



Episode 29: “A Two-Headed Beast”

Directed by: Dan Minahan
Written by: David Milch

(Upstairs in the Bella Union, Con is bathing a naked whore. Yes, I said “Con is bathing a naked whore.” An image not soon forgotten. He grabs one of her breasts with both hands and speaks into it like a microphone.)

Con: Engine room! This is the Captain! Throw coal to the fuckin’ boiler! And a hard right rudder! *(laughs)* Hello, the galley! Fuckin’ jeroboam of champagne to the bridge immediately! *(laughs – Cy enters)* Uh, Mr. T. Uh, brief uh, idle time, uh, a harmless, uh, wilin’ away.

Cy: I’m considering, Con, being Swarengen’s decided a underling’ll represent him in certain of our mutual transactions, would it be my seemly tactic to do likewise?

Con: Hmm.

Cy: I’d need to know my man had discipline and appetites in fuckin’ harness and the like.

Con: Well, what this is, Sir, uh...yesterday, I occasioned to fuck a woman after a considerable period of abstention, and that seems now to have...threw me unawares, uh, into a fuckin’ spasm of sex interest, which I...fuckin’ pray will be brief.

Cy: Well...I believe I’ll defer enlisting you in this other aspect.

Con: Prudent, Sir, till I get well on the other fuckin’ side. *(Cy leaves, Con exhales heavily and turns back to the whore, grabbing the tit-mic once again)* Iceberg fuckin’ avoided. *(she giggles)* Looming fuckin’ catastrophe.

(Silas is seated across from Hearst upstairs at the Grand Central. Captain Turner is standing behind Hearst.)

Hearst: Mr. Tolliver and Mr. Swarengen are...uneasy colleagues.

Silas: I wouldn’t know, Sir.

Hearst: That feels to me less than a full verity.

Silas: I don’t know what that means, Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: That you not knowin’ about any—uneasiness between Tolliver and Swarengen sounds to me like a lie.

Silas: Yeah. I guess so.

Hearst: Better.

Silas: Would you want me saying my first loyalty was to you, Mr. Hearst, or to verity instead of Mr. Swarengen? That’d sound like a lie too, and peg me a liar in the bargain.

Hearst: So I’ll have to win you away.

Silas: I guess so.

Hearst: But I oughtn’t to imagine the process will be quick.

Silas: Guess not.

Hearst: Good, Adams. Did he coach you long?

Silas: Didn’t fuckin’ coach me at all, Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: Captain Turner. *(Turner steps forward)*

Turner: Go tell your friend I know he’s afraid of me.

Silas: Dority? Big guy?

Turner: I guess he looks big to you.

Silas: *(To Hearst)* Is that what you brought me here for? You want me to take that back to Dority?

Hearst: I guess so.

(Outside the Grand Central, Aunt Lou brings a covered pot out onto the back steps and sets it down next to NG Fields.)

Fields: Crazy nigger at the livery's in your debt.

Lou: Crazy nigger at the livery ought not plan on this becomin' no habit.

Fields: No chance of that. He's bound for Oregon, Miss Lady, with the handsome nigger you're talkin' to right now, if our luck holds to the afternoon.

Lou: Get off your ass and start to walkin'. Your friend might get to eat that warm.
(She whacks a rug hanging over the clothesline with her broom)

Fields: Go ahead. Put a hole in that thing.

Lou: I'm measuring the stroke to move you along with the rest of this shit. *(whack! And off Fields runs with the pot of food.)*

Fields: Much obliged!

Lou: Travel safe.

(Outside the Number 10, Steve the Shit-stirrer-drunk Fields is splashing water on his face. Surely he's not "washing up" since the dirt on his face isn't going anywhere. Tom Nuttall watches from the steps.)

Steve: Biggest day of my Goddamn life, and I get a fuckin' spittoon spilled over my head.

Tom: That you already knocked on its side when you were fuckin' dozing. I'm glad I did it. I've enough blood and guts spilt in my Goddamn place, Steve. For a lifetime, you understand?! If it takes the contents of a spittoon to make you fuckin' wash, then so fuckin' be it!

Steve: What does washin' have to do with the other, Tom?

