

Episode #4 “Here Was a Man”

(Open at the Bella Union, a card game is under way between Wild Bill Hickok and Jack McCall. Joanie Stubbs is the dealer)

Jack: I raise a hundred.

Wild Bill: Back a hundred.

Jack: That man’s overplayin’ his hand. *(Sniffs)* I... *(Pushes chips forward)* Whatever the fuck I got left.

Joanie: *(To Hickok)* Four twenty back to you. *(Hickok lays cards on the table)*

Jack: As advertised. You got more nerve than sense, huh, Bill?

Joanie: *(To McCall)* What have you got?

Jack: *(Throws cards on table)* Man stays on fours. And they call this a game of skill? Well, you gutted me, didn’tcha, Bill? You sonofabitch.

Cy: *(Comes over, whispers)* You were told about that talk.

Wild Bill: *(Slides a single coin across the table)* Go eat, Jack.

Jack: Alright. I thank you for that kindness. You just bought yourself somethin’ with that. *(Gets up and walks out)*

Cy: *(Whispers to Eddie)* Some boys just can’t go near a cliff without jumpin’ off.

Wild Bill: Twenty to the dealer. Much appreciated.

Joanie: Any ideas for the rest?

Wild Bill: I believe I’ll stay with cash.

(It is late in the night, and Bullock is hammering atop the soon-to-be hardware store. Hickok is passing, on his way back from a long night of poker.)

Wild Bill: Montana.

Seth: No rest for the wicked.

Wild Bill: Well, what are you doin’ up?

Seth: Well, it’s cooler workin’ now. Quieter. Sorry you had to listen to them drunken fools before, Mr. Hickok, when you and Mr. Utter was helpin’ us?

Wild Bill: I come through unharmed. And “Bill”’d be easier on my nerves. “Mr. Hickok” makes me look for the warrant in your hand.

Seth: Alright.

Wild Bill: “Montana” Ok with you?

Seth: The only other nickname I ever had was “Sloth.”

Wild Bill: Don’t seem to fit.

Seth: Choice was among the seven sins. I guess I got out before the others surfaced.

Wild Bill: *(Voices are heard faintly in the distance)* Camp looks like a good bet.

Seth: My wife and boy are with her people in Michigan. I hope I can bring ‘em out soon.

Wild Bill: They’ll get the Sioux making peace. Pretty quick you’ll have laws here and, every other damn thing.

Seth: I’d just settle for property rights.

Wild Bill: Will ya? I’m recently married myself.

Seth: Is that so?

Wild Bill: The Missus operates a circus. She's in Cincinnati. Waiting for word of my success.

Seth: Sol and I put our last sifting cradle aside for ya. Why don't you go ahead and use it, Bill.

Wild Bill: What slows me down is thinking about freezing my balls off in a creek for the cocksuckers I'd lose the gold to at poker. I'm flat out tired.

Seth: Turn in. I got her covered.

Wild Bill: I believe I will. 'Night, Montana.

Seth: 'Night, Bill.

Wild Bill: My pop called me "Kite." (*Makes an erratic hand gesture*)

(A room at the Grand Central Hotel.)

Utter: I's supposed to leave for Cheyenne two damn hours ago.

Wild Bill: What kept ya, Charlie?

Utter: You don't fuckin' sleep! I don't know what the fuck is happenin' to you, Bill.

Wild Bill: So ya stayed in camp to tuck me in.

Utter: If ya don't wanna prospect, I can put ya in charge of that mail route I'm gettin'.

Wild Bill: I'm doin' what I wanna do.

Utter: Bullshit!

Wild Bill: Some goddamn time, a man's due to stop arguin' with hisself. Feeling he's twice the goddamn fool he knows he is, because he can't be something he tries to be every goddamn day without once getting to dinner time and not fucking it up. I don't wanna fight it no more. Understand me, Charlie? And I don't want you pissing in my ear about it. Can you let me go to hell the way I want to?

Utter: (*With his back to Hickok, nods resignedly*) Yeah. I can do that. (*Gets up to leave*)

Wild Bill: Good luck in Cheyenne.

Utter: Good luck to you. Too, Bill.

(Early morning. Al is watching Dan leading a horse back to camp, with the Dude's body slung over it. E.B. Farnum is speaking.)

EB: You know me, Al. I don't scrutinize or second-guess. Hm. Ha. If you *wanted* to explain why I'm to buy the Dude out of a worthless claim I'd surely listen.

Al: Jesus Christ.

EB: What is it?

