

Episode #1 - "Deadwood"

Montana Territory
May, 1876

(Night. A gallows stands in the empty dirt street of a town. The camera pans to the left, and we notice bars on the windows of the building that the gallows is in front of, the jail.)

(Next, the interior of the jail. Sheriff Seth sits at his desk, writing. He pauses, and the camera shifts focus from his face to someone standing behind the bars of a cell at the rear of the room. The prisoner is Clell Watson.)

Clell: Is that some sort of a letter, marshal?

Seth: Journal.

Clell: Good. You know, I was goin' to Deadwood, same as you.

Seth: Is that so?

Clell: I had my plans about set. I only wish to Christ I could get these past three days back.

Seth: I can imagine.

Clell: *(Appearing to consider something)* No law at all in Deadwood? Is that true?

(Seth nods slightly, and takes his cup over to the wood stove to pour himself some coffee. He's wearing a sling to support his right arm, which is injured.)

Seth: Bein' on Indian land.

Clell: So then you won't be a marshal?

Seth: Takin' goods there to open a hardware business. Me and my partner.

Clell: If I'd a got there, I'd a been prospectin'. Jesus Christ Almighty. No law at all. Gold you can scoop from the streams with your bare hands. And I gotta go and fuck myself up by supposedly stealing Byron Samson's horse.

Seth: It's poor damn timin' at the least.

(Seth walks over towards the cell with two cups of coffee, and places one on a table next to the cell where Clell can reach it.)

Clell: Thank you very much.

Seth: You're welcome.

Clell: I'm sorry as hell about your shoulder.

Seth: Flesh wound. Don't look like it wants to infect.

(Seth walks back to his desk and sits in the chair.)

Clell: Well. Never mind flesh wound, sir. When you are goin' to meet your maker, you don't feature tellin' him you shot a marshal in the shoulder for only doin' his legally ordained job.

Seth: He may have heard worse stories.

Clell: God? Well if he ain't, I'll tell him six, or seven, just on people of my own personal acquaintance.

(Clail and Seth both smile at that.)

Clell: I'd like to suggest an idea to you, sir, that I pray as a Christian man you will entertain on its own fuckin' merits.

(Seth stands and walks back over to the cell bars.)

Seth: Does it involve lettin' you go?

Clell: I know two scores, Mr. Bullock, that we could make in transit without movin' 20 feet off our path. People with cash on hand. And if once we hit Deadwood and you didn't want to have anything to do with me, we'd never speak again. We would meet as strangers the rest of our fuckin' lives. Now, you tell me what you think of that, sir.

(Seth doesn't say anything, but has a slight smile on his face, like he's amused.)

(Suddenly, the front door of the jail opens, and Sol enters. Seth turns toward Sol, then back to Clell, and his face is serious once more.)

Seth: *(To Clell)* It don't appeal to me.

(Seth walks over to meet Sol at the desk. Clell is upset about being interrupted.)

Clell: *(To Sol)* Get the fuck out of here for a moment would you, sir?

Sol: *(To Seth)* Byron Samson's comin' for him.

Clell: *(To Sol)* Sir, would you please get the fuck out of here 'til we have finished our previous conversation?

Seth: *(To Sol)* How many in his play?

Sol: *(To Seth)* A dozen, shit faced. Samson just caved in Tommy Raymond's head over at the no-name frog. He went against it.

Clell: What are you two conversing at?

(gunshot) (From outside)

Clell: Jesus Christ!

(male): *(From outside)* Come out and talk to us, Bullock!

(Seth walks over to the barred front window and looks out. A group of men armed with guns are standing in the street. Some carry lit torches.)

Clell: Now who is that? That sounds like ah, Byron Samson.

Seth: Yeah.

Clell: What would he want?

(Seth removes his arm sling and turns to look back at Clell. Clell smiles sadly.)

Clail: Now tell me what kind of fuckin' luck I got.

Byron: *(Yelling in to Seth)* All you're doin' stallin', Bullock, is pissin' me off! Cause I guarantee you ain't makin' it through in there till sun up! So why don't you climb out from behind your badge, and your big brick building, and you bring Clell Watson out here so we can give him what he fuckin' deserves!

(Sol drives his and Seth's wagon, loaded down with supplies, from behind the jail, and stops the wagon next to it. He's armed, and aims his gun at the men in the street.)

Byron: Well what do we got here?

Sol: Whoa!

Byron: It's a Jew on a wagon.

Sol: *(Yelling so Seth can hear him)* Yeah, right out here in the alley!

(Seth, followed by Clell, comes out the front door of the jail and stands on its porch. Clell's hands are tied behind his back and he wears a noose loosely around his neck. Seth is holding the rest of the rope.)

Seth: I'm executin' sentence now and he's hangin' under color of law.

Byron: You and your partner plan on makin' Deadwood, marshal, do not try for this scaffold.

Seth: That's a deal you loud mouthed cocksucker!

(Seth throws the rope over an overhead support beam at the front of the porch.)

Byron: You hear this?

Clell: Ohh wait, this ain't right. My sister was comin' in the mornin'.

Seth: What would you have her told?

(Seth kicks a stool across the porch so it rests under where the rope is looped.)

Clell: *(Looking down)* That's not enough of a drop.

Seth: I'll help you with the drop. Now get up and say what you'd have your sister told.

Byron: Do not tether that rope off of that porch!

(Clell steps up on the stool and Seth ties off the end of the rope, securing it.)

(gunshot) (From Byron's gun)

Seth: Anymore gunplay gets answered. You called the law in, Samson. You don't get to call it off just 'cause you're liquored up and popular on payday.

Byron: And you don't get to tell us what to do and what not to do. 'Cause you're

leavin' Montana anyways! Now do not jump off that stool, you cocksucker!
Clell: *(To Byron)* Or what? You'll kill me? *(To Seth)* You tell my sister, if my boy turns up, raise him good.
Seth: What else?
Clell: Tell her, give him my boots.
Seth: What else?
Clell: Tell him, his... daddy loved him. Tell him, he asks God's forgiveness.
Seth: Anything else?
Clell: You help me with my fuckin' fall!
Seth: *(Gesturing with his hand)* Come ahead.
Clell: *(To Byron)* Fuck you!

(Clell steps off the stool, and his feet kick as he strangles.)

Clell: *(groaning)*

(Seth grabs Clail around his legs and yanks down firmly. Clail dies quickly. Seth looks at Sol and sniffs, puts his gun down, and pulls out a piece of paper and something to write with. Byron starts to walk towards Clail's body.)

Sol: *(To Byron)* Stay back!

(gunshot) (From Sol's gun)

Sol: Move the fuck back, while my partner... while my partner's takin' his sweet ass time writing whatever the fuck he's writing over there!

Seth: *(To the men)* Who'll give his last words to the sister?

Byron: *(To the men)* None of you better fuckin' move!

