



# Episode 25: Tell Your God to Ready for Blood

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## Episode 25: Tell Your God to Ready for Blood

*(Panning down from the cloudy heavens, we hear birds calling out as the town of Deadwood is starting a new day. Al steps out onto his balcony, shaking his head, sipping his coffee. We hear a rooster crow, Al looks down into the thoroughfare, where Dan Dority has stepped out, he looks up at Al.)*

**Dan:** Fixin' toward a bloody outcome, boss.

**Al:** Absenting myself don't change *your* fuckin' instructions.

*(Dan looks resigned to the situation at hand, and heads back inside the Gem. We hear hammering in the distance and pan over to see 3 men erecting hustings. Inside the Grand Central, we see George Hearst laying on the floor next to his bed, staring up at the ceiling. Back in the Gem, several Cornishmen are at the bar, talking in their native tongue. A man sits at a table behind them, clearly annoyed at them.)*

**Annoyed Man:** Parp. *(On the Cornishmen turn and look at him briefly)* Parp. Parp. *(He picks up a shot as if toasting them)* Parp. *(He drinks, and the foreign chatter continues.)* Parp.

**Corny 1:** Slainte.

**Corny 2:** Slainte. *(They toast and drink a shot)*

**Annoyed Man:** Parp.

*(He toasts their backs and drinks a shot. Dan keeps a close eye on the situation and moves to a better vantage point. The Cornishmen have taken notice of the annoyed man and are talking amongst themselves they sound annoyed, near as I can tell. Cornish is dead language for a reason ya know. I sure as fuck don't speak it. And they don't enunciate near as well as Mr. Wu so fuck the phonetic shit.)*

**Annoyed Man:** Parp. Parp. Parp. *(Their conversation continues. Johnny, behind the bar, has a shotgun trained and ready, out of sight. Annoyed man starts speaking gibberish as if imitating the Cornishmen.)* Whoop goggle. *(Conversation continues)* Whoop goggle, boop boop. *(He moves his arms like he's doing the chicken dance. Hey, they're Cornish! And there's Cornish Hens! Hey this guy is so fuckin' funny he gives Silas and Hawkeye a run for their money. One of the Cornishmen shouts out, the middle one turns around, annoyed man lifts a shot in toast.)* Parp. *(drinks)*

*(The Cornishman on the end looks at his buddies, resigned to a confrontation. Dan shakes his head "no" at Johnny, who is ready to fire. The middle Cornishman steps forward and a shot rings out. )*

**Dan:** Hey! *(The annoyed man jumps up and fires again. His buddy behind him has also risen and pulled a gun.)* Hey! *(Al turns around, hearing the commotion. Hearst puts his hands behind his head, relaxed and satisfied.)* Get the fuck out!

**Annoyed Man:** He come at me with his foreign gibberish.

**Dan:** You get the fuck out while I let you get the fuck out. *(To the Cornishmen...)* You too, you get out that way. *(He points to the back door. The men look at each other and shrug. They move to grab their fallen friend.)* Leave him be or you'll be riding the Goddamn sled with him. Get out! *(The annoyed man keeps his gun trained on them as they leave. Dan leans over a chair, relieved the confrontation is over. He looks up, annoyed.)* Parp...*(The men put their guns away.)* Either of you cocksuckers want to talk funny at me?

**Annoyed Man:** Good day, Sir.

**Buddy:** Good day. *(They leave. Al looks down from the interior balcony.)*

**Johnny:** Wu's out of camp.

**Al:** Store him in our corner of the icehouse. *(He returns to his office, slamming the door behind him.)*

*(Inside the house that Bullock built, Seth approaches Martha as she comes down the stairs that Bullock built.)*

**Seth:** Will you look this over? *(He hands her a paper.)*

**Martha:** Certainly.

**Seth:** Words that doing the wrong jobs, piling on too heavy, or at odds over meaning—

**Martha:** I'll mark my suggestions.

**Seth:** Nothing showy is the main thing.

**Martha:** I understand. *(Seth is nervous, they share a moment of awkward silence.)*  
Shall I gather my school supplies?

**Seth:** I'm much obliged.

*(Sofia! Sofia is playing with a doll, sitting in a chair at the house that the Bonanza bought. We hear furniture dragging across the floor.)*

**Alma:** That's better, isn't it?

**Ellsworth:** Mm. *(nods.)*

**Alma:** Over here? *(She points to her left, Ellsworth drags the settee over to the spot.)* I will apologize, Mr. Ellsworth, for what I am about to ask.

**Ellsworth:** *(To Sofia)* She wants to try it on the ceiling.

**Alma:** A coverlet, dark red, is packed with the linens in the gray leather trunk.

**Ellsworth:** Back at the hotel.

**Alma:** It's near time in any case to take Sofia to school.

**Ellsworth:** The settee is best sited with its spread upon it, would be your mother's idea.

**Alma:** Mr. Ellsworth will help you gather your things, Darling, for school.

**Ellsworth:** Young lady.

**Sofia:** Goodbye.*(She kisses Alma on the cheek.)*

**Alma:** Bye.

**Ellsworth:** Will I bring you back a sandwich or a glass of milk?

**Alma:** Just the coverlet, thank you.

*(Seth and Martha step outside onto the thoroughfare. He, holding her elbow and her school supplies, guiding her down the pathway.)*

**Seth:** I'd sooner be hanging from those hustings than stand on 'em giving a speech. Nuttall's bartender's no hand at it either. We both may get pelted with refuse.

*(Alma steps to the window, looking out. This is the closest to Flora-vision we get in this episode. As she watches Ellsworth and Sofia walk away, we see her fall to the side, passed out.)*

**Ellsworth:** Morning. *(The meet Seth and Martha along the way.)*

**Martha:** Good morning, Sofia.

**Sofia:** Good morning. Will we bake bread again today?

**Martha:** Is it your vote we should?

**Sofia:** Yes. And Mr. Bullock for Sheriff, and Mr. Star for Mayor. And I will put the bread in to bake.

**Ellsworth:** If I'm to believe what I read, you're heavily scheduled today.

**Seth:** Yes.

**Ellsworth:** As to your meetin' with Hearst, if the chance comes up natural, stomp on the cocksucker's foot. *(Seth smiles.)*

*(Outside the Chez Amie, Mose Manuel is drinking his coffee on the porch. Joanie steps outside, leaving.)*

**Joanie:** Morning.

**Mose:** Yes, Ma'am.

**Jane:** Off to the Bella Union like the moth to the fucking flame.

**Mose:** Miss Stubb's didn't name her destination.

**Jane:** I'm telling you where she's going. *(She gets up and approaches Mose.)* And why don't you look for honest work?

