

# Episode 8 - Suffer the Little Children

*(In the gem, Jewel is busy scrubbing at the bloodstain on the floor left behind courtesy of Dan's dislike of a customer's look towards Flora earlier that night. Upstairs in Al's office, Dan is sitting across from Al, who is sitting at his desk. Dan is picking at a spot on the tie he is wearing.)*

**Al:** You might, Dan, want to learn how to indicate interest in a girl, other than murderin' another person.

**Dan:** I apologize for the disruption, and the free drinks you had to give out, restorin' order.

**EB:** Jesus Christ, it's false dawn, Al. False dawn already. If we're gonna act, we should do it in darkness.

**Al:** Where's the fucking whore?

**EB:** Well, wherever Trixie is, we know what we need to. Bullock's four square behind the New York woman. The question's do we act? And to me, the course is clear.

**Al:** Well, what's the course?

**EB:** Murder them where they sleep! The New York woman and Bullock both.

**Al:** Dan. Loan EB your knife. *(Dan reaches to his side for his knife)*

**EB:** Now, I won't brandish the knife. But I'll wield a pass key at the widow's door. As for Bullock, he sleeps on his store's second floor. And I'll steady a ladder, Dan, at that wall. While you climb up and bushwhack him. Then, with them dead and disposed of we forge a predated bill of sale. Take possession of the claim. With the allocated percentages of ownership previously agreed to in our internal discussions. And don't spend a fuckin' dollar in the process! *(E.B. has a clever, proud, excited look on his face. Al and Dan look at each other like he's gone nuts)* Bold? I suppose. But when boldness is called for, bold men do not shrink.

**Al:** That's what the 'B' in E.B. Farnum stands for.

**Dan:** Bold

**Al:** You're goddamned right.

**EB:** Say it, Al. Say the fuckin' words my bones already know. You're gonna back off on that fuckin' claim.

*(Gunshots ring out in the street, we hear a bunch of whoopin' and hollerin' and general cheering outside. Al, EB and Dan all head for the balcony.)*

**Rider1:** We 'brung' it, sir. Vaccine for the "smallpox" secured in Cheyenne.

**Al:** Well done, fellas. And congratulations on the entire fuckin' settlement. EB, get downstairs and get these heroes what they're owed.

**EB:** Yes, sir. \$50 a man.

**Al:** Yeah, and if you don't spend it in my joint I'll turn the mornin' over to weepin'.

**Rider1:** Aw, you won't shed nary a tear on our account, Mr. Swarengen.

**Al:** Vaccine to Doc Cochran in the pest tent.

**Rider2:** And We'll be toastin' a treaty too with the fuckin' heathens.

**Al:** Explain yourself.

**Rider2:** Hell, they've all been called back to the agency, we heard that in Cheyenne.

**Al:** Are they goin's the fuckin' question.

**Rider2:** Fuck yeah they are.

**Rider1:** That's the word in Cheyenne. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail are leadin' their people in.

**Al:** Dan, 10 dollars in bonus credits across the board for these heroes. 10 in pussy, 10 in faro, 10 in booze.

**Riders:** Woo! Ah, ha ha!

**Rider1:** God bless you, Mr. Swearengen!

**Al:** Well, not likely. But my short term prospect's just improved.

*(Al goes back into his office from the balcony. EB is still inside, waiting for him.)*

**EB:** Say the words, so I can let the dream die.

**Al:** EB did you not hear the fucking news? Did you not listen to the fucking news? The plague's end in prospect. And so's peace with the fucking dirt worshippers. *(Al opens the shutters leading to his bedroom from his office. He waves EB in.)* Come here, come here. Sit down. The dam...has broken, young man. And only ourselves can fuck up. For we are about to be swimmin' in money. And how could we fuck up? By engaging in open fucking bloodletting. And right here at hand, in our very hour of need, is the priggish fucking douche bag Bullock. Who only wants to sell pots and pans, fan his pretty face and hold his nose from the stench of our fuckin' sordid carryings on over here. All the time thinking he can protect the meek and innocent. The perfect fucking front man, and you wanna kill him? Much as we might want the widow's claim, it's a luxury now to forego. EB, find yourself somewhere to lie down 'til the feeling passes, huh?

**EB:** First, I'll go give the hoople-heads their money.

**Al:** Thank you. *(Stands up and leaves)*

*(Takes off his vest, lays down on the bed and begins to undo his pants. Johnny enters the office and looks over at Al, on the bed)*

**Al:** You go find that fucking whore.

*(Johnny gives Al an "OK" and "Thumbs up" hand signal.)*

**Al:** What the fuck is this? Huh? *(Imitates Johnny's hand signals)*

**Johnny:** *(hoarsely)* I lost my voice.

*(Al covers his face – like he's thinking "unbelievable! I'm surrounded by idiots!")*

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*(Joanie's room upstairs at the Bella Union. There is a knocking at her door. When she opens the door, Flora is standing there looking scared with big doe eyes)*

**Joanie:** What happened?

**Flora:** I seen somethin' bad.

**Joanie:** Come in. Here, sit down. *(Flora sits down on the bed)*

**Flora:** I seen somethin' at the place my brother works. A man was stabbed and killed right in front of me. *(Joanie pours a drink)* One man said he didn't like the way the other man was lookin' at me and he stabbed and killed him. *(Flora looks up at Joanie with big doe eyes and as she is looking up at Joanie, she takes off her shawl.)*

**Joanie:** Drink this. *(Hands Flora the drink)* Where's your brother now? *(Flora drinks some whiskey, she's looking down at her hands.)*

**Flora:** We got a room. *(Looks up at Joanie with those big eyes again)* I'll go in a minute.

**Joanie:** It's alright, Flora. *(Joanie sits down on the bed next to Flora)*

**Flora:** I just come to say...I don't know if I can do this. It's horrible! It's one thing leads to another, and you never know when it's gonna happen.

**Joanie:** But mostly, you *can* steer it, sweetheart, and when it's going to get to where you can't, you get just a little notice, just a couple of seconds, before the one thing turns into the other. It's like a funny smell comes into the air. And then you know, there's no more steering and get the hell out of the way.

