



Episode 31: Unauthorized Cinnamon

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(Aunt Lou runs into the lobby of the Grand Central and looks around frantically. E.B. looks up from the desk.)

EB: He's gone up with your son. Wants notice when you're ready to serve.

(Aunt Lou pants anxiously and heads into the kitchen. Upstairs, Hearst is meeting with her son, Odell.)

Hearst: I knocked holes in these walls. Confinement gives me the fidgets.

Odell: *(chuckles)* Set yourself up comfortable.

Hearst: Let me confide as well, Odell, that when people only say to me with other words what I have just said to them, I quickly grow impatient.

Odell: All right, Sir.

Hearst: Tell me about the gold.

Odell: I will, Sir...what little I know to say, hoping you will learn me the rest. This is what they call an assay and metallurgist report. *(He hands Hearst the papers)*

Hearst: Yes, I've heard of those. Sit down, boy. Sit down. *(reading)* "Third Baptist Congregation, Monrovia Settlement."

Odell: The congregation has title to the find.

Hearst: And how are you connected to the congregation?

Odell: I'm First Deacon, Sir.

Hearst: I see. Congratulations.

Odell: Being you were known to me through my mama's letters, when the proposals started to come to us—

Hearst: Proposals?

Odell: The different English proposals.

Hearst: From Great Britain, you mean?

Odell: To develop the find, yes, Sir. I was sent to ask if you'd guide us.

Hearst: Does your congregation conceive some sort of a partnership, Odell?

Odell: However you thought we should do.

Hearst: I do take in partners with the understanding that in dealing with the color, mine is the deciding voice.

Odell: Dealing with the color, Sir?

Hearst: The gold—securing and exploiting the gold.

Odell: Do you want to see the gold now, Sir?

Hearst: Do you want to show it to me?

Odell: The give it to me to show you, Sir.

Hearst: Suppose we oughtn't—let the congregation down. *(He studies the chunk of gold Odell hands him.)* I can't imagine your mother's not nearly prepared our supper.

Odell: What do you think of the gold?

Hearst: It makes me hungry, Odell.

(Tom Nuttall is talking to Johnny at the Number 10, Harry Manning looking on.)

Tom: Harry should be at the meeting.

Prepared by Cristi H. Brockway, Free Fuckin' Gratis for the fans.

Johnny: I ain't saying he shouldn't. I wasn't told to invite him.
Rutherford: Candidate for public office.
Tom: Please convey to Al that short of being forbidden, I intend to bring Harry with me.
Johnny: I'll convey that word for word.
Steve: And what would be my position? Oughtn't I attend as the livery's new owner?
Tom: Hostetler never attended.
Steve: Prior to blowing off his fucking head, Hostetler was a nigger. Last I looked I'm white!
Rutherford: True, as, uh, far as it goes.
Harry: I can abstain from attending if that closes the can of peas.
Tom: Oh, uh uh, *you* are a candidate for public office with a chance to put the fire wagon on the table.
Steve: If it's a question of room, shove two fucking tables together!
Tom: Room is not the issue, Steve., if you have to see my down card. (*Johnny starts making his way to the back of the bar*) I do not vouch for you, nor presume to bring you uninvited, as I do Harry, because you are not the same quality person.
Steve: Meaning I'm not fanatic for fucking fire wagons like Harry and all the other five-year-olds.
Johnny: Anyways I've still got the doc to invite. Is this the quickest way to the cabin here—(*thumbs toward the back exit*)
Tom: Tell Al add and extra peach dish.
Rutherford: Can you certify the purity of your blood, Steve? I only ask because your nose is...broad. (*Steve looks taken aback.*)
Tom: Take your apron off, and consider changing your shirt, which I fucking suggested yesterday.

(Steve contemplates the broadness of his nose as Bullock arrives back at The House That Bullock Built. Martha puts down her needlepoint and meets Seth at the door as he hangs up his coat.)

Seth: Will you mind very much if we have our dinner quickly? (*She sighs as she walks to the oven and removes a roast, setting it on the table.*)
Martha: Camp business, Dear?

(Seth smiles at the tasty meal she has set on the table. At the Gem, Dan is opening canned peaches with his knife. Heh, that's the knife he killed Hearst's man with. Those peaches are parped. Parped peaches. Hee hee.)

Dan: Come to cases. I will get sent to hire guns—quick time, bouncing in the fucking saddle and howling at every Goddamn hoof-fall, aches in every bone.
Jewel: I put out cinnamon.
Dan: Where?
Jewel: The meeting table.
Dan: On whose instruction?
Jewel: Cinnamon's good with peaches.

Dan: Do not put unauthorized cinnamon on the Goddamn meetin' table. That's all the fuck we need.

Jewel: It's available as a choice.

