



Episode 17: “Complications”

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(In Alma’s room at the Grand Central, Sofia is sleeping soundly. We see Alma in the background, clambering to get out of bed and reach the pitcher on the bedstand. She makes in just in time for a nice morning retch. She wipes her mouth, breathing heavily, contemplating...she turns her head as if to gaze upon Sofia...We see Al, lying in bed, wheezing. Doc is sitting next to him, sipping from a tin cup.)

Johnny: Psst!

(He motions his head to Al, stirring from his slumber. Dan is sitting in a chair on the other side of the bed, gazing happily upon his employer.)

Al: Boys. *(Johnny stands up next to Dan)*

Doc: How are you?

Al: *(Looks around, sees Dan smiling happily at him, he points at Dan)* Did you fuck me while I was out?

Dan: Hell, no.

Al: Well quit looking at me like that.

Johnny: *(Laughs)* Except for talking a little cockeyed, Al is back to his accustomed self!

Doc: And what that is, speech—crisis he went through, Al’s body parts are showing they’re healing at different rates.

Johnny: Well, you talk cockeyed, Boss, all you want, long as you want, just so you’re miserable and mean.

Al: How cockeyed do I look?

Doc: Appropriately cockeyed, for one who’s been through what you have, and then the fall you took.

Al: Bullock look worse?

Doc: Naming your adversary shows your memory is intact.

Dan: You’re gonna have to gather all your fuckin’ wiles, Al, ‘cause they’s developments that need interpretatin’ on every front.

Doc: Al is out of the development interpretation business for the short time bein’.

Dan: Wu’s got a big tall Celestial what’s hauntin’ him. He’s invisible. W-Wu’s convinced he’s from San Francisco.

Doc: Goddamnit, Dan. Will you shut the fuck up and let this man harbor his resources?

Al: You look in chink’s alley? You see any big unfamiliar chinks?

Dan: Well, there ain’t nothing to it, Al. I just told you for a giggle. I mean, you know? Excitable Wu.

Al: So what else is new?

(Doc shakes his head and mouths “Nothing” to Johnny.)

Johnny: Nothing special—

Dan: Not a goddamn thing that can't wait till you get well, Boss. *(Nods to Doc.)*

Al: There is a bell...behind the bar.

Johnny: Absolutely.

Al: I know there is a bell. I'm telling you I want it brought over here.

Johnny: Absolutely, Al.

(Doc motions for Dan to go too.)

Dan: Uh, I-I best help. If there's anybody can fuck up the gatherin' of a bell, it's Johnny. *(He leaves)*

Doc: *(Pouring some water)* You want some water?

Al: Yeah. Fuckin' water.

(Doc sets the glass on the edge of the table, Al looks at it. He looks back at an expectant Doc.)

Al: Don't be a fuckin' jerk.

(Doc picks up the glass and brings it to Al's lips. Al takes a sip.)

Doc: Your right eye is filled with blood. Can you use your right arm at all?

(Al musters up enough strength to lift his arm up slightly and over to Doc, he puts his hand on Doc's.)

Al: Put your nose between my fingers, you'll find how much I can use my fucking arm.

Doc: That's good. That is a good sign, Al.

Al: Don't bullshit me.

Doc: I won't. I think you've had a small stroke, guessing maybe from the strain of that stone.

Al: You keep bullshittin' them.

Doc: I will.

Al: This gets out, I'll slit your fuckin' throat. I wield a blade good with my left.

Doc: It won't get out.

Al: If I need it, you will fuckin' kill me.

Doc: You stop that.

Al: You find me no better, you will wish to hell I was fucking worse, 'cause I wield a blade good with my left.

Doc: *(Shaking his head)* Don't you put a fuckin' clock on this.

(E.B. is standing beside the staircase of the hotel, pacing, practicing his speech to Alma.)

EB: Madam, in the chambers of my heart beats a love for every crooked timber of this shitbox of a structure, this building. This building, it's warped floorboards and—
(We here plates crashing)

Richardson: Fie!

EB: Why, even Richardson my chef, my eyes see a beloved household pet somehow walking upright...See in Richardson...a half-witted child, nonetheless adored. *(Alma comes down the stairs)* Oh, Mrs. Garret. Uh, the very subject of my thoughts.

Alma: May I borrow Richardson, please, Mr. Farnum, to escort me on an errand?

EB: *(Steps closer)* Would you prefer other company, Ma'am? Less mysterious?

Alma: *(Glaring at E.B.)* No, Mr. Farnum.

EB: Richardson! *(Richardson turns and hurries over.)*

Richardson: I saved a lot. I'll mop the rest in a moment.

EB: Go with Mrs. Garret.

Alma: Thank you, Mr. Farnum. *(She proceeds ahead, Richardson following.)*

EB: Eyes down. *(Richardson does as told, E.B. continues practicing his speech)* Therefore, Madam, as to your generous offer to purchase my hotel, I must gratefully decline.

(Commissioner Jarry enters Merrick's printing office.)

Merrick: Oh.

Hugo: I take you for the man in charge.

Merrick: A.W. Merrick, Sir, owner, publisher, editor-in-chief, and for the moment, sole reporter.

Hugo: Hugo Jarry, County Commissioner appointed by Governor Pennington.

Merrick: Of-of this county?

Hugo: Yes.

Merrick: *(Excited)* Has our county a name?

Hugo: Lawrence County.

Merrick: Ah—Well! Well, thank you for that information, and congratulations. Lawrence, Lawrence County.

Hugo: *(Crossing the room)* My father was a newspaperman. "Lowell Sentinel-Bee." I was raised among these contraptions.

Merrick: Were you?

Hugo: Great respect for the fourth estate. *(Pulls the notice out of his bag and holds it out for Merrick)* Here's a statement to be printed.

Merrick: *(Unfolds the statement)* "As to ownership of the claims in the newly constituted county of Lawrence, as annexed to the Dakota Territory, a presumption of legitimate title shall obtain for claims worked actively and continuously prior to amendment of the treaty with the Sioux Nation, September, 1876. This presumption shall be subject to qualification according to mitigating facts." Uh, if I discern this correctly, Sir, this statement could be taken to mean, uh, nothing.