Toady: Shit! I'll do it!

(Byron's toady walks forward to Seth, and Seth gives him the piece of paper with Clell's last words, along with Seth's badge.)

Seth: *(To Toady)* Thank you. *(To Sol)* Let's go.

Sol: *(To horses pulling the wagon)* Hee!

(Seth, holding his gun, climbs up and holds onto the back of the wagon as it pulls away. Fade to black.)

(cow mooing)

(shouting)

(Day. A wagon train has stopped. Calamity Jane walks towards us past some wagons,

back to the wagon in which we see Wild Bill Hickok lying on his back on some furs, as if sleeping.)

The Black Hills

July, 1876

Jane: Same damn wagon that broke down yesterday, Bill!

Bill: That's the holdup, huh?

Jane: Same wagon and no damn room to maneuver.

Bill: Sounds like it's tighter out there than a bull's ass in fly season.

Jane: How's your headache?

Bill: Not bad.

Jane: You want me to canvas for whiskey?

Bill: That's alright Jane.

Jane: Believe me, we're stuck here a fuckin' while.

Bill: I know your canvassing techniques. I don't want any casualties on my conscience.

(Jane gets down off the back of the wagon.)

Jane: *(Yelling to no one in particular)* It's only Wild Bill Hickok you got stalled here in the muck! You ignorant fuckin' cunts.

(Jane starts walking towards the stuck wagon, as Charlie Utter, who is driving Bill's wagon, looks on.)

Jane: What a goddamned circus! Shit.

(male): Let's go!

(Jane stops and looks down the hillside at the trail in front of them, and her eyes follow the trail until it winds into a camp at the bottom of the hill. Welcome to Deadwood.)

(Deadwood. Day. Seth drives his and Sol's wagon, still loaded with goods, down the street through the center of the crowded camp.)

(Come on, now. Come on, now. Come on.)

Sol: *(Trying to get Seth's attention)* Seth! Seth! Hey, Seth!

(Seth pulls the wagon over when he sees Sol standing at the side of the street.)

Sol: This lot rents at 20 a day, Seth.

Seth: \$20 a day.

(Dan Dority is standing next to Sol.)

Dan: *(To Seth)* Tent only, no construction.

Sol: *(To Seth)* Corner location.

(Sol looks up at Seth, and they nod to each other. Sol takes out money to give to Dan.)

Dan: In advance, every morning, to Mr. Swearengen at the Gem.

Seth: Where's the Gem?

Dan: You'll find it. Everybody does.

(Seth looks around and sees the balcony of the Gem, with its canvas sign. A few whores stand on the balcony.)

(Inside the Gem. Al is holding some gold in his hand, and talking to Ellsworth at the bar.)

Al: 8 ounces of gold at \$20 an ounce is a 160, plus \$10 for a half-ounce is a 170 total.

Ellsworth: *(Cheerfully)* Inform your dealers and whores of my credit, and pour me a goddamned drink.

Al: *(Also cheerfully)* Honor and a pleasure my good man. 170 credit, Dan, for Ellsworth.

Dan: Yes, sir, 170 for Ellsworth. I'll let everybody know.

(Dan puts some money on the bar.)

Dan: *(To Al)* Lot four, some hardware guys.

Ellsworth: *(Drinking a shot)* First one today with this hand. *(To Al)* And pour me another, my good man.

Al: Here comes another. *(To Dan)* Lot four a stayer?

Dan: *(To Al)* Wagon loaded with goods.

Ellsworth: *(To Al)* Now, with that Limey damn accent of yours, are these rumors true that you're descended from the British nobility?

Al: I'm descended from all them cocksuckers.

(Dan looks over and smiles a little at that.)

Ellsworth: *(Raises his glass to Al)* Well here's to you, your majesty. I'll tell you what. I may a fucked my life up flatter than hammered shit, but I stand here before you today beholden to no human cocksucker. And workin' a payin' fuckin' gold claim. And not the U.S. government sayin' I'm tresspassin' or the savage fuckin' red man himself or any of these limber dick cocksuckers passin' themselves off as prospectors had better try and stop me.

Al: They better not try it in here.

Ellsworth: Goddamn it, Swearengen, I don't trust you as far as I can throw ya, but I enjoy the way you lie.

Al: Thank you, my good man.

Ellsworth: You're welcome! You conniving, heavy thumbbed motherfucker.

(gunshot) (From upstairs)

Ellsworth: Watch out!

Al: *(To Dan)* That's her Derringer. I warned you about that loopy cunt!

Al: *(To Ellsworth, still sitting at the bar)* Keep your own tally!

(Al grabs a gun and the cash box, and he and Dan rush up the stairs.)

Ellsworth: *(Pouring himself a drink)* Oh, have no fear on that score.

(Upstairs in the Gem, in one of the bedrooms. Trixie is seated and crying, Al and Dan are there, and so is Trixie's john, who is sitting on the floor, against the wall, shot through the head from side to side. The john's still alive.)

Trixie: I said not to beat on me! I told him.

john: Ticonderoga, New York, Barnett Robinson...

Dan: *(To Trixie)* You got any other guns?

Trixie: No, I don't got anymore.

john: Ticonderoga, New York, Barnett Robinson. Ticonderoga, New York. Do you find it? Barnett Robinson.

(Al is looking through the pockets of the john's coat, trying to find something. He finds the paper the john is going on about.)

Al: *(Reading off the paper, to the john)* Barnett Robinson.

john: That's who to notify if this thing goes wrong.

Al: Yeah, I've got it right here.

(Johnny comes into the room, followed by the Doc. Doc walks over to the john and crouches down next to him.)

Doc: How you doin', Trixie?

Trixie: I told him don't beat on me, Doc!

Al: *(To Trixie)* No one asked for your version!

Trixie: *(Very upset)* I robbed him and then he started in beatin' on me. And I didn't rob you.

john: *(Mumbling to the Doc)* I don't remember.

Trixie: I didn't, goddamnit!

john: *(Pointing at his wounds)* Ah, she shot me right in the head.

Doc: *(To the john)* D-D-D-D-Don't. Don't put your fingers in it.

john: Ah, ah, yeah, is it bad, Doc?

Doc: Shhh, shhh, shhh.

(labored breathing) (The john stops breathing.)

Al: *(To Dan)* Get the Chinaman!

Doc: Sure would like to know how he lasted for 20 minutes shot straight through the brain.

Al: So prospect in him, 'til Dan brings the Chinaman.

Doc: Do you mind if I take him to my place?

Al: Sure. Johnny, help the Doc with this guy. *(To Dan)* Bring the Chinaman to the Doc's.

Johnny: I'll bring that sled right in, Doc.

Al: Doc, you drink free today. And I hope any word of this would keep the gun out of the whore's hand.

Doc: That wouldn't come from me.

Al: Bastard did himself in.

(Al grabs Trixie roughly and pulls her to her feet.)