Dan: Which is not your province to offer, Jewel.

Jewel: Well, if food's not my province, then you can make your own fucking breakfast.

Dan: I had best not come out of this Goddamn kitchen and find Goddamn cinnamon on the fucking meeting table! *(Jewel looks at Dan with a stubborn chin and leaves)* Leg up to Cheyenne by now, I'd be heading there in a civilized fucking gait.

(Johnny pounds on the door of Doc's cabin. Inside, Doc is laying in bed, sick. He makes motions for Johnny to go away.)

Johnny: Doc! Johnny Burns, Doc! You remember you—you come to that—that meeting before to set the pest tent up and the like? *(Doc gets up)* And E.B. was made Mayor? *(Doc opens the door)* Hey, Doc. *(Doc points to his mouth)* You can't talk? *(Doc shakes his head)* Anyway, Al's got another one of them meetings. *(Doc shakes his head and starts to cough.)* You can't come? *(Doc is doubled over coughing)* Jesus, Doc. All right, all right I'll tell him—you can't come. Anyway, look, I hope—I hope you feel better. *(Doc slams the door)*

(Doc reclines on the floor next to the door. Breathing a little steadier. Back at the Grand Central, Odell and Hearst are seated in the restaurant, waiting for dinner. Aunt Lou brings out their plates.)

Hearst: My best efforts, Odell, do not yet persuade your mother to be indifferent to the opinions of others.

Lou: If it's all right with you, Mr. Hearst, it's all all right with me.

Odell: This looks wonderful, Mama.

Lou: Thank you. *(Odell takes a moment for grace and Hearst waits impatiently.)*

Hearst: I suppose you've told your mama about being First Deacon of your congregation in Liberia.

Odell: I haven't yet had the chance to give her the news.

Hearst: Does your congregation have no strictures, Odell, against its Deacon drinking?

Odell: It does, yes, Sir.

Hearst: Yet the smell of liquor's on your breath. *(Odell pauses)* Do I mistake?

Odell: No, Sir, Mr. Hearst, you don't.

Hearst: Did you have one drink of liquor, Odell, from nervousness about our talk?

Odell: I admit I did, Sir, yes. *(E.B. holds an ear horn up to his ear to try and overhear)*

Hearst: Did you drink on the ship from Liberia?

Odell: No, Sir.

Hearst: Or coming overland from New York?

Odell: No, Sir, Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: Would the liquor I smell then be the first you've ever consumed?

Odell: I've had some before, Sir.

Hearst: Prior to becoming Deacon of the Third Baptist of Monrovia or after?

Odell: I guess a little of both.

Hearst: Showing gold thousands of miles from its purported source to authenticate a find, I would associate less with our savior's qualities of character, than Adam's, or someone pretending to his innocence.

Odell: Before he me the serpent.

Hearst: *(laughs)* Hmm. The combative note in that pleases me, Odell, as against what till now has seemed haphazard and sloven and slipshod in your approach to fleecing me.

Odell: My mistake was thinking that you'd want your niggers praising Jesus. What the hell are we talking about this for? Did the assay make sense or not?

Hearst: Ten dollars'll buy a report that proves a find of pure ore in your ass, Odell.

Odell: I guess that's why I didn't figure till you'd had someone over there, we'd be drawing up any papers. Figured this'd be a getting-to-know-each-other conversation, seeing if we'd want to go any further. Far as I'm concerned, we don't. *(He stands – Hearst puts up a hand)*

Hearst: Calm down. Now just calm down, son. *(E.B. lurks closer, pistol in hand)* If I have mistook you in some regard, you'll find I'm man enough to apologize. Now, just sit down, we'll finish our meal, and then maybe afterwards we'll take in the camp and, if you have any vices beyond your drinking, I might even offer you a cigar. *(Odell sits, E.B. breaths a sigh of relief and puts away his pistol, Richardson walks back to Aunt Lou.)*

Lou: How's he doing?

Richardson: Holding his fucking own.

(Aunt Lou breaths nervously, anxious. In Sol's house, Trixie is pacing, smoking a cigarette, as Sol talks.)

Sol: ...Then I asked, "What good am I to myself or the camp standing sentinel over a coffee pot?" Was why I cam home. I wish you wouldn't smoke in here.

Trixie: I wish, when asleep, you wouldn't snore and fucking fart.

Sol: I have no choice about either of those.

Trixie: If I extinguish this fucking cigarette, it'll be in the middle of your fucking forehead.

Sol: Ah.

Trixie: I'm glad she fucking fired me. I hate that fucking bank.

Sol: It's the context, I think, that disturbs you, that she's back to using dope.

