

Episode 2 – “Deep Water”

(In front of the Grand Central Hotel, men are felling a tree using ropes to guide it.)

Lumberjack: Hold it, now keep attention on it boys! That’s it!

(EB emerges from the hotel pushing a wheelbarrow full of laundry – he’s heading for Mr. Wu’s. We see Tim Driscoll’s dog come running after him. When EB gets to the pig sty, we see Mr. Wu raking the mud around the pen and hear the pigs squealing – he watches EB approach.)

E.B.: “Washee” *(Holding up some of the linens)*

Mr. Wu: “Washee”

(EB reveals the body of Tim Driscoll in the cart under the linens.)

EB: “Eat-ee” *(Camera pans to the pigs, EB points to the barking dog)* His doggy, them “eat-ee” too, or, “eat-ee” him yourself, you leering heathen. *(Smiles, laughs and leaves.)*

(Up in Al’s bedroom, he and Trixie are sleeping – Al sits up, Trixie remains asleep. We hear the chattering of the lumberjacks outside, Al gets up and – yup, pisses in his chamber pot. He looks out the window and sees the men fell the tree. He spots EB approaching. Al, finished pissing, picks up the gun Trixie left on his bedside table – Trixie opens her eyes.)

Al: Is this for me?

Trixie: Brought it for you.

Al: *(Throws back the covers off a naked Trixie)* Get out.

(Back out on the street – one man is talking excitedly to another.)

Hoople head: Pointed the gun at him! Boom, shot him right over there! That’s the guy over there. Him and Wild Bill got the guy right in the eye.

(Seth turns his mirror away from the gossiping hoople-heads and we see that he’s been shaving outside his tent. Sol approaches him.)

Sol: You touch that hotel’s kitchen, Seth?

Seth: *(Wipes off the shave cream and puts on his coat, grabs his hat. Walking past Sol...)* I’ll meet you.

(Sol looks down and lets out a deep breath – resigned)

(The Reverend is standing over an as-yet unfinished casket, Johnny looking on.)

Rev: Men like Mr. Seth Bullock there raise the camp up.

Johnny: Yeah, a fella to be put in that box might argue with you, Reverend.

Rev: Ah, Mr. Bullock did not draw first. And I, point to his commissioning me to build the departed a coffin and, and see to his Christian burial.

Johnny: Well, any idea of the departed's name?

Rev: Ah, in his effects I found a letter addressed to Tom Mason.

Johnny: Well, I know a Tom Mason. But that feller, keepin' cool in the creek, that ain't him.

Rev: Which, having prayed, I decided to open. The sender, Mrs. Walter Mason writes, "I've asked your brother Ned, to bear this to you." From which I conclude the...departed's name is Ned.

Johnny: Ned Mason, huh?

Rev: Perhaps the Tom Mason you know is the dead man's brother? If he is in the camp he should be notified.

Johnny: No, I ain't seen Tom around.

(Al – coming down the stairs in the Gem.)

Al: Coffee!

EB: Mornin', Al.

Al: I'd like someone to tell me what in fuck is goin' forward in this camp?

EB: Tim Driscoll's checked out. I can tell you that much.

Al: Left you hotel, has he?

EB: Moved to Wu's pig sty.

Al: What was that shootout about?

EB: At sunup?

Al: Yeah, at fuckin' sunup!

EB: Far as I heard, Al, Hickok, and one of them hardware guys you're renting to, threw down on the fella brought word in of that squarehead family that was massacred. Suspected he was in on the kill.

Al: What's it to Hickok or that hardware guy either how them squareheads come to die?

EB: I couldn't agree with ya more.

(Dragging sound – Jewel approaches with coffee.)

Al: If you don't stop draggin' that fuckin' leg.

Jewel: *(To EB)* Coffee?

EB: I might have one cup. Did you know one squarehead lived? *(Al looks at EB – very serious.)* Little squarehead girl? They took her to the Doc's.

Al: What condition?

EB: I don't know, Al. If she was to live, wouldn't she have a story to tell? *(Al looks at EB again.)*

(Doc – passed out in his cabin. He gasps as he wakes up – goes over to Sophia, who is sleeping on the bed. He checks her forehead and her cheek for fever. Outside, Jane is sleeping against the Doc's cabin. Doc approaches her – touches her arm.)

Doc: Wake up.

Jane: How's that little one?

Doc: She's still among us.

Jane: I'm askin' you what her prospects are?

Doc: If her wounds don't fester, she might can have a fightin' chance.

Jane: Good.

Doc: *(Sees Seth approaching)* None of that to him.

Jane: Oh, he's alright.

Doc: Not a word.

Seth: Mornin'.

Jane: Mornin', Bullock. *(Smiles- Jane seems to like what she sees.)*

Seth: I was wonderin' how that child fared?

Doc: Iffy, touch and go. I'm not optimistic.

Seth: Has she spoken?

Doc: She's not conscious. Be surprised if she ever is.

Seth: I'd like to hear which ever way it goes. *(Turns to leave)*

Jane: If you see Bill Hickok, or that sore asshole, Charlie Utter, could you tell him I looked to the stock?

Seth: Sure, I'll let him know. *(Seth leaves, Doc turns to go inside.)*

Jane: You're wrong not to trust him. He formed a party that found that little one among all the dead of her family.

Doc: Didn't he? And didn't he also shoot a man he suspected in the murders? And *if* I were to confide in him when you circulate my optimism, I mean, wouldn't he say, "When the little one speaks, you'll see I was right, not the Sioux killed her family, but road agents? And supposing it was road agents, and they hear his talk, where's the little one stand then?

Jane: You got a dark turn a mind.

Doc: I see as much misery outta them movin' to justify their selves as them that set out to do harm.

(Seth is walking along the street – Bill Hickok is inside the restaurant as Seth passes by the window, about to enter the restaurant.)

Utter: Same dead roach in the same damn biscuit.

Wild Bill: It stuck to his position.

Seth: Mornin'.

