

# Episode #9 “No Other Sons or Daughters”

*(In Al's bedroom, Al is sitting on the edge of the bed pondering the lump of gold Trixie plunked down on his bedside table the night before. Trixie is asleep next to him. He gazes over at her, slams down the gold on the bedside table – startling her awake.)*

**Al:** Her majesty awakes, huh? *(Walks over to the chamber pot and commences pissing)* Cocksucker's gonna grace us with his fuckin' presence this mornin'. Fuckin' Magistrate Claggett will impart to me the attitude toward the settlement of him and his fellow lying fucking thieves of the territorial legislature at Yankton. *(Finishes his pissing and proceeds to dress.)* How fuckin' much is it gonna cost us to get annexed when to get annexed when they sign a treaty with the fuckin' dirt worshippers, huh? How hard is the legislature gonna squeeze our balls with regard to our title and properties, huh? I don't want to talk to these cocksuckers, but you have to, in life, you have to do a lot of things you don't fuckin' want to do. Many times, that's what the fuck life is, one vile fucking task after another. But don't get aggravated. Then the enemy has you by the short hair. It'll be different after the annexation. That's all. There's nothin' to be afraid of. Everything changes. Don't be afraid. *(walks to the window, points down at the gold)* I can hope those'll be appearing on a regular basis.

**Trixie:** No.

**Al:** No? *(Looks out window, hands in his pockets.)* How's your arm?

**Trixie:** It's alright. *(She smiles that subtle smile of hers)*

**Al:** Don't fucking try it, doin' away with yourself again, huh?

*(Al walks away from the window into his office, Trixie raises herself up onto her elbows and watches him leave, with that same subtly pleased smile on her face.)*

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*(Seth & Ellsworth are heading to the restaurant, as they pass it's window we see Alma serving Sophia her breakfast as Sophia is watching them through the window. The men enter the restaurant and as they approach the table, Sophia is playing with her bacon.)*

**Alma:** Good morning, gentlemen.

**Seth:** This is Ellsworth, who found the gold on your claim.

**Alma:** How do you do, Mr. Ellsworth?

**Ellsworth:** Pleasure.

**Alma:** And this is Sophia.

**Ellsworth:** Pleasure, Sophia. *(Seth is smiling at Sophia during this exchange – see! Not the first time! It's not unSethian to smile at the child!)*

**Alma:** I'm grateful for your expertise and keen eyesight.

**Ellsworth:** Luck's what you want to congratulate me on, Mrs. Garrett.

**Seth:** Until you decide how you want to develop it, Ellsworth can spend time enough at wages on your claim to sustain your ownership.

**Alma:** I'm not as if I understand what you just said. *(Smiling)*

**Seth:** He'll explain it all to you.

**Alma:** Might we have a word, Mr. Bullock? *(They walk to the archway)* I'm certain Mr. Ellsworth's are very capable hands, but I hope you're not disassociating yourself from my affairs.

**Seth:** I already got my impression of this fellow, Mrs. Garrett. This meeting's how you form yours.

**Alma:** I see.

**Seth:** Then we compare notes and decide how you proceed.

**Alma:** Fine.

**Seth:** Toward a future point when you tell me my thinkin's so consistently wrongheaded it's a waste of your valuable time having to deal with me. *(Alma smiles at this.)*

**Alma:** In any case, I know you have many claims on your attention.

**Seth:** A couple.

**Alma:** Thank you very much.

**Seth:** I'd lean more on what I felt about this fellow than what I saw.

*(Touches the brim of his hat and exits through the hotel entrance. We see the red-headed pants shitter enter at the same time.)*

**EB:** Late as usual.

**Shit:** I just comes from the creek, Mr. Farnum. Washin' my pants.

**EB:** A habit to cultivate.

**Shit:** And under a rock down there, I found other pants of mine that I thought I'd lost. But seein' as I gets drunk and, on occasion shits myself, I figured that must be how I lost 'em in the first place.

**EB:** I imagine you makin' your way from the creek rolling into the lobby when all others are abed, bare ass naked with shit streamin' down your legs.

**Shit:** Sir, no. It must have been the night that Mr. Hickok was killed. Now I recall that Mr. Hickok, he gives unto me like a letter for me to put in the post, but what with all the hullabaloo" and me gettin' drunk, I forgot about the whole ting. Uh, until I found my pants. *(Pulls out the letter)*

**EB:** Do you think I'm gonna touch that?

**Shit:** No, uh, I didn't get my pants wet, eh, and nor did I soil the letter when soiled myself, hey. That's the miracle of it, sir.

**EB:** So I'm to believe that's a letter written by Wild Bill Hickok just before his murder by the coward McCall?

**Shit:** Just minutes before, sir.

**EB:** Addressed to whom?

**Shit:** His wife, sir.

**EB:** Well I only hope you haven't opened it.

**Shit:** No, sir.

**EB:** Well at least that eliminates tampering from the list.

**Shit:** Of what, sir?

**EB:** Crimes, in which your inebriation and sloth as my employee has implicated my hotel, which I will attempt to shield you from in the course of trying to extricate myself.

**Shit:** I didn't mean to extricate you, sir. I uh, I—I didn't —

**EB:** Just give me the confounded letter. *(Shit hangs his head in shame)* And none of this hangdog look.

**Shit:** Sir.

**EB:** Not a word of this to anyone.

**Shit:** Yes, sir.

*(The shitter walks off to the restaurant and as he passes the hotel entrance we see Charlie Utter enter.)*

**EB:** Mr. Utter. Hearty congratulations on your new venture.

**Utter:** Take a while to find out if those are what's in order. *(Looks at the floor and back up, approaches EB)* Bein' this is the first day of my enterprise, I wore this frock coat.

**EB:** Very flattering.

**Utter:** You don't think it looks stupid?

**EB:** Not to me, no.

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*(Back in the restaurant, Alma and Utter are conversing while Sophia looks on.)*

**Ellsworth:** Mr. Dority, all of a sudden stumbled, and in – in grabbin' at scrub to steady him, I saw a color beneath. *(Sophia plays peek-a-boo with Ellsworth, Ellsworth takes his hands away from his eyes and laughs)* Ain't you a little doll.

