



Episode 27: True Colors

(Also known as “Clatter Them Sparrows”)

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Written by: Regina Corrado and Ted Mann

(Inside Al's office, he's sitting at his desk, quietly scratching at a cloth bandage on his left hand. There is a knock at the door, he puts his bandaged hand on his lap, out of view, and picks up his coffee cup. He clears his throat.)

Al: Yeah. *(Trixie enters, shutting the door behind her, an amused smirk on her face.)*

Trixie: When did you turn recluse?

Al: You and the Jew settled in?

Trixie: The Jew's a born fuckin' householder. Scouts furniture in the fucking catalogues mornin' and night. The Mrs. Ellsworth's a 10-day miracle. Up and about and up and fucking doing. Meets with fucking Hearst today, her and fucking Ellsworth, that I'd have thought would have steered her fucking clear.

Al: Hearst's invite?

Trixie: Lady's bright idea. I've pretext enough if you'd have me call to dissuade her.

Al: Don't you get in the fucking middle. *(He gets up and walks to the window.)*

Trixie: Jesus fucking Christ, Al. She might as well set herself afire. *(pauses)* I can't imagine that cocksucker got to you. *(Al looks at her)* Or you're folding your fucking tent. The last shot ain't yet fired.

Al: Stage is coming, *(He opens the balcony door and they step outside to watch the stagecoach roll in.)*

Trixie: My God, look at Wu. Lost his mind in San Francisco. *(We see Mr. Wu sitting next to a large African lady on the top of the coach. He's wearing a suit and a matching bowler hat. His hair at chin length.)*

Al: You think he married the nigger?

Trixie: I'm talking about his suit.

Merrick: *(Fron the thoroughfare)* Mr. Blazanov!

Blazanov: *(Stepping from the coach)* Merrick!

(Merrick laughs as he approaches and shakes Blazanov's hand. We see another stagecoach roll down the thoroughfare. Al narrows his eyes at it. Blazanov's roll is tossed down to him. The new stage rolls in and we see "Langrishe's Troupe" painted on the side of it.. Al looks to the heavens.)

Al: Oh God.

Jack: *(Pointing up at Al from the stagecoach)* I am barely speaking to you.

Trixie: Who the fuck is that?

Jack: A shabby, shabby exit from Virginia City. No "Farewell, Jack." No "By your leave." Nothing.

Al: Did you notice I was being pursued?

Delta: *(Until she has a name, I'm calling her "Delta" as in Delta Burke. Yes. I know.)* Is that us over there?

Jack: That is *we*, my dear, yes. I will install *us* momentarily. *(Delta steps away, a portly lady is still leaning out of the stage, looking up onto it's roof.)* Countess.

Countess: I stay till the costumes come down.

Jack: Admirable. Only the most minimal of civilities. "Hello, how are you?" "A bit warmer today than Tuesday." That last may be too forgiving. *(Al raises an amused eyebrow at Jack Langrishe as he walks away with Delta on his arm.)*

Hearst: Aunt Lou!

Lou: Hey.

Hearst: *(laughs)* Good to see you. *(They hug)*

Trixie: Hearst's meals are about to improve.

Hearst: Come on in.

Lou: Okay. *(Merrick helps a pretty lady in red down from the stage coach. Hearst and Aunt Lou retreat into the Grand Central)*

Al: Go away. Stay close to the Jew. If it's Ellsworth apprising you of the widow, let him fucking continue and do likewise for me.

Trixie: That's more fucking like it.

(In Doc's cabin, Alma is seated on a table, buttoning up her vest. Smiling primly.)

Doc: Very considerate of you to come to me when I thought I was coming to you.

Alma: As I was feeling well, I thought you'd agree the exercise might be beneficial.

Does your examination confirm my suspicions – as to how I'm feeling?

Doc: It does. You seem fully recovered.

Alma: I'm delighted to be recovered. *(She smiles and hops off the table, walking to the mirror and smoothing her vest.)* And to find my own judgments reliable.

Doc: *(coughs)* I would, however, advise against rushing back into things.

Alma: *(Putting on her hat)* Would any meeting between us be complete, Doctor, until I'd had your counsel against something?

Doc: Have you finished taking the medicine I gave you?

Alma: Implying what, Dr. Cochran?

Doc: I'm implying nothing, Mrs. Ellsworth. I'm putting a question to you.

Alma: *(putting on her gloves – testily)* I disposed of the medicine you gave me, Dr. Cochran, knowing I had a weakness for it, without having finished taking it.

Doc: I see.

Alma: You seem incapable of crediting me as a full and normal person.

Doc: I credit you as exactly that, Madam, which is to say as having limits like the rest of us, and to urge upon you the humility of not asking more of yourself than is reasonable. And I'd add my observation that refusal to make such adjustment sometimes is symptom in women of an inadequate recovery from the rigors you've just endured.

Alma: You say this as my physician?

Doc: Yes.

Alma: Not my reprover or rebuker?

Doc: No.

Alma: *(smiling)* Then thank you, Doctor, and good morning.

(Upstairs in the Grand Central, Aunt Lou is tending to Hearst.)

Lou: You ain't getting' no cobbler, Mr. Hearst, till I get my hands on them boots.

Hearst: *(Untying his boots quickly)* Uh, here they come. Here they come.

Lou: Not one spoonful till I got 'em clean. *(Pulls off one boot, shakes it out and sighs)* Filthy.

