



Episode 32: Leviathan Smiles

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Written by: Kem Nunn

(In the wee hours of the morning, Merrick and Blazanov, carrying armloads of the morning's paper, cross the much of the thoroughfare and enter the Grand Central to drop off a stack. Richardson is sweeping, Blazanov bows to him and Richardson returns the gesture. Much bowing ensues. A grinning Richardson hurries over to the stack of papers and takes the top one, quickly flipping to the last page. The comics sections perhaps? Or horoscope? That's what on the last page of my paper anyway. Heh. Merrick knocks on the door of the Gem and enters. Johnny is drinking his coffee at the bar. Merrick counts off a stack of papers.)

Merrick: 23...four, five, six. 51, 52. *(He slaps the stack of papers down on the bar and leaves. Johnny takes one and Jen walks up next to him and smiles. He starts reading to her. Looks like the lessons never stopped.)*

Johnny: "The latest news."

(Seth is in a snit as he grabs his jacket preparing to leave the house. Martha is seated at the kitchen table.)

Martha: I fail to understand, if I who am most effect am not disturbed, why you should be.

Seth: Perhaps I'm disturbed by a reason different from what you believe.

Martha: Forgive me then for believing the one you've given.

Seth: I disapprove of changing from day to day when the school is to be relocated.

Martha: Speak to the theater people then.

Seth: What disturbs me is your accepting the uncertainty without quarrel.

Martha: For whatever reason, the theater people keep deferring their moving in. I don't want the children to feel they're leaving vacant what has been their place of education. I want them to leave it as a place with new life.

Seth: Fine, Martha.

Martha: What good would quarreling with them do?

Seth: Fine.

Martha: It seems you waked intent *we* quarrel. Nor, may I say, claiming you were pleased with the outcome of your meeting with the other men of the camp, did you retire last night with your customary sweetness.

Seth: Do please then forgive me, for Christ's sake. *(He stalks to the door intent to leave. He pauses, sighing deeply.)* Do please forgive me.

(Seth leaves and steps out into the bright morning light of the thoroughfare. Sol steps out onto his porch and tips his hat to a hoople passing by)

Sol: Mornin'. *(He steps out into the thoroughfare next to Seth.)*

Seth: How did Hearst take the letter?

Sol: I don't know. Is the paper even out yet?

Seth: Guess you don't fuckin' know much. Do you, Sol? *(Who pissed in your cornflakes, Seth?)*

Sol: I guess I don't. *(They walk a moment)* You want to fight? *(Seth smiles and we hear a gunshot ring out. The town folk stir and look for the source of the noise.)*

We see two men riding horseback behind a stage coming into town, firing their guns into the air. Seth walks to the commotion.)

Men: Whoo! Whoo.

Teamster: Hold on! Whoa! *(He stops the stage in the thoroughfare, Al looks down.)*
Road agents! Ambushed us a couple of miles out!

Seth: Anyone hurt.

Teamster: Cocksucker dropped a tree across the road. We just come up on it and they started shootin' from the fuckin' ridgeline. Would have lost the strongbox sure, Sheriff, not for them there that laid down rifle fire as covered us.

Morgan: Whoo! Fuck me! Holy fuck. Holy fuck, right, Wyatt?

Teamster: I'd like to buy you both a fucking drink.

Morgan: That's a big fucking yes from the both of us.

Seth: You hit anyone?

Wyatt:No, we were just trying to drive 'em off, Sheriff.

Seth: How many were there?

Wyatt:Two or three.

Morgan: I heard one of 'em shout like you winged 'em. They was dodging behind stumps and making for cover.

Wyatt:Hey. Why don't you go in there and get drunk with them, let the Sheriff and I finish out talk?

Morgan: All right. *(He heads into the Gem)*

Wyatt:Little brother's got me for a hero.

Seth: What's your name?

Wyatt:I'm Wyatt, and going in there to get drunk is Morgan -- Earp. I was a lawman in Dodge City, before that in Wichita. But I ain't looking for none of that here.

Seth: What are you looking for?

Wyatt:We got a timber lease.

Seth: You and your brother?

Wyatt:What's your name?

Seth: Seth Bullock.

Wyatt:How do you do?

Dan: There is a fella that wants to buy you a drink. Over at the Gem.

Wyatt:All right. *(He tips his hat to Seth, smiles and follows Dan.)*

EB: Shall I authorize a watering and feeding of these gentlemen's horses, Sheriff?
(Seth clenches) As Mayor? As a gesture from the camp? *(Seth leaves)* One at a time...lest they drag you to a deserved demise.

(He pushes Richardson towards the horses. In her room at Shaunnessey's, Joanie looks out the window, turns and crouches down next to Jane and touches a cover, ready to pull it up tighter over Jane. Jane gives a start and Joanie jumps.)