Al: The Dude musta had some kind of accident.

EB: (*Joining Al at the window*) My word.

Al: Looks dead, don't he?

EB: Yes.

Al: See my reasoning was, get the Dude his money back. Keep him from askin' in the Pinkertons.

EB: Appears now that's unnecessary.

Al: Make the offer to the wife.

(Alma Garret has seen Dan bringing back Brom's body. With trembling hands, she begins mixing a laudanum cocktail. Soon Dan is knocking at her door. She opens the door, and Dan is there, hat in hand. Alma walks past Dan without a word and goes downstairs to Brom's body. Then we are back to Al and EB)

EB: Al? Once that dope fiend, throws her skirts over her head and hightails back to New York, you think she'll give one wet fart about what happened at this camp? Let alone send the Pinkertons out. And twenty thousand's a lot of money.

Al: Let me tell you. Several things, EB: First, twenty thousand dollars *is* a lot of money. Second, it's my...fucking...money. Third, the widow being a dope fiend might let matters rest. But Fourth, when this camp has a lot more to offer me than twenty thousand dollars as long as I don't get killed by the fucking Pinkertons, why take the chance? Go see to the grieving fucking widow.

EB: Alright, Sir.

(Alma approaches Brom's body lying over the horse's back, places her fingers in the bloody mess of his forehead. Dan is standing near. And EB approaches.)

EB: Mrs. Garret? What a tragic turn. Do you require Doctor Cochran? To treat your terrible grief.

Alma: Yes. I would like to see the doctor.

EB: Of course, who wouldn't? I'll get him right away.

Alma: Ask him? Before he sees me please, to examine my husband's injuries. I'd like his opinion on how they were sustained.

EB: I assume your husband died in a fall.

Alma: All I asked you to do was to get the goddamned doctor.

EB: Of course, Madam.

(Alma comes back to Dan.)

Alma: Is that what happened, Mr. Dority? A tragic turn? A terrible accidental fall?

Dan: I'm sorry, ma'am.

Alma: Oh, yes. *(Goes back inside)*

EB: *(To the horse, as he leads it away)* Come on, Stupid.

(Bullock, still working, sees EB bearing Brom's body away. Then we see Dan speaking with Al.)

Dan: She wouldn't have nothin' to do with me, Al. She told EB, to have Doc go over the body. *(Washing his hands, then pouring a drink)* You think he smells the gold?

Al: Nah. EB's too busy sniffin' what he can steal being go-between. Whereas you, Dan, You show me foresight and loyalty, the way you handled makin' the find.

Dan: Just know when I'm outta my depth.

(At Doc Cochran's, we see EB having arrived with Brom's body)

EB: Amateur. Comes on a lark to dabble, and falls to his death from a ridge. Yet the widow suspects foul play. *(Doc and EB carry the body to a bed inside)* I know Al wants her leaving here with as least of a sour taste in her mouth as possible, Doc.

Doc: Well, wouldn't you expect her husband's death to be sour on her tongue no matter how it happened. *(Examining the body)*

EB: Question's whether it's fate she blames, or people in the camp. What're you lookin' for?

(Sol and Seth, at the hardware store construction.)

Sol: Mornin', Seth. When'd ya get up?

Seth: I didn't go to sleep. Woman that newspaper man pointed out to us yesterday just lost her husband.

Sol: Ah, fella bought the gold claim at Swearengen's saloon?

Seth: Inn keep just took the body down to the Doc's.

Sol: *(Looks up at Seth's work)* You weren't twiddlin' your thumbs over night, were ya?
(Smiles)

(Doc and EB enter the Grand Central Hotel and go up to Alma's room as Merrick ladles some unappetizing glop onto his plate at the hotel "restaurant.")

EB: I've brought the doctor.

Alma: Please come in, Doctor.

Doc: I'm very sorry 'bout ya husband---

Alma: *(Interrupting)* Was he murdered, Doctor?

Doc: I was told that he fell from a ridge. He had skull fractures consistent with that. Not been wounded by bullets nor strangled. No other sign of foul play.

Alma: Leaving how he came to fall.

Doc: As to that I have no opinion.

Alma: And yet, in treating me, you were so *full* of opinion. You took the most comprehensive view.

Doc: I said you needn't make up symptoms to get the laudanum you want---

Alma: Perhaps you don't feel, at such perfect liberty to opine, on my husband's case as you did on mine. Do other considerations constrain you? Do other men?

