



Episode 18: “Something Very Expensive”

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(In Al’s office, Al is sitting on the edge of the bed, his right foot propped up on a chair, Doc is examining him...)

Doc: You, Al, are an object lesson in the healing powers of obstinacy and a hostile disposition.

Al: My leg and arm are waxy.

Doc: How they feel to you is not the relevant measure. I judge objectively the way they respond to stimuli, and they are much fucking improved. In the overall, Sir, I call you a miracle. *(Al arches an eyebrow at Doc.)*

(Al rings the bell, still in his office. Downstairs, Dan and Johnny are busy at the bar, they look up at the sound of the bell. The door to his office opens and Doc steps out...)

Doc: Ready to meet the world. *(Johnny smiles like a little boy at Christmas.)*

(Outside the Bella Union, Cy and Wolcott are puffing on cigars...)

Cy: How much longer you suppose I’ll be buying claims, Mr. Wolcott?

Wolcott: We’re close to the end.

Cy: Otherwise, I’ll need to start dancin’ out here in long johns or bayin’ at the moon—give people some idea of why I’m going against logic.

Wolcott: This phase is nearly over, even as another begins. *(He gestures toward a wagon arriving with a large tarp covering it’s contents.)*

(In Alma’s room at the Grand Central, she is seated next to Ellsworth, sipping tea, across from Sol Star...)

Alma: I propose formation of a bank, Mr. Star, with yourself as Chief Officer, my holdings in the camp standing surety, and Mr. Ellsworth as overseer of my interests.

Sol: I see.

Alma: *(looks at Ellsworth)* Not quite a rousing endorsement.

Sol: It’s just what’s needed, Mrs. Garret. I don’t know that I should be part of it.

Alma: Why, Mr. Star?

Sol: Other obligations.

Alma: Oughtn’t you, or anyone urging such connections as disqualifying you, think of the good of the camp? We all have...*(cup clinking as she shakes, setting it down)* complicating obligations. *(She gags, suppressing the immediate urge to puke, but not for long. She stands, the men follow suit, she makes her way over to a basin on the dresser and proceeds to empty the contents of her stomach ever so delicately into it. Ellsworth and Sol look at each other – stricken with what they’ve just witnessed.)*

(The covered wagon has stopped in the Chinese Quadrant, Mr. Wu grabs a knife, looks over at Mr. Lee and his henchman that drove the wagon, disgusted, he starts cutting away the tarp covering the contents of the wagon...)

Wu: Daio! *(Women – Chinese slaves – reach out desperately through the cages they are being held in, squinting at the sunlight.)*

Cy: Might those be my new employees? *(Mr. Wu looks at Mr. Lee, disgusted.)*

Wolcott: There's a combat in prospect between those two, *(Mr. Wu looks back again, distressed and disgusted.)* As equal as the Sioux with the whites.

(Mr. Wu glares at Mr. Lee, turns and strides away. Mr. Lee and his bald henchman approach the wagon as Doc passes by – looking at the women reaching, gasping, and straining inside the cage. He looks over at Cy with a questioning “What the fuck?”-face. Cy looks back, smarmily.)

(Up in Al's office, He's preparing to meet the public. Straightening his suit, he looks up to Dan and Johnny. Dan paces around the desk next to Johnny, looking critically at Al.)

Al: All right?

Dan: Well, you—left upright, about half a cunt hair.

Al: Well, bring me fucking straight then.

Johnny: I got him, Dan. *(Johnny walks behind Al, thumbs to his left...) Hmm? (Dan nods, Johnny shifts Al to the left.)*

Dan: Whoa. *(Throws up a hand.)* Right, there you go. Straight as a string.

Al: Stand back then, Johnny. Any drool, first fucking fleck, you give me this. *(Tugs ear.)*

Johnny: *(Shaking his head)* Uh, you never showed no fucking spittle, Al.

Al: Do as I fucking say.

Johnny: Yes, Sir. *(tugs ear.)*

(Dan opens the door, E.B. and Trixie stand, Tom Nuttall, Alice Isringhausen and Silas Adams all are waiting between them.)

Trixie: I'm going in.

EB: Then why am I in first chair?

Trixie: Anyone else suck his prick?

(E.B. says nothing – dumbstruck. Mr. Wu, the last in line, snaps his head back to his magazine, snickering. Trixie goes in, Johnny & Dan guard the door.)

(Hugo Jarry is carrying his bags down the stairs of the Bella Union, he looks angrily at Cy, who is calmly sipping a cup of tea.)

Hugo: You washed your hands of me, Mr. Tolliver, when I was beset amid that rabble, no less contemptibly than Pontius Pilate.

Cy: Sometimes the shadow's cast by the sheltering hand.

Hugo: (*Sets his bags down, mouth agape.*) Meaning the rabble was under your control?

Cy: No, Sir. Wouldn't have 'em. I am attuned, though, to the workings of what passes for their minds. This morning we see the result—more claims offered for sale and prices pressed downward. You suppose the owners fear you might visit your ire on their titles?

Hugo: I want to get out of here.

Cy: I understand. (*He looks over at Tessie and another whore, lounging...*) Will you have a quick wind of your timepiece before you go?

Hugo: No. No, Sir. I will not. I feel the earth washing away from beneath me. I want to go away. (*Wolcott looks on.*)

Cy: We'll fucking miss ya.

Hugo: (*Walks past Cy, addressing Mr. Wolcott*) And you, Mr. Wolcott, I find you the most severe disappointment of all.

Wolcott: (*Not looking up from his paperwork*) Often to myself as well. (*Hugo leaves.*) What impressions do we expect he'll take to Yankton?

