



# Episode 16

## “Requiem for a Gleet”

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# Episode 16: “Requiem for a Gleet”

*(Seth is in bed with Martha, he slowly stirs from sleep, realizes where he is and sits up...Martha wakes as well...)*

**Martha:** Let me light the lamp.

**Seth:** I’ve misplaced my boots.

**Martha:** I put them downstairs by the kitchen door.

**Seth:** *(sighing, he holds the bridge of his nose, Martha lights the lamp)* I was asleep...when you took ‘em and did that.

**Martha:** Yes. Would you rather I not?

**Seth:** *(shakes his head)* No. *(Strokes his hair back with both hands)* No. Only I had intended to be awake last night so we could talk, which, what with how it’s been, we have not done in the peace of the evening as I would like, since your arrival.

**Martha:** I would enjoy to converse in the stillness, after the day, like that.

**Seth:** Tonight, I will have two cups of coffee, and I will not fall asleep.

**Martha:** In the morning...*(reaches her hand behind her, rests it on the center of the bed between them, their backs still facing each other)* in the quiet before we each take up our work, is also a pleasant occasion for such intercourse. *(Seth slowly starts to turn his head around to look at Martha.)*

**Seth:** Yes.

**Martha:** Would you like to start a discussion this morning?

**Seth:** *(pauses)* I wouldn’t...want to – disturb the boy.

**Martha:** William sleeps soundly. *(Seth contemplates)* If you will see to the bedroom door...Mr. Bullock?

*(Seth slowly stands, we see him walk to the door, Martha still seated on the bed in the background. The door shuts.)*

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*(Trixie and Dolly are sponge bathing a shivering Al...)*

**Dolly:** Have I killed ‘im?

**Trixie:** First, the dead don’t shiver. And next, you just done what he asked. *(Al shivers and shakes, delirious)* Ain’t it more likely what turned him worse is underlyin’ woe than a thumb up his ass attemptin’ his fucking relief? Go on, get the fuck out of here. *(A sullen Dolly gets up from the bed and leaves. Trixie clutches Al’s hand, sponging his shoulder)* It’s alright, Honey.

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*(At Alma’s claim, the rig is pounding, laborers are shouting. We see Francis Wolcott standing stock still in the center of it all. Surveying his surroundings. Ellsworth sees Wolcott from above, as he begins approaching Wolcott, we see his right hand rest on his gun, at the ready. Wolcott is turning slowly, he spots Ellsworth, gun at the ready, heading his way...)*

**Wolcott:** Hello.

**Ellsworth:** What's your business?

**Wolcott:** I'm Francis Wolcott.

**Ellsworth:** (*approaches closer*) My name's Ellsworth, Mr. Francis Wolcott. Can you hear me?

**Wolcott:** Yes, sir. How do you do?

**Ellsworth:** I'm well. Glad you make me out.

**Wolcott:** Yes, sir.

**Ellsworth:** Because them as poke around Miz Garret's workings without a by-your-leave ain't welcome, Mr. Wolcott, and you ought not to repeat your fuckin' mistake.

**Wolcott:** Well, that's an uncivil response to an innocent error.

**Ellsworth:** Did you work in the Comstock when you was beardless?

**Wolcott:** I did.

**Ellsworth:** For Mr. George Hearst, as a keen eye for the color?

**Wolcott:** As a geologist for Mr. Hearst. Well, you have the advantage of me, Mr. Ellsworth.

**Ellsworth:** That ain't a possibility, Wolcott. No more than an error of yours would be innocent.

**Wolcott:** I do dimly recall an Ellsworth—superintended the consolidated Virginia operations.

**Ellsworth:** I don't give a fuck what you *recall*.

**Wolcott:** A hero. Dug a week without respite to save three poor souls from a cave-in.

**Ellsworth:** And 46 corpses in a fucking hole that ought never to have been dug.

**Wolcott:** Always a choice...to count the saved or the lost.

**Ellsworth:** Get off this property.

**Wolcott:** Just as a man opposed to inevitable change needn't invariably be called a luddite, another choice might be simply to describe him as slow in his processes.

**Ellsworth:** You tell that cocksucker you work for the next surrogate he sends oughtn't to be bloodied from the Comstock.

**Wolcott:** (*Looks up at the stamp, turns to leave, turns back to Ellsworth...*) The noise is terrible, isn't it, Mr. Ellsworth? Like fate.

(*Ellsworth eyes Wolcott as he leaves the claim, heaving with rage at the retreating figure...*)

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(*Sophia is seated on the bed, playing teacher to her dolls, reading from her book. Alma sits next to the bed in a chair, reading her own book...*)

**Sophia:** "Ox, Box, Fox."

(*There is a knock at the door. Alma looks up from her book, points to one of the dolls...*)

**Alma:** Nora's attentions are wandering. If I were you, (*pulls out a stick of green rock candy*) I'd bribe her with candy.

*(Sophia takes the candy with a smile. Alma stands and walks to the door, putting her book down on the desk along the way. She opens the door to Miss Isringhausen.)*

**Miss Isringhausen:** Good Morning.

**Alma:** Please come in, Miss Isringhausen. *(Miss Isringhausen enters)* Will you have a seat? *(They sit, Alma at the desk and Miss Isringhausen in a chair across from her.)*

**Miss Isringhausen:** Do you remain of a mind, Ma'am, to dispense with my services?

**Alma:** *(Sophia watches from the bed)* I have immense respect for your training and intelligence, Miss Isringhausen, and gratitude for your efforts toward Sophia's education. I am ill suited temperamentally to collaborate with you as women in our positions must do.

**Miss Isringhausen:** I see.

**Alma:** I propose to pay you six months' wages severance and an additional \$200 against the expense for your journey here and return to Chicago. While you're making your arrangements, I will also continue to pay for your room here at the hotel.

**Miss Isringhausen:** As to those terms, Mrs. Garret, your behavior is very fair.

**Alma:** Miss Isringhausen, Cotton Mather would have found hard and joyless the standards you so resolutely apply to me and Sophia, and of course to yourself. *(They stand, Alma turns to the desk and retrieves the 'severance' package...)* I wish you very well. *(Hands over the cash.)*

**Miss Isringhausen:** Thank you, Madam.

**Alma:** Would you—*(Turns head to the bedroom where Sophia is)*

**Miss Isringhausen:** I will not say goodbye to Sophia, to spare her upset. *(She promptly leaves.)*

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*(At the Gem, Dan stands behind the bar, he looks nervous as he stares up at Al's door. E.B. approaches the bar...)*

**EB:** Dan.

**Dan:** E.B. Coffee?

**EB:** Please. *(Dan reaches behind the bar and pulls out a cup. He shakily pours E.B. some coffee. E.B. looks up towards Al's door and back to Dan.)* I'll be candid, Dan. I did not sleep well last night. I heard screaming from Al's room.

