

Episode 12 - "Sold Under Sin"

(We see Al on porch, Dan brings him coffee)

Rev: My darling wife, I have 68 dollars put by *(panting)* our belly cleaveth to the earth *(panting)* I hope to be home soon Amanda. I'll help with the cider pressing. *(groaning – seizure)*. Our soul is bowed to the earth.

Al (to Dan): Tell Johnny brew some coffee, open some peaches.

Johnny: Who are they?

Dan: It's that magistrate, some with soldier saddles.

Johnny: Al knew they was comin'

Dan: Well, he knew somethin' was comin'.

Johnny: I'd about decided he just couldn't sleep without Trixie.

Magistrate Claggett: General Crook bear's victory's garland for having routed the miniconjous at Slim Buttes.

Al: Well done, General.

General: The first meeting out of recompense for the massacre at the Little Big Horn. Am I right in saying that I saw you last year in the hills?

Al: Amongst them you gave the boot to? Said you'd see us back once the treaty got amended.

Magistrate Claggett: The day the general spoke of...fast approaches, even now he's called to Camp Robinson...

Johnny (to Dan): *(whispering)* I'm waiting for Al to collect Claggett by the scruff of the neck.

Magistrate Claggett: He and his men would require some resupply and respite.

Al: Stopped at the right fuckin' place.

General: Respite, Mr. Swearngen, short of the men becoming dissolute or drawn to desertion.

Al: Unsaddled, allowed to gamble, roll in the dust, hmm?

General: But not so they'd balk at reharness.

Al: I'll make your feelings known to the other operators.

General: I and my fellow officers would be grateful now for the use of the bathhouse.

Al: Mr. Burns here'll steer you. For those that avenged Custer, if it ain't to dissolute, the camp will want a parade.

General: A parade is alright.

Al: Forego your bath a moment Magistrate. Unless you want a girl to sponge you while we converse. So did young Adams deliver my message?

Magistrate Claggett: I haven't seen young Adams.

Al: No?

Magistrate Clagett: I haven't been to Yankton. I've been representing the territory in the treaty negotiations.

Al: Well, as to bribing you further for help with that warrant against me, beyond the 5,000 you've already pocketed, the gist was fuck yourself.

Magistrate Clagett: Do now you reconsider?

Al: No Magistrate, I do not. Not if you've seen Adams or if you haven't seen Adams.

Magistrate Clagett: Well, that would be imprudent, Al. A failure to properly value your freedom in the promising days ahead.

Al: Maybe you don't value keeping your fucking guts inside your belly enough.

Magistrate Clagett: Those are the days behind us.

Al: No, those are the days to my fucking left.

Magistrate Clagett: I didn't generate the warrant. My disappearance won't quash it. You can't murder an order or the telegraph that transmitted it, or those that are content to put food on the table simply by being its instruments. It can't be done.

Al: Get the fuck out of my joint.

Merrick: Although this may appear to be a purely fortuitous accident, you're not in this Johnny Burns --- I would be less than honest if I did not admit that I was, in fact, lying in wait, in ambush, if you will.

General: Sir make your first effort count.

Merrick: Seconds away. Now, General, your most victorious smile.....Alright. Stern and resolute.

Al: This bloated tick, Claggett, feeding on the neck of the fucking Military.

Dan: I guess he bought his bag man back.

Al: Who I commissioned to kill him. He proclaims their paths never crossed.

Dan: Guess he would.

EB: Can you imagine Al, that as mayor, I might like to learn the cavalry's in camp, other than by comin' upon them posing for photographs in the goddamned thoroughfare.

Al: Calvary's in camp, EB.

EB: At whose behest?

Al: The people, as always.

EB: To what purpose?

Al: A parade's in the offing. They've had a victory over the dirtworshippers. Will you lead the Hosannas?

EB: Well, I suppose that's part of my mandate. (*priceless look on Dan's face*) Might'n I also coordinate satisfaction of the forces logistical needs?

