

Episode 11

“Jewel’s Boot is Made for Walking”

(Trixie looking out window)

Al: A slob mick cop in Chicago gonna take me off for 35 dollars. Just because he thinks he can. ‘cause when he comes around for his free fuckin’ meal and to have his prick sucked and collect his weekly 20 fuckin’ dollars from the woman that runs the whorehouse, I’m there buying girls to bring out to the camps. I knifed the tub of guts. That’s what this cunt of a magistrate’s shaking me down over. Having already taken \$5,000 to have the warrant lifted.

Trixie: Can you do business with his bag man?

Al: I’ll fuckin’ find that out shortly. Or if you’re never gonna be able to fuckin’ operate in peace. What should I know?

Trixie: Bullock’s rode out with that Hostetler from the livery. Farnum’s slithered his way across here. Jewel just left.

Al: Where the fuck is Jewel goin’?

Trixie: I don’t know.

Al: Take half a day off if you feel like. Go see that child. Well, venture out. Sally fuckin’ forth, hmm?

Trixie: Maybe I will.

Al: But now come back to bed.

(Jewel walking in muddy street)

Horse rider: Hey! Get outta the way!

Asshole: Ugh-ugh-ugh-ugh *(laughing)*

(Jewel walks on...falls)

Guy: Watch yourself there.

(She gets up, brushes herself off, fixes her hair)

(knocks on Doc’s door)

Doc: Who’s sick? What’s he doin’ makin’ you walk to tell me?

Jewel: I came here on my own, Doc. I got something I want to show you. It’s a book.

Doc: Oh no. I don’t read goddamn books on the civil war. No.

Jewel: Look!

Doc: I don’t need to look. I was goddamn there.

Jewel: But it’ll help me walk better.

Doc: Okay, you’re referring to the brace on his leg.

Jewel: Yes.

Doc: For your information, Jewel, that boy in the drawing was goddamn able-bodied before he got his leg shot up, not born with difficulties and hardships that got no cure and took from you the coordination a brace like that would require.

Jewel: I—I was just lookin' at the picture, and draggin' my leg really makes Al crazy.

Doc: Fuck Al. Everybody's got limits. You draggin' you leg is yours.

Jewel: I'm sorry.

Doc: What do you apologize for? Don't – Don't apologize to me. Lemme—let me hold onto this for a while.

Jewel: Thank You.

(Out in the street a stage coach has pulled up and packages are being unloaded. Merrick runs up to the stage with glee, his long awaited camera has arrived. He's dancing around with excitement and nerves as the men unloading the crates are not being to gentle...)

Merrick: Ha, ha, ha, momentous! The long-awaited day! Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! Oh God, Oh God, Oh, yes, yes. Uh, careful, careful, careful, careful! Now sir, we must confirm the contents of this precious cargo. Oh God, Philistine. Ah, Joseph, what you see here is an American Optical back focus single swing with a Meyer-Gorlitz trio plan 210 millimeter lens. The finest photographic apparatus manufactured in this country. What William Henry Fox Talbot could have achieved in service of this fine apparatus. Ah, God! Agh! Yo, God, Yes, careful, careful.

(Back in the absurd restaurant...)

Guy (To Charlie Utter): Good Day, sir.

Utter: Ow, damn.

Joanie: What's wrong?

Utter: Uh, bit my d—

Alma: Oh. *(bumps into Utter)*

Utter: Leaned forward to give that fella passage and bit my damn tongue. Knocked off my chewin' angle.

Joanie: Is it bleeding?

Utter: Now, I don't want to look. Might upset the child.

Joanie: Anyways, maybe a different way's opened up, Charlie, as far as me getting backing for my brothel.

Utter: Uh-huh. I understood the question was location, but glad to hear the backin' problem's solved.

Joanie: I think uh, I've been finicky over the location 'cause I wasn't comfortable with the backing.

Utter: I'll tell you one thing, I ain't makin' too many friends in this camp in my capacity as fire marshal.

Ellsworth: We're through the easy pickin' on that outcrop, ma'am. I'll wade around that creek as long as you like. But, uh you wanna make you claim show it's colors, you're gonna need to sink a few shafts.

Alma: I'm close to suggesting that we proceed.

Ellsworth: Meaning my use to you's near a finish.

Alma: No.

Ellsworth: I told you Mrs. Garrett, such as it is, my expertise ain't underground.

Alma: I want you still to supervise. I trust you, Ellsworth, as an honorable man. I take great pleasure in your company.

(Sophia looks at Alma's hand touching Ellsworth's and back to Alma)

Ellsworth: I feel the same. I look forward to our breakfasts, and I'll just say once, I know I'm too damn old for ya.

Otis: Button.

Alma: Oh my goodness.

(Otis kisses Alma)

Alma: *(laughing)* I can't b-

Otis: *(too Ellsworth)* I take a father's liberty.

Alma: Uh, Mr. Ellsworth, Mr. Russell.

Ellsworth: How do you do, sir.

Otis: How do you do.

Alma: Uh, and this is Sophia.

Otis: Hello, Sophia.

Sophia: Hello.

Otis: *(To Ellsworth)* Your daughter?

Alma: My ward.

