



Episode 13

“A Lie Agreed Upon, Part 1”

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(Outside of Deadwood, we see horses running, carrying a stagecoach. Inside, we see who we now know to be Martha Bullock, her son William, Maddie and a set of three new whores seated across from them. William looks excited, the whores looked bored. As the stagecoach jostles them around, William is watching the cleavage on the third whore bouncing away. He smiles. Martha catches him and kicks his foot. Maddie is looking out the stagecoach curtains. Cut to the hills right outside of Deadwood where men are erecting telephone poles.)

(Alma’s room. She opens the door, Seth, on the other side, takes off his hat...)

Seth: Morning.

Alma: Good morning, Mr. Bullock.

Sophia: *(Studying at the desk with her new tutor)* Ox, Box, Fox.

Miss Isringhausen: Mr. Bullock.

Seth: Good morning. Good morning, Sophia. Sorry to interrupt your lesson.

Sophia: We’re finished.

Miss Isringhausen: No, we’re not, Sophia, and we’ll continue downstairs.

(They exit, Alma shuts the door after them.)

(Al’s office. We see the back of his head...)

Adams: Hills get divided into three counties. Each county has a commissioner.

Al: Appointed by fucking who?

Adams: The governor.

Al: When the fuck does that happen?

Adams: It already did.

Al: *(Leans forward)* Anyone I know?

Adams: *(Shakes his head no.)* They’re all from Yankton.

Al: *(looks down)* Well, being as you’re the bearer of unsettling news, why don’t you step the fuck inside? *(Adams closes the door)* No one from the fucking hills, huh?

Adams: All Pennington’s people.

Dan: Saves time. Just travel to one destination, murder the three of ‘em. See how they like being commissioner after they’re dead.

(Al considers this, rubbing his hands.)

(At the Bella Union, Joanie knocks on door #7. Lila opens the door a crack.)

Joanie: Coach coming, Lila.

Lila: With your friend and her girls?

Joanie: I don’t know. It’s still way up in the hills.

Lila: You want me to come watch with you?

Joanie: Oh, no, no. Well, okay. Well, do whatever you want, but I'll wait outside for you. *(Walks off.)*

(Alma's room. She and Bullock are seated at the desk.)

Seth: All the invoices other than this mission from Hendy Iron have been acted on.

Alma: I see.

Seth: You'll note I've made partial payment to them...

Alma: Yes.

Seth: Questioning a possible duplication.

Alma: For the bill hooks?

Seth: Yes.

Alma: Is that my worth?

Seth: That's the amount on deposit. Your worth is considerably more.

Alma: Thank you for your attention in all these matters, Mr. Bullock.

Seth: *(stands)* You're welcome.

(Alma stands and moves to turn away, Seth grabs her by the elbow and spins her around. They kiss. Passionately. She starts tearing his clothes off.)

(Al's office...)

Adams: He wrote you a letter. Pennington.

Al: That you held from me till now?

Adams: To say what I knew first.

(Adams sets the letter down in Al's hands. Dan & Adam's eyes meet, Al looks at them both.)

Al: Please be seated. *(Dan & Adams sit, Dan takes his hat off. Al sets 3 shotglasses on the desk, opens the letter, takes out a magnifying glass)* Yes, it has fallen to this. *(sighs)*

(Adams grabs the whiskey bottle and pours two shots, looks over at Dan, nodding vigorously for a shot. Adams pours the 3rd shot.)

(Downstairs at the Grand Central, we see A.W.Merrick shooing away flies buzzing around the "food" in a pot on the stove. We can see through the restaurant into the main lobby where E.B. stands behind the counter. Ellsworth enters.)

AW: Damn.

EB: Mr. Ellsworth! Is the Garret gold in readiness for shipment to Denver?

Ellsworth: That it is. *(We hear banging coming from upstairs)*

EB: I would expect a delay before the owner blesses its passage. While little Sophia is off with her tutor, Mrs. Garret *consults* with Mr. Bullock.

Ellsworth: Alright.

EB: In Bullock's capacity, of course, as her claim's trustee.

Ellsworth: That's all the cleverness on that subject I'm inclined to hear from you.

(Upstairs – Alma & Seth are, "consulting," very intensely. Alma is audibly pleased. Downstairs, Sophia is reading from her lesson book...)

Sophia: Fat. *(Plaster falls on the book from the ceiling.)* Cat.

(More plaster falls. Miss Isringhausen stops, removes plaster from her lap and the book, brushes off the table, removes bits of plaster from Sophia's hairs and blows a bit more off. They continue with their lesson.)

EB: Biscuits? Piping fresh.

Ellsworth: Yeah, when both of us was young.

(Al's office, he's still reading the governor's note through the magnifying glass. He snorts, sighs, picks up the shot and throws it back. Dan and Adams follow suit.)

Al: Ah!

Adams: Anyways, I could use a bath.

