



Episode 15: “New Money”

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(We hear a soft groan as the camera pans across Al's office. He's lying on the floor, shaking, clutching a towel with one hand, and his pelvis with the other. We see his piss-pot overturned on the floor in front of him, at his head. There's a small amount of liquid on the floor, having spilled from it. Downstairs, Dan and Johnny are standing side-by-side, Dan holding his coffee cup. They're looking up at the whores gathered upstairs near Al's office.)

Dan: *(loudly)* You want to know when we're gonna open, Tess? *(She nods impatiently)* Well we're gonna open when me and Johnny fuckin' say so! And you three, hoverin' around like buzzards outside Al's door, will not hasten the situation. *(normal voice, to Johnny)* It was fucking sun up before Al called it quits. Now, he has earned a sleepin' in.

Johnny: He locks the door, Dan, when he *leaves* his office. Al does not lock the door when he's inside.

Dan: That's just the exception that proves the fuckin' rule.

Johnny: I suppose.

(Out in the thoroughfare, a stagecoach has arrived, men are unloading the baggage as E.B. greets the new arrival.)

EB: May I ask, Mr. Wolcott, what purpose draws you to our hills?

Wolcott: Gold.

EB: Gold? I see. *(Charlie walks past, does a double take at Wolcott)* Morning, Mr. Utter.

Charlie: Morning.

EB: Frequents my buffet religiously.

Wolcott: Yes, I hope to locate and secure an assortment of claims.

EB: An assortment? Shrewd hedging—which makes me think this is not your first foray.

Wolcott: If it was, I don't suppose I'd admit it to you. *(He touches E.B. on the arm, as he says this. He then walks over to his luggage, stacked nearby.)*

EB: Only confirming my original impression.

(Richardson comes out onto the porch, leaning between the two to toss a bucketful of—something (I shudder to think what) into the muck. E.B. grabs him by the arm...)

EB: Get his luggage. *(To Wolcott)* My staff will install your possessions.

Wolcott: I thank you. *(He turns to enter the hotel, E.B. scuttles along behind him...)*

(At the house that Bullock Built, Martha is pouring Seth his coffee. He's standing in the kitchen...)

Seth: You bought provisions. *(He takes the coffee cup as Martha places the kettle back on the stove.)*

Martha: During the night...while I was waiting for you to come home.

Seth: It's a 24-hour camp.

Martha: So I saw.

Seth: *(Pauses)* Certain things I said yesterday, I regret. I'll be grateful if you'd not rely on them.

Martha: *(Nods)* All right.

Seth: Representations I made as to letters I'd written—I didn't.

Martha: I'll be grateful then if you not rely on my – assurance that I got them. *(She serves Seth his breakfast, could be eggs, could be hash browns. Either way, what ever it is, looks better than the alternative at E.B.'s absurd restaurant.)*

Seth: All right.

Martha: I'll hold my deepest gratitude, Mr. Bullock, for what will let us live as we are now.

(Seth kinda looks at her like he's smiling. Or he has gas. I dunno.)

(In the absurd restaurant, Mr. Wolcott is looking for food, he's finding "food" instead...)

Wolcott : This oatmeal looks old.

EB: It does, doesn't it? Richardson, Goddamn you! The oatmeal is clotted.

Richardson: Well, it's 45 minutes yet till the three hours.

EB: Stop spouting gibberish and replace the damned oatmeal.

Wolcott: I'll make do with the bacon. *(sniffs his plate...they walk over to a table, E.B. wipes off a chair and pulls it out for Wolcott.)*

EB: A camp like this, *(He hovers over Wolcott's shoulder)* one draws one's menials from a small and brackish pool.

(We see Maddie and Joanie across the room, having breakfast. Maddie's eyes light when she notices Wolcott, as she's sipping her tea.)

EB: Once the pig is digested, perhaps we could pursue a possibility that's come to mind.

Wolcott: If the spirit still moves in you, sure.

EB: Maybe we could do it now?

(Maddie meets Joanie's eyes, she tries to silently communicate to Joanie about the man across the room. Joanie doesn't get it.)

Wolcott: No. Let's let your mind ripen and mature the possibly first.

Maddie: *(She sets down her coffee cup, says to Joanie...)* The creature I saw outside our place last night, who you said is the camp's mayor, now perches like a vulture over that man at breakfast.

EB: Of course, Certainly.

Joanie: Farnum. He owns the hotel.

Maddie: Have you affection for Mayor Farnum?

Joanie: *(shaking her head)* None.

Maddie: Good. Because the man the mayor expects to digest is going to toy and play with Mr. Farnum from camouflage for as long as he finds it amusing. And then make him a meal of his own.

Joanie: Who is the man?

Maddie: A trick. A specialist. Who asks to be called Mr. W.

(Wolcott chews away on his bacon, seemingly enjoying it.)

(At the Gem, E.B. has scuttled his way over, and is knocking on the locked doors...)

EB: E.B. Farnum demanding entry.

(Johnny looks to Dan, shaking his head about E.B., Dan nods to the bartender, seated at a table by the door, to let the scuttlebutt inside. He does so, showing E.B. in with a Vanna White style sweep of the arm...)

EB: Summon Al.

Johnny: He's not summonable.

EB: For the news I bear, he'll be plenty summonable.

Dan: Why don't you go on up and summon him yourself, E.B?

EB: Happily. *(He walks to the stairs, pulling off his sweat sopped gloves...)*

Dan: He's behind lock and key.

EB: *(stops)* You're certain he's within?

Johnny: Called out to my knock, said, "Get the fuck away."

EB: Fornication demanding discretion or a bribe.

Dan: He's fuckin' alone, and he's gonna stay that way until he chooses to be otherwise.

Johnny: I think he's fuckin' poorly. *(E.B. strokes his chin beard in thought...)* His voice has got a gravelly timbre.

Dan: Want to leave a message?

EB: In fact, I do. Yes. "Al, if you're not dead and already molderin', I send news to revive you. A fish to rival the fabled leviathan has swum into our waters. Get well soon and we will land the cocksucker together. Your Friend, E.B." *(He nods, happy with his message, starts to leave...he stops, turns back to the guys...)* You might add as a postscript, "I also have the news you dispatched me to secure of the newly arrived cunt." Please. *(He leaves, a befuddled Dan and Johnny watching him do so.)*

(Outside the house that Bullock Built, William is talking to a little red-headed boy. He's on one side of the footbridge, the boy on the other side.)

Boy: You just move here?

William: Just yesterday.

Boy: I watched the Sheriff build this house.

William: Mr. Bullock's my Pa's brother, that married my mom when my Pa got killed. So now he's my Pa *and* my Uncle.

Boy: *(Points down the creek)* Big Trout lives in that deep part down there.

