



Episode 14

“A Lie Agreed Upon, Part 2”

Directed by: Ed Bianchi
Written by: Jody Worth

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(Al is leaning against his desk, Doc is wrapping up his ribs...)

Doc: That’s good.

Al: How’s Bullock doing?

Doc: I don’t discuss my patients one with another.

Al: Bleeding through his fucking ear? He was bleeding through it pretty fucking good out there in the thoroughfare.

Doc: Tell me about that other department.

Al: Inform that fucking lunatic next you see him I’m fit as a fucking fiddle and ready to play on.

Doc: *(Helping Al back into his long johns top)* Inform me, Al, to what mark in your piss-pot did you fill?

Al: The volume was adequate. I didn’t check the mark.

Doc: *(Sits)* Any discharge of gleets, burning or soreness?

(There’s a knocking on the door, Johnny enters with Al’s suit back from Mr. Wu’s laundry...)

Johnny: I got your suit back from Mr. –Whoo! It’s kind of, like, aromafied from that solvent.

Al: Why don’t you let it cure in the air for a while, huh, Johnny? *(Johnny walks to the balcony door)* Not on the balcony. Not on the fucking balcony.

(Johnny leaves, Al takes a swig from the whiskey bottle.)

Doc: Gleets, burn, soreness?

(Another knocking on the door, E.B. enters the office...)

EB: He’s come back to my hotel.

Al: Bullock.

EB: Upstairs to the widow. I can’t say if they’re in rut. I didn’t linger for the song of the bedstead. *(Al nods his head. E.B. clears his throat and puts his hat back on...)* Let me go check on those fucking whores.

(E.B. leaves, Doc closes his eyes and shakes his head in annoyance at all the interruptions.)

Al: No more in that department. That fucking discussion is over.

(In Alma's room at the Grand Central, Sophia is sleeping...over in the main room, Alma and Seth are seated, Alma is fingering her brooch nervously...)

Alma: I was relieved Mr. Star and Mr. Utter weren't more badly injured.

Seth: Yes.

Alma: *(Tilts her head at Seth, puts her hands in her lap...)* I hope my coming to your store caused no awkwardness.

Seth: It was kind of you bringing that basket for my family.

Alma: May I ask if you had been aware their arrival was so imminent?

Seth: No. *(Alma turns her head away, she seems frustrated, like talking to a brick wall I would imagine.)* She had written that William seemed entirely recovered, but no mention of intending to travel.

Alma: *(Nods her head)* He's handsome...your brother's son.

Seth: He's a fine boy.

Alma: *(Kneels down in front of Seth...)* I would so like to see to your injuries, however superficially.

Seth: My proposal would be we leave the camp immediately, or remain and sever connection.

Alma: *(Pauses)* A choice for me to make?

Seth: Yes. I don't seek to absolve myself. I don't believe I'm to be relied upon for good judgment.

Alma: Or even for an account of your own feelings?

Seth: I only know that for us to stay and not sever connection would add lying to her humiliation – renew her humiliation daily.

Alma: Yes, I understand. *(Alma stands and walks across the room)* You say I must choose immediately?

Seth: Tonight.

Alma: I'd need some part of tonight to consider.

Seth: Yes.

Alma: Others are involved for me as well.

Seth: *(Stands)* I'll come back in a few hours. *(He turns to leave, Alma stops him...)*

Alma: Be very careful in the interim, Mr. Bullock.

Seth: Alright.

Alma: *(Whispering)* Be careful.

(Seth leaves, not turning back. Alma looks over at the sleeping Sophia...)

(At the hardware store, Trixie and Charlie are moving Sol down from the countertop where he lay while Doc removed the bullet...)

Trixie: Two, fucking three.

(Sol groans.)

Charlie: Easy.

(They help walk him into the back room, A.W. Merrick lighting the way. Wow! He not only makes a great hat rack, but a lamp as well!)

Charlie: A lovely family, the Bullocks.

Trixie: Grand.

Sol: Looked forward all this while, and meet 'em with my load on.

Charlie: Easy does it. Easy.

(Charlie lifts Sol to set him down on a bed, Trixie helps lift his legs up...)

Trixie: Two, fucking three! *(They all groan as they move Sol.)*

Sol: Thank you, Mr. Utter.

Charlie: Okay.

Sol: Much obliged, Mr. Merrick.

Trixie: I got him. *(Covers Sol with a blanket, he groans.)* Look the fuck out. *(Charlie leaves, A.W. doesn't move - just like a lamp - Trixie points to the door.)* Look the fuck out. *(A.W. exits the back room and joins Charlie in the front of the store.)*

Charlie: I ought probably to get some weapons.

(Merrick looks at Charlie, confused, he leans back to look in the back room at Trixie and Sol, he walks over and closes the door, turning back to Charlie.)

AW: *(Whispering)* Why?

Charlie: What?

AW: *(louder)* Why would you?

Charlie: Maybe you didn't notice Bullock was without his gun.

AW: No, I did. Perhaps with the ringing in your ears, you didn't hear Mr. Bullock say he'd get his old weapon back.

Charlie: You think maybe a new one might be useful to Bullock arranging his old one's return? *(Duh, Merrick)* And more backing his position?

(Seth enters and walks straight back to Sol...)

Seth: May I have a word with Sol?

Trixie: Sure. *(Leans in to speak to Sol)* Will you mind if I hang around awhile?

Sol: Fuck, no.

Trixie: *(As she's leaving, she mutters to herself)* Self-deluding, interfering motherfucker.

(Charlie, and eventually A.W. Merrick, follow her outside.)

