



Episode 33: Amateur Night

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(Morning at the Bella Union. Lila is leaning over a sleeping Morgan Earp. Aw, sleeping like a baby, sucking his thumb even! Con opens the door and gestures for Lila to kick her bed buddy out. Leon emerges from a room across the hall, with a bleary-eyed Wyatt following. How Morgan got Lila and Wyatt got some no-named Bella whore, I'll never know. Stupid whore. Morgan who? Wyatt's the one to go for! Sheesh woman, think! But I digress, Morgan waves his hat to Lila, and she gives her signature come-hither smirk back to him. They boys leave. At The House That Bullock Built, Seth and Martha are talking in the kitchen.)

Seth: One-third of six is two. The combination of the safe in the hardware store. Which you should commit to memory against eventualities.

Martha: As was threatened by the arrival of those men last night.

Seth: Yes. There are deeds, some 7% bonds, certificates, sundry receivables, one-third of six is two.

Martha: One-three-ought-six-two.

Seth: Yes.

Martha: The children and I are moving into the new schoolhouse today.

Seth: Good. *(He smiles, she smiles as well. Seth sits at the table.)* I'll walk with you.

(Martha's smile falters just a wee bit, perhaps in surprise at his jovial offer to walk with her and the children to the new schoolhouse. Inside the new schoolhouse, Mose and Joanie are looking at a tree left standing in the middle of the schoolroom.)

Joanie: I wish we'd found out the last part for Mrs. Bullock to tell the children.

Mose: We did as best we could.

Joanie: *(Studying the room)* Does four desks to a row seem right?

Mose: *(Considering)* Mm, if not, they ain't nailed to the floor.

Joanie: You ain't seen Jane?

(Mose shakes his head, Joanie looks around the room, worried. At the Grand Central, Mr. Hearst is meeting with his "bricks". He pours some tea out of his cup into a saucer. For someone that likes to treat people like dogs, he sure does act like a cat sometimes.)

Hearst: The camp is to know they're here. The camp is to know they're my employees. If this knowledge came first from some disruption of traffic in the thoroughfare, I would have no objection.

Brick: All right.

Hearst: And matters might deteriorate from there.

(He sips from the saucer. Pussy. At the Gem, Dan and Jewel are at the bar, Jewel pouring coffee. Al comes down the stairs.)

Al: Coffee!

Jewel: Ready.

Al: Well-positioned, Davey.

Davey: Yes, Sir, Mr. Swearengen.

Al: Eyeing them idlers outside Hearst's hotel.

Dan: Copperhead cocksucker Hearst, bringing in the fucking Pinkertons. *(Sweet! Pinkertons make bricks!)*

Al: Not much of a horserace, Dan, between the appetite for blood and fidelity to political conviction.

Johnny: Fucking Pinkertons!

Al: Do we have alternatives to enlisting reinforcements in Cheyenne?

Dan: I knew I should have stayed packed from four days ago.

Davey: Some bullshit's jumping off on the thoroughfare, Mr. Swearengen. *(Al, followed by the three amigos, walks out to the boardwalk. We see men on horses giving random hooples a hard time as they try to make their way down the muck of the thoroughfare)*

Pinkerton1: Get out of my way.

Pinkerton2: Move it, old timer! *(Mr. Wu tries to make his way down the street.)* Get out of the way, Hop Lee!

Pinkerton1: Hang on. *(He hits Wu with his hat.)*

MrWu: Cocksucker!

Pinkerton1: Move along, ding-dong! Move along! Move along!

MrWu: Cocksucker!

Pinkerton1: Move along, ding-dong! *(Another Pinkerton laughs. Mr. Wu falls to the ground.)*

Al: Go get fucking Wu. *(Johnny goes for Wu.)* Question extant being—till reinforced, can we learn the ways of church mice? *(Johnny helps a pissed off Wu up. Wu shakes him off.)* Call on Tolliver.

(Mr. Hearst meets with the Pinkertons. I'll stick with calling the head of the clan of Pinkertons "Brick" for now.)

Hearst: You will not mistake the newspaperman. He looks like a...big turtle. *(hey!)* Published a letter meant to embarrass me. That I authored his discomfiture should come clear only as events accumulate.

Brick: All right.

(At the Bella Union, Silas is standing in front of a seated Cy. They are downstairs in the main room.)

Silas: The top of my to-do list every morning, and every day gets away from me.

Cy: Anyways, here you are.

Silas: Here I am. Al's delegate, as far as him and you deal with Mr. Hearst.

Cy: Will you still if invited to sit or will it take me offering a meal?

Silas: I'd sooner not sit, Sir, and already ate. Only asking, ought I bear a message to Al?

Cy: Nothing comes to mind.

Silas: Horsemen come to camp by torchlight last night.

Cy: Tell Al as we didn't wake to the apocalypse, I suppose all we need fear is their Winchesters.

(Silas nods and leaves. At the Grand Central, Hearst is eating breakfast when someone catches his attention. He throws up a Vanna White arm in their direction.)

Hearst: The pillars of my existence who should know each other: *(He waves Jack over)* Mr. John Langrishe, my dear Aunt Lou Marchbanks.

Jack: With whose art I am most appreciatively familiar.

Hearst: Uh, Mr. Langrishe is now to my back, Aunt Lou, what you have long been to my belly.

