



Episode 23: “The Whores Can Come”

Directed by: Gregg Fienberg
Written by: Bryan McDonald

Episode 23: “The Whores Can Come”

(The morning after William’s death, Al is walking the thoroughfare, drinking his coffee. He sniffs something obviously unpleasant, turns and sees black smoke rising from Celestial’s Alley behind the Gem. We then see Mr. Lee nod to his henchmen, who begin tossing corpses of dead Chinese sex-slaves into a bonfire. Mr. Wu sees what is going on and he’s extremely upset, he runs over to the scene...)

MrWu: *(Phonically)* Wei! Ne chum on goya! *(He stops in front of the flames, next to Mr. Lee, realizes what is going on and looks dismayed and angry at Lee.)*

Kahn Dei. Dun gaya! Dein gai!

Henchman: Uh-ah! *(Grabs Mr. Wu and tosses him to the ground, knocking his hat off)*

MrWu: *(Getting up)* De kai dai! Wu le sa bei! Tsok Tsung. *(Spits)* Wei! Ne tou la! Ne fei ne fei ne ton la! *(He and his men leave, putting on his hat.)* Wu ye tai.

(Al arrives outside the hardware store as Seth completes the casket for William. Seth sets the lid on it...)

Al: Sorry, Bullock.

(He approaches Seth and takes a cloth out of his pocket, offering it to Seth. Seth is confused. Al motions to Seth’s hand, it’s bleeding. Seth looks at his hand, he doesn’t seem to care that he’s injured. He hoists the casket to his shoulder and starts to head for the house.)

Al: Can you abide me beside you— *(Seth stops)*—20 paces or so? *(Seth nods and continues)* Yankton’s man is among us. Even under the circumstances, he may try you to confirm we’re allied. If he does...your nod’d advance the cause.

Seth: All right.

(Al stops and watches Seth carry the casket to his home. He looks down, turns and heads back to the Gem.)

(Mose Manuel coughs, swaddled in bandages. Jane and Joanie look on.)

Jane: Yeah, you fat fuck, you’re alive.

Mose: *(Coughs)* Let me die.

Jane: What, is that “Thank you” in whale talk? *(He coughs as Jane smiles at Joanie. She kneels down next to Mose)* Drink this. *(She offers him water.)*

Mose: No.

Jane: *(growling)* Drink it!

(He lifts his head a bit and Jane pours some water in his mouth. We hear a faint snore and see Leon and Con sleeping. Jane walks over, Joanie kneels next to Mose, taking his hand. Jane kicks Leon’s foot.)

Jane: Get up, get the Doc, and tell him he's got a live one! Tell him, too, his rupture patient left here to convalesce at his own fuckin' place, you give him a shoulder to lean on as he was gettin' the fuck out. *(Leon gets up and grabs Con. Jane walks over to Mose, smiling at Joanie.)* Next time he opens his eyes, he's gonna think he died and went to heaven.

(Con and Leon leave, Mose is resting.)

(Martha is carefully washing William's body. Seth knocks on the front door (?-the fuck?) and opens the door. He hesitantly grabs the casket and carries it inside, setting it on saw horses in the next room. Martha brushes William's hair. Seth walks into the bedroom. He sees Martha's things tossed into her trunks. He walks over to the washbasin and cleans his bloodied hand.)

(Al's office. Mr. Wu has his drawings! Happy little trees? Nope.)

MrWu: Cocksucka!

Al: Yeah, San Francisco cocksucker, Wu. Your mortal fuckin' enemy, huh?

MrWu: Swedgin.

Al: Wu.

MrWu: Swedgin. *(Changes pages.)*

Al: Yeah, I make these as burned-up whores that I smelled on the char this mornin' with your San Francisco rival turnin' the fuckin' spit. Swedgin fuckin' knows.

MrWu: Swedgin know.

Al: I know about the burned-up whores, I know about the San Francisco cocksucker settin' a match to 'em. Now, here's the part you gotta listen to, Wu.

(Mr. Wu pulls out a square bone-china plate with the map of China on it.)

MrWu: Chung Kwo.

Al: It's China.

MrWu: Chung Kwo. China.

Al: Yeah, Chung Kwo, China. *(Sets the plate down.)* Celestial whores in the fire. What? They-they-their spirits are fuckin' nothin' if their bones don't get back home? Is that it? And do you come to me to back your move against your San Francisco cocksucker rival? Am I gettin' the fuckin' drift here, Wu?