Al: *(reading with the magnifying glass from the letter...)* "I urge you, Mr. Swearengen, not to take as injury to your interests my appointing only men from Yankton. For not being of the region, such men serving as commissioners I hold less likely to obstruct those like yourself who actively pursue their destinies in the hills. In those brave endeavors, be assured of my best hopes, high esteem and continued gratitude for your gestures of support. Governor Pennington."

Dan: Well, that's just the fucking sort – chop 'em into pieces, and each of 'em happily slithers away, still lying to your fucking face.

Al: *(to Adams)* What am I to make of this, huh?

Adams: He don't know yet what he wants to do.

Al: Knew what to do with them fucking bribes I sent.

Adams: That's a gift they're born with. Far as how hard to move on the camp, He ain't sure yet all he'd be going against.

Al: *(looks at Dan)* Maybe that is cause for cutting some throat.

Adams: That'd put you right where he wants you. If you got other ways to move on him is what he ain't clear about.

*(Al slams his fist on the desk. Dan jumps. Al stands up and takes a nice long pull from the bottle, heads to the balcony. Adams gets up to follow, Dan puts on his hat and quickly gets up to follow them both. Back in Alma's room, She and Seth are finishing up. Alma is showing her dominance over Seth *wink wink nudge nudge*. Al is now out on his balcony, looking into the hills a the telephone poles being erected.)*

Al: Invisible messages from invisible sources, or what some people think of as progress.

Dan: Ain't the heathens used smoke signals all through recorded history?

Al: How's that a fucking recommendation?

Dan: Well, it seems to me like, you know, letters posted one person to another is just a slower version of the same idea.

Al: When's the last time you got a fucking letter from a stranger?

Dan: Bad news about Pa.

Al: Bad news! Or tries against our interests is our sole communications from strangers, so by all means, let's plant poles all across the country, festoon the cocksucker with wires to hurry the sorry word and blinker our judgments of motive, huh?

Dan: You've given it more thought than me.

Al: Ain't the state of things cloudy enough? Don't we face enough fucking imponderables?

Dan: Well, by God, you give the word, Al, and them poles will be kindling.

(Alma is reclined back in bed, gazing at Seth, looking very sultry and "natural")

Alma: After we've made love, are you *sometimes* happy?

Seth: *(smiles)* Because I get up from the bed, is that why you wonder? *(Alma smiles, biting her fingertip)* I'll intend something, come to myself realizing I've only stood or sat thinking about you. Just now, that your toes are beautiful, when I'd intended to replenish the kindling. *(Alma giggles)*

Alma: I was raised believing dereliction of duty is the one sure way to happiness.

Seth: So often with you I've been perfectly happy.

Ellsworth: *(knocking on door)* Can I start the shipment loading to keep the men from falling to drink?

Seth: Yes, please.

Alma: *(sits up)* Now I believe in you. *(She kisses him)*

(Outside, we see the stagecoach set to carry Alma's gold to Denver.)

Ellsworth: Start loading.

Al: Does Bullock think if I wanted, them four horsemen with rifles would ward me off that woman's gold?

Dan: Maybe it's just precautions against the other operators.

Al: No precautions of his protect her. Them other operators forebear out of respect for me and knowing what hot blood *your* blade would draw if they ever fucking presumed.

Dan: Well, he don't intend it as insult. Uh, Bullock, that's my point.

Al: Horror is you're fucking right! He don't know if it's breathing or taking it in through fucking gills. He is that fucking cunt-struck. *(Bullock is outside now, approaches Ellsworth)* They're afloat in some fairy fucking bubble, lighter than air—him, her snatch and his stupid fucking badge. *(A gunshot rings out, everyone but Al turns in it's direction)* Where's that from?

Dan: My guess would be number 10.

Al: Hope it ain't Tom Nuttall taking the quick fucking way out.

Dan: No. No, there's himself.

(Tom runs out into the street. Seth starts walking toward him. Al slams down the bottle.)

Al: Self-deceiving cocksucker I am, I thought when America took us in, Bullock would prove a fucking resource...look at him, striding out like some randy maniac Bishop. Sheriff! About his duties to the camp, huh? Luck trouble didn't jump out earlier, huh, Bullock? Might have found you mid-thrust at other business. *(Seth stops and looks up at Al.)* What is it? Taken by a vision? You would not want to be staring like that – at me.

Tom: *(To Seth)* It's only Bummer Dan. But I-I think he's killed.

Seth: *(Looking up at Al)* Be where I can find you.

Al: I ain't going no place.

(Al looks a bit unhappy with the way that all went, he seems to resign himself to it, and turns to go back inside his office. Dan & Adams look at each other, and follow him in.)

Dan: I'll, uh, go get my big gun.

Al: No, that ain't how this wants to resolve. You go down, Dan, see to the cunt and whiskey, huh?

Adams: You want me up here?

Al: You, go take your bath. *(Dan & Adams leave the office.)* You want a donkey's attention...bring a fucking pole down between his ears. *(Slams his desk drawer shut and walk out to the middle of the room)* Jeez (groans) Ow, fuck! *(Grabs his side)*

(Cut to the No.10 Saloon. A body on the floor. Nuttall presents the body to Seth, Vanna White style...)