Hearst: It's frontier living out here, Aunt Lou.
Lou: Where I go, ain't no frontier. I bring some standards with me. *(pulls off the second boot.)*
Hearst: Ah...I miss Missouri yet, Aunt Lou. Wasn't the world peak of ripe back then? Didn't even the birds seem to sing different?
Lou: More like they meant it.
Hearst: More like they meant it. You understand.
Lou: I don't suppose you operate another pair in secret.
Hearst: You know I wouldn't fib.
Lou: Then I'll brush 'em up directly.
Hearst: I got you living right here in the building, Aunt Lou. I wouldn't even think about any other arrangements.
Lou: Mightily generous, Mr. Hearst. Mightily brave.
Hearst: Will you take a walk, see the camp?
Lou: I'll take a walk as far as my kitchen.
Hearst: *(chuckles)* I should have known you'd say that.
Lou: You want that peach cobbler, don't you?
Hearst: I do for a fact. And they know downstairs who's boss.
Lou: Is this here a rich place, Mr. Hearst?
Hearst: Oh, very, very rich, Aunt Lou. For pure scale, maybe the richest find I've seen.
Lou: Guess we can live without them birds then. *(Hearst chuckles, Aunt Lou walks out. Hearst lays back in his bed.)*

(Back at the Gem, Mr. Wu walks into Al's office.)

Al: The high points of the fucking high points of your trip, Wu. *(Mr. Wu sits at the desk and starts to sketch. Al shuts the door.)* 'Cause I won't be able to follow you anyway.
MrWu: Wu. San Francisco.
Al: You look like a fucking idiot, if no one has yet conveyed to you the truth.
MrWu: Wu, San Francisco, Hearst.
Al: Yeah, you in San Francisco, collecting workers for Hearst.
MrWu: Ho.
Al: How soon, fucking Wu? *(Mr. Wu frowns at Al, not understanding)* The many Chinks in Hearst's employ?
MrWu: Huh? *(Confusion again. Al walks to the door and opens it.)*
Al: "Hello, hello, hello, hello!" The many chinks here, huh? *(pulls out a pocket watch)* How soon?
MrWu: Ah! *(holds up both hands)* 10 Day.
Al: "10-Day, Wu." *(smiles)* Clever cocksucker. You come back with more fucking English.
MrWu: *(smiles with pride)* Ho.
Al: *(Sitting down across from Wu)* Now once I get my ducks in order, you will give your information to Hearst in a dit-down, so we can gauge his attitude toward me.
MrWu: Wu, Hearst, "Swedgin."

Al: And “Swedgin” must act as translator, as he is the only one in camp versed in both languages.

MrWu: Ho. *(Al runs back around to the other side of his desk and pulls the Chinese plate Wu gave him before the “war” and sets it on the desk, pointing to it.)*

Al: Chung Kuo. Am I right or am I fucking wrong?

MrWu: Chung-Kuo.

Al: Chung-Kuo, Heng-Dai.

MrWu: *(standing)* Heng-Dai

Al: Heng-Dai, Chung Kuo. And I’ll tell you when the meeting is, huh? *(He pats him on the back and walks to the door, opening it. Mr. Wu gathers his papers and walks to the door, pausing in front of Al.)* Welcome home, Wu. *(He smiles)*

MrWu; Mmm. *(Bows his head and leaves Al shoulders the door shut, smiling.)*

(Back at the house the Bonanza bought, Sofia is downstairs playing with her dolls while upstairs, Ellsworth and Alma are fighting.)

Ellsworth: It’s arrogance, nothing more to Goddamn less.

Alma: Do not use profanity, please, speaking to me.

Ellsworth: For goodness sake. Apologizing for my language, I ask you consider my meaning.

Alma: It hardly seems arrogant to me to seek an equitable and mutually beneficial resolution with Mr. Hearst.

Ellsworth: Then spare him that paper with your pretty ideas. Tell him your price for how much you’ll sell, because Hearst don’t let his partners set policy.

Alma: I hadn’t realized you were so intimate with his business methods.

Ellsworth: Please don’t be smart with me. Not about this.

Alma: “This,” Mr. Ellsworth, being the question of my mine?

Ellsworth: Well, what in the hell else would it be?! *(Sofia looks up from playing with her dolls)* Excuse me.

Alma: I will meet with Mr. Hearst. I’ll be delighted if you should choose to accompany me.

Ellsworth: Oh, I ain’t one to miss a train wreck.

Alma: *(standing up)* Though if you cannot forbear from patronizing me, I’d prefer you didn’t come at all.

Ellsworth: All right, Mrs. Ellsworth, all right.

(Back in the Gem, Davey hand Al, stationed behind the bar, a bottle. Merrick stands at the bar across from Al.)

Davey: Empty. *(Al hands him back a full one.)* You sure you don’t want me to work behind here, boss?

Al: If I wanted you working behind here, you’d be fucking working behind here. Fucking work over there.

Merrick: It occurs to me, Al, as you and he are so evidently well-acquainted, the decent interval that Mr. Langrishe is owed to make his domestic arrangements I might spend hearing you talk of him.

Al: Ever wonder if you expressed yourself more directly, Merrick, you might fucking weigh less?

Merrick: I see no logic in that whatever.

Al: I don't want to talk of Langrishe. He makes me fucking nervous.

Merrick: On what account?

Al: I can't say on what account. That type, the type you don't know exactly how you feel about him is who you're made nervous by. *(Langrishe enters)*

Jack: Young man! Keeping the wolf away, I see. *(Merrick grins at Langrishe)*

Al: Jack.

Jack: John Langrishe, sir. The operator has the manners of a pig.

Merrick: *(chuckles)* A. W. Merrick, Mr. Langrishe, publisher of "The Deadwood Pioneer."

Jack: Ah! Accounted for the halo I see above you.

Al: Shit blizzard's early today.

Jack: He takes his tone with you as a familiar.