Cy: That your money spends, and I'm a dangerous man with whom to disagree. You put us together, don't that make us the very image of Mr. Hearst as he'd want Yankton to thinka him?

(*Up in Al's office, it's Trixie's turn with Al...*)

Al: How's the Jew-fucking going?

Trixie: (*smoking*) It's alright.

Al: What does it add to my understanding?

Trixie: He's meetin' with the widow this morning—spoke to the other of formin' a bank, and of her in that connection.

Al: Who's the fucking "other"?

Trixie: Fucking Bullock.

Al: My sensibilities do not need coddlin' either.

Trixie: (*shaking head*) It's no concern for you. (*Ashes her cigarette*) I don't like naming the cocksucker. Anyways, that may be it's purpose, his sittin' down with the widow.

Al: The Jew? (*Trixie nods*) I hope you're getting paid for the pussy. Don't put a price to it, you'll lose their respect.

Trixie: He's teachin' me accounts.

Al: That's all right then. Learnin' is like currency to them.

Trixie: (*Widens her eyes*) He stares in my eyes when he fucks me, longing-like.

Al: Jesus Christ.

Trixie: (*Studies Al*) You don't look so bad.

Al: Yeah, next thing to up and about.

(*In the thoroughfare, a stage has arrived. A woman makes to get out – taking Hugo's hand. He uses it to pull himself inside, impatient bastard. Merrick hustles out...*)

Merrick: Uh, Ma'am, may I? *(Extending a hand, she takes it – getting out)* A.W. Merrick, Ma'am, of "The Black Hills Pioneer," making bold to introduce himself.

Mary: I am Mary Stokes, Mr. Merrick.

Merrick: *(Excitedly – fairly jumping up and down.)* I thought so! I—uh, I hoped so. I'm delighted to make your acquaintance, Ma'am. *(Hugo holds her hand bag out the coach window)* And-and for the camp's children, whom you will edify. *(Hugo shakes the bag at Merrick – Merrick takes it.)* Uh...is this yours?

Mary: Yes.

Merrick: And your bags, your bags. Let's see, are they up here?

(Trixie leaves Al's office, E.B. & Tom Nuttall looking up. She smiles at Johnny, strolls over to E.B., pantomiming a blow job with her hand. She leans over in front of E.B...)

Trixie: Liar.

(Silas and Mr. Wu watch her walk past, E.B. still speechless to her. He gets up and enters the office. Downstairs, Ellsworth is looking around as Trixie walks down the stairs.)

Ellsworth: Miss Trixie.

Trixie: What is this now?

Ellsworth: Nothing nefarious. I was looking for you. My nerves have had a shock.

Trixie: How so?

Ellsworth: Miz Garret took poorly.

Trixie: At the meetin' with Mr. Star?

Ellsworth: *(nods)* Blech. *(Pretends to puke)*

Trixie: Hmm...*(Whispering)* Come here.

(She pulls on his lapel, turning him around, leading him to a back room. A whore is passed out on the couch, Trixie pries a whiskey bottle from the whore's clutches. She wipes it off and takes a drink.)

Ellsworth: I'll add that...she hasn't looked well the last few weeks, especially in the morning. Pale.

Trixie: What are you fucking hintin' at? *(Hands him the bottle)*

Ellsworth: Nothin'.

Trixie: Nothin'? She ain't looked well mornin's opposed to the rest of the day, pale? *(They sit)*

Ellsworth: How does sharing observations make me liable to rebuke?

Trixie: You got her knocked up, in other words.

Ellsworth: Me?! I ain't got her in any way at all, Trixie.

Trixie: In your opinion, I'm saying – she's in the way.

Ellsworth: I work for the woman in her fucking employ. *(Takes a drink)*

Trixie: I understand that.

Ellsworth: And that is the sole fucking full extent of it.

Trixie: Would you do the right thing?

Ellsworth: I was not involved.

Trixie: We're fuckin' past that. I know you wasn't fuckin' involved.

Ellsworth: Who *was* involved too, (*drinks*) far as that fuckin' goes?

Trixie: Would you?

Ellsworth: Would I fuckin' what?

Trixie: Do the right fuckin' thing in that fuckin' situation?

Ellsworth: *What's* the situation? Explain it.

Trixie: If she wanted the child—how a woman wants one that ain't certain she's made to bear many, willin' even to bear it outta wedlock but for the hurt she'd do another and the humiliation she'd do, and to that other woman's little boy. Would you do it then?

Ellsworth: (*realizations sinking in*) Do?

Trixie: The right fuckin' thing. Don't get fuckin' coy with me.

Ellsworth: Marry her, you're sayin'? (*Trixie nods*) And the child in the eyes of others—the issue of *my* loins.

Trixie: As much as they care to see. This is only a passin' glance. So the come's true author ain't thrown in their fuckin' face. Or the true author's wife's face, or the face of that little fuckin' boy. Well?

Ellsworth: (*pausing, conflicted*) Would—would she fuckin' have me?

Trixie: I'd work on that next.

(*Merrick is helping Mary Stokes with her luggage, unloading it from the stage.*)

Mary: Books.

Merrick: Ah, wonderful.

Mary: I parted with several boxes in Bismarck.

Merrick: (*struggling with the box*) I'm sure to Bismarck's betterment.

Mary: Mostly for the sake of the children.

Merrick: The other few, might I suspect for the sake of certain childhood memories of your own?

Mary: You may, and be in the right.

Merrick: Uh, when-when you're situated, Miss Stokes, (*stammering*) may I take you on a tour of the camp?

Mary: I would be grateful.

Merrick: No more than I, Miss Stokes, I assure you.