Jane: Ugh, fuck!

Joanie: It's me, Jane. If you want the bed, I'm leaving.

Jane: Don't go nowhere on my account. I'm a fuckin' floor sleeper anyway.

Joanie: Wanna find fruit for the schoolchildren's morning snack.

Jane: Uh, I'm up, I'm up, I'm up. I'll get the hell out of here. *(sniffles)*

Joanie: Why not stay?

Jane: I got errands all morning myself. *(sniffles)* If you just heard me far, excuse me.

Joanie: Will you come back later?

Jane: Uh...Maybe, maybe. It's heads or tails where any fuckin' day will take me.

(They leave the room and head down the stairs. Shaunnessey sees them.)

Shaunnessey: I'll not have vile affections or uncleanness on these premises! Find my specific meaning at Romans I:24 through 6—

Jane: *(Mocking as if to read the board he holds)* Fuck yourself with a fist punch up your ass, today, at the present moment. *(She thwaps him in the stomach and stalks off)* I gotta go.

Joanie: I'm moving outta that fucking place.

Jane: Not me. Not me. I never fuckin' moved in.

Shaunnessey: --And verses following.

(At the livery, Steve is splashing water on his face, cleaning up for the day. NG Fields takes his saddle and puts it on his horse. Steve pats his face dry and looks at the NG.)

Steve: Don't think you was offered a job here last night. Gauging the fucking level you'd fucking presume to was all that was. *(He walks over to NG)* Maybe you declined 'cause you thought you ought to be partners in the fuckin' business, name on the signage like a human's or God hadn't set man apart from the fucking beasts!

Fields: I got an errand, then I'm going to San Francisco. *(Walks away)*

Steve: We will never be equal, sign or fucking no. *(NG turns back)* And if I agreed to your name on the signage, we would know the fucking truth still. *(NG walks away.)* Fucking Nigger Bastard! Assuming to leave without my consent. *(Steve turns and looks at the horse – eyes the saddle.)* Not without a fucking saddle, he won't. Not if I hide his fucking saddle till he reveals fucking Hostetler's nigger voodoo ciphering methods. So accounts ain't constantly to be carried around in the man's mind till he lives in terror of taking a drink! *(Aww. Steve doesn't know how to read! He should try Hooked on Phonics. He looks back at the horse, it lowers it's head a bit.)* Implying what by that fucking lordly look? That he'll outflank my tactics buying a new fucking saddle? *(He runs off and grabs a shoeing tool)* Then I don't suppose you'll mind the improved fucking strategy involves you coming unshod behind. Now give me a fucking hoof. *(He bends down and grabs the horse's back hoof.)* Yeah. There we go. *(The horse neighs and bucks Steve away.)* That's right. Harp and fucking criticize until there's a fucking solution in the offing, and then become fucking obstinate. Now, for the last fucking time, give me a fucking hoof.

(Aunt Lou is placing firewood for her stove in a basket outside behind the kitchen. NG Fields approaches her quietly from behind.)

Lou: Come sneaking up like an Injun.

Fields: Can't wait on your boy no longer, Miss Lady. *(Hands her a small bundle)* Bow on that money is the same one you tied.

Lou: I'm grateful you waited on him as long as you did.

Fields: It ain't being none of my business gonna stop me from asking how your boy's talk with Hearst went.

Lou: Odell gonna meet up with in New York City with a man works for Mr. Hearst. Go back with him to Liberia.

Fields: Ah.

Lou: Odell say if Mr. Hearst wanted, he'd harm him here, get to see the hurt he done.

Fields: Well, your water broke open a damn smart nigger, didn't it, Aunt Lou?

Lou: You think there's sense to that?

Fields: More than I've made since I've learned to talk.

Lou: No place I guess you can hide a child from danger.

Fields: If I knew, I'd keep that spot for myself. *(chuckles)*

Lou: And can I fix you something to take away?

Fields: Something with meat and heat to it.

Lou: Come on, stand next to me. *(She takes the basket of wood and starts for the kitchen)*

Fields: Here, let me get that for you.

Lou: Thank you, Sir.

(Up in Al's office, he's meeting with Wyatt Earp, with Dan in the back of the room.)

Al: Myself and him over there, my strong right arm, along with Tom Nuttall that runs the Saloon No. 10, was the first operators in this here camp.

Wyatt: So...

Al: Turned the first card, sold the first booze and snatch. Road agents, story goes, don't work these hills but by my leave. Which if that's true, explains why I'm fucking interested in what you're telling.

Wyatt: So...

Al: So...go the fuck ahead and tell me then. *(He stis)*

Wyatt: Me and my brother happened along and we barked some unknown parties who was having a few shots at the stage. That's all. *(He sits)*

Al: Ears flat back to the head, nose without boils, fucking modest. A proper hero, Dan. How many unknown parties?

