



## Episode 22: “Advances, None Miraculous”

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*(At the livery immediately after the accident, Fields peeks out onto the thoroughfare.)*

**Hostetler:** Horse run trash like that over by accident, still ain't a white man on earth gonna stand up against roping us up, now is there?

**Fields:** John Brown would've.

**Hostetler:** Psst! Come the fuck from over there now.

**Fields:** Sheriff got a kid?

**Hostetler:** And a wife. *(We see Bullock carrying William)* I sold him the plot they built they house on. *(Hostetler walks over next to Fields and sees Bullock)* Jesus.

*(In the thoroughfare...)*

**Seth:** Mrs. Bullock!

*(Martha picks up her skirts and starts running. Sol is right behind her. Alma holds Sofia. Cy, Con, Leon, Wolcott and Jack watch from the Bella Union porch. Trixie runs out of the hardware store, stricken. Martha, Seth and Sol rush to the Doc's cabin. Cy turns to Con and Leon.)*

**Cy:** Put that tub of guts on the sled. *(Mose, bloody, lays on the floor.)* Take him to Joanie Stubbs.

*(Seth and Martha enter Doc's cabin. Hostetler bars the doors to the livery.)*

**Hostetler:** Everyday since I've been in this camp, white folks shot and stabbin' on each other still walkin' around to do their bidness.

**Fields:** Maybe we could too.

**Hostetler:** Now the onliest violence we meant was to that stallion's prick, and then to turn an honest dollar. *(Jane walks up to the livery and pulls on the door to find it locked. She knocks.)* Closed!

**Jane:** Well, when you re-the-fuck-open, note Jane Canary extending stay in camp, asking you to turn out her horse.

**Hostetler:** I'll note it down.

**Jane:** Short Nigger General in there?

**Hostetler:** No!

**Jane:** How about that stud he brought into camp with his cock hanging past his hocks?

**Hostetler:** He ain't here.

**Jane:** Congratulations being closed! *(She walks off.)*

**Fields:** There goes no one associatin' me with that horse.

**Hostetler:** I ain't begging them for mercy. I hadn't ought to have to do dat. *(He rushes Fields and tries to wrestle the shotgun from him)*

**Fields:** Jesus Christ, Hostetler.

**Hostetler:** It's my fuckin' choice. I ain't begged and I ain't startin'. I'm gonna break your fucking arm if you don't let go of that gun!

**Fields:** Let's ride for six hours, Hostetler! Ain't no harm in that. You won't have to beg me once. Hell, if you still want to do it, I'll shoot you.

**Hostetler:** (*Still struggling*) If it come to that, I'll do it myself.

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(*Al's office.*)

**Johnny:** He's definitely alive, 'cause bein' lifted into the cabin, he give a moan out and blood come from his mouth.

**Trixie:** (*Pacing & crying*) I told you the state of affairs.

**Al:** As of 15 minutes ago.

**Trixie:** Run back to the Doc's cabin, Johnny! See the boy again!

**Al:** Shut up.

**Trixie:** Maybe since you saw him, he's changed, or the half his chest stove-in may have healed, or his poor broken head. (*Alice sits calmly, unmoved.*)

**Al:** Shut up or I'll throw you out. (*Trixie stops, holding her head, crying*) Sign these documents and leave unharmed.

**Alice:** I can't trust that, Mr. Swearengen, being that it's not to your interests.

**Al:** That applies to you most, fuckin' sittin' in that chair distracting my fuckin' thinking. If I have to come over there, I'll cut your fuckin' throat for you, pen yet put to paper or not. (*Johnny raises his eyebrows, Trixie's calmed down. Al angrily opens up his desk drawer and pulls out a bottle. He gets up...walking out of his office.*) Half-smart fuckin' cunt. (*To Dan, waiting outside the door*) Bring me Adams' fuckin' shadow.

**Dan:** Fuckin' Hawkeye. (*Dan leaves, passing Merrick.*)

**Merrick:** Ah, that poor boy.

**Al:** What do you want?

**Merrick:** (*sighs*) The Sheriff's tragic preoccupation is also inopportune. Commissioner Jarry returns to Deadwood.

**Al:** How do you know?

**Merrick:** (*Exasperated, rolls his eyes*) Believing that Blazanov had borrowed my Acacia gum, and as Blazanov was no longer present, as I canvassed his desk for the missing gum, I came across the information by accident.

**Al:** Telegram from Jarry.

**Merrick:** From Crook City.

**Al:** To whose attention?

**Merrick:** To the separate attentions of Messers Wolcott and Tolliver. (*Al motions for Dan to wait.*) Ironic, Al, isn't it, that having turned my newspaper to partisan purpose, and in the name of the camp's welfare, within the *day*, in the name of that good, I progress to betraying *without regret* the sanctity of private communications?

