



Episode 26: “I Am Not the Fine Man You Take Me For.”

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(Late at night, Al lays awake in bed, we hear a drunken hooplehead in the thoroughfare speechifying...)

Hooplehead: I am not the fine man you take me for. No no. *(He paces back and forth in front of the hustings...climbing up as Al turns to his side in bed.)* I come in April to sell a string of horses and try my luck in the streams. What I got for the stock I lost at the wheel, and the flake I washed up I drank the fuck away. I don't know as I'll get home at all. I sold my boots. I owe \$9 to a whore.

(The wood creaks as the man tumbles over the side of the hustings, breaking his neck as he lands in the muck of the thoroughfare. Al awakens early the next morning, and looks out the window. Moments later, He, Dan, and Johnny are surveying the scene in the nearly deserted thoroughfare.)

Johnny: It looks like he fell off the platform.

Dan: It's just a broke-necked hoople, Al.

Al: That he posed us no threat was the judgment you come to even as you fuckin' snored.

Dan: Turns on watch, Johnny, until this Goddamn Hearst business settles out.

Al: And not that we lack options like the sleep from which none awaken. *(Johnny turns and starts walking back to the Gem, revealing his bumcheeks peeking through his open flap)* Would you close your flap, that I don't forego my boiled eggs?

(Upstairs in the Grand Central, Hearst finishes drawing up a letter, seals it with wax and hands it to Captain Turner, who leaves. At the house that Bullock built, he and Martha are drinking their morning tea by the stove.)

Martha: Do you believe the speeches will be delivered tonight?

Seth: The speeches—the elections are hostage to the business of the camp, which is bloody...murderous. *(He lifts his cup, furrowing his brow)* And, you know...I don't like this tea.

Martha: Too cool?

Seth: It's too weak.

Martha: I do not make weak tea.

Seth: I oughtn't to tease *(chuckles – Martha looks at him incredulous)* I like mine unusually strong.

Martha: You might have said, Seth. It's an easy thing to fix.

Seth: You're right.

Martha: I'm not a mind reader.

Seth: I've said it now.

Martha: My goodness.

(She sets down her tea cup, gives him a subtle smile and turns back to the stove. Seth looks at her back a moment and reaches out to caress her neck, their eyes meet briefly, she turns back to the stove and his caress cascades down her back, resting on her bustle. Back in the house that the Bonanza bought, Alma lays in bed, Doc is packing up his tools.)

Alma: How am I?

Doc: I could wish your symptoms further remitted.

Alma: I find your answer vague. Doctor, has your medicine dulled my faculties or do you wish to cloud your meaning?

Doc: You don't do as well as I'd hoped. *(Alma looks stricken)*

Alma: Am I know losing my baby?

Doc: My opinion is you will. And your symptoms make it prudent to intervene. You're pained at the stomach.

Alma: I'd—I'd laid that to—to your medicine slowing my digestion.

Doc: The spasm in the muscles of your belly doesn't owe to slowed digestion. And while you are bleeding less, that you bleed at all with pain at the abdomen argues against further delay.

Alma: Have I time to see to certain arrangements?

Doc: May I begin to see to mine? *(Alma nods weakly, Doc heads downstairs where Ellsworth and Sofia are playing slaphands. Doc wheezes, coughs as he descends the stairs. He looks at Ellsworth and shakes his head.)* I should be back in about...an hour and a half's time. *(Ellsworth looks stricken as Doc leaves. Sofia grabs his hands as if to play again, he holds hers.)*

Ellsworth: Put your school things together, little one.

(Back at the Gem, Dan, Silas, Al and Johnny are sitting around the bar, waiting. Al pours his coffee.)

Dan: If we know Hearst is coming, Boss, why the fuck don't we strike first?

Al: From the moment we leave the forest, Dan, it's all a giving up and adjusting.

Dan: Across the thoroughfare to slit that cocksucker's throat.

Al: We forego the rock for the dagger, learn distraction's use and deceptions before the dagger is employed—spirits, women, games of chance.

Dan: I'm older, and I'm much less friendly to fuckin' change.

Al: Change ain't lookin' for friends. Change calls the tune we dance to. *(Captain Turner steps into the doorway. Dan steps forward.)* Where are you going? *(Captain Turner steps up behind Al.)* Whiskey, Cap'n? *(Turner hands him the envelope, and leaves.)*

(Joanie enters Cy's room at the Bella Union. She retrieves the tray by his bed.)

Cy: Morning, Miss Sunshine.

Joanie: Mornin', Cy. *(She sets the tray down and helps him sit up in bed, propping a pillow behind him.)*

Cy: What can you tell a man at the margin of things? Reason for these cancelled speeches?

Joanie: I don't know why they was cancelled.

Cy: You seem a little sour. Don't think lying here these weeks, I ain't had my dark moments. Thank God I took this book up again.

Joanie: If it really brings you peace, then I'm glad.

Cy: Hell, yes, it brings me peace. Do you doubt that?

Joanie: I try to believe.

Cy: You want to read something with me, Honey?

Joanie: "Same as you want to find a different way, then why couldn't Cy?"

Cy: Getting gut-stabbed by a Minister of God will bring you to examine your path.

Joanie: But I don't. *(She chokes back tears)* I had a gun to my ear at Shaunessy's yesterday.

Cy: What the hell were you doing at Shaunessy's?

Joanie: Staying away from here.