Jack: I may say that so long as the nodals are quiet, that girth at the midriff, preached a sin by so many among the guardians of sacral well-being. Is absolved as a danger by me.

Lou: I've been heavy all my life.

Jack: Oh, I refer not at all to you, Dear Lady.

Lou: Salty, juicy ham this morning.

Jack: I must have it.

Hearst: The usual for me, Aunt Lou. *(She nods and leaves)* Sit sit sit sit.

Jack: Must I do so four times? *(They laugh)*

Hearst: Ah, my closest confidant in the camp is Aunt Lou, and I say that with every awareness.

Jack: Wonderful.

Hoople: I guess I must have went invisible over night.

Brick: I saw you, Drummer.

Hoople: And yet you cut in front of me. *(Brick slams the heel of his boot down on the Hoople's foot, causing him to fall to the ground. He drags him out of the way.)* I just knew you wouldn't be eating.

Jack: Did I not see the gentlemen who is still upright arrive in the camp last night?

Hearst: I believe I may have as well. I was on the porch of this structure, and you with Mr. Swearngen on his balcony. I believe he came in on horseback.

Jack: Not as a pedestrian, ironically, given his heavy-footed virtuosity.

Hearst: What did Mr. Swearngen make of the coming into camp of that man among his friends?

Jack: Do allow me, Mr. Hearst, as your corporal comfort's advocate, in this regard to be neutral. Let me show in your company on the subject of Al, no less rigorous a reticence than I exhibit with Al when addressing the subject of you. *(Aunt Lou approaches with their food)* Ah! My ham.

(He pulls out a pocketknife and winks at Aunt Lou. Out in the thoroughfare, Alma walks to the bank, smiling along the way. She gets to the door of the bank and sees Trixie waiting for her. She greets her with a smile.)

Alma: Good morning.

Trixie: Morning.

Alma: Good morning, Louis. I hope your night was uneventful.

Louis: Yes, ma'am. Jim's late so I'll watch till he arrives.

Alma: Thank you. How have you been, Trixie?

Trixie: No complaints. As if anybody would give a shit. I come to put in some money.

Alma: I'm glad.

(She smiles and unlocks the door of the bank, they walk inside. Back in the thoroughfare, NG Fields is trying to wheel Steve in a wheelbarrow into the No. 10 – he hits a piece of wood that stalls him.)

Fields: Oh shit! You motherfucker! *(He pushes harder and gets it inside the bar.)*

Harry: Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa!

Fields: I ain't no Goddamn nurse! I gotta see to my business in this camp.

Harry: Tom's rules. You can't set if you ain't drinking.

Fields: He's buying for them that do. *(He puts gold coins down on the table)*

Harry: Yeah, uh, and what if he messes himself? *(NG puts more coins down)*

Fields: For them that wipes him off. I ain't seeing him out. I ain't gonna fucking do it!

(He runs out of the bar leaving a confused and stunned clientele and staff behind him. At the bank, Alma is settling in.)

Trixie: You seem better of late at a distance than you appeared when last seen up close.

Alma: And now that you've seen me up close?

Trixie: I get the same impression, particularly of a clearness at the eye.

Alma: I am better.

Jack: Good morning. *(Langrishe enters, shutting the door behind him.)*

Trixie: Anyways, *(She takes some money out of her bosom – magic breasts! I want boobs that produce money!)* there's 12 bucks I deposit into my account. If the currency's counterfeit, my fucking Jew boss is the culprit. *(She turns to leave.)*

Jack: Do not, please, Madam, hasten your business or abridge it.

Trixie: I don't need no receipt. Trust the lady. *(She leaves)*

Jack: John Langrishe, Madam, of the Langrishe Theater Company.

Alma: How do you do, Mr. Langrishe?

Jack: Glad I'm well to bid you good morning. *(they sit)* I'd undertake two transactions. Deposit of \$4,000 and the borrowing of like amount.

Alma: Those would seem at cross-purpose.

Jack: Theater types being perceived as transient, nomadic—without stake, so to speak, in a place's particulars—my redundant undertakings would allay mistrust of my kind endemic in such camps as these. Oh. *(chuckles, and picks up a bag from the floor.)* No less weighty than my verbiage. *(chuckles)*

Alma: You have your loan, Mr. Langrishe.

Jack: A pleasure, Mrs. Ellsworth. *(He gets up to leave, grabbing his hat.)* By way of publicity, this evening we conduct an amateur night. I wish to state, unequivocally with this imposing gentleman as witness, I have no gossamer filament of doubt you have skills to delight and amaze.

(Yes! Drinks Laudanum faster than a speeding bullet. Brushes hair to a silken sheen! Makes plaster fall from ceilings! Hee hee! Jack leaves, Alma smiles as he goes. Outside the hardware store, the Earps are loading their supplies into their wagon.)

Morgan: They have their fucking fun with you, and in the morning, they treat you like dirt.

Wyatt:*(chuckles)* And you a fucking virgin...

Morgan: No, and not pretending to be.

Wyatt:...To be wounded by her callous ways.

Morgan: All I'm saying is she could have been nicer, and those steerers more fucking polite. *(The Pinkertons come galloping along the thoroughfare, disrupting all and sundry in their paths.)* Assholes!