Al: *(To Trixie)* Come here.

Trixie: *(To Al)* I said to stop.

Al: *(To Trixie)* Tell me in my office. *(To Johnny, who has returned with the sled)* Get the gimp to clean this place up.

(Doc sticks a thin probe completely through the john's head, temple to temple. Johnny sees the probing.)

Johnny: *(Disgusted)* Aww, Doc!

Doc: You know there's something peculiar about this man's cerebral setup where they can just write off the forebrain as being the center of thought and speech.

Johnny: Let's just get him on the sled.

Doc: *(Smiling just a little)* Of course it ah... won't matter to Mr. Wu's pigs.

(Back at the stalled wagon train, Wild Bill climbs down from the back of the wagon.)

Bill: Whiskey. Got an urge to see that camp, Charlie.

Charlie: Alright.

(whipping sounds) (Jane's cracking her whip, with a small crowd gathered watching her.)

Charlie: Can we leave you with the stock, Jane? Bill and me gonna ride on ahead into camp.

Jane: *(Puts her whip away and walks over to Bill and Charlie)* I expect I'll be there before sundown.

Charlie: Well, we'll know where to find ya.

Jane: *(To Charlie)* What in the hell do you mean by that? That I enjoy a fuckin' drink? I wasn't aware that's outlawed?

Bill: *(Trying to make peace)* Thanks for lookin' at the stock, Jane.

Jane: *(Smiling at Bill)* 'Scuse my ill humor. Certain people wear on my fuckin' nerves.

(Bill and Charlie walk over to their horses and mount up. Jane takes a seat at the front of the wagon.)

Bill: She likes me better than she likes you.

Charlie: I wish to hell I knew what I ever did to get on that woman's wrong side.

(Bill and Charlie ride off down the trail. A covered wagon with a family pulls up next to Jane, going in the opposite direction. It's the Metz family: Pa M, Ma M, and three young daughters.)

Jane: *(To the Metz's)* Do you know a back way into the camp?

Pa Metz: Whoa.

Ma Metz: *(To Pa Metz, speaking foreign language)* *(To Jane)* We don't go to the camp. We go home... back to Minnesota.

Jane: You probably got the right idea.

(Jane smiles and clucks her tongue, as though to get the Metz's horses moving again. She notices the youngest daughter, Sophia, and Sophia smiles back at Jane. The Metz's wagon continues on its way.)

(Deadwood. Day. Seth and Sol are unloading their wagon. Some asshole is upset with them for taking so long.)

Asshole: Jesus Christ almighty, move it! I can't get to my spot until you finish. You got me circling my wagon like a fly around shit.

Sol: *(Trying to be nice)* We're pretty near done. We gotta long wait, same as you.

Asshole: This the first wagon you ever fuckin' unloaded! Hold onto my horse. I'll show you how to do it!

(Wild Bill Hickok and Charlie Utter stop and listen to this exchange as they ride down the street.)

Seth: *(Trying to be as nice as he can)* We know what we're doing. Put your hat back on and stick with your wagon.

Asshole: And what if I don't?

Seth: *(Tired of being nice)* Stand there mouthin' off and you'll find out.

Sol: *(Trying to make peace)* Sir, have a commode for your inconvenience.

Asshole: You think I'm gonna pay for that?

Sol: No, that's free, from Star and Bullock Hardware, open in Deadwood soon as we locate.

Asshole: *(Not quite as cranky as before)* Hurry up and get finished.

(The asshole leaves. Wild Bill and Charlie continue on their way.)

Sol: *(To Seth)* My father's last words there in Vienna... before he passed away, was "Sol, lose a can and buy the goddamned fool could slow it down and sell 'em at retail."

Seth: I gotta put a book together of your old man's deathbed sayin's.

Sol: That was Wild Bill Hickok just ridin' past us, Seth. I seen him in photographs.

(Al's room in the Gem. Al and Trixie are talking alone.)

Trixie: He lost his stake gamblin'. He told me before he passed out. He said he lost his stake and he hadn't found no gold and he was goin' back east after one last piece of pussy.

Al: None of that's anything to me.

Trixie: He wakes back up, starts in beatin' on me. "Where's his stake? Where's all his money?"

Al: You call Danny, you call Johnny.

Trixie: Must've been me took it from him.

Al: You don't shoot nobody 'cause that's bad for my business and it's bad for the camp's reputation. *(Examining Trixie's bloody nose)* He beat the living shit out of you, didn't he?

Trixie: *(Closes her eyes against what's coming, because Al's about to give her another beating.)* Do what you gotta do to me.

Al: *(Yelling)* Don't tell me what to do. *(Al throws Trixie against the wall, and she collapses to the floor.)* Either way this comes out, we'll only have to do it once. What's it to be, Trixie?

(gasping) *(Al is pressing his boot against Trixie's windpipe so she can't breathe.)*

Trixie: I'll be good.

Al: Alright now.

(Interior of the Grand Central Hotel entrance. E.B. Farnum is behind the front desk, and looks up to see Wild Bill Hickok and Charlie Utter walk in the propped-open front door.)

EB: *(To Bill)* We heard rumors you might be comin', but you can't believe every rumor. We heard you might be comin' from Cheyenne.

Bill: Here I am.

EB: If every rumor was true, we'd all been scalped now by the Sioux. Or the government would've tossed us out as treaty violators. *(E.B. pauses and smiles awkwardly, then turns to Charlie.)* E.B. Farnum. How do you do?

Charlie: Charlie Utter. You got some mighty clammy hands there, partner.

EB: Damp palms run in my family. *(To Bill)* Here to prospect, Mr. Hickok, or on other business?

Bill: I'm here to get a room.

Charlie: Ah, could we get two? We're ah, worn out lookin' at each other.

EB: Separate rooms. I'll arrange that by tomorrow, but today I can't fix it. *(To Bill)* Unless you kill a guest. *(chuckling)*

(Bill is not impressed.)

(Later that day. Al's office. Al, E.B., and Johnny are there.)

Al: Wild Bill Hickok. Nothing can ever be simple.

EB: He didn't speak of havin' law man ambitions, Al.

Al: Starting right the fuck with Custer gettin' himself massacred, it's been one thing after another. Leaves the godless, savage cocksucker Sioux on the warpath. *(Dan Dority enters the room.)* If that long haired loud mouth had held his end up, we could be operatin' here in peace.

Dan: The New York dude's downstairs, Al.

Al: Did he order whiskey?

Dan: Yeah.

Al: Did he down it, or is he sippin' at it?

Dan: He's sippin'.

Al: Why'd I even ask, huh? *(laughing)* *(To E.B.)* Go get Tim Driscoll. Make sure the dude sees you leave.

EB: What should I tell Tim?

Al: Tell him to get over here. Tell him he's drunk, sorry for himself. Give me five minutes, then you come back, do your part.