(*It's E.B.'s turn in Al's office now...*)

EB: Oh, a man's come to camp, Wolcott. Agent for the Hearst's interest. (*He gets up, puts on his hat – he's nervous*) I believe he's made calls with Tolliver and Yankton.

Al: That's why Yankton's suddenly got balls.

EB: I made him think I was trying to gull him, (*sits*) and that he had turned the tables on me.

Al: How much did he buy you for?

EB: I kept Dan apprised while you convalesced, in abbreviated fashion.

Al: How much.
EB: Oh, \$10,000. *(He stands back up, biting his nail, pacing, not able to look Al in the eye.)* Enlisting me, so he thought, to spread rumors about rescission of the claims.
Al: Tolliver's the front, hmm?
EB: *(nods)* Buying from the panicked sellers, engaged by this Wolcott.
Al: This agent for George Hearst?
EB: That's it in a nutshell. *(He sits, chuckles, looks at Al – who is staring thoughtfully at him. E.B – uncomfortable – stands back up)* I meant you no disloyalty, Al.
Al: You looked out for yourself against the chance I'd die.
EB: I never *wished* for that outcome. But I am a born follower. In any case, here we are, if tactically disadvantaged, exactly as before in strength. *(Makes a "huzzah" with is arms, moves to leave, Al rings the bell, E.B. turns back to Al, shutting the door, nervous. Al waves him off.)* Oh, sure. Thank you, Sir.

(At the hardware store, Seth looks out the door and smiles, walking to the desk. Sol enters.)

Sol: Morning.
Seth: Morning, Sol.
Sol: *(Hangs up his hat, removes his coat)* Thanks for opening.
Seth: You were out.
Sol: *(Pauses – turns)* Yes. Yes, I paid a call and then I've been walking. *(Pauses – apprehensive)* The call was on Mrs. Garret.
Seth: We agreed – that wasn't gonna happen.
Sol: Our agreement was to not *solicit* her investment in a bank. The call I paid was at her invitation.
Seth: *(Angry – walks out from behind the desk, approaching Sol)* I don't give a *fuck* who invited who, Sol.
Sol: That's *your* position.
Seth: Was the bank the subject of the meeting? *(A customer walks in)* Get out! *(The customer stops, turns, leaving)*
Sol: *(To the customer)* Uh, excuse us a little while, please. *(Turns back to Seth)* She invited *me*, Seth.
Seth: To talk of forming a bank, came here and invited you?
Sol: Sent Ellsworth that works for her.
Seth: You told *me* none of it.
Sol: Suspecting maybe you mightn't act rational.
Seth: *(Smirking)* But I bet you told the whore.
Sol: We're done talking about this for now. *(Turning)*
Seth: No! *(Following Sol)*
Sol: Yes, Seth. We're done talking about this. If you keep it up, we're going to fight, and you'll have to work by yourself while I convalesce.

(Seth nods, grabs his hat, leaves.)

(It's Alice Isringhausen and Silas Adams' turn with Al.)

Alice: Until late, Mr. Swearengen, I was employed by Alma Garret, as tutor to her orphan ward.

Silas: Sacked two days ago.

Al: Let her tell it.

Alice: In the course of my employment, I frequently saw Mrs. Garret under the influence of opiates. In this state, she admitted to me having commissioned the murder of her husband.

Al: What a world.

Alice: She named *you* as her instrument.

Al: Said I killed him.

Alice: She never specified you had actually killed him.

Al: Left it vague-like.

Alice: Exactly.

Al: That I was her instrument?

Alice: Yes.

Al: So we could pin it on someone else, or I could take the fall—confess, supportin’ your version.

Alice: Yes.

Al: In writin’ and then subsequently escape.

Alice: Such has been known to occur.

Al: Leaving the widow lonely at the bar of justice.

Alice: Better one than none at all.

Al: *(Slowly looking at Alice full-on.)* Who do you work for?

Alice: People of means.

Al: The people you work for were hired by people of means. Don’t get cagey, Miss Isringhausen.

Alice: Let me suggest, Mr. Swearengen, you do not get distracted from your opportunity. Not who I work for should concern you, but the amount you’ll be paid and the surety of its delivery.

Al: Too fucking true. Why I pray fervently it ain’t the Pinkerton’s whose pay you’re in, and that her dead husband’s people hired to steal her gold. I got unrelated reasons to hate those cocksuckers.

Alice: \$50,000.

Al: I’m hard-pressed to think who the fuck else it would be.

Alice: \$50,000, Mr. Swearengen. Separate from pay to your subordinates.

Al: Your pockets, not mine?

Alice: Yes.

Al: Would it go against his *(points to Silas)* for the pussy? *(points to Alice)*

Alice: No charge for the pussy. *(Silas pauses mid breathe – looking at Alice.)*

Al: *(leaning forward)* Mind if I take the day?

Alice: Not at all.

Al: I’ve got a lot on my plate just now, and I’m feeling less than my full fucking self.

Alice: You seem quite formidable to me. In any case, I’ll wait to hear from Silas.

Al: Do. *(Sitting back)* That’d be grand. *(Rings the bell.)*

(Silas and Alice stride out onto the thoroughfare—he looks pissed.)

Silas: I guess if I called you a cunt, I needn't expect you to faint?

Alice: No.

Silas: Gettin' struck be a first?

Alice: How have I injured your interests?

Silas: You think he's upstairs considering me for promotion? Anyway, *(stopping on the porch of the hotel, he gestures upstairs)* clear out of my room.

Alice: Come up and fuck me, why don't you?

Silas: Simple as that? *(She nods)* I'd fear a snakebite.

Alice: *(Sidling up to him)* Come up and fuck me, and I'll answer every one you want to ask.