Trixie: Yes yes! That she's back on the dope disturbs me. And why, even as we speak, your own life hangs by a fucking thread. *(She calms down a bit and sits on the bed next to Sol.)* What's to become of that child? *(Johnny knocks on the door, Trixie jumps up.)*

Johnny: Johnny Burns, Mr. Star!

Sol: What is it?

Johnny: Well, Al's called a meeting like the ones you've come to before.

Sol: Does Sheriff Bullock know?

Johnny: Well, seemed to me they halfway called it together.

Sol: All right, I'm coming.

Johnny: Uh, if you ain't et dessert yet, don't.

Sol: All right.

Johnny: Al's broke out the canned peaches.

Sol: All right. *(Trixie sighs as she sits back down)* The Bullock's could take her. Or we could. *(Trixie smiles)*

Trixie: You'd have us care for a child?

(He looks at her and takes her hand. Inside The House The Bonanza Bought, Alma is preparing Sofia for bed.)

Alma: Now more than previously, Sofia, Mr. Ellsworth will—spend time at the diggings.

Sofia: Did he not come home last night?

Alma: I'm not sure, Darling. Possibly he did not. And maybe that's why you didn't waken.

Sofia: I didn't feel his beard.

Alma: Possibly that's why. But he will be seeing you. *(She turns Sofia around to brush her hair)* And everything will be all right.

(Finally, we see Al. Scratching his stump, lost in thought as Cy sits with him, talking.)

Cy: I gave him a foolproof fucking approach to wind up with that woman's claim, and I could have been shit drawing flies. Hearst is that fucking focused on Bullock pulling his ear. *(There's a knock at the door)*

Al: Yeah? *(Johnny opens the door)*

Johnny: All collected but Doc.

Al: Where the fuck is he?

Johnny: He ain't up to it, he says. *(Al sighs)* Uh, cinnamon's out for the peaches.

Al: Huh?

Johnny: That wasn't my fucking doing.

Cy: Giving Hearst Bullock is the only move that don't end with the camp in flames. And that one only gets us up to 50-50. *(Cy motions for Al to go ahead, Al motions the same in turn and they step out of Al's office.)* It sounds as if Cochran's turned face to the wall.

Al: His fucking lungs.

Cy: There's quite a falling off among the other sawbones in camp. We might put notice in the eastern papers.

Al: Once we've ceased our weeping.

Johnny: Got a meeting.

Al: Had he known our might and guile, Hearst would have never left the Comstock.

Dan: Earnie, you got credit for a free tug tomorrow. Let's go.

Ernie: I'll spank it myself. Just watch me.

Dan: You'll spank it in front of a Goddamn mule team. *(He escorts Ernie out – an eccentric fellow bustles in)*

Gustave: Sirs, if I might explain. In my vision, I leapt from the coach and straight come to see him.

Johnny: Al's got a meeting tonight, Gustave.

Adams: You can tell him your vision tomorrow *(Al and Cy come downstairs)*
Gustave: Mr. Swearingen! It's just as I imagined! I have something so important to give to you.
Al: What?
Gustave: You mustn't ask me what. And you mustn't ask me why.
Dan: You must go fuck yourself.
Gustave: And don't speak disgusting to me or answer for Mr. Swearingen what is a very important answer.
Al: Let me know when Bullock arrives.*(He motions for Gustave to come upstairs)*
Gustave: Ah.
Johnny: Oh, Tom Nuttall's coming and he's bringing Harry Manning.
Al: Bullock!

(Gustave sticks his tongue out at Dan as he follows Al up to his office. And I'll take this opportunity to remind you that these transcripts are available for free. Just google Deadwood transcripts if you don't believe me. Then you can kick yourself in the ass for giving your money to some fucktard that's selling them on e-bay. In the whores room, they're lazing about, enjoying the remnants of the canned peaches.)

Jen: Guess if you've got a pussy, even owning a bank don't get you to that table.

(As they contemplate what pussy can and can't get you, we shift to Jane and Joanie. Joanie is giving Jane a sponge bath, cleaning her up.)

Jane: Jesus Christ, easy easy easy easy. There'll be conversations left and right. Don't get too far up there on the fucking wrist.

Joanie: Do you want to use the sponge?

Jane: That's not the fucking point. You just not be starting length and breadth conversations throughout the fucking camp or territory or so on. Or do I suppose now I take off my fucking undershirt or the like and show my tits and so forth!?

Joanie: I'll leave you to wash that part.

Jane: Who the fuck am I fucking kidding or putting on airs in front of? *(She starts to disrobe)* I been disrobed in front of every...barnyard creature that hunts or pecks or rolls in the fucking mud. Who the fuck should I have shyness before or pride or the like, for Christ's sake? What difference does it make? What the fuck do I have to be ashamed of at this late fucking date? *(She takes off her undershirt)* Who cares anyway?! *(Joanie sponges off Jane's arms)* Now go ahead and sponge my fucking tits and get it over with if that's what you fucking do.