Al: I hope you charge something for your service.

(*Doc walks in*)

EB: Calvary's in camp Doc. May I number you in the reception committee?

Doc: Fuck the cavalry and the committee that receives 'em.

Trixie:Hi Doc.

Al: (Pointing to Dan., chewing a peach) Fuckin' Magistrate don't go back to Yankton alive.

Doc: Trixie, seen Jewel anywheres?

Trixie: Common room, sweepin'

Dan: Hey Doc? What you got in your tote sac?

Doc: Lettuce.

Doc: Set your broom to one side and sit down. I said put your broom aside.

Jewel: You have to remove it from my clutches.

Doc: OK, Alright. I make this stipulation. You develop any stiffness or numbness, you report these. You do not conceal these symptoms in order to sustain your hopes for the miraculous benefits of your fuckin' boot.

Jewel: That's my fuckin' boot?

Doc: You lose a leg, your other conditions will prevent you from moving around at all, and I will not have you lost the mobility that you do have for the sake of a few weeks illusion.

Jewel: I'll report stiffness or numbness.

Doc: Alright. AND PAIN OR DISCOMFORT! DON'T YOU BE THE DOCTOR! YOU REPORT THE SYMPTOMS, I WILL DETERMINE THEIR SIGNIFICANCE!

Jewel: Don't yell Doc!

Doc: I am yelling because I want to make sure you goddamn understand me.

Jewel: I do. I understand.

Doc: Alright. Here's your goddamn boot.

Jewel: Help me put it on.

Al: Walk in unannounced is a good way to get yourself killed, Doc. Especially as the cavalry has us besieged.

Doc: I'm here about the minister. He's over at my place, past my art if I had any. He's damn near blind and mostly paralyzed. Past controlling his functions.

Al: Well you're preachin' to the fuckin' converted. I mean, I would've seen to him, but I've been fucking busy.

Doc: Well, he doesn't want to be seen to like that.

Al: What the fuck are we talking about?

Doc: A man being cared for and made comfortable 'til he expires. Girls you put to the task, deduct your time from my pay.

Al: I get the bag of shit.

Doc: You get to care for a human being in his last extremity.

Al: I human being in his last extremity is a bag of shit.

Doc: Aw, FUCK YOU AL!

Al: I'll send someone over to pick him up.

Doc: I made Jewel a brace and a boot.

Al: Does it allay the fuckin' noise she makes when she drags her leg about?

Doc: The noise bothers you so much, put cotton in your ears.

Al: Get the fuck out of here, Doc, huh? I'm working on my deployments and flanking maneuvers. How about the other one?

Doc: Trixie's fine.

Al: Johnny! Take the sled to Doc Cochran's and collect the fuckin' minister and install him in the whore's quarters. Tell that other one to make up the fuckin' room.

Johnny: Trixie?

Leon: These rags were fine broadcloth shirts before I brung 'em to launder, huh?

Chinaman: six, six bits

Leon: No, no, you told me....

Cy (to Stapleton): Looks like a deteriorating situation Sheriff.

Stapleton: Yup. Too frequent to be born. Down right intolerable.

Leon: Six bits a goddamn piece, you hear me? What the fuck you talkin' about? Look at this goddamn shit. What is that?

Stapleton: I hope that slant eyed cocksucker's look ain't as arrogant close up as it appears from this distance!

Leon: Smells like shit. You celestials are tryin' to wash our shit in goddamned feces!

Otis: Mining gold Alma, is a different business from panning it in a stream. The machinery involved, wages, it demands capital. If, as seems clear you've determined to stay, I could see after your requirements in NY, secure your holdings credit as its eastern representative. Would that please you?

Alma: I – I don't know, Daddy. I'm not sure it would.

Otis: Why not?

Alma: I'm not sure I can explain beyond saying the prospect frightens me.

Otis: Must the pretense of my behavior generating from paternal concern be abandoned so quickly?