Hugo: The statement continues.

Merrick: *(sighs)* "New title will be awarded on claims to which title is denied at set prices via lottery. As conducted by the County Commissioner."

Hugo: I would be grateful if that gets in your next edition.

Merrick: I must tell you, Commissioner, that even with that last bit added, what exactly will or won't qualify or mitigate the presumption of ownership eludes me.

Hugo: I didn't realize that was a bar the statement had to hurdle.

Merrick: Uh, with-without an accompanying explanation, Sir, this statement may work an unsettling effect.

Hugo: In any case, Sir, being the Commissioner of this county and bidding you good day, I have presented you with that to publish in your paper as organ of record in this camp. *(Merrick looks at Jarry, then back to the statement...)* Front page.

(Alma is standing outside the Gem. She puts her hand down on a stack of antlers, as if to lean, realizes what they are and picks one up. She settles it in her hand, a determined look on her face. Richardson comes out of the Gem and scuttles over to Alma – not looking up.)

Richardson: Trixie's to the hardware store, *(Alma looks in its direction)* the big one said.

Alma: May we go there then, Richardson? Have you time?

Richardson: Yes. I only have stew to mop before lunch.

(Alma turns and heads across the thoroughfare. The antler still clutched in her hand. Richardson follows. She realizes she's still holding the antler and contemplates handing it to Richardson, thinks better of it, and continues walking determinedly to the hardware store.)

Richardson: I like you.

Alma: Thank you, Richardson.

Richardson: You're purdy.

Alma: Thank you very much. And probably that's all either of us needs to say on that subject ever again. *(She pauses outside the hardware store. Turns to Richardson...)* I'm uncertain how long I may be, so I'll send you back to the hotel. Would you be so kind as to return this to the pile outside the Gem? *(She hands him the antler – he gazes lovingly at it, as if it's the best gift in the world – she puts some coins in his hand.)* Thank you, Richardson. *(He doesn't move, still dumbstruck at the antlers.)* Goodbye. *(She turns and leaves.)*

(Trixie is seated behind the desk, working on her studies. She gets frustrated...)

Trixie: Oh, cunt!

(She throws her pencil down violently, it bounces to the ground. Seth looks up at her. She looks at him, stubbornly "what?" – Sol smiles at her. Alma enters, looking at Trixie.)

Alma: Good Morning. *(Seth stands.)*

Trixie: Morning.

Alma: May we have a private word? *(Trixie nods, grabs her cigarettes. Sol & Seth start to head for the back.)*

Trixie: Don't flee, don't flee. I'm going outside for a smoke. *(She walks past Alma outside. Alma pauses for a moment...)*

Alma: Gentlemen. *(She slowly backs up and joins Trixie outside.)*

Trixie: You knocked up?

Alma: *(pauses- stunned)* Why would you ask?

Trixie: You wouldn'ta come here first, which means first you went to the Gem, which you've never yet stepped foot in.

Alma: I sent in Richardson.

Trixie: Meaning first you crossed the thoroughfare with him, opening the possibility you're only puking from the company you keep.

Alma: *(Pauses)* I think I'm pregnant.

Trixie: *(nods)* We make tea – pennyroyal and cohosh, if that's what you come to find out.

Alma: I might very well die in delivering.

Trixie: Holy cow! *(Sarcastically)*

Alma: I meant to say more likely than other women, I might die, because an ailment when I was little shaped me for difficulty in childbirth.

Trixie: Why not take your tale of woe to the Doc?

Alma: I feel that Dr. Cochran judges me.

Trixie: Lucky then you come to me that takes you to my bosom and smoothes your hair and tells you all will be well. *(Throws her cigarette down, crushes it out)* I can tell you this much, Mrs. Garret... If you take the tea, lay plenty of dope in. 'Cause I've killed seven, and every bleeding out I laced on good and tight and for a long fucking while after.

Alma: *(pauses, stricken)* I want children of my own.

Trixie: *(Looks down, nodding)* Let me finish up my Jewish lessons here, then come find you.

Alma: Thank you very much. *(Reaches out touching Trixie's arm)* Thank you, Trixie.

Trixie: Alright.

Alma: My name's Alma.

Trixie: I know your name.

(Trixie walks back inside the hardware store. Alma sighs and walks past the hardware store back toward the hotel. She looks inside as she walks past, Seth looks back at her as she walks away.)

(Silas smoothes his hair and knocks on door #5 – Hey! Wait a sec! That's HIS room number! What the? Why the hell is it Miss Isringhausen opening the door – in her nightgown no less! The hell? Shameless hussy.)

Silas: Miss Isringhausen.

Miss Isringhausen: Mr. Adams.

Silas: May I collect a change of clothes?

Miss Isringhausen: Of course. *(He enters, pauses by the bureau.)*

Silas: I hope you slept well.

Miss Isringhausen: I'm mortified to say I did.

Silas: Mortified?

Miss Isringhausen: Having done so at the cost of your comfort.

Silas: I sleep anywhere, Ma'am. I'm like a dog in that regard. We don't want you murdered in *your* bed.

Miss Isringhausen: Perhaps it was irrational, my being so afraid.

Silas: That ain't a test fear's got to pass.

Miss Isringhausen: I know she's had others done for.

Silas: So you've said. *(He opens a drawer, taking out some clothes.)* Anyways—

Miss Isringhausen: May I know your given name?

Silas: Silas—if I remember correct.

Miss Isringhausen: You have shown charity to one among strangers, Silas...*(steps closer)* giving her great solace.

Silas: Thank you. Or you're welcome, I guess.

Miss Isringhausen: Thank *You*, Silas.

(She takes his hand and puts it inside her dress, over her bare breast—holding it there.)

Miss Isringhausen: And you're welcome.

(She smiles, he pauses, puts down the clothes he's holding in his left hand and grabs her. They kiss.)

(A black man in a Union cap is on horseback in the thoroughfare outside Hostetler's livery. He soon announces himself, last name of Fields. We know him to be Samuel Fields.)

Fields: Hostetler. It's the Nigger General Fields. *(He dismounts, Hostetler marches over and grabs the reins.)*

Hostetler: Now, you was to have had this horse one week.

