



Episode 20: “Childish Things”

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(Morning at the Gem, Al and Seth are seated at a table downstairs. Dan is watching from behind the bar. A random hooplehead is drinking next to him.)

Al: What did you know about me, Bullock, first we met? No concern for my feelings, huh?

Seth: That you were a killer.

Al: Certain facts show in the mug. *(Looks over at Dolly, passing by)* Look at her. You know she’s fucked for food.

Seth: What’s the point?

Al: In your mug there’s no such history. Are you a cunt-driven near-maniac or stalwart, driven by principle? The many cannot tell, for you yourself are so fuckin’ confused. But you do make a good appearance, so they’re prone to grant you their trust, which we will use as an asset in the comin’ campaign. *(Drinks)*

Seth: What’s the campaign?

Al: You have friends in Montana in high positions, some type fuckin’ judge? *(Dan watches)*

Seth: I’ve cut ties with the judge in Montana.

Al: Amiably or owin’ money?

Seth: Maybe you’re mistrusted less as a killer than showin’ your cards a corner at a time.

Al: Our cause is surviving, not bein’ allied with Yankton or cogs in the Hearst machine, to show it don’t fate us as runts, or two-headed calves or pigs with excess legs, to a good fuckin’ grindin’ up. I only mention the judge in Montana toward maybe drummin’ up interest in us there.

Seth: Annexation to Montana instead of Dakota?

Al: Hikin’ our skirts to Helena might put Yankton back on its heels. And as minutes turn to hours over the piss-pot, I wonder, should we ruminate publicly in loud voices over formin’ a new territory with an eye towards future statehood, or even our own republic?

Seth: No dictatorship?

Al: What the fuck do we need a dictatorship for, that silences the public voice, that eases the enemy’s way? Noise made, overtures to outside interests and enlistment of the hooples’ participation is what this situation demands. And a trustworthy mug with a vague motive out there, buglin’ the call.

Seth: I’m not interested.

Al: *(Leans forward)* Our moment permits interest in one question only: will we, of Deadwood, be more than targets for ass-fucking? To not grab ankle is to declare yourself interested. What’s your posture, Bullock?

Seth: *(He doesn’t move)* As you see.

Al: *(Smiles)* Huzzah then.

(Lifts his shotglass, drinks, as Seth raises his glass the random hooplehead drinking at the bar turns and joins in the toast, smiling drunkenly. Seth gives a wry grin at this.)

(At the Bella Union, Wolcott is composing a letter to his employer, George Hearst. We hear him reading the contents in a voice over. As he reads we see the goings on at the mines he has consolidated. A full detail of the mining operations will follow the reading of the letter.)

Wolcott: “The operations of the old Aurora and Keet’s mines and a number of smaller adjoining claims are now entirely consolidated, accessed through the former Hidden Treasure property. Anxious as I know you to be, Mr. Hearst, to move to 24-hour operation, until workers at wage outnumber individual prospectors in the camp, the matter of Chinese labor remains delicate of introduction. And we must therefore rest content with Germans and Cornish unwilling to work at night. We shower them after every shift, and the gold they’ve combed into their hair with grease, we recover from the traps installed beneath the wash-house facility. The Cornish are quicker than the Germans, but ever ready to combine and complain, and deserve their reputation as high-graders, which, if anything, is understated.”

Supervisor: Get down!

Wolcott: “Through the vigilance of our security fellows, the unremitting larceny of these cunning and clannish men is held somewhat in check. I cite in particular the effectiveness of Captain Turner, invaluable to us since the Comstock.”

Supervisor: Watch it! *(We hear yelling in German)*

Wolcott: “With purchase of the claim formerly operated by the Manuel brothers, we will control save one—the Garret property—every considerable deposit now discovered.”

Supervisor: Get back in line!

Wolcott: “I am told your arrival is imminent, Mr. Hearst. I look forward to showing you every aspect of what I believe soon may be truthfully described as the largest and most forward-looking gold operation in the world. Francis Wolcott.”

(While we hear the reading of the letter, we see the goings-on at the newly consolidated mines. We see a line of naked men waiting to shower and 3 men at a time showering under 3 large buckets. There is a small village of tents set up in the foreground. Several men in black suits and hats supervise the showering men and the removal and inspection of the clothes of the men waiting. One man draws the attention of the supervisors and he is hit and told to “Get down!” He bends over while a supervisor inspects his ass and painfully pulls out a nugget—of gold. The man runs, the supervisors yell to the other men to “Watch it” and the head honcho—Captain Turner—shoots the runner and he falls dead. The other men who were pushed out of the runners way are told harshly to “Get back in line!”)

(As Wolcott finishes his letter, we see Doc Cochran give Cy his report on the state of the whores. Wolcott casually observes the conversation.)

Doc: No one is with child. Tessie may have clap.

Cy: We'll take her off the firin' line then.
Doc: With whatever intervening supervision, I take it these new-arrived Chinese whores to be under your control.
Cy: Well-evaluated, Doc.
Doc: Well, I'd be available to see to their care like I do these here.
Cy: *(Puts his hand amiably on Doc's arm)* Declined with thanks.
Doc: You may not be aware that beyond their afflictions, *(angry)* these girls are fuckin' starving to death.
Cy: I ain't one, Doc, holds the white man's as the sole and only path. I strive to tolerate what I may not agree with. But those people's culture, their women are disposable. They-they ship 'em unfed, replace 'em when they expire. They dose 'em with opium, I know, which I gather eases their pangs.
Doc: Well...under this arrangement, I'll withdraw my care for your whites.
Cy: For Christ's sake, Doc!
Doc: No, *I* need to live too!
Cy: Raise your rates on these then. Don't disrupt the other fuckin' equilibrium.
Doc: I would see to those others pro bono.
Cy: I know what that means. Prove to me you do.
Doc: It won't cost ya anything.
Cy: Well, Jesus Christ. *(Draws in breath)* Here, too, let me tolerate a different point of view.