Harry:No ways did I wish that man harm or take against him.

Seth: You did shoot him, huh?

Harry:Only on account of the jacket.

Charlie: I'll hear it from the other drunks.

Tom: Harry mistook Bummer Dan for Slippery Dan.

Harry: That had pulled his cock out previous, started filling the cuspidor yon!

Seth: You *will* keep this short.

Tom: Well, uh, Harry shouts for Slippery to stop, but slippery cast his Johnson toward Harry and pisses at him over the bar.

Harry:I pulled my gun, sheriff. I told Slippery, "Get out, you're ruled off for the day. You darken that door before dawn tomorrow, I'll shoot you fucking dead."

Tom: Harry's shirt front's urine-sopped still. *(Harry pulls his shirt up for Seth to see)*

Seth: But this is *Bummer* Dan.

Slippery Dan:*(As Charlie hauls him in by the shirt collar)* Oh my God, it's true!

Tome: Well, that's Slippery.

Slippery Dan:Bummer's fucking dead.

Harry:They know that, you filthy piss-spraying beast!

Seth: Get up off your knees.

Sippery Dan: Oh my God, Bummer –

Charlie: Get up and tell your part of this.

Slippery Dan:My part, sheriff, was putting Bummer in my jacket and sending the poor fuck in here.

Seth: To what purpose?

Slippery Dan: Thinking maybe if Harry winged one at Bummer mistaking him for me he threatened to murder, it'd be funny.

Harry: What's my liability, Mr. Bullock? Hey, ain't getting pissed on provocation?

Seth: You didn't kill you meant to, or mean to kill the man you did. *(Turns to leave)*

Slippery Dan: What's my liability? Worse in some way?

Seth: Box him and see he's buried. But I'm telling both of you, watch it!

Slippery Dan: May I retrieve my jacket off him, Deputy?

Charlie: Yeah, go ahead.

Slippery Dan: Gee, the worst fucking joke I ever played! Oh, why do I drink the way I do?

Charlie: He pulls that prick stunt again, shoot him!

(Seth is walking up the thoroughfare, Charlie runs to catch up to him...)

Charlie: Wait up, Bullock!

Seth: Private bidness, thanks.

Charlie: It won't be private if Swearengen's got his cappers at his flanks.

Seth: *(Stops and turns)* It's private. Thank you, Charlie.

Shyster: Soap with a prize inside! You got any prizes in that meat there, captain?
(laughing)

Seth: This cocksucker.

Shyster: Friend, I got soap with a prize inside.

Seth: *(Grabs the shyster and drags him away)* You were told to keep an interval between yourself and legitimate merchants.

Shyster: I-I keep my interval, Sheriff. It's their increase what's crowding me—

Seth: We're gonna count out 25 paces. We're at 14. Count them with me. 15!

Shyster: 15.

Seth & Shyster: 16, 17... 18, 19, 20...

(Bella Union Balcony, Joanie & Lila are outside. Cy comes out to join them.)

Cy: Why, Joanie Stubbs and Miss Lila. What brings you to the air this fine spring morning?

Joanie: Stage from Bismarck.

Cy: Bismarck, you say? Don't the kid in all of us look forward to the new arrival? I still tingle at the bottom of my balls. *(chuckling)* Who could it be? President Hayes? Maybe it's jugglers or face painters. Where do you feel it, honey?

Joanie: The bottom of your balls.

(Back inside the coach, William lifts up a cheek and lets one fly...)

Whore #3: Air's gone a little fixed.

Martha: I guess we know who fixed it.

William: Excuse me. *(Outside, a man is panning the creek)* Look at the man in the creek, Mama.

Martha: He's panning for his fortune.

William: Won't see Mr. Bullock in the creek, though.

Martha: No.
Maddie: Didn't you say he was the Sheriff?
William: Part owner of Bullock and Star hardware, Sheriff of Deadwood camp.

(The coach clatters along the trail, spewing up dust as it passes by Calamity Jane – passed out on her horse's neck. She pulls herself upright...)

Jane: Cocksuckers! *(She flops back down onto her horse's neck)*

(Trixie, at the door of the Gem, sees Seth enter, she runs out across the street to the hardware store. Dan & Adams are on either side of the staircase as Seth approaches...)

Dan: Bullock.
Seth: Do I need to watch my back against you?
Dan: Al said to stay out of it.

(Seth walks up the stairs, Johnny watching from the bar. Charlie enters, stands at the bar. Silas nods to Dan and they join Charlie at the bar, all watching the office door. Trixie enters the hardware store...)

Sol: Good Morning.
Trixie: If you'd spare your partner a gutting, Mr. Star, you might make your way to the Gem.
Sol: *(Moving to the desk)* A gutting at whose hand?
Trixie: My boss called him out clear across the thoroughfare.
Sol: Unprovoked?
Trixie: He was seeing after Mrs. Garret's interests – your partner – when my boss shouted.

(Sol pulls out the tiniest derringer in the world, checks that it's loaded and puts it in his jacket pocket. He grabs his hat and heads for the door...)