Tom: Well, to put you on the fuckin' path, fuckin' respect yourself, and the fuckin' occasion, and bring no more fuckin' shame onto my place, God damn it! *(He throws a towel at Steve, who turns around to see all the Chinese in the alley staring at him. He gets upset.)*

Steve: After I own the livery, you slanty-eyed bastards, maybe you'd like to come by and look at me then! Now get the fuck outta here!

Tom: Here! *(Tosses a shirt at Steve)* Harry, what time is it?

Harry: Hour's 17 minutes till 10:00.

Steve: 67 minutes until my fuckin' luck changes forever.

Tom: No harm in him showin' up early.

(Steve puts on his shirt and does a shot, smiling. Inside the bank, Trixie is working the counter, while A.W. Merrick talks to Alma.)

Merrick: You've done this camp a great service, Mrs. Ellsworth.

Alma: You're very kind. *(She picks at a potted plant with some scissors.)* And yet, Mr. Merrick, in candor, witnessing the events of late in the east, oughtn't any depositor pause and consider before trusting his savings to a bank?

Merrick: Uh, well, I suppose that's true.

Alma: Which is why a bank owned locally wishing to make available funds to organize and develop our community...to build businesses and homes, and whose deposits are guaranteed by gold not two miles distant from this building in which we sit, isn't that why the depositor at the Bank of Deadwood, having considered, ought come forward in assurance and confidence

Merrick: Yes! Yes.

Alma: Have you any questions for me?

Merrick: I have not, Madam. Not—not at the present moment.

(Merrick leaves, Alma smiles, moans and leans back in her chair languidly, Trixie watching with concern. Alma catches Trixie's look and sits back up in her chair, the smile gone from her face. Back at the Gem, Al is sitting down with Silas, Johnny, and Dan.)

Dan: Well, I guess that argues for me showing Captain Cuntface how Goddamn afraid I am.

Al: It wasn't aftertalk between you and Turner?

Silas: *(Shakes his head)* Hearst was there when Turner said it, and Hearst I asked did he want it brought back to you. *(Points at Dan)* Hearst says to me, "I guess so."

Al: "Guess so" don't sound like Hearst.

Silas: I'd said "I guess so" before. I think he was making small of me.

Dan: What is there to consider over, Al? That sea creature Turner called me out.

Al: It's Hearst calling you out. I'm trying to decipher his reason.

Dan: Well, me seein' to Turner will not delay your Goddamn decipherin'.

Al: Can you shut up now, Dan, that you fuckin' couldn't before?

Dan: He hurt you, then he calls to you like a dog. I had to tell him to fuck himself.

Al: Even as I forbore till I could see to my fuckin' arrangements.

Dan: Think they'll get seen to by the snows?

(Outside in the thoroughfare, Seth is watching his pocket watch. Steve is at the No. 10, Hostetler at the hardware store. NG Fields is standing outside the No. 10, Harry Manning is outside the Hardware store. They both watch Bullock. When the time comes, Seth takes out his gun and raises it to the sky, looking up at Fields. Fields turns his head inside the No.10)

Fields: Ready your pen.

Steve: You're addressing me like a fuckin' field hand won't impede me cooperatin'.
(Seth fires his gun)

Fields: Now go! *(Steve signs. Harry Manning looks at his watch and nods to Hostetler.)*

Harry: That—that's it, Hostetler. *(Hostetler signs)*

Steve: *(signing)* 'Cause I keep my sense of priority on what the fuck is important. *(He dots his signature and breaks the pen.)* I broke your fuckin' tip.

(He picks up the promissory note and blows on the ink to dry it. Merrick and Blazanov walk along the boardwalk.)

Merrick: “Mrs. Alma Ellsworth, serene and comely principal of the just opened Deadwood Bank, assured this reporter that depositors need fear no local echo of eastern financial panics. A locally-owned bank—“(trips)

Blazanov: Careful, be careful.

Merrick: Thank you. Uh, “Lending to develop businesses and build homes in the region, and backed by the underground assets of one of the strongest mining concerns in the Dakota territory, such a bank cannot help but—“(trips off the boardwalk – groans) Do you mind if we, uh, walk on more level ground, Mr. Blazanov?

Blazanov: Oh, no no no no. I’ll watch out for livestock.

