



Episode 19

“E.B. Was Left Out”

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(Early morning at the camp, we see Al open a door...)

Al: Did you know this fucking walkway connected us?

Merrick: *(Sitting below, at his desk at the Pioneer)* Several of your patrons, in different stages of undress, have illuminated me.

Al: *(Closes door)* What happened there? *(Walks downstairs)*

Merrick: Not only was my press disabled, but my office was ransacked and feces mounded in the corner. A message of objection to my handling of Yankton’s notice on the claims.

Al: Posting rather than publishing, huh?

Merrick: The camp’s new school teacher, a lovely woman, was so traumatized by what happened that she left!

Al: Cy Tolliver.

Merrick: Who didn’t even trouble, when confronted, to deny it.

Al: *(Sits, lets out a sigh)* Why ain’t you up and running again?

Merrick: I’m in despair. The physical damage is repairable, but the psychic wound may be permanent.

Al: *(Leans forward, concern on his face.)* You ever been beaten, Merrick?

Merrick: *(Rolls his eyes)* Once, when I thought I had the smallpox, Doc Cochran slapped me in the face. *(Al slaps him quickly)* Ah! *(He stares at Al, touching his cheek – he leans forward)* Stop it, Al.

Al: Are you dead?

Merrick: Well, *(touches cheek)* I’m in pain, but no, I’m obviously not dead.

Al: And obviously you didn’t fucking die when the Doc slapped you.

Merrick: No.

Al: So including last night, that’s three fucking damage incidents that didn’t kill you. Pain or damage don’t end the world, or despair or fuckin’ beatin’s. The world ends when you’re dead. Until then, you got more punishment in store. Stand it like a man—and give some back.

(Merrick’s eyes meet Al’s – Al gets up, still staring at Merrick as he leaves.)

(Charlie arrives in town on horseback. He ties up his horse. Inside the Bella Union, Mr. Lee is meeting with Cy. We see Lee slapping his hands in a “I wash my hands of this” gesture of satisfaction.)

Cy: Do you use pigs too, Lee, gettin’ rid of bodies, or some other disposal method?
(Mr. Lee just stares at him. Cy chuckles) I don’t bandy my secrets either.

(Joanie enters the Bella Union and approaches Jack at the bar, an envelope in her hand. She puts her hand on the bartop, Jack turns...)

Jack: Joanie.

Joanie: Thanks for the loan, Jack.

Jack: Sure.

Joanie: \$100 extra is in the wrap you'll hurt my feelings not to take.

(She stalks off to the back room – Cy & Leon eyeballing her. Mr. Lee comes out as she approaches and tips his hat to her. He then leaves and Joanie enters Cy's office.)

Leon: What are you fuckin' tippin' your hat at?

Con: Like one human bein' to another.

Leon: Glorified fuckin' monkey.

(Cy's office, Joanie enters)

Cy: Joanie Stubbs. How's things at your place?

Joanie: There's just me left.

Cy: Hmm...I see.

Joanie: *(She sits)* Could you tell me what happened to those girls?

Cy: All six?

Joanie: I'm askin' after my friend Maddie and Doris that that you sent to work with us, and a outside whore—pretty-looking like a doll—that far as I know, when I left Wolcott there last night to come and get you, was all three still alive.

Cy: I'd be curious what happened to the other three.

Joanie: They're sent away, Cy. Never to return or be a problem. As I won't be either to you or Wolcott. And I ask after Maddie and Doris and the outside girl not making a problem, but if Wolcott killed 'em and there's remains, to see 'em buried.

Cy: There's no remains.

Joanie: *(pauses)* All right.

Cy: And you're there now by yourself—Chez Amie. It's no picnic, is it, Honey, running pussy? *(She gets up and leaves.)*

(Wolcott, shave cream on the apples of his cheeks, is looking in the mirror. He brings the razor to his cheek and stops. He brings it to his jugular and pauses—lifts his chin—holds the razor there for a long moment. He puts the razor down in frustration.)

(In Al's office, he's doing some self-guided physical therapy, there's a knock...)

EB: It's E.B., Al.

Al: Yeah, come in.

EB: *(He opens the door & Al stops stretching)* Morning, Al.

Al: Request of the Widow Garret, E.B., *(he starts pacing, E.B. shadows him)* that I may be allowed to pay a call on her.

EB: Today? Shall I tell her time is of the essence?

Al: When ain't it? *(stops, turns, continues pacing)* Ahh!

EB: I'll aim for early afternoon.

Al: Stop walking with me, E.B.!

EB: Yes, of course. *(he pauses, Al is still pacing.)* And if she pries and pokes and prods me to elicit your intentions?
Al: *(Stops - standing in front of E.B.)* Tell her I wouldn't say.
EB: *(Smiles, bemused)* And if she asks me why you wouldn't?
Al: *(Yelling, holding the door open)* Say you're a pain in my balls that can't desist from inquiry till told to shut his fucking mouth and act on the task he was asked to fucking do!
EB: Yes, sir. Fine. Thank you. *(He leaves, Al slams the door behind him.)*

(Joanie, walking the thoroughfare – with no hat! She enters Utter's lock-up.)

