

Episode #3 – “Reconnoitering the Rim”

(Tim Driscoll’s dog is hanging out with Ellsworth now, passionately digging away in a little hole)

Ellsworth: He’s down that hole for a fact. Pitiful as you pursued him, you better hope he ain’t got the space enough to roll around, hold his side, bust a gut laughin’. Tell all the other woodchucks at the club this afternoon...he might not even call it a escape. Might just call it his morning’s entertainment.

Dan: Hey! Hey, Ellsworth!

Ellsworth: Hey, Dan Dority! *(Dog whimpers and goes to hide somewhere behind Ellsworth)*
Where’s the great prospector?

Dan: I guess Brom slept in this morning.

Ellsworth: Suppose his enthusiasm’s on the wane?

Dan: That’s always possible. He shows up, you tell him I quit waitin’.

Ellsworth: Sure will.

Dan: See ya at the Gem. *(Walks away)*

Ellsworth: Always possible. Go on! *(Dog returns)*

(At the cemetery, they are interring Tom Mason)

Rev: The earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof. The world and they that dwell therein. For He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods. *(AW sneezes – several times)*
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand *(AW sneezing & coughing)* in his holy place? He that, that hath a clean hands *(Rev hands AW a handkerchief)* and a pure heart. Who hath not lifted up his soul. Unto vanity nor sworn *(Still sneezing)* beseechfully. He, he shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and *(Seth turns and sees Charlie Utter and Calamity Jane returning from the wagon with Sophia cradled in Jane’s arms)* justice from the God of his salvation. Lift up your heads, oh ye gates and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is the King of glory? The Lord of hosts. He is the King of glory.

(The camera pans down to the entrance of town where the wagon train for the Bella Union arrives fittingly, beneath the sign for the meat market. We see Cy and his ladies, Joanie at the head doing her best Vanna White impression but instead of letters she’s revealing whores.)

Various Male Voices: Selah! *(Cheering)* What’s yer name!? Hey! What’s yer name!?

(Al watches from his balcony with interest. He watches them raise the sign for the Bella Union Saloon, Cy motioning it centered. Meanwhile, back at the cemetery...)

Rev: Everyone proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord. Though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished. *(AW – still goddamned sneezing)* By mercy and truth is inequity purged. And by the fear of the Lord, do men depart from evil. A man’s ways please the Lord, when he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. *(Rev’s eyes land on Seth. Seth locks some serious eyes on the Rev.)* Amen.

Merrick: Amen.

Seth: Thank you *(Shakes hands with the pallbearers)* Thanks for your help.

Merrick: May we edify my readers, Mr. Bullock?

Seth: I don't know what edify means.

Merrick: Can we talk about last night's gunfight?

Seth: *(Grabbing a shovel)* No.

Merrick: We can't talk about *last* night's gunfight, either. *(AW grabs a shovel and they start to cover the coffin.)*

(Al emerges from the Gem Saloon looking rather pissed off.)

Al: What the fuck?!

EB: All's I can speculate, Al, is whoever these Bella Union people are, they bought Artie Simpson's place on the quiet. Pre-arranged turnin' it into a joint.

Al: This no good fucking Judas! *(pointing)* Hey, fucknut!

Artie: Just take it easy, Al. *(Loading his wagon)*

Al: How long you been hatchin' this fuckin' plot?

Artie: I made a practical goddamned business decision.

Al: No chance for me to match their fuckin' offer?

Artie: You couldn't have. *(Climbs up onto the wagon)* You'da killed me before you'd matched. But it's between you and them now. *(Sol looks on)*

Al: Drive careful, cocksucker!

Artie: Don't think I haven't taken precaution. Don't think I don't know your mind!

(Wagon pulls off. Sol approaches Al as he's walking away)

Sol: I hate to press you on that lot, Mr. Swearengen.

Al: I ain't ready to settle yet.

Sol: Just, we're anxious to start building.

Al: If you want an answer now, it's no.

(At Nuttall's #10, Wild Bill is playing poker – again)

Wild Bill: Two.

Jack McCall: Same for me. Only better.

Stapleton: Yeah, three the dealer, dealer draws. Trench mouth. Opener bets.

Jack: Well damn, Wild Bill. Even a stopped clock's gotta be right sometime. Common law just says you gonna win one sooner or later. But I'm gonna keep pushin' my luck. What do you got there? Eight dollars. Are you ready to stand anymore credit to Wild Bill here, Tom?

Nuttall: I didn't hear him ask for any.

Jack: You want me just bet eight, Bill?

(Bill takes one of his revolvers out of his holster and lays it on the table.)

Wild Bill: May it cover my call.

Jack: Ah, Bill, I can't let you put your gun up. That colt's worth more than my raise by a good 40 bucks.

Wild Bill: Are you takin' the bet?

Jack: I tell you what, I'll add 40 bucks to my raise, make the bet fair. And then 50 more, if you'll put up a set.

(Wild Bills draws the other colt out quick as lightening. Jack ducks to the side, reacting to the draw. Bill puts the gun down next to the other.)

Stapleton: Pot's right.

Jack: *(Lays down his cards)* Would a nine high straight do the trick?

(Wild Bill lays down his cards, not taking his eyes off Jack)

Stapleton: Pot to the club flush.

Jack: Well that's one in a row for you, Wild Bill. Who's hungry? What in the hell damn time is it anyway?

Wild Bill: Sure you wanna quit playing, Jack? The game's always between you and gettin' called a cunt.

Nuttall: Ah, meetin' adjourned, fellas, take it outside.