Fields: Shit, Old Nugget here is sound *and* spoiled. *(Hostetler checks it over)* He's been living on peppermints and apples in the private stables of a San Francisco dry goods big shot.

Hostetler: *(Leading the horse into the livery)* Making you owing 17 weeks additional!

Fields: Yeah, I was delivering emerald earrings to Mrs. Big Shot, and a diamond bracelet and matching choker to Mr. Big Shot's mistress.

Hostetler: *(Picking up chalk, begins writing on a board)* \$4 a week, times 17... *(Fields pulls out a wad of cash)* is—

Fields: Here, cipher the result against this 100.

Hostetler: *(Nods and takes the bill)* \$100 take away 68...

Fields: Put the balance toward our future trade.

Hostetler: *(Pausing)* Owing General Nigger—

Fields: Nigger General.

Hostetler: \$32 credit. Being you was away, maybe now you got a chance to take off this half-ass uniform.

Fields: Then who's gonna know I'm the Nigger General?

Hostetler: By your own telling you never was in no Union army. This ain't the time or the place to be drawing people's attention. Even for a goddamn fool.

Fields: Yeah, well, I keep missing the place where it'd be a good time. Must be my goddamn foolishness.

(Cy is stacking coins in his office, he looks frustrated.)

Cy: You wouldn't suppose they'd be saltin' the fuckin' find over there, now would you, Doris?

Doris: I don't understand.

Cy: I was wonderin' if maybe your new bosses Maddie and Joanie are sendin' me more than my proper share, give me a false fuckin' impression of how their pussy's sellin'.

Doris: I don't know.

Cy: 'Cus this is—this is fuckin' heavy action for an operation ahead of itself far as décor and location and every other fuckin' aspect!

Doris: It's mostly from just the one trick.

Cy: Which is who?

Doris: I don't know his name. They call him Mr.W. *(Cy looks up at Doris)*

Cy: What does he look like?

Doris: I wouldn't know how to say.

Cy: Oh, you fucking mutt. Is he tall or short?

Doris: Tall.

Cy: Thin or fat?

Doris: Thin. Good looking, I guess.

Cy: Clean shaved or bearded?

Doris: Bearded. He threw me into a wall last night.

Cy: Huh. Don't tell me. *(standing)* On what pretext, Sweetheart?

Doris: I looked at him.

Cy: And that was against his instructions?

Doris: He had all the girls facing the wall.

Cy: And you peeked? *(She nods)* Now, was this—was this more or less a push to the wall, or did he fucking fling you, violent-like, with more of the same in mind?

Doris: Violent-like.

Cy: Huh. Well, that's a man with a problem, ain't it, Doris? *(She nods)* Mr. W. Jesus Christ, can I be that fuckin' lucky?

(Carrie is washing her legs, lounging in a bathtub. There's a knock at the door, it opens. It's Joanie. Her bathing-whore radar must be set to 'high'.)

Joanie: Warm it up?

Carrie: Thank you. *(Joanie enters, shuts the door.)*

Joanie: How did you sleep, Carrie?

Carrie: All right, I guess. How did you sleep?

Joanie: *(Lifting a pot off the stove)* All right. *(She dumps the hot water into the bathtub.)*

Carrie: Are you guessing?
Joanie: I guess I'm guessing. Do your back? *(She kneels down next to the tub.)*
Carrie: Yes, thank you. *(She hands Joanie the wash cloth, leans forward and turns her back to Joanie.)* My trick got you upset.
Joanie: I was in with him the night before. I guessed he took to watching.
Carrie: How did that work out?
Joanie: I guess he don't. Or, anyway, not that night. Or maybe just not me.
Carrie: Do you want to know what I do with him?
Joanie: If you want to say.
Carrie: I get him off through his pants.
Joanie: Ah.
Carrie: Acting like my hand's my snatch.
Joanie: *(Pauses)* Reaching around behind you?
Carrie: Behind me and between my legs.
Joanie: Through his pants?
Carrie: Yes.
Joanie: You don't put your hand inside?
Carrie: *(whispers)* No.
Joanie: Are you naked?
Carrie: Dressed. Except for my stockings and my bloomers.
Joanie: Do you talk any special way?
Carrie: I remind him not to hit me. *(Joanie pauses)* Do you want to be writing this down? *(Joanie chuckles.)*

(Trixie enters Doc's cabin.)

Trixie: Congratulations, Doc, on your high and holy bullshit. It's water off a duck to some, but others still got feelings.
Doc: Of whom are we fucking speaking?
Trixie: One as might die in childbirth more likely than us lucky others, but so sponged down in your disapproval when she was kicking the fucking dope, she's afraid now to seek your care.
Doc: *(pausing)* I'll call on her.
Trixie: Under some other fucking pretext.
Doc: All right.
Trixie: Mighty fuckin' big of ya, Doc.
Doc: You have about as miserable a disposition as your employer.
Trixie: I ain't exclusive to him no more.

(She leaves, slamming the door behind her. Doc turns back to his desk, what to do?)

(Fields walks up to some crates in front of the freight office, putting his foot up on one, looking out onto the thoroughfare. Jane is seated on a bench behind him. He looks quickly behind him to her and back.)

Fields: Hey now, Miss Lady. How much do you want for that bottle? *(He flashes the cash in his pocket quickly, puts it back.)*

Jane: What the fuck are you supposed to be?

Fields: Currency still spends, Ma'am.

Jane: Is that some dilapidated-type fucking uniform? I scouted for fucking Custer.

Fields: A great man who would have wanted you to sell me that bottle.

Jane: He was no great fucking man! *(Fields chuckles)* He was a long-haired cocksucker that could have saved many lives by more drinking and stop being so fucking ambitious, and many still above ground and not scalped by the fucking heathens and their guts spread over the plains. *(Fields looks back at her.)* You're a short nigger, aren't you?

Fields: For a fact.

Jane: My name's Jane.

Fields: I'm the Nigger General Fields.

Jane: *(Holds out the bottle)* Want a drink?

Fields: I want to buy that bottle, that's what I want.

Jane: Well, ya ain't buyin' it, but you can have a fuckin' drink.

(He looks around, walks back to the bench...)

Fields: Thanks.

