)*

**Cy:** Take it easy, Doc.

**Doc:** *(sighs)* Try and get dressed today. *(He walks out of the Bella Union, still coughing.)*

*(Out in the thoroughfare, we are focused on a sign covered up with a sheet. Harry Manning is talking to some hooplers, campaigning. Jane watches the crowd from across the muck. Dan, Johnny, and Al all look on as well. Blazanov approaches Jane.)*

**Blazanov:** Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph Company.

**Jane:** What the fuck is that to me?

**Blazanov:** Telegram for Jane Cannary.

**Jane:** Oh, yeah? Well, here's a pistol for whatever your spidery fuckin' name is.

**Blazanov:** Please, do not kill me. I'm only messenger.

**Jane:** Shut the fuck up and read the message!

*(Inside the bank, Alma sits at a desk with a sign marked "Loans" in front of her, as well as a nameplate labeled "Mrs. Ellsworth." She looks quite pleased with herself. If a bit nervous. She stands up, Trixie – from behind the teller window – smiles at her. Sol looking on. Alma walks to the doors and opens them. Applause breaks out from the crowd. She smiles and steps out, yanking the rope attached to the sheet, revealing the "Bank of Deadwood" sign. Applause breaks out again and men cheer.)*

**Man:** Yay!

*(Al, watching from his balcony, slowly turns his head around and eyes Hearst, standing on the porch roof of the Grand Central. He waves at Al. Al does nothing but walk back inside the Gem.)*

**Johnny:** How'd Al answer?

**Dan:** He didn't answer at all.

**Johnny:** Good for him.

**Hearst:** Mornin'. (*Waves at the boys, the Captain looks up from his breakfast out on the porch.*)

**Johnny:** Mornin'.

**Dan:** Mornin'. Best time of day to go fuck yourself. (*I am so using that line someday.*)

**Blazanov:** "From Samuel Fields to Miss Jane Cannary."

**Jane:** I don't know any Samuel Fields.

**Blazanov:** Valediction is "Nigger General." (*Jane snatches the telegram*)

**Jane:** Gimme that fuckin' thing, and keep the fuckin' contents to yourself!

**Merrick:** (*Addressing the crowd outside the bank.*) Trust, Gentlemen and Ladies, we live in faith! (*He enters, holding some gold coins. Joanie Stubbs walks along the thoroughfare, Jack Langrishe joins her.*)

**Jack:** John Langrishe, Madam, wishing you good morning on an august occasion.

**Joanie:** Morning.

**Jack:** Hoping to walk with you a bit. Better to represent my intentions this day than the last.

**Joanie:** All right.

**Jack:** May I ask your name?

**Joanie:** Joanie Stubbs.

**Jack:** I regret having abrupted upon you, Miss Stubbs as you gardened.

**Joanie:** I took you for interested in something you mightn't have been.

**Jack:** My interest, to be direct, is in buying your building.

**Joanie:** What do you want to use it for?

**Jack:** A theater. My troupe will season in this camp.

**Joanie:** Well, it's a schoolhouse now.

**Jack:** And very handsomely appointed for that purpose.

**Joanie:** It was a whorehouse before. Anyways, I don't know if I'd want to sell.

**Jack:** Well, perhaps you'd consider renting.

**Joanie:** Perhaps you'd consider fucking yourself.

*(She stalks off leaving a very confused Langrishe behind. From his balcony, Al sees Captain Turner heading across the thoroughfare to the Gem, note in hand. Al hurries inside.)*

**Al:** If I was approaching you backwards, Captain, had a mirror to observe your activity, just now I'd be most trepidatious, for, Johnny, this is a man when acting from behind and advantaged with a weapon, very much to be feared.

**Turner:** Was just doing my job. (*holds out the note, Al takes it, Dan comes out from the back, wiping his face off with a towel.*) You don't want to speak like that again to Mr. Hearst.

**Dan:** Yeah, I do. Do you wanna try to change my fuckin' mind?

**Turner:** Not only will I change your mind, I'll rip your whole fucking head off. (*He leaves, Al reads the note.*)

**Al:** Another fuckin' invite. Fuckin' Hearst must take me for an optimist.

**Dan:** I'm gonna kill that cocksucker.

**Al:** All in good time.

*(Business as usual at the Bella Union. Delta - formerly known to us on Carnivale as Mama Cooch, but I'll be sticking with Delta until we finally get a fuckin' name for her – enters the Bella, looking rather fetching and coy. She approaches Con.)*

**Delta:** I'm curious about those tables with the numbers on them.

**Con:** Well, they're for gambling on, those. Various kinds of games of chance or different sorts.

**Delta:** So I imagined. I wonder if this might be convenient time for me to learn?

**Con:** Leon, uh, take over supervising for me while I give this young lady some private instruction.

**Leon:** Yes, sir. Supervising now, Sir. *(Con takes Delta by the elbow and leads her to a table.)*

**Con:** This over here is a choice table. Horatio, beat it.

**Delta:** Am I inconveniencing you? *(Con rubs his groin, as if uncomfortable.)*

**Con:** Oh—*(chuckles)* damn Chinks. They shrunk these pants in the laundry. *(chuckles)* You ever throw the bones before, Ma'am?

**Delta:** I've caught some.

**Con:** Oh - *(snickers)* these are my personal dice. Nice, uh, fuckin' set. I'm happy and glad to allow you to learn on 'em. *(She coyly takes his hand and blows on the dice. Con moans. Ew.)* Damn chinks.