Sol: Would you lock up for me, please?
Trixie: Sure.
Sol: Your boss should do like me and learn to look the other way! *(exits)*
Trixie: It ain't his line. *(Locks up)*

(Al's office, he's in the corner, trying to piss...Seth enters...)

Al: Age impedes my stream, no fucking fear of you.
Seth: Get in here.
Al: All in due fucking course, but tell me one thing first, Bullock, as I stand here fucking humbled. Does the widow Garret have a going fucking hard rock concern and five-stamp mill crushing gold out of her quartz all day and fucking night?
Seth: What?
Al: But does she cast her lot with the camp, furnish others here a chance to develop what they got, to hang on or even prosper?
Seth: You pie-faced cocksucker. Get in here and account for your insult.

Al: Or, with you at her ear – among other points of entry – instead of doing your civic duty, does she ship her fucking loot to Denver?

Seth: Civic duty? Opposed by her own and her dead husband's family, to put her assets at play in a camp with no law or government worth the name?

Al: See as here where she lives and struck lucky, civic duty? Yeah. And it's time for her and some others to quit their fucking shirking. Yankton's making it's move. *(shouts)* Ah, the fucking thing!

Seth: Meaning what? "Yankton's making it's move?" Without more insults.

Al: We're getting ass-fucked. Carved into counties, but not one fucking commissioner coming from the hills.

Seth: How do you have this information?

Al: From the governor himself in a pricey little personal note. They want to make us a trough for Yankton's snouts. And them hoopleheads out there, they need buttressing against going over to those cocksuckers. Now, I can handle my areas, but there's dimensions and fucking angles I'm not expert at. You would be if you'd sheathe your prick long enough.

Seth: Shut up.

Al: And resume being the upright pain in the balls that graced us all, last summer.

Seth: Shut up, you son of a bitch.

Al: Jesus Christ. Bullock! The world abounds in cunt of every kind, including hers.

(Seth stares at Al for a moment, removes his badge, unhooks his belt. Al sighs.)

Al: Of course, if it would steer you from something stupid...I, uh, could always profess another position.

Seth: Will I find you've got a knife?

Al: I won't need no fucking knife.

(Seth turns and they commence to fighting. It makes it's way to the balcony, they fall over into the muck. The stagecoach approaches. Al looks up at Trixie. She runs inside.)

Trixie: They went over the fucking balcony!

(The boys grab their guns and head outside, where Al & Seth continue fighting. Cy, Joanie & Lila are watching from the Bella Union balcony...)

Cy: Awful possibility in these matters is both men sustaining mortal injury.

Stagehand: Whoa!

(Dan whacks Seth in the head with the butt of his rifle...)

Dan: You looking to die, cocksucker?

(Dan aims his rifle at Seth – Adams runs to Dan & wrestles the rifle away from him...)

Adams: He ain't your kill!

Dan: God damn you!

(Sol and Charlie come outside...Sol draws his "gun"...)

Johnny: Hey, hey. Hey, don't come no further! Hey! *(He fires and hits Sol, recocks his gun and shoots Charlie)*

Charlie: *(Grabs his head)* Jesus Christ!

Johnny: Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ! *(shouting)* Jesus Christ Almighty!

(Al pulls a knife from his boot, gets up and crouches behind Seth.)

A Man's Voice: Where's Bullock?

Whore #3: Fuck me.

(Martha covers William's eyes...)

Al: I do have a knife. It come to me now.

(Seth looks up at Martha and William, sitting in the coach, watching)

Al: Hmm?

(Al looks up at William as Martha uncovers his eyes. William smiles at Al. Al points his knife to the stagecoach...)

Al: Welcome to fucking Deadwood! It can be combative.

Cy: But I'm rarely that fucking lucky.

(Al is staggering away, Seth struggles to stand up. Alma saw it all from her window.)

Al: *(To Trixie)* Wave a penny under the Jew's nose. If they've got living breath in them, it brings them right 'round.

(Martha gets out of the coach, approaches Seth...)

Martha: Mr. Bullock.

Seth: A happy surprise.

Charlie: No one's dead. Mr. Star's shoulder's been hurt.

Cy: Ain't that your high-end whore friend Maddie?

Joanie: Yes.

Cy: That I thought had took her snatch to New York?

Joanie: Yes.

Cy: Wonderful how folks can get around now.

(A.W. Merrick approaches Seth and Martha...)

Seth: Doc Cochran needs to come from Whitewood.

AW: Yeah. *(Takes off his hat to Martha as Seth is leading her away...)* A.W. Merrick.

Seth: Mr. Star and Utter should be taken to our store.

Trixie: *(Helping Sol up)* All right. All right.

William: *(Puts his hand out to Seth)* Hello, Mr. Bullock.

Seth: Hello, William. I'm all right. *(To stagehand)* I'd be grateful if you'd take their belongings to a house I built on the west edge.

Stagehand: Mm-hmm.

(Seth manages a smile at William before he falls to the ground and passes out.)

(At the Bella Union, Cy opens the office door and shows Joanie and Maddie inside.)