Wild Bill: Mornin', Montana. *(Bill reaches for the coffee, shaking, seeing this, Utter grabs the coffee pot and pours it.)*

Utter: Joe?

Seth: Much obliged. *(Reaches his cup over Wild Bill.)* Your friend asked me to say she's looked to your stock.

Wild Bill: Thanks.

Seth: She's back now watchin' over that child we found. Far as her chances, the Doc's not optimistic.

Wild Bill: From the look of him, you think that Doc's been wrong once or twice in his life?

Seth: *(Laughing)* Maybe once or twice.

Utter: We'll likely be by your tent later.

Sol: *(Sitting at a table across the room)* Good!

Utter: Get Bill here outfitted with some prospectin' gear.

Sol: Yes, Sir. *(Bill and Charlie sit down across the room.)*

Wild Bill: Don't do that, Charlie.

Utter: Do what?

Wild Bill: Trumpet my intentions. Herd me like a damn steer.

Utter: Ain't you here to prospect gold? If you're just gonna gamble, Bill, let's get it set. I'll arrange appearance money for you at one of these joints.

Wild Bill: That ain't gambling. It's shilling for the house.

Utter: It's getting' you a regular damn source a income. So's this don't wind up like Cheyenne. *(Bill shoots Charlie a look.)*

Seth: What offer should we make at the purchase of that lot?

Sol: Ah, the barber next to us paid 600 for his lot 10 days ago.

Seth: Seller's market.

Sol: Mmm-Hmm. I'd say we're well bought at 750 we don't go past a thousand.

Merrick: *(Approaching)* Ah, ah, may I ah, join you?

(Sol gestures to the table – yes why the fuck not? Merrick sets his coffee and breakfast plate down. Wild Bill looks over at Merrick, he seems annoyed at his presence.)

Merrick: Well, Mr. Bullock, after the events of last night, for an ink stained wretch like myself, finding you and Mr. Hickok here in the same dining room is luck indeed.

Seth: I don't want to talk about last night's events.

Merrick: Um, alright, fair enough. I know how to pocket my notebook, sir. The same wretched biscuits.

(They all see Alma descend the hotel stairs.)

EB: Mrs. Garrett? I hoped you slept well.

Alma: As it happens, I did not.

EB: I'm very sorry. Do you require the doctor?

Alma: Yes. Please.

EB: Certainly, Ma'am, of course. *(Alma puts money down on the counter.)* Sorry you're poorly again.

(Alma enters the restaurant, all the men rise, Charlie last. She nods, they all sit.)

Merrick: That is Mrs. Alma Garrett. Whose husband, I'm told, standing at the bar at Swearengen's saloon, *(Alma reaches for coffee, shaking.)* purchased a gold claim last night, for \$20,000. *(We see Wild Bill watching her.)*

Sol: We rent our lot from Al Swearengen.

Merrick: I'm not surprised to hear it. Tim Driscoll, the claims seller, lives here in this hotel. He, ah, *(lightly)* must be sleeping in. *(Seth raises his brows and looks at Merrick.)*

(Out at the claim, Brom is in the creek shoveling silt from the stream. Dan is behind him, watching.)

Brom: Ah. Do you mind?

(Dan holds out a bucket for Brom to dump the silt into. We see Ellsworth on the other side of the creek behind Brom.)

Ellsworth: Mornin', boys!

Brom: Good Morning!

Dan: Ellsworth.

Ellsworth: Name's Ellsworth. I hear you bought these digs.

Brom: Brom Garrett, how do you do?

Ellsworth: My claim's next one over.

Brom: I see.

Ellsworth: You cleanin' up any yella?

Dan: Day's young.

Brom: How ah, how are things running at your claim?

Ellsworth: Made my quota for whiskey, pussy and food.

Dan: Then you best get on down to the Gem, Ellsworth.

Ellsworth: Further benefits will only benefit the faro dealers.

Brom: This exact spot showed a fistful of nuggets two nights ago.

Ellsworth: Well, don't weaken, Pilgrim. Twix nuggets are nothin', she's usually gonna show you some flake. *(Dan looks at him.)*

Brom: Thanks for the encouraging words. *(Ellsworth leaves, Brom puts another shovel full of silt into Dan's bucket.)* She hasn't even showed me any flake. Oh hell.

(Back at the Gem, Johnny is recounting his conversation with the Rev about Ned Mason.)

Johnny: Well, I doubt that, Reverend, I say. The Tom Mason I know, is nowhere near here. But what I was thinkin', is damned if Al didn't center shoot the Bull's-eye. It wasn't Sioux killed them squareheads. But it was Persimmon Phil, Tom Mason and that croaker headed for his coffin is probably some fucked up younger brother of Tom's, named Ned.

Al: Listen to me, go get Doc Cochran.

Johnny: And I never tipped the thumper to none of it, Al. I played it dumb as a pile of rocks.

Al: Go get the Doc, say I want him to see to the whores.

Johnny: Alright, Al. *(Turns around to leave)* 'Scuse me fella. *(Walks past Seth.)*

Seth: Mr. Swearengen.

Al: Yeah, that's right.

Sol: Sol Star.
Seth: Seth Bullock.
Sol: Rent on lot four. *(Puts a money on the bar in front of Al.)*
Al: Lot four? The hardware boys, hmm? Here, I wanna buy you fellas a drink. How's business on that lot? Hell of a spot isn't it? Any more foot traffic you'd have to call it a riot. Now, I'm turning back slow. Nothin' in hand but this whiskey bottle. *(Seth shoots a look at Al then Sol and back.)* Well, I heard you're not a man I want mistakin' my intentions.
Seth: Who says that? I'd like to ask 'em what they mean. *(Says this with a smile)*
Sol: That fella drew on Seth this morning.
Al: Never heard different.
Seth: No one mistook his intentions.
Al: Let's leave it all alone. I am stupidest when I try to be funny. *(Trixie walking down the hall)* There you go fellas. And these are still free. *(Pours another round)* Sorry for hittin' a nerve, huh?
Seth: We'd like to make an offer on that lot we're rentin'.
Al: Sell my back teeth for the right money.
Sol: Would 600 get the job done?
Al: I guess before I made a price I'd want to know if you boys have unnamed partners?
Seth: Why?
Al: I think specifically Wild Bill Hickok. Didn't you and Hickok act together in the street this morning?
Sol: No, we just met Wild Bill Hickok.
Seth: What business of that is his?
Al: You mean what business of mine is that?
Seth: Don't tell me what the fuck I mean.
Al: Not a tone to get a deal done.
Sol: Can we sort it out at another time? Thirsty people comin'.