Merrick: Oh, we're well-acquainted, Mr. Swearengen and I.

Jack: Mmm, new friends, old campaigners.

Al: The infrequent bloody win.

Jack: Always superfluous, bloodshed. The deeper damage is best. *(drinks)* Ahh! *(Merrick laughs)*

(Richardson is dusting downstairs in the Grand Central. E.B. comes up from behind him, takes his feather duster out of Richardson's hands and smacks him on the neck with it. Richardson looks balefully at E.B. He hurted him again! E.B. looks back at Richardson momentarily, then turns his back to him again.)

EB: Candidly, Richardson, as I imagine you foraging for berries and grubs, and flicking at insects with your sticky tongue, I feel a certain dismay.

Richardson: What are you talking about?

EB: You are to be discharged, fool. As, I suspect in a wink of time, once some stage from a different direction arrives with my replacement, am I.

Richardson: What did we do wrong?

EB: Your error, surprisingly enough, is not to be a grotesque of inconceivable stupidity, but that you are white and male and not repulsively obese. As for my own, I wonder if it lies in an excessive courtesy and eagerness to please. *(Hearst descends the stairs)* Shoo, skunk. Shoo. Go, go. *(Richardson runs back into E.B.'s room.)* Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: Farnum, have you a moment for us to talk?

EB: I do. I'd ask only that you be brief and forbear from false camaraderie. *(He is bending over, his head nearly on the desk. Hearst leans down, looking at him curiously. E.B. straightens up.)* Come, Hearst. I've seen the Ethiop. Who indeed could miss her? And even as she supplants Richardson, what person, I wonder, of what depraved exotic origin have you engaged to take my place?

Hearst: I hadn't thought of replacing you. Do you want me to? (*E.B. pauses, an "OhshitwhatdidIjustsay!" look on his face.*)

EB: The world begins to dance before my eyes.

Hearst: As for Richardson, Aunt Lou will be taking his position, but he can keep doing whatever else it is that he does with no reduction in wage.

EB: What a surprising and gratifying turn. (*Two guests walk down the stairs and out the door.*) Paid through Tuesday. That one's paid through Thursday.

Hearst: Having secured your approval as to my hiring plans, I wonder now if I might elicit the information I came for, which is in regard to Mrs. Ellsworth.

EB: I am abjectly at your disposal.

Hearst: For some time, without the unseemliness of approaching her directly, I have sought without success to generate a connection with Mrs. Ellsworth.

EB: A haughty cunt. Formerly weak for dope. Most fundamentally a sexual peccant, though I'm sworn against providing specifics.

Hearst: Now, as it seems of her own volition, Mrs. Ellsworth appoints to meet with me, leading me to wonder what change in her situation prompts her approach.

EB: I will look into that, Sir, vigorously and immediately.

Hearst: You don't know.

EB: I do not know at present.

Hearst: Just send her up when she gets here.

EB: I can seek the knowledge out. I can pursue it as a first priority.

Hearst: Just send her the fuck up.

EB: All right, Sir. And may I say...(*Richardson opens the door*) how delighted I am our relation is to continue?

(E.B. gives Richardson a thumbs up. Richardson returns it with a double thumbs up and a toothy grin. Back at the Gem, Langrishe is showing Merrick a few moves with is feet, he laughs. Al looks on somewhat annoyed.)

Al: Why don't you see to your type?

Merrick: Excuse me?

Al: Type. Don't you use type to print out your words?

Merrick: Uh, well, I'd hoped to secure from Mr. Langrishe—

Jack: I want copious discourse between us, Mr. Merrick. Where shall I find you soon?

Merrick: Well, we could speak now if you wish.

Jack: No, not now, young man. Not immediately. But soon. Very, very soon. Where is your lair, that I may beard you?

Merrick: (*chuckles*) My lair adjoins the Gem.

Jack: Wonderful.

Merrick: I can be bearded there most hours.

Jack: Fine.(*They both laugh*)

Merrick: Uh,uh, Thank you very much. Thank, uh, very nice to meet you, Sir.

Jack: Ah, the camp is lucky to have you.

Merrick: Uh, no way, actually, you would know that.

Al: Go on there, Merrick. Get away.

Merrick: Oh, incessant and unrelenting, exactly that type of banter. I'll just go out the front. You know, I could go out that way (*looks up*), but I—I'll—(*clears throat and exits through the front.*)

Al: You're looking fucking well, Jack.

Jack: It's the learning fucking nothing, Al, that keeps me young.

(*Hearst opens the door to his rooms, inviting Alma and Ellsworth inside.*)

Hearst: Please. I hope you'll forgive the disarray. I seem to feel a greater priority about making space for myself than adorning the space I've made. (*Alma nods*) Refreshments?

Ellsworth: No.

Hearst: I must say I feel less the grown man just now than a boy from Missouri. My Aunt Lou Marchbanks has come to camp.

Alma: Is your Aunt's visit a surprise?

Hearst: No. Heavens no, no. I—expecting my stay to be brief, I left her at other diggings.

Alma: Your Aunt Lou prospects, too?

Hearst: My Aunt's my nigger cook.

Alma: I see.

Hearst: Wonderful, wonderful cook. And a tyrant, of course, as the best ones always are. I quite quake before her.

Alma: Do you?

Hearst: About our conversation too, wanting so awfully much we come to an agreement.

Ellsworth: Don't disappoint him, being as he's 12 with his Aunt in camp.

Hearst: I've learned that we shared time in the Comstock, Mr. Ellsworth. I'm sorry we didn't meet.

Ellsworth: Whatever's toward what he wants. Not a flying fuck if it's true or how fucking soaked in blood.