**Mose:** Miss Stubbs holds what I'm doing for honest.

**Jane:** She no more needs a watchman than she does a fucking balloonist. And why should the young of this camp have to scurry past your man-toad figure to receive an education?

**Mose:** The time they come for schoolin', I'm in back and out of sight.

**Jane:** Exposin' them to being terrified only when they use the privy.

**Mose:** Go get your load on, Jane.

**Jane:** *(Yelling as she turns around and starts to head across the thoroughfare.)* Do not instruct me how to spend my day...or to itemize for you my crowded itinerary...you tub of blubber and guts!

**Mose:** I've got 10 minutes yet to be out front!

*(Jane stalks off into the back alley, sits down and pulls a bottle out of hiding.  
Belligerently taking a hearty swig. Al watches the Bullock party approach in the  
thoroughfare and he steps out onto his balcony.)*

**Ellsworth:** Might I give over the little one to you here?

**Martha:** Of course.

**Ellsworth:** When next we meet, young lady, I will be on the eye for warm bread. *(He hands Sofia her lunch bucket)* Wants a coverlet from storage—Mrs. Ellsworth—to consider atop the day bed. *(He rolls his eyes and heads in another direction. A.W. Merrick is at the hustings with his camera, he shouts out to Seth's back)*

**Merrick:** Framing of a dream.

**Martha:** *(Clears her throat)* He's saying that to you, Seth. *(Seth puts a hand up in acknowledgement, Merrick grins.)*

*(Inside the absurd restaurant, Richardson is clearing plates as E.B. watches.)*

**EB:** Mr. Ellsworth, no doubt on some menial domestic errand. *(Richardson sneaks a bite, E.B. swings around, Richardson quickly grabs the plates and returns to the kitchen. Back outside in the thoroughfare...)*

**Al:** Sheriff! Forgive my raucous tone.

**Martha:** Mr. Swearengen.

**Al:** May we have a word?

**Seth:** Once I've see 'em to school, I meet Hearst.

**Al:** Very much what I'd have us speak of. *(Seth nods.)*

**Sofia:** Can we plant beets again today?

**Martha:** Yes. *(Joanie passes them by, Martha nods to her.)*

*(Charlie Utter's hand is covered in ink, written on it is "Thank you for the intro Sheriff" but it looks like he changed his mind, there were other words underneath.)*

**Utter:** "Thank you...Thank you for the introduction, Sheriff." *(He looks up and sees Seth, jumps up off his seat to meet him in the thoroughfare.)* Sheriff.

**Seth:** Morning, Charlie.

**Utter:** Morning. Miss Bullock.

**Martha:** Good morning, Mr. Utter.

**Utter:** Morning there, little one, in your lovely go-to-school outfit.

**Sofia:** Good morning.

**Seth:** Did the evening pass in quiet?

**Utter:** The morning got a little busy. Cornishman killed in the Gem. His buddies come babbling to our office.

**Seth:** Dority kill him?

**Utter:** The complainants can't speak right so I had to have them play act. But I'm guessing no.

**Seth:** They up in the office still?

**Utter:** Down in Hearst's shafts. *(Martha takes Sofia's shoulder and turns to the men.)*

**Martha:** We'll say goodbye.

**Seth:** Goodbye. Goodbye, Sofia.

**Sofia:** Goodbye.

**Utter:** Goodbye there, little one.

**Sofia:** Goodbye. *(Seth hands Martha her supplies.)*

**Martha:** Thank you.

**Sofia:** Hi Dorothy. Good morning, James. *(More children join them, Mose gets up to go in back of the building.)*

**James:** Good morning.

**Utter:** Nice thing, ain't it? The children?

*(He looks up and spies Jane, she gives him the finger. Back at the absurd restaurant.)*

**EB:** Will you attend the evening speeches, Richardson?

**Richardson:** If you let me.

**EB:** Of course I will. How else are you to vote with intelligence? *(chuckles)* I intend no lengthy remarks. My tenure as Mayor speaks for me. Will they have the Jew merchant instead? Well, let them then and welcome. *(He smacks Richardson's hand)* I caught you, Richardson. Stuffin' spitbacks in your vile maw. "Let tomorrow's omelets go empty." Is that your fuckin' attitude?

**Richardson:** You hurted me.

**EB:** Shhh! Wash and stack, shit monkey. Or ready yourself for worse. *(He tosses the scraps from the plates into a bucket.)*

*(Back at the Bella Union, Cy is abed, Con and Leon are in the cage.)*

**Leon:** Congratulations, Sir.

**Con:** Congratulations. *(Joanie enters and heads upstairs.)* Florence Nightingale.

**Leon:** Florence Nightingale is a nurse.

**Con:** I know that, ya ignorant cocksucker.

**Leon:** Joanie Stubbs is a cocksucker.

**Con:** I know that, you ignorant fuck. *(clears throat)* Don't be sweatin' all over the gentleman's money. *(chuckles)*

**Leon:** 1500. *(He hands the man at the cage his money, turns to Con.)* And thank you for that rasher of shit.

*(Inside Chez Schoolhouse Amie. Heads are bowed as they recite the Lord's prayer together.)*

**All:** Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

*(Cut to the big titted whores of the Bella Union. Sucking on cigarettes and looking like general shit. Joanie enters their room.)*

**Joanie:** *(sighs)* Morning, Tess.

**Tess:** Morning, Joanie.

**Joanie:** Git. *(She shoes off a whore from the vanity.)*

**Tess:** I can take him that.

**Joanie:** I got it. *(pours water.)*

**Tess:** How's Cy?

**Joanie:** I don't know yet, Tess. It's none of your business anyway. Your only business is how you start the fucking day.