MrWu: Swedgin!

Al: Swedgin fuckin' gets it. Swedgin doesn't give a fuck! Back to Chink's Alley, Wu. Fall to your fuckin' prayers. *(Mr. Wu gets up, looking at Al in shock and disappointment at his abandonment. Al walks behind his desk.)* I can use the plate if you want to leave that.

(Mr. Wu looks another moment—resigned, he takes his drawings and storms out of Al's office. Al pulls shotglasses out for him, Dan, Johnny and Silas—who have been in the room this whole time—they gather in front of Al's desk once he waves them over.)

Al: Why don't I back him?

Dan: 'Cause Hearst is in the other chink's corner.

Johnny: Meanin' Wu has to lose.

Al: (*Grabs a glass and stands*) It wouldn't be the worst thing...backing a loser to Hearst. Let him pick me up from the canvas after, dust me the fuck off. I raise the great man's hand, murmur best as I can through split lips, "Your man beat my man's balls off, Mr. Hearst." (*drinks*) But Hearst's chink bossin' that alley ain't to my fuckin' taste. (*He pours another*) So what if something delays the battle of the chinks? Say durin' that interval I get to show my ass a few times to Mr. Hearst. Meanwhile, that pain in the balls Wu is sketching up a storm, drawin' fuckin' little pictures of himself brandishin' the lash, drivin' from a delivery ship a quota of chinks to be blown to pieces by dynamite working in the mines for Hearst, at *half* the fee per chink that Hearst is paying the San Francisco cocksucker. Now, by this time Hearst has seen my ass so many times, he knows I'm no long-term threat, so some brief opposition of our interests ain't gonna make him feel like he needs to engage me in a death struggle, say, by opposin' local elections. Those circumstances, we can risk backing Wu, and the great man figures, "I am damaged by neither outcome. Why not retire to a neutral corner, and test my import against the locals?"

Silas: What delays Wu going after the other chink?

Al: Or the other chink goin' after Wu?

Silas: That too.

Al: Well, if the other chink can be dissuaded, Wu we can put on ice.

Johnny: Well, how do we dissuade the other chink?

Al: I suppose layin' eyes on him would be the first step. (*Dan taps his fist on the table "gotcha" and gets up, Johnny does the same.*) My only question is push come to shove, wearing them Chinese dresses, how well can you ladies fight? (*Dan smiles at Al – "heh heh – funny"—and they all head for the door.*) You're stayin', Adams.

(*Silas sits and grabs the whiskey bottle.*)

(*Grand Central Hotel, Blazanov stands in the entryway.*)

Blazanov: Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph Company. Telegrams for delivery.

EB: Mr. Blazanov. (*Holding a wreath*) On our day of grief. (*Sets it aside and motions for Blazanov to come over to him.*) Our acquaintance is established, Blazanov, and for my part, our friendship.

Blazanov: Thank you.

EB: You needn't announce yourself every mornin' and your purpose. May I suggest as well that rather than you deliverin' your telegrams upstairs, interrupting the rest or secret depravities of well-armed guests, I could distribute them in these pigeonholes to be collected by the guests at their leisure?

Blazanov: I am not permitted.

EB: A man must put bread on his table, Mr. Blazanov, I well understand. Suppose, to compensate you for lost gratuities, I were to pay you \$5 a day? *(He straightens up as Trixie enters, heading upstairs.)*

Blazanov: Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph Company requires personal delivery by Blazanov. I am not permitted. *(He bows his head to E.B. and goes upstairs.)*

EB: Yet avarice is numbered among the sins, and stupidity omitted.

(Trixie is looking out Alma's window. Idly brushing her hair.)

Trixie: No Gem whores at the railings today.

Alma: Why not?

Trixie: Al won't permit 'em on the balcony. He lets them on, they'll be leapin' off. Very dramatic we get at the passin' of the fuckin' young.

Alma: Yesterday was a terrible day.

Trixie: Do not even fuckin' ask me to account for my comin' here advising you how to answer Ellsworth.

Alma: You haven't changed your opinion, have you, Trixie, as to my accepting Ellsworth's marriage proposal?

Trixie: My new opinion is, few choices as are ours to make, others should stay the fuck out of the process. *(She looks over at Sofia)* Quiet like that since the boys accident?