(Doc leaves, slamming into Wolcott's chair on his way out.)

(Outside in the thoroughfare, a stagecoach has arrived. Two men lift down a large bicycle into the eager arms of Tom Nuttall. Al, from the balcony, sees the arrival.)

Al: Studying on a getaway, Tom?
Tom: Ain't she a beauty, Al?
Merrick: Uh, in the French, it's called a velocipede, meaning "Go Swiftly into the World."
Tom: This is the Gent's Boneshaker model, and the French can stay the fuck out of it.
Johnny: *(To Al, from below)* How's that for a contraption, Boss?
Al: Summon from Farnum that cunt with the long kraut moniker.
Johnny: E.B. ain't been over for coffee.
Al: Should I ask if Farnum's come for coffee before I get you to summon that cunt?
(Johnny goes, Al looks down at "the box" sitting next to him.) Dead and without a body, you still outstrip him for intelligence.

(A foreign-looking man with a handlebar moustache calls down, in a Russian accent, to Tom Nuttall and A.W. Merrick from the top of the stagecoach.)

Man: Would you please know Mr. A.W. Merrick? *(Nuttall points to A.W. Merrick over his bike.)*

Merrick: Uh—I'm A.W. Merrick.

Man: Good. *(He gets down)* I'm-uh-Blazanov, agent for Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph Company.

Merrick: Welcome, Mr. Blazanov!

Blazanov: Thank you, Can you show me immediately to my apparatus?

Merrick: *(Shaking his finger, turning to Tom)* Our long-anticipated telegraph operator. Your company, having leased space for you in my office, your apparatus, Sir, is next to mine, and I will show it to you with pleasure. This way.

(A.W. leads Blazanov toward his office as Tom wheels his bike around, like a kid on Christmas morning, a crowd of hoopleheads are surrounding him, enthralled with the site of the odd-looking bike.)

Blazanov: Has my apparatus been-- *(A.W. leads him around the quagmire)* Thank you—been guarded from interference?

Merrick: Uh, in candor, Mr. Blazanov, some nights more successfully than others.

Al: *(Looking down from the balcony)* There's a fuckin' pair to draw to.

Blazanov: I hope the electrical fluid has not blistered with fierce voltage someone foolish to ground its potential.

Merrick: I'm not aware of any blistering, and my hopes in that regard may be different from yours. *(He opens the office door.)*

Tom: *(To William as he runs up to see the bike)* Did you see my bicycle, young man?

William: They call that type boneshaking, Sir.

Tom: They do, for a mortal truth. *(laughs)*

(Martha gently pulls William away from the bike as Tom straddles his bike. Al takes his package back inside.)

(We see Ellsworth, at the claim, consulting his dog.)

Ellsworth: Look at it this way then. Mightn't the Lord give second chances? Not on merit, necessarily. I ain't claimin' that. Say he does it on whim, on any basis. And here she comes with that little one beside her and another she fixes to produce. And keenness to my shortcomings don't blind me to seein' a-right that when a boulder needs haulin', I will haul a boulder—which is asset to a woman with a child in her care and another she readies to deliver. Now what harm is there in believin' that not takin' the chance might be a confoundin' of his will? Hmm? I'm takin' that silence for fuckin' support.

(Martha stands in front of Alma's door, Alma opens it, a smile on her face.)

Alma: Mrs. Bullock.

Martha: Thank you so much for seeing us.

Alma: Good morning, William.

William: Good morning, Mrs. Garret.

Alma: Please, come in. *(She steps aside, Sofia waiting behind her. William enters, followed by Martha.)*

William: It smells awful nice in here.

Alma: We had berry tea before Sofia's lesson. *(She closes the door, looks to Martha)*
Will you have some?

Martha: Please, if it's not a trouble.

William: I don't want any, thank you. I didn't know the smell was from tea.

Alma: *(To Sofia)* Will you show William your corner in our other room, Sofia? *(Sofia starts to walk, Alma stops her)* Not your toys. Show him only your books.

William: Thank you. *(Looks up at his mom, she nods)* And thank you for the candy when I first got to camp.

(William and Sofia head to the corner, Martha and Alma walk into the bedroom, Alma closing the doors partway behind them.)

Martha: Please, forgive the suddenness of my coming.

Alma: Not at all, Mrs. Bullock.

Martha: I feel an urgency about the matter which brings me.

Alma: *(Stops just as she starts to prep the tea, they sit)* Please tell me what it is.

Martha: You know that Miss Stokes, the teacher for whom we had waited so long—

Alma: Has fled.

Martha: Yes. *(They laugh)*

Alma: A great disappointment to me, as I'm sure it was to you.

Martha: Mmm-hmm. I hope I'm...adequate to guiding my son's studies—I believe I am. But a child in solitude cannot find his gift for society.

Alma: What do you propose?

Martha: That I teach the camp's children.