Boy's Dad: Damon! *(Nice, the red-headed boy has a name that reminds me of Satan. Incidentally, Damon is a Greek name, meaning "Constant." Guess not in this case – huh?)*

Damon: Coming! My Pa and me are going to grow apples in Oregon.

William: Will you come back?

Damon: *(Backing down the steps, toward his father's wagon...)* Pa says we ain't never coming back. *(William looks disappointed, aww. So much for his "constant" friend.)* Keep your eye on that rainbow. I call him Jumbo.

(Damon leaves and hops in his father's wagon. Will walks a few steps to the end of the footbridge...Seth comes outside and stands just behind him, his badge gleaming from it's rightful place – yep, on the tit.)

Seth: Morning, William.

(William steps up to Seth and shakes his hand.)

William: Morning Mr. Bullock. You got your gun and badge back.

Seth: I did. I put 'em in that basket for you to see.

William: Did you fight that man again?

Seth: *(Shakes his head)* No. We didn't have to fight.

William: *(Nods his head towards Damon's wagon)* That boy is going to Oregon.

Seth: *(Looks at Damon's wagon leaving town, Damon is still looking back...)* There's a trout that loiters just downstream there.

William: The boy called him Jumbo.

(Seth walks across the footbridge, down the steps, turns back to William...)

Seth: Maybe after work we can make him pay for his slothful ways.

(William nods his head in agreement, Seth turns and leaves.)

(Up in the hills, Alma is cruising her claim on Ellsworth's arm. Machinery clanging loudly. The machine is labeled "Risdon Iron Works San Francisco Cal." It has 5 large iron rods clanging up and down, propelled by a giant wheel.)

Alma: *(loudly)* Does the scope of the find, Mr. Ellsworth, warrant more than the five-stamp mill we operate with now?

Ellsworth: *(loudly)* Oh, no question, Ma'am. Your holdings justify 25 stamps easy. Just a matter of waiting till the legalities get resolved.

Alma: *(loudly)* And why would the purchase of a larger machine await legal resolution?

Ellsworth: *(loudly)* Well, Ma'am, 'cause without title, you wouldn't own no quartz for your 25-stamp machine to crush.

(Alma admires her mill...)

(Seth is standing in the entryway of the hotel, Richardson presents Miss Isringhausen &

Sophia to him as they come down the stairs...)

Miss Isringhausen: Good morning, Mr. Bullock.

Seth: *(Takes off his hat)* Good morning. Good morning, Sophia.

Sophia: Good morning.

Miss Isringhausen: Mrs. Garret has gone to see her claim.

Seth: *(Looking up at the door to Alma's room)* Has she?

Miss Isringhausen: Yes, with Mr. Ellsworth.

Seth: I see.

Miss Isringhausen: She asked if I saw you, please to give you this back. *(She holds out his pocket watch.)* Sophia can learn on another watch.

Seth: *(Quickly grabs the watch from her hand, looking at Sophia, puts it in his pocket)* All Right. When opportunity permits, you might inquire of Mrs. Garret, as few children as are in the camp—

Miss Isringhausen: I take your meaning, Mr. Bullock.

Seth: If she decided it was appropriate, other parties would be delighted and grateful.

Miss Isringhausen: Yes, well, she will have to decide that.

Seth: Yes.

(Miss Isringhausen and Sophia turn, walking back upstairs. Seth puts his hat back on and leaves. E.B., carrying in Mr. Wolcott's bags, passes him in the entryway.)

EB: The camp pugilist.

(Maddie & Joanie walk along the thoroughfare, back to Chez Amie.)

Maddie: Fond as I am of you, Joanie, I wouldn't have brought my girls and my own tired ass out here on just your kind invitation.

Joanie: The trick sweetened the prospect of Mr. W?

(We see Wolcott being shown to his room by E.B.)

Maddie: He offered on one of my girls to bring her out here. Being as Mr. W is chief lookout for George Hearst—that struck biggest in the Comstock and Mexico—I knew he'd just endorse the camp's future. *(As E.B. helps settle Mr. W into his room...)* Short side, Mr. W enjoys being cranky with his women. *(They brush off the much from the thoroughfare from their boots as they reach their doorstep)* But sometimes when disappointed his crankiness runs away with him.

Joanie: *(looking up at Maddie)* What's gonna disappoint him?

Maddie: Devious sort that I am, I've got the girl he's interested in on ice.

(Back in the hotel room, E.B. hands Wolcott his key...)

Wolcott: Thank you.

EB: *(sitting down)* Mr. Wolcott I'm the custodian—note I do not say owner—of Wild Bill Hickok's final earthly communication. *(Takes the letter from his inside jacket pocket, hands it to Wolcott...)*

Wolcott: It's damp. *(Shakes it)*

EB: Mr. Wolcott, *(grabs the letter)* not an hour before giving me the letter, Bill confided to me, having come upon a quartz deposit promising in Bill's own words "Wealth beyond counting." How much wealth is that? I don't know, Mr. Wolcott. I don't know how high Bill could count.

Wolcott: How much do you want me to pay?

(E.B. laughs, gets up from the bed where he was seated, retrieves another bag from the hall...)

EB: I'd hardly expect *you* to pay anything. Imagining rather I will pay you your cost *(strains as he brings in a bag)* to see the letter delivered to its proper recipient. Plus \$100...set against whatever profits you may generate. *(He groans as he drags in a heavy trunk)* Should delivery prove impossible...from the information the letter contains.

Wolcott: *(stroking his beard)* So, this set-off against profits I might gain in the event that this letter, proving undeliverable, contains such valuable information, have you an amount in mind?

EB: \$10,000.

Wolcott: Less the \$100 you would pay me?

EB: Correct.

Wolcott: \$9,900 net then, me to you.

EB: Yes.

Wolcott: And I would pay you that now before attempting the letter's delivery?

EB: Oh, yes. Once you have the letter, all my connection to it is severed.

Wolcott: I see.

EB: To deliver it or not, or whatever the hell you want to do.

Wolcott: *(standing up)* Well, you will have my decision shortly.

EB: Fine then.

Wolcott: Uh, for the luggage. *(Offers E.B. a tip)*

EB: Oh no. I wouldn't hear of it. It was my great pleasure. *(turns to leave)* I trust I will, uh, hear from *(high voice, throws up his hands)* you soon. *(nods, leaves.)*

(Back at the hardware store, Trixie is pulling up her beetlejuice looking stockings and lacing her boots as Sol lays in bed...)

Sol: I see now what it takes to bring you back into my life.

Trixie: Just passing through, Mr. Star.

Sol: Even so, *(getting up)* it makes a man glad he has three limbs left to be damaged.

Seth: *(Enters the store...)* Morning.

(He closes the door and heads back. Trixie looks at Sol with some trepidation about the new arrival.)

Trixie: A man can get me in his life with five bucks. \$2 if he just needs a handshake.

Seth: *(Clears his throat)* Good morning.