Merrick: Thank you. “Such a bank cannot help but draw prudent customers in great numbers from every area of our black hills.” *(He puts away his notebook.)* Mrs. Ellsworth, being so elevated, so sweetly radiant in spirit, I wonder if her words resonated with me at the time as being more poetic and compelling than *(Blazanov sees Hearst’s men drag a body onto the thoroughfare)* now they seem in cold transcription. And with the lady herself absent.

Blazanov: *(Pointing to the men)* This is bad.

Merrick: To abandon a friend like that when he’s taken by drink.

Blazanov: I think this is more woeful, Mr. Merrick.

Merrick: *(Seeing the knife protruding from the chest of the dead man, Merrick takes off his jacket and drapes it over the body.)* We shall fetch the Sheriff, Mr. Blazanov.

(Leon enters the Bella Union, pulling on his eye – as if a signal – to Jack the bartender. Cy turns and sighs.)

Cy: Leon.

Leon: Mr. Tolliver.

Cy: *(Waves Leon over to him)* That’s a guilty skulkin’ fuckin’ look on your features, son. *(knocks on the bar)* I think by now you’d be more come to terms with your weaknesses. *(Takes the drink Jack poured him)*

Leon: Merciless conscience, Sir, since childhood.

Cy: You’re buyin’ drugs?

Leon: I was buying drugs, yes, Sir. That is the fuckin’ cross my weakness has to bear.

Cy: And do you bear it for yourself alone, Leon, or long as you’re about it, with others as well and earn the extra dollar thereby?

Leon: I do not do that, Sir, no.

Cy: I got to wonder, son...*(shoves Leon down over the bar)* is it you been helpin’ Lila in her fall?

Leon: It is not, Mr. Tolliver. Lila drops her own bucket down the well. I’m telling you, Sir! Takin’ a whore o’ yours down, that’s next to directly robbing you.

Cy: Fella like me that's been—indisposed. To show he's back in play might cut a thief's throat.

Leon: You're fuckin' misinterpreting it. I—I was copping for another but it wasn't fuckin' Lila. I was coppin' for that cunt at the bank.

(Cy's eye twitches with the knowledge. Back outside in the thoroughfare, Merrick is talking with Bullock about the murdered body he and Blazanov found. Wait – “murdered body?” That's kinda redundant I suppose.)

Merrick: Their faces weren't familiar, the men who left him here.

Charlie: His name was Pasco.

Seth: Does Pasco have a friend here? *(The crowd disperses, no one stepping forward. Bullock stalks off, seething.)*

Merrick: How do you know his name?

Charlie: Cornishman, talked Union. Worked for Hearst.

Merrick: Do you feel there's a significance to that?

(Seth strides into the Gem, Al is still seated with Silas, Johnny and Dan.)

Seth: The third of those organizers's been killed.

Al: *(To Dan)* You got nothin' to say to that or on any other fuckin' topic. *(To Seth)* On Hearst's orders, you believe?

Seth: A knife to the chest, body atop Hearst's works in the thoroughfare. I withdraw from our agreement.

Al: I'd ask it's very brief extension.

Seth: No. No. Or we're both just fuckin' cowards.

Al: *(standing)* I ain't no fucking coward! Though Dan might support your position. *(Al strides off, Dan seethes in his chair. Seth looks at him.)*

Seth: What's he talking about?

Silas: Wait a bit, Bullock. Don't go for Hearst yet. You know Al. *(Seth, frustrated, hesitates.)*

Seth: I've got the briefest of other bidness.

Silas: See to it.

Dan: *(shaking)* Yes, s-see to it, Bullock.

(Upstairs, Al pours whiskey into his teacup and drinks it swiftly. He rolls across the floor to his cabinet and opens it's door. Inside is our favorite Chief-in-a-box.)

Al: Watching us advance on your stupid teepee, Chief, knowing you had to make your move...did you not just want first to fucking understand? Huh?

(Back at the Bank of Deadwood, Steve is seated, smiling, across from Alma. Bullock, Hostetler and the NG Fields stand behind him.)

Alma: Your repayment of the loan we make you now, Mr. Fields, whose proceeds purchase Mr. Hostetler's livery, is secured by the livery deed itself to be held as collateral in the possession of the bank until the debt shall be satisfied.

Steve: (*grinning*) Understood and agreed to. And don't lose one second to wakefulness or worry. I'll repay in a timely fashion.