Alma: That talk serves no purpose.

Ellsworth: What talk to a murderer does?

Hearst: I'd not be insulted in my own rooms, Mr. Ellsworth.

Ellsworth: Where shall we go for me to do it?

Alma: Will you be in this afternoon, Mr. Hearst? (*Ellsworth gets up*)

Ellsworth: There's bodies in here.

Hearst: I certainly can be. (*Alma nods*)

Ellsworth: The walls are down to make room for 'em. I see every fucking one! (*Alma gets up, Hearst stands as well.*)

Alma: Perhaps we could speak later then.

Hearst: I will look forward to that.

Ellsworth: You don't look forward to nothing far as her, you murdering cocksucker. You hear me?

Hearst: (*putting out his hand to Alma*) I'm very glad to have met you.

(They shake hands, Ellsworth pants in a rage. Alma pushes him out the door and they leave. Out in the thoroughfare, she stops and turns to face Ellsworth.)

Alma: I recognize perhaps as I never fully recognized before, how profoundly you feel about him.

Ellsworth: I know him.

Alma: I will present my offer to him.

Ellsworth: You will not. I will not permit it.

Alma: You behave in his rooms as virtually a maniac and now assert your superior prerogative?

Ellsworth: I forbid you, yes. *(She turns her back to him, takes a deep breath, turn back around)*

Alma: Well, I suppose that settles it. *(She turns and walks off, he follows)*

Ellsworth: I know him.

Alma: May I ask you to collect Sofia once you've seen me home?

Ellsworth: Do you understand? In ways you can't.

Alma: Mr. Ellsworth, you hardly need explain yourself to me, your wife, in the thoroughfare, having once laid down the law.

(Over in Utter Freight and Charlie Mail, we have Bullock Jail being used by two Cornishmen. Bullock stands inside the cell with them. One man crying, speaking Cornish. Two of Hearst's foremen are standing next to Charlie, one looks over at the jail cell and Charlie smacks him on the chest.)

Charlie: Hey. Look at me! Talk to me.

Cornslater: He said they come up in cage. The guard was behind Jory. The guard wait for air change. First breath from above, he push Jory to the wall, catch his legs and cut them off.

Seth: He saw it?

Cornslater: Jory was organizing. That's why they push him to the wall. *(The foremen are escorted outside by Charlie, one turns to the crying Cornishman and addresses him.)*

Foreman: We're awful sorry.

Seth: Get the fuck away from him!

Charlie: Get out of here go ahead. Get on. *(looks at Seth) Accident. (The Cornishman continues to cry.)*

Cornslater: Another friend, he says, was shot days ago in bar.

Seth: At the Gem.

Cornslater: The friend talked union too. Jory and him were in the bar when he was shot. Now they're dead. Pasco says he'll be next. *(They both cry. Seth walks over to Charlie, who hands him the foremen's statements.)*

Seth: Tell them they can go when they're done crying. Make them understand I was only talking to him.

(Al and Jack Langrishe step out onto the thoroughfare from a side door in the Gem.)

Al: Hole in the building's front wall. He can pop out at any moment.
Jack: Hearst.
Al: I'd not have him see us together.
Jack: Prudent. *(Al holds up his bandaged hand. Missing the middle finger. He blows on it as if to relieve pain. Jack approaches the pigpen.)* Ah, bacon.
Al: Might have a bit of a human aftertaste. *(Jack looks bemused.)*
Jack: Lurid with Chinese.
Al: No one suggests a theater here.
Jack: Only observing, turning you outward.
MrWu: *(shouting at two men – here comes my phonics)* Deen a ma na ha mo goh ya! Eh, chon choy! Whi nee fie! Fie ne jowa! Jow!
Al: Boss of the neighborhood. Won a war to take over. *(Jack bows slightly to Mr. Wu. Mr. Wu returns the gesture.)*
Jack: One hopes you are his backer and not his tailor. *(Al holds up his bandaged hand again, showing it to Jack.)*
Al: You're the first I've fucking revealed this to. Fucking throbs all the way up.
Jack: Goes with me to the grave. *(Al blows on the wound.)*
Al: Yeah. *(They walk on, Jack tips his hat to a passerby)* You fucking tip your hat to everybody?
Jack: Everybody.

(Sol looks at a catalogue? Seth enters and Sol puts the catalogue away.)

Sol: Morning. *(Seth nods)* We're low on our hardware, just doing the order.
Seth: Dogs. For him to laugh at while we chase our tails. *(Sol nods)* I'm gonna write it up anyway. Hearst's phony fucking accident, I'm gonna present it to him and put him on notice. *(Sol looks somewhat bewildered by Seth, and looks back down to his catalogue.)*

(Back in Doc's cabin, he's talking with Trixie.)

Doc: I'm concerned about Mrs. Ellsworth, Trixie.
Trixie: If concerned means "Is she using?"... *(lights a cigarette)* I don't think she is.
Doc: I don't either.
Trixie: Then why'd you ask if she was?
Doc: I didn't. You just took me for asking that. *(He coughs and tries to clear his throat)*
Trixie: Ask the one you want to then.
Doc: *(sighs)* I'm concerned that her temperament is—*(coughs)* is labile. *(coughs)*
Trixie: *(smirks and chuckles)* I guess that means she's talking through her cunt?
Doc: Her moods seem inappropriately variable. *(hacking)*
Trixie: Saying "variable," I don't disagree. I said so myself this morning to somebody else. *(Doc coughs heavily)* Did I fucking embarrass you, Doc, that you go so fucking red? *(continues coughing)* Don't throw a fit, Doc. Look, I'll put it out.