Wyatt: Uh, two or maybe three.

Al: At what remove from you?

Wyatt: A hundred feet and more.

Al: Describe 'em.

Wyatt: Nah, they broke off. We returned fire.

Al: Describe 'em.

Wyatt: My meaning would be them firing, I didn't get a good fucking look at them. I'd also say you're fucking free with your reprehending tone. *(Dan takes out his knife and holds it out of sight. Al raises his eyebrows at Dan and then at Wyatt for a moment. He then furrows his brow.)* Drink?

Wyatt: All right. *(Al pulls out a bottle.)*

Al: My opinion, may come out of vanity, your tale's full of shit. I say, or else I'd have known of 'em, there was no road agents. I say...to make a hero's entrance into camp, you and your friend kicked up dust, whooped and hollered and played all the parts yourselves. *(He drinks)* Who is that with you?

Wyatt:It's my brother. This was my idea. *(Al smiles as he poured another drink.)*

Al: Any others? Not brothers, ideas—how to pass your time in camp.

Wyatt:I got a timber lease to work.

Al: Come by how?

Wyatt: Cards, last night in Custer City. *(Al drinks)*

Al: Small chance that you want to explore options to working your lease, anyone hires your gun, you report to me. I'll double what they're paying you. But your story ought be true, you understand? I'll test the sense of it, that knows more of this place and I guess every other than you do. If you choose to fell the timber, axes, wedges, block and tackle Sheriff has at the hardware store.

Wyatt:All right. *(He takes his shot off Al's desk, drinks it, grabs his hat and walk out of the office. Dan shuts the door behind him.)*

Dan: You figure Hearst will take a run at him?

(Al plays with his fly swatter and thinks. NG Fields walks down the thoroughfare, smiling, with a cheesecloth wrapped package of food in his hand.)

Fields:Hmm. Good cooking, big-hearted fat lady presiding over my rest, I wouldn't be headed for San Francisco. *(He comes upon the livery and sees Steve seemingly passed out)* She'd probably know what I'm talking about—how the wicked live. And are always at fucking ease. Or just plain drunk before noon.

(He takes a closer look at Steve, sees his eyes are open and he's breathing shallowly. He bends over him and sees that Steve is bleeding from his head. The horse has kicked him in the face. At the Gem, Wyatt walks down the stairs from Al's office.)

Morgan: Wyatt. *(Wyatt joins his brother at the bar, talking to Jen.)* Wyatt, this here's Jen, whose sister turns out the both of us have knowed. Mary Bess from the Yellow Bird in Gunnison.

Wyatt:Even prettier.

Morgan: I was speaking to Jen of that \$11...

Wyatt:We got to go acquire them tools.

Morgan: ...That I loaned her sister. We was working out the forgiveness of the debt. *(He shifts to behind the bar and Johnny steps closer to them. Wyatt leans into Morgan.)*

Wyatt:Well you can work out her forgiveness later. *(He puts Morgan's hat on top of Morgan's head and guides him away from the bar towards the exit.)*

Morgan: I thought we was gonna capitalize on the good will we created.

Wyatt:Seeing to our fucking capitalizing means more than getting your end wet. *(Jen smiles at Johnny as they Earp brothers step out onto the boardwalk. Wyatt takes*

out a wad of cash and counts some out for Morgan.) Here. This will buy the tools to cut our lumber.

Morgan: What are you going to do?

Wyatt: The next fucking step of my plan.

Morgan: To capitalize?

Wyatt: You go ahead down to that hardware place.

Morgan: I can see to the tree cutting and more.

Wyatt: Well only start with seeing to the trees.

Morgan: Or don't you think I'm able?

Wyatt: Jesus Christ, Morgan. Now probably I'll be in this place. *(Points to the Bella Union)*

Morgan: Well, what did he want upstairs?

Wyatt: You ain't got time for me to get into that.

(Morgan heads for the hardware store and Wyatt for the Bella. Inside the newspaper office, Merrick is brushing his jacket. Hearst enters.)

Hearst: Morning!

Merrick: Good morning, Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: Very constructive reminder in this morning's edition. 12 days to the election. Will you continue to show that calendar, uh, 11, 10 days, so on?

Merrick: Assuming my press stays in tact. *(They laugh)*

Hearst: Thanks, too, for publishing Sheriff Bullock's letter of condolence to the family of that murdered worker of mine.

Merrick: Oh, you're welcome.

Hearst: I suppose I should have written them myself.

Merrick: I'd not presumed to suppose in that regard, Mr. Hearst, one way or another.

Hearst: Was the Sheriff's making his letter part of the public record meant to embarrass or reproach me?

Merrick: I'd not suppose in that connection either.

Hearst: I'm to take you for majestically neutral?

Merrick: I'd make the less exalted claim, as a journalist, of keeping my opinions to myself.