Sol: Morning.

Seth: Morning.

(Trixie grabs her cigarettes, puts them in her special cigarette holder – her breasts – and makes to leave...)

Sol: Trixie! *(She stops & looks at him)* Many thanks. *(He stands, holds out his hand, she takes it, he shakes it)* Ah.

(They smile, what a funny fucking Jew. Trixie leaves. Sol sits back down, Seth pulls up a chair, sitting across from Sol. We hear the door shut.)

Seth: How bad does that pain?

Sol: It's all right.

Seth: I'm in my house, Sol.

Sol: With Martha and the boy?

Seth: Chose not to put 'em in the thoroughfare. *(Sol raises his eyebrows)* Or, I see what you're asking. Far as her having a different opinion, possibly, once I showed up--no, she chose to stay.

Sol: Well, good. *(Seth stands)* Anyways, could you open up?

Seth: Sure, glad to. Any help with your person?

Sol: No, I'm all right.

Seth: *(Walking to the front)* Swearengen said the county commissioners are all from Yankton.

Sol: When was this?

Seth: Just before we hit the mud. *(I think he's smiling!)* It's wrong the hills get no representation.

Sol: Even in an Eden like this, wrongs sometimes occur.

Seth: *(Walks to the back)* I meant maybe we should try to do something about it.

Sol: I'm with you.

(Doc, outside of Al's door...)

Doc: God damn it, Al! Such as they are, my arts cannot be practiced at this remove. *(He knocks – listens a moment, hears nothing.)* Stop being a baby! *(Still hears nothing. He speaks softly...)* Any secrets that you feel need keeping will not be betrayed by me. *(Trixie approaches)*

Trixie: Doc.

Doc: Trixie. *(loudly)* Rest, uninterrupted. No visits, no exception. *(Shakes his head and approaches Trixie.)*

Trixie: From his fray with Bullock he's poorly, or his trouble with his prick?

Doc: *(whispers)* If you can get him to grant you entry, maybe you'll confide that to me?

(Doc leaves to go downstairs, Trixie approaches Al's door, knocks softly, almost petting the door...)

Trixie: It's Trixie – that's overheard the Doc's instruction. So let me just shout my information from here. *(We see Al, in the same, shaking position on the floor he was before...)* Nobody's dead. Bullock's gone to that house he built. Star is on his feet, more or less. *(Al is writhing in pain)* Anyways, I'm gonna stay on the ear over to the hardware store.

Al: *(strained)* Yeah.

Trixie: *(Pauses)* Fucking telegraph poles, Al, are the next thing to landed in the fucking thoroughfare. Next leap of the creature, they'll be here. *(She pauses, still hearing nothing)* All right, Al.

(Al whimpers in pain. Trixie strides downstairs, determined. She approaches Dan at the bar...)

Trixie: Where's fucking Dolly?

Dan: Fuckin'.

Trixie: When was she last with him?

Dan: Daybreak, just before he give Bullock back his iron.

Johnny: We've seen him after she did.

Trixie: *(To Johnny)* You brew him my fucking tea. Put it on a tray, take it up to him and make him fucking drink it.

Johnny: All right.

Trixie: *(To Dan)* If he don't present himself in a few hours, kick down the door and get the fucking Doc in there.

(She downs a shot and leaves. Dan, concerned, massages his temples, thinking on the plight of his beloved mentor...)

(Wolcott enters the Bella Union, Cy nods to Lila to greet him, she stands and grabs his elbow, attaching herself to him like a barnacle...)

Lila: I'm Lila. Welcome to the Bella Union. *(She strokes his hand)*

Wolcott: And I'm Frances Wolcott, which I would be grateful if you would tell your employer.

Lila: *(Escorts Wolcott over to Cy, standing at the bar...)* This is Frances Wolcott, Cy.

Cy: Cy Tolliver, Mr. Wolcott. How do you do, and what'll you drink?

Wolcott: Kentucky Bourbon if you got it.

Cy: Pour Mr. Wolcott a bourbon, Jack, and tell him it's from Kentucky.

Jack: Kentucky Bourbon. Straight up?

Wolcott: Please.

Cy: Shall we have Lila drink with us, or would you like to drink with Lila alone?

Wolcott: I would rather we two converse privately.

(Cy motions with a nod of his head, for Lila to beat it. She walks to the other end of the bar...)

Cy: Just talk now, sir? I'm not that kind of fella.

Wolcott: Maybe you're just waiting for the right offer. *(drinks)*

Cy: It's late in the game, but I suppose anything is possible. *(drinks)*

Wolcott: Will you take the air?

Cy: If I'm to lose my virtue, I'd as soon do it outside these walls.

(They walk outside, Cy puffing on his cigar...)

Wolcott: You've approached a group in San Francisco that does business with my employer.

Cy: That group and employer bullshit really quickens me with fuckin' trust.

Wolcott: That group you've approached is a fraternal Chinese organization.

Cy: "Tong" is not a clever enough word?

Wolcott: You offered them a contract to send members to this camp. That organization has a pre-existing arrangement with my employer.

Cy: So you work for who, Wolcott? The railroads, some mining combination that brings those slant-eyes in by the boatload?

Wolcott: No, sir. I work for one man.

Cy: Jesus Christ. Doesn't every one of us?

Wolcott: George Hearst.

Cy: *(The smirk falls from his face)* I meant no disrespect of any kind to you or Mr. Hearst by any word I've said from the moment we have met.

Wolcott: I understand that.

Cy: I have nothing but respect for Mr. Hearst. He's in the Comstock of Montana, every other place he's ever operated, without jape or jest.

Wolcott: And the overture you made to the group in San Francisco showed imagination and foresight and a tolerance for risk that was impressive to Mr. Hearst. We want to work with you here.

Cy: *(Blinks in disbelief)* You do?

Wolcott: Yes, we do.

(Cy smiles, nods over to Con Stapleton & Leon over in the Chinese quadrant of the thoroughfare. The original Frick and Frack, they are.)

Cy: Con Stapleton! Leon! *(They begin to approach)* Get over here and meet a fucking gentleman! Those two work for me now among the Celestials, setting up that *(nods to Mr. Wu, glaring over at him)* miserable cocksucker to get knocked off his high horse. Con, Leon. *(They've just about arrived behind Wolcott)*

Wolcott: I don't want to meet them.

Cy: *(pauses)* Go inside. *(Leon eyes Wolcott, Con looks expectantly at Cy.)* Meet me inside.

Con: Yes, sir.

Leon: Yes, sir, Mr. Tolliver.

Cy: Just go on in, fellas. *(They do.)*

Wolcott: My only contact's with you.

Cy: As far as they're concerned, you and Mr. Hearst don't even exist.

Wolcott: As far as you're concerned, Cy, (*Wu glares*) in the tasks you'll be performing for him, Mr. Hearst doesn't either.