Charlie: *(standing)* Hello.
Joanie: It was bad. There's three gone. I know it was bad.
Charlie: If you mean the three I saw off, I'm certain they're safe.
Joanie: No, they're dead.
Charlie: A different three?
Joanie: My partner and two girls.
Charlie: Of what, Miss Stubbs?
Joanie: They'd been killed. *(She steps down the inner stairs to stand in front of Charlie)* And she musta—come here for that, 'cause she woulda shot him and not been scared. She wasn't scared of any man—the first I ever met.
Charlie: I see.
Joanie: My momma feared my Daddy and I did and my sisters too. I never met a girl till Maddie that wasn't afraid of men.
Charlie: And Maddie's dead now?
Joanie: *(nodding)* And Carrie, her girl she brought, and Doris, who Cy made come with us to spy. And the- and the place empty—of any sign that they was ever born or lived or got killed.
Charlie: And it was Cy Tolliver killed them?
Joanie: No. It was a man named Wolcott killed 'em...that works for George Hearst.
Charlie: Why?
Joanie: I don't know that. I'm not a man.
Charlie: I believe I know Wolcott to look at.
Joanie: It's a secret, Charlie. It's only between us. I told you as a friend.
Charlie: And that's how I heard it. I'm your friend. *(Joanie starts to cry)* Don't ever walk past me.

(Charlie slowly closes the gap between them, pulling her gently into a comforting hug.)

(At the Bella Union, Con & Leon are talking to Cy.)

Con: Them Chinks ain't pullin', Mr. T.
Leon: Even at a dime a fuck!
Cy: Well, what's been your approach?
Con: *(Looks at Leon)* Cost, primarily. Uh...inexpensiveness.

Leon: The dime.

Cy: I'd go with the strangeness, boys. Take it head on, turn it to your fuckin' advantage. Ah..."among humans, for grip, the Chinawoman's snatch has no peer. In all of nature, the python is its only rival, though few have lived to tell the tale."
(He puts his hands up as in "See how easy it is boys?" and then does a shot. Con turns to Leon...)

Con: We are dwarfs in the company of a giant.

(Breakfast at the Absurd! What a line we have. Out the door even! Uh-oh, Charlie is standing in line behind Wolcott...)

Charlie: Mind where you stomp your fuckin' feet!

Wolcott: *(half turns)* Are you—are you addressing me?

Charlie: Too late to catch the one who taught you your fuckin' manners!

(E.B. brings a plate over to Alma and Sophia...)

Alma: Mr. Farnum?

EB: *(sets the plate down in front of Sophia)* A selection of choice humbles for the little girl. *(Sophia sniffs it and makes a face)* How adorably she sniffs at the tang of freshness in the kidneys.

Alma: We've finished our meal, Mr. Farnum. *(Stands)*

(Charlie exhales deeply through his nose, then wipes it – uh...did he just blow a snot rocket onto Wolcott's back? He sniffs)

EB: Mrs. Garret! Uh...here. *(Hands plate to Richardson)* Mr. Swearengen, Ma'am, uh...with whom your deceased husband had acquaintance, though I believe you yourself did not, requests an interview. *(Wolcott half turns to Charlie...)*

Alma: *(pauses – she seems surprised)* Tell Mr. Swearengen I will receive him at 2:00. *(She and Sophia head upstairs)*

EB: Uh, a penny for your thoughts.

Alma: I'm glad to be leaving your company.

EB: And as to the purpose of the meeting?

Alma: Didn't Mr. Swearengen confide? *(We see Wolcott turn again and look at Charlie)*

EB: *(Pauses)* He hasn't been well.

Charlie: That's twice you've fuckin' stared at me!

Wolcott: I feel you breathing on my neck.

Charlie: Should I exhale out my ass?

Wolcott: And I believe you're doing it intentionally.

Charlie: Why? You think I believe you're a fuckin' cunt?

Wolcott: If we fight, it won't be a casual matter.

Charlie: Oh, I see you've got your big fuckin' knife there. And hid somewhere on your persons you've probably got some pussified shootin' instrument. But I am good at first impressions, and you are a fucking cunt! And I doubt you've fought many men, *(Wolcott takes off his hat)* maybe even one! *(He grabs Wolcott by the*

lapels and drags him outside, throwing him in the muck.) Take a beatin'! (He kicks Wolcott's ass – literally) And know how it fuckin' feels to be helpless...(punch) and have no one fucking stick up for you! (Cy comes out to watch, Charlie kicks Wolcott in the stomach, Cy looks at his henchman and shakes his head.) Come on!

Cy: I'll be at Swearengen's place.