Wyatt:Hey, we got a timber lease to work. Get over there.

(Seth, having stepped out to see what the ruckus was, clenches and heads back into the store. At the Gem, Mr. Wu is sketching something out.)

MrWu: Dinh. *(He looks up at Johnny and pushes his sketch over. And holds his thumb up. Johnny ponders the sketch and gives him a thumbs up back.)*

Dan: Oh, yeah, I'm sure them scribblin's as clear as fuckin' rainwater to you, Johnny—He who was stymied by a couple of fucking X's and a Goddamn straight line. Winks, grins, gives Wu the big okay.

MrWu: Okay.

Johnny: If I recall the drawing you're referring to, I believe the straight line signifying the bar was first made out by me. As far as these pictures here, now I, not fathoming the full particulars, I feel I get the general drift.

Dan: You best trot upstairs with Johnny, Wu. Show Al your work is finished. But remember, Al, he—he ain't near as quick as Johnny or fucking Jewel. No, Al might be confused and treat you to a fucking ass-kicking.

MrWu: Bok Gwai Lo. *(He shakes his head and tries to brush some dirt off of his suit. Upstairs, Al meets with Silas.)*

Al: Well, what does Tolliver know of the guns come to camp?

Silas: Said he don't know nothing.

Al: And you fuckin' believe him, huh?

Silas: I think, I did. Felt like he's outside looking in.

Al: We ought to form a fucking club. *(He steps out onto the balcony and sees Hugo Jarry riding down the thoroughfare. He steps back inside.)* Fucking Yankton's rejoined us for Christ's fucking sake? *(Silas looks outside and his eyes narrow at the sight of Jarry. Their eyes meet. He steps back in.)*

Silas: Must have finished stealing from the Indians.

(The Earps ride along the thoroughfare in their wagon. Morgan looks rather relaxed, head in chin, foot kicked up. Wyatt drives. A Pinkerton shouts from across the muck.)

Man: Wipe your ass, Hiram. It feels strange at first, but the shit protects against blisters. *(Morgan jumps off. Wyatt stops the wagon.)*

Wyatt: Whoa!

Morgan: Will you be here after work?

Man: If I am, will you suck my prick?

Morgan: Well, if you ain't, and a fella says Hiram's trying to find you, if he don't go on to call you a cunt, he's cutting the message short. *(The man looks at Brick, who shakes his head.)*

Wyatt: Let's go, Morgan.

Morgan: What, was it him that got you hooked on cocksucking?

Wyatt: Get on the fucking wagon.

Man: I'll be here, Hiram. Try some shit on them blisters.

Morgan: Let him fuck your ass. He may raise your pay a quarter. You might already be too loose. *(The man nods at him, smirking. Morgan waves as they drive off.)* See you this afternoon.

(Hugo Jarry enters the Grand Central, passing by a praying Richardson, standing next to the man with the broken foot and Doc, who is treating him. He puts his bag down on the desk and addresses E.B.)

Hugo: A room, if I may, unexposed to the gales which must blow through that hole above us.

EB: Mr. George Hearst, who is now the hotel's owner, *put* the hole in that wall.

Hugo: Enhancing not at all for me the prospect of a room in the hole's proximity.

Doc: Could I get a wheelbarrow or the like?

EB: Yes, Sir. Richardson! Wheelbarrow!

(Richardson scurries off in search of a wheelbarrow. E.B. hands Hugo Jarry a room key. Outside the Schoolhouse, Joanie Stubbs stands, staring at the door. Martha opens the door and steps outside.)

Martha: Miss Stubbs?

Joanie: I guess you're near ready to take the children over. Or are you ready now? Do I keep you from it?

Martha: Oh, I'm—I'm taking the children in an hour's time. Just now you give us happy respite from our numbers.

Joanie: Anyways, Mose says the man was a Norwegger from Wisconsin, built the building around the tree so as to have sap on hand for syrup, which must takes like hell for being burr oak, but...probably smells nice in a lamp.

Martha: Does anyone know why he left?

Joanie: No luck on that score. Far as that, we came up empty. It's too bad.

Martha: It's freer rein for the children's imaginations.

Joanie: Fewer facts, I guess, to trample.

Martha: I hope that you'll walk with us, Miss Stubbs.

Joanie: Oh...Sure.

Martha: Good. I'll see you in an hour.

(Martha goes back inside the school, leaving the door open. At the bank, there is a line of customers waiting to do business. NG Fields is at the window.)

Alma: I recognize, Mr. Fields, that in any foreseeable future, Steve will not resume operations of the livery or pay on his note to the bank. Be assured I am grateful for the expedient care you have taken of the livery and its occupants, having no obligation in this matter of any kind.

Fields: No shadow ought be on Hostetler's reputation that sold to Steve by me now taking leave.

Alma: No reasonable person would cast one.

Fields: I guess I can head out then, knowing the one in a 100 that is, won't sully Hostetler's name. I got a life to live of my own.

Alma: As do all here in the camp.

Fields: Sorry to hold you all up.

(He quickly leaves the bank and Alma straightens her papers, ready for the next person in line. Brick enters the Newspaper office where Merrick is working.)

Brick: Jesus Christ, whoever thought I'd come to write an article?

Merrick: Have you a notice you wish circulated, Sir?

Brick: What?