(Alma smiles awkwardly, gets up and walks to the stove, trying to light it. She drops all the matches in her frustration to get a spark lit from her flint. She sighs, looks over to Martha and back.)

Alma: The water is usually brought from the kitchen, already at a boil.

Martha: Please don't bother with the tea.

Alma: It's no bother. It would hardly be a bother, if I were only properly prepared. *(She gives up and shuts the stove)* On a second opportunity with adequate notification, we will meet you in order and readiness.

Martha: *(Stands)* I seem always to come upon you with inadequate notice.

Alma: As you remarked, simple courtesy would forestall that.

Martha: I'm trying to imagine what courtesy of mine would have forestalled the last awkwardness between us.

Alma: *(Takes a few steps forward)* Do you wish then to take Sofia under your care as well?

Martha: As well as whom, Mrs. Garret?

Alma: Why, Mrs. Bullock, as well as your son. Whom else would I mean?

(Martha is given pause at this.)

(Al opens his office door.)

Al: Good morning.

Alice: Good morning, Mr. Swearengen. *(She enters, brushing up against him in her hurry)* Excuse me. Change of light.

Al: Pupils slow adjustin'—hope that don't owe to morphine.

Alice: No.

Al: Anyhow, thanks for brushin' against my prick.

Alice: May I sit down? *(Al walks to his desk, motioning to a chair for her to sit. He takes out a bottle.)*

Al: Too early for you?

Alice: I don't time my drinking. *(She sits)*

Al: Dan! *(He sits, Dan enters, shutting the door.)* 50,000, now to me. Mr. Dority signs for the murder of Brom Garret on my orders as commissioned by his faithless wife. *(Dan looks confused)* Second document, signed by you, detailin' that during transport to New York for trial along with faithless wife, Dority escapes custody. 50 now to me, 10 now you to Dority, 10 now you to Adams.

Alice: Agreed, with these amendments: 25 to you on signatures; on Dority's safe return following his escape, and by your giving over the document signed by me to an agent designated by Pinkerton, or burning it in the agent's presence, the second 25.

Al: *(Tilts his head)* Agreed.

Alice: Will you draft Dority's confession?

Al: I'll draft both fuckin' documents. *(Drinks)* Now would you find your own way out while I explain myself to the guilty party?

(She gets up to leave, Dan follows her to the door.)

Dan: You wanna brush agin' my prick?

(She opens the door and leaves. Dan shuts the door, looking darkly at Al.)

Al: Got a good fuckin' head on her shoulders, unlike some other parties in this room *(looking over at the package.)*

(Nuttall's excited, brushing his bike down with a towel, surrounded by hoopleheads in his saloon.)

Man: That's some kind of contraption he's got there.

ShitStirrer: Do you suppose had the inventor moved among us, he'd have made a model more suited to sinkholes?

Tom: Oh, guided an pedaled a-right, she'll roll smooth as a ball on a green. *(A hooplehead reaches for the handles)* Ah! Yours ain't the fuckin' hands or the fuckin' feet. *(The crowd laughs, A.W. & Blazanov enter.)*

Blazanov: So this is the famous place of death.

Merrick: (*pointing*) At that very table, Mr. Blazanov. Wild Bill Hickok was shot.
Blazanov: I've read the account, perhaps from your hand?
Tom: My bicycle masters boardwalk and quagmire with aplomb. Those that doubt me suck cock by choice. (*Tom crosses his arms, looking at the Shit Stirrer, everyone laughs.*)
ShitStirrer: Does that signal a willingness to wager?
Tom: You're goddamn right, in specie or fucking currency.
ShitStirrer: Surely odds must differ between quagmire and boardwalk.
Tom: I don't speak of the quagmire lengthwise.
ShitStirrer: Well, shall quagmire be the Bella Union gap of the main thoroughfare?
Tom: Done.
ShitStirrer: Eight to one odds on the quagmire.
Tom: I shall swoop across it. Uh—eight to one taken to 100.
ShitStirrer: Even money on the boardwalk.
Tom: Done! Taken to 100. Loose boards to be nailed, (*A.W. whispers to a smiling Blazanov*) commerce suspended, animals, drunks and sundries cleared from my lane of passage.
ShitStirrer: Done.
Merrick: May I have time to ready my camera, Tom?
Tom: Uh, get going.
Merrick: I'll make fresh plates and new stop-bath.
Tom: Whatever the fuck that means.
Merrick: Come, Mr. Blazanov.
Blazanov: What has just happened?
Merrick: Come, come, come.
Tom: Those who doubt me suck cock by choice! (*The crowd laughs*)
Man: I'll bet \$6.00 he don't make it down the boardwalk!

(*The hoopleheads all rush to bet.*)

(*Seth arrives at the house that Bullock built for lunch. Martha is puttering around the kitchen.*)

Martha: I had time only to make cold meat sandwiches after seeing Mrs. Garret.
Seth: Fine.
Martha: There's cold cider in the cellar. (*Sets a plate down on the table*)
Seth: I'll get it.
Martha: She thought it wonderful I that should teach the camp's children.
Seth: Good.
Martha: Wonderful. (*She looks upset, turns to the stove*) That poor woman. (*turns*) Husband killed, left alone. (*Looks to Seth*) Any person would have found her situation sympathetic, let alone someone of your instincts. (*Seth clenches, not able to look at her. She turns back to the stove*) Mr. Nuttall has received a bicycle.
Seth: Has he?
Martha: William was very excited to see it.
Seth: Good.