Seth: I'm sorry you got shot.

Sol: A man like me gets used to it.

Seth: If it had came to it, I'd have seen to dissolving the partnership, sending your mother the proceeds.

Sol: Why would I expect otherwise?
Seth: And I know you would do the same.
Sol: What are you thinking of?
Seth: Along with any funds I might forward.
Sol: From the afterlife, you mean?
Seth: *(Louder)* Any funds I'd send subsequent, I know you'd administer in their interests – Martha and the boy.
Sol: Yes, you're correct. What are you fucking thinking of? *(Seth looks away and shakes his head slightly)* What we've built and been through, you don't get to walk away without saying why.
Seth: You know why.
Sol: That don't mean you don't have to say it. I'm sick of knowing and you not saying.
Seth: I love her.
Sol: Good! You fucking said it. And now I get to tell you you're wrong. You loved her these months and stayed. It ain't love that'd make you run, but shame. Now let me ask you this, you think shame would end when you cleared the fucking camp?
Seth: It's shameful either way, Sol.
Sol: It's *life* either way, Seth.
Seth: *(Stands up)* I'm sorry you got shot.
Sol: Well I am too, but I like being loaded. I like telling you what the fuck I think, you cocksucker. *(Seth looks down at Sol.)*
Seth: I know you will see to their interests.
Sol: Yes, I will, you *cocksucker!* And I like saying "cocksucker." What the fuck do you think of that?

(Outside, Trixie is smoking a cigarette, Charlie is standing next to her, looking around.)

Trixie: Want a fast blow-job?
Charlie: *(Snaps his head around to Trixie...)* What?
Trixie: Quick open air blow-job.
Charlie: *(Chuckles, stammering)* Uh, no, Thank you. *(Seth comes out of the store, passing them)* Uh, Bullock.
Seth: Charlie. *(They start walking down the thoroughfare.)*
Trixie: Maybe Mr. Star will want one. *(Turns and goes back inside.)*
Seth: Thanks for going against orders.
Charlie: I'll tell you, I got such a fucking ringing in my ears.
Seth: *(Louder)* Thanks for taking my back before.
Charlie: Oh, you're welcome. Hey, *(they stop)* I'll bet your wife and son are overtook by that lovely home you built them. *(Points to the house, Seth gazes in that direction)* Uh, and what did that boy say about a creek in his own front yard? *(Seth pauses a moment, then continues walking)* And that's a fine appearance he makes. And if you don't mind my saying, she is one striking woman, Mrs. Bullock. *(Seth stops and looks back at Charlie)* Sense of dignified and upright.
Seth: Thank you.

Charlie: Anyways, where the fuck you headed?

Seth: To get my things from Al Swaengen.

Charlie: Oh.

Seth: Maybe for a word with Dan Dority too. *(Points to his head)* Gave me this fucking headache.

Charlie: To the Gem then. *(Seth nods, turns, and continues walking. Charlie starts acting dizzy, bending over, arms out, as if trying to steady himself from dizziness)* Jesus Christ. I'm faint. *(Seth walks back to Charlie)* A faintness come over me. Oh, Jesus. *(Seth puts his hand on Charlie's shoulder)* That's a lightheaded fucking sensation. Oh.

Seth: Did you want to go to your place?

Charlie: Oh, maybe I should. Maybe that's the fucking prudent course. *(Seth puts Charlie's arm around his shoulder.)*

Seth: Give me some weight. *(Charlie groans)* Come on. *(They start walking)*

Charlie: Yeah, to not keel forward and drown in fucking horseshit. Ooh.

Seth: How are you feeling?

Charlie: Things are a little wavy-like before my eyes. *(They pass by the Gem, piano music playing)* Fuck the Gem. Gem'll fucking wait.

(Inside the Gem, Al and Silas are seated at the bar, Dan is behind the bar.)

Adams: For what it's worth, Yankton's afraid of Bullock.

(Al, a surprised look on his face, looks at Adams, then Dan. Dan looks at Adams with a contemptuous "What the mother-fucking fuck?" face.)

Al: Don't say no more. Refrain from explaining yourself.

Adams: Till Congress approves, nothing's to say the hills get made part of Dakota. Far as that, Montana's got pull Dakota don't. Montana's got silver for bribes.

Al: Thieving Indian agent's all fucking Dakota's got.

Adams: It ain't fucking fresh money to the game.

Dan: And how does that argue for Bullock living or dying?

Adams: Yankton thinks Bullock's Montana's man.

Al: On what basis?

Adams: He was favorite of a judge in Helena that wanted him in politics. They figure he's a stalking horse here for the judge's interests.

Dan: Then Yankton's got their head up their fucking asses. If they think Bullock's anybody's man. Hell, Bullock himself don't even know whose man he is.

Al: In the thoroughfare, as I readied to stab the cocksucker, did you have no impulse to hint at this?

Adams: The moment didn't seem right.

Al: Over time, your quickness with a cocky rejoinder must have gotten you many punches in the face.

Adams: Depends on what you call "many."

Dan: There's another fucking clever one. (*Lays his shotgun on the bar, looks at Al and motions his head to Adams.*)

Al: To Yankton's thinking, would Bullock dead curb Montana's interests or incite them to a stronger expression?

Adams: I don't know.

Al: If he's spoiling to mix it with us further, they may get a chance to find out.

(*Dan picks up his shotgun and taps the butt on the bar top – ready for action.*)

(*Back in Alma's room, Sophia is still fast asleep, Alma is ruminating aloud on her situation...*)

Alma: He will leave with me, if I tell him that's my wish. (*Pauses*) As to what our life would be, that's another question.