Alma: If you acknowledge what else it generates from, I'll not abandon the idea at all.

Otis: From my debts. Of course.

Alma: You said they'd been entirely satisfied.

Otis: They had, entirely. Those debts.

Alma: These are debts you hadn't admitted?

Otis: No, these are debts I incurred subsequently. We might call them the children of the debts that I admitted to.

Alma: Generating from the interest on the previous debts.

Otis: Alma, watching you struggle with what is beneath your spirit to understand is always painful for me. After you got me out of debt, I got myself back in.

Alma: Having volunteered a promise you had...wept and volunteered.

Otis: Conceive my own disappointment.

Alma: Oh, Daddy.

Otis: 47,000 button.

Alma: 47,000?

Otis: Has scale doesn't it? Certainly there's something to that.

Alma: Who would give you that much credit?

Otis: My daughter becoming a Garrett raised me in the lender's estimation.

Alma: I could borrow that much against the claim.

Otis: In an instant...and considerably more.

Alma: Alright, Daddy. But in consideration you will remove yourself from further connection to the venture. I'll have that in writing before I help you.

Otis: No darling. You'll help me and you'll have no such thing.

Alma: Get away from her. Get away from her!

Utter: Meal's on me young lady.

Joanie: Why thank you, sir.

Utter: My friend Jane repaid some money I thought never to see. Plus that two dollars some odd for Mrs. Garrett give that girl. Fines she levied against herself for sayin' "fuck" or the like.

EB: Something amiss Mrs. Garrett? Has the Child took ill?

Utter: I'll give her the money later.

Sol: Seth.

Seth: What is it Mrs. Garrett?

Sol: Seth, I've got to go do that....thing.

Seth: What is it?

Alma: Whatever impression my father has made on you, please believe me Mr. Bullock, who has known him longer, that he is here in his own interest and against mine and this child's.

Seth: I do.

Alma: And I need your help. I'm asking for your help.

Seth: You have it.

Merrick: Having confessed to the miserable outcome of my commemorative effort, I'll throw myself on General Crook's mercy and ask for a second opportunity.

Sol: I'll be surprised if he doesn't give it to you. They love....(HW Store door opens)
To have their pictures taken. (Runs off to meet Seth) What happened?

Seth: Get away from me, Sol.

Sol: What is it?

Seth: Get away.

Sol: Should I stay with her at the store?

Seth: Please.

EB: Anti-meridian constitutional Mr. Russell, or will we roll the bones again?

Otis: It must cost you sleep, the guests you drive off, the chances of theivin' and bilkin' you lose needing to rub against your betters.

Seth: You and I are gonna talk.

Otis: You don't account for my preferences Mr. Bullock?

Seth: I will beat you here in the street.

Otis: First rate thinking. My daughter's agent beats her father in the street. How better to condemn Alma to deepened suspicion as to her role in her husband's violent death. And widen suspicion to include yourself.

Some Guy: Shoot craps Mr. Bullock?

EB: I know what's in the till.

Otis: Were you bullied, Mr. Bullock, when young and incapable? Now you see wrongs everywhere and bullying you feel called to remedy? (to Eddie) Ten lay due.

Eddie: New Shooter comin' out.

Otis: The bully who oppressed your youth. Isn't at the table with us. Perhaps he's long dead.

Eddie: Eight.

Otis: If you would view the present with more clarity, perhaps you'd recognize that I'm not victimizing my daughter, but merely asking for a small portion of the ample proceeds...from her veins.

Eddie: Seven out.

Otis: Alma is hurt only in your particular view of things. -- (To eddie) Ten again, lay due.—and while I'll sign no guarantee not to return against any future claim on her compassion, realize I do hate it here. And if you inhale and expel pure righteousness, my olfactories are keen to the smell of shit.

Eddie: Six, the point is six.