Martha: Your food is ready. He's out back waiting. William is.

(She opens the door and leaves, Seth pauses, opens the other door and leaves.)

(Jane is throwing up outside the freight office. Some men take notice and get up from the bench outside the freight building at the same time that Charlie approaches.)

Charlie: That's mighty good for bidness.

Jane: Shut up!

Charlie: There's a girl sitting by herself in that whorehouse—Joanie Stubbs. *(Jane throws a bucket of water on the puke to wash it, sorta, away.)*

Jane: Next you see her, *(Charlie grabs the bucket, finishing the job for her)* give her my congratulations.

Charlie: Seeing you know about losin' friends, you might be a good person to go on and talk to her.

Jane: How does standing in my own puke prompt you to volunteer me to give a condolence call?

Charlie: Why fuckin' wouldn't it, Jane? You like bein' situated how you are?
(Jane eyes Charlie)

Jane: What fuckin' friends did she lose anyway?

(Back at the hardware store, Trixie is working her numbers, Seth just arrived back, hangs us his coat.)

Sol: How are Martha and William?

Seth: Well.

(Trixie eyes Seth as he hangs his hat on the desk in front of her. She takes a deep breath & goes back to her numbers. Seth walks over to the counter, opening a ledger book.)

Sol: What would you think of Marcus's lot, Seth, as location for the bank?

Seth: I could see arguments in favor.

Sol: He's going back to Bismarck. Asking 14,000, 10 of which he'd carry at 1% a month, which I find reasonable. *(Seth nods)* Obviously, the location is its great virtue.

Seth: Under all the circumstances, I disagree. *(Closes the ledger book, walking away.)*

Sol: Too central?

Seth: Not too central, no. I'm thinking more the chief backer might find unpleasant *this* building being always in her view.

Sol: I see.

Seth: Anything further you need explained chapter and verse?

Sol: I hadn't understood the matter continued so tender.

Seth: It ain't tenderness, avoiding provocation. It's common fuckin' courtesy.

Trixie: Which neither of you's showin' fuckin' much toward me.

Sol: It's over. *(Walking behind the counter)* It's finished!

(Back at the Bella Union, a large man enters. Wolcott and Cy are seated by the windows, watching him approach the bar.)

Cy: You've got the worst brother—Mose—as ugly as he is, that miserable a disposition. *(Cy gets up, approaching the bar.)* Mr. Manuel, how are you, Sir?

Mose: Fuck you, Tolliver, your crooked games and your watered-down liquor. *(Drinks)*

Wolcott: Francis Wolcott, Mr. Manuel. *(Extending hand)* Thank you for coming. *(Mose stands his ground)*

Mose: State your business.

Wolcott: An admirable rigor in manner. Would you join me, please? *(Motions up to his table. Mose slaps a couple coins on the bar for his drink, glares at Cy as he goes to join Wolcott.)* Ahh...do I guess rightly, Sir, that you and your brother do not deal happily with groups of men?

Mose: Nor each other.

Wolcott: Yet you have made a rich find and have done very well in beginning it's development.

Mose: State your business.

Wolcott: Further development may require organization on a scale and dealings with men to which you and your brother are not suited or not disposed to attempt.

Mose: With thieving bastard Cornishmen, you mean. Underground in the shafts, *(Wolcott nods)* high-graders, every one of 'em.

Wolcott: The interests I represent have learned to deal effectively over the years with high-grading and other forms of theft by employees.

Mose: You ain't learned no effective method when it's my brother going against you.

Wolcott: Against us in what sense?

Mose: In all five fucking senses.

Wolcott: More reason you and he might sever connections toward taking separate paths.

Mose: I'm sittin' here, ain't I?

Wolcott: We would offer 200,000 for an undivided ownership on your claim.

Mose: We'd both have to fucking sell?

Wolcott: I'd presume your brother has stays and encumbrances on your right to separate sale.

Mose: He's encumbered every fucking breath I've ever fucking taken. 200,000?

Wolcott: Would it expedite matters if I made our case to your brother?

Mose: *(standing)* I'll make the fucking case, once I find the saloon he's in. *(Goes to leave, Cy looks on alarmed)*

Wolcott: He should understand that our patience is not inexhaustible.

Mose: Did I say I thought that?

Wolcott: No.

Mose: Don't tell me how to talk to my brother!

Wolcott: Certainly not.

Mose: Unless you're trying to fucking irritate me!

Wolcott: Opposite of my intention.

Mose: *(Reapproaches)* 200,000?

Wolcott: Cash. *(Mose leaves.)*

(Alma, gazes out her window into the bright light. She closes the shades in frustration and strides to the door, leaving Sofia sitting on a couch next to a checker board. Alma knocks on door #8, Miss Isringhausen's. The door opens.)

Alice: Mrs. Garret.

Alma: Why do you linger? The stages are frequent, and you're past your stated purpose. Have you another?

Alice: Please, Mrs. Garret, do come in. *(Alma enters tentatively)* Do you believe I do?

Alma: My beliefs about you have to do with your soul, which I feel is cold and ungenerous, unless you are a counterfeit. And if you are a counterfeit, the deception comes so naturally, I'd credit its source in such a soul—meaning cold and ungenerous, and as capable of counterfeit—manipulative and treacherous as well.

Alice: Who can you think I am, Mrs. Garret? I, a poor working girl?