Cy: You listen to me, young lady. What brings a gun to the temple is lack of gainful occupation and of being useful to others! I don't see you try to kill yourself here. All you do here is good for the girls, and me too.

Joanie: I don't want to run women no more.

Cy: And that's turning from your gift and your training!

Joanie: When you speak, I feel like it's the devil talking.

Cy: Ain't that a lovely thing to hear yourself accused of? *(a knock at the door, door opens.)*

Con: Excuse me, Mr. T, but fucking Lila's in extremis.

Cy: Jesus Christ!

Con: Ought I get the Doc? Leon seems over his head. *(Joanie leaves.)*

Cy: She'll see to it.

Con: Yeah. *(he nods and leaves, closing the door.)*

Cy: Try to stay afloat from the fuckin' sickbed., have to listen to something like that. *(Joanie wipes tears from her eyes as she walks through the downstairs of the Bella Union, looking for Lila. She finds her outside on the porch, Leon holding her up.)*

Joanie: Get the fuck inside, Leon, before I take out my gun and kill you! *(She shoves Leon out of the way and grabs Lila from him.)*

Leon: Joanie this ain't the way it looks.

Joanie: Get inside or get shot!

Leon: Well, hold her up then! Got a long fuckin' way to fall down.

Lila: Let me die, Joanie.

Joanie: Start walking, you lousy whore. Start walking.

(Jane walks out of the Chez Amie, slamming the door behind her and swaggering outside. She takes a moment, hands on her hips, facing Mose, hesitating momentarily before speaking.)

Jane: Slept inside, in case you wasn't aware. Miss Stubbs' request. Thought she'd try someone competent keeping watch. *(She grabs a watering can.)*

Mose: She's off to the Bella Union.

Jane: I can't worry about her right now. Can you just help me lug in the fucking water?
I'm for the day off the bottle and about to bathe.

Mose: *(Standing)* Camp get up a petition?

(Inside the Gem, Dan is staring at the sketch Hearst had delivered, trying to puzzle it out. Al sips his coffee, calmly. Dan looks at Johnny, Johnny rolls his eyes to the paper, having no idea what it means. Dan looks up at Silas, who shakes his head in befuddlement too. As I would if I found out you paid some cocksucker for this transcript. Google "Deadwood Transcripts" and you'll find 'em for free.)

Dan: I can sniff this all you want, Boss, but I—I ain't got one fuckin' scintilla of an idea what these marks mean.

Al: What if that's the door of our joint?

Johnny: *(Walking to the table.)* That would make this line the bar. *(Pointing to the line on the left side of the paper.)*

Silas: What would that make the Xs?

Al: Murderers? *(The boys get a look of shock dawning on them.)* See to your task with the Jew.

(Silas leaves, Johnny nods as if he's got it all figured out, Dan looks worried. Over at the Chez Amie, Jane climbs into her bath. Mose pokes around in the schoolroom adjacent to where Jane is bathing.)

Jane: A few fuckin' things history proves: you sit still, you fuckin' memorize, you repeat back what you fuckin' learn, or, choosing otherwise, you display your knuckles to be struck fuckin' bloody on the fuckin' desk! *(Slaps the water.)*

Mose: *(clears throat)* That how you gonna start your talk to the children?

Jane: Shut the fuck up, Mose! And don't tease me at a crucial fuckin' hour. *(Mose pauses, collecting himself.)*

Mose: Can I listen? *(Jane pauses, surprised, and smirks.)*

Jane: From outside, at your post near the shitter.

(In E.B.'s room at the Grand Central, Richardson is hunched over him, applying balm to the wounds on E'B's face.)

EB: Could you have been born, Richardson, and not egg-hatched as I've always assumed? Did your mother hover over you, snaggle-toothed and doting, as you now hover over me?

Richardson: I loved my mother.

EB: Puberty may bring you to understand what we take for mother love is really murderous hatred and a desire for revenge. *(He takes a drink.)*

Richardson: Will you give your speech to be Mayor tonight?

EB: Whatever night I give it, count on me not to mince words. "Electors of the camp, as to who should serve as Mayo, reasonable men may differ. But as to who

should be Sheriff...we all ought to speak with one voice. And our words should be, 'turn out the maniac Bullock, who set upon the Mayor unprovoked, who beat him with merciless protraction.' Bullock should be murdered! We should rise up and murder Bullock! Thank you very much."

Richardson: My father didn't liked me.

EB: I'd like to use your ointment to suffocate you.

(He flinches as Richardson dabs on more ointment. In the thoroughfare, Ellsworth is walking Sofia to school when they spot Martha and Seth leaving the house that Bullock built. Ellsworth pats Sofia on the back and nods to her. Sofia goes running to them.)

Ellsworth: May the little one walk with you? IS that all right?

Martha: Of course. *(Ellsworth pauses a moment and turns away.)*

Sofia: My mother's sick.

(Seth looks up quickly at the Ellsworth's home, a worried look on his face. A hooplehead strides down the boardwalk, turning to head inside the Gem. Davey puts an arm out and halts him.)

Davey: We're closed for the next 15 minutes. *(Al wipes down the bar, grunting. The parper stands in front of him.)*

Parper: Whiskey.

CoParp: Beer. *(Al looks up, surprised. Dan is in Barney's barber chair, being prepped for a shave. Al puts down the towel.)*

Al: *(clears throat)* I'm concerned it might be taken as provocation—me serving his whiskey before you getting your beer, or the very reversal of that.