Doc: I do not know how your husband's skull got caved in. You're a bright woman, aren'tcha? Must've gone through hell here. *(Sits a bottle of laudanum on the table)* Go on home, Mrs. Garret. *(Doc leaves, closing the door)*

EB: *(In the hallway, to Doc)* What's her mood? *(Doc ignores him)*

Alma: *(Inside crying. She has smashed the laudanum on the floor. There is a knock at the door)* Who is it?!

EB: Mr. Farnum, Mrs. Garret. May I be of further service?

Alma: Once I've determined my plans. I'll certainly need a coffin.

EB: I'll see to it.

Alma: Thank you.

(More knocking)

Alma: What is it?!

EB: Would you open the door, ma'am? I'd like to say something to your face.*(Alma eventually opens the door)* I'm overcome with remorse, Mrs. Garret, that I failed to change the course of events. It was me your husband outbid for the claim. If it will simplify your situation in any way, I renew my offer at twelve thousand. I know it won't bring him back.

Alma: No. We both know that. You'll have your answer shortly.

EB: Alright, Madam.

Alma: *(After EB leaves, goes to Hickok's door and knocks. Jane opens the door)* Is this Mr. Hickok's room?

Jane: Who's askin'?

Alma: My husband's just died, under suspicious circumstances--

Jane: Suspect someone else. When Bill's killed a man, he says so and states his reasons.

Alma: I don't suspect him. My husband had tried to engage Mr. Hickok just before his death, and I thought, though they hadn't come to terms, perhaps Mr. Hickok would be willing, to advise me on my current situation. I'd pay whatever fee he thought appropriate.

Jane: To talk to ya?

Alma: I've no one else in the camp.

Jane: I'll get him. He's sleepin' one off.

Alma: Thank you.

Jane: I'm sorry. About your husband.

Alma: May I ask your name?

Jane: Jane.

Alma: Thank you, Jane.

Jane: Ah, wait in your room. It, it'll take him a while to get the phlegm situated.

Alma: Alright.

(Cy and Doc at the Bella Union)

Cy: I'm sure you don't need me explainin' a place like ours, a Doc in frequent attendance can, sew the seeds of doubt.

Doc: All depends on *your* standards of hygiene.

Cy: We want 'em shiny. Make no mistake.

Doc: There's a wide range of normal.

Joanie: Friday and Saturday mornings and the mid-week day of your choice will be right for us.

Doc: I can, I can work that out.

Cy: So what does Swearengen pay for a visit?

Doc: Twenty dollars for a routine call. All girls in.

Cy: Ah, and what's his idea of routine? Once every three or four months? Ha. Anyway, how's ah...fifty dollars a visit sound. Three times a week?

Doc: Done.

Joanie: Lubricants.

Doc: Well, armed and ready, Madam.

(Man walks in, pays bag-carrier)

Andy Cramed: Thanks very much.

Cy: Howdy.

Andy: Howdy, yourself. You the operator?

Cy: Cy Tolliver.

Andy: Name's Cramed. I'd like a room. I'd like exclusive use of a safe, and I'd like to shoot some dice.

Cy: I'd like to think this is the first day of a loooooong friendship, Mr. Cramed. We'll get you a room. If you'll step into my office, we'll meet your needs for a safe. Help you with your luggage.

Andy: Suitcases go to the room.

Cy: 'Spect you'll keep the valise.

Andy: Keep what you expect to yourself and you'll improve our chances at that friendship.

Cy: *(To Andy, once they are inside his office)* Young man.

Andy: How are you, Cy? Done some good work on this place.

Cy: Eddie's work.

Joanie: Hey, Andy.

Andy: Hello, Sweetheart. So, let's go. Let's get something working.

Eddie: We could rob Cy.

Cy: Ha. How 'bout a bath first and a nap and, some sex with an unfamiliar woman?

Andy: Sure.

Eddie: Signal when ready, Commander.

Andy: If I didn't make my point, I'd like to get somethin' fuckin' workin'.

Eddie: Sure, Andy. *(As Andy walks away)*

Cy: How's Andy look?

Joanie: Like he spent three weeks on a wagon.

(Al and EB at the Gem)

EB: I'm optimistic, Al. And she's promised a prompt reply.

Al: I thought she'd say yes on the spot. You did offer her the whole twenty?

EB: How can you even ask me that?

Al: EB?

EB: I offered twelve.

Al: Did I ask you to play her? Can't you follow one simple fucking instruction?

EB: She will take the twelve, Al, and be happy to get it. And all you'll have to decide is how much of the eight you saved should go to me.