EB: Alright, Al. *(He starts to leave, then turns around.)* As far as Hickok, Al. If I'd a pushed him any harder on his plans, I was afraid he'd shoot me.

Al: Go get Driscoll.

EB: Yes, sir.

(Night. The hardware tent Sol and Seth have put up for selling their wares. Across the street, some guy is yelling loudly, trying to sell his own wares. Seth observes from their tent, then walks inside.)

Some Guy: *(To people walking by in the street)* Hand made! It's all hand made, guaranteed!

Sol: *(To Seth)* It ain't like somethin's bein' foisted on 'em, they'll be sorry they bought come sun up.

Seth: I know that.

Sol: These are quality items. They meet these folks' needs. They're bein' offered at fair markup, and we're announcing their availability.

Seth: Got through Indian country, figures into the markup.

Sol: By us, at personal peril.

Seth: Let's go.

Sol: Comin' out with your fly down might strike the wrong note.

(Seth looks down. His fly is fine. Aw, he just needs to relax a little. Nice one, Sol. They walk out through the front of their tent to begin their lives as salesmen.)

(loud chatter)

Seth: *(To people walking by in the street)* Come have a look, boys. Star and Bullock Hardware and Mercantile just opened for business. We got boots to sell ya.

(People continue to walk right on by.)

Sol: Knee boots \$10! Hip boots 15!

Seth: We got picks, pans, and shovels.

Sol: Picks at \$12, shovels at 10 and pans at 8!

(Some people have stopped and are listening.)

Seth: We got plaster cradles, prospector's best friend.

Sol: Perfected at the Montana strikes!

Seth: We got chamber pots to sell ya. And if you don't know what one of those is, the man livin' next to you will appreciate your findin' out.

Guy1: I'll look at your biggest size hip boot.

Sol: *(Leading Guy1 into the tent to look at the boots)* Got 'em right here.

Seth: We stand by our stock. Any item that don't do what it's supposed to will be exchanged for one that does. And we'll be here for you to find us.

(A man (Soap Guy) in the group that has stopped at the hardware tent starts talking loudly.)

Soap Guy: Sonofabitch! Man said I might get a prize. I'd paid 50 cents for this bar of soap. There's a five dollar prize in the wrapper.

Guy2: Where'd you buy that soap at?

Soap Guy: *(Points)* Man standing right over there.

(Seth walks over to Soap Guy.)

Seth: Front your game away from our tent.

(Soap Guy's smile disappears, but he touches his cap respectfully and walks away.)

Soap Guy: *(As he's walking away)* Cash prizes, every night's case of soap.

Guy3: *(To Sol)* Hey, store keep! Hold me some of those large hip boots 'til I get over there and I'll pay you two dollars extra.

Seth: Set prices, boys. And first come, first to be served. *(To Guy3 as he leads him over to the tent)* We'll get you squared away.

(Night. Inside the Gem Saloon, Brom Garrett sips a shot of whiskey.)

(piano music)

(Al and Dan come down the stairs.)

Al: *(To a man on the stairs who is feeling up a whore)* No free feels in this house. *(To Dan, as they approach Brom)* Brom Garrett of Manhattan. Scourge of the Deadwood faro tables.

Brom: Don't think I confuse two nights holding good cards with being a faro shark.

Al: Two here, Dan. *(To Brom, regarding his shot of whiskey)* You ah, you see a finish to that?

Brom: *(After downing his shot)* Did you hear Bill Hickok's in town?

Al: Oh, yes I did. Does that give you the vapors?

Brom: Are you mad about something, Al?

Al: I'm not mad about nothin'. All's I can tell you, Brom, things sort out fast in Deadwood. And I vouched for you with Tim Driscoll two hours in here last night when I gather you must have been home in bed, sleeping. End result? Tim's just about got his claim sold to E.B. Farnum.

Brom: What? Where's Driscoll now?

Al: He ain't here, so I'd assume at his hotel.

Brom: You told me he's here by six.

Al: Well, he ain't yet.

Brom: Al, E.B. Farnum just saw me here and headed for the door.

Al: I wouldn't know how to interpret that.

Brom: I was doing the legwork, Al. I was doing the due dilligence. You tell me Driscoll's got money troubles, and he's a motivated seller, fair enough. But how did I know his claim's not played out? I had to do the legwork on that.

Al: I see, fair enough.

Brom: Oh, that's what I had to ascertain.
Al: Did you do the legwork?
Brom: Al. *(Brom downs another shot, and pulls his hand out of his pocket holding a piece of gold he retrieved from Driscoll's claim.)*
Al: For God's sake, close your fist.
Brom: Cleaned up during the night with five more just like it. From claim number nine above Discovery. Panned, at the Driscoll claim.
Al: All's I can say, Brom, while you were out winnin' the battle, I hope you didn't lose the fuckin' war.
Dan: Al. *(He looks towards the door, and Al and Brom turn to look, too. A bald man swaggers into the saloon and up to the bar, ordering a shot.)*
Brom: Who's that?
Al: Tim Driscoll. Shit faced. Let me handle the play.
Brom: My God, he is shit faced.

(Al is facing away from Brom, and he smiles.)

(shouting)

(Night. Outside in the street, there's a fistfight going on. Wild Bill and Charlie walk past and into the No. 10 Saloon. Tom Nuttall is tending bar, and Merrick, who is sitting at one of the tables, stands up as the two men enter and approach the bar.)

Tom: *(To Bill and Charlie)* Boys.
Bill: Whiskeys.
Tom: Two whiskeys. I'm ah, I'm respectin' your privacy, not sayin' your name but I-I certainly recognize ya. And I'd like to buy the first round.
Bill: *(Nodding to Charlie, introducing him)* Charlie Utter.
Tom: Tom Nuttall, Charlie.
Charlie: Tom.

(At one of the tables, Jack McCall is seated with two other men. One of them speaks.)

Man: It's Billy Hickok. I seen him kill Phil Coe in Abilene.

(Merrick has gathered his things from his table and approaches the group at the bar.)

Merrick: Ah, hey, A.W. Merrick, Mr. Hickok. Of the ah, Deadwood Pioneer.
Bill: We're drinkin' whiskey.
Merrick: Certainly. Certainly ah, whiskeys here, Mr. Nuttall.

Jack: *(To the men he's seated with)* Let me say one thing, before anybody opens their mouths. I'm gonna say no more on the subject, and I'll be through for the fuckin' evenin'. I'm not impressed.

Merrick: So ah, ah, what brings you to our camp, Mr. Hickock, ah... may I tell my readers?

Bill: Warrant out on me in Cheyenne.

Charlie: Ah, get off of that now, Bill.

Merrick: Well, I suppose for a man like you, warrants are a vocational hazard.

Bill: You callin' me a professional vagrant?

Merrick: The ah, warrant was for vagrancy?

Charlie: *(To Merrick)* He's kiddin'!