**Flora:** I smelled it in the saloon.

**Joanie:** And did you get out of the way in time? *(Flora nods and starts to cry)* It's alright, it's alright. *(Flora puts her head down in Joanie's lap)*

**Flora:** Miles doesn't know nothin'. He didn't smell nothin' and didn't know nothin' about what to do.

**Joanie:** Alright, I know.

**Flora:** Can I stay? Can I sleep here with you just this last little while before we have to get up?

**Joanie:** Yeah, you can sleep here with me.

*(Flora sits up, takes off her boots, undoes her camisole)*

**Flora:** Can you help? *(Turns her back to Joanie, J helps her take off her bib type thingy, Flora unbuttons her bustier a little bit, lays down, unbuttons a little more, Joanie caresses her shoulder briefly, runs her hand down Flora's arm and ends up holding her hand.)*

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*(The next morning, out in the street, people are lined up in front of the hardware store for their smallpox shots. Andy Cramed is manning the sign in booth.)*

**Andy:** Name?

**Hoople head:** Boland

**Andy:** Make your mark.

*(Up on the balcony of the Bella Union, across the way, Cy and Eddie are watching Andy man the sign in desk.)*

**Cy:** Saint Andy Cramed. All that's missin' are the scourges and flays.

**Eddie:** Maybe they're under his shirt.

*(Cy laughs, Andy gazes up to them on the balcony...Inside the hardware store, Doc & Jane are giving the shots.)*

**Doc:** Kind of you to let us work out of the horseshit and flies.

**Seth:** Sure.

*(Jane sticks Charlie Utter with the vaccine. He stands up )*

**Utter:** Oh. Uh-oh. *(Falls over)*

**Jane:** Jesus Christ! *(Jane looks over at the Doc, he just looks at her, she opens her arms out slightly, palms forward like “WTF am I supposed to do about this?” Doc looks back down at what he was doing)*

*(Johnny Burns sits down in the Chair in front of Doc, ready for his shot)*

**Johnny:** *(Hoarsely)* Ha-have you seen Trixie, Doc?

**Doc:** What?

**Johnny:** *(Puts his fingers in a triangle shape over his groin. Hoarsely again:)* Trixie.

**Doc:** No. *(Sticks him with the needle – Johnny gets up and starts to head for the door.)* Tea and Honey.

**Johnny:** For this? *(Motions to his arm)*

**Doc:** You are a stupid sonofabitch. *(Seth is looking at Johnny)*

**Sol:** Yeah, the traffic's a boon, Seth. Brought \$27 already from yesterday's entire proceeds.

**Seth:** Good. *(Seth walks out, after Johnny. Leave Sol behind with his eyebrows still raised excited from the profit.)*

**Jane:** Pitiful Specimen you are. *(Jane helps Utter stand back up)*

**Utter:** It wasn't a pin prick. I ain't ate.

**Jane:** Really. Strange you never keeled over when we was hungry on the fuckin' trail.

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**Seth:** *(Outside, following Johnny)* Your boss speak to you about sending me an assayer this morning?

**Johnny:** *(hoarsely)* Um, no, sir. He didn't. But I will, remind him once I finish his errand... got one..I only got one place left to look. *(Seth looks over into the line and sees Alma with Sophia)* Bella Union and that's our competition. Well, I'll tell him what you said.

*(Johnny heads over to the Bella Union and Seth walks over to Alma Throughout this conversation the line for the smallpox shots they are in is advancing, with Seth walking alongside them.)*

**Seth:** Good Mornin'.

**Alma:** Good Morning, Mr. Bullock.

**Seth:** You've come to have the child inoculated?

**Alma:** Yes, and to tell you, for reasons we needn't explore, that my plans have changed. As soon as I can arrange transportation, *(Seth looks away, confused)* I'll return with the child to New York City.

**Seth:** *(Looking back at Alma, intensely)* Why needn't we explore your reasons?

**Alma:** Because, Mr. Bullock, I've already quite sufficiently imposed upon you my private reasons and facts. *(Seth looks confused, he looks like he wants to say something, begins to open his mouth, but Alma cuts him off.)* As regards to the claim, my husband purchased before his murder, I'm inclined to accept the last bid from Mr. Swearengen's hand puppet. And I would be very grateful if you would tell Mr. Farnum so, as speaking to him directly makes me ill. *(Seth smiles.)*

**Seth:** I'm gonna assay your claim, Mrs. Garrett. I promised Mr. Hickok and I promised you.

**Alma:** I released you from your promise to me yesterday and today I specifically instruct you not to keep it.

**Seth:** And you do tend to change your mind. And the first promise, you weren't a party to. (*Steps in front of her*) Why don't you get the child inoculated? I'll go about my business, and we'll revisit the whole mess subsequently. (*Seth walks away, Alma looks confused at first, then she smiles.*)

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*(In the Gem, Dan and Al are downstairs. Dan is sitting down listening to Al who is pacing as he is talking, drinking coffee.)*

**Al:** Don't fuckin' lead Ellsworth right to it so he can hoop and holler and hail fuckin' Bullock. You walk around. You're discouraged. (*Looks up*) It's not even worth it to make the steep ascent.

**Dan:** I start from below?

**Al:** You start at the fucking creek. What, do you want to start at the fucking cliff and the three of you leap the fuck off holding hands? (*Seth enters*) Top of the mornin'!

**Dan:** (*Gets up, strapping on his belt*) I'm to lead you to the widow Garrett's claim.

**Seth:** You're the assayer?

**Dan:** Nope. Ahh. I'm to take you to him.

**Al:** He's one claim over. Nice fuckin' guy and a dead eye for the fuckin' color.

**Dan:** Ellsworth.

**Al:** Ellsworth, is absolutely right.

**Dan:** Well come on! (*Seth turns his head for a moment, looks back at Al with raised eyebrows, turns & they leave.*)

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*(Back at the hardware store)*

**Alma:** I was inoculated some time ago, but I thought she should be treated before our trip.

**Doc:** I am delighted you're taking her with you.

**Alma:** It - it was Trixie (*Sol looks over, ears perked*) who made me realize my reasons for staying weren't sound.

**Doc:** Glad she succeeded where I failed.

**Alma:** I intend to write her a note of profound thanks. I hope that you'll deliver it to her at Mr. Swarengen's saloon.