**Tess:** I'm clean.

**Joanie:** Before you go to sleep, how are you supposed to start?

**Tess:** I said I'm clean.

**Joanie:** You answer my Goddamn question.

**Tess:** My snatch is clean.

**Joanie:** Is the rest of your body clean?

**Tess:** Yes.

**Joanie:** What's next?

**Tess:** The room where I receive, and that's fucking clean.

**Joanie:** Well what's next after that?

**Tess:** God damn you, Joanie.

**Joanie:** What's next, Lila, if you ain't too fucking high? *(snaps her fingers in Lila's face.)*

**Lila:** Our room where we rest.

**Joanie:** Which don't it fuckin' stink in here? It does, Lila, like a hogwhore's cunt. And I ain't loaded not to smell it. Why don't you go, girl? Why don't you get to the muck where you're fuckin' headed anyway? Go on. Git. *(She shoves Lila into the hallway and starts to turn around. Lila sits on a bench, curling up. Joanie turns back to her.)* What are you doin' sittin' back there?

**Lila:** Oh, please let me stay. *(Joanie slams the door and turns back to the girls.)*

**Joanie:** When I come back tonight, you better all be sweet for me to fuck. Or have your damn bags packed, 'cause I'll throw every one of you out. Move, Tess, move. *(She takes the pitcher and leaves.)*

**Tess:** you know she's going to let her stay.

*(Con and Leon watch Joanie come down the stairs, she scowls at them and stomps her foot. As if shooing a stray dog. Con growls at her as she stalks away. She knocks and opens Cy's door.)*

**Cy:** Come on in, Honey. How are you?

**Joanie:** I'm all right. Was the Doc by?

**Cy:** Brightened my early mornin'. Another day on the right side of the ledger far as puss. *(Joanie helps him sit up a bit higher, he catches his breath.)* How's the action outside?

**Joanie:** It's quiet.

**Cy:** Either clown upright to tell you what the action was?

**Joanie:** I didn't ask.

**Cy:** I guess you'd stopped in on the whores. *(Joanie sits down, her back to Cy.)*

**Joanie:** Well, you might have mistook, Cy, pickin' Tess over Lila to see to 'em.

**Cy:** Lila's on the needle.

**Joanie:** Well, Tess ain't pickin' up the bit.  
**Cy:** Maybe she's unsure of her place, you in and out of our lives.  
**Joanie:** Well, fresh water. *(She moves the pitcher next to the bed)*  
**Cy:** You're not leaving yet, are you?  
**Joanie:** Right here, Cy, on the side table.  
**Cy:** Act like a fucking baby, don't I? *(mimics whining)* "Oh, don't go." Where's my Good Book, honey?  
**Joanie:** It's just next to you, in the bedfold. *(He grabs and clutches it close to his chest. Joanie slams the door behind her and he throws it down.)*

*(Inside Al's office at the Gem, Silas is picking at his nails.)*

**Silas:** I've been scooping out rain gutters for a month. My fingers are bloody with sandin'.

**Al:** You do recall you're only the transactions beard? *(He gets up and they head downstairs where Jewel is scrubbing the new bloodstain.)* You return to Star. A sorry run at the tables, you can't support the loan he made you.

**Silas:** Well, what if he don't foreclose?

**Al:** Oh, you beg him to buy you out. You may harm yourself. You're up all hours, "What have I fucking done?" Or the like. "Maybe I should fucking end it." Star ends owning that house is the necessary fucking conclusion. Coffee!

**Jewel:** Ready. *(She gets up to pour him coffee.)*

**Al:** That croaker seen to?

**Johnny:** At Wu's icehouse, under a tarp, in our corner.

**Al:** Will you pour it without scalding me, huh?

**Jewel:** Breakfast? *(Al pauses for a moment, Jewel gets back down on her knees to scrub.)*

**Al:** Bacon and eggs.

**Jewel:** *(She throws the brush in the bucket and struggles to her feet.)* You know you could have said that before I went down.

**Al:** You get in the kitchen. *(Jewel stalks off and Al takes off his jacket and starts to scrub the floor.)*

**Silas:** I liked living in that place.

**Al:** Why do I give a fuck? *(Al growls and scrubs, Silas leaves.)* So why not force this morning's murder outside?

**Johnny:** You told us not to.

**Al:** As he stank of a put-up job, I wanted to find out if we were meant for the venue.

**Johnny:** Well, whoever put the job up can't be any too smart, 'cause them Cornish work for Hearst. Murder a Cornish and you buy Hearst for an enemy.

**Al:** You're a fucking miracle, Johnny. It's close to a mortal certainty he ordered the murder himself.

**Johnny:** Hearst?

**Al:** Shut up! *(scrubbing)* He stages a murder in my fucking joint. Wants Bullock to show his ass before he'll bless his fucking candidacy. What does he require of the weather? Jesus Christ. That's it—how you clean a fuckin' bloodstain, hey.



*(Silas paces at the bank, distraught.)*

**Sol:** What if we stretched out the payments?

**Silas:** I cannot fucking make it. What the fuck was in my head to sign that note?

**Sol:** Take it easy.

**Trixie:** *(sarcastic)* Take it easy, Mr. Adams.

**Silas:** *(groans)* Take it off me. Can't you? Ain't there some way to take it off?! Oh God! *(He leaves upset. Sol watches him go, confused.)*

**Trixie:** *(Leaving behind Silas)* I'm in crisis too, needing awfully to piss. *(Catches up with Silas.)* Why not cork up and go on stage with that tragic fuckin' minstrel turn?