Wild Bill: That dropped eye of your looks like the hood of a cunt to me, Jack. When you talk, your mouth looks like a cunt moving.

Jack: I ain't gonna get in no gunfight with you, Hickok.

Wild Bill: But you *will* run your cunt mouth at me. And I *will* take it to play poker.

Nuttall: I'll tote up accounts, Mr. Hickok ah, we'll do whatever rest business we need to next you're in.

Wild Bill: Anyone wants to, can find me at the Grand Central. *(Strides out of the #10)*

(Sophia, eyes open, laying down)

Jane: She's warm isn't she?

Utter: She ain't talk yet, neither.

Jane: That's beside the point, you shut up!

Doc: She will get fever, bein' wolf bit.

Jane: And the reason we risked bringin' her into camp...

Doc: You don't need to fear the saloonkeeper. He's not a danger to her no more.

Jane: He's not?

Doc: Saloonkeeper worried that the little one said that road agents killed her people. Who the road agents might say they worked for.

Jane: Meaning, him?

Doc: He took a different approach to the problem. She would do better indoors.

Utter: I told Jane she could take my room with the little one, and I'd move back in with Bill.

Jane: Will not stay in no fuckin' hotel! They don't want me. They won't give me a room.

Doc: You two keep your voices down. *(Doc pours medicine into a spoon, mimes ingesting it to Sophia and puts it to her mouth, she dutifully does as he "asked")*

Jane: What'd I say about noise? He snores the whole fuckin' night!

Utter: Snorin's past a person's control.

(Out in the street, facing the hotel, Seth and the Reverend are walking back to the tent)

Rev: I was a field nurse during the war. At Shiloh in Sanko Manassas. That was a good deal of violence.

Seth: Is that when you got your callin'?

Rev: Yes, it was, Sir. Out of that crucible out of all that horror to come to God's grace. A-a man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord, directeth his steps. H-he directeth all our steps, Mr. Bullock. All of us.

Seth: If your preachin' at me, Reverend, you need to put some more light on the text.

Rev: If I am preaching *at* you, sir, I do you a disservice. Good Morning, Mr. Star.

Sol: Good Morning, Reverend.

Seth: Can we get the lot? Can we start buildin'? The Reverend's come to help.

Sol: We're still hangin' fire.

Seth: What's the damn holdup?

Sol: New gambling outfit come into town, Seth. Time wasn't right to push and do a decision.

Seth: I got all the lumber cut.

Sol: And I warned you that was premature.

Seth: You said 98 percent, after your last conversation with that sonofabitch.

Sol: 98 is not a hundred.

Seth: Goddamnit! *(Oops! Turns his head toward the Rev.)*

Rev: Good day, Sirs.

Sol: Good day, Reverend!

(Out in the street, facing the Bella Union – we hear Jane talking before the camera goes inside the Grand Central)

Jane: I said they'd find a way to stop me. *(Now we're inside the hotel)*

Utter: If it's raisin' room rates, you have to go ahead and raise 'em.

EB: Rates aren't the only factor. There's a waiting list for occupancy.

Jane: You undertaker lookin' sonofabitch. This little girl's doctor ordered to live indoors and I'm assigned to change her dressings!

EB: A sad story, that's none of my affair, Madam. If I guess your sex correct?

Wild Bill: *(Entering)* What's the problem, innkeeper?

EB: Mr. Hickok.

Utter: Little one took fever in that wagon last night, Bill. *(Brom starts coming down the stairs, pauses)* And I though Jane and her could stay in my room and, I'd move back in with you.

EB: I'm not in opposition, sir. Just the opposite. Who wouldn't want to accommodate a sick little girl? But the Simpson Hotel's closed its doors. If Mr. Utter is vacating, shouldn't these people that have been trying me all morning get first call? Isn't that simple fairness?

Jane: He don't give a fuck all for fairness! He just don't want me in here.

Wild Bill: Well how 'bout if he stays in his room and the lady moves in with me? *(Jane tucks her smiling face into Sophia's neck)* That way no one's vacating nothing.

EB: That *would* outflank the checkout issue. But it might raise questions of decorum.

Wild Bill: With who?

EB: No one of consequence I suppose.

Wild Bill: Let her in. I'm goin' to get some breakfast.

EB: There will be a rate adjustment. (*Jane eyes EB*)

Brom: (*Coming down the stairs*) Good morning.

EB: I've heard the stories, Madam, I tell you that at flag fall. You are here on sufferance.

Jane: Kiss my ass! (*They go upstairs*)

(*Back at the Gem in Al's bedrooms, Al is seated, we see him from behind and we see someone – it ends up being Trixie – brushing his coat.*)

Al: Cocksuckers. Where were they when Dan and me were, chopping trees in this gulch? Hands all blistered. Bucktooth fuckin' beavers rolling around in the creek. Slappin' their tails in the water like we was hired entertainment.

Trixie: I'd pay a nickel to see you choppin' wood.

Al: Yeah. Don't think I wasn't blow for blow with Dan. (*Trixie helps him put on his jacket*) I can play that shit when I have to. (*Straightens his bowtie*) But I been to Chicago, too. (*Turns around, puts his arms out*) How do I look?

Trixie: Like Christ crucified.

(*Al enters the Bella Union*)

Al: Guess this ain't a hotel no more.

Joanie: Come see us tonight when we open. We'll find ya a place to lay down.

Cy: And someone to keep your feet warm.

Al: I'm Al Swearengen. (*Puts hand out*) I own the joint across the street.

Eddie: The Gem?

Al: That's it.

Cy: Cy Tolliver, Al. Ed Sawyer, Joanie Stubbs.