**Doc:** Is that where she went when she left you?

**Alma:** Yes. I—I certainly assume so.

*(Doc sticks his tongue out at Sophia – er “the Metz Child” as it were, She laughs, he sticks her with the vaccine, she frowns at him.)*

**Doc:** Sorry, I'm sorry, honey. It's all over. (*To Alma*) When will you be leaving? (*Sol is still looking at Alma, he looks away, then back*)

**Alma:** As quickly as is practical.

**Doc:** Mr. Utter can see to your travel arrangements. Soon as he, gets his wits back, I'll send him to you.

**Alma:** Thank you doctor. Thank you for everything.

*(They leave – Sol approaches Doc from behind as they both watch Alma leave)*

**Sol:** What did she say about Trixie?

**Doc:** Nothin'.

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*(Jewel approaches Al in the Gem dining room with more coffee.)*

**Al:** How'd you do with that bloodstain?

**Jewel:** I scrubbed it real hard.

**Al:** Did I ask you how hard you fuckin' scrubbed it?

**Jewel:** No.

**Al:** No. I asked if you got it out. *(Walking over to "the spot")* Get me the fuckin' scrub brush. *(Muttering to himself)* Every fuckin' thing I gotta do myself, huh? *(Louder)* Where is she?

**Jewel:** Trixie?

**Al:** No Queen fuckin' Victoria.

**Jewel:** *(Pokes her head out of the back room)* Last I saw her was yesterday when she came to see you.

**Al:** Just get me the fuckin' scrub brush. *(muttering again)* Gives her word she'll return. Where the fuck is she, huh? *(Jewel is back with the scrub brush and pail of water)* What'd she say to you when you saw her?

**Jewel:** She said her pussy hurt where you grabbed it.

**Al:** That has a ring of fuckin' truth.

**Jewel:** She said you nearly killed her.

**Al:** She said to me she'd be right back. *(Starts to scrub the stain)* A fools fuckin' errand anyway. *(Scrub scrub scrub)* I found out what I needed to know when I looked in that cocksucker Bullock's eyes while Dority was spilling blood. That *you* have failed to adequately clean up.

**Jewel:** You want me to do some more?

**Al:** No, shut the fuck up. *(Pauses the scrubbing)* Now, what's she doin'?? She makin' a point? No grabbin' at the cunt? Is that what she said to you?

**Jewel:** No.

**Al:** I mean, y—you-- she told you, right, that I grabbed her. Did-did she have an attitude about it?

**Jewel:** She didn't have an attitude she just said her pussy hurt.

**Al:** Agh. Point's made with the snatch grabs, okay. *(Scrub scrub scrub)* 50 other fuckin' things I should be payin' attention to, rosier prospects of my career, *(Johnny enters)* and here I am on my fuckin' hands and knees discussing snippets of information with a fuckin' gimp! There! *(Stands up, throws scrub brush in the pail)* Now that's how you scrub a fuckin' blood stain.

**Johnny:** I couldn't find Trixie. *(Arms open, shoulders in a shrug)*

**Al:** *(To Jewel)* You see her, you send her the fuck back to me. 'Cause if I see her outside she'll wish I had fucking killed her before.

**Johnny:** That shot didn't hurt too bad, Al. But it fuckin' itches!

**Al:** Yeah? Good.

**Johnny:** You had your shot yet kid?

**Miles:** *(Taking down chairs)* Not yet. The line was too long and I did NOT want to be late for work.

**Al:** Open for business. And talk like him until further instructed.

**Miles:** *(Hoarsely)* Yes, sir.

*(We see Jewel put away the pail)*

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*(Doc enters his cabin – sees Trixie on the ground)*

**Doc:** Aww, Jesus. Trixie? *(Sees the needle and the bottle of laudanum on the ground next to her, picks them up and puts them out of the way.)* Goddamn it Trixie, wake up. Wake up. Trixie, *(Knocking on door)* Trixie, wake up. *(Knocking)*

**Merrick:** Doc, Doc.

**Doc:** What?!

**Merrick:** Doc! *(Enters)*

**Doc:** Stay the fuck over there!

**Merrick:** It's A.W., Doc.

**Doc:** Stay the fuck over there anyway.

**Merrick:** Aw, I don't take your bad temper personally, Doc. The hours you're working would try a saint.

**Doc:** *(Slowly)* What do you want?

**Merrick:** I'm in pain, Doc. In the small of my back, which I'm aware is a precursor symptom. *(Doc is checking his eyes, feeling his forehead and turns him away so his back is to the wall)*

**Doc:** When did the pain start?

**Merrick:** Am I warm?

**Doc:** Answer the question.

**Merrick:** Well, it's become more concentrated and severe. *(Doc slaps him)* Why did you strike me?

**Doc:** To secure your attention. When did the pain start?

**Merrick:** The original pain I've lived with for quite some time. But in this last period it's become much more concentrated and severe. In viewing the context of this outbreak, I knew I should consult you, ow!