Cy: (*smirks*) Who?

(*In Charlie's freight building, he opens a jail cell door, we see Jane, bare footed, sleeping on a cot under a fur "blanket."*)

Charlie: Wake up. Take account you're indoors. (*He pours a glass of water while Jane grumpily stirs...*) Here. (*Offers her the cup, she sits up, blearily, goes to take a sip...*) That's water now.

Jane: Oh, get it the fuck away from me then.

Charlie: Drink it and don't be stupid.

Jane: (*Takes a sip, looks around*) Oh, Christ, are we arrested?

Charlie: I explained all this to you, Jane, that I'm the fucking Deputy, and I fixed the overflow cell in case you come back.

Jane: Shut up then. (*She lays back down.*)

Charlie: And you replied I was boring the shit out of you 'cus Doc already told you all about it.

Jane: Well, evidently, I don't remember fuck-all.

Charlie: No, 'cause after every other fucking think we went through last night, you got to make us stop at that new joint across from Nuttall's.

Jane: Would you kindly shut your fucking mouth? (*Charlie stands up*) Hey, what the fuck's Bill's coat doing here? (*She sits up, in awe and confusion.*)

Charlie: Well, he wouldn't have seen it useless or a souvenir. I figured I'd give it work keeping the bed warm.

Jane: Uh, where is it headed now I'm the occupant?

Charlie: It ain't going anywheres.

Jane: (*She smiles, looks at the coat, lays back down*) Thank you, Charlie.

(*Charlie smiles and leaves.*)

(*At the Chez Amie, quick set up! In one night they've got it all decorated with furniture, draperies, wallpaper, the whole shebang! The whores are lounging around, bored.*)

Joanie: It's cool. Sit outside. (*She opens the door and the girls stand, exiting...*) Wide knees. (*She shuts the door behind them.*)

Maddie: Are we gonna argue?

Joanie: We're partners, ain't we, Maddie? Ain't that a lot of planning and thinking to not let your partner in on?

Maddie: Not sharing it before I even knew the trick was in camp—don't put me wrong, Joanie.

Joanie: It don't put you right, far as an atmosphere of trust.

Maddie: Joanie, was there any odds when me and my girls got out here that you might have told us you'd changed your mind?

Joanie: I guess there was a chance.

Maddie: Or I'd have found you dead or moved along?

Joanie: No chance on moved along.

Maddie: Only way to guarantee an outcome, Honey, is contracting to be fucked. Everything else is a chance – including me letting you down. But if I do, using my head won't be the tip-off. *(She sits)*

Joanie: How will you bring the girl in to it?

Maddie: At the trick's fierce insistence.

Joanie: What's our split?

Maddie: 50-50 *(She lounges back in the chair.)*

Joanie: What's the girl's end?

Maddie: I wouldn't rule out a wooden box. *(Joanie's eyes stop at that remark.)*

(At the hardware store, Seth lays a pick axe down on the counter for a customer...)

Seth: Timely purchase. That's our last in stock. *(The customer nods, takes the pick axe and leaves.)*

Sol: Goddamn out-thinking myself—resupplying in smaller orders.

Seth: You've been dealing with a few uncertainties.

Sol: If the claims get allowed or they don't, or Yankton stacks the commissioners or not, we're either in business, or we ain't, and if we are, you reduce costs buying in volume.

Seth: Your old man?

Sol: On his death bed in fucking Vienna.

(Seth chokes back a laugh, Charlie enters, holding a box.)

Charlie: Fellas. *(To Sol)* On the mend?

Sol: Doing better, thank you. Hope you are too.

Charlie: *(To Seth)* We was gonna thin these inquiries yesterday before that trouble with Bummer Dan. *(Holds up the box.)*

Seth: We've been gonna thin them for several weeks.

Charlie: Is Farnum's slop-house okay? Jane is sleeping a load off in my place. *(Sol looks to Seth.)*

Seth: *(To Sol)* Inquiries from other jurisdictions, we've been somewhat remiss.

Charlie: Whose that fella said "Never put off till tomorrow what'll wait till the day after?"

Sol: Not my old man.

(Seth turns and smiles, leaves, Charlie follows with a smile...)

(Wolcott slams an envelope of money down on E.B.'s check-in desk...)

Wolcott: To buy the Hickok letter.

EB: Wonderful.

(E.B. puts his hand on the envelope, Wolcott does as well, stopping him...)

Wolcott: Uh, I'll have a bill of sale.

EB: Well, certainly, sir. Of course. Uh...*(Picks up his notebook, dips his quill in ink and starts writing.)* For reasons of legal nicety, we'll say you're purchasing the right to deliver.

(Jewel & Doc are at Al's door, She knocks...)

Jewel: You gotta let me get to your piss-pot, Al. *(Dan & Johnny watch from below.)* Otherwise, when your mood changes, you're fucking gonna yell at me for not doing it. *(Doc nods to her)* I think I should get the Doc, Al. You need to let the Doc in. You need to let him see to you. When I was sick, the Doc helped me. And you ain't fucking yelled since then my foot's dragging. *(She pounds the door, turns to Doc...)* Fuck this, right, Doc?

Doc: *(nodding)* Fuck it.

Jewel: *(yelling)* Dan! You need to fucking break the door down.

Dan: *(yelling)* Now?

Jewel: Isn't that what I just fucking said?

(Dan runs hell-for-leather up the stairs, Johnny following, tripping over himself and the others on the stairs as he tries to keep up with Dan.)

Dan: *(yelling)* Al!

Jewel: If I was you, Doc, I would get out of the fucking way!

(Dan charges the door with his shoulder, he slams into it...)

Dan: Ow! Jesus fucking Christ! Uh. *(Kicks down the door, grabbing his shoulder...)*

(Doc runs in, Dan's clutching his shoulder, Johnny leans toward him...)

Johnny: You all right?

Dan: Mm...I think I broke my fucking shoulder.

(Doc steps over to Al, still laying on the floor, writhing in pain.)

Doc: *(To Jewel)* Would you open up my case? *(Jewel kneels down and opens Doc's medical bag...)* Al? *(Al twitches)* Al, Al?

(He probes Al's bladder, Al scrunches up in pain. Johnny watches with his hand over his mouth, not sure what to do, Dan's still clutching his shoulder.)

Jewel: Do we need to get him laudanum?

Doc: Please. *(Johnny looks to Dan & back...Jewel gets out a bottle of laudanum...)* All right, Al. *(Holds Al's forehead)* All right, It's all right.

(Seth & Charlie are sitting in E.B's restaurant, Seth's reading from a letter...)

Seth: "Please don't let up on the Stackpole case, as I'm sure he's out there."

(Seth looks up at Charlie, Charlie looks back with a completely blank face.)

Charlie: No idea.

Seth: I never hear of it either.

Charlie: All the portions you had on your plate, I hesitated to fucking inquire.