**Alma:** She's formed an instant attachment.

**Ellsworth:** Well, anyways, I'm glad to keep your title good workin' the surface, but the quartz outcrop we found, you're not gonna know how rich your strike is until you sink some shafts. Now, I ain't expert prospectin' that way. I'm a man who works in creeks.

**Alma:** Thank you for telling me so.

**Ellsworth:** Not bein' impertinent, your people gonna help you with this?

**Alma:** My brother and my father are aware of my situation and my husband's parents. I have no idea as to the prospect of their involvement.

**Ellsworth:** Well, blood don't always prove loyalty, but you're gonna need some people on your side, Mrs. Garrett, 'cause I believe you got a big one on your hands.

**Alma:** I believe Mr. Bullock's on my side.

**Ellsworth:** No question about that.

**Alma:** And I believe you are, tool. *(Ellsworth Smiles bashfully)*

**Utter:** Excuse me. I was among them found that little girl. I'm glad to see her doin' well.

**Alma:** I'm Alma Garrett.

**Utter:** How do you do?

**Ellsworth:** Ellsworth. *(Standing up, shakes Utter's hand)*

**Utter:** Charlie Utter.

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*(Al's office, Al is looking out the window at the sign for "Utter Freight and Postal Delivery Service, there is a knocking at the door.)*

**Al:** Come in.

**Johnny:** Yes, sir.

**Al:** You see this? “Utter Freight and Postal Delivery Service.” That’s what happens when you drop a fucking stitch.

**Johnny:** What stitch did I drop?

**Al:** I did. This freight and delivery service should’ve been opened by Persimmon Phil as a cover for his other fuckin’ activities.

**Johnny:** He’s dead.

**Al:** I know he’s dead now.

**Johnny:** Well, if you don’t know, nobody does.

**Al:** I should have brought in a replacement, is my fucking point.

**Johnny:** Well, you’ll know better next time.

**Al:** The direction of my thoughts – with the sustained fucking stupidity that you’re exhibiting, I hesitate to voice them. Is that you might want to train for Phil’s former position.

**Johnny:** Al...I have hoped for this conversation ever since you give me that Indian head to hide. *(Proud, determined look on his face.)*

*(Al just looks at Johnny, walks past him, not taking his eyes off of him – blinking A LOT – smiles, nods his head and leaves Johnny standing in his office. Johnny is all proud and excited.)*

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*(Downstairs, Dan is shaving, Al comes down the stairs.)*

**Dan:** How’d it go with Johnny?

**Al:** I have just fled my own office in horror at his fucking dimwittedness.

**Dan:** *(Smiles and chuckles.)* Well, Persimmon Phil wasn’t no genius.

**Al:** I know.

**Dan:** And Johnny, so eager.

**Al:** I know. Was it not my fuckin’ idea to ask him? As a minimal standard eager, he’ll be in the wilderness. You gotta be able to sustain a thought. You gotta be able to remember fucking instructions.

*(Magistrate Claggett enters the Gem.)*

**Dan:** His honor.

**Al:** Oh, yeah. Hold fast your valuables.

**Johnny:** *(Coming down the stairs)* Hey, Al. Any reason I can’t share with Dan the uh, proceedings of the talk me and you just had about me uh, takin’ over for Persimmon Phil?

**Al:** Yeah, keep Dan in the dark.

*(Johnny looks at Al, crestfallen)*

**Dan:** Hey, Johnny.

**Johnny:** Dan.

**Dan:** What’s new?

*(Johnny looks down quickly. Meanwhile, Magistrate Claggett sit down at a table and Al is standing up on the other side of the table.)*

**Al:** I want to know how the camp stands with the legislature. And don't give me the um, "on the one hand and on the other hand," hmm?

**Magistrate Claggett:** Alright.

**Al:** Just say, "This is the way I think it's gonna be," 'cause this "several hands" fuckin' shit don't help me, huh?

**Magistrate Claggett:** I'll boil things down.

**Al:** Go ahead.

**Magistrate Claggett:** Well, let's assume for the sake of conversation that there's a new treaty with the Sioux peoples.

**Al:** "People," that's what we're callin' those cocksuckers now? Now, that's the way things are headed?

**Magistrate Claggett:** Assuming the new treaty, the hills will be annexed. The territory respects the statutes of the Northwest Ordinance, which state that a citizen can have title to any land unclaimed or unincorporated by simple usage. Essentially, if you're on it and you improve it, you own it. But, what complicates the situations is that the hills were deeded to the Sioux by the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty. This could mean that the land occupied by the camp doesn't fall under any statutory definition of unclaimed or unincorporated.

**Al:** So who needs to get paid?

**Magistrate Claggett:** Signs of conciliation and willingness would weight in the camp's favor, but just as important is the presence of a Ad Hoc municipal organization that would enable the legislature to say Deadwood exists, we don't have to create it. It would be disruptive if we did. The community's already organized, not legally, maybe, but certainly informally. Why not let's give this informal organization the blessing of legal standing?

**Al:** What's the right fucking number for the legislature?

**Magistrate Claggett:** There's a lot of gold out here, Al. To define "right" in this environment is very liable to be an ongoing process. What I'm prepared to do is make a list of names and preliminary guess at some numbers. *(Claggett moves his inkpot over to his right side, dips his quill and proceeds to write his list.)* I should tell you as well that a warrant's reached Yankton charging you with murder in Chicago, Illinois. As the settlement's status changes, you want to address that. I could help with that, too.

**Al:** How much is that gonna cost me?

**Magistrate Claggett:** \$5,000. If you don't mind, I'll continue writing.

*(Al sits back in his chair, eyes smoldering.)*

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*(The Reverend approaches the pest tent, limping slightly)*

**Rev:** Good morning, Miss Jane.

**Jane:** *(Ripping clothes for bandages with her teeth)* Yeah, hello. No one's croaked today. Tommy's took fuckin' sick and the Doc'll be back I guess whenever he fuckin' feels like it. I see your fuckin' eyes are still playin' tug o' war.

