



Episode 21: “Amalgamation and Capital”

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(Morning at the house that Bullock built. William is coming down the stairs, buttoning up his shirt. Seth is in the kitchen, sipping his coffee.)

Seth: Good morning, William.

William: Good morning, Mr. Bullock.

Seth: Are you sometimes permitted coffee?

William: Yes, sir.

Seth: About a third of a cup?

William: Completed with cow’s milk.

Seth: As to sugar, three spoons? *(William nods)* Is this the morning, William, do you suppose, the tip of this lamp, like a Indian spear, goes into the top of my head?

William: *(chuckles)* I don’t know, Sir. *(Seth hands him his coffee, he tastes it.)*

Seth: Does it stand comparison with your mother’s?

William: No, Sir. *(Sets it down)*

Seth: Stiffened with a further lace of sugar?

William: I mean that he would make it, Sir—my father would.

Seth: Do you have time to sit a bit?

William: I suppose I might do, having chopped the kindling last evening.

(Seth motions to a chair, William and he sit as Martha comes quietly down the stairs, pausing as she hears them talking.)

Seth: Why don’t you tell me about your father, William? I didn’t know my brother so well as you had a chance to. I was nine when Robert left our home. I think you knew him longer. You were 11.

William: I knew him pretty well.

Seth: What did he like doin’ best? *(William pauses, Martha sits quietly on the stairs, listening.)*

William: Sometimes he’d sing. Not army songs, but other kinds. He would make mother laugh. He made the best duck calls of anyone. He would send away through the wood, and he taught me comebacks, and feeder calls and hails.

(There’s a knock at the door, it opens. It’s Charlie Utter, he nods to Seth, Seth nods back and turns back to William, looks at the boy for a moment, and stands up.)

Seth: Mr. Utter and I have some camp bidness to see to. *(He walks to the mudroom to put on his coat.)* William, are you a good duck caller?

William: I suppose I’m pretty good. I could show you, Sir. *(Martha comes down the stairs a bit.)*

Seth: I know of some potholes over Belle Fourche way that are pretty good for ducks.

William: All right, Sir. *(Seth nods at William, Martha continues quickly down the stairs.)*

Martha: Goodbye, Mr. Bullock.

(Seth just looks at her, puts on his hat and leaves with Charlie.)

(Al's office, he's getting dressed. There's a knock at the door...)

EB: E.B. Farnum, Al.

Al: Come in, E.B.!

EB: *(Opens the door, hissing in pain, touching his jaw)* I've been prostrated by the agonies of the damned.

Al: Judgment is upon us then.

EB: A molar rotted through.

Al: Distressing me also, that you are my eyes and ears and a day as eventful as yesterday should find you indisposed. *(Sits)*

EB: *(sniffs-still holding his jaw)* Some solace in knowing I'm missed. *(Sitting, he takes his hat off)*

Al: You missed the advent of the fucking telegraph operator that had you steered into one of your rooms, you could have kept tabs on henceforth.

EB: The pain nearly killed me.

Al: As you still breathe amongst us, I shall ask you to befriend this fuckin' Russian.

EB: Russian?

Al: The fucking telegraph operator, E.B., is a fuckin' Russian.

EB: Of course I'll befriend him. I'm very fond of Russians.

Al: And as the trust between you deepens, we'll be particularly interested in messages to and from Yankton. *(knocks at door)* Yeah? *(Door opens)*

Dan: Sorry, E.B. *(Holding a newspaper)* Al, you might wanna take a gander at that. *(Sets the paper down in front of Al.)*

Al: E.B. is leaving. You won't miss him. *(Takes something out of his drawer, E.B. stands)* He's livin' at Merrick's and looks like the prize at a carnival.

EB: What a delightful image to carry away with me!

(E.B. throws his arms up in delight as he leaves. Al, puts on a pair of reading glasses, looking up at Dan "Yes, it has come to this, now go away." Dan leaves, Al reads.)

(At the Bella Union, Cy is reading the paper at the bar, Jack looking on. Tessie is coming down the stairs.)

Cy: Swearengen's put the paper man's boat to sea with a hold full of fuckin' bullshit.

Tessie: He wants 5,000 more upstairs.

Cy: Jesus Christ! *(Throws the paper down and pounds the bar with his fist.)* Tell that fat bastard he can come down and get it himself!

Tessie: He says it's 100 if I bring it up.

Cy: Is the 5 you already brought him in any kinda action, Tess? *(She looks down)* It's just for him to look at while he fucks ya! So, do I want my \$8.00, Tess, of the \$9.00 he pays for the fuck, and my 90 of the 100 he gives you to bring it up to him, or do I want to give fat boy the opportunity, if he has to come down to get the other five, to test his luck on the floor here amongst the games of chance? *(Charlie and Seth enter.)*

Tessie: I see.

Cy: And don't mistake me, Honey, I *want* to take the time to explain myself to *you*.

Seth: We've come to see Mose Manuel about his brother gettin' shot.

Cy: (*Snorts, turns to Tessie*) Fetch Mose Manuel, Tess. Tell him Sheriff Bullock wants to pay his condolences here amongst the games of chance. (*Tessie turns and goes back upstairs. Cy snaps the up the paper and taps the front article.*) All these rumors, Sheriff, swirling around you. How *do* you keep your hat on?