*(Harry Manning hurries into the No.10, Tom Nuttall wipes glasses and glares at him. Harry hurries to take off his jacket and settle in.)*

**Tom:** I should cut your salary 20%!

**Harry:** Uh—*(panting)*

**Tom:** Based on time you're absent campaigning.

**Harry:** Can I make up the hours once I'm beat?

**Tom:** Your plans are idiotic. You're running for Sheriff to be a fireman.

**Harry:** And hope to be a second deputy in case they start a fire department.

**Tom:** Well, that's stupid and I ought to cut your salary.

**Harry:** You have to, you have to.

**Tom:** Why not build a fuckin' fire wagon that you then rent out to the camp?

**Harry:** If I had money.

**Tom:** If you had a *loan* for the wagon's makings and help with the fuckin' carpentry, would you build the wagon then?

**Harry:** Uh, I'd repay you at fuckin' interest, boss.

**Tom:** Well, that's the 20%, pre-deducted from the makings' purchase. We build the fuckin' wagon then rent it to the camp. And don't ever speak of this again. A-a-and two fuckin' fire hats.

*(Back in Utter Freight and Charlie Mail, Jane and Charlie are going over the telegram.).*

**Jane:** Nigger General ain't quit drinkin', we know that for fuckin' sure.

**Charlie:** How do we know that?

**Jane:** What you just read to me is a drunkard's question. "What is state of affairs in camp with regards to the horse?"

**Charlie:** Seems to me whatever the state of affairs about the horse is in the camp, It's a drunkard's decision bringin' the cocksucker back.

**Jane:** That's on Hostetler, according to the little Nigger General, if you'd understand what you fuckin' read. Hostetler means to bring the horse back. Hostetler! "You're right, Jane. I'm a fuckin' moron as usual. What I should be doin', being as you have no experience, (*We see N.G. and Hostetler riding through the thoroughfare, leading the horse.*) is helping you compose a telegraph back to little Nigger General as requested." (*Charlie gets up and watches them from the doorway.*)

**Charlie:** Come over here and save yourself the cost of a wire.

**Jane:** Oh, fuck!

(*Inside the Livery, Steve the shit-stirrer is tending to the horses.*)

**Steve:** What are you lookin' at, huh? You think just 'cause I happen to got a peppermint, it's yours by right? (*The General sees Steve from the thoroughfare*)

**Fields:** Always possible I'm having a nightmare.

**Steve:** You greedy, sweet-toothed cocksucker.—(*he sees Hostetler*)—That's right—that's right. You come to take my place away!

(*Joanie enters Utter Freight and Charlie Mail.*)

**Charlie:** Oh, Miss Stubbs. Take a seat in that cell there till I square a place away for you. (*She sits in the cell.*)

**Joanie:** I have an offer to sell my place.

**Charlie:** How are you inclined to answer? Unless you don't yet know, if I ain't out of place askin'.

**Joanie:** I told the man to fuck himself.

**Charlie:** Tactics or a true position?

**Joanie:** I don't know. I don't know, Mr. Utter.

**Charlie:** Why don't I close up for a while?

**Joanie:** Oh, please don't.

**Charlie:** Nigger General and Hostetler brung that horse back to camp, got away from 'em and trampled the Sheriff's boy.

**Joanie:** Is that so?

**Charlie:** Wherever the two of them was, I guess they didn't feel their lives were in enough danger.

**Joanie:** Well, people will do strange things.

**Charlie:** For years at a time. Pick any part of my life, for example.

**Joanie:** It just don't sit well with me.

**Charlie:** To sell your place, you mean?

**Joanie:** But I can't think why I wouldn't.

**Charlie:** What's wrong with whim for a reason?

**Joanie:** I'll tell you what I like. What I like is knowing these children are learning. I like that, and I like watering their garden the days they ain't in session.

**Charlie:** The day that school opened, I remember sayin' to Sheriff Bullock what a nice thing it seemed, watching them little ones walk off to your place.

**Joanie:** That's what I Goddamn like, imagining them walkin' into it. I ain't seen it yet, but I'd like to, and when he wanted to buy it, all I thought's "Now I never will." *(sighs)* Oh God Almighty. *(sighs)*

**Charlie:** What is it, Miss Stubbs?

**Joanie:** I wish once I could...care for those little ones. *(sighs)* Just once instead of doin' what I did. *(sobs)*

**Charlie:** There, there now.

*(Steve the Shit-stirrer enters the No. 10, upset.)*

**Steve:** Walked in like the past six weeks never fuckin' happened. Never fuckin' left the camp. Never fuckin' abandoned the fuckin' horses to starve, or die of fuckin' thirst. Nigger motherfuckers! Harry, what the fuck are you waitin' for?!