Alma: You are not.

Alice: I only hope your high wroth, Ma'am, don't bespeak some affair gone amiss...*(steps closer)* I hope to Christ not involving Mr. Bullock. *(Alma goes to slap Alice, Alice catches her wrist firmly)* Even under such duress, you oughtn't presume to strike me. *(Pulls Alma closer, by the wrist)* For who do you take me then? For who do you mistake me?

Alma: I mistake you for no one, Miss Isringhausen, and I know you for a fact.

Alice: All right then, Mrs. Garret. You've had your fit of temper. Get the fuck back to your room.

(She releases Alma and opens the door for her, eyeing Alma coldly. Alma stalks out, Alice slams the door behind her.)

(Tom is oiling the wheels on his bike, the town abuzz with giddiness at his impending ride. We see Charlie, Martha, Sol & Trixie all come out to watch. Richardson looks around, excited. He runs inside to the Pants Shitter, behind the desk.)

Richardson: How's his toothache?

PantsShitter: I ain't requirin' about his toothache, Richardson. And you oughtn't be requirin' about his toothache either. You ought to be hoping that his nibs will be sleeping, so we can both sneak away and go watch the ride. *(Richardson makes for E.B.'s office)* What are you—what are you--? You stupid—

Richardson: *(Knocks on the office door, E.B. is inside, passed out and gagging.)* Mr. Farnum, are you in there? I need your permission, Mr. Farnum. *(E.B. gagging)* I'm coming in. *(He pushes the door in. E.B. is choking now)* What's killing you? *(Sticks his fingers down E.B.'s throat, causing E.B. to stir and spit out some gauze.)* What's afflicting you? *(Pours water on E.B.'s head)*

EB: Stop it. For God's sake, get away from me! *(Pushes Richardson away as he stands up)* I put clove-soaked cloth to my tooth. I must have gagged on it—*(snorts)* when I was napping.

Richardson: Are you saved, Sir?

EB: Your filthy hand was down my throat! *(He pushes Richardson's hand down.)*

Richardson: May I go out to watch the bicycle?

EB: Watch the earth yielding up it's dead, so long as it's not near me. *(Pushes Richardson away)* And never violate my private office again! *(He pushes Richardson out the door and closes it, causing a bunch of antlers to fall on his head.)* That cocksucker.

(Dan approaches Al's door, he hears him talking. He listens at the door.)

Al: What do you think of that, Chief? Some kind of fuckin' division of feelin' or somethin'? *(Dan knocks)* Yeah!?! *(Dan opens the door, looking around.)*

Dan: If I'm overstepping, Boss, I apologize.

Al: I'm waitin'. *(Dan sits, holding his hat.)*

Dan: ...Sometimes I hear you speakin' in here when I know there's nobody in here but you.

Al: You have not yet reached the age, Dan, have you, where you're moved to utterance of thoughts properly kept silent?

Dan: Been known to mutter.

Al: Not the odd mutter. Habitual fuckin' vocalizing of thoughts best kept to yourself. I will confide further. Lately...I talk to this package. *(Dan smiles at the package)* The severed rotting head I paid bounty on last year of that murdered fuckin' Indian. *(Dan stands, still smiling, but it's one of those "My boss just ripped a stinky fart and I'm about to puke because it smells so bad, but I'm gonna pretend I don't smell it" sort of smiles.)*

Dan: Well, anyways, it's the late shift. *(Puts his hat on and approaches the door.)*

Al: You subscribe one way or anther to Tom Nuttall's big ride?

Dan: No. I'm—I don't see him making it, but I didn't want to root agin' him. *(Al looks at the package)* The Indian got an opinion?

(Al stops chewing his toothpick and glares at Dan. Dan leaves quickly. Al slowly gets up, Dan listens at the door. Al goes out to the balcony, package in hand, setting it down on a stool.)

Al: Don't the decapitated deserve recreation, Chief? As much, if not more so, than those of us yet not dismembered. *(He cuts the strings. We see Tom tending his bike, Doc holding it up – smiling. Al opens the box.)* Whew. You, fuckin' Chief, are uglier than before, when you were also not a treat to the eyes. Oh! *(He turns and walks to the other end of the balcony)* Suffer the low vantage. *(Clears throat)* It's better for my standing in the camp.

Tom: That is a lay down you propose! *(He smacks a hoopleheads across the face, knocking him to the ground.)* Corruption won't never breath stinky on my bicycle!

Al: Sent many of your friends to the happy huntin' ground. Formidable Tom was, and no more a fool now than time shows us all.

Merrick: *(showing Blazanov his camera.)* Using the smallest possible aperture, Mr. Blazanov, and the fastest shutter speed, our endeavor is to capture Mr. Nuttall's attempt in all it's vigor and velocity.

(Mose, in an empty No. 10, sets down a gun in front of him & his brother.)

Mose: We gotta sell this claim, Charlie.

Charlie: Why?

Mose: 'Cus if we don't, we're gonna fuck it up.

Charlie: Speak for yourself.

(Tom wheels his bike, with Doc's help, to his starting place. He climbs aboard and raises his hand in the air. A man with a shotgun looks for his signal to start the big ride. Cy watches.)

Mose: Speakin' for myself, if we don't sell, you're gonna fuck it up.