Al: You people must've trained with the heathens. Yeah, you know, you come up on us unbeknownst.

Cy: How long you been in camp, Al?

Al: Well, this year, Cy, since March. I was here last year, too. But the fuckin' cavalry drove us out.

Cy: Butt all the whites out, didn't they?

Al: Oh deep fuckin' thinkers in Washington put forward that policy. This year though, so many soldiers desertin' to prospect, give up the ghost let us all back in. And of course, Custer sorted out the fuckin' Sioux for us, so now we're all as safe as in our mother's tits.

Cy: Did a job for our side, didn't he, Al?

Al: How 'bout that long haired fuckin' blowhard, huh? I'll tell you this, son, you can mark my words. Crazy Horse went into Little Big Horn, bought his people one good long term ass fuckin'. (*Pumps his fist back and forth*) You do not want to be a dirt worshipping heathen, from this fucking point forward. (*Turns to Joanie*) Pardon my French.

Joanie: Oh I speak French.

Al: Well, here we are, settin' in the world's problems and I been wonderin', Cy, um, perhaps we should talk about our areas of overlap so we're not at each other's throats, huh?

Cy: Give me a for instance, Al.

Al: Ah, women. Would we want to agree on rates?

Joanie: Well, far as pussy, Al, we'll want to let the market sort itself out.

Al: Sounds to me like I'm up against specialty acts. How 'bout table games? Any overlap there?

Eddie: We'll be featuring craps, Al.

Al: I played that in Chicago. I don't offer it myself, gets these hoople heads confused, hmm? That's one area of overlap avoided. What about faro?

Eddie: We'll have it.

Al: That decision hard and fast?

Cy: I just don't see overlap bein' a problem, Al. Even where we duplicate. We're offerin' differing atmosphere, you're a pioneerin' type, a trailblazer type. You're gonna draw a trailblazin' element.

Al: Meanin' I get the one's that don't wash?

Eddie: Must cut through the stink though when they walk in with those sacks full of gold.

Al: Oh, the money spends definitely.

Cy: Anyways, thanks for the neighborly visit.

Al: Yeah, good to meet you. Very good luck to you. You're opening at eight o'clock, huh?

Eddie: That's what we're aimin' at.

Al: Eight o'clock. Good for you. *(Al leaves)*

Eddie: Wouldn't set a fire right away.

Cy: Come to case us, though. He would set a fire. *(Watching Al leave – in the street, Al turns and looks up at the sign)*

(Back at the absurd restaurant)

Wild Bill: Way you tell it, Mister, man didn't sell you that claim holding a gun to your head.

Brom: And frankly, Mr. Hickok, being a novice in these matters, I was duped. And now the seller's disappeared. You checked into his room. *(Looking at Charlie)*

Utter: Sound like you're up shit's creek.

Brom: Seller had accomplices, gentlemen. Men of...what passes for position in this place. Now I would pay a handsome bounty, if they were brought to make restitutions.

Wild Bill: Sorry you lost your money, Mister. But I ain't for hire to rob it back.

Brom: I make no terms as to method.

Wild Bill: You don't figure a good talkin' to would do the trick?

Brom: I'm not leaving camp...without my money.

Utter: Mister, that fella you said had my room before me?

Brom: Yeah, a man named Tim Driscoll, yes, pure charlatan.

Utter: Fresh stain on the floor when I moved in. He may a checked out, short a useful amount of blood.

Brom: Wouldn't surprise me in the least.

Utter: That would make these accomplices you're talkin' about, dangerous people to deal with.

Brom: Yes, I quite take your point. No honor among thieves. Well...thanks for your time. I'll pursue my remedies in some other fashion. *(Brom leaves)*

Wild Bill: I don't think he took you point...quite.

Utter: I think he quite missed it.

Wild Bill: I believe I'll pass out, Charlie.

Utter: I guess you were playin' poker all night, huh?

Wild Bill: Yes, Sir.

Utter: When we was comin' into camp I saw that ah, Montana fella you seemed to like.

Wild Bill: Bullock had my back again last night.

Utter: Why, he was seein' to the results this mornin'.

Wild Bill: Man has an act of conscience.

Utter: What would you think of us and him and his friend ah, havin' dinner tonight?

Wild Bill: Why?

Utter: People gotta eat, don't they, Bill? And maybe you'd enjoy sittin' with someone who wasn't lookin' to beat you at cards. Or blow your fuckin' head off.

Wild Bill: True enough. Mark me down for a yes. (*Wild Bill heads upstairs*)

(*Back in Al's office, Al is sitting at his desk with Johnny, EB and Jimmy Irons across from him*)

Al: I want to know who did that legwork.

EB: You hit the nail square, Al. Whoever went between them Bella Union people and Artie Simpson would be a prime source of information.

Al: Do not repeat back to me, what I just said in different fuckin' words! And I wanna know who cut the cheese? (*Al, making Mr. Smelly-face – goes to the balcony doors*) I'll tell you this for openers. We are gonna set off and area on the balcony. (*Opens doors*) And God help whoever doesn't use it because the next stink I have to smell in this office, and whoever doesn't admit to it is going out the window, into the much onto their (*camera stops on Jimmy*) fuckin' heads and we'll see how they like fartin' from that position. Okay? (*High mocking voice*) Oh, I hate to press you on the lot, Mr. Swearengen. (*normal*) Wouldn't that be a setup If they were all of the same fuckin' party?

EB: You think them hardware guys and Hickok, might be the advance party for them saloon operators, Al?

