

Episode #7 Bullock Returns to the Camp

(OPEN on the backs of Bullock and Utter riding into a settlement. Seth spots McCall's horse.)

Seth: That's what McCall was ridin'

Utter: All right.

(Pan down a cabin to a couple of cowboys just settin'.)

Utter: (ever polite) Evenin'.

Cowboy 1: (laconic) Evenin' back

Seth: Lookit that paint, Charlie.

Utter: I seen it.

Seth: I had a half-breed (?) just like that.

Utter: Found 'er. Makes me miserable just reminiscing on it.

Seth: Do you know the owner?

Utter: If he'd sell the horse is what he really wants to know.

Cow: Well I don't know if he'd sell, but the fuckin' jerk's in that bunkhouse

(Charlie looks at Seth, who glances over to the bunkhouse, looks back at the cowboy.)

Seth: Thank you.

Utter: Evenin'.

(The two walk into the bunkhouse to the sound of chatter. Seth glances around, finally spots Jack McCall slumped over a table.)

Seth: Jack McCall.

(McCall raises his head.)

Jack: (slurs) I'm done. I'n'twannaplaynomore.

(McCall puts his head back down on the table.)

Seth: (loudly) Bein' a loud-mouthed cunt...*(People in the bunkhouse start making for the door.)*...I guess sometime since he's been here this fella who don't wanna play no more probably spoke of killin' Wild Bill Hickok. *(McCall raises his head again.)*...well, we're Bill Hickok's friends.

(People start making for the door in earnest. Once the place is clear, Seth and Charlie advance on McCall. Seth pulls his gun, cocks it, and trains it on McCall. McCall closes his eyes in fear.)

Seth: I'm Seth Bullock

Utter: I'm Charlie Utter.

Seth: And if you got your head blown off, sitting here with your back turned, that'd be as fair a play as you gave him.

(McCall waits for the bullet. Seth hits him on the head with the gun butt and knocks him out. McCall falls to the floor, whiskey spilling next to him.)

(McCall draped over a horse, his hands being tied by Seth. The laconic cowboy walks by.)

Cowboy 1: Guess you wanna soften him up some before you make your offer?

(Seth eyeballs him.)

(Charlie and Seth leaving with McCall.)

Seth: My plan is to take him to Yankton for trial. If you've got a different idea, go right ahead.

Utter: Naw. Let's take the cocksucker to Yankton.

(The men ride off)

(Inside the Gem. Dan is busing tables, Miles and Flora in the background)

Dan: Naw, I don't know of a Henry Anderson in camp, but that don't mean there ain't.

Miles: This was took of him in the Union Army – he'd be twelve years older now. *(Flora walks toward Dan holding the picture)* Could you let her hold it –

Flora: It's had so much showin' it's pretty near fallin' apart *(She backs into Dan, he looks down at her)* Here.. Third from the middle.

(Dan puts his hand atop Flora's in a caressing manner)

Dan: Right there?

Flora: Yeah.

Dan: Nah, that face don't look familiar.

Flora: Thanks for lookin'

Dan: You're definite he's in these hills?

Miles: He wrote from Bismarck – said he'd send for us when he got set up.

Asshole: I just gotta say, it's no guarantee that your dad's anywhere near this area, *(Dan glares at the Asshole, arms folded)* and there's no fuckin' joy in me tellin' yuh that, but it's the goddamn truth and the way human beings are.

Flora: He said he'd send for our mother and us...

Dan: Is yer momma here?

Flora: She passed.

Dan: Sorry. (*Dan begins walking away.*) Well, good luck.

Miles: D'you know of work for me?

(*Dan, still walking, shakes his head in the negative.*)

Dan: No.

(*Al's walking down the stairs*)

Al: She can get work right here.

Miles: No sir!

Flora: No, thank you.

(*Al scrutinizes Miles*)

Al: Can you push a broom?

Miles: (nodding) And I can start now.

Al: Four bits a day. And I'd bet you'd like the first in advance.

Miles: If you wouldn't mind

(*Al turns, looks at Dan, inclines his head toward the boy*)

Al: Same for her – as regrets for me being *such* a ruffian.

(*Dan hands out coins to Miles, and then Flora*)

Dan: Here y'go, honey.

(*Flora turns to Al.*)

Al: If I don't fire him first, you can pick him up at ten.

Flora: (to Al) Thank you, sir (to Miles) I'll wait for you, Miles.

Miles: Find a safe place to wait, y'hear?

(*Flora leaves. Al glances over his shoulder at Jewel.*)

Al: We teach a special sweepin' technique here. Follow her lead.

(*Miles looks puzzled.*)

(*FADE UP on the pest tent. Jane is tending to the sick. The Rev takes a cloth, dips it in water, and puts it on poor unlucky Joey's lips, and then his head.*)

Rev: It's all right, son, it's all right. *(He turns and looks at Jane, gets her attention.)* Excuse me. *(Jane gets up and walks over to the Rev.)* I'm required to be at the graveyard. The widow Garret is laying her husband to rest.

Jane: I'd'a bet a month's wages that burial woulda took place in New York City. If I had a fuckin' paying job.

Rev: *(glancing back at Joey)* The wet cloth to his lips seems to give him some relief.

Jane: All right.

Rev: Thank you.

