

Episode # 6 – “Plague”

(In the hills, the wind is blowing, all is peaceful...we see the platform with a deceased Indian and his horse atop of it. Bullock is riding his horse in pursuit of Jack McCall. All of a sudden his horse is struck with an arrow and bucks. The horse falls, with Seth still astride.)

Seth: Oh! *(Groaning, breathing hard – he is hurt. Seth sees his attacker, an Indian approaches rapidly on horseback. Seth is clubbed on the head.)* Ah!

Indian: *(Phonically)* Washi sha shitsay. *(Spits in Seth's face)*

Seth: Uh!

Indian: Washi sha shitsay. Shi sha shitsay. Shin sa sitsay.

(Bullock grabs onto the Indian's leg. The Indian beats him off. Bullock grabs at him again and this time manages to stand and push the Indian into a tree. The Indian grabs Seth by the neck he tries to push him off, Seth lands a punch and they fall to the ground. Seth grabs a rock and beats the Indian's head in, grunting, with effort through the entire beating. The Indian is dead. Bullock starts to walk away but falls and passes out.)

(At the Gem, A.W. Merrick is at the bar, drinking...)

Merrick: May I say, Dan, ever since I resumed drinking alcohol, I cannot for the life of me figure out why I ever gave it up. *(Dan pours him a drink)*

Dan: Takes the edge off the tough ones.

Merrick: Takes the edge off. Well put. And may I say, Dan, that I often find you the source of many well put and witty things that you say.

Dan: Thanks.

Merrick: *(raises his glass)* The Hickok murder, *(Johnny and Doc enter)* exoneration of the coward McCall, stain on the escutcheon of the camp. *(drinks)* Doc, Libation! *(Doc looks at him and keeps moving.)* I wonder if he thought I said, “Live Patient”?

(Doc enters the back whore's room, Al is waiting, there is a sick man in the bed, breathing hard)

Al: Couldn't get it up. Give her a dollar to wait.

Dolly: But he just keeps getting sicker.

Al: Shut up. Come talk to me after, Doc. *(Leaves)*

Sick Man: My back hurts so bad. *(Continues to breathe heavily, Dolly leaves)*

(At the Bella Union, Ellsworth is drinking at the bar. Joanie sees him and sidles up next to him)

Joanie: Will you keep a girl company?
Ellsworth: I will, but, I'm expensive.
Joanie: (*laughing*) Oh, I knew that lookin' at you. I'm Joanie.
Ellsworth: Ellsworth.
Joanie: First visit to the Bella Union, Ellsworth?
Ellsworth: Yes, Ma'am. My leisure time's usually spent at the Gem.
Joanie: What fills the rest of your time?
Ellsworth: Well, Ma'am, I've got myself a workin' gold claim.
Joanie: Well, sir, is that a damn fact?
Ellsworth: Yes, Ma'am, a hell of a workin' gold claim. And if we knew each other better, I'd throw a fuckin' in there somewhere.
Joanie: If you did, I'd try to catch it.
Ellsworth: A workin' fuckin' gold claim, Joanie. And thank you for allowing me my full range of expression.
Joanie: Ellsworth.
Ellsworth: What?
Joanie: Do you shoot craps?
Ellsworth: No, I don't. But I'm a lethally quick study.
Joanie: Come on. (*She takes Ellsworth by the hand and leads him to a craps table. Cy is watching her. Joey enters. He's stiff, holding his arm funny. Eddie watches him pass by, Cy approaches.*)
Cy: Joey?
Joey: I'm sick, boss. I ain't right.
Cy: Keep your voice down. Walk this way with me.
Joey: I would've never made Nebraska. I got fever. My, my, back's hurt somethin' awful.
Cy: Alright, son, just lay up 'til you get better.
Joey: (*coughing into his hands, holding a piece of paper*) ah, here's that list you gave me.
Cy: You, you hold it for a while.
Joey: Fella who could read said one of the items was for the smallpox.
Cy: What are you doin' showin' that list around, Joey?
Joey: Well, when I got poorly by Buffalo Gap I just wanted to see if I could fill the list there.
Cy: That's a breach of goddamned trust!
Joey: Have I got smallpox, Mr. Tolliver?
Cy: How do I know? Maybe you got yourself a dose.
Joey: No, I-I wouldn't. I'm virgin. That's how come I jumped when you told about Nebraska pussy.
Cy: Anyway, just – just go lay up.

(*Joey hobbles off to the back room, Eddie approaches Cy...*)

Eddie: Joey didn't make Nebraska?

Cy: Come down with whatever ailed Andy Cramed.

Eddie: I wonder if Joey was after a remedy for Andy? Maybe without even knowin'...

Cy: Ain't you clever, Eddie?

Eddie: Was I bein' clever? I thought I was worrying about the plague.