**Rev:** Well, um, (*pointing to HIS right eye*) this is the one to look at.

**Jane:** Uh, left arm still useful as an old man's dick?

**Rev:** Do I smell strangely to you, Miss Jane?

**Jane:** What?

**Rev:** Do I have a strange odor about me?

**Jane:** What is that, your clever way of saying you smell whiskey on my breath?

**Rev:** No.

**Jane:** If either of your fuckin' eyes takes me for hidin' I'm drinkin' again, occasionally, it's sadly mistaken. So desist from any clever odor references.

**Rev:** I thought the smell might be coming off the creek, so I went into the hills last night, but it followed me there, too. As if my, uh, as if my – my flesh were rotting. I, uh...do I look like a man taken from his own grave?

**Jane:** Goddamn you, Preacher, don't start talkin' crazy to go with everything else.

**Rev:** Uh, also, when I read the—the scriptures, I do not feel Christ's love as I used to.

**Jane:** Oh, is that so? That is too bad. Join the fucking club of the most of us. Let me tell you somethin', Preacher. I see you skulkin' around when the Doc comes in. You're tryin' to hide your fuckin' eyes, tryin' to hide your fuckin' arm. You're a fuckin' mess. (*Shakes the Rev's shoulders*) And I am in the process of wearin' out my own fuckin' welcome in this camp, and I wouldn't expect to be around here much longer for people to be disgusted by so they don't notice what the fuck is goin' on with you! And you need to (*grabs his head*) think about some of these things and raise your nerve to consult with the Doc!

*(Jane walks away from the Rev, he smiles but looks confused. He turns and puts his bible down and attempts to lift the water basin, spilling some of it.)*

**Jane:** Oh, Goddamn you! Spillin' my cleanin' water too, Minister! (*She wrenches the basin from him and shoves him onto the ground just outside the tent. She looks at him, frustrated, then helps him up from the ground.*) Oh. Oh.

**Rev:** Thank you, I'm fine.

**Jane:** You're fine. I am off duty. You're on duty. (*Slaps his shoulder*) You can go fuck yourself!

*(The Rev looks at her and smiles as she's leaving. We see Jane leave the pest tent, she pauses and pulls a bottle of whiskey out of her coat pocket, takes a pull off the bottle, and proceeds to walk away.)*

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*(EB is studying the letter from Wild Bill with a magnifying glass. He turns the letter over and is about to open it with a letter opener – we see Al approaching, coffee in hand – EB sees him and immediately puts the letter down and the letter opener under his armpit.)*

**EB:** Al, what are you doin' out?

**Al:** Clearing my head. And if I bleet when I speak that's because I just got fuckin' fleeced.

**EB:** What's goin' on?

**Al:** Be in my joint in two hours. We're forming a fucking government.

**EB:** Yes, sir.

*(Al leaves, stands on the porch of the hotel for a moment, looks left, then right, sees Merrick's newsstand and heads for Merrick's office door. He tries to open the door, it's locked.)*

**Al:** Merrick! *(Knees it in an attempt to open it, shattered glass from the doors window falls.)* Jesus Christ! Hey Merrick! *(Wiping off the main window, trying to peer inside – he turns around and proceeds back across the porch of the hotel).* Cocksucker.

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*(Hardware store, Sol is measuring gold dust out onto a scale.)*

**Guy:** Shoot.

**Sol:** Thank you, sir. *(Hands the bag of gold dust to the man.)*

**Guy:** Uh-huh.

**Sol:** Good luck out there. *(Man leaves)*

**Seth:** I believe it's time to send for my wife and boy. *(Sol looks at him, surprised)* Treaty comin' with the Sioux.

**Al:** *(Shouting as he enters the hardware store)* Where the fuck is Merrick, huh?

**Seth:** We don't know.

**Al:** Well, anyways, this is it. What we spoke about before, this puts it to the test.

**Seth:** Alright.

**Al:** Informal municipal organization. Not government. No, that would mark us rebellious. But structure enough to persuade those territorial cocksuckers in Yankton that we're worthy enough to pay them their fucking bribes.

**Sol:** Uh, we're to meet to discuss putting this organization together, is that what you're saying?

**Al:** *(Looks at Seth, Points to Sol...)* Centuries of fucking inbreeding attune him to the necessities of the times. *(Sol laughs)* Two hours, my place! *(Turns around and starts to leave, pauses)* Did a fucking good job here. *(Raises his coffee cup to them in a sort of toast, and leaves.)*

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*(Bella Union, Eddie is shuffling cards, Joanie comes downstairs and pours herself some coffee from the urn sitting on his table.)*

**Eddie:** You're room's put back together.

**Joanie:** That ain't my room anymore. *(She sits)*

**Eddie:** Cy needn't a done for them kids that way. Not in your room, not in the way he did for them.

**Joanie:** I'm getting' outta here, Eddie.

**Eddie:** Are ya?

**Joanie:** I'm going to open my own place.

**Eddie:** Good for you, honey. Have you saved money?

**Joanie:** I got a way to work it.

**Eddie:** I know you'll get a long way away from here first.

**Joanie:** You think I have to? *(Puts her cup down, places her fingertips on the table nervously)* Cy told me he'd help me open a place here. He promised he'd keep his distance.

**Eddie:** Good.

**Al:** Is he around? *(Strides into the Bella Union)*

**Eddie:** Asleep.

**Al:** There's a meetin' at my place in a couple of hours he'll want to be awake for, all the pillars of the fuckin' camp. *(Points to coffee urn)* You mind? *(Joanie shakes her head – Al turns to Eddie)* You could use some rest.

**Eddie:** I could use a clean conscience.

**Al:** So could we all.

*(Joanie looks down at the table, Al leaves the Bella Union, stepping out into the street he takes a sip of the coffee)*

**Al:** Blech! *(Spitting out the coffee and dumping the rest on the ground)* Where the fuck have you been?!

**Merrick:** As you see.

**Al:** As I see what?

**Merrick:** At my storage cabinet replenishing needed supplies.

**Al:** Be over in a couple of hours. We gotta form a government for the settlement.

**Merrick:** Who does?

**Al:** Us! You and me. Come to me in a vision! You stupid bastard.

*(Al walks into the Gem, Merrick's assistant looks at him and Merrick smiles bemusedly)*

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**Joanie:** *(Sipping her coffee)* Anyways, I'm goin' to look for a place.