(*Alma's room, she and Ellsworth are going over paperwork. Sofia is in the bedroom, kneeling at the end of the bed, writing.*)

Ellsworth: If you'll sign right here, Ma'am. And give us a "A.G." in the corner.

Alma: (*Dipping her quill*) Is that abbreviation a term of art in financial transactions? Ought I acquaint myself with its meaning?

Ellsworth: That abbreviation, Ma'am, is your initials.

Alma: (*Nods and signs the paperwork.*) And by asking the whereabouts of the currency I signed for receiving, do I reveal an even deeper stupidity?

Ellsworth: The coach from Denver should get in today.

Alma: And the safe we've purchased? To be housed in the bank we're to build?

Ellsworth: It's inside the coach; as well. Safe's inside the coach and the currency is inside the safe is the full picture.

Alma: There, I did manage to be stupid.

Ellsworth: No, Ma'am.

Alma: And you will see to the safe's temporary situation at the Star & Bullock hardware store?

Ellsworth: Yes, Ma'am.

Alma: Gaze averted from the awkwardness such a situation generates.

Ellsworth: Fixin' my eyes instead on its pluses securing your money.

Alma: (*nodding*) Excellent then, Mr. Ellsworth. (*sniffs*) May I further impose on you to convey this letter? (*Hands him a letter*)

Ellsworth: Of course. (*He reads the envelope*) Mr. Swearengen?

Alma: Please. (*She gets up quickly, holding her stomach.*)

Ellsworth: All right. Is there anything else for us to discuss?

Alma: Not at this time. (*She runs to the bedroom, coughing and retching ensue.*)

Ellsworth: (*Gathers up the papers*) I'll be goin' then.

(*He leaves, Alma is groaning.*)

(*Joanie opens the curtains at the Chez Amie. We see Jane passed out, her face pressed to the glass of the front door. Joanie opens the door and Jane jumps.*)

Jane: Who's that?

Joanie: It's Joanie Stubbs. You're outside my place.

Jane: (*Situates her gun, groaning*) Keepin' half-assed vigil after the fact.

Joanie: Well, come in and tell me what you mean.

Jane: (*Hawks and spits, Joanie turns her head away*) Nah, that's all right. (*Starts to get up*) Uh, that cocksucker you spoke to me of come from here last night with a bloody fucking mug.

Joanie: I gave it to him.

Jane: Good! (*Groans, pulling herself to her feet*) Ahhh...anyways, he told me...at rifle point you was okay.

Joanie: I am.

Jane: I knew – if he was lying you was dead and feared finding you so in the darkness. Uh...(clears throat) Scared that way since I was small.

Joanie: Well, come on in, Jane.

Jane: If you was alive—(*laughs*) why fuckin' knock was my thinkin'. Interfere with you gettin' to sleep or—bein' asleep already—

Joanie: Jane, it's nippy on my twat.

Jane: Alright, then, see you later! (*Turns quickly to leave, Joanie steps onto the porch.*)

Joanie: Do you remember you were in here yesterday?

Jane: Yes, I fuckin' remember.

Joanie: Well, why not come in again?

Jane: Maybe I just fuckin' might. (*Horse whinnies*)

Fields: Hey hey hey (*He has a horse by a rope, pulling him*)

Jane: Ah...Nigger General's got a wild horse on his hands.

(*She clears her throat and enters the Chez Amie.*)

(*The livery, Hostetler is trying to help Fields.*)

Hostetler: Whoa, boy, whoa whoa.

Fields: I pity the brute beast who pits his cunning against the Nigger Generals! Whoa,-- oh shit! Come here, boy! We can catch the cavalry before they head south and sell him for \$100! But they want their horses cut!

Hostetler: Where'd you catch him?

Fields: I sprung a rope fence behind him in a box canyon. (*Horse neighs*) He'd escaped the Sioux—but his path crossed an in-season mare's.

Hostetler: Whoa boy, whoa boy. Now, now I can nut him, but the moon is wrong, and he's gonna take it badly.

Fields: Fuck, I ain't losing my chance at 100 waiting on no fucking moon! Okay. Don't put your ass on me. Hey! Hey!

Hostetler: Come on, come on, come on. Wash him so he won't fester.

Fields: Hey, I got him. All right. Come here, boy. Come here. Now, if you want to take it out on someone, remember it was very dark-skinned white folks that cut on you. They just sounded like niggers to throw you off.

(*At the Gem, Johnny is sitting with a blonde whore on the stairs, reading the paper.*)

Johnny: This one's a "D." And this one's a "G." And what's the first one?

Whore: "D"? (*Dan sits at a table and pours coffee.*)

Al: *(Coming down the stairs, reading)* “Sheriff Bullock declines comment on the swirls of rumors that parties in Helena with whom he has had long association are keenly interested in annexing our camp to the Montana territories. ‘The Pioneer’ *(sits)* also learns of interest more developed and advanced on the part of Wyoming.”

Johnny: You knew Cheyenne would be heard from.

Al: Get the fuck up off them steps! *(Johnny and the whore jump up)* Here’s where it gets really fuckin’ busy. “And of an offer secretly proffered by certain elements in Washington D.C. to annex to America these our beloved hills as a separate free-standing territory, with an eye towards eventual statehood.”

Johnny: Makin’ Deadwood fuckin’ headquarters!

Al: *(Takes off his glasses)* Don’t spread your legs for them just yet, Johnny. Not with Mexico to be heard from and fucking France.