**Dan:** Happens up 'ere many a fuckin' evenin'.

**EB:** Well, Al was fuckin' screamin', Dan. And I'm wondering how he's feeling this morning. And you dancin' around the pole ain't allayin' my fucking anxieties.

**Dan:** Well, do you hear any screams from him now?

**EB:** Silence ain't proof either way.

**Dan:** Take no tongue with me, E.B., *(Louder – pointing)* or I'll slap you fuckin' silly! *(They pause)* He's on the mend, and he ain't fuckin' receiving.

**EB:** Well, that's all I was fuckin' askin'.

**Dan:** Then that's your fuckin' answer.

**EB:** Convey my joy. *(They drink their coffee)* And tell him numerous scores await. *(Dan does the "bowing without actually bowing" hand gesture, E.B. mockingly returns the gesture but it looks more like a "forget you I'm swimming sideways now" gesture.)*

*And ugly, dirty guy enters the Gem and approaches Dan. He looks like the uglier, shorter, dirtier little brother of Billy Crudup. Johnny leaves Al's room, he & Dan's eyes meet, The ugly-dirty-guy follows Dan's site-line up to the balcony and turns back to Dan...)*

**Eamon:** Soft-fuckin' day, Dan.

**Dan:** Morning, Crop Ear. Oh—sorry—Eamon.

**Eamon:** *(Strokes his ear hole)* Take a good look. Ain't growin' back. *(loudly)* Is he about?

**Johnny:** *(Coming downstairs)* Uh...Al's out early. Look at a place in Gayville.

**Eamon:** Oh, yeah? *(waves his fist a la "jerking off" miming. He huffs)* You must seize fortune by the forelock, Dan. That's why I'm here, to put a matter before him. You know I'll not waste the man's time.

**Dan:** No, you won't.

**Eamon:** That's some fuckin' way you have about you, Dan.

**Dan:** Now, you could either say your piece to me and Johnny, or you can-get-the-fuck-outta here.

**Eamon:** I'll say it gladly, and hope you'll commend my words to him *(nods his head towards Al's office)* who's in Gayville at the earliest opportunity. I contemplate a piece of activity. I need to organize some reliable fellows, locate a right place to waylay that metal.

**Dan:** *(nodding)* Well, I'll let him know. *(nods)*

**Eamon:** 25%. One full quarter of the proceeds in total go to *(raises his arms and looks to the heavens)* Al Swearengen, *(looks at Dan)* the Gem Saloon, *(pointing)* or you and Johnny as the fucking case may be.

**Dan:** You may need to clean the wax out of your holes, because I said I will let him know.

**Eamon:** When do you suppose I could expect a favor of a response?

**Dan:** Tomorrow afternoon.

**Eamon:** He's overnight in Gayville then? *(Dan nods)* Then tomorrow afternoon it is. *(knocks on the bar, turns and leaves.)*

**Johnny:** Gettin' particular of where he was gone, I realize now, it was a fuckin' mistake, which happened because I'm so fuckin' upset.

**Dan:** From this point forward, I'll handle that earless cunt.

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*(In the thoroughfare, a stagecoach has arrived, a geeky looking man gets out...)*

**Driver:** Top two bags. *(He taps a suitcase, another man climbs up to retrieve the luggage. We see another man help a pretty blonde out of the coach, we know her to be 'Carrie' the whore on ice. E.B. steps out onto the porch. Carrie looks around, Wolcott approaches her...)*

**Wolcott:** May I help you with your bags, Miss?

**Carrie:** No, you can't. Or look at me or talk to me until I've took a bath.

**Wolcott:** *(Swings an arm to indicate up the thoroughfare)* Well, follow the quagmire then, Ma'am. The establishment you want is the last on the right. *(To a*

*man unloading the coach, holding out a tip)* Take this lady's luggage to the Chez Amie.

**Man:** Yes, sir.

**Wolcott:** Do not look at her or talk to her until she's bathed. *(Carrie smiles smugly and follows the man up the thoroughfare. Wolcott heads up to the hotel...)*

**EB:** Mr. Wolcott. *(Wolcott stops and looks out on the town next to E.B. – speaking loudly)* Deceptively fair weather given the devastating rumors.

**Wolcott:** Less volume, Mr. Farnum. More conviction.

**EB:** Yes.

*(Wolcott steps away. The nerdy man, whom we know later is Hugo Jarry, dressed in a clean grey suit, addresses E.B from just beyond the porch.)*

**Hugo:** Your hotel?

**EB:** Yes, it is, sir. *(Hugo steps up to the porch)* Your luggage?

**Hugo:** Yes.

**EB:** May I install it in one of our better rooms?

**Hugo:** Please. Uh, direct me to the Bella Union.

**EB:** Not 50 yards as the bird flies, or a man is lead on by his prick, or needing to test his luck. To whom shall I assign the room?

**Hugo:** Hugo Jarry.

**EB:** E.B Farnum, owner-proprietor. Also mayor, though that position is largely ceremonial.

**Hugo:** Lawrence County Commissioner. The position is real.

*(He nods and turns away from E.B, heading to the Bella Union. Silas is waiting at the end of the porch for him, casually leaning up against a column)*

**Silas:** Hello, Jarry. Commissioner Jarry. *(They walk)*

**Hugo:** Commissioner Jarry now, yes, as of the last five days. Delighted to find you here, Adams.

**Silas:** You could have known my next whereabouts if you had talked to me in Yankton, where I sat outside your office for half a fuckin' day.

**Hugo:** It seemed *(they stop)* to many of us in Yankton that in the aftermath of Magistrate Clagett's disappearances, you chose different companions. *(He tries to proceed, Silas blocks him)*

**Silas:** Last I saw Clagett, he rode in here with General Crook. I figured he left with him, too.

**Hugo:** And perhaps was plucked up subsequently from amidst the troops by savages? Yes, such moonlight treachery being their stealthy hallmark.

**Silas:** Maybe he took a bribe from someone, didn't hold up his end, got his just desserts.

**Hugo:** *(Looking into the distance)* That's of no personal interest to me *(We see Wolcott talking to Mr. Lee.)* or anyone in Yankton, any more than your choice of companions.

**Silas:** If you're trying to freeze out Swaengen before the Governor makes his play, *(we see Mr. Wu, glaring at Mr. Lee)* You are bettin' the wrong way.