**Silas:** Are you alone?

**Trixie:** Yes, Miss Bernhardt, I am.

**Silas:** Al wants Star to take over that house.

**Trixie:** Why?

**Silas:** Keep my ruddy color not askin' Al his reasons.

*(Joanie is at a ledger, she's renting a room from another local hotel of sorts. She looks up at the biblical signs he has hanging around. Pausing on "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. John VIII:32 She grabs the ledger and pen and sits on a chair nearby.)*

**Shaunessy:** Disarray...in your room. Your last day when you left, disarray.

**Joanie:** I sat on the bed.

**Shaunessy:** I won't have it.

**Joanie:** Did you hear me, Shaunessy? My last day I sat on the bed for three hours. I had a glass of water.

**Shaunessy:** Yes yes yes. Very likely. *(She stands up and throws the book to the ground.)* Uh, 1-F, \$2. *(She turns back and steps up to the "desk" and hands him \$2. He hands her a key.)* The book, please. *(She picks up the book and pen and returns it to him. She walks to her room and opens the door.)* Ink on the floor. Pen near blunted, possibly broke. Binding's damaged. I won't stand for it.

*(Back at the Gem, Al is finished scrubbing. He stands up and puts the bucket on a nearby table.)*

**Al:** Give that back to the gimp.

*(Trixie enters, staring accusingly at Dan, he looks back at her not knowing what the fuck her problem is. She looks at Al, back at Dan, he turns and walks away.)*

**Trixie:** What the fuck you trying to pull with Adam's fuckin' house?

**Al:** Star needs to move into that. He's a candidate for office. He can't whore-fuck no longer with impunity.

**Trixie:** Who says I want to live in that house?

**Al:** You ain't. You're installing at fucking Shaunessy's.

**Trixie:** The fuck if I'll live in that shithole.

**Al:** Shaunessey being richer by 50 for his common wall with Star's home-to-be and the passage he cut through it, so you and the Jew can fall upon each other away from prying eyes.

**Trixie:** Fuck you, Al. Fuck Shaunessey's. And *fuck* the passage into Adam's fuckin' house.

**Al:** *(Al looks at Dan and turns back to Trixie as she leaves, holding the paper up as if nothing happened.)* Loopy cunt! *(He puts his glasses on to read, shaking his head at Trixie as she stalks off.)*

*(Inside 1-F, Joanie is crying quietly, rocking back and forth on the corner of the bed. Ellsworth enters the house that the Bonanza bought, finding Alma splayed out on the floor, unconscious. He rushed back outside to find the Doc. Trixie stalks back into the hardware store, Sol perks up as she stalk back toward him, the note in her hand.)*

**Trixie:** The wrist business on Adam's house loan, Adams being nothing but his fucking stalking horse from the gambit's fucking beginning. You sign to take those over, we'll move in your 12 possessions. You will be free to come and go by your own front fucking door, and as you lay in your beddy-bye, I'll pop from the wall like Grandma Groundhog in a storybook and attend to your Johnson, as he'd not see you jeopardize your Mayor's campaign where fucking in your place of business. And I'll have installed in room 3-fucking-C or the like of Shaunessey's adjacent shitbox, that he's paid Shaunessey to cut a hole through to ease my fuckin' fucking you.

**Sol:** Swearengen has?

**Trixie:** Who the fuck was I just talking to?

**Sol:** I don't know. You said you'd just gone to piss.

*(Seth enters the Gem. Al looks up from his paper.)*

**Al:** Man of the hour. Quick prick-suck, Bullock? Sally forth to meet the great man with unencumbered thoughts?

**Seth:** What happened in here this morning? Charlie Utter says a man was murdered, one of Hearst's workers.

**Al:** I'd spare you the particulars till after your meeting concludes.

**Seth:** Why?

**Al:** Why ask why? Why not honor the meeting's purpose? Speak as a candidate of your hopes for the camp and its future, confine yourself to generalities. *(Al takes a sip of coffee, looking furtive.)* Suppose Hearst...was this murder's architect? Suppose the workers were thieves or organizers?

**Seth:** Why kill 'em in camp before witnesses?

**Al:** Maybe as message to me his domain includes my fucking joint, and to test your willingness to bend to his fucking will before he backs your candidacy. What we know, fucking Bullock, is if when you two meet, Hearst does ask you to go easy, and you, for love of his type, say "Fuck yourself," no more illumination can come

to us, because you will have muddied the fuckin' waters. Is why I'd hoped you'd skirt the topic.

**Seth:** Has the body been eaten?

**Al:** The Cornish croaker? Wu's out of fucking camp.

**Seth:** Don't let it get eaten.

**Al:** Oh, absolutely—till your further full investigation. *(Seth turns, leaving)* As for your meeting with Hearst, may I offer a fervent Godspeed and hopes for your fucking self-control?!

*(Joanie rocks back and forth on her bed in the darkened room of Shaunessey's I-F.)*

**Joanie:** What am I, Lord, that I'm so helpless?

*(She holds a gun up to her temple. Contemplating pulling it. Almost comforted by the feel of it there. Seth enters the Grand Central, heading upstairs to meet with Hearst.)*

**EB:** Bullock. He ascends, Richardson, to be dug at and sifted and shoveled till his crucial vein is exposed. *(Seth knocks at Hearst's door)* Then Hearst will empty him out. *(chuckles)*

**Hearst:** Much anticipated, Mr. Bullock—some good solid talk between us. What do you drink?

**Seth:** No—thanks.

**Hearst:** I believe I won't either. I'm told that you operate a hardware concern.

**Seth:** I'm partnered with Sol Star.

**Hearst:** Ah, candidate for Mayor, as you are for Sheriff. *(Seth itches his nose)*  
And an officer of the Deadwood bank.

**Seth:** Sol's chief officer, yes.

**Hearst:** And you are an officer too.

**Seth:** Yes.

**Hearst:** The bank capitalized, as I understand, by Mrs. Alma Garret Ellsworth...*(Seth itches his nose)* Formerly quartered in this hotel and who has struck so rich in these hills.

