



# Episode 34: A Constant Throb

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Written by: W. Earl Brown

*(Morning at the Bella Union. Upstairs, in Cy's room, Doc is checking Cy's stomach wound.)*

**Cy:** Ooh! Jesus Christ!

**Doc:** What's wrong?

**Cy:** What's wrong? It fuckin' hurts, Doc. What do you think's wrong?

**Doc:** As the particular mix of stupidity and self-pity that moved you is of no interest to me, I will not put to you the question of why you would abrade a healing wound.

**Cy:** I was examining myself for fuckin' pus.

**Doc:** Bullshit. *(coughs – starts packing up his case)* I have a patient whose shattered foot is going gangrenous. I'll likely amputate. He's a salesman. His livelihood depends on walking. *(picks up his case and makes for the door)* I'll return tomorrow. If I see any further evidence of self-mutilation, that will be the last day I treat you. *(coughs, leaves.)*

*(At Shaunnessey's, Jack Langrishe is at the desk, speaking to Shaunnessey.)*

**Jack:** One wonders, Sir, if last evening installed in your hostel a woman of exotic appearance, not perhaps gypsy by extraction.

**Shaunnessey:** What would your business with her be if she had?

**Jack:** To hear my fortune told.

**Shaunnessey:** There'll be none of that on these premises.

**Jack:** Nor were those my true intentions. Your query is impertinent. *(He puts a coin down on the desk)* Is the lady here? *(Shaunnessey takes the coin with a huff.)*

**Shaunnessey:** 2-C.

**Jack:** As your faith must proscribe receiving bribes, credit the five toward her stay.

*(Aunt Lou delivers two plates to the table in the not-so-absurd-anymore restaurant. At the table is Hearst and Hugo Jarry.)*

**Hearst:** Thanks so much, Aunt Lou.

**Lou:** All right.

**Hearst:** You know I'll notify you first word from the freight office about your boys remains.

**Lou:** All right.

*(Jack Langrishe is now speaking to the gypsy dancer.)*

**Jack:** There's a stout woman, the Countess Berman, fires and hires for the troupe. You will meet her at the theater should you appear and apply. The devout Shaunnesey has a week in advance to your account.

**Gypsy:** Take it back from him. I won't take money from you.

**Jack:** Are you not being quite absurd, in the self-serving way of your sex? You come here penniless, a supplicant.

**Gypsy:** For learning.

**Jack:** Well well well...and to learn, must you not live? And how will you do so amidst the thoroughfare's depravities?

**Gypsy:** Let me stay in the theater.

**Jack:** (*chuckles*) At a minimum, for the career to which you aspire you show the requisite presumption.

*(Jack leaves. At the hotel restaurant, Jarry and Hearst are talking over breakfast.)*

**Hugo:** No small part, the hotel's amelioration under your regime. The nigger cook, no small part.

**Hearst:** I heard you. (*We see Alma walking down the boardwalk, Hearst watches her walk past the window next to him. Jarry looks as well.*)

**Hugo:** Hmm, a tenant when last I was resident in the previous regime.

*(Alma continues to walk as Al steps out onto his balcony, drinking his coffee. She meets his gaze and they nod to one another. At the restaurant, Jack Langrishe returns and stands in front of the Countess and Claudia, at a table in the restaurant.)*

**Jack:** I thought the evening went well. (*The Countess nods*)

**Claudia:** Wonderful.

**Jack:** Very much to our purposes—the idea of us in the camp.

**Claudia:** And what about that beautiful harem dance by that darling little dark-haired prostitute?

*(Alma continues her walk and is startled by gunfire hitting the building directly in front of her. E.B. and Richardson hear the noise and look outside.)*

**Richardson:** My God. (*We hear another gunshot, this one hits the building directly behind Alma, startling her. Charlie comes running down the boardwalk to her.*)

**Charlie:** Make yourself fuckin' small, Mrs. Ellsworth!

*(There's a commotion in the thoroughfare. Al runs to the end of his balcony and steps over the railing, jumping to the ground as Alma crouches down out of sight. Al rushes over to her. In the restaurant, Hearst and Jarry continue their meal.)*

**Hearst:** My goodness. I believe someone's shooting at the former tenant.

*(Al and Charlie reach Alma at the same time and each takes her by an arm, hurrying her into the Gem. She's panicked.)*

**Al:** Keep your fuckin' head down! (*Silas comes running around the corner*) Get to the fuckin' schoolhouse! Particular attention to the foundling and send fuckin' Trixie over here! (*Silas goes running off to the schoolhouse as Hearst, Jarry and E.B. step out onto the porch of the hotel.*) Oh, just some nonsense among the

ordinaries, Sir. Getting Mrs. Ellsworth under cover. Excess of fuckin' caution, but you yourself, Sir, are absolutely safe!

**EB:** Absolutely safe, Sir.

*(He pats Hearst on the shoulder, Hearst turns to look at the idiot. In the Gem, Johnny meets Al and Charlie at the front as they rush Alma inside.)*

**Al:** Wire Bullock in Sturgis. "Return's urgently required." *(He seats Alma down.)* In fuckin' generalities only, otherwise that maniac'll come back shooting. *(Charlie nods and turns to leave via the front door.)* No, not that way. Don't want that cocksucker knowing nothing of our business. Upstairs and fuckin' around you'll find the fuckin' telegraph. Johnny. *(Johnny hurries to follow Al. At the hotel, Hearst wanders back inside, E.B. following.)*

**Hearst:** Oughtn't someone look out for who fired?

**EB:** Richardson, look into who fired.

**Countess:** What was it?

**Jack:** The business of others.

*(Back at the Gem, the whores stand around naked downstairs, eyeing the lady suddenly in their midst.)*

**Al:** Shall we review the biddin' in my fuckin' office?

**Alma:** *(breathless, shaking)* Oh, I need to take off my corset.

**Al:** And no one objects to that here.

*(Silas strides up to the porch of the schoolhouse as Martha ushers the children into their seats. She sees him standing guard out front and looks at him. He turns and gives her a thumbs up, and motions for the boy who'd turned around to look at him to turn back around. Martha has no clue what is going on, but she seems a bit nervous. Joanie sees Silas standing guard and looks at him curiously. Back at the Gem, Al has brought Alma upstairs.)*

**Al:** Easily as it could have been some hooplehead, not knowing who or what he was shooting at, it's likely prudent to credit you as the target.