Miss Isringhausen: I would say, Ma'am, it might be like – living atop a volcano.

(*Alma considers this remark, sits back in her chair...*)

Alma: That's been done, Miss Isringhausen.

Miss Isringhausen: Certainly. And with a good deal of excitement, I should think. A sense of high adventure every day. And, of course, Danger.

Alma: As to excitement, would you possibly...add happiness?

Miss Isringhausen: Why not, Mrs. Garret? (*Alma stands and walks to the window*) Please don't be angry with me, Ma'am.

Alma: No. (*Gazes out the window for a moment*) We do love each other. Our being together ought not to seem so outlandish a proposition...

Miss Isringhausen: No, Ma'am...

Alma: ...except for every other single thing.

(*Charlie and Seth have arrived outside Utter Mail & Freight...*)

Charlie: Uh...Oh boy. Yeah, there you go. Thank you. Thank you, Bullock. Ooh. (*Charlie sits down on a crate, outside the building, across from a bench*)

Seth: Alright.

Charlie: (*Puts his hand up*) I'm next to completely collected. (*groans*) Three separate occasions I've been shot at, hit, and fought on. And now, a miss takes my equilibrium.

Seth: Anyways.

Charlie: Uh...You – want to get to the Gem, huh?

Seth: Yeah.

Charlie: Why?

Seth: I told you why.

Charlie: Well, I mean why just this instant, say, different from later a little while, when a friend could back your play? I mean, someplace you need to get to after that?

(Seth looks at Charlie for a long moment, looks behind him at the bench, backs up a bit to sit down...)

(Joanie's new place, the Chez Amie, She and Maddie enter with lamps to light up the building...)

Joanie: I got the elements stored in the back.

Maddie: I hope to Christ you do. *(Turns to the door)* Come in. *(The new whores begin to enter)* Don't anyone bolt for freedom.

Joanie: I kept accumulating them secret so Cy wouldn't think I was proceeding.

(They enter a back room, they all look around. Maddie smiles.)

Maddie: Well, well, well.

Joanie: There's the wallpaper you sent, Maddie.

Maddie: Yes, Ma'am. Ladies, why don't you put your attention to some of the lighter furniture, and we'll hire some great minds to do the heavy lifting? *(She looks at Doris)* Roll up your sleeves, Doris. Hard work dispels worry.

(Back at the hardware store, Trixie is sitting next to a resting Sol...)

Trixie: I pray to God your shoulder pain's like some sharp-toothed creature's inside chewing at it and gnawing.

Sol: How did I give offense?

Trixie: No one needs feeling as good as you'd feel otherwise.

Sol: Hmmph.

Trixie: I say from -- fucking experience. And I didn't need the fucking activity today -- and the fucking crises. I prefer sucking prick is the fucking short of it.

Sol: I would settle for a vigorous hand-holding.

Trixie: You are a funny fucking Jew. *(Sol grunts, laughing)* And type that insinuates himself.

(Trixie takes her hand and places it on his chest. He reaches for it with his good hand and pulls himself closer.)

(Up in Cy's office...)

Cy: General principle, I believe in fostering people's tries at improving their selves, and I think you all also know that I got a special fondness for Joanie Stubbs. And if those things wasn't true, in this camp at this precise juncture, I, Cy Tolliver, would not have backed an exclusively high-end whoring operation at the far fucking end of the camp without concealed access for it's trade. But, be that as it may, and -- wishing Joanie Godspeed, *(We now see who he is talking to, it's Lila, Leon, Con Stapleton and the dealer)* This congregation gathers so that I can assure each of you that our operation here, the Bella Union, is organized exactly

to capitalize on what this camp is ready for and for what it's going to become. I want each of you to take one of these...*(takes out some gold coins, Leon is staring wide-eyed at the sight of the gold, maybe wondering how much dope that will buy him?)* As a gesture of optimism and good will. *(Slaps the coins down on the desk)*

(In Doc's cabin, Doc is prospecting in Bummer Dan's skull for some brain. He scoops out a piece of brain and starts to set it in a pan when he hears a body thud to the ground outside, followed by a familiar voice yelling...)

Jane: Keep your fucking distance! *(Doc looks up and over at the window)* Remain on your side of the street! *(We see Jane, hanging by one leg from her patient horse)* Do not interfere with me in any way! Chinese cocksucker!

(Doc, deciding what to do about this unexpected arrival, slurps around at the gooey brain and plunks it in a jar of formaldehyde. He quickly washes his hands and heads outside.)

Jane: Aw, Jesus. *(She's groaning with the effort of trying to reach for her stirrup, in order to get herself access to the rope on her foot. Doc reaches her...)*

Doc: Well, you are an entangled inebriate, are you not?

Jane: This happens to be a rig and contraption of my own devising against repeated accidental falls that has temporarily malfunctioned.

Doc: *(Trying to unknot her...)* Very well knotted.

Jane: I'm back in camp, Cochran, 'cause I'm dying – and I need a place to breath my fucking last, and not for no human aid or consolation. *(Doc – still fumbling with all the knots...)* Jesus Christ, you're bad with your hands! *(Doc looks down at her)* If I wasn't practically fucking dead, I'd reach that knife *(straining to point to her knife)* and cut myself free. Yeah, I just farted. So what? *(Doc takes her knife from her boot...)* Hey! Hey! Hey! *(Grabs the knife from Doc)* Don't you disarm me, you cocksucker! Lift me up so I can cut myself free.