Parper: Just bring the whiskey. *(nods, leaning into the bar.)*

CoParp: Fuckin' beer. *(Al pauses, points at two men sitting behind them.)*

Al: And these others, they friends of yours that come in on your heels? You friends of these boys, fellas? *(pours the drinks)* Should I be taking your orders all together? *(Holds up the drinks, looking confused.)* And was yours the fuckin' beer?

Parper: Mine was the fuckin' whiskey. *(Dan taps Barney signaling him to step out of the way.)*

Al: *(Sighs)* Right then. *(Heads down to the Parper, grabbing a knife from below the bar in front of him)* Right you fuckin' are.

(He tosses the whiskey in the Parper's face and stabs the Parper, spinning him around and slicing his throat. The Parper screams and groans. The Co-Parper has a gun trained on Al and as he prepares to shoot, Dan grabs him from behind and guts him, causing the shot to go astray. Johnny pulls out a shotgun and trains it on the men still seated at the table. Davey holds a gun on them from behind.)

Johnny: Make a move, cocksuckers!

Al: Don't you shoot 'em, Johnny! If these fellas had been sent here to draw, I believe they'd have already done it. Go ahead. Go on, fellas. *(He motions toward the door with the knife. The men get up and hurry out the door past Davey.)* Mind the muck at the thoroughfare center. Debates are on for tonight, whoever you might want to tell. *(Charlie walks in as the two men are leaving, surprised by the scene before him.)*

Charlie: I'll drink after I've ate. *(Al lets the Parper's body thud to the floor and sets the knife down. Charlie turns around and grabs a hoople by the crook of his arm, do-si-doing him around and back out the door.)* Nuh-uh, no no. You don't want—you don't want to go in there.

(Dan pulls his knife from the CoParper's back, Barney stands in shock with is pants piss-stained. At the Hardware store, Sol lays down a deed on the counter for Seth to look over.)

Seth: Definitely a prudent investment.

Silas: If I could control even one of my vices, believe me, I'd have kept the house myself. *(Charlie enters, nodding his head to the door at Seth.)*

Seth: Excuse me. *(He follows Charlie outside. Silas spits in his hand and holds it out for Sol.)*

Sol: Oh, no. That's what these are for. *(motions at the inkwell and pen. He picks up the pen, dips it in the inkwell and starts to sign the documents. Silas watching.)* Whether I ever fucking live there or not.

(At the house that the Bonanza bought, Trixie is by Alma's bedside.)

Alma: My husband and I agreed before marrying that property held by either of us before our union would not be encumbered by our marriage. As to such properties held...by me...(sighs) I name my ward Sofia inheritor.

Trixie:*(whispering)* I've heard her.

Alma: I wish no amendment as to guardianship or administration of those properties. *(Ellsworths eyes grow big in shock. He stands.)*

Trixie: I've heard her.

Ellsworth: Ought not Mr. Bullock be present to accept?

Alma: This is property before our marriage.

Ellsworth: I know what it is. Don't he need to accept, being steward now to Sofia's interests? Why don't I go fetch him?

(Jane stands in the Chez Schoolhouse Amie, shyly to the side, Martha takes her by the hand and leads her gently to the center of the room.)

Marths: We have a special guest with us today—Miss Jane Cannary. *(Mose peeks in.)*

Sofia: An Indian scout!

Jane: There's a child I know.

Mary: *(Turning and pointing at Sofia)* Sofia. *(Sofia waves. Jane looks at Martha. She nods to Jane.)*

Jane: Anyways, um, I was a scout for Armstrong Custer.

James: George.

Jane: You're right, but I always called him *(salutes)* "General" to his face, and "Armstrong" behind his back. *(She flexes)*

James: Why?

Martha: James.

Jane: I guess I...always spoke of him as "Armstrong" 'cause he seemed puffed up to me, and "Armstrong" has a puffed up sound. *(The children giggle, Jane pulls a chair up and sits.)* Any quarrel with me continuing, James?

James: Go ahead.

(She tips her hat and smiles. Back at the Grand Central, Richardson looks through the peep hole from E.B.'s office into the absurd restaurant, spying Bullock and Charlie entering.)

Richardson: Uh-oh. *(long pause.)*

EB: Why say "uh-oh"? If you don't mean to go on to explain yourself, why say anything at all?! Do you only feign stupidity while in fact plotting ways to madden me?!

Richardson: No.

EB: Why did you say it? Why did you say "Uh-oh"?!

Richardson: It's the Sheriff that beat you. *(E.B. pants, holding his jaw, laying back.)*
Now comes Mr. Hearst.

(Cut to the restaurant)

Hearst: Gentlemen. *(nods to Charlie and Seth, sits down. Charlie pours a coffee and heads back to the table Bullock has seated himself at. Nodding towards Hearst, he puts his hat up as a shield.)*

Charlie: Two of his men throat-cut, and he he picks the fuckin' fish.

Seth: Why do you think the men were his? *(Ellsworth approaches the table.)*

Ellsworth: My wife would like to see you. *(Seth looks stunned, grabs his hat and follows Ellsworth out.)*

Hearst: Kinda warm.

(Chez Schoolhouse Amie, Jane continues her talk.)