**Alma:** Yes. *(Al pulls out a bottle)*

**Al:** If I'd been aimed at, of course...*(chuckles)* dozens of authors would need be considered.

**Alma:** Yes. *(Al pours them drinks)*

**Al:** So I know someone's in there, vary your replies, such as, "Yes...and I'd be one of them." *(Alma holds up her shotglass to Al.)*

**Alma:** That wouldn't be very grateful of me. *(They drink and she gasps.)*

**Al:** It's horrible being shot at. Never gets no better. *(knock on door)* Yeah.

**Trixie:***(enters)* What the fuck?

**Al:** Assuming she ain't got the smell of gunpowder on her fingers, I'm leaving you to her. *(He nods Trixie to the doorway, she steps back out of the office.)*

**Alma:** Thank you, Mr. Swearengen. *(He nods and follows Trixie, closing the door behind him.)*

**Trixie:** Who the fuck shot at her?

**Al:** Who the fuck knows? Hearst? Her first husband's family? They both work with the fuckin' Pinkertons. *(Dan strides across the floor of the Gem.)* Maybe they're now allied.

**Trixie:** Someone should see to the child as her fuckin' heir.

**Al:** Bein' looked to. Just you fuckin' look after that one till matters clarify. *(Dan comes upstairs and approaches them.)* Don't think of tossing the place. Every fuckin' valuable's inventoried. *(louder)* Get Tom Nuttall! *(Davey nods)* Cheyenne's off. God damn it! Second-rate deployment, Dan. Sending you off for reinforcements to come back to a camp in ruins.

**Dan:** I'll pack, unpack, repack.

**Al:** Whoever you intended to fuck, send monies to bring her here.

**Dan:** Who I intended to fuck won't ride a stagecoach. Makes her puke. *(Jewel meets Al at the bottom of the stairs holding a tray of food.)*

**Jewel:** Toast and eggs or toast and bacon—she can choose or she can mix 'em, whatever she wants.

**Al:** Why the fuck are you telling me? *(Jewel scowls at Al and slowly starts heading up the stairs, one step at a time.)* Every step a fuckin' adventure. *(He walks off.)* Collect fuckin' Ellsworth. Nothing of her being shot at.

**Dan:** What am I to say I'm collecting him for?

**Al:** Just knock him out and bring him in.

**Dan:** Do you want to close? *(Charlie enters)*

**Al:** No, I don't wanna close. Fuckin' Hearst's to see not one single sign on any fuckin' front that he's had half a cunt hair's effect on any of the comings and goings in this camp.

**Charlie:** Telegram's sent to the Sheriff. Blazanov's helping Merrick dress.

**Al:** Why the fuck would you say that to me?

**Charlie:** Merrick—that was beat up yesterday—is being helped to dress by Blazanov. Now Blazanov sent the telegram to the Sheriff, so's Merrick could come do his part.

**Al:** All right.

**Charlie:** Should I relieve Adams at the schoolhouse?

**Al:** Please. *(Charlie turns to leave)*

**Charlie:** Let Adams come back here, be available for whatever nefarious fuckin' carryings-on you assign him, 'cause I do not take orders from you.

*(Upstairs, Jewel holds out a towel, not sure whether or not to set it on Alma's lap. Alma takes the towel from Jewel. Jewel is grinning from ear to ear, crossing and uncrossing her arms, unsure how to hold herself she's so excited.)*

**Trixie:** Before she eats, she somersaults and don't want no one to see.

**Alma:** In fact, I rarely eat before noon.

**Jewel:** Well, maybe you just ain't found what you like to eat yet.

**Trixie:** Get out, Jewel. (*Jewel pouts at Trixie and starts to leave, smiling and waving at Alma.*)

**Jewel:** Did you ever have bacon?

**Alma:** I very well might.

**Trixie:** Goodbye, Jewel.

**Alma:** Thank you! (*Trixie shuts the door.*) That was so considerate of her.

**Trixie:** Fascinated by you. (*She lights a cigarette and Alma sits back in her chair, distraught*) If you saw who it was and want to say, I wouldn't have to tell Al.

**Alma:** I didn't see. And I'm very grateful to be under Mr. Swearngen's protection.

**Trixie:** Yeah, he's a prince.

**Alma:** In the Sheriff's absence, I mean.

**Trixie:** Good a place as any for you to be...in the Sheriff's absence. (*She chuckles and ponders a moment, she smiles and walks out the door, shutting it behind her. She stands at the rail watching Jewel make her way downstairs.*) She somersaulted and et and says her entire fuckin' dietary outlook has changed.