(She stomps out the cigarette. Doc proceeds to cough up some bloody phlegm, catching it in his hands, Trixie is horrified. Horrified like I am when I hear people pay for this on e-bay when they can download it for free. Or when I hear other people change it and pass it off for their own work. Horrified, I say. He motions for her to leave, she hurries out. Outside in the thoroughfare, Al is continuing his tour of Deadwood for Jack.)

Al: This is new. This entire area is recent. The Ellsworth house, the richest claim nest to Hearst, that woman.

Jack: What sort of plays does she favor?

Al: Oh, Christ, she told me and I fucking forgot. Goes through her men like Sherman to the fucking sea. This—can't remember who this fucking belongs to.

Jack: And who does this fucking belong to? *(He gestures to a large building, a sign on it says "Best Rooms & Meals" It doesn't look to be in use.)*

Al: Well, I guess this belongs to fucking everybody. *(Jack nods, they continue their walk.)* The Bullock house. Fucking Sheriff. Insane fucking person. *(He blows on his bandaged hand.)*

(Back at the Hardware Store, Seth is done writing up his notice and starts to head out.)

Seth: The one at Swearengen's, too, I'll put him on notice about. *(Trixie walks in, she looks at Sol and steps to the side.)* I'm gonna put him on notice about it all. *(Seth leaves)*

Trixie: Wouldn't be looking for anyone coming through the wall to deal with your Johnson. *(She starts to roll up a cigarette)* And don't you try fucking coming to my side either, or your Jew head will be wearing that fucking dresser as a tiara.

Sol: All right.

Trixie: We're supposed to read your mind, understand what you fucking mean.

Sol: I mean...*(she looks sharply at him, licking her cigarette shut)* all right.

Trixie: Shut the fuck up. "Please don't smoke" means "I'm at death's fucking door."

Sol: You can smoke. *(She lights up her cigarette)* I'd prefer...if you did it outside.

Trixie: You're a fucking idiot, anyways. *(She flicks the cigarette to the ground and leaves.)*

(Al and Jack continue their walk.)

Al: Pus is a deeper yellow. *(He shakes it, trying to relieve the pain)* Aw, cocksucker. What are you staring at? *(looks at a hooplehead on the boardwalk)* Fucking boot fits, huh? *(Merrick steps out from his newspaper office)*

Jack: Home base, young man.

Al: There's the whole fucking area on the other side.

Jack: I'm quite worn out.

Al: I fucking started this job, I'll fucking finish it. *(He points up to the roof of the Grand Central)* This motherfucker.

Jack: Al...*(waves to all the hoopleheads watching him from the muck in the thoroughfare)* It's not the first impression I'd make. *(He steps up to the porch of*

the Grand Central and turns to Al.) Heartfelt thanks. (Al rubs his bandages, and walks away. Langrishe makes as if to turn into the GC but instead steps past the doorway, continuing on by himself. Merrick is disappointed that Jack isn't stopping in to talk with him. Upstairs in Hearst's office, he and Seth are talking. Seth stands as Hearst reads the notice Seth has written.)

Hearst: With such disagreement among the statements, Mr. Bullock, on what basis could an inquiry justifiably go forward?

Seth: I put you on notice, Mr. Hearst. I identify a pattern in these events. *(Hearst taps the table and stands up)*

Hearst: Unless some law is broken, Mr. Bullock, whose sanctions you have power to apply, why in fuck should I care what pattern you identify or don't?

Seth: There is a sanction against murder.

Hearst: The man lost his legs in a shaft. It happens quite often.

Seth: I now learn that your worker who died in the Gem last week was killed by two of your guards.

Hearst: I defy you to prove that event, about which the two of us have spoken, was murder. Whereas, in the same saloon nine days ago, two guards of mine, giving no provocation, had their throats cut with two others of my guards as witness. Certainly, the guards who survive are capable of naming the killers. Shall I have them make complaint? *(He drinks a shot and slams the shot glass on the table, looking up at Seth.)* I put you on notice.

(Seth sniffs, watching Hearst sit down at his roll-top desk and pick up a pen from the inkpot. He gathers his notice from the table and leaves. In the telegraph office, Blazanov is showing Merrick his new instruments.)

Blazanov: Many new people are in the camp, Mr. Merrick.

Merrick: And a very eventful time we had during your absence, Mr. Blazanov. You and I will have much to discuss in our evening perambulations. *(A spark jumps from one of the instruments that Blazanov has just touched, Merrick jumps.)* Oh God.

Blazanov: Okay. Main line coil, artificial line coil,...*(tapping)* new armature lever, separate battery, supplementaries. All new contrivances I was instructed about in Chicago. Without this many innovations, differential duplex would no be possible.

Merrick: Differential duplex?

Blazanov: Can you speak in a high voice, Mr. Merrick?

Merrick: I can speak in a low voice.

Blazanov: *(high voice)* Blazanov then will speak in high voice. *(Merrick looks at him with interest)* Keep speaking on in your low voice while Blazanov, at the same time, speaks highly. *(Merrick starts to speak)* his is duplex telegraphy.

Merrick: *(low voice)* From this point on, I shall speak in my low voice.

Blazanov: *(high voice)* Both messages sent at the same time...from the same office at different voltages.

Merrick: (low voice) Excuse me, but I can't understand you when we both talk at once.

Blzanov: (high voice) And recorded elsewhere by instruments with appropriate sensitivities.

Merrick: (Confused) Well, I—I won't keep you from your work. (*Blzanov seems surprised*)

Blzanov: Mr. Merrick?

Merrick: Hmm?

Blzanov: I met a girl in Chicago.

Merrick: Oh, yes?