(laughing) (started by Tom Nuttall)

Tom: Anyway in this camp, warrants don't count.

Jack: I'm tellin' you, he's not impressed, alright? And you may apply that to whoever you feel may be my reference. But I intend to gut that sonofabitch at poker whenever I get the chance.

Bill: *(To Tom)* You run that game, Can I buy 50 in chips?

Tom: I do, and you can. Just, settle up after you see how your luck runs.

Charlie: You feel like playin' now, Bill or you wanna take in the rest of the camp?

Bill: I feel like playin' now.

Tom: Draw and five stud. Dealer calls the game.

Bill: Sounds fair. See you later, Charlie.

Charlie: Alright, Bill.

(Bill walks to the back of the room and speaks to a group of men already seated at a table.)

Bill: You boys mind if I sit in?

Boys: Not at all. Not at all, sir.

Merrick: *(To Charlie)* What a grand surprise. I never thought he'd live long enough for me to meet him.

(One of the bedrooms at the Gem. Jewel is tidying up, and Trixie is sporting some new bruises, courtesy of Al.)

Trixie: *(To Jewel)* I need another gun.

Jewel: So in case they beat on you?

Trixie: Never mind what for. Just take this and get me another gun.

(Trixie hands Jewel a cameo pin.)

(Downstairs at the Gem. Tim Driscoll is acting drunk and loud with a whore.)

Tim: Now Mabel, Mabel, get your ass across that table. This dollar is not for a drink.

Whore: My name's Caroline.

Tim: Yeah, well you'll always be Mabel to me.

(Brom and Al approach Tim to speak to him.)

Al: *(To Tim)* Claim nine above Discovery, \$14,000, yes or no? \$14,000, yes or no?

Tim: *(To Brom)* Alright, we'll make it 14,000.

Al: *(To Brom)* Spit in your hand. Spit in your hand.

(Tim Driscoll spits in his hand, but Brom hesitates to spit in his.)

Tim: *(To Al, regarding Brom)* What's his fuckin' problem?

Brom: Ah, nothing. *(Brom spits in his hand.)*

(Brom and Tim shake hands.)

Al: Done, witnessed.

(E.B. walks up to the three men.)

EB: *(To Tim)* Am I too late?

Tim: Mmmm. No, no, no, but your too late Farnum. I just sold to this, goose lookin' fella for 14,000.

EB: *(To Brom)* Will you take 16?

Brom: *(To EB)* Ah, no, thank you, but no.

Tim: *(To EB)* What a fuckin' lyin' cunt ya are. Ah, 12 and a half thousand. That's every cent I can get hold of, Mr. Driscoll. Yeah, and more than the claim is worth, you said.

EB: *(To Brom)* 16,000, that's 2,000 profit, standing over a drink.

Brom: I believe events would prove that claim nine above Discovery was worth far more than 16,000, Mr. Farnum.

Tim: Unhand me, Al. Though, you know of course, I haven't actually seen his fuckin' money yet.

Al: I'm discountin' his bank note, Dan. There's \$10,000. I'll waive four out of the other sack right now.

Brom: *(To Tim)* You see, Al's holding a full faith letter of credit for \$20,000 from the Bank of New York.

Tim: *(To Brom)* Well, full faith is one thing, but until the money has actually passed hands, you know, between us, the deal isn't done.

Al: (To Tim) The deal is done.
Tim: (To Al) The deal isn't done.
Al: (To Brom) The deal isn't done.
Brom: (To Tim) We spat in our hands!
Tim: (To Brom) What the fuck would you know?! Yeah, I fuckin' knock ya into the middle of next fuckin' week. (To EB) Would you offer me the 16,000?
EB: I suppose, if you're open to further offers.
Brom: 16,500.
Al: Just what the fuck did you just do, Brom?
Brom: (To Tim) Will you close at 16,500?
Al: (To Brom) You just reopened the fuckin' bidding.
EB: 17,000.
Brom: 17,500, I'll go no farther.
EB: 18.
Brom: 19.
EB: 19,800, and that's every cent I can put together.
Brom: 20,000.
EB: Damn it. Damn it.
Tim: 20 once. 20 twice.
EB: (To Tim) I can't.
Brom: (To Tim) It's over. He's through. Is it over?
Tim: Alright. 20,000. Sold to the goose looking man, in the shiny suit.

(Brom and Tim spit in their hands and shake on it.)

Brom: I got it, Al.
Al: Yes, you did.

(Inside the No. 10 Saloon. Bill is playing cards. Charlie sits at the bar, talking to Tom Nuttall.)

Charlie: Comes to look for business opportunity, and sits there, losin' at poker.
Tom: Is he having a bad run? I can't see that far.
Charlie: You'd have to see back to Cheyenne. He lost his patience, stays in hands whether he's holding cards or not. How's your crowd in here tonight, anyway?
Tom: Oh, it's alright.
Charlie: Well it's better than alright, and you know it. You could see that damn much. Bill Hickok's an asset to any saloon. Any joint he frequents. You agree with me on that or not?
Tom: You got a say in that? I mean, as far as where he drinks and gambles?
Charlie: S'pose I did.
Tom: Well... 50 a night if he'll frequent here exclusive.
Charlie: 50. What a sport you turned out to be.
Tom: Well you quote a figure.

Charlie: Well let's come to one understandin'. Any figure I would've come up with, part of that you give to him to ah, gamble or piss away however else he's gonna do it. And that'd be the only part he'd know about.

Tom: I'd work with ya.

Charlie: The rest you'd give to me to ah, hold in trust for his future.

Tom: Now that'd be your affair.

Charlie: Listen to me, that man's recently married. He needs to put a stake together. That's all I'd be in this for.

Tom: I'd work with ya.

(The Garretts' room at the Grand Central Hotel. Alma puts some drops of laudanum in her drink. Brom strides into the room.)

Brom: Banish all headaches. Spit in your hand, Alma.

Alma: What?

Brom: Spit. I'm gonna show you something.

(Alma spits in her hand.)

Alma: Promise you'll tell my mother about this.

(Brom spits in his hand and shakes hers.)

Brom: I bought it. We own a gold claim. This is how we sealed the deal.

Alma: And then, did everyone dry their hands?

Brom: Do you know who I was bidding against? Farnum, who owns this hotel.

Alma: Oh, and where was your secret agent?

Brom: Dan Dority? He was tending bar. No one realized that Dan had helped me reconnoiter the claim. Now Swearengen, runs the saloon, he was intermediary. He brokered the deal. Driscoll, the seller, legless with liquor. You will have a vivid entry for an article when I've told you all the details.

Alma: Yes, I've already begun to imagine it.

Brom: It's a near thing 'til the end. I had to go all our 20,000 to turn Farnum away.

Alma: Oh well.

Brom: I'll have to write the bank to renew my credit. Of course they'll contact father.