**Jewel:** What plate did she et from?

**Trixie:** She et from them fuckin' both.

*(Jewel beams with happiness, Trixie goes back inside the office. I dunno why, but all those "ets" really bugged me. Sounded forced to me. Just say "ate" if that's comes more natural. Sheesh. At the hotel, Jarry and Hearst are meeting in Hearst's room now.)*

**Hugo:** What a world. A woman in innocent transit. A wayward shot from some watering hole, do you suppose, prompted by a surfeit or spirits, exuberant punctuations of some sort?

**Hearst:** Do you believe anything you say?

**Hugo:** I am hypothesizing.

**Hearst:** And have you some private hypothesis as to my possible role?

**Hugo:** In the shooting at Mrs. Ellsworth?

**Hearst:** In the rising of the sun.

**Hugo:** I would hypothesize as to the latter possibility, Sir, before imagining you involved with the first.

**Hearst:** Oh come, Jarry. My holdings butt up against hers. I value efficiencies and economies of consolidation. Haven't I reason to nudge her toward a sale?

**Hugo:** (*stands*) Men of a certain caliber cannot allow fastidious morality to distract them from the exigencies of commerce, can they, Mr. Hearst? And did you heave up your responsibilities upon broad and reconciled shoulders?

**Hearst:** No.

**Hugo:** Perhaps then, rather, at this moment you are Socrates to my Alcibiades, taken it upon yourself to edify me.

**Hearst:** (*stepping up to Hugo*) Are you saying you want to fuck me? (*Knock on door*)

**Hugo:** What?

**Hearst:** Well, you keep calling yourself Alcibiades to my Socrates. Are you proposing some sort of homosexual connection between us? (*He opens the door.*)

**Hugo:** I forgot that part of the story. *(Hearst whispers to the person at the door.)*

**Hearst:** Wait. *(Hugo kneels as Hearst shuts the door and faces him again.)*

**Hugo:** But, if I were courting you, Mr. Hearst, I claim no allure of my own, suggesting only the mutuality of our interests concerning the upcoming elections grants my suit some small virtue. As you gaze upon me, Sir, recall that some unions of convenience may outlast those conceived in passion.

**Hearst:** Get up off your knees.

**Hugo:** Of course.

**Hearst:** Elections cannot inconvenience me. They ratify my will or I neuter them.

**Hugo:** Compelling perspective.

**Hearst:** Time to go back to Yankton.

**Hugo:** For me?

**Hearst:** Yes. *(He reaches for a door. The knob doesn't turn) Locked. (Hugo nods and soldierly walks around the partially torn down wall separating them. He faces Hearst before leaving.)* The troops in Sturgis will await your instructions.

**Hearst:** Thank you very much.

*(Hugo leaves, closing the door behind him. Outside we see Barrett (formerly known as Brick before I read the freakin' recap. He never does get a name within the script) waiting outside in the hallway. Hugo acknowledges him with two fingers, as if a gun held to the sky. Smooth, Hugo. At the schoolhouse, Martha continues her lesson.)*

**Martha:** "I like winter when snow and ice cover the ground." *(Charlie steps up onto the porch outside to relieve Silas. Silas walks away, Charlie looks around and hears Martha's voice. He looks inside.)* "I like winter when snow and ice cover..."

*(She sees Charlie and pauses. Outside, Joanie sees that Charlie is now on guard and they acknowledge each other. Joanie nudges Jane awake. At the Gem, Richardson is standing in front of Al with a note pinned to his suspenders like a kindergartener.)*

**Al:** What are you doing here?

**Richardson:** Too afraid.

**Al:** If you were too afraid, you wouldn't be here.

**Richardson:** Too afraid to explain.

**Johnny:** He's got a note pinned to him, Al.

**Al:** Take it off him. Then stick him in the eye with the fucking pin. *(Richardson winces)*

**Johnny:** He don't mean it. *(Al reads the note.)*

**Al:** Tell him, "Nothing."

**Richardson:** I'll just keep quiet.

**Al:** No. Tell E.B., "Nothing's going on," and then tell him "If I wanted to tell you anything, I'd have told you. Don't send the imbecile over with no more notes."

**Richardson:** I can't remember all that.

**Al:** Can you remember, “Nothing’s going on”?

**Richardson:** Yes.

**Al:** Tell him that then.

**Richardson:** Thank you. *(Dan deposits an unconscious Ellsworth into Barney’s barber chair. Tom Nuttall talks to Al.)*

**Tom:** The Mrs. Ellsworth was shot at?

**Al:** Got her upstairs. I figured...we’d hunker down till matters clarify.

**Tom:** Lovely.

**Al:** What did the geek say walking past you?

**Davey:** “The girls in here are pretty.”

*(Al and Tom drink. At the Hotel, Hearst meets with Barrett.)*

**Hearst:** The fool husband ought soon appear. Some small number to deal with his dudgeon, main force in reserve for Bullock.

**Barrett:** Okay.

*(At the Gem, Al paces while Dan, Johnny, Silas and Tom stand around the bar.)*

**Tom:** How did sentiment incline in this joint when Bullock and Harry spoke last?

**Dan:** Glad when they was finished.

**Tom:** As to who had the upper hand?

**Silas:** Fuckin’ cross-legged pose your man struck, Tom, may have swayed the diarrhea faction.

**Johnny:** Creek was having its way with Harry.

**Al:** The fuck was the logic when he sent that giant Captain to fight you?

**Dan:** Get me killed.

**Al:** It wasn’t to get you killed. *(Trixie comes out)* His man finally kills you after a more or less equal fight?

**Trixie:** I gotta go reassure my Jew.

**Al:** Out of boredom’s why he put that fight together. Same with this too. Fucking shots at her fore and aft.

**Tom:** Wants to see he’s made people afraid, so he knows he’s a fucking big shot.

**Al:** Exactly fucking correct, Tom. If this was overture to an onslaught, He’s have let them pistoleros loose by now to start the actual killing. That’s the keenest of fucking assessments.