Cy: Better let me hold Maddie's chair, Joanie. *(closes door)* I need to make a fucking impression. My lady.

Maddie: My Lord.

Cy: Lack of notice is my only regret.

Maddie: That's my fault for giving Joanie none.

Cy: Were you hedging your bets, Maddie? *(Throws a package at her)*

Maddie: Feared losing my nerve all the way to the camp.

Cy: Then wondered, had that coach brought you to Gettysburg, huh? Gettysburgh – fucking battle carnage.

Maddie: Yes, I wondered.

Cy: *(shouting)* What?

Maddie: Wondered.

Cy: *(huffs)* You secured that building, Honey, when? *(throws a package at Joanie)*

Joanie: November.

Cy: Got the building in November I guess you'll be operating out of? Now I'd have thought a trick would have been behind it, but Joanie's fuck money has been going for Jewels. How long have we had that understanding, Honey?

Joanie: Since I was 14.

Cy: I've been giving Joanie jewels for her fuck money since she was 14 years of age, and not once did I come out ahead.

Joanie: Anyways.

Cy: Anyways...Since November, it looked to me the project lay fallow, but I guess it was just germinating.

Joanie: Shall we talk in private, Cy?

Cy: *(looks at Maddie)* Would that be rude?

Maddie: Not at all.

Cy: I mean, a 18-year relationship between me and Joanie, - just one moment alone?

Maddie: Of course not.

Cy: Suck some pricks if you like. Keep whatever they give you as my way of saying welcome.

Maddie: Any blind one's out there?

(Cy snickers and laughs at this remark. Maddie leaves.)

(Back at the Gem, Barney is wrapping up Al's ribs.)

Al: Jesus Christ!

Barney: That bandage wants to be tight, Al.

Al: That does it! Ask it if it wants to be wound around your fucking neck! Get away from me, Barney!

Barney: Yes, sir. *(Al wheezes, in pain)*

Dan: *(To Johnny)* Fucking Adams.

Johnny: Restrained you, didn't he?

Dan: Obstructs me in the thoroughfare. Now he wants to bill and coo.

Al: *(Screaming, trying to get dressed)* Fuck!

Johnny: What was that Jewish fella thinking, Dan, to charge at me with a purse gun? *(Al wailing)*

Dan: That's just an unfamiliar situation. He just overplayed trying to prove himself.

Al: Fuck, fuck.

Johnny: What was that whole damn thing about anyhow?

Dan: Al's calling Bullock to the fold.

Johnny: Bullock ain't even of Al's flock.

Dan: Al's gonna be calling numbers to the fold now that he can't trust like us. Some he don't even like. We're joining America. And it's full of lying, thieving cocksuckers that you can't trust at all – governors, commissioners and whatnot. By God, that's just the new way of things. And you just gonna have to get used to it, Johnny.

Johnny: All right.

Dan: You gonna have to accept it and learn to control yourself.

(Cy's office)

Cy: You get no argument from me!

Joanie: Okay.

Cy: It's been me nudging you from the nest, young lady, urging you to take fucking wing.

Joanie: Okay.

Cy: Where did the money come from that bought that place? Your daddy sold me you for six and a half bucks, so a rich relation is tough to swallow. It is respectful not to lie, Honey, but any further silence will get me violent.

Joanie: You know where that backing came from.

Cy: A farewell gesture from Eddie Sawyer! I knew Eddie had been stealing from me, and then he flees and you turn up owning our place.

Joanie: I don't work here no more, Cy. You understand? No matter what.

Cy: Hmm. It's kill you or let you go. *(Joanie nods)* Could I make it with you dead?

Joanie: Why try?

Cy: Look at that. *(touches her face)* Look at that beautiful smile. All right, darling. Let me...let you go.

Joanie: Thank you.

Cy: *(chokes)* Shall we—*(clears throat)* All take air while Maddie hears the happy news?
(knocks a package to the ground) Let's go get the fucking crone. I feel like a – a boy. I feel like skipping. I'm that fucking hopeful and excited for you. *(chuckles)*

(Cut to Flora-vision in the hardware store...)

AW: Doc, hot water.

Doc: Tell Wu that that drunk better not get ate by his pigs until I have had my way with the corpse.

Sol: I'm braced, Doc, if you want to start digging.

Doc: Momentarily.

(Seth is propped up, watching all the goings on through Flora-vision, he looks over and finally sorta-focuses on William...)

Charlie: Oh, Thank you, Ma'am. The ringing...

(William waves at Seth)

Seth: I'm all right, William.

William: Where are you gun and badge, Mr. Bullock?

Seth: It was personal between me and the man I fought, so I took them off.

William: But he kept a knife.

Seth: I didn't know that when I disarmed.

William: Will you arrest him now for the knife?

Martha: That's questions enough for Mr. Bullock, William.

Doc: Give him a dose of that laudanum.

Sol: *(laughs)* I got my load on, Doc. *(groaning)*

(E.B. kicks his cook, how was leaning in for a closer look.)