Hearst: You are less majestically neutral than—than cloaking your cowardice in principle?

Merrick: I can only answer perhaps, Mr. Hearst. Events have not yet disclosed to me all that I am.

Hearst: Those kind of events could be in the weather, Merrick. You might have a second calendar for them.

(Hearst leaves. Inside the Bella Union, Cy comes down the stairs and meets Con at the bottom. Wyatt Earp is at the craps table.)

Con: The fella all those hats was up in the air about, Mr. T.

Cy: Ah. Claims he drove off them road agents. *(They walk over to Wyatt)* Elrod Yulaham from Galena, Illinois.

Wyatt: Uh, afraid not.

Cy: Oh, I see now. You got more flare about the nostrils than Elrod.

Con: Uh, this here Gentleman's a hero, Mr. Tolliver. Thwarted a band of brigands attacking the stage out of Cheyenne. *(Wyatt rolls)*

Leon: Three, Craps.

Cy: Don't levy the man's wager, Leon. His throw got queered by Con's chatter. *(Wyatt nods to Cy.)*

Leon: Last was no roll.

Cy: Cy Tolliver, Sir. It's a honor to meet you. Thanks in the name of us all.

Wyatt: Aw, we just happened to happen by.

Cy: That's the first I hear of a we. *(Wyatt rolls)*

Leon: Six is the point. Point six.

Wyatt: yeah, well, I come into camp with my brother.

Cy: Who would be where at this present juncture?

Wyatt: Well, we acquired a timber lease. He's out buying tools for us to work it.

Cy: Tools to work a timber lease. *(chuckles)* I guess you're even more a hero, guns being out of your line.

Wyatt: I didn't call them a fully foreign subject now.

Cy: I see. *(chuckles, Wyatt rolls.)* I see.

Leon: Eight. Point six.

Cy: Pay the man, Leon.

Wyatt: But I didn't make my point.

Cy: You did to me.

(Wyatt nods and Cy chews on his cigar. Upstairs at the Grand Central, Chesterton still isn't fucking dead yet. Jack Langrishe leans on the footboard of the bed.)

Chesterton: We ought try...to cross the road...today.

Jack: The thoroughfare's a menace. Ruts, sinkholes...quick slimes *(Chesterton starts coughing harshly, Jack sits by his side holds his hand.)*

Chesterton: You're the producer, Jack. You'll manage. *(Jack gets up from the bed and strides to the door, pulling it closed as he steps into the hallway. Hearst is at his own door. His back clearly in pain.)*

Jack: Forgive my presumption, Sir. Have you lanceolate pains hereabouts?

Hearst: Yes.

Jack: Intermittent, but sudden, sharp in the onset, occasioned by a tilt of a shoulder, a shift of weight?

Hearst: I may try ice-water dousing.

Jack: Ah.

Hearst: A german Doctor in Viginia City urged me to it.

Jack: A vogue, if you would permit me to say, now quite exploded, even recognized as possibly harmful.

Hearst: Really?

Jack: Yeah. The cold causing too rapid and painful a contraction of muscles already knotted in spasm.

Hearst: I see.

Jack: I am aware of a certain technique by whose virtue I was gradually and by degrees relieved of a similar suffering of my own.

Hearst: You are?

Jack: Blessed by my pain's entire remission for 15 years, 1 month and 3 days.
(chuckles)

Hearst: I dread the prospect of ice-water dousing.

Jack: Taught me by a former Odabashi of the Turkish artillery, come himself to be afflicted through chronic lifting of cast-iron cannonballs.

Hearst: Can you help me...who does not know your name?

Jack: John Langrishe, Sir. Ah, permit me to say you are known to me.

Hearst: George Hearst. *(They shake hands.)*

Jack: Yes. Oh, yes. Would later today be convenient to start, George Hearst?

Hearst: Indeed.

(Downstairs, Countess, Bellegarde and Claudia all wait in the lobby while E.B. straightens his greasy hair back as he stands behind the desk. Jack comes down the stairs and they stand.)

Claudia: Better today?

Jack: No better. Nor will be to take him any day to come. Be good enough to inform the artisans they will not be renovating after recess at the school. Prepare his transport. We are going to show him the theater.

Bellegarde: Will you help me?

Jack: I've other fucking business.

(Back at the Bella Union, Wyatt shakes the dice and rolls.)

Leon: Seven out. *(Leon eyes Con, Con gives him the thumb.)*

Wyatt: Motherless whore.

Leon: Speaking against the establishment's interests, you might leave with a rosier outlook still holding some of our money. *(Wyatt chuckles and gathers up his chips, dropping them in his hat as he walks back to the cage.)* Big winner on the day. *(Wyatt slaps his hat down on the ledge, lifting it to reveal a pile of chips.)*

Con: Well, those appear to have propagated.