(Con & Leon come out to watch, by Bummer Dan's standards, this is one country ass kicking! Sol looks out at the fight, Seth notices and strides out to the thoroughfare.)

Seth: Charlie! *(He grabs Charlie from behind, restraining him)* What did he do, Charlie?

Charlie: Personal fuckin' bidness!

(Wolcott gets to his knees, blood dripping from his face. Up in Al's office, Johnny's been reporting from the balcony, he pokes his head inside to give Al the latest update.)

Johnny: Bullock stepped in. Tolliver's still headed towards us. *(There's a knock at the door)*

Al: Yeah? *(E.B. enters)*

EB: *(Smiling)* 2:00, my hotel, the Widow Garret's suite.

Al: What do you know of the fisticuffs?

EB: *(His face falls)* Amongst who?

Johnny: Utter! And that fella you was sitting with downstairs the other day.

EB: Wolcott? Just now, when I was leaving the hotel, Wolcott had accidentally stepped on Utter's foot.

Johnny: If Utter's got corns, that might coulda touched it off.

Al: *(Hears footsteps approach, Dan enters, he looks at Dan)* Tolliver wants to see me.

Dan: Uh...should I bring him up?

Al: Tell him I'll come down. *(He gets up)* Charlie Utter drove a wagon out of camp last night, and that whore that used to work for Tolliver was talking to someone hidden in the wagon-bed.

EB: You connect that with the beating in the thoroughfare?

Al: Sooner than on Utter's corns, hmm?

EB: I will station myself downstairs as an observer.

Al: Yeah, and I will urinate before meetin' Tolliver, and I can avoid your fuckin' hoverin', huh?

(Johnny gets out of Al's way and leaves. Al heads for the chamber pot.)

(Seth still has Charlie restrained, now inside the hardware store. Sol is standing at the entrance, looking on.)

Charlie: Take your fuckin' hands off me and I'll take it fuckin' easy!

Seth: Stay put?

Charlie: Don't fuckin' order me around!

Seth: I'm taking them off. *(He lets go)* Please don't go back outside. *(Charlie collects himself, smoothing his hair)* What happened?

Charlie: *(panting)* Cocksucker stepped on my toe. *(Sol and Seth just stare at him.)*

(Al makes his way downstairs)

Cy: Movin' somewhat rheumatic, young man.

Jewel: God, he's always draggin' that fuckin' leg.

Al: *(looking at Jewel)* Early morning fuckin' chill. *(He leans on the bar)*

Cy: In which our Deputy Sheriff Utter just kicked the living crap out of a citizen.

Al: How does that impinge on men like us? *(We see E.B. casually eavesdropping.)*

Cy: Man beaten is Chief Geologist in the Hearst operation.

Al: Hearst of the Comstock.

Cy: Hadn't you heard at all they were around?

Al: Wrong response no matter what the fuckin' provocation.

Cy: *(chuckling)* Amen, brother.

Al: *(Eyes E.B.)* How do you suggest we proceed?

Cy: *(leans in close)* Maybe convene with Bullock and Utter, discover the details. Let it be known that's the wrong ox to gore.

Al: I'll put together a sit-down. *(Cy nods, turns, and leaves. Dan approaches Al.)*

(Wolcott's room, Doc is checking him out.)

Wolcott: What can you tell me, Doctor, of the man with whom I disagreed?

Doc: Richardson, who summoned me, said it was Charlie Utter, used to be Wild Bill Hickok's best friend.

Wolcott: Oh, I see.

Doc: Several of your ribs are broken. If you wish to occupy yourself in plaster, I can make some up.

Wolcott: I'll occupy myself otherwise. *(Doc acknowledges his decision, gets up and moves his chair aside, readies his bag to leave.)*

Doc: My fee is \$3.

Wolcott: *(Opening his little back of indulgence)* Does your path cross Mr. Utter's, Doctor?

Doc: Sometimes.

Wolcott: You might tell him—I own a letter said to be his best friend's last. *(Doc looks over)* If he would call on me, I would consider giving it to him.

Doc: If I do deliver the message...will there be a renewal of the violence?

Wolcott: Oh, I hope not, Doctor. I—I didn't do well in the original.

(Wolcott lays down. Hey – did anyone else notice he never handed over the coins?)

(Al, dressed up like Christ crucified, comes out into the thoroughfare. Some oxen cross the path in front of him and he waits for them to pass before continuing to the hotel. E.B. spots him coming.)

EB: Al. A new suit?

Al: No.

EB: The ruddy health of your complexion may bring the pattern out differently. (*Al starts heading upstairs*) I'll see you to the widow's chambers.

Al: Go back. (*Throws a halting hand out behind him.*)

EB: Of course. Room 2 on the left. (*Stomps his foot – weirdo*) Hearst's man convalesces just to your right.

Al: One thing at a time, huh?