(She turns to go upstairs, Silas looks after her, considering what the fuck is going on with this devious bitch.)

(Steve is at the No. 10 Saloon, doing shots, Bullock walks past, turns and looks inside the No. 10 and sees Steve. He strides inside the saloon.)

Nuttall: Morning, Sheriff.

(Steve looks up at Bullock, inhales deeply and looks back down at his shotglass. Seth leans over him)

Seth: You sober enough to listen? *(Steve looks up at him, raises his brows, turns and spits)* Did you just intend to insult me?

Steve: Excuse me, Sheriff.

Seth: I know—you face bidness reverses.

Steve: Like losing my fuckin' claim!

Seth: People angry at their difficulties often act like fuckin' idiots, but there'll be no murderin' people in this camp of any color, or assaults on officials of any stripe.

Steve: Even Yankton thieves who are in league with God knows fucking who?

Seth: *(Angrily)* Officials from Yankton or otherwise, or thieves or not. *(Stands upright)* If you can't live with that, get out of this fucking camp.

Steve: I can live with it. You have to keep rubbing my fucking nose in it?

Seth: *(Punches Steve, causing him to tumble out of his chair to the floor)* Do not misconduct yourself again in this camp. *(He leaves, Steve struggles to get up.)*

ShitStirrer: Must he take what the Sheriff just fucking give him?

Nuttall: Apparently so.

ShitStirrer: He needn't. Not by custom, not by fucking law.

Steve: *(sits)* Name my remedy then.

ShitStirrer: Outside every county courthouse in the land is the lady blindfolded.

Nuttall: True, far as it goes...

ShitStirrer: To ignore how them scales she carries sometimes gets balanced out...

Nuttall: There, I take no position.

Steve: I could take a leather punch and stab the bastard's horse in the fucking ass.

ShitStirrer: You could, and you'd be in the right.

Steve: Carve on its coat, "Bullock, I fucked your horse," and square the fucking scales.

ShitStirrer: And if the blindfold was down, see the lady a'winking, while she told you-
-you done it like a man.

Steve: And if I carve "Fuck," I *will* have fucked the horse beforehand.

ShitStirrer: Preachin' to the choir.

Steve: (*Gets up, grabs his bottle, heading out*) Thanks.

ShitStirrer: Sure. (*Steve leaves, Nuttall clears the table he was at.*) Mingle the shit
somewhat.

Nuttall: You ought to take up whittling.

(*At the Bella Union, Cy is signing papers, Wolcott sitting across from him. Cy blows his signature dry. Wolcott is looking down, busy.*)

Cy: Ready to receive currency, Captain, in exchange for titles.

Wolcott: Yes. (*Tosses down a thick billfold, still not looking up.*)

Cy: And as I've learned to sustain discourse while counting, I'm gonna ask you to
take counsel with me.

Wolcott: In what regard?

Cy: Well, first, let's agree them chink whores make a poor appearance.

Wolcott: Yes.

Cy: And as far as locales for fucking, them cribs they're in lack allure.

Wolcott: They might attract the intended clientele.

Cy: Now that's an attitude right there I want us to counsel on. Smart-alecky sorta
attitude and almost with a quality of...fucking anger to it. I-I-I don't find exact
fucking words for it, but it fucking disturbs and concerns me.

Wolcott: By my lights, I feel I manage well.

Cy: Well, you can say that, Mr. Wolcott, yet I hear accounts that you're a dangerous
lay, (*Wolcott finally looks up at Cy*) and that adds to my feeling of disturbed. Are
you inclined, Sir, every so often to...ride one off the cliff? Girls, I mean?

Wolcott: I am disturbed at my private conduct being spoken of.

Cy: Well, I should think you fucking would be. And to think of Mr. Hearst's
disturbance if he was to fucking know. Because...that's a dangerous habit to
indulge when you're not among friends.

Wolcott: Are you my friend, Mr. Tolliver?

Cy: (*laughs a bit*) And as someone past surprise at habits or inclination, or turns of
events, and who don't confuse himself far as sitting in judgment with our Lord in
fucking heaven.

Wolcott: I see.

Cy: And who would never tattle to your employer or jeopardize what's gotta be a
handsome fucking income. Goddamn right, I am your friend, Mr. Wolcott. All I
can't provide for the party is the cliff.

Wolcott: Believing yourself past surprise does not commend you to me as a friend.
A man inadequately sophisticated, or merely ignorant or simply stupid, may
believe himself past surprise, then be surprised to discover, for example, that Mr.
Hearst already knows of my inclinations and finds them immaterial. Suggesting,
as a corollary, that your skills for blackmail and manipulation no longer are assets
to you, and for your fatuous belief in their efficacy, in fact have become

liabilities. In short, you've overplayed your hand. Now I should think in consequence, now recognizing yourself as a man past his time, that during this last transitional period you would devote yourself with grateful and quiet diligence to such uses as others may still find you suitable.

Cy: Oh, you bet I'm grateful. A man like yourself, warmed at Mr. Hearst's bosom, secure in his confidence and trust, taking the time and spending the energy to persuade a relic like me.

(Wolcott gets up, pushes in his chair, takes the claim papers and leaves. Cy, still smarmy, takes the cash and puts it in his pocket.)

(Alice and Silas, have done the dirty, done dirt cheap, are side by side in bed...)

Alice: She'd placed adverts for a tutor in Chicago, Boston and New York. The interests that employ me saw.

Silas: What was you doing at the time?

Alice: Piloting a steamboat.

Silas: Was Al right who hired you people to fuck her up?

Alice: That's not something I'm told.

Silas: Must be the dead husband's parents if they want to hang that murder off her neck.