Otis: Having heard all that, and knowing, as you must, the injudiciousness of making an enemy of a man who could testify truthfully that 5 minutes before her marriage, he heard his daughter wish her prospective husband dead, and who won't shrink from lying as to what she admitted to him on his arrival in this cesspool as to her complicity in her husband's murder. I suppose you'd best take your swing.

Eddie: Gentlemen. Watch the felt.

Sol: Seth! Seth! Seth!

Seth: Alright. Leave this camp, and draw a map for anyone who wants to believe your fuckin' lies. Anyone who wants to put your daughter or her holdings in jeopardy, you show 'em how to get here. And you tell 'em I'll be waiting.

Alma: Please...see to my father.

(Mr Wu Shouting)

Stapleton: Now gentlemen stay back! This ain't no single shot derringer!

Leon: He tried to blind me with that lye Sheriff. I show him what he done to my shirts.

(Mr Wu yelling)

Leon: Fuck that monkey noise!

Stapleton: Alright enough! 'Til I can sort out all the full particulars here.

Leon: You may be a big shot in this alley but you are less than a nigger to me!

(Mr Wu yelling at Leon)

Stapleton: Quiet! Or you'll be subject to reprimand.

(Mr Wu yelling)

Stapleton: Take jurisdiction on this corpse!

(Mr Wu yelling)

Guy: Back off old man.

General: The Sioux and the Cheyenne having burned the prairie to deny us fodder for our mounts. Our provisions limited to what we could carry. We turned for the Black Hills when the rains began.

Crazy Guy: Where my Bay mare Sharon foundered, and he had her shot.

General: That march through mud was a trial sent by God. And harsh necessity required of us much suffering and great sacrifice.

Crazy Guy: Ate our fuckin' horses.

General: Continuing south, we proved out worth against the Indian. We came upon a village at Slim Buttes, at once attacked from all four sides. Their resistance was overcome. There were no prisoners.

Crazy Guy: Paid 'em out man, woman and child for me, havin' eaten my mare.

General: And after the village was taken, we found the gloves of Captain Keogh, last seen on his person when he rode into battle with the valiant Custer.— Captain---This is the guidon of the 7th cavalry captured by the Sioux at the Little Bighorn. And now reclaimed by white men! Chief American Horse and his village are gone, driven off. From this day forward....

Crazy Guy: Where's that cunt?

General: Any Sioux who will not make peace at Camp Robinson...

Stapleton (To Seth): I'm glad you witnessed that transaction among the celestials. You know they'll bow and scrape 'til 6 of 'em get together, then no fuckin' white man's safe.

General: ...to the progress of the United States, of which I am certain this camp will soon be a part.

EB: Huzzah!

All: Huzzah!

Seth (To Stapleton): Next murder you do on an errand, gotta take off the fuckin' badge.

Stapleton: Not certain I take your inference. And if I do, I'm not sure I like it.

(Seth takes badge off Stapleton's lapel and throws it in the mud)

Nuttall: Leave it there you bought out sonofabitch.

General: Captain Bubb is the Quartermaster and commissary officer. Should he deal with you?

EB: Exclusively. EB Farnum...

General: That's Captain Bubb

EB: ...Mayor, and as to procurement of everything listed your civilian counterpart.

Merrick: General Crook, Uh, I believe I have you verbatim, but if you'd just grant me a moment to confirm?

General: Oh My God.

Merrick: Um, "The Sioux and Cheyenne, having burned the prairie..."

(Seth pick up badge)

Merrick: “denying us fodder for our mounts and provisions.....will soon be apart.

Magistrate Clagett: You’ll find this hotel the least of all evils.

General: Does it belong to that mayor?

Bearded Cook Guy: Yes, but I can check you in.

Cy: General, Cyrus Tolliver. Small gesture of gratitude. I’d like you to quarter at my place.

Merrick: (*coughing*) Brothel! (*clears throat*) Excuse me.

General: Well that portion to my use would have to be closed to other purposes.

Cy: (*chuckling*) Well, that’d make it a large gesture, but uh, we’ll work somethin’ out.