**Dan:** Mightn’t that argue for my trip to Cheyenne?

**Al:** He ain’t waiting no fucking week, Dan.

**Trixie:** I leave here full of confidence knowing you’re all thinking in concert.

**Al:** But I’d as soon not die fighting 25 against four—you being my missing fifth, the equal of 10 of Hearst’s fucking mercenaries, and Bullock, Who’s no fucking slouch either, if he ever gets the fuck back, bringing the odds closer to even.

**Johnny:** Well, her Jew’s got sand if you tell him where to point the gun.

**Al:** I’d trust a fucking wire to Cheyenne if I knew someone to send it to.

**Silas:** Far as that, there’s Hawkeye. *(Al punches him.)*

**Al:** You were told never to say his name.



**Silas:** Well, now I did. And I'd trust him to hire the guns.

**Al:** And the hiring to take place where? Up that squaw's cunt he's fucking?

**Silas:** Squaw's in Lead, not Cheyenne.

**Al:** Did he take vows of abstinence in Cheyenne? Do they let him have wires in his monastery?

**Silas:** I'd trust Hawkeye—once he learned the situation—to hire the guns without stealing, to herd 'em back here to help us out, not stopping to get laid in Lead.

**Johnny:** Can Hawkeye read?

**Silas:** He can, and I can put my words such in the wire, he'll take my meaning and prying cocksuckers won't.

**Al:** Go get the fucking Russian, send the fucking wire.

**Silas:** Out the front or by the stairs?

**Al:** By the stairs, by the fucking stairs. *(Silas leaves)* We want his piss pot's play hours occupied by confusion and grievance. We want him sitting, sulking like a three-year-old whose toys won't do his biddin'. *(He ponders as he holds Alma's feathered hat.)*

**Johnny:** I had a fucking Jack-in-th-box. I'd turn and turn and turn that fucking handle, and the Jack, he'd never jump.

**Al:** If she'd complete her walk to the bank...*(sets the hat on the bar)* she'd confound this motherless cunt. *(louder)* Tea for two, Jewel, on a fucking tray!

*(Outside the schoolhouse, Joanie and Jane confront Charlie.)*

**Jane:** When did you start giving that cocksucker Swearengen a “by your leave” and “if you fucking say so”?

**Joanie:** Jane. *(She gestures to the schoolhouse behind them.)*

**Charlie:** All's I asked, Jane, did he know you was relieving me?

**Jane:** Maybe Swearengen's coordinating strategy 'cause the Sheriff being gone campaigning his Deputy didn't jump to take charge.

**Joanie:** We just thought we could release you to other responsibilities, Mr. Utter. And I could run get you if they headed up.

**Jane:** Assuming the unlikely need.

**Charlie:** All right. *(He leaves, the girls stand guard.)*

**Jane:** That's how you have to fuckin' deal with him.

*(At the Gem, Ellsworth stirs on a settee in the back room. Dan stands nearby, watching him stir.)*

**Dan:** Cocksucker. Um...*(louder)* How you doing, Ellsworth?

**Ellsworth:** What the fuck did you hit me for?

**Dan:** You realize that was me?

**Ellsworth:** You think I'm asking out of general suspicion?

**Dan:** All right, I'll, uh—I'll tell you what happened, fill you in on the full fucking circumstance. *(He helps Ellsworth sit up and sits on the ottoman across from him.)* Now, uh...*(sighs)* Mrs. Ellsworth is completely safe. *(Ellsworth struggles)*

*against his bindings.)* Calm down or I will hit you over the fucking head again, Maybe use some more of them spirits under your Goddamn nose.

**Ellsworth:** What happened?

**Dan:** Well...there was some completely-no-fucking-damage-done gunfire taken at Mrs. Ellsworth fore and aft. *(Ellsworth seethes)* But she—she couldn't be no better.

**Ellsworth:** I'll kill that cocksucker. You get out of my way or I'll kill you fucking first.

**Dan:** Put up a struggle, Ellsworth—it's stupid Goddamn thinking. Why would they take shots at Mrs. Ellsworth fore and aft when they could have just blowed her fucking head off?

**Ellsworth:** Goddamn it!

**Dan:** Calm down and think about it! They took shots at her fore and aft so that you would come running, so they could do to you what they could have done to her but they didn't. And to Bullock too, maybe. So do you see how Goddamn irresponsible it would have been of me to allow you full fucking conscious movement? Do you see? Now...*(He puts Ellsworth's hat back on his head.)* I'm gonna cut loose them throttles, but you best not make me regret it.

*(Upstairs in Al's office...)*

**Al:** Them shots were meant for maybe rethinking your tenure here, huh? Maybe too, in the aftermath, the shots' author'd designed Mr. Ellsworth would be moved to take steps, or Sheriff Bullock would, that'd justify a violent answer.

**Alma:** The author being Mr. Hearst.

**Al:** Him, or him having made cause with your first husband's family, Pinkertons presiding over the vows. We've wired Bullock to counsel restraint. We've Ellsworth trussed up downstairs. Little in the past commends me to your trust. I'd ask you, accepting the premise that you were bait, not quarry—complete your walk to the bank. Get that fucking angler fulminating, tangling his fucking tackle and the fucking like.