Al: You're incorrigible.

EB: I do my best.

Al: Ah, go weigh the twelve. She says yes, there should be something in this for you.

EB: Hint at the amount.

Al: Don't get ahead of yourself, EB. When she signs the bill-of-sale, you come back here and sign it over to me.

EB: *(Snorts, laughs)* It is your twelve after all.

Al: Once all that's done, you should walk out of here with two thousand.

EB: Fair recompense.

Al: For saving me money in spite of myself.

(Alma Garrett begins to speak to Hickok and Jane while looking out her window.)

Alma: I suggested to my husband just last night that we should try to view our time here as one experience bought at a single price. Even now he's murdered I feel that. *(Turns)* To s...to stake the boundaries at, at just that fact is impossible. For, for one, this camp hasn't any laws or, courts. If it did I've no evidence. I, I'd have tried to take the thing all whole if they hadn't offered on the claim. To receive their money, would be a separate matter, make me an accomplice of another sort.

Wild Bill: How have you been an accomplice 'til now?

Alma: A wife, inevitably feels, she's had some part in what befalls her husband. I'm answerable hereafter on different terms. I need, to know what I'd be selling them.

Wild Bill: You don't believe the money's to keep the Pinkertons away.

Alma: Why pay me? If it were, a ransom to keep the Pinkertons off, why not pay Brom instead of killing him?

Wild Bill: It's this saloon operator you think is pulling the strings?

Alma: Al Swearengen. It was, certainly he manipulating Brom.

Jane: The slimy limey cocksucker.

Wild Bill: Alright, ma'am. True sounding's not guaranteed, but...I'll try for a feel of the bottom.

Alma: What shall I pay you, Mr. Hickok?

Wild Bill: I prefer you pick the figure.

Alma: Is one hundred dollars enough?

Wild Bill: Perfect.

(Hickok walks downstairs and across to the Gem Saloon. EB slinks after him. Merrick cranes his neck curiously from his table in the hotel restaurant. Once inside the Gem, Hickok goes to the bar.)

Wild Bill: Whiskey.

(Dan brings a shot. Johnny having been standing at the bar, steals slowly away. EB and Merrick walk in. Then, in Al's office, we see Al & Leon.)

Al: And how'd they take to the craps game?

Leon: Like chimps at their first fire. *(Knocking is heard. Johnny comes in.)*

Johnny: Downstairs.

(Downstairs)

EB: Thank you, Dan. *(After being poured a drink)*

Al: *(Having come down quietly, and pouring his own drink)* I'm Al Swearengen, Mr. Hickok. In the last few days I've been locked in my room weeping, searchin' my memories, as to

where my path might've crossed yours previous. And as to how I might've given offense, that you stay in this camp not fifty feet from my joint and never once walk in.

Wild Bill: No poker.

Al: Is it that simple? Dan, dismantle the titty corner and set up a poker table.

Wild Bill: Not necessary, Mr. Swearengen.

Al: I always felt poker slows a joint's action. Been a liquor, pussy, and faro man my entire fucking career. But certain people are due respect.

Wild Bill: This man Garret who fell off the rocks.

Al: The eastern dude.

Wild Bill: His widow's had an offer on his claim from that innkeeper sitting in the corner. But she's reluctant to sell. 'Til she understands what's behind it.

Al: Why have you ask me?

Wild Bill: She believes you'd know.

Al: Her husband came here with childish ideas. Bought himself a gold claim with me an honest broker. Claim pinches out, which will happen. But he can't take that like a man, has to blame somebody. Seller's left camp, so he picks on me. Says he'll bring in the Pinkertons if I don't offer restitution. I got a healthy operation and I didn't build it brooding on the right, and wrong of things. I do not need the Pinkertons descending like locusts. So I bend over for the tenderfoot cocksucker. Reconnoiter your claim fully, I say. And then, if you're still unhappy I will give you your fucking money back. And the tenderfoot agrees. Just as he's finishing his reconnoiter, cocksucker falls to his death, pure fucking accident. But up jumps the widow in righteous fucking indignation. Wants the doctor to examine him for murder wounds. My visions of locusts return. I see Pinkertons coming in swarms.

Wild Bill: Commissioned by the widow.

Al: Who I recognize is grieving. And has better intentions probably than her hold on the truth.

Wild Bill: How's the inn keep come to make the offer?

Al: Under bidder on the sale I brokered. Still believes in the claim.

Wild Bill: Even though the gold is pinched out?