**Al:** Ah, well.

**Merrick:** We come to know the truth of our actions only in the protractions of time.

**Al:** When's the cocksucker arrive?

**Merrick:** Next coach, his message said.

**Al:** (*Turns to Dan, below*) Unless he's being of aid to Bullock, bring the Jew up here too. (*Dan leaves*)

**Merrick:** Do you think the rumors we floated in “The Pioneer” are what prompted the Commissioner’s return?

**Al:** Yes.

**Merrick:** And that wishing to preempt Montana and Wyoming, he means to secure us for Yankton and Dakota.

**Al:** And to sweeten the deal we’ll strike, these interests we’ve fabricated must be given face. *(Turns back to his office.)*

**Merrick:** And thus the uncharted journey continues.

**Al:** *(Turning back, approaching Merrick)* Merrick, please. As we’ll be more often in each other’s company, when give to utterance of that type...

**Merrick:** Mmm-hmm.

**Al:** Consider drinking, hmm? *(Gives Merrick his bottle and walks back into his office, slamming the door.)*

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*(E.B. is watching the goings on in the thoroughfare from the door of his hotel.)*

**EB:** They congregate outside Cochran’s cabin. They’ve taken the child there. *(He wipes down the door as he snoops.)* Well, I wish him well. *(We see Dan running across the thoroughfare, heading straight for the hotel.)* Shit.

**Dan:** *(Striding inside)* Where’s Hawkeye?

**EB:** I see, Dan, with the world off its axis, I’m no more to you than a room clerk.

**Dan:** Hawkeye, E.B., is he here or fuckin’ not?

**EB:** Not. For three days. *(pauses)* Will you have a shine? Leave your shoes while you eat.

**Dan:** You see Hawkeye, you grab him and bring him to me. *(Turns to leave)*

**EB:** If you leave your dirty clothes, I’ll see to them.

**Dan:** *(Turns back and grabs E.B. angrily.)* Did you fuckin’ hear me?! Hawkeye!

**EB:** *(Choking)* Yes. *(Dan sets him down and leaves)* A broken heart does not impair hearing!

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*(At the Bella Union, Cy is behind the bar pouring a drink for he and Wolcott. Jack returns behind the bar.)*

**Cy:** Did they get that fat bastard to Joanie’s? Did her ladyship take him in?

**Jack:** Ain’t towed him halfway yet, Boss, Leon and Con.

**Cy:** *(Rubbing his neck)* We got to get a better sled.

**Jack:** Less the sled’s holdup than Con’s. Says he threw a rupture.

**Cy:** *(snorts)* You go back to that fuckin’ circus act, and tell him to get Mose Manuel to Joanie’s or a rupture won’t be a tickle to the pain I’ll throw at him later! *(Hugo Jarry approaches Cy & Wolcott at the bar as Jack leaves. Cy sees him and hisses out a greeting.)* Commissioner.

**Hugo:** Where will I find Sheriff Bullock?

**Cy:** His boy had an accident. He’s with him at the Doc’s.

**Hugo:** Where is the Doc’s?

**Wolcott:** Oh, don’t be a fool.

**Hugo:** Yankton's interests force imposition on Bullock's privacy, as I think, Mr. Wolcott, do your employer's.  
**Cy:** You'll get a pistol-whippin' and not learn a fuckin' thing.  
**Hugo:** These injuries mortal to earn such commendable deference?  
**Cy:** Mortal's how I'd be bettin'.  
**Hugo:** Of course that casts a different light. Very sad for the Sheriff and his son. Can that paper man be made sensible?  
**Cy:** The article's a plant from Swearengen, if that's what you'd want to ask Merrick.  
**Hugo:** That's the beginning of what I want to ask.  
**Cy:** Don't take much, does it, Commissioner, to get your balls tucked up.  
**Hugo:** They are very sensitive to changes in weather. You feel one comin' on? (*He leaves, Wolcott watches him go, amused, and turns back to Cy.*)  
**Wolcott:** I am a sinner who does not expect forgiveness. But I am not a government official.

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*(Dan, determined, makes his way down the thoroughfare. He stops and looks down Doc's alley. He sees Sol standing outside. Dan takes his hat off and runs down the alley to Sol, putting his hat on as he reaches him.)*

**Dan:** Al wants to see you at the Gem.  
**Sol:** (*Nods*) When I can.  
**Dan:** No, he didn't say nuthin' about—  
**Sol:** *I'm* saying.  
**Dan:** You're saying what?  
**Sol:** (*Slowly, loudly*) When I can.  
**Dan:** Are you gettin' fuckin' smart with me? 'Cause I'll lift you up in the air and carry you before the whole goddamn camp like a fuckin' turtle with its legs wigglin'. (*Sol glares over at Doc's cabin, sees no sign of activity, turns back, glaring at Dan and walks to the Gem. Dan follows him, spotting someone up ahead.*) Oh, Hey! Hey! (*To Sol*) You go on and wait. Hey! Hey, Adams. Where's Hawkeye?  
**Silas:** I don't know. What'd he do?  
**Dan:** Al's lookin' for him.  
**Silas:** For what?  
**Dan:** You're about to take a goddamn beatin' for every fuckin' time I've been asked "What for?" Already today.  
**Silas:** (*Dismounts*) Any chance Al wanted Hawkeye to ask him where *I* was? I gotta take a shit.  
**Dan:** Put it off.  
**Silas:** Won't be put off. Besides, it ain't the kind that takes that long.  
**Dan:** I'm waitin'. I ain't goin' back empty-handed.  
**Silas:** Fine, fuck it. Just keep your distance.