*(Joanie gets up from the table, Eddie watches her leave the Bella Union, sad look on his face.)*

**Cy:** Eddie. *(Calling down from Upstairs balcony)*

**Eddie:** Swearengen's called a meeting. Two hours.

**Cy:** *(Descending stairs)* Where's Joanie?

**Eddie:** Out lookin' for a place.

**Cy:** Good. 'Cause I told Joanie I'd back her in havin' her own joint.

**Eddie:** That's what she said.

**Cy:** Something on your mind, Eddie?

**Eddie:** You fucked me up, Cy. The shit you did to those kids, there's no angle to it.

**Cy:** That shit wasn't just about those kids, Eddie. And you need to sit there and tough your way through your problem. Just keep shufflin' your cards and let your tie hang down 'til you feel better.

**Eddie:** I want to come to that meeting.

**Cy:** Do ya? Come ahead, Eddie. Put the cards down, tighten your cravat and come on if it'll cheer you the fuck up.

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*(Joanie is walking through Mr. Wu's alley. She passes by Wu as he comes out to survey his \ territory. They look at each other as she passes. She continues on but Wu's eyes never leave her. She stops at the pig pen. We hear the pigs squealing. She sees Flora's clothes clumped up in the corner of the pigpen and looks back at Wu. He is still watching her. She looks back to the pigs and turns away in slight disgust. She takes a deep settling breath and proceeds through the alley through throngs of chattering people. We see her step across a makeshift bridge across a deep puddle and when she steps off the end of the bridge, she foot goes deep into the puddle. She continues on, heading towards Utter Freight.)*

**Utter:** Mornin'.

**Joanie:** Good Morning. *(She starts to head away)*

**Utter:** I'm opening this business.

**Joanie:** *(Stops, turns around and looks up at his sign.)* Well, good luck.

**Utter:** Thank you. I'm Charlie Utter.

**Joanie:** I'm Joanie Stubbs.

**Utter:** How do you do?

**Joanie:** How do you do, Charlie? Ooh, I was out of breath, but now I'm better.

**Utter:** Are you off someplace? Uh, you need a escort or the like?

**Joanie:** No, I'm more or less just walkin' around.

**Utter:** What do you think of this frock coat?

**Joanie:** *(She steps a little closer)* Very well fitted.

**Utter:** I had it made up in Cheyenne. I'm one for a good appearance and all, but it's a little out of my path.

**Joanie:** If you would have made me guess, I would have said it's not your usual garb.

**Utter:** And I'm a considerable hand at the freight business, but far as leasin' this buildin' before knowin' what the traffic's gonna bear, I don't know what possessed me. See, I—I do well in a camp or a settlement or a township, but that don't make me a camp or a settlement or a township type. This is the attire for that type...of type.

**Joanie:** Anyway, you're wearing it today.

**Utter:** You're right. I'm sorry for runnin' on about it.

**Joanie:** I'm looking for a piece of property to start a business on. That's what I'm doin' out.

**Utter:** I see. And what sort of business you lookin' to operate?

**Joanie:** Brothel.

**Utter:** Uh-huh. Well, uh, I'll tell you what, this camp here, it seems like it's got some legs under it.

**Joanie:** I'm just a whore, though. I mean, I run the whore for this man, but far as bein' ready to run a place and stand up to all you have to stand up to, I—I don't know what go into me.

**Utter:** I tell you what, *(steps a little closer)*, something's ready for you to do somethin', don't seem to matter if you're ready or not.

**Joanie:** Better lift you skirts and...jump, huh?

**Utter:** That's what's comin' to me to be true.

**Joanie:** I'm surprised you're not at that big town meeting.

**Utter:** Uh, yeah, well, um, I'm uh, I'm headin' over there shortly. Uh, I prefer to appear late to that type of thing.

**Joanie:** Bella Union, where I work, is bigger, but I guess bein' that it's Mr. Swearengen's meeting, that's why they're having it at the Gem.

**Utter:** Yeah, that's – that's why it's located there.

**Joanie:** Yeah. It's awful nice to meet you, Charlie.

**Utter:** Well, it's good to meet you, too, Joanie. *(Tips his hat to her, she walks on)* Take care.

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*(Doc's at the pest tent fastening the straps on his medical case. To his right, behind a mesh drape, the Rev is having another seizure. The Doc starts to leave and walks right past him and pauses.)*

**Doc:** I'm goin' to the Gem.

*(The Doc leaves, the Rev is still sitting on a cot, leaned up against a post, having a mild seizure. We see the Doc walking down Mr. Wu's alley, he passes Jane who is standing up, leaning with her forehead against a wall, napping. He stops and takes a closer look at her, looks away and back again.)*

**Doc:** I'm headin' for the Gem.

**Jane:** Hooray for you.

**Doc:** Reverend is laid down tryin' to hide another seizure.

**Jane:** Ain't you Clever to see through the subterfuge.

**Doc:** *(A tear runs down the side of his nose)* I been lettin' it go, but if the idea is for you to drink more and more 'til I say somethin', I am hereby officially sayin' I wish you would stop fuckin' drinkin'.

**Jane:** I have no fuckin' idea *(Jane pulls away from the wall abruptly)* as far as you sayin' one fuckin' thing about anything I do or don't, far as drinking or where I stand and nap or any other fuckin' thing concernin' me.

**Doc:** I see.

*(We see Charlie start to pass the alley way and stop to observe the exchange. He has a myriad of emotions on his face; sadness, upset, and humor.)*

**Jane:** To go or leave, don't or when

**Doc:** Alright, Jane.

**Jane:** So you can go fuck yourself. And don't try and hasten anyone anywhere, 'cause everyone follows their own fuckin' pace, and don't try and fuckin' hasten them. *(points her finger at the Doc.)* And you happen to be fuckin' overlookin' that you think it's just one day after another with the same fuckin' seizure as if it happened the week before. And that just shows you how much you fuckin' know. And what you pay attention to. Goddamn you!