(Al fixes his jacket, dabs the sweat off his brow from the effort of hauling himself up the stairs. He knocks on the door. Alma opens the door, Al's face is bathed half in the light, half in darkness. How fitting.)

Alma: Mr. Swearengen.

Al: Mrs. Garret. How do you do? Thanks for seeing me. (*She turns and enters the room, Al follows, shutting the door.*)

Alma: Will you sit down? (*We see Sofia on the bed, turn and look at the visitor.*)

Al: (*sitting*) Late congratulations on the claim provin' out. (*Sofia looks at Al*) I had urged patience on your husband before he had his mishap.

Alma: And yet I've always assumed after my husband's death you tried to buy from me through Mr. Farnum. (*Sofia approaches Alma*)

Sofia: May I go downstairs?

Alma: Mr. Swearengen's only come to talk, Sofia. You read in here. (*She leads Sofia back to the bedroom, partially closing the doors behind her.*) You frighten her.

Al: I'll have that effect.

Alma: I think specifically it was your plotting against her life.

Al: I'd take tea.

Alma: What do you wish to discuss?

Al: The child's tutor you recently sacked.

Alma: Miss Isringhausen?

Al: She's a Pinkerton.

Alma: I don't find that credible.

Al: That's the way they like it. Your husband's family chartered the agency to pin his dying on you, so when you're jailed or hanged, they can bag your gold.

Alma: How do you support this contention?

Al: Oh, she's come to me and wants to give me money to confirm what she says you confessed—that you hired me to kill him.

Alma: (*pauses, absorbing the news*) How much have they offered?

Al: 50,000.

Alma: And how much do you ask of me as commission to tell the truth?

Al: I don't like the Pinkertons. They're muscle for the bosses, as if the bosses ain't got enough edge—

Alma: So you'd side with me on principle?

Al: Now I'll finish my fucking sentence.

Alma: Excuse me.

Al: (*nods*) I don't like the Pinkertons. Bein' the Hearst combine and their fucking ilk got their eyes on taking over here, your staying suits my purpose.

Alma: As much as you can, please minimize you obscenities. (*Al narrows his eyes*) Before "ilk".

Al: Anyways...those are my prejudices and personal interests for siding with you. Also...if you want to match their 50, that'd be between you and your god.

Alma: And what warrant would I have against repetitions of this interview?

Al: Oh, I'd have them write their offer out and their terms, and make them sign it. Pinkerton himself, that cocksucker, I hate that bastard.

Alma: Please.

Al: (*narrows his eyes then realizes his mistake*) I'd make him write out their offer with their terms and sign it, and I'd turn the document over to you to use as evidence against them if they ever came against you.

Alma: (*pauses*) Let me consider...(*They stand, face to face*)

Al: You'll tell that child no hard feelings, hmm? (*He turns to leave*)

Alma: What tea do you enjoy?

Al: (*turns back*) I like that fucking black Darjeeling. Oh.

(He puts a finger to his lips, all coy, like he didn't mean to say that. Cute, Al. Corrupt the one true lady left in Deadwood.)

(Al comes downstairs, E.B. is – sweeping the desk? And I thought my allergies were bad.)

EB: Have we a new pope?

Al: She's some fuck, E.B. (*E.B. laughs. Al leaves.*)

(At Nuttall's No.10, the shit stirrer – whom Jody Worth says is called Rutherford on the HBO boards – feh, he's shit stirrer until he's verbally named otherwise on the show – anyway, the shit stirrer, Tom Nuttall, Leon, Con, Hawkeye and some whitebearded dude are all there talking...)

Whitebeard: I won't fuck Chinese. I got a mother living yet.

Hawkeye: She the jealous type?

ShitStirrer: You can't deny it is off-puttin'. How them Chinese girls' quiffers –uh- don't run quite plum. (*Runs his hand at a slant*)

Con: That's a fucking libel and a myth.

Whitebeard: They'll never get my dime.

Leon: Another round, Tom, for the board.

Tom: You're past due on three.

ShitStirrer: There are them as do fuck squaws.

Leon: Pathfinders, I call them.

Hawkeye: I call mine "Johnny Roger." (*drinks*)

Con: Hey, you ever hear, Tom, (*stands*) the Chinese whore has a ancient way of milking ya of yer sorrow, your loneliness amd that awful feeling of bein' forsaken? (*Leon looks at the Shit Stirrer, who turns and chews his cigar, whitebeard sighs.*)

Tom: Seems to me that'd leave you with nothing. *(Hawkeye laughs, Con sits.)*

(Meeting at the Gem! Johnny, of course, is passing out the beloved peaches. Cy, Al, Bullock, Sol, Charlie, Doc and Tom Nuttall are seated at the table, Dan and Johnny are watching.)

Cy: In the thoroughfare this mornin', an event transpired which cannot be repeated. As the apostle had it, time's past for acting like infants. I assume Mr. Utter was provoked, yet for the sake of us all, the man that provoked him, employed by who he is, cannot be fucking beaten.