Joanie: It's nothing like that, Jane.

Jane: Well, what's it like then. I never had a sister.

Joanie: I had two. And I slept with both of 'em. I don't know why God let me or...if he forgives me when I pray, but—but I'd never hurt you, Jane, or touch you if you didn't want.

Jane: I believe that. But I don't want to open my eyes. But you can go ahead and kiss me if that's what you fucking do.

(Joanie pauses and considers, then she gently touches Jane's face and kisses her. Jane kisses back, and when Joanie when the kiss is done, she shudders. Eyes still closed. Upstairs in Al's office, Gustave is showing Al an array of fabric swatches.)

Gustave: What possesses me to buy all of these swatches? Even though I have no reason why I should! Because who back at that camp would wear suits of such colors? But I have learned sometimes if you have a thing, the reason for the thing is that you have it! And when I am in New York City, I have a letter from a friend. In the news from the camp, he says, "And Mr. Swearengen has lost the top part of his middle finger to an accident some kind." And I say, "I will take these swatches to Mr. Swearengen," And, "I like the look of his vest when he is out in the morning, out on the balcony, drinking his coffee, and he is very much a handsome man at those times, and maybe he would like one for his stump. Or maybe more—a different swatch for every day, why not?" Give me your stump. Don't think about it. Just give it to me. *(Al puts his hand up Gustave puts one end of a swatch in it.)* Now this corner of the swatch we pretend is the lost child. *(He starts wrapping the swatch around Al's hand)* The little boy goes up the mountain, around the bend, always looking for mama. And where does he finally find her?

Al: Where?

Gustave: Here she is! Here's mama! Wrapping herself around you tight tight tight. Mama's got you little Al Everything's all right! *(He steps back and Al stares at the lumpy monstrosity on his hand)* I like that color very very much. Do you? *(knock on door)*

Al: Please God, come in. *(Johnny opens the door)*

Johnny: Bullock.

Al: Thank you, Gustave. Please leave.

(Gustave leaves and Johnny looks at the swatch on Al's hand. Al unties the thing, staring at Johnny. Outside, Hearst and Odell step into the thoroughfare.)

Hearst: Before the color, no white man—no man of any hue moved to civilize or improve a place like this had reason to make the effort. The color brought commerce here, and such order as has been attained.

Odell: Yes, Sir.

Hearst: Do you want to help Liberia, Odell?

Odell: I want to help myself. *(Hearst laughs)* If Liberia is where my chance is, it's all right with me. *(Hearst pulls out a cigar and offers it to Odell)*

Hearst: Gold is your chance.

Odell: Thank you, Sir.

Hearst: Gold is every man's opportunity. Why do I make that argument? Because every defect in a man and in others' way of taking him, our agreement that gold has value gives us power to rise above.

Odell: Fond as you are of my mother, without that gold I showed you, I don't expect we'd be out here talking.

Hearst: That is correct. And, for your effrontery at our meal a moment ago...I'd have seen you shot or hanged without second thought. The value I gave the gold restrained me, you see...your utility in connection to it. And because of my gold, those at the other tables deferred to my restraint. Gold confers power. Power comes to any man who has the color.

Odell: Even if he's black? (*Hearst turns around*)

Hearst: That is our species' hope: That uniformly agreeing on its value, we organize to seek the color. (*exhales*) Just before you and I met, Odell, the camp's Sheriff released me from a jail cell.

Odell: That's hard for me to feature.

Hearst: I hate these places, Odell, because the truth that I know, the promise that I bring, the necessities I'm prepared to accept make me outcast. (*Hearst exhales, his eyes moist.*) Isn't that foolish? Isn't that foolishness? And old man disabused long ago of certain yearnings and hopes as to how he would be held by his fellows, and yet I weep.

Odell: Anyway, Sir, you want to send someone back with me?

Hearst: Yes, I do. Yes, I do, Son. I want to send you to help your people...and take this place down like Gomorrah.

(He looks around at the buildings, eyes still wet. At the meeting of the camp's elders, Al is at the head of the table, the others all seated along the sides.)

Al: All being affected, we might consider some facts as a group.

Seth: I arrested Hearst, acting in the name of the camp.

Cy: Without the camp's previous fucking say-so.

Seth: Do you propose that? Getting a say-so before I do my duty? (*Harry wolfs down some peaches as Seth slams his tin down on the table. Cy takes it.*)

Cy: Might be a good open—showing Hearst it's off of him.

Al: Bullock's tin won't placate Hearst. Give it the fuck back to him. (*Cy drops the tin on the table.*) Add to your statement or shut the fuck up.

Seth: I'm done.