(Con takes the pile of chips that Wyatt pushes toward him. At the Chez Schoolhouse Amie, Martha is speaking with Jack Langrishe on the porch.)

Jack: He worsens, Mrs. Bullock, never to improve, I'm afraid.

Martha: I'm very sorry, Mr. Langrishe.

Jack: Hope having postponed the old actor's visit to what will be our theater, its abandonment now argues the visit's urgent execution.

Martha: I understand.

Jack: Forcing this directness upon me. When, Mrs. Bullock, today, will your classes stand in recess?

Martha: How soon could you have him here?

Jack: The logistics of his transport and the histrionics of his porter may not make it till late this afternoon.

Martha: I'll cancel the session right after the recess.

Jack: Bless you. *(He kisses her hand)* And thanks. *(He sees a little girl peeking out the window and taps on the glass, she runs away. He turns around and sees the garden.)* Oh. Beautiful.

(At the Gem, Morgan is chatting up another whore.)

Morgan: *(speaking softly)* I got ammunition left.

Whore: I see that. *(Johnny approaches him, shotgun in hand)*

Morgan: I didn't order any shotgun.

Johnny: I'm doing you the courtesy of allowing you not to think I'm as stupid as evidently you believe that girl off who you tore that piece of pussy off of is.

Morgan: The girl's sister owed me money. From the Yellowbird in Gunnison. *(Johnny sets the shotgun on the bar and turns back to Morgan.)*

Johnny: Well, Jen claims you worked that information from her.

Morgan: That her sister owed me money?

Johnny: Yeah.

Morgan: Well, did she tell you how I did it? 'Cause I'd sure like to remember for the next time I'm short.

Johnny: Worked it from her at this very bar in idle chatter—having a sister who whored at the Yellowbird in Gunnison, and only then alleged the supposed owed \$11. *(Wyatt enters)*

Morgan: *(whistles)* How long you been wearing shoes, counselor?

Wyatt: Did you fuck off the full 11?

Johnny: She claims \$5 was owed, but my inkling is the right total is seven. *(Wyatt eyes both Johnny and Dan. Neither of them are fucking around. He pointedly counts out the seven dollar bills and sets them on the table in front of him. Johnny steps forward and takes the money.)* Thanks.

Wyatt: Mm-hm. Where are the tools, Morgan?

Morgan: That is a story in itself. *(The leave, Dan watching them. Johnny talks with Jen.)*

Johnny: You say it weren't an ass fuck, I believe you.

(He hands Jen the money, she takes it, Dan tosses Johnny his shotgun. Outside, Seth strides along the thoroughfare, spotting Wyatt and Morgan, he approaches them.)

Seth: You buying those Goddamned tools, or not?

Morgan: I wouldn't have chose them not meaning to buy.

Seth: As opposed to leaving chosen goods piled in the middle of the fucking store for every other piece of business to be conducted over and around. It's customary to

stand by till the transaction's finished. (*Merrick and Blazanov watch from the window of their office.*)

Morgan: I was called elsewhere.

Seth: Elsewhere meaning the Gem.

Wyatt: You wouldn't be doubting my brother's word?

Seth: (*looking at Morgan*) Pay for the tools and remove them, and I'll cease to doubt your ability to do so. (*Turns his head to Wyatt*) How's that?

(*Wyatt grabs Morgan by the jacket and pushes him past Bullock in the direction of the Hardware Store. Upstairs in Hearst's room, Cy is meeting with him.*)

Cy: There is no losing in a match like that, Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: Never been much for draws.

Cy: Well, I—I—I meant to say, let the matter be joined aright, whether Bullock or this gungel stood at the finish, there's no losing in it for you.

Hearst: What does "joined aright" mean?

Cy: Say Bullock was first provoked out the public eye, so his throwing down in public seemed...overquick. There's all kinds of implications to that, legal and political too.

Hearst: Have you taken steps to join this matter aright?

Cy: Only steps I took so far, Mr. Hearst, was to bring me into your presence. As to what steps will be required if you give the go-ahead, easy as the Sheriff sparks, and cocky look as his kid wears, the number should be few. (*Hearst nods*) I—I would suggest, to keep you fucking protected, that the kid should think I'm at the helm.

Hearst: Very circumspect. Very considerate.

(*Bellegarde knocks on a coughing Chesterton's door and enters.*)

Bellegarde: There are the blankets.

Chesterton: Oh, there they are. (*chuckles*)

Bellegarde: You are excused by age and illness. (*He wets a cloth*) I am simply stupid. (*He dabs Chesterton's chin with the wet cloth.*)

Chesterton: Oh, no. (*chuckles*)

Bellegarde: At a minimum, unforgivably forgetful.