Jane: The man didn't listen—his basic fundamental problem. He'd look at himself in the mirror when you'd make your report. Once I said to him how thin his waist was...*(laughing)* and how pretty I found his hair, just to get him to turn around, which he did—to tell me get out of his tent. *(Mose peeks)* So...I guess my lesson I got to teach you—listen and you won't get scalped. And don't look at yourself too much in the mirror. *(standing, Martha starts to approach her)* What else I found puffy—he traveled with a dozen caged animals like you'd see in some zoo in the east. Like we don't have enough wild animals around here, huh? *(She tips her hat and smiles. Finished.)*

Martha: Let us all thank Jane for her bravery here today.

Children: Thank you, Jane.

Jane: I know another brave person here, too. (*motions to Sofia, Sofia smiles*) Several. (*Motions to Martha.*)

(In the house the Bonanza bought, Doc is adjusting a mirror to properly see Trixie's pussy, in preparation for the operation he must give Alma.)

Doc: More. More more more more. (*Ellsworth moves a mirror.*) Uh-huh. More more. All right. Wider. (*Trixie spreads her legs wider as Ellsworth moves.*) Not you! (*Trixie sighs*) All right. (*Taps Trixie's knee*) All right. (*Upstairs, Alma is meeting with Bullock.*)

Alma: Sofia must be protected. If my first husband's family attacks Sofia's title in court, Mr. Hearst might be approached as a purchaser. I'm sure he could buy the relevant authorities.

Seth: All right.

Alma: Given his history with Hearst, I'd spare Mr. Ellsworth that indignity.

Seth: I understand.

Alma: Thank you, Mr. Bullock. (*She breathes in sharply, Seth's eyes widen.*) I regret nothing.

(Seth nods and leaves, as he comes down the stairs, Trixie and Doc are straightening up, Ellsworth passes Bullock on the stairs, returning to Alma's side. Seth steps outside and sees Sol approaching the window, peeking in. Seth looks at him questioningly, Sol gives a big grin and a thumbs up. Seth leaves. Trixie sees Sol at the window and approaches it.)

Sol: (*whispering*) I bought the house. (*Trixie looks confused.*) The house. I bought it. (*He nods and grins.*) It doesn't mean we have to move in together. (*Trixie nods and turns, smiling. Upstairs, Alma talks with Ellsworth.*)

Alma: Please remind Sofia that the full moon is in two days.

Ellsworth: All right. (*She reaches out her hand to him, he holds it.*)

Alma: We three will watch it together. (*They smile.*)

(Back at the Gem, Dan and Johnny are moving the bodies to the sled, Davey is scrubbing the newest bloodstain.)

Johnny: Davey is taking a chance not lettin' Al do the scrubbing.

Dan: That's Davey's fucking problem.

Johnny: (*grunts*) All right. (*groans – takes the sketch from between his teeth and holds it up to Dan.*)

Dan: (*sighs, squatting by the sled*) Now Hearst...sent these two, the two you had the drop on—

Johnny: That didn't draw.

Dan: Yeah, he sent the two that didn't draw, so that these two wouldn't be so quick to their irons.

Johnny: And these two that you and Al murdered—

Dan: Correct. These—these two. *(He pats the bodies)* So, see, that give ma and Al time to cut their throats. Now that was Hearst showing Al his ass.

Johnny: And sending this diagram ahead was him signaling Al his intention.

Dan: Well, it was his preliminary signaling that he was gonna show his ass, if Al was smart enough to know it. Now, otherwise, if Al didn't know it was coming, he'd have been surprised when those two didn't back these two's play.

Johnny: Well, thinking that Al would throw his hands up surprised shows that Hearst ain't too smart! *(He slaps the bodies and the sketch on top of them.)*

Dan: *(laughs)* Aw, he's smart, Johnny. I mean, they both, him and Al, are real fuckin' smart. *(We hear a loud fart come from the bodies and Dan and Johnny make faces. Ew, stinky!)*

Johnny: That'd knock a buzzard off a shit wagon. *(Dan rubs his nose, looks up and sees Captain Turner at the threshold again. Upstairs, Al is talking to Silas.)*

Silas: I just—I feel shunted aside or the like, not involved as much as previous.

Al: Adams, you were busy with Star...

Silas: That you sent me off to see...

Al: Thinking you'd be back before time for the murders.

Silas: So it wasn't like a decision you made to have the murders while I was signing the papers?

Al: You've no idea how fuckin' badly you're boring me. *(knocks on door)* Yeah? *(door opens.)*

Dan: That Captain's brought over another envelope. *(Al points the whiskey bottle at Dan "gotcha", stands up and takes his tea cup with him. He turns to Silas)*

Al: Won't you see with me what this might portend? *(He swings his arm to the door Vanna White style and Silas rises.)*

Silas: All right. *(Dan has a "What the fuck just happened?" look on his face as they walk past him. Johnny watches the Captain stand in the middle of the room.)*

Johnny: Drink? Or won't you be staying? *(Al comes downstairs.)*

Al: Ask the fella who made them Xs if he hires out for portraits. *(Al sips his tea, the Captain holds up another envelope. Expressionless. Al takes it from him and the Captain leaves. Al reads the note and a look of serious surprise crosses his face, he walks out to the thoroughfare.)*

Johnny: What's Al doing?

Dan: Like I fuckin' know.

Silas: If we was trailing water, we might get took for ducklings.

(They step onto the thoroughfare and look up to see Hearst smashing a hole through the upstairs room of the Grand Central. Al smiles while the rest just look confused. Al hands the note to Dan.)