(Rev leaves. Jane goes over to the cloth, sees it bloodied, walks away with it. She passes Andy Cramed, who's being looked over by the Doc.)

Jane: What do you think of my patient, Doc?

Doc: Well, he might wanna steer clear of his reflection awhile, but you're symptom-free, yuh ain't contagious no more and yuh can't get reinfected, so –

(Jane's rinsing out the cloth.)

Jane: Them as heals under my care stay fuckin' healed.

Andy: Thanks, Doc.

Doc: I've got clothes for you back here. *(Goes off in search of clothes.)*

Andy: Hereafter, in calamity, I'll be sure to call for Jane.

Jane: You gonna stick around the camp?

Andy: I believe I will for a while.

Jane: Good, cuz I'm gonna monitor your activities, find out what you do weighs so heavy on your fuckin' conscience. When I first come on you in the woods, all's you could say was "I apologize." *(Andy grunts bemusedly. Doc returns with the clothes)* Afore you exhibit your johnson, I'm gonna see to this fella. S'long. Good luck to ya.

Andy: Good luck to you.

Jane: All right.

Doc: You're on your own for alterations.

(Jane in the foreground, clean cloth in hand, sits back down next to Joey as Andy gets dressed in the background.)

Jane: Now, I'm gonna lay this cloth on your fuckin' lips. *(And proceeds to do so.)*

(Trixie looking out the window with Sofia as Sol pulls up in his wagon.)

Trixie: There's Mr. Star to collect us.

Alma: Mr. Star has been ever so attentive.

Trixie: *(Trixie looks over, stroking Sophia's hair.)* Very considerate

Alma: To you.

(Trixie looks out the window again. Al is pointedly watching her from across the way, sipping out of a tin cup, Trixie is concerned.)

Trixie: When we leave the hotel, my boss'll be watchin'...

Alma: (irreverent) Shall I reel and stagger? *(Trixie looks hurt, Alma is instantly contrite.)*

I – I know the risk lying to him has put you to – I've – I can't imagine
why I'd make it the subject of humor.

Trixie: (smiling comfortingly) You're feelin' better.

(A knock at the door. Alma goes to open it. Sol is standing in the doorway.)

Sol: Am I early?

Alma: Good morning, Mr. Star. I'll be ready in just a moment.

Sol: I can have a cup of coffee downstairs –

Alma: No, not at all. Wait in here – with Trixie! *(Alma bustles out of the room. To Trixie)* I'll
just be a moment

(Alma watches Trixie and Sol in the mirror, smug smile on her face.)

(On the street of Deadwood Sol, Alma, Trixie and Sofia leave the hotel. Al is watching from his window.)

Al: That widow ain't high.

EB: Mebbe waiting till after the service.

Al: When she'd want to get good and fucking loaded is before the fucking service, against all
the fucking carrying on. *(Alma settles herself on the cart next to Sol. Al turns to E.B.)*
What do you think?

EB: Makes sense.

Al: Meaning...what that whore's been telling me the last ten fucking days
about seeing the widow takin' the dope and your own fuckin' assurances –
you verify that she's loaded personally – are both fulla shit.

EB: I checked in on the woman daily. If I was fooled, perhaps I've *chosen*
simplemindedness, Al, over realizing a certain friend has used me as an
instrument of purposes he conceals –

Al: Say what you're gonna say or prepare for eternal fucking silence.

EB: (agitated) I don't believe you commissioned me to make an offer on the
widow's claim to keep the regulators off you, Al. I think someone found
something out there you want.

Al: (aggrieved) Assume you ain't been privy to the ins and outs of that matter,
for the sake of fucking conversation, huh? Was - was I asleep, E.B., when
you and me declared undying loyalty and full-faith mutual disclosure

about every fucking detail of every fucking move we're ever gonna fucking make together?

EB: You used me as a pawn, Al.

Al: And you fucked up the game, is the central fucking present issue. We agreed on \$2000, you want a fucking percentage instead?

EB: Is that such an inconceivable proposition?

Al: Yeah, you got a percentage, E.B.

EB: (greedily) How big?

Al: Two percent of the first million, half a percent after.

EB: (happily) You want to feel a damp palm, Al, select either of these hands –

Al: Just get to the funeral, E.B., go to twenty if you have to. Just get that fucking claim.

EB: Twenty if I have to. My word.

(At the Bella Union, Flora's talking to Cy.)

Cy: What a handsome man. Wish I could tell you I recognize him.

Flora: Thank you anyway.

Cy: Your dad, I expect?

Flora: Yes.

Cy: You've reason to think he's out here?

Flora: He wrote us from Bismarck he'd be prospecting the hills.

Cy: Us bein' ...?

Flora: My brother – he just got work over here.

Cy: (cavalierly) Good for him. (pause) So, it's just ... the two of you?

Flora: Our mother passed – why we come from Buffalo.

Cy: And you're out here lookin' for your dad?

Flora: Yes.

Cy: ...Henry?

Flora: Yes.

(Eddie walks over.)

Cy: Out here looking for her father, Eddie. Her and her older brother. Got a photograph – I don't -- I don't recognize the likeness.

(Joanie comes down the staircase.)

Eddie: No.

Cy: Henry...Anderson.

Flora: Yes.

(Eddie looks at the photo again)

Eddie: Yeah, I don't recognize him.