Doc: *(Moves behind her, grabs her shoulders...)* Alright, you ready? *(He lifts her up enough so she can cut the rope and free herself.)* Alright now, give me that hand. *(Jane groans as Doc helps her stand up)*

Jane: Ow.

Doc: Now...*(he steadies her)* step inside and let me examine you, even if you are past help. Enhancing my understanding may allow others the benefit of your mortal illness.

Jane: *(Looks at him for a moment – smacks him with the back her hand in the stomach)* Do you mock me, cocksucker?

Doc: No. Come on inside. *(Jane nods her head)* Alright, there we go. *(He helps her walk inside)*

Jane: Promise when I'm dead, you'll plant me with a view of where Bill is.

(Alma, still standing at the window, continues to ponder her situation with Miss Isringhausen...)

Alma: He couldn't have meant that, not possibly.

Miss Isringhausen: Well, I shouldn't have thought so.

Alma: You don't believe he imagines where he and I to go, I'd leave Sophia behind?

Miss Isringhausen: I can't be certain, Mrs. Garret. I didn't hear him speak.

Alma: Because others rescued her and nursed her, -- is the idea that she belongs to the camp? Are we some sort of vicious, filthy outpost of Brook farm? (*Miss Isringhausen raises her eyebrows*) She's been with me for seven months. She's a part of my life as I am of hers. He couldn't have. (*She crosses her arms.*)

(*Back in Doc's cabin, Jane is lying down on the table...*)

Jane: I will not!

Doc: Jane, (*shaking a thermometer at her*) for me, the female breast has long ago lost all mystery or allure. Open your Goddamn blouse.

(*Jane leans up on her elbow in defense. Eying the Doc. She lays back down with her hat on her chest. She moves it sharply to her side and begins to unbutton her blouse. Doc put the thermometer in her mouth...*)

Jane: (*through clenched teeth*) I'm keeping my eyes shut but I'll know every fucking move you make! I'll have you further promise, that you won't forage in my remains after I'm dead, as you obviously don't scruple from that type of sick behavior.

Doc: (*Holding a stethoscope to her*) I promise. Alright, sit up if you're not *too* drunk. (*He removes the thermometer from her mouth – he looks at it, moving around the table, he put his stethoscope on a sidetable, shakes out the thermometer and places it in a jar as Jane sits up and starts to rebutton her blouse.*) Your liver runs from your chin to your genitals, so I suggest you quit drinking.

Jane: I will when you do, you ugly son of a bitch.

Doc: Nature is a forgiving mistress, and you might could have some time to fill before she collects her due.

Jane: As if I'd credit any opinions of yours on the subject of health.

Doc: Well, if you do care to sojourn among us, Charlie Utter has put aside a room for you at the freight building.

Jane: Does he have any animals in there?

(*Outside Utter Mail & Freight, Charlie and Seth are talking...*)

Seth: Fort Cooper, on the Butterfield stage route.

Charlie: I know that Fort – on the Brazos.

Seth: That's where I found him. I was 13, and he had to send me back. But we had a...a good talk before I left. Probably I'd have come looking for him again, but—next year was the war. Robert was Calvary. No way to locate where he was.

Charlie: The fucking war had everyone all over everywhere.

Seth: We wrote. Less after my father passed and I headed to Montana. I had letters when he married, when they had their boy (*he smiles*). And we'd threaten visits.

When I finally did come to Fort Quitman where Robert was posted and...met Martha and William, Robert wasn't there. He was – following back some raid across the Rio Grande. I had let it wait too long. He got shot and killed in Mexico and was buried there.

Charlie: Fucking Mexico.

Seth: I went down, found him – and brought him back. *(Seth tears up)*

Charlie: Wrong to let him lay there...unless you're a Mexican.

(Seth sighs, starts to tear up, nearly sobbing... Charlie stands up...)

Charlie: My bowels are in an upheaval. I'll walk off to pass wind. *(He stands a few feet away, waves his hat behind his – well, behind.)* Don't ever say I'm not a fucking gentleman.

Jane: Fuck you two!

(Seth looks up, raises his eyebrows as Jane approaches with a big smile on her face.)

(Back at the Gem, Al and Tom Nuttall are talking at the bar. Silas is leaning against the bar a few feet away. Slippery Dan is seated at a table across the room, muttering to himself...)

Slippery Dan: Number 10...ruled me off, the round-eyed toad. Cocksucker.

Al: *(groans)*

Tom: My concern, past your physical well-being, is what the dispute portends.

Al: Yeah, I don't know. *(Dan is glaring at Silas)*

Tom: Is it unsettled between you two or still unresolved?

Al: I don't fucking know.

Tom: Your ribs are hurting, ain't they?

Al: Yeah they fucking hurt.

Tom: Well, I always believed, of his sufferings on the cross, his busted ribs would have hurt him the worst.

(Al sees Silas' butler friend enter the Gem...)

Al: Hey, Adams? Cutthroat friend, huh? *(To Butler)* And I thought you was in Florida having your belly rubbed by a Seminole.

Adams: *(Approaches Butler)* What the fuck?

Butler: You aren't going to believe what happened to me, boss.

Adams: If Kate Hogranch is part of this story and fucking that half-breed, go ahead and try me.

Butler: That's not the stop that detained me.

Adams: I'm past my fill of this shit. Next time don't fucking catch up. *(Walks away)*

Butler: Guess the day of the Samaritan's passed. *(Approaches a whore...)* Stopped to help stranded sisters. *(Sits down with her...)* Hi.

Al: *(To Silas - mockingly)* Severe reprimand.