Cy: Why don't you concentrate on runnin' in the bones on Joanie's mark?

Eddie: A welcome diversion.

(Al is looking out his interior office window at the Doc leaving the whore's room...)

Al: Woman lives in your fuckin' hotel. But you can't find pretext for pressing the offer on her claim?

EB: I can't outflank Trixie, Al. The whore guards that widow like a mother hen.

Al: She's dosed her with opium! Primin' her for your approach.

EB: Be that as it may...

Al: E.B., put that offer in your pocket, you knock on the widow's door.

EB: But Trixie'll answer.

Al: Trixie answers. You tell her I want to talk to her. Trixie leaves, you gain entry, broach the sale. Can you circumnavigate the child? Or must I map that for you, too?

EB: No...

Al: What? *(knocking)*

EB: Nothin'.

Al: Oh, come on in, Doc, *(Doc enters)* him and me are finished. Anyway, don't play that shit where you make me drag your words outta you. Declare, or shut the fuck up!

EB: I said, *(louder)* something strange is goin' on in that hotel room. *(EB leaves, Doc shuts the door)*

Doc: It's bad with that fella downstairs, Al.

Al: Plague, is it?

Doc: Smallpox.

Al: Would land in my joint.

Doc: Yours wasn't the first. *(Al's face turns serious)*

(EB is leaving the Gem, talking to himself)

EB: No deceit. Too prolonged. No errand too demeaning. *(Pushed past a miner)* Get outta here! No rebuke too vile. Al Swearengen's a cue and Farnum merely is...billiard ball. *(Waves horse rider away- steps in horseshit)* Shit! Quagmire of piss and bullshit!

(EB is upstairs, he knocks on Alma's door)

Trixie: What?

EB: Al wants to see you, Trixie. *(Looking over her shoulder)*

Trixie: Alright.

EB: He wants you over there now.

Trixie: I'll be there when I get there, E.B.

EB: How is Mrs. Garrett anyway?

Trixie: Hunky – dory. (*closes door*)

(*EB ponders for a moment outside the room - puts his hat back on and leaves. Inside the room, Alma is moaning. Trixie dips a cloth in water...*)

Trixie: My boss wants me. I'll be back quick as I can. (*Hands Alma the wet rag*) This passes.

Alma: Alright.

(*Back at the Bella Union...*)

Eddie: Place your bets, gentlemen. Place your bets. New shooter, coming out!
(*Ellsworth tosses the dice*) The winner's seven.

(*Doc and Al walk in, they head straight for Cy in the cashier's booth*)

Al: What you hear on that vaccine?

(*Cy looks at the Doc accusingly*)

Doc: He's had a case break out at his place.

Cy: Let's go to the cage, or shall the three of us leap up on tables and shout questions to one another across the room?

Al: What about the vaccine?

Cy: The boy never made Nebraska. He took sick.

Doc: Where is he now?

Cy: In the back, here.

Al: How the fuck long has that been?

Cy: You don't want to pursue that tone.

Al: You sat on news, and no one went after the meds and I'm askin' the duration.

Cy: And I'm sayin' questions in that tone and pointin' your finger at me'll get you told to fuck yourself.

Doc: Show me the room where the boy is.

Cy: (*To Al*) Please, join us.

(*Cheering, Ellsworth is winning at craps*)

Ellsworth: How long they been playin' this without me?

(*Joanie looks of to see Cy letting Al & Doc into the back room – the smile leaves her face.*)

(Back at the hotel, EB has arrived with fresh linens, he lets himself into Alma's room and sees Sophia sitting on the bed next to Alma – clearly not feeling well)

Alma: What do you want?

EB: It's laundry day Madam. I've come to replace the linen.

Alma: Leave it and go.

EB: *(leaning in for a closer look)* Are you ill?

Alma: Leave the room.

EB: Of course. *(He leaves and locks the door behind him)*

(In Joey's sick room, he is sweaty and shaking. Doc leans over him and puts his head to Joey's chest.)

Doc: Breathe. *(Listens for a moment, turns to Al & Cy and nods)*

Al: We should chat this all out.

Cy: Sure.

Al: Why don't we do something together? Us and several other?

Cy: Yeah, alright.

Doc: *(To Joey)* Lift up. There we go. *(Feeds Joey a spoonful of medicine)* Alright, lie down.

(Calamity Jane is walking the streets. She looks hard at a man walking the street as he passes her...)

Jane: If I had that mug on me, I believe I'd cut down gettin' told how butt fuckin' ugly I was by not starin' at fuckin' strangers. *(Stops in front of Doc's cabin)* Sorry lookin' cabin even in this shithole camp. Passers through has a right to make inquiries? A lead taker has it. *(Frowns, breathing heavy as she approaches Doc's cabin)* I carried that fuckin' child! No, not in my belly but, none of that fuckin' blood...fuckin' cocksucker! *(Shakes the door handle in anger – the door opens, surprising her)* It's Jane Canary callin' for Doc fuckin' Cochran! You fuckin' in there? I believe I'll fuckin' wait! *(Enters the cabin)*

(Al strides back into the Gem...)