Charlie: Speak for yourself. *(Pistol cocks)*

(The shotgun and pistol both fire. One into the air-signaling the start of Tom's big ride, the other- into Charlie Manuel's chest – signaling the severing of ties and the sale of the Manuel claim to Hearst. Tom is barreling down the boardwalk, hoops all around cheering him on, running beside him. Al watches from his balcony.)

Al: *(whispers)* Come on, Tom.

(Richardson watches excitedly, holding his precious antlers in front of him. Almost like he's brought his favorite girl, Alma, to the big ride. Al follows Tom's progress walking the length of the balcony. Merrick takes Tom's picture as he crosses the Bella Union gap across the quagmire of the thoroughfare.)

Al: Go on, my Son!

(Martha and William cheer Tom on. Al, Seth and the Soap Huckster, Charlie – all happy at the sight of Tom's successful ride. Wolcott even smiles at the commotion.)

Al: He made it, Chief.

Mose: *(approaching Wolcott)* My brother had an accident.

Wolcott: What's his condition now?

Mose: Fatal. Dead. Fatal gunshot.

Wolcott: So an accident...handling his weapon. A self-inflicted wound.

Mose: Fucking stupid. Showing off when he's been fuckin' drinkin'. Or a stupid fucking trick, more than one fucking time he'd do that. For Christ's sake.

Wolcott: Are there other kin, Mr. Manuel?

Mose: There's just us.

Wolcott: Mother and Father dead, no siblings—

Mose: What did I just fucking say to you?

Wolcott: Do you accept our offer as your brother's sole heir and agent of your own interests?

Mose: 200,000.

Wolcott: Cash upon execution.

Mose: We already executed.

(Mose walks away, Al returns inside with the box.)

(Joanie is sitting alone, still, at the Chez Amie.)

Jane: Jane Cannary! Jane Cannary comin' in. *(Opens the door – Joanie looks to her side)* Hello.

Joanie: *(sighs)* We're closed.

Jane: *(Closing door)* I ain't here for any funny business. My name's Jane Cannary. You and me got a pain-in-the-balls mutual acquaintance, Charlie fucking Utter.

Joanie: How do you do, Jane? Joanie Stubbs. *(Jane shuffles in closer)* Would you like a—a drink?

Jane: Yes! But my opening position is no.

Joanie: *(stands)* I'm having a drink, Jane.

Jane: I'll probably join you directly. *(Joanie pours a drink)* Charlie says you lost your friends.

Joanie: *(drinks)* Yes.

Jane: Uh...I don't guess it was plague.

Joanie: No.

Jane: Fucking violence, probably. *(Shakes her head, Joanie sighs and sits.)* I worked a plague tent last year.

Joanie: People...spoke of the good you did.

Jane: Some left the tent upright. *(blinking)* Maybe I will have a fucking drink, just for sociability's sake and 'cause I'm a fucking drunk.

Joanie: Well, what's your preference?

Jane: That it ain't been previously swallowed. *(Joanie nods, amused)* Bourbon if you got it. *(licks her lips.)*

Joanie: Bourbon from Kentucky. *(Lifts up the bottle of Basil Hayden)*

Jane: I should certainly fuckin' hope so. *(Joanie hands her a drink.)* Thank you. *(She holds the glass, contemplating the contents.)* Murdered? Your friends?

Joanie: It's best probably not to talk about it.

Jane: If we held to that rule, we'd be mute like monks months at a fuckin' time.

Joanie: *(Gazing off)* Three of 'em were murdered. The others shooed from camp so they wouldn't be.

Jane: I heard of a beating Charlie Utter dispensed to some cocksucker yesterday. I wonder if that's connected.

Joanie: I wouldn't be surprised. *(Looks at the bottle, then up to Jane)* Yes. *(She slams the bottle down and sits.)*

Jane: Does he pose a further danger to you, the cocksucker? That's—that's what got you sitting in the dark.

Joanie: Sitting countin' as waiting?

Jane: *(Stammering)* Oh—I—I will say that's a attitude fit for darkness...not knowin' what else to say, or pretendin' that it ain't familiar. *(Joanie nods)* Anyways, I'm—fuck. I'm pleased to meet you, pleased to meet you.

Joanie: Pleased to meet you, Jane.

Jane: All right.

Joanie: Thank you for comin' by.

Jane: Mmm-hmm.

Joanie: Don't you want your drink?

Jane: I guess I'll leave it. (*snickers*) Refined spirits will sometimes convulse me. (*She chuckles and leaves.*)

(*Alma opens the door to her room, finding Ellsworth there.*)

Alma: Mr. Ellsworth.

Ellsworth: I was hopin' for a word.

Alma: As many as you like. (*She waves him in*) Is your purpose clandestine? (*She smiles*)

Ellsworth: Private, as far as that goes.

Alma: Sofia's taking her nap. (*She pulls the doors to the bedroom closed a bit. Ellsworth sits.*) Let me get you a better chair.

Ellsworth: (*Standing, removing his hat*) Oh, uh, would it speak ill of me that I'm—comfortable here? (*Alma laughs and waves him to sit, she does as well.*) The other morning, you was indisposed.

Alma: I regret having imposed that on your attention.

Ellsworth: I had a wife...took by Typhus and our baby girl.

Alma: I'm so sorry, Mr. Ellsworth.

Ellsworth: Oh, thank you. Anyways, I'm acquainted with certain...experiences. Th'owin' up mornin's, as an example.

Alma: (*nods*) I see.