(Joanie walks over, smiles.)

Cy: Well, what are you gonna do while your brother works?

Flora: Work too, while we're lookin' to set aside if we have to move on.

Cy: Yeah, if dad doesn't turn up here, yeah. Well, what do you do?

Flora: Cook, clean, uh – sew. Sweep.

Cy: Uh huh. How quick do ya learn?

Flora: Guess I learn pretty quick.

(Cy looks to Joanie.)

Cy: Maestro.

(Joanie smiles.)

(At Brom's funeral, the coffin on the ground.)

Rev: We are strangers and sojourners. Mr. Garret's burial place is a great distance from New York City, but his home is in his father's house...

Sophia: (over the Rev's sermon, putting flowers on graves)
Ingrid...Marta...Mama...Papa

Rev: ...and on the great day, his father will take him into it, as he will all who confess his son's savior from wherever we may be put to rest. Our hymn is "A Mighty Fortress"

(Everyone sings. Trixie smiles at Sofia.)

Funeral Attendees: (singing) ♪A mighty fortress is our God...♪

(E.B. sees Seth and Charlie riding up. He scurries to Alma's side as she's singing.)

EB: My sympathies madam...*(Alma stops singing and looks over at Farnum.)*
...but my own requirements force me to ignore what's seemly. I must decide where to place my capital. Might raising my offer to, say, \$19,500, uh, prompt you to an immediate answer?

Alma: (Aghast) No, Mister Farnum.

(E.B. begins to walk away, beaten. Stops, turns around. Seth dismounts and looks up at Charlie, who hangs his head down.)

Utter: I'd as soon not see Bill now. I'll see him some other time.

(Seth walks away, strides toward the funeral. E.B. tries again.)

EB: I will require a decision within 24 hours—

Alma: (interrupting) Please – stop speaking to me, Mr. Farnum.

(E.B. gives up and walks away as Seth joins the funeral party. Seth nods to Sol who responds in kind. The Rev looks joyful and then confused, loses his train of thought. Alma resumes singing as Seth (looking mighty fucking fetching if I do say so myself) comes to stand next to her.)

(Back in the Gem. Al counting money. Dan looks like something's weighing on him.)

Dan: I hope you ain't gived up on that little runt of a girl, Al.

Al: Oh, do you worry for her, Dan? Wandering the muck of our thoroughfare, her tiny self all but swallowed up in horseshit? *(Dan just looks at Al, shakes his head, and goes off behind the bar. Al looks up and over at Miles.)* Hey kid! C'mere!

Miles: Yes sir.

Al: Stand with us here a second.

(Al and Dan stand with arms folded.)

Miles: What – what're we doin'?

Al: Waiting. *(Miles folds his arms over the broomstick. Waits. A man walks out wiping his mouth.)* And out the door he'll go, and prompt as a Swiss fuckin' timepiece, three big-titted whores will now emerge from behind that screen. *(Out come the big-titted whores. Al chuckles.)* He lines 'em up at two foot intervals, smock tops down, and all but sprints past 'em givin' their titties a lick, and if he misses a titty, does not let himself retrace his steps.

Miles: No tellin' me.

Al: Yeah. And then he goes on his way home, relieved for the day. What's your name, it's Miles, hmm?

Miles: Miles, yeah.

Al: Yeah. Strange, huh, Miles, but – something ya gotta know about specialists – they pay a premium, and they never cause fuckin' trouble. Sometimes I imagine in my declining years runnin' a small joint in Manchester, England, catering to specialists exclusive. And to let 'em know they're amongst their own, maybe I'll operate from the corner, hanging upside down like a fuckin' bat, hmm? *(Al sees Farnum enter the Gem. Al slaps Dan on the arm.)* Oh, we're not such bad sorts here, huh Miles?

Miles: No, sir.

Al: So, do you wanna ask your sister if she'd like to reconsider, hmm?

Miles: You don't really mean that, Mr. Swearengen?

Al: Of course I don't mean that— how dare you suggest I'd mean a thing like that, huh?

(Al walks over to Farnum at the end of the bar.)

EB: I did my part – raised our offer to twenty and demanded an answer within the day.

Al: But what, you cocksucker?

EB: Complications have ensued. Bullock's come back. I expect she'll want to take counsel with him.

Al: (flatly) Tell the whore I wanna see her.

EB: And I trust this doesn't alter our agreement.

Al: I trust you know two percent of nothin's fuckin' nothin'

(Seth and Alma at the absurd restaurant, serving themselves food)

Seth: That fella from Montana I knew to trust won't be able to assay your claim.

Alma: I see.

Seth: I'll engage someone local, and I'll keep an eye on him.

Alma: As I've decided to stay in camp, Mr. Bullock, at least for the near term, I hope you'll feel absolved of those responsibilities towards my interest that you undertook at Mr. Hickok's request.

Seth: I'd prefer to see 'em through.

Alma: They're properly mine. I even feel marginally capable of shouldering them, and I certainly realize that you and Mr. Star have responsibilities of your own.

(Seth looks at Alma consideringly as he holds a pitcher. She walks past him. He looks vexed and puts the pitcher down.)

Seth: Are you firing me, Mrs. Garrett?

Alma: I'm – offering you – absolution.

Seth: Otherwise, I'm stayin' on.