(Persimmon Phil and Tom Mason enter the Gem. They stand in the middle of place, looking rather menacing.)

Al: Sure. Yeah and you and me'll find our proper stride, huh?
Seth: Alright.
Sol: Good luck on the days trade.
Al: Well I won't wish you luck 'cause I can tell you ain't the type that needs it. Sol Star, right? That's a Jewish name. Mine isn't, but nice to meet you, son, huh?
Sol: Pleasure.
Al: Marked you for an earner the minute you come in my sight. *(Sol and Seth head out.)* Jew Bastard. Ah, two wayfarers when I'd heard you were three.
Phil: How you doin', Al?
Al: Shall we all, let's drink upstairs?
Tom: I can be persuaded.
Al: Will you have a whore, Tom, or you still stayin' true to that heifer?
Tom: It's over 'tween me and her.

Phil: Oh, Tommy went sweet on a buffalo down by Yankton. *(Laughing)*

Al: Where's brother Neddy, anyway?

Tom: Ah, fuck if I know tha fucker. I'll take her *(He spots Trixie)*.

Al: Pick another.

(Out in the street, Seth and Sol are heading back to the tent.)

Seth: I don't like that sonofabitch.

Sol: Thank God you didn't let him see it.

Seth: Calls me loose with a gun. Was he there?

Sol: We'll just get the lot bought, Seth, and have nothin' more to do with him. *(We see Rev. Smith waiting for them to get closer.)* Buy the lot and we'll give him wide berth.

Rev: I've acted on your commission, Mr. Bullock. Built a coffin and dug a grave.

Seth: Thank you.

Rev: Will you join me, now for the burial service? *(Sol smiles and nods "yes")*

(Upstairs of the Grand Central, in Wild Bill and Charlie's room.)

Utter: All I was sayin', Bill, 'til ya start your prospectin' if you're gonna gamble, let's get you protected a little.

Wild Bill: I know what you were sayin'.

Utter: The extra business you bring a joint, interruptions you stand for or folks wantin' to glad hand, that all deserves compensation.

Wild Bill: Don't shop me to those places, Charlie.

(Knocking on the door – EB, still standing behind the closed door...)

EB: E.B. Farnum, gentlemen. Mr. Utter's room is ready.

(Charlie gets up.)

(EB – unlocking the door to Charlie's new room.)

EB: Clean, and thoroughly aired. *(Charlie enters)* The previous guest was Irish. *(EB jokingly taps Charlie on the arm – Charlie just looks at him.)* No tip necessary, sir. I operate the hotel. *(Hand over the key to Charlie – he grabs it, EB leaves and as soon as he's over the threshold Charlie promptly swings the door shut.)*

Doc: I've replenished your supply of medicine.

Alma: *(In bed up in her room at the Grand Central, looks over at the fresh bottle of laudanum.)* Thank you, Doctor. I've very grateful for your attention. I only wish my symptoms would subside.

Doc: If I were to tell you, that I would see to you requirements whether you had symptoms or not, do you suppose that would help you to heal?

Alma: I don't know what you mean?

Doc: I believe you do, madam. I believe we understand each other. There are people in this camp in genuine need of my attention. Make this adequate to your purposes for the next...several days.

Alma: *(Sits up on the edge of the bed)* Well, Thank you, Doctor.

(Up in Al's office, he and Persimmon Phil are drinking, we hear Tom Mason in the next room moaning and grunting away.)

Phil: Listen to Tom carrying on in there.

Al: Yeah, bad luck he wasn't here yesterday.

Phil: Yeah, what'd we miss?

Al: Squarehead family I could've tipped you to headin' back to Minnesota.

Phil: They well off? Worth still tryin' to catch, are they?

Al: Sioux already caught up with them. Did from last night on the road to Spearfish.

Phil: Heathen cocksuckers. So we missed a good score there, did we?

Al: Keep lyin'...and I'll murder you in that chair.

Phil: *(Puts down his glass)* I'm gonna tell you what happened, Al. And this is the God's honest truth. *(Al raises an eyebrow)* We come on that family by accident. Nobody was tryin' to hold out your end or anything of the sort or, conceal a goddamned thing. That's your end right there. *(Takes a pouch out of his inside jacket pocket, puts it on Al's desk.)* Weighed to the ounce. Ah, my problem was we didn't clear this with you and you know how you get, Al. I mean, you know that yourself. But, my problem was, bringin' up the subject. But ah, that's all weighed out there.

Al: You know why I get how I get?

Phil: Yeah, y-you wanna see over the job, you don't like loose ends. I appreciate that.

Al: *(Leans forward)* Don't like messes, ah, things done half-ass, bags of shit left to hold.

Phil: There's no loose ends here, Al. I'll guarantee you that much, right now.

Al: 'Cause I got a whole operation here to consider.

Phil: *(Hears Tom moaning and pounding away some more, he chuckles.)* Listen to Tom.

Al: One of the squareheads lived.

Phil: No.

Al: No?

Phil: I'm sayin' that's pretty hard to believe. I believe ya, but ah, we seen to 'em pretty good.

Al: They brought it back to camp, it's over at the sawbones.

Phil: Is it talkin'? I mean, can it speak English? "Cause when we was seein' to 'em, they was all screamin' in squarehead, Al.

Al: Where's Ned Mason?