**Tom:** What are you talking about, Steve.

**Steve:** What I swore up and down was gonna happen, and nobody paid me any heed. What happened to me in Utica and every other fuckin' place I've ever been in my fuckin' life! The white man bears the nigger's weight around his neck like a fucking albatross. And yet people still ask, "Well, why is he bent over?!" And why can he barely fuckin' walk?!" *(drinks)* The livery's gone. All my labor, efforts are gone for naught. And they walked in like they never fucking left, and they didn't take responsibility for trampling that white boy! Nor did they give less than a flyin' fuck! And I wonder what the fuckin' parents are gonna say about that too! *(Steve leaves in a huff.)*

**Tom:** Why don't you stand down over there, Harry?

*(Harry sits at a table at the back of the bar, Tom gets out his pistol and checks that it's loaded, putting it in a strategic place behind the bar. He watches the doors. Inside the lobby of the Grand Central. Con has his suitcase and his checking in. E.B. writes in his ledger and takes down a key, handing it to Con.)*

**Con:** Many thanks. *(He tries to grab for the key, E.B. doesn't give it to him yet.)*

**EB:** If you stay in camp long, *Sir*, you may have the delightful surprise of meeting your identical twin. *(Con grabs the key and walks upstairs.)* He has appointed to degrade himself. The open question is with whom.

*(Steve strides into the Hardware store, confronting Bullock.)*

**Steve:** Now we'll find out about you.

**Bullock:** What is it?

**Steve:** Or justice for the white man or for your own dead child. At the Saloon Number fucking 10! Well, are you coming? *(Seth turns to get his hat.)*

**Bullock:** Yeah, I'm fucking coming.

*(Ellsworth sets down an apple on Alma's desk and stands in front of her.)*

**Ellsworth:** Mrs. Ellsworth.

**Alma:** *(taking the apple)* You don't confuse me with Mrs. Bullock? *(Well that joke fell flat. Way to go, Alma.)*

**Ellsworth:** Well, as far as the conjugal enterprise, I'll admit often feeling like a schoolboy.

**Alma:** Thank you for it.

**Ellsworth:** Speaking further, 'twixt your mine and now this bank, however much I mayn't be good at it, I feel I married rather well.

**Depositor:** I put you on notice. Want my money, it better be fucking available, day or fucking night. *(Sol gets up)*

**Trixie:** Mayn't I draw you a map then in case it's night you want it, to lead you to where I live so you can wake me?

**Depositor:** Now fuck you then. I ain't depositing.

**Trixie:** Oh no? Oh, say it ain't fuckin' so, you stupid fucking asshole!

**Ellsworth:** Now now now now.

**Depositor:** Now now, fucking what?!

**Ellsworth:** Now now, keep your voice down.

**Depositor:** Who the fuck are you anyway?

**Alma:** Sir—

**Ellsworth:** Stay out of this. Deposits here, if we fucking let you make 'em, are backed by this lady's gold mine. So do not confuse her with some paper palace fly-by-night who means "catch me if you can, turn me upside down and whatever falls out of my pants pocket is what's behind my scrip," when his note says "Full faith and credit."

**Alma:** Thank you, Mr. Ellsworth.

**Ellsworth:** She'd make the uses of money available for people in the camp ain't belligerent cocksuckers. Short of following you around with her fucking mine on her back, how else is she supposed to do it?

**Alma:** Thank you.

**Ellsworth:** You're welcome.

**Alma:** I am Mrs. Ellsworth.

**Depositor:** Ah. How do you do? I guess I'll try you out.

**Trixie:** Our hearts fucking leap with joy.

*(Bullock and Steve enter the No. 10, Bullock looks at Tom and points to Steve.)*

**Bullock:** Keep him here. *(he leaves)*

**Steve:** Now we'll see if he takes the nigger's word or how they fucking lie.

**Tom:** Shut up!

**Steve:** Well, give me a drink and it's a deal, Tom.

*(Hostetler is in the livery, tending to the horse.)*

**Hostetler:** Go on away from here now. Ain't nobody trying to keep you.

**Fields:** Yeah, that's why I come back with you, Hostetler, to worsen my chances when I try to flee. (*Bullock approaches the livery and Hostetler steps outside to address him.*)

**Hostetler:** I was coming to find you once I had the horse cleaned. This is the horse that hurt your boy. We collected him and we brung him back.

**Bullock:** He died.

**Hostetler:** The horse escaped in my care, you may hold the boy's dying against me.

**Fields:** Hostetler took precautions. We was trying to nut the horse—

**Hostetler:** Shut—shut up now. Shut up. I collected the horse and brought him back. I'm back too. You say what you think is right.

**Bullock:** I'm not gonna act against you for an accident. (*Hostetler nods.*)

**Hostetler:** Your boy...I'm as sorry as I can be. I hope you will take that to his mother for me.

**Bullock:** I'm here to talk about the livery.

**Hostetler:** I feel sorry running away from this too. It's a shame leaving animals uncared for.

**Fields:** Wanting not to be killed will put you to some difficult choices.

**Bullock:** Steve's been looking after the place.

**Hostetler:** Did damn good at first look.

**Bullock:** Any chance to keep hell from breaking loose between you?

**Hostetler:** He left out of here shouting and screaming off of me saying thanks for looking out.

**Bullock:** I'm asking, Hostetler, far as you go, does hell have to break loose?

**Hostetler:** No, hell don't have to break loose.

*(Upstairs in the Grand Central, Con and Delta Mama Cooch are laying in bed post-coitous. Ewwwww.)*

**Con:** A colleague of mine, Leon, out of the Bella Union—you might not have noticed him—Leon remarks to me after you left, "That young lady had a front porch on her a fella could read a book off of." (*He laughs, Delta Mama Cooch sits up.*) You know Leon said that unsolicited.

**Delta:** It's time to go.

**Con:** In a few days, we can do this again. Uh, Captain will be back at the helm!

*(Back in Utter Freight and Charlie Mail, Joanie is going over her offer to Jack Langrishe.)*

**Joanie:** Mr. Langrishe, I couldn't possibly consider your offer unless you would agree to building a new schoolhouse at your expense for Mrs. Bullock and the children.