**Alma:** Mr. Swearengen.

**Al:** I'm sorry.

*(She sighs, takes a deep breath and nods assent. The door to Al's office opens and they step out. Upon leaving the office, Alma sees Ellsworth waiting anxiously for her below. She smiles at him as she descends the stairs.)*

**Alma:** I'm quite all right.

**Ellsworth:** I thank God for it. And I'd be glad to keep you company the rest of your day.

**Alma:** I'd be glad if you'd join me at the bank in a few minutes' time, having made my way to the bank alone.

**Ellsworth:** Why in heaven's name would you want to do that?

**Alma:** To demonstrate his tactics failure and to bid defiance to him who shot at me.

**Ellsworth:** I got an idea who had you shot at. Wouldn't mind killing him, even if I'm wrong.

**Alma:** If the shots meant not to harm me but to provoke certain others, wouldn't attempting that be playing into our adversary's strategy?

**Ellsworth:** If it ends with one between Hearst's eyes, let me play to his strategy and welcome.

**Alma:** I hope instead you'd have dinner tonight with Sofia and me, all of us having passed the interval uneventfully. *(Ellsworth struggles with her proposal)* In any case, please accede to my walking to the bank alone.

*(Jen and Dolly smile kindly at Alma as she turns to leave through the front door. Ellsworth silently watches her leave, struggling with the thought of her leaving unaccompanied. Al walks down the stairs. Alma steps out onto the boardwalk and looks around. Hearst, standing on his "balcony" watches her. She boldly meets his gaze and turns away, heading for the bank. Ellsworth steps out onto the boardwalk just outside the Gem doors, his eyes on Alma. Al steps out behind him.)*

**Al:** I'd not have you step one more foot forward, Ellsworth.

**Ellsworth:** As I fucking understand.

*(Alma walks by a Pinkerton, he watches her closely. Next she walks past Silas, they nod at each other. Down the thoroughfare, Johnny keeps an eye on things as well. Another Pinkerton walks parallel to her along the thoroughfare. Hearst bends over, squinting to get a better view. Alma keeps walking. Charlie and Dan both watch over her as she continues her walk. She reaches the bank, Louis standing guard at the door. She unlocks the door and hurries inside, shutting the door quickly behind her. The walk finally over. Inside Hearst's room, he writes a letter, blows on it to dry the ink, folds it and hands it to the waiting Barrett.)*

**Hearst:** For Mr. Swearengen.

**Barrett:** Last man took a note for you to Swearengen wound up dead.

**Hearst:** The man you refer to knew the note he bore might bring about that outcome. This note's import's more innocuous. Will it make you less afraid to read it?

**Barrett:** I ain't afraid. I guess I made a poor joke.

**Hearst:** You do read.

**Barrett:** Sure, sure I do.

**Hearst:** Read the note then. *(Barrett opens the note and reads it.)*

**Barrett:** It's good.

**Hearst:** Out loud, so I know you can.

**Barrett:** I made a poor joke—

**Hearst:** Out loud, to prove you are lettered and not a liar unfit for my employ!

**Barrett:** *(nervously – slowly)* "Thanks from all for your rescue of Mrs. Ellsworth. Who could have shot at her? Do you wish her guarded at the bank with the Sheriff away? I saw you let her walk alone. Answer via bearer." *(he nods at Hearst.)*

**Hearst:** You don't read easily, do you?

*(At the Gem, having delivered the note, Barrett waits for Al to finish reading the note. The 3 amigos stand at the end of the bar.)*

**Al:** Why don't you come to my office while I compose my reply?

*(Barrett touches the brim of his hat in acknowledgement of the boys as he follows Al upstairs. Elsewhere in the Gem, the whores are talking about their recent guest.)*

**Jen:** I'd have asked Jewel ask her, if I thought to ask, if I'd foreseen in time.

**Dolly:** You'd have only put Jewel in a position—

**Jen:** She talks to Trixie, the bank woman. Why wouldn't she talk to us?

**Blondie:** 'Cause she has something to say to Trixie. We'd just be asking conversation that she wouldn't know where to begin with. Philadelphia's where she's from. 'S what we could've had as a subject.

**Brunette:** Got beautiful gracious manners there.

**Blondie:** Philadelphia, its many gracious attractions.

**Dolly:** Her dress, her comportment.

**Jen:** She'd have fucking talked to us.

*(At the Grand Central, the woman that was dressed in red previously, whom we find to be named Mary, opens the door to see Jack Langrishe on the other side.)*

**Jack:** May we speak?

**Mary:** You stand in the hallway addressing me in my room.

**Jack:** Yes. *(She stands to the side allowing him to enter. She closes the door behind him.)* The girl who danced last evening, vagabond sort, hodgepodge costume—

**Mary:** I know who you mean.

**Jack:** She'll be staying in the theater, possibly joining the troupe. Knowing precious little at all events, of the course now charting I know absolutely nothing at all.

**Mary:** You seem to know what it means for us.

**Jack:** Knowing you, I suppose I do, swearing I've laid no carnal hand to her.

**Mary:** What does installing her accomplish acknowledging me could not?

**Jack:** Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. That I'm old, that I've lost my belly for sham. *(She opens up her dresser drawer and takes out her sketchbook.)*

**Mary:** Every drawing I made in this sketchbook, every one I've dreamed of painting from, near a home where we'd live.

**Jack:** Say at least I never asked it of you.

**Mary:** You'd have me say that on the day you ask it of someone else?

**Jack:** Shall I have these?

**Mary:** No.

**Jack:** Paint every fucking one, Mary.

*(He leaves the room, Mary, eyes brimming with tears, clutches her sketchbook. In Al's office at the Gem, he sits and talks with Barrett.)*