Merrick: By "Article" do you mean you have some notice you'd wish published?

Brick: By "article" I mean a fucking article. *(He steps closer)*

Merrick: What would be your article's subject?

Brick: You're a fat fucking bastard, ain't ya?

Merrick: I think we ought best continue our conversation Sir, when you're not under the influence of spirits.

Brick: Something stupid looking about you.

Merrick: I must insist you leave.

Brick: Fucking irritating! How you look makes me fucking embarrassed! *(He pulls his cane out of it's sheath and swats Merrick across the face, Merrick gasps and falls to his knees, Blazanov stands up.)*

Merrick: Oh dear.

Brick: "Oh dear"!? *(He starts punching Merrick repeatedly. Throwing him to the floor when he's done.)* Oh dear. *(He grabs his walking stick, heads to the door, smiling, turns to Blazanov.)* You'd better come help your friend.

Blazanov: Mr. Merrick, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!

(Blazanov bends down to help his fallen, groaning, friend. At the Gem, Mr. Wu talks to Al.)

MrWu: Swedgin, Hearst, Heng Dai?

Al: We're the opposite of fucking Heng Dai! We're bok gwai Lo, the two of us.

MrWu: Bok gwai lo?

Al: Fuck bok gwai lo! We're not fucking heng dai! We're the opposite of fucking heng dai. Now make your fucking point.

MrWu: Yah! Swedgin! Hearst! Eek!

Al: Jesus fucking Christ. *(Wu taps on his sketch)*

MrWu: `150 chung kuo cocksucka. Custer.

Al: He's dead, for Christ's sake, Wu! Hey, how about the canoe? Did you know that had been fucking invented yet, huh?

MrWu: Custer, chung kuo cocksucka, 150, Custer. *(Johnny studies the sketch)*

Johnny: Custer City? *(Wu taps the sketch)*

MrWu: Oh! Custer City!

Johnny: Wu's holding his men outside Custer City.

MrWu: Huh.

Johnny: 'Cause you and Hearst are on the outs. *(He looks up at Al, smiling and nodding. – Al punches him and stetches out his arm. Dan smirks.)*

Al: Clever precautionary fucking thinking, Wu.

(Al takes a drink at the bar. Joanie walks into Utter Freight and Charlie Mail.)

Charlie: Miss Stubbs.

Joanie: Mr. Utter. Mr. Langrishe.

Jack: The blessed Miss Stubbs, whose bust is so very prominent in the mind's pantheon of the camp.

Joanie: Some not 50 yards from us will put these of mine to shame.

Jack: As I've made to Mr. Utter a proposal, the answer to which he must generate only in privacy and after meditation, if you'll excuse, I'll take my leave.

Joanie: Well, I will too.

Jack: No no no, Miss Stubbs. It is only I from whom he must be sequestered. Your counsel may be invaluable. If you can cartwheel or puff your cheeks like a fish...we have a festivity tonight. I'll live in hope you'll attend. *(He leaves)*

Charlie: There is a strange fucking bird. Some kind of, uh, amateur night he's organizing, connected with his theater. Some way I couldn't fathom. A prelude, he called it. Fuckin' Jane ought to break out her bullwhip.

Joanie: I nearly came to know for Mrs. Bullock to tell the children why that schoolhouse has a tree growing through it.

Charlie: The new one has a tree growing through it?

Joanie: Who the man was, why he built around the tree instead of cutting it down. Mose couldn't find out where he got to.

Charlie: Why does she need to know where the man got to for Mrs. Bullock to tell the children about the tree?

Joanie: To finish the story.

Charlie: More than where the man got to once he was through, I'd think the story was of the tree and the schoolhouse built around it. *(Joanie nods)* I guess you're right, though. I—I guess children are like that, wanting to know all the information. I guess that's how they are. *(She looks out into the thoroughfare.)* You got something to send, Miss Stubbs?

Joanie: I was just stopping by to say good morning.

(Charlie grins and nods. At the Gem, Silas and Hugo Jarry sit. Hugo pours a drink.)

Hugo: Friends become adversaries. Become now, I hope, friends again.

Silas: Doing any good for yourself?

Hugo: Oh, hard of late, Adams, doing that in Yankton. That is something you would be aware.

Silas: From what I read on the crapper.

Hugo: Washington harasses us for our difficulties in distribution to the Indians, thereby distracting the nation at large from Washington's own fiscal turpitudes and miasms.

Silas: There amongst the turpitudes and miasms, you got caught stealing the money.

Hugo: The money was not stolen. There was an amount of siphoning off and certain irregularities.

Silas: Sounds like it was regular as milking Bessie, 96¢ on the dollar.

Hugo: Rank exaggeration.

Silas: If it was less than 90, you fucked generations of Indian Agents to come.

Hugo: If saying so will let us go on, then, yes, we stayed above 90.

Silas: And did you lay a few cents by?

Hugo: A few. Never enough. Your star here is in ascension?

Silas: I've been keeping busy.

Hugo: Tell me how. Don't delete a single detail.

Silas: That's a pretty taut line, Mr. Jarry, not knowing how deep your hook's set yet.

Hugo: How deep would 500 set it, time being of the fucking essence?

Silas: Hard to know till it's inside my pocket.

Hugo: I'd rather not produce it in this place.