Seth: I couldn't have helped if you had.

Charlie: Fuck the Stackpole case then, and the letter from Arapaho County concerning it. Which goes in the fucked-case file. *(He tosses the letter under his hat, laying on the table.)*

(Alma & Ellsworth are traveling back from the claim, the wagon bumping along...)

Alma: I'd like to buy Mr. Farnum's hotel.

Ellsworth: To do what with, Mrs. Garret?

Alma: To renovate and make my residence.

Ellsworth: I can think of better locations, Ma'am. With friendlier views.

Alma: None that would offer the further pleasure of putting Mr. Farnum in the thoroughfare.

Ellsworth: I expect a man like Farnum finds quarters pretty easy.

Alma: I would expect even with his venality satisfied, a man like Farnum would feel himself dispossessed and unanchored. I think he'd be very sad, and I would like to see him in that condition.

Ellsworth: I guess most of us got enough luck to be too broke to act on them type ideas. *(The wagon stops in front of the hotel, Ellsworth gets up to climb out.)*

Alma: What type ideas do you refer to?

Ellsworth: The type the lowborn would say we get when we're pissed off. *(Ellsworth steps out of the wagon)* Although...my own aristocratic lineage causes me to use the term "sore-disappointed." *(He helps her down.)*

Alma: I am pissed off.

Ellsworth: Well, last turns the wheels took for you, Ma'am, I'd say you've come by it honest. If punching somebody in the nose would help, I'll volunteer one that's well broke in.

(They enter the hotel, Alma turns her head toward the restaurant and sees Seth. Their eyes meet. Alma steels her resolve and continues upstairs...)

EB: Safely returned.

(Alma stops, takes a deep breath, grabs her skirts and walks upstairs.)

(Trixie enters the hardware store and closes the door.)

Trixie: Is he here too?

Sol: No. *(Trixie approaches Sol)* He's my friend, Trixie.

Trixie: Among other fucking things. *(She smokes a cigarette, pacing.)* Anyways...I wonder could you teach me to do accounts?

Sol: All right.

Trixie: I'll pay you. Or you can take it out in cunt.

Sol: I won't teach you if you keep that up.

Trixie: Fuck every fucking one of you. I wish I was a fucking tree.

(She mashes her cigarette out and leaves...Sol staring after her...)

(E.B. is at his ledger...)

EB: Mr. Wolcott.

Wolcott: Mr. Farnum. The contents of that letter are a deep disappointment. Not a word of any find or promising location.

EB: You opened it then?

Wolcott: Are you trifling with me?

EB: It occurs to me, sir, this conversation were best had elsewhere. *(He puts the cashbox behind the desk.)*

Wolcott: But not postponed?

EB: Not postponed, Mr. Wolcott, no. *(E.B. puts on his hat & walks out from behind the desk.)* We are men, sir. When we disagree, we come to resolution promptly.

Wolcott: Where are we going?

(E.B. places his hand on Wolcott's shoulder, leading him outside...)

EB: The Gem Saloon. It's just over there.

Wolcott: Please take your hand off my shoulder.

(E.B. quickly does as told, they walk across the thoroughfare towards the Gem...)

EB: Some ancient Italian maxim fits our situation, whose particulars escape me.

Wolcott: Is the gist that I'm shit outta luck?

EB: Did they speak that way then?

(They enter the Gem, Wolcott removes his hat...We hear Dan screaming at the top of his lungs...)

Dan: *(yelling)* Oh for the love of God!

(The patrons turn around to see where the yell came from, we see Doc leaving the room where the good Reverend met his end, carrying a stick and rope contraption, having set Dan's shoulder.)

EB: Please, won't you sit down?

Wolcott: So you would have me take the experience then as a lesson dearly purchased?

(They sit, Dan stumbles out of the back room into the bar. In obvious pain, but trying to look tough, he holds his arm stiffly by his side...)

EB: I should tell you, Mr. Wolcott, I have seen men in this very camp, (*Wolcott eyes Dan*) feeling themselves victimized, seek redress in fashions I thought imprudent.

Wolcott: Violently, you mean?

EB: Thus, at the lesson, dearly bought as you would have it, is where I would leave this business.

Wolcott: In any case, I was an intermediary in this transaction.

EB: Ah, then, having been a pupil, it falls to you now to instruct your principal. I wonder, Mr. Wolcott, if some second letter couldn't be drafted to put some sharper point on the lesson, maybe remunerative to both of us.

Wolcott: So, your idea would be that we fuck Mr. Hearst twice?

EB: I missed the name, sir, but I can aver as a general principle, (*Dan, hops a bit, trying to get his arm to flop on the bar, gives up and drags it onto the bar by the cuff, across from Johnny. He smiles, like nothing's wrong.*) My days of fucking anyone are long in the past, whomever you represent.

Wolcott: George Hearst of the Ophir find in the Comstock.

EB: Of course I know George Hearst. (*He shifts uncomfortably in his seat.*)

Wolcott: Oh, you know him personally?

EB: I do not know him personally, I do not know him personally.

Wolcott: Oh.

EB: But of course I know *of* George Hearst, and his reputation and accomplishments and wealth, and his power and reputation. And I would say, as well, most importantly, I have *nothing* to teach that man. George Hearst need learn no lesson from me. Nor would I permit him entrance into a lesson, either inadvertently or by accident, I wouldn't subsequently and immediately cancel him back out of. Or his agent or intermediary.

Wolcott: Mr. Hearst doesn't renege on contracts.

EB: (*pauses*) Then what am I to do? What am I to do, Mr. Wolcott, (*stands up to move to the chair next to Wolcott*) but to admit a terrible and tragic miscalculation and supplicate myself and beg mercy (*EB sits down now in the new chair, Wolcott moves his hat out of E.B.'s way...*) and understanding and forgiveness? (*He puts his hand on Wolcott's arm*) And to aver, if you would contemplate, any separate or side transaction or understanding.

Wolcott: Remove your hand from my forearm. (*E.B. jumps to obey*) Do not touch me again.

EB: (*He clasps his hands, looking down @ the table*) I look poor, but that is a cultivated pose and posture. I am not poor and I am not stingy when fundamental interests are at stake—(*he leans over and spits on the floor*) as a complete aside.

Wolcott: (*looks contemplative*) There is a service you could do Mr. Hearst that would set off exactly against the funds he might otherwise believe you fleeced him of.

EB: Anything, Sir.

Wolcott: This service would enlist you and one or two others, circulating certain rumors about the future of the camp. In particular, about the validity of the present titles to the claims.

EB: (*considers this*) Done. Consider me enlisted. Consider the validity called into question.

Wolcott: *(In hushed tones)* I also wish to know the location of your highest-end brothel.

EB: As it happens, a whorehouse succeeding to that title has just opened.