**Doc:** Well, you don't have a fever.

**Merrick:** I don't?

**Doc:** No. You put on weight?

**Merrick:** May I ask that query's relevance?

**Doc:** It's harder on your back as you get fatter. *(Merrick considers this)*

**Merrick:** So in concert with the symptoms I'm already exhibiting, you'd say be alert for fever? *(Doc pushing Merrick out)*

**Doc:** And work hard on your paper, and get yourself inoculated.

**Merrick:** Uh-huh.

**Doc:** And try to eat less!

*(Slams the door, pushes a chair under the knob to keep it secure. Walks back over to Trixie and lifts her up into the crook of his arm, supporting her in a more upright sitting position-still on the floor)*

**Doc:** You botched this job pretty good, didn't you young lady? *(Pinches her wrist – she squeezes her face up in pain)* Now, you listen to me, if you want, I will do the job for you right. But first, I want you to know that that rich woman is leaving town and she told me that she would take you with her. And I know that you thought enough of that woman to help her get off this – this stuff that you tried to use to kill yourself with. But what I don't know is – is if you wanted to die period, or 'cus you thought you didn't have a way outta here 'cus you DO *(squeeze her hand)* have a way out. *(Trixie squeezes his hand)* Is that a vote for New York City? *(She squeezes his hand again)* Alright, then. *(Squeezes her hand, shaking).*

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*(Flora wakes up, Joanie is still sleeping next to her. She takes Joanie's hand off her and sits up. She gets out of bed and starts to dress, a firm look on her face (the real Flora). Joanie opens her eyes and sees the look on Flora's face as she is dressing. Cy is coming down the stairs when he hears Flora shut the door to Joanie's room. He stops at the top of the stairs and looks at her...)*

**Flora:** Morning, Mr. Tolliver.

**Cy:** Morning, Flora. I swear I saw you leave last night after your shift.

**Flora:** I come back. A man was murdered where my brother works, at the Gem saloon. And I got scared.

**Cy:** You saw it, honey?

**Flora:** Yes, sir. I was there picking my brother up.

**Cy:** Well, you're brave to even be in a joint like that. *(Reaches out and pats – well, shakes, her arm really, I guess as a comforting gesture. Joanie comes out of her room...)* And after, sought refuge with Joanie, did you?

**Flora:** Yes, sir.

**Cy:** No better port in a storm.

**Flora:** Anyways, I'll go change.

**Cy:** Good girl. Good for you. *(Flora starts downstairs, passing Cy)* You settle in real good, Flora.

**Flora:** *(Stops, turns to look back at Cy)* Thank you, sir. *(Continues on downstairs)*

**Cy:** Mmm-mmm, Joanie Stubbs. Is that a fresh scalp I see hangin' from your belt?

**Joanie:** She saw a gunning last night. She was upset. I held her.

**Terrance:** I was watching for you *(Cy and Joanie look down)* at the door, Flora, but here you are, already inside.

**Flora:** Not working yet, Terrance.

**Cy:** Poor thing. Adjustin' so smooth to losin' her cherry and yet that upset by blood.

**Joanie:** She lost her cherry back home, Cy. I told you that.

**Terrance:** Gonna put your garters on now?

*(Flora says nothing and enters the whore's room. Terrance is left holding his hat, dejected. Once inside, Flora pauses, turns, we see two whores sitting on a couch. One is rouging her nipples, the other is busy eating.)*

**Flora:** I'll give you two dollars for that apple and a piece of cheese.

*(The whore quickly stops eating, grabs the money)*

**Other Whore:** It's my knife. You wanna buy that?

**Flora:** I've got a fucking knife.

*(The hungry whore hands her the apple and cheese. Flora turns and leaves, entering the main part of the Bella Union. Joanie & Cy are still talking on the stairs.)*

**Flora:** I'll just be a second. And take my brother his lunch.

**Cy:** Sure, honey. *(Flora smiles and leaves)* Unless she ain't upset at all.

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*(Out in the street, Flora stops to study the Bella Union's exterior architecture, noting the balcony and windows...)*

**Terrance:** What happened now, Flora? I thought you was changin' into your garters. *(Terrance tries to figure out what she's looking at)*

**Flora:** You geek-looking fuck. Get away from me before I cut your fucking heart out. *(Terrance turns and looks at Flora – surprised)*

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*(In Alma's room – she is packing. There's a knock at the door...)*

**Doc:** It's Doctor Cochran.

*(Alma heads to the door – gesturing to Sophia on the way. Sophia stands up and faces the door...)*

**Alma:** *(Opening the door)* Doctor.

**Doc:** Trixie tried to commit suicide with laudanum.

**Alma:** My God. *(Sophia turns and heads across the room)*

**Doc:** She punctured her vein. *(Sophia stops and turns)* That's the only reason why she's still alive.

*(They both turn and see Sophia watching. Alma smiles at her and closes one of the interior doors)*

**Alma:** Who's with her?

**Doc:** No one at the goddamn moment is with her, Mrs. Garrett. Her situation in this camp isn't such that that would be safe. Which is why, while trying to dissuade her from future efforts at murdering herself, I told a fib, invoking your name. And willingness to take her with you on your trip.

**Alma:** Last night, Doctor, I made that very offer to Trixie. She refused. *(Doc looks at her – momentarily stunned)* More precisely, I offered to send Trixie to New York with the child to make the appropriate introductions to my family, and to pay to see them established.

*(Sophia crosses the room, the other half of the interior door is still open, she moves to watch...)*

**Doc:** Is it possible, Mrs. Garrett, that leaving this camp and heading to New York City in—in service to you and the child might, to a girl like Trixie, appear a more realistic proposition than being dispatched on some cruel masquerade?

**Alma:** *(Eyes downcast, she shakes her head, she look Doc in the eye...)* Please tell her she's welcome. Tell her she's necessary. If her indisposition doesn't preclude it, I'd be happy to tell her myself.

**Doc:** Thank you, madam.

*(Doc leaves – Alma sits down looking sad and lost, she looks up and sees Sophia watching her)*

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*(At the claim, the men are negotiating the rocky terrain as they ascend. Bullock is in the lead with Dan and Ellsworth trailing behind...)*

**Ellsworth:** If I'm to get my throat cut, Dan, I'd rather not exert myself further. If I have any choice in the matter, I'd prefer one behind the ear.