Ellsworth: Any rate, pleasure to meet you, sir. I'm honored to be in your daughter's employ. And with your permission, ma'am, I will take my leave.

Alma: Uh, of course.

Ellsworth: And my plate...and my coffee...and my hat.

(sticks tongue out at Sophia – she sticks her tongue out at Ellsworth)

Otis: Fine manners.

Andy: Reverend Smith.

Rev: How are you, sir.

Andy: Andy Cramed, Reverend.

Rev: Mr. Cramed, you returned to the setting of your recovery.

Andy: Uh-huh.

Rev: How have you fared since?

Andy: I've been trying out the other camps.

Rev: To what effect?

Andy: No good effect, Reverend.

Rev: I see.

Andy: How you feelin'?

Rev: Uh, as you see, uh, the tent, as you see is in the process of being dismantled. Our last tenant took his leave yesterday.

Andy: Upright?

Rev: He was upright, yes. His name escapes me. Doctor Cochran, I believe, uh, is expected shortly, I believe. I was asked to uh, to see to the packing of uh, certain liniments and uh...medicines.

Andy: Are you not well, minister?

Rev: Sometimes I'm very well, indeed. My energy will return, or even an excess of energy. At other times, I'm not well, or an excess of energy. How are you Mr. Cramed?

Andy: Well, I backslid in the other camps. At Gayville, I had the best intentions and I wound up at dice.

Rev: Oh, Yes.

Andy: At Elizabethtown, I wound up at dice...

Rev: Oh, Yes.

Andy: Thought I'd try to work here where I'd been good, but you're putting the tent down.

Rev: Ask God's help Mr. Cramed. Wherever you find yourself, he will show you the path.

Andy: Could you help me to pray?

Rev: Oh...Lord, grant that I may seek rather to comfort than to be comforted, to understand than to be understood, to love than to be loved...and the rest, I forget.

(Staggers off)

Dan: "Why don't you get a haircut, Adams? Looks like your mama fucked a monkey."

Johnny: Just that affectionate?

Dan: Yeah, I've never seen Al warm up to anybody so quick.

EB: Which should persuade you then of what?

Dan: Well, you think it's just tactics?

EB: The magistrate Al counted on to be his advocate in Yankton turned Judas. Adams is the magistrate's bag man. Al is merely probing Adams' willingness to betray the magistrate. In turn, his warmth is counterfeit.

(Al is on balcony – sees Adams and goes inside)

Al: *(To Jewel)* Where the fuck were you?

Jewel: At the Doc.

Al: Fix me a cup of coffee.

(Silas Adams enters, EB stands up and smiles like a puppy, Al struts toward him, looks at EB)

Silas: Mornin'

Al: Shorn and groomed to a fuckin' fare-thee-well. She'd never recognize you. Have to smell you all over to know you was hers.

Silas: My monkey mother.

Al: Let's take a table out of the traffic, huh?

(EB does his best impression of a Barker's Beauty presenting them towards the table)

Johnny: *(To EB)* Just that affectionate.

EB: *(To Silas)* I trust you found your accommodations satisfactory, Mr. Adams...Silas. If not, they could always be changed.

Al: *(To Jewel)* Uh, let me fuckin' pour. He's gotta make some distance before sunset. What was your purpose at the Doc's?

Jewel: I'm knocked up.

Silas: What message should I take to the magistrate?

Al: No envelopes and to fuck himself. I'm glad we had occasion last night to spend some time together, so, when he asks if this is tactics or true position you'll know what to say.

Silas: I'll know.

Al: You travel safe.

Silas: They believe you're the man to deal with. Yankton.

Al: I am.

Silas: It's just the magistrate looking to earn off that warrant. But no one else even knows it's out on you.

Al: Maybe the magistrate needs to die.

Silas: Maybe he does.

Al: He won't come back here without a resolution. He'll know what's waitin' for him.

Silas: Maybe he needs to die there.

Al: Maybe he should. And the person who did it would only be at the beginning of his usefulness to me.

Silas: That person didn't come back with a warrant on you quashed would be a fool not to think he'd be the next one killed.

Al: That's why he'd be so useful to me thinking that far ahead.

Silas: Make your offer.

Al: A thousand for the cocksucker proved dead, a thousand for the warrant proved lifted.

Silas: A thousand and a thousand. Think I am a fuckin' monkey?

Al: You thought there would be twenty in it?

Silas: Kill Claggett and get you out from under that warrant? You're fuckin' right there's twenty.

Al: Do it for two. You've got to believe the job would open the door to your future, and you gotta believe you'd make your ass hundreds of thousands back and forth between here and Yankton.

Silas: 2,000.

(Hold two fingers up...spits in his hand and Al spits in his – they shake – pan to EB)

EB: I put him in a room above the privy.

(Up in Alma's room at the Grand Central...)

Otis: I always thought it was gonna end like this, button. A rooming house in a mining camp on Indian Territory, you caring for a Norwegian fondling and operating a bonanza gold claim.

Alma: *(chuckling)* And you, Daddy?

Otis: Always a little sketchy about me. I hope I'm here to help.

(knocking)

Otis: Uh, that would be my room key. Sophia? *(Hands Sophia a coin)*

Richardson: Room 7.