Alma: Well, I expect that's inevitable.

Brom: Wild Bill Hickok is here. I'm sure he's going to prospect, too.

(pigs squealing)

(Wu carries the body of Trixie's john to the pig sty and dumps him in, splashing mud everywhere. Johnny and Doc have followed and watch as the pigs enjoy their midnight

snack.)

(Back at the Gem. Inside Al's office. Al talks to Tim Driscoll, while E.B. Farnum stands in the background.)

Al: How much do you want?

Tim: But we agreed on 30%. 30% of 20 would be six.

Al: Mm-hmm.

Tim: So I want the 6,000.

Al: What's 30% of 14,000?

Tim: What the fuck, Al?

Al: Who told you to take him to 20?

Tim: Well, you know I could feel that he had more in him, I don't know, it was just ah, spontaneous fuckin' feelin'. I knew that there was more to get.

Al: And you thought six more would be the jackpot. Take him from 14 to 20.

Tim: Oh Jesus Christ, you know, if you had further plans, I wish you'd a just said somethin' to me.

Al: Should I tell you when I plan to take a shit tomorrow? Would that be none of your fuckin' business?

Tim: So ah, 14,000. 30% of that's what, what is that, no, ah, 4,200.

Al: *(Stares at Tim)*

Tim: Well what the fuck arrangement do you suggest now?

Al: What do you suggest?

Tim: O-oh J-Jesus Christ almighty, you get in a mood like this and I just as soon as not even discuss it. Look, let me just have 500, you know, and we'll discuss the rest of it some other fuckin' time.

Al: Cash? Or credit at the tables?

Tim: Fuckin' time and try, the fuckin' English in you comes out. Fine. I'll have the 500 at the fuckin' tables, and Jesus Christ almighty.

Al: Are we holding markers?

Tim: Oh, you're holding markers, alright. You've been holding markers against me and my kind for the past several centuries across both sides of the fuckin' water. How the fuck do I know?! Ask Dority, he'll know better than me. Credit it against the fuckin' markers, but just let me hold 20 in fuckin' cash.

Al: Tell Dan to give you 20.

Tim: And a piece of fuckin' pussy.

Al: Tell Dan, then tell him to come see me.

Tim: *(To EB)* And thanks for steppin' in on the side of rightin' fuckin' justice, you deaf dumb bastard!

(Tim Driscoll leaves the room. E.B. walks over to Al.)

EB: I tell ya Al, you could've knocked me over with a feather when he took him to 20. Did you see me strugglin' to stay on the path?

(Seth and Sol's hardware tent. They're speaking with Reverend Smith.)

Rev: My ah, wife and children are in Louisville, Kentucky. I'm, I'm, I'm saving to bring them out. Days I dig on the Foster's water ditch and nights I watch folks' goods like I'm going to do for you.

Sol: Schedule like that, Mr. Smith, seems like you'll have 'em here in no time.

Rev: And then Sabbaths I preach Christ's crucified and raised from the dead.

Seth: I'm from Etobicoke, Ontario.

Rev: So you were born in Canada.

Seth: I come to Montana when I was 17. That's when I met up with Mr. Star.

Rev: Is that so?

Sol: I was born in Austria.

Rev: Austria? Wonderful where people come from.

Sol: Well, I was born in Austria and then I, I grew up in Chillicothe, Ohio.

Rev: And you partnered with Mr. Bullock in Montana.

Sol: That's where we partnered up.

Rev: The Lord is our final comfort, but it's a, it's a solace having friends. I know that from past experience. You sure sold up a storm here tonight, didn't you?

Sol: We did alright.

Seth: We'll be a few hours, Mr. Smith. We want to look around the camp.

Rev: I will watch your goods as if they were my own.

Sol: Thank you, Mr. Smith. Thank you.

(Seth and Sol walk out of the tent, into the almost-deserted street, and immediately notice a man on a horse, Ned Mason, who stops when he sees them.)

Ned: *(To his horse) (whoo) (To Sol and Seth)* I seen a terrible thing tonight.

Seth: What'd you see?

Ned: I seen white people dead and scalped and... man, woman, and children with their arms and legs hacked off.

Seth: Where? How many dead?

Ned: Well, it was a whole family on the road to Spearfish. Oh my God, it's them heathens, bloodthirsty savages.

(The Reverend Smith has heard Ned talking, and has joined Seth and Sol in the street.)

Rev: How many was it died?

Ned: It was a whole family... they was hacked and mutilated. The parents, two children.

Rev: The Metz family took the Spearfish road, going home to Minnesota.

Ned: Then that was probably them then.

Rev: They had three children.

Ned: Were there three? There could have been three, 'cause they was that hacked

and spread around.

Rev: Rest their souls.

Sol: Rest their souls.

Ned: Yeah.

Seth: *(To Ned)* You probably need a drink.

(Inside the No. 10 Saloon. Wild Bill and Jack McCall are playing cards with two other men.)

Jack: You call my bluff, Hickok? I was tryin' to run one. Whoa! Wait on Mary. I got a third eight under there.

Dealer: *(To Jack)* Three eights wins, your pot.

Jack: Oh, I absolutely did not realize that.

Dealer: Your chips.

Jack: Here I am, thinkin' I'm fuckin' bluffin' the third eight, and I mistakenly outdraw the greatest gunfighter in the world.

Bill: Meaning the third eight?

Jack: What?

Bill: Sayin' you outdrew me? You meant the third eight.

Jack: Well, what else would I have meant?

Bill: Say it. Then we'll play cards.

Jack: Third eight's what I meant.

Bill: Deal.

Dealer: Ante's up, same again.

Jack: Jesus Christ ah, can we shake hands or somethin'? Relieve the atmosphere? I mean, how stupid do you think I am?

Bill: I don't know. I just met ya.

(At the other end of the No. 10 Saloon, Merrick is talking with Tom Nuttall and Charlie Utter.)

Merrick: Paradoxes, the massacre at Little Big Horn signaled the Indians' death throes, Mr. Utter. History has overtaken the treaty which gave them this land. Well, the gold we found has overtaken it. I believe within a year, Congress will rescind the Fort Laramie Treaty, Deadwood and these hills will be annexed to the Dakota Territory, and we, who have pursued our destiny outside law or statute, will be restored to the bosom of the nation. And, that's what I believe.

(Seth, Sol, and Ned enter the Saloon.)

Bill: *(To a man at his table)* Does bosom mean tit?

Man: Same thing.

Ned: Ah, ain't nothin' against y'all fellas, but I'd as soon do my drinkin' gettin' a

piece of ass.

Seth: First you want people to know about that family.

Ned: Yeah, well, what harm is it in me meetin' my needs before I circulate the news?

Seth: What if the third child's alive?

Ned: You listen, mister, it was a massacre. I'm the one who saw it. And they ain't no one was alive.

Seth: Did you see the massacre or not?