Dan: "Come watch the speeches with me..." um...It's written in awkward hand.

Al: "Come watch the speeches with me on my veranda." That's what it says.

Merrick: *(Emerging from the newspaper office)* What in God's name is going on? *(Lowers his voice as he approaches Al.)* And I inquire about more than that hole. *(Al looks at Merrick. They enter his newspaper office.)* These last months have made me expert. It was gunfire, and it came from your saloon.

Al: Has not the press a duty, Merrick, qualifying its accounts in time of war?

Merrick: Are we at war now here in the camp? Has that fact been suppressed as well? Absent formal declaration, Al, information which affects this community is not my prerogative to disseminate; to do so is my sacred responsibility. *(Oh that Bobby Brown could use the word "prerogative" as eloquently.)*

Al: Whores currently disseminating a dose, for example?

Merrick: To inform within decency's limits. We've had this discussion before.

Al: Citizens better die postulating than touch indecent ink.

Merrick: Make a list of the infected whores and account for this morning's gunfire, and I'll publish it all.

Al: I won't, fucking Merrick, because neither's to my fucking interests, just as you owning a print press proves only you've an interest in the truth, meaning up to a fucking point—slightly more than us others maybe, but short of a fucking anointing or the shouldering of a sacred burden, unless of course the print press was gift of an angel. I'd want to be there for that handoff myself. Maybe you should print an extra saying the speeches are on again.

Merrick: Tonight?

Al: What time do you think would be best? *(Merrick looks at Al, surprised. Back in the Utter Freight and Charlie Mail office, Charlie is picking up mail that has fallen to the floor and putting it in a bag.)*

Charlie: Well, people tried keeping their thoughts to theirselves. *(He sees Seth at the threshold and stands.)* Yes, sir?

Seth: Will you mind, Charlie, not being noted tonight from the hustings?

Charlie: Be a Godsend.

Seth: Mrs. Ellsworth isn't well. *(Charlie opens the gate)*

Charlie: I'm sorry. *(Seth grabs his hat and enters the office.)*

Seth: If, while I'm on that Goddamn platform, you could station outside her place...

Charlie: Sure I could.

Seth: Sol's speaking too, you see, or I'd ask him.

Charlie: I'm glad to do it, Bullock. Glad and fuckin' relieved. *(Seth sits)* Doc Cochran seeing to her? *(Seth nods)* In good hands then.

Seth: And Mrs. Bullock sees to Sofia.

Charlie: Don't that child thrive now, with starting into school? *(Charlie smiles, Seth looks at him confused.)* Sweet as before and notably more outgoing. *(Seth smiles reflectively, they share an awkward moment as they stand, Bullock hat in hand, turns back to Charlie.)*

Seth: Trixie will come out from being in helping the Doc.

Charlie: Likely to come out for a smoke. *(Seth nods, starts to leave and turns back – another awkward moment passes.)* Fuckin' mail, huh? *(Seth leaves.)*

(Harry pants, uncomfortable, squeezing his buttcheeks and holding his side as he reviews his speech at the Number 10.)

Rutherford: Uncharted territory, Harry. Coming up on 14 minutes.

Harry: I don't care. I don't care whatever you mean.

Rutherford: Readied as you were yesterday, only to have the event deferred, do you suppose it's nerves about giving your speech has your bowels in upheaval?

Harry: When you was a boy, Rutherford, I bet you was a hand at tying cans to dogs' tails and setting cats ablaze.

Rutherford: Or uncertainty when they'll be held? *(Harry groans, slams his speech down on the bar and runs for the outhouse.)* Overturning turtles was my specialty.

(Joanie sits down next to Lila on a bed at the Bella Union.)

Joanie: Wake up, Lila. *(shakes the sleeping Lila.)* Wake up. Don't you close your eyes again.

Lila: *(Sitting up, groaning)* How do you make it through?

Joanie: Go on, girl. Get out.

(Alma lays on the table, her eyes scared. Trixie takes her chin in her hands and turns Alma's face to her.)

Trixie: Seven times through, Alma—I'm healthy as a fuckin' horse. *(Alma smiles weakly, yet bravely.)*

Doc: I trust you not to modify my instructions.

Trixie: To the letter, Doc. *(Not taking her eyes off Alma's)*

Doc: All right, begin. *(Trixie holds a cloth to Alma's mouth, Doc holds his hand out, it's steady as can be. Trixie pours the anesthesia onto the cloth.)* You'll be all right. *(Trixie holds the cloth to Alma's nose, watching Alma closely.)* Turn your head away from the cloth and breathe.

Trixie: Shut the fuck up and concentrate.

Doc: Turn your head away God damn it!

Trixie: What I'm use to, this is like smelling fucking posies! *(outside, Ellsworth and Charlie look up at the commotion.)*

Doc: I would just as soon that you not fucking pass out!

Trixie: When you're done with hers, Doc, why don't you fucking kiss mine?!

(That evening, a crowd is gathering in front of the hustings. Inside the house that Bullock built, Martha and Sofia are making bread. Sofia using a rolling pin as Martha sifts flour over the dough. Seth comes downstairs, Martha looks up.)

Martha: I'll be back in just a moment, Sofia. Round the dough's ends. *(She approaches Seth, he turns and pauses a moment.)*

Seth: Mrs. Ellsworth is being seen to by Dr. Cochran. And Trixie, I believe, is assisting him. *(No shit, Seth. Did Martha think she was just watching over Sofia for the past several hours for the fuck of it?)*

Martha: I'll keep care of Sofia while you deliver your speech. And we'll both pray for Mrs. Ellsworth.