Wolcott: *(leans in quickly to E.B.)* Nothing just happened, Mr. Farnum. *(He puts on his hat, sits back in his chair, trying to look distinguished, he looks at E.B.)* Do you think this hat makes my head look big?

EB: No, Sir. It makes your head look the perfect size.

Wolcott: *(looks off into the distance)* Thank you.

(Cy is showing out a group of customers, quickly shutting door behind them. He strides up stairs, looking down upon his employees, who are gathered expectantly.)

Cy: *(sighs)* You're gonna find out somethin' now about yourselves and your fellow man, how you handle adversity—or rumors of adversity—or ill fortune, or turns of luck. And I'm not going to further rumor or be a party to that bullshit. Do you what to know where I stand? You just look the fuck where I'm standing. You'll find out all you need to know. I ain't going anywhere! And if anyone else wants to, two weeks fuckin' severance is waiting for you right fuckin' now. You step the fuck up! Step right the fuck up! *(They all look around at each other)* Now that shows me somethin'. But any time, day or night, anyone wants to fuckin' waver or fuckin' change their minds, you just step right the fuck up and get your severance. *(pauses)* Let's open the fuck up and get it while we can, all right?

Leon: *(turns to the rest)* Open up!

Con: Open up! You heard him! Let's go!

(As the rest ready the Bella Union for opening, Con and Leon confer with each other...)

(Doc is holding a probe – with a curved end – by a pair of tongs, having just sterilized it in boiling water.)

Trixie: What are you going to do to him?

Doc: Pass this instrument through his penis into his bladder. If he has stones, it will click against the metal instrument. Assuming I can hear the clicks above his screams, I will have identified the cause of his obstruction.

Trixie: To what fucking end?

Doc: To the end that if I think he will die otherwise of cutting him open above the pubis and taking out the stones. *(He traces on his body where he means)*

Trixie: Which will probably kill him anyways.

Doc: *(steps closer to her)* What shall I say to you, Trixie, that I'm sure of a happy outcome for Al and every one of us?

(Cy is sitting in his office, there's a knock at the door, Con & Leon poke their heads in the door. My God, Con looks just like the doorman from Emerald City.)

Leon: Minute for us, Mr. Tolliver?

Cy: What is it? *(They don't know what to say)* Come in and shut the door. *(They enter, Leon closes the door, they look expectantly at Cy.)* What the fuck is it?

Con: Anything you want to tell us, Mr. T?

Cy: I told you all I want to tell you outside.

Con: Well, believe me, uh, you don't have waverers standing in front of you, or doubters or, uh, anyone looking for fucking severance.

Leon: Just the opposite.

Cy: What's that mean? You lookin' for a raise?

(They stare at Cy, unsure of how to say what they want to know without pissing him off more.)

Con: Uh, well, what's going on, I suppose is Leon's question, Mr. Tolliver.

(Cy and Con both look at Leon, he is seriously uncomfortable.)

Leon: The truth is, my questions is answered 90%. And as for the rest, I'm gonna get good and fuckin' loaded *(Cy picks at his ear)* and let the devil take the hindmost.

Con: If you fuckin' walk out of here, us two are gonna have words. *(Cy is still picking in his ear)* And more than words at my first opportunity, *(Cy looks at what he's mined from his ear)* because this was 90% *his* idea to come in here.

Cy: Somebody better turn over a hole card.

Leon: *(They both approach closer)* Both of us took a real positive impression, Sir, of the talk you give us just recently here in your office.

Con: Yeah, relative to this talk you just concluded.

Cy: And?

Con: And, uh, I guess you'd say a wonderment with us is if we mistook the tone of one talk or the other, and if so, which?

Cy: *(stands)* I dispute that one fuckin' thing changed between those two talks as to my attitude and resolve.

Leon: *(nods)* Did the facts of the camp situation change?

Cy: *(mulls this over)* Not to my certain knowledge. But if you're asking in the interim, have I been privy to a rumor far as claims being invalidated, all titles thrown out, the answer is yes. *(Leon's face falls at this news, concerned. Con just smiles like a dumbass at Cy.)*

Con: Well, that would account for it.

Cy: But the only goddamn fact that I'm aware of is I never knew any man ate a rumor or clothed himself with one or secured himself a piece of pussy.

Con: Well, rumors are not facts.

Cy: So if any gutless cocksucker tumbles to what's going on and decides he wants to cut and run, sell his fucking holdings, you tell him to come see me. Just say Cy Tolliver will buy whatever he's fuckin' selling if he has that little faith in the camp, or rumors of judicial invalidation, or the panic that'll ensue from that. *(He sighs, waves the guys away)* Go ahead, boys. Go on outside and do your jobs. That's all we can fuckin' do right now. And not waver.

(They leave the office.)

(Jane and Trixie are outside, each taking a long pull from a bottle – perhaps beer by the

looks of it. Interesting fact, in 1877 Anheuser & Co. of St. Louis began shipping beer in refrigerated train cars. So, one is led to believe the comments Jane makes about progress and needing to go get whiskey, allude to the fact that they are consuming beer.)

Jane: *(belches)* Ah. Now that's fucking progress.

Trixie: Cocksucker upstairs, across the way, whorehouse where I work—

Jane: He is a fucking cocksucker.

Trixie: Locks the fucking door so people can't get to help him. *(yelling)* Fucking ashamed to be sick!

Jane: You know he had a design to murder that little one.

Trixie: *(looks at Jane)* No, I didn't.

Jane: Hell, yes, he had a design. Charlie and me spirited her from camp, forced him to a second victim more suitable to his cocksucker's purpose.

Trixie: Think they're any different if they'd had their fucking dicks cut on? They ain't no fucking different. You gotta like their friends or they won't teach you numbers or every other fucking regulation they set!

Jane: *(eyes Trixie, confused)* Anyways.

Trixie: Far as it fucking goes, he also brought the cripple from that orphanage.

Jane: Uh—what orphanage?

Trixie: And don't buy his bullshit about the 9 cent trick.

Jane: What cripple?

Trixie: Jewel—that he says he's got around against some hooplehead only having 9 cents and wanting a piece of pussy. That ain't it. Why she's around is...it's his sick fucking way of protectin' her.

Jane: *(pauses, looks at Trixie)* I'm gonna get whiskey.

Trixie: There's entries on both sides of the fucking ledger is the fucking point, as I already talk like a fucking Jew!

Jane: *(pauses again—really not sure what the fuck Trixie is talking about)* Shaping up to be a nice cool evening. *(pauses, looks at Trixie, who is staring angrily up at the balcony)* Maybe he has a good side to him too that I entirely fucking missed. It's always fucking possible, drunk as I am fucking continuously *(She smiles at Trixie, steps away, waving)* It's nice to see you.

(She waits for Trixie to do/say something. Trixie just continues drinking, staring up at the Gem balcony. Jane leaves)

(Alma and Miss Isringhausen are seated on the bed in Alma's room...)