**Al:** How well do you know the other guy?  
**Barrett:** Who would that be?  
**Al:** That my man Dority killed—the Captain.  
**Barrett:** We served in the 69<sup>th</sup> in New York. *(drinks)*  
**Al:** Was that a mick regiment?  
**Barrett:** Mm-hmm. What were you doing?  
**Al:** Cutting throats.  
**Barrett:** I was asking whose flag you were under.  
**Al:** The famous cocksuckers brigade.  
**Barrett:** Is that so?  
**Al:** Command of the all-whore detachment. *(drinks, pours another)* Distress you when my man downed your friend? *(Slides the bottle to Barrett)*  
**Barrett:** Let me tell you something, Mr. Swearngen: You don't scare me, and you don't fucking know what happened with the 69<sup>th</sup> New York. I will tell you this: I didn't like what happened to Joe Turner. Mr. Hearst came to him and said, "Make it last, even if you gain the upper hand and can kill him." And I think that was halfway selfish of Mr. Hearst, whereas Joe could have killed your man and didn't, and look how it wound up. But that's as much as I feel like saying, and that's neither here nor fucking there. *(Al nods and takes a drink.)*  
**Al:** Fair enough. *(stands)* All right then.  
**Barrett:** All right. But I'll tell you this: You don't seem halfway like such a halfway bad fucking person. *(Al smiles and chuckles and walks towards the door, Barrett stands as well.)* So should I tell Mr. Hearst that there's no messa—*(Al kicks him in the groin and he falls to the ground. Al grabs the gun from Barrett's holster.)*  
**Al:** So you'd shoot at a fucking woman? *(Barrett groans)* Beat that poor newspaper bastard? Scare that Chinese with your fucking horses? *(He kicks Barrett in the ribs. Barrett screams, Al kicks again.)* How many ribs you think you broke?  
**Barrett:** Aw, I feel like I broke two or three ribs.  
**Al:** I'm talking about that newspaperman's ribs, you fucking cunt.

*(Al kicks him in the groin again and Barrett groans. Hearst steps out onto his "balcony" and watches the doors of Al's office. Waiting. At the Grand Central, Claudia lies on her bed, Con knocks on the door.)*

**Con:** I prayed it would pass! But it's a constant fucking sore spot and throb. *(He hesitates an pulls a note out of his pocket, reading it.)* Uh..."you are a constant vision before me, you and your fabulous bosoms. I beg you, release your man stallion from his he-stable for another gallop round the ring."

**Claudia:** Not today, Con.  
**Con:** Tomorrow?  
**Claudia:** Come back tomorrow.  
**Con:** Any particular time?  
**Claudia:** Late in the day.  
**Con:** Perfect! We'll be waiting.

*(She flops back down on the bed. Heh, you got yourself into that mess, Chica. You shoulda talked to him for a while longer before you unleashed that crazy beast. Back in Al's office, Barrett is laying on the floor, Al standing over him.)*

**Barrett:** Listen to me, listen to me. And I'll tell you one fucking thing. Do you hear me?

**Al:** I don't hear nothing.

**Barrett:** I'm telling you that I'm gonna tell you one fucking thing.

**Al:** All right.

**Barrett:** Do you hear me?

**Al:** What the fuck? I'm not fucking deaf.

**Barrett:** I want...I want to know that I'm gonna be fucking heard, that what I have to fucking say will matter, will have some result. *(panting)* 'Cause if not...then what's the fucking point? *(Al throws his arms out in a shrug)* All right...then I'm not gonna say fucking anything. What do you think of that? *(Al kicks him a few more times.)* He sent for more guns. He wired for more Pinkertons. They're on the way, and I told you that. If he finds out I told you—

**Al:** Don't worry.

**Barrett:** You won't tell him? *(cries)*

*(At the Bella Union, a new woman has made her way into Cy's office.)*

**Cy:** You might want to close the fucking door. *(She closes the door.)* Who the fuck are you?

**Janine:** Janine, that's Sara's friend from Cincinnati.

**Cy:** Hmm. That's a stupid name for a whore. Makes the tricks feel like they're stammerers. Ja-ni-ni-nine-nine-nine, like they're in the fucking alps.

**Janine:** You can call me whatever you want.

**Cy:** Well, let's call you stupid until we can think of something better. You miss Cincinnati, Janine-nine-nine-nine-nine? Are you afraid of fucking Deadwood? Do you miss your Mom and Dad? Do you have one of each? Are they above ground, do you know? Ohh...Do I see the beginnings of a tear in the corner of your left eye?

**Janine:** I'm all right.

**Cy:** For the purposes of our discussion. As much as anyone cares, is my meaning. *(He puts down his glass.)* All right, stupid. Con'll advance you \$5 against your first evening's fucking. Don't do no dope with Leon. Welcome to the Bella Union. *(She opens the door and hesitates, not sure whether or not she's supposed to leave. She looks like she has something to say. He's turned his back on her and is writing in his ledger.)* Close the fucking door, stupid!

*(She pulls the door shut and leaves. Back in Al's office, he's seated over the whimpering Barrett.)*

**Barrett:** He's got 25 more guns coming, 25 Pinkertons. When they get here, he's gonna move on the camp.

**Al:** Before the elections?

**Barrett:** 25 Pinkertons already. He had 25 on the way, and 100 at his operation.

**Al:** Before or after the elections? *(He picks up the gun from the desk.)*

**Barrett:** I don't know. I don't know. Please don't hurt me. It's all I fucking know. *(Al holds the gun by the barrel and uses the butt of it to turn Barrett over onto his back.)*

**Al:** Come on, come on. Don't give up hope. *(He stands up and puts the gun on his chair and steps out onto the balcony. He looks out onto the thoroughfare then casually looks up and sees Hearst.)* Passing a little wind.