(Alma nods, Trixie, leaning over Alma, takes the glass out of Alma's hand and sniffs it. She puts it back in Alma's hand and smiles, touching Alma's free hand. She walks over to Sofia and kisses the top of her head. She pets Sofia's head a bit and leaves. Alma gets up and joins Sofia on her little couch, sitting across from her at the checkerboard.)

(Wolcott opens his door.)

Blazanov: Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph. Telegram for Mr. Wolcott.
(Wolcott takes the telegram and gives Blazanov a tip.)

Wolcott: How are you today, Mr. Blazanov?

Blazanov: Thank you.

(Wolcott shuts the door in Blazanov's face and turns to read the telegram with interest. He looks up, contemplative. Blazanov knocks on door #9, Jarry opens it.)

Blazanov: Telegram for Mr. Jarry.

Hugo: Yes, I am he. *(Takes the telegram and slams the door.)*

Blazanov: Thank you.

(Blazanov throws his hand up and leaves.)

(Seth looks through the window of his home, seeing Sol. He turns and approaches Martha in the kitchen.)

Seth: You've packed your things. Thrown them, it looks like.

Martha: *(Turns)* What is it you wish to say?

Seth: That I'd hope in the throes of this day you'd not make any final decision.

Martha: I can't bear to stay.

(There's a knock at the door, Sol opens the door, Andy Cramed standing behind him. He takes off his hat.)

Sol: The minister's here to discuss the service. *(They all gather in the middle of the room.)*

Seth: Reverend.

Andy: Mrs. Bullock, my deep sympathies which I conveyed to your husband last evening.

Martha: Thank you. You wish to discuss William's service.

Andy: I suggested to Mr. Bullock that we hold service in front of the house.

Martha: That would be fine.

(Seth looks to Sol, Sol makes a movement with his eyes indicating the door – "should I go?" and Seth nods. Sol leaves.)

Andy: As to the substance of the service, do you wish psalms, a-a reading, my words, uh—hymns chosen, speakers in memoriam, *(Martha flusters, turning to Seth)* a second reading?

Seth: Let the service be brief.

Martha: Yes.

Andy: Certainly. Uh, do you wish to provide me a detail or two of William?

Martha: I don't want that.

Andy: Do you have a favorite reading? Did he? *(Martha flusters)*

Seth: You choose somethin'.

Andy: Certainly...

Seth: And you'll announce that the burial is private.

Andy: I will. Um...oh...*(turning to the casket)* will there then be a passing-by of the casket after the service?

Martha: *(sobs)* No!

Andy: Certainly.

Seth: Thank you, Reverend.

(Andy leaves, Martha walks back to the kitchen window. Seth watches Andy leave through another. He sees Jarry coming and goes outside to meet him, careful not to disturb Martha. As Jarry heads up the steps, Seth comes down them, forcing him backwards with each step.)

Hugo: My condolences, Sheriff. My deepest sympathies.

Seth: The answer is yes, Commissioner—what you want to know.

Hugo: Having to do with Mr. Swearengen speaking with your voice?

Seth: Yes. That's all now.

Hugo: My reluctance to intrude nearly kept me from coming at all. *(He leaves)*

(Seth nods to Sol—standing on the hardware store porch.)

(Leon enters the Bella Union. Cy is sitting alone at a table. Leon, obviously jonesing for dope, approaches him.)

Leon: Mose Manuel made it through.

Cy: Thank heavens. *(Jarry enters)*

Leon: Doc fixed Con's rupture too. *(He crosses his arms, trying not to tweak.)*

Cy: Go shoot some dope.

Leon: Thank you, sir. It's been a hell of a trying evenin'. *(He gets the heck out of there as Jarry approaches Cy.)*

Hugo: I have a check for \$50,000 *(sets it down)* I'd like to cash with you.

Cy: I show that courtesy to people who gamble in my joint. *(Pushes it back.)*

Hugo: I wish to afford you, Mr. Tolliver, a chance to show my colleagues in Yankton that you are not blinded by parochial rivalry as to what the greater good requires.

Cy: You'd deliver the 50 to Swearengen? *(Holds the check book.)*

Hugo: Who'd no doubt prefer the check, to have the bribe on record.

Cy: So this ain't you just bein' a twitch who likes rubbing people's noses in their losses.

Hugo: Shall we transact our business in the cage, Mr. Tolliver, where I was attacked the other day and you failed to come to my aid?

(Cy cocks his head at Jarry, slaps the checkbook on the table and gets up.)