Phil: That's a fuckin' story right there, Al. If you knew, the fuckin' problem. Well, when, when it comes to squareheads time, he spooks and runs off. Tom's and my hands as full as they was doin' what we had to do, so, God knows where he got off to. That's your cut there, that reflects he's out. There's no cut there—

Al: He came here.

Phil: *(Sighs)* No.

Al: Say no again, I'll murder you where you fucking sit.

Phil: He swore he'd head to Cheyenne.

Al: Yeah, but here's closer, isn't it? All you cocksuckers go for the easiest chance.

Phil: So where is he now?

Al: Where he is now is he, stirs the whole camp up, last night with his massacre story, 'til I'm givin' liquor away and cunt at half price, just to keep my crowd controlled. Party makes up from Nuttall's to ride back out to Spearfish, Wild Bill Hickock and those two guys walk past you downstairs saved the squarehead kid, tell Ned to stick around 'til they see what the kid has to say about him.

Phil: Wild Bill Hickok?

Al: And Ned, throws down.

Phil: Against Wild Bill Hickok?

Al: Against Hickok and this other cocksucker, who draws almost as fast so it's a toss up who blew Ned's head off.

Phil: Christ, Al, I-I'm, I'm really sorry for the bother.

Al: Yeah, so you let Ned run you leave a squarehead alive and me to clean up the mess and those are the only loose ends, huh?

Phil: I want you to have my share. I swear to fuckin' Christ, Al.

Al: I don't want your fuckin' share. And I don't want that kid tellin' people in English, or squarehead or drawin' fucking pictures in the shit with twigs about, how it wasn't Indians that killed her people but white! *(Smacks Phil across the head, knocking his chair over. Grabs Phil by the collar.)* This camp could be up for grabs, now God knows what these cocksuckers are up to, Hickok and the rest, or what I'm gonna have to do about it. And just when I need to keep my head clear, you give me these bags of shit to hold! I should cut your fuckin' throat, Phil!

Phil: Al, please don't cut my throat. Let me help straighten this out.

(Tom Mason bursts into the office, stark naked, holding his dick.)

Tom: This snatch is bendin'! *(Laughing – Al still has Phil by the collar, pinned down on the floor – they both look at Tom, frozen in place.)* What, what happened?

Phil: Ah, tipped over.

Al: And I'm helpin' him up. Put your iron away now, Tom.

Tom: Ah, not yet! Burned it at the flag T! *(Heads back to the whore's room)*

Johnny: *(Knocking – yells through the door to Doc)* Doc, you'll get me in dutch with Al!

Doc: *(Jane is wrapping Sophia's legs, Doc watching)* Just another damn moment! *(Turns back to watch Jane again.)* Don't put any pressure on it, just lay it on light.

Jane: It looks like I'm pressin', I'm not. I'm not puttin' any goddamned pressure!

Doc: That's very good. That's very good.

Johnny: Doc!

Doc: I gotta go.

Jane: I expect care for them whore's business areas is a big damn part of your income.

'Sup, this is what you want me to do?

Doc: Ah, yes. And don't let anyone in.

Jane: Believe me, anyone tries gettin' in here is not you is gonna be damn fuckin' sorry.

Doc: Alright. *(Goes to the door, puts on his hat.)*

Jane: I may not let you back.

(At the cemetery.)

Rev: Our Christ, as he was crucified addressed the thief who was hanging by his side. Verily I say unto thee, this day, shalt thou be with me in paradise. Your ways are not our ways, oh Lord. We abide the just and the unjust alike under your tearless eye. Tearless, not because you do not see us, but...because you see what we are so well. *(Seth raises his brow, the Reverend shuts his eyes and looks to the sky)* Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world, send your angels to welcome this body into paradise. Lamb of God, who takest away the sin of the world, grant this soul eternal rest. Amen.

Sol: That's a real generous perspective, Reverend.

Rev: And don't we need all the generosity we can get?

(Seth smiles a little at this, he and Sol pick up the shovels and begin to cover the casket with dirt.)

(Back in Al's office, Al is pouring a drink for a grief-stricken Tom Mason, Al has his arm around Tom's shoulders, comforting him.)

Al: They butt into other people's business and make the business of others their own, these bought out no good cocksuckers.

Tom: What, Hickok you're talkin' about?

Al: Oh, fuckin' bigshot that he is.

Phil: Big fuckin' shot when he's standin' in front of ya.

Al: One in his ear from behind I'd like to see how fuckin' tough he was.

Phil: That's right, cocksucker.

(Rapid knocking on the office door, Johnny enters.)

Al: Anyway, rest his soul.

Phil: That's all.

Johnny: Condolences, Tom.

Tom: He's gone Johnny. I don't think you ever did meet him.

Johnny: Ah, no. Doc's here.

Al: *(Gets up, grabs his jacket)* Fuck Hickok! And what he did to you poor fuckin' brother, huh?

(Over in the whore's room)

Doc: This is festered, because you won't take a flame to your damn needle.

Whore #1: I do Doc, every time before I use it.

Doc: Stop lyin'.

Whore #1: Anyways, I'm quittin'.

Trixie: They say you're lookin' to a little one, Doc.

Doc: How's that ointment workin'?

Whore #2: It's nice and cool on me, Doc. *(Rubbing her snatch)*

Doc: I'm tryin' just a little bit more lanolin in it. *(Al enters)*

Whore #3: Hey, give me a dollop of that! *(Puts it on her pussy)*

Al: How's that pussy lotion feel? Should I try some on my ass?

Doc: Al.

Al: Will she live?

Doc: Let me look at your belly.

Whore #3: I didn't know you cared, Doc.

Doc: Will who live, Al?

Al: Norwegian kid, how many children you carin' for?

Doc: I'm not optimistic.

Al: I see.

Doc: Where are you in your moons?

Whore #3: About two weeks along.

Al: She speak English? I mean, what's she gotta say for herself anyway?

Doc: She hasn't said a word, Al, or been conscious for a second.