(Merrick’s print shop, he presses out a copy of the paper, removes it from the tray. Blazanov is unpacking books. E.B. is snooping around him, looking interested.)

Merrick: There. 100 extra copies, Gentlemen, to satisfy the widened interest I expect today’s edition may generate.

EB: *(Claps)* Wonderful, eh, Mr. Blazanov? 100 copies extra.

Blazanov: Okay.

Merrick: Shall we walk a bit, my American and Russian friends?

EB: *(To Blazanov)* Shall we? *(Lets his fingers do the walking)*

Blazanov: I can’t leave my apparatus.

Merrick: Are not all of us, Mr. Blazanov, tethered in some sense to our labors? And at some point in our lives, is not acceptance of that tethering discovery of a path to joy?

Blazanov: Don’t know, Mr. Merrick.

Merrick: And does not the very knowing we are tethered allow us in conscience upon occasion, the rejuvenating pleasures of respite?

EB: Take your walk alone, A.W., for I confess I’m mesmerized by Mr. Blazanov’s machine and hope he may explain its workings.

Merrick: Has Al seen “The Pioneer”?

EB: I don’t know. A mystery *you* should seek to solve.

(The door opens, Alice Isringhausen enters...)

Alice: Good day.

Merrick: Ah, good day, Miss. Uh, A.W. Merrick of “The Deadwood Pioneer.”

Alice: I wish to send a telegram.

Merrick: A telegram, yes, of course. Then that’s Mr. Blazanov there you seek.

(Alice walks over to Blazanov’s corner. It has a tent-flap opening to the thoroughfare.)

Blazanov: How do you do? Blazanov, Cheyenne and Black Hills telegraph company.

Alice: How do you do?

EB: Miss Isringhausen.

Alice: Mr. Farnum. I wish this message sent.

Blazanov: Oh, of course. I have a form for you to write on. Please. *(He holds a chair out for her, she goes to the desk, E.B. trying to peek at her message. She looks at him, he turns, kicks something and moans in pain.)*

EB: Hmm. Mmm. *(He turns to peek again)* You seem uncowed by Mr. Blazanov's apparatus. Are you initiate in its mysteries?

Alice: Fuck off. *(EB looks down, backing off. Blazanov motions to the desk.)*

Blazanov: Please.

(Merrick enters the Gem from upstairs.)

Merrick: Ah, Gentlemen! Ah! *(Running downstairs, laughing)* Oh, Jeez! *(Laughs)* Ah, what news? *(chuckles)* This ink-stained wretch has just produced an overrun of 100 copies!

Al: *(Kicks Dan under the table – Dan stirs from reading the paper.)* Dan, don't you agree that the truth, if only a pinch, must season every falsehood, or the palate fuckin' rebels? *(The smile starts to fall from A.W.'s face)* And mustn't the novice chef be mindful not to ladle out his concoction by the unseasoned fucking ton, lest before he perfect his art, he lose his clientele? *(Al starts to walk upstairs, Johnny and the whore watching. Johnny looks confused. A.W. is stunned.)*

Dan: I'd like the ball scores a little more fuckin' prompt.

Merrick: Excuse me. *(Runs upstairs)* Al Swearengen, I would not go into that office if I were you.

Al: Were you fuckin' born yesterday? *(Ellsworth enters downstairs)*

Merrick: No, Sir, I was not. I was not *born* yesterday!

Al: Then may we please have a conversation as fuckin' adults?

Merrick: I think we'd better!

(Al pops the arm of his glasses in his mouth and opens the office door, looking at Merrick. Merrick looks at Ellsworth & Dan below, they enter the office, Al shuts the door.)

Ellsworth : I ain't waitin'. *(Takes the letter out)* Give this to him. Tell him whatever its import, he'd best not serve the sender ill.

(He tosses the letter on the table in front of Dan, Dan takes it and Ellsworth leaves. E.B. enters from above, looking down on Dan & Johnny.)

Dan: He's in with Merrick, E.B.

EB: I bear news that don't wanna wait. *(He turns, facing the wall.)*

Al: Every rumor you floated in your article, Merrick, I believe is a living possibility for this camp, and I want you to fuckin' hear that as a compliment. *(Pours shots)*

Merrick: If so, it's the first from your lips.

Al: Because all them possibilities called next to accomplished fact in one fuckin' outgush makes people smell a rat. (*Drinks*)

Merrick: Yes, I suppose so.

Al: These interests comin' after us, Merrick, they're fuckin' rough. They're going after our nuts. They're hypocrite cocksuckers, and the fuckin' lyin' tactics and instruments they use to fuck people up the ass can be turned against them.

Merrick: My newspaper being such an instrument. (*Al pours another shot*)

Al: But scale, amount, proportion, seasonin'. Drink that fuckin' second shot, Merrick!

Merrick: I like my fuckin' liquor.

Al: A trait in you that gave me early hope.

Merrick: (*Sniffs his hand*) I like stinkin' of fuckin' ink too. Give it a fuckin' smell, Al. (*E.B. sits and waits.*)

Al: No. So you enjoyed writin' your fuckin' article, huh? (*They drink*) Worse ways to spend a night, puttin' shoulder to a fuckin' idea.

Merrick: Evidently, I put mine to overmany.

Al: (*Pours again*) Pursued down overmany avenues. The camp's welfare was the main idea. (*E.B. approaches Al's door and knocks.*)

EB: Al! Something strange has transpired I need you to construe.

Al: What?!