**Hugo:** *(eyeing Mr. Wu)* Someone certainly is.

**Silas:** Anyways, I'll tell him I saw you.

**Hugo:** I have a close schedule, otherwise, I'd pay the respects myself. *(Eyes Silas)* I wonder if you will let me pass. *(Silas steps out of the way. Hugo continues looking in Mr. Wu's direction.)*

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*(At the Bella Union, Con is counting out gold coins, Cy is seated at a table...)*

**Cy:** I only hope, Marvin, you ain't privy to information that I ain't.

**Marvin:** \$600 U.S. Dollars, Mr. Tolliver. Claim 16 above Discovery.

**Cy:** That ain't responsive to my previous fuckin' statement, young man.

**Marvin:** I tell you what, sir. It's the fuckin' altitude that's got to me.

**Cy:** I see.

**Marvin:** Nosebleeds and every fucking thing else.

**Cy:** Well, your health's got to come first. Leon! *(Leon picks up a piece of paper, pen and ink)* Light as my kit's got, we can go ahead and say done. *(He and Marvin spit in their hands and shake as Leon sets down the paper, pen and ink.)*

**Cy:** \$600, Con.

**Con:** Right here, sir. *(Cy wipes his hands with a handkerchief...Hugo Jarry enters and eyes Cy... Con sets down to stack of coins in front of Cy)*

**Cy:** Jesus Christ, don't pay it to me, Marvin here will shoot us both!

**Con:** *(nods, grabs the coins and sets them in front of Marvin)* Here you go, Marvin.

**Cy:** You lettered, Marvin?

**Marvin:** I'm up to making my "X", Sir.

**Cy:** Con you sign as witness. *(Stands)*

**Con:** Will do, Sir. *(Hovers over Marvin's shoulder)*

**Marvin:** Don't be lookin' over my shoulder when I'm signin' my fuckin' X!

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*(Maddie is seated at a desk in the front room of the Chez Amie, doing accounts by the looks of it. She looks pissed. Or happy. Or sad. I mean, she's Maddie. She looks like – Maddie.)*

**Maddie:** Don't ever say that to me again. You surprised yourself.

*(Joanie is seated at a desk in the middle of the room, her back to Maddie, looks like she's also doing accounts. Cool! Instead of banjos it ledgers and quills!)*

**Joanie:** It's what happened.

**Maddie:** I don't want to hear it spoken of, because it darkens my thoughts.

**Joanie:** *(looks up, turns her head back to Maddie)* About who you're partnered with?

**Maddie:** Exactly. *(Doris & a dark-haired whore look at their bosses from their place at the bar)* They get led by their dicks. Our cunts lead us, we lose our only edge. *(A pretty-curly-haired whore and an ugly-profiled blond whore step into the doorway, watching)*

**Joanie:** That wasn't what was going on.

**Maddie:** Was it worse? Were you angry at him, Joanie? (*Doris watches*) Was that what surprised you, (*Doris exits the bar – the other whores leave as well*) How angry you were that George Hearst's second was a cruel and evil man? (*Stands up & approaches Joanie*) Did you think maybe you'd shoot him to get us little people even? (*Joanie looks back up from her books*)

**Joanie:** I took that *gun* into the room with me to protect myself.

**Maddie:** (*loudly*) Who fuckin' asked you to go into the room with him? Nobody gets even. We get dead. And before I go, I intend a long and comfortable retirement, and that cocksucker's gonna pay the freight.

**Joanie:** Something terrible is going to happen here.

**Maddie:** (*Turns away*) You don't even know the girl—he wants to harm. (*Turns back to Joanie*) You stay the fuck out of it. (*The door opens*)

**Carrie:** He tipped you! (*She huffs inside*) This whole place smells like shit. (*Throws her bags down.*)

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(*Richardson is cutting up vegetables and stuff, throwing them into a pot. E.B is pacing behind him...*)

**EB:** It is no disloyalty to be a realist, Richardson, we are mortal. One hopes for the best. One perseveres. One reevaluates constantly. One is an asshole if one doesn't. (*rubs his neck, still pacing*) Loyalty expanded is not loyalty betrayed. (*Richardson sniffs some questionable – meat? – and throws it in the pot*) I contemplate no disloyalty to Al Swearngen. (*bites his hand, sits*) I feel exposed. I don't like being weak, and I know that I am. I yearn to rely on a stronger will. I fear what I'm capable of in it's absence. (*E.B. rubs his face, pausing, Richardson is snapping carrots and tossing them into the pot. E.B. looks on, sadly.*) Whereas you, Richardson, (*stands up, angry*) know *nothing* of yourself. (*Richardson looks back at E.B.*) Are you shitting or going blind? Or on foot or horseback? You vile (*grabs a frying pan and makes to whack Richardson*) fucking lump! (*Richardson sorta flinches, goes back to what he was doing...E.B. grabs a pan of "offal" and sets it in front of Richardson.*) Bury that offal in the Shepherd's Pie.

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(*Dan is leaning on the bar – yawning – Silas enters.*)

**Dan:** (*Sees Silas – mutters*) Oh, God damn it. (*Pounds the bar lightly, stands up and faces Silas – sighs*)

**Silas:** May I go up today?

**Dan:** Unh-uh.

**Silas:** How long is my fuckin' sentence?

**Dan:** Any messages?

**Silas:** Is there any fuckin' chance you and me don't end up in blood?

**Dan:** Any of you realizin' that the sun don't rise and set on me and you?

**Silas:** What the fuck does that fuckin' mean?

**Dan:** Means there may be other fuckin' factors factored into my decision-making. Besides the fact that I find you to be a pain in the balls, personally.



**Silas:** Please report – Commissioner Jarry from Yankton has arrived to the camp and intends to fuck Al up the ass.

**Dan:** Said he to you while doin' the same?

**Silas:** (*Calmly, measuring his words*) It is important that he hear that. You do him disservice not to tell.

**Dan:** (*Relents, calmly – softly...*) Listen, Adams. Al is fucked up bad. May be dyin'.

**Silas:** Jesus.

**Dan:** Goddamn right, *Jesus*. Them stones have done plumb blocked off his piss passage.

**Silas:** Fuck. Okay, Alright.

**Dan:** It's all backed up in him. Hey, shit, he's got piss in his lungs.

**Silas:** Can he talk?

**Dan:** Fuck no, he can't talk. He just lays there and shivers and stares at nothin'. Uh, he screams when Doc abuses him with them fuckin' prick poles of his.

**Silas:** Sorry I broke your balls.

**Dan:** Well, I'll see to it he gets your news if he gets to a point I think he can understand my meanin'. (*Silas starts to leave*) Listen, how uh – how's your little buddy, the one I put the beatin' on. (*He's got another buddy we don't know about? Way to rub it in, Dan. Dan smiles.*)

**Silas:** Hawkeye.

**Dan:** Yeah, Hawkeye.

**Silas:** He'll live.

(*Dan smiles as Silas leaves, he looks over and sees Johnny snoozing at the other end of the bar. He throws a wet rag at Johnny's head, hitting him in the face. Johnny wakes with a start...muttering.*)

**Johnny:** It's something anyway. (*He looks up at Dan, confused*)

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(*Alma sits on a bench by the stairs in the hotel, Ellsworth enters and approaches her. He takes off his hat...*)

**Ellsworth:** Mornin', Ma'am.

**Alma:** Good morning, Mr. Ellsworth.

**Ellsworth:** I'm sorry I'm late. I hope you spent a restful night.

**Alma:** I did. And you're forgiven. But this morning, I note an amount of confusion...and anxiety abound, and words of panic about Yankton's disposition of the claims.