Al: Oh, too bad. She could settle who killed her people, road agents or Sioux.

Doc: I don't know nothin' about that, does that hurt?

Whore #3: Little bit.

Al: If she does see, Doc, that's the point. She could settle it.

Doc: I doubt she'll settle anything, Al. I doubt we'll even know what language she spoke.

Al: Give those girls a good goin' over, Doc. Look to 'em like they're your own.

Doc: Don't tell me my job or how long to do it in. I can see to them. And I can see to the way I'm goddamned able, and that's all I can goddamned do!

Al: Ooh, what's your time of the month, huh?

(Al leaves, Doc goes over to Trixie to check out her face.)

Trixie: Are you poorly, Doc?

Doc: Don't worry about me, I know what I am. What I'm not.

(Out in the street, Al is heading over to the Doc's cabin, Alma watches from her hotel window. Al enters the cabin.)

Jane: What do you want?

Al: Doc asked me to see your patient.

Jane: What for? What do you know about it? Who the fuck are you?? *(Al looks at her and walks right by her)* Hey, don't you fuckin' ignore me! *(She hits his back and he turns back around).*

Al: You don't want to interfere with me.

Jane: You think I'm scared of you?

Al: Sure you are. If I take a knife to ya, you'll be scared worse and a long time dyin'.

Jane: I ain't scared to die. I ain't scared of nobody. *(Al chuckles and turns back to the bed where Sophia is still asleep)* Hey, you, you, you get away, get away from her! Le-le-leave that little one alone! Leave her alone!

Al: *(Picks up Sophia's wrist and pinches the inside of it – Sophia's eye pop wide open.)* Hello.

Jane: *(Crying)* Leave her! Leave her. Leave her, leave her alone, you cocksucker! Do it to me if you have to! *(Al walks past Jane – leaving).*

Al: Why would I do it to you? *(He leaves and Jane breaks down in tears.)*

(Out in the street, the Doc is returning from the Gem and sees Al leave his cabin.)

Doc: Did you hurt her?

Al: No. No, Doc. But she's better than you thought. Her eyes are open.

(Doc takes off running to his cabin. He enters and Jane is sitting on the edge of the bed, crying her eyes out.)

Jane: I fell apart. I couldn't look out for the little one. Fucker looked at me and I fell apart in front of him.

Doc: Alright. You're not the first.

Jane: No, I'm not the first. Who said I was the first? You think he's the fuckin' first? I've been fucked plenty! And tougher fucks than he was and little than her by plenty! They fucked me plenty! So you can go fuck yourself! *(Sobbing)*

Doc: Go on, head on. I'll look after her.

Jane: Was he a road agent? Was he among them that did for her family?

Doc: He owns the Gem saloon.

Jane: Then what's it to him if she can open her eyes?

Doc: You go on ahead.

Jane: Does road agents work for him?

Doc: I'll take care of her.

Jane: I'm sorry, I apologize.

Doc: You got nothin' to apologize for. You gotta gift for this. You cared for her real good.

Jane: Don't be mean.

Doc: No. You got a gift. *(Jane leaves)*

(Brom walks along the streets, now dark, and enters the Grand Central Hotel.)

EB: Mr. Garrett? How was your day at the digs?

Brom: It was a mixed experience, Mr. Farnum. My claim retains every bit of its promise but, I'm afraid I've injured my back.

EB: All that twisting and turning.

Brom: It's wrenched at least and I feel worse. I may not be cut out for this sort of...activity.

EB: Oh, many aren't

Brom: Under the circumstances, perhaps I should reconsider.

EB: What, Sir?

Brom: I refer to your offer on my gold claim.

EB: *My offer?*

Brom: Last night, Mr. Farnum, before witnesses, at the Gem saloon you offered 16,000.

EB: I see.

Brom: I'm prepared to reconsider.

EB: I have a confession to make, Mr. Garrett. I have a weakness for spirits.

Brom: You saying you were drunk last night?

EB: I must've been, sir. I black out and, no memory at all of my actions. Please ignore any offers made while in my condition.

Brom: And yet you didn't seem drunk?

EB: I suppose that's why I'm such a danger to myself.

(Brom-stricken-takes his hat and lantern off the counter and heads upstairs. EB drinks his coffee.)

(Back in Al's office.)

Dan: Jesus Christ Almighty, Al.

Al: Far as that sewer mouth friend of Hickok's playin' nurse, you can tip her over with a feather.

Dan: But a little girl? It's hard on my conscious.

Al: Or we could let her spread work that folks *(Phil enters)* got road agents to fear more than Indians, breed mistrust one white for another throughout the whole fuckin' camp. That'd be another option, is he ready?

Phil: Ah, huh, Tom's ready, Al, but he's awful drunk. I-I don't trust him to pull it off.

Al: Not a bank job, he walks up to the cocksucker, puts one in his ear.

Phil: Ah, he keeps runnin' that mouth like he is, Hickok ain't gonna let him get close enough. *(Knocking)*

Al: Who in fuck is it? *(Johnny enters)*

Johnny: Them hardware guys is askin' for ya, downstairs, Al.

Al: *(Grabs his pocket watch and looks at it)* Tell 'em I'll be fuckin' down. *(Does a shot)* Pour coffee down Tom, because he is goin' out tonight to murder that sonofabitch. *(To Dan)* Where do you and me stand?

Dan: We're alright. *(Al leaves)*

Phil: What are you supposed to do?

Dan: *(Grabs his hat)* Nothin'.

(Back at the Doc's, he's sitting next to Sophia, rubbing her head)

Doc: Don't ever say nothin' to no one. I don't know if you can understand me, but if you can don't show it.

Sophia: *(mumbling)*

Doc: If you gotta talk, talk like that. *(Gets up and grabs his shotgun, checks that it's loaded, and sits back down. Doc hears a horse neighing and looks up.)*

(Downstairs at the Gem)

Sol: See if this makes sense to you, Seth. I do the talkin'.