**Dan:** Keep climbing, Ellsworth. You're off the hook for seein' that New York dude's accident.

**Ellsworth:** When Swearengen was moved to trust, I know you spoke for me hard.

**Dan:** Well, I didn't – just didn't speak against you. You might try takin' a gander over to your right.

**Ellsworth:** You don't have to tell me where to fuckin' look.

**Seth:** If you're the goddamn assayer, shouldn't I be followin' you?

*(Dan smiles at Ellsworth)*

**Ellsworth:** Head on back down, Mr. Bullock. We think we found a formation worth lookin' at.

*(Dan gestures excitedly for Seth to come see. Seth merely raises his eyebrows and looks up)*

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*(Back at the Gem, Flora has just entered...)*

**Al:** Young lady, thank Christ. I'd feared after the murder you'd shun us.

**Flora:** I come for lunch with Miles.

**Al:** Well, bless you then for bein' a caring sister. Miles!

**Miles:** *(Coming out from the back)* Sir?

**Al:** Miles, you lucky sonofabitch. Your sister's here with your lunch. She brought you a fresh apple and some kind of delicacy wrapped in swaddling. *(Miles nods, Flora looks down and sees she's standing on "the stain" and steps back)* I've been scrubbing that bloodstain all mornin', and the cripple has, too. Miles situate your sister to spare her to stand at that fuckin' stain, huh?

*(Miles grabs Flora by the arm and leads her over to a table...)*

**Flora:** Let's do it.

**Miles:** Now?

**Flora:** Now, and get the fuck outta here.

**Miles:** What if—Flora, if we do it slow and right we're 50 miles gone before anyone knows we blew.

**Flora:** My boss is onto me.

**Miles:** Savvy operator from Chicago and you could tell he's onto you?

**Flora:** Savvy enough that he didn't crack, and I still could fuckin' tell.

**Miles:** *(Pauses, looking at Al)* You're full of shit. You want to do it fast and dirty so you have to cut somebody's throat. This joint, you want to take?

**Flora:** *(shakes her head)* Where I work.

**Miles:** Where your boss is onto you?

**Flora:** I can move the dyke. Held me in her arms all night like I was a little fuckin' kid.

**Miles:** Can I assume there's a fuckin' plan?

*(Flora stabs a piece of apple with her knife and eats it off the blade, staring at Miles)*

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*(Seth enters the hotel lobby)*

**EB:** Mr. Bullock, what hold?

**Seth:** Mrs. Garrett's room.

**EB:** Uh, number two.

*(EB studies Seth as he walks up the stairs to Alma's room. Seth knocks on the door, Alma opens it)*

**Seth:** Don't sell, Mrs. Garrett.

*(Alma looks at him quizzically, he opens his saddle bag and she looks inside. She can't speak, she holds her index finger up indicating for Seth to wait a moment, she goes back inside to Sophia)*

**Alma:** Darling...um, uh, I-I'm going to be unspeakably rude and leave you here alone for just a moment, while I go downstairs with Mr. Bullock, who's just arrived with the most interesting news, and whom I—I can't receive here in my room, particularly with you present, for reasons too boring and complex to explain. So I'm going to go downstairs to speak with Mr. Bullock in Mr. Farnum's absurd restaurant. And then I'll come back up and we will continue to ready our leaving. Alright, darling? I'll be in the restaurant for just one moment. Can I bring you a glass of milk? *(Sophia just looks at her)* Alright. I-I'll be right back.

*(Alma leaves the room, she and Seth head downstairs...)*

**EB:** May I enquire as to the assay's outcome?

**Seth:** Ask the owner.

**EB:** Mrs. Garrett?

**Alma:** *(Turns to Seth)* Is the technical term "bonanza"?

**Seth:** That's the look of it.

**Alma:** It's a bonanza, Mr. Farnum.

**EB:** I see. Congratulations. Mmm-mm-mm *(EB doesn't look so good, a little sick)*

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*(Sitting at a table in the restaurant...)*

**Seth:** Does the find change your mind at all about New York City?

**Alma:** *(hesitates)* I can't see why it would.

**Seth:** I can't, either, but I don't count.

**Alma:** Of course you count. Why wouldn't you?

**Seth:** 'Cause your changes of mind come so quick and often, I can't keep up. I can't understand what changed your mind from yesterday when it was made up to stay.

**Alma:** I was made to understand last night that my reasons for wanting to stay have been completely selfish.

**Seth:** By who?

**Alma:** Trixie. *(Seth's eyes gaze down)* Uh-uh, I-I'd offered to send her to New York City with the child, where Trixie, I've since come to realize, would be completely unsuited. And because I wished to stay here unencumbered when I should be caring for the child.

**Seth:** Why can't you care for her here?

*(Their eyes meet...)*

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*(At the Gem...)*

**Al:** Where the fuck is he?

**Dan:** Said he was gonna go tell the widow of her find.

**Al:** How the fuck long does it take to tell her?

**Dan:** I don't know, Al, I'm here with you. (*Wiping his face with a towel*)

**Al:** What, are you getting' smart with me now?

**Dan:** No. (*Wipes his neck off – shaking his head*)

**Al:** Cocksucker Bullock. When you can't stand the sight of him, he's nowhere but underfoot.

**Miles:** Sir, my sister was told of a man who resembles our father's photograph down by Lead. And I'd be grateful if this afternoon I could go look and maybe I could take a night shift to make up.

**Al:** If I said no, I'd hope you'd walk out and go lookin' anyway. Then seek a new job elsewhere after.

**Miles:** That's what I'd do, sir.

**Al:** Alright, kid. Go look for him. Tell Arnette at the livery stable I'll stand metal for the horse.

**Dan:** If your sister looks with you, tell Arnette I'm good for her mount.

(*Al looks at Dan, one eyebrow raised*)

**Miles:** So you think it's a good idea to go?

**Al:** It's why the fuck you're here, isn't it?

**Miles:** Right. I'm gonna go get the horses then.

**Al:** Permission to leave the bar, trooper. (*Al salutes, Miles salutes back*)

**Miles:** Thanks to both of you.

(*They both look at Miles quizzically, as Miles leaves, Seth enters...*)

**Al:** Ah, struck rich for the widow, huh, Bullock? Free drink! (*Al grabs a bottle and two shot glasses, pours them, does a shot*) Big, huh? (*Seth drinks his*) Rich and fucking thick, that vein is?

**Seth:** Not being expert, I can't guess at the extent.

**Al:** Dan's a fucking expert. When he's not shit-faced drunk, so's Ellsworth.

**Seth:** Well, the immediate result is she won't be sellin'.

**Al:** Of course she fucking won't. I should fucking think not, huh? Well, not for any 20,000 at least. Come here, Bullock. Come drink with your vanquished foe. (*Seth raises his eyebrows, grabs his shot glass and follows Al to a table*) Very good of you and Mr. Star, incidentally, to make your venue available so the hoople-heads can get vaccinated.