Silas: Worse gets produced here pretty regular. *(He nods over Hugo's shoulder, Hugo turns to see a giant tit in his face, his eyes follow it as the whore it belongs to moves on. He reaches into his jacket and pulls out his wallet.)*

Hugo: Much has been answered already. Little has fucking changed.

(Silas taps the money on the table, looking at Hugo. Upstairs, Merrick is laying in Al's bed, Doc is seeing to him. Al and Blazanov stand at the end of the bed.)

Merrick: Ugh, it was nightmarish. Whatever cogent purpose the man may have had, his drunkenness kept him from conveying, and yet I had the eerie sense he knew what he was doing.

Al: Maybe not so drunk as he seemed, huh?

(Merrick moans, Al steps out onto the balcony and sees the Earp brothers rolling back into town. He steps back into his room. At the Grand Central, Hearst is pressing Brick for details.)

Hearst: Details, Sir. Did the newspaperman try to defend himself? Did he beg you to stop? Did he cry out?

Brick: He said "Oh dear." Was bleeding and curled up like a baby.

(Hearst laughs. Back in Al's office, Doc is leaning over Merrick's stomach.)

Doc: I'm guessing your bottom rib is cracked, and this contusion at your belly show the colors of the rainbow before it's through with you.

Merrick: Apparently, my expiration is not imminent.

Doc: 'Course, I'm wrong as much as I am right.

Merrick: What purpose might the man have had, Al, in feigning drunkenness?

Al: Allow you to penetrate the pretense? Teach fear while inflicting pain? You printed any letters lately, Merrick, that some miserable cocksucker would send an underling to punish you for? Hmm?

Merrick: Bastard.

Blazanov: I should be ashamed that I didn't come to help. I'm so sorry, Mr. Merrick, my dear friend.

Al: Oh, cut it the fuck out, the both of you, unless you want to act to the cocksucker's purpose. *(Blazanov reaches into his coat and pulls out a letter, holding it out to Al.)*

Blazanov: This came for the cocksucker, Mr. Swearengen. *(Al reads it)*

Al: Take it to him.

Blazanov: I'd like to punch him.

Al: Give him the fucking telegram—and no punching. *(Blazanov takes the telegram and leaves.)*

Doc: Long pulls on the laudanum as needed.

Al: Check out that sow Tina, Doc, when the opportunity presents. That ain't the whiff of roses when she passes. *(Doc leaves.)*

Merrick: Ugh. Have I bled on your bed linens, Al?

Al: You wouldn't be the first.

(Outside the hardware store, Morgan and Wyatt are dealing with the itty bitty timbers they reaped.)

Morgan: Shit.

(Pinkerton's gallop down the thoroughfare, catching Seth's attention from inside the hardware store. Sol readies his derringer.)

Seth: Do yourself a favor, Sol. Stop thinking of that derringer as a problem solver.

Trixie: It solved several for me. *(Seth smiles, Wyatt walks up outside holding two teeny limbs.)*

Wyatt: Free fucking kindling, if you have need for it.

Morgan: Our timber lease ain't nothing but pecker poles.

Man: Let's see them blisters...Hiram. *(Morgan holds up a hand, smiles, turns, pulls his gun and fires one into the man's leg.)*

Man: Aw! Son of a...(The man falls)

Wyatt: Jesus Christ, Morgan! *(He hurries over to the man and pulls his gun out of his it's holster.)*

Seth: Stay inside. Stay in here. *(Wyatt tosses the gun to the ground beside him. Seth strides out clenching from the hardware store.)*

Man: Help me.

Morgan: I did, you motherless cunt—to bleed out in the fucking mud. *(Brick strides to the scene, Seth fires his gun in the air.)*

Seth: Stand away till I find out what happened here!

Wyatt: That fight was fair.

Brick: Bullshit! Corey was under orders not to draw.

Seth: Man's gun's out of its holster.

Brick: Was it you took it out *after* he was down?

Seth: Do you say I did? That saw me come from my store as you came down the boardwalk?

Brick: I say someone did. Corey had orders not to draw. *(Seth grabs Brick by the ear and drags him along.)*

Seth: You're fucking under arrest.

Brick: What for?

Seth: For interfering with a fucking peace officer. *(To the Earps)* Come with me for questioning.

Wyatt: All right.

Morgan: All right, Sheriff.

Seth: You tell your men to interfere. Give me a reason to do what I want.

(He marches Brick to the jail, the Earps following. At the Grand Central, Blazanov knocks on Hearst's door. Hearst walks to open it.)

Blazanov: Cheyenne and Black Hills Telegraph Company, Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: Mr. Blazanov.

Blazanov: Telegram for George Hearst. *(Hearst reaches for a coin)* I decline your gratuity, Sir. Change in policy.

(He leaves and Hearst shuts the door, reading the telegram. In the kitchen, Aunt Lou is watching Richardson rub salt on a ham hock.)

Lou: So where you gonna take this, Richardson?

Richardson: To finish curing in the smokehouse.

Lou: How long you gonna leave it in there?

Richardson: Three weeks.

Lou: How you remember three weeks is up?

Richardson: The notch where I sleep. Beside the notches for my other hams.

Lou: You getting the hang of this, Richardson. So next time I ain't gonna asked you. Only check did you make your notch.