EB: Shall I, as Mayor (*standing*), initiate proceedings by giving my own opinions, however titular and insubstantial and merely honorific the position? Which argues against my doing so. (*He sits back down*)

Al: How is Hearst likely to answer? Ought steps to be taken in preemption? My instinct's to act alone, chart the course for fucking carnage. That this would be general among 'em whose parents were so dim as to bring them—the fucking innocents is what give me fucking pause. I invite the suggestions of others against my instinct to send for the guns.

Charlie: (*Standing*) As I've expressed to the Sheriff and Mr. Star, and siding with your instincts, to protect the innocents, I'd send them from the camp. Then fall on Hearst and his in their lair before they fall on us in ours. (*He pauses, then sits*) As Wild Bill would have done. (*They all pause and consider what was said. Seth*

pulls out a letter and slowly hands it to Merrick. Jewel peeks out from the stairs and sees Harry Manning eating the peaches.)

Merrick: This is a letter. *(Seth gives him a “No Shit, Sherlock” look.)*

Cy: Who’s the fucking letter to? What the fuck is going on?

Seth: Last of those Cornishmen murdered.

Charlie: Pasco.

Seth: His family.

Al: Read the letter. *(Dan gives Jewel a look, she frowns and goes back in the kitchen.)*

Merrick: “It becomes my painful duty to inform you that Pasco Carwen was killed earlier this week. His body was found in the road....”

Dan: Stop poking your head out.

Jewel: I’m seeing who’s using the cinnamon, and Harry Manning is using it plenty.

Merrick: It was not mutilated in any way. His death seems to have been instantaneous as he was stabbed through the heart. Pasco’s funeral occurred today and was attended by coworkers and friends who all shared the same high opinion of him. Everything was done by kind hands that was possible under the circumstances, and a Christian burial was given him. I was not personally acquainted with Mr. Carwen, save for one encounter where he demonstrated grief and deep compassion at the passing of a friend. I knew him by reputation as an earnest worker and a diligent believer in right and wrong. His memory I am sure will always be with those who knew and loved him, among whose number I imagine you as first. A letter from you which I found in his tent causes me to convey this sad intelligence to you. Sincerely yours, Seth Bullock.” *(Al looks at Seth. Seth looks sheepish)* What shall I do with this, Mr. Bullock?

Al: What’s your fucking paper for? You fucking publish as witness, for Hearst and others to read. *(Looks at Seth)* That’s a very nice fucking letter.

(As Merrick re-enters the newspaper/telegraph office, Blazanov gathers his papers and stands up.)

Merrick: Mr. Blazanov, had you much traffic tonight on your apparatus?

Blazanov: Some traffic, yes. I hope your important meeting had a good result.

Merrick: As free men facing important challenges, we choose to be optimistic.

Blazanov: Sir, I ask you to take me to Mr. Swearengen’s place.

Merrick: Well, I—I will, of course, Mr. Blazanov, though no activity you may contemplate, for example, the making of friends with is female employees, requires Mr. Swearengen’s personal approval.

Blazanov: I wish to see him for another purpose.

Merrick: All right.

Blazanov: Shall we go now?

Merrick: Certainly. *(He hangs the apron he was just donning, back up on it’s peg and heads upstairs. Blazanov grabs his hand.)* Come on.

(Tom and Harry head back to the Number 10. Harry is breathing labouredly.)

Tom: Lovely letter, wasn’t it?

Harry: Didn't you...come back sick from one of them meetings?

Tom: Last year, from the peaches. Which is why I refrained this time around. Far as the fire wagon, I hate you felt as I did, the moment was wrong to broach it.

Harry: My—my throat is all fucking tight. *(He collapses to the ground – wheezing)*

Tom: Where did you lay your hands on liquor, Harry? *(Harry gasps)* Harry? Help! Harry? Harry! Help!

(Upstairs in the Grand Central, Jack Langrishe visits the ailing Chesterton.)

Chesterton: Oh. Look, Jack. White lumps on my tongue.

Jack: Reel it in, for God's sake.

Chesterton: I'm so sorry. It's close, Jack. It's very close. I feel it's—it's icy breath. I hear it whispering in my ear. "Forget your name. We go to black."

Jack: The downstairs buffet is quite passable.

(Chesterton continues to look at his tongue in the mirror as Jack leaves. Downstairs, Aunt Lou is talking to Odell.)

Lou: As like to kill you as take passage with you to Liberia, his man you meeting in New York.

Odell: If Mr. Hearst wanted me killed, Mama, he could see it done here.

Lou: Don't you ever believe you know what'd please that man, or salt him to come after you. And you look a fool holding that cigar!

Odell: I've played on for smaller stakes. And the gold ain't playing. I ain't trying to steal nothing. I'll work my way up the hog. And ain't you sent me out there so I can turn out a man?