Otis: Thank you, sir.

Sophia: Thank you.

Richardson: You're welcome, little one.

(Closes door)

Otis: Oh my goodness, what's that behind your ear? Don't you ever clean behind your ear?

(Pulls coin out – Sophia walks to Alma and shows her the coin.)

Alma: mmm.

Otis: Does caring for Sophia please you?

Alma: More with each day.

Otis: And do you have any of the gold?

Alma: As it happens...*(pulls gold out of doll basket)*

Otis: The well-mannered Mr. Ellsworth says these abound?

Alma: Yes.

Otis: There's some talk that you did Brom in.

Alma: From his parents?

Otis: They have raised the possibility.

Alma: As it happens, I was not present when Brom fell.

Otis: You have to admit, it's a suspicious sequence.

Alma: The man who was is in the camp.

Otis: Given their view of the marriage.

Alma: I doubt he tells the true story of how Brom died, but he would verify that I wasn't there.

Otis: I didn't mean to upset you. It's always about the money, button.

Alma: In certain circles.

Otis: But not here, hmm?

Alma: I suppose here, as well. In certain circles.

Otis: Mr. Ellsworth being the exception?

Alma: Mr. Ellsworth was engaged by a Mr. Seth Bullock, who's been steadfast and kind.

Otis: And when did you path cross Mr. Bullock's? Before Brom's accident or after?

Alma: Mr. Bullock was asked to look to my interest by Wild Bill Hickok.

Otis: Who, if I recall your reading habits, has been an acquaintance of yours since childhood. (*Chuckling*) I would very much like to meet this Mr. Bullock. Nearly as much as I'd like to wash. (*Gets up and walks toward the door*)

Alma: Daddy.

Otis: Ah. (*Hands back gold*) I'm glad to see you.

(*At Nuttall's #10, Charlie is performing a fire safety inspection...*)

Utter: Stovepipe directly into wood, no clearance or sheet iron in between.

Nuttall: What's the significance?

Utter: Joint's like to burn to cinders.

Nuttall: Well, then why ain't it yet?

Utter: Dumb luck, Tom. Which you hadn't ought to push, camp bein' situated like it is, everyone ass to elbow. Hazard to one's a hazard to all.

Nuttall: Why, ain't you startin' to talk like a goddamn government official.

Utter: I'm Charlie Utter. That attended the same fuckin' meetin' you did. And bein' they pinned fire marshal on me, I ain't seein' the camp burn to the ground. So either cure your stovepipe violation or prepare to get levied a fine.

Nuttall: Well I'll lick a bear's ass before I'd pay a fine to E.B. Farnum.

Utter: Then separate your goddamn stovepipes from the goddamn wall!

Nuttall: Well, I—I'll send one of my boys over to pick up the iron.

Utter: This ain't the goddamn day of judgment, Tom. (*leaves*)

Nuttall: Jesus Christ Almighty! That's the kind of shit that ran me out of Wilkes-Barre.

Stapleton: Where the camp's headed, Tom.

Nuttall: Maybe I'll just fuckin' move along.

Stapleton: Why is there no sheriff in this camp?

Nuttall: What?

Stapleton: All these official positions, why is there no sheriff?

Nuttall: Because Al Swearengen don't want one.

Stapleton: Well, what if a sheriff took office that Al could trust not to bother him?

And you could lay head to pillow nights knowin' he was your friend. Type of man who'd go up to a fire marshal, say, and tell him and his so-called sheet iron violation that hadn't proven to be dangerous uh, for, what, goin' on two months now, should be waived? And whose ear'd be first to the ground when any violence created maybe business opportunities? And who'd remember who got him started.

Nuttall: I never thought of you as the type to be sheriff.

Stapleton: Nah, I'd be out of the mold, but uh, fit for the camp. My problem, Tom, is uh...whereas he has a soft spot for you as a fellow pioneer, Swearengen hates my fuckin' guts. So knowin' how grateful I'd be and all's, I'd un, show it to ya, wonder if you'd put in a word?

(Cy's office – knocking)

Cy: Yeah!

Leon: Mr. Tolliver.

Cy: Leon, come on in. Your habit get the best of you a while, son?

Leon: It got the fuckin' upper hand.

Cy: How's your sight, Leon?

Leon: Whole left eye's perfect and the right's comin' back. Have I still got a job, sir?

Cy: I'd dig to hear more from you, what you been up to, who the fuck with. That kind of thing.

Leon: Aw, you probably know everything about everything already.

Cy: Be that as it may....

Leon: Well...me and Jimmy Irons, we stole the china man's dope. Chinaman's courier, he lost his life. We slammed dope for a series of days, and Al Swearengen's tough captured us. And in the bathhouse, we drew straws and – and Jimmy Irons drowned.

Cy: Does that about cover it?

Leon: If you ask me specifics, I may be able to come up with some more details.

Cy: Was Al Swearengen holding the straws, Leon?

Leon: Yes, sir. He said to tell you what I seen.

Cy: And now is he holdin' the strings on you?

Leon: Sir?

Cy: Are you here on his instruction?

Leon: I'm telling you what I seen, because you asked me to.

Cy: What'd they do with Jimmy Irons? They give him to the china man?