Al: Well, this camps expanding. We've already had one hotel close. He sees the property as real estate.

Wild Bill: I'll take this back to the widow.

Al: I only hope you show it to her in a favorable, fucking light.

Wild Bill: What's that worth to ya?

Al: What?

Wild Bill: The light I show it in. What's it worth to you?

Al: Why Wild Bill.

Merrick: (*Sitting in the corner at the table with EB*) They certainly don't appear to be at odds.

(*Back to Jane and Alma*)

Jane: What happened to this little one was the same exact cocksucker. (*Alma doesn't quite take her point*) Um, seems he was the one pulling the strings in your husband's fleecing and

gettin' him killed. This Swaengen operated the road agents that done for this little one's people.

Alma: Oh, poor child. To lose her family, to see them slaughtered.

Jane: Very same cocksucker.

(Knocking is heard)

Wild Bill: It's Bill. *(Comes in)* You stole off on me.

Jane: I had to come in here to look after the little one and I thought she might want me present.

Alma: Yes, I, I'm very grateful.

Jane: Didn't happen to put one right between the shithead's eyes now did ya, Bill?

Wild Bill: Unless you need the money right away, Mrs. Garret, I'd defer a decision until someone honest and, competent did a second reconnoiter.

Alma: May I commission you?

Wild Bill: Some question my fitness on, either count but, I'll guarantee ya I'm not competent. I do know someone I trust to ask.

Alma: Please do.

Wild Bill: Name's Bullock. I'll go talk to him now.

Jane: How'd ya leave it with the cocksucker, Bill?

Wild Bill: On terms he'd understand.

(Al and EB at the Gem)

EB: Al, watchin' you, even at a distance, was a pleasure and privilege.

Al: If she don't come back to you with an answer inside an hour, you pay a call on her.

EB: But Hickok's an ally, right? I mean if that wasn't a damn ally leavin', my eyes completely deceived me.

Al: An hour, EB.

EB: Yes, Sir.

(Ellsworth comes into the saloon, goes to the bar)

Ellsworth: Pour me a drink. And ask me the key to a long life.

Dan: What is it?

Ellsworth: Most important human quality for a person to reach old age.

Dan: I'll buy the drink if you tell me.

Ellsworth: Same as a dog keeps his nose. Don't poke it where it don't belong.

Dan: Wise words.

Ellsworth: A lesson hard come by, but thoroughly learned. Somethin' else I know. My knowin' what I know, and somebody else knowin' it, is two entirely different things.

Dan: I'm near losin' your trail, Ellsworth.

Ellsworth: Say somebody thought I saw somethin' I shouldn't have.

Dan: Whereabouts?

Ellsworth: On a ridge. A man, pushed off or whatever the hell else. If it meant my leavin' camp to prove I could mind my own business, it'd be a friend who told me that. 'Stead of throwin' me to the pigs, is my whole philosophy and outlook. Make use of it as you will.

(Al and Tom Nuttall)

Nuttall: W-Well, well if he, if he was here sealin' a appearance arrangement then I'm glad it was you that tied him up, Al, and not that new fuckin' operation. W-What with them fancy signs and cleaned up women, w-where I heard he was gamblin' all night.

Al: We made no appearance agreement.

Nuttall: Well, uh...you and, you and Hickok--

Al: No.

Nuttall: Oh, I see. Well, I mean because his game at my place yesterday was this far from comin' to lead. Him and this droop-eyed hooplehead. And I had to shut it down. I mean if that gives him offense or umbrage, well, I mean I can't worry about his plans, or as far as where he decides to gamble elsewhere, or this new joint overwhelms the camp.

Al: We made no agreement. *(At this point Al has already started walk back upstairs)*

Nuttall: W-whata you think of the new joint?

Al: Nice sign.

Nuttall: *(To himself)* This far from fuckin' gunplay.

(At Nuttall's #10 Saloon, Jack McCall is at the table with Stapleton and another card player)

Jack: Jack fuckin' high! That's what I have. I bet every fuckin' cent.

Stapleton: Miracle to me is you, sit here braggin' about it.

Jack: I ain't braggin', or braggart, or blowhard. I state a fact. I live by a fact—

Card Player: Anyways, it's over.

Jack: Yeah, you believe that because you're a walkin' fuckin' cunt. With your cunt, your eye, movin'.

Card Player: No matter how your day's goin', Jack, you're always fun to talk to.