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*(Jane, wandering around nonchalantly passing in front of the Freight business.)*

**Jane:** Just 'cause I'm lookin' for a bottle I might have misplaced during my drinking days -- does not mean if I find a bottle...That I'm going to fuckin' drink it. (*She*

wanders down the alley by the stairs leading to the hold-up. She gasps in surprise seeing Tom Nuttall hunched over crying under the stairs.) Jesus Christ!

**Tom:** *(Wipes the snot hanging from his nose and sniffs.)* You, uh... You know whose horse it was?

**Jane:** *(Steps closer)* "Whose horse it was" what?

*(Tom sobs, sick with grief over the accident. He tries to get the words out of his mouth, but can't.)*

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*(William, bruised and bloody, lays in the Doc's cabin. His mother is watching over him. Seth is watching from the back of the room, consulting Doc.)*

**Seth:** You don't bandage him.

**Doc:** Mr. Bullock, your frame or mine couldn't withstand a stampeding like that, never mind the unstable one of a boy of William's years. Further, his brain has been hurt to an extent indicated by the loss of control of his eyes. His eye movements are no longer coordinated.

**Seth:** Might it be of some comfort, his mother talkin' to him, for him to hear her voice?

**Doc:** *(nodding)* It might well. His father's too. *(Seth looks at Doc, surprised. Martha wrings out a cloth, holds it, looking at William.)* Tell your wife, that it won't hurt him to put a cloth to his brow.

*(Seth looks at Doc, nervous. He swallows hard.)*

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*(Trixie is smoking a cigarette at the Gem bar.)*

**Jewel:** Just stand there?

**Trixie:** No, build yourself a fuckin' shrine!

**Jewel:** No, I mean, should I knock and let Doc know I'm there and *then* stand the fuck outside?

**Trixie:** Yeah, do that.

**Jewel:** Thanks, Trixie. *(She heads for the back door as Sol enters from the front.)*

**Sol:** The cocksucker upstairs sends his retriever out to collect me with instructions I'm to wait till summoned.

**Trixie:** I suppose then you should sit the fuck down.

**Sol:** And I come, too, and find you like you never left this place to learn your numbers.

**Trixie:** Did you teachin' me make me accountable for my whereabouts the rest of my fuckin' days?

**Sol:** If he wants me, he can fuckin' come find me.

**Trixie:** Why not wait and find out what he wants?

**Sol:** Why don't you tell me yourself?

**Trixie:** Because I don't know that, Mr. Star.

**Sol:** Other events have a claim to attention.

**Trixie:** He knows about other events.

**Sol:** And ain't you his fuckin' lapdog, Trixie?

**Trixie:** I ain't nobody's fuckin' lapdog.

**Sol:** Hard to think of you coming to learn numbers without its being to his purpose.

**Trixie:** Any more to that fuckin' thought?

**Sol:** *(Pauses, putting on his hat)* I'll have a fuckin' drink.

**Trixie:** *(pours a drink)* Have the horse's piss. It's on fuckin' special. *(Hands a drink to him)* If ya couldn't be a use, he wouldn'ta sent for ya.

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*(Leon is slowly pulling the sled down the thoroughfare, panting. Con is limping along beside him holding his groin.)*

**Con:** I wish I could help you more.

**Leon:** I've been walking for two hours. I'm starting to think that place is a fuckin' mirage. *(He pulls a bit more and stumbles.)*

**Con:** Let me take a turn. *(Leon offers him the rope.)* Ahh...maybe I better not.

*(Leon tries tugging some more, making slow progress.)*

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*(Dan enters the Gem with Silas.)*

**Dan:** He asked to see Hawkeye first.

**Sol:** This is Adams!

**Dan:** I know who the fuck it is! *(Silas goes upstairs)* So just shut the fuck up and sit down.

*(Sol looks at Trixie, impatiently, and sits.)*

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*(Al's office.)*

**Al:** How do you lay claim to a passable mind while ignoring if I'd wanted to do you in, my invitin' the Sheriff up here to witness?

**Alice:** *(Sitting calmly)* By not putting it beyond your own mind's quality, Mr. Swearengen. To have enacted the incident in the thoroughfare, which then drew the Sheriff away.