Leon: I guess they did. They wrapped him up and took him out. Swearengen turned me loose, but he'd just give me this, *(points to eye)* so I stayed in the tub until I got my bearings.

Cy: That's a hell of a way to treat a white man, ain't it, Leon?

Leon: Bein' fair, I'd have to say, I gave Mr. Swearengen provocation. He traffics in dope so I—I guess you could say that I'd stole his property and fucked his action up.

Cy: I'm talking about Jimmy Irons. In connection with getting' delivered to a chink, regardless of his fuckin' transgression.

Leon: Oh, I see.

Cy: And in that connection, I'm sayin' it's a hell of a way to treat a white man.

Leon: I see.

Cy: You agree with me?

Leon: Yes?

Cy: So it's your own opinion, too?

Leon: Yes, sir.

Cy: Well, that's your new fuckin' job. Expressin' your own fuckin' opinion.

Leon: I can do that.

Cy: With conviction, Leon.

(Leon Laughs)

Cy: Your job is to voice your opinion with some oomph and some character behind it...or you'll wish you'd got drowned in that bathhouse.

Leon: Alright.

(They shake hands)

Cy: Welcome back, Son.

Nuttall: Oh, uh, well, uh, no, thanks, Al. I uh –or well, uh eh, yes, I will.

(Drinks a shot of whiskey)

Al: What's going on, Tom?

Nuttall: Well, I—I thought you could uh, make Con Stapleton uh, sheriff, uh, bein' it's inevitable anyway.

Al: How the fuck did that get to be inevitable? I wouldn't appoint that cocksucker to empty my spittoons.

Nuttall: What I'm sayin' is somebody's gotta be sheriff, Al. Stapleton's got points in his favor.

Al: I hope one's not gettin' to recover the bribe he paid you when I don't give him the fuckin' job.

Nuttall: Who's your candidate, Al?

Al: Nobody.

Nuttall: Well that's just postponin' the inevitable.

Al: Tom, nothin' Stapleton's got on you can't be solved by Dan Dority.

Nuttall: Well, uh, um...fill me up.

Al: Jesus Christ.

Nuttall: The – the truth is I—I feel like the – the camp's gettin' away from me, Al. I got a fire commissioner who's about to condemn my building, and we're still on Indian land.

Al: How does Stapleton becoming sheriff keep the camp from gettin' away from you?

Nuttall: Well, I know him. Uh, he'd know I put in a word with you.

Al: What the fuck good is that to you, Tom, when the cocksucker can be bought for two pieces of day old bread.

Nuttall: Well well well that's right. That-that all makes sense. It, uh...eh, when you just come up to this camp and hung your sign up for nickel booze and 50 cent pussy...

Al: Them was get acquainted prices.

Nuttall: But the point is, I seen your fuckin' tent. I walked over and I – I said uh, "Hello." I didn't tell you—you gotta sheet iron your fuckin' stovepipe.

Al: I didn't have a stovepipe. And you had your knife at the ready if I didn't make a good impression.

Nuttall: Well that's true enough, uh, but you didn't.

Al: And Dority made a hell of a one on ya.

Nuttall: Uh, that – that, too, is – is true enough. Now, I just, uh...I feel like I know the guy, Al.

Al: Stapleton.

Nuttall: Well, I don't feel like I know anybody no more.

Al: Yeah, he can be sheriff for all I care.

Nuttall: Thank you, Al.

Al: Don't count on him to be loyal, Tom.

Nuttall: N—No, no. Uh, just a familiar face.

Al: And no fucking paperwork.

Nuttall: Well, I don't even know if he can write.

(Al laughs, Nuttall gets up to leave – walks to door, gets to threshold, turns back)

Nuttall: Could he be sworn in here, Al?

Al: Oh, for chrissake, Tom!

Nuttall: Well, he feels you don't like him.

Al: He's fuckin' right as rain.

Nuttall: But it'd be a comfort to him, say, if he was sworn in under your roof.

(Al sees Trixie leaving the Gem)

Al: Let Farnum swear him the fuck in here then. But press your luck no further. Do not expect me to fuckin' attend.

Nuttall: Awful grateful, Al.

Trixie: Mr. Star.

Sol: Miss Trixie, pleased to see you.

Trixie: I threatened to pay a visit.

Sol: You spoke of lookin' out for some building implements.

Trixie: I spoke of looking out for an ax and a saw, and if I got 'em, they wouldn't be applied to buildin' nothin'. Anyways, would you want a free fuck?

Sol: Why would you say that?

Trixie: To know the answer.

Sol: Why would you say it that way?

Trixie: For chrissakes, Mr. Star, my cherry is obstructing my work. Sir...would you take it from me, free?

(Sol closes door, take's Trixie by the hand and leads her to the back of the store – sets Her Up on some boxes and...bow chicka bow bow!)

Trixie: Uh...

(door opening)

Sol: Seth, you remember Trixie.

Seth: Oh, yes. Well, I just stopped for a moment.

(Seth picks up a clumpy thing)

Sol: Oh yes.

Seth: I'll lock up?

Sol: Oh, yes.

(They continue where they left off...Sol tries to kiss Trixie)

Trixie: Kiss my neck or my tits if you have to kiss somethin'.