(Trixie enters the Gem. Al is alone at the bar. We hear the whores sobbing.)

Al: I see you made it through the fuckin' night. *(Whores cry)*

Trixie: Oh, Jesus fuckin' Christ.

Al: Oh, this is gonna be a pleasant fucking day, them wailin' and gnashin' their teeth.

Trixie: Will they be allowed to pay their respects?

Al: By who?

Trixie: By you, most importantly, as always. And should you in your greatness consent, will *he* let them in his fuckin' house?

Al: I won't object, but it's yours to keep them she-apes from disgracing me. As to Bullock's feelings, get "the Jew" to find them out. *(“” he pantomimes a larger nose than his own with a pen.)*

Trixie: Should I, um, ask about you also?

Al: *(Looks at Trixie incredulously)* What the fuck would I want to go there for? *(He picks up his coffee and drinks it. Staring Trixie down. Whores cry...he yells.)*
Shut the fuck up!

(Jane is in her longjohns, preparing a bath! She lifts a pot of hot water over to the tub. She sets it down and tests the water first – flinching.)

Jane: Hot! (*Shouts*) Hot! (*Joanie enters*) I mean, I know it's supposed to be, but I ain't fuckin' used to it.

Joanie: Well, maybe wait a little.

Jane: Yeah, I'll wait a little bit before I fuckin' get in. (*Contemplates the tub*) Did it ever occur to you strange, bathin' in a tub you've dirtied comin' out thinkin' you're clean?

Joanie: (*sighs*) You need a bath, Jane.

Jane: And I'm gonna fucking take it! I'm raising the general fuckin' question.

Joanie: (*Takes a pair of boots from the hallway and sets them inside*) If you want boots different from your regular—(*Sets them down*)

Jane: No, I do not. I will clean my fuckin' regular boots.

Joanie: Should you do that before you bath?

Jane: No! Turn around! (*Joanie turns*) Don't go!

(*Joanie sets the boots outside the door and closes it. Jane glowers at Joanie's back as she unbuttons her long johns and steps out of them.*)

Jane: Dumb fucking luck it must have been me living this long without your fuckin' guidance.

Joanie: I don't like new boots either.

Jane: I ain't afraid a newness...(*She tentatively steps into the bath*) It's the blisters give me pause. (*She slowly lowers herself into the water-jumping up*) Ow! I burned my fuckin' snatch! (*She stands, holding herself*)

Joanie: Or funerals.

Jane: Or funerals what?

Joanie: Any more 'an I like new boots. I don't like funerals.

Jane: I do! I do! I can't get to enough of 'em!

(*She lowers herself slowly into the tub, glowering the whole way in. Once she's in, she slumps down into the bathwater to her neck.*)

(*Trixie waits for Sol to unlock the door of the hardware store for her. He opens the door and she steps inside...*)

Sol: Trixie.

Trixie: He'd have me ask might the whores...pay the dead boy their respects?

Sol: The service is outside the home. All in the camp are welcome.

Trixie: They'd be sure to keep to their place.

Sol: Why did you go to him?

Trixie: (*She pauses, takes his hand and sets it on the counter, holding it.*) Now, hold to this counter as I reveal this, Mr. Star. I've lived most of my life a whore, and as much as he's her misery, the pimp's a whore's familiar, so the sudden strange or violent draws her to him. Not that I wouldn't learn another way.

(*Commissioner Jarry enters the Gem. Al and Silas are at the bar.*)

Al: *(To Silas)* Look fucking mournful.

Silas: *(Lowering his head)* Even more?

Hugo: Sad day, gentlemen, on which commerce must intrude.

Al: Says who that it must?

Hugo: Because of the death of the Sheriff's son.

Al: You need to ask, you don't deserve an answer.

Hugo: I should say that even in his hour of grief, Sheriff Bullock conveyed to me his reliance on you as his proxy.

Al: And as his proxy, I don't do business on the day *(turns back)* of my godson's passing.

Hugo: I'm compelled to wonder, Mr. Swearengen, if this show of grief is a pretext to some other purpose. *(Silas straightens up, Al turns.)*

Al: What a type you must consort with, that you not fear beating for such an insult.

Hugo: If Montana, for example, had sweetened the terms in annexing this camp, and you'd delay the closing of our business not for piety, but to pursue your other negotiations—

Al: Leave here with your sick fucking ghoulish thinking!