General: Send my trunk General Bubb.

Bubb: Yes, Sir.

EB: This is a tremendous number of provisions, Captain, But, of course, you’re buyin’ for full grown men.

(*Wu enters Gem through back door, walks upstairs*)

Soldier: I won’t do a two on one. Take turns like white men.

Seth (*to Dan*): I don’t care if the whole US Calvary walks in here, you don’t want to pour another drink. You just want to listen to me, cause if the man doesn’t die whose face I just broke, he’s gonna go to New York City and tell Brom Garrett’s people it breaks his heart to say so, but his daughter had their son murdered. He’ll tell ‘em. Knowin how he does, they won’t want their son’s rightful property in the hands of the woman who killed him. He’ll swear to what he heard from her own lips, and those society people in New York City who live with their heads up their asses anyway, will believe him. And whoever they send out here may take up to 15 minutes before they decide that you were involved in the transaction first to last. It must have been you and your boss hired to push her idiot husband off the cliff. ‘Course they’ll be wrong about Mrs. Garrett, but they’ll be right as rain about you two cocksuckers. You tell him all that upstairs.

Dan: IF he don’t die.

Seth: If he don’t die. I don’t think I killed him.

Dan: Just so I understand you, if he don’t die, you’re sayin’ the man’s luck don’t have to hold out. Now, that’s the message you want me to take upstairs.

Seth: I don’t swim in that shit.

Dan: You ought to pin that on your chest. You’re hypocrite enough to wear it.

Seth: You just tell him.

Al: When did you start thinking every wrong had a remedy, Wu? Did you come to camp for justice or to make your fuckin’ way?

(*Wu goes downstairs and exits through back door*)

(Johnny drags Rev in)

Bam! It's magically nighttime.

(Hardware Store)

Sol: I'm sensing you've done things today you wish you could amend, Seth.

Seth: What kind of man have I become, Sol?

Sol: I don't know, the day ain't fucking over.

Al: Under what provocation was that clown-hatted card shark when he slaughtered the chink?

Johnny: I was head-down Al, towin' that minister like a canal mule.

Al: Well, in the aftermath, when you raised your fucking head, did Stapleton act like a fucking frightened man?

Johnny: More struttin' like a dung heel rooster.

Al: Put-up fucking job. That fucknut Tolliver's moving on Chinatown.

EB: That devious fucknut.

Al: Far as this matter Bullock commended to our attention.

Dan: Well, it's the exact type of murder you preach, Al. head off trouble down the road.

Al: You head off trouble down the road once you've dealt with the trouble on it.

EB: The trouble on the road, Dan, is Al's enemy Magistrate Claggett's cozy-seeming connection to the military. If genuine, Al must decide. Ought he seek some alliance with Claggett, how ever temporary or dissembled?

Al: At least until you're paid for the army's order.

Dan: They're all in the same fuckin' place. Tolliver, the widow's father, Claggett. I can take care of all of 'em in one fell swoop.

Al: What about half of the Calvary while your talon's are out, huh?

Dan: I'll tell you, by God, you cut that fuckin' general's throat, you'll...you'll hurry the pace of desertion.

EB: *(chuckling)*

Dan: Did I say somethin' funny?

Al: That cocksucker Claggett's bag man. *(To Dan)* Moderation in all things.

Soldier: Thank You

Sol: Thank you, sir.

Soldier: Much obliged.

Sol: Good Luck.

(Seth shakes Sol's hand and leaves)

Cy: Full respect to the Magistrate Claggett general, eager as we are to get taken into the territory, those wheels grind slow, while everyday in this camp and environs,

tens of thousands of dollars in gold get cleaned up, put into circulation. It's an environment to test the moral mettle if we was all members of some religious organization. Which we ain't. (Wine is offered to the General – he refuses) Are we sure we can't tempt you?

General: I'm sure.

Cy: A small fraction of your detachment left behind, a dozen or 18 men, say, would keep the criminal element in check. Cash compensation, unrecorded.