*(Barrett, shaking badly, reaches up to the chair trying for the gun. Al kicks him out of the way and Barrett cries. Hearst rushes downstairs to the lobby and knocks on E.B.'s door. E.B. answers in a weird deep voice.)*

**EB:** Yes. *(Hearst pounds again, this time E.B. answers more jovially.)* Yes, come in. *(Hearst tries the knob but the door doesn't open. E.B. opens the door.)* Mr. Hearst. *(Hearst steps inside.)*

**Hearst:** Have you enjoyed yourself today, Farnum?

**EB:** For reasons I find elusive, the day has quite displeased me.

**Hearst:** What will help you find a name for your feelings? Shall we cut open your belly for you to wrap your guts around a pole?

**EB:** You seem distraught.

**Hearst:** I am not! I await an outcome! And the readying for it wearies me.

**EB:** Oh, Dear.

**Hearst:** Have you smelt human flesh on the spit?

**EB:** How would I have?

**Hearst:** I know the smell.

**EB:** You have been to and fro in the world.

**Hearst:** It pleased me to find out.

**EB:** Well then, fine. *(Hearst hocks a loogey on E.B.'s cheek. Ewww.)*

**Hearst:** Don't you want to wipe that off?

**EB:** No? *(Hearst does it again, this time on E.B.'s nose.)*

**Hearst:** You would regret my coming back and finding that you had cleaned your face.

**EB:** I understand.

*(E.B. stands still, the goop dripping from his face, stunned into silence. At the Gem, Al steps outside his office.)*

**Al:** Dan, Johnny. *(He steps back in his office. Johnny gets up.)*

**Dan:** He doesn't want you to dirty your hands.

*(Silas puts his hand up in reply as if saying “That’s quite all right.” Dan gets up and follows Johnny up the stairs. Back in Al’s office, Barrett is laying on his side on the floor.)*

**Al:** All that shouting—“You’re a cunt for hire to shoot at women” and the like—just trying to frighten you a little, encouraging you to chat. Who amongst us hasn’t wanted to shoot at women once or twice, hmm? *(Barrett breathes shallowly as Al kneels over him.)* Anything you want to say else before I let you rest, knowing I don’t sit upon you in judgement? *(Al grabs Barrett by the hair and exposes his throat, matter-of-factly slitting his jugular. Barrett gags, turning on his back as he writhes in pain, we hear him gurgling on his own blood. Al steps out onto his balcony.)* Did he come to you by a different path, Mr. Hearst? Did he somehow circumnavigate to bring my reply to you without me seeing?

**Hearst:** What are you talking about?

**Al:** Your man went out the back of my fucking place, and I’ve been hoping against hope for reasons beyond my understanding that it was to return to you unseen by me.

**Hearst:** He has not returned.

**Al:** Jesus Christ, maybe he was telling the truth—that he was lighting out for fucking Bismarck. Jesus Christ Almighty! Did you and he have some kind of misunderstanding, Sir, that he took for pretext the letter’s delivery to make his fucking escape? Well, then I say, Mr. Hearst, you are well the fuck rid of that cocksucker, that he’d show so little loyalty or sense of responsibility to the delivery of communications. Jesus Christ Almighty, were do we find good help? Oh, and in reply to your letter, Sir, my opinion only, she don’t need no escort or guarding, but it’s the kind of generous inquiry I’d expect you to make. How’s your back, Mr. Hearst? *(Hearst goes inside)* How’s the fucking back there, Pal? *(Al goes back inside as Dan and Johnny wrap Barrett’s body up in the rug.)* Wu.

**Johnny:** Longest a rug’s lasted so far.

*(Outside Utter Freight and Charlie Mail, Charlie is counting packages and writing in his ledger as Bullock gallops up on his horse.)*

**Seth:** What’s going on, Charlie?

*(Charlie hesitates as Seth waits for his reply. Inside Joanie’s room at Shaunnessey’s, she and Jane are recounting the events of the day, undressing.)*

**Jane:** Some fucking day.

**Joanie:** It was a good day.

**Jane:** I only wish some of Hearst’s pistoleros had come to test our mettle.

**Joanie:** Well, once my derringer was empty, you would have been firing for the both of us.

**Jane:** And equal to the taks, believe you fucking me. Not that I wouldn’t have regretted them children having to witness. *(She tries to take off her boots.)* Can I tell you something?



**Joanie:** Okay. *(She gets up and helps with Jane's boots.)* Some stupid fucking thing. Stupid fucking dream I had.

**Joanie:** Okay.

**Jane:** I dreamed last night I was clamoring up a fucking creek bank, which is often required of a drunk. It was dark, and I couldn't tell where I was till I cleared the bank and came face to face with Charlie Utter's ugly mug. Now Charlie's, as usual, on the lookout for Bill that's, as usual too, losing at poker inside the joint we're outside of. "Where are we, Charlie?" And this could be any fucking place the last number of years. And he said, "Jane, don't you know this is the Number Ten Saloon here in the camp where Bill's gonna fucking get killed soon?" "Jesus Chri—how do you know, Charlie?" I asked him. He said, "Don't you know," he says, "Some point we know these fucking things? Don't you know the world says its fucking name to us?" "What the fuck? What the fuck do I have to dream about this for," I say to Charlie, "Wasn't I miserable enough?" "Jane," fucking Charlie says to me, "Don't you know this is the night you couldn't look out for that little girl when you was at Cochran's, and Swarengen come in and scared you and you went down to the creek to weep? That's where the fuck you're coming from. And, and, "Don't you know," he says, "This is the night you spirit that child from Cochran's, and to where our stock was outside of camp, and we watched out on that little girl and sung to her, and you, with the presence of mind to continue the fucking round when I was too fucking stupid? And you said you would...*(sighs)* Row, row, row and I said...row, row, row your boat...and we had this..." *(She pauses)* "Now," Charlie says to me, "Don't you understand what I'm trying to tell you? Any evenings in your life you made mistakes, remember where even evenings you was as most ashamed as you ever thought you could ever be are able to wind up, and don't fucking only remember the middle of the dream!" If I wonder why I dreamed that dream...yesterday you sent Mose to find me, and I was nearly dead-drowned drunk, and Mose made me get up, and you and me walked them kids to school, and before I went to sleep you kissed me.