Ellsworth: And I'd say—not claimin' credentials for raisin' a family, as my time with 'em was brief—but I'd hope it'd testify to willingness as a candidate for marriage and so forth...offerin' myself. (*Alma is shocked & speechless. Ellsworth takes a knee in front of her.*) Completin' the sorry presentation. (*He tentatively looks up at her, Alma stammers.*)

Alma: I'm deeply grateful for your proposal. (*stammering*) May I ask a brief interval before giving you my answer?

Ellsworth: Long as you like. (*standing*) It will give me time to get up.

Alma: (*standing*) I'll ask a little longer than that. And some solitude.

Ellsworth: Mmm...of course. (*He turns to leave, she grabs his arm.*)

Alma: Thank you very much, Mr. Ellsworth.

Ellsworth: Yes, Ma'am.

(*He leaves, she sits, stunned.*)

(*Seth is stoking the fire at the house that Bullock built.*)

Seth: Is the boy warm enough?

Martha: Yes, thank you. (*Approaches closer, pausing*) This roof over our heads, Mr. Bullock, testifies to your care for William and me. The fostering affection

and guidance you show my son to shape him into a man will only deepen my gratitude to you. As for myself...no further demonstrations are necessary as...other duties claim your attentions. *(She heads for the stairs.)*

Seth: None such as you conceive since your arrival, nor will they again, whatever the state of our relations.

Martha: Do not sacrifice further on my account, Mr. Bullock. *(She starts to go upstairs, abruptly turns.)* I reject the offering. I repudiate it. I find it poisonous.

(Seth clenches back tears, shutting the furnace and throwing the poker to the ground.)

(Al enters the secret passageway into Merrick's office. He's holding a note.)

Al: Aha, not the eyesore of my previous visit, huh?

Merrick: Ah, Al, welcome. Yes, yes. Tidied and reconstituted, prompted in no small measure, I might add, by your very much appreciated exhortation.

Al: I just jotted a few fucking thoughts down for your perusal.

Merrick: In what regard?

Al: Well, peruse it and you'll fucking find out. *(He turns – facing Blazanov's apparatus.)* What the fuck is this?

Merrick: Uh, that is a telegraph apparatus, whose operator, Mr. Blazanov, presently is, uh, taking the air. *(reading)* "Sheriff Bullock would not confirm having met with representatives from the Montana territory to discuss their offer of annexation." Is this true, Al?

Al: *(Still gazing at the telegraph equipment)* Did he fucking confirm it to you?

Merrick: I haven't spoken to Bullock.

Al: So, then I guess it ain't confirmed. Answer me this fucking question. Why in fuck do I find out about this telegraph operator arriving tardily and by accident?

Merrick: I wasn't aware that you were owed official notification.

Al: Merrick, you and me are allies, marching into battle together, and aren't smart-assed replies amongst allies a waste of fuckin' time?

Merrick: Uh...allies? Marching?

Al: Allies marching is exactly fucking right. And this operator hitting camp is big. The main dereliction is Farnum's whose bailiwick specifically is new arrivals, but you have also been fucking remiss. *(Shaking finger at Merrick.)*

Merrick: What battle are we marching toward in formation of some sort, Al? *(Door opens)*

Blazanov: I, uh, purchased the sleeping equipment.

Merrick: Mr. Blazanov, Mr. Swearngen.

Blazanov: *(bowing)* How do you do, Mr. Swearngen?

Al: All right, Blazanov. That's some pronounced fuckin' accent you've got, huh?

Blazanov: I am Russian.

Al: Now you could have waited saying that before I was fuckin' seated, huh? *(They all laugh)*

Merrick: Mr. Swearngen was keenly interested to hear that you're the camp's telegraph operator.

Blazanov: How do you do?

Al: Oh, no no no. How do *you* do? (*Stepping in close*) You are the master of the fuckin' secret code and all the other fuckin' secret things, isn't that right, huh?

Blazanov: Not so secret.

Al: No, that's some fucking skill. I'm sure people are trying to bribe you right and left, huh?

Blazanov: No, no, I'm not allowed.

Al: Oh, nor am I, no. None of us are. We are, every one, strictly forbade. That's the fucking beauty of it all, huh?

Blazanov: I think I haven't enough English for you, Mr. Swearengen.

Al: Bullshit. You have the perfect exact fucking amount. My only question for you, young man, is your feelings on (*grabs the sleeping equipment away from Blazanov's "package" pointing to it and motioning a blow job.*) your prick being sucked constantly and without charge, yeah? (*They all laugh*)

Merrick: Whoa! And thus you encounter one of our wonderful meaningless American traditions, Mr. Blazanov, the tall-tale conversation, and-and tales and good nature.

Blazanov: Hmm.

