

Episode 35: The Catbird Seat

Directed by: Gregg Fienberg Written by: Bernadette McNamara (Early morning, out in the thoroughfare, Harry Manning is sleeping in the saddle of his horse. At the hardware store, Seth, Trixie, Charlie and Sol are up and appear to be waiting for something. Seth clenches and paces. Trixie sigh. At the Bella Union, Cy puffs on a cigar, watching and waiting while Janine-nin-nine watches him. He sighs and turns, seeing her eyes were on him.)

Janine: Quiet.

Cy: I notice too, stupid, we're each of us breathing in and out. (She hesitates and walks over to his side. Leon enters in a hurry and approaches Cy.)

Leon: It's Bullock, Star, Utter, and Trixie. And Harry Manning's outside on a sorrel.

Cy: What's the whore doing with 'em?

Leon: I don't know. They ain't fuckin' her.

(At the Gem, upstairs in Al's room, Dolly lays naked in his bed, partially covered by a sheet. Al sits in a chair next to the bed, half clothed.)

Al: What the fuck is afoot in that hardware store? Facing the dawn united, we're even odds for disaster, let alone in fuckin' factions. Knowing him for an arrant maniac, I'll still not believe Bullock doubts me. (chuckles) "Certain dangers meet to be faced only by the decent and decorous"—or idiocy of that fuckin' ilk—is what must have captured his thinking, this fuckin' jerk. (He pulls on his vest) I'm going over there. I am going the fuck over. Let them fucking try to exclude me, huh? You know, saying I like you hefty don't mean you couldn't stand losing a couple of fuckin' pounds.

(Dolly casts her eyes down at that remark. Al leaves the room. Out in the hallway, Merrick, groaning in pain, enters from the newspaper entrance to the Gem. He holds out a paper carefully in front of him. We hear the door to Al's room shut and Al walking down the hall.)

Merrick: Oh. Ah. Ah.

Al: Whatever you'd have me scrutinize must wait until certain cocksuckers have received a piece of my mind. (Merrick walks backwards holding the paper in front of him.)

Merrick: Of whom do you speak?

Al: Why are you walking backwards?

Merrick: The ink's not yet dry, and I'd have your immediate attention to the article at the top right corner.

Al: Stop fuckin' moving then.

Merrick: Oh, thank you.

Al: How's the fuckin' ribs?

Merrick: Very painful. (Al taps the paper) Yeah, right there.

(Al starts to read the article. Out in the thoroughfare outside Shaunessey's, Jack Langrishe stands, looking at the rooms. He takes a step forward. Shaunessey pops his head up from behind the door to his office.)

Shaunessey: No rooms to let.

Jack: Only taking the air.

Shaunessey: Well, go away. I'm at prayer.

Jack: If that's not a lie as I situate on the common, what claim has you piety on my deference? (Shaunessey sputters trying to think of something to say.)

Shaunessey: Fuck yourself!

Jack: Fuck you, Sir! (to himself) Who'd prevent expedition of one's life's disarray.

(Jack walks away, Shaunessey eyeing him. Back at the Gem, Al is still reading as Blazanov opens the door next to them.)

Blazanov: Telegram from Mr. Swearengen.

Merrick: A superfluous trumpeting, Mr. Blazanov, as we three are *alone*. Do I accomplish my purpose, Al, as to the shooting at Mrs. Ellsworth? Short of accusation, do I waft the odor of complicity at Hearst's direction...

Al: Give me the telegram.

Merrick: To settle not only upon his clothing, but as it were, on the man himself, in the very fabric of his being.

Al: This is bullshit!

Blazanov: I'm sorry.

Al: "23 men hired, all on our way." This squaw-fuckin' idiot—proves in eight words he's incompetent and a fuckin' liar. He can't have Adams' telegram more than four hours ago, yet he expects me to believe that in four hourshe can prudently assess the qualities of 23 hires. And you know what "on our way" means, huh?

Blazanov: No.

Al: "On our way" means they're getting drunk and blown in some saloon in Cheyenne and running their mouths about this big fuckin' filibustering expedition they're being commissioned for under the command of the famous Hawkeye—the laziest, most shit-faced whore-mongering cocksucker to ever piss my money away!

Blazanov: Please do not strike me. (Al stares at Blazanov.)

Merrick: Have you finished the article, Al?

(Al turns back and looks at Merrick. At the Grand Central Hotel, E.B. still stands in the same spot he was when Hearst spat upon him hours earlier. The spittle dried to his face.)