Al: You just did the same fucking thing I told you not to. (*Turns head to Johnny*) Get them, too, say I'm ready to conclude on their offer. Stop at Wu's on the way. (*Johnny jumps up from his chair to leave*) Tell him either he feeds his pigs Persimmon Phil tonight, or I serve him...raw loin of oriental.

Johnny: I though you forgot all about that, Al. I thought it just sorta slipped through the cracks. (*leaves*)

Al: (*To Jimmy*) Faro dude at the new joint. Dope fiend. Tall guy skanky red beard.

Jimmy: You want me to get next to him, Mr. Swearengen? Let me take a few dollars, I'll go play at his table.

Al: Stop hustling. I'll give you dope when you bring that cocksucker here.

Jimmy: He's as good as standin' in front of you, Mr. Swearengen. (*Jimmy gets up and leaves. EB stands up also – Al puts his hand out to stop him.*)

Al: Stick around. (*EB sits, Al sits in the chair next to him*) Help me measure where their loyalties lie.

EB: These hardware guys? (*Al shuts his eyes and sighs*)

(*Up in Brom and Alma's room at the hotel...*)

Brom: The burden falls on me, Alma. That much is now clear.

Alma: Do you think there's any possibility that Mr. Hickok might reconsider? (*Brom gets up*)

Brom: None. Nor was I sure that, if he'd agreed the man before me at that breakfast table was equal to the task. (*Alma gets up and stands behind Brom, putting her arm around him*)

Alma: Promise me one thing then, Brom.

Brom: Don't ask me to amend my purpose.

Alma: That before seeing Mr. Swearengen, you take your walk. *(Brom turns and hugs Alma)*

Brom: To clear my head and reflect?

Alma: If only to perfect your arguments.

Brom: I see. I accept the suggestion and a feeling for it's author.

Alma: Thank you.

Brom: If I'm stooped when next you see me, Alma, won't be worry weighing me down, but bags of our recovered gold.

Alma: Take your walk, dear.

(Brom hugs her again and leaves, as Alma is shutting the door she sees Jane peeking out from behind her own door, their eyes lock for a moment and Alma opens her door wider as if to speak, Jane quickly slams her door shut. Brom is bent over looking at something – why, it's Wild Bill Hickok!)

Brom: It's Hickok, Alma. Unconscious.

Alma: I see.

Brom: I take this as proof my reservations were well founded.

(Alma shuts the door and walks over to her vanity and prepares another dope drink)

(In Jane & Hickok's room, Jane is talking to Sophia, who is sleeping)

Jane: To consider it to disturb us. Wouldn't have truck with that...room clerk ghoul to get let into Charlie's rather than sleep in the fuckin' hallway, that's the kind of man he is. I own you another fuckin' penny. Owe you another one. I don't know if you should ever learn English, never mind foul, spare you knowin' how ignorant people are. But then I could tell you about Bill...sleepin' in the hallway out a thought for others. And I know some other fuckin' stories too. Owe you another penny.

(Out in the street, Jack McCall is checking out the goods at Sol & Seth's tent.)

Seth: Look at that jackass.

Sol: Help you with anything?

Jack: I tell ya, he's bein' done a favor this exact moment. Or would you care to take a guess. A favor in this tent.

Sol: I'd guess it's you doin' one for yourself, Sir, considering quality goods.

Jack: Favor here's bein' done for Wild Bill fuckin' Hickok.

Seth: What are you talking about?

Jack: 'Cause if I'm out prospectin' in the hills, then he ain't gettin' his just desserts. At the poker table or otherwise. Don't ask me what I mean by the last part.

Seth: What do you mean?

Jack: And I said you'd do better not askin'.

Seth: Get outta here.

Jack: I'll buy this one. What's the price on that?

Seth: You ain't buyin' nothin'. *(Jack turns around and sees Charlie)*

Jack: I know you. Where do I know you from?

Utter: Can't help you with that, partner.

Jack: You follow him around. *(Laughs. Seth grabs him and runs him forward, tossing him in the muck)* Hey!

Seth: That tent's shut to you. Don't come back there.

Jack: *(talking to himself)* Fuck you. Any plans I might've had to buy somethin', or prospect.

Utter: I'd be lousy at retail. I guarantee you that much. Wouldn't have the patience for it.

Sol: I'm not sure how much future he's got.

Utter: Anyways I want to tell you fellas, several days I'll be goin' back to Cheyenne. Try and secure a mail route. I operate a freight business outta there. You need re-supply, I'll be bringin' several wagons back.

Sol: That's good to know.

Utter: And ah, I was, ah *(takes hat off)* half wonderin' too if...if you'd want to join Bill and me for dinner. Tonight or some other time. *(Seth smiling)*

Seth: Let's do it tonight.

Utter: Feel like I should've brung posies. *(Johnny approaches.)*

Sol: Afternoon. Can I help you find something?

Johnny: Mr. Swarengen wants to see ya. *(Leaves)*

(Alma is looking out the window, drink in hand, she sees Brom approach the Gem, he pauses, puffing a cigar, then continues on his walk. Alma finishes her drink)

(At the Gem, Al is seated downstairs with Sol and Seth. Dan and EB are seated on either side of Al, nearby but not at the table.)

Al: I only hope you understand my being short with you out in the street this morning.

Sol: You had a lot on your mind.

Al: I had a lot of what's left of my fucking mind, these new interests coming in. I only hope you understand and see my thinking in not selling you that lot outright.

Seth: What's your thinkin' today?

Al: Gets dead set at the fucking point which I like in *most* situations. Do you know these new saloon interests? Are you acquainted with them at all?

Sol: Nope.

Seth: Not them and not Bill Hickok. And all we want to do is run a hardware business.