Ned: I told you I got there afterwards.

Seth: So, by then the child could've got away from where you saw those other bodies? Or the child could have been hiding and so afraid of who you might be, it didn't call out.

Ned: You listen to me, I ain't goin' back out there again tonight, so you better mind your own goddamned business!

Sol: You're sayin' a family's massacres by Indians on the road to Spearfish and one child may still be alive out there and it's no one's concern in this saloon?

Charlie: What's this about a massacre?

Ned: Shit. Goddamn it, I ain't goin' out there again tonight after I just made camp with my scalp by sheer, dumb fuckin' luck!

Bill: Ride out and show us the place. I'll guarantee your scalp. *(To Seth)* You ridin'?

Seth: Yeah. *(Nods towards Sol)* We'll ride.

(One man, Jimmy Irons, who has overheard what has happened, hurries out of the saloon.)

Merrick: Ah, may I ride? I'd be honored to ride, infirmities permitting.

Seth: *(To Ned)* Here we go.

(The men who will be riding to find the third Metz child leave the saloon. Jack McCall remains.)

Jack: *(To no one)* Wild Bill fuckin' Hickok.

(Bill and Seth walk together down the street towards their horses.)

Seth: You were a marshal in Kansas?

Bill: Yeah. You?

Seth: Montana.

Bill: Come to your senses now?

Seth: Yes, sir. The fella's story on this don't hold water.

Bill: No, it don't.

(Al's office. Al is trying to open his safe. Dan Dority enters the room.)

Al: What'd you give Driscoll?
Dan: 20 bucks. Free poke with Wanda.
Al: Half smart Mick that he is. Yeah.
Dan: Tim really fucked up with the dude, huh?
Al: I guess the dude's case money. Dude only out here three days. How's the dude ask his people back home for more they're liable to send the Pinkertons.
Dan: So, shut the dude down?
Al: You bein' his secret best friend, he'll want you out prospectin' in the morning beside him. That claim needs to pinch out.
Dan: Oughtn' take but a couple a days. He ain't got much sand.
Al: And Tim Driscoll needs to be seen to.
Dan: No kiddin', now?
Al: No kiddin'
Dan: Well not than anybody asks, but I'd look to Trixie for danger before I'd look to Tim.
Al: No kiddin'.

(knocking)

(Johnny and Jimmy enter the room.)

Johnny: Jimmy says the Sioux massacred a family on the Spearfish Road.
Jimmy: A hand come into Nuttall's Number 10 telling the story, Mr. Swearengen.
Al: Who was he?
Jimmy: I-I never seen him before.
Al: Can you get him over here? Is he still at Nuttall's?
Jimmy: Ah, they're ridin' back out to where it happened. Hickok and some others were ridin' with him.
Al: Did the hand look happy to be riding back out with Hickok?
Jimmy: He didn't look too happy.
Al: *(To Jimmy)* How many people downstairs did you tell about this?
Jimmy: A few?
Al: A few?

(Al punches Johnny.)

Johnny: Oh!
Al: *(To Johnny)* You let him tell a few people downstairs before you bring this to me?
Johnny: Al, I brought him as soon as I heard!
Al: How many people do you think the people he talked to have talked to by now? I guarantee it this minute, my entire fuckin' action downstairs is fucked up! Nobody's drinkin', nobody's gambling, nobody's chasin' tail. I have to deal with that! *(Al puts on his coat to get ready to go downstairs.) (To Jimmy)* You want \$10 or a bottle of dope?
Jimmy: Bottle of dope please, Mr. Swearengen.

Al: *(To Dan)* Give him a bottle of dope.

Dan: *(To Jimmy)* Come on. I'll take care of you. *(To Johnny)* He's got a lot on his mind, Johnny.

(Outside. The men going out to the site of the massacre ride out of town, carrying torches as well as guns.)

(Downstairs at the Gem. Johnny looks out the window as the riders go by.)

(piano playing)

(gunshot)

(Johnny turns around and sees Dan Dority has a gun pointed towards the ceiling, as Dan fires another round.)

Dan: *(To the crowd)* Quiet! Al's got words!

Al: *(To the quieted crowd)* Well, I guess when it starts pissin' rain in here, you know who to blame, huh? Now, I know word's circulatin' Indians killed a family on the Spearfish Road. Now it's not for me to tell anyone in this camp what to do, as much as I don't want more people gettin' their throats cut, scalps lifted or any other godless thing that these godless bloodthirsty heathens do. Or even if someone wants to ride out in darkness tonight. But I will tell you this. I'd use tonight to get myself organized. Ride out in the morning clear-headed. And startin' tomorrow morning, I will offer a personal \$50 bounty for every decapitated head of as many of these godless heathen cocksuckers as anyone can bring in. Tomorrow. With no upper limit! That's all I say on that subject, 'cept next round's on the house. And God rest the souls of that poor family. And pussy's half price, next 15 minutes.

(cheering)

(piano playing)

(Calamity Jane is drinking on the Gem's porch. She tosses her empty liquor bottle away and walks towards the front door.)

Johnny: *(To the whores in the whores' room)* Ok, ladies, let's go.

Whore: *(To another whore, regarding Trixie)* She must've done some fancy fuckin' to keep Al from killin' her.

(Jewel hands Trixie a small gun, which she tucks into her cleavage, under her dress. Jane walks in the front door and over to the bar.)

Jane: *(To the crowd)* Where's Bill Hickok? Where's Charlie Utter? Give me a drink!

(Al watches as people get back to drinkin', gambling, and chasin' tail. Johnny walks up to him and Al playfully mimes punching him again, with much less force. Johnny smiles.)

Johnny: It's alright, Al, I know you got a lot on your mind. That was one hell of a good talk. Look, you got everybody back at the tables, doin' what they do.

Al: Tell you the truth, for murderin' people on the road to Spearfish, my money'd be on Persimmon Phil.

Johnny: Make it look like Indians.

Al: That is his speci-al-ity.

(Dan joins Al and Johnny. Jane addresses some of the guys at the bar.)

Jane: Is it true? Indians killin' white people?

Dan: That's the sewer mouth that follows Hickok around.

Jane: Why are we standin' here?

Guy: Ridin' out tomorrow, daybreak.

Jane: Oh, really? Tomorrow. What's your fuckin' rush?! I'm goin' now. Even without Bill. Even without Charlie. I know the road to Spearfish. And I don't drink where I'm the only fuckin' one with balls!

(laughing)

(Jane strides out the front door.)

Al: Let her go. She ain't takin' any business with her. *(To Dan)* Oh, and don't forget to kill Tim.

(Night. The Spearfish Road. The riders find the place where the Metz family was murdered. Coyotes are there ahead of them, and the men chase them off.)

(barking)

(yah)

(The family was indeed mutilated and their bodies lay scattered and bloody, illuminated by the torches. As the men look around, Seth notices two coyotes sniffing at something under a bush, and he goes over to investigate.)