EB: As I was befriendin'—

Al: Come in!

EB: (*Enters*) As I was befriendin' the Russian operator, that woman tutor came to send a telegram. We jockeyed a bit as I sought a glance at its contents, (*Al leans forward*) and finally, she shouted in so many words—and here is the strangeness in a tutor, to get the fuck away from her—

Dan: (*enters*) Since the private part of this meetin's over, (*hands Al the letter – whispers*) Ellsworth brung it.

EB: --In so many words. (*Al opens the letter*)

Al: Where's the tutor now? (*Reads*)

EB: Still with the operator, apparently waiting for an answer to her message.

Al: (*To Merrick*) Leave by the front entrance, huh? Walk around for a few minutes before you go back to your place. (*A.W. walks to the door, pausing. Al looks at him and raises his eyebrows "What the fuck are you waiting for?" – Merrick leaves. Al addresses Dan, stuffing the letter in his pocket.*) Bring that tutor up here. The Russian too.

EB: It felt like something you'd want to construe.

Al: Go away, E.B.

EB: All right. Certainly.

(*Al puts away the bottle and wipes the spillage from his desk.*)

(*William's garden—he's unwrapping a few seeds. He shoves the burlap they were in into his pocket and kneels down to plant them. Martha sees him from the window and goes outside to join him.*)

William: It's the seeds from the sunflower we had in Fort Quitman, which I had in a jar which broke and mice ate most of. So now I only have these three.

Martha: I didn't know you brought them.

William: Mr. Bullock's been missing father. I talked to him about it this morning. As Papa like the sunflower, I thought Mr. Bullock might as well.

Martha: Then shall we plant those together?

William: Press the soil firmly on them, while I get the watering can. *(William gets up, Martha takes his place and presses the soil. William comes back with the watering can and Martha stands back. He waters the seeds.)* Maybe we should take Mr. Bullock lunch at his store.

(Bella Union, Mose is eating breakfast. Seth and Charlie are seated across from him.)

Mose: An accident befell my brother is the sum of what I know, and be glad I choose to say it. *(eats)*

Seth: Gutshot, at Nuttall's No. 10 by his own hand?

Mose: Correct.

Seth: The day you sell out the claim you two were partnered on?

Mose: Correct, and fuck yourself, and don't act entitled to answers.

Charlie: Why was Charlie handlin' the gun?

Mose: Fuck yourself, and don't act entitled.

Charlie: Why weren't you two watchin' Nuttall's bike ride?

Mose: *(Wipes his mouth, grabs his drink)* Fuck yourself.

Seth: I want to see his gun and his remains. Where is Charlie buried?

Mose: My brother is buried in a secret burial place by his own private instructions!

Cy: Jesus Christ, Bullock! Put together a court or don't! *(Wolcott enters)*

Charlie: Quiet, you!

Cy: Don't hush me in my own fucking joint. And if we take it outside, old man, expect a different outcome from the other fuckin' day.

Charlie: You best have 5 of your fuckin' cappers then with, uh, rifles at the ready.

Cy: I got 5 and 5 behind them, indoors or out.

Wolcott: I too must report to the Sheriff a death, a Cornishman at theft has been shot in Mr. Hearst's claim.

Seth: Killed?

Wolcott: Yes, in flight.

Charlie: It's all fuckin' amalgamation and capital, ain't it, Wolcott?

Wolcott: Mr. Utter, are you a student of Hume? Smith? A disciple of Karl Marx?

Seth: *(Stands)* Come on, Charlie. *(They head for the door)*

Wolcott: My employer, Mr. Hearst, has interests and connections in Montana, Sheriff, as are imputed to you in this mornings "Pioneer."

Charlie: *(He turns and charges Wolcott, stepping up on a couch)* You shut your fucking mouth!

Cy: Get him out of here!

Seth: Down, Charlie! *(Grabs him)*

Charlie: Sure got to you, didn't he, Mose? Now he's got to get you to die!

Seth: Come one, Charlie.

(Seth grabs Charlie and drags him outside. Tessie sidles up to Mose, putting her hand on his shoulder. He puts his arm around her.)

Mose: Mm-hm. Let me, uh...*(Puts his hand through her thighs)* get my arm through here so I can secure my toast.

(She pets his head as he takes a bite of toast.)

(Out in the thoroughfare...)

Charlie: You're gonna lift me one time too fuckin' many! *(Grabbing onto a post)*

Seth: You don't go back in there if I let you go.

Charlie: Uh-huh. *(Seth lets go, Charlie springs away)* I'm leavin' the whole fuckin' camp!

Seth: Going where?

Charlie: A letter come to hand I need to take to Bill's missus. Excuse me. *(Steps behind a bean & corn stand, pushing the owner aside)* Excuse me. Camp bidness. He wrote just before he got killed.

Seth: I see.

Charlie: And you know who fuckin' give it to me? How crazy life got? And money must buy these bastards any-fuckin'g-thing they want! That cocksucker inside, Mr. Amalgamation and fuckin' capital!

Seth: Hearst's geologist gave you the letter?

Charlie: And God knows who he fuckin' bought it offa...*(grabs some produce)* or how many hands it passed through. It fucks me up thinking Bill's missus got to handle something that cocksucker touched.

Seth: Was it over the letter you beat him the other day?