Lou: I sent you so the hell that was coming here for niggers wouldn't burn you up.

Odell: There's plenty of fire in Liberia.

Lou: I can't undo what I done, Odell, any more than you can, searching out hurt.

Odell: I ain't searching no hurt out.

Lou: We all get our portion. We don't need to draw it to us.

Odell: You hear me, Mama? I ain't searching no Goddamn hurt out.

Lou: I don't told you to mind who you talking to.

Odell: All right, Mama. No bad language. If you'd kept me to raise me, maybe I'd know. *(Aunt Lou sobs)*

Lou: He got \$742 for you, the little nigger at the livery. And this brooch here too, you can take. I can't find it. I can't find it. Lord Jesus, forgive me!

Odell: When I read you had stayed in the Comstock, I tried to come here quick, be gone before he sent for you to come. I ain't come here to hurt you.

Lou: I never said you come to do me hurt.

Odell: So's you wouldn't have to see me.

Lou: I prayed to see you every day you was gone. My God, Odell, what's wrong with you? No joy to seeing my boy! I'm sorry, son.

Odell: Hush, Mama. Hush. Hush. *(He hugs her)*

Lou: Oh, do what you think you got to. I couldn't find the right.

Odell: Hush now, Mama. Hush.

Lou: Oh! (*wails*)

Odell: I got you now.

(In Al's office, Blazanov is showing him a transmission he received.)

Blazanov: “Bricks.” You see there?

Al: Yes, I see.

Blazanov: “Bricks. 25 bricks. Stop. Addition to initial order. Stop. First means of delivery. Stop.”

Al: And, Blazanov?

Blazanov: Do you believe, Mr. Swearengen, Mr. Hearst orders more bricks?

Al: No. What do you believe?

Blazanov: I believe he orders more humans.

Merrick: Reinforcements.

Blazanov: To do harm! As we saw on our walk. Leave to die in a country strange to them, men apart from their families, working to give them support. Fuck confidentiality of communications.

Al: Why not fuck a woman instead?

Blazanov: I hope so eventually. Now I deliver under seal his message to Mr. Hearst.

Al: I’ll dispose of this, Blazanov.

(E.B. re-enters the Grand Central to find Richardson praying at the front desk. No antlers this time.)

EB: How are you occupying yourself, Richardson?

Richardson: I’m praying the meeting went well.

EB: Very touching. Now clear your mind of the meeting and account for the negro with Hearst.

Richardson: They’re both in her room.

EB: Despite your best efforts, Richardson, an answer of some ambiguity. *(He slaps Richardson with his sweaty gloves.)* Is she with them?

Richardson: One.

EB: One what?

Richardson: Of them. Is with her.

EB: Who?

Richardson: Aunt Lou.

EB: Who is with Aunt Lou?

Richardson: Her son.

EB: *(sighs)* And where is Hearst?

Richardson: His room.

EB: *(sighs)* Then I will retire to mine.

Richardson: Well, how was the meeting? *(E.B. sighs and heads for his room, pausing at the door and looking back at Richardson.)* I imagine the pool that spawned you. I am filling it with rocks. I am holding shut your gills. To prevent you from taking in air. *(Richardson is pained at the thought.)* I suppose the meeting went quite well.

(Richardson beams as E.B. goes into his room. At the Chez Schoolhouse Theatre Amie, Claudia is pacing.)

Claudia: I itch.

Bellegarde: Dust.

Dutchess: No matter how much regularity of cleaning or consideration for the children, a place like this is filled with dust. *(Jack enters noisily)*

Bellegarde: He's dead.

Jack: Chesterton is with us still, though to bring him in the evening chill would be imprudent. We'll bring him tomorrow. When this room is less cold.

Dutchess: After the children have gone and before you bring him, I will give the place a good dust.

Jack: Then the carpentry will begin. You've engaged the carpenters?

Bellegarde: Yes. He is close to the end, isn't he?

Jack: *(yelling)* Yes, Bellegarde! For Christ's sake! *(He sighs and leaves. Bellegarde sits.)*

Claudia: Haunted. *(Bellegarde chuckles)* Drafts from all over. From the walls, from the side, swooping down from the ceiling.

Dutchess: I will dust anyway for Chesterton, even though after, the carpenters come.

(She puts her hand on Bellegarde's shoulder and they all look around. Back at the Gem, Johnny is going over the outcome of the meeting with Adams and Dan.)

Johnny: Uh, the attitude on people leaving definitely stepped forward from the attitude they wore coming in. I mean, no one's trying to quarrel about that.

Dan: Then what's your quarrel?

Johnny: *(sighs)* I'm asking what was decided.

Dan: They're publishing the letter as witness.