**Seth:** Way back second to you.

**Hearst:** Extraordinary, the story of that woman's adventures. Do you suppose that its future chapters might be written...elsewhere than the hills? *(Seth turns)*

**Seth:** What are your intentions?

**Hearst:** As to Mrs. Ellsworth's holdings, I would shape those to the lady's preferences, and be pleased and grateful if you told her. *(Seth nods, sniffs and itches his nose.)* Do you need a handkerchief, Mr. Bullock? *(Finishes the itch, pausing)*

**Seth:** No.

**Hearst:** Unfortunate incident this morning at Swearengen's saloon. Do you know about it?

**Seth:** No. One of my workmen was killed in a drunken shootout.

**Seth:** Hmm.

**Hearst:** How will you deal with that, Sheriff?

**Seth:** Depends—what it was about? Who makes complaints?

**Hearst:** Mmm. My worker was Cornish. They are a clannish people. I suppose another Cornish might complain.

**Seth:** I'd need to hear what he said then.

**Hearst:** He may also indict the sunrise. For men of that sort, events such as these are as natural.

**Seth:** Anyways.

**Hearst:** May we speak of your ambitions?

**Seth:** Another time.

**Hearst:** I would want to support them, you see? I would want to back you—to thank you for taking her my message.

**Seth:** I never said I'd take her your message.

**Hearst:** Are you saying now that you won't?

**Seth:** You stay out of our fuckin' affairs.

**Hearst:** (*smirking*) Oh...affairs of that sort are not my interest, Mr. Bullock. My only passion is the color.

**Seth:** Excuse me.

*(Seth descends the staircase, E.B. at the front desk, looking over the mail.)*

**EB:** Bullock, how did you like Mr. Hearst? (*Seth turns and makes a beeline for E.B., grabbing him by the lapels and dragging him over the desk throwing him to the floor.*) What are you doin'?!

**Seth:** You piece of shit.

**EB:** How have I given offense?

**Seth:** (*punches E.B.*) You told him. (*Punch, punch, here comes Richardson and his magic Alma-Antlers!*)

**EB:** Call the law.

*(Seth continues beating up E.B. as Richardson goes running across the thoroughfare to the Gem and stands in front of Al.)*

**Richardson:** The Sheriff's killing the mayor. (*Al takes off his glasses and quickly heads for the door.*)

**Al:** In the thoroughfare, if I fucking need you. (*Johnny and Dan follow, Hearst looks over the railing at the beating down below.*) Bullock? Bulloick...Bullock! Why are you beating Farnum in Mr. Hearst's hotel? How are you, Sir? (*Stiff-neck Seth turns and looks up at Hearst*)

**Hearst:** I am well, Mr. Swearengen, and how are you? (*Seth turns back to E.B. and punches him again.*)

**Al:** Bullock! (*Seth stands up and back away from E.B.*) Shall I have him seen to, Sir?

**Hearst:** He seems to need that.

**Al:** My place, Sheriff? Boys! E.B.'s had an accident. Under your supervision, and then inform us on his further transport.

**Seth:** Yes.

**Al:** Give the poor fuck your shoulders, boys, huh? *(Seth take a step forward)* Sheriff!  
*(Seth back off, sneering)* Much experienced at the enterprise, Sir.

**Hearst:** I haven't a doubt.

**Al:** And once he's situated, may you and me speak?

**Hearst:** Of course.

**Al:** *(turns, and speaks softly to Richardson as he leaves)* You saw fuckin' nothing.  
*(Walks with Seth along the thoroughfare, following Johnny and Dan as they carry E.B. back to the Gem.)* Jesus, Joseph and Mary.

*(Back at the house that the Bonanza built, Doc is holding a glass with a dose of laudanum in it as he kneels next to Alma.)*

**Doc:** Mrs. Ellsworth? *(Hold out the glass)*

**Alma:** No.

**Doc:** You must drink this.

**Alma:** I will not awaken that demon, Doctor.

**Doc:** This has nothing to do with demons, Mrs. Ellsworth. This has to do with allaying the pain to get you through. Leave the demons to God and trust the pain to me.  
*(Alma hesitantly nods and takes the glass. Gulping down the medicine.)*

*(Back at the Chez Schoolhouse Amie, Martha is reciting phrases for the children to write on their chalkboards.)*

**Martha:** "A lady should not choose a man who chews tobacco." A lady should not choose a man...who chews tobacco. *(Mose peeks in)* "It robs his pocket, soils his clothes...and makes a chimney of his nose."

**Jane:** *(sneaking up behind Mose)* Good, peek. So if one of 'em sees you, they give up attendance forever.

**Mose:** *(whispering)* I suppose you didn't come to peek in.

**Jane:** I came to shit in the privy, which is where you're supposed to be during school hours.

**Mose:** How does it feel to take one sitting up? *(Jane eyes Mose as he stalks off, then takes his place peeking inside the classroom)*

**Martha:** "The Jews burn sacrifices upon an altar of stone." The Jews burn sacrifices upon an alter of stone. *(Mary raises her hand. Martha bends down to her.)* Altars of the kind in the sentence are spelled "T-A-R," *(Thanks, Martha. Wanna tell the folks that do the closed captioning?)* It's not so important always to be right, Mary, or to be first. *(Martha stands, and reads the next verse, hesitating.)* "Indians are sometimes very cruel."

*(Back in the Gem, Al and Seth speak.)*

**Seth:** I'm pulling out as a candidate.

**Al:** No, you aren't.

**Seth:** He'll use knowing to try to control me, have his way in the camp's affairs. He asked me to get her to sell.

**Al:** Oh, best leave the camp entirely as penance for having a prick.  
**Seth:** You were right about the killing. He didn't want it pursued. *(A door closes upstairs, Johnny steps out.)*  
**Al:** Bleeding?  
**Johnny:** He stopped.  
**Al:** Put him up on the fucking bed then. No grand gestures, fucking Bullock, till I've had my talk with Hearst. Do no fucking withdraw. And no more beating up on Farnum that has to run against Star. *(Seth grabs his hat and leaves. Dan approaches Al.)* It's no certainty Hearst knew one Goddamn thing about Bullock putting it to the widow.  
**Dan:** Hell of a beating for E.B. to take if he's innocent.  
**Al:** Oh, he's still way ahead of the game. Nonetheless, we must now assume that Hearst does fucking know. As going mad in front of him, Bullock might have tipped him as to the state of things.  
**Dan:** How are you gonna go at Hearst?  
**Al:** Don't I yearn for the days a draw across the throat made fucking resolution? *(Takes a long swig of the whiskey bottle)* Why, Dan, by composing my thoughts, tropes and gambits for the talk between us that is yet to come. Will you excuse me?  
**Dan:** *(Shrugs)* Sure.