Charlie: No no. *(To shopkeeper)* Excuse me. *(Puts coins down)* No, I give my word not—not to say what that was over. I'd best go, lest Mr. Amalgamation and capital takes one through the fucking head. *(He walks off – Seth calls after him)*

Seth: What's the import of that expression?

Charlie: *(Stops)* Do I look like I fuckin' know? *(Seth approaches)* Some big-shot eastern magazine reporter interviewin' Bill said that was what's changing things around. *(He looks away)* Jane. I don't know what's gonna come of fuckin' Jane.

Seth: I'll keep an eye on her.

Charlie: You should lock her in that cell and don't let her fuckin' drink! And don't fuck yourself up over Mose Manuel. He'll get hisself fleeced of what is rightfully his and what he got by fuckin' murder. He'll be judge on hisself and jury too. Just like the fuckin' most of us. *(We see a coach coming down the thoroughfare.)*

Seth: Coach from Denver.

Charlie: *(Turns)* Here's yours.

Seth: *(Turns and sees William and Martha approaching – he turns back to Charlie)* Good luck, Charlie! *(Charlie waves him off as he leaves. Seth approaches his family.)*

Martha: We've brought you and Mr. Star lunch.

Seth: Thank you.

(She taps William on the shoulder and they turn to go to the hardware store. Alma watches the scene from her window and sees the coach arrive.)

(Jane is passed out on a chair at the Chez Amie. Joanie comes out of her room, changed and fixing her hair. She bends down to pick up the broken bottle.)

Jane: I'm up!

Joanie: You want the bath?

Jane: I may well get to that. *(Joanie picks up the bottle fragments and walks across the room to throw them out.)* Ample here, ain't it?

Joanie: Yeah.

Jane: Uh, formerly a cooperage.

Joanie: My friend Eddie that bought him out said the man had been a season ahead of himself.

Jane: Well, lovely as it's fixed as a brothel, I expect you will reopen soon enough, uh...*(chuckles)* restock and reopen.

Joanie: You'd think so, wouldn't ya? *(Sits, looks at Jane, Jane eyes her back.)* Stay awhile, Jane. Be my guest. Or favor me and stay.

Jane: *(Stumbles through her thoughts, considering the offer. She points at Joanie)* I get top fuckin' dollar. *(chuckles.)*

(We see Jane climbing the stairs of the freight office up to the lock-up. She enters and Charlie puts the letter away. He stands and packs as they talk.)

Charlie: New saloon in the camp, Jane?

Jane: I know that's some clever opening gambit to culminate in breaking my balls.

Charlie: Just sayin' I checked the usual spots 'cause I wanted to say goodbye before I left camp, so incase you go ahead and fucking die—

Jane: Goodbye, Charlie, goodbye. Have a good fuckin' trip. Shut the fuck up. 'Cause it so happens when you return—if no trees or animals killed you that you were fucking driving crazy with criticism—you will find I've moved out of this shitbox so I don't have to fucking embarrass you or fucking have you hovering over me like the ugliest fucking nurse in the fucking universe. *(She enters the lock-up, pushing Charlie aside. He slams the cell door behind her.)*

Charlie: Into where?

Jane: Into where what?

Charlie: Into where are you fuckin' movin' when you fuckin' move out of here?

Jane: Into the fucking whorehouse down the way, which you fucking sent me to see that woman at, if needin' to piss in my ear didn't crowd out every other thought or recollection in your head!

Charlie: How did the two of you get along?

Jane: Did I just fucking say I was movin' in there?

Charlie: Which being it's a fuckin' whorehouse could indicate some fuckin' business arrangement or some other fuckin' thing.

Jane: *(Comes out of the cell)* Yeah, I'm gonna be Queen Hooker. You're a keen fuckin' student of the human scene, Charlie! *(She heads for the door)*

Charlie: Well, good! Good.

Jane: Where are you going anyway?

Charlie: *(Tying a bandanna around his neck)* I've made a decision not to tell you.

Jane: If you made a decision not to tell me, what did you just fuckin' tell me for?

Charlie: My decision is not to tell you my specific destination... 'cause... I don't think I should. And that's that.

Jane: Well, have a safe journey to your unannounced destination and a safe fucking return.

Charlie: And good luck to you with your new livin' arrangement. *(Jane opens the door – Charlie puts on his hat)* And, uh... my best, please, to, uh, Miss Stubbs.

Jane: And you not only a fucking pain in the balls, Charlie, but also the strangest fucking person I ever met.

Charlie: You'll get no argument here.

Jane: Good!

(She leaves, slamming the door. Charlie puts his bag over his shoulder.)

(William is watching Trixie do her numbers in the hardware store.)

William: 3 plus 3 would equal 6.

Trixie: Well, I sometimes put 9 to amuse myself.

Sol: Alright, take it up.

Trixie: *(To Martha)* Vigilant to detail like his Pa.

(Martha smiles at Trixie, Ellsworth and Seth pull on a rope, hauling the safe up while Sol guides it into place.)

Martha: I'd think Mrs. Garret as the bank's chief backer might wish to be present for its opening. *(Seth, Sol, Trixie and Ellsworth all look at her.)*

Ellsworth: Well, as far as that, I got her proxy.

Martha: Yes, but wouldn't she wish to be? *(They all pause)*

Seth: Perhaps she would.

Ellsworth: I can ask. *(He lets go of the rope, it zings – pulling Seth toward the safe as it thuds to the floor as he leaves. Guess we know who was hauling that boulder.)*

Trixie: Excuse me. *(She runs outside after Ellsworth, giving a piercing whistle to get his attention. He stops.)* What the fuck's going on?