Alma: (*To Hostetler*) Will you be paid in specie or currency, Mr. Hostetler?

Hostetler: Gold, please. (*Trixie walks over to the safe and takes out a bag, handing it to Alma. She slides it over to Hostetler, Steve watching it intently.*)

Alma: Thank you, Trixie. I don't suppose a handshake signaling the transaction's completion is absolutely required.

Steve: (*standing*) Then I guess we don't have to do it then. (*Awkward silence, Steve approaches Hostetler*) And if you're hoping to pass as a man before you hightail it to Oregon, you will return to me that board you made me sign.

(*Another awkward silence as Steve makes his way outside. Davey and E.B. walk into the Gem.*)

EB: Thank you so much for squiring me, these gentlemen being so obviously compelled by other responsibilities. (*Dan looks at E.B. sideways, then takes a drag on his cheroot.*) Such acid scrutiny by former boon companions.

Dan: We was never your fucking boon companions, E.B.

EB: Forgive me my confusing, Dan, my own deep feelings for you with what yours may have been for me. (*He heads upstairs*) I did not offer my hotel to Hearst—which sale has made me outcast among you. Hearst forced the transaction upon me. I miss our morning coffee. (*They all look up at him questioningly. He walks to Al's door and knocks*)

Al: Yeah? (*E.B. opens the door and enters. Johnny sees Davey setting up the secondary bar and hops up.*)

Johnny: Bein' no one is frequenting the main bar, Davey, what in fuck business you think you're gonna do standing behind there?

Davey: Boss says I'm to attend the auxiliary bar.

Johnny: The auxiliary bar ain't made a cunt's hair bit of business sense since it's fuckin' inception!

Davey: Go on up and set the boss straight.

Johnny: Hey, you don't want to take that smart-aleck tone, that fuckin' attitude with me, Davey. You hear me?

(*Upstairs*)

Al: Hearst organizes violence between his man and Dority.

EB: Does he?

Al: Orchestrates combat between them, mutilates me, plants that organizer's body like a flag in the fuckin' thoroughfare.

EB: That last is fresh news.

Al: Makes of me and Tolliver a two-headed beast to savage what might be healthy borne out of the fucking election and gnaw its own privates off-hours. Plans keep

coming to the cocksucker that their final sum is this: But for what brings income to him, break what he can; what he can't, set those parts against themselves to weaken.

EB: Scoundrel! *(Al turns and looks at him.)* Hearst.

Al: *(Approaching E.B.)* The why's *(sitting)* what fucking confounds me. What's in his head, I cannot fucking find in mine. Don't suppose you talk to the Captain?

EB: Hails and farewells, but he never replies.

Al: Or the cook?

EB: The negress and I are not intimate.

Al: Alright, E.B.

EB: May I ask your plans, Al?

Al: No.

EB: Only to further their achievement.

Al: No.

EB: All right.

Al: All right.

EB: *(Putting on his gloves, he sees the "get the fuck out of here" look on Al's face, gets up, puts his hat on and leave.)* Yeah. *(Outside the door, just before closing it)* Glad to have been of help. Always available for counsel.

(He shuts the door, looking down on the boys as he pulls on his other glove. He puts his nose in the air, turns and walks away. Out in the thoroughfare, a stagecoach pulls up.)

Jack: I dare not think what you've been through to reach us.

Bellegard: It's been a crucifixion.

Jack: Too painful, even the merest details. *(He walks past Bellegard and climbs into the coach. We see a man laying down inside, clearly ill.)* Formidable, even at bay.

Chesterton: *(chuckles)* My last camp, Jack.

Jack: As it may be for us all, young man. The place is yearning for elevation and festering with wealth.

Chesterton: Oh dear.

Jack: Augment of cupidity in the Iris, a healthy augury.

Chesterton: We must help them however we can. *(Jack climbs back out and the stage coach driver leans in to help him out.)* Heave ho, young man, but slowly.

(Al swings open the door to his office and steps out onto the inner balcony, looking down at Dan.)

Al: It's past me. I cannot figure the fuckin' angle. Go ahead and fucking fight him.

Dan: *(smiling)* All right then. *(He gets up, in his room, he greases his chest up, and his privates. Johnny approaches him.)*

Johnny: What you want to be carryin', Dan?