Jane: Don't fuckin' look around! I don't care who sees a nigger drinkin' with me or drinkin' from the same bottle or how...stupid his fucking outfit is.

Fields: *(He turns his shoulder to her)* This here is the epaulet of a Union army General.

Jane: Oh. *(Lifting a cheek – pointing to her butt)* And this here is the ass *(grabs her butt cheek)* of a drunken shitbird. *(Fields smiles, chuckling. They smile at each other.)* Finish this with me...*(she takes the bottle)* If you can sit beside someone and not stink or fart.

Fields: *(He sits, looking around, she offers him the bottle back)* I've been known to cut the odd fart...*(drinks)* but they've never stunk.

Jane: I've got the self-same gift.

(Silas and Miss Isringhausen are lying in bed.)

Silas: If I took advantage, I apologize.

Miss Isringhausen: You took no more advantage of me, Silas, than the Samaritan did the traveler from Jerusalem.

Silas: Good.

Miss Isringhausen: I should tell you, Silas, that the Mr. Swearengen I've heard you say you work for is named by Mrs. Garret as her instrument in her husband's murder.

Silas: Named by Mrs. Garret?

Miss Isringhausen: Yes.

Silas: As *her* instrument?

Miss Isringhausen: Yes.

Silas: Jesus Christ. *(He gets up, revealing his faded red "boxers")* What's your first name?

Miss Isringhausen: Alice. *(Yay! A short name! Alice! Her name is Alice!)*

Silas: Well, Alice, your story don't get less strange the more of it you tell. *(He takes a drink.)*

Alice: Because Mr. Swearengen wouldn't do such a thing?

Silas: Generates a fuckin' strangeness is her saying he was *her* hire.

Alice: I see.

Silas: Yeah, well, that makes fucking one of us. *(He takes another drink.)*

Alice: Would you introduce me to Mr. Swearengen?

Silas: You're asking me to? *(She nods)* You want to meet him?

Alice: Please.

Silas: Why do I feel lucky we didn't meet across a poker table? *(She smiles)* Anyways, he ain't up to chatting just now. *(She pulls back the covers, leaning back in the bed, showing off her goodies.)*

Alice: Silas? *(She crooks her finger at him – come back to bed big boy!)*

(Doc is giving Sofia a check-up in Alma's room.)

Alma: Her bearing gives you suspicions as to her health?

Doc: No, not at all. My notes indicate that it had been a year since her last exam, and with the day-long lull between gun fights, I thought I'd have a look.

Alma: I see.

Doc: And she seems to be coming along beautifully. *(He indicates to the next room, puts his instruments away and grabs his bag. They step into the study and Alma pulls the bedroom door closed. One of them anyway.)* Since I have cared for you as well, can I ask after *your* health?

Alma: *(pausing)* I continue relieved of the weakness you treated me for.

Doc: And you have nothing else to report?

Alma: Thank you for examining Sofia. *(Her arms are crossed – she's on the defensive.)*

Doc: Folk wisdom and remedies known to others in the camp are often quite adequate to the requirements of health. And Trixie, for example, is a stalwart and – and a reliable source of these. *(Alma puts her head in her hand – conflicted)* However, I do have some particular competence as to the implications of anatomical anomalies, congenital or consequent of previous illness, and I would hope that you would avail yourself of this, notwithstanding my idiosyncrasies and-and-and my defects of character. *(He pauses, looking to Alma, she looks down. He proceeds to the door – grabbing his coat and bag. He stops at the door and looks back at Alma.)* *(sigh)* Please.

(Alma looks wide-eyed, unsure of herself.)

(Francis Wolcott is leafing through the sales papers of the claims Cy has snatched up for Hearst...)

Cy: My experience, Mr. Wolcott, come to makin' restitution for others' outlays, the rich can be tardy.

(Wolcott sets down a thick billfold. Cy reaches for it. Wolcott puts his hand on it,

stopping Cy from taking it.)

Wolcott: I'm just satisfying myself that my employer's getting what he's paying for.

Cy: Bills of sale, drawn good and legal, signatures genuine and witnessed. *(The door opens, Tessie shows Commissioner Jarry inside.)* Ah, join us, Commissioner.

Hugo: Gentlemen. *(Door closes)* Notice about the claims is in your newspaper publisher's hands. That the Yankton statement may cause unease among local claimholders as to the security of their title, Mr. Merrick found personally distressing. He found it wrong and unfair.

Wolcott: Was he looking for a bribe?

Hugo: No, no. He was not. I have a nose for that. In any case, *(he sits)* he's manageable. I quite stared him down. *(laughs)*

(Leon bursts into the office.)

Cy: We're just chewing the fat in here, Leon, barge the fuck amongst us.

Leon: *(shuts the door)* Mr. Merrick posted that statement outside his office, Mr. Tolliver.

Hugo: Put out an extra, did he?

Leon: No edition of the paper at all. Just the statement on the outside wall, and people are fuckin' riled.

Hugo: Riled or frightened?

Leon: Riled, Sir.

Cy: That's the type of unsettlement we ain't necessarily after.

Leon: Wanting to know where he's at, who the fuck he thinks he is.

Cy: You want to manage this, commissioner, or shall I?

Wolcott: *(Handing Cy the billfold)* You go on, Tolliver.

Cy: Maybe take another bath.

(Cy leaves, Hugo looks worriedly at Wolcott.)

(Outside the printing office, a bunch of riled hoopleheads are reading the notice.)

Hooplehead: What in fuck's that word sposta mean?

Merrick: Uh, "mitigating," as applied to a presumption, would mean to lessen or soften strength or rigor.

Steve: I ought to punch you in the fucking nose.

Merrick: *(laughs)* Why would you punch me? *(Johnny is looking on)*

Steve: You had him here, didn't you? *(Johnny runs off)* You give him your fucking words to print on your fucking machine!

Merrick: *(Putting his hands up)* Ah, which is short of saying I should have forced him to some purpose of my own? *(Cy and Leon are approaching...we see Sol come out of the hardware store...)*

Steve: Show me where the cocksucker's at. I won't fall short of force!

Cy: *(stepping up)* Who convened the meetin', boys?

Steve: New county commissioner give Merrick a statement mitigating us into an ass fucking.