Dan: Trixie's upstairs. E.B.'s waitin' for you in the kitchen.

Al: *(To A.W. Merrick – still at the bar drinking)* Quit drinkin' a few hours. We're havin' a get together.

Merrick: Whom do you mean?

Al: *(To Johnny)* Buy some fuckin' fruit or the like, huh? *(Stalks off to the kitchen)*

EB: I told you somethin' strange was goin' on.

Al: Are you prepared now, to tell me what it is?

EB: If that widow was high, I am a monkey's uncle.

Johnny: How much fruit? I mean, how many's a fuckin' get together?

Dan: Now one thing I can tell you, Johnny, *(Al runs upstairs)* right now ain't a good time to ask.

(Up in Al's office, Trixie is waiting, Al enters...)

Trixie: Hi, Al.

Al: You toss the place?

Trixie: I know what's in this room.

Al: How's the widow? You givin' her that dope?

Trixie: I give it to her regular.

Al: And she takes it?

Trixie: She goes behind where she dresses to spare the child seein'.

Al: Oh, when she goes behind where she dresses to spare the child do you see billows of fuckin' dope smoke rising?

Trixie: She says she eats it.

Al: Does she act high to you?

Trixie: I can't be sure. I never seen a rich person high before. *(Al smiles)*

Al: Next piece of dope, Trixie...you go behind the screen with the widow. You watch her put it in her mouth, you watch her swallow. Afterwards, you look down her fuckin' yap and you verify she's got nothin' above or below her fuckin' tongue.

Trixie: I'll find a good reason.

Al: You bein' fuckin' clever with me?

Trixie: How am I supposed to do that, Al, and not arouse her suspicion?

Al: Only suspicion you gotta worry about is mine. Of if you're givin' it to her at all.
(Drops the dope in her hand)

Trixie: Why wouldn't I?

Al: I'd rather try touching the moon than take on a whore's thinking. Only know this, Trixie. That widow better be muddleheaded next time Farnum sees her or you pay.

Trixie: Can I go back?

Al: Please. *(Trixie leaves)*

(As Trixie leaves the Gem, she fixes her eyes on E.B., standing at the bar, and leaves. Al comes downstairs shortly after her.)

Al: Trixie and me chatted on the subject of the widow takin' dope. *(Motions to Dan for a drink)*

EB: I see.

Al: Trixie's gonna make sure she does.

EB: Good.

Al: You find pretext to determine Trixie ain't lying.

EB: Oh... *(Dolly gasps and runs off to the back room)* Damsel in distress. And will you want me back here, for the get together?

Al: How the fuck could we go it without you, E.B.?

EB: Truth isn't in you, Al.
Al: Makes two of us. (*EB leaves*)
Dan: Dolly's with that drummer? 'Fraid he gave her plague.
Al: Fuckin' plague!

(*Trixie lets herself back into Alma's room, Sophia is sitting on the bed, singing*)

Sophia: ♪ Row, row, row your boat, gently down the "steem" ♪
Trixie: ♪ Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream. ♪
Sophia: ♪ Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily life is but a dream. ♪
Trixie: It's lovely.
Alma: (*Whispering*) Very lovely.
Trixie: I need you to do something for me. And I know you can. When Farnum's here,
so we can buy you time to get well you have to fake bein' high.
Sophia: ♪ Row, row, row your boat gently down the "steem" ... ♪
Trixie: You can do it, Alma. Look at all the practice you've had.
Sophia: ♪ ...merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream. ♪

(*Al enters the back room, Dolly is scrunched up on the bed, her head resting on her knees, she's crying*)

Al: You better have a payin' dwarf underneath you.
Dolly: Am I dying?
Al: Turn off the fuckin' water, and tell me what you did. I know you didn't fuck him.
Dolly: No...
Al: You suck his prick?
Dolly: He didn't want to show it to me 'til he had a hard on.
Al: That's what you call a mistake of youth. You mug it up with him?
Dolly: A little.
Al: French lock or normal?
Dolly: Normal.
Al: So any hoople head who drank from the same glass this guy did, have as much right to sit there weepin' as you, except I can't kick his ass and send him out to work.
Dolly: My mom died of it when we was coming out. And that's when daddy gave us up.
Al: Well, that sad story makes me believe maybe you was exposed and ain't a candidate for it no more. (*Dolly stops crying – sorta – and looks at Al*) Stick to hand jobs a day or two if you like.

(*Trixie comes down the hotel stairs with a bag full of dirty linens...*)

Trixie: Ah, these sheets need cleanin'.
EB: I just provided new linens.