Ellsworth: You as the wrong fella.

Trixie: The water comes to a boil between them two fuckin' women, I will fuckin' guarantee you that much. Have you proposed to Mrs. Garret as you fuckin' swore you would?

Ellsworth: Leavin' aside what I did swear or didn't, let's say I fuckin' have.

Trixie: And?

Ellsworth: That's where the matter stands. She ain't said yes or no.

Trixie: How did the lady incline, fuckin' Ellsworth?

Ellsworth: I wouldn't guess, *fuckin'* Trixie.

Trixie: Did you present yourself enthusiastic?

Ellsworth: Well, I didn't dance a jig if that's what you're asking.

Trixie: Or more fuckin' glum-like, next to invitin' refusal.

Ellsworth: Not glum, not...invitin' refusal. Straightforward, I'd call it.

Trixie: Sincere?

Ellsworth: Yeah.

Trixie: Well, what the fuck is her fuckin' problem then? You're a worthy enough fuckin' candidate, given all *her* fuckin' givens.

Ellsworth: Warm endorsement. She'd have to state her reservations.

(Alice is standing in front of Al's desk. He stands behind it, producing the letter from his pocket.)

Al: Mrs. Garret writ me a letter saying how yesterday she lost her temper with you somewhat, and judgment, she tipped she was on to you bein' a Pinkerton. *(He holds the letter out. She doesn't move. He sets it down.)* Oh, bein' bright, I expect you concluded it was me must have told her, meanin' maybe I had sold over to her, and with my allegiance now in question, I expect you wired the Pinkerton big-shots, arguing you oughtn't sign any documents that might be able to prove that you, the agency and Mrs. Garret's fuckin' in-laws hired me to lay at Mrs. Garret's doorstep the murder of her husband.

Alice: And further, Mr. Swearengen, that as to purchase of your allegiance—now in question—they might wish to keep the bidding open.

Al: Biddin' open always on everyone, Miss Isringhausen. *(He sips his tea.)* But I expect you understand, knowin' as I do, should Mrs. Garret lose her claim, rather than operate it themselves, her cunt in-laws will sell to third-party cocksuckers inimical to the *whole* of my interests in this camp! To buy my allegiance against myself, in-law cunts and shit-heel operators would have to bid very high indeed. No, more likely Miss Isringhausen, I think you'd contemplate changing your allegiance before I would mine.

Alice: What benefit would I consider might accrue to me?

Al: I intercepted your shit-heel boss's message back to you, through the miracle of telegraph, and it answers that very question. As I have it here before me, I will read it to you verbatim. "Miss Isringhausen, as this will save you great pain and keep you from being killed, sign all documents Mr. Swearengen has drawn. Take the \$5,000 and disappear. Yours sincerely, your boss, Pinkerton shit-heel."

Alice: The \$5,000 alluded to in the invisible telegram, can the money be produced? *(Al takes the cash out of the cashbox on his desk)* Without, of course, exposing him to the contents of the document, I would want the sheriff present at my signature, and as my escort from the camp.

Al: *(Sets the cash down)* I bet that can be arranged. *(She nods)*

(Dan is with Blazanov in another room. He is standing, staring at Blazanov while Blazanov is sitting on a bed.)

Blazanov: I can't betray the confidence of messages.

Dan: Don't guarantee what you'll never do, Blazanov, not without imaginin' your feet stuck to the fire.

Blazanov: *(sighs)* Sir—*(Dan clears his throat)* I am a person whose parents have been murdered, and no other family connection and feeling, and believe in confidence of messages.

Dan: What the fuck's all that supposed to mean?

Blazanov: I hope...feet in the fire would not change me.

(Back at the hardware store)

William: Congratulations, Mr. Nuttall.

Tom: Thank you, young man.

William: How's the boneshaker?

Tom: Unshook. Which would be a fib to say about me. *(He laughs, walks to Seth)* I've come, Sheriff, to ask what you've learned of the shootin' yesterday in my place.

Seth: Mose Manuel said his brother killed himself by accident.

Tom: Uh, by accident? Two hours before Mose sells their claim that Charlie said they'd worked theirselves—lock, stock and barrel to the Hearst interests?

Seth: There's no witnesses, Tom.

Tom: Hurtful, brother against brother, in a joint that bears my name—the most recent hurtful event. *(Brightens)* But might I ask William to assist me in calibrating the boneshaker's handlebars?

Martha: *(Nods to William, smiling)* Go ahead, William. *(William grins and Tom walks to him.)*

William: I don't know how to calibrate handlebars, sir.

Tom: Oh, knowledge is overrated, William. *(Martha looks to Seth)* Uh-diligence is what's required in the service of a willing spirit. *(He holds his hand out to William, the boy grabs it and hops off his chair, puts his hat on and they head out. Tom laughs)* Oh oh oh oh easy! Easy, easy, boy. I use my right hand to pour. *(Tom-laughing, waves goodbye, leading William across the thoroughfare.)*

(Alma is knitting, Sophia, with the yarn ball on her lap, is playing with her dolls.)

Ellsworth: And then Miz Bullock said as it's yours, *(Alma looks up)* you might want to see the safe installed.

Alma: Did she?

Ellsworth: Yes, Ma'am. Havin' brought the midday meal as the safe arrived with the money inside.