**Charlie:** Well, who could say no to that?

**Joanie:** Well, what—what if Mrs. Bullock doesn't want a change of location?

**Charlie:** I can't think why she'd prefer teaching in an ex-brothel over a place new-built for schooling.

**Joanie:** People are strange about things, Charlie.



**Charlie:** But if you like, I'll get her say-so.

**Joanie:** And then I'll speak to Mr. Langrishe. *(She puts on her hat. God I want that hat!)*

*(Bullock and Hostetler enter the No. 10 to talk to Steve.)*

**Bullock:** Why don't we talk at the hardware store?

**Steve:** Why don't we talk right here?

**Tom:** A 30-minute recess boys.

**Steve:** No recess on my account. I don't want my getting' fucked to put others to inconvenience.

**Bullock:** No one's here to fuck you, Steve, if you'd just quit running your mouth.

**Hostetler:** First off, I thank you for looking to the livery.

**Steve:** He'll talk to me through you or he won't get any fucking response.

**Hostetler:** I'm grateful for the care you gave the animals.

**Steve:** Now you wait until he translates from ape. *(Bullock punches Steve and grabs him by the neck, Harry gets up, going for his gun.)*

**Bullock:** Don't insult him again.

**Steve:** You being this kind of neutral Sheriff is why I'm gonna vote for Harry Manning. *(Seth nods to Hostetler)*

**Hostetler:** I want to pay you for your time and your trouble.

**Steve:** That's it? Send me on my fucking way?

**Hostetler:** And if you wanted to work there, I would be willing to keep you on.

**Steve:** Look at him, gritting his teeth, holding onto his fucking nose! Don't you do me any fucking favors, Hostetler! I didn't ask permission of anyone to look after that stock, and I'm not gonna start with a fucking nigger! *(Seth looks away from Steve, still holding him by the collar.)*

**Hostetler:** The Sheriff will have your back pay if you come to change your mind.

**Steve:** Fuck you!

**Hostetler:** I was answerable to that horse that trampled his boy. Camp being stirred up, if I lingered to make my arrangements I don't think I would have lived to catch that horse.

**Steve:** Ain't that the purest form or nigger logic? He runs, he blames the white man, *(Hostetler turns his back to Steve)* and then he comes back and he treats him like dirt! Hey, when can I start working for you, you fucking monkey ape?! Why don't you start jumping up and down and pounding your chest and murder a few dozen lice?!

**Hostetler:** You motherfucker.

**Steve:** What did you say about my mother?! *(Seth turns his head and looks at Steve.)*

**Hostetler:** You motherfuckers. *(Seth looks at Hostetler.)*

**Steve:** What did you just say about these people!

**Hostetler:** You ofay motherfuckers! *(Seth grabs Hostetler by the pants and shirt and starts to force him outside.)* Put me down until you're ready to kill me or run.

**Bullock:** You're gonna leave this to me. Do you understand? You leave it to me. *(Charlie sees them from across the thoroughfare and stops, watching.)*

**Hostetler:** I came my part and he wouldn't meet me.

**Bullock:** I'll take care of it. Will you let me try? It's what I want for my son.  
**Hostetler:** Put me down now.  
**Bullock:** If I do, it won't be to kill you and I'm not running. So what are we gonna do then?  
**Hostetler:** Put me down. *(Seth lets him go)* I was gonna go to Oregon. You let him buy me out fair and I'll fucking go. I'll be at the livery. *(Hostetler leaves, Charlie starts to go to Bullock but stops when he sees Bullock go back inside the No. 10 instead of after Hostetler.)*  
**Bullock:** He'll sell to you. Do you want to take it on?  
**Steve:** I don't have the means to purchase it.  
**Bullock:** If you had the means at loan.  
**Steve:** Yes, I'd be willing, very much so.  
**Bullock:** No bargain. My partner would make the price. You'd say yes or no.  
**Steve:** Yeah, I'm interested, if I had the means at loan. *(Bullock leaves. Steve looks at Tom, shocked.)* What do you think of that?  
**Charlie:** Sheriff Bullock.  
**Bullock:** Trying to broker some settlement between Steve and Hostetler.  
**Charlie:** Well I'll find you later then.  
**Bullock:** Be quick, you got me now.  
**Charlie:** Must've been unwelcome to Mrs. Bullock, that horse being brought back. Not wantin' to intrude on her, Miss Stubbs was having asked me to find out, might I ask you to speak in her stead as to something I believe we both know where she stand on?  
**Bullock:** Is that your Goddamn idea of quick, Charlie?  
**Charlie:** Miss Stubbs, that owns the Chez Ami building where Mrs. Bullock teaches, has got asked to name a price which she'd sell at. She got stipulations and likes of which I won't bore you with, but her big worry, if the buyer on his own nickel were to put a new schoolhouse up elsewhere, would Mrs. Bullock be loathe to leave the Chez?  
**Bullock:** Why would she be loathe to leave it?  
**Charlie:** Can I take that as a "no" as if from your wife's own lips?  
**Bullock:** Yeah. *(He leaves.)*  
**Charlie:** Thank you. Sorry to hold you up. "Be quick." Fucking delicate operation.