Seth: Don't doubt...I'll have back my gun and badge.

Trixie: Shh...shh.

EB: *(clears throat)*

Trixie: Shh...shh

(Martha steps away from Charlie, E.B. continues to clear his throat, Doc looks over at him, annoyed. E.B. backs off and leaves.)

Trixie: Shh...shh.

(Martha kneels next to Seth and begins washing the blood off his face.)

(Back at the Gem, Al is still gasping in pain as he continues to slowly dress himself. Jewel comes down the stairs with Bullock's badge and gun belt...)

Al: Fuck.

Jewel: I found these seeing to you piss-pot, and I know they ain't yours.

Al: What tipped you off, the fucking badge? Put them down *(gestures to a chair)* Is that some kind of private fucking hilarity?

Jewel: What?

Al: The piss-pot remark.

Jewel: No. *(E.B. enters)*

Al: I made water off the balcony this morning, if it's any of your fucking business. Now get away from me. *(E.B. turns on his heel as Al says this – Al grabs his arm)* Not you E.B! Get the fuck back here.

EB: Heavens. It's all like some great Greek battle.

Al: Yeah, how about that fucking Doc, huh? Seeing to the respectable types, leaving us, the ones that pay him regular, huh? So that woman and child - Bullock's?

EB: His wife and son.

Johnny: Uh, how was Mr. Star? How was Charlie Utter?

Al: Shut up, Johnny! *(gasping)* Detail Bullock's condition.

EB: The worse for wear. No clarity to his look or focus, as I could cite in other combatants. *(touches Al's shoulder)*

Al: You touch me, E.B., I'll put your nose through your fucking brain! Now, did he state his further intentions?

EB: To have his gun and badge back.

Al: In what fucking tone?

EB: Well, I'd shy from putting a name to it, Al. *(chuckles)* He was talking to an 8 year-old.

Al: Sound like he'd be coming back for more?

EB: Well, I'd hate to guess and be wrong.

Al: New whores on that coach, huh? Find out where they'll be working.

EB: I could take him his gun and badge, plumb his intent as we talk.

Al: And how would that chat start, E.B., huh? *(imitates E.B. – Adams chuckling)* "Here's your hardware, and as he looks a cunt anyway, Al would like you to have this rose." *(Waves a bottle at E.B.)*

EB: I'll, uh, look into the new whores. *(leaves)*

Adams: *(to Al)* How you doing?

Johnny: *(To E.B.)* Uh, is my bullet out? Will Star live?

EB: Well, if he don't, he's going happy.

Johnny: And—and Mr. Utter? Will he be blind and deaf?

EB: No! Let me suss out that new trim, Johnny, before I earn some added rebuke.

(Adams sidles down the bar to Dan...)

Adams: Look, all's I'm saying is I ain't your enemy.

Dan: Well, whatever you thought your intentions was coming on me like you did, nine times out of 10, that'll be the last fuckin' move you ever make.

Al: Bullock will be coming back for his weapon.

Dan: To what intent?

Al: Open question.

Dan: Well, we'll be ready. (*Picks up his shotgun – looks at Adams*) You've had your one out of 10.

Al: Cow-eyed kid looking from that coach, that's what fucking unmanned me.

(*Upstairs in the Grand Central, Alma is wrapping a present.*)

Alma: (*sighs*) He couldn't have known she was coming. (*holds her hand out to Miss Isringhausen*) Just today, I'd asked Mr. Bullock after his family, and he made no mention of their being en route.

Miss Isringhausen: You're kind, extending the hand of welcome.

Alma: Well, at it's best, this camp can be forbidding to new arrivals.

Miss Isringhausen: Well, that was very much my experience.

Alma: Let alone to come upon Mr. Bullock in the mud of that thoroughfare, injured, who knows how seriously?

Miss Isringhausen: Well, thank goodness he seemed coming back to himself.

Alma: Miss Isringhausen, I didn't realize medicine was among your areas of expertise.

Miss Isringhausen: It isn't, Mrs. Garret.

Alma: Then perhaps I'll better learn Mr. Bullock's condition in his presence. And Mr. Star's and Utter's condition.

Miss Isringhausen: Yes, ma'am.

(*Sophia walks around the bed to face Alma...*)

Alma: Sophia? (*Sophia holds out a treat wrapped in a bow.*) You put a ribbon around your candy? (*Sophia nods her head*) And did you want me to give it to that boy? (*nods head*)

Miss Isringhausen: Please answer in words, Sophia.

Sophia: Yes, please.

(*There's a knocking at the door. Miss Isringhausen goes to answer it.*)

Ellsworth: Miss Isringhausen.

Miss Isringhausen: Mr. Ellsworth.

Ellsworth: I'm here to steer Mrs. Garret.

Alma: Then Mr. Ellsworth and I will make the delivery.

(*Ellsworth picks up the basket & sticks his tongue out at Sophia. She returns the gesture and Miss Isringhausen admonishes her with a silent "Sophia." Ellsworth and Alma are now walking along the thoroughfare, making their way to the hardware store.*)

Ellsworth: Not as I'd been asked, Mrs. Garret, but I wonder if this ain't a call better paid another day.