Alma: *(knitting)* And what did Mr. Bullock say to Mrs. Bullock?

Ellsworth: *(Flatly)* He said that might be a good idea.

Alma: With enthusiasm equaling yours as you describe the moment?

Ellsworth: I'd say on Mr. Bullock's part, about equal enthusiasm, Mrs. Garret, yes.

Alma: Despite which Mrs. Bullock persisted?

Ellsworth: Yes.

Alma: Well, perhaps I oughtn't to disappoint her.

Ellsworth: (*Pauses, takes a deep breath*) Earlier when I asked what else we might have to discuss, I referred to my proposal.

Alma: I took that to be your meaning at the time.

Ellsworth: Chose not to respond.

Alma: Not to, yes, as I hadn't yet made up my mind.

Ellsworth: Have you now?

Alma: Nor have I now. (*Ellsworth waits*) Would you have me decide now, before I act on Mrs. Bullock's invitation? Do you put me to those terms?

Ellsworth: I guess there's no burning rush.

Alma: (*clears throat*) Shall we go for a walk, Sofia?

(*She puts down her knitting and stands.*)

(*Back at the hardware store, Martha, Seth and Sol are seated for lunch. Trixie is working her numbers.*)

Martha: Are you sure you won't join us?

Trixie: (*Shaking her head, smiling*) Thank you. I tend to forego the midday meal.

Martha: It occurred to me, Mrs. Garret having reason to be present in any case, that we might discuss in more formed a fashion, our plans for the children's schooling, more constructively than in some previous conversation.

Seth: I'm delighted.

Sol: Wonderful. (*Motioning to the food as he says this. Johnny enters, clearing his throat. Seth turns.*)

Johnny: Mr. Swarengen asked to see you, Sheriff.

Seth: Not just now.

(*Johnny nods and backs out, nodding to Trixie and Sol as he does. Sol nods back, Trixie watches him go to the porch, where he stands, waiting.*)

(*On their way to the No. 10, Tom & William walk and talk jovially.*)

Tom: A man tying the right rope to the frame and the other end to a thunderhead, could use the machine to tow clouds. (*They arrive at the bike, William touching the handlebar.*)

William: I wish I was taller.

Tom: Well, when your legs lengthen, I calculate you'll be among the great cloud haulers of the world.

William: Just to ride like you did yesterday, Mr. Nuttall. You should have seen your face.

Tom: (*Crouching dramatically*) The Bella Union gap was my crucible, William—the fabled mud slick. I shifted shoulders forward—uh, not too much, and at a sledge-trench, Ho! (*Steve steps outside*) Swung my buttocks left, by God, turned the bars just so, thump! The buried plank, bom! And did I not come through a treat?

(*Steve looks on, smiling, chuckling. William laughs, looking up at Tom.*)

(Alma, in all her finery, enters the hardware store with Sofia and Ellsworth.)

Alma: Good afternoon. *(Sol & Martha stand)*

Sol: Good afternoon.

Seth: Good afternoon. *(Stands)*

Martha: *(Walking over to Alma)* Good afternoon, Mrs. Garret.

Alma: Good afternoon, Mrs. Bullock.

Martha: *(Holding out her hand)* Very good wishes on a venture offering opportunity to so many in the camp.

(Sol, Seth, Ellsworth and Trixie all wait with baited breath.)

Alma: Thank you.

Martha: Hope.

Alma: For taking up the education of the camp's children, *(We see they are clasping hands as Sofia looks on)* my Sofia included, thank you. As I feel I expressed inadequately when last we spoke.

Trixie: Bite of meat, Mrs. Garret?

Alma: No, Thank you. *(No foot or tongue in the picnic basket I guess.)* That appears to be the safe.

(Back at the boneshaker...)

Tom: William, do we dare ride double?

William: I do if you do.

Tom: I do! Dauntless then! Courage high to the sticking place, and honor bright as I mount and circle and consider the best way to swoop you up. *(He laughs, Steve, still looking on happily.)*

William: Awaiting you here, Sir. *(Tom mounts the bike, pushing off.)*

Steve: Great. Beautiful. *(Smiling big.)*

(Tom rides off, laughing.)

(Alma, crouched in front of the safe, she looks up from the stacks of cash.)

Alma: This all seems very much in order.

Trixie: *(Takes a gold nugget from her cleavage.)* First depositor.

(She sets it on the scales, Johnny looks in, impatient, he steps back inside.)

Johnny: Uh, it-it's to witness some – uh- wrist business, Sheriff. Al said brief but of crucial importance.

(Martha looks up, Sofia sitting next to her, she has cut up a sausage on the plate in front of her. Alma looks over.)

Seth: How long will we be?

Johnny: Brief, very. And you'd save me a beatin'. (*chuckles*)

(*Martha looks back to Sofia and continues cutting.*)

Seth: Excuse me.

(*He leaves.*)

(*At the Bella Union, Tessie is on her hands and knees under Mose Manuel's table as he plays cards.*)

Mose: Get your head on it.

Tessie:(*muffled*) My head is on it.

Cy: Get your head on it, Tess!

Tessie:(*muffled*) It's on it, Mr. Tolliver.

Cy: It does sound like a girl with a mouthful, Mr. Manuel.

Wolcott: Jesus Christ!

Mose: Her tongue in her cheek can achieve the same fuckin' effect.

Wolcott: I require a conversation with the Sheriff.

Cy: Confess a crime.