Richardson: You'll find it made, Aunt Lou. *(Hearst enters, Aunt Lou looks nervous)*

Hearst: Would you excuse us, Sir?

Richardson: Yes. *(He grabs the ham and leaves. Hearst pauses.)*

Hearst: Odell is dead.

Lou: Jesus, help me.

Hearst: They found him near the road to Rapid City.

Lou: How they sure it's Odell?

Hearst: The letters I gave him were still on his person, and his Bible bore his name. *(Aunt Lou starts to cry, Hearst tries to take her in his arms to comfort her, she pushes him away.)*

Lou: Get away from 'round me, Sir!

Hearst: You don't have to feign strength with me, Aunt Lou.

Lou: I ain't pretending shit! Get the hell away from 'round me, Sir! *(She pushes him aside and runs away)* Oh God! Oh my God!

(She leaves behind a pained Hearst. I think she musta hurt his back when she pushed him away, but it'd be nice to think he felt bad. Outside, a figure comes up with the sun shining brightly behind. It's Mose Manuel, having found Jane.)

Jane: Get out of my fucking light.

Mose: It's me.

Jane: Who is me? The fucking eclipse?

Mose: Mose Manuel.

Jane: Oh, really? I thought it—it was Giganto, the runaway circus elephant.

Mose: Miss Stubbs has been looking for you. Those kids need chaperoning to the new schoolhouse, Jane. *(Jane turns away, and puts her hands to her ears, shutting her eyes.)*

Jane: I cannot hear you, nor can I see you any longer. *(Mose grabs her.)*

Mose: You fucking drunken slob!

Jane: Oh! *(He stops and she stares seething at Mose, wide eyed.)*

Mose: Get up and walk them kids.

Jane: Okay, Giganto! Don't tusk me to death with your tusks. *(She steadies herself, sheathing her gun.)* How long do I have to assemble myself?

Mose: They'll be ready to go in a few minutes.

Jane: Shut up.

(In the smokehouse, Richardson is holding a sobbing Aunt Lou.)

Richardson: I'm sorry, Mama. I'm so sorry.

Lou: I can't take it. I can't take it.

(At the jail, Seth is seated with Wyatt & Morgan Earp.)

Seth: Who produced their weapon first?

Wyatt: Said they come out the same time.

Morgan: We drew as one.

Brick: That's a fucking lie.

Charlie: Come here a second. *(Brick looks at Charlie – Charlie punches him through the cell bars.)* Shut up.

Seth: Are you as sure about your timber lease?

Wyatt: What do you mean? *(Leaning over, ready to sign his statement)*

Seth: As that *this* is truthful. Are you as sure that lease ain't worth fuck-all?

Morgan: Absolutely fucking certain.

Seth: Then nothing holds you here. And arguing against you staying is who this fuck-head works for, and the man you shot in the fair fight. (*Wyatt smiles a half-grin*) Best you move on, taking your genius brother with you.

Morgan: Um...I ain't showed myself to advantage here, Sheriff. I'm fully fucking aware.

(Out in the thoroughfare, Bellegarde is wearing a sandwich board advertising the amateur night, ringing a bell. At the schoolhouse, Martha is organizing the children. A man is balancing a board on his chin in the street.)

Martha: Line up right there. Stop. Stop. You're gonna stop right there. Right there, stop. Okay, step this way right here. (*Joanie motions for Jane to come along.*) Okay, stop. Stand right here. (*Jane crosses the thoroughfare, joining her.*) Thank you. You can carry that.

Jane: Stay close. I might need you for support.

Boy: I don't want to hold her hand.

Martha: You can lock arms instead. (*whispering*) Hey, okay, go ahead. Miss Stubbs?

(She motions to Joanie to lead the way. Holding hands, she and Jane lead the procession to the new schoolhouse. People along the street stop and watch the procession. Bellegarde's bell continues to ring. Johnny knocks on the entrance to the Freight Jail.)

Johnny: Sheriff? (*Seth stands*)

Seth: Tell him I ain't coming for his lecture. Tell him I don't need it. Tell him if my temper was gonna get the best of me, this cocksucker's brains would be on the floor. Tell him I got it. All right? Tell him I'm on top of it.

(Johnny nods and leaves. Wyatt looks at Seth momentarily. Charlie steps to the door and sees the procession of schoolchildren led by Joanie and Jane.)

Charlie: Sheriff. (*Seth steps to the door, standing next to Charlie. Charlie nods down the thoroughfare at the children, Seth follows his gaze.*)

Seth: They're finished, Charlie. (*He leaves*)

Charlie: I got it.

Seth: I told Mrs. Bullock I'd walk with her.

Charlie: Well, go ahead. Hello to Miss Stubbs.

(Alma steps out of the bank to watch the children, Seth passes her, they nod to each other. Seth joins Martha, she takes his arm and they walk. Sofia waves to Alma. Alma waves back with a big smile on her face. The Earps watch from the jail. Al and Hearst both watch from their balconies. Johnny motions to Al that Seth's all right. The procession moves along. Later that night, the festivities of

Amateur night are about to start. The Shyster selling soap is back. Go ahead shyster! Tell everyone that these scripts are guaranteed to show up on e-bay after the season's over. Priced at an outrageous amount. That is, not free! Remember, these scripts are available for free, just Google "Deadwood Transcripts" and you'll see!)