Al: I have got to be satisfied. See, I'm the simple type cocksucker. That when he sees lightning, readies for thunder. And takes the thunder if it comes from part of the same fuckin' storm.

Sol: Why wouldn't ya, Mr. Swarengen?

Al: Well thank you for sayin' that, even if you don't fuckin' mean it.

Seth: What would make you comfortable sellin' to us? *(Al looks at EB, EB raises his head and eyebrows, kinda smiles)*

Al: Thousand. Plus right of first refusal on any further sale.

Sol: Accepted.

Al: And right to buy back at the original price, plus the cost of your improvements.

Sol: Accepted.

Al: No gambling on the fuckin' premises. No association of any kind with these Bella Union cocksuckers.

Sol: Accepted.

Seth: We can't sell 'em our goods?

Al: No. What do you think of that?

Sol: Accepted.

Al: What do you think?

Seth: *(pauses)* Accepted.

Al: Or, they could buy your wares in your normal course of your normal fucking business. I'd guess it'd be okay to transact with these cocksuckers.

Seth: So we *can* sell 'em our wares?

Al: Your normal fucking wares. No gambling, whoring or whiskey on the fucking premises is the chief fucking point.

Sol: Agreed. *(Puts his hand out)*

Al: I spit in my hand. *(Does so)* Will that drive you screaming into the hills? *(Sol spits in his own hand and they shake, Al then shakes with Seth – hmm, no spit there)* The ah, thousand'd be nice.

Sol: *(counting)* 20, 40, 60, 80, 100

EB: Happy outcome.

Sol: 20, 40, 60, 80, 200...

(Out in the street, Charlie is talking to the guy that sells soap and later, Indian head hair)

Shyster: A shootin' exhibition.

Utter: That idea for Mr. Hickok's been had and acted upon. By a few people before you.

Shyster: And then, afterward, we cut the bullets out. And *(Charlie spots EB leaving the Gem, skulking around)* the fuckin' playin' cards he was usin' as targets. That's the point I was tryin' to get to.

Utter: How 'bout the tree bark *(Seth and Sol emerge)* behind the fuckin' playing card targets, huh? *(walks away towards Seth & Sol)*

Shyster: *(running after Charlie)* Hell, yeah, we'll sell the fuckin' bark.

Utter: What do you say, fellas?

Sol: We got our lot, Mr. Utter.

Utter: Well, Hooray for you boys.

Shyster: Two days, for me to get the word out. 10 cents to watch, and we'll charge for the souvenirs.

Utter: I ain't gonna take you up on that, Mister.

Shyster: Another 20 for you on the quiet.

Utter: No. And the talk between us is over.

Shyster: Soap! Soap with a prize inside! *(walking away)* Soap! *(EB is still skulking around – getting closer to the Bella Union)*

Utter: Got that man to sell, ah?

Sol: Never had to strain to spend a thousand dollars.

Seth: Will you let us outta dinner?

Utter: You a soon not do it, ah?

Seth: We'd like to get to buildin'.

Sol: Will we see you tomorrow for breakfast?

Utter: Sure. Maybe we'll catch Bill comin' back from cards, huh? Well ah, congratulations to both of ya.

Sol: Thanks, Mr. Utter. *(Shakes hands with Charlie)*

Seth: Thank you. *(Shakes hands with him as well)*

Utter: Ah, good luck to ya. *(Leaves the boys walk on)*

Sol: Looks like we're in business, huh? *(Pats Seth on the back, Seth looks at him and smiles)*

(EB has finally skulked up to the entrance of the Bella Union and sneaks in)

EB: My goodness, my heavens. My goodness gracious. Heaven's to Betsy.

Eddie: What do you think? Hiram, ever seen a craps layout?

EB: My first.

Eddie: Shall I show you how it works?

EB: I might could follow. I do, read and cipher.

Eddie: Well, you're well on advance of the pack. Tell me what this says.

EB: C-O-M-E. It says "come."

Eddie: You really can read, can't ya?

EB: I wasn't raised to lie. I'm liable to be killed, Eddie. He's on my scent and closin'.

Eddie: Curious tactics your comin' here then, E.B.

EB: To remind you secrecy's of the essence. Al Swearengen's a dangerous man. Let him doubt those he's trusted, this camp will run red with blood.

Eddie: Argues for raising your room rates, at least make the game worth the candle.

EB: I wonder how cavalier your attitude'll be with a pig gnawing through your vitals.

Eddie: Bet on me screaming for mercy.

EB: Turn down your offer to buy and pointed you to Artie Simpson. Whole damn extent of my involvement. And I'm starin' straight at extinction.

Eddie: He may get you anyway, E.B., but if your nerve goes, he'll get you sure.

(Up in Al's office, Jimmy has brought Leon to see him)

Al: Now, dope is not my own preferred form of relaxation, but I did try the shit and believe me...I nearly converted.

Leon: And Jimmy said you'd do right by me, Mr. Swearengen.

Al: Everything...that goes on at that place.

Leon: I'll give you a daily report.

Al: Yeah. *(Hands Leon the dope and walks to the window. He sees E.B. emerge from the Bella Union, E.B. pockets something – money? Al's face changes in sudden realization) He's the type I'd wanna know about. Just left your joint. Judas goat lookin' fella. (Grabs Leon's head and holds it looking out the window) Hey, you see him? Coyote movin' type? You see him?*

Leon: The short guy?

Al: Yeah, with is paws always damp like he just shit fuckin' turd. That's the type I'd wanna know about. *(Lets go of Leon's head) Comings, goings, and dealings with your bosses.*

Leon: I keep a special eye on him.

Johnny: Al?

Al: Yeah.