Alice: That would make sense. *(Stone faced – she pauses)* Why does Swearengen hate the Pinkertons?

Silas: Beats me, a stalwart organization like 'at. *(pause)* Did you help send them miners up the fucking scaffold in Pennsylvania?

Alice: I was busy on the Mississip'. *(She sounds bummed about it.)*

(Silas looks sideways at Alice, eyebrows raised.)

(Wolcott is walking the thoroughfare...talking to himself, getting angrier with each statement...)

Wolcott: Past hope. Past kindness or consideration. Past justice. Past satisfaction. Past warmth or cold or comfort. Past love. But past surprise? What an endlessly unfolding tedium life would then become. No, Doris...we must not let you be past surprise.

(He arrives at the Chez Amie, enters, slamming the door behind him. Maddie is sitting down comfortably in a chair, her hair down.)

Maddie: Carrie's napping. I'll awaken her.

Wolcott: You needn't. *(Crossing the room, revealing Doris sitting at Joanie's desk.)* I would like to see this young lady just now.

Maddie: All right. Doris?

(Doris, apprehensively gets up from the desk, she looks scared. Wolcott grabs her arm and escorts her into a room.)

(Merrick and Mary are walking the camp...)

Merrick: Ah, teachers one remembers. The thrilling kindness of the extra moment taken, the extra word of encouragement offered. “You, young man”—or woman as the case might have been—“have an interesting turn of mind.”

Mary: *(chuckling)* Yes. And to take that extra moment in turn. *(Merrick takes her hand, guiding her through the muck)*

Merrick: Oh, Miss Stokes, to alter a life’s course with a word—*(he gazes upon her)* how I revere your...your profession.

Mary: Well, thank you, Mr. Merrick.

Merrick: No, thank you, Miss Stokes, and all teachers in you. *(Pausing –releasing her hand - looking ahead)* Um, there before you is the Bullock house. It was recently constructed by Mr. Bullock. *(groans)* Ah, these streets. *(He guides her through the muck.)*

(Mr. Wu is now having his turn with Al. Al is looking at a classic stick figure drawing a la Wu, depicting two men and a wagon. Al is tapping one of the stick figures.)

Al: I got to meet him, Wu.

MrWu: *(Through clenched teeth)* cocksucka!

Al: San Francisco cocksucker, I have got to meet him.

MrWu: Swedgin, San Francisco cocksucka meet!

Al: San Francisco cocksucker and Swedgin gotta meet. *(slowly)* I’ve got to meet him, Wu. I’ve gotta see how much juice he’s got.

MrWu: “Jews?” *(Rubbing fingers together – “money”)*

Al: Yeah, I’ve got to see how much juice San Francisco cocksucker’s got, hmm? *(Mr. Wu stands, goes to window.)*

MrWu: Jew Gwai? Jew Gwai? *(pointing out window – shouting)* Jew? Jew? *(Pantomimes and absurdly large nose.)*

Al: No. N-no no, Wu. No no no no Jews.

MrWu: Jew?

Al: No Jew. Forget Juice - forget juice.

MrWu: No Jew?

Al: Forget juice, huh?

MrWu: No Swedgin, no San Francisco cocksucker. No Jew. Swedgin, Wu. *(Crosses fingers – we’re tight bra!)* Hang Dai!

Al: Wu and Swedgin—Hang Dai. *(Crosses fingers)*

(Back at the Chez Amie, Joanie enters, Maddie quickly grabs a magazine and starts reading.)

Maddie: Where are the other girls?

Joanie: Mooning over a dress at that store. What is it?

Maddie: *(pauses)* He’s in a room with Doris – Wolcott.

Joanie: Why is he with Doris?

Maddie: I don't know.
Joanie: Well, why ain't he with Carrie?
Maddie: Carrie's napping. I can't imagine what—Carrie might have told Wolcott about Doris to make him wanna fuck her.
Joanie: Maybe that she reports to Cy Tolliver? To keep Wolcott from bouncing Doris off more walls? Look up from your fucking magazine, Maddie. (*Maddie looks up, Wolcott comes out of the room.*)
Wolcott: I would like to see Carrie now.

(*Maddie stands slowly, she looks extremely apprehensive, like she wants to say something...*)

(*Cy grabs two shot glasses, Con and Leon are with him. He hands the glasses to them...*)

Cy: Assist me in a flight of fancy, Gentlemen. (*They take the glasses from him. Leon looks confused.*)
Con: Well, don't make me think of Leon in a dress, Mr. T. (*Cy chuckles.*)
Leon: Or me of him anything but fully clothed.
Cy: (*Turns around*) Mr. Merrick appears before you. "Somebody's fucked with my newspaper office," He says. "My presses are a mess. My vowel trays are overturned" or the like. How do you respond?
Leon: "Go fuck yourself."
Con: "We don't know anything about it."
Leon: "If you ain't here to fuck or be fleeced, get on your merry way."
Cy: Good. Now, how about, "Referee's the only neutral in a prize fight, Merrick, and you ain't one of those."
Con: (*Mulls this over*) We could say that.
Leon: What would we *mean*?
Cy: Tch. I don't know, fellas. I do not fucking know.
Con: Well, if you don't, we don't have to either.
Cy: I am saying, far as I'm concerned, your initiative and leadership abilities and stick-fucking-to-itiveness are all in fucking question. And, was I either or both of you, I'd consider this a fucking test.
Leon: When do you suppose he'll show up?
Con: Once we've paid a visit to his place, Leon.
Leon: Oh! (*As in "No shit, Sherlock."*)
Con: And aftermath, when Merrick's path crosses ours, he'll here of the "neutral" and the "prize fight." (*Con looks to Cy, Cy smiles.*)
Leon: In no uncertain terms.
Con: And know the import of that fucking parable.
Cy: All right then.
Leon: Got any sledgehammers?
Cy: (*chuckling*) Always. (*They drink*)

(*Back at the Chez Amie, Joanie and Maddie are sitting, waiting nervously.*)

Joanie: I'm going in there.
Maddie: No, you aren't.
Joanie: He ain't the type to be with two women.
Maddie: I never took his full history.
Joanie: I'm saying he ain't!