*(Doc steps out onto the porch of the house that the Bonanza bought and approaches Ellsworth.)*

**Ellsworth:** Is she dying?  
**Doc:** *(Putting his hand on Ellsworth's shoulder's to comfort him,)* She's not in imminent danger.  
**Ellsworth:** The baby?  
**Doc:** Your wife is still with child.  
**Ellsworth:** I saw the blood on the floor.  
**Doc:** There wasn't as much blood as I'm sure it seemed to you. Mrs. Ellsworth *must* remain abed, And she must take the medicine I've given her, her fear of it notwithstanding. And you must remain strong at her side. *(Pats Ellsworth on the shoulder.)*  
**Ellsworth:** I have to collect the child. May I ask you to st—  
**Doc:** I'll stay here till you come back, and then I'll go collect Trixie to help you.  
**Ellsworth:** Thank you, Doctor.

*(Seth enters Charlie Frieght and Utter Mail. Charlie is sifting through a pile of boxes and throws up his hands.)*

**Utter:** Who the fuck are all these people?  
**Seth:** Guess the stages are gonna be crowded.  
**Utter:** Headed to collect the Missus? *(Seth hesitates with which way to step, then heads for the open jail cell. Sitting down inside.)*

**Seth:** *(sighs)* I just beat Farnum. *(Takes off his hat)* Meeting Hearst, I got the idea someone had told him bidness of mine.

**Utter:** Figured it was Farnum? *(Seth nods)* If it'd been me, I'da gone ahead and killed him.

**Seth:** I wonder now if I might have mistook—

**Utter:** Fuck Farnum anyway.

**Seth:** If I tipped Hearst myself, is what I'm wondering now.

**Utter:** Ah.

**Seth:** And of my temper generally, I'm wondering about—far as running for office.

**Utter:** Maybe you just don't want to speak tonight.

**Seth:** I *know* I don't want to speak. I'm wondering if I ought to withdraw. Talking against my own interests—being if you pull out, I won't have to speak from the audience—far as conversing with your rival, what's your best fuckin' experience?

**Seth:** Harry Manning?

**Utter:** Huh.

**Seth:** I guess that once the two of us talked to him.

**Utter:** When he killed Bummer Dan by mistake. And that was high fucking water. So you'd hold me as fair calling Harry fucking outright dimwitted? You think better than the Sheriff with a shortish temper, which in certain Sherifffing situations is a plus, camp be better with Harry?

**Seth:** *(Smiles at Charlie, stands up and puts his hat back on. Sighs)* Anyways. You gonna have dinner with us?

**Utter:** May be my last fucking meal if apoplexy takes me—off my nervousness. *(chuckles)*

*(Nuttall's No. 10, Steve, our shit-stirrer is back at it again. Talking to Harry Manning.)*

**Steve:** What if you won?

**Harry:** I won't. I'm only in it to make myself known.

**Steve:** Say you're fucking elected, Harry, am I entitled to the fucking livery abandoned by the Nigger Hosteteler leaving its stock to starve?

**Harry:** Well, I know you've took up its care.

**Steve:** And do you as Sheriff hold my fucking labor speaks for me, my diligent fuckin' efforts the last six fuckin' weeks?

**Harry:** Well, uh, I'd hold with the law, Steve, whatever statute applied.

**Steve:** Well, oughtn't a "statue" have to do with justice and not just to bait back a fled fucking nigger looking to steal what a white man's worked for?

**Harry:** Well, Hostetler ain't come back. Why think he ever will?

**Steve:** Because it's my family luck over centuries to get repeatedly fucked up the ass. And here in this fucking camp is where the chain gets fucking broken. And I'm askin' if you as Sheriff will stand with me?!

**Harry:** *(looks helplessly at Tom Nuttall and back)* Yeah, I ain't Sheriff. I got problems enough today without kiting checks on tomorrow's.

**Steve:** That was a wiggle worthy of a fucking reptile, Harry.

**Harry:** Bullock took a position?

**Steve:** I ain't asked Bullock! *(Tom looks up)* Fool that I am, I figured I'd give you first crack on the basis of our friendship. But I guess I was mistaken. *(spits)*

**Tom:** I've got an idea. Instead of running for office and tending bar, why don't you just tend bar and let everybody punch you in the face?

*(Jane peeks in the Chez Schoolhouse Amie, Martha passes by the door and opens it as Jane spins around trying to conceal her interest.)*

**Martha:** Hello, Jane.

**Jane:** *(enters)* Yeah, hello.

**Martha:** Several of the children's parents have told them you scouted for Custer.

**Jane:** I can't hear you!

**Martha:** *(speaking up)* Several of the children's parents have told them you scouted for Custer.

**Jane:** Not that the arrogant bastard ever heeded others' counsel.

**Martha:** Shall we fashion a story about your experiences, Jane, for the children to hear?

**Jane:** Do you talk this low when you're teaching the children?

**Martha:** *(louder)* Shall we fashion a story about your experiences, Jane, for the children to hear?

**Jane:** Uh, I best say no. My funds just now all go for liquor.

**Martha:** I see.

**Jane:** I fine myself for swearing amongst the young. And just now, I need my money for booze.

**Martha:** *(turning around)* We'd tell your story to avoid those.

**Jane:** Does that Mose Manuel horrify the children?

**Martha:** no.

**Jane:** Gives 'em bad dreams at night?

**Martha:** No, the children like Mose.

**Jane:** I expect he pisses you off.

**Martha:** *(chuckles)* No.

**Jane:** Well, he irritates the hell out of me. *(Seth enters, Jane jumps)* Oh, I was just going, Sheriff. I thought I left a bottle in here. Must've left it in the shitpile outside. *(She leaves quickly.)*

**Martha:** Goodbye, Jane.

**Seth:** Good afternoon.

**Martha:** How was your meeting with Mr. Hearst? *(Seth rubs his nose)*

*(Outside, it's getting dark, men light the torches along the street, Al looks down upon the hustings being prepared for that night's speeches. Inside the house that the Bonanza bought, Ellsworth and Sofia are playing cards And if you actually paid for this script on e-bay, you should know it's available free fuckin' gratis at <http://members.aol.com/chatarama>.)*

**Ellsworth:** We needn't be afraid is the main thing. She'll not be of a sudden taken or the like. The Doctor's guaranteed it. So when we're with her, we needn't be



worried. *(Sofia looks down as Ellsworth turns at the sound of Trixie carrying a tray upstairs to Alma. He turns back to Sofia and smiles at her comfortingly. She sticks her tongue out at him and he does the same. Trixie kneels down next to Alma.)*

**Trixie:** Do you want to keep it?

**Alma:** May not be a matter of my choosing.

**Trixie:** As I suppose we both fucking know. I'm asking...if all the way down, you want to bring it into the world.

**Alma:** I want it very much.

**Trixie:** Or if an accident befalling or fate intervening or—however you want to fucking put it, might find a small part of you relieved.