General: To defend against threats from without, I suggest the camp create a militia. For civil discords and property disagreements, have you hired a Sheriff?

Cy: (*chuckling*) yeah, we got one.

Magistrate Claggett: Did you say to me earlier Mr. Tolliver, that you imagined that the chief use of the military presence was to buttress the Sheriff's authority?

General: Such indirection for a tawdry purpose.

Cy: \$50,000 in Gold. I want those soldiers, General. That direct enough?

Seth: May I speak?

Cy: Mr. Bullock.

Seth: I was a Marshal in Montana, my father served in the British Royal Army, and my brother Robert was a Cavalryman, killed fighting the comancheros in Texas.

General: Why are you here Mr. Bullock?

Seth: A man named Otis Russell is laid up in this establishment. He needs protection.

General: Protection from whom?

Seth: Several in this camp. I beat him badly. Others have reason to wish him dead, and the camp Sheriff can be bought off for half a can of bacon grease.

General: Well while we're here, I will hold Mr. Russell under protection as a gesture to your brother's sacrifice.

Seth: Thank you, sir.

General: I would add, in a camp where the Sheriff can be bought for bacon grease, a man, a former Marshal, who understands the danger of his own temperament, he might consider serving his fellows.

Bubb: May I have a word General?

Seth: I'm through. Thank You.

General: We all have bloody thoughts. Captain Bubb?

Bubb: That gopher faced merchant's agent he's trying for our eye teeth, general. I'd rather we provision with the fuckin' Sioux. I have 3 men under guard for burying their uniforms and 5 for bartering their weapons.

General: Bartering them for what?

Bubb: Women, credit at the table and prospecting tools.

General: Goddamn it. Form up the men. We'll bivouac tonight outside of camp. At daylight we head for Camp Robinson.

Magistrate Claggett: Please allow me to seek remedy in the manner of resupply, general.

General: We move for Camp Robinson, Magistrate, with or without your company.

Magistrate Claggett: That I quite understand.

Cy: 12 men General. \$50,000.

General: If I were Sheriff I'd have you hanged.

Joanie: I brought these.

Alma: Are these my father's?

Joanie: Collected off the Bella Union floor. Maybe model replacements after, maybe just remind him not to run his mouth.

Alma: Miss Stubbs, will you please come in?

Joanie: Oh, Alright.

Sophia: Joanie!

Joanie: Hi Sweetheart!

Alma: We will live though, that seems clear?

Joanie: Seems he will.

Alma: Mr. Bulloch was my agent in this.

Joanie: On our way from Syracuse to Indiana so my daddy could try farming, my mama got cholera and died. He didn't make any better a farmer than millinery clerk, but he had a way enough with words to get me believing that my mama in heaven wanted me to see to his needs. And then to add to the egg money by seeing to the men he brought, and she wanted me talkin' my sisters into seein' to his needs, and then to the men, 'til he sold me to Cy Tolliver. If he was here, I'd wish a beating mornings and evenings on my daddy, like your Pa took today.

(Knocking on door – women jump out of their skin)

Joanie: Oh.

(Alma opens door)

Seth:Evenin'.

Alma: Good evening Mr. Bullock.

Joanie: Are you hungry honey? Why don't we go down to that little restaurant and have some dinner?

Alma: Um, Sophia. You go with Miss Stubbs for dinner, Okay?

(Joanie and Sophia leave, Seth closes door)

Alma: Would you like to sit down, Mr. Bullock?

Seth: Until your father's well enough to travel, I've asked General Crook to see to his safety.

Alma: Thank You.

Seth: If he were to leave once he's well and return to act against your interest, we'll deal with that then.....I stand before you a married man.

Alma: yes, to your brother's widow, after he was killed. You took their 5 year old bout as your own son.

Seth: Married.

Alma: Yes.

(Kiss Kiss Kiss)

Seth: If you'd um, if you'd be more comfortable behind the screen.