Hugo: *(Grabbing his bag)* I'll have further instructions within the day. If not honor, practicality dictates granting Yankton further counter.

Al: You come back here offering one more dollar than that 50, you'll find yourself face down in the horseshit.

Hugo: But you would entertain enhancement of the offer other than cash?

Al: I do not discuss business on this day. *(turns)* Silas.

Silas: *(Stands, advancing on Jarry, pushing him back)* You're buyin' yourself a fuckin' bum's rush, Commissioner. When Mr. Swearengen says go, he means it.

Hugo: All right. All right. I'm not without imagination. A counter without currency is in the offing.

(Al lifts his eyebrows, his back still to the Commissioner.)

(Andy enters the Bella Union, followed by two of Cy's goons. Cy whispers to Tessie and sends her away with a pat on the butt.)

Cy: You do remember me, Andy? *(Puts his hand on Andy's shoulder)* Three times we've worked together—Memphis, and on the river and in Kansas City. *(Chuckles)* And we were meant to here, but you fell ill.

Andy: I've changed. You're bound to resent my presence in the camp.

Cy: Well, see, I haven't changed, or changed the rules, which against your havin' gone soft-headed, are fuckin' inviolate against you running a game in my territory without prior arrangement, and on my fuckin' terms set and agreed in advance.

Andy: I'm not runnin' a game, Cy.

Cy: *(Snickers)* I fuckin' schooled you, Andy Cramed, to the variety that can be played.

Andy: I don't practice deception anymore.

Cy: *(Chuckles, puts his hands on Andy's shoulders)* The opening pronouncement of a dozen we both can name.

Andy: I was nursed last fall in the plague tent and saved to be born anew and preach the risen Lord.

Cy: (*Knocks Andy on the head*) The Lord risen, or the wheel or the shell and pea—in this camp, (*knock!*) for you, it's by my leave.

Andy: I will suffer any indignity—

Cy: Which I still have not heard you solicit. (*Knock!*)

Andy: Interference with God's work, I will not suffer.

Cy: Then you had best be movin' along, Andy, (*Frontal wedgie!*) 'cause absent tribute, even as his employee...(drags Andy to the door) you don't get to fuckin' operate. Don't let me find you tryin', Andy...(drags him onto the porch) or it's into the woods once more, only this time, left nailed to a tree.

(*Cy grabs Andy with both hands and tosses him onto the street. Andy staggers a moment, but remains upright.*)

(*Mr. Lee is in Al's office.*)

Al: I don't know what you will understand of my speech and I don't give a fuck, or what terrorizin' them human bonfires this morning intend towards the chinks still under your thumb. A white man's son is dead that you will be doing business with. On the day of his son's burial, the smell of burnin' flesh ought not offend his nose. The only showin' you need make that you've understood our chat is a stop to them fuckin' fires. And you might want to put off other violence while you're at it, as a decency to the day, you heathen fucking cocksucker. Jesus fucking Christ! There will be no violence between you and Wu while the grievin' goes on. My God, act civilized even if you ain't.

Lee: I am a civirized person.

Al: Then take your civilization and get the fuck outta here! (*Mr. Lee nods and leaves. Dan shuts the door behind him. Johnny nods, pleased.*) He got the fucking message. (*sits*) Wait on Wu if you want.

Johnny: Wait until what?

Al: You want to go to the fucking service or fucking not?

Johnny: Don't have to ask us twice. (*Dan and Johnny leave, Al pours a drink.*)

Al: What the fuck I want to go for? (*drinks*)

(*Wolcott comes down the hotel stairs and approaches E.B. at the front desk.*)

Wolcott: What price will you take for your hotel, Mr. Farnum?

EB: Why do you ask?

Wolcott: Because I want to buy it.

EB: Do you, Sir? I presume as agent for other parties?

Wolcott: Presume away.

EB: (*Twitches*) Is it warm in here? (*Fans himself*)

Wolcott: To me it seems chilly.

EB: Chilly is it? Richardson, Mr. Wolcott finds it chilly! (*Wolcott is impatient*) Not around. I'll see to it, Sir. If you are chilly in 10 minutes time, pray for my

immortal soul, because some fatal mishap will have befallen me. (*Opens his office door.*) Short of which, I will not fail to dispel the chill now afflicting you. (*He goes inside his office and shuts the door—panting in panic*) Cocksuckers. Think they can take away everything. Oh, cocksucker.