Johnny: Witness?

Dan: A witness in the sense that—uh

Adams: Witness the letter—its content.

Dan: Yeah, the letter's contents is witness that...Bullock wrote a nice fucking letter. And it proves...that that's the sort we are here, the caring sort that would write a letter of that ilk. Furthermore, we don't give a fuck who knows it, George fucking Hearst included.

Adams: Fucking Hearst especially.

Johnny: Is the witness?

Dan: Better late than fucking never, Johnny. *(Jewel comes out)* Hey! Little Miss fucking cinnamon. *(She gives him the finger)*

(Alma enters Sofia's room, choking back tears as she pulls the sheets up higher. She backs out of the room and comes downstairs.)

Alma: *(whispering)* I wanna be good. *(softly sobbing)* I wanna be good. *(Ellsworth knocks on the front door and Alma stops sobbing. Wiping her eyes, she walks to the door and opens it.)*

Ellsworth: Good evening. *(She steps away and sits down. Ellsworth steps inside.)*

Alma: Good evening.

Ellsworth: For being gone, I—I notice I'm frequently back. *(Alma smiles)* I come to kiss her good night.

Alma: I tried to persuade her you'd done so last night.

Ellsworth: My beard always wakes her.

Alma: She said so, refuting me. The thing I did that made you leave last night, the thing I was coming home to do again...I pray now to forego forever.

Ellsworth: Not having me in this house is gonna improve your odds.

Alma: I started using spirits at 17, Ellsworth, with no premonition we'd marry.

Ellsworth: Well, my feeling's that being vessel of purposes not your own, your eye was out for relief. But glimpsing since how being your own vessel is preferable, let the pressure come off and you're liable to do all right.

Alma: You are no pressure.

Ellsworth: My...friendly hands'll always be out to both of you. *(He puts his hand out to her and she grabs it in both of hers.)* May I interrupt her sleep with this beard?

Alma: She'd be so glad if you did.

(She gasps as Ellsworth releases her hand and walks upstairs. Upstairs at the Grand Central, Hearst is laying on the floor. There is a knock at the door.)

Hearst: Yes?

Blazanov: Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph.

Hearst: Yes, all right. *(He groans as he gets to his feet. He opens the door, smiling.)* Evening.

Blazanov: Telegram for Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: Ah, thank you. I wonder if you might remain just a moment while I read it, on the chance I'll want to answer.

Blazanov: Of course.

Hearst: "Additional shipment of bricks."

Blazanov: Yes, Sir.

Hearst: Yeah, this is fine. This is fine. *(He pulls out a coin and hands it to Blazanov)* There'll be no answer.

Blazanov: This is \$20, Sir.

Hearst: It's all right, son. Thanks for doing your job well.

Blazanov: You're most welcome.

(Al sits in his office, there's a knock on the door.)

Jack: John Langrishe, Al.

Al: Come one, Jack.

Jack: Early finish below?

Al: We'd a meetin'. I ought to have asked you too.

Jack: What topic commended my presence? Reprobates? The elderly?

Al: Fuckin' Hearst---that took an axe to my left middle digit, sends for 25 more thugs to take the tool to the whole fucking camp. Why am I fucking optimistic?

Jack: Did your meeting find a strategy in counterpoise?

Al: We heard the fucking reading of a letter.

Jack: Ahh.

Al: Writ by Bullock, to a miner's family after Hearst had had him murdered.
Jack: Exhorting they charge Hearst with the crime?
Al: Never once mentioning Hearst. Expressing sympathy to the family, respect for the way the man lived. We decided Merrick would publish in the paper.
Jack: Strategy some may call ingenuous, others merely off the point.
Al: I sit mystified I was moved to endorse it.
Jack: Mystified, Al, at proclaiming a law beyond law to a man who's beyond law himself? It's publication invoking a decency whose scrutiny applies to him as to all his fellows. I call that strategy cunningly sophisticated, befitting and becoming the man who sits before me. *(Al stands up and walks out to the interior balcony)*
Al: Open the place back up! Tell the whores if their legs ain't in the air, they'd better be off their asses! *(He comes back in his office, slamming the door behind him. He pauses in front of his friend.)* So what progress in your affairs?
Jack: *(chuckles)* Our opening is delayed. And old man is dying—one of my actors. And...*(sighs)* I'm sad. *(Al walks over to his desk and pulls out a bottle of whiskey)* Oh...perhaps just the one.

(Jack sits down across from Al as he pours the drinks. At the No. 10, Doc is checking up on Harry.)