Blzanov: Also for our...perambulations.

Merrick: Hmm. Yeah.

(*They smile at each other and Merrick heads back into his office. Upstairs in the Bella Union, Cy is meeting with Hearst.*)

Hearst: Seeing you on your balcony the other night, Mr. Tolliver, taking in the life of the camp, I thought maybe it was time we had a talk.

Cy: I regret we have to meet in this environment, Sir.

Hearst: Not at all.

Cy: No. Changes that have gone on here, (*taps his chest*) it's not the place I'd be seen in by you.

Hearst: I'm sure whatever changes you allude to, Mr. Tolliver, will come clear from your behavior.

Cy: Fresh start. (*chuckles*) How many men would be grateful for that opportunity? (*Puts his hand on his Bible.*)

Hearst: Do you have more you wish to do with that, or shall I state my business?

Cy: Please, state your business.

Hearst: Your letter from Mr. Wolcott naming me as having knowledge of his misdeeds.

Cy: A letter I mentioned to you, yes, in a conversation I regret.

Hearst: 5% of my holdings I recall as your demand, or you would circulate the letter's contents.

Cy: Exactly what I regret and now find reprehensible and why I thank God that you take a new look at me.

Hearst: To this point, Mr. Tolliver, you make no materially different impression. Still lying, still bullshitting.

Cy: I hope I'm not, Sir, but I—I can certainly understand why that would be your material second impression.

Hearst: Shall I show you the letter from Mr. Wolcott that I have in my possession?

Cy: That's not necessary from my point of view. You tell me you've got it, I believe you.

Hearst: Here it is. Will you compare it to your letter? Verify its authenticity?

Cy: It's not necessary.

Hearst: Shall I read to you certain pertinent sections on Wolcott's assay of your nature and likely behavior after his death? (*Cy closes his eyes and folds his*

hands under his chin as if to pray) His detailing your complicitous participation in the aftermath of his crimes—disposing of the bodies and so forth? You have no letter from Wolcott, Mr. Tolliver. *(Cy lowers his hands and opens his eyes.)*

Cy: Let's say that's the case.

Hearst: I just did. Let's hear you say it.

Cy: I have no letter from Mr. Wolcott.

Hearst: Never did.

Cy: I never did have one.

Hearst: You're a lying, blackmailing sack of shit.

Cy: What do you want?

Hearst: I want you to go to work for me.

(Cy tilts his head, surprised. Back in the Gem, Al is sipping a drink at the bar, Johnny and Dan look on.)

Johnny: *(clears throat)* How was your walk?

Al: I seemed to get around adequately.

Dan: Seemed to get along with that dandy.

Al: Yeah, he's all right. *(Dan looks sideways at Johnny)*

Johnny: Theater fella, huh? Langrishe?

Al: *(looking straight at them)* He's a fucking promoter of the first fucking quality, I can tell you that. I don't go to plays so I can't speak to his worth as an actor. *(drinks)* Ahh—Tuesdays...he'll tend to have amateur nights. *(Seth enters through the back door)* Been to plenty of those. Virginia City. Guy farted seemed near an hour.

Johnny: *(to Dan)* Well, that don't sound like no amateur. *(laughs – Al gives him a look.)*

Al: Bullock.

Seth: Tell that Chinaman when I want admission to his meat locker, it behooves him to fucking cooperate.

Al: What did he do instead?

Seth: Said "Swedgin" and barred my way.

Al: Had you eyes to select your own cut?

Seth: Are you gonna fuck with me? *(Al tilts his head like a father looking at his son)* I had eyes for the Cornishman killed in here last week. I explained it to him, and he Goddamn understood me.

Dan: Did he mosey over to a corner, lift up a fucking tarp?

Seth: Yeah, he went to the tarp.

Al: That's what the croaker was under.

Johnny: That's our nook in Wu's structure. *(Al points to the bar in front of Seth, Johnny slides a shot glass down and Al pours a drink.)*

Al: Why Wu delayed cooperating, he hadn't known the croaker was under there. His stupid suit so overcome me, it slipped my mind to tell him.

Seth: I want that body. *(drinks)*

Al: I'll see Wu hands it over.

Seth: Hearst just had another Cornish killed at his diggings for trying to organize. They're calling that one an accident.
Al: What makes you think any good will come of confronting Hearst now?
Seth: Now is when he's killing people.
Al: What, you feel he'll leave off soon?
Seth: Tactics and timing ain't the issue.
Al: The hell you say. *(drinks)*
Seth: If his pigs get that body, Wu is their next fucking meal. You make him understand. *(Seth leaves, he steps out onto the thoroughfare and locks eyes with Alma, heading to the Grand Central to meet with Hearst. She smiles at him. Outside the Chez Amie, Jack Langrishe is checking out the building. He's reading the signs when Joanie notices him.)*

Jack: *(reading)* "Chez Ami" "Cooperage" Well, well.
Joanie: I'm watering these kids' vegetables. We don't do the other anymore.
Jack: Very good. Lovely building. Sturdy?
Joanie: Get away now.

(He nods and tips his hat to her, walking away. Upstairs at the Grand Central. Alma and Hearst are meeting one on one.)