Sol: Let me kiss you.

Trixie: Well you're a goddamn Jew fool.

(They kiss)

EB: Do you swear before this witness to uphold whatever laws may be put in force subsequently?

Stapleton: Yeah, if I can, yeah.

Nuttall: And don't forget who your friends are.

Stapleton: Always.

Merrick: Gentlemen, uh, hold still. Take a breath, don't move. One, two, three.
Very good.

(Dan rubs sparks out of his eyes in the background)

Merrick: Uh, gentlemen, Tom, I – I wondered if a second one might be appropriate without that putrid apron around your midsection.

Nuttall: No. Uh, Let's drink.

EB: *(To Stapleton)* Our health commissioner.

Seth: Whiskey.

EB: You've just missed my swearing in of the camp's new sheriff.

Stapleton: Con Stapleton, sir. I'm not sure we've actually met.

Seth: You were at the table when Hickok was killed.

Stapleton: Indeed, I was. A horrified bystander.

Seth: We weren't to have a sheriff.

Nuttall: Well, that's been reconsidered as inevitable.

EB: Had you designs on the post, Bullock?

Seth: I don't want the post.

Stapleton: Well, no hard feelin's then. Consider me, at your service.

Seth: My wife and child are to join me from Michigan. Is Al in his office?

EB: Seems to be sequestered. He missed the swearin' in, too.

Nuttall: He did want us over here though ain't that absolutely correct?

Stapleton: Well, then why the fuck didn't eh come down?

Nuttall: Well, why didn't he come down? That's unclear.

EB: To let you know exactly, I would guess, at whose mysterious pleasure you serve.

(Flash)

Merrick: A candid moment.

(Al watching from balcony)

Rev: Circumcision...is indeed profiteth if thou keepest the law, but if, uh...if thou are a transgressor of the law, thy circumcision become uncircumcision. Therefore, if uh, thy uncircumcision uh, keeps the uh, the righteousness of the lay, shall not his uncircumcision that is by nature fulfilling his lay shall judge thee, who by—by letter and uh, circumcision transgresses the law.

(knocking)

Al: Yeah!

Seth: It's Seth Bullock. *(enters)* Why'd you let Stapleton have a badge?

Al: They sworn the cocksucker in yet?

Seth: Hurry down and toast him. Maybe Merrick'll put his camera back up.

Al: No, I prefer to watch the fucking Reverend Smith preach to the oxen and the horses.

Seth: It ain't right for the camp. My wife and child are comin'.

Al: Bullock, it's a ceremonial position to give comfort to Tom Nuttall, who feels the camp's leavin' him behind. Putting a badge on Stapleton makes him feel he's got friends in high places.

Seth: That job shouldn't go to a shitheel.

Al: Oh, as my feeling would be, it should go to a shitheel as it's shitheel's work.

Seth: Doesn't have to be.

Al: No?

Al: Mr. Bullock, would you—would you sit down a second? I want to tell you somethin' about the law. Please. Please, take a seat. Separate from all the bribes we put up, I paid 5,000 dollars to avoid being the object of fireside ditties about a man that fled a murder warrant then worked very hard to get his camp annexed by the territory, only to have them serve the warrant of him and to face the magistrate's pocket. The money goes, after which he sends a message. The 5,000'll need company if I'm to be off the hook. I give you the law.

Seth: It doesn't have to be like that.

Al: Now, if you were fuckin' sheriff and you said "Do this, do that," I'd consider it 'cause you're not a fuckin' whore.

Seth: I have personal responsibilities.

Al: I'd go downstairs for that fuckin' swearin' in. And I'd follow your career, 'cause you're one of those pains in the balls who think the law can be honest.

Seth: I don't want it.

Al: Well, I do lots of things I don't want to do.

Seth: You think you're the only one?

Al: Well you should have been here when Tom Nuttall was pissin' in my ear. I think you'd be alright as sheriff.

Seth: Listen, I'm only talkin' to you 'cause my partner's fuckin' that whore.

(Al freezes for a minute)

Seth: Anyway...

(Seth leaves Al's office and is coming down the stairs when Trixie comes back in and starts to head up the stairs)

Trixie: It's back open.

Nuttall: How was your talk with Al?

Seth: *(To Stapleton)* Congratulations.

EB: Good sportsmanship, Bullock.

(Al is back on balcony, watching the Rev.)

Rev: Who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall, shall affliction or distress or – or persecution or—
(Looks to Seth)

Rev: or hunger or nakedness?

(Looks directly at Seth)

Rev: Or—or peril or sword?

(Walks past Seth)

Rev: Yea, in all these things, we more than conquer through him that hath loved us. I am—I am persuaded that, uh, that neither life nor death, nor—nor angels, nor—nor—nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present or things to come, or—nor heights, nor depths, nor any other creature, from the love of—of God! And—and Jesus Christ our Lord.

(Back at the hardware store, Seth returns...)

Sol: Seth

Seth: Sol

Sol: She wasn't here in a professional capacity.

Seth: We have an agreement with Swarengen as to the use we put this establishment to.

Sol: She came lookin' for goods and things took a turn.

Seth: That can happen.

Sol: Not twice, though, at this location.