Alma: You returned his timepiece.

Miss Isringhausen: Yes. *(She nods and smiles)* I thought I had told you.

Alma: You did, Miss Isringhausen. I'm recurring to the topic, hoping you will be more expansive.

Miss Isringhausen: He accepted the timepiece, Ma'am, and raised another subject you and I ought pursue at some different moment.

Alma: Must I credit the right of that "ought," Miss Isringhausen, or may I suspect—you enjoy setting terms.

Miss Isringhausen: Terms, Ma'am?

Alma: Playing arbiter of the when and why of things.

Miss Isringhausen: Pursuing the second subject Mr. Bullock raised, Mrs. Garret, might upset a person now present, junior to you and me.

(Alma looks at Sophia, who snaps open Alma's red feather fan – looking at them sidelong.)

Alma: I cannot imagine how such a pursuit could be any more upsetting than the atmosphere of relentless disapproval that you so consistently generate. *(Miss Isringhausen looks at her, mouth agape)* I've no further need of your services, Miss Isringhausen. *(Alma stands up and goes over to Sophia.)*

Miss Isringhausen: I'll say goodnight then to you and Sophia.

Alma: My preference is your saying goodbye.

(Miss Isringhausen pauses, seemingly stunned. Sophia looks at her...)

Miss Isringhausen: I wonder, Ma'am...if having made so many decisions so quickly, your patience may be short just now. And I'd appeal you to reconsider your preferences in the morning.

Alma: In any case, you'll want to retire to your room.

Miss Isringhausen: I hope you'll recall that I've traveled from Chicago to enter your employ and have no emergent prospects.

Alma: We'll come to some arrangement.

Miss Isringhausen: All right. *(nods in resignation)* I'll say goodnight then. *(She turns to leave.)*

Alma: As is your custom –*(Miss Isringhausen turns back)* without having spared one affectionate look for my child.

Miss Isringhausen: My training, Ma'am, is that being engaged to see to the child's education, my soliciting her affections would intrude on the mother's province.

Alma: *(Alma pauses and steps closer)* And I would call that a logical distinction, Miss Isringhausen, having nothing to do with the way people live.

(Miss Isringhausen blinks, stonefaced, she turns on her heel and leaves. Alma stares at her as she leaves. Miss Isringhausen shuts the door – loudly – Alma looks shocked, but whether it's at the slamming of the door or the fact that she just fired her tutor like that...who knows?)

(Cy and Lila are in bed, looking as if they just finished having sex. They are laying side-by-side, Cy, with his hands behind his head, Lila, with her hands over her pelvis.)

Lila: The people downstairs are scared.

Cy: Are they?

Lila: Off your talk. They think you believe the camp's in jeopardy.

Cy: I ain't answerable for misinterpretations. The truth is, Lila, the weather's gettin' better, and it looks to stay mild a spell. *(laughing)* Old Cy has outlasted the cocksuckers one more time. If it was in me to kid myself, I'd take this for proving God loves me.*(laughs)*

Lila: I believe he loves us.

Cy: Do you, sweetheart? Did his hand lead me buyin' and turnin' you out? That's a lovely thought. Next you're in touch, would you put the good word in?

Lila: I do. I pray for you every night.

Cy: *(pauses)* All right, stupid, time to shut your fuckin' mouth. Shut your fuckin' mouth now and turn over and close your eyes.

(Lila obediently does as told. Nearly spilling out of her corset in the process. Careful, Honey, Daddy is holding the camera, he doesn't want to have to edit that.)

(Chez Amie, the girls are dressed and posing at various places around the room. Maddie is evaluating them.)

Maddie: Lift your leg. *(The whore in the red dress does so, Maddie steps over to her and strokes her leg)* Languid and open for adventure. *(She turns, looks at the whore in the corner – Doris? – moves on to the whore in the chair)* In your case, Atlantis, present the tits a little more. *(She pushes against Atlantis' back, making her sit up more.)* Can you hold that for half an hour?

Atlantis: I've been holding this my whole fuckin' life.

(Wolcott enters)

Maddie: Mr. W.

Wolcott: Hello.

Maddie: You jumped the gun on our opening by half an hour, but I believe we can make an exception. *(Joanie enters)* My partner, Joanie.

Joanie: How do you do?

Wolcott: How do you do? *(He paces, looking around)*

Maddie: Our caller fancies Basil's Bourbon, Joanie, which is hid beneath the floorboard at the bar.

Joanie: All right.

Maddie: Won't you sit?

Wolcott: I don't know that I will. Where is she?

Maddie: Carrie's been detained.

Wolcott: Detained?

Maddie: You don't need me telling you Carrie's mind's her own. We hit Cheyenne and she stopped to see a relative. *(Wolcott nods)*

Joanie: Basil Hayden hid beneath the floorboards as advertised. *(She hands him the bourbon, he sniffs it, points to the whore in front of the bar...)*

Wolcott: Would you get out of my sight, please? *(The whore moves)* How close a relative is she fucking in Cheyenne?

Maddie: She's coming soon, Mr. W.

Wolcott: Is her arrival imminent?

Maddie: A matter of days.

Wolcott: How many days are in a matter?

Joanie: Would fucking something else fill the time?

Wolcott: Yeah, how much you cost?

Joanie: I ain't for sale, sir. But I would fuck you for free.

Wolcott: I have to say you ain't my type.

Joanie: Do you stand there, Mr. W., saying you're dead solid sure you'll not ever again be surprised till you've completed your earthly course? Ain't that presumptuous, Sir? And ain't our quoted fee, to surprise you, fair and just?

Wolcott: I always pay for pussy.

Joanie: Well, I may let you then, if you go ahead and twist my arm. *(She holds her arm out for him.)* You pay extra for that? *(Takes him by the arm and leads him to a back room.)*

Wolcott: Do unhand me.

Joanie: I, Mr. W—who I just unhanded—and Mr. Basil Hayden *(Holds up the bottle of bourbon)* do no wish to be disturbed. *(She lifts the flap of her corset to reveal a small gun to the others, turns & shuts the door.)*

Whore: You want me back where I was?

Maddie: She kills that fucking cocksucker, I'm gonna be working for the rest of my life. *(Maddie is seething)*

(Richardson is wiping down a table in the absurd restaurant...)

EB: Richardson, Richardson, Richardson. When will come the quiet hours of our declining years? *(Richardson continues cleaning without looking up)* I'm talking to you, dimwit.

Richardson: I wasn't lis'nin'.