Alma: I've stopped believing I can dictate the terms of my opportunities.

Ellsworth: Well, some would say it might be your choice. What chances you decide not to take, some being the butt-in loudmouth types.

Alma: Shall I walk on alone, Mr. Ellsworth?

Ellsworth: No, ma'am.

(In the hardware store, Doc is prospecting in Sol's arm. He grunts as he pulls out the bullet.)

Sol: I'm sorry for throwing up.

Doc: If you hadn't, I would suspect your previous habits.

(Alma enters, Merrick pulls off his hat, holding Martha's bonnet in his other hand. Seth stands.)

Alma: Mr. Bullock.

Seth: Mrs. Garret.

Alma: How are you feeling, Mr. Star?

(Seth looks over at Ellsworth, he just shrugs.)

Sol: I've puked twice.

Trixie: Mrs. Garret.

Alma: Trixie.

Doc: Mrs. Garret.

Alma: *(turns)* Mr. Utter.

Charlie: Ma'am. Uh, don't be alarmed. A lot of this damage is old.

Seth: Let me introduce my wife, Martha. And our son, William. Mrs. Alma Garret.

Alma: How do you do?

Martha: How do you do?

Alma: How do you do, William?

William: How do you do? *(tips his hat)*

Seth: And Ellsworth, who superintends Mrs. Garret's claim.

Ellsworth: Ma'am. William.

William: How do you do?

Alma: *(looks around for a moment)* You've discovered us in distressing circumstances.

Martha: We're safe and glad of joining Mr. Bullock.

(Seth gives Alma a "What the fuck?" look – A.W. looks really uncomfortable, Alma looks to Ellsworth, he hurriedly hands her the basket. Alma steps forward, and hands it to Martha.)

Alma: I hope this can be of some use to you, uh, in your settling in.

Martha: Thank you.

Seth: Thank you.

Alma: My ward included sweets for your son, when his mother decides he may have them.

William: Is your ward a boy?

Alma: A girl, Sophia. A little younger than you, I think.

William: Oh. (*Looks at his mom, she nods*) Thank you.

(*Doc is tending to Sol, Trixie rips bandages, A.W. still looks really uncomfortable. As do Seth and Alma and just about everybody in the room...*)

Seth: You recall Mrs. Garret from my letters.

(*Blank look on Martha's face. A moment of uncomfortable silence passes before Martha breaks it...*)

Martha: Yes.

Charlie: That's good luck you had right there. 'Cause I carry the mail, and I'll admit today before lay people (*chuckling*) we lose more letters than we deliver. (*Charlie laughs uncomfortably, A. W. laughs as well, a bit loudly for it to be genuine.*)

Alma: I'll say goodbye then, in hopes that I see you again soon.

Martha: Yes.

Alma: (*turns to leave, stops and turns to William*) I hope I see you soon, William.

William: Thanks for the sweets.

Ellsworth: And don't be pestering me for the good fishing spots. I name them only over breakfast at the Grand Central hotel, or what I call my dog. (*Offers his arm to Alma, they leave*)

Seth: Will you see your house?

Martha: I would like to very much.

AW: Uh—Ahem—Mrs. Bullock, I—uh, I've retrieved your bonnet from your former post. And, uh, at your convenience, the readers of the "Black Hills Pioneer" would be interested in hearing about your journey and perhaps your first impressions of our camp.

Doc: You don't have to give 'em all.

Seth: Thank you for seeing to Mr. Star.

Trixie: No need to hurry back.

Seth: Go ahead, William.

(*Out in the thoroughfare...*)

Alma: He never wrote of me in his letters to her...did he?

Ellsworth: We never spoke on what he's wrote to his wife or hadn't, Mrs. Garret.

Alma: Or why he hadn't

Ellsworth: No, Ma'am. And you and me hadn't ought to either.

Alma: (*nods*) Thank you for taking me, Mr. Ellsworth.

Ellsworth: You're welcome, Ma'am.

(*Seth, Martha & William are walking slowly down the thoroughfare towards the new house...*)

Seth: You'll recall...what I wrote about her husband? How he'd sought his money back on a claim. He died in a fall before gaining satisfaction, and the claim proved out rich.

William: Is that the house, Sir, the splendid one ahead?

Seth: It is.

Martha: You can walk ahead a little piece, William. Just a little piece.

Seth: And of my promise to help the widow...as I could, made to Wild Bill Hickok.

Martha: Yes, Mr. Bullock. And you must be as weary from the days events and your work readying the house as we are from travel. Please don't trouble to repeat yourself.

(Up on the Bella Union balcony...)

Maddie: We traveled with that woman and her boy.

Cy: While that lady was traveling with you, her husband the sheriff was pickling his prick in the cunt brine of another. *(The balcony door opens and Lila leads the whores out, bringing a bottle with her.)* Look at Lila, delivering her ducklings all undamaged and dry.

Joanie: How are we gonna celebrate, Cy?