Dan: Nothing I would want found secreted on me, worse comes to worst.

Johnny: Well don't say you ain't bringing your blade.

Dan: Naked, visible in it's fuckin' sheath and disposable before we join. If he dispenses with his. *(He greases up his neck)*

Johnny: If it's getting to go wrong, Dan, you just drop down flat.

Dan: What the fuck did you just say?

Johnny: Drop flat if it's going wrong, and I'll blow his fucking head off.

Dan: You do and it'll be the last Goddamn thing you do on this fucking earth. Going wrong is not the end of fucking things, Johnny. *(grabs his shirt)* Fuck no! I have come back from plenty of shit that looked like it was going wrong.

Johnny: All right, Dan. *(Dan greases up his long hair)* He's got the advantage of you there, don't he? That short-cropped fucking hair?

(In Hearst's room, Captain Turner is stretching out. Hearst is reading.)

Hearst: Well, he's not lacking for brass. "Come scare me in the thoroughfare." Star City, Captain, you remember the man's name?

Turner: Leonard.

Hearst: That was a fight.

Turner: Not how I remember.

Hearst: ...As an object lesson to every man watching. For not much fight, it did not end quickly I suppose is what I'm trying to say. Do you understand me?

Turner: Yes, I understand. *(grunting)*

(In the Gem, Dan comes out of the room, Johnny behind him, striding across the floor. He pauses, Silas stands and nods at him. Dan nods back, and keeps walking outside. Silas and Johnny behind him. They step out onto the porch of the Gem, and spot Turner standing on the porch of the Grand Central, waiting. Dan unstraps his gun belt and takes out his knife, holding them out for Turner to see. Turner nods and unstraps his gun belt, setting it down, along with his hat. Dan sets down his knife and gun belt and they both proceed into the thoroughfare. The fight begins. I'll not transcribe all the various grunts and groans. Suffice to say, it's a helluva battle, heads butt noses, ears get bitten, heads get bashed against rocks, eyes get poked out, a head gets whacked with a giant log. Before the final blow, Dan looks up at Hearst, and smiles. Then he turns to Al, Al nods imperceptibly, permitting Dan to "Finish Him" in Mortal Kombat terms. I give credit to the HubbyofMaggieParker for that one. Turner dies. Woo hoo! Go Dan! The following are the actual words spoken during the fight.)

Dan: Oh, you son of a bitch!

(Nighttime in the Grand Central, Jack Langrishe is helping his old sickly friend settle in.)

Chesterton: Thank you, Jack.

Jack: I am your Jack, Chesterton, but your producer too.

Chesterton: *(nodding)* A rigor we've always sustained.

Jack: To carry a performer through illness when recovery is in prospect is an indulgence one can sometimes justify. But support of idleness destined for the grave, that, Chesterton, the narrow economy of our art does not permit.

Chesterton: You would have me die destitute?

Jack: You will purchase your keep with that voice—intrusive and incessantly opinionated—no vagary of our past has yet stilled.

Chesterton: The subject?

Jack: We have but one. In this instance, the theater is formerly a bordello.

Chesterton: The eye lines must be all wrong.

Jack: (*chuckles*) In the morning, it meets with your atrabilious scrutiny. (*Chesterton smiles, Jack collects his hat and coat and leaves, smiling. The grin on Chesterton's face makes him glow.*)

Chesterton: Oh...I must rest. (*Jack descends the stairs, Claudia (formerly known as Mama Delta Cooch. Sadly, we now have a real name for her. Dammit. Anyway, Claudia and the Countess look up from their table in the restaurant.)*)

Jack: (*bows to Richardson and E.B., turns to the ladies and throws his arms up questioningly.*) Bellegarde? (*They shake their heads.*) We proceed. (*Bellegard emerges from his room*) Costumes, Countess, will you chair?

Countess: Ja.

Jack: Props and scenery, chair?

Claudia: (*bowing her head to Countess*) Only if you serve as second.

Bellegard: I'm so so so so sorry. Is costumes taken?

Richardson: (*To E.B.*) Are they performing now?

EB: Quiet.

Jack: Civic relations—I'd appoint myself...without objection? (*Claudia and Countess nod*)

Bellegard: Will we continue as if all among us are well when one so plainly is not?