Doc: In?
Tom: Folded up on the boardwalk beside me like a Goddamn accordion.
Rutherford: So you've remarked. *(Doc has a coughing fit)*
Steve: I believe I'll take my leave...
Harry: You're wheezing bad as me, Doc. Did you et cinnamon too?
Steve: ...Lest I distract from the business at hand by requesting a fucking drink!
Rutherford: Have you adverse reactions to other food or condiments, Harry?
Harry: Eggplant shreds the roof of my mouth if it's any of your fucking business.
Rutherford: Irratability at the bowel, we know you suffer from.
Doc: You're all right. Don't eat cinnamon anymore.
Harry: Or eggplant?
Doc: Not if it shreds your mouth. *(Tom grabs Doc's case as he gets up to leave.)*
Tom: Hope you don't mind my absconding with you from your cabin, Doc.
Doc: No.
Tom: Campaigning any threat to Harry's health?
Doc: How was the meeting?
Tom: Oh, it was all right. Um, needless to say, we missed you.

(Doc takes his case from Tom and leaves. Al steps out onto his balcony and heaves a sigh as he looks out upon the thoroughfare. We see Jack leaving, and a woman escorting a drunk man down the thoroughfare.)

Woman: I am so glad your mother isn't alive to see you in this condition. *(Doc passes them, Al sees him.)*
Al: Doc, get up here.

Doc: *(breathing heavily)* Not tonight.

Al: Tonight. Now. *(Doc stands there for a moment)* Leave your kit. I'll have Johnny go get it.

Doc: I'm not gonna leave my fucking kit.

(Al gives him the eye and Doc heads inside. Steve gets back to the livery and sees the NG sleeping up in the hayloft.)

Steve: I wonder what you think you're fucking doing.

Fields: I'm laying down before I leave in the morning.

Steve: I will ask the questions here! This is *my* place. Do you think it's yours? It is not. It is mine, bought and paid for. And if I wanted to shit this instant in the middle of this stable, no man, black or white, could gainsay me!

Fields: You've already fucked a horse.

Steve: Nor will I stoop to explaining the mistake in that statement, to a nigger lemur or some other small form of monkey. Where are you going in the morning?

Fields: West—San Francisco. I'm hoping that chestnut's owner might go with me.

Steve: The demon nigger that appeared at the bar.

Fields: The very same.

Steve: I don't suppose—knowing I'd be vigilant against theft and intolerant to tardiness—you'd be inclined to stay on and work here.

Fields: No.

Steve: Nor would I want to fucking have you! And do not come and try to murder me as I sleep! And...I will not come and try to murder you. *(He walks into his room and slams the "door" behind him. It doesn't latch.)* Black fucking bastard.

(The NG turns his head and goes back to sleep. Doc sits across from Al in his office. Al pours a drink.)

Doc: What did you want?

Al: Fucking sick, I'm told.

Doc: I have a chest cold.

Al: You're a lunger. *(He fingers the swatches as Doc has a coughing fit.)* Fucking samples, Doc. Notions from that tailor as to how we cover my stump.

Doc: I've believed for the last dozen years that disease is airborne, and I won't make others sick.

Al: No one gets out alive, Doc. *(Doc has another coughing fit, stands up and grabs his case, leaving. Al watches him for a moment, eyes the samples, then takes a drink and jumps up, grabbing the samples and following Doc.)* Jesus Christ! The fucking gimp finds something useful to do in the fucking brace you made her! Do you think you could treat being Johnny—always struggling to fashion a thought?! Every fucking night I, that could cut a throat but sleep the sleep of the just, spend six fucking wakings trying to find a piss pot with my dribble, and wondering when I got to be so old. *(He throws the swatches down onto Doc.)* Pick a fucking swatch for a spit rag, use the others for masks, and go about your fucking business! I ain't learning a new Doc's quirks!

(Al strides back in his office and slams the door behind him. Doc stands, shocked and panting. The piano starts playing again and he bends down to pick up a heap of the swatches. He leaves, coughing.)

Timothy Olyphant	Seth Bullock
Ian McShane	Al Swearengen
Molly Parker	Alma Garret
Jim Beaver	Whitney Ellsworth
W. Earl Brown	Dan Dority
Kim Dickens	Joanie Stubbs
Brad Dourif	Doc Cochran
Anna Gunn	Martha Bullock
John Hawkes	Sol Star
Jeffrey Jones	A. W. Merrick
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
Paula Malcomson	Trixie
Leon Rippy	Tom Nuttall
William Sanderson	E.B. Farnum
Dayton Callie	Charlie Utter
Powers Boothe	Cy Tolliver
Bree Seanna Wall	Sophia Metz
Titus Welliver	Silas Adams
Larry Cedar	Leon
Pavel Lychnikoff	Blazanov
Omar Gooding		Odell
Leah Ann Cevoli		Gem Whore Leah
Susie Jo Hawkins	Susie
Ashleigh Kizer	Dolly
Jennifer Lutheran	Jen

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