Seth: Fine with me.

Sol: Some people don't get along. They have business to do with each other, they find a way around it.

Seth: Don't talk to me like I'm five, Sol.

Al: Boys.

Seth: Evenin' *(Stands up)* Sol's got my proxy.

Al: Me and him, we should talk without you?

Seth: That's what it means.

Al: What's your partner so mad about all the time? *(Trixie gets up)*

Sol: He's not mad.

Al: He's got a mean way of bein' happy.

Sol: As far as offerin' on your lot, Mr. Swearengen, we'd probably go 750.

Al: You'd probably go a thousand.

Sol: Say we would. Does a thousand get it done?

Al: My concern, Sol, you don't mind if I call you Sol?

Sol: Please do.

Al: My concern, anything can happen under a tent. I mean a hardware operation can turn into a gambling joint. Ain't that right? *(Trixie stands next to Seth at the bar.)*

Sol: That's not gonna happen, Mr. Swearengen.

Al: Sell to you boys outright, I could be installing my own eventual competition, in the prime location, with the "A" number one man killer the west holding an unnamed piece of the action.

Sol: We met Hickok by coincidence. He's not an unnamed partner.

Al: Now so you say. But a camp like this, Sol, no law or enforceable contract. I mean, you gotta watch a man a while 'til you see what his word counts for. *(He looks over Sol's shoulder to Seth, Sol turns around to look too.)*

Trixie: Would you like some company?

Seth: No.

Al: Say we value the lot at a thousand; you boys give me 500, and whatever you should put that tent to between now and the first snow, I'm in for half the net. Come October, we finish the deal, all knowin' each other better.

Sol: Seth won't accept it, Mr. Swearengen.

Al: I thought you had his proxy.

Sol: Just up to a point.

Al: See, that ain't my sense of proxy. That's what I'd want these few months for, 'til we agreed what things meant.

Sol: I'm telling you, we're just a hardware operation.

Al: You heard my offer. *(Sol gets up and joins Seth at the bar, Trixie sits down with Al.)*

Trixie: He didn't wanna drink, and he didn't wanna fuck.

Al: Anyone or just you? *(Trixie huffs and takes a drink)*
Sol: We pay 500 now, he gets 50 percent of our net 'til the first snow. Then we buy out the rest of his interest.
Seth: No.
Sol: It's a great location, Seth. He wants to be sure we don't turn it to gambling or that Hickok's not in with us.
Seth: I won't be partners with him.
Sol: We wouldn't be after October.
Seth: I won't be partners.
Al: Trixie *(cocks his head for her to leave, Seth approaches)* See, you got Trixie all distressed. She wanted to give you a ride.
Seth: A thousand, now. If anyone in that tent, or the building we put up, turns a playin' card, or pours a drink, or offers a woman's services you get title back and keep our fuckin' money.
Al: What makes you talk to me in that tone of voice?
Seth: I'm makin' a counter offer.
Al: You come into my camp, rent my lot, within six hours; you blow in a guy's eye, with Wild Bill Hickok backin' your play. Next day I'm supposed to sell you the lot, put you in business without askin' who the fuck you are or what the fuck you're doing here?
Seth: Far as what happened in the street, with Bill Hickok bein' involved, that was a turn of events.
Al: A what?
Seth: It was a turn of events.
Al: Oh, a turn of events. Your partner calls it a coincidence. So what with this coincident and turn of events staring me in the fuckin' face and five other fuckin' things I'm supposed to be payin' attention to, I still make you a sensible proposal and you answer by insulting me in my own joint.
Sol: Seth didn't mean to insult you, Mr. Swearengen.
Al: You stay out of this. You don't know nothin' about this. You weren't here and you don't have his proxy, so why don't you do whatever you people do when you're not running your mouths off or cheatin' people out of what they earn by Christian work?
Seth: You don't wanna be talkin' that way.
Al: Oh, don't tell me how to talk in my own fucking place! And here's my counter offer to your counter offer. Go fuck yourself! *(Seth and Al stare at each other.)*
Sol: Seth. *(Trixie approaches)*
Al: Get him away from me.
Trixie: Mister. The best bath and blowjob you ever had's not twelve steps up them stairs. *(Their still staring at each other)* Mister!

(Seth pushes his way past Al and leaves with Sol.)

(Alma is brushing her hair in front of her vanity mirror)

Brom: I may as well confide in you, Alma.

Alma: Of course.

Brom: I'm beginning to feel we've been duped. Our gold claim may be worthless. I'm beginning to think that even, Al Swearengen's name should be added to the conspirator's list.

Alma: I know how disappointed you must be.

Brom: I know. I told you I'd believed I'd found a friend in Al. As I now look back, Al not only presided with the sale, he facilitated my involvement at every turn.

Alma: Well, I-I-I suppose a community such as this...attracts a certain kind of man.

Brom: Alma, I've mentioned to you, exchanging hellos with Wild Bill Hickok in the hotel hallway?

Alma: Yes, y-you said ah, he seemed very friendly.

Brom: Very friendly. In the hallway and on the stairs. Do you suppose, we might enlist him to our cause?

Alma: D-Do you t-think that that's the sort of thing that he does?

Brom: For a fee, a percentage of the monies recovered, I'd say that's exactly his line.

Alma: Mmm.

Brom: I may well include the name of Al Swearengen when Wild Bill and I confer.

(Seth and Sol, having left the Gem, are walking down the street)

Sol: This camp is a going concern. We could secure our futures here. Hardware could just be a start.

Seth: Camp needs a bank.

Sol: Camp also needs a bank, is exactly damn right. Seth. If you see all the possibilities why get sidetracked by that saloon keeper? We just wanna buy his lot.

Seth: What about what he called you?

Sol: I been called worse by better.

Seth: Get it in writin' from that sonofabitch. We buy the other half in October.

Sol: Just leave it to me.

Utter: Ah..ah..(pissing) Uh...ah...ah. *(looks over at Seth and Sol)* Evenin'.