Seth: Waa, yah!

(The two coyotes run off, and Seth gently pulls a little girl (Sophia) from under the bush. She's alive, and he picks her up.)

(The following morning. The Spearfish Road. The riders are heading back to Deadwood. Seth cradles Sophia in his arms. Jane rides up to meet them, and upon a look from Bill, Seth hands Sophia to Jane to hold as they ride back to camp.)

(The Garrett's room at the hotel. Alma is in bed, sleeping. Brom is getting dressed to go out to their claim. Alma opens her eyes, then closes them again, pretending to be asleep. Brom attempts to wake her by clearing his throat, but leaves when she doesn't stir.)

(clearing throat)

(clearing throat)

(After Brom leaves, Alma opens her eyes.)

(Downstairs at the Gem. Al is counting the money in the cashbox. He sees a whore sitting on the pew near the hallway to the back rooms.)

Al: Get to your room. You've been sleepin' on a goddamned pew! *(Al walks up the stairs, and passes a man and a whore as they come down.)* *(To the man on the stairs)* You in love?

(Al pauses on the stairs as he sees Trixie sitting at a table. She's drinking, and she looks back at Al. He continues up the stairs, and Trixie watches him go. Ellsworth is sitting with her at the table.)

Ellsworth: You know I don't intrude on the affairs of others. Problem enough keepin' my own life straight. Somethin's not my affair, I don't pretend it is. Contrary wise, if you feel like talkin' about that, headlight *(He indicates a large bruise on Trixie's cheek)*, I'll pay a dollar a minute to hear ya. Get anything off your chest you feel like.

Trixie: What I got on my chest, don't concern you, Ellsworth.

(We see the gun hidden in Trixie's cleavage.)

Ellsworth: And fuck us all anyway for the limber dick cocksuckers we are.

(Ellsworth drinks to that.)

(Dan and E.B. walk down the hallway in the Grand Central Hotel. Dan puts a large knife between his teeth and opens one of the doors with a key. Dan opens the door and enters. Tim Driscoll is asleep in bed, and he wakes up when Dan comes in.)

Tim: What is it?

Dan: Just hush, Tim.

(Dan covers Tim's mouth with his hand, then stabs him once with the knife.)

(muffled screams)

(Tim stops screaming and Dan looks down at him.)

(Deadwood's Main Street. Alma Garrett looks out the window as Brom walks out of the hotel into the street. He stands and looks around, as the riders arrive from the Spearfish Road. The riders continue down the street to Doc Cochran's office.)

Merrick: Doc! Get up! Doc! Doc! Doc! Wake up! Doc!

(Merrick dismounts and hurries over to knock on Doc's door. Doc comes outside, holding his head from all the yelling. He sees Sophia, and Jane hands her down to Doc. Carrying Sophia, he starts towards his door. Jane pulls a gun on him.)

Jane: Wait for me, goddamnit! Just hold on 'til I'm with ya.

Charlie: She don't mean nothin', Doc. She's just excitable.

(Doc carries Sophia inside, and Charlie and Jane follow him. Seth and Bill look over at Ned Mason, who has not followed them all the way to Doc's. Seth dismounts and walks towards Ned.)

Bill: *(To Sol)* What kinda hand is your friend with a gun?

Sol: I don't feel qualified to say.

(Brom watches from in front of the hotel.)

Ned: *(To Seth)* I ah, guess I'd done my duty, and I's ah, I was glad enough to help.

Seth: Stick around. See if she lives.

Ned: Nah, I-I was ah, glad enough to done my duty, and that little one will be in my prayers.

Seth: Get down off your horse.

Ned: Listen to me. I'm an innocent man, and it was them Indians, goddamnit!

Seth: Too much ransackin', and too many goods left behind. Someone was after money.

(Wild Bill walks over to stand beside Seth.)

Ned: Goddamnit, if I had somethin' to do with what happened, why'd I come to this camp, huh?

Bill: Maybe when it got thick out there, you ran? Maybe the others was goin' a-ground, but you had to have pussy. And get to a faro layout. I felt that way sometimes after a kill.

Seth: Get down off your horse or face the consequences.

(Ned draws, but Bill and Seth are faster, and Ned is shot and killed. Alma watches from her window, and the Reverend Smith comes out of the hardware tent after hearing the shot.)

(dog barking)

Bill: Was that you or me, Montana?

Seth: My money'd be on you.

(Dan comes out of the hotel and walks over to Brom. A crowd starts to gather in the street, and Merrick takes out his notebook to record what has happened. Dan gives Brom a thumb's-up for his outfit and mining supplies, and Brom hands him a pan. Alma watches the two of them walk away, and she has herself another laudanum-laced drink. Al has been watching from his bedroom window, and he gets into bed.)

(knocking)

(Al picks up a pistol from the bedside table and hides it under the covers.)

Al: Yeah?

(Trixie enters, walks over to the bedside table, and places her gun there. Al just watches. She undresses and gets into bed with Al, laying her head on his chest. Al has not moved. The camera pans up from Trixie's face to Al's. The screen goes black.)

Cast (in credits order)

[Timothy Olyphant](#) Seth Bullock

[Ian McShane](#) [Al Swearengen](#)

[Molly Parker](#) Alma Garret

[Jim Beaver](#) Ellsworth

[Brad Dourif](#) [Doc Cochran](#)

[John Hawkes](#) Sol Star

[Paula Malcomson](#) Trixie

[Leon Rippy](#) Tom Nuttall

William Sanderson	Eustis Baily (E.B.) Farnum
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
W. Earl Brown	Dan Dority
Dayton Callie	Charlie Utter
Jackson Bolt	Vgilante Rider
Sean Bridgers	Johnny Burns
Ursula Brooks	Whore #6
David Carpenter	Vigilante
Keith Carradine	Wild Bill Hickock
Misti Cassar	
Jane Leigh Connelly	
Candice Cook	Gem Whore
Christopher Darga	Byron Sampson
Garret Dillahunt	Jack McCall
Allison Gammon	
Gill Gayle	Huckster
Michael Hagerty	
Dylan Haggerty	
Michelle Haner	
Dan Hildebrand	
G.T. Holme	Miner in the Gem Saloon
Robyn Hyden	
Peter Jason	Stapleton
Geri Jewell	Jewel
Jeffrey Jones	A.W. Merrick
Honey Lauren	
Victor McCay	
Ray McKinnon	Rev. H.W. Smith (as Raymond McKinnon)
Jamie McShane	
Timothy Omundson	Brom Garret
James Parks	
Dean Rader- Duval	Jimmy Irons

[Vanessa](#)

[Robertson](#)

[Reiner Schöne](#) (as Raynor Scheine)

[Tom Simmons](#)

[Everette Wallin](#)

[Keone Young](#) Mr. Wu

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