Jack: Gimme a buck then, Lou. You send me off for a meal. Gimme a buck. See which part of you gets shot. Because that—I possess a fuckin' gun that I didn't bet.

Stapleton: I'll pay ya five dollars for that gun sight unseen. 'Cause what you need Jack is a stake to make your comeback. That'll getcha out of this, brown study you're in.

Jack: What'd you take off of me?

Stapleton: Tag, from your new suit.

Jack: Alright, then.

Stapleton: Name a price. If it's close to fair I'll pay it.

Jack: For the suit?

Stapleton: For your gun.

Jack: No, I believe not. I believe no. *(leaves hastily)*

Card Player: He too is God's handiwork.

(Tom Nuttall enters)

Nuttall: Oh, double fuckin' solitaire. Where's your fuckin' ball gowns? Bring a bunch of chips over here and lets get a poker game goin'!*(laughs)*

(Seth, Hickok and Sol at the hardware store site)

Seth: I don't know this camp. I'd have to bring someone from Montana.

Sol: Would the widow give it that much time?

Wild Bill: Yeah, she would. She don't wanna be stupid or fool. Wants to stand up for her husband better'n he stood up for himself. Not that she ought ta stick around.

Seth: Far as that goes, she could sign a proxy.

(Jack McCall has walked by and is standing in the distance watching Hickok.)

Wild Bill: There's her hundred in it, and what that saloonkeeper gave me, if you'd wanna take it on.

Seth: Alright.

Wild Bill: I guess she's alright. 'Til that saloonkeep decides I can't be trusted to betray her interests.

Sol: Trust ain't his long suit. She ought ta be lookin' for a wagon *(Climbs ladder)*.

Wild Bill: Thanks for the favor, Montana.

Seth: Sure.

(Dan and Trixie at a table in the Gem)

Dan: I like Ellsworth, too.

Trixie: There's a difference between talkin' a lot, which Ellsworth does enjoy, and oversteppin' it.

Dan: He don't get in other people's business.

Trixie: Then what are we talkin' about, Dan?

Dan: Well, my own standards as to who's reliable ain't the same as Al's.

Trixie: So Ellsworth has to leave camp over the difference?

Dan: Yeah, he does if it's that or kill him. He said tell him if those was the choices.

Trixie: Don't you do it.

Dan: Which?

Trixie: Either.

(The view pans up and then cuts to Al and EB standing near the walkway handrail upstairs.)

Al: Asks a bribe for somethin' he never intends to do, takes my hundred and fifty, then tells her not to sell.

EB: Why are you so sure he told her not to, Al?

Al: You went back there. *You* knocked on her door.

EB: She said Hickok reported to her his conversation with you. But she wasn't prepared yet to give me an answer.

Al: Does this make sense to you, huh? She pays Hickok to come talk to me. He goes back tells her to sell. And then she says she needs more time to make up her mind. HMMM!! That idiot couldn't put one in his ear.

EB: If you're talkin' about Tom Mason, I'd say that's water under the bridge.

Al: And I'd say Hickok has to die if I have to kill him myself.

EB: Jesus, Al. Jesus. With all that's goin' on? I mean how would it sit with the widow, for one thing? How would that dispose her toward us?

Al: Let me pose you a question, EB, you fucking cunt! Someone comes at ya, what're you supposed to do about it?!

EB: And I'll pose *you* a question back, Al Swearengen! If a friend or at least a professional colleague has a mistaken impression of who's comin' at him, and who isn't, what're ya supposed to do then?! Huh?!

Al: You don't think he's comin' at me?

EB: I don't think Hickok's comin' at ya, Al. No I don't. I think you're a man with so many different responsibilities, you sometimes get feelin' beset. And in that frame of mind, take things personal.

Al: I'd sooner the cocksucker *was* dead. Simplify workin' the widow.

EB: We don't get to choose the world we live in.

Al: Bella Union cocksuckers to worry about and every other damn thing...

EB: You got a full plate.

Al: (*Rocking slowly back and forth against the handrail*) I need to fuck somethin'. (*EB contemplates the floor. Al calls down to the common area floor*) Trixie! Hey, hey, hey! Get the bottle.

EB: That's usin' your old noggin, Al. Getcha self some relief. Let the world do it's own spinnin'.

(*Trixie, down at the bar, motions to Dan quickly and discreetly, towards Ellsworth*)

Dan: Don't be pointin' your fuckin' thumb for me, Trixie. Me and you done talked that subject out.

Ellsworth: (*calls out*) What's new, Dan?

Dan: Nothin'.