(Inside the room, Carrie looks stricken. She's crying silently, scared. Wolcott is behind her.)

Wolcott: What are we to do here, Carrie?
Carrie: Get rid of her. *(We see Doris, dead and bloody on the bed.)* They'll let you.
Wolcott: I suppose they will, but that won't dispose of the problem.
Carrie: What's the problem?
Wolcott: I don't know. I can't say. I don't want you to have seen me.
Carrie: I don't care you killed her. She must have done something to you.
Wolcott: I mean something different. I don't want to have been *seen*.
Carrie: *(long pause, she's breathing quickly)* Then you're fucking crazy. *(pause)* And you're gonna kill me in this fucking shithole. *(Wolcott puts his arm out, resting it on a chair behind her, we see the flash of his razor. And judging by the look of the beard, he doesn't use it for shaving. Carrie, resigned, gazing at the bloody Doris.)* Do you know how to make it not hurt?

(He pauses, she takes the opportunity and tries to run. He catches her, putting a hand over her mouth and slitting her throat with the other. He guides her down into a chair with him, gazing at her face – frozen in shock – dead.)

Wolcott: Now, I could cut off my arm.

(He lifts her head gently and takes his arm out from under it. He kisses her forehead. Sitting alone, he fingers his razor. Back in the lobby...)

Joanie: I'm going in. *(She walks to her desk, Maddie pulls out a gun, stands, pointing it at Joanie.)*
Maddie: Your gun isn't there! *(gasps)* I've got it. *(Joanie silently walks away from the desk, making her way to the front door, looking back at the closed bedroom door, back to Maddie, a pleading look on her face.)* Go on, get out!

(Joanie leaves. Maddie – trembling & sobbing, lowers the gun. Joanie is hightailing it to the Bella Union, choking back tears. Charlie spots her and tips his hat to her.)

Charlie: Miss Stubbs.
Joanie: Mr. Utter.

(She picks up the pace, running past Charlie, he watches her go, concerned.)

(Wolcott comes out of the room. He turns to Maddie, she is now sitting.)

Maddie: What did you do, Mr. W?

Wolcott: *(pauses - dazed)* Something—very expensive.

Maddie: *(Stands, pointing the gun at him.)* 100,000. For now. *(Advancing)* And more when I want it for as many years as I live! For all the years of my life. Do you understand!?

(He grabs her hand and the gun and swiftly swipes the razor across her neck. She gasps for air as he guides her – still holding her hand – to the floor. He sits, looking at Maddie as the blood puddles under her.)

(Joanie has arrived at the Bella Union and approaches Cy.)

Joanie: There's trouble at my place, Cy.

Cy: *(He turns to face her – smarmily of course)* Where is Sheriff Bullock when he's needed?

Joanie: Her last report to you, did Doris speak of gettin' beat on? *(He stares)* That's the man making the trouble.

Cy: *(Sets down his drink)* Don't you fuckin' follow me. *(He leaves)*

Joanie: *(Turns to the bartender, Lila comes up behind her.)* How much money you got, Jack?

Jack: Don't put me in the fucking middle, Joanie.

Joanie: No, I wouldn't!

Jack: 1400.

Joanie: *(turns to Lila)* Can you run to Mr. Utter? Lila – tell him to ready a wagon.

Lila: Sure, Joanie. *(She leaves.)*

Joanie: *(Turns back to Jack)* Go get your fucking money, Jack!

(Jack leaves the bar, Joanie is left all by herself, worried, in tears.)

(Mr. Lee now has his turn with Al. Dan drops a sack of gold on the desk in front of him. Mr. Lee looks at it, then Al with a “don't waste my fuckin' time” look.)

Al: Again. *(Dan grabs another sack from the safe and sets it next to the other. Lee looks amused.)* Open the fucking bag for him, verify it's fucking gold. *(Dan reaches for the sack.)*

MrLee: I know. I don't want it.

Al: *(looks vaguely surprised)* Anyways, good meetin' ya.

(Mr. Lee turns and leaves without another word. Dan closes the door behind him and nods to the bedroom door, Al nods. Dan pushes in the door.)

Dan: Come on out, Wu.

MrWu: *(Strides over to Al's desk)* Juice? *(Rubs his fingers together – “money” – he gets it! He nods to the door that Lee just left through.)*

Al: If 20 don't get tempt him to converse, you're fucking-a-right. Maybe you and me should be working for him.

MrWu: Wu (*one finger*) Swedgin (*another finger, he crosses them, aww – BFF!*)

Al: Alright, Wu, it's been a long fucking day, huh?

Wu: No San Francisco cocksucker.

Dan: Come on, Wu. Al's tired.

(Mr. Wu leaves, Al pulls out a shot glass and pours himself some whiskey. Dan puts the gold sacks back in the safe.)

Al: Hearst.

Dan: What about him?

Al: San Francisco.

Dan: You think Hearst and the chink's connected?

Al: You think he was born--lookin' down his nose at 20,000?

(Back at the Chez Amie – not so friendly now is it? – Cy is looking upon the carnage, dabbing his mouth with a handkerchief. What I'm sure is feigning disgust at the sight.)