Jack: And what committee, Bellegard, to address the old man's mortal illness would you have us fucking form?

Bellegard: No committee.

Jack: Committees is the task before us.

Bellegard: No business as usual.

Jack: Business and tasks is what we'll have, just as you are tardy and ginger on your bum for the usual fucking reasons, despite your deep personal grief. Not offered as a case for change. Civic relations is me, and we'll include here a subcommittee for the renovation of the bordello. Supervision of the work, subcommittee head—(*Countess and Claudia both put their hands up*) Countess, done, with thanks. Civic relations, construction, Claudia. (*Claudia beams in surprise.*) Countess is the second.

Bellegard: (*chuckling to the Countess*) Hiring laborers.

Jack: A truth divinely writ: we make more devotees of theater engaging 20 laborers at \$2 apiece than two of the same at \$20. (*Claudia claps quietly in approval*)

Bellegard: Busy busy busy. (*chuckles*)

(The Doc walks out into the main room of the Gem. Silas and Johnny are seated at a table.)

Doc: Is he receiving as yet?

Johnny: Let me go see. *(Johnny gets up to go to Dan's room)*

Doc: Tell him last fucking call. *(Silas nods at Doc)* Broken bones mortally interfering with organs is what I would like to rule out.

Johnny: *(knocks on Dan's door and enters)* Doc's back, Dan.

Dan: *(Naked, shaking on an ottoman)* Don't need the fucking Doc.

Johnny: Come on, Dan. Let him look at you. He come back special.

Dan: You heard what the fuck I said. He wants to poke around in some innards, tell him to work on the one I killed.

Johnny: *(Pauses)* Bottle? *(Dan shakes his head no)* One of the girls? There's a clamoring line to see to you.

Dan: Get the fuck out of here, Johnny.

Johnny: Sure. *(He walks back out into the Gem, Al steps onto the inner balcony, Johnny shakes his head no.)*

Doc: Listen for raspy fucking shallow breathing in the course of the fucking night. Him going blue too, would hint to you to fucking come get me.

Johnny: Definitely.

(Alma sprinkles a dark powder into a glass of water and drinks it in two sips. She sighs, letting the drugs take effect. She stands, turns down the bedsheets and sees it's reflection in her vanity mirror. She moves the vanity at an angle. She pinches her cheeks, and leaves the room. She approaches Ellsworth's door. He's bathing.)

Alma: Have you ample towels?

Ellsworth: *(Stunned)* Uh, ample, thank you.

Alma: Enough hot water?

Ellsworth: Well, I could almost wish it cooler.

Alma: May I help you with your back?

Ellsworth: What?

Alma: Scrubbing your back.

Ellsworth: *(Jumping out and grabbing a towel)* Uh, I'm out--now. Thanks anyhow.

(Sol lays in bed, and knocks on the wall. Trixie, on the other side, smokes a cigarette. He knocks again.)

Trixie: *(Loudly)* Does it occur to you, banging repeatedly on the fucking wall, either I'm not in—which makes what you're doing stupid—or being in, don't want to see you—which makes you a pain in my balls!? *(Sol nods, resigned) (softly)* Doubtless now nodding agreement like little boy fucking lost. *(She gets up, dogearing the page in her book she was reading. She pushes on the wall and enters Sol's room.)* What?

Sol: Hello.

Trixie: You fucking work at the bank.

Sol: I do now.

Trixie: Not a noble “Hello” at opening, and regal fucking look-by at the closing up of shop?

Sol: I’m at the hardware store all day, Trixie.

Trixie: I’ll switch with you. Bank’s a Jew’s proper province anyways—along with the addled self-deceived.

Sol: *(confused)* Our depositors?

Trixie: The bank’s founder and president, Chief Officer, as well, of air-headed smugness and headlong plunges unawares into the fucking abyss.

Sol: I-I don’t understand.

Trixie: You wouldn’t. You’re too fucking healthy-minded. You’ll sit here waiting for me to materialize from a piece of fucking furniture and think the world is normal. *(sighs)* Do you want to get fucked or not?

Sol: Please.

(Ellsworth emerges from his room, putting on his suspenders. Alma is waiting in her doorway, smiling.)

Alma: Your hair looks like a porcupine.

Ellsworth: Forgot the brush. *(She approaches him and starts stroking his hair.)*

Alma: Do you mind?