Alma: Wouldn't that defeat our purpose?

Al: Young Adams. No Satchel, No Case? But now, don't tell me you shrunk that magistrate's head so you can carry it around in your coat. And that warrant against me now quashed, just peekin' out of his tiny mouth?

Silas: I didn't get the chance to kill him. He'd left Yankton by the time I got there. And I figured I'd catch him here.

Al: Well maybe you're here to implement his fuckin' intentions against me.

Silas: I guess you chew at it a while, you could work out how it could be that way.

Al: Havin' given me time as he has to escape my angry mood, if I continue to ignore his fuckin' extortions.

Silas: Is that how you left it with him? He's comin' back here to see you?

Al: Give you time to make up which side you're on, Adams. If the cocksucker would ever show up.

(Al & Rev & Johnny)

Rev: I, for that which I do, I allow not for...what I would that I do not, for---what I would, that I do not, for---

Al *(to Trixie):* Get out.

Rev: But what I hate, that, too, I---now, if I would do what I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.

Al: Johnny. Shut the door.

Doc: If was a more adaptable primate or one of your regular petitioners, I suspect I wouldn't feel this pain. I guess I—I'd have a wad of cartilage covering the patella, protecting me from this—this discomfort.
Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ, Just Please, God.

Take that Minister.

What conceivable Godly use is his protracted suffering to you? What conceivable Godly use? What conceivable Godly use was the screaming of all those men? Did you, did you need to hear their death agonies to know your—your omnipotence? Mama! Mother find my arm! Mommy! Mommy! Mommy they—they shot my leg off it hurts so bad. It hurts so bad.

Admitting my understanding's imperfection, trusting that you have a purpose, praying that you consider it served, I beg you to relent. Thy Will Be Done, Amen.

Al: Whoa

Rev: Oh!

Al: Shh...

Rev: Oh, Oh, Oh—

Al: Shh... You want to be a road agent? Deal out death when called upon? Make a proper seal, stop up the breath, apply pressure even and firm, like packin' a snowball.

You go now, brother.

Dan: Al, that...(choked up) Magistrate's here. I-I got those other two guys waitin' upstairs.

Al: join 'em. (Closes the rev's eyes) Get the sled for him, huh?

(Al, leaving room, wiping at tears)

Magistrate Clagett: Things are in the saddle, Al.

Al: Tell me what you mean upstairs, huh?

(in office)

Al: Adams, your employee, and his butler.

Magistrate Clagett: yes, how are you, Adams?

Silas: I'm alright sir. We missed each other in Yankton.

Magistrate Clagett: Yes, I was in the company of General Crook.

Al: Adams bore you the message to try fucking yourself.

Magistrate Clagett: And here he is in your office.

Silas: Well I figured I'd catch up with you here.

Al: Do you no longer serve his interests is what he seems to wonder. Adams, for his part, is stone-featured, steeled in his purpose.

Dan: Which he'd be.

Al: Wherever his allegiance may lay. Well, be that as it may, Magistrate, living as we all do in doubt, please proceed.

Magistrate Clagett: General Crook's at the point of making a decision whether to garrison some number of soldiers here. Or to leave the camp to find it's own way. I understand your strong preference in this regard. You must understand that for whatever reason, General Crook has come to trust me. And rely on my counsel exclusively. The appropriate gesture made by you towards me would lead me to dissuade the general from the garrison option, as well as clear away from above the cloud of uncertainty regarding your personal liabilities. Namely the incident in Chicago.

Al: You have the document of inquiry from Chicago?

Magistrate Clagett: The murder warrant. Yes, Al. I do.

Al: On your person?

Magistrate Clagett: Yes. Make the appropriate gesture and the constable hand of the past will no longer weigh upon you.

Al: What man couldn't that be said about? (looking to Silas)

(Knife to throat – Slit! Spill – Whoops!)

Silas: I'll be happy to give you this paper when you take that fuckin gun off me. Both of them.