(Johnny pours shots for Adams and Dan, Dan holds down the bottle, forcing Johnny to pour him a stout shot. Silas does his teeny shot (in comparison to Dan's ginormously huge manly shot. Dan gulps his shot down, slams the empty glass on the bar and throws his hat down on the bar top. He glares at Silas as he walks away.)

Tom: Them two seem disputatious as well, huh?

Al: *(Pouring another shot)* Storm clouds gather.

(Tom looks up at the ceiling – looking for the clouds. Dan approaches the table that Butler boy and the whore are sharing. He slaps the whore on the shoulder with a towel. She jumps up and hurries away. Dan begins vigorously wiping the table clean.)

Butler: Think you about got her clean there, Hoss.

Dan: Another fucking clever one. You know, I bet when you and your partner's out on the trail, when you ain't greasin' poles and choosing who's going to be rider, Oh, I bet you and him just bust each other's guts with your little fucking funnies.

Butler: Well, we do laugh some about you. *(He takes Dan by surprise with a headbutt to the belly and the fight begins. Dan flips Butler boy ass over teakettle onto the floor. He kicks him, straddles him and pins him to the ground.*

Dan: Let's here a belly giggle now, *(Looks at Silas, then back to Butler boy)* you cocksucker.

(He starts punching Butler boy...Al smiles at Silas. Dan is really punching the hell out of Butler boy now. Silas looks to Al, pleadingly...)

Al: No.

Adams: *(Throwing his hat to the ground)* God damn it!

Slippery Dan: Christ, that's one country ass-kicking!

Adams: *(Charges Slippery Dan)* Shut your fucking mouth!

(Silas grabs Slippery Dan by the jacket collar and slams him up on the wall, piercing his chest on a pair of antlers hanging on the wall. The crowd gasps.)

Tom: Ooh, he just 12-pointed Slippery Dan.

(Slippery hangs dead, Dan is still punching the hell out of Butler boy. Al fires a shotgun into the air. He points it at Dan.)

Al: Next one is to your head, Dan. Do not doubt me.

Dan: Well, that's just fucking great. That's fucking beautiful. *(Dan gets up and storms off)*

Al: Feels like a cannon ball up my ass. *(Puts the shotgun over his shoulder and turns away.)*

(Back at Utter Mail & Freight... Charlie and Seth are sitting quietly, listening to Jane tell a story of her past months away...)

Jane: Fella in Livingstone went sweet on me. Finnish fella from Finland, hardly spoke fucking English. Brought me flowers and some dry food they like there. And, uh, one night, he takes my arm and he starts in and he, uh, whispers in his Finland accent, *(Whispers)* “I want to suck your cock.” *(She laughs, Charlie, not having heard the punchline, just looks at her. Seth isn’t much for laughing and joking (big surprise) and he doesn’t react either.)* What do you fucking think of that? *(She looks at Charlie, proud, hands on hips – she was mistaken for a man! Come on guys, isn’t that something? Funny at least? Guys? Hey, Guys?)*

Charlie: Uh, oh, I missed the end part, Jane. Uh, can’t practically hear fuck-all. A fucking bullet near creased my ear.

Jane: It didn’t do your face no fucking favors neither.

Charlie: Yeah.

Jane: *(Looks to Seth – his eyes are closed)* Put him to sleep.

Seth: I got to go. *(Starts to stand, Charlie stops him.)*

Charlie: No, no, no, wait, wait, wait. Uh, wait. *(Sits down next to Seth)* Let me get weapons.

Jane: For what?

Charlie: I told you, we was involved in a falling out, and I guess *(Seth tries to get up, Charlie holds him down)* hostilities may be about to resume.

Jane: You gonna tell me now who it was with?

Charlie: Swearengen.

Jane: The limey cocksucker nearly did for the little one?

Charlie: Uh-huh.

Jane: Well why the fuck was you withholding that information?

Charlie: In the futile hope of preventing you roiling the fucking waters.

Jane: How is that little one the limey cocksucker nearly killed? Still in the care of the widow Garret? *(Seth stands up)*

Seth: I’ll have my badge and gun back.

Jane: Well, go get the fucking weapons for us to back him, Charlie.

Charlie: Let me just wake my fucking watchman. *(Bangs on the door)*

(Silas, with Slippery Dan slung over his shoulder, heads over to Mr. Wu’s. Mr. Wu’s pigs are already feasting on Bummer Dan. Doc is leaning over the fence, watching the picnic. Mr. Wu stands guard next to him.)

Doc: Alcoholic encephalopathy.

MrWu: Huh? *(He looks at Doc with a skeptical, WTF? Face)*

Doc: Um...wet brain *(Makes a pantomime of him taking a shot, points to his head.)*

(Mr. Wu sighs and walks away, looks like he thinks Doc is one strange cocksucka! Doc points to Bummer Dan’s body, looks back and notices that Mr. Wu is no longer paying attention. Silas approaches Mr. Wu with more Wurina Pig Chow™ and gets “the glare” as Mr. Wu blocks his path.)

MrWu: Five Dollar.

(Silas just looks at Mr. Wu, tries to proceed to the pigpen, Mr. Wu holds up his hand, five fingers splayed. Silas stops, resigned, he shifts the body so that he can reach into his pocket, he takes out a coin and hands it to Mr. Wu. Mr. Wu steps aside and allows Silas to proceed to the pigpen. Silas dumps Slippery Dan into the pen and walks away, not interested in watching with Doc. Butler boy approaches Silas, wiping his face with a handkerchief))

Hawkeye: *(A name! A name! Butler boy has a name! Thank you Closed Captioning!)* Anything else I can do for you, Boss?