*(There's a knock at the door. Silas enters, Alice turns to see him and quickly faces forward again. Silas closes the door and walks to stand to Al's left behind the desk.)*

**Alice:** Have you come to murder me, Silas?

**Silas:** I wouldn't turn down the chance.

*(Alice swallows, looks to Silas, he and Al look back at her, stonefaced. She swallows again, grabs the pen and dips it in ink. She pretends to sign the document. Al hands Silas another document. Silas leans forward and looks at Alice's "signature." He sighs, shaking his head.)*

**Al:** Even swayed at last by my manly composure, you sign in a false hand.

**Alice:** Mightn't this be my true hand, and my hand to the hotel register false?

*(Al shakes his head “no”, Alice looks to Silas, still stone-faced, she dips the pen again and this time signs. Al reaches into his pocket, Alice twitches, Al pulls out the cash and drops it in the middle of the desk.)*

**Al:** Wish I had 5 like you.

*(Alice looks at Silas again, takes the money and her gloves, gets up, looking at Silas once more and walks to the door. Yet again, she looks at Silas, one last time, before opening the door and leaving. Trixie and Sol watch her as she leaves.)*

**Dan:** I’d expect that puts you up.

*(Sol, standing, curiously watches Alice as she comes down the stairs. He proceeds up the stairs past her, watching as she exits the Gem.)*

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*(At the Chez Amie, Joanie and Jane are sitting.)*

**Jane:** Last thing required at a child’s sickbed, unlubricated drunk sweatin’ and fuckin’ vomitin’.

**Joanie:** Well, I ain’t one for blood, is my worry.

*(There’s a knock at the door. Joanie gets up to open the door. Con & Leon have finally arrived, panting. Con is doubled over in pain at the entrance.)*

**Con:** Aw...I may be worse hurt than him. Aw! Aw!

*(Jane gets up, eyeing the sled.)*

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*(At the No.10 Saloon, Steve is sitting at a table, drinking.)*

**Steve:** *(Slurring)* In whose keeping would the horse have been? Whose oversight would have let him loose and not have seen him pursued? Every answer lay at the livery.

**ShitStirrer:** I propose we put in towards a white satin comforter to be presented to the injured boy’s mother.

**Steve:** “Back in three hours,” scrawled in nigger on a sign pinned to the door. Oh...I wish I’d have caught ‘em leavin’. Torn up fucking back and all, wish I’d have seen ‘em run, the pure fucking niggerness of it. *(Tom slowly approaches.)*

**ShitStirrer:** Here’s Tom.

*(Tom enters slowly, he looks over and sees his precious bicycle leaning against the wall, the mud still caked to it’s front wheel.)*

**Tom:** Take that fuckin’ thing outside.

**Harry:***(To lackey)* Outside with it, leaned somewhere out of sight.



*(Tom grabs a bottle, tosses his hat on a table and sits down alone to drink. The Shit Stirrer approaches him.)*

**ShitStirrer:** Uh, on behalf of all of us, uh, just to say we're—we're sorry.

**Tom:** Thank you.

**Steve:** Tom Nuttall bears no more responsibility in any fucking way...to the hurt to the Sheriff's boy than I do as an innocent fucking helpful bystander! Jungle fucking niggers!

*(Tom has his head down on the table.)*

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*(Al's office with Sol & Silas.)*

**Al:** Before his present troubles and whilst you pursued your preferred activities, your partner Bullock joined in a campaign to which I hope you will now subscribe.

**Sol:** What do you mean my "preferred activities"?

**Al:** Oh, a reference to your people's penchant for money-gettin'. A poor attempt at wit.

**Sol:** I don't find those funny.

**Al:** I apologize.

**Sol:** If you want my help, don't insult me.

**Al:** Oh, Jesus Christ, show me the secret grip that proves my regret and let's be about our fucking business. Will you salt Adams with expertise about Helena's politics and Butte's, to be taken by this cunt Commissioner as samplings of a vein of familiarity so rich, wide and deep as to leave this Commissioner in no doubt that Montana, stiff-pricked, courted Adams as Deadwood's representative (*Silas nods*) so strenuously towards annexation it forced him to flee, lest he say, "Yes, yes, take us now." And yield the virtue of the camp on the spot?

**Sol:** *(stands, turns and looks at Al's bed, looks back at Al.)* Yeah, I'll school him.

*(Looks to Adams and back, confident. Al sits back in his chair and nods.)*

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*(Trixie enters Alma's suite. She approaches Sofia and pets on her a moment. Sofia looks up and smiles at Trixie. Trixie turns and walks back to Alma.)*

**Alma:** Does William Bullock continue unchanged?

**Trixie:** As to Ellsworth's proposal of marriage, which way do you incline?

**Alma:** Do you take us in from on high then, Trixie, and are you privy to *all* our secrets?

**Trixie:** Which way?

**Alma:** *(pauses)* The prospect of Ellsworth in the role of father delights me.

**Trixie:** If it's fuckin' him gives you pause, he'd never make you.

**Alma:** What gives me pause, having had the experience, is the prospect of marriage without love.

**Trixie:** Yeah, but when it came to cases, you took *that* fucking leap. Ellsworth waits on your answer... whatever you await before giving it. *(She walks back over to Sofia and leans in close to her, whispering)* Bye-bye.

*(Sofia smiles, Trixie turns & strides out the door, leaving a flustered Alma in her wake.)*

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*(Al's office)*

**Al:** Names and places, Star, as instructed, leaving it to us as to their deployment.

**Sol:** *(pacing)* Butte's got Montana's gold. Being territorial seat, Helena might well romance us, for balance *against* Butte. Clark and Daly are the two strongest men in the territory.