(Alma smiles and nods. Seth pulls a chair out for her, then seats himself. She looks up at him.)

Alma: (earnestly) I'm so sorry you were hurt.

Seth: So – how hard are they comin' at you to sell?

Alma: (haltingly) I could confide, that in an effort to blur my judgment, Mr.

Swearengen engaged intermediaries to indulge me with opium, but that would entail acknowledging that I've had a weakness in that direction.

(Seth looks nonplussed.) Uh – more appropriately, uh, I could add at the graveyard, Mr. Farnum raised his offer – seven thousand, five hundred dollars, presumably also on Mr. Swearengen's instruction, and set a 24 hour limit to my reply.

Seth: Under the circumstances, I'd say that's comin' pretty hard.

Alma: Please forgive me for making you uncomfortable, Mr. Bullock. I had better manners before I began to abstain.

Seth: That's all right. (pauses) Anyways, are you at risk for the smallpox?

Alma: I was inoculated in New York City. The child whose life you saved presumably has not been, but I assume she's safer under my care than traveling in a covered wagon with strangers.

Seth: Anyways, I'll line up the assayer.

Alma: Thank you.

(They keep looking at each other.)

Seth: You are changed.

Alma: You seem to be, too.

(In the hardware store, Sol's talking to Trixie, who's got Sofia in her arms.)

Sol: Our stock's depleted, but we are offering a 100% discount on any item that catches your eye.

Trixie: I've got money.

Sol: Our special get-acquainted-with-those-we'd-like-to-get-acquainted-with sale...*(Charlie walks in carrying stuff.)* Mr. Utter.

Utter: I brought these pickaxes for you to sell. There's two sifters on that black (?) out there.

Sol: Mighty grateful, sir.

Utter: *(Utter looks around)* You got this place just about built, don't ya?

Sol: Savin' the last master strokes for Seth.

(Utter turns, sees Trixie, tips his hat.)

Utter: Uh, hello. I didn't see ya.

Trixie: Hello.

Utter: Hey – that's that little girl, idn't it?

Trixie: I'm takin' care of her for Mrs. Garret.

Utter: Well, she favors you – she could be yours. *(Trixie walks off to the back of the store.)* I lost the receipts for my costs.

Sol: Maybe while you was busy saving my partner's life.

Utter: (uncomfortable) Let me get these sifters for ya.

(Sol walks out after Charlie, turns back to Trixie.)

Sol: See if you can make those accounts add up. *(Trixie looks at the books, then back at Sol, smiles. He puts his hat on and heads out the door to Charlie, who's getting the sifters off the horse.)* I don't know if you heard me inside, thankin' you for helpin' my friend.

Utter: I heard yuh. It's all right.

Sol: I'm sorry you lost yours.

(Charlie still can't deal with thinking about it.)

Utter: All right. Thank you.

(E.B. walks up to Charlie, who's walking away.)

EB: Welcome back, Mr. Utter. We've had a mild increase in rates, but I do have a room available.

Utter: I'll see.

(Farnum walks over to the hardware store, Sol is standing outside.)

Sol: What do you want, Mr. Farnum?

EB: I have a message for Trixie. That's lookin' to that orphan child? She's to see her longer-term employer.

Sol: I'll tell her.

(E.B., the weasel, steps closer to Sol.)

EB: (smarmy) You know who that is?

Sol: I know she works at the Gem.

EB: And even so, admit her to your trade at public hours. Congratulations, sir, on your advanced thinking. (shouting, to Trixie) Al wants you, Trixie. (to Sol) I'm a stickler for self-delivered messages.

(E.B. scurries off.)

(Back at the Bella Union, Flora talking to Joanie.)

Flora: Our dad ain't here – I know it. Even if my brother don't. Maybe he never even tried to get here.

Joanie: Or maybe he did try to get here and couldn't – maybe something happened to him. There are so many ways it could be, Flora, there's not much point deciding which it was.

Flora: He'd never think that, though. My brother.

Joanie: Must be how he needs to do.

Flora: (abruptly) I ain't a virgin. If you wanna know that. I had a boyfriend in Buffalo.

Joanie: And was you upset? To have to leave him?

Flora: What do you think?

Joanie: I don't know

Flora: I was upset, at the same time he was a stupid son of a bitch. And rough.

(Joanie pulls out a handkerchief and gives it to Flora.)

Joanie: Here.

(Flora wipes her eyes and nose.)

Flora: You can't tell my brother about him. He'd make it back to Buffalo and shoot Louis in the head.

Joanie: All that way in defense of your virtue?

Flora: (hard) It's more trouble than I ever took with it.

Downstairs at the Bella Union. Andy Cramed walks in. Eddie leans over to Cy.

Eddie: Cy.

(Cy walks over to the advancing Andy. Cy raises his arms.)

Cy: Lazarus risen. (smiles) Look at you, you son of a gun.

Andy: Hello Cy.

Eddie: Good to see you, Andy.

Andy: (making to shake Eddie's hand) Don't be afraid to shake with me, Eddie.
I ain't contagious no more.

Cy: Highly becoming outfit.

Andy: I'm here for my belongings.

Cy: Well – they're gone, Andy. Measures to stop the spread. *(Andy looks down. He's upset.)* Ah, hell. The important thing is you're well. I'll front whatever you need. Let's get somethin' going, huh?