**Joanie:** After Tolliver come, and you found Mose to help me.

**Jane:** And Charlie to help me find that little girl the very night I got scared and run, and the both of us sung a round to her, and then you went ahead and kissed me.

*(And so, Joanie goes ahead and kisses her again. Probably to shut her up, good God woman that was a long and rambley bit. Anyways, back in the Grand Central, Jack enters the lobby and pauses in front of some small suitcases in the middle of the floor. He continues on as if it's nothing and joins Claudia and the Countess at a table. He turns back and sees Richardson adding another suitcase to the pile.)*

**Jack:** To spare you surprise on our advent at the theater in the morning, I tell you here and now that you will come upon a certain person—a woman who will be joining us.

**Claudia:** Who is she? Where has she performed?

**Jack:** I believe her name is Joseanne.

**Countess:** She is French?

**Jack:** I believe. I know she's spent time in Paris.  
**Claudia:** Where has she performed?  
**Jack:** She has performed nowhere that we would have knowledge of, to my knowledge.  
**Countess:** Joseanne?  
**Jack:** Yes.  
**Claudia:** Living at the theater?  
**Jack:** Temporarily.  
**Claudia:** To be installed thereafter where?  
**Jack:** Shut up! I won't have it, this is getting off on the wrong foot.  
**Claudia:** So you commit us to a long relation with Joseanne.  
**Jack:** You will find her at the Goddamn theater in the morning is what I mean! And I won't have this Goddamn wrong-footedness. *(He turns and sees Mary.)*  
**Mary:** Thank you, Richardson.  
**Jack:** Mean-spirited is what I mean. A lack of generosity. Selfishness. Don't you think it all has an effect...*(he turns and sees the lobby empty)* on your performance?  
**Claudia:** *(crying)* Does this performance seem genuine?

*(She gets up and leaves. Jack ponders. At the house that Bullock Built, he, Martha and Sol are having dinner. Seth clenches and seethes, pounding his hand against the table in his inner anger. Sol and Martha share a glance and Sol tries to distract Seth.)*

**Sol:** Situation being fluid and not likely to get less so for a while, I went ahead and reordered hames. *(Seth looks at him, taken off guard)* Steve, made imbecile by that horse's hoof, he couldn't authorize it. But I went ahead and assumed whoever finally takes the livery overnight want a restock of hames. So I ordered 'em. *(Seth looks at Martha like "What the fuck is he talking about? What are you gonna say now?")*

**Martha:** Let us give thanks. *(She folds her hands in prayer and the men follow suit.)*

|                                   |      |                   |
|-----------------------------------|------|-------------------|
| <a href="#">Timothy Olyphant</a>  | .... | Seth Bullock      |
| <a href="#">Ian McShane</a>       | .... | Al Swearengen     |
| <a href="#">Molly Parker</a>      | .... | Alma Garret       |
| <a href="#">Jim Beaver</a>        | .... | Whitney Ellsworth |
| <a href="#">W. Earl Brown</a>     | .... | Dan Dority        |
| <a href="#">Kim Dickens</a>       | .... | Joanie Stubbs     |
| <a href="#">Brad Dourif</a>       | .... | Doc Cochran       |
| <a href="#">Anna Gunn</a>         | .... | Martha Bullock    |
| <a href="#">John Hawkes</a>       | .... | Sol Star          |
| <a href="#">Jeffrey Jones</a>     | .... | A. W. Merrick     |
| <a href="#">Robin Weigert</a>     | .... | Calamity Jane     |
| <a href="#">Paula Malcomson</a>   | .... | Trixie            |
| <a href="#">Leon Rippy</a>        | .... | Tom Nuttall       |
| <a href="#">William Sanderson</a> | .... | E.B. Farnum       |
| <a href="#">Dayton Callie</a>     | .... | Charlie Utter     |

|                                   |      |                      |
|-----------------------------------|------|----------------------|
| <a href="#">Powers Boothe</a>     | .... | Cy Tolliver          |
| <a href="#">Bree Seanna Wall</a>  | .... | Sophia Metz          |
| <a href="#">Titus Welliver</a>    | .... | Silas Adams          |
| <a href="#">Larry Cedar</a>       | .... | Leon                 |
| <a href="#">Pavel Lychnikoff</a>  | .... | Blazanov             |
| Parisse Boothe                    |      | Tess                 |
| Leah Ann Cevoli                   |      | Gem Whore Leah       |
| <a href="#">Franc</a> Ross        | .... | Louis the Bank Guard |
| <a href="#">Ashleigh Kizer</a>    | .... | Dolly                |
| <a href="#">Jennifer Lutheran</a> | .... | Jen                  |
| Stephen Toblowsky                 |      | Hugo Jarry           |
| Gale Harold                       |      | Wyatt Earp           |
| David Redding                     |      | Davey                |
| <a href="#">Sarah Pachelli</a>    | .... | Janine               |

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