*(Jane slams her forehead against the wall and resumes her former position. The Doc lowers his head, almost as if he is ashamed. Charlie is still looking on. The Doc walks away and proceeds to the Gem. Charlie approaches Jane, casually.)*

**Utter:** What do they pay you to hold that buildin' up?

**Jane:** Charlie Utter of “Utter Charlie and Freight.”

**Utter:** Close enough to get you offered a position.

**Jane:** I’m in a position, you eternally meddling cocksucker.

**Utter:** Yeah, leaning forward, shit-faced drunk.

**Jane:** I am talking about nurse of the plague, fucking tent operation. Caring of the sick in the fuckin’ tent!

**Utter:** How about bullwhacker of the fuckin’ freight between Deadwood and Cheyenne?

**Jane:** No.

**Utter:** How about supervisor, mail delivery?

**Jane:** Go away, Charlie.

**Utter:** Or any fuckin’ thing else you want to do.

**Jane:** Go Away! Congratulations on bein’ a big fuckin’ deal.

**Utter:** No one’s any big fuckin’ deal, Jane. And all them offers stand.

**Jane:** I seen you in some stupid fuckin’ outfits in my time, but that one takes the prize.

*(Charlie walks away, shaking his head.)*

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*(Doc is in the whore’s room, checking up on their health.)*

**Doc:** I think that this month, we’re gonna try raspberry leaf.

**Whore:** Thanks, Doc.

**Doc:** Young lady, anything to report with your privates?

**Trixie:***(smoking a cigarette)* Nah.

**Doc:** *(Pulls up Trixie’s sleeve to check her arm)* Oh, Uh—*(gets up to go to his bag, Al walks in)*

**Al:** Meetin’ outside when you’re done, Doc.

**Doc:** Alright. *(Al leaves – Doc dabs some ointment on Trixie’s arm. Replaces the lid and puts it in her hand, he squeezes her hand as he gets up.)*

**Trixie:** Thanks, Doc.

**Doc:** In a case like yours I wouldn’t know what else to prescribe. *(He lets go of her hand and gets his case together, leaves the room.)*

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*(Downstairs, Johnny is setting out pears & peaches on the tables, now pushed together in preparation for the meeting. Doc is sitting on the stairs, E.B. and Eddie are standing off to the side, idling, waiting for something to happen. Seth and Sol walk in, take a seat, we see Merrick and Cy talking.)*

**Al:** Whose idea was them pears and fuckin’ peaches?

**Johnny:** I figured since we had ‘em for the plague meetin’.

*(Merrick and Cy take a seat, Eddie sitting off to the side behind Cy. EB and the Doc join soon after.)*

**Al:** Shows good thinkin' and initiative. Ladle 'em out at various intervals on the fuckin' table, Johnny.

**Johnny:** Yes, sir.

**Al:** I'm declaring myself conductor of this meeting as I have the bribe sheet.

*(Tom Nuttall walks in, stops at the end of the table.)*

**Nuttall:** If I'm excluded, say so, Al. Don't leave me to die the death of a thousand cuts.

**Al:** Well, sit down, Tom.

**Nuttall:** Don't subject me to death by water torture.

**Al:** Take a seat Tom, and toss whatever book you've been readin' on the fuckin' yellow peril, huh?

*(Nuttall sits down, to EB's right. Charlie Utter walks in.)*

**Utter:** I just opened across the way. Was I supposed to attend?

**Al:** Well, before I can answer that question, I better know who the fuck you are.

**Utter:** Charlie Utter.

**Merrick:** Of "Utter's Freight and Postal Delivery Service."

**Al:** Nice sign blocking my fucking view. Take a seat.

**Merrick:** Had a lovely advert in today's "Pioneer."

**Al:** So, U.S. Government's negotiating peace with Spotted Elk, Red Cloud and other leaders of the heathens. *(Johnny places some peaches down in front of Al.)* Thank you, Johnny. The heathens will get money to give up the hills and the hills'll be annexed to the territory. *(Sol looks over and sees Trixie observing things, the other whores begin to join her.)* Cost to avoid getting fucked in the ass by those legislative cocksuckers was just handed to me by Yankton's toll collector, who suggests also our best case in keeping title to the claims, property and businesses is to start up now, a kind of an informal governing organization that will be recognized by the territorial cocksuckers and given legal status when the territory is annexed, since we'll all have proved ourselves civilized sorts that don't only wear our pants to cover our tails. Hence the fuckin' meeting.

**EB:** *(To Nuttall)* Do the bribes come out of our pockets?

**Al:** *(To Cy)* Hmm?

**Cy:** The hell you must have gone through talking to that leech, Al. Hereafter, you let me take my fair share of the weight in those conversations.

**Al:** Yeah, thanks, Cy.

**EB:** Well, couldn't our informal organization levy taxes on the settlement to pay the bribes, say to license businesses? Wouldn't that spread the burden?

**Eddie:** Will women who pay the license fees have the same tight to operate brothels as me?

*(Al and Cy both look at Eddie. Trixie crosses her arms and smirks.)*

**Nuttall:** *(To EB)* What's that got to do with the price of fish?

**Al:** Our proper order of business is to make titles and departments before the territorial cocksuckers send in their cousins to rob and steal from us.

**EB:** Well, who fills the various positions?

**Al:** Pick the names from a fuckin' hat as far as I'm concerned. *(Points to Cy's top hat sitting on the table.)*

**EB:** I'd like to be mayor. *(Nuttall smiles.)*

**Al:** Objections? *(Merrick starts to open his mouth – Al pounds the table with his fist, gavel-like – points to EB) Mayor. (Everyone has frozen looks on their face. Did that just happen?)*

**Seth:** Wouldn't a good use for an informal government with temporary appointees be providing a few services to the camp?

**Al:** Mayor?

**EB:** Well, provide a few services and use the lion's share of revenues to pay the bribes. *(Dan strides in and approaches Al).* More than providing services to 'em, taking peoples money is what makes organizations real, be they formal, informal or temporary.