Trixie: And now they got sick on ‘em.

EB: Take those to the Chinaman. Show you want a clean exchange. Say, “for Mr. Farnum, Wu. Sheet for Farnum.”

(Trixie leaves and EB promptly heads upstairs, as Trixie makes her way to Mr. Wu, Sol spots her...)

Sol: Hello.

Trixie: Hello, Mr. Star.

Sol: May I help with those sheets?

Trixie: I got it.

Sol: How is Mrs. Garrett?

Trixie: Still not receivin’.

Sol: You do tell her I’ve asked to call.

Trixie: On commission for Mr. Bullock? How’s business at your store?

Sol: Brisk.

Trixie: Oh. *(Trixie turns and heads down Chinaman’s Alley, leaving a smiling, dumbstruck Sol, behind)*

(Doc arrives back at his cabin. Calamity Jane is sleeping in a chair next to the door – waiting, she wakes up when he enters. Doc doesn’t notice her right away until he puts down his satchel and looks over – he’s momentarily stunned)

Doc: Jesus Christ!

Jane: You just shit yourself!

Doc: I take it you’ve been, out on a...a hoot.

Jane: I’ve been drunk awhile, correct. What the fuck is that to you?

Doc: Question was well meant like, if you was...a farmer I’d ask ya, how the farming was going.

Jane: I did lose my fuckin’ best friend, you know?

Doc: I know.

Jane: Anyways, I ain’t here to teach ya any fuckin’ manners. I was wonderin’ about the child.

Doc: She’s fine.

Jane: And what else?

Doc: And she’s stayin’ with that widow and, whore from the Gem’s with her, too.

Jane: What the fuck is a whore doin’ with her?

Doc: The widow has health problems of her own. And Trixie’s takin’ care of her.

Jane: Oh, Trixie bein’ the fuckin’ whore?

Doc: Well, you have high standards as applied to other people.

Jane: I ain’t judging anyone, I was seekin’ information!

Doc: Well, are you adequately informed?

Jane: Yes, I am, you cocksucker!

Doc: *(Opens the door partway)* ‘Cause I am in the midst of a situation.

Jane: Oh, smallpox?

Doc: (*closes the door*) What the fuck is that to you?
Jane: Fella in the woods I see to say hello to has it. Unless he caught it from a trout. I figured, some in the camp could be down with it, too.
Doc: What was he doin' in the woods?
Jane: Someone threw him there. Anyways, he's better now.
Doc: And how do you feel?
Jane: What's that supposed to mean?
Doc: How do you feel?
Jane: Why?
Doc: I take it, that you're feeling well am I wrong?
Jane: No you're not fuckin' wrong!
Doc: Well, that's all I wanted to fuckin' know!
Jane: I will lay you out as soon as look at ya!
Doc: This is my point. You been carin' for a sick man who doesn't seem to have gotten you sick.
Jane: Aren't you wise, fuckin' owl.
Doc: Bein' as you have a gift for it, and I'm gonna have sick people up to my hips. I was wonderin' if you might wanna come back to camp?
Jane: My best friend died. (*Starts to leave*)
Doc: And he ain't coming back! (*Jane turns around*) Now will you help me? You can do your drinkin' off work, like I do.

(*Back in Alma's room – Sophia is napping, EB enters with more linens*)

EB: Madam? (*Sophia's eyes pop open*)
Alma: (*Sits up, slowly, with a funny smile on her face*) Yes?
EB: How are you?
Alma: Better, Mr. Farnum. Thank you.
EB: I'm glad.
Alma: How are you?
EB: Very well, thank you. Excuse me. I brought more linens.
Alma: Mmm.
EB: I'd heard someone threw up.

(*Alma looks at him, smiling dreamily...EB leaves, Sophia sits up, smiling at Alma for her great acting job*)

(*Back at the Bella Union, Ellsworth is still shooting craps, but now he is loosing*)

Ellsworth: Well, appears luck pinches out at this game even quicker than prospectin'.
Joanie: It can come back that quick, too.
Ellsworth: Every weekend, claim's at the creek.
Joanie: You want to stop for a while, Ellsworth? We can stop. (*Cy hears this, looks at Joanie*)

Ellsworth: Oh, what if my luck comes back? *(Cy gives "the office" to Eddie)* Won't be here to reap the benefits. *(Eddie nods)*

Joanie: Well, maybe it'd wait for ya.

Cy: 'Course too, maybe it won't, right, Joanie? Maybe you should stop for a while, honey. You need to piss?

Joanie: Excuse me Did I say that too polite, Cy?

Cy: Go head off now. Eddie, take over the game. Push them bones my way, will ya?

Eddie: Place your bets, gentlemen. Place your bets.

Cy: Alright, let's warm the world back up now.