Cy: Ouch. (*Smarmily, with a smirk on his face.*)

(*Up in Al's room, Jewel is telling her tale of heroism, Dan looking on...*)

Jewel: And then I yelled, "Break the fucking door down, Dan!" (*Al sighs, bemused, there's a knock at the door, Johnny strides in.*)

Johnny: Doc said only what would jolly you, Al, but I do believe Mr. Merrick might be in the fucking soup.

Dan: You have got one yawnin' fucking chasm of a mouth on you!

Johnny: Fucking county commissioner made Mr. Merrick post notice—titles of claims to be decided case by case.

Al: The county commissioner's in the camp?

Johnny: Yeah, and that hooplehead Steve is about to punch Merrick for posting the notice, and I know that you got a liking for Merrick.

Al: I want you to stop thinking now, Johnny, and only answer the question I'm gonna ask you.

Johnny: Yes, Sir.

Al: Where's the commissioner now?

Johnny: The commissioner or Mr. Merrick?

Al: The commissioner, Johnny, where's the commissioner?

Johnny: He's at Bella Union. He-he moved over there.

Al: Jesus-fucking-Christ! (*Dan gives Johnny a thumbs up, mockingly*)

Al: (*Sitting up*) Get Bullock.

Dan: Bullock?

Al: Bullock! Get Bullock.

Dan: Yes, Sir. (*Dan gets up and leaves, Johnny nodding.*)

Johnny: May call the Sheriff in, huh? Fisticuffs between Merrick and Steve!

Al: Shut the fuck up, Johnny. Help me get situated.

(*Cy looks at the statement...*)

Cy: It reads to me they're inclining toward the present titleholders.

Steve: But then they start to fucking mitigate!

Cy: (*Looks to Merrick, then back to the statement*) Yeah, they do get to mitigatin' this last part here. I guess my question is who of us here didn't know what gov'ment was before we came? Wasn't half our purpose coming to get shed of the cocksucker? And here it catches up to us again, to do what's in its nature—to lie to us—(*Dan walks by – watching*) and confuse us and steal what we come to by toil and being lucky just once in our fucking lives. Heh-and are we gonna be surprised by that, boys, government bein' government? (*Dan approaches Seth & Sol.*) Will we next be shocked by rivers runnin' or trees castin' fuckin' shade? Look, I have said before and I still fucking say those of a mind, make a price on your claims. Get out from under uncertainty. And that's from no fuckin' goodness on my part and no fuckin' charity either. I am past pickin' up again.

(Dan & Seth head to the Gem, E.B. watches from the hotel porch.) This spot might be wrong, but here's where I'm makin' my stand! And I'll also say, for bein' a fuckin' commissioner, this – Jarry - don't seem such a bad sort, under the limits of what he is. *(Puffs his cigar)*

Steve: Wait a minute. *(Cy looks at Steve)* Does that mean you've been fuckin' talking to him?

Cy: When in fuck did I say I wasn't?

Steve: I am asking you where the fuck he is, and if he's at your fucking joint!

Cy: And I am tellin' you yes, and makin' no fuckin' apologies, and sayin' one more question in that tone will collect you a broken jaw. *(He nods to Leon, Leon heads for the Bella Union, the hoopleheads all watch him...)*

Steve: I don't need another fucking question, 'cause I've located the fact that I was seeking, which is the whereabouts of the fucking commissioner, and whoever wants can come with me! *(He leads the hoopleheads to the Bella Union.)*

Merrick: Dangerous turn, Mr. Tolliver.

Cy: Yes. Temper loosened my tongue.

(Al, sitting in bed, Seth is standing at the entry to the bedroom...)

Al: *(Chuckles)* You got gall—comin' before me prettier 'an ever.

Seth: Are you all right?

Al: On the fucking mend, that's all to say on that. What do you know of this new commissioner?

Seth: His notice on the claims has people pissed off.

Al: I wouldn't want the cocksucker harmed.

Seth: I don't intend him any.

Al: Don't be fucking clever with me. He's allied with Tolliver. Are you aware of that?

Seth: No.

Al: Bedridden, I know more 'an you. The point is, if their man's allied with Tolliver and fuckin' harm comes to him, between the hoopleheads and me, who will Yankton put it on?

Seth: You.

Al: Yeah. Do they understand how most of what happens is people being drunk and stupid and trying to find something else to blame besides that-that makes their lives totally fucked? No, they don't.

Seth: Yankton.

Al: Yankton, exactly. They're too busy stealin' to study human nature. *(Puts his tea cup down, Johnny enters.)*

Johnny: Did you ring, Al?

Al: *(Grabs the bell and starts clanging it)* Now that's the sound of that fuckin' bell being rung. Did you hear that sound?

Johnny: No.

Al: No. Then get the fuck out. *(Johnny leaves)* And both of you being government officials...you ought to fuckin' look out for each other...*(lifts his teacup in a mock toast.)* Sheriff.

(Al sips his tea, Seth contemplates a moment, turns, and leaves.)

(Jarry is pacing behind the cashiers cage at the Bella Union, on the other side, Steve is pacing, following him.)

Hugo: Had you vision as well as sight, you would recognize within me not only a man, but an institution and the future as well.

Steve: Fuck you, fuck the institution, and fuck the future!

Hugo: You cannot fuck the future, Sir. The future fucks you.

Steve: Come out from that cage, you billiard-ball looking cocksucker.

Hugo: I do not take orders from hooligans.

Steve: Come out! We'll see if them cappers choose you to look at or Tolliver's fucking money!

Con: *(To Leon)* It's a chancy call.

Hugo: Should you impede my progress, Sir, were I to attempt to leave this cage, you would seal your fate as irrevocably as the tyrant crossing the rubicon!

Steve: Is he asking to suck my prick?

Hooplehead: Why don't you just explain *(Cy gives "the office")* your fuckin' statement, commissioner, *(Con gives "the office")* as far as us keepin' title to our claims!? *(Two armed henchmen nod at Con, they're ready!)*

Hugo: I explain nothing under duress.