Cy: (*gags a bit – breathes deep*) The chief fact is, no witnesses are extant.

Wolcott: The other madam was here – once when I came out. Uh, Joanie Stubbs.

Cy: Before you did this? (*Waves the handkerchief, motioning to Maddie's body*)

Wolcott: Yes. When I came back out, she was gone.

Cy: Was she ever in the bedroom?

Wolcott: No.

(Cy tucks the handkerchief in his coat pocket, pulls up a chair, sitting backwards in it – facing Wolcott.)

Cy: Don't worry about the other madam. Go to the hotel. Eat, if you can stand the food. (*Wolcott looks at Cy.*) This will all be took care of. I told you, Mr. Wolcott, all's I can't provide is the cliff. (*Wolcott looks down.*) Go on now, get outta here.

(Cy looks down at Maddie.)

(At the hardware store, hat in hand, Seth stands in front of Sol.)

Seth: I apologize for bringing Trixie into it, and calling her what I did.

Sol: That wasn't new information to me.

Seth: (*Smiles a bit*) After you and me talked, I searched that idiot Steve out to rebuke him and smack him in the face for being who he was. (*taps his head*) The Sheriff. (*Sol nods*) Tell me about your meetin' with Mrs. Garret.

Sol: She never once mentioned your name. She wants to form the bank to better the camp.

Seth: And asked you to be involved?

Sol: To serve as Chief Officer.

Seth: You'd be a good one. *(Smiles)*

Sol: I got the impression that she might be with child.

(Seth stares at Sol –in overclench. Kinda like overdrive, but with butt cheeks and jaw muscles involved.)

(It's night time now, Merrick and Mary walk back along the thoroughfare to his print shop.)

Merrick: Lot, before God, could make no case for that food.

Mary: Lot's wife may have been *in* that food. *(Lot's wife was fed to Wu's pigs? Huh.)*

Merrick: Over salted as it was.

Mary: Mm-hmm.

Merrick: *(laughs)* I took that to be your meaning.

(He opens the door, his face falls into shock as he surveys the damage of his printing shop. His press is shattered, Mary holds a handkerchief to her nose and backs out of the shop.)

(At the livery, Hostetler wakes up to see Steve jerking off on Bullock's horse. He gets up quietly and grabs a shovel, sneaking up on Steve silently.)

Steve: Aw, shit. *(grunts)* Stay still, God damn it...while I come on your fucking leg. You're lucky I'm not fucking you. *(groaning)* Ooh! *(He sighs, pats the horses' haunch, a smile on his face.)* You tell the Sheriff how that fucking felt, me coming on your fucking leg...or that I saved you from an ass fucking.

Hostetler: What else did you learn at that school that taught you that?

(Aw shit! Busted!)

(Cy, striding back to the Bella Union, passes in front of Merrick's)

Merrick: Mr. Tolliver! *(Cy stops)* My office has been torn apart.

Cy: Hard luck.

Merrick: My press has been damaged, my vowel tray beyond repair. And the newly arrived school teacher, Miss Stokes, has been badly frightened and has retreated to her hotel. *(Gestures across the street, Cy turns and looks.)*

Cy: Do we blame unsavory elements?

Merrick: I regard this incident as postscript to the visit by county Commissioner Jarry.

Cy: Interesting.

Merrick: Retribution for my refusal to associate my newspaper with Yankton's notice on title to the claims.

Cy: For pinning the notice, you mean, on a wall instead of printing it under your masthead?

Merrick: That is my meaning exactly. Disassociating “The Deadwood Pioneer” (*Wait, what? I thought it was “The Black Hills Pioneer”? What’s next? “Black Hills-Cougar-Mellencamp- Pioneer?”*) from what I took to be the opposite of an effort to inform.

Cy: Maybe if you had done your part, calmed the fucking waters a little, instead of treeing the county commissioner, the hooples would have gone and got their loads on and been waiting for your next edition.

Merrick: No, we-we differ, Mr. Tolliver, on the function of the press.

Cy: Ain’t the lesson for you in this, Merrick, that with fucked up machinery, the press cannot function at all?

Merrick: And is that the vandalism’s purpose, Sir? And of the dog defecating in my office, with ruffians dispatched by you as the lesson’s author?

Cy: I doubt they had a dog with ‘em.

(Cy leaves, Merrick gaping.)

(Back at the livery, Hostetler is sitting across from Steve, trussed up on an anvil.)

Fields: *(entering)* Hostetler, what the hell are you doing? *(Sits)*

Hostetler: He was in here fucking a horse.

Steve: I did not fuck that horse.

Fields: I’m asking you what *you’re* doing.

Hostetler: I’m gonna go get a shoeing tool, and I’m gonna hit this bastard right here, *(touching the center of his forehead)* and I’m gonna drop him like a piece of beef.

Steve: I never fucking harmed you.

Fields: Guess he ain’t talking to me.

Steve: I didn’t kill you like he’s fucking fixing to kill me.

Hostetler: You need to die, Steve.

Fields: Hard as you worked, *(carries over the chalkboard)* as much shit as you had to eat, only way it makes any sense to kill him is if you sign everything you got across to me first. ‘Cause then I could see the logic.

Hostetler: I’m gonna kill him, then I’m fucking gonna come back and kill you. And this isn’t my will. *(erases the board)*

Fields: *(To Steve)* Do you believe that God can act through a nigger?

Steve: God does not want you to kill.

Fields: Do you believe that God would let *me* feel mercy toward *you* that tarred me and fucked his horse?

Steve: I do. But I did not fuck the horse. *(What would Eric Clapton say? “I fucked the Sheriff, but I did not fuck the horse?”)*

Fields: Would you go hence in gratitude, if you received *mercy* *(looks at Hostetler)* in this stable?