Ellsworth: No news at all?

Dan: If I had somethin' to tell you, Ellsworth, one way or another, I'd tell it to ya.

Ellsworth: Well, then I reckon I'll have another drink.

(*At the Bella Union, Andy Cramed is in bed with the shivers. A knock is heard at the door.*)

Andy: Who is it?

Joanie: It's Joanie.

Andy: Wait a second, honey. Give me just a second. (*After trying to get himself together in the mirror, opens door*) I fell asleep.

Joanie: I broke up three cat fights, Andy. Girls wantin' to give you a bath.

Andy: I fell right the hell to sleep.

Joanie: You ready to meet some strange?

Andy: Tell you the truth Joanie, I'm—feelin' out of sorts.

Joanie: Well, you had a long trip. And I've heard worst confessions

Andy: That's the gospel truth, which I hope you'll keep to yourself.

Joanie: Yeah, sure I will, Andy.

Andy: I feel fuckin' unwell to myself.

Joanie: Why don't you lie back and let me get your boots off?

Andy: I don't think you should touch me, honey. That's the gospel on that score.

Joanie: No girl in the world ever got sick pullin' off a pair of boots, Andy. But if you want, I won't take more liberties.

(*Downstairs, Cy, Eddie, and Merrick are talking*)

Cy: Fifty dollars an issue.

Merrick: Well! Ah, frankly, Sir, that, that would purchase your advertisement an amount of space wildly incommensurate with the accompanying articles.

Cy: See, I never heard that word in my life!

Eddie: That's his trade, Cy. He's a wordsmith.

Cy: Ha! Do you shoot craps, Mr. Merrick?

Merrick: Excuse me? Oh, oh, oh...no, ah, no. I haven't shot the craps in some time.

Eddie: Perhaps never?

Merrick: If you'll keep my secret, Sir. No, I've never shot them. Um, maybe that would make an article, ah, "Man Learns to Shoot the Craps." *(At this point Cy notices Joanie coming down)*

Cy: Well, we're agreed on fifty an issue.

Merrick: Have we actually agreed, ah. I feel almost duty-bound to remonstrate you, Sir--

Cy: Three months in advance, Eddie. Fifty an issue.

Eddie: Let's see the man with the cash.

Merrick: Seriously?

Cy: Don't let him take your money, Mr. Merrick, while he's teaching you this game. *(To Joanie)* Who did you give to Andy?

Joanie: Nobody, he's poorly.

Cy: Does he need a doctor?

Joanie: Maybe he does.

Cy: Goddammit! I told you I didn't like the way he looked! *(To one of his guys)* Stand outside room eight. Nobody in or out. *(To another)* Get the Doc. Tell him, someone *fell*. *(To Joanie, angrily)* I told you.

(Alma Garret and Hickok sitting in Alma's room)

Alma: Thank you, for your help. I'll look forward to Mr. Bullock contacting me.

Wild Bill: May I ask, ma'am, when you'd expect to leave the camp?

Alma: I'm not certain.

Wild Bill: Bullock is honorable, Mrs. Garret. You can trust him to see to your interests.

Alma: He couldn't come more highly recommended.

Wild Bill: You know the sound of thunder, don't you, Mrs. Garret?

Alma: Of-of course.

Wild Bill: Can you imagine that sound if I asked you to?

Alma: I can, Mr. Hickok.

Wild Bill: Your husband and me had this talk. And I told him to head home to avoid a dark result. But I didn't say it in thunder. Ma'am. Listen, to the thunder. *(Gets up slowly to leave)* Very good luck to ya.

Alma: Thank you, for all your help, Mr. Hickok.

(Doc Cochran enters the Bella Union)

Cy: Thanks for comin', Doc.

Doc: The boy said someone fell.

Cy: Room eight.

(Hickok's room. He is seated at a table writing a letter, when someone knocks)

Jane: It's Jane, Bill.

Wild Bill: Come ahead.

Jane: Feel this little one's forehead.

Wild Bill: Fever and you parted ways, young lady.

Sophia: *(Speaking in her native tongue)*

Wild Bill: Did she just ask to borrow money?

Jane: *(Laughing)* Anyways, How'd it, How'd it go with Bullock?

Wild Bill: He'll help the widow.

Jane: Good for him. Good for you. Did ya tell her so?

Wild Bill: Umm. *(Nods yes as he tickles the child in Jane's arms)*

Jane: Do ya think she'd want company?

Wild Bill: I bet she'd enjoy yours.