**Ellsworth:** Panic's easier on the back than the short-handled shovel.

**Alma:** I see.

**Ellsworth:** (*kneels down next to Alma*) The creator, in his infinite wisdom, Miz Garret, salted his works so that where gold was, there also you'd find rumor. Though, he decreed just as firm that the opposite wouldn't always hold.

**Alma:** You understand I needn't be comforted at the expense of the truth.

**Ellsworth:** I'm late, Ma'am, over shooing a man away from your diggin's named Frances Wolcott, that scouts for George Hearst, (*Alma cocks her head in interest*)

who wouldn't spare attention for a camp or the sun itself if he didn't think it likely to fill his coffers. Nor the sort'd shrink from a lie, or more than one, to advance his purpose, or be ignorant or of how to circulate his falsehoods without anyone knowin' their source. *(Alma smiles tentatively)* And now I come to camp to hear the waters called muddy and the current quickened, though I see no change in the creek. And the "Hooples," certain sure that flood crest fast approaches, have begun to think keenly, "I'll get ahead of the event. Maybe I'll sell my claim at discount." Anything to unharness so they can head for the higher ground. Myself, Ma'am, I'd be bettin' that the levy'll hold. *(Alma smiles with satisfaction.)*

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*(Martha, in the kitchen of the house that Bullock built, spoons out some oatmeal onto a plate. William is seated at the table.)*

**William:** Did you speak of it to Mr. Bullock, Mama?

**Martha:** Not yet, William.

**William:** Will you speak of it today? *(footsteps approaching)* Good morning, Mr. Bullock.

**Seth:** Good morning.

**Martha:** Oatmeal...Seth?

**Seth:** Please...Martha.

**William:** Mr. Bullock, mother was wantin' a kitchen garden, *(Martha looks away, back to the stove, a bit uncomfortable, hmm?)* which I would have care of.

**Seth:** *(sitting)* Have you chosen a spot yet?

**William:** I paced one out in the back of the house, sir. Yesterday, I would have broken the ground, but from wantin' the tools.

**Seth:** *(looking at Martha, back to William)* Would you like to go now and tell Mr. Star you need shovel, hoe and a rake?

**William:** Yes, sir. *(Jumps up to leave)*

**Seth:** Do you recall your way to the hardware store? *(Shit, Seth, it's like – right next door. Do YOU recall where you built your house?)*

**William:** *(Turning back to Seth)* I do, sir. Is it okay if I go now, mama?

*(She nods, William grabs a handful of food and runs off to the hardware store. Martha rubs her forehead, turns back to the kettle, stirs and sniffs.)*

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*(Alma, surveying the hotel lobby below, from the vantage of the upstairs balcony, thumps her jeweled fingers on the banister like Cruella D'Ville eyeing a new batch of puppies to kill. We hear men talking, see E.B. approach his ledger, she proceeds downstairs...)*

**EB:** Mrs. Garret.

**Alma:** Mr. Farnum. *(She eyes him smugly, turns and sits back down on the bench by the stairs. E.B. scuttles along behind her...)*

**EB:** Mrs. Garret? What male would not trade our small superiority of intellect to possess that gift of intuition so bountifully bestowed on the lesser sex? *(Oooh...wrong choice of words, E.B.)*

**Alma:** Mr. Farnum, your meaning is beyond me.

**EB:** I imagine you, Madam, awakening the other morning, suddenly and for no earthly reason, convinced the camp was at peril. "My gold should be spirited to Denver," I imagine you thinking, maybe as you brushed your hair, (*Alma smirks as E.B. makes a brushing motion against his greasy locks*) and without worrying the conviction or studying upon it, sending the gold away.

**Alma:** At peril? Mr. Farnum, the camp? Oh, your meaning is beyond me. (*She turns to face the wall, EB scuttles to a trunk facing her, sitting.*)

**EB:** Ma'am, if a Nubian genie were at my disposal, I'd see his great nigger fingers whisk up my hotel and deposit it in Denver, just as you did your gold.

**Alma:** (*smiling*) Because the camp's at peril?

**EB:** Yes, Madam, yes. Peril. (*He leans in...*) And worse than peril.

**Alma:** (*mouth in an 'O'*) Perhaps you should sell.

**EB:** Mrs Garret, had I your intuition, would I not have done.

**Alma:** I'll buy it.

**EB:** (*Flustered*) Aren't you wonderful and kind and intuitive and generous. No, I couldn't burden you (*Alma leans back*) nor impose upon your generosity, tremendously wealthy as you are.

**Alma:** (*Spits expertly in her palm, holding it out for a handshake*) Name your price, Mr. Farnum. We'll close the transaction now.

**EB:** Madam, now you unsettle and trifle with me. (*He stands, hitting his head on the stairs*) Ungh—and make me nervous and uncertain.

**Alma:** (*Still holding out her hand*) My intention is quite otherwise, and intuition.

**EB:** Oh, your intuition? (*He sits*)

**Alma:** Name your price. (*He looks at her*) How do you males put it..."Shit or get off the chamber pot?"

**EB:** (*flustered*) Oh, Mrs. Garret—shit, indeed. Oh dear. (*Stands, watching his head this time*)

**Alma:** Unless, Mr. Farnum...(taking out a handkerchief to wipe her hand)

**EB:** Unless, what, Madam? Do you reconsider?

**Alma:** No, no.

**EB:** I'd understand. It's your sex's prerogative (*And Bobby Brown's too*).

**Alma:** Unless, I meant to say, you're lying about the camp's peril?

**EB:** Lying? I?

**Alma:** But why would you do that?

**EB:** Exactly.

**Alma:** (*Standing*) You will make a price for me then.

**EB:** Let me...consider, Mrs. Garret.

**Alma:** Don't, Mr. Farnum. Trust your instincts. (*She leans forward and picks up a ruffle from his collar*) I'll have you in a dress in no time. (*She walks back upstairs, E.B. sits in her spot, muttering...*)

**EB:** Miserable, haughty, cunt. Putting me beyond my depth.

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(*Doc is sitting next to Al, in bed, still shaking and delirious.*)

**Doc:** We've come to a crisis, Al, and I have to say my piece. (*Dan looks at Al, then to Doc.*) The stones can be excised surgically in one of two ways...(Dan looks to

*Johnny – nervously*) The so-called “High Method,” which cuts into the bladder from above your penis, and the other which enters from below.

**Johnny:** Below what, Doc?

**Doc:** His balls.

**Johnny:** So the “low” entails cutting through his ‘tain’t.

**Doc:** Now, I have seen the high method performed. I assisted at a closing, afterwards discussed it with the surgeon. Come to it, that is the one that I would prefer. *(Dan looks back and forth from Al to Doc.)*

**Dan:** Al’s with you.

**Doc:** Well, how’d he indicate it?

**Dan:** A hard blink for the upper and a scowl for cutting through his ‘tain’t.

**Doc:** With a knife in expert hands, two men in 10 survive the procedure we contemplate. But at what point, without intervention, will your condition so worsen as to put you beyond recovery? I believe we have approached that point. I am not an expert, but I will give it my best effort, and I ask you now for your consent, should we need to proceed.