Steve: Have you ever lived a day in your fucking life? *(Grabs the cage)* Pitch, commissioner, burning off the top of your fucking head! *(Hugo grabs the cage)* Is that vision or sight? *(Hugo screams as the hooples grab the cage and begin to rock it back and forth.)* Cunt, or duress? *(The cage comes down.)* Son of a bitch!

Seth: *(entering)* What the fuck, Tolliver?

Cy: The mob is an ungodly creature, Sheriff. *(Seth draws his gun.)*

Steve: Come on! *(Cy give "the office" as the mob drags Jarry to his feet. Seth fires a shot into the ceiling.)*

Seth: Stand away or be shot! He's under protection of the law. *(Fires again)*

Cy: You've got their fuckin' attention.

(Cy hold his hand in a "woah" way to Wolcott – you know, no worries dude, Hakuna Matata Wolcott.)

(Fields and Jane are still drinking merrily on the bench outside the freight office.)

Fields: Fuck 'em anyway.

Jane: Don't get me started. Do not get me started, Little Nigger General.

Fields: If something got to go in front of "nigger"—and – don't it always?—I prefer "short" to "little."

Jane: *(nods)* "Short nigger" is a deal, and I am a girl who keeps a bargain. Or I could just call you plain "Nigger General."

Fields: *(nods)* Call me "Just Plain Nigger."

Jane: "Short Plains Nigger."

Fields: “Nigger of the High Desert.” (*Chuckles*)

(Fields sees Steve and the hoopleheaded mob marching down the thoroughfare. The smile falls from his face. He gets up, Jane squints to see what he’s looking at. She sees Seth leading Jarry down the thoroughfare.)

Fields: Thanks for the conversatin’, Miss Jane, and the whiskey. (*Fields sneaks away*)

Jane: I am going blind as a fuckin’ bat. Who is that, the fuckin’ Sheriff? Flanked by some assholes? (*She turns, sees that Fields is no longer there.*)

Hugo: (*to Seth*) I feel no less manhandled by you, Sir.

Seth: If they still had you, by now you’d be feeling worse.

(Steve stops the hoopleheads behind him, watching Seth escort the Commissioner away.)

Seth: (*To Jane*) I need the lock-up.

Jane: Wait’ll I take out Bill’s robe.

(She sets down the bottle and looks at them menacingly, heads upstairs. Seth tips his hat to the armed man from Tollivers, a black haired version of Wild Bill. He tips his hat back at Seth and keeps an eye on the mob. Steve sees Fields scurry into the livery. Hugo and Seth follow Jane up the stairs of the freight office.)

Hugo: And now to jail, as wretched indignity accumulates.

Seth: A beating short of murder might have done you considerable good.

(Back at the Bella Union, Cy and Wolcott talk as Con & Leon direct others into righting the cage.)

Wolcott: The commissioner meets his constituents.

Cy: A man has to work some dogs to learn how the world’s tail wags.

Wolcott: Not coming to his aid, you mean to build his character.

Cy: We all ain’t sound like you, Sir. Many could use some construction work. Fellas like yourself, that’s hard to understand. Your foundation’s sunk deep.

Framework’s first rate, your mason-work. Nothin unfinished in *you*, or rotten or damaged. Or sick.

(Cy gives the thumbs up to Leon & Con, the cage is back up. He turns back to Wolcott and gives him a smarmy smile. He heads upstairs.)

(In Hostetler’s livery, he’s pitching hay.)

Hostetler: Five long years talking to nobody. “Hostetler, you got enough problem of your own. You don’t need other bodies, especially a fool! (*He pounds the hay with the pitchfork*) A fool! Hostetler, a fool!” (*panting*) I hope you fuckin’ strangle under there.

Fields: Mark us even on that \$100. *(He pokes an arm up through his hiding place in the hay, giving Hostetler a thumbs up.)*

Hostetler: If you don't get your fuckin' thumb down, I'm 'onna run this pitchfork through it. *(Fields lowers his arm back into the hay quickly.)*

(Steve and the hoopleheaded mob are gathered in a corner of the thoroughfare.)

Steve: We drag the nigger from the livery to our pitch pot in chink's alley. And we make a good fucking racket so that Bullock hears. He comes out, he gives fucking pursuit. Once he's across the thoroughfare, the several of us come from under the fucking stairs and go up and grab the commissioner.

Hooplehead: Well, suppose Bullock comes out shootin'?

Steve: *(Ponders this a moment.)* Or we just grab the nigger.

(Up in Alma's room, she's seated on the bed, Doc is sitting across from her...)

Doc: Your pelvic girdle does show the effects of your childhood illness. Your labor may be difficult.

Alma: When you say "difficult"....

Doc: I have counseled patients on the basis of their anatomy against taking pregnancies to term. I do not make that argument with you.

Alma: Do you distinguish between difficult and dangerous?

Doc: Yes. Your shape does not add danger to the delivery such as to justify, for instance, the risks of a caesarian procedure.

Alma: It adds pain, difficult in that sense?

Doc: *(nodding)* Especially since you might be reluctant to mollify the difficulty's effects with – opiates. *(She nods, Doc moves to his case, packing it up.)*

Alma: I've been told it wasn't an alternative for me even to contemplate, so—this is new information.

Doc: I see. And now that the-the choice is within your province, do you incline in one direction or another?

Alma: *(Pausing)* To be honest, Doctor, I'm living into the thought that I've any choice at all.

(Hostetler is writing on his chalkboard...)

Hostetler: You know what I'm fucking writing, fucking Nigger General. To my ingrate fucking sister Etta, who will outlast me, I am writing my fucking will. "One..." *(Footsteps approach, he stops.)*

Steve: What else did they teach you, Hostetler—at that school where you learned how to write? *(Hostetler stands up, setting his jaw.)* What else?!

Hostetler: *(Hangs his head)* He's back up in the stall up under the hay.

Steve: They taught you good. *(Pats Hostetler's shoulder)* Come on, you gutless cunts!

(In the thoroughfare, Charlie, armed, is approaching the scene in his wagon. The mob is yelling now.)

Man: Grab that nigger!

Man2: Come on, Nigger.

Steve: Come on, Boy!

EB: *(Having seen what was happening from the Gem balcony, runs inside, followed closely by Dan)* They grabbed up a nigger.