(Seth awkwardly nods, and leaves. Cy lays in bed, all dramatic like, holding his forehead.)

Cy: Go on then. Spend time finding spine to put the bullet in your brain. Calls me the fucking devil. *(hugs the Bible in his arms)* Show me another fucking strategy. Bedridden and liable to fucking slaughter. Deception don't preclude the search for fucking conviction.

(Downstairs, a drunken Con and a drugged up Leon talk.)

Con: When is "when"?

Leon: You are a fucking stitch.

Con: "About to begin" could mean anything. There's a crowd outside. Are the speeches about to begin? Is "when" now? *(Andy Cramed enters)* Oh, dear. Oh, brother.

Leon: What is it?

Con: Only Andy Cramed, you drug-addled turd!

Andy: Gentlemen.

Con: Yes, sir. *(laughs)* Yes, sirree. Reverend! Excuse me for just a moment! Reverend!

Leon: Reverend! Guess you heard about the Clergical discount on wheel and faro both?

(Con rushes into Cy's room, quickly trying to hide the liquor bottle in his hand behind his back. He stands at attention.)

Cy: Yes, Con?

Con: Andy Cramed that stabbed you is outside with Leon, sir.

Cy: Is he?

Con: Yes, sir. Just come in.

Cy: Is his blade sheathed?

Con: No brandishin' no threatenin' gestures of any kind.

Cy: I'll see him, Con.

Con: Yes, sir.

(Joanie looks out the window and sees Charlie standing there. What the fuck? Is she in the Chez Amie? 'Cus if she is, Martha must be taking the long way to school. Doc comes outside and retrieves Ellsworth. They go back into the house. Back in the Bella Union, Cy play acts at being asleep and "stirs" startled to see Andy.)

Cy: Reverend Cramed. Or are you an apparition?

Andy: It's me, Cy.

Cy: Ain't that what a spirit would say?

Andy: It's Andy Cramed in the flesh. How are you, Cy?

Cy: Well, I'd say overall. *(coughs, shivers, sits up.)* Though I'll never shit again without pain.

Andy: I'm sorry.

Cy: Now you ain't come to finish me off?

Andy: To ask your forgiveness.

Cy: And decide how to vote.

Andy: Coming for the speeches was my excuse.

Cy: As far as stabbing me, Reverend, you was sorely fuckin' provoked. I denied you'd been called, treated you like the shitbag fuckin' operator you used to be.

Andy: I forgive you, Cy, as I come to beg your forgiveness.

Cy: *(points to his bible)* The ribbon's at Matthew 12, Reverend. Could you read verse 31 for me? *(Andy takes the Bible into his hands and finds the spot.)*

Andy: "Therefore I say to you, every sin and blasphemy will be forgiven except blasphemy against the spirit."

Cy: Couldn't Matthew be speaking of me there? Oh, Christ Al-fuckin'-mighty, I'm so glad to fuckin' see you, Andy, with—with forgiveness in your fuckin' heart. *(He sits up and on the edge of the bed. Drawing a pistol out and pointing it in Andy's general direction. Waving it around as he speaks.)* Oh...where is this strength coming from now? Where is this strength coming from that I feel flowing into me, that lets me sit up and try to fuckin' touch you, Andy, if only you'll fuckin' let me? Fuck me! Fuckin' Jesus Christ Almighty! Can you feel what's fuckin' moving here? It's moving in the room right now! If only you'd hold me, I believe I could walk. *(Leon walks in – confused and shocked at the sight of Cy.)*

Leon: Con said now may be when you ask to be told about.

Cy: Jesus Christ, you're well-arrived. Would you have dope's cross off your shoulders, son?

Leon: I know I'd—*(coughs)* like to take less.

Cy: Then fall to your fuckin' knees. *(brandishes the gun at him – Leon drops to his knees)* Get to your motherfuckin' knees, Leon, and ask the Lord to lift your burden part-way.

Leon: Hear me! Lord! *(Looking up questioningly confused.)*

Cy: Don't fuck with the fuckin' deity, Leon! *(Andy looks at Cy, confused at his speech.)* You've got to come to him wholehearted, even when you're asking for partial relief. *(Puts his hands together in prayer, the pistol cupped between his hands, still pointing at the two men.)* Oh, Lord! Let Leon cut down, Lord, on the motherfuckin' dujie. Let him cut way the fuck back.

Andy: I'll speak to you another time. *(He sneaks out the door.)*

Cy: Oh! Do you hear how I'm coming at him for you, Leon? *(Leon nods, his eyes shut tight and hands in prayer)* How I fully fuckin' supplicate the motherfucker? *(Con opens the door without knocking.)*

Con: Speeches are near commensurating, Sir. Now that's a definite.

Cy: *(Shakes his head, looks at Leon)* Get the fuck up, Leon. Help Con get me ready.

(Johnny leans by the doorway of Al's office.)

Johnny: Any argument for us accompanying you over there, Boss>

Al: Don't strike the right note going over there with seconds.

Dan: Know Goddamn well Hearst is gonna have his second there, that sea-creature-looking cocksucker.

Al: Hearst would have it understood the Captain is just a hefty steward of the household.