Adams: Keep up. *(Hawkeye looks down and nods his head. Silas grabs his shoulder, turning him around. They walk away.)*

(At the Gem, in Dan's room, he's sitting on the bed, hunched over with his back to us. We see Al enter the room in a reflection in the mirror to Dan's right.)

Dan: Just save your fuckin' words, Al. Don't waste your precious time. You got any orders, you just send Adams and he can deliver them. *(Sobbing)*

Al: Dan—

Dan: You chose! You took his fucking part!

Al: As was right and fucking proper at the time.

Dan: Yeah, but you pointed the fucking gun at me!

Al: And persuaded you I'd use it in order that I didn't need to. *(Dan sobbing)* Dan? Where you or me would have slammed that hoople up, planted him back and twisted the cocksucker till all the points of that buck's rack showed out his chest, and then done it twice more in case the fuck mistook the first for accident, what did Adams do?

Dan: *(Still sobbing, he looks up at Al – distraught)* He fucking walked away.

Al: Different man from you and me. *(Dan looks down)* Whatever looks ahead of grievous abominations and disorder, you and me walk into it together like always. *(He holds out the shotgun to Dan. Dan takes it...)*

Dan: As you've never say to Adams?

Al: *(Spits in his hand)* As I'd never say to Adams. *(Dan stands, spits in his hand, they shake, nearly hug, Al groans, walks away, grimacing/smiling, Dan wipes his hand on his shirt front.)* Send fucking Dolly up, huh?

Dan: *(Nods, smiling)* Yeah, sure thing, Boss.

(Alma is looking down on the thoroughfare from her window...)

Alma: When I first came to this camp and for many years before, I depended on spirits of laudanum.

Miss Isringhausen: May I ask against what indisposition?

Alma: *(huffs through her nose)* Various indispositions. The remedy was invariable. Caring for Sophia has been a great joy and a great freedom. To give up her care in love's name or any other – the selfishness of that...I'd be too afraid.

(Back at the Gem...)

Johnny: I ain't never seen a man killed like that.

Dan: By God I'll tell you what, Johnny, there would have been a *hell* of a lot more than two tines sticking through that cocksucker's chest if it had been me or Al impaling him.

Al: *(Upstairs, yelling)* Jesus Christ!

Johnny: Either Al got God or Dolly just stuck her thumb back up his ass.

(Up in Al's office, Al is bent over clinging to his desk while Dolly is working her thumb in his ass.)

Al: Oh *(groaning)*...Now, I'm halfway thinking this exaggerates the condition rather than alleviates it. If I might should query the Doc, but then that cocksucker will only ask after gleets. *(gasping)* Oh my God. *(Al tries to move away, Dolly is persistent and scoots her chair to keep up with him)* Take it out. Take it out. Remove your fucking thumb. *(he gasps, Dolly finally removes her thumb)* Why, if I was moving forward to get away from you, would you have fucking pursued me? When I stopped, pressed on yourself to drive your thumb into my intestine?

Dolly: Sorry.

Al: *(sighs)* Is it a river of blood, or what the fuck's pouring out of it now?

Dolly: Nothing.

Al: Huh. *(sighs)* Close the ass-flap. *(She does)* The entire area of my fucking asshole is now one gigantic fucking throb. I have no idea what's transpiring in there.

Dolly: Shall I suck your prick?

Al: Please.

(Trixie is outside the hardware store, smoking a cigarette. She sees Bullock and an armed Charlie and Jane following him, approaching the Gem. She throws down her cigarette and goes inside, pissed off and determined. She pauses outside the back room a moment, deciding what she should do. She collects her thoughts, and huffs into the back room.)

Trixie: Does he want to fucking die? I understand that has its fucking appeal, but not going out a fucking cunt—taking others fucking with you.

Sol: *(lifts a finger in the air)* Dulled faculties!

Trixie: Your fucking stupid fuck of a stupid fucking partner.

Sol: Wants to die? *(He starts to lift himself up)* Help me, Trixie.

(Back in Al's office, Dolly is giving him a blowjob while he waxes rhapsodically.)

Al: Even this now gives me no pleasure.

Seth: *(From outside)* Swearengen! Be down in five minutes with my gun and badge!

Jane: Start down now you limey cocksucker! Allow for getting stuck crawling out from under the bed.

Al: That Bullock's a fucking strategist, ain't he? Sets terms to publicly humiliate me, and my penalty if I don't comply is he walks into the bar downstairs and takes 15 bullets in the chest. (*Lifts Dolly's head up to look at him*) And that ain't no hooplehead, you know. Bullock, he's one of those special fucking cases. You don't know what in fuck's going on in their mind. And he's big with Montana. (*guides her head back to his prick*) Big. I heard that today. Because the news earlier from Yankton and the fucking commissioners wasn't adequately confusing. Not to mention the fucking telegraph coming in and four whores that I don't know who the fuck they work for.

Seth: Three minutes!

Al: (*Yelling*) Shut the fuck up! (*normal*) I suppose I do fucking understand. So fucking confused and disgusted and wanting it to end and looking for the blessing of a quick way out. Sets himself to a higher fucking standard than our natures, and he wants execution 'cause he's failed.

Seth: One minute!

Charlie: What the fuck happened to two?

Al: (*Dolly finishes*) Talk about one person fucking up another person's entire fucking day. (*He walks to the balcony, buttoning up along the way, Seth reaches for the gun in his holster...Al points at Bullock*) Wait. (*He turns and goes back inside, Seth drops his hand.*)

Sol: (*He's on the porch of the Hardware store watching the scene with Trixie*) I had best go over.