(Joanie walks down, sees the men.)

Joanie: Andy...?

Andy: In the flesh, sweetheart. Which ain't much to look at.

Joanie: You made it, Andy.

(Cy holds money out to Andy)

Andy: We ain't gettin' nothin' going. All I come back for, Cy, was my things, and you tossed them too.

Cy: Why don't you take this and get yourself out of that clown outfit? And once you've cooled off a little, think how you'da done different with somebody showed up in the shape you was in and my responsibilities to meet.

Andy: Better, then, to throw him in the woods to fuckin' die?

Cy: Then don't think about nuthin', Andy. And go use the money for a whore and a toot and go join the fuckin' circus. *(Cy stuffs the money down Andy's shirt, Andy walks out, Cy turns to Joanie.)* Did you turn her out?

Joanie: Her brother's gonna be a problem.

Cy: Fuck her brother. We'll handle the brother if we have to kill the cocksucker. *(He glances up.)* That's an interesting piece of strange.

(Cy walks off leaving Eddie and Joanie to look at each other. Eddie walks off)

(Al's office, a knock on the door, Trixie walks in.)

Al: Ain't you a picture.

Trixie: What is it?

Al: Hmm? *(He gets up from the desk and walks over to Trixie.)* Am I – detaining you in some way? *(Closes the door to his office)* Am I fucking imposing? *(He stands behind her.)*

Trixie: Mrs. Garret's to sit down with Bullock. I thought you'd want me over there.

Al: Ah, yeah, so you could give me a full and fair report, huh? But will the widow have her wits about her, Trixie, hmm, or will they be passing the opium pipe like heathens between 'em, her and fucking Bullock, eh?

Trixie: What're you pissed off for?

Al: *(rubbing his temples)* I ain't pissed off, I'm in fucking wonderment. I'm waitin' to be kept happy by the next fuckin' fairy tale.

Trixie: *(softly)* Do you want me back at the hotel, or do you want to do somethin' to me?

(Al walks over to Trixie and does the snatch grab.)

Al: Now why would I want you to go back there, hmm? Or rely on anything you said transpired after you lied about her taking the dope? Huhhhh?

(Al hauls up on the snatch. Trixie's in pain.)

Trixie: Her bein' high. Wasn't gonna have nuthin' to do with whether or not she sold you that claim. And she wanted to get off the dope. And that little one needs someone to care for her, and maybe get her the fuck out of here, and I knew it wudn't gonna be me. So you want me back over there and to tell you what they fucking decide – or do you wanna rip my fucking guts out?

(Al releases his hand.)

Al: Get back there, quick. *(Trixie makes to leave.)* Don't kid yourself, Trixie. Don't get a mistaken idea.

(Trixie looks back and then walks out.)

(At Nuttall's # 10 Saloon, Charlie walks in, takes off his hat. Nuttall sees him - nervously touches his hat...)

Nuttall: Mr. Utter.

Utter: This where Bill got killed, huh?

(Nuttall nods guiltily, removes his hat, fiddles with it.)

Nuttall: Uh. I'll be sorry about that for as long as I live.

Utter: Can ya ... tell me about it?

Nuttall: Yeah. It was about sunup, over at that Bella Union joint. Mr. Hickok plumb gutted McCall at draw. 'N now here Mr. Hickok was, at poker again, say a couple hours of daylight left, 'n in come that coward McCall. Walked up on him, 'n shot him in the head.

Utter: (in wonderment) Bill never know when he come in.

Nuttall: Nope. Those of us that did, we didn't have no inkling of what he intended. He just murdered him. Right where he sat.

Poker Dude: If I may sir. *(We see him stand up and tap a chair.)* This is here where Wild Bill was sitting when McCall entered from the front and approached the table, causing no apprehension because he had often frequented the game. Of a sudden, McCall produced a revolver, and shouting "Take that, damn you!" he fired, muzzle couldn't've been three inches from Wild Bill's head, and I'm told that Hickok fell dead immediately, but I won't testify to it, because the bullet, after it passed through Wild Bill's brain, struck me in my right wrist, and I lost several seconds to pain before regaining my senses. Sir – you have my word as eyewitness to the rest, and I suppose this wound is added proof, for the doctors they feared crippled me, in the hand I use to write, where I will take the murderer's bullet to my grave.

(Utter shifts. Looks back up at Nuttall.)

Utter: Thanks.

(Utter leaves. Poker dude slaps the bar with his hand.)

Poker Dude: Aces over eights. As I just now recall. *(He seats himself again.)* That is the hand that Wild Bill had.

Stapleton: Sure, sure.

(Back upstairs at the Bella Union with Joanie and Flora. Joanie is fixing Flora's hair.)

Joanie: You like how that falls?

(PAN to see the two of them in the mirror. Flora's in fetching lingerie.)

Flora: Sure.

Joanie: Do you like it, Flora.

Flora: (deadpan) Why not.

(Joanie grabs Flora's face with her hand, turns her head so she's looking at her.)

Joanie: I prefer you happy, honey. But if you can't be, you need to pretend at it better than you're doin', or you're gonna be hungry, and cold, and getting done to you for nothing outside, what you'd've made money to live on and save up besides, if you acted the part in here.

Flora: I thought I only had to act it with them that want to stick it in me.