**Dan:** *(talking low in Al's ear)* There's a piano outside. *(Al looks up at him like, "What the fuck did you just say?")* Piano? *(Remember?)* Uh, well, when Tolliver opened up across the way, you said we needed a fancier piano. You ordered one.

**Al:** You want me to abandon the fucking meeting to bring in a new piano?

**Dan:** Well, I'm just telling you it come in from Montgomery Ward.

**Al:** Yeah.

**Dan:** "Any big arrival, notify me immediately" you said that.

**Al:** Yeah, yeah, yeah.

**Dan:** Well, um---

**EB:** Floors open for levy suggestions and nominations for department heads. Self-nominations are permitted.

*(EB bangs a tin on the table (ashtray?) as a gavel, sending up clouds of dust into Nuttall's face)*

**EB:** Sorry. We lack a gavel. Doc?

**Doc:** Who's gonna be comptroller?

**Merrick:** Well, um, elections? W-will we have some elections somewhere down the road? This is temporary, right?

**EB:** Yeah, ad hoc.

**Merrick:** Ad hoc. Ad h—

**Al:** Ad fucking hoc. So free fucking gratis. Can we just get on with the fucking meeting?

---

*(Nighttime, the streets are filled with miners. In the Gem, a good time is being had by all, the piano is playing and people are crowded around it. Merrick is pondering his next article.)*

**Merrick:** Timid, huh. Hardly, sir. My own strong personal impulse was to offer my name for office but a fourth estate, independent in name and fact from the operations of government is of the essence of a free society.

*(While Merrick is pondering, the newly crowned Mayor is back behind the piano merrily receiving a hand-job from a buxom whore. Al is watching with Dan, behind the bar.)*

**Al:** I have got to find an early occasion to put the mayor off his pedestal.

**Dan:** Don't do it with no mud.

**Al:** Did you wait a day before you ordered that fucking thing?  
**Dan:** *(Eating peaches with his substantial knife)* Mmm, boss, you specifically countermanded my waitin' and askin' again when you give me the order to get it.  
**Al:** What fuckin' revenue is being generated by these hoople-heads gathering around that cocksucker and yodelin' about their fuckin' points of origin?  
**Dan:** Shine'll wear off.  
**Al:** *(Puts his had to his forehead)* My fucking head.  
**Dan:** All that organizing businesses?  
**Al:** Aw, 25 cups of coffee and too much circulatin' in the fresh air.  
**Dan:** You chaired the piss out of that meetin' this afternoon.  
**Al:** *(Picks up a fork and points it at Dan)* That still don't get you off the hook about that piano.

*(As Al turns around to walk off Dan points his knife back at Al in a mocking fashion to Al's pointing of the fork.)*

---

*(Seth and Sol are sitting on the Hardware Store porch, Sol smoking a pipe and Seth smoking a cigar.)*

**Sol:** Before I'd told a story on myself, like the Doc did, I'd have just said, "Thank you for the nomination, but I decline being health supervisor."  
**Seth:** They buy bodies to do their research. Doctors, they cut 'em open and study 'em.  
**Sol:** All the less reason for saying you've been arrested for grave robbing. Seven Times. Anyways, good for you volunteering for the post.  
**Seth:** If I had known then they wasn't gonna have a sheriff, I'd never raised my hand.  
**Sol:** I don't follow.  
**Seth:** I only raised my hand 'cause I didn't want to be sheriff. It's all temporary, anyhow.  
**Sol:** That's right.  
**Seth:** And ad hoc.  
**Sol:** Did you happen to notice at the Gem that one girl we rode back with from Mrs. Garrett's funeral?  
**Seth:** Trixie, isn't that what she said her name was?  
**Sol:** Who'd been helping Mrs. Garrett with the child.  
**Seth:** Yeah, I noticed her.  
**Sol:** Much as she'd taken to helping with that little one.  
**Seth:** Big pull to that, goin' back to what you know.  
**Sol:** You think she's pretty?  
**Seth:** Very.  
**Sol:** *(Taps out his pipe, stands up)* Take some air.  
**Seth:** Yes, sir.

*(Utter approaches as Sol starts to leave)*

**Utter:** Evenin'  
**Sol:** Evening.

**Utter:** Some meetin' huh?

**Sol:** Congratulations on your new post.

**Utter:** Oh.

**Sol:** And for your freight business.

**Utter:** Thank you.

**Sol:** Okay. *(Takes off)*

**Seth:** Evening, Charlie.

**Utter:** Evenin'. *(Sits down, sighs)* How much time you think that fire marshal obligation's gonna take? *(Seth just shakes his head)* More or less as much as your health commissioner, huh? *(Chuckles)*. How about that doc? Grave Robber. *(Seth smiles and nods)*

---

*(Nuttall approaching Johnny in the Gem)*

**Nuttall:** Anybody else felled from them canned peaches?

**Johnny:** Uh, not to my knowledge. Why, you feelin' poorly?

**Nuttall:** Well, um, uh. it's – it's easin' up some.

*(Nuttall walks off quickly, Sol is walking through the Gem, looking for Trixie. He waves hello to Al as he passes him and walks up to Trixie. Al keeps an eye on them.)*

**Sol:** Evenin'.

**Trixie:** Evenin'

**Sol:** I've wondered how things were with you...and Mrs. Garrett and the child.

**Trixie:***(She looks to her right, at Al, he walks off)* I expect they're doing well. You know she struck lucky at her claim.

**Sol:** And how are you, Trixie?

**Trixie:** As you see, earnin' the greasy eye from my boss for idle chatter.

**Sol:** Can I buy you a drink?

**Trixie:** I'd rather you didn't. *(A john and a whore run through the hall between them)* This isn't the place for you.