Seth: Yeah. Maybe I'm not the only one who should be looking for a place. Gonna make an offer on that piece on the western slope.

Sol: Did you have another look?

Seth: Go ahead and get to buildin' if Hostetler takes the offer.

Sol: Maybe have a leg up when Martha and your boy arrive.

Otis: Good afternoon, sir.

Sol: Good afternoon.

Otis: I am Otis Russell. Uh, would you be Mr. Bullock?

Sol: I'm Sol Star.
Otis: Oh. How do you do Mr. Star?
Sol: Very well.
Seth: I'm Seth Bullock.
Otis: Mr. Bullock. I am Alma Garrett's father.
Seth: How do you do, sir?
Otis: How do you do? I'm very grateful for the kindness that you've shown my daughter. I wonder if you would join us for dinner tonight.
Seth: I'd be happy to.
Otis: Oh, Mr. Star, will you join us?
Sol: Thanks, but I can't.
Otis: Regrettable. Would six at the hotel be convenient? My daughter says that the dinner hour is early.
Seth: Six is fine.
Otis: Just months that this camp came together, huh?
Sol: Yes, sir.
Otis: Remarkable.

(Jewel in the whore's quarter sweepin')

Jewel: Hi, Doc.
Doc: First thing to say, I regret the tone I had with you earlier.
Jewel: Okay.
Doc: If we hold with the Greeks that we're made of humors, uh, I guess my bile was in it's ascendin'.
Jewel: Okay.
Doc: Sit down. Another thing...that the Greeks say – except I learned this in Latin is “Primum Non Nocere.” And that means “First, do no harm.” And this has been a great concern to me in your case. To interfere, even with the best of intentions and have you misjudge your capacities 'cause you rely on some mechanical contraption and wind up hurting yourself, would be a poor use, indeed, of my very limited skills. You can get around now, Jewel. I can only imagine with what a difficulty and exertion and pain, but the moving around you can do is precious to you. I do not want to fuck you up.
Jewel: No, we wouldn't want that.
Doc: Having said that, and different from the...harness type attachments in that civil war book, I thought we might try something like this.
Jewel: Let's.

(Back at the Gem, Al runs into Trixie...)

Al: How was your visit, Trixie? How was the child?
Trixie: Had a good visit.
Al: Is the child conversant? Moving along from saying her name?
Trixie: Anyways, I better take my turn.

Al: No, you look good having gone out. You're more relieved, more relaxed. We can't work all the time, can we? We all need some type of relaxation, companionship or the like?

Trixie: Yes.

Al: You get away from me now. Hey Doc, how long were you planning on taking before you told me what the fuck was wrong with Jewel?

Doc: Nothin' nothin' she wasn't born with.

Al: mmm...I mean, she told me she was knocked up, but I assumed that was he gimp sense of humor.

Doc: She wants me to brace her leg. So her draggin' it doesn't drive you crazy.

Al: So what'd you tell her?

Doc: Not to worry about your moods, that you generate those yourself and then find your excuse for havin' 'em.

Al: Saucy words, Doc. Good thing you're handy with the snatch.

Doc: I had an idea for a boot and just now measured her for it.

Al: If you treat her as successfully as you did the minister, she'll be kickin' up her heels in no fuckin' time.

Doc: I will leave you now to pursue another excuse.

Al: *(To Johnny)* Get that Jew over here

(Johnny does a quick 180 back out the door)

(At dinner in the absurd restaurant, it is cordoned off, reserved for a private dinner for Otis, Alma, Seth and Sophia...)

Otis: My daughter tells me that before his murder, Wild Bill Hickok asked you to look to her interests.

Seth: Yes, sir.

Otis: Had you ridden with, uh, Hickok on the plains?

Seth: I met him in the camp. I only knew him a few days.

Otis: And impressed him at once as being trustworthy.

Alma: They rescued a child in the wilderness and brought to justice one of the men who murdered her family.

Otis: And um, how was justice meted out?

Seth: We shot him.

(EB and Richardson Enter)

EB: Slab of beef off the chuck. Bought whole carrots and little brown potatoes. Fresh baked bread and rhubarb pie to come. Your repast awaits your mouths.

Alma: Thank you.

EB: Postprandial cigars for the men folk?

Otis: Oh, no, no, we have our own smokes.

EB: I hope you have brought ravenous appetites.

Alma: Thank you, Mr. Farnum.

(EB and Richardson leave)

Alma: *(To Otis)* He had something to do with it.

Otis: Would you prefer, Mr. Bullock, that Alma stay in the camp?

Alma: In any case, I've decided to stay.

Otis: As her advisor, I mean?

Seth: It's Mrs. Garrett's affair. If she wanted to go back east, her interest here could be seen to.

Alma: But I don't.

Otis: Well, and it would show her in a better light should title be contested.

Seth: The custom is if you give a claim your efforts and staked it or bought it fair someone would have to go some to take it away. And we've taken steps to demonstrate her activity.

Otis: And of course, if the New York courts had jurisdiction they'd sell the holdings to the highest bidder.

Seth: Not many here would give a damn what a New York court held or didn't. *(Turns to Alma)* Excuse my language.