Joanie: You never know who that might be, Flora. *(Flora contorts her lips into a smile. Joanie lets go of her face.)* There you go.

(They turn back to the mirror. Flora considers Joanie.)

Flora: I prefer you happy.

(Joanie looks at her, saying nothing for a moment.)

Joanie: ...or at least pretending better?

(And continues arranging Flora's attire.)

(Back at the pest tent, Jane is staring grimly at the ailing Joey. Doc walks over to her.)

Jane: I think he's dead, Doc.

(Doc nods, closes the boy's eyes.)

Doc: Could you tell the litter bearers not to make so much o' getting this one outta here?

(Jane nods and leaves as Rev enters.)

Rev: Has young Joey gone to dust.

Doc: Yeah.

(He slumps away as Rev gets closer to the body, Bible at the ready.)

Rev: As flesh must, to be restored by the Savior's return. *(Doc just watches the Rev, as Jane comes back into the tent to attend to Joey. The Rev turns back to the Doc.)* Mr. Bullock is back among us, and also...*(gesturing to Jane)*...also Mr. Utter

Jane: Does Charlie know about Bill?

Rev: They were together, Mr. Bullock and he. They'd captured Jack McCall.

(Jane raises her fists in triumph.)

Jane: I hope that's only the beginning of what they *fuckin'* did to'm.

Rev: They gave him over to the federal authorities.

Jane: Gave him over?!

Rev: Rendered unto Caesar.

Jane: *(sorrowful)* Jesus *Christ!*

(The Rev gestures shakily to his temple)

Rev: Mr. Bullock was struck by an Indian's axe – marked like the first born of Adam and Eve.

Jane: *(skeptical)* Are you drunk?

(The Rev leans forward, face close to Jane's)

Rev: No.

(But then his face contorts – another seizure is beginning.)

Jane: What the *fuck* is that?

(Jane reaches out toward the Rev as the Doc begins maneuvering him to a sitting position.)

Doc: He's all right. Reverend, all right, Reverend, all right, all right, Reverend. All right. *(The Rev sits, still convulsing.)* You're all right Reverend. All right.

(The Rev slowly comes back to, um, normal, breathing heavily.)

Rev: He marks us sinful, and forgiven by confession.

Doc: All right.

Rev: *(almost gleeful)* He has told us and shown us. He has told me.

(Doc is staring intently at the Rev.)

Doc: All right. (jabbing the Rev in the chest) You listen to me now, Reverend. You are goddamn exhausted and you give yourself no respite. And your seizures may owe somethin' to that, but it also wouldn't surprise me if you had a lesion in your goddamn head...*(Jane looks on, eyes filling)*...and that's what's giving you the seizures and generating your *chats* with the goddamn divinity. No goddamn offense intended.

Rev: None taken, sir.

Doc: Now, get outta here and get yerself some rest.

Jane: Go on, Reverend. *(Doc straightens up.)* Doc's tired too, only reason he's talkin' so fuckin' harsh.

(The Rev mulls on this for a moment, then looks up at Doc.)

Rev: Could not the lesion be the instrument of God's instructive intention, doctor, if I am so afflicted?

Doc: Well, of course it could, his ways not bein' ours and so forth. But could he not, Reverend, just once, you gettin' outta here and gettin' yerself some goddamn rest?

(The Rev looks confused, as Jane and Doc help him up. Rev exits the tent and Jane looks tearfully at Doc.)

(Outside in the street, Flora walking with Terrence.)

Flora: You have to go now.

Terrance: We don't have to do nothin' – I'd pay the same price just to set with you.

Flora: My brother works in this place up here, Terrance, and he keeps a hard watch. If you want to stick it in me again tomorrow, you better let me go in there by myself.

Terrance: What time you gonna start?

Flora: Eleven, I guess I'll be receiving around noon.

Terrance: All right, Flora, here's – here's a dollar anyway. You're swell.

(Terrence leaves, while Flora has an inscrutable look on her face. She secures the money in her waistband. Flora enters the Gem. Dan approaches, all smiles. He's gussied himself up for Flora, he's a Dapper Dan man and has put on a tie)

Dan: Evening – evening miss. You're early.

Flora: Yes.

Dan: Do I guess no luck finding Dad?

Flora: No. No luck.

Dan: I knew you'd'a had a cheerier look on yer face if you had. Let me get you a place to set away from these rough sumbitches. *(Dan goes to a table where a man is sitting, Flora follows.)* Hey! *(kicks the chair the man is sitting in)* Do your drinkin' at the bar or get the fuck outta here. *(to Flora)* Have a seat here. *(Flora sits.)* I --I'll get you a beverage, you want a soft cider or a sarsaparilla?

Flora: Cider, if it's not a trouble.

Dan: *Soft cider.*

(Dan heads off to get his beloved a soft cider. He walks past the Asshole.)

Asshole: Did she find her dad?

(Dan leans in real close to the asshole.)

Dan: *(threateningly)* Her chances of findin' her dad are greater than yours of walkin' outta this door upright, unless you shut your fuckin' mouth. Ya got it?

(Dan moves on. Asshole looks after Dan, silent.)

(Back in the hardware store, Sol is putting the pickaxes away.)

Sol: Swearengen's has his hand on the tiller, far as dealin' with this epidemic.

Seth: Is that so.