**Seth:** I was the second hoople-head stuck.

**Al:** Them riders that brought the vaccine say the heathens have been called back to the agency. In a spasm of good sense, they're fuckin' going.

**Seth:** I heard. (*Holds his glass up to Al & drinks*) Before you know it, we'll have laws here and every other fuckin' thing.

**Al:** Yeah, which brings me, Bullock, to the matter of the widow. I wanted to show you my bona fides for cooperation. If a treaty is signed, be wise for you and me to paddle in the same directions. Tics or habits of behavior either finds dislikable in the other gotta be overlooked or taken with a grain of salt.

**Seth:** Would your bona fides extend to Mrs. Garrett's future safety?

**Al:** (*Considers this remark – holds up his glass...*) My oath is this: Every day that the widow sits on her ass in New York City, looks west at sunset and thinks to herself, "God bless you ignorant

cocksuckers in Deadwood, who do strive mightily and at little money to add to my ever-increasing fortune,” she’ll be safe in the wiles of Al Swearengen. *(Drinks)*

**Seth:** She’s stayin’.

**Al:** *(pauses)* The oath stands as a gesture to you.

**Seth:** Can I take a shave over here?

**Al:** Please. *(Seth gets up and walks to the barber chair)* Barney, be careful in the uh, area of the throat, huh?

**Seth:** If you authorized an offer of 20 on the widow’s claim, your agent was looking to skim a little cream.

**Al:** How high’d E.B. go?

**Seth:** 19,500.

**Al:** I wouldn’t trust a man that wouldn’t try to steal a little. *(Smiles at Seth – turns around with a look of rage on his face, stands up and goes to the bar)* Where’s that fucking whore?

---

*(Alma enters Doc’s cabin with Sophia...)*

**Alma:** You stay here, sweetheart. *(Sits Sophia down facing the entrance, walks over to the bed where Trixie lays. She touches Trixie’s arm, Trixie stirs)* I’m so very sorry for any part that I may have played in this.

**Trixie:** I don’t remember you being the one that made me a whore, Mrs. Garrett.

**Alma:** I’m going to stay in the camp with the child, Trixie. Uh, Doctor Cochran explained to me the difficulties your extraordinary kindness toward me has put you in, in relationship to Mr. Swearengen. If you wish to stay, I’d be so grateful if you’d stay with us. *(kneels down and touches Trixie’s arm)* But perhaps you want to go, Trixie. If you do...*(reaches into her bag and pulls out a hunk of gold)* take this. *(Puts it in Trixie’s hand)* As your earnest claim on the future. I’ll send you more. Uh, I appear to have struck it rich. *(Sophia leaves her chair...)* I’ll send you all that you need.

**Sophia:** Trixie? *(Trixie smiles)* Trixie?

**Trixie:** Hello, sweetheart. Don’t I look tired?

**Sophia:** *(Puts her hand on her chest)* Sophia. *(Both women are surprised, this is the first we’ve heard her name. They look at Sophia with open mouths)* Sophia.

**Trixie:** *(smiles)* Sophia. You’re so beautiful. I should’ve guessed it. Take her home, Mrs. Garrett.

**Alma:** *(Stands – hesitates)* How do you take my suggestion?

**Trixie:** Are you sure that gold’s real?

**Alma:** Absolutely.

**Trixie:** Uh, let me think things through.

**Alma:** Alright. *(They leave, Trixie holds onto the gold)*

---

*(At the Bella Union, Miles is flirting with Elizabeth, he puts money in her cleavage...)*

**Miles:** What’s your name?

**Elizabeth:** Elizabeth.

**Flora:** *(Finds Joanie and approaches her)* I’m quittin’.

**Joanie:** Alright, Flora.

**Flora:** I left a pin up in your room. I want to go look for it.

**Joanie:** Go ahead and look.

**Cy:** When does that part come when that little piece of trim finally gets into her fuckin' workin' clothes and starts makin' us some fuckin' money?

*(Miles and Elizabeth head upstairs)*

**Joanie:** She's quitting, Cy.

**Cy:** She's quitting? And that seems to be your room she's walkin' into yet again.

**Joanie:** She lost a pin...up there.

**Cy:** A pin!?

*(Joanie sighs, heads upstairs. We see Miles & Elizabeth upstairs leaned up against a door, canoodling. Inside Joanie's room, Flora is going through her jewelry box...Joanie enters and catches her...)*

**Joanie:** Can you tell the stones from the paste?

**Flora:** *(Cuts Joanie a look)* Show me which is which.

**Joanie:** I don't think so.

**Flora:** Let me take it.

**Joanie:** Get outta here, Flora. Put down my things and I'll let you get out without raising hell.

**Flora:** Why don't you let me go *with* your things and shut your fucking mouth? Because I remind you of whoever the fuck I remind you of.

**Joanie:** No. Now what are you gonna do, Flora, kill me?

**Flora:** *(Reaches down and grabs the knife from her boot)* Maybe.

**Joanie:** Do you think you're gonna get out of here alive?

**Flora:** I'll give it a goddamn whirl.

**Joanie:** You're not gonna get out alive. You're gonna die here.

**Flora:** Who am I? *(Stepping towards Joanie, Joanie backs up with each step)* Your little baby? Your little sister? You? *(Flora leaves)*

---

*(Cy watches Flora leave Joanie's room, does a shot and puts his glass down...)*

**Cy:** I wouldn't move this.

*(Gives "the office" to Eddie, Eddie nods and give "the office" to a man at the front door, Cy meets Flora at the bottom of the stairs.)*

**Cy:** Did you find your pin?

**Flora:** I did, sir.

**Cy:** Joanie tell me you're leaving us.

**Flora:** Can't take it anymore, sir. Decided I wasn't cut out for it. My brother, too.

**Cy:** Decided he wasn't cut out for what?

**Flora:** Sweepin' up at the Gem saloon.

**Cy:** *(laughs)* I see. And my first take on your meaning was they were fuckin' your brother for money over there like you was gettin' done to here. *(laughs)*