**Alma:** I want my baby.

**Trixie:** Then you're gonna lay down and be spoiled and put off proving what else you can do until after you've popped out this kid.

*(Hannibal Farnum groans in the bed he's laying in upstairs at the Gem.)*

**EB:** “Voters of the camp, do you see come before you some swollen and dissolute stranger? Do not mistake—“ *(groans – forces himself upright, throwing his hands in the air)* “It is I, E.B. Farnum!”

**Al:** Lie back, E.B.

**EB:** “Beaten past recognition by a candidate for another office.”

**Al:** Lie the fuck back—and listen. I need your truthful reply. Lie, I will know it, and death will be no respite.

**EB:** I told Hearst nothing of Bullock and the widow.

**Al:** I will profane your fucking remains, E.B.

**EB:** Not my remains, Al.

**Al:** Gabriel's trumpet will produce you from the ass of a pig.

**EB:** You told me not to tell him, and I didn't.

**Al:** I believe you.

**EB:** My pain is such that gives me no solace.

**Al:** Well, try not to blame Bullock for presuming it was you, considering your fucking history. *(E.B. cocks his head)* Anyways, tonight's speeches are fucking canceled. Nurse your fuckin' wounds.

**EB:** Thank you.

**Al:** I do not mean here.

**EB:** All right. Let me collect myself. *(chuckles)*

*(Al descends the stairs, surveying his domain. The Gem is busy. Johnny builds a toothpick tower at a table, while Dan is cornered by Merrick.)*

**Merrick:** Say what you have to say...

**Al:** Again for Merrick, Dan. Gratis.

**Merrick:** Uh, I'm due no special thanks, Al. Facilitating presentation of the candidates is the honor and privilege of the press.

**Al:** That's off, the presentation.

**Merrick:** Is Farnum incapable of speech? Does Star refuse to take advantage?

**Al:** Other factors at play.

**Merrick:** But surely Bullock and Harry Manning still can take to the hustings.

**Al:** I got to notify the parties.

**Merrick:** I'm an interested party too, Al. And I require explanation.

**Al:** Jesus Christ. How interested are you? Enough to bleed to keep the business from being a fucking puppet show?

**Merrick:** I can imagine bleeding, if first I've been made to understand.

**Al:** No one asked if you could imagine bleeding, or if you'd have tumbling or somersaults or cartwheels to bring you into the lists. Drink and fuck on the house, but do not attempt to detain me.

*(Dan pushes a drink across the bar to Merrick, Merrick resigns himself and drinks.)*

*Joanie emerges from her room and slams down her key on Shaunessy's ledger.)*

**Shaunessy:** In what state?

**Joanie:** We ain't in a state, Shaunessy.

**Shaunessy:** What condition? The room? How much disarray?

**Joanie:** No fucking disarray. But you nearly had brain on your walls. Oooh!

*(Hearst puts a bottle of Basil Hayden Bourbon on the table, and sits across the table from Al in his room at the Grand Central.)*

**Al:** You see me empty, Sir, do not pause and inquire, simply assume and refill.

*(Hearst chuckles.)*

**Hearst:** Would you rather we spoke in private?

**Al:** No, fuck, no. I'd rather the gentleman stay.

**Hearst:** Captain Turner.

**Al:** I'd rather the Captain stay. Brings home I consort with my betters. *(They drink)*  
I'll not dissemble, Sir. Today's events have gave me pause.

**Hearst:** Hmm. Tell me what you mean.

**Al:** The beating of Farnum most recently.

**Hearst:** How is Mr. Farnum?

**Al:** Worse for wear, not that I'd care if he weren't in your hire. Where does the Sheriff get off taking off on one of your own?

**Hearst:** I don't consider Bullock came here to beat Farnum. He and I had appointed to meet.

**Al:** In my joint this morning, another of your workers was gut-shot, Mr. Hearst.

**Hearst:** Yes, I know.

**Al:** Now this wasn't some hooplehead bullshit. This had the feel of a put-up job. I fear a plot against you.

**Hearst:** I have learned to accept, Mr. Swearengen, that events sharing some effect on my interests does not make them part of a plot.

**Al:** You ain't the center of the universe, in other words.

**Hearst:** Exactly.

**Al:** Don't that lead you to despair?

**Hearst:** No, Sir.

**Al:** (*chuckles*) You're stronger-minded than I.

**Hearst:** Bullock beating Farnum seems more likely. Some expression of a private feeling of his own.

**Al:** That leaves the bloodshed in my bar, Sir. How do you account for that?

**Hearst:** Nor are the Cornish well-loved as a race.

**Al:** Oh, not you through the Cornish. Maybe the Cornish themselves were the object of the violence.

**Hearst:** Well, they do tend to aggregate and organize to further their financial interests.

**Al:** Unions.

**Hearst:** Have you strong feeling on that subject?

**Al:** I don't give a fuck about unions, Mr. Hearst. Nor do I have any objection to the killing of the Cornish as high-graders—aggregating organizing cocksuckers But bloodletting on my premises that I ain't approved I take as a fucking affront. It puts me off my feed.

**Hearst:** How do we know when you are off your feed?

**Al:** You'll start to see me tearing things down. Speeches tonight are canceled. Unless the insult's cured by tomorrow, there'll be further tearing down. Fuck the fucking elections, and fuck the agreement with Yankton. Let the camp return to its former reputation: unstable and unsafe for commerce.