Chesterton: My dear boy, we are here now. You and I and the blankets. (*Wheezes and coughs*)

Bellegarde: Yes, yes. Um—(*He starts wrapping Chesterton up with his shawl and coverlet.*)

Chesterton: I wonder where the chair would be in which I'm to be transported.

Bellegarde: Oh that the Countess and Claudia should be wheeling across the thoroughfare even as we speak. (*Chesterton coughs and sounds like he's drowning in his own sputem. Bellegarde, fuck that he is, makes no move to help him to his side to spit it out so he doesn't fucking choke. Yeah, we all want him to fucking die already, but geez, have a heart. Even if he does smell like a nursing home.*) We shall swaddle you like the baby Jesus, (*He begins throwing blankets*)

onto Chesterton) making the most simple and economical of transactions to transfer to you the Countess and Claudia's chair once they arrive. *(He grabs onto Chesterton and pulls him up into a sitting position.)*

Chesterton: All right. All right.

(Back at the livery, Doc is checking out Steve. He peers into his eyes – looking rather vacant.)

Fields: Is he dying? Is he dead?

Doc: He's in a bad fucking way. *(Fields goes into his money pouch and hands Doc some coins.)*

Fields: Here. Take that for his care and burying. Let me get my fucking horse past. And let the bank know, someone don't take over this place, that loan they made Steve is going bad.

Doc: Why don't you tell them?

Fields: "Cause I'm a nigger, Doc, that don't care what stands or falls.

Doc: Hostetler was too.

Fields: Hostetler was taller than me. *(He steps in close and bends over Steve)* Fuck you, Steve. Fuck you, Hostetler. *(Turns to his horse)* And fuck you too!

Doc: I can ask Jane Cannary to...see to keeping him comfortable.

Fields: See to her bringing back a bottle while you're at it. I'll linger, look to these animals till the bank sends someone over.

(Doc fingers the coins and shuffles away. Steve doesn't move. Out in the thoroughfare, Countess and Claudia wheel a chair over to the Grand Central to transport Chesterton.)

EB: That chair is hotel property. *(So, why are they heading TO the hotel with it? Wouldn't it already be there?)* I will deal with the bathhouse administrator, believe you me. *(Oh, gotcha.)*

Countess: Shoo! Shoo! *(To the cattle in the thoroughfare.)*

Bellegarde: Where have you been?

Countess: Pushing this contraption through the muck. To the bathhouse, it was on loan. *(snickers)* Wait till you see what they do there.

Claudia: Stay right there, Bellegarde. We're already knee-deep in shit.

(They huff as Bellegarde swoops back inside, not lifting a finger to help them as they push it onto the boardwalk. Upstairs in Al's office, Seth stands in front of his desk.)

Seth: Are those assholes working for you?

Al: Those heros that saved the stage?

Seth: That Dority collected.

Al: Once he confessed to the stretch I put the one on a fucking string.

Seth: \$200 in merchandise in the middle of our store like an interrupted shit.

Al: Commerce. Every hump above ground's your master.

Seth: Letter was a fucking mistake.

Al: No.

Seth: I'm not waiting on Hearst, I'll tell you that right now. I am not on his fucking timetable, or at his fucking beck and call. *(There's a knock on the door.)*

Al: Yeah.

Merrick: A.W. Merrick, Al.

Blazanov: Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph.

Merrick: Is Sheriff Bullock inside?

Al: Only briefly. He's out of sorts and going downstairs for a blowjob. *(Seth looks at Al with a bemused grin)* Come in for fuck's sake! *(They enter, Al rolling his eyes.)*

Blazanov: Telegram for Sheriff Bullock. *(He hands Seth the missive.)*

Al: What reaction to your publication of Bullock's letter?

Merrick: The great man himself took, um, umbrage.

Al: It was not a mistake, and we are waiting on Hearst. Unless you think those two assholes are his response.

Seth: *(Heads to the door and holds up the telegram)* Not likely.

Blazanov: *(Stepping forward)* Uh, the Sheriff is going for blowjob?

(Seth walks across the thoroughfare and up onto the Hardware Store's porch, looking at the pile of goods the Earp's are buying.)

Wyatt: Now having paid, may we leave our tools here till we go out tomorrow to our lease?

Seth: I've had a wire...says your statement is true, far as having worked as a lawman. Not asking why you put the work aside, I'll say only some that do find themselves ready and uniquely able to work the other side of the street. *Some* do that. *(Morgan shrugs, Seth takes off his hat and steps behind the counter next to Sol. The Earps step past him to leave.)* I took the badge off myself once...without losing my impulse to beat on certain types.

Wyatt: No, that seems never to go.

(They step away, Morgan, looking everything like the dumb Hyena from The Lion King. Upstairs in his room, Hearst paces. There's knock on the door.)

Hearst: Not now!

Lou: Could I come back soon then, Mr. Hearst?