Tom: What was the provocation?

Charlie: Hearst's man stepped on my foot.

Cy: Stepped on his foot.

Al: Well, maybe, Cy, Mr. Utter would want to tell us about a wagon drive he took last night and who was in concealment at the behest of that whore used to work for you, and how the morning's shit-kicking resulted.

Cy: The background of the beatin' ain't the point, no more than the incident's particulars, or how offensive if I knew them I might find the details personally, the Hearst interest requires special treatment. And we can face up to that like men or get steamrolled by the fuckin' alternative.

Seth: Which is what?

Cy: Which is them pissed off they ain't gettin' treated special. Replacin' us that don't with those who fuckin' will.

Tom: Did he condescend, Deputy, to your yelp of fucking pain?

Cy: Jesus Christ *(Waving it off, he chuckles and stands)* Jesus fuckin' Christ! I don't care what brought it on. Say it as murder, or more 'an one. *(Al looks interested)* George Hearst's Chief Geologist don't get convicted of any crime in any court convened by humans. *(Seth looks at Charlie)* They'll buy the judge, and if they can't, they jury or witnesses. If not, they'll start into killin'. What the fuck are we talkin' about? Why would we want to know?

Al: Well, Cy...*(eats a peach)* all that geologist did was step on Utter's foot.

Cy: Are we fuckin' done here? 'Cause if you people ain't, I fuckin' am! *(Takes a bowl of peaches and slams it upside-down on the table. Johnny looks dismayed.)*

Al: If Hearst's geologist ain't pursuing remedies and Utter ain't, that leaves you speaking for the camp. *(He looks to Seth – Seth looks at Charlie, Charlie looks away, Seth looks back to Al and shakes his head "nah." Al slams his fist on the table.)* Adjourned!

Doc: *(to Charlie)* He wants to talk to you.

Charlie: Who?

Doc: Wolcott.

Charlie: We transacted our bidness.

Doc: He says he has Hickok's last letter. If you see him, he'll give it to you. *(Doc heads for the door, Cy by his side.)*

Cy: Did I hear you say Wolcott wants to see Utter?

(Charlie leaves. Seth and Tom enter the thoroughfare.)

EB: *(Turning to Richardson)* The bald contempt of it. *(Turns back)* Why not come out five abreast, cavorting and taunting—"E.B. was left out. E.B. was left out." Cocksuckers. Cunt-lickers. I'll make ya filthy gestures. *(We see Sol walking.)* Public service was never my primary career. *(Cy and Seth walk out, Cy sighs.)* Two come this way.

Cy: I only hope, Sheriff, us having just come to fucking consensus, *(E.B. runs behind the desk, kicking Richardson back to the kitchen)* You intend no further worrying on this matter.

Seth: I don't.

Cy: Or for your own sake that you're coming her to fuckin' eat. *(He chuckles – they step into the hotel.)*

EB: Gentlemen.

Seth: Farnum.

EB: Come from the gathering of the worthies. *(Cy stops a moment, Seth continues up the stairs.)* Whatever was purposed by your get-together at the Gem I hope came to full fruition.

Cy: Thanks. *(Seth approaches Alma's door.)*

EB: I believe she's in. *(whispers)* As is the child...which may confound his intention. *(He makes a gesture to intimate fucking, Cy rolls his eyes.)*

(Alma closes the bedroom door partially, smooths her hair and opens the door. Surprised to see Seth standing there.)

Alma: Mr. Bullock. Please come in. *(He shuts the door behind him.)*

Seth: I apologize for calling unannounced.

Alma: You find us in only mild disarray. *(She moves a book and a toy from a chair)* Sofia has me for teacher now as well as guardian.

(Seth picks up a doll from the other chair, Alma grabs it from him. They sit, she lays the doll across her lap.)

Seth: How are you feeling?

Alma: Well, thank you, as I hope you are and your family.

Seth: We're all very well. *(Seth taps his hat and looks away.)*

Alma: I feel...*(Seth looks back)* better lately in the afternoons than in the morning.

Seth: Ah.

Alma: You find the right time of day to surprise me. *(pause)* Mr. Star, with whom I met yesterday, was not so fortunate.

Seth: Was that a –morning meeting?

Alma: I fell ill at its conclusion, or my falling ill was the conclusion's cause. We discussed formation of a bank.

Seth: It's an excellent idea, and Sol would be an excellent Chief Officer.

Alma: I'm glad of your opinion.

Seth: And generous on your part, who need not put capital at risk.

Alma: Thank you.

Seth: And supportive of the camp at a crucial hour of it's history.

Alma: Thank you very much.

Seth: Would it be better for you if I left?

Alma: We seem to be conversing amiably.

Seth: I mean the camp.

Alma: Because I am unwell in the mornings?