Eddie: New shooter coming out. Seven, the winner. The winner is seven.

Cy: You sure you don't want to get on me, young man?

Ellsworth: Well, I might, hazard a 20.

Cy: Alright, now. Do not detain me.

Eddie: Seven, the winner's seven. Hot shooter!

Cy: You can't keep an old man down! Wagon, westward down!

Eddie: It's a seven.

Cy: You better get on me now. I got a meetin' to go to and I got a hot hand here! Ha!

Joanie: *(Upstairs)* Money's out front, honey.

Whore: Okay. Spots are coming out all over his body.

Joanie: That don't decide how it ends.

Whore: Joey was cherry.

Joanie: I know.

Whore: He didn't want us to do it 'til he knew how.

Joanie: You'd do better if the tricks didn't think lookin' at 'em made you cry.

(Charlie is leading his horses through the hills, he comes up on Seth's dead horse and stops...)

Charlie: Hoo, now. *(Dismounts. He sees the Indian's war horse and studies it's painted markings. He looks around, rifle in hand. He sees the Indian, dead on the ground and sees Seth nearby, not looking much more alive than the Indian)*

(In the Reverend's tent, he is laying down on his cot, smiling...)

Johnny: It's Johnny Burns, Reverend.

Rev: *(Stis up)* Mr. Burns. How are you?

Johnny: There's a meeting at the Gem. Mr. Swearengen thought you'd wanna come, too.

Rev: At his saloon?

Johnny: Yes, sir.

Rev: May I ask the meeting's purpose?

Johnny: Well, he don't get into that with me.

Rev: Alright, Thank You. Tell Mr. Swearengen I will be there.

Johnny: He's having me get fruit. I know that much.

Rev: Fine. (*Johnny leaves and the Rev drops his head down to his chest*)

(*Back in the Hills, Charlie is tending Seth's wounds and talking to him, Seth is still passed out*)

Charlie: The three red hands on the pony's flank, was three men killed, hand to hand. The red circle was one killed on horseback. The white lines on the pony's legs was times that he had counted coup. Hmm, with them whether they mean to kill your man after or you're just showin' off you, hit 'em with a gun butt or a stick or a club. That's counting coup. That's why he come for you instead of pickin' you off with an arrow, like he did your horse.

Seth: Charlie.

Charlie: Ah, there you are. That was one bad *hombre* you got by Bullock.

Seth: Bill's dead Charlie.

Charlie: (*Pauses – dumbstruck*) Of your own seein'?

Seth: Yeah.

Charlie: I heard it spoke of two days ago by this, often as he wasn't before, I hoped he wasn't this time, too.

Seth: I was after the bastard who did it. (*Sits up*)

Charlie: Anything broke?

Seth: No.

Charlie: Can you ride?

Seth: Yeah.

Charlie: Let's get that cocksucker. (*Helps Seth up*)

Seth: We should dig a grave.

Charlie: I'd as soon not waste the fuckin' time.

Seth: It won't take long. (*Goes to the horses and grabs a shovel*)

Charlie: You ain't doin' him no favor. I mean his way to heaven's above ground and lookin' west.

Seth: Well, let's do that, then. (*Tosses the shovel aside*)

Charlie: Don't you want to take him over the ridge? This fuckin' hole in the ground and put him up there with his headless buddy? I mean, that's what you nearly got killed for? Interfering with his big fuckin' medicine, burying his fuckin' buddy, over the fuckin' ridge!

(*Johnny is putting peaches and pears into bowls on the bar. Nuttall is watching him, studying the cans, Merrick, Doc, Sol and EB are already there.*)

EB: Trixie did her work, and then some, Al. Must've put a double handful of that dope down the widow's mouth.

Al: Did you happen to offer on her gold claim?

EB: The moment was wrong. The dope had made the widow randy. (*Cy enters*) Lustful looks, heavy breathing. Out thrust chest. The full catalog.

Al: Only hope you comported yourself as a gentlemen, E.B.

EB: There was a child in the room.

Al: Peaches and pears on the fuckin' bar. Spoon it out amongst yourselves. *(They all sit)* First thing to say is, Plague's in the fuckin' camp.

Doc: Smallpox. Plague is spread by rats.

Al: Well, I was raised callin' it plague but Doc wants that in reserve, in case our luck holds, and the rats decide to descend on us, too hmm? *(EB laughs)* But whatever you fuckin' call it, the point is for no one to raise their fuckin' dresses over their heads. You, you, you wait it out. You outlast the cocksucker. I've outlasted several fuckin' outbreaks. Is it pretty? No, but it passes, so, we need a place for them to get it. To care for 'em, and to keep 'em outta sight. So people don't get frightened and disgusted.

Sol: Mr. Bullock and me will have lumber left from puttin' our buildin' out.