(*Dan is brushing his boots. Johnny holds up his palm—holding a dead bird.*)

Johnny: Found it outside dead under the winda.

Dan: Well, why'd you bring it *inside*?

Johnny: Poor little finch. (*Petting it*)

Dan: Throw it out and wipe your hands.

Johnny: (*Walking to the door*) If a bird taps on a winda or crashes into one, that means that there has been a death! (*Tosses the bird out*)

Dan: We know there's been a death.

Johnny: We know now, but that bird crashed into the window and died a while ago, before we knew...for all we know.

Dan: I've shined me and Al's, but I ain't doin' yours.

Johnny: Oh, well, I-I got me some new boots. They pinch bad, but —uh- they got that factory shine still.

Dan: Johnny, you-you can't wear nothin' new to a funeral, especially not new footwear.

Johnny: Oh—I ain't never heard that.

Dan: Maybe 'cause when they was tellin' it to you, you was too busy listenin' to that bullshit about birds flyin' into windas.

(*Trixie carries a wooden box up to the bar as Dan picks up the boots he's shined from the floor and sets them aside on top of the bar.*)

Trixie: To be kept till after the after-funeral fuck rush is over—(*lifts the lid*) fucking confiscated paraphernalia. (*Shuts the lid, Dan puts it away*) Boots on a bar? What is the fucking matter with you, Dan? Give me a fucking whiskey bottle. (*Dan moves the boots and gives Trixie a bottle.*) I'm sprinklin' it...at the fucking doorways. (*Sprinkles the front doorway*) Or would you rather evil traipse past this fuckin' threshold? (*Dan shakes his head*)

Johnny: Must have brought that from the other side.

(*Alma and Sofia are still sitting on the couch.*)

Alma: I've wished sometimes only to play checkers or to occupy myself some other way than having to see and feel so much sadness...or feel every moment how difficult things are to understand...or to live with. I've sometimes felt I couldn't live with them, but I find I can, Sofia. I've found I am...even when I think I'm not or that I can't. (*She reaches out and holds Sofia's hand*) Can you look to me now, Sofia? Can you try? (*Sofia looks up*) I will be so grateful if you will trust me with your sadness, and I will trust you with mine, so that even when we are sad...we will be grateful for how much we love each other, and know that we are in the world as

much in our pain as in our happiness. *(Sofia crawls to Alma and kisses her cheek, hugging her. A tear falls down her face.)* Thank you, honey. Shall we dress now and say goodbye to William Bullock?

(Trixie has the 10 Gem whores lined up, along with Jewel beside her, in the hallways upstairs. Dolly is in the middle, Jenn on the end, and Tess next to her.)

Trixie: Let no one that's turned in a needle try eatin' the dope or shovin' it up themselves, as I will be checkin' eyes for signs before we fuckin' leave. And no bein' drunk either, Jenn. *(She grabs Jenn's cheeks and sniffs her breath)* Go wash your fuckin' mouth. You got seven kinds of cock breath.

(Jenn breathes into her hand, sniffing her breath. The whore file off into their rooms. Trixie knocks on Al's door.)

Al: Yeah. *(door opens)* Under arms clean, cunts braided?

Trixie: They're ready.

Al: You are accountable.

Trixie: Why not come, make them accountable to you?

Al: Shut the fuckin' door behind you.

(Trixie leaves, Al looks up at the door.)

(The camp gathers in front of Seth & Martha's house for the funeral service. If I had a Romper Room mirror, I'd be saying "And I see Joanie and Jane. Seth and Martha. Dan and Johnny and all the Gem whores! I see Silas, E.B., Alma, Sofia, Ellsworth and Sol. I see Jewel and Blazanov and Merrick too!")

Andy: William Bullock...beloved son of Martha and Seth, called to God age 11 years, as we are called by his passing. Let us bow our heads. From psalm number 23, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." *(Al steps onto the balcony and casually walks to the end to watch.)* "O, that my words were now written that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever. For I know that my redeemer liveth, and he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, *(Martha tweaks)* Yet in my flesh I shall see God: Whom I shall see for myself, *(Martha runs for the house)* And my eyes shall behold...*(She trips, Tom is saddened, looking down. She runs inside.)* And not another." *(She runs, keening, to William's casket. Crying, the camp pauses while Martha sobs. Taking gasping breaths of pain while laying eyes on Williams dead body.)* From psalm 121. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. *(Martha comes back out.)* My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth...*(Seth walks up to meet Martha...)* The Lord is they keeper...*(Seth reaches his hand out to her...)* The Lord is thy shade upon the right hand. *(Seth & Martha, their right hands joined, walk back to the crowd, Seth's left*

hand at her back.) The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul."