*(Jack Langrishe walks down the hall of the Grand Central, humming, as Mama Delta Cooch walks out of Con's room.)*

**Delta:** Jack.

**Jack:** One thought he'd engaged a room for you at the other end of the hall.

**Delta:** I'm going to it now. *(He watches her walk down the hall, a look of surprise on his face. Con opens the door a crack and Jack turns to see him as he quickly closes the door.)*

*(Back in the Gem, Al is pondering the note.)*

**Al:** Invites me and Tolliver for a chat. What the fuck is in his head? Does he think he broke me? Does this cocksucker think he broke me and now we're at his beck and call? Oh, Jesus Christ, get your head off it. *(Dolly looks up)* Get your fucking head off it for all the fucking good you're doing down there. That's all I need: At a perfect juncture you to alter your action and forget your previous method.

**Dolly:** I didn't alter my action.

**Al:** No? *(Grabs her head and puts it back in place)* is my dick in your mouth? *(She nods)* Do I have a hard-on? *(She shakes her head)* Then you change your action. Go back to your previous fucking method. Hmm. Does he construe my forbearance as weakness is that what the fuck nags at me? Or my considerations of alternatives for being fucking intimidated—because the time's coming he sees what I'm up to beyond any fucking mistake, and I only hope you don't doubt it. Huh, you see?! Y-y-y-you don't think that counts as altering your action? You would change your entire fucking mouth pattern.

**Dolly:** Sorry.

**Al:** Sorry? Oh, I guess that's okay then—because my goal before my meeting wasn't to come and clear my fucking head, not so much as to hear you say you're sorry, you stupid fucking mutt.

**Dolly:** Should I go?

**Al:** No. Tell me who you want in the election.

**Dolly:** Star for Mayor and Harry Manning for Sheriff.

**Al:** Star for Mayor and Bullock for fucking Sheriff.

**Dolly:** Bullock yells at you.

**Al:** Get out. Shut up and get out. *(Dolly leaves, Al shaking his head, he takes out a bottle of whisky and a shot glass from his desk drawer and buttons up his underwear)* Does he think I'm fucking afraid?

*(Jack Langrishe enters the Gem, Dan smokes a cigar at the bar. Al walks down the stairs.)*

**Jack:** Young man.

**Al:** Jack.

**Jack:** Less throb today, one hopes, in the phantom digit.

**Al:** Not to fucking mention elsewhere, huh?

**Jack:** Might I ask you what you know of a Miss Stubbs that owns the Chez Ami?

**Al:** Whoremistress.

**Jack:** Not presently active, I'm told.

**Al:** Hearst's geologist killed three of her girls. The three he didn't she hid under canvas and spirited out of camp.

**Jack:** Now lets her place as a schoolhouse.

**Al:** My impression, she donates it.

**Jack:** To cleanse the camp's idea of her? Would that base her turning away a theater type's offer to buy?

**Al:** Wouldn't enter into it. Cares for a gut-shot shitbird no one in camp has time for, nor she has any love for either. Loyal, see? That type.

**Jack:** Some sentimentality do you suppose, about the building itself? Might that account for her holding on?

**Al:** I wouldn't know, Jack. She's all right. *(he scratches the bandage)* Must think I'm a fucking dog, forgives the blow, first friendly scratch of the ear. *(Jack looks at him, confused.)* Invites me back to his rooms, fucking Hearst.

**Jack:** Shall I accompany as your second? *(punches the air playfully)* My obvious unsuitability might confuse him. *(Al chuckles and leaves.)* Do survive.

*(He turns and looks at Dolly, who looks sheepishly back. Cy is waiting down in the lobby of the Grand Central. Al enters.)*

**Al:** E.B.

**EB:** The titans gather.

**Cy:** Swearengen.

**Al:** Tolliver.

**EB:** Do we now assault Olympus?

**Al:** Quiet, E.B. *(He motions for Cy to climb the stairs with him.)*

**Cy:** I think Cochran's a lunger.

**Al:** Bit motley ourselves, huh? *(Cy chuckles as they walk up the stairs.)*

*(Seth enters the hardware store and approaches Sol.)*

**Bullock:** What would you make that livery worth?

**Sol:** I'd have to look into it.

**Bullock:** I need a figure now.

**Sol:** 1200 *(Seth leaves)* if you made me say without investigating. *(Sol wipes ink off his hands, confused.)*

*(inside the bank...)*

**Leon:** Laying by for the future.

**Alma:** Very forward looking.

**Leon:** Oh, I'm keen-eyed. Ahead and behind.

**Alma:** Your mark would go there.

**Leon:** I'll sign my names, Mrs. Garret. I've been lettered since I was 12.

**Alma:** Since you can read, you may wish to examine my nameplate.

**Leon:** Mrs. Ellsworth, I'm—I'm very sorry and very very apologetic. *(Seth enters)*

**Alma:** Perhaps you would finish signing over there while I tend to Mr. Bullock.

**Leon:** *(Getting up, to Bullock)* Opened an account.

**Alma:** Mr. Bullock.

**Bullock:** I'd like that drunk Steve to have a loan--\$1200, title to the livery as collateral. I'll cosign the note.

**Alma:** Has Steve clear title?

**Bullock:** He will once he's bought out Hostetler. That's what the money's for. *(Alma gets up)*

**Alma:** What is Steve-the-Drunk's surname? (*Shit-stirrer, Alma, it's Shit-stirrer. That's hyphenated. His Dad was a Shit and his mom was the Stirrer.*)

**Bullock:** Fields. (*Oh won't he like that. So's the Nigger General's! They could be cousins!*)

**Alma:** \$1200, Trixie, payable to a Mr. Steve Fields upon his signature and submission of title to the livery, Mr. Bullock to cosign.