Alma: On the contrary, Mr. Bullock, Thank you for acknowledging my presence.

Otis: I thought, button, that you were our entire preoccupation.

(EB behind screen)

EB: The man's a charlatan, Richardson, a cheat, a broad tosser and a clip. I only wonder if the daughter's been in it with him, or she's his pigeon.

Richardson: May I look, Mr. Farnum?

EB: Yes, when you've grown a full head of hair. The brass that would be, to gull your own flesh and blood.

(At the Gem, Sol has arrived to meet with Al...)

Sol: Mr. Swearengen.

Al: You own me five dollars. If you ass-fucked her, you own me seven.

Sol: No.

Al: You didn't ass-fuck her?

Sol: I'm not paying you. It wasn't to do with you, it wasn't business.

Al: Trixie! Don't you think I don't understand. I mean, what can anyone of us ever really fuckin' hope for, huh? Except for a moment here and there with a person who doesn't want to rob, steal or murder us? At night, it may happen. Sun-up, one person against the fuckin' wall, the other may hop on the fuckin' bed trusting each other enough to tell half the fucking truth. Everybody needs that. Becomes precious to 'em. They don't want to see it fucked with.

Sol: I won't pay.

Al: You pay...or she pays. No home visits. Do your visiting on the premises, 5, *(Sol slides 5 coins across the bar)* 7 for an ass-fuck.. *(Sol leaves)* *(To Trixie)* You get back to work. You sleep tonight amongst your own. Another fuckin' bottle.

(Upstairs in the hotel...)

Alma: *(Looking out window at Seth and Otis)* If we had a kitchen, Sophia, after supper we'd have retired to it, to chores and gossip on the most minute domestic matters, while the men walked and smoked and argued more important matters. And, incidentally, decided our fates.

(Out in the street, Otis and Seth are enjoying a cigar and walking along the busy street...)

Otis: Understandable, her late husband was so taken with my daughter. I didn't know him very well, but I certainly recognized his doting infatuation.

Seth: I didn't know him at all.

Otis: I admit that I had hoped she might find a man who would dote on her and more, perhaps had a surer sense of what the world was. And, apparently, I'm entitled to hope that again.

Seth: My wife and son will be joining me soon.

Otis: I'm long past judgment, Mr. Bullock, and I've learned that, no matter what people say, or how civil they seem, their passions rule. I see no reason why your wife and son's arrival need alter my hopes for my daughter's happiness or security or the security of her holdings.

Seth: I'll say goodnight, Mr. Russell. With thanks, for dinner.

Otis: That will disappoint Alma. I'm sure she didn't think she was saying goodnight when we left for our walk.

Seth: She'll be alright.

Otis: If I have offended you Mr. Bullock, I've accomplished the opposite of my intentions, which would not be an unprecedented result.

Seth: I just want to say goodnight.

Otis: Of course. Goodnight Mr. Bullock.

Seth: Goodnight then.

Otis: Trust me to explain to Alma, I'm a practiced and inveterate liar.

Alma: *(Looking out the window at her father)* If we didn't hate them too much to be curious about the world, we'd wonder what they'd had to say.

(At the Bella Union...)

Cy: Craps! Loser! Line away. You'd better not need them fingers, hoss, if you spill that drink on my goddamn felt, too.

Eddie: Hand that stick to a Captain of the floating table, Cy.

Cy: Eddie Sawyer.

Eddie: Back in action if you'll have me.

Cy: Well, alright.

Eddie: You need to take it back about that boy, Cy. Me bein' interested that way.

Cy: Aw, hell, Eddie, you know me. I get in a brown study, I'll say any goddamn thing that comes to mind – withdrawn, with apologies.

Eddie: Comin' out. New Shooter.

Leon: (*Loudly*) Are we that far west that we've wound up in fuckin' China? Where a white man kowtows to a celestial like that arrogant cocksucker Wu!

Cy: Take it easy, Leon.

Leon: Sticks in my craw, Mr. Tolliver. Do I have my weaknesses? Yes. But I will not have a fuckin' chink courier rob me blind and have my friend Jimmy Irons robbed blind in the course of feedin' off our fuckin' weaknesses or have that courier's fuckin' chink boss—issue an order to Al Swearengen that's supposed to be so fuckin' tough to turn one of us over! Swearengen kowtows and turns one of us over to be eaten by the fuckin' Chinese pigs! This fuckin' gets to me. I can't put it out of my fuckin' mind.

Cy: Leon, Leon, Leon. Thin it out, Leon. Prune the patter down, hmm?

Eddie: For the winner, pay the field.

Joanie: Hi, Eddie.

Eddie: Hi, Kitten.

Joanie: You and Cy reconciled?

Eddie: Thick as thieves. And if I weren't as good at what I did you'd see I just palmed 80 in chips for the Joanie Stubbs construction fund. (*Thumbs nose*)

Joanie: Hi, Cy.

Cy: Hi, Joanie. What are you doin' givin' Joanie the office, Eddie?

Eddie: Sayin' "Welcome Home."

Cy: Are you home, honey?

Joanie: I gave up waiting for that search party you didn't send, Cy.

Cy: Mind if I show Joanie my peacock, Eddie? Find land for your plot yet?