Hearst: God damn it. Come in Aunt Lou. Come in now. *(She enters)* Boots are in the corner.

Lou: I'd pay a man three weeks of my wages, Mr. Hearst. Rode quick to catch my son and give him this from his Mama. Searched and searched before he left. Come to find it with him gone. *(He takes the brooch from her.)*

Hearst: Lovely garnet. Does seem a moral law we find what we seek only tardily.

Lou: Would you send somebody, Sir?

Hearst: My imagination resists the approach, in that however quickly he might catch Odell, until he did, the man would know he rode in the service of a colored

person. I'd suggest, having packed the brooch carefully and securely, we ship it to New York, where my man Fitzpatrick can give it to your son when he arrives.

Lou: All right. *(nods)*

Hearst: Are you afraid that by his not receiving today the token of your love, something untoward might befall Odell? Are you superstitious that way, Aunt Lou? *(She says nothing, turns and picks up his boots.)* Thanks for seeing to those. It's the reason I thought you'd knocked.

(Later on that night, The Earps are enjoying an evening at the Bella Union. The girls are eyeing them and flirting, trying to get their attention.)

Wyatt: Maybe we should head out for the lease.

Morgan: Well, now has the sun rose since last I looked? Or more than you let on previous, do you even know the path we're going?

Wyatt: No, I do not fucking know.

Morgan: Second look, he don't seem such a bad sort, that fucking Sheriff. Maybe we ought to be fucking deputies, work our lease on the fucking side.

Wyatt: Well, did you hear him offer us work?

Morgan: Well, then let's kill him and take *his* job. *(Cy comes downstairs)*

Wyatt: On the other hand, here is a man who might be about to.

Morgan: The one that has a plan for you that factors into yours for us? *(He starts to turn)*

Wyatt: Do no fucking turn around, Morgan.

Morgan: *(whispers)* I thought he didn't show up. *(Wyatt clears his throat)*

Cy: Well, well. This the hero brother I heard about?

Wyatt: This is him, Morgan Earp. Morgan, meet Mr. Tolliver who operates the joint.

Cy: How do you do, Morgan?

Morgan: How do you do? What a beautiful fucking joint.

Cy: Well, we like to think so.

(Back at the livery, Steve is still seated in the same spot, same vacant expression on his face. Jane is trying to feed him as NG Fields looks on.)

Jane: Come on, you fucknut. *(She holds a spoon of mush up to his mouth)* Without a day's education, medical or otherwise, I vouchsafe this fucking truth: Those as don't eat without exception fail to survive. *(Steve doesn't move. She gives up and throws the spoon back in the pan and stands.)* Fuck ya. *(She puts the pan down and grabs her gun belt, strapping it back on.)* He's all yours.

Fields: Thanks for your help.

Jane: Yup. *(She leaves)*

Fields: You heard the lady, Steve. Them that goes on have got to fucking eat. *(He slings mush onto Steve's face.)* Cocksucker. *(Laughing – slinging)* Cocksucker.

(Inside Hearst's room, Countess looks on as Jack performs his treatment on Hearst's back. Basically, he's rubbing Hearst's back in a circular motion.)

Jack: Do for me, Mr. Hearst, and much more for yourself, this one important thing. Breathe, Sir. Breathe deeply, hungrily, as if your life depended on it. (*Hearst inhales rapidly*) And yet slowly! As with the rhythm of the waves of the sea. (*He looks at Countess, she nods*) The while, Mr. Hearst, allowing influx of my motion's heat. (*Countess nods*) Do you begin to feel it, man?

Hearst: (*muffled*) I think so.

Jack: Hmm?

Hearst: I said I think so.

Jack: Then too...begin to feel this: One towards the neck and one towards the coccyx. (*He puts some pressure on these points with his palms. Looks up and exclaims as if in pain.*) Ooh!

Hearst: What?

Jack: My God!

Hearst: Are you all right?

Jack: I am. How are you?

Hearst: Ah.

Jack: Some release in tension?

Countess: Ja.

Hearst: Yes. (*Laughs*) Yes, by God.

Jack: Is the pain diminished in some measure?

Hearst: It is. (*Jack groans as he lets go and collapses, stepping back, holding Countess' hand. Hearst starts to move.*)

Jack: Now lie still, Sir. As your nodals...settle to the adjustment. Try to sleep.

Hearst: I don't want to sleep. I'm waiting for something.

Jack: Very well, please yourself.

(He takes Countess' hand and leads her out of the room, taking his jacket as he leaves. At the new schoolhouse, Joanie talks with Mose.)

Joanie: Second look, she may have decided it didn't suit. This hasn't said...anything yet to spare my feelings.

Mose: I don't believe Mrs. Bullock's that sort. I believe them theater people not moving in yet, she feels no call to disrupt her education activities by moving the children out yet from the Chez Amie into this place here. In other words, exactly what she said.