Seth: Evenin'.

Utter: Um, Bill and me didn't make it to your tent today.

Seth: Tomorrow's another day.

Utter: Ah, prospect. His express purpose comin' to this camp. Make a, his stake for his new wife. His idea. Don't suggest buyin' a shovel or a siftin' cradle. Un-uh. *(farting)* Ah, uh-oh. Ah.

Sol: Anyways, have a good evenin'.

Utter: What's your secret, Bullock?

Seth: What do you mean?

Utter: You got some ah, Bill's qualities but then you got somethin' he's missin'. Get along with people, turn a dollar, look out for yourself. He don't know how to do that. You see what I'm sayin'? So, I like to know your secret so's then I can tell it to Bill.

Seth: I don't know any secrets.

Utter: Don't tell me if you don't want, I mean, find occasion and tell him yourself. He likes you. Just don't wait too long. *(They look at each other, Charlie turns and walks back to the wall.)*

(At Nuttall's #10, Bill is playing cards with Con Stapleton, Jack McCall and another man. We don't see right away that it's Jack until he speaks. Persimmon Phil and Tom Mason are sitting on the other side of the place, watching.)

Phil: How you feel?

Tom: One more shot, and I'll be ready to take that cocksucker. Maybe one more cup of coffee.

(Seth and Sol enter and approach the bar. Nuttall pours them a drink – at his table, Hickok does a shot.)

Wild Bill: I'm out for a couple.

Jack McCall: Ah, go get you some ammo Wild Bill, a-at kinda looks down to turn.

Wild Bill: You're names Jack?

Jack: Yeah, that's correct.

Wild Bill: What are ya in the game for, Jack?

Jack: What am I in it for?

Wild Bill: If irritating me's the jackpot, you've got the job done. *(Bill turns away and walks to the bar, Jack makes a fish-face at him as he leaves.)* Montana.

Seth: Evenin'.

Wild Bill: Evening.

Sol: Evenin'.

Wild Bill: What'd be your opinion far as me gettin' another 50?

Nuttall: You ah, you want another 50 in credit?

Wild Bill: If that's alright with you?

Nuttall: Yeah, I suppose so.

Wild Bill: Play poker?

Seth: I'm no good at it.

Wild Bill: You let that slow you down? *(Seth smiles and laughs)* Fella in the far corner to your right intends me harm. When he makes his move would you keep an eye on the man with him? *(Seth turns subtly and sees Persimmon Phil and Tom Mason)*

Seth: You bet.

Wild Bill: See the fella's I mean?

Seth: Yes, I do.

Wild Bill: Thanks, Montana.

Nuttall: Wouldn't was the water gettin' no deeper than this, Mr. Hickok.

Wild Bill: Fair enough. *(Turns and returns to the table)*

Seth: Stand away from me, Sol. *(Turns and looks at Sol, they lock eyes for a moment and Sol backs away.)*

Stapleton: Don't be too stupid, Jack. *(Bill sits down)*

Jack: I restored our bosoms!

(Outside, Charlie is waiting, drinking. Jane approaches with a bottle of her own.)

Jane: They throw you out?

Utter: No, they did not! I left on my own stand. I choose to be out here.

Jane: Well, I was drinkin' down by the goddamned creek outta my own fuckin' free will. *(Leans on the wall next to Charlie)* Where's Bill?

Utter: Inside. Losin' at cards. I-I'll go get him but, he'd accuse me ah herdin' him like a damn steer. *(Jane takes a drink, sets down her bottle and starts to walk)*

Jane: Someone I need to go kill.

Utter: What, who? *(Starts to walk after her)*

Jane: You are not my target, but keep botherin' me and I'll add you to the list.

Utter: Who'd be talkin' about, damnit!

Jane: Greasy-haired limey cocksucker! That runs the Gem saloon.

Utter: What the hell you wanna kill him for?

Jane: His showin' makes two different things. Between the coward and the lapse of momentary fear.

Utter: Listen, Jane, you listen to me! I don't *(Grabs Jane)* know what in the hell you're talkin' about and I guaran-fuckin'-tee, you have at that man, and you won't come out that joint, alive.

Jane: Oh! The sun ain't rose on the day I pay heed to what you say! *(sobbing)*

Utter: Oh. Oh, what is this? Oh, oh...*(hugs Jane)*

Jane: *(Crying)* He scared me, Charlie! I ain't been scared like that since I was a little girl.

Utter: Oh. Oh, Jesus.

(Jane backs out of Charlie's arms, stops crying, shrugs it off and gets back into mean mode – walks off.)

Charlie: Jane, where you goin'? *(Walks off after her)*

Jane: Ah, alright. Now, down there is Doc Cochran's office. *(points to her left)* If that limey cocksucker *(points to her right)* comes for that little girl *(points to left)*, I got him triangulated. If he comes from that way *(points to right)* I got him, and if he comes from that way...*(points to left)* I got him. *(Looks at Charlie – he joins her on the corner.)*

(At the Gem, Dan is preparing himself, with tears in his eyes, hands clasped together, as if in prayer, rocking back and forth. He grabs his knife, stands up and puts it in his belt and leaves. Back at Nuttall's #10, Bill is playing poker.)

Tom: Here I go.

Phil: No words and no gun 'til you're on him.

Tom: Here I go. Revenge my fuckin' brother.

(Tom gets up and walks past Seth, Seth turns and keeps his eyes on Phil. Tom approaches the table and Bill draws and fires, hitting Tom in the belly. Tom clutches his

belly and falls to the floor.)

Stapleton: The man's gun never left his holster, Mr. Hickok.

Wild Bill: He meant me harm.

Tom: You killed my brother, you sonofabitch!

Wild Bill: And now I killed you.

Seth: He was goin' for his gun. I saw it. *(We see Jimmy Irons in the background)*

Stapleton: A revenge seeker. I guess he did mean you harm.

(Jimmy slips out the back door, Sol looks on in horror)

(Charlie and Jane are still standing, barely, on the corner.)