**Trixie:** All right.

**Bullock:** Thank you.

*(Alma sits back down as Leon finishes signing the document. He blows on it to dry the ink as he waves it in the air. Alma rolls her eyes. Upstairs in the Grand Central, Cy and Al are in Hearst's room. Al leans against the wall, Cy sits in a chair. Hearst stands.)*

**Hearst:** My back's in frank rebellion. Uh, gentlemen, will you mind if I keep to this angles? (*He pats a board with a pillow strapped across the middle, leaning against the wall. He leans back against it and exhales heavily.*)

**Cy:** Hang upside down from the ceiling for all of me.

**Hearst:** (*chuckles*) It may come to that. Mr. Swearengen, I will take your silence for assent. We pass another milestone. Bank of Deadwood opens its doors. Is not Mrs. Ellsworth a dynamo?

**Cy:** Let's find one and send it to her.

**Al:** What's the occasion? I have my physician to see.

**Hearst:** How are you indisposed, Mr. Swearengen?

**Al:** Sick at the stomach.

**Hearst:** Would you wish to leave now? Mr. Tolliver can report our conversation.

**Cy:** Tough it out, Al, like me that's guts is more outside his pants than in.

**Al:** The occasion?

**Hearst:** The camp comes to such an hour I'd have us reach a new understanding..

**Al:** The "hour" meaning elections.

**Hearst:** I am given pause by the quality of...certain of the likely victors. But I have come to believe as well that my temperament ill suits me for environments such as this one must become. And other opportunities presenting themselves elsewhere, I may best serve my own interests here by standing at some remove.

**Al:** Are you leaving? Can you say it straight out before I have a fucking birthday?

**Hearst:** I will be coming and going, is that straight out enough?

**Al:** What's the task you'd give us? And what's our fuckin' piece for doing 'em?

**Cy:** Al.

**Al:** Shut up.

**Hearst:** To not let become over-onerous my interests encounter with the camp's retrogressive elements.

**Al:** Meaning what, you phony bastard? Who do we kill? What's our pay?

**Cy:** It ain't fair to make it that simple, Al.

**Al:** Fuck you. He took the pick to me simple enough.

**Hearst:** We will get to numbers quickly once we've agreed in principle.

**Al:** Numbers are the only principle I believe in, and naming what the numbers buy. When you and him come to 'em, tell fucking Adams and he'll bring you my reply later. Him and me, we've had our last word. *(Al leaves, Cy chomps on his cigar. As Al comes down the stairs, E.B. addresses Al.)*

**EB:** What have the Gods decreed?

**Al:** Too fearful and upset to relive it, E.B. *(He wiggles his index and ring finger.)*

**Hearst:** We do agree in principle?

**Cy:** Oh, Yes, Sir. Numbers and acts is what's left to discuss. Sounds like a Bible study, don't it?

*(Hearst snaps his head around and looks at Cy. Out in the thoroughfare, Seth is interrogating Jane and Charlie about the Nigger General and Hostetler.)*

**Jane:** Charlie read me the telegram, then I seen 'em come into camp. My exact fucking thought, "Look, Jane, two dead Niggers leading a dead fucking horse."

**Charlie:** Matter came to rope, Steve the drunk to cinch the noose.

**Jane:** Charlie's right for the first time in months. Fucking Steve. The exact type malicious cocksucker tars every fucking drunk with his brush.

**Bullock:** Anyway, here's Trixie with the loan documents. *(He walks away)*

**Jane:** This succeeds, Bullock, what you're trying to work out here, I will doff hat to you and no fucking mistake.

**Charlie:** Just don't let her take off her boots. *(Jane glares at him.)* Did you know Miss Stubbs might sell her place?

**Trixie:** You gotta fucking sign. *(She hands him the document and a pen, turns around and leans over a barrel for him to sign on her back. He does so reluctantly.)* Lot of shitbags hang around a bank. Did you ever fucking notice? *(He shakes his head at her. She rolls her eyes and takes back the pen, stalking away past Charlie and Jane, Charlie tips his hat to her.)* Asshole.

*(Charlie is a bit confused as she walks away. In the Grand Central, a brunette lady walks down the stairs.)*

**EB:** Trailing clouds of glory.

**Lady:** Do you read wordsworth?

**EB:** I do not, Madam, no. How do you come to ask?

**Lady:** You've just quoted him.

**EB:** Well, I have a digest from which I memorize, suppressing the authors' names. Enjoy your supper. *(She nods and walks into the restaurant.)* When will I raise courage to search that woman's room? *(Jack Langrishe holds a chair out for her.)*

**Lady:** Thank you.

**Jack:** My pleasure.

**Lou:** *(to Richardson)* Don't look to take her order. She likes to draw awhile before she eats.

**Countess:** "Bone weary but soldering on."

**Delta:** Bellegarde as a soldier?

**Countess:** He is an actor after all.  
**Joanie:** But unless you would build a new schoolhouse for Mrs. Bullock to teach the camp's children in, I couldn't even begin to entertain the idea of a sale.  
**Jack:** The most natural and constructive of stipulations, Miss Stubbs.  
**Joanie:** At your expense, I hope you understand.  
**Jack:** I do. And may I submit to you now my offer?  
**Joanie:** Please do. *(He hands her a piece of paper)* Very generous. Thank you.  
**Jack:** We've an agreement?  
**Joanie:** Far as the schoolhouse...and its costs?  
**Jack:** Absolutely separate, my obligation in that regard.  
**Joanie:** Those'd be exclusive.  
**Jack:** Exactly.  
**Countess:** They come to an understanding.  
**Delta:** She seems quite thin.