Ellsworth: Well, no no no. That’s...How’s it now?

Alma: Better.

Ellsworth: Thanks very much.

Alma: I haven’t finished.

Ellsworth: Oh, go ahead then. Go on. Presentable?

Alma: Very.

Ellsworth: You’re young for failing eyesight. *(She smiles at him and cups his cheek with her hand)* Spiny too, like a porcupine?

Alma: Huh-uh. *(She shakes her head. He takes her hand in his and kisses her palm.)*

Ellsworth: I guess it’d be unmanly to fear I may faint.

Alma: *(She takes his head in both her hands, looking plaintively upon him)* Please don’t. *(She closes her eyes and very slowly moves in for a kiss. The kiss ends and her eyes take a moment to open back up. She has trouble focusing again, and realization of her condition hits Ellsworth. And I realize some fucknut out there on e-bay tries to sell these transcripts, but please remember, they’re available free, just google Deadwood transcripts then smack yourself in the head for paying money to some fucknut that did none of the work.)*

Ellsworth: I’ll make some arrangement.

Alma: What do you mean?

Ellsworth: For my things and the like—arrange to collect my things. *(He steps away from her)* Will you have me...bring the little one back?

Alma: I’ll collect Sofia.

Ellsworth: Don’t forget.

(Inside the livery, they’re digging through the hay trying to find the chalkboard.)

Seth: 5 hours looking for this Goddamn board.

Hostetler: Come on, come on, come on, come on, yeah. *(He boosts Steve up into the loft)*

Steve: Think this is pretty fucking funny, don't you, Hostetler?

Hostetler: No.

Steve: Watch me crawl around here like a Goddamn fool, and you laughing up your fucking sleeve.

Fields: Hostetler don't know where the board is. I'm the one hid it.

Steve: Oh, I believe that. Definitely. Assisstant fucking baboon. You hid it, he don't know where and you can't remember where it is!

Fields: I wasn't too drunk not to know I should hide it, but I was too drunk to keep track of where.

Seth: Is this it? Is this the board? *(He holds up a package.)*

Steve: Clean it the fuck off! *(Fields hops up to get the board while Seth uncovers it.)*

Fields: Well, yeah. Ha ha ha.

Hostetler: Bring it here. Bring it in.

Steve: Unwrap that cocksucker! *(They unwrap it, and it's nearly blank)* What the fuck is that supposed to be?

Seth: Give him the board.

Steve: You think I'm a fucking moron? You think I'm a moron to fall for your fucking lies.

Hostetler: Don't you call me dishonest.

Steve: I'll call you that and worse. You hand me that then ride off with the actual board?

Fields: This is the actual board, wrapped in the cheesecloth that I stole off a horse.

Hostetler: I never knew this board was took from where I had it until I looked for it during last night, and that's when he told me that he had hid it.

Fields: To keep you from doing something stupid.

Seth: This is the board! For Christ's sake, what difference does the rest of it make?

Steve: I don't know it's the actual board. There's no more fucking writing on it! Shall I accept myself as satisfied, only for Hostetler once escaped to send the real fucking board back from Cheyenne while he's laughing up his lying sleeve? *(Hostetler growls in frustration and stumbles over to the wall. Seth and Fields watching him.)* For Bullock to open the package and humiliate me? Or for the fucking bank woman to humiliate me with the true fucking board? Or to revoke my fucking security on my fucking loan? Or whatever your fucked-up plan is to make me a fucking cunt!

Hostetler: *(He undoes his collar and turns back to Steve)* I will not be called a fucking liar. I didn't live my life for that.

Fields: Yeah, fuck you, Steve. *(Hostetler walks into the next room)* We're leaving. Talk stupid to our fucking dust! *(A shot rings out – surprised, Seth walks into the next room and sees blood on the wall, Hostetler slouched back in a chair, dead.)*

(Upstairs in the Gem, there's a knock on Al's door.)

Al: Yeah? *(Johnny enters)*

Johnny: I wish you'd look in on Dan, boss. Not for being poorly as...down.