Al: When did a fucking nigger come into this?

Dan: Hooples got him from the livery.

Al: What about Bullock and the commissioner?

Dan: Reckon they're still upstairs.

Al: You've told me nothing. You've added a fucking irrelevancy.

Dan: It wasn't Hostetler. It—it was some little nigger. *(Al growls quietly)*

(At the lock-up, Seth slides the latch shut on the cell door, he puts a lock on it.)

Hugo: I'll give you \$20 if you'll let me use that as my bedroll.

Jane: *(Rolling up Bill's robe)* You got a better chance waking up looking normal. *(Charlie enters)* Hi, Charlie.

Charlie: Is the Nigger General back to camp?

Jane: Yes, he is.

Charlie: Don't act like you know, Jane, just 'cause you're already drunk.

Jane: You are an ignorant cocksucker.

Charlie: He come over winter when you was gone.

Jane: That's ignorant. I met him today.

Seth: Why did you ask about him, Charlie?

Charlie: It looked like he was gonna get done for. I mean, I couldn't see to be sure.

(Seth puts down the keys and he and Charlie leave. Hugo looks at Jane.)

Hugo: I'm thirsty.

Jane: *(Turns her head to Hugo, sneering)* Lie on your back, take aim and piss.

(Outside, Steve is ripping off Fields' clothes.)

Fields: How did I wrong you choice gentlemen?

Steve: You want to start with me getting' drafted so my cousin got the fucking confectionery? *(Steve tears off Fields' pants to his ankles, dropping Fields to the ground.)*

Fields: And that's why you're going to vulcanize me?

Steve: Shut your fucking mouth! *(The pitch is set down nearby. Men are holding Fields down.)*

Fields: Your cousin, trapped east, allows you to come here to strike it rich. Ain't that so? Sir?

Steve: Get him the fuck up! *(Fields struggles)* Get him the fuck up! *(Picking up the pitch spatula)* You stole my look at riches, you and your fucking monkey cousins! *(Seth approaches as Steve puts the pitch to Fields' shoulder. Fields screams.)*

Fields: You motherfucker!

Seth: (*Seth fires his gun into the air, Steve turns to him.*) Disperse this riotous assembly!

Charlie: (*Aiming his gun*) Let go of Nigger General.

Steve: That monkey just motherfucked me!

Seth: I'll motherfuck you and blow your head off.

(*Steve throws the pitch spatula to the ground. He looks around.*)

(*Alma approaches the hardware store, Richardson watches her, holding up the antlers like some prairie version of the Romper Room lady "And I see Alma, and hooplehead, and the hardware store, and..."*)

Trixie:(*Shouting*) Cunt!

Sol: May I please go over those columns with you?

Trixie:What is the fucking point of *you* going over the columns? You know the method of this shit already, took in probably at your mother's fucking tit!

Sol: God help me for enjoying you out there, even only to abuse me. Although, I also wouldn't mind getting fucked.

Trixie:A last try at twinnin' these columns, then you'll have your fuckin' wish.

Sol: The correct answer in each instance is \$127.49.

Trixie:(*chuckles*) You fuck.

(*Sol smiles, Alma approaches the door and knocks on the glass. Trixie gets up to open the door, grabbing the keys along the way. She opens the door for Alma.*)

Alma: Good evening, Trixie.

Trixie:I was coming to you once I'd done these columns and fucked a friend. (*Alma motions "no biggie" with her hand, Trixie looks at her, they both pause*) Anyone else look in on you today?

Alma: (*Smiling*) I did have another visitor, yes.

Trixie:I'm gonna light a fucking cigarette in here. (*louder*) Fuck anyone who doesn't like it!

Alma: Please, do smoke.

Trixie:Thank you so much. (*She starts rolling a cigarette*) So how'd the other visitor's visit go?

Alma: I am, as we thought.

Trixie:And? (*Licks the paper*)

Alma: And he expects an uneventful course, though not without difficulties.

Trixie:I love how they fucking put it.

Alma: Well, that's my formulation.

Trixie:(*lights the cigarette*) Does "formulation" mean "plan"?

Alma: (*pauses*) My plan...at the moment, is to watch, and wait. (*She smokes, Alma pauses.*)

Trixie:"I couldn't help noticing, Trixie, you're occupied now at the hardware store."
(*Alma cocks her head at Trixie, interested*) Yes, Alma, I am. I'm spending time at Bullock & Star's learning to do accounts.

Alma: (*smiling*) I'm so delighted.

Trixie: Though, I'm also fucking one of the owners.

Alma: *(laughs)* Well. I'm delighted by that as well. *(Alma smiles at Trixie, Trixie nods)*

Alma: Trixie, can I have a puff of your cigarette? *(Tentatively reaching for it.)*

Trixie: You ever smoked before? *(Offers Alma the cigarette.)*

Alma: No. *(Takes the cigarette)* Hm...*(She puffs delicately, smiles, coughs.)* Thank you.

Trixie: *(smiling)* Sure.

Alma: *(looks away, turns back to Trixie)* Good night. *(She turns to leave, Trixie grabs the key to lock up, she grabs Alma's arm...)*

Trixie: Congratulations.

(Alma, surprised it seems, nods, leaves and shuts the door. Trixie puts her cigarette out. We next see Sol lying in bed, he hears Trixie approaching.)

Sol: Hello, there.

Trixie: \$127.49, both columns-separate-verified.

Sol: Lying with aplomb, you've got the true calling.

Trixie: What you heard otherwise is none of your business.

Sol: I didn't hear anything else. *(Trixie leans over and kisses Sol)*

Trixie: *(whispering)* Let me work on your column now.

(Wolcott and Carrie are sitting on the bed at the Chez Amie. Carrie's back is to Wolcott, he's reading from Bill's letter.)

Wolcott: "My own darling wife Agnes...I have but a few moments left before this letter starts. I never was as well in my life. But you'd laugh to see me now, as I just got in from prospecting." He's lying. I'm told he never prospected a moment of his time in the camp.

Carrie: We must report him so he'll be punished.

Wolcott: "I am almost sure I will do well here. We will have a home yet. Then we will be so happy." He spells like a child. "Sure" is spelled S-H-U-R-E.