*(The Countess shakes her head at Mama Delta Cooch as Joanie and Jack stand and shake hands. In the livery, Hostetler is going over the agreement as Fields and Bullock look on.)*

**Fields:** Might be where he first went wrong, learning to read and cipher.  
**Hostetler:** Why ain't he sign first?  
**Fields:** Why ain't I half a foot taller?  
**Bullock:** You're who I came to first.  
**Hostetler:** Order's right and amount is fair. And once Steve signs, then I will.  
**Bullock:** I'm not a Goddamn errand boy, Hostetler, to mule this thing back and forth.  
**Fields:** Give it to me. Let me forge Steve's name.  
**Hostetler:** I ain't gonna be first to sign and look a cunt when he don't. *(He firmly hands the paper back to Bullock, Bullock leaves.)*  
**Fields:** Nigger, nigger, nigger.

*(Inside the Gem, business is bustling, Johnny walks past the bar and nods to Al. Silas approaches Al.)*

**Al:** Where the fuck have you been?  
**Silas:** I was looking for someone whose name you told me never to say again.  
**Al:** Amongst further instructions including not to look for him when he's fucking disappeared.  
**Silas:** Well, I held off saying where I was.  
**Al:** I can repose no truth in someone who traffics with that type douche bag.  
**Silas:** I don't think Hawkeye's a douche bag. *(Al slaps Silas)*  
**Al:** Who you believe you can salvage, Adams, is the douche bag you must avoid, and no effort of yours can preclude some point past help. And you yourself, being his consort, in similar fucking straights. And all the energies I've poured into you gone for naught. I vow on the fucking subject I find you dead 'cause of him, I'll kick your corpse in the ear for the waste of my fucking time.

**Silas:** Anyways, what'd you want?

**Al:** I've named you to represent me in my dealings with fucking Hearst. Tolliver too, in that connection.

**Silas:** With Tolliver in connection with Hearst?

**Al:** As he's put us in tandem, fucking Hearst.

**Silas:** You and Tolliver?

**Al:** If I sought an echo, Adams, I'd now be addressing a fucking mountain. I'm in waters I don't know, *(Dan walks out from the kitchen and sees them talking, he halts)* nor soundings I can take. To bring me the knowledge I need, my second needs to seem capable of disloyalty.

**Silas:** If that's supposed to be a compliment, thanks.

**Dan:** Get the fuck out. Out out. Go. Get out. *(He shoos Dolly and another whore out of a corner table.)*

**Al:** Which is to say, being loyal, he can forego loyalty's display. Like not searching out a friend who don't want to be found. Just hoping he makes his way back, hmm? *(Jack enters.)*

**Silas:** How's Dan gonna take your choosing me?

**Al:** That's my fucking problem to deal with. *(Walks away)* Jack, how'd it go with that place?

**Jack:** One has agreed beyond purchase to construct a new schoolhouse elsewhere.

**Al:** That should go up prior, not to interrupt the fucking teacher.

**Jack:** Your law-giving tone is noted. *(They toast, Jack looks away and back)* Lovely smile. *(Al looks over and sees Dolly smiling at a customer.)*

**Al:** She sucks my prick. Her methods deserted her completely.

**Jack:** Might varying the hour produce a different outcome?

**Al:** What's the hour's relevance? It's her technique's fuckin' awry. Anyway, Jack, gotta get my ear pissed in. I'm glad about your place.

**Jack:** Thank you, young man. Glad you're still amongst us. Nor, one imagines, is the local creek rife with oysters.

*(Bullock is now consulting with Steve on the agreement.)*

**Steve:** I'm onboard, Bullock. And you are looking at a grateful man, and who ain't appreciated you previous the way he does now.

**Bullock:** Sign.

**Steve:** *(loudly)* We've accomplished something here today! Take this agreement and this pen, Go over to that livery and get that Nigger's signature.

**Bullock:** I will. Sign the fucking thing first.

**Steve:** Let's not lose our sense of proportion this late phase in the process. *(Bullock punches him and grabs him.)*

**Bullock:** Sign it!

**Steve:** The Nigger signs and then I'll accept.

*(Back at the Gem, Al sits down next to Dan and clears his throat.)*

**Dan:** You know you hurt my feelings.



**Al:** Dan.

**Dan:** That's the long and short of it, Al. You fucking pick Adams to represent you, you hurt my fucking feelings and that is the fucking matter's end.

**Al:** Would you go against me?

**Dan:** That is not what we're talking about. You know I'd never break loyalty. That don't mean my feelings can't get hurt.

**Al:** Fucking point is you'd never go against me. Tolliver knows. I need someone he *don't* know that about.

**Dan:** I don't think Silas would go agin you neither. You and him haven't been through, me and him haven't been through what me and you've been through. Hmm. Not by a long shot. So more than an opinion ain't possible. Still, I'd be fucking surprised if either of us was mistaken.