Martha: Let the people come and say goodbye to William.

Andy: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore." (*Seth approaches*) At the request of the family, the burial is private. On their behalf, at their request, I thank you all for coming.

Seth: (*Whispers*) Let them see him. (*Steps back*)

Andy: Those who wish to pay final respects to the corpse of William Bullock are invited now into the Bullock home.

(Silas approaches Dan, Dan nods and leaves, Silas cocks his head for Johnny to join them. Andy smiles as Martha & Seth head up the steps. He steps back to get out of their way and steps off the bridge into the creek. Seth shakes his hand. Alma takes Sofia's flowers and hands them to Jane. Jane-clean, looks down to Sofia. The miners start to enter the house, snaking around the casket as they pay their respects. Doc is tending to Mose Manuel, checking his wounds. Tom gets in line behind the Gem girls, with a memorial to William from the No. 10. Al sees Silas and the boys coming and beats a hasty retreat back inside. He then steps back outside as if for the first time and nods to the boys.)

Dan: (*shouts*) The girls are gonna be a while!

Johnny: They're viewing the corpse.

Silas: Get Wu now?

Al: Please.

Johnny: At the ice house how should we set up the shifts?

Al: What does he mean?

Johnny: You know, guardin' Wu.

Al: Bring Wu here. Put him in one of the whore's rooms, huh? (*Al goes in, the boys turn around.*)

Johnny: Didn't make sense when he said it. That's the first place Wu's people would look.

Dan: "Put him on ice," it's a figure of speech, Johnny.

Silas: Like "Got you by the balls."

(Alma, Sofia and Ellsworth enter the hotel.)

Ellsworth: Up you go, little lady. (*He picks Sofia up, they go upstairs.*)

Sofia: We picked flowers in William's graveyard.

Ellsworth: Mmm?

Sofia: Me and Trixie.

Ellsworth: "Trixie and I" is how that's supposed to go, I think.

Alma: Yes, Ellsworth. (*They stop at the top of the stairs.*) Yes to the question you've asked me.

(Ellsworth looks a bit flustered. Jane smiles and sets Sofia's flowers down by the casket. Alma touches Ellsworth's hand and they smile. Alma proceeds to the room, Ellsworth and Sofia stick their tongues out at each other.)

(Mr. Wu is raking out the pig sty. One of his boys approaches him.)

MrWu: (phonically) Mea. Vie e chowla! Chow la! *(The boy retreats and Dan and the boys gather round. Wu turns his head)* Dea.

Dan: Swedgin. *(Pointing his thumb towards the Gem)*

MrWu: Swedgin! *(Points to the ground and continues raking.)*

Silas: No, Wu. Swedgin. *(Points)*

MrWu: Ha ha ha! Swedgin. *(Points to the ground)*

Johnny: Uh, Mr. Wu, why don't you just come with us like a gentleman?

MrWu: Wa? Eh Bok Gwai Lo nei mo yung uh ne jo mon gwai-a! *(Dan and Silas lift Wu by the arms, Johnny gets his feet and they start walking.)* Mo-lei! Mo-lei, mo-lei.

(Trixie lights cigarette from her last – chain smoke much? She stands outside the hardware store. Wolcott stands at the Bella Union bar, Cy approaches.)

Cy: Seems to me, Wolcott, last your eyes had that unsettled look, matters got grave for some young girls. What does it? Do you know? Or does the water just come on you quick?

Andy: *(At the entrance)* “Be ye afraid of the sword!”

Cy: Jesus fuckin' Christ!

Andy: “For wrath bringeth the punishments of the sword!”

Cy: Get him the fuck outta here! *(Two goons grab Andy and haul him outside, kicking him. Trixie looks on.)*

Wolcott: You're a desperate man, aren't you, Tolliver? Desperate. You feel your position weakening.

Cy: And what I do, situation like that instead a murderin' helpless women, I get on my hind legs and fight.

Hugo: Mr. Wolcott. *(approaches)* I have nourished a suspicion that we might pass each other in the telegraph office. I, of course, would be communicating with Yankton. I wonder, would your messages be sent to Helena?