Jane: Maybe she'd enjoy, feelin' the little one's forehead. *(Laughs)* You're probably enjoying your damn privacy with, Charlie headed for Cheyenne.

Wild Bill: I'm writing my wife.

Jane: Why didn't you say somethin', damn you? Owe you a penny.

Wild Bill: So long, Bill.

(Al's bedroom at the Gem. Al is grunting and hammering Trixie, in his dirty, sagging longjohns)

(Then, Andy's room at the Bella Union. The Doc is there.)

Doc: Alright, breathe big breaths.

Andy: *(Gasping)* Oh, my back! Oh, my aching back...

Doc: I'm on—I'm gonna get you somethin' to ease that.

Cy: What's he got, Doc?

Doc: I guess. It's his back is what he landed on when he fell.

Andy: My back is split and broken.

Cy: I don't know what he landed on. Wait, who said he fell?

Doc: Course, if little pussy sores rise up on his trunk and his face, more likely he's got other trouble.

Andy: *(Deliriously)* Oh, give me a game, how I ache.

Joanie: Okay, Andy.

Doc: I'm on give ya somethin' to ease that.

Andy: You lost your friend in a fire?

(A busy thoroughfare in Deadwood, Hickok sets out walking)

(On the Chinese alley, Jack McCall is seated and eating.)

Jack: Hey! Hey, Winkie. Hey, wait a minute. Does that look American to you? *(Holds up what looks like a chicken foot)* Naw, this ain't...People don't eat this shit! *(Drops a piece of food)* It touched... *(Pulls the corner of his eye, mocking the passing Chinaman)*
Meow, meow.

(Nuttall's #10 Saloon. Someone chuckles)

Poker Guy: Aw, hell.

(Hickok enters, pays for poker chips, and takes a seat)

Wild Bill: Boys.

Card Players: Howdy, Bill.

(Alma, Jane, and the child in Alma's room)

Alma: My father was the best company, from the time I was ever so little. Problems or, difficulties or even sadness, no such thing. Not permitted. The evening I was presented to society I—I found out later, he'd been able to attend only by physically fleeing some dismal legal difficulty. In that sense my marriage to Mr. Garret was a tremendous solution. Tremendous. At the ceremony I remember father whispered to me, "Darling, I can never repay you for what you are about to do, but...I can repay every one else." And he said, "To think of you with *him*, in that God forsaken place! It's almost unbearable."

Jane: Meaning, your husband.

Alma: And I said, "Maybe he'll die."

(Again, we see Al with more grunting as he finishes with Trixie and drinks from the bottle.)

(Seth and Sol are again shown, making good progress adding the wooden siding to the store)

(Back to Nuttall's #10. Jack McCall walks in and shoots an unsuspecting Hickok in the back of the head.)

Jack: Take that, damn you! *(Brandishes his weapon and flees)*

(The others pursue and catch him. We see Bullock walking out. He seems to sense something about the gathering commotion. Up in Alma's room, Jane and Alma's faces are profiled side by side as they have begun to look out the window. Jane begins to back away slowly with an apprehensive look on her face as she heads down to the street. At the Gem, Al has risen from his bedside and is watching as McCall is jostled about in the crowd. EB observes from the doorsteps of the hotel. Jane is now out on the street and comes upon Stapleton.)

Jane: What happened?

Stapleton: He shot Wild Bill Hickok.

(In the streets, a rider who appears to be Mexican comes through town waving the severed head of an Indian. People stand around transfixed by what they are seeing).

(Bullock walks through the door of the #10 Saloon. He goes over to the fallen Hickok, and drops to his knees. Jane arrives and is obviously devastated. She takes a hard drink from the bottle. Tears well up in Bullock's eyes.)

(Credits roll to the song "Fallen from Grace" by Mark Lee Scott)

| Credited 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 | |
| Powers Boothe | Cy Tolliver |
| Sean Bridgers | Johnny Burns |
| Keith Carradine | Wild Bill Hickok |
| Larry Cedar | Leon |
| Kim Dickens | Joanie Stubbs |
| Garret Dillahunt | Jack McCall |
| Zach Grenier | Andy Cramed |
| Peter Jason | Stapleton |

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------------|
| Ricky Jay | Eddie Sawyer |
| Jeffrey Jones | A.W. Merrick |
| Timothy Omundson | Brom Garret |
| Tom Simmons | |
| Nicolas Surovy | Captain |
| Bree Seanna Wall | Metz Girl |
| Gareth Williams | |

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