**Sol:** So YOU say.

**Trixie:** If you insist on my embarrassing myself, have it not where I'd want you to see me.

**Sol:** Come see me then.

**Trixie:** He don't permit our making calls out.

**Sol:** Come to our store. Come buy a broom.

**Trixie:** I don't want what I can't have, Mr. Star.

**Sol:** Alright. *(Puts his hat back on, starts to leave.)*

**Trixie:** If I did come, I'd buy an ax, a hammer, and a saw.

**Sol:** All fully stocked. And we never ask the purpose of a customer's purchase.

*(Trixie smiles – BIG – Sol tips his hat and leaves. On his way out, Merrick stops him.)*

**Merrick:** Our mayor. *(Looks over to the piano where just behind it, EB is drunk and barely standing upright)* Oh, Mayor! *(EB takes his hat off and waves it around like he's a queen in a parade. They laugh and Sol slaps Merrick on the shoulder and leaves.)*

---

*(Doc returns to the pest tent)*

**Rev:** Doctor.

**Doc:** I'm gonna have a look at you.

**Rev:** Alright.

**Doc:** Don't turn your head away, Reverend. Bein' sick ain't nothin' to be ashamed of. *(The Rev crooks his head more forward.)* Look at my finger.

**Rev:** I apologize for the smell.

**Doc:** What is it that you smell?

**Rev:** As if I've died.

**Doc:** You emit no such odor.

**Rev:** I smell my flesh rotting.

**Doc:** It isn't rotting, Reverend. Your flesh does not smell. You have not died. You're having organic changes in your mind that's making you believe these things. Do you understand me?

**Rev:** Formerly, Doctor, when the work took me as I read scripture, people felt God's presence through me and that was a great gift that I could give to them. Now the word does not take me when I read nor do I feel Christ's love. Nor do those who listen hear it through me.

**Doc:** Alright.

**Rev:** This is God's purpose. The not knowing the purpose is my portion of suffering.

**Doc:** And is there any pain competing with the not knowing?

**Rev:** I'm not in pain. There are new smells, I smell, and there are parts of my body I can't feel, and His—and His love.

**Doc:** *(shaking his head from side to side)* And you want to continue like this?

**Rev:** As long as He wills, this must be my part. To be afraid, as well.

**Doc:** Well, if this is His will, Reverend, He is a sonofabitch. Goodnight. *(The Doc gets up and leaves)*

**Rev:** Goodnight, Doctor.

---

*(Joanie enters the Bella Union and approaches Eddie)*

**Joanie:** Hey, Eddie.

**Eddie:** Hey, kid. How'd it go?

**Joanie:** Alright. And I got me a four-bit room. Play your cards right, I'll tell you where. *(She walks off – Cy is in his office. She enters)*

**Joanie:** Hi, Cy.

**Cy:** Was afraid I'd lost you to the heathens.

**Joanie:** How was that meeting?

**Cy:** Alright, we were organizing for annexation until Eddie cracked his fuckin' mouth.

**Joanie:** What'd it turn to then?

**Cy:** *(Laughing)* Joint like ours, Joanie, what are we selling? Walk through this door, it's a new start. Come on in, try your luck here. Of course, we know the percentages bein' the percentages, you play long enough, your luck ain't gonna get no better here than anywheres else. Maybe it's 'cause we're in a brand new camp. Since we arrived, certain



people that are near and dear to me seem to have bought into our own fuckin' line and now they're trying to get me to go along. But I can't. See, Joanie, *(stands up)* 'cause I'm a big boy. Now, I'm ready for...Eddie and me to have a little chat.

**Joanie:** I did look around for places, Cy.

**Cy:** Good, I wanted you to.

**Joanie:** I want to go ahead and do what we talked about.

**Cy:** Good, honey. With your eyes wide open. *(draws a line with his finger back and forth between their eyes. He walks out of the office, approaches Eddie at the bar, who is shuffling cards, and taps the bar for a drink.)* Eddie Sawyer.

**Eddie:** Can we keep this short?

**Cy:** Sure, Eddie. If he finds you a 12 year-old farm boy to have some fun with, is that short enough for you?

**Eddie:** I never did that and you know it.

**Cy:** All this crap about what is and isn't natural, whatever does it for a fella is what does it, ain't that right?

**Eddie:** I never did that.

**Cy:** But did you ever want to unbutton some farm boy's dentons and get yourself some relaxation? That's what I'm askin' you? Take that boy you spoke up for up in Joanie's room the other day.

**Eddie:** I spoke up for not torturing that boy.

**Cy:** Well, what you spoke for I *(We see Joanie going upstairs, watching their exchange)* and what you would have wanted to do if it was just you and that corn-fed in that room alone is what I'm inquiring about the difference between.

**Eddie:** A dry hole, Cy.

**Cy:** Aw, you could work that out. You just use some spit on that or lard. *(Eddie shakes his head no in disgust, tries to pick up his cards, Cy grabs them and slams them down away from Eddie.)* 17 fuckin' years and I never saw a look on your face I saw up there in that room the other day, including when I had to smack some girl around.

**Eddie:** I was never in a room with you before where you was gonna kill somebody.

**Cy:** Now, I do not make judgments. I gave that up a long time ago. All I want is for us to get along better, Eddie. So every time you open your mouth in public, I don't have to worry about what the fuck's gonna come out! So let me get you some fuckin' kid to fuck in the ass or the mouth or suck his prick, or let him fuck you!

**Eddie:** Fuck you, Cy. Fuck You.

**Cy:** Yeah, now, now. That's where I draw the line. Friend or no friend, and us wantin' to get along better or not. I want you to go up into Joanie's room which I – I gather she don't want to go into no more. I want you to go up there with that boy like you were the other day, only this time it's just him and you. And I want you to figure out what it is that you want. 'Cause next time we see each other, I want you clear headed, Eddie, and understanding yourself. The old Eddie that knows the percentages and how to play 'em, and whatever a man does away from the table is his own fuckin' business. I want you cheerful and ready to help me with my work. Or I don't want you comin' the fuck out! Hmm? *(Joanie is at the top of the stairs, sitting, she stands up when she hears this)* You finish your shift and you go up there to Joanie's room. You think things though. Alright, Eddie Sawyer? *(Slams the cards back down in front of Eddie)* Do we understand each other?