**Flora:** Step aside and let me do my business.

**Cy:** *(Sees Joanie come out of her room)* And what is your fuckin' business? You with your beady little ferret eyes.

**Joanie:** She came to say goodbye, Cy. She's movin' on.

**Cy:** It don't feel right to me, babe. *(Slaps Flora)*

**Flora:** Agh! *(Falls down – everyone stops what they're doing)*

**Cy:** But if I'm mistaken in my judgment, may I regret what I just did for the rest of my life. *(Flora grabs her knife)*

**Joanie:** Now let her go!

**Cy:** *(Looks up at Joanie – Flora stabs him in the leg)* Agh! *(Flora screams)* You little cunt!

*(Flora screams and starts running back upstairs, she runs past Joanie, who doesn't move to stop her.)*

**Cy:** You're gonna die here!

*(Miles comes out of Elizabeth's room and runs to the balcony door, holding it open for Flora)*

**Miles:** Come on!

*(They run out to the balcony)*

**Cy:** Get outta here! Get out! Get out front! Get around! They're goin' over the top!

*(Miles jumps over the balcony, Flora throws her bonnet down to him)*

**Miles:** Come on.

*(Flora jumps down)*

**Cy:** Don't impede her progress, Joanie. Don't do nothin' rash.

*(Flora and Miles run for the horses but the henchmen grab them, they struggle. Andy Cramed stands up – seeing what's happening. Doc comes out and stands next to Andy – concerned. The henchmen are beating the two kids up. Jane marches out into the street. Cy comes out – his wound wrapped. The whores are all out in the street watching, too.)*

**Sol:** What are you doing?!

**Cy:** What's none of your business! Them two robbed my joint. That's where they're gonna be dealt with.

**Sol:** I guess they needn't get beat anymore out here.

**Cy:** Take 'em the fuck inside, boys.

*(The henchman beating Flora chuckles. Jane, Doc, Andy & Sol watch – concerned but not moving)*

**Cy:** And you can help your delicate sensibilities by turning the fuck away.

*(One henchmen slings Miles over his shoulder and carts him inside, the other drags Flora inside in a headlock. Cy grabs Flora's bonnet out of the mud and follows them in. Once inside, Joanie is sitting on the stairs. Eddie comes out of her room and starts down the stairs...)*

**Eddie:** Cy wants you up there, honey.

*(Joanie, after a moment, stands up after a moment & follows Eddie up to her room...)*

**Cy:** I tell you, sweetheart, your face come out of that in pretty good shape. Matters took a happy turn, you could still probably work. *(Door opens)* Come on in, honey. Over here on what the dagos call my sinister side. *(gestures to his left)* Although your beady little rat eyes don't seem like they're takin' in the view. *(Flora is senseless, she can't focus, all is hazy)* You bust somethin' up there, sweetheart? *(Cy starts hitting her on the head several times)* Does that fuckin' hurt you?! *(Eddie looks down)* You fuckin' understand me?! *(Joanie looks away)* See, that upsets Joanie now. "Oh, Cy, do up the boy. My God, I can't stand to see the other." You want me to see to the boy, Joanie? 'Cause you know I'm clay in your hands.

**Eddie:** Cy.

**Cy:** What is it, Eddie? We could all be elsewhere?

**Eddie:** Nothing but true.

**Cy:** Are you awake, Miles? Don't be fuckin' passin' out, youngster. *(Miles' head is lolling about, his eyes shut)* Next fuckin' breath you draw, the smell of fuckin' sulfur's liable to be strong in your nose. *(poking his chin)* Where is your fuckin' nose, anyway? Fuck it, Miles! *(Flora gazes hazily at Joanie)* You're found fuckin' guilty of bein' a cunt. I'm hereby passin' judgment for you lettin' this little bitch push you around and tellin' you what to do. When you were supposed to be a man and showin' her the fuckin' rules! *(Slaps Miles)* You hear me, Miles, and for bein' the cunt you are now, before you could have been a man, *(points gun at Miles)* done your fuckin' part, you little piece of shit. *(Cy shoots Miles, Joanie tries to run away, Cy stops her...)* I know you don't want out of here, Joanie.

**Joanie:** Don't hurt her, Cy.

**Cy:** *(Jerks Joanie closer to him)* Don't hurt her? You mean before I kill her?

**Joanie:** Yu-yes.

**Cy:** *(Thrust Joanie away from him)* Listen to that, Flora. That's the person you robbed, had those kind of *(takes a necklace out of the bonnet)* feelings for you. *(Finds the knife in the bonnet and holds it up tauntingly as Flora tries to focus on it)* But I'm the one you stabbed. *(Waves the knife around.)* See? *(Flora tries grabbing for it)* I think you're fuckin' skull's broken, Flora. You're trying for the knife. It's maybe a foot to your left. *(Flora grasps)* Ah, this is fuckin' pitiful. *(Throws the knife aside, holds out a gun to Joanie)* Why don't you put that out of it's misery?

*(Joanie looks at Cy – grabs the gun – points it at gasping, groaning, senseless Flora – Flora looks at her, Joanie cocks the gun, looks regretful, fires the gun)*

**Flora:** Ugh!

*(Joanie cocks the gun again and tries to put it to her temple, Cy grabs her in time)*

**Joanie:** Ah!

**Cy:** Don't do nothin'. Whatever you want to do will be a mistake. You keep drawin' breath – right – here. *(Pokes her in the gut)*

---

*(At the Gem, Dan nods to Al, Al looks behind him and sees E.B. approaching. E.B. looks at Al, takes*

*his hat off, Al does a shot...)*

- Al:** You did everything you could, E.B., to preserve our fuckin' interests. I mean, you know, sometimes the cards go cold.
- EB:** Far as the events at the Bella Union, by all accounts, it was two young thieves, a boy and a girl.
- Al:** We all know who they are.
- EB:** Who they are now is late night vittles for Wu's pigs.
- Dan:** That young girl had me fooled.
- Al:** Your dick had you fooled. And in that state of addlement, you mistook her purpose, her so-called fuckin' brother's and their entire fucking cockeyed story. *(Does a shot)* You did everything you could, didn't you, E.B.? I mean, you went to the limit on our offer.
- EB:** Everything humanly possible.
- Al:** You did go to the limit?
- EB:** Well, I went to the limit's precipice.
- Al:** Sounds like you didn't go to the limit.
- EB:** Al, I held back a few dollars. Against some final unforeseen turn.
- Al:** Well, so we'll never know if them few dollars you held back wouldn't have made us both fucking rich.