Wolcott: Mr. Hearst is not a partisan in territorial rivalries, Commissioner.

Hugo: Oh God, I want to believe that.

Wolcott: The great man himself will allay your doubts. *(Cy looks over)* He joins us within the week.

Cy: Does he for a fact?

Hugo: I would hope, Sir, that by that time, Yankton's answer to my telegram would authorize me to offer, and I would have heard accepted, terms of annexation of this camp such that a huge banner would be hung across the thoroughfare—
“Welcome, George Hearst, to Deadwood of Dakota Territory.”

Cy: I don't envy you the interval, Commissioner. *(Looking at Wolcott)* Ain't it the idle hours that try us? Ain't they what lead us sometimes to the cliff, sometimes

fuckin' over? I may have to ask Mr. Hearst if that's his experience too, or of any of those that he may know.

(He wanders away, glaring at Wolcott's back.)

(Trixie, still outside, watches as Sol passes by in the wagon with Seth and Martha. They're eyes meet. She goes back inside the hardware store.)

(Al's getting a blow job from Dolly. He lifts her head up.)

Al: Let me ask you somethin'. You think you're givin' me a treat—droolin' on my fuckin' nuts? Because I happen not to enjoy it.

Dolly: Sorry.

Al: It's a strange fuckin' sensation. Distracts me from my hard-on. *(He puts her head back down to work, drinks.)* Fuckin' caskets...bring out the dunce in the entire fuckin' community. I took some fuckin' beatin' after my brother's fuckin' funeral. *(sighs)* Smacks comin' from every fuckin' angle. Still dizzy from the smack from the left, here comes a smack from the right. Brain can't bounce around fast enough. Headache I fuckin' had for three fuckin' weeks. *(drinks)* The fuck fault is it of mine if my fuckin' brother croaks? Ain't even my fuckin' brother. Fuckin' people take me in, I didn't ask 'em to fuckin' take me in. Huh. *(drinks)* Fuckin' floppin' like a fish on the dock, my brother the perch. Huh. Fuckin' fallin' sickness. Let the old man beat you because he's sad and he has hid load on. I did better in the orphanage, if that fat-ass Mrs. Anderson hadn't turned out a fuckin' pimp. Anyways...*(lifting Dolly's head up)* How was the funeral? Did you carry on, disgrace yourself?

Dolly: No.

Al: Everyone was sad, I expect.

Dolly: But it was pretty too.

Al: Shut up. *(He puts her head back to work, petting her hair.)* Do you dye your hair?

(She nods – more so than she already is.)

(Martha is straightening the clothes she threw in her trunk earlier. Seth watches, steps forward. Martha clutches some clothes to her chest and stands.)

Seth: Whatever will let us live...

(She looks at Seth, walks to the bed and sits. He stands in front of her and takes her hands in his.)

Seth: As we are now.

(She looks up at him—he pulls her hands to his chest and holds them.)

Cast

Timothy Olyphant Seth Bullock
Ian McShane Al Swearengen
Molly Parker Alma Garret
John Hawkes Sol Star
Paula Malcomson Trixie
W. Earl Brown Dan Dority
Powers Boothe Cy Tolliver
Sean Bridgers Johnny Burns
Jeffrey Jones A.W. Merrick
Kim Dickens Joanie Stubbs
William Sanderson	E.B. Farnum
Bree Seanna Wall	Sofia
Pavel Lychnikoff	Blazanov
Pruitt Taylor Vince	Mose
Leon Rippey Tom Nuttall
Geri Jewel	Jewel
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
Josh Eriksson	William
Garret Dillahunt	Francis Wolcott
Zach Grenier	Andy Cramed
Stephen Toblowsky	Commissioner Hugo Jarry
Larry Cedar	Leon
Peter Jason	Con Stapleton
Will Leong	Mr. Lee's Henchman
Ashleigh Kizer	Dolly
Leah Ann Cevoli	Tess
Jennifer Lutheran	Jenn
Keone Young	Mr. Wu

Publicity images & episode content © 2005 Home Box Office. All Rights Reserved.
HBO and Deadwood are service marks of Home Box Office, Inc. Transcript © 2005
Cristi H. Brockway. The copyright claimed by Cristi H. Brockway herein is solely on her
personal contribution of material not contained in the episode from which this transcript
was compiled. Any commercial use of this transcript is expressly prohibited.