EB: Richardson, won't you sit yourself? Allow me to take up your labors, *(Richardson sits and looks up at E.B. through Droopy Dog eyes)* I am confiding that turbulence, *(shifts the bucket on the table)* upheaval of the most violent sort, *(lifts the bucket and swirls it)* churning seas, waves of a scale and force to make the most seasoned seafarer vomit—bleah *(fakes vomiting into the bucket, sets the bucket down – speaks calmer,)* Are in prospect for this camp. And, We, Richardson, you, I, and tragically others—*(picks up the scrub brush inside the bucket and starts to scrub the table)* so very many others who journeyed to the hills to stake their claims, and with those claims their hopes for the future—are but pawns of the savage sea *(throws the brush in the bucket, picks up the bucket)* and playthings of the fucking deep. *(He sets the bucket down, sits on the table)* Not for us, apparently, the placid harbor, on which voyages, near complete to bob and rot, bob and rot, *(he rocks back and forth, whispering that)* be calmed. For us, to the very end, *(yelling, stands up-grabs the bucket and sloshes it back and forth)* the dizzying surges of the storm and it's crashing descents! *(He slams the bucket on the table)* Do you understand me, you repulsive lout?

Richardson: No.

EB: *(Grabs Richardson's shoulders)* The claims, Richardson. They're being overturned. *(He starts scrubbing again)* Save those few who dispose of their holdings before word circulates. Destitution looms! *(Throws his arms out wide, looming over Richardson)*

Richardson: Oh dear.

EB: Yes, yes. Even you now recognize the situation. Ah well. Take the rest of the night off, Richardson.

Richardson: *(stands up)* Thank you, Sir. *(He goes to leave as quick as he can)*

EB: But confide in no one! (*Richardson pauses, then continues scurrying to the door*)
About the claims!

(*Back at Chez Amie, Wolcott is seated in a chair looking at Joanie, who is laying on her stomach on the bed, propped up by her elbows, head in hands...*)

Joanie: Would we have even more fun naked? Or I could, and you could stay dressed. Or the opposite.

Wolcott: Who am I?

Joanie: You're Mr. W. Your boss struck bigger than anyone in the Comstock and Mexico. So you bein' here puts a shine to this camp's prospects.

Wolcott: (*He pauses, pulls at his cravat*) Unbutton my shirt.

Joanie: Yes, sir. (*She gets up, kneels in front of Wolcott...*)

Wolcott: Do not look at my face.

Joanie: No, sirree. (*Begins unbuttoning his shirt*)

Wolcott: Shall I tell you who I work for?

Joanie: As you wish. If you do, how shall I occupy myself while you're doing it?

Wolcott: The same as if I don't.

Joanie: (*She looks up at him*) For me to judge?

Wolcott: As you wish.

Joanie: Your shirt buttons are your big interest? Or shall we advance to these buttons here? (*She begins to unbutton his pants – ooh! Buttonfly!*) And shall I hazard an approach I rarely find ill-received?

Wolcott: (*pauses*) No.

Joanie: (*takes her hands away from him*) Shall I hazard an approach I myself, I never remember refusing? And will you supervise closely? (*He breathes heavily, almost a sigh of resignation*) Mr. W., I am gonna take that as a yes.

(*She stands up, goes over to the bed, sits, throws her skirts to the side, lays back and starts pleasuring herself. Wolcott sits back, looks down and starts rebuttoning.*)

Wolcott: No. Take it as a no.

Joanie: (*sighs – throws her skirts over her legs*) Nuts!

Wolcott: (*laughs*) What a tiny corner of operation for such an amusing mind.
(*stands*) I'll promise as I sojourn here to bring you stories of the world of men.

Joanie: I'll just be here in my girl's world diddling myself.

Wolcott: (*still buttoning*) I admire you coming armed.

(*Al is laying in bed, he looks like shit. He raises his eyebrows at Doc, holding the probe.*)

Doc: Hmm. (*Nods to Dan, Al is panting, Dan throws his hat to the side, approaches the bed.*) I'm 'onna pass this through your penis up into your bladder, Al, and I'm 'onna say this to you once—I'm sorry for how it hurts. (*Dan kneels on the bed next to Al and holds him still, Al is wheezing, Johnny looks on, Doc inserts the probe, Al bucks*) Goddamnit, hold him still!

Al: (*screaming*) Mother of God! (*Trixie looks up from the thoroughfare, Johnny winces...walks out to the balcony*) Help me! Mother of God!

Trixie:*(yelling up to Johnny)* Fuck you, Johnny! Get in there and fucking help him!

Johnny: What am I supposed to do? *(E.B. steps outside and dumps his bucket)*

Trixie: Put your hand in his mouth! Let him bite your fucking hand! *(Johnny, pained with grief, goes back inside.)*

Doc: Alright, Al. I'm in your bladder. I can hear the fucking stone. I'm gonna try now to move the stone to release your water, so you push now if you can, son.

Al: *(gags, straining...yelling)* Oh God! Mother, take me!

Doc: Push now if you can. Get your water flowing.

Al: I'm trying! Help me. Christ! *(Al screams, the whole camp seeming to hear)*

Dan: I'll fucking kill you, Doc! You take it out of him!

Doc: Shut up!

(Al screams like Wesley does in "The Princess Bride" when Prince Humperdink pushes the torture machine up to 50. "Not to 50!" Seth, Martha & William enjoy a quiet meal, you can barely hear the scream in the background. We see Doc manipulate the probe, blood dripping from it.)

Doc: All right. I can see some fucking urine with the blood. Good for you.

Johnny: *(near tears)* Is he all right now? Is he cured now?

Doc: It's fucking something, anyway.

Dan: Is that something anyway, Doc? *(motioning with his head to Al, Al's face seems to relax a bit.)*

Doc: All right, Al, I'm 'onna take it out of you. You hold on and it won't hurt so bad.

(Doc slides it out. We hear another blood curdling scream. Johnny steps outside.)

Johnny: *(to Trixie)* He put something out of himself, Trixie. Now, that's something anyway.

Trixie: Is it out of him?

Johnny: Well, that instrument's out of him.

Trixie: And what of the fucking stone?

Johnny: I didn't see no fucking stone come out.

(Trixie throws her cigarette in the muck, turns, sighs – pushing her hair back- she walks away. Johnny is still on the balcony, distressed.)

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
W. Earl Brown Dan Dority
Dayton Callie Charlie Utter
Anna Gunn Martha Bullock
Powers Boothe Cy Tolliver / Tolliver
Sean Bridgers Johnny Burns
Jeffrey Jones A.W. Merrick
Geri Jewell Jewel
Bree Seanna Wall Sophia
Gill Gayle Huckster
Titus Welliver Silas Adams
Meghan Glennon Lila
Kim Dickens Joanie Stubbs
Maddie	Alice Krige
Miss Isringhausen	Sarah Paulson
William Bullock	Josh Eriksson
	Peter Jason
	Nick Amandos
	Fiona Dourif
Lila	Meghan Glennon
	Gary Leffew
	Chandler Richards
Pete Richardson	Ralf Richeson
Damon	Damon Weber

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