Carrie: Is it a very long letter?

Wolcott: No, as you're about to discover. "Here the man is, hurrying me. I have but a few moments left before the mail must start. Goodbye, my dear wife."

Carrie: Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

Wolcott: "J.B. Hickok, Wild Bill."

Carrie: Goodbye, Wild Bill.

Wolcott: There's a postscript.

Carrie: Is it a very long, postscript?

Wolcott: "Agnes, darling, if such should be we never meet again, while firing my last shot I will gently breathe the name of my wife Agnes, and with wishes even for my enemies, I will make the plunge and try to swim to the other shore." *(He puts the letter back in the envelope, looking contemplative. Carrie looks close to tears.)*

Carrie: Are you a man who needs his trousers rubbed?

Wolcott: I am a man...who needs his trousers taken off.

Carrie: *(Pauses)* I can do that. *(She turns and looks at him.)*

(Doc is examining Al's eye.)

Doc: Seems to me there's reabsorption of the hemorrhage.

Al: What the fuck good is less blood in my eye. I want use of my fucking limbs.

Doc: I understand.

Al: I have spent my last day abed hearing secondhand news from imbeciles.

Doc: It strike you as overweening, Al, settin' nature to a schedule?

Al: I'm not setting' terms for nature. I'm settin' them for myself.

Doc: Who has dominion over nature? Al Swearengen, owner and proprietor.

Al: As to when he takes his leave, you're a-one fucking right. *(He takes a swig of whiskey, there's a knock at the door, Johnny comes in and tries to mouth "Bullock")*

Al: Well I don't understand.

(Johnny points to his chest, then holds his hands over his pockets to undicate a badge and guns. He mouths again – "Bullock" – Al sighs.)

Doc: Bullock? *(Johnny nods.)*

Al: Why the fuck do you whisper? *(Puts whiskey bottle down.)* Bullock!

Johnny: I could have said you was asleep. *(Johnny leaves as Bullock enters.)*

Seth: Doc.

Doc: Sheriff. *(Gets up, walking in between the two, he puts his fingers up) Pithy and civil. (The Doc leaves.)*

Seth: The commissioner's all right.

Al: *(Pauses mid-swig, offers the bottle to Seth. Seth steps forward to take it.)* You wipe the rim of that bottle, I'll knock you out from my present vantage. *(Seth takes the bottle, smiling, sits, lifts the bottle in a toast – drinks.)* They're comin' against us.

Seth: *(nods)* Posting notice like that, not award even one commissioner of the *three* to local citizenry. *(Hands the bottle back.)*

Al: I'll guarantee you this too...*(drinks)* Politicians ain't got balls for this type unsupported move. *(sighs)* Someone's backing their play. Or they'd be here bending over for us.

Seth: Is it Tolliver?

Al: Tolliver is us. They ain't gonna pick Tolliver over me this early in the game. *(Offers the bottle back)*

Seth: I see. *(Swigs)*

Al: There's a nigger in the fucking woodpile somewhere, someone from outside the camp.

Seth: Anyways. *(Starts to get up.)*

Al: That nigger the hooples grabbed, did they kill him?

Seth: Tarred his shoulder.

Al: What stopped them at that?

Seth: *(Pauses – taking a deep breath)* Me. *(Gets up.)*

Al: I get back on my fucking feet, I'll carry my share of the water.

Seth: *(pauses-looks at Al)* My money's on you.

(Up in the lock-up, Jane is tending to Fields' shoulder.)

Jane: Here comes some pain for you. *(She pulls a strip of tar off his shoulder. He groans.)* You ever think of screaming instead of biting through your own fucking flesh?

Fields: *(He sighs, breathing heavily)* It's my fucking pain. *(panting)*

Jane: And I am suggesting an improved way of dealing with it, which is how progress occurs.

Hugo: *(Sitting up in bed)* Will you two be quiet?

Jane: Not only will we not be quiet, you frog-faced fuck...*(standing up, grabbing a club)* I'm gonna take this stick and drag it back and forth across the bars of your cell. *(She does, Hugo stands – yelling)*

Hugo: I am not a prisoner! I am in protective custody!

Jane: In care of a deputy deputized by the deputy Sheriff, who orders you to shut the fuck up! *(She pounds the cell with the club, Jarry sits, she tosses the club to the side as she turns back toward Fields. He's breathing easier now.)*

Fields: You know Hostetler?

Jane: He runs the livery?

Fields: Taller than me.

Jane: I know him. *(She goes back to tending his shoulder.)*

Fields: I'd be glad if he heard I'da done just what he did, only quicker.

Jane: I guess he'll understand that if I don't.

Fields: He'll understand. I'd tell him myself except—I'm keeping indoors tonight. *(panting)*

Jane: Here comes some more pain.

(She tears another strip of tar off his shoulder. He groans in pain. We see Hostetler, holding his head, rocking back and forth. Ridden with the guilt of turning his fool friend over to the hoopleheaded mob.)

Cast (in credits order)

[Timothy Olyphant](#) Seth Bullock
[Ian McShane](#) [Al Swearengen](#)
[Molly Parker](#) Alma Garret
[Brad Dourif](#) [Doc Cochran](#)
[John Hawkes](#) Sol Star
[Paula Malcomson](#) Trixie
[William Sanderson](#) Eustis Baily (E.B.) Farnum
[Robin Weigert](#) [Calamity Jane](#)
[W. Earl Brown](#) Dan Dority
[Dayton Callie](#) Charlie Utter
[Powers Boothe](#) Cy Tolliver / Tolliver
[Sean Bridgers](#) Johnny Burns
[Jeffrey Jones](#) A.W. Merrick
[Geri Jewell](#) Jewel
[Bree Seanna Wall](#) Sofia
[Titus Welliver](#) Silas Adams
[Kim Dickens](#) Joanie Stubbs
Maddie Alice Krige
Miss Isringhausen Sarah Paulson
Con Stapleton Peter Jason
Hugo Jarry Stephen Toblowsky
Carrie Izabella Miko
Tessie Parris Boothe
Pete Richardson Ralf Richeson
Hostetler Richard Gant
Steve Michael Harney
Hooplehead Cade Carradine
Erica Swanson

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