**Dan:** He’s with you, Doc. He wants the upper. Hey, that’s it. That’s the final call. Right, Al? *(Dan, shaking his head ‘yes’, with tears in his eyes, look at the Doc.)* The upper? He wants the upper. Well, I guess you better go make ready. *(Dan gets up)*

**Doc:** All right. All right. *(gets up)* Come with me, Johnny. Help me with the stove.

**Johnny:** Sure. Sure, Doc.

*(Johnny grabs Doc’s wooden case and runs after him. Dan goes out onto the balcony, barely choking back tears. Al, inside, shivers in the bed.)*

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*(At the Bella Union, Wolcott, Cy and Hugo Jarry are talking.)*

**Hugo:** As to claims filed and worked prior to the new treaty—in essence from when the hills still belonged to the Sioux—the presumption of legitimacy will apply, subject to qualification, according to mitigating facts. In short, with no controlling principle being invoked, title will be determined on a case-by-case basis. When claims are overturned, new title will be awarded at said prices, via lottery, to those submitting verified offers.

**Cy:** I only hope territorial officials will be excluded from eligibility.

**Hugo:** Yes.

**Cy:** Better tell your friends and relatives to pick their lucky suits out for that drawing.

**Hugo:** Only after Mr. Wolcott’s have picked out theirs. Of course, anticipation of the forthcoming judicial holding may itself largely cleanse the market.

**Wolcott:** It’s always preferable to allow the market to operate unimpeded.

**Hugo:** Would that argue for allowing word of my presence to circulate a bit before presenting myself officially?

**Cy:** Man might use that time to put some stink on his Johnson.

*(Wolcott looks at Hugo who looks at Cy.)*

---

*(Trixie enters the hardware store...looking around.)*

**Trixie:** Hello?

**Sol:** Down here. Behind the counter. *(He slides out from his hiding place, holding a book)* Taking inventory. *(He stands and approaches her, smiling.)*

**Trixie:** *(Distraught)* I can't do a lesson today.

**Sol:** All right.

**Trixie:** *(Holding back tears)* He's too sick. Maybe he'll fuckin' die. But I can't stay. But it'd be smart to stay and learn to calculate fuckin' interest on that accommodation paper and those fucking discount notes and whatever the fuck—

**Sol:** Another time. *(She starts to really sob, he hugs her)* It's fine, Trixie. *(She clutches his arm – stops, realizing what she's doing, rubbing his arm...)*

**Trixie:** Did I hurt your shoulder?

**Sol:** No. *(They hug, Seth sees them from outside... Trixie sees him...)*

**Trixie:** *(softly)* I gotta go. *(She turns and runs out.)*

**Seth:** *(Enters the store)* Want to go out for a bit?

**Sol:** She says Swearengen's bad off. Last night I heard him screaming out again and again. I guess he's...worsened with the day. *(Steps away, gazing out the window)*

**Seth:** Thanks for outfittin' the boy with garden equipment.

**Sol:** Oh, he's planning to take some prizes come harvest fair. He mentioned corn and squash both. I had some news from Denver...concerning our proposal on the bank. *(Seth starts sweeping)* We'd need to find 15% of our proposed capitalization.

**Seth:** If we capitalize at the two million we figured on—

**Sol:** \$300,000 separate from what Denver will underwrite. *(pauses)* Or they'd credit Mrs. Garret's accounts as collateral.

**Seth:** Not doing that.

**Sol:** I don't advocate it. I'm informing you of a communication they volunteered.

**Seth:** *(stops sweeping, looks at Sol)* We're not doing that.

**Sol:** Suppose I'll have to dip into my own kit then. *(Smiles as he throws down the paperwork)* Even so, it's back to cutting my own hair.

**Seth:** I'll take the idea around.

**Sol:** Swearengen'd put it up.

**Seth:** Fucking reputable people.

**Sol:** If money had to be clean before it was recirculated, we'd still be living in fucking caves.

**Seth:** Your old man?

**Sol:** Me.

---

*(Wolcott and Cy are seated in the Bella Union, Mr. Lee is standing next to Wolcott.)*

**Wolcott:** Mr. Lee will provide opium to you exclusively for sale to whites in the camp. You will receive 50% of the gaming proceeds from Celestial's Alley.

**Cy:** *(looks at Wolcott)* My men will lamp the take. It will spare Mr. Lee here explaining how slow business was 'cause of Buddha's wedding anniversary. *(chuckles)*

**Wolcott:** Your men lamp the take—also on proceeds from Celestial prostitutes. How many do you want?

**Cy:** How many can you bring? *(Wolcott looks to Mr. Lee)*

**MrLee:** How many?

**Cy:** That- that sounds like a man with an inexhaustible supply. How much English do you have, my friend? *(Mr. Lee just looks at Cy.)* Maybe when we get to know each other better. *(pauses)* I'll take a dozen, and I don't want 'em fucked out. I set the rates. The upkeep's on him.

**Wolcott:** And my understanding is the upkeep is quite minimal.

**Cy:** Good! Gives him more to spend on Mah-Jongg. *(chuckles)* I won't question the apparent one-sidedness of our arrangement.

**Wolcott:** Uh, the arrangement is not yours and Mr. Lee's alone.

**Cy:** Yes, and in ways that I don't understand, it must benefit you and the man whose name I must never say, to have Mr. Lee in camp...and perhaps Mr. Wu out of it, maybe among the spirits of his ancestors. But what a blessing for me, finally to reach a point in life where...I don't feel I have to know. *(He chuckles, puff on his cigar.)*

---

*(Trixie is seated at a table in the Gem, smoking a cigarette, Dan is behind the bar, puffing on a cigar...)*

**Dan:** A creature walking 'round on hind legs. Just like crop ear and them half-dozen bushwhackers out in the forest, ones I'd fall in with or out—whatever suited my daily purpose. *(Trixie looks at Dan)* That's what I was till I crossed paths with Al.