EB: That I have not wiped his expectoration from my cheek is understandable. I'm threatened with death if I do. That I stand immobile these hours later speaks of a flaw in my will. Surely this is not the culminating indignity. There remains, for example, receiving his regurgitations or swallowing his feces! Would I stand stoic...still? (*He pulls out his handkerchief*) I am going to fuck you up. (*Wiping*)

his face) I'm going to fuck you up. And I'm the kind of cunt you'll let close. (He leaves his office and we see Richardson holding his antlers up to the larger rack on the wall in prayer again.) Quit it, Richardson.

(Richardson turns and watches E.B. leave. Back at the Gem, Al finishes the article.)

Merrick: Is it all right then, the article?

Al: Perfect. Fuckin' wafts just the way you want it to. (Al heads down the stairs)

Merrick: I'll go ahead and publish then.

Al: I gotta get to the fuckin' hardware store!

(We see a blonde whore had joined them on the balcony and Blazanov looks at her curiously until she turns and sees him. He coughs, turns and leaves. Jack enters the thoroughfare from behind Harry Manning and Al steps out into the thoroughfare in front. Jack smiles.)

Al: Jack.

Jack: Young man? At the soul's dark hour?

Al: Name one that fuckin' ain't. (*E.B. joins them.*)

EB: Mr. Langrishe.

Jack: Yes. (E.B. nods to Jack and smiles at Al expectantly. Al looks at Jack and back to E.B.)

Al: We're going in there, E.B.

EB: Shall I join you, as we all seem up and about?

Harry:(farts – startling himself) Excuse me...(the men look at him.) Gentlemen. (clears throat – the men follow Al.) Waiting for the Sheriff. We campaign in Sturgis. (He yawns and puts his head back down to his chest. A rider trots up behind and past him.)

Rider: Hmm.

(Al opens the door to the Hardware Store and enters.)

Al: A meeting, I gather, of the upper fucking crust exclusively. No hoi polloi need apply.

Seth: I ought to have called you. What events in the camp would argue I be called back from Sturgis is what we are trying to decide.

Sol: It's not a meeting at all, per se.

Al: Now I don't feel so horribly injured.

Jack: The meeting per se is what he'll not be kept from.

Al: Jack Langrishe. He's all right.

(E.B. waves to the room from behind Al. Sol tips his hat. In Hearst's room at the Grand Central, he meets with the rider and another man.)

Hearst: You showed perfect judgment, Sir. I'd keep from the camp that your janissaries have arrived.

Prepared by Cristi H. Brockway, Free fuckin' gratis for the fans.

Rider: We'll quarter at your find. **Hearst:** Ah...will you drink?

Rider: No, thank you. **Pinkerdick:** I will.

(Hearst and the Rider look at each other, Hearst semi-speechless. He goes ahead and motions for the man to help himself. The Pinkerdick does. Back at the hardware store...)

Sol: Shall we leave it being generally vigilant? Under very specific circumstances we'll wire you to make early return.

Seth: Yes. That's exactly it.

Sol: And those would be? (*They all look at Seth expectantly. Seth clenches and turns and paces.*)

Seth: Any further shooting out of the ordinary. **Charlie:** Like at Mrs. Ellsworth, definitely.

Seth: Hearst-initiated horseshit of any sort. **Charlie:** Intimidation or the like.

Sol: If it looks to eventuate in immediate violence. (*They all look at Sol*) Otherwise why try even to make it to Sturgis for the speeches?

Trixie: Hearst-initiated bullshit is inevitable is his point.

Jack: Surely, Sir, you leave in the certain knowledge that you are the camp's irreplaceable man.

Trixie: He don't need no further encouragement in that way of thinking.

Charlie: Comes to sending a wire, I put that Russian ill at ease. (Al opens the door to leave, E.B. pats him on the back.)

Sol: Oh, I do all right with him.

Al: My meetings—I provide refreshments.

(E.B. nods and hurries out the door behind Al, first having a bowing match with Jack. Each trying to let the other leave first. Jack takes the lead, E.B. following. Seth follows shortly after, grabbing his hat and smiling at Sol as he does. As Seth steps into the thoroughfare, putting on his hat, Hearst continues his meeting with the Rider and the Pinkerdick.)

Hearst: You were shown the tent of the man I want killed first.

Rider: Looked fine, how he wants to work it.