**Silas:** Both from Butte? *(Sol nods)*

**Al:** Both from gold exclusive?

**Sol:** Mm... Clark started in mercantile, but he's strong in gold now.

**Al:** Any chance they might combine?

**Sol:** *(Shaking head)* Hah! They fucking hate each other!

**Silas:** Who's the later arrival?

**Sol:** Daly, from Salt Lake, with Comstock money behind him.

**Silas:** Backed with Comstock money, you'd consider his connection to Hearst? *(Silas nods – agreeing with himself.)*

**Al:** What do we know of Clark's ways?

**Sol:** Clark or Daly?

**Al:** Clark, Star! We can't chance Daly.

**Sol:** I don't know Clark's ways or Daly's either. I'm not from fucking Butte, remember?

**Al:** I wonder if Clark's ever been to Helena.

**Sol:** Yeah, he's been to Helena. I fucking ate with him once, all right?

**Al:** *(Leaning forward)* Don't tell me you might recall what type appetite he exhibited or his preference as to food. Don't tell me we might be fuckin' gettin' somewhere.

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*(Doc is at the Chez Amie, concentrating. He grabs hold and Con screams. Seems Doc is fixing him up. Joanie turns away from the scene.)*

**Con:** Oh, murder me someone!

**Doc:** Quiet. *(Doc finishes with Con and stands, turning to check out Mose.)*

**Con:** Uh...

*(Doc puts his head to Mose's chest. He stands, looking at Joanie, then goes to his bag. Jane enters with some pitchforks. She hands one to Joanie.)*

**Jane:** We slide these under the sled, lever the cocksucker vertical, tilt him further forward and drop him on the sofa.

**Doc:** Why not just run at him from across the room and stab him with all three pitchforks? *(He makes to leave, Jane looks at him like "the hell?")*

**Jane:** Ain't you gonna cut?

**Doc:** I have other patients. I choose not to undertake a futile and exhaustive procedure. Guessin' through the fat where his heart is, the bullet's lodged too close.

**Con:** I'm still in fuckin' discomfort, Doc.

**Doc:** Nurse him, he's herniated. *(Doc leaves)*

**Jane:** He's the cardsharp told be about Bill. I'd punch that cocksucker in the balls before I'd cup 'em for comfort. *(She puts the pitchforks aside and approaches Mose.)* Alright, Slim. *(Mose wheezes, Jane wrings out a cloth. Leon approaches Joanie and leans over to her.)*

**Leon:** Hey, Joanie?

**Joanie:** No chance, Leon.

*(Mose gasps as Jane tends to him. Cleaning him up.)*

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*(William is coughing as Martha watches over him. Seth is behind her.)*

**Seth:** The doctor says that the cloth to his brow may comfort William, and being spoken to.

**Martha:** *(Whispers, hands to face)* If I had kept him in Michigan...

**Seth:** *(After a long pause...)* Yes.

**Martha:** *(Whispers)* I want to take him home.

**Seth:** Doc says better he's not moved.

**Martha:** There's no better about it. *(pause)* Is there? *(William coughs, Martha winces with each sound he makes.)* What does the doctor tell us to say?

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*(Hugo Jarry approaches "The Pioneer" and looks in, he tries the knob, it's locked. He knocks. Blazanov and Sol watch.)*

**Hugo:** Mr. Merrick, might we have a word?

**Merrick:** *(Closes the shade on the door)* You and I, Commissioner Jarry, have nothing whatever to discuss! Seek your conversations elsewhere!

*(Sol and Blazanov watch, Jarry starts to leave and pauses in front of the window, peering in. Merrick closes it's shade as well. Jarry leaves.)*

**Merrick:** I hope that will achieve what the party adjoining us intends. *(He nods up to the Gem door.)*

**Blazanov:** *(To Sol)* Thank you. *(He nods to Sol, Sol nods back.)*

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*(Al's office, Silas, Al & Jarry meet.)*

**Silas:** So what the fuck do you want with us?

**Al:** Shut up.

**Hugo:** I hope that even in the gravest of outcomes, the Sheriff's crisis could produce the blessing of our reconciliation.

**Al:** I'm listenin'.

**Silas:** Well, then shame the fuck on you!

**Hugo:** Gentlemen, we are men of experience. Self-interest is immutable, but its dictates vary daily.

**Silas:** You talk like you take it up the ass.

**Hugo:** I do not, my friend Adams, take it up the ass.

**Silas:** Don't call me your fuckin' friend!

**Hugo:** But I suspect those that do consider that they advance their own interests. Like them, shall we not pursue that which gratifies us mutually?

**Al:** If you'd calm the fuck down.

**Silas:** I'm the one he insulted. I've got pride if you fuckin' don't.

**Al:** I've got pride, I just know when to fuckin' swallow it.

**Silas:** Maybe you take it up the ass.

**Al:** Jesus fuckin' Christ, must I make you leave the room?

**Hugo:** Gentlemen.

**Al:** Tell him what Bullock had you doing. *(Silas looks at Al)* Tell him...*(reaches into his desk drawer and puts 3 shot glasses on the desk)* what you were doin' in Montana.