Sol: The dead don't drink or chase women must be his thinkin' on that subject.

(Seth is clearly brooding about something.)

Seth: That Indian fought like hell.

Sol: Guess you did too.

Seth: *(tightly)* Charlie figgered out how it musta been – the Indian had to kill me for comin' on the burial place, 'n maybe it'd been me, too, that killed his friend, cut his friend's head off so his friend wouldn't have eyes to see the sunset all those years he'd be lying there dead. So he had to kill me for that too. And he couldn't, before he laid hands on me or the killing wouldn't be honorable. *(Seth looks over at Sol, tears in his eyes. Sol looks sympathetically at Seth.)* We fought like fuckin' hell, I'll tell ya that much. And I never once had the upper hand, it just – happened out the way it happened out. He was just tryin' to live, same as me, and do honor to his friend, make some fuckin' sense out of things, and we wind up that way, and I wind up after, beatin' him till I couldn't recognize his face. For

Christ's sake. *(Seth pauses, choked up.)* That Indian...saved Jack McCall's life, I'll tell you that fuckin' much.

Sol: Not for long.

Seth: Brian McDonald not comin' I want his recommendation who should assay that widow's claim.

Sol: Whose?

Seth: Swearengen's.

(Sol looks puzzled as Seth makes to leave the store.)

Sol: *(calling after Seth)* Shit, Seth, get his opinion too who should guard that henhouse we're gonna build

(Seth looks back at Sol in the doorway and then walks away.)

(Back inside the Gem, Miles is lighting a lamp for Flora's table.)

Miles: So. You okay?

Flora: Yes. Are you?

Miles: Yes. They're nice here. That Mr. Swearengen – he's funny as all get-out.

(CUT to Al, eating fucking fruit, as always.)

Miles: *(whispering to Flora)* So what place would make a better score?

Flora: Where I'm workin' – but why not take 'em both?

(CUT back to Al, fork half raised to his mouth, as Seth walks into the Gem.)

Seth: Can we have a private talk.

Al: Sure we can. *(raises his fork)* Should I be armed?

Seth: Where do you want to talk.

Al: C'mere

(Al leads Seth up the stairs to his office as Johnny watches, with Dan watching...hmm, someone else.)

Johnny: What d'you think of that?

Dan: I think that son of a bitch better stop lookin' evil at that little girl

(We see the Asshole lookin' evil at that little girl.)

(Seth and Al in Al's office. Al opens his drawer to get the bottle.)

Al: So, was it McCall improved your appearance?

Seth: No.

Al: Well, whoever got the job done, hope you gave as good as you got. And it's good to have you back, what with me being superstitious and all hell breakin' loose when you left.

(Al resumes eating his fucking fruit.)

Seth: I'm here to talk about Mrs. Garret.

Al: That planted her husband this morning?

Seth: I wrote a man about coming to assay her claim but he can't make it.

Al: Plenty of local alternatives.

Seth: I want you to nominate someone.

Al: (chewing) Do you.

Seth: So if any way his work was mistaken, I'd be comin' after you.

Al: (inclining his head) You would.

Seth: Yes.

Al: Well, since I got nothin' to do with the fuckin' venture, what if I decline to make the fucking recommendation?

Seth: Then you better hope whoever I find does his job right, cuz I'm still holdin' you accountable.

(Al sets down the fucking fruit and grabs the fucking bottle.)

Al: I ain't involved. EB Farnum offered on her claim.

Seth: Farnum's your waterboy. And I know what you been tryin' to do to her.

Al: So here you come, in all nobility, threatenin' me with a dire result, if the property that widow's husband thought worthless and wanted sold, turns out not to be pinched out.

Seth: You and I know how it is, Mr. Swearengen.

Al: How what is?

(Seth stands.)

Seth: She gets a square shake, or I come for you.

(Al rises.)

Al: What if I come for you – you ready for that.

Seth: I guess I'd better be.

Al: Then close your fuckin' store, cuz bein' ready for me'll take care of your wakin' hours, and you better have someone to hand the task off to when you close your fuckin' eyes.

Seth: We understand each other.

(Suddenly, there's shouting from downstairs)

Johnny: Al! Al!

(Al runs to the door and sees Dan doing the dance of death with the Asshole.)

Al: Jesus fucking Christ. Walk right past me, Your Holiness, so I can shut my fuckin' office.

Johnny: Al!

(Dan is holding the Asshole against a post as he struggles. Al is walking down the stairs.)

Dan: (muttering into Asshole's ear) Stare at her now, huh? You like fuckin' little girls? Well, take a look at that little girl, cuz she's the last thing you're ever gonna see. Stare at her now, cocksucker.

Al: (shouting) Let him down! Let him fucking down!

(Dan pulls the knife out. Asshole falls to the floor, dead. Al looks back up the stairs at Seth.)

Al: Or should I've had him hold him up?

Seth: You heard what I said about the widow.

Al: Oh, yes, your Holiness. You heard me too. *(Seth walks out of the Gem, stepping over the Asshole's body.)* So I take it this was a fair fuckin' fight, yeah? *(Murmurs of assent throughout the Gem as Al makes his way down the stairs.)* Two free drinks for everybody! And drinks all night for them that helps with the disposal.

Dan: *(to Flora)* I'm sorry that you had to see that

Al: Shut the fuck up, Dan and get her the fuck away from here. Now!