**Trixie:** Well, bang the drum and play the pipes and I'll rend our fuckin' garments.

**Dan:** I was just sayin'.

**Trixie:** I ain't hearin' confessions this afternoon. *(pauses)* Say you'll burn it down with me, Dan.

**Dan:** What?

**Trixie:** This fuckin' place – before letting Tolliver take it over.

**Dan:** *(choking back tears)* Done.

*(A door closes upstairs, we see Jewel come out of Al's office. Trixie stands, looking up at Jewel.)*

**Trixie:** Well, open your mouth, Jewel, and say somethin' we can't fuckin' understand!

**Jewel:** He's asking for you.

**Trixie:** *(Turning around, looking up behind her to Al's door)* Don't die with your fucking secret.

**Dan:** *(To Jewel)* Clean the number three. Dolly said she bled.

---

*(Doc is shaking as he's taking his hemostat out of the boiling water...)*

**Doc:** God damn it.

**Johnny:** *(looks at Doc, panting, trying to calm his own nerves)* I may get me a whiskey, Doc. You want a whiskey?

**Doc:** No, I do not want a fucking whiskey.

**Jewel:** Well, maybe as far as steadyin' the hand.

**Doc:** *(hands on hips)* How dare you? You shut your fucking mouth!

**Johnny:** I didn't mean nothin' by it.

**Doc:** *(picks up his hemostat)* Whiskey does not steady the hand. It just dulls the worry over the hand's unsteadiness. *(Shakes as he tries to remove his scalpel from the boiling water to set it on the tray next to the pot, it drops to the floor.)* Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ, I do not need to kill another man! *(Sniffing...Johnny reaches down to pick up the scalpel and yelps in pain at the heat and sticks his fingers in his mouth.) (calmly)* Top left corner of my fucking bag.

**Johnny:** *(mumbling)* What?

**Doc:** Balm, you fucking idiot, against the burn you fucking just sustained.

**Johnny:** *(Still sucking on his fingers)* Thanks, Doc.

**Doc:** Alright. *(Calmer, he takes the hemostat and picks up the scalpel, putting it back in the boiling water.)*

---

*(Mr. Wu enters the Gem – through the back door – striding in, determined.)*

**MrWu:** Dahn! *(Pointing to Dan – FYI “Dahn” sounds like Dan, but it also translates to ‘Egg’)*

**Dan:** *(turning)* Go away, Wu.

**MrWu:** *(pointing)* Swedgin.

**Dan:** No.

**MrWu:** *(slower, making a beard-stroking-karate-chop-motion)* Swed-gin! *(Points to Al's office.)*

**Dan:** Well, it ain't gonna happen.

**MrWu:** *(yelling)* Swedgin!

**Dan:** *(loudly)* No, Wu! He's fucked up. Now, Al can't talk to you right now, and I can't understand you, so you go the fuck back to chink alley!

**MrWu:** Diu na Ma ga hai! Nei go Bok Gwai Lo! *(Loosely translated: Fuck your mother! You white cocksucker!)*

**Dan:** *(angry)* Do not start drawing air to talk gibberish to me!

**MrWu:** *(angry, throws something to the ground. Takes a deep breath, puts his hand up “wait”. He points to his face, drawing a half circle around it's circumference.)* Cocksuckah.

**Dan:** Oh, fer Christ's sake.

**MrWu:** Cocksuckah! *(Puts hand up high – a tall cocksucker Dan!)*

**Dan:** It's wasted on me, Wu.

**MrWu:** *(He pulls his braid)* mmm—cocksuckah! *(hands up high again)*  
Cocksuckah!

**Dan:** I—I—I don't get it, Wu. I am not as smart as Al. And there's too much on our fuckin' plate right now to deal with it.

**MrWu:** *(points to himself)* Cocksuckah! *(Hands up high again)* Cocksuckah! San Francisco.

**Dan:** Jesus-fucking-Christ. All right, there's a—there's an invisible cocksucker next to you, and he's from San Francisco.

**MrWu:** *(phonically)* Hou! *(points to himself)* Cocksuckah! *(Hands up high)* San Francisco cocksuckah!

**Dan:** I-I'm going with you—you want me to tell Al that there's a cocksucker *(pulls his hair)* – he looks like—*(he sees Doc and Johnny come through and starts to head upstairs with them)* he looks like you, and he's from San Francisco and he's got your dander up. I'm going up now. I'll go tell him. *(Hurries up the stairs, Mr. Wu watches hi go upstairs.)*

**Johnny:** Tell him what?

**Dan:** Oh, God only knows.

**Johnny:** *(yelling)* Why don't you learn to talk *American!* Save us all a lot of fucking trouble!

**MrWu:** *(enraged)* Wu no Englishee! Bok Gwai Lo! Swedgin!

---

*(Silas is relaxing on his bed, there's a knock at his door...he gets up to answer it. He opens the door to find Miss Isringhausen there.)*

**Miss Isringhausen:** Mr. Adams? Good day.

**Silas:** Good day, Miss Isringhausen. *(Looks at his door number, it's #5 if you care.)*

**Miss Isringhausen:** I can't imagine what you must be thinking at the moment.

**Silas:** *(steps aside)* Please, come in.

*(He steps back into the room, pulls out a chair for her and pats the seat, indicating for her to have a seat. She shakes her head 'no' – standing by the door with her hand to her mouth, about ready to burst into tears.)*

**Silas:** I can offer you a whiskey or – water that I just washed my face in.

**Miss Isringhausen:** I will have whiskey, Sir.

**Silas:** Sure. *(pulls out a bottle and a glass)*

**Miss Isringhausen:** I've just been discharged. Sacked.

**Silas:** By Mrs. Garret? *(pulls the stopper off the bottle and pours the whiskey)*

**Miss Isringhausen:** As tutor for her ward. *(He steps forward, offers her the glass, she steps back, unsure, clutching her brooch.)*

**Silas:** Well, I hope you punched her in the nose. *(She takes the glass, walks over to the chair.)*

**Miss Isringhausen:** This is a day of firsts. Dismissal from employment, unchaperoned presence in a man's room. *(Lifts the glass up as if it's an afterthought toast)*

**Silas:** I'm sorry for your news, Miss Isringhausen, but if that's your first taste of liquor, I'm sorry for the hand you've been playing your whole life. *(She downs it like a pro, not taking her eyes off him – sets the glass down.)* You mind if I drink from the bottle?

**Miss Isringhausen:** No, Sir.



*(He takes a swig from the bottle, she starts to sob. He really looks even more uncomfortable than he has this entire time she's been in his room – and that was pretty uncomfortable.)*

**Silas:** Oh boy. *(Sits on the bed)* Oh boy.

**Miss Isringhausen:** I'm sorry *(sobbing)*.

**Silas:** You want me to get outta here?

**Miss Isringhausen:** It's your room.

**Silas:** That's okay. You're not a thief. Or would you feel better if I shot myself?

**Miss Isringhausen:** *(she looks up)* Why do you say that? *(looks to the door and back)*

**Silas:** I apologize. It-it was just a stupid way of trying to be funny.

**Miss Isringhausen:** Because I fear I may be killed.

**Silas:** *(turns around)* What?

**Miss Isringhausen:** I can't explain -- It's nightmarish. It's incomprehensible.

**Silas:** Who's threatening your life?

**Miss Isringhausen:** Mrs. Garret. *(She says with disgust)* I know it sounds impossible, but I can testify to you, Mr. Adams, I would not be the first person she's killed.