Al: Why tent's a better impression. Emphasizes it's a passing phase. As far as the vaccine, one place we know has it, it's Fort Carney.

Nuttall: Well how do we know that?

Al: Off the fuckin' issue, Tom.

Doc: Bismark. And Cheyenne, probably got it, too.

Al: So we should send to all three places. And as time's a factor, stagecoaches ain't the right conveyance, so I suggest three groups of horsemen, huh? Five riders to a group, fend off the dirt worshippers, 60 bucks a rider, 10 dollars in advance, 50 on return.

EB: Would be, three times five times 60, \$900 at the worst. Assuming they all survive.

Al: Add in, for the vaccine and paying the Doc, I'd say \$1,500 is the target. I'm in for five. *(Puts a roll of money on the table, everyone reaches in their pockets to ante up)*

Cy: Five hundred.

Nuttall: Two.

EB: Two.

Al: You fuckin' kidding me, EB?

EB: ...hundred fifty.

Sol: Fifty from Bullock and Star.

Al: You're alright.

EB: 150 hits the target.

Merrick: I assume there'll be some sort of public announcement in "The Pioneer."

Al: Yeah, get ah, jump on them, fuckin' panic mongers.

Merrick: Ah, can you give me 5 minutes, Doc, after the meeting adjourns?

Al: Yeah, give some sort of positive angle to it. Vaccine's on it's way or looks like it's the mild fuckin' type.

Rev: It would also be useful to avoid apocalyptic predictions.

Al: Yeah, nip that Sodom and Gomorrah shit in the bud, huh?

Rev: And stigmatizing the afflicted.

Doc: Where will we locate the pest tent?

Cy: Well, I bought a lot at the end of Chink's alley you can use.

Al: Oh, gonna build a joint in future catering to the Celestials, ain't you, Cy? You clever cocksucker.

Cy: They're the fuckin' degenerate gamblers among all the races, Al.

Sol: I'll see to recruiting the riders. *(The Rev is shaking, trying to hid it)*

Al: \$10 a rider advance money.

EB: If I can get your John Hancock, for the receipt of the 150.

Al: So, fruit's up here, anybody didn't get any, huh?

Rev: *(Groans, stands up straight, throws his head back and starts to have a seizure)*

Al: Oh fer chrissake.

(The Rev falls to the ground, Doc rushes over)

Doc: Alright, Reverend. Somebody get me somethin' to hold his jaw open.

Johnny: Fruit spoon, Doc.

Al: Not with a fuckin' metal spoon, Johnny. He'll break every tooth in his mouth. Here you go, Doc. *(Hands him what looks like a billfold or something. Doc sticks it in the Rev's mouth)*

Merrick: Doc, I won't say it's pristine, but...*(Hands Doc a hanky)*

Doc: Alright, Reverend. You're doing better, Reverend.

Al: You ever see him do that?

Doc: Alright. *(Sol shakes his head no)*

Al: Used to have a fuckin' brother given to that. We'd make pennies off it when it'd come over him in the street. Hey, Reverend, you could've just said, "Amen."

(Back at the Bella Union, Eddie is practicing shooting the dice...)

Eddie: Quite the civic figure, Cy.

Cy: That's me, that's what I live for. How healthy we leave that prospector?

Eddie: He'll be back.

Cy: Fuckin' Joanie. Got a crack out of turn. You still got an awful smooth hand, young man.

Eddie: Yeah.

Cy: Practice makes perfect, huh?

Eddie: Yeah, Cy. And you give a good hand job yourself. *(Cy laughs, the whore caring for Joey walks through...)*

Cy: Find out from Joanie how exposed that red-head got to the kid.

Eddie: Anything else you want me to ask her for ya?

Cy: Eddie, if I talk to her right now, I'll break her fuckin' jaw. And if we keep talkin', I'll break yours, too. *(Eddie continues throwing the dice)*

(Doc and the Reverend are sitting in a back room at the Gem...)

Rev: I take it I suffered some sort of convulsion or seizure. Perhaps brought on my irregular hours.

Doc: Oh, I see. And I 'spect you'll be soon hangin' up your shingle in competition with me?

Rev: No, oh no, no, sir.

Doc: Mmm. How did you feel before the spell come on you?

Rev: I-I noticed a peculiar smell in the air. As if something were burning.

Doc: Is this the first time?

Rev: No, the first episode occurred several days ago. After the service for Mr. Hickok.

Doc: And any others between that one and this?

Rev: *(shaking his head)* No.

Doc: Follow my finger. *(Puts his index finger out and traces a line back and forth, front and back in the air)*

Rev: Mmm, or, or perhaps I just need glasses. *(Al enters)*

Al: Merrick needs to see you about the article. Prescribe this malingerer *(Holds out a can)* a can of peaches, and show him the fuckin' door. *(winks, turns and leaves)*

Rev: Am I clear to assist you to tend to the sick, Doctor?