*(Silas, resigned, leans forward, hands on knees and sighs.)*

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*(Doc walks down the alley to his cabin. He peers inside the window and sees Martha wiping William's brow, Seth standing vigil behind. He looks down, turns around and looks down the alley for a moment. Walking back the way he came, he stops to talk to Jewel.)*

**Doc:** Any turn here, come and get me at the Chez Amie.

**Jewel:** Sure, Doc.

**Doc:** I'm 'onna be operatin' on a whale.

*(He turns from Jewel and continues down the alley, tipping his hat to Mr. Wu.)*

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*(Back at Al's office, Jarry holds his shot...)*

**Hugo:** It strains credulity. The imagination balks.

**Silas:** I sit here, right, and he calls me a fuckin' liar?!

**Hugo:** No one is calling you a liar, Mr. Adams. In fact, I'm sure even you would agree, the idea of a man conducting the business of his territory from the backroom of a restaurant-- *(Pardon the interruption, but was he not conducting the business of his territory in the back room of a BROTHEL?)*

**Silas:** The Stonehouse!

**Hugo:** --The Stonehouse—offering a bounty for the allegiance of others while wearing a bag over his head.

**Al:** I won't pretend it didn't strike me strange.

**Hugo:** Maintaining anonymity, clearly, while forming an impression of Adams. The mind imagines other paths to the purpose.

**Silas:** I'm giving less and less a fuck for what you strain and balk at too.

**Hugo:** Apart from what the bag bespeaks of the wearer, what concerns me is their offer for your support.

**Silas:** Ask me what ought to concern us—is the offer fuckin’ real?

**Al:** We turn the camp toward Montana, \$50,000 ain’t unreasonable. *(Looks at Hugo)* Though anyone can bandy numbers.

**Silas:** What’s unreasonable is fucking Bullock’s quote on his cut.

**Al:** Clark would have the 50, but was the man really speakin’ for Clark?

**Hugo:** *(Leaning forward)* Consider another alternative. What if it was Clark who was speaking? Why would a representative of Clark unknown to Adams, therefore unrecognizable, never to meet him again, conceal his identity beneath a bag?

**Silas:** Maybe he had open sores.

**Hugo:** Clark knew you would be able to recognize him from photographs, or at least it was a risk he might not want to take.

**Al:** Anyways.

**Hugo:** If Deadwood could grant an interval before answering Montana’s offer, I will convey my impressions to Yankton and learn whether they wish to counter.

**Al:** I have no objection. Though I speak only for myself.

**Hugo:** Mr. Swarengen, you are far too modest. Gentlemen.

*(Hugo gets up and grabs his things and leaves. Silas watches him go, once the door is shut he leans forward to Al.)*

**Silas:** What just happened?

**Al:** *(Smiling)* We knocked the cocksucker up. And soon he will find himself deliverin’.

**Silas:** The 50?

**Al:** Elections. *(They drink)*

**Silas:** I wonder how that boy’s doing.

**Al:** Ain’t my department.

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*(Fields and Hostetler are camping out. Fields is pissing close by, Hostetler is laying down by the fire.)*

**Hostetler:** You could put yourself to more distance.

**Fields:** I’m scared to go off in the dark. I can’t piss when I’m scared. *(He shakes it off and turns around.)* What about Oregon, Hostetler? You could be my apprentice. *(Lays down)* Carry love notes from pot-gut shitheads to those fat-ass women that they keep on the side. *(A horse neighs in the distance)*

**Hostetler:** I’m gonna catch *that* son of a bitch and take him back to camp. *(neigh)*

**Fields:** That could bring about some killing.

**Hostetler:** Kill the horse, that’s on them. I guess it’s their right. But they ain’t gonna get to kill me.

**Fields:** ‘Cause when it comes to them cases, you’ll blow your own fucking head off. And once you’ve cheated those white cocksuckers, won’t they just roll around and gnash their teeth?

**Hostetler:** What do you mean “cheat”?

**Fields:** “God damn, Hostetler beat us. He done come out victorious with his fucking head blown off.”

**Hostetler:** I ain’t never cheated no white cocksucker in my life. (*Fields leans up on his elbow*) For that matter, no nigger either.

**Fields:** They ain’t hung you yet, Hostetler. And maybe they won’t even get the chance. But they sure have made you crazy with pride.

**Hostetler:** (*Stokes the fire*) A man that did go back to tell his part...and brought the horse that he set loose...to them that he caused to suffer, paid respect for the pain that he couldn’t fix...now if’n—if’n it-it happened...that they forgive him, so he didn’t have to do to hisself what he wouldn’t *let* be done to him...well then, I guard, that man might think, settin’ forth afterwards with whatever fuckin’ loudmouth went along with him...that *if* he made it to Oregon alive...(*chuckles, lays back down*) The two of ‘em might open a livery. (*Turns his back, readying to sleep.*)

**Fields:** Then let’s find that fucking horse.

---

(*At the Bella Union, Cy is puffing on a cigar, sitting with Wolcott. Jarry approaches the table and drops his notebook on it, leaning on a chair and over the table.*)

**Hugo:** Back among friends. (*Pulls out a chair.*)

**Cy:** With what increase in knowledge?

**Hugo:** (*Sitting*) Mr. Merrick proved reticent, so I made a call to the Gem Saloon, where Swaengen and that young cutthroat Adams—

**Cy:** Yankton’s young cutthroat times past, if memory don’t deceive.

**Hugo:** Adams, as it happens, had just returned from Helena. He was sent there by Swaengen in order to hear from Montana an offer to annex this camp. It emerges further that, pretensions to holiness notwithstanding, your Sheriff Bullock is the courtship’s go-between.