Johnny: That cherry New York dude is downstairs askin' for ya.

Al: No good. Charlie him the fuck out. *(Johnny approaches Al's side)*

Johnny: He keeps talkin' about the Pinkertons.

(Downstairs, Brom is smoking his cigar)

Al: Dan Dority, thought you were dead.

Brom: Yes, I didn't go to the claim this morning.

Al: You should've told him. I've had him here the last several hours in tears. Dan! Look! He's alive!

Dan: Thank God.

Brom: Yeas, I chose not to go to the claim.

Al: Whiskey Brom, snatch?

Brom: Frankly, Al, I'm here to speak with you. And I'm not to be distracted.

Al: Then proceed, my son, speak frankly.

Brom: We needn't reach the question of whether my claim has...pinched out, as the saying goes. Or whether it was a sham proposition to begin with. Let's just say, I've lost faith in the property. *(Dan. Listening, sits down close the conversation)*

Al: Have you?

Brom: And I want my 20,000 dollars back.

Al: In the heat you've confused me with Tim Driscoll.

Brom: I think we're both aware, Al, that Driscoll's no longer in camp. And because I believe you colluded with Tim Driscoll and perhaps were in cahoots with other parties as well, I require satisfaction from you.

Al: It's the heat again, Brom, I don't collude and don't cahoot.

Brom: Al, are you familiar with the Pinkerton agency?

Al: Why?

Brom: Pursuing its business interest my family's had several occasions to engage the Pinkertons. We maintain friendly relations. And I'd prefer we two settle this as gentlemen, but if need be, the Pinkerton's can be made a party to our dispute.

Al: Has he asked you to reconnoiter the rims with him at all?

Dan: Never.

Al: Did he ask to and you refused?

Dan: Didn't get around to it, Al. I thought he was in for the long haul.

Brom: But what are you talking about specifically?

Al: The gold you found washed down from somewhere, that's the law of gravity. And your claim runs rim to rim, the width of the fucking gulch, so the original deposit of gold you found washed down from is likely on your claim above, near one of the rims.

Brom: And that's what you feel I should reconnoiter?

Al: First place the Pinkertons would look. Unless I'm fuckin' wrong.

Dan: No, that's how they operate.

Al: So if he asks you, would you reconnoiter the rims with him?

Dan: Al, I waited out there all morning for him—

Al: Is that a yes or a no?

Dan: Yeah. I'd be happy to reconnoiter the rims with him.

Brom: And if Dan's in my good faith reconnoitering don't show the source of the gold, do you then make restitution, Al? Or do I have recourse to the agency?

Al: If at that point you ask, yes, I'll make restitution. All rights, all wrongs aside, 'cause you've got me by the fuckin' balls.

Brom: Let me go home and change. *(Brom turns to leave and Dan gets up)* Ah, do I need climbing gear?

Dan: You might want to bring a pickaxe.

Brom: Fine, then. *(Leaves)*

Al: (To Dan) Make it look like an accident.

(Back on the hotel stairs...)

Utter: (Whispering) Ain't this a pretty picture.

Jane: (Whispering) I can't (??) what I don't know about.

Utter: Passed out in the public hallway.

Jane: He never knocked on the damn door. By the time I looked out he was already snoring. Did you want me to drag him in by the damn heel?

Wild Bill: I says leave him where he is and go about your own business.

Jane: He's up. I hope you're happy. Congratulations, cocksucker.

Utter: Dinner's been cancelled, Bill.

Wild Bill: Alright.

Utter: Them two fellas got their lot bought and they're ah, started right ahead with the buildin'.

Wild Bill: Sure.

Jane: I-I was that shocked seeing you sleepin' out here, Bill. First saw ya maybe an hour ago. Didn't want to disturb me and the child, Charlie. Why, he must've sought entry to your room, wherever the fuck you were at.

Utter: Well, I'd like to know where that goddamned inn keep was! He could've let Bill in.

Wild Bill: You're not gonna let me sleep, are ya?

Jane: Well, I'da let you sleep as long as you wanted, Bill.

Wild Bill: (Gets up, sighing) How's that little one?

Jane: Good. She's nappin'. More than I can say for you.

Wild Bill: Are those hardware boys lookin' for extra hands?

Utter: In a round about way.

(Back in Brom & Alma's room)

Alma: I don't agree with this plan.

Brom: Reconnoitering the rims is exactly the sort of due diligence that father would ask if I'd done.

Alma: Nor do I see the need to involve your father.

Brom: It was my mentions of the Pinkertons, Alma, which brought Al Swearengen around and the Pinkertons can't come into this unless father does as well. I wouldn't even know where to look for them.

Alma: Ought'n we possibly to take a different view of this, Brom? Consider we've had an adventure, costing us \$20,000. And let matters rest there.

Brom: Let them rest?

Alma: Yes. If you still want to see more of the west, let's go now and see it. Or else return to New York. I don't think we should linger here.

Brom: I have no abiding affection for this camp, Alma. But I won't leave without my money. (Alma turns and sits at her vanity, preparing another dope drink) Why do you take that medicine?

Alma: You know why. To relieve my headaches.

Brom: The other day I had a whopper of a headache and I sampled a bit. I would hardly call the dull, numb floating feeling I experienced relief. (Alma drinks)

Alma: Perhaps the sexes experience the medicine differently?

Brom: In any case, I um, hope you feel better. (Turns and starts to leave)

Alma: Thank you.

(Al, on the balcony, is watching the Grand opening of the Bella Union.)

EB: *(Clearing throat)*

AL: EB. Thanks for coming.