Dan: Yeah, one with a dozen fuckin' pelts on his belt.

Al: Even so, Dan, Hearst's man has pretext for his presence. You and the others don't. What with the olive branch I'll be bearing between my teeth.

Silas: You mind if we watch you from the balcony?

Al: Not at all. Moment seems meet, blow me a kiss. *(He turns around, Dan right in front of him.)* Excuse me.

(Dan steps aside, Al leaves. Outside the house the Bonanza built, Joanie is standing next to Charlie.)

Joanie: If I could, I'd tear my skin off. If I could, I'd put out my eyes.

Charlie: Now now.

Joanie: I hate being sick. Cy knew what I was. He knew to pick me all those years back.

Charlie: Miss Stubbs, did you like my friend Bill Hickok?

Joanie: Oh, I—I just met him the once at the Bella, at poker with Jack McCall.

Charlie: Did you like Bill that night?

Joanie: *(nods slightly)* I thought he was a gentleman.

Charlie: He was.

Joanie: I felt he had a good soul.

Charlie: He did, Miss Stubbs. I can say that. I knew him 20 years. You know what else? Bill that we both liked so well—and most everyone did that knew him, including some he killed—Bill thought as ill of his own self as you seem to do about you. So go on and try explaining people to me. And same as hearing me say what Bill thought of his self I don't expect brings you to think any less of him...maybe you, Miss Stubbs, oughtn't to stand judge and jury and every other job in courth on your own personal case. Maybe, coming to verdict, credit others' opinion of you like you do what you think of Bill...still.

(She looks at him, understanding in her eyes. He reaches out and pats her hand comfortingly, and grabs it. They hold hands. In front of the hustings, Merrick talks to the night's speakers.)

Merrick: So I'm gonna-I'm gonna just do some introductory remarks. I'll call you up on stage. Say what you have to say and that's it. *(Backs up, steps in something.)* Aw, shit.

(Al knocks on door #6 of the Grand Central. Hearst opens the door.)

Al: Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: Do you come to me placated, Mr. Swearengen?

Al: Never more so, not even as a tiny tot.

Hearst: Let's hear the speeches together. *(He steps out of the room and closes the door behind him.)*

Al: Show me your hole in the wall, which I find a useful advance.

(Merrick steps up on stage.)

Merrick: De Tocqueville said, "When an opinion has taken root in a democracy and established itself in the minds of the majority, it thereafter persists by itself." *(Hearst and Al step out onto the roof of the Grand Central.)* Tonight let us plant the seed of an opinion to take root and grow deep, that gathering to this end choosing those who will act in our name is proper, so that in years to come, among those who succeed us in this thoroughfare this idea will persist and seem to them self-evident. Candidates for Mayor—E.B. Farnum and Sol Star. The incumbent will address us first. *(He waves E.B. up onto the stage, a smattering of applause breaks out. Like, 2 people clap. Merrick grunts as he climbs down.)* Oh God. *(E.B. looks down on him)* Sorry.

EB: I give no long speech tonight. *(applauding)* You know me and my works.

Hearst: Your bosom must swell with pride, Mr. Swearengen.

Al: Swellings and saggings to the tit I lay at the exactions of time. *(Hearst chuckles.)*

Hearst: I mean you worked to bring this evening about. To labor without pleasure makes us our destiny's slaves.

Al: To work for crumbs or to keep from the lash says maybe a slave's what you are.

EB: I'll not question those either who have faith in my rival, or make faith an issue of any sort. *(whistles and gestures a large nose – a woman laughs. Sol and Seth glare at him.)* We are long past the time of the Pharaohs. I cannot decree Mr Star make exodus.

Hearst: Were you whipped, Mr. Swearengen? *(Als eyes narrow)* And does the lash snap still? Do you wait for the strike after all these years?

Al: Would the grip have been the part you were versed with?

Hearst: I was born to neither power nor money. My father sold goods from a countryside crossroads hut.

EB: A clear choice for Deadwood! Farnum—twice measured. Star—once cut. *(points to his crotch)* E.B. Farnum! Assayed and proven true! Farnum! Christ knows he's earned it! *(light applause as he steps down.)* Thank you.

Merrick: Mr. Star! *(applause – Sol climbs up)*

Hearst: When last we spoke, you warranted your willingness to interfere with me.

Al: Only to convey that my place should be for my uses.

Sol: I won't need a miracle far as parting the creek to take my leave of the camp. I just bought a house and plan to live here as long as God gives me. *(E.B. mockingly claps)*

Hearst: And my intention in making my sacrifice to you today—and it seems, my life's great challenge—was to show the virtue of consolidating purposes.

Hooplehead: Keep people from shitting in the creek! *(The crowd yells support)*

Sol: That—siftings runoff, tailings accumulating—

Al: I'd say that's naming horseshit virtue. Purposes butt up against each other, and the strong call "consolidating" bending the weak to their will. *(Captain Turner steps out)* And I'd add that whoever's behind me is about to study his guts.

Hearst: That's Captain Turner at three steps' remove as he has heard about your knifework close in.

Hooplehead: No lowered pants in the whitewood!

Seth: That's enough about the shit in the creek.

Hearst: Away from your seconds' view, the Captain's pistol is trained at your head. Do you believe yourself enough and adept, Mr. Swearengen, to overcome your disadvantage or will you walk with us inside? *(Al flicks his toothpick)* Hmm.