Seth: Would it be easier for you?

Alma: (*she looks away in exasperation*) Why would your leaving change in any material way my situation?

Seth: I mean, as to your seeing me in the camp—more or less daily, would you prefer not to?

Alma: Mr. Bullock...if you believe the change in my condition and the decent concern for others we claimed as our purpose in separating dictates now your leaving the camp and uprooting your family, I will not judge your decision. But please do not ask me to make it for you.

Seth: I understand. I do not wish to make things more difficult for you. (*He gets up and heads to the door.*)

Alma: Will you stay? (*Seth pauses*) Will she be certain to know?

Seth: It becomes you.

(*Wolcott is cleaning up, Cy is pacing behind him.*)

Cy: I guess my concern is why you'd invite to come a calling the man that nearly beat you to death.

Wolcott: To know why he did it.

Cy: (*laughs*) Well, I can save you time with that, Mr. W. Utter was dismayed you killed them whores. Now...instead of information, would your true goal be, uh...further rebuke? Gettin' cuffed around a little more? Le me hire someone for the job. 'Cause Utter's liable to kill you, and I don't need you dead.

Wolcott: Get out!

Cy: (*chuckles*) You are tough to be a friend to.

Wolcott: You make a good point.

(*E.B. hurries to the stairs...*)

EB: Only one would think as Mayor that—

Cy: I don't know, Farnum!

EB: Well---(*touches Cy's arm*)

Cy: I don't fucking know! (*Flings his arm free of E.B.'s touch.*)

EB: Uh, by all means then let's just let the matter rest. (*Richardson peeks out from the back room*) Go back. Go back! (*Richardson scuttles back into the room.*)

(*Trixie is waiting for Al in his office, smoking a cigarette, he enters.*)

Trixie: You're much more fuckin' mobile.

Al: What's this about?

Trixie: I'm done at that hardware store with their fuckin' harpin' and badgerin'.

Al: Who's harpin'? The Jew?

Trixie: Are you making a fuckin' pun?

Al: I'm askin' a fuckin' question.

Trixie: The Jew. And fuckin' Bullock also. I'm erratic with my decimals and the like.

Al: So harping—now is a hardship on the same fucking order of a boot on your fucking neck? (*leans forward*) Do not fucking fault them, Trixie, for your own fucking fears of tumbling to something new.

Trixie: Meaning you want me back there. Secreted and listening in.

Al: Attentive in particular to talk of Hearst's geologist. (*Trixie gets up to leave*) Mind your fuckin' decimals! (*She smiles, leaves.*)

(*Sol and Seth are back at work.*)

Seth: Charlie Utter didn't happen to look in?

Sol: No.

Seth: As protective an eye as Charlie has for that Madam Joanie Stubbs, if all her whores didn't make it to that wagon, and that was on Wolcott's account, you could see what ensued in the thoroughfare. (*Goes to the desk and puts a hand down.*) I saw Mrs. Garret. I support your enlisting in her banking venture.

Sol: Good.

Seth: She is as you thought.

Sol: I thought so. (*Trixie enters*)

Seth: I'll take the air.

Trixie: Don't on my account. I come to apologize—for my work with the decimals and my attitude over my errors. And since I do tend to be prickly when in the wrong, if you on your part was to realize Moses did the heavy lifting already, the fucking tablets and so forth...that might lighten the atmosphere too.

Seth: (*nods*) Sure.

Sol: Guidance for me, before you turn to your numbers?

Trixie: (*nods thoughtfully*) Tread lightly, who lives in hope of pussy. (*Seth looks up – amused.*)

(*Nighttime in Celestial's alley, Con & Leon are on the prowl...*)

Con: Is that a white male?

Leon: Where?

Con: Issued from that Chineese whore-hut and walking like a man relieved.

Leon: Well, he is repositionin' his johnson.

Con: Sir! May I and my friend have a moment? (*He grabs the focus-group hooplehead by the arm to Leon*)

Leon: We were wondering if—if you fucked a chink.

FocusGroupHoope: What would that be to you?

Con: Well, they're under our care.

Leon: We're their supervisors. (*Grabs the guy and leads him to the side*)

Con: (*stammering*) Yeah, at a...a decent fuckin' remove.

FocusGroupHoope: Well, say I did?

Con: Well, we'd be eager to know the result.

Leon: Was it worth the fuckin' dime?

Con: Do you feel that they were overpriced?

FocusGroupHoope: It was well worth the dime. There is a run on from the other side of camp all the way down the creek. Tallest fucking Chinaman I ever seen's keepin' the line in fuckin' order.

Con: Really?

FocusGroupHoope: Yeah, well, a lot of fellas, you know, outpaced by white pussy's price.

Con: Well, than you for your time, Sir.

Leon: Thank you for that information. *(Puts his hand on the hoopehead's shoulder, the guy puts his hat on and leaves.)* Jesus Christ! You know that fuckin' Chinaman he made reference to, don't you?