Al: Swaddle the cocksucker and dispose of him. His money and effects are yours.

Silas: That don't count towards the 2,000.

Al: No I still owe you the two.

Seth: Crooks troops are mustering. I didn't think you father would have to travel so soon.

Alma: I don't begrudge him an uncomfortable journey.

Seth: I'll see him secured. After that he'd on his own.

(knocking)

Al: Doc! *(knock knock)* Doc!

Doc: It's your---your competition. Or is that one of your fucking heresies?

Al: He passed.

Doc: Lemme help you bring him inside.

Al: A wily cocksucker, huh? Waited 'til I got him off the sled, huh? I would have let him lay in state, but I need the room for my whores.

Doc: Thanks for seein' him through.

Al: Are you gonna probe into his noggin now to see what went amiss?

Doc: No, not tonight. Tonight I plan to drink in.

Al: Announcing your plans is a good way to hear God laugh.

Dan: I told him but we ain't had time to act on your request yet.

Seth: yeah, I know.

Dan: 'S been a busy night.

Al: Bullock, what is it?

Seth: We need to talk.

Doc: Right.

Al: Yeah OK. Doc, I'm gonna be a few minutes, huh? See this man gets his shine, huh? Come on.

Jewel: Hi Doc!

Doc: How you doin'?

Jewel: No stiffness or numbness.

Doc: Well, let me see you move around a bit.

Dan: That'll give you a shine (hands doc a shot)

Jewel: How do I look?

Doc: How you feel's the goddamn question.

Jewel: I feel good!

Doc: Well, good.

Jewel: Hey Doc, give me a whirl.

Doc: no, no.

Jewel: Come on, I'll teach you how.

Doc: no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I won't, mmm---no.

Seth: There's a bloodstain on your floor.

Al: yeah, I'm uh, I'm gonna get to that. Crooks forces in full retreat.
Seth: Taking Mrs. Garrett's father with 'em.
Al: Up and about so quick.
Seth: He's slung over a mule.
Al: Alive is my point. Dority give me to understand you'd just as soon as seen him dead.
Seth: If that man comes back to the camp, he'd be my problem to deal with.
Al: The way you and Hickok dealt with Ned mason.
Seth: No. I'll be the fuckin' Sheriff.
Al: Startin' when?
Seth: Startin' now.
Al: You have the tin?
Seth: I do.
Al: Produce it. On the tit.
Seth: I know where it goes.
Al: (*raises a shot*) Huzzah.

Soldier: Hey General! You sonofabitch! Woo-Hoo-Hoo-Hoo-Hoo! Woo! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!
Al: You know I've never spoken to her since she come to camp. You reckon that's another reason not to kill her old man, besides whatever's goin' on between the two of you.
Seth: yeah.
Al: Anyways, Sheriff, I'm gonna walk past that blood stain that mysteriously appeared and go oversee my business interests. Take your time.

Jewel: (*kickin up her heels*) Say "I'm as nimble as a forest creature."
Doc: You're as nimble as a forest creature.
Jewel: No, say it about yourself.
Doc: I'm as nimble...as a forest creature.

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	Eustis Baily (E.B.) Farnum
Sanderson	
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
W. Earl Brown	Dan Dority

Dayton Callie	Charlie Utter
Marshall Bell	Magistrate Claggett
Powers Boothe	Cy Tolliver
Sean Bridgers	Johnny Burns
Larry Cedar	Leon
Peter Coyote	General Crook
Rick Dano	
Tim De Zarn	(as Tim deZarn)
Kim Dickens	Joanie Stubbs
Meghan Glennon	Lila
Peter Jason	Stapleton
Ricky Jay	Eddie Sawyer
Geri Jewell	Jewel
Jeffrey Jones	A.W. Merrick
Michael David Lally	
Al Leong	Laundryman
Mike McGrath	
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
Zack Whedon	
Keone Young	Mr. Wu

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