Doc: You are cleared, Reverend. *(Pats his arm)*

(We see Cy enters Joanie's room through the reflection in the mirror hanging above her bed. She is laying down.)

Cy: What the fuck's wrong with you?

Joanie: I don't know.

Cy: Well, you better figure it the fuck out, Joanie. 'Cause this free ride shit's comin' to a quick fuckin' halt.

Joanie: *(sits up)* Free ride?

Cy: What would you call it?

Joanie: *(looks away)* I earn my way.

Cy: *(laughs)* How? Posing in expensive dresses and breakin' up the catfights? Takin' trouble to steer the trade? That don't pay the freight, honey. You're here to create a fuckin' atmosphere. Fuckin' atmosphere you create lately, I'm sad. Then on your bad days, oh, I'm so sad. *(Joanie looks down)* Oh...*(sits down on the bed next to her)* What is it, sweetheart?

Joanie: I guess it's comin' here.

Cy: What's wrong with comin' here? You never liked the river that much. What's wrong with a fresh start?

Joanie: How it feels when there isn't one.

Cy: Well, shit. Stay here I'll bring you back a fuckin' lollipop. *(squeezes her hand)*

Joanie: Sorry I cracked on your play with the prospector.

Cy: Me and Eddie turned it into a longer campaign. If he don't get plague it'll all have a happy end. My worry's you, and my concerns and, feelin's of fuckin' affection.

Joanie: Shut up, Cy.

Cy: Work on believin' it, Joanie. *(Touches her face)* That's the way I always want to touch you, just like, that. Don't make me do it different. *(Cy leaves)*

(Merrick is reading his article aloud, Al, EB, Doc & Cy are gathered 'round)

Merrick: Two cases of the smallpox have been diagnosed in our camp by Doctor Amos Cochran.

Al: Hey, Doc! *(They all turn to see what Al's looking at, they see Dan & Johnny carting out the sick man from the Gem on a stretcher)*

Doc: Get the Amos outta there! *(Doc goes to the stretcher)*

Merrick: Scratch Amos. At Dr. Cochran's suggestions, a pest tent, endowed by the generous retailers of our fine community, is being erected for the afflicted on the south end, and riders dispatched to secure a vaccine.

Al: Maybe you should add there, "They're already probably on their way back."

Merrick: *(Throws down his typesetter (?))* Excuse me *(Reaches to get his quill and ink well)* The Pioneer has been assured of their imminent return.

Cy: That's catchier.

Merrick: Thanks also to the aforementioned merchants, the vaccine will be distributed gratis.

Al: Free gratis.

Merrick: Free gratis is a redundancy. *(Al looks at A.W. blankly)*

EB: Does that mean, repeats itself? *(A.W. nods)*

Al: Then leave gratis out.

Merrick: What luck for me, Al that you have such a keen editorial sense. Free, distributed free. Period. It will, take me some time to reset the type.

Al: Yeah, hurry up.

Merrick: Excuse me.

Cy: Al. *(Jerks his head. Al walks over to him)* Thanks for not puttin' the stink on me before with the others. Ah, over that Fort Carney business.

Al: Sure.

Jane: *(Walks across the street, stops in front of the hotel and shouts to EB)* I'm back.

EB: Your room has been re-rented.

Jane: Fuck you and fuck the rooms you rent. I'm callin' on the widow and the little one in her care. And if I was you, or any cocksucker with ya, I wouldn't try to stop me.

EB: Be brief.

Jane: Be fucked! *(Jane enters the hotel)*

EB: Her gutter mouth, and the widow in an opium stupor. A conversation for the ages.

(Jane climbs the hotel stairs, a man comes out of her old room, she pauses, turns...)

Jane: Hey, fucknut! What you got in that suitcase?

Fucknut: Millenary samples. If it concerns you at all.

Jane: Millenary samples, ain't that just perfect!

Fucknut: Some women...take the trouble to make a decent appearance.

Jane: Well, for your information, Mr. Millenary sample suitcase cocksucker, you're staying in the former room of someone you ain't fit to lick the boots of!

Fucknut: Wild Bill Hickok. I paid two dollars a day extra. Had you any connection to Wild Bill?

Jane: *(Shakes her head a little and waves him off)* Good luck with your fuckin' day sellin' hats. *(knocks on Alma's door.)* It's Jane! *(Sophia opens the door)* Oh, my God.

Sophia: Hello, Jane.

Jane: Look at you. Listen to you, oh, my God in heaven. *(Sophia opens the door and reveals Trixie sitting in a chair behind the door)*

Trixie: I'm Trixie.

Jane: I think I've seen you.

Trixie: At the Gem.