Al: Not throwing my hands up or my skirt over my head don't mean I ain't awestruck. *(Hearst chuckles.)*

Johnny: Well, they ain't slobbering on each other, but they ain't snarling neither. *(Hearst and Al walk inside, Turner sneering mockingly at them)*

Sol: Needs to do with the camp, or problems, you can always find me at the hardware store. *(The crowd applauds as Sol steps down.)*

Merrick: Seth Bullock for Sheriff! *(Cy steps out onto his balcony with Con and Leon behind him. Seth climbs the hustings and pulls out his speech.)*

Seth: I agree with what Mr. Star says. I find I usually do. I'm lucky we've been partnered these years. Keeps giving me time to catch up. I'm glad he's standing for office, and I'd try to be as good a Sheriff...as he'd be a Mayor to the camp. *(Doc, Ellsworth and Trixie lift Alma off the table.)* Sol's buying a house. I built one last year. I'm glad we're in the camp...even on the sorriest of days. *(Merrick looks up at him, Seth tips his hat and climbs down. The crowd applauds.)*

Merrick: Harry Manning for Sheriff.

(Trixie steps outside and Charlie looks to her. She gives a subtle smile to him, he looks to Joanie – she nods to him and he approaches Trixie. In Hearst's room, he slams a shotglass down in front of Al and pours him an overflowing shot as he speaks.)

Hearst: Accepting your premise, Mr. Swearengen, I'll not name how you would benefit from the action I wish you to take, saying only instead it's my will. To which I will have you bend, I suggest you drink that.. *(Captain Turner takes an object out of his pocket, standing behind Al.)*

Al: *(Seated, arms crossed.)* No.

Hearst: I would incorporate into my holdings the claim now owned by Mrs. Ellsworth. I am told that you can help me bring this about. *(Turner hits Al in the back of his head, knocking him to the ground. He grabs Al from behind and holds him still, placing his left hand on the table.)* Tell me how you will help. *(He takes out a pick and brandishes it.)* This is a grip I'm used to. *(He hovers over Al.)*

Al: As far as making your way into her...act averse to nasty language and partial to fruity tea.

(Al smiles as Turner holds him still, Hearst reels back and swings the pick down into Al's hand. Al gasps and thuds to the floor. Fucking Major Dad, I always hated him. Outside, Harry Manning is giving his speech.)

Harry: But I'd like to get known far as wanting to help the camp. We need a fire brigade, and I'd like to lead it. I've always loved fires since—since I was a boy. If you're wanting to drink, the Number Ten's serving. *(clears throat)* Oh, also—also, the graveyard needs moving. That's it. *(nods at Merrick, the crowd applauds.)*

Merrick: well, thank you all for coming. Please think about what you heard here tonight, and thank you again. *(Joanie steps out onto the Bella's porch, sees Lila – cleaned up and standing. She holds her hand.)*

Joanie: Nothing's over yet. *(Cy watches from above, Charlie approaches Seth through the crowd.)*

Charlie: Doc'd be dour at a christening, but Trixie says he wasn't scowling how he does, or or shaking his jowls like a bulldog. *(Al comes stumbling out of the Grand Central, his hand tucked into his breast pocket, looking slightly dazed, making eye contact with Bullock.)*

Seth: Thank you, Charlie.

Charlie: All right.

Dan: Oh God. That's the look he gets on his face when he's hurt. *(They rush back inside.)*

Cy: That man appears worse hurt than I am. Bless his heart.

Seth: What happened?

Al: We watched the speeches together. Yours was especially swell. *(quietly)* I need to lean on you, but don't you fuckin' look up.

Seth: Should I go up and get him?

Al: Hey, boys! *(The three amigos stride towards Al and Seth)* What'd you think of the speeches, huh?

Seth: I'll go get the cocksucker now.

Al: Stay the fuck away from him. Hmm? I'm having mine served cold. *(He steps ahead of Seth, leaving him in the thoroughfare.)* First one to touch me I kill.

(Dan sidesteps Al, Johnny swings around and follows Al. Hearst watches from above as the camp disperses, Seth collects himself and walks away.)

Episode Cast (in credits order)

[Timothy Olyphant](#) Seth Bullock
[Ian McShane](#) Al Swearengen
[Molly Parker](#) Alma Garret
[Jim Beaver](#) Whitney Ellsworth
[W. Earl Brown](#) Dan Dority
[Kim Dickens](#) Joanie Stubbs
[Brad Dourif](#) Doc Cochran
[Anna Gunn](#) Martha Bullock
[John Hawkes](#) Sol Star
[Jeffrey Jones](#) A. W. Merrick
[Robin Weigert](#) Calamity Jane
[Paula Malcomson](#) Trixie
[William Sanderson](#) E.B. Farnum
[Dayton Callie](#) Charlie Utter

rest of cast listed alphabetically:

[Larry Cedar](#) Leon
[Cullen Douglas](#) Bank Customer
[Chase Ellison](#) Richie
[Meghan Glennon](#) Lila
[Peter Jason](#) Con Stapleton
[Kevin Kearns](#) Pasco
[Ashleigh Kizer](#) Dolly
[Gerald McRaney](#) George Hearst
[David Redding](#) Davey
[Ralph Richeson](#) Richardson
[Brent Sexton](#) Harry
[Pruitt Taylor Vince](#) Mose
[Bree Seanna Wall](#) Sophia Metz
[Titus Welliver](#) Silas Adams