**Al:** Me too. *(clears throat)* Fucking Doc.

**Dan:** What's his problem?

**Al:** Thank he's a fucking lunger.

**Dan:** Jesus Christ, it is one fucking thing after another.

*(Al walks out and subtly approaches Dolly, looking around as he speaks to her.)*

**Al:** Observe a decent interval, and we'll give it another fucking whirl. *(He walks away.)*

*(Outside the hardware store, Seth is fuming and ruminating on the day. Sol is closing up shop.)*

**Sol:** Keep 'em separate, agree on a time tomorrow when their dicks will be down, have 'em sign simultaneous. *(Seth turns around slowly, and smiles at Sol. Sol shrugs.)*

*(Inside the house the Bonanza bought, Alma looks out the window as Ellsworth and Sofia play checkers.)*

**Ellsworth:** Petite and quite beautiful your mother is, for being a financial powerhouse. *(Alma smiles, looks out the window and sees Leon approaching)* Of service to the camp, turning her mine into houses and the like getting built, businesses begun. Some for people that'll never know her name. *(Leon stops and tips his hat with both hands. Alma's eyes light up and she turns to Ellsworth., smiling.)*

**Alma:** I'll take the air, just briefly.

**Ellsworth:** I'll continue to be beaten at checkers.

*(She smiles at Ellsworth again as she closes the door behind her. Outside the Chez Schoolhouse Ami, Mose is pacing guard, tapping his walking stick on the porch. Inside, Jane is fiddling with the herbs hanging from the ceiling, Joanie drinks. And I'm sitting here wondering why anyone would pay for this free transcript on an auction site when they can google "Deadwood Transcripts" and*

*find it straight off. I also wonder how other website operators can sleep at night knowing they're stealing my hard work, all to pump up their own stats.)*

**Jane:** Any fucking domicile but the graveyard suits me fine. Don't you worry about me. I got things taken care of over here.

**Joanie:** I don't know either. But I do know that you're welcome wherever I go. *(Jane walks across the room to Joanie and shakes her hand.)*

**Jane:** Is Mose invited to the new destination? *(They stand side by side looking at the room in front of them.)* Because I'd think you'd need to widen some doorways if he is.

**Joanie:** Haven't talked to Mose about it.

**Jane:** Well, he can be the watchman then. I have no issue with that.

**Joanie:** We'll figure the rest out...when time comes.

**Jane:** Where would the stage be?

**Joanie:** I don't know.

**Jane:** Yeah, I don't know either. *(chuckles)* Ain't our line I guess.

*(Upstairs in the bed in the house that Bullock built, he and Martha are laying down, holding hands. She strokes his arm...)*

**Bullock:** That they agreed tonight is no guarantee what they'll do at 10:00 in the morning.

**Martha:** Please see that no harm comes to that horse.

**Bullock:** I will. *(pauses)* Then after the watches were synchronized, another hour studying them like idiots to see if one gained on the other. *(pauses)* Sol.

*(Upstairs at the Gem, Dolly is giving it the old college try as Al sits back in his chair. He sighs.)*

**Al:** It's not the fucking hour. It's not the fucking vantage of the chair. It's you – that's changed the level of your suction somehow. That's the fucking sum and substance of it.

**Dolly:** Maybe if I get up on my knees?

**Al:** You're the cocksucker. Change the fucking angle. *(She goes back in for another try)* Hey, Jesus Christ, you'll turn me inside out. *(He pushes her away)* Come on. *(She tries again)* Advice from third fucking parties...place a table on the boardwalk, people can jot their suggestions, roll in the much of the thoroughfare in gales of fucking laughter. I did not shame myself. *(He grabs Dolly's hair and looks her in the eyes)* I keep an open mind in that area. Kid yourself about your behavior, you'll never learn a fuckin' thing. *(He lets go and turns around)* I knew what was coming too. Fucking Captain, holding me down. I knew what the fuck was next.

**Dolly:** When he chopped off your finger?

**Al:** *He* didn't chop off my finger. Hearst chopped my fucking finger off. The other fuck held me down. They hold you down, you-you can't get at them to help yourself. Fucking cold in here anyway.

**Dolly:** You want a blanket?

**Al:** If I do I'll put it round me. You ain't boss of the fucking bedclothes. *(sighs)*  
They hold you down from behind, then you wonder why you're helpless. How the fuck could you not be?!

**Dolly:** I don't like it either.

**Al:** Another one that held me down, that fuckin' proctor when I tried to get to that ship. He fuckin' held me, fuckin' wouldn't let me go. Fucking my mind, you see? She was being restrained. Couldn't get back off that had got on the boat to New Orleans to go suck prick in Georgia. She changed her mind and—and I was being restrained by that fat bastard orphanage proctor. Anyway, that's it. That's the end of it. That's the fucking conclusion. Christ, I'd have wished to—though probably she'd have thrown me overboard anyway, but I'd have wished to get to that fucking ship. But I was being restrained. I couldn't get from where she'd left me. He held me to that bed, her calling from the ship that had changed her mind.

**Dolly:** I don't like it either.

**Al:** No, huh? What?

**Dolly:** When they hold you down.

**Al:** I guess I do that, huh, with your fucking hair?

**Dolly:** No.

**Al:** No? *(She shakes her head, he smiles and holds up a shot)* Well, bless you for a fucking fibber. *(He drinks.)*

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<a href="#">Ian McShane</a>	....	Al Swearengen
<a href="#">Molly Parker</a>	....	Alma Garret
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