**Eddie:** Why didn't you volunteer for something at that meeting? Why didn't you put your hand up? Might've kept you from bein' such an evil cocksucker.

*(Eddie walks away. Cy drinks the rest of his whiskey in one shot. He's still breathing hard with anger over the conversation, adrenaline still pumping through him, like a dragon. What a big boy!)*

---

*(Jane is sitting on a bench outside of Charlie's freight business.)*

**Utter:** Say hello to the new fire marshal.

*(Jane throws her arms up like she's been hit by a wave, smiling)*

**Jane:** I'm gettin' out. Goodbye and good luck.

**Utter:** Well, wait on until you ain't exhausted, Jane, and maybe you'll change your mind.

**Jane:** Direction of this entire camp makes me sick, and it bores the livin' shit out of me.

**Utter:** Well, workin' hours like you've been workin', it'd get anyone out of sorts. And you helped a lot of people.

**Jane:** Sent a dozen men out with their plague sores healed to go back to gettin' 'em on their johnsons. I will not be a drunk where he's buried and I cannot stay fuckin' sober. *(Puts the lid back on her canteen)* So you and every human being on earth past, present and future can drink mare's piss.

**Utter:** I believe I'll just have well water.

**Jane:** Shut up, Charlie. *(smiling)*

**Utter:** Alright.

**Jane:** *(Get up, picks up her saddle bag, bed roll and rope)* If the subject comes up, explain to Bill.

**Utter:** Alright, Jane.

**Jane:** Alright. *(She heads off)*

**Utter:** Tell them over at the livery I—I'm good for the mount.

**Jane:** Do not fuckin' worry about me. And inform Hostetler at the fuckin' livery you saved his fuckin' life.

**Utter:** Alright.

**Jane:** *(Walking away, yelling, but not looking back)* And do not worry about getting' paid back. Check the mail, Charlie, and you will find soon proper payment.

**Utter:** Alright, Jane.

**Jane:** Check with Utter Mail and Charlie Freight!

**Utter:** Alright.

---

*(Back at the Gem, Trixie is entering Al's bedroom)*

**Al:** Since last our eyes were upon each other, lo, I hope you've earned me 5 dollars.

**Trixie:** No. *(Closes the shutters to Al's office area).*

---

*(At the hotel, Seth is in the lobby, waiting. The shitter approaches him)*

**Shit:** I uh, I gave the lady your note, sir. She says to come ahead but to know low as the little one's asleep.

**Seth:** Thank you.

*(The shitter hands him a paper, Seth gives him a tip)*

**Shit:** Thank you, sir.

*(Seth heads upstairs. Alma is in her room, sitting at the little table, watching Sophia sleep. There is a knock at the door. She gets up, smoothes out her dress and pats at her hair. She opens the door)*

**Seth:** Evenin'

**Alma:** Good Evening, Mr. Bullock. Sophia's asleep.

**Seth:** So I was told. I'm sorry for calling so late. *(Enters)* I'm to see Ellsworth in the morning and wondered what I should say.

**Alma:** Ellsworth seemed very competent and trustworthy. He suggested that until the extent of the quartz deposits could be proved, he could prospect the creek on my claim each week to keep my title active.

**Seth:** How'd that plan sound to you?

**Alma:** I feel it's exactly the way to proceed.

**Seth:** Alright, then.

**Alma:** Won't you sit down?

**Seth:** Thank you. *(Alma closes the door of the bedchamber to just a crack, they sit at the little table.)* Would it improve your opinion of me if I told you I was commissioner of the board of health?

**Alma:** *(Laughingly)* How wonderful, I suppose.

**Seth:** It's to put the camp's best foot forward as far as being taken into the territory. A number of men took positions.

**Alma:** I see.

**Seth:** Farnum's mayor.

**Alma:** How horrifying. *(Seth smiles and raises his eyebrows)* Uh.

**Seth:** I wrote to my wife today.

**Alma:** *(Freezes momentarily, nods her head like she's taking a gulp of nasty tasting medicine like a good little girl)* Did you?

**Seth:** About her and my boy coming to camp.

**Alma:** You have a son as well?

**Seth:** They're in Michigan with her people. My thinkin' was with the treaty comin' annexation, the camp would be settling down, a safer place.

**Alma:** Yes. *(Pause – Alma looks down at her hands)* Any other sons or daughters?

**Seth:** No, that's it. My brother was in the Calvary. He was killed two years ago.

**Alma:** I'm sorry.

**Seth:** Anyways. *(Gets up)* I'm glad you got along with Ellsworth.

**Alma:** Well, thank you for all your help, Mr. Bullock.

**Seth:** Sure.

**Alma:** And congratulations on your new post...and the prospect of your family rejoining you.

**Seth:** Thank you. Good night, Mrs. Garrett.

**Alma:** Goodnight *(As she's opening the door for him)* May I ask why you spoke of your brother?

**Seth:** My wife was his widow. My boy is their child.

**Alma:** I see. Goodnight.

**Seth:** Goodnight. *(Seth leaves.)*

*(Alma shuts the door, leans against the wall and puts her hands to her stomach. Shakes her head, bites her lips, leans over and blows out the oil lamp.)*

Cast:	
<a href="#">Timothy Olyphant</a>	Seth Bullock
<a href="#">Ian McShane</a>	Al Swearengen
<a href="#">Molly Parker</a>	Alma Garret
<a href="#">Jim Beaver</a>	Ellsworth
<a href="#">Brad Dourif</a>	Doc Cochran
<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="#">Marshall Bell</a>	Magistrate Claggett
<a href="#">Sean Bridgers</a>	Johnny Burns
<a href="#">Kim Dickens</a>	Joanie Stubbs
<a href="#">Ricky Jay</a>	Eddie Sawyer
<a href="#">Jeffrey Jones</a>	A.W. Merrick
<a href="#">Ray McKinnon</a>	Reverend H.W. Smith (as Raymond McKinnon)
<a href="#">Toni Oswald</a>	
<a href="#">Bree Seanna Wall</a>	Sophia Metz
<a href="#">Zack Ward</a>	
<a href="#">Keone Young</a>	Mr. Wu

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