*(E.B. holds his stomach, grunts, he looks rather sick now. Al does a shot, looks at Dan...)*

- Al:** I'm goin' up. *(Grabs a bottle)* You find out how much Tolliver paid Wu. Don't want to be suckin' hind tit on disposal fees.

---

*(Outside, Joanie is standing on the Bella Union's balcony. Cy comes around the corner of the balcony and sees Joanie, he stands next to her...)*

- Cy:** Don't think I enjoyed that bullshit, Joanie. Certain things you...have to do to impress upon people what you're willing to do. Do you like it? No. Do you enjoy it? No. Do you have to look like you do? Yes. I got Eddie in there. Gotta let him know. Capra's downstairs gonna hear about it. When people come to rob you, Joanie, you gotta get rough. It looks like an act, it's not gonna work. And then I grab your hand. And I think "My God, this poor fuckin' girl." But I did what I had to do in that room. And now I'm out here. I'm telling you, your happiness is important to me, and whatever the fuck I gotta do, if you're too much in my shadow, if I make things too tough on you, then we're gonna stop it. We're gonna do somethin' else.
- Joanie:** Cy.
- Cy:** You bring warmth into my life. I can't bear to see you unhappy like this. I want to set you up in your own business here. Independent fuckin' operator. I'll put up the money. *(Joanie shuts her eyes)* And kind of interest in return, that's fine, but that ain't what this is about. It'll be your place. I want you to feel when I walk in there that you can say, "I'm busy, Cy. Come back later." And I want you to watch me turn around when you say that like I'm some rube trick with my chin down on the floor, "When should I try you again, Joanie?" "I'll let you know, Cy." That's how I want you to feel.
- Joanie:** I used to make you warm, didn't I, Cy? And I could make you feel like something's funny.
- Cy:** You still do, honey. When you're happy, you still do.

**Joanie:** Kill me to, Cy. Or let me go.

**Cy:** I understood myself to be sayin', Joanie, I want to find a way to give you a looser fuckin' rein.

**Joanie:** You've gotta figure out a way to mean it. And if you don't kill me or let me go, I'm gonna kill you.

*(Their eyes meet – Cy looks down at Joanie's hand, pats it, walks back inside. Joanie looks down into the street and sees Trixie walking along, slowly. Alma looks out her window and also sees Trixie, she's heading back to the Gem. Doc is behind her on the street and also sees her walk back to the Gem. Inside, Jewel is back scrubbing the floor.)*

**Trixie:** Has he got you at your hands and knees at two in the fuckin' morning?

**Jewel:** I got myself at my hands and knees, wondering what became of you.

*(Trixie walks upstairs, Jewel stands up and watches her...)*

**Trixie:** Wake up, David.

**David:** *(David, chin propped on his hand, stirs from sleep) I'm up. (Starts wiping the bar, when he sees Trixie is now upstairs, he leans his chin back on his hand and goes back to sleep)*

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*(Alma walks over to Sophia, tucked in bed and ready for sleep, and starts to sing, hesitantly...)*

**Alma:** ♪Row, row, row, row your boat♪  
♪Gently down the stream♪  
♪Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily♪  
♪Life is but a dream♪

---

*(Al is laying down in bed – the door opens and Trixie enters. She reaches in her bag and takes out the gold hunk, sets it on his bedside table. He sees her arm and grabs her hand, forcing her to face him. He's looking in her eyes, sternly; he forces her hand off of her elbow, exposing her wounds. He looks at her with the realization of what she's done to herself, or tried to do. She reaches out and slaps him. He looks at her, she starts to undress, as she rounds the bed, he pulls down the covers for her. She climbs into bed, naked, and lays down with her back to him.)*

<a href="#">Timothy Olyphant</a>	Seth Bullock
<a href="#">Ian McShane</a>	<a href="#">Al Swearengen</a>
<a href="#">Molly Parker</a>	Alma Garret
<a href="#">Jim Beaver</a>	Ellsworth
<a href="#">Brad Dourif</a>	<a href="#">Doc Cochran</a>
<a href="#">John Hawkes</a>	Sol Star
<a href="#">Paula Malcomson</a>	Trixie
<a href="#">Leon Rippy</a>	Tom Nuttall
<a href="#">William Sanderson</a>	Eustis Baily (E.B.) Farnum
<a href="#">Robin Weigert</a>	Calamity Jane

<a href="#">W. Earl Brown</a>	Dan Dority
<a href="#">Dayton Callie</a>	Charlie Utter
<a href="#">Kristen Bell</a>	Flora Anderson
<a href="#">Powers Boothe</a>	Cy Tolliver
<a href="#">Sean Bridgers</a>	Johnny Burns
<a href="#">Greg Cipes</a>	Miles Anderson
<a href="#">Kim Dickens</a>	Joanie Stubbs
<a href="#">Zach Grenier</a>	Andy Cramed
<a href="#">Ricky Jay</a>	Eddie Sawyer
<a href="#">Geri Jewell</a>	Jewel
<a href="#">Jeffrey Jones</a>	A.W. Merrick
<a href="#">W. Scott Mason</a>	
<a href="#">Ray McKinnon</a>	Reverend H.W. Smith (as Raymond McKinnon)
<a href="#">David Nelson</a>	David
<a href="#">Bethalyn Staples</a>	
<a href="#">Monty Stuart</a>	
<a href="#">Bree Seanna Wall</a>	Metz Girl
<a href="#">Jim Cody Williams</a>	Terrence

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