Shyster: Soap! Soap with a prize inside! Guaranteed prize in every case of soap!
Soap! Soap with a prize inside.

Jack: Hello! As we have in Chicago, Denver and San Francisco, the Langrishe Troupe bids welcome to the Deadwood Camp! *(The crowd applauds)* Nights to come will find us on the stage within. Our enactments may bring an odd tear to the eye, and may be relied upon to produce guffaws and howls of laughter. This evening, however, in memoriam of a passing colleague, whose jocund spirit hovers over our gay fiesta, I will give you his favorite epithet. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." Tonight, we will be the audience to you. *(Applause)*

(Inside the kitchen of the no-longer absurd restaurant, Hearst enters as Aunt Lou prepares sweet potatoes.)

Hearst: How you feeling, Aunt Lou?

Lou: I'm getting dinner ready.

Hearst: Don't. Isn't right you serving supper to strangers when you're in such grief.

Lou: I want to.

Hearst: No.

Hugo: Ahem.

Hearst: Kitchen's closed.

Hugo: The sustenance I would take in any case, Mr. Hearst, like a newly-hatched bird, would come, I would hope, from your mouth. *(mimics a bird screeching. Hearst, eyes narrowed at the weird raptor-impresario, walks up the stairs. Hugo follows.)*

Hearst: Don't follow so damn close. *(Hugo pauses a moment then follows. Aunt Lou continues to cry as she slices potatoes.)*

Lou: Kill you if I could, George Hearst.

(Outside)

Jack: Sir! Do you tumble! Do you have a colleague! Tumble, Sir! Tumble away!

Shyster: Soap with a prize inside! *(The crowd cheers as the men called up on stage play leap frog.)*

Jack: Magnificent! Well done! Bravo! A round of applause for our dueling gymnastics! And again, who's there next? Our pick of the week?! On you go, Sir.*(He calls up a man with a pickaxe who proceeds to balance it on his chin.)*
Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Young lady, you'd raised your hand. I have a sense you

might favor us with a song. *(A blond lady is helped up onto the stage by the Countess. NG Fields wheels Steve to the festivities.)*

Lady: Jesus loves me. This I know. *(The crowd is silenced. She's good!)* I know that the hand...

Hoople: When my dad died, I didn't even cry. *(We see a hooplehead standing next to a character with a sign saying "Can Cry at will")* Here you are, I'll give you a dollar. You cry right for him right now.

Jack: Oh! Look at this! Look! *(We see the board balancer again. The lady continues to sing.)*

Man: That is the best fucking thing I have ever heard in my life. *(He tries to kiss her.)*

Jack: Indeed it is, Sir!

Lady: Get off me, Sir!

Jack: Thank you, young lady, Thank you!

(We see that everyone is out watching. Silas, the Gem whores, Johnny. Back to the hooplehead. The man he paid is crying shedding tears.)

Hooplehead: Hell, it's easy for you. You didn't know the cocksucker.

(At the jail, Charlie and Seth are releasing Brick.)

Brick: What's the upshot?

Seth: What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

Brick: I was arrested, I was locked up. What's the upshot? *(Seth tugs his nose, seeing the signs, Charlie tosses the man his gun belt.)*

Charlie: Go and sin no more. *(Brick chuckles as he leaves.)*

Seth: Go ahead, Charlie.

Charlie: Where?

Seth: Go ahead to the fucking amateur night.

Charlie: You don't mind? All right. *(He pulls on his coat)* I believe I'll attend badgeless, Lest I put a damper on stupidities. *(chuckles)*

(At the house the Bonanza Bought, Alma is brushing Sofia's hair and pondering the area behind her ears.)

Alma: Hmm. *(gasps)* *(Sofia turns around)* Hmm. *(She reaches out to Sofia's ear and produces a gold coin.)*

Sofia: Grandpa's trick!

Alma: It is, yes. And we oughtn't to let that spoil it for us.

(Outside a man is doing lasso tricks.)

Jack: Such elegance! Such dexterity! Ah, magnifico, magnifico! *(The lady in red joins the festivities.)* Let's hear it for the lariat lad.

(In the Gem, Al wipes down the bar top. The board-balancer enters and starts to do his thing again.)

Al: Get outta here with that fucking nonsense. Get outta here before I cut your fucking throat! *(The man stops and heads for the door.)* Go on! Fucking amateur night. Some people gotta...fucking work, hmm?

(Seth pens in his journal at the jail. Jen joins Johnny on the porch, smiling.)

Claudia: Look at this! *(She gestures to a lady with fans and scarves, dancing. The audience laughs and cheers. A drum beat starts to tap.)*

Jack: A mystery from the east. *(The crowd claps with the drum. Cy puffs on his cigar in an empty Bella Union. The Earps head out of town on horseback. The lady twirls, faster and faster.)* Magnificent, young lady. *(Claudia looks at Jack, jealous)* Well done, young lady. Well done, well done. *(The audience cheers and Claudia pushes the lady back into the crowd.)* Ah!

(At the schoolhouse, Joanie is sweeping up while Jane looks around.)

Jane: Little fucking James, huh?

Joanie: He is a chatterbox.

Jane: “Why why why?” Shut the fuck up and maybe you’ll find out.