Utter: You're half fuckin' blind, ain't ya?

Jane: Sometimes it's a fuckin' blessing. *(Dan approaches the corner and eyes Jane)*
What the fuck you lookin' at? *(Dan keeps walking)* Like's he's a fuckin' Adonis.

(Dan approaches Doc's cabin, wiping the tears now falling freely from his eyes. Doc is sleeping in the chair next to Sophia. Dan knocks on the door, Doc wakes up and sees Dan through the curtains on the door. Dan knocks again. Doc gets up and grabs his shotgun, opens the door.)

Dan: You go on away from here for a little while, Doc. *(Doc points his gun at Dan)*

Doc: I won't.

Dan: Go on. You go see about the whores.

Doc: No.

Dan: You know I'll come through you if I have to.

Doc: Let me remind you of somethin', Dan. If you kill me...then you are up to your elbows in snatches, just like you were 'fore I came to this damn camp. *(Dan looking at Sophia, crying)* Takin' care of 'em. Nursin' 'em, day in, day out. Takin' heat from Al every time one of 'em's poorly. Up to your elbows!

Dan: Between that and a slit throat that Al'll give be if I leave that child alive, I think you know which one I'm gonna choose.

Doc: You just go ahead and do what you're gonna do 'cause I'm not movin'.

Dan: *(looking at Sophia)* Jesus Christ, you're pittin' me against Al.

Doc: So the fuck be it.

Dan: Well, I ain't goin' it alone. You're comin' with me to make the case.

(Jane and Charlie, still triangulatin')

Jane: *(Sees Dan walkin' with the Doc, holding his elbow)* Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ, Charlie! Have we been asleep at the switch?

Utter: What's wrong?

Jane: Why's he got his arm on the Doc? You with that ugly fucker of your own free fuckin' will, Doc?

Doc: Yes, yes, I am. (*Holding hands in the “quiet down” way*) I’d rather be lucky than smart (*smiling*).

(*Al, in the Gem with Jimmy Irons and Persimmon Phil*)

Al: Word for word, what the hardware guy said.

Jimmy: The hardware guy...

Al: The hardware guy. Did you just fuckin’ tell me the hardware guy was standing next to Hickok?

Jimmy: The hardware guy said somethin’ like, “Hickok’s right. He was goin’ for his gun. I saw him goin’ for it, too.)

Al: Somethin’ like.

Jimmy: My tooth was painin’ me somethin’ awful, Sir. But I am certain that was the gist of it.

Al: Get some dope from Johnny.

Jimmy: Thanks an awful lot, Mr. Swearngen. My tooth’s about brought me to my knees. (*Jimmy leaves and Phil stands alone*)

Al: Tell me one thing. When that idiot made his move did he tip it?

Phil: Tom didn’t say Boo, Al. Hickok must’ve just smelled him.

Dan: Al? You’re not gonna believe what fuckin’ happened.

Al: What?

Doc: Lunatic that runs with Hickok, just absconded with that child. Must be under his protection.

Al: Come here. (*Phil follows Al, Dan and Doc watch them go upstairs*)

(*Up in Al’s office*)

Al: You’re sure that girl doesn’t know what you look like?

Phil: Al, I’m confident that girl don’t know what I look like. But no, I can’t guarantee that to a moral certainty. And I, I know you got your whole operation here you gotta consider. And ah, you don’t need to be, worried or, or troubled about the...well, as far as that girl recognizing me, no matter if it’s (*Al bends down to his safe*) the slimmest of the slim of possibilities. So, so what you want me to do? You want me to just stay outta camp and, until you deal with all this? Why don’t I do that, Al? How ‘bout you have Johnny check under the rock and I’ll put messages under the rock, and then I’m gonna check under the rock, ah, every day, and see if you wanna send messages to me. (*Al opens his safe*)

Al: Err on the side of caution?

Phil: That’s ah, is that a plan? (*reaches out his hand, Al shakes it with a fake smile on his face*) Hey ah, Al, think I got time to put my brand on a little snatch ‘fore I go?

(*Al sticks him with a knife, twisting it and forces Phil to the ground. Phil grunts.*)

Al: No loose ends now.

(*Dan and Doc are downstairs, drinking – Al yells down to Dan from upstairs*)

Al: Get up here! Bring the sled. *(Dan turns back to the Doc, smiles. Al slams his office door. Dan gets up.)*

(In the wagon outside of camp, Jane and Charlie are tucking Sophia in)

Jane: *(Singing)* ♪Row, row, row your boat♪
♪ gently down the stream♪
♪ merrily, merrily...♪

Goddamnit! (To Charlie)

♪Row, row, row your boat♪
♪ gently down the stream♪

Together: *(In a round now, Charlie joins in second at the “merrily” part starting a new round)* ♪merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily life is but a dream.♪

♪ Row, row, row your boat♪
♪ gently down the stream ♪
♪ merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily life is but a dream.♪
♪ Row, row, row your boat♪
♪ gently down the stream♪
♪ merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily life is but a dream.♪
♪ Row, row, row your boat♪
♪ gently down the stream♪
♪ merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily life is but a dream.♪

Cast:

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

Guest Appearances:

Sean Bridgers	Johnny Burns
Keith Carradine	Wild Bill Hickock
Joe Chrest	Persimmon Phil
Jane Leigh Connelly	
Garret Dillahunt	Jack McCall
Dan Hildebrand	Tim Driscoll
Peter Jason	Johnny Varnes
Geri Jewell	Jewel
Jeffrey Jones	A.W. Merrick
Ray McKinnon	Rev. H.W. Smith (as Raymond McKinnon)
Nick Offerman	Tom Mason
Timothy Omundson	Brom Garret
Toni Oswald	
Dean Rader-Duval	Jimmy Irons (as Dean Rader Duval)
Tom Simmons	
Bree Seanna Wall	Metz Girl (as Breeseanna Wall)
Keone Young	Mr. Wu

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