**Cy:** (*Chuckles*) There’s all kind of sense in that—Bullock beddin’ down with Swaengen bein’ as they nearly killed each other.

**Hugo:** Might not greed and enmity in Bullock be served by passing on to Swaengen an overture beneficial to Bullock’s pocket, requiring of Swaengen the demeaning business of filling it?

**Wolcott:** What did the Helena conversations produce?

**Hugo:** An offer of 50,000 for Swaengen to back Montana.

**Cy:** He’s losin’ his belly for the grift. I’d have said they offered 100.

**Hugo:** Impossible, certainly, to know what offer was made, and if made, would be honored by Montana in the act.

**Wolcott:** Will they entertain other offers?

**Hugo:** That Swaengen traffics in bribes, I testify to firsthand. (*Cy laughs and takes a drink.*) That your employer is a man of means, you have amply demonstrated. Swaengen putting himself up for auction, and as he has not hitherto without the stipulation of local appointments, is the development of consequence. Let the Montana offer be real or a fraud of his concoction, Swaengen is certainly real. Your employer will have to decide whether he wants to pay Swaengen and not

quibble over his pumping the price. And let those who are dismayed over the enlistment of Swearengen recall that combat makes comrades, and be resigned.

**Cy:** Biggest fish I ever seen landed, Commissioner. Did I say that resigned enough?

**Wolcott:** Had Swearengen word of Bullock's boy?

**Cy:** It's surprising which comrades will show up sentimental.

---

*(Al steps out onto his balcony, looking around. Back in Doc's cabin, William is wheezing, Seth is tearful and Martha is sad and hurt to have to watch her boy suffer. They sit by his side.)*

**Seth:** Trixie asked me to thank you for finding her error in numbers this afternoon...ducks have landed on the spearfish pond.

**Martha:** Father's eager to hear you sound your calls.

**Seth:** Hear you calling them in...I'm proud of the calls you've made. I've much enjoyed showing you how to make them. Now you make them better than I do. Thank you for caring for your mother...at times when I'm away. It's a comfort to know you are with her. I am much pleased now that we all can be together.

**Martha:** I am so much pleased, William. As is your father.

**Seth:** Calling ducks...and your garden...helping your mother, and that we love you.

**Martha:** Rest now, William. We'll rest and rise together.

*(They look over him, crying.)*

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*(E.B. looks up the staircase of the hotel...)*

**EB:** Account for yourself Richardson.

*(Richardson was holding up "the antlers" to the rack of moose antlers on the wall. He quickly stops, turning and holding "the antlers" behind his back.)*

**Richardson:** *(displaying "the antlers")* I'm praying for the Sheriff's boy.

**EB:** To the god of antlers and hooves?

**Richardson:** It protected Mrs. Garret when she walked alone at night. *(He turns and holds "the antlers" up to the moose rack again)* I'm asking it to bless his journey.

**EB:** Pray away then, moron, for all the harm you will do. But leave off when the guests ascend.

---

*(Sol sits in the paper office, watching Ellsworth work the hardware store/bank. Merrick approaches with a tray of tea and cups for him, Sol and Blazanov. Sol stands and Merrick pours. They each take a cup, and sip. Merrick sighs. Al stands vigil on the balcony. He turns and walks inside. Sol leaves, tipping his hat. Al comes downstairs, Trixie is sitting at a table.)*

**Al:** Why ain't you among the circumcised? *(They look at each other.)* The day saw advances, Trixie. None miraculous. *(He walks to the bar)* Where's the gimpy?

**Trixie:** On watch outside Cochran's.

**Al:** Why not stand with her?

*(Trixie nods, drinks, gets up and leaves.)*

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*(Mr. Wu walks down the alley, teacup in hand. He approaches a shivering Jewel, still standing vigil outside Doc's cabin. He takes the cover off the teacup and holds it out to Jewel.)*

**Jewel:** Oh no—gimp. *(Sol approaches)* Can't hold the cup.

*(She smiles at Mr. Wu, thankful. Sol stands next to Jewel and Mr. Wu replaces the lid on the tea cup. Sol tips his hat to Mr. Wu, who leaves. Trixie walks down the alley, Mr. Wu and she exchange glances. She stands next to Sol. Inside the cabin, William takes a breath, wheezing. Martha touches his brow. William takes one more deep wheezing breath and lets it out in a long, deep exhale. Seth and Martha, realizing that was his last, look on, stricken.)*

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*(Back at the Chez Amie, Joanie is helping Doc prepare his instruments for surgery.)*

**Doc:** The hoof hits just one inch to the right, the boy's pain is gone, they don't have to watch him suffer. I doubt he's omniscient. I *know* he's myopic.