Joanie: He liked the tree house most of any.

Jane: What’s a tree house doing way the fuck up there? I like them school kids.

(Back at the festivities, Richardson approaches the stage, juggling.)

Jack: Well done, well done. Ah! Orbs of gold! The wonderful Mr. Richardson. *(The crowd cheers. E.B. stands up.)* And his magic orbs. *(Richardson juggles)* And again, Sir, and again. *(He dances as he juggles)* And again, Sir! Hidden talents!

EB: Richardson! *(The crowd boos as E.B. stops the fun.)* You’re done.

Jack: Envy is a cardinal sin, Mr. Farnum. Cardinal sin.

(Ellsworth watches, surly. From above, Hearst watches. He speaks to Hugo Jarry – who lingers as close to the hole as he can get.)

Hearst: How many are they?

Hugo: 265 soldiers have bivouacked near Sturgis now. Another 200 could be brought to the hills if needed.

Hearst: Why can’t the soldiers near Sturgis vote twice?

Hugo: Reinforcements are available should poll watchers prove hostile to repeaters.

Hearst: Come forward, God damn it. My back fucking worsens.

Hugo: I am so sorry, Sir.

Hearst: Better you dizzy than me have to turn around and look at you.

Hugo: These votes will support *(creeping from rafter to rafter by the windows)* candidates of your preference in each office, Mr. Hearst, as if cast by you

yourself. My stringent instruction from Governor Pennington is to convey upon my return a confirmation in your hand that—that we have had this conversation.

Hearst: Then the Governor in turn confirms the rumor he's a moron.

Hugo: *(laughs)* My heavens, no. I do mean that he would seek your signature on any itemizing of particulars, merely to confirm the fact that I spoke to you.

(He holds the document out for Hearst, who looks at him. At the schoolhouse, Cy appears in the doorway)

Jane: Oh My God.

Cy: Oft confused with the most high, though our inseams got different lengths.

Jane: Fuck you. Fuck you! *(She drops her broom and runs out the back door.)*

Joanie: You can't come in here, Cy.

Cy: I suppose I could if I want to.

Joanie: If you need us to talk, we can do it somewhere else. It ain't for you to come in here.

Cy: Fuck you, Joanie Stubbs, and your fucked-out whores thinking what's mine to come into and ain't. *(She steps closer.)* Come on, girl. Come on close. Come on. *(Jane runs outside to Mose.)*

Jane: Mose! Help, Miss Stubbs. I'm too afraid. *(Mose goes running around to the front.)*

Cy: What a lovely tree inside a building. Is that a darling fucking tree house in the precious fucking branches for the shitheel little kids to play amongst in jolly joy?

Mose: Get away, you!

Cy: Well now, Mose.

Mose: Go on!

Cy: You fat bastard. I'll hold your heart in my hand for your beady little rat eyes to look at before I shove it down your fucking throat!

Joanie: Cy!

Cy: *(laughs)* I wonder how till tonight I found my way in the world at all, not having my steps directed at every fucking quarter.

Joanie: Go along.

Cy: I got fucking places to go. *(So says Dr. Seuss.)*

(He strides off, pulling the schoolbell sharply as he leaves. Jane jumps at the sound. She then walks over, standing next to Joanie, and holds her hand. Back at the festivities, NG Fields is standing next to Steve in the wheelbarrow.)

Fields: Isn't this fun, man? Huh?

Jack: Ah! The camp giant! *(The drunk man offers the lady a sip of his bottle, she takes it.)*

Giant: Oh! *(He holds up a large sledgehammer with one hand, steadily bringing it down to within an inch of his face, stopping just shy.)*

Jack: What a figure! What a figure. Look at this! Look at this! Look at that, Ladies and Gentlemen. *(applause)* Well done! Bravo, bravo! Bravo. Magnificent. *(A man pulls his glass eye out)* Ah! Look at that!

Cyclops: Look at my eye.

(Jack laughs at the goings on. Hearst signs the document for Hugo, sees Brick approaching and heads back inside. At the Gem, Al is singing.)

Al: ♪As I was a-walking down by St. James Hospital
As I was a walking down by there one day
Who should I spy but one of my comrades ♪
All wrapped up in flannel and gray was the day
I asked him what ailed him
I asked him what failed him
I asked him the cause of all his complaint
♪ 'Twas all on account of some handsome young woman
'tis the reason why I weep and lament.
If she had but told me before she disordered me
If she had but told me all but in time♪
I mighta got pills and salts of white mercury
But now I'm cut down in the height of my prime.
♪Get six young soldiers to carry my coffin
And six young girls to sing me a song♪
I let each of them bear a bunch of green laurel
So they don't have to smell me as they bear me along. ♪
So don't muffle your drums and play your fifes merrily
♪And play a quick march as you carry me along
And blaze your bright muskets all over my coffin
Saying there goes an unfortunate lad to his home. ♪

(drinks) Ah! (He starts wiping the bar down again.)

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
Parisse Boothe		Tess
Leah Ann Cevoli		Gem Whore Leah
Franc Ross	Louis the Bank Guard
Ashleigh Kizer	Dolly
Jennifer Lutheran	Jen
Stephen Toblowsky		Hugo Jarry
Gale Harold		Wyatt Earp
David Redding		Davey

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