EB: Whistle *(Whistles)* and I'm underfoot. Loyal as a damn dog. I tell you what, Al, you got a hell of a nice turnout downstairs. Hell of a nice Monday crowd.

(Cy checks his pocket watch and motions to the gunman who steps forward and fires several shots into the air. The crowd cheers.)

EB: Jesus Christ Almighty.

Al: Go ahead in, E.B.

EB: I'm not in dutch, am I, Al?

Al: Go ahead in.

(EB turns, dejected, inside. Al watches Cy eye him and enter the Bella Union. A crowd surges into the new saloon.)

(Wild Bill is hammering away at the hardware lot...)

Nathan: Mr. Hickok? I'm Nathan Gordon. I come up from Murphy's Borough and...

Wild Bill: How are you, Nathan? *(Smiles)*

Nathan: Fine. See, I'll tell you this much, Mr. Hickok. And I'd say the same to the angels in heaven, as a stage performer, you cannot act a single damn lick.

Wild Bill: *(laughs)* I'd call that a fair judgment.

Nathan: I-I saw you on a stage in Hartford, Connecticut and I'da bet U.S. currency that you'd been strangled and killed, you just didn't know you was dead yet.

Wild Bill: Was you born patient, Montana, or did you cultivate it?

Seth: I guess I'm patient for labor.

Jerk: Now why the fuck tell him that type story?

Nathan: Why I saw him perform with Buffalo Bill Cody and, Texas Jack Omaha and threw on a stage in Harford, Connecticut.

Jerk: Who gives a fuck? You think he was put on earth to hear you run him down?

Wild Bill: I'm alright, friend.

Jerk: No, why don't you get outta my sight, before I do somethin' I'll fuckin' regret.

Nathan: Well I'll tell whatever kinda story I feel like tellin'.

Jerk: That's right, tell it walkin'.

Seth: Anyways, me and Sol are sure grateful you and Mr. Utter are takin' the time to help.

Jerk: Go ahead about your work, Mr. Hickok. He won't bother you no more.

Wild Bill: Charlie encourages me bein' in your company. He feels you're a positive influence.

Jerk: No reason you'd remember me but I saw you marshal at Abilene. Saw you blow one cocksucker's head right the fuck off his neck. I also saw you...dead center three bullets on a ace

of spade playing card at 25 goddamned paces. Some other loud-mouth like this loud-mouth I just sorted out, said you'd doctored that playing card before you ever tacked it to that tree.

Wild Bill: And did you sort him out, too?

Jerk: Goddamned right.

Wild Bill: Well thanks for all that help. Now it's time you moved along.

Jerk: I sorted him out proper. Gouged out the both of his fuckin' eyes.

Utter: Alright, friend!

Wild Bill: Move along, I'm tired of listenin' to ya.

Jerk: You're tired of listenin'?

Seth: That's what he said.

Jerk: Oh, I guess everybody's talkin' to me now.

Wild Bill: Get the fuck outta here!

Jerk: Alright, I hear you, Wild Bill. You don't need to insult me twice. *(Starts to leave, turns back around)* I'll tell you what. I hope you get what's coming to you and I hope it's sooner rather than later. I hope they sort *you* out! And I get to see it! I hope you're gut shot and die slow! And I hope they get ya in this camp!

(Everyone is quiet for a moment while the Jerk walks off)

Utter: Hand me, hand me some of them pegs, would ya? Hey, want some pegs, Bill?

Wild Bill: I'm gonna desert you. *(Gets up and puts his hammer away)* Play some poker. Drink some whiskey. *(Puts on his hat)*

Seth: Thanks for your help.

Wild Bill: See ya later, Charlie.

Utter: Alright, Bill.

Sol: Ready, Lift! Oh, there we go. *(They all help to raise one of the wall frames)*

(Al is watching the hardware boys from his window)

Al: For havin' nothin' to do with him, these hardware cocksuckers sure seemed to be joined to Hickok at the hip.

EB: You make your judgment on that situation, Al. And I believe you judge correct.

Al: No connection between them and him? Or between any of them, and these new saloon people?

EB: You saw it like that and I did too. To the best of the both of our thinking.

Al: Which was important to me.

EB: Which was?

Al: What?

EB: When you said which was, I didn't follow what you were askin'.

Al: I wasn't askin' nothin'. I was sayin', I didn't have full information so your impression on this was important. Someone I could trust. What's wrong? What's the matter?

EB: Ah, my palms are damp.

Al: They're always damp.

EB: Yes, sir.

Al: So is something...wrong?

EB: no, no.

(Out at the claim, Brom and Dan are walking along the creek – Ellsworth is at his camp, observing)

Ellsworth: Well, the great prospector's found his second wind.

(Back in Al's office...)

EB: You tell me, Al. Have you a doubt or misgiving? You tell me.

Al: Generally, if I have a misgiving, or a doubt, I kill the cocksucker I have a doubt and misgiving about.

EB: But these are special circumstances.

Al: I don't know what you mean by special circumstances. If I want to, I can burn the whole fuckin' camp down.

EB: Yes, you can.

Al: Cut your throat first, and then burn down the *whole fucking camp*.

EB: You can---

Al: So I don't know what the fuck you mean.

EB: I mean, short of burnin' it all down, you gotta trust someone. *(EB is sweating, very nervous)*

Al: What were you doing over there?

EB: Where?

Al: *Where?*

EB: At the Bella Union? Got an impression scouting. Listen to me, listen to me. I was the go-between, it was me. But without, m-malicious intention.

(Brom and Dan are now climbing the rim – Dan sets down his lantern...)