Joanie: Does it trouble you, keeping watch on a dark place?

Mose: No, ma'am, it does not. Especially when I know there's light coming to it.

(She pats his arm and leaves. At the livery, NG Fields drinks and looks at Steve – now completely pelted in mush. He starts to feel guilty for Steve's sorry state and grabs a towel to start wiping the mush out of Steve's eyes and off his face.)

Fields: One sorry-ass...shit eating cocksucker.

(At the Chez Amie Theater, Chesterton and Jack sit with each other, holding hands.)

Jack: Claudia and the Countess have embroidered the tabs in gold: Thalia and Melpomene.

Chesteron: Big lie...the masks. Same damn thing, Jack—comedy and tragedy.

Jack: The curtain rises. The stage is set before us.

Chesteron: What's the rake?

Jack: 18 to one, old trouper.

Chesteron: Hmm.

Jack: Dost thou know Dover? There is a cliff whose high unbending head looks fearfully on the confined deep. Bring me back to the brim of it, and from that place...I shall no leading need. Here's the fly tower. If you mount up, take firm a rail in each hand. *(He pauses and looks at his friend, who is motionless)* I'll boost your bum, darling.

Chesteron: Here's the place.

Jack: How fearful and dizzy it is to cast one's eyes so low.

Chesteron: Set me where you stand. Let go my hand. *(Jack slips his hand out of his friend's grasp.)*

Jack: You're now within a foot.

Chesteron: Line. L-line. *(He slips away, closing his eyes. The old fart's dead finally.)*

Jack: Our father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. *(The others stand up from the shadows)* He's gone. *(Bellegarde puts his hand on the old man's shoulder and slips off his glasses.)*

Claudia: We'll see to him now.

(Jack sighs and leaves the theater. At the Bella Union, the Earps are playing craps with the whores. Wow, does that ever sound kinky and gross all at the same time.)

Leon: Winner 10! 10 as hard as they come.

Morgan: That is my big brother, who I'm going to be assisting on some very important business for the man you work for, and for whom I may put in a good word for you depending on how good you are to me.

(He pinches their bums and they squeal. Up in Al's office at the Gem, Jack is visiting.)

Al: You seem blue, Jack.

Jack: That old actor I spoke of ... passed.

Al: Sorry.

Jack: Wrapped like a mummy in blankets, drowning in his own fluids. *(Al stops pouring and eyes him)* Perhaps, Al, given the sleigh ride which ensues, the best connection to leviathan may not be by harpoon.

Al: Explain yourself.

Jack: I mean the inimical Mr. Hearst--suffering with discomfort at his back, the wiles of a bullshitter such as oneself may have use as a feint to occupy him.

Al: How?

Jack: Campaign towards relief protracted, punctuated by Pentecostal whoops and manual pushes and prods while invoking arcane authorities—the host’s unhealthy soul reliable to sustain his symptoms.

(They step out onto the balcony and Al spots Hearst checking his pocket watch)

Al: You were good to try a net on that cocksucker, Jack, on such a sorry day. *(Jack drinks and walks down the balcony a bit, eye on Hearst.)*

Jack: Mr. Hearst! Are we still in a state of respite?

Hearst: The odd twinge, Mr. Langrishe, but overall much improved.

Jack: A winning skirmish in a long campaign! *(Hearst nods)* Mr. Swearengen.

Al: Mr. Hearst.

Jack: Old friends! *(He points to Al and back to himself, chuckling.)* Don’t imbibe overmuch the evening chill.

Hearst: Waiting for something.

(Jack gives him a thumbs up, and walks back toward Al. Al eyes Hearst suspiciously. Back at the house that Bullock built, he’s looking out the window as Martha talks.)

Martha: It appears the theater people’s moving in was delayed by the illness of one of their troupe, who today, I believe, has died. So they should be moving in very shortly.

Seth: Thank you for telling me. *(sighs)* Without quarrel. *(She approaches him.)*

Martha: And you acknowledge your lack of sweetness on retiring last evening?

Seth: I do, being uneasy about my letter’s publication.

Martha: And Mr. Hearst’s reaction.

Seth: *(sighs)* Perhaps tonight will be twice as sweet.

(We hear horses neighing as men ride into town on horseback with torches held high.)

Cy: Sweet mother of Jesus. *(The men pause in front of Mr. Hearst and he nods them down the thoroughfare, they head in that direction.)* Take them amateurs off the fucking sugar tit. Mr. Hearst brought the pros to town. *(Hearst smiles and steps inside.)*

Al: Leviathan fucking smiles.

(The men on horseback gallop down the thoroughfare.)

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
Leah Ann Cevoli		Gem Whore Leah
Susie Jo Hawkins	Susie
Ashleigh Kizer	Dolly
Jennifer Lutheran	Jen

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