Al: Johnny,...some shit's best walked through alone.
Johnny: Dan's killed people before. You have too. But neither've been solitary after.
Al: A fair fight, something Dan and I have always struggled to avoid, is different. You see the light go out of their eyes. It's just you left and death.
Johnny: So that's why Dan wants to be alone.
Al: He knows where to find me. *(Johnny nods and turns to leave)* Sit down. If you want to. *(Johnny turns and shuts the door, sitting down in a chair.)*
Johnny: What are—what are we waiting for?
Al: To see what kind of hell breaks loose.

(Hearst enters a bustling Bella Union. His hands in his pockets, walking somewhat shakily. He approaches Jack at the bar.)

Hearst: Uh, Whiskey, please. *(Jack puts a shot glass on the table)* And leave the bottle. *(Jack pours whiskey into the shot glass. Hearst contemplates)* I just saw to the remains of a friend.
Jack: Yes, Sir. *(May I say – Jack looks like total shit? Did he get in a fight recently and we missed it? His face is all sorts of fucked.)*
Hearst: *(Extending his hand)* George Hearst.
Jack: *(shaking Hearst's hand)* Jack Young.
Hearst: Jack Young.
Jack: Yes, Sir.
Hearst: How do you do, Jack?
Jack: How do you do?

(Seth enters the Grand Central)

EB: Sheriff.
Seth: Is he up there?
EB: Who?
Seth: Is Hearst fucking up there, Farnum?
EB: I cannot say. *(Seth turns and strides towards E.B. – he quickly grabs a piece of paper and starts writing)* I cannot say. I cannot betray the whereabouts of an owner-guest. *(He pushes the paper to Seth, it says "Bella Union" on it. Seth looks up at E.B. and leaves, crushing the paper in his fist. Back at the Bella Union, Cy approaches Hearst.)*
Cy: Mr. Hearst...I regret not being out here with you before, Sir. Help too stupid to wake me from my nap.
Hearst: Not at all.
Cy: On down there now, Jack. At least do that much right. *(He pours a drink and looks at Hearst)* Helluva fucking day.
Hearst: How much do you know?
Cy: I heard there was a set-to in the thoroughfare.
Hearst: Did you know it was my man killed?
Cy: Was that the outcome?

Hearst: My man was killed, yes.
Cy: I'm sorry.
Hearst: It happens. It's the nature of things.
Cy: It don't lessen the sadness when it's a friend's. (*Seth enters*) The Sheriff joins us.
Seth: Whiskey.
Hearst: The Sheriff recently put me on notice he is vigilant of my possible transgressions.
Seth: You sound drunk to me.
Hearst: (*Puts down his glass*) Whom are you addressing?
Seth: You. You sound drunk.
Hearst: Do I?
Seth: Mm-hmm.
Hearst: When I say "Fuck yourself, Sheriff," will you put that down to drunkenness or a high estimate of your athleticism?
Seth: Did you just tell me to fuck myself?
Hearst: I think I did and to shut up or I'll quiet you myself.
Seth: You're under arrest.
Hearst: Fuck you, and shut up or I will shut you up for good.
Seth: (*Draws his gun and holds it on Hearst*) Threatening a peace officer, I'm taking you into custody.
Cy: Don't be stupid, Bullock—
Seth: Don't you be fucking stupid. (*He takes Hearst by the ear, Hearst yelps in pain as Seth walks him out at gunpoint*) Fuck you.

(Seth pushes him out onto the thoroughfare and lets go of his ear. Holding him at gunpoint, Hearst stumbles along next to Seth as they make their way to the jail. Al sees from above)

Al: Johnny. (*Johnny steps out onto the balcony next to Al*) The Sheriff eliminates several of our options. (*Merrick steps out from the newspaper office and looks up at Al.*) Not a fucking word comes to print.
Merrick: Understood.

(Seth, seething, marches Hearst down the thoroughfare, holding him by the collar in one hand, his gun in the other.)

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
[Jeffrey Jones](#) A. W. Merrick
[Sean Bridgers](#) Johnny Burns
[Larry Cedar](#) Leon

Michael Harney Steve
Ashleigh Kizer Dolly
Pavel Lychnikoff Blazanov
Gerald McRaney George Hearst
David Redding Davey
Brian Cox John Langrish
Titus Welliver Silas Adams
William Sanderson E.B. Farnum
Paula Malcomson Trixie
John Hawkes Sol Star
Cynthia Ettinger	Claudia

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