Trixie: Wait. (*He stops, she goes back inside*)

Al: (*to Dolly*) You linger awhile. Do no think of thieving, huh? (*Picks up his pocket watch, Dolly wipes her mouth with her ass-poking-thumb-hand. Al walks downstairs...*) Johnny, produce that coal-oil-stinking suit. (*Johnny does as told – Al looks at Dan*) Unless you'd rather get it for me. (*Dan shakes his head "nah, That's alright."*)

Seth: (*Outside*) I wish the fuck you two would let me finish this the way I prefer.

Jane: Well, we wish to fuck you would find something else to wish for.

(*Johnny steps outside – Jane and Charlie take their aim...*)

Johnny: Jesus Christ! I'm unarmed (*opens his jacket*) He's coming. He's detained. Getting dressed.

Jane: Ain't it always a trial picking out the gown best conceals you fucking pissed yourself?

(*Johnny heads back inside, A.W. Merrick enters the thoroughfare from his printing shed. Trixie comes back out of the hardware store, a rifle and a six-shooter in her hands...*)

Trixie: I recommend the six-shooter, being this rifle's first recoil's liable to knock you unconscious with pain.

Sol: (*takes the six-shooter*) Thank you.

(Sol steps ahead, Merrick readies his notepad, Trixie aims her rifle...)

Trixie: *(Whispers)* Selfish cocksucker.

(Dan sets Bullocks Gun and Badge down for Al. Al's nearly done getting dressed. He sighs, groans with the effort of dressing, Dan offers him a knife.)

Al: Huh-uh. *(Dan offers him a six-shooter, Al shakes his head "no")* That's not to say should the situation deteriorate, you boys wouldn't open fire from concealment, huh?

(Al picks up the Gun and Badge and proceeds outside. Merrick licks his pencil – Ready to report! Sol approaches Jane and Charlie...)

Jane: *(Scoffs)* Hardware Jew at less than full force, now they'll be fucking quaking.

(Al, holding the gun and badge, steps out onto the porch of the Gem. He & Bullock lock eyes. Dan peers out the window.)

Al: I regret the delay, I was sequestered. Have been, one thing and another since last we met. I also apologize for the stink.

Jane: Welcome change from your usual odor of skunk.

(Charlie swats her arm, Seth stares back at her, Al approaches Seth...when Al stops, Seth looks back at him...)

Al: I offer these, *(lifts up the gun & badge)* and I hope you'll wear them a good long fucking time in this fucking camp, whosever fucking thumb we're under. And where it come to me just a few moments ago that the Reverend Smith—may he rest his soul – he was found on the road, apparently murdered by heathens just some months ago. What he said on the subject of you, "Mr. Bullock raises a camp up, and I hope he'll reside with us and improve our general fucking atmosphere for a good long fucking time, even with all the personal complications and fucking disasters that we all fucking have, and where, running away solves absolutely fucking nothing."

(Seth, for lack of an immediate response to that, takes his gun & badge from Al)

Seth: *(quietly)* Did you find my hat?

(Al lifts and eyebrow, turns to the balcony and yells...)

Al: Dolly! *(She pokes her head out)* Would you look for the Sheriff's hat? *(She nods)* Remember the reverend's half-dead face, that cock-eyed look like he was the victim of a lightening stroke, hmm? *(Dolly comes out onto the Balcony with Seth's hat.)* May she sail it down or would that be degrading?

Seth: No.

Al: Toss it, Dolly. *(She tosses it down with her ass-poking -cum-wiping-hand)* I wish her aim was as good with her thumb.

(Seth has an “I don’t want to know” look on his face. Al smiles and starts to walk back inside. Seth puts on his hat. Trixie lowers her gun. Seth looks up at Alma’s window. She closes the curtain’s on him...)

(Inside her room, having just closed the curtains, Alma takes a moment, turns to Miss Isringhausen and holds out her hand. She’s holding a pocket watch.)

Alma: When the opportunity offers itself, please return this to Mr. Bullock.

Miss Isringhausen: *(Takes the watch from Alma’s hand)* Yes, Ma’am.

(Alma turns, walks across the room, picks up a pillow from a chair, she walks into the room where Sophia is still sound asleep, she tucks the pillow behind Sophia and strokes her hair tenderly.)

(Outside in the thoroughfare, Seth is leaving the scene – Merrick in pursuit.)

AW: Mr. Bullock.

Seth: I don’t want to talk about it.

AW: As a practical matter, self-censorship of the rigor which obtains from this camp so muzzles the press as to make the first amendment a hollow superfluity.

Seth: *(To Sol, walking ahead of him)* Thank you.

Sol: She can situate me. *(Nodding to Trixie)*

Seth: Alright.

(Outside the cooperage – aka Chez Amie – E.B. is nosing around some barrels, trying to see what’s going on inside. Sussing out the new trim I suppose. If sussing means spying like a little weasel.)

Whore: Man says he’s finished, needs to get to his claim.

Maddie: Four hours work, he’s earned two bucks.

Whore: Says he wants to take it in pussy.

Joanie: No, you want cash, Elmer, to convert to pussy at the Gem or Bella Union.

Elmer: Alright, Joanie.

Joanie: And let it be known in camp, close to pussy as two bucks will get a man in here is a deep whiff walking past.

(The whore holds out Elmer’s two bucks.)

Elmer: Hey, can I, uh *(takes his money)* get one of those and keep my money?