Steve: I would.

Fields: Write out “I fucked the Sheriff’s horse.” Then we’re gonna have him sign it.

Steve: I didn’t fuck the horse.

Hostetler: *(writing)* “I fucked—“

Steve: I jerked off. I came on his leg.

Fields: Would you sign off on that slight exaggeration to keep from getting your fucking head smashed in?

Steve: Yes.

Fields: Would you bless colored folk and God that's father to us all?

Steve: I would and go hence in gratitude.

(Hostetler stands and retrieves his shovel, ready. Fields stands and cuts the ties that bind Steve. Steve walks on his knees over to the chalkboard and signs it.)

Fields: Go hence now, Steve, go on.

Hostetler: Now go!

Fields: And if your gratitude ebbs, remember, we got your signature.

Steve: I'll go, and I'll remember.

(Steve leaves, Fields tosses the chalkboard to the ground, Hostetler the shovel. Fields sits and they both sigh.)

Hostetler: I took a drink of liquor and it put me to sleep—how he got in, how I got beside myself. I ain't took a drink...in 17 years.

Fields: *(swallows)* Yeah, well, you're over that now. *(offers the bottle)*

Hostetler: I don't want any.

Fields: *(puts the bottle away)* That tomboy get you that message?

Hostetler: I owe you. When they come for you like they did before, you would have did like I did.

Fields: Only quicker.

Hostetler: I appreciated the message.

Fields: So be it henceforth.

(Seth is silent, sitting with William and Martha at the dinner table. He's staring off into space.)

Martha: Was it a difficult day?

Seth: No.

William: Momma met the new school teacher and very much liked her.

Martha: Mr. Merrick brought her to call.

Seth: *(smiles)* Good.

Martha: *(smiling)* I liked her very much. I'm delighted she's finally arrived.

Seth: Good.

(The smile falls from Martha's face as she can't get more than one word out of her husband at a time. He sits, playing with his fork, not eating...)

(Up in Al's bedroom, he's sitting, Johnny next to him, Doc and Dan across...)

Al: I lack my accustomed stamina.

Dan: Bullshit, Doc. They've been comin' at Al in waves, and he stood them all the fuck off.

Johnny: *(nodding)* He'da stopped Sherman shy of the sea.

Al: Without the use of a leg, would they have fired me from a fucking cannon?

Doc: Well, I find you in excellent fettle.

Al: Relative to my former wreckage, hmm?

Doc: Relatively speaking, yes. All conditions are fucking relative.

Al: So how is this? *(moving arm)* Hmm? Relatively speaking?

Doc: Better than this morning.

Al: Alright, thanks. Poke a girl before you go, Doc? Hmm? Well, change off rummaging their twats.

Doc: I hope you ain't connected with them new Chinese prostitutes.

Al: I ain't. But I did try to make friends with their pimp.

Doc: Yeah. *(turns and leaves)*

Al: We need to muscle up.

Dan: Local?

Al: Don't know who's been bought.

Johnny: Well, send me to Cheyenne.

Al: You go. *(nodding at Dan, grabs Johnny)* I want you close. I think I'll take a look outside. *(Uses his grip on Johnny's arm to hoist himself to standing. Dan goes to his other side and the three make their way to the balcony.)* What about that forest fucking type you used to maraud with before you met me?

Dan: Crop ear?

Al: Yeah, lacked the used of a fucking horn. *(pokes his finger in Johnny's ear)*

Dan: He ain't available.

Johnny: Yeah, didn't I hear lately, Dan, Crop Ear's been marauding elsewhere's?

Dan: Yep. *(He opens the balcony door.)*

Al: Uh, let's not appear as fucking triplets, huh? *(Johnny takes Al's arm off his shoulder, Al hops out onto the balcony, leaning against the doorframe...) Go back down, both of you. (They leave, Al situates himself and hops to the balcony railing.)* Took some fucking portion of the relative fucking weight.

(Joanie leads the remaining three girls out under a blanket to Charlie's wagon.)

Joanie: *(whispers)* Come on, come on.

(They all climb under a tarp covering the bed of the wagon, Charlie holds it up for them. He shoves off a nosy helper, Joanie takes off her hat and gets out the money. Her back to the wagon.)

Joanie: Someone put a hand out. *(Several hands pop out, Joanie puts the money in one)* Who got it?

Whore: Enid.

Joanie: Split it three ways, Enid.

Enid: Thanks, Joanie.

(Joanie walks to the head of the wagon, Charlie lifts himself up to the bench next to his driver.)

Joanie: Thank you very much.

Charlie: Certainly.

Joanie: It's \$1400. Split it three ways. Never come back!

(From his vantage, Al sees Joanie walking up the street behind the wagon – now moving fast along the thoroughfare, leaving town. She stops, gazes about her, collecting herself. She meets his gaze, he nods to her. She continues walking, Al – watching.)

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
W. Earl Brown Dan DORITY
Dayton Callie Charlie Utter
Powers Boothe Cy Tolliver / Tolliver
Sean Bridgers Johnny Burns
Jeffrey Jones A.W. Merrick
Titus Welliver Silas Adams
Kim Dickens Joanie Stubbs
Maddie	Alice Krige
Alice Isringhausen	Sarah Paulson
Con Stapleton	Peter Jason
Hugo Jarry	Stephen Toblowsky
Carrie	Izabella Miko
Tessie	Parisse Boothe
Hostetler	Richard Gant
Steve	Michael Harney
Samuel Fields	Franklyn Ajaye
Leon	Larry Cedar
E.B. Farnum	William Sanderson
Mary Stokes	Carla Bianchi

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