Jane: Yeah. Maybe that's where. I *(Jane enters, sees Alma laying in bed)* You look like shit. Oh, owe you a penny. *(Jane quickly realizes where she is and yanks off her hat)*

Alma: I'm better. I was so sorry to hear about Mr. Hickok.

Jane: Yeah. *(Jane puts her head down – choking back tears)* You oughtta get your husband outta that creek.

Alma: As soon as, I feel just a little better.

Jane: Anyways ah, I'm glad to see this little one in good condition and talking to boot.

Trixie: Come see her all the time.

Jane: Nah, I'm the fuckin' drunk, ah...I might be seeing to sick people. But I'm gonna keep...this exact recollection of your lovely mug, an put a penny aside every time I curse. And that is my promise to you. And me too, we'll see each other again down the road.

(Merrick is rolling off a new copy of The Pioneer...)

Merrick: Gentlemen—

Al: Well, let's see it. *(Grabs the paper)*

Merrick: Or should I say my fellow authors.

Jane: I'm done in there! Where would the Doc have got to?

Cy: South end of Chinamen's Alley.

(Two men and a whore come out of the Bella Union, with Joey in a stretcher, heading for the pest tent.)

Jane: They'll get me there.

Al: I think maybe it should have a question mark. The Plague in Deadwood?

Merrick: The type is set. You're reading the definitive edition.

Al: Let's run it. *(Tosses the paper back to Merrick)*

Merrick: Nice workin' with you. *(Al crosses the street to the Gem, Cy returns to the Bella Union)*

(Doc is at the pest tent, directing Dan & Johnny)

Doc: Take him right over here. Now...it's alright to breathe, just turn your, your head away from him.

Johnny: *(holding his breathe)* Okay, Doc.

Doc: Alright. Roll him over on his side.

Rev: Yes. *(Rev, Doc, Dan and Johnny roll sick man onto his side, Doc rolls up the stretcher)*

Doc: Ah, turn him back this way, that's it. Alright, thank you, fellas.

Johnny: *(still holding breathe)* Bye, Doc.

Rev: It's alright, son. It's going to be alright.

Jane: Hey! Hey somebody! *(Jane is approaching the tent with the next patient)*

Doc: Are you sure you're up to this?

Rev: Oh yes, I'm right where I'm supposed to be. *(The Reverend comforts the sick man, Doc goes to meet Jane outside)*

Jane: Here's another one for ya.

Doc: So I see. You already been exposed, you wanna follow him in?

Jane: I might. *(Doc does a Vanna to the entrance – Jane enters)*

(Charlie and Seth lift the dead Indian up the funeral pyre alongside the other dead Indian and a horse. The freshly dead Indian's leg slips off and Charlie respectfully replaces it up on the pyre. They leave)

(Back in the Gem, Al is reading the paper)

Al: The Pioneer was assured of their imminent return.

Dan: I'll believe it when I see it.

Al: Imminent return is one of my contributions to the fuckin' article. The idea for that phrase. *(reading)* Pest tent being erected at the south...what about that fucking Tolliver buying up property on the Q.T., huh?

Dan: When look he was strugglin' with the shit when he made the offer to loan out the lot.

Al: Yeah, nonetheless it says the man sees the fuckin' possibilities of the things. I mean, to come up at this fuckin' juncture, with the idea of creatin' an emporium for the fuckin' chinks takes brass fucking balls, and a long term vision for the future. *(does a shot)* Merrick. Merrick wanted to put here, gratis. Now is the idea, to inform your read or make him feel like a fuckin' dunce, huh? I had him put free.

Dan: Don't see why the fuck he doesn't have news of the baseball. That new league started a team in Chicago. *(Al shakes his head)*

Al: Different path taken it, certain it forks in the road, who knows what kind of a joint we'd be in now, huh? Of course, truth is, as a base of operations, you cannot beat a fucking saloon. *(drinks a shot)* Ah...*(Continues reading)*...

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 |
| Parisse Boothe | Tessie |
| Sean Bridgers | Johnny Burns |
| Candice Cook | Gem Whore (uncredited) |
| Kim Dickens | Joanie Stubbs |
| Ricky Jay | Eddie Sawyer |
| Jeffrey Jones | A.W. Merrick |
| Juddson Keith Linn | Milliner |
| Ray McKinnon | Reverend H.W. Smith (as Raymond McKinnon) |
| Toni Oswald | |
| Bree Seanna Wall | Metz Girl (as Breeseanna Wall) |
| Everette Wallin | |
| Gareth Williams | |

Publicity images & episode content © 2004 Home Box Office. All Rights Reserved.
HBO and Deadwood are service marks of Home Box Office, Inc. Transcript © 2004
Cristi H. Brockway. The copyright claimed by Cristi H. Brockway herein is solely on her
personal contribution of material not contained in the episode from which this transcript
was compiled. Any commercial use of this transcript is expressly prohibited.