---

*(Back up in Al's office, Dan is fastening strips of cloth to Al's wrists. Doc is perched over Al...)*

**Dan:** You want I should tie him high or tie him low?

**Doc:** *(nodding)* Tie him high.

**Trixie:** *(at the foot of the bed)* Should we go ahead and put a good fuckin' hit of dope down him, Doc?

**Doc:** Yeah, go ahead and get a hit ready.

**Dan:** *(loudly)* Al, I have to secure you for surgery!

**Doc:** What is it, Al? *(Al shifts his eyes from Dan to Doc to Dan to Doc to Dan again)*

**Dan:** He's afraid.

**Trixie:** You afraid, Al?

**Dan:** Ah—you've got a fear of the knife. He wants to try passin' them stones natural.

**Doc:** Are you afraid, Al?

**Trixie:** *(in the middle of the bed, yelling)* Are you afraid, Al? *(He looks at Trixie & raises his eyebrows at her)* Oh God! I'm on his fucking nuts! *(She backs off – Doc goes to his bag.)*

**Doc:** Goddamn smelling salts is what we're goin' to administer! Do you here me, Al? *(holds the vial to Al's nose)* Here is a fucking dose *(Al pushes Dan's face away – struggling)* of smelling salts to your nose! *(Al groans)*

**Johnny:** What are you doing, Doc?!

**Doc:** Be quiet! Sit him up and get him to his goddamn feet! *(They all haul him up)*  
Take his prick out! *(Johnny motions to Trixie)*

**Johnny:** Come on! Come on! *(They all encourage him, Al begins to leak – eww – gleets)*

**Trixie:** There you come, Al! There you come!

**Dan:** There you go! You're doin' it!

**Doc:** There you go, you ox-minded son of a gun! Push at it, you bastard! Push at it!

**Dan:** Come on, Al!

**Trixie:** You'd do a horse proud with the strength of that fuckin' stream!

**Doc:** Lay him down. Lay Al down on the bed! *(They lay him down)* We are gonna take care of this. I'm gonna put this instrument back inside you and clear that cocksucker you've been making progress with, and we are not gonna cut you! *(To Trixie)* Bring his knee up to his chest. *(To Dan)* You hold him down. Johnny, you...go on out to the balcony.

**Johnny:** I have charge of the salts!

*(Al wheezes in pain, Johnny holds the salts to his nose, Doc inserts the prick-pole)*

**Doc:** Alright—*(Al groans)* Alright! *(instrument clicking)* I can feel the fucking click of the gleet! Alright, now I want you to milk his prick from top to bottom, and I want you to bring that cocksucker down. *(Trixie nods)* That's it. Now.

**Trixie:** Come on, Al.

**Doc:** Alright! Look at it! One gleet chasing a-fucking-nother! God—*(Al moaning)* God bless you, Al! Thank you. *(Hugs Al's head)* Thank you for saving me, God...

*(Al moans weakly, Dan beside him, Johnny on top of Dan, hugging Al's side, Trixie at the bottom, Doc to the left.)*

---

*(Four of the Chez Amie whores are standing next to each other, facing the wall...)*

**Wolcott:** Are you uncomfortable, Girls?

**Maddie:** They're fine. You're paying them to stand in that position, Mr. W. They'll stand in that position. They've been in more awkward positions before.

**Wolcott:** Thousands of years ago, in Cyprus, women went about their own lives only after first spending time as prostitutes at the temple of Aphrodite. *(Maddie & Joanie are sitting up straight and proper as they listen to Wolcott, Carrie is lounging in another chair, casually fanning herself.)* The tribute to their promiscuity meant to secure for the island the goddess' grant of bountiful crops and beautiful weather. *(Maddie looks on, Carrie looks askance)* Woman's generative instrument on the altar of the race's necessities, have we not come some far piece since then? *(He chuckles, Doris and – Atlantis? – whisper to each other)* Who, for example, fucks on altars anymore, or pretends anything can make up the weather's mind?

**Carrie:** *(Fanning herself)* Are you gonna fuck me tonight, Francis?

**Wolcott:** I bore Carrie. *(He stands and crosses the room, approaches Doris...)* You were peeking. *(She looks at him)* I asked you not to look.

**Doris:** Sorry. *(He shoves her to her knees into the corner)*

**Maddie:** Why not just go do what you're gonna do, Mr. W.?

**Wolcott:** Am I on a schedule then?

**Joanie:** She only meant our *educations* can wait.

**Wolcott:** I quite enjoyed *our* talk the other night.

**Carrie:** Do you want to fuck her?

**Wolcott:** No. *(Grabs Carrie by her shoulders, sits her back in her chair)* Carrie, no. Or I'd say so. *(pauses)* The atmosphere of the room turns against me. A growing

collective impatience, where should be a haven of indulgence. *(He takes out a pouch and throws it to the floor)* Won't you indulge me?

**Joanie:** *(Through clenched teeth)* We're trying, Mr. W., but you *are* behaving badly.

**Wolcott:** Disappointing, from you who I thought to regale with details of the myths—gods fornicating with mortals, the endless incest, fathers upon daughters upon sisters—*(Joanie stands up in a huff and walks to the far wall – facing it.)*

**Maddie:** Take her in or get out, please.

**Wolcott:** Excuse us.

**Maddie:** Of course. *(Carrie rises)*

**Wolcott:** Er, be generous. I think I've upset her. *(He follows Carrie to the back, Joanie turns and she and Maddie look at each other.)*

---

*(Hugo Jarry is taking a bath upstairs in the Bella Union. He blows through his jowls like a horse, blows bubbles on the chest of the whore bathing him...)*

**Whore:** Well, whatever were you aimin' at?

**Hugo:** Your titties! *(Playful blubbling, whore snorts, the door opens and Cy enters. Hugo looks at himself in a mirror –bubbles on his head but not covering his eye!)*

**Cy:** Any chance in here of an imminent *(we see Hugo, this time with bubbles covering his eye!)* finish, commissioner? My thought bein' you might want to deliver our newspaper editor a certain document before he's too drunk to make it out.

**Hugo:** *(Takes his glasses off, we can now see both eyes)* I think not, until my bath is finished.

**Cy:** Uh-huh. And I think a finish would involve *(looks at the whore)* you blowin' some of them bubbles underwater, Honey.

*(She looks at Hugo provocatively and he quickly leans back and puts his glasses on as she bends over and proceeds to "blow his bubble." He reaches for the sky in triumph and manly bluster. Cy leaves.)*

---

*(Dan is seated downstairs at a table, receiving a much deserved shoulder rub from a comely blonde whore. The piano plays "Down by the River" –so helpful CC! Thank you for that tidbit of information. Now if we can only get you to provide more than "speaking Chinese" when Mr. Wu is on the screen, we'll finally be getting somewhere.—Anyway, Dan looks over and sees Eamon coming. He nods to the whore to stop and leave him – she does.)*

**Dan:** Eamon.

**Eamon:** *(Sits)* Has he per any fuckin' chance returned from Gayville, Dan, which he had never been to?

**Dan:** Al's upstairs. Now if you agree to a few fuckin' rules, I'll give you a brief audience with him.

**Eamon:** Don't it feel good to play at "Boss," Dan?

**Dan:** *(pointing, angry)* Unless you want to sit down here and bust my fuckin' balls over you never learnin' to move amongst civilized people?