Con: Better suited than us in every fuckin' aspect of the task. Fluent in both languages and don't mind standing in filth.

(Al is in his room, staring at a shot glass, leaning against his bed facing his office.)

Al: A man, as it happens a rival of mine, learning the secret of a great man's lieutenant, would make that lieutenant his slave. My rival knows that expanding the circle of the informed, dilutin' his power, will confound his intention, so he takes precaution to be sole sharer of his secret. *(chuckles)* Then the world being the world...*(drinks)* along comes a half-assed knight-errant, Utter, Hickok's ex-partner, to put all my rival's plans at risk. I'd seek audience with Utter, verify my thinking. He earns his bread shipping packages. And as the dimwit nobility that made him intercede may now make him reticent, you, Chief, will be my prop and ploy. Whilst I seek to draw him out. *(He walks over to the chair in front of his desk, a package on it. He sets his shot glass down on the desk and sits in a neighboring chair.)* I congratulate myself on having kept you around. Why make a show of disposing of you was my fucking thinking. *(Pours another shot)* It's not like we need the storage space. And if there's a chance in a thousand you people have been praying right, *(looks up)* why get your bosses attention? *(drinks)* Anyways, I've no plans of us partin' company. *(He gets up, takes the package by a rope handle)* As you will note...I have inscribed – *(opens door)* no address. *(He leaves)*

(Charlie is sitting outside of the freight office. Jane approaches, looking beaten up.)

Charlie: Miss Here-she-was, where-has-she-gone.

Jane: *(chuckles, sits)* What's that to you?

Charlie: Only I got packages could be halfway...by now to Cheyenne.

Jane: What, is it fucking Tuesday already?

Charlie: It's fuckin' Thursday, Jane.

Jane: So I got 5 days left before I got to leave.

Charlie: No.

Jane: Oh, I see. Well, you look your usual piece of shit.

Charlie: By you, Jane. You look like dew on fucking roses.

Jane: (*laughs*) I, uh... woke up on the dirt in the fucking graveyard, questioning dusk or dawn.

Charlie: It was dusk.

Jane: I know it was dusk because it's fucking night now. Fucking bruises everywhere.

Charlie: Dished out by who?

Jane: (*Shrugs her shoulders, she looks near tears*) It's gettin' the upper fuckin' hand on me, Charlie. (*teary eyed*)

Charlie: Go on upstairs and clean up.

Jane: All right. Thank—thank—thank you.

Charlie: Go on up. Hurry up, Christ's sakes.

Jane: All right, Charlie. Thanks.

(*Al comes along, carrying his package, he watches Jane climb the stairs as he makes his way over to Charlie. Charlie watches him approach.*)

Al: Evening.

Charlie: I'm fuckin' closed.

Al: Banker's hours, huh?

Charlie: Where's it going, anyway?

Al: Jesus Christ. (*He sets it down*) She neglected to inscribe the destination. Anyways. As far as this morning in the thoroughfare, I'd have done the same fucking thing. (*sits*)

Charlie: I'm done fuckin' talkin' about it.

Al: Don't care who he works for, thinks he can get away with that. You give that cocksucker what he fuckin' needed. The sick fuckin' bastard. I knew when I saw the wagon, for Christ's sakes. (*Charlie looks at Al.*)

Charlie: Poor fucking girl.

Al: Tolliver's whore?

Charlie: Never seen a girl so distraught.

Al: Wouldn't you be?

Charlie: Bein' a man, you believe you've seen your equal.

Al: No. Not to that. She told me too.

Charlie: She told you what?

Al: What she saw.

Charlie: (*skeptical*) She didn't see fuckin' nothin'.

Al: No, I don't mean "see" in the sense of seeing.

Charlie: Get the fuck away from me.

Al: Yeah, right. (*groans, getting up.*) Let me get this address put on. (*Grabs the package and heads out.*) Evening. (*to the package*) Every fracas ain't a victory, Chief.

(*E.B. spots Al walking along the thoroughfare*)

EB: Al! (*Runs up to join Al in his walk*) Al. Why, Al?

Al: Why, E.B? Because being present at that meetin' and made as you are, blackmail would have proved irresistible, and pursuin' it would have gotten you murdered.

EB: Thank you, then. And am I still the Mayor?

Al: For all of me, in perpetuity. (*E.B. grins*)

(*Al enters the Gem*)

Johnny: Full fuckin' day, eh, boss?

Al: They all are.

Johnny: Still got that package, I see.

Al: Ain't nothing gets by you, Johnny, eh?

Dan: I'm going to head up to Cheyenne first thing in the morning.

Al: Don't think that's the idea anymore, Dan.

Dan: Hmm?