Mose: (*Slams his hand down*) You're fuckin' cheatin' me! (*Grabs Tessie and pushes her away.*) Get the fuck out from under there!

Leon: I ain't cheatin' you, Sir. (*We see a goon cock his gun.*)

Cy: Will you have another dealer, Mr. Manuel?

Mose: Another fuckin' cheat?

Cy: Hot and cold's the way the cards run, Sir, time immemorial.

Mose: (*Stands, drawing his gun, another shotgun is trained on him*) I want it back. Give it back to me!

Cy: Give him his last wager, Leon. We'll call that one no bet.

Leon: Yes, sir, Mr. Tolliver. (*Pushes chips back*)

Mose: All of it. Everything.

Cy: Now, I can't do that Mr. Manuel, as I believe you know. And those rifles are aimed at your head.

Mose: Everything!

Wolcott: (*Taking off his hat, he steps forward*) Including youth, Mr. Manuel? And why not beauty? Not credibly restored, perhaps, but as a new non-negotiable term? Would you not have, too, your brother Charlie resurrected? Would you stipulate your envy of him be purged surely, you'll insist that Charlie retain certain defects—his ineffable self-deceptions, for example, which were your joy in life to rebuke, and purpose, so far as you had one. I suppose you would see removed those qualities which caused you to love him, and the obliviousness to danger which allowed you to shed his blood.

(*Mose raises his pistol. The goons shoot, Wolcott turns his head from the blast. Mose falls back into his chair, barely alive. Wolcott turns and puts his hat on.*)

Wolcott: I want to talk to Bullock!

Cy: Get the fucking Doc! I coulda cooled that out.

Wolcott: On my order, Mr. Tolliver, Lee will burn this building, mutilating you before, during or after as I specify, or when he chooses unless I forbid.

Cy: Oh, my full attention is at your disposal.

Wolcott: Tell Sheriff Bullock what transpired here *before* getting the Doc.

(Jack leaves, Mose is wheezing, half choking on his tongue.)

(Martha and Sofia are studying with sausage.)

Martha: And now how many?

Sofia: Eight. *(Martha splits it in half)* Two portions of four.

Alma: Very good, Sofia.

Sofia: May I have candy?

Alma: You ask a reward, Sofia, for doing your numbers? Where would you get such an idea? *(Looks down coyly)*

Sol: *(Writing out Trixie's deposit slip)* "Received from Trixie..."

Trixie: The whore. *(She gasps and puts her hand to her mouth.)*

Alma: May I sign the first receipt?

Sol: Yes, please do. *(He puts the receipt down in front of Alma and hands her the quill. Alma signs it, Jack enters. Alma hands Trixie her receipt.)*

Trixie: Huzzah.

Jack: I'm to fetch Sheriff Bullock.

Sol: He'll be back momentarily.

(Tom is riding his bike...)

Steve: All right, let's go.

Tom: Ready, ready, ready!

Steve: Ready, here we go!

Tom: Up! Up! *(William groans as Steve lifts him up and tries to help him onto the bike. They miss. Aww shucks. They laugh.)*

William: We missed.

Steve: Trial run. No harm done at all. Hey, swing around, Tom!

Tom: On my way!

(At the livery...)

Hostetler: Tie off that leg rope.

Fields: Don't you want to serve your country as good as they been to you? I bet you don't even vote.

Hostetler: Hold that leg rope! *(Pulls a knife out – the horse whinnies)*

Fields: Whoa, hey, whoa! *(The horse bucks and kicks.)*

(Seth watches as Alice considers signing. Al looks at Seth, shrugging. Alice turns back to the document, reading...)

(Jack steps out of the hardware store, searching the thoroughfare. Steve kneels down in front of William.)

Steve: That's between us. Tell no one I give you that. *(He tries to put a coin in William's pocket, William stops him, pushing his hand away.)*

William: I best now, but thank you.

Steve: You keep it a secret, and you won't get into any trouble. *(Puts it in William's pocket)* And if you told I helped you on the bike, that's between you and your father.

(Tom swings back around on his bicycle, the horse bucks in the livery—knocking Hostetler neck first into a post.)

Fields: Oh shit! *(The horse whinnies and get up, it runs for it. Fields runs after it.)* Hey!

(In Al's office, we hear the horse neigh and a woman scream. Seth steps to the window. Tom, riding his bike, sees the wild horse and fear comes over him. Steve, pinching William's cheek – looks over and sees the horse coming. He grabs William's shoulders and tries to get in front of the horse, turning to his left – his back to the horse, William in front of him. The horse comes crashing through, knocking Steve down and pinwheeling William around, landing in a pile of crates. Tom jumps off his bike over to the injured pair. Seth marches out of Al's office. Alice and Al watch him curiously as he leaves. Jack looks on—stunned. Martha looks over. Sol, Trixie, Alma & Ellsworth look over. We see William splayed out in the alley. Steve scrambles to his knees. Tom rushes over, hovering over William.)

Steve: I think my back's broke.

Cast

Timothy Olyphant	Seth Bullock
Ian McShane	Al Swearengen
Molly Parker	Alma Garret
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

Bree Seanna Wall	Sofia
Pavel Lychnikoff	Blazanov
Pruitt Taylor Vince	Mose
Leon Rippy	... Tom Nuttall
Sarah Paulson	Alice Isringhausen
Nick Amandos	
Jennifer Lutheran	Jenn
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
Josh Eriksson	William

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