Alma: I apologize for the awkwardness between you and my husband.
Hearst: Ah. My dear Phoebe, Mrs. Hearst, like your Mr. Ellsworth, while pleasantly conversable on most subjects, finds others not to suit her at all. *(She smiles and he gestures for her to have a seat, he pulls out a chair for her, and then sits across from her.)*
Alma: Will you hear my offer, Mr. Hearst?
Hearst: Of course.
Alma: *(pulling out a note card)* I am willing to sell to you a 49% ownership in my claim, in return for—and here...of course, I am out of my depth—but for the sake of beginning a negotiation, I'll say 5% of your holdings in the hills. You would have an easement through my holdings for the transport of your ore, unqualified in any regard except that it not impede my mining operation. Naturally, at a separate fee, I would wish access to transport for my own ore.
Hearst: Have you finished?
Alma: I have, yes.
Hearst: Your proposal is thoughtful, but I'm afraid I lack the qualities that minority participations require.
Alma: As I said, these are the most preliminary thoughts.
Hearst: A vulgar man would ask before preceding any further if you would require him to produce his jackknife and make himself a capon before you.
Alma: *(pausing)* What in my ideas do you find emasculating?
Hearst: I can offer no inside explanations, Mrs. Ellsworth, as I am not a capon, which details offend me and why your proposal offends completely. It mistakes my nature absolutely. *(Alma nods)*
Alma: All right.

Hearst: Will you hear my counterproposal?

Alma: I think not, Sir.

Hearst: Do hear it, Mrs. Ellsworth. Let me name an amount to buy you out.

Alma: I will not hear it, Mr. Hearst. *(She takes a step to the door, he blocks her)* Let me out. Shall I scream?

Hearst: The hour makes the thoroughfare uncertain. Will you have an escort until your dear home's lights appear before you? *(Alma shakes her head)* No. *(He steps in closer and whispers into her ear)* You are reckless, madam. *(inhales)* You indulge yourself.

(Alma, scared, holds her ground until he steps away, then she leaves. Seth leans in the doorway of the hardware store, Sol is sweeping the entryway. Pausing when he gets to where Seth is standing.)

Sol: Stand your watch. I'll—I'll get this part later.

(Seth momentarily looks away from the spot in the thoroughfare he's been eyeing, then back. He sees Alma coming down the boardwalk – distressed. He steps out onto the porch. Their eyes lock, pleadingly, she continues on her way. Both helpless to question the other and seek comfort and solace. Inside the Grand Central, Aunt Lou and Richardson approach the Langrishe party in the dining room.)

Lou: Everything fixed to your liking, folks?

Delta: Wonderful. Thank you.

Jack: *(entering)* Have you supped sumptuously?

Delta: Actually, we have.

Jack: I'm delighted. Countess?

Countess: Costumes were damp.

Jack: Oh dear. Are you drying them? *(She raises her eyebrows at him)* You are, of course. I am tedious beyond bearing to ask. *(Blazanov enters)*

EB: A newly rakish tilt.

Blazanov: Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph Company. Telegram for Mr... "Langinshire."

Jack: Langrishe!

Balzanov: Langrishe.

Jack: I am he.

Blazanov: *(Handing him the telegram)* Telegram.

Jack: Yes. *(Blazanov averts his eyes uncomfortably, waiting for a tip. The Countess shakes her head in disapproval at Jack. Blazanov starts to leave.)*

Countess: Wait. *(She hands him a coin, he bows to her.)*

Blanov: Thank you.

Jack: Very welcome. *(Blazanov pauses in confusion and leaves.)* What did you give?

Countess: A dollar.

Jack: Too much. *(She shrugs)* Chesterton and Bellegae are in transit from Cheyenne.

Delta: Having "suffered the tortures of the damned"?

Jack: “Endured indescribably inconvenience.”

Countess: “The damned” was from Fort Kearney. *(Delta laughs)*

Jack: I shall take the air.

Delta: Shall I accompany you?

Jack: My destination is beneath you.

Delta: At least something would be.

Jack: Good evening. *(Leaving)* Good evening. *(The lady in red enters)* Madam.

Red: Sir.

Jack: *(turning with a flourish)* Wonderful food! *(Aunt Lou nods at him and he kisses his fingers in a tasty farewell. Red sits and Aunt Lou approaches her with Richardson at her heels.)*

Lou: We got fish and we got ham, and don’t pay no attention to the menu.

(Countess pats Delta’s hand as she reads the telegram, Aunt Lou takes Richardson’s hands and leads him back into the kitchen in a conspiratorial manner. E.B. watches suspiciously. Almost jealously. Back in the house that the Bonanza bought, Alma is talking with Ellsworth.)

Alma: The thought I’d put into it, all the time I took to write it out and put it by and look again. *(sighs)* I began to read to him my proposal, but I--I was more and more afraid I was only chanting sounds. Finally, I made myself look to him to confirm that I was speaking intelligently and being understood.

Ellsworth: Now you know.

Alma: He grinned at me like a jackal.

Ellsworth: This is what I would have spared you.

Alma: He scorned my offer. He said I mistook his nature absolutely.

Ellsworth: You did.

Alma: Yes.

Ellsworth: And was there more? After the jackal smiled?

Alma: It seemed very possible that there could be, buyt finally he let me go.

Ellsworth: He had restrained you?

Alma: *(sniffles)* I was very afraid. I can’t say with any certainty exactly what was happening.

Ellsworth: What the hell do you mean? Did you try to leave, and did he prevent you?

Alma: Don’t use that tone of voice with me.

Ellsworth: Well, I guess I know what that means.

Alma: Oh, do you, Mr. Ellsworth?

Ellsworth: That you’re a Goddamn fool who almost go what she deserved.

Alma: And what would that have been? And why would I have deserved it?

Ellsworth: I only wanted to protect you.

Alma: You can’t.

(Ellsworth leaves the room. Both of them hurt by the conversation. In Aunt Lou’s room of the Grand Central, Hearst is chowing down on some peach cobbler. A step up from the canned peaches Al eats.)

Lou: I wish you'd eat that outside, Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: I wanted to be sure you have all you need.