Maddie: My vote's for hardy but brief.

Cy: Vote's don't count here just yet. It looks a little small, Lila. But I guess you gals are used to making the best of that. *(uncorks the bottle)* Just fleeting as fucking innocence, let me toast to bold new venture. Your place got a name yet, Honey?

Joanie: Le Chez Amie.

Cy: That's catchy. *(to the girls)* Open your yap, stick out your tongue. To the Chez Amie! *(Starts to pour a drink down the whore's throats)* And to—*(grabs a whore by the neck)* stick your fucking tongue out! *(the whore gags)* Joanie and Maddie! Able hands at a whorehouse tiller! And to...Doris, one the Bella's best cocksuckers, that I send with them as a gesture of friendship.

Maddie: We have the girls we need.

Cy: Bon Voyage, sweetheart, as long as we're speaking french.

Joanie: We got all the girls we need, Cy.

Cy: Ah, don't fear that she'll spy, Joanie. Please, don't reject Doris on that basis. You'll just get her belly cut by me showing you I'm serious. And an uncut Bella whore sent with you. Being as funds stole from me by Eddie put the Chez Amie on it's feet, I consider myself an investor. And I will have my interests looked at, 60 cents from dollar one! And a true count fucking verified.

Joanie: All right. *(whispers)* Fine.

Cy: Get these girls out of here, Lila! You better get packed, Doris. Did you bring anything with you when I bought you? *(she shakes her head no)* That's all right, honey. You just pack the rags you been wiping the cum off with. All right, Joanie?

Joanie: Yes. And now we're gonna go.

Cy: What do you think, I'm a monkey in a zoo? Think I'm gonna throw my shit after you?

Joanie: No.

Cy: Don't fucking talk to me like I'm a monkey. *(door closes)* Get those cunts out of here. Don't believe there's no good women till you've seen one with maggots in her eyes. Joanie! Bet the wheel before you leave. You're on a lucky run.

(Cut to the stream in front of the Bullock home, they pass over a little foot bridge...)

William: Is there fish in this stream?

Seth: Sometimes. *(They step up to the porch)* This is it.

Martha: May we go inside?

Seth: Did you get the letter about the house?

Martha: I did get that letter. It's at the very top of my trunk.

Seth: That has all my thoughts.

Martha: May we go in?

Seth: I should go back now. You and the boy go in.

Martha: Let's go in the house Mr. Bullock has made us, William.

William: Come on, Mr. Bullock.

Seth: Not just now, William.

William: Don't you want to come in?

Seth: I can't come in just now.

William: After you've seen to the camp, gotten your gun and badge back? *(Seth hands Martha the welcome basket...)* Well, I'll take my mother in.

Seth: Thank you.

William: Come on, Mother.

Martha: Thank you.

(Seth turns and walks away...we hear him reading his letter to Martha in a voiceover as he makes his way along the thoroughfare to the Grand Central...)

Seth: *"Dear Mrs. Bullock, Your house is near finished. My satisfaction does not exceed the camp's lumbermen and sawyers whose patience I have tried by my over watchful eye for greenness and for good square edge quality in the cut boards. I've chosen pine, one-year seasoned, for the sills, posts, floor joists and rafters. The other framing timbers is of spruce. Where partitions bear upon them, I have doubled the beams and supported the floor with locus posts set three feet into the ground. I think you may laugh to see the mullioned windows with their view of the camp from out the parlor. Being unfinished, they look like unfocused eyes. I've left these and all final decorative choices to your superior judgment and sensibility."*

Shyster: Soap! Soap with a prize inside!

Seth: *"I hope that you and the boy may arrive in good health and safety. I look forward to our opportunity to better get to know each other. I pray that in my brother's stead, I may be permitted to be a father to the boy as good as Robert would have been, and as to your care and comfort and safety, as good a husband to you. Yours Sincerely, Seth Bullock."*

(He finally reaches Alma's door. E.B. watching from below...he knocks, Alma opens the door, she steps out, they hug, she pulls the door almost closed, we see them cling to each other through the crack in the door.)

Cast (in credits order)

[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 Rippey](#) Tom Nuttall
[William Sanderson](#) Eustis Baily (E.B.) Farnum
[Robin Weigert](#) [Calamity Jane](#)
[W. Earl Brown](#) Dan Dority
[Dayton Callie](#) Charlie Utter
[Anna Gunn](#) Martha Bullock
[Powers Boothe](#) Cy Tolliver / Tolliver
[Sean Bridgers](#) Johnny Burns
[Jeffrey Jones](#) A.W. Merrick
[Geri Jewell](#) Jewel
[Bree Seanna Wall](#) Sophia
[Gill Gayle](#) Huckster
[Titus Welliver](#) Silas Adams
[Meghan Glennon](#) Lila
[Kim Dickens](#) Joanie Stubbs
Maddie Alice Krige
Miss Isringhausen Sarah Paulson
William Bullock Josh Eriksson

[Jackson Bolt](#) Ellsworth's Rifleman

[Christian DeStefanis](#) Ellsworth's Rifleman

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