**Eamon:** No, an audience is more important.

**Dan:** *(nods)* Alright. Now, you listen careful while we walk up. *(They rise and start to head upstairs)* You get up 'er, you propose the robbery. You give him the location, the take that you are prepared to guarantee, Al's fee on that take, and then a bonus for overage. And then, Eamon, you shut the fuck up. *(They stop)* Al has had a tough fucking day. Now, you let him indicate to you however he fuckin' chooses as to a yes or a no. Now, that's fair ain't it?

**Eamon:** *(snorts)* You're a great man, Dan. It's *you* that's the great one. *(looks to the heavens)*

**Dan:** Don't bust my fuckin' balls.

**Eamon:** Don't call me "Crop Ear," you gutless son of a bitch.

**Dan:** Eamon, we live life however we choose.

**Eamon:** And you choose life as a cunt standing behind a bar. *(He walks on past Dan.)*

**Dan:** Just tryin' to do you a favor.

**Eamon:** I'll have no favors from you!

**Dan:** *(follows him up, drawing his knife out)* Alright, then. Crop Ears. *(Grabs Eamon and slits his throat, Eamon tries reaching for a weapon, but fails)* Or whatever the fuck it is you want to be called! *(Johnny moves out from behind the bar...Dan spits on Eamon's face as he gasps for air...his neck bleeding.)* Trying to gauge Al's recovery and do you a fuckin' favor. *(Eamon pushes Dan away, reaching through the banister...Dan walks downstairs, Johnny approaches him...)* Crop Ears is dyin' up 'er. You take him over to the Chinaman's and you throw him away.

**Johnny:** Sure, Dan. *(looking confused, concerned)* Sure. Yeah, I'll go get the sled.

**Dan:** I don't have the patience for this fucking bullshit! I have had a tough fucking day!

*(The comely blonde whore walks back up to Dan and grabs his shoulder to continue his massage, he slaps her away, works his shoulder out...)*

---

*(Back at the Chez Amie, Wolcott is seated in a chair, Carrie is standing nearby, fanning herself.)*

**Wolcott:** Were you seeing a relative, Carrie, or did the madam withhold you to frustrate me?

**Carrie:** *(Snaps her fan shut and walks away to sit at the vanity)* She doesn't tell me why she does things.

**Wolcott:** But you'd know if you were seeing a relative.

**Carrie:** Yes. I wasn't. *(She unlaces her shoes.)*

**Wolcott:** Were you seeing anyone?

**Carrie:** A wild Indian. *(looking in the mirror)* I fucked him and I fucked his horse.

**Wolcott:** You hate it here.

**Carrie:** *(looks at Wolcott)* I suppose you don't.

**Wolcott:** *(Shaking his head)* I don't, no. *(Carrie stands, walking over to him, removing her petticoats)* The rocks tell me stories. And now I have you.

**Carrie:** Well, I'm not a crazy person, so they don't talk to me. And I'm with me wherever I am, so I wish I was in fucking New York. (*Sitting on the bed*)

**Wolcott:** The rocks don't "talk" to me, but—still I learn their stories.

**Carrie:** (*Taking off her garters and stockings*) Oh, I understand now. Thank you for saying it like I'm a baby.

**Wolcott:** (*stammering*) Well, uh...these hills are unimaginably rich.

**Carrie:** So what?

**Wolcott:** To compel even the vagrant attentions of someone like my employer.

**Carrie:** I won't stay for any amount.

**Wolcott:** For a large amount, will you stay for a little?

**Carrie:** (*She looks at him*) Give me some now.

**Wolcott:** Of course. (*Hands her a fat pouch*) It's more than I gave the madam.

**Carrie:** (*She sets the pouch down next to her on the bed, looks back at him*) And you musn't hit me like you do the others.

**Wolcott:** You've never displeased me.

**Carrie:** (*She stands, hikes her skirts and straddles him*) Don't-fucking-hit me, Francis.

**Wolcott:** Done. Agreed.

**Carrie:** (*She starts to gyrate on him*) I will run away to the Indians.

**Wolcott:** You would change the course of history. Be the first of the women chiefs. (*moaning*) Oh...(he closes his eyes, she stops, he sighs) I'm too quick.(*He looks up at her.*)

**Carrie:** You can't be too quick for me. (*She stands and walks back to the bed. He "repositions" himself.*) You might try it sometimes with your prick outside of your pants.

**Wolcott:** (*pauses*) I sense Miss Stubbs has fucked a relative.

**Carrie:** It's a big club.

---

(*Al lays in bed, all tucked in, a look of relief, resignation and relaxation on his face.*)

**Al:** Pff-fft.

**Cast** (in credits order)

<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="#">Jim Beaver</a>	.... <a href="#">Ellsworth</a>
<a href="#">Brad Dourif</a>	.... <a href="#">Doc Cochran</a>
<a href="#">John Hawkes</a>	.... Sol Star
<a href="#">Paula Malcomson</a>	.... Trixie
<a href="#">Leon Rippy</a>	.... Tom Nuttall
<a href="#">William Sanderson</a>	.... Eustis Baily (E.B.) Farnum
<a href="#">Robin Weigert</a>	.... <a href="#">Calamity Jane</a>
<a href="#">W. Earl Brown</a>	.... Dan Dority
<a href="#">Dayton Callie</a>	.... Charlie Utter
<a href="#">Anna Gunn</a>	.... Martha Bullock
<a href="#">Powers Boothe</a>	.... Cy Tolliver / Tolliver
<a href="#">Sean Bridgers</a>	.... Johnny Burns
<a href="#">Jeffrey Jones</a>	.... A.W. Merrick
<a href="#">Geri Jewell</a>	.... Jewel
<a href="#">Bree Seanna Wall</a>	.... Sophia
<a href="#">Gill Gayle</a>	.... Huckster
<a href="#">Titus Welliver</a>	.... Silas Adams
<a href="#">Meghan Glennon</a>	.... Lila
<a href="#">Kim Dickens</a>	.... Joanie Stubbs
Maddie	Alice Krige
Miss Isringhausen	Sarah Paulson
William Bullock	Josh Eriksson
Con Stapleton	Peter Jason
Hugo Jarry	Stephen Toblowsky
Carrie	Izabella Miko
Mr. Lee	Phillip Moon
Lila	Meghan Glennon
Eamon	Jeff Cahill
	Parisse Boothe
	Gary Leffew
	Chandler Richards
Pete Richardson	Ralf Richeson
	Alan Jordan
Dolly	Asheigh Kizer
	Allen Keller
	Erica Swanson

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