Lou: And more besides. And now you done seen for yourself.

Hearst: I really don't care what others think of me, Aunt Lou. And you need only care what I think. God, I hate these camps. All this deferring and adjusting to other's wrong-headed stupidities.

Lou: I must have missed where they way better in San Francisco.

Hearst: They're not. They're worse. Can't bear San Francisco.

Lou: Don't let Mrs. Hearst hear you saying that.

Hearst: Aw, she knows, she knows. She knows why I always leave so quickly. Goddamn truth is I'd rather be off by myself, Aunt Lou. Free to do my work. "Boy-the-Earth-Talks-To."

Lou: That's your Indian name.

Hearst: That's right. You remember. Only Goddamn conversation I care to have. Her telling me where to dig into her. *(He finishes his cobbler and holds up the plate in deference to her.)* Wonderful.

Lou: Thank you, Sir.

(Dinnertime in the house that Bullock built. Sol and Charlie are joining Seth and Martha. Seth is in la-la land, Charlie tries to make polite conversation.)

Charlie: Haven't ate potatoes quite that smooth. I don't know if I ever had 'em that smooth. *(chuckles)*

Seth: These elections can't be a joke. More tail-chasing for him to laugh at us about.

Charlie: Hearst.

Seth: The offices have to count for something.

Charlie: How will you work that?

Sol: Laws.

Charlie: Jesus Christ! Excuse me. Seems like one way more for his kind to run us. Laws do. *(Charlie crosses his arms, frustrated.)*

Martha: Who will have strawberries?

(Seth lifts his head to her. Back in Hearst's room, Cy has come to visit.)

Cy: I hope you'll take it as measure of my keenness, Sir, and curiosity.

Hearst: Yes, yes, yes, Mr. Tolliver. You wish to know your duties in my service.

Cy: Well, I make my way through the muck to learn the details.

Hearst: Your duties will be to answer like a dog when I call.

Cy: Like a dog?

Hearst: Complications of intention on your part in dealings with me or duplicity or indirection—behavior, in short, which displeases me, will bring you a smack on the snout.

Cy: Ouch.

Hearst: When administered by a practiced hand such a blow can be more painful and grievous even than your recent sufferings.

Cy: I don't doubt the hand would be practiced.

Hearst: Mr. Swarengen recently discovered as much.

Cy: I gather it cost him a finger.

Hearst: But I should say too that in these rooms just this afternoon such displeasure brought me near to murdering the Sheriff and raping Mrs. Ellsworth. I have learned through time, Mr. Tolliver, and as repeatedly seem to forget that whatever temporary comfort relieving my displeasure brings me, my long-term interests suffer. My proper traffic is with the earth. In my dealings with people, I ought solely have to do with niggers and whites who obey me like dogs.

Cy: If he hadn't meant me to wag it, Sir, why would the Lord give me a tail?

(Outside in Chink's Alley, Aunt Lou is playing Mah Johng with the Chinese. Richardson is nearby. Men are pointing her out to Mr. Wu. He watches.)

Lou: So I make you my second deputy, you clever little heathen monkey tongue. *(laughs)* You stand there, Richardson. You're lucky for Aunt Lou. *(He smiles and holds the antlers poking out of his apron. They all shuffle the mah johng tiles and set up a new hand.)* Don't shy away from a little noise now. Ah chung ow chi. See I speak your stuff.. You savvy? Clatter them Goddamn sparrows. "I love your cobbler like sunset, Lou." And back-broke niggers in the fields. *(snickers)* George Hearst...he do love his nose in a hole more, and ass in the air, and back legs kickin' out little lumps of gold like a fucking badger. No more use for them nuggets, either. Past counting them up, and saying that big number to astonish niggers to remind us we in the world. *(She sticks a cigar in her mouth and one of the players puts down a tile. Aunt Lou snatches it up.)* Hah! I seem to have won. That's the 13 orphans natural. *(laughs)* Shall we clatter them motherfuckers again? *(laughs)*

(Al and Jack Langrishe are outside on the Gem's balcony. Drinking.)

Jack: Strange affectations your devil friend has. Shabby appearance, derelict hotel.

Al: Put the hole through that wall just before he worked on my hand.

Jack: Americans...it never occurs to them to try the window.

Al: I'll tell you the truth. I begin to wonder if I mightn't be fucking queer.

Jack: You see more to admire in the male asshole than you'd...realized hitherto?

Al: That I haven't gone yet for Hearst's throat.

Jack: Ambition and the blessed simplicities of action don't always quarter in comfort.

Al: I've no fucking ambition past trading to my favor and coming...once a day.

Jack: Bullshit! A thing of this order you'd as soon not see ruined or in cinders.

Al: I will if I fucking have to. Avoiding it if I could.

Jack: Good night, Al.

Al: Good night.

Jack: Few enough I find tolerable. Lucky our paths have crossed again. *(smacks Al on the ass)* Don't misinterpret that.

Al: All right, Jack.

(Jack leaves, leaves looks out upon the thoroughfare, contemplatingly.)

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
Chase Ellison	Richie
John Hawkes	Sol Star
Jeffrey Jones	A. W. Merrick
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
Paula Malcomson	Trixie
Leon Rippy	Tom Nuttall
William Sanderson	E.B. Farnum
Dayton Callie	Charlie Utter
Powers Boothe	Cy Tolliver
George Adams	Prospector
Kevin Kearns	Pasco
Bree Seanna Wall	Sophia Metz
Titus Welliver	Silas Adams
Kevin P. Kearns	Cornishman #1
Ashleigh Kizer	Dolly
Pavel Lychnikoff	Blazanov
David Redding	Davey

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