**Hearst:** I'm a great believer in those.

**Al:** Oh, stability, Sir, and commerce? I can fucking imagine. Think of all they've helped you accomplish.

**Hearst:** Shall I perceive you then as dangerous to my interests?

**Al:** As capable of inconvenience and of some damage and debt to those that would act against my interests, I cannot fucking argue with dangerous. Different from powerful though, which speaks to potency longer term. I'd not have myself called powerful in your company or the Captain's.

**Hearst:** Then I'll hope that your insult is cured to spare the camp any danger of however brief a duration.

**Al:** And to look for one fucking instant out of the other end of the telescope—once placated...I'm meek as a babe. (*He takes the bottle and finishes it off, setting it down.*) Dead. (*He leaves.*)

**Hearst:** You will want to converse with those friends of yours, Captain Turner, who argues with the Cornish. Perhaps they'd care to pay another visit to the saloon. I think I'll want to hear the talk.

*(Al comes down the stairs to Richardson raising the Alma-Antlers to the rack of antlers on the wall.)*

**Al:** Fucking pagan. Tell your God to ready for blood.

*(Richardson turns briefly to look at Al, then goes back to the antlers. Charlie is sitting in the house that Bullock built, practicing his speech.)*

**Utter:** “Thank you, Sheriff Bullock. Evening. Evening, everybody.”

**Sol:** *(muttering speech)* “Citizens...”

**Seth:** Would you rather I didn’t introduce you from the audience? Is it all so hard to remember?

**Utter:** No, I, uh, I-I think I got it. Unless you don’t wanna.

**Martha:** Ought we to start soon for the hustings?

**Seth:** Five minutes.

**Sol:** Adams may default on that house. Asks me to assume his note.

**Martha:** That’s a very pleasant house.

**Sol:** Uh, I-I’d...never thought of myself as a homeowner.

**Martha:** It’s very very spacious. *(knocks on door)*

**Al:** It’s Albert Swearengen. *(Sol gets up to open the door.)* The speeches are postponed.

**Sol:** Is Farnum turned for the worse?

**Al:** *(shakes his head “no”)* I’d borrow the Sheriff a moment.

*(Joanie returns to the Chez Amie, Jane wakes up and stands up)*

**Joanie:** Evening, Jane.

**Jane:** Mrs. Bullock asks me to author with her to give the children an account of my scouting for Custer.

**Joanie:** I think I’d like to hear that story myself.

**Jane:** *(scatching her ass)* “Custer was a cunt. The end.” Yo, a piss puddle. Must not have seen that when seating myself.

**Joanie:** Why are you drinking so much?

**Jane:** I drink what I’m able. If that comes to much—*(sniffles)* That’s the day’s affair and the liquor’s. You returning to the Bella Union?

**Joanie:** Not tonight.

**Jane:** As residence and workplace is my meaning.

**Joanie:** Thos girls need looking out for.

**Jane:** And who will look out for you against that gut-stabbed cocksucker, weaving schemes from his coming to Jesus?

**Joanie:** I don’t know.

**Jane:** Why is everybody fucking whispering all of a sudden?

**Joanie:** I said I don’t know.

**Jane:** Do you mind...if I stay here tonight?

**Joanie:** I’d be glad if you would. I don’t know why you started sleeping outside anyway.

**Jane:** Every day takes figuring out all over again how to fucking live.

**Joanie:** Night, Jane.

**Jane:** Yep.

*(Al and Seth stand outside on the porch that Bullock built, looking over at Hearst’s.)*

**Al:** Pain-in-the-balls Hearst. Running his holdings like a despot, I grant, has a fucking logic. It's the way I fucking run mine. It's the way I'd run my home if I fucking had one. But there's no practical need for him to run the fucking camp. That's out of scale. It's out of proportion, and it's a warped unnatural impulse, this fucking cocksucker! Sorry.

**Seth:** Shall I go back down with you?

**Al:** It won't be just now. He'll be wanting to marshal his cutthroats. Do stay in hailing distance.

**Episode Cast** (in credits order)

<a href="#">Timothy Olyphant</a>	.... Seth Bullock
<a href="#">Ian McShane</a>	.... Al Swearengen
<a href="#">Molly Parker</a>	.... Alma Garret
<a href="#">Jim Beaver</a>	.... Whitney Ellsworth
<a href="#">W. Earl Brown</a>	.... Dan Dority
<a href="#">Kim Dickens</a>	.... Joanie Stubbs
<a href="#">Brad Dourif</a>	.... Doc Cochran
<a href="#">Anna Gunn</a>	.... Martha Bullock
<a href="#">Chase Ellison</a>	.... Richie
<a href="#">John Hawkes</a>	.... Sol Star
<a href="#">Jeffrey Jones</a>	.... A. W. Merrick
<a href="#">Robin Weigert</a>	.... Calamity Jane
<a href="#">Paula Malcomson</a>	.... Trixie
<a href="#">Leon Rippy</a>	.... Tom Nuttall
<a href="#">William Sanderson</a>	.... E.B. Farnum
<a href="#">Dayton Callie</a>	.... Charlie Utter
<a href="#">Titus Welliver</a>	.... Silas Adams
<a href="#">Sean Bridgers</a>	.... Johnny Burns
<a href="#">Bree Seanna Wall</a>	.... Sophia Metz
<a href="#">Powers Boothe</a>	.... Cy Tolliver
rest of cast listed alphabetically:	
<a href="#">George Adams</a>	.... Prospector
<a href="#">Parisse Boothe</a>	.... Tess
<a href="#">Larry Cedar</a>	.... Leon
<a href="#">Tim De Zarn</a>	
<a href="#">Meghan Glennon</a>	.... Lila
<a href="#">Peter Jason</a>	.... Con Stapelton
<a href="#">Kevin Kearns</a>	.... Pasco
<a href="#">Kevin P. Kearns</a>	.... Pasco
<a href="#">Ashleigh Kizer</a>	.... Dolly
Dan Hildebrand	Shaunessey

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