Joanie: I'm still looking. I see the pest tent's coming down.

Cy: Ah, it's too far off 'til the camp expands. You'd want a more central plot, say frontin' Cochran's Alley.

Joanie: Well, those all seem took by the Chinese.

Cy: Well, you never know how that shit's gonna shake out.

Leon: Those Chinese cocksuckers!

Eddie: A new shooter comin' out!

(*Seth arrives back at the hardware store...*)

Seth: That man's not here to help his daughter. He's lookin' to root at her claim. You went to see that whore again?

Sol: I guess she had to account for her bein' outside and Swearengen sent for me to pay him his fee. I guess she'd told him where she'd been.

Seth: It might have been me he found out from, Sol. 'Cause I'm sometimes that stupid.

Sol: You think it could have been you?

Seth: I'm sure it was, speakin' without thinkin', justifying being in this place.

Sol: Bein' you'd been ousted from your own.

Seth: I was hot seein' that tinhorn Stapleton gettin' installed as sheriff, and I used poor fuckin' judgment.

Sol: Sorry Mrs. Garrett's Pa turns out a shitheel.

Seth: Cold enough world without gettin' gone against by your own.

Al: Now, I see what the fuck's in front of me, and I don't pretend it's somethin' else. I was fuckin' her and now I'm gonna fuck you, if you don't piss me off or open your yap at the wrong fuckin' time. The only time you're to open - you're supposed to open your yap is so I can put my fuckin' prick in it. Otherwise, you shut the fuck up. Now, hold onto that, huh? (*Hands bottle over*) Point is, the minister's gotta fuckin' die. I mean, that's the—that's the fuckin' point. He's gonna die sooner or later I mean, he's makin' a fuckin' jerk of himself, and, I mean, well, why—why go on with that? Who's—who's gonna benefit from that, huh? No, you just gotta kill it and put an end to it. You -- you don't linger on about it, you don't fuckin' go around weepin' about it, and you don't, you know, behave like a kid with a sore thumb, you know, a loco suckin' it, now "mmm, my poor fucking thumb!" I mean, you—you gotta behave like a grown fuckin' man, huh? You gotta shut the fuck up. Don't be sorry, don't look fuckin' back, because, believe me, no one gives a fuck. You understand?

Whore: Yeah.

Al: You shut the fuck up, huh? Gimme that! (*Grabs bottle*) Hey, you suck my dick and shut the fuck up, huh? Come here. Come on. Now then, here. The place where I found you, huh, is where this warrant's from. Could you believe that I may have stuck a knife in someone's guts 12 hours before you got on the wagon we headed out for fuckin' Laramie in? No! Because I don't look fuckin' backwards. I do what I have to do and go on. Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, what? You got a stagecoach to catch or somethin', huh? Slow the fuck up. Did you know the orphanage part of the building you lived in, behind it, she ran a whorehouse, huh? Oh, so you knew? So, so what are you fuckin' lookin' at then, huh? God. Now, I'll tell you somethin' you don't know. Before she ran a girls orphanage, fat Mrs. Fucking Anderson ran the boys orphanage on fucking Euclid avenue, as I would see her fat ass waddling out the boys dormitory at 5 o'clock in the fucking mornin', every fuckin' morning she blew her stupid fuckin' cowbell and woke us all the fuck up. And my fuckin' mother dropped me the fuck off there with 7 dollars and 60 some odd fuckin' cents on her way to suckin' cock in...in Georgia. And I didn't get to count the fuckin' cents before the fuckin' door opened, and there, Mrs. Fat Ass Fuckin' Anderson, who sold you to me. I had to give her 7 dollars and 60 odd fuckin' cents that my mother shoved in my fuckin' hand before she hammered 1,2,3,4 times on the fuckin' door and scurried off down fuckin' Euclid Avenue, probably 30 fuckin' years before you were fuckin' born. Then around Cape Horn and up to San Francisco, where she probably became Mayor or some other type success story, unless by some fucking chance she wound up as a ditch for fuckin' cum. Now, fucking go faster, hmm? (*grunting*) Okay, go ahead and spit it out. You don't need to swallow. You just spit it out. Mmm. Anyways.

Cast:

Timothy Olyphant	Seth Bullock
Ian McShane	Al Swearengen
Molly Parker	Alma Garret
Jim Beaver	Ellsworth
Brad Dourif	Doc Cochran
John Hawkes	Sol Star
Paula Malcomson	Trixie
Leon Rippy	Tom Nuttall
William Sanderson	Eustis Bailly (E.B.) Farnum
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
W. Earl Brown	Dan Dority
Dayton Callie	Charlie Utter
Sean Bridgers	Johnny Burns
Larry Cedar	Leon
Kim Dickens	Joanie Stubbs
Zach Grenier	Andy Cramed
Peter Jason	Con Stapleton
Ricky Jay	Eddie Sawyer
Geri Jewell	Jewel
Jeffrey Jones	A.W. Merrick
Ashleigh Kizer	
Ray McKinnon	Reverend H.W. Smith (as Raymond McKinnon)
Ralph Richeson	Pete
William Russ	Otis Russell
Bree Seanna Wall	Sophia Metz
Titus Welliver	Silas Adams

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