(Miles takes a shocked Flora out of the Gem, walks past Al.)

Miles: Sorry, Mr. Swearengen.

Dan: *(to Al)* I warned him not to look at her – I warned him.

Al: Fuckin' pussy.

(At the graveyard, Jane is talking to Bill's grave, hat in hand)

Jane: That Joey passed this afternoon – bin sufferin' awful. But that frog-lookin' fellow left the tent...*(Someone else is approaching the graveyard.)*...that I found up in the woods? Left the tent fucking cured, pronounced by the Doc himself. In the dumbest lookin' outfit a grown man ever wore. *(Jane suddenly senses another's presence and pulls her gun.)* Who's there, goddamnit?

Utter: Who the hell's it look like?

(Charlie steps into the light, hat in hand.)

Jane: (belligerently) How the fuck do I know who it fuckin' looks like? It's dark! She holsters her gun and puts her hat back on. Jesus Christ, come upon a person unawares in a *fuckin'* graveyard. (pauses, speaks gently) I heard you wuz back in the camp. I heard you and that Bullock got the cocksucker came for Bill.

Utter: (hoarsely) Was Bill dead – by the time you saw him?

Jane: Yeah, he was already dead.

Utter: Why did he let that son of a bitch get to him?

Jane: (softly) I don't know, Charlie. (more jovially) Anyways, people don't scare me past speakin', I come up here nights, tell 'im the fuckin' news.

(Charlie looks over at Jane, shifts his feet, backs up, puts his hat back on.)

Utter: Go 'head.

(Jane takes her hat off, so does Charlie)

Jane: Charlie avenged your fuckin' murder.

Utter: And that Bullock fella was with me, that you seem to like.

Jane: Oh, and it occurred to me to wonder why the fuck they didn't do for the cocksucker right on the fuckin' spot.

Utter: Is that somethin' we need to get into in front of him?

Jane: You got the biggest mouth in the Territory – you talk to him. Tell him whatever you want.

Utter: I got that mail route in Cheyenne that we talked about. I was bringin' back supplies for them hardware boys, and I run into that Bullock fella. He was out there, lookin' for that McCall that killed you. 'N he run into some heathen, boy, and he had one hell of a fight, boy, he just, he got, he got fuck, fuck...*(Charlie breaks down, Jane puts her hand on his shoulder)* Can I tell him more tomorra?

Jane: Sure, what the fuck you askin' me for? I don't make the rules. *(Jane puts her hat back on and grabs the lantern. Charlie puts his hat back on.)* Wanna go back to the camp?

Utter: Please.

(The two walk down the hill together)

(Inside Alma's hotel room, she's dithering on to Trixie)

Alma: And what must Mr. Bullock have been thinking, as I inflicted my personal confidences upon him?

Trixie: I dunno.

Alma: (dramatically) Nor do I. At least he kept a decent privacy.

Trixie: I have to go back to the Gem. He's waitin' for me now, to tell him yours and Mr. Bullock's thinkin' about sellin' the claim. And I won't be able to lie anymore. Next I tell'll be my last. So I better just get back there.

Alma: Mr. Swarengen discovered our deception?

Trixie: Yeah.

Alma: How?

Trixie: (acerbic) Lookin' at you walk out the fuckin' hotel

Alma: (anxious) He did not. I was careful to see he wasn't watching in the window.

Trixie: It don't matter, Mrs. Garret. Point is, I gotta go back. And you need someone to look to this child. And with choices bigger elsewhere and nothin' I can tell to hold you here, maybe you'd better think about sellin' and gettin' out.

Alma: Would you want to take the girl and go?

Trixie: Where? I have no people anywhere.

Alma: You could go to New York. I could have my relatives there see you established.

Trixie: (darkly amused) What the fuck? What would keep you here? (*Sophia peeks over at the two women.*) You want to fuck this man? Fuck him. Then think about the child.

Alma: (upset) Don't use that language with me, Trixie. Or that tone.

Trixie: Don't you want to say, to remember my place? I do, you rich cunt. And I'm goin' back to it. (*Trixie walks away from Alma, sighs.*) She's about to say her name, y'know. She named her sisters, and her folks. (*Trixie turns back to Alma.*) Think of sellin'. If you took her away you could hear her say it.

(*Trixie leaves.*)

(*Sofia looks over at Alma. Alma sighs, upset, and looks at Sophia.*)

(*Credit roll with Lyle Lovett singing Old Friend.*)

Credited cast:

Timothy Olyphant	Seth Bullock
Ian McShane	Al Swarengen
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

"Bullock Returns to the Camp" Episode: #1.7 - 2 May 2004 Guest Appearances

Kristen Bell	Flora Anderson
Sean Bridgers	Johnny Burns
Greg Cipes	Miles Anderson
Kim Dickens	Joanie Stubbs
Garret Dillahunt	Jack McCall
Zach Grenier	Andy Cramed
Peter Jason	Stapleton
Ricky Jay	Eddie Sawyer
Geri Jewell	Jewel
Ray McKinnon	Reverend H.W. Smith (as Raymond McKinnon)
Nicolas Surovy	Captain
Bree Seanna Wall	Metz Girl
Everette Wallin	
Richard Wharton	
Clay Wilcox	
Jim Cody Williams	Terrence

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