Brom: Well, I confess to being winded. *(Turns around, sees Dan's "Don't mess with me mo-fo" look on his face)* Oh no, Dan. No. No. *(Dan grabs him)* Mother. *(Dan throws him from the cliff)*

(Back in Al's office...)

EB: Simple greed. One less hotel in camp, shorten up the room supply, no conspiracy, no betrayal. If you're gonna murder me, I'd appreciate a quick dying. And not getting' eat by the pigs. In case there is resurrection of the flesh.

Al: *(Licks his lips and leans in close to EB's ears)* Stay friendly with them cocksuckers.

EB: With them Bella Union people?

Al: You can't help yourself, can you? *(EB smiles and leaves)*

(Back at the claim, Dan is heading down to the rocks where Brom landed. Brom is breathing laboriously. Dan feels around Brom's neck and picks up a gold nugget)

Dan: You fell, but ah, but you'll be alright. *(Put the nugget in his pocket)* I'm gonna take care of ya. Just ah, just hold on a second. No hollerin'. *(Ellsworth is watching, with the dog by his side. Dan picks away at the moss covered wall revealing a quartz outcrop. He covers it with some branches and returns to Brom who is still gasping for breath...)* I'll take care of ya. *(Grabs Brom's head and lifts it up)* Now, hush. *(Grunting, Dan smashes Brom's head into the rocks and Ellsworth takes off. Dan looks up and sees him)*

(At the Bella Union, Bill is playing cards. Cy is watching him...)

Joanie: Tina and Molly can be quiet if you want him kept company.

Cy: That man's already doin' all he wants to. If I send him anyone, it'd be you. *(Joanie smiles and walks off. Piano playing in the background. Cy nods to Eddie and motions Leon over to him)*
Are you loaded, Leon?

Leon: Well on the path, Mr. Tolliver. That man at the Gem has got some serious shit.

Cy: I know when you make you first report on us to him, you'll remember to say thanks.

Eddie: I hope you're not too fucked up to deal the deuce for us, Leon.

Leon: Opium ain't been made yet, Mr. Sawyer, that can fuck me up that bad. *(Cy laughs, Leon goes back to his table)*

Eddie: I'll tug his reins.

Cy: I hope our hero wins.

Eddie: Count on it. *(Looking at Wild Bill)*

(Back in Wild Bill's room, Jane is keeping vigil over Sophia, who is awake right now)

Jane: If Bill comes, I'm gonna move you *(triangulatin' hands toward Sophia)* to that nice pallet *(now moves her hands toward the far side of the room)* over there, only 'cause he's far too big for it and so too would I be. So if you wake up on the pallet, that's what happened. And him and me bein' where we are *(trangulatin' hands back to the bed)*, is the circumstances of the room period and the grownups are just sleepin'. But don't be afraid to, to, to, wake me up. *(hands on hips – looks around)* Alright. *(sits down)* Sweetheart, go to sleep. *(Folds hands up on the side of her face like one of those sleeping precious moments dolls- miming sleep. Sophia does the same with her hands and rolls over on her side, shuts her eyes)* I'm right here.

(Up in Al's office, Trixie is scraping Al's feet with a straight razor...)

Al: Not too fucking deep, huh?

Trixie: I won't.

Al: Trust. Hell of a way to operate, huh? Look at all the ins and outs of gettin' killed. Not *too fucking deep*. *(Trixie brushes the side of his foot and scrapes again, gently)* Every fuckin' beatin' I'm grateful for. Every fuckin' one of them. Get all the trust beat outta you. And you know what the fuckin' world is. *(Trixie looks up at him, they look at each other a moment. Someone knocks on the door)*

Dan: Al, open up, it's me, it's Dan! You're gonna wanna hear this, open up! *(Trixie opens the door, Dan looks at her like "WTF you doin' here?")*

Al: Come here, sit down. *(Points to the stool at the foot of the bed where Trixie was just sitting – Trixie goes out to the balcony...)*

Dan: Well, it's a mixed report.

Al: You just tell me, is it done?

Dan: Oh, it's done. Yeah, he's gone.

Al: So what's the mixture?

Dan: He went ownin' one hell of a fuckin' gold strike. *(Trixie, out on the balcony, sees Alma looking out her window with a worried look on her face – their eyes meet)*

Al: Where's the dude now?
Dan: Splattered at the bottom of the ridge.
Al: Ride back out. Bring him back in at dawn.
Dan: Alright. (*Dan leaves*)
Al: Trixie! (*Trixie comes back in and sits back down*)
Trixie: You want the other foot?
Al: Yeah. Please. (*Their eyes meet*)

Main 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:

[Bill Bolender](#)
[Powers Boothe](#) Cy Tolliver
[Sean Bridgers](#) Johnny Burns
[Keith Carradine](#) Wild Bill Hickock
[Larry Cedar](#) Leon
[Kim Dickens](#) Joannie Stubbs
[Garret Dillahunt](#) Jack McCall
[Gill Gayle](#) Huckster (aka Shyster)
[Peter Jason](#) Stapleton
[Ricky Jay](#) Eddie Sawyer
[Geri Jewell](#) Jewel
[Jeffrey Jones](#) A.W. Merrick
[Sarah Lund](#) Bella Whore
[Joel McKinnon Miller](#) Nathan Gordon
[Ray McKinnon](#) Rev. H.W. Smith (as Raymond McKinnon)
[Timothy Omundson](#) Brom Garret
[Dean Rader-Duval](#) Jimmy Irons

[Tahmus Rounds](#)

[Tom Simmons](#)

[Bree Seanna Wall](#) Metz Girl

[Clay Wilcox](#) Loudmouth Drunk in the Gem Saloon

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