Al: What happened to Tolliver illustrated till the race is fucking finished, never mark the fuckin' wager paid. (*drinks*) Wakes up this mornin' in bed with the fucking Hearst combine, knowing he's got us by the balls. Whatever sick fucking business that geologist has transacted, you can bet he had his wrists in it up—

Dan: Tolliver?

Al: Tolliver, yeah—before, after and in the fucking middle too, think he's got the fucking edge, which is the right fuckin' move. Underwriting whatever sick business that fucking geologist was involved in guarantees his fucking position, but what fucking happens, Dan?

Dan: Fucks himself up the ass—Tolliver.

Al: No mean feat, yet how often we bring it off. (*drinks*) Who impressed me at that meeting was Bullock, that avoided puttin' his pet interests—innocence, so forth, guilt, fuckin' who did what to fuckin' who—before the needs of the fucking camp. It shows fucking progress. It shows growing maturity to what makes the world's fucking tail wag. (*drinks*) Anyway...(*picks up package*) that's why Cheyenne is cancelled.

Dan: Well I—I figured as much.

(*At the Bella Union, Joanie is chatting up Jack at the bar.*)

Joanie: You want to fuck me, Jack?

Jack: When haven't I?

Joanie: Would you pay?

Jack: Can I double your mark and call it a gift? That way I keep my illusions?

Cy: Let me borrow this beauty, Jack. (*Takes her arm and leads her to a table*)

Jack: All yours, boss.

Cy: You seem subdued.

Joanie: I'm good and fucked up, Cy.

Cy: Not nearly as your friend, Mr. Wolcott. (*they sit*) His day was busy as his night—got his balls beat by Charlie Utter. (*She eyes Cy*) Sweetheart, them that's dead is gone. We give them to God and move on. Hell, you didn't have to see 'em...fuckin' throats cut. You didn't clean up their gore.

Joanie: Don't tell me you cleaned up anyone's gore, Cy.

Cy: Your friend Maddie's problem, young lady, didn't want to get old. Well, who the fuck does?

Joanie: Shut up, Cy.

Cy: But them of us with stamina and fortitude don't go searching out some maniac with a straight razor to put us from our fear.

Joanie: Stop talking.

Cy: I won't stop talking, nor show the fucking future my neck...nor permit it in a fucking friend. (*leans forward*) I propose instead you and me, Miss Stubbs, wrestle the fucking future to the ground. We fix your place up, get all new stuff, open the fuck back up. Knowledge ain't general what happened there, and those who know ain't gonna say. (*leans back*) Grant me at least as your friend, if we don't partner, while that maniac is loose in camp, you'll avoid that fucking place. Move back here, Joanie, where I can fucking protect you.

Joanie: (*shaking her head*) No. (*She gets up, he grabs her hand.*)

Cy: What the fuck did you come here for, if not to be protected? Don't be like your dead fucking friend, afraid to face the truth.

Joanie: (*takes her hand away*) I was just lookin' to turn a trick. (*She leaves.*)

(*Wolcott opens his door to Charlie.*)

Wolcott: Mr. Utter. You agree our shaking hands would be incongruous?

Charlie: (*crossing arms*) I come for my partner's letter, which you told Doc Cochran you would give me.

Wolcott: (*Turns to his desk*) I can't guarantee it's genuine but it has the feel of authenticity. And it's clear he would want her to have it. (*sits*)

Charlie: To his wife then.

Wolcott: Agnes Lake. (*groans, Charlie steps closer*) Prudence dictates my requiring in return your account of what Miss Stubbs told you.

Charlie: The prudentest thing you can do is not name that girl again with me in the fuckin' room.

Wolcott: It was she, this nameless she, who set you upon me. "Agnes, darling, if such should be we never meet again, while firing my last shot, (*Charlie closes the door*) 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. J.B. Hickok, Wild Bill."

Charlie: You keep this shit up, you're gonna earn a trip out the fucking window.

Wolcott: I am simply asking confirmation of what you were told and by whom.

Charlie: And I'm promising I'll sooner blow off your fuckin' head and take the fuckin' letter from your corpse than confide any fuckin' particulars.

Wolcott: To me?

Charlie: To any fuckin' one. When I give my word I wouldn't.

Wolcott: (*Opens the desk drawer, takes out the letter*) Thank you, Mr. Utter. (*Sets the letter on the edge of the desk.*) That's what I wanted to know.

(Charlie picks up the letter, smiling, seeing it's real! He's so happy to have it! He opens the door to leave...)

Charlie: Open or closed?

Wolcott: Open, please. *(Charlie leaves.)*

(Joanie, sits in a chair alone in the middle of the empty Chez Amie...)

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
Kim Dickens Joanie Stubbs
Peter Jason	Con Stapleton
Larry Cedar	Leon
William Sanderson	E.B. Farnum
Ted Mann	Shit Stirrer (Rutherford)
Philip Moon	Mr. Lee
Bree Seanna Wall	Sofia
Geri Jewell Jewel
Pete Richardson	Ralf Richeson

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