Al: (*Heading upstairs*) The Gem, Blazanov, my saloon. Very convenient to your place of business, huh? Via private walkway, which I will employ as we speak, or by the public thoroughfare. Visit and you will experience a tradition...only used in this camp or my place by newly-arrived telegraph operators fucking free, be their preference of tale tall or fuckin' otherwise. And by all means— (*mimicking Russian accent*) Welcome to America. (*Bowing, he leaves.*)

(*At the graveyard, Charlie approaches, taking off his hat.*)

Charlie: Evenin', Bill. Jane ain't with me, 'cause she's a drunken fuckin' mess, and I don't know what to do about it. I know you want her looked out for, and I'm doin' my fuckin' best. But I won't stand before you claimin' optimism. Other news. That letter you wrote your wife just before that cocksucker murdered you, it come to my hand. (*Cleaning dirt & pebbles from the grave*) I won't even try explainin' fuckin' how. And knowin' what we know about our fucked up postal system, I ain't committin' it to the fuckin' mails. You know I will try to get it to her, which I pray'd be a portion off your mind. When I've found where she's at, on my way settin' off I'll tell you. All right. God bless you, Bill. (*Starts to leave—turns back.*) And as far as Jane, as drunk as you've seen her, you've never seen her this worse. Between us, maybe havin' lost wantin' to keep on. So I-I don't know what the fuck to do! But you know I'll—I'll keep tryin'. (*He leaves.*)

(*Seth approaches a drunken hooplehead, it looks like the soap guy, in the night air. He's passed out on a table out in the thoroughfare. Seth kicks the guy, putting his hands out by his side in a "Well?" fashion. The hooplehead looks up at him, then puts his head back down on the table. Alma watches from her window.*)

(We next see a dead Chinese slave whore lying at the bottom of her cage with a loaf of bread near her head. Doc is looking down on her in despair. We see Wolcott talking to Mose outside of Mr. Lee's death hut.)

Wolcott: Is this adequate, Mr. Manuel? Your brother's mortal remains are housed inside under the care of Mr. Lee.

(Mr. Lee comes out – staring at them. Doc approaches Wolcott.)

Doc: Do you speak Chinese?

Wolcott: I do not, Sir.

Doc: Well, however you accomplish communication with that son of a bitch (*pointing to Lee.*) then the more the *disgrace* to your soul! (*Doc storms off*)

Wolcott: Are we through here? Can we finally complete our transaction?

Mose: It fucking happens the fucking gun he was cleaning when he shot himself was mine.

Wolcott: Is that so?

Mose: And I'm asking to know if a person of the mind to blame me will have a way to recover the fucking bullet?

Wolcott: I expect not, Mr. Manuel, or that other than yours, any such mind is in the camp. I suggest you think of other things, like the money that Mr. Tolliver's waiting to present to you at the Bella Union.

Mose: That easy...(*walking off*) to forget a fucking brother?!

Wolcott: Money has properties in this regard! Though no remedy is discovered yet sovereign against sentimental remorse. (*Shouts at a Chinese slave whore that is looking at him, leaning against the bars of her cage.*) Close your eyes!

(He stumbles off, passing the dead whore on the way.)

(Joanie is still waiting. So tired, tired of waiting, tired of waiting for W! There's a knock at the door.)

Joanie: It's open. (*Wolcott enters, shuts the door, hands behind his back.*) Do what you came to.

Wolcott: (*Approaching*) I don't know what I came to do.

Joanie: Is it easier sayin' that?

Wolcott: The other nights I've known.

(Jane stumbles down the stairs from the lock-up, clutching a shot gun.)

Jane: You're supposed to look out for that madam, fucking asleep at the switch.

(Joanie stands, facing Wolcott, she tilts her head back, exposing her throat.)

Jane: Where's fucking Charlie to piss in my ear when he's fuckin' needed?

(Joanie breaths, no longer giving up her neck. Wolcott eyes the bourbon, turning it to read the label.)

Wolcott: Basil Hayden Bourbon, you were waiting for me.

Joanie: No, my friend Jane left that.

(She grabs the bottle, channels Jane and whacks him upside the head with the bottle – shattering it. He stumbles, bleeding from his temple. Joanie runs to the back room.)

Joanie: And you leave me alone! *(She slams the door behind her.)* And I got a fucking gun in here too! *(She opens a drawer and pulls out a pistol.)* And get the fuck out! And lock the front fucking door!

(She sits on the bed, Wolcott stumbles over to the chair, retrieving his hat from the floor beside it, he stumbles out the door and into the thoroughfare. Jane sees him, she's got her shot gun trained on him)

Jane: Are you the fucking cocksucker?

Wolcott: I may well be.

Jane: Did you just kill that girl in the Chez Amie?

Wolcott: I did not. That girl in the Chez Amie is well.

Jane: So whose blood's on your fucking mug?

Wolcott: My own. *(Reaching to hand her his card)* My name is Francis Wolcott. *(She takes it, he keeps walking)* If you find me untrue in any particular, I stay at the Grand Central Hotel.

Jane: Who runs that joint?

Wolcott: A grotesque named Farnum.

Jane: You ain't lied so far.

(She stumbles off toward the Chez Amie. Wolcott stumbles off to the hotel.)

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 /
[Sean Bridgers](#) Johnny Burns
[Jeffrey Jones](#) A.W. Merrick

Kim Dickens	Joanie Stubbs
William Sanderson		E.B. Farnum
Ted Mann		Shit Stirrer (Rutherford)
Philip Moon		Mr. Lee
Bree Seanna Wall		Sofia
Ralf Richeson		Pete Richardson
Pavel Lychnikoff		Blazanov
Pruitt Taylor Vince		Mose
Leon Rippy	Tom Nuttall
Ashleigh Kizer		Dolly
Sarah Paulson		Alice Isringhausen
		Charlie Manuel
		Captain Taylor
Zack Ward		Pants Shitter
Gill Gayle		Soap Huskster
Mei Melancon		Chinese Slavewhore
Kirk Fox		Dead Claim Hooplehead
Allan Graf		
Allen Keller		
Ted Mann		Shit Stirrer

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