**Jane:** Why don't you concentrate on the fuckin' task at hand? *(Sitting)* Go on!

**Doc:** *(Hands Joanie the scalpel, whispers)* Hold this. *(normal voice)* Now...we may not be able to find the bullet in and amongst the adipose tissue. Or, finding it, we may not be able to remove it...or removing it, to avoid killing him. I guess we could give it a fucking whirl.

*(Con & Leon look on squeamishly as Doc prospects Mose's chest for the bullet.)*

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*(Andy Cramed enters the hotel. E.B. is back in the Absurd, chopping onions.)*

**Andy:** My name is Cramed. I heard a boy was trampled and like to die.

**EB:** You look familiar.

**Andy:** I came last year to hustle dice, took sick with plague. I—I minister now in Lead.

**EB:** How's the new racket pay? *(He says this jokingly, Andy is not amused.)*

**Andy:** Knowing this camp's without a minister, I come to be on call to the family. Shall I ask elsewhere or will you tell me their name?

**EB:** Bullock. Their boy is at Cochran's cabin.

**Andy:** Thank you.

**EB:** \$2 a room if you're stayin' over.

**Andy:** I may.

**EB:** 50¢ off for clergy. \$6 extra if they set up for dice in the room. *(Andy glares at E.B. and turns to leave.)* Avoid looking left as you exit, if idolatry offend you.

*(We see Richardson still praying to the god of antlers and hooves as Andy leaves. Andy pauses on the porch, puts his hat on and strides towards Doc's cabin. Alma watches*



*from her window. Ellsworth closes up the hardware store, stepping onto the thoroughfare. He watches Andy, bible in hand, making his way down the thoroughfare. Sofia is sleeping soundly, Alma leaves the room. When Richardson hears the door open, he quickly puts “the antlers” behind his back and waits. E.B. walks out from the Absurd Restaurant and pauses at the sound of Alma’s voice.)*

**Alma:** Good evening, Richardson. *(She comes down the stairs and stands in front of him.)* I will take the air very briefly. I’ve left my door ajar, indicating my trust for you, which you’ve well earned in days past, escorting me so reliably. Will you stand in the hallway above so that you may answer if Sofia wakes and calls out? *(Richardson shuffles past her, careful to stay facing her so “the antlers” stay hidden.)* Um, “your mother is just away, Sofia, very, very soon to return, and— and all is well.”

**Richardson:** *(Backing up the stairs)* Yes, Ma’am.

**Alma:** Perhaps without *going* inside, as this might frighten her.

**Richardson:** Yes.

*(Alma leaves, E.B. sits backwards in a chair – sullen. Andy is still on his way to the cabin, now passing by Sol, Trixie and Jewel. They watch him approach the cabin. Ellsworth joins Alma on the porch of the hotel. Martha touches her sons head gently, Seth by her side. Silas and Dan sit. Al returns to his office. Dan slowly removes his hat and sets it on the table. Andy approaches Seth as he steps outside. He removes his hat and speaks to Seth. Seth looks lost and stunned. Sol, seeing his partner’s face, turns and walks away. Trixie and Jewel watch Sol leave. Alma and Ellsworth look at Sol questioningly. Al, now out on his balcony, sees Sol – and knows. He sighs, looking up to the heavens, he backs away from the railing. Sol walks along the thoroughfare, tears in his eyes.)*

### **Cast**

<a href="#">Timothy Olyphant</a>	.... Seth Bullock
<a href="#">Ian McShane</a>	.... <a href="#">Al Swearengen</a>
<a href="#">Molly Parker</a>	.... Alma Garret
<a href="#">John Hawkes</a>	.... Sol Star
<a href="#">Paula Malcomson</a>	.... Trixie
<a href="#">W. Earl Brown</a>	.... Dan Dority
<a href="#">Powers Boothe</a>	.... Cy Tolliver
<a href="#">Sean Bridgers</a>	.... Johnny Burns
<a href="#">Jeffrey Jones</a>	.... A.W. Merrick
<a href="#">Kim Dickens</a>	.... Joanie Stubbs
William Sanderson	E.B. Farnum
<a href="#">Bree Seanna Wall</a>	Sofia
<a href="#">Pavel Lychnikoff</a>	Blazanov
<a href="#">Pruitt Taylor Vince</a>	Mose
<a href="#">Leon Rippy</a>	.... Tom Nuttall

<a href="#">Sarah Paulson</a>	Alice Isringhausen
Nick Amandos	
Geri Jewel	Jewel
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
Josh Eriksson	William
<a href="#">Garret Dillahunt</a>	Francis Wolcott
<a href="#">Zach Grenier</a>	Andy Cramed
Stephen Toblowky	Commissioner Hugo Jarry
Franklin Ajaye	Samuel Fields
Richard Gant	Hostetler
Michael Harney	Steve
Ted Mann	Shit Stirrer
Brent Sexton	

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