Joanie: Have at it.

Maddie: Fan some at him, Rosie, as he’s leaving.

(Rosie ruffles her skirt at Elmer – he leans over and takes a deep whiff.)

Elmer: Whoo! Mother, it's the ocean!

(Elmer walks out, E.B. quickly turns away to hide better behind the barrels before Elmer or any of the girls see him. He sucks at this.)

Maddie: There's a rodent-looking creature lamping one of your barrels.

Joanie: Pay him no heed. That's the mayor.

(At the Gem, Al collects the nights take and places it in a cash box.)

Al: You're tenacious, Merrick, I'll fucking give you that.

AW: Just tell me how it began.

Al: After the conflict's genesis, I'd lay it at cunt's doorstep. Now, had cunt one "n" and two "t"s or the other way around?

AW: *(laughs)* Jeez, Al.

Al: You solicited the true account. *(Begins walking upstairs to his office, A.W. follows)*

AW: Within the limits of decency.

Al: You want the decent truth, huh?

AW: I choose to believe that truth and decency need not be at odds.

Al: Oh, you'll hear no argument from me. Let it help me accumulate capital or, at worst, not interfere, the story is true and decent.

AW: I would define as true and decent in such endeavor, the facts rendered fully within social standards and sensibilities without bias or abridgement. *(They reach the office door.)*

Al: Why do I imagine a snake swallowing it's tail, huh? *(They enter)*

AW: Which is to say the economic motive is but one strand in the social tapestry my exemplary account would weave.

Al: Ass-fucking the dirt worshippers being another, huh, as a pleasure beyond gain?

AW: Now, now, now, now, I, Uh—

Al: Wait, was that your heathen imitation, huh? Jump up and down a few times and shout out "Whoops," as in "Whoops, that ass-fucking hurts."

AW: A more elevated perspective would construe our conduct as white men to be enacting a manifest destiny.

Al: Whereas the warp, woof and fucking weave of my story's tapestry would foster the illusions of further commerce, huh? *(Al is now laying down on his bed, sideways – his ass must hurt that much!)* "Tonight, throughout Deadwood *(cut to a shot of Seth, standing before the little footbridge leading to his house...contemplating)* Heads may be laid to pillow assuaged and reassured, for that purveyor for profit of everything sordid and vicious, Al Swearengen, already beaten to a fare-thee-well earlier in the day by Sheriff Bullock, has returned to the Sheriff the implements and ornaments of his office. *(Seth crosses the bridge, steps onto the porch...)* Without the tawdry walls of Swearengen's saloon the Gem, *(Seth enters)* decent citizens may pursue with a new and jaunty freedom

(Martha watches Seth enter...) all aspects of Christian commerce. In which connection, we particularly recommend—" There you'd throw in the names of a few businesses gave you good-sized adverts, huh?

(Merrick throws up his hands, backs away to leave. Seth hangs his coat up, Martha approaches him...)

Seth: May I come in with my boots?

Martha: Of course. *(She looks away)*

Seth: You haven't slept?

Martha: I waited for you. *(Seth looks down, grabs his badge and gun and walks over to where William is sleeping...)*

Seth: To show the boy when he awakes, I've got these back.

(He places them in a basket on the floor near where William is sleeping, his arm hanging off the side of the bed, the hand gently brushing the basket. Seth moves the basket slightly back, pulls the blanket up to William's shoulders, he stands up and approaches Martha.)

Martha: I saw that you installed a bundling board in the bed upstairs.

Seth: I did.

Martha: I hope you don't mind that I removed it.

Seth: *(pauses)* No.

(Martha turns and walks upstairs...Seth eventually follows, as he does, we hear in voiceover...)

Al: "A full fair-mindedness requires us also to report that within the Gem, on Deadwood's main thoroughfare, comely whores, decently priced liquor and the squarest games of chance in the hills remain unabatedly available at all hours, seven days a week."

Cast (in credits order)

[Timothy Olyphant](#) Seth Bullock

[Ian McShane](#) [Al Swearengen](#)

[Molly Parker](#) Alma Garret

[Jim Beaver](#) [Ellsworth](#)

[Brad Dourif](#) [Doc Cochran](#)

[John Hawkes](#) Sol Star

[Paula Malcomson](#) Trixie

[Leon Rippy](#) Tom Nuttall

[William Sanderson](#) Eustis Baily (E.B.) Farnum

[Robin Weigert](#) [Calamity Jane](#)

| | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| <u>W. Earl Brown</u> | Dan Dority |
| <u>Dayton Callie</u> | Charlie Utter |
| <u>Anna Gunn</u> | Martha Bullock |
| <u>Powers Boothe</u> | Cy Tolliver / Tolliver |
| <u>Sean Bridgers</u> | Johnny Burns |
| <u>Jeffrey Jones</u> | A.W. Merrick |
| <u>Geri Jewell</u> | Jewel |
| <u>Bree Seanna Wall</u> | Sophia |
| <u>Gill Gayle</u> | Huckster |
| <u>Titus Welliver</u> | Silas Adams |
| <u>Meghan Glennon</u> | Lila |
| <u>Kim Dickens</u> | Joanie Stubbs |
| Maddie | Alice Krige |
| Miss Isringhausen | Sarah Paulson |
| William Bullock | Josh Eriksson |
| Hawkeye | Monty "Hawkeye" Henson |
| Dolly | Ashleigh Kizer |
| | Channon Roe |
| | Maury Sterling |
| | Nick Amandos |
| | Fiona Dourif |
| Lila | Meghan Glennon |

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