Hearst: Ah.

(The men leave the room and Hearst smiles in expectation at the murder he has just planned. Asshole. At the Grand Central, Countess walks to answer the insistant knocking on her door. It's Mama Cooch Claudia.)

Claudia: I'm leaving.
Countess: Come in.

Claudia: It's too much. He's too cruel.

Countess: Come in. (Claudia enters, Countess shuts the door, sighing. Claudia flops dramatically on the bed.)

Claudia: Brazenly sends the other packing, to brazenly install her replacement in the theater.

Countess: How was he brazen with the one who left?

Claudia: No one with eyes could fail to recognize their connection. And now brazenly—

Countess: Us recognizing his connection to the one who left does not mean he was brazen.

Claudia: Fine. (*She gets up*) Fine then. I just came to say goodbye. **Countess:** Must I agree he is brazen for you to not leave the troupe?

Claudia: He has no respect for art.

Countess: Claudia. He hates me. Countess: No. (I do!)

Claudia: I was well-received in Denver.
Countess: Yeah, very well received.

Claudia: I could have stayed. I could have let you all go on.

Countess: I think you were approached by Millerick.

Claudia: I was.

Countess: Go to sleep, Claudia. No coaches now anyhow.

Claudia: Did he suspect Millerick approached me?

Countess: He doesn't miss much. **Claudia:** He misses everything.

(She leaves Countess' room and walks down the stairs to head to the other side of the hotel back to her room, passing Richardson at prayer along the way.)

Richardson: I juggled at amateur night.
Claudia: And what are you doing now?
Richardson: Praying for my loved ones.
Claudia: How nice. Lucky them.

(She heads back up the stairs. At the Bonanza, Ellsworth is sitting in his tent, talking to his dog and feeding him scraps.)

Ellsworth: Would my conversating with her or lingering after supper have disrupted the little one's routine on a day that had been disrupted previous? Yes. Already she'd seen a series of people taking up watch to protect that schoolhouse, and how many questions must have occurred to her—because that is a bright child—"What is transpiring that we need guarding from?" And what memories must that have brought back of her own dear family murdered in a sudden fake Indian depredation by shit-heel fuckin' road agents. Not solely how would I like to be passing the evening, the like. When I've left, have I given the mother more calming down to do before she gets the child asleep? Them's the sort of things is what you have to consider.

(The dog turns and looks at the back of the tent and growls. Ellsworth turns his head and sees the Pinkerdick has a gun trained on him. His eyes grow with the knowledge of what is to come next. The Pinkerdick pulls the trigger and hits Ellsworth in the forehead, the dog runs having lost another owner because of this fucking mine. Ellsworth falls to the ground, blood dripping down the deck of his tent. Fans all over cry out "No! Not Ellsworth! You fucking piece of shit cocksucker, Hearst!" We all will remember with great fondness and respect, the wonderful, heartfelt portrayal that Jim Beaver gifted the fans with. For that, we thank you, Sir.)

(At the Gem, Al is drinking his coffee and reading the paper. Merrick waits at the bar with Johnny and Silas. Dan walks up from behind with his breakfast and coffee in hand. He chooses the table next to Al's and puts his plate down.)

Al: Fuck, must you hover, fucking Merrick?

Merrick: I admit to wondering, Al, if you have any further impression of my article.

Al: Didn't I tell you how well it wafted?

Merrick: If on second reading—

Al: Oh, Merrick, it's a good article. It'll no doubt irritate him, fucking Hearst, but I'm wakeful wondering who he's likely to shoot at next, so with regard to that I've gave your article all the thought I need to.

Merrick: Who *do* you think he might shoot at?

Al: I have no fucking idea, Merrick. I doubt it'll be long before we find out, and in the fucking interval until we do, I guess I'll just have to abandon any prospect of finding respite in any part of your rag I could just fucking read without having to evaluate how it fucking wafts! (He gets up and starts heading upstairs) Oh, which leaves me the solace of contemplating the journeying hither of the intrepid fucking Hawkeye and his 23 fucking reprobates to even the odds in the coming combat. Didn't tell you that, did I, Adams? Hawkeye's wire to announce he's on his way. Does that sound likely to you or does it confirm our deepest doubts about his incompetence and veracity? And mine, in turn, about you that I allowed to fucking vouch for him! (He goes into his office and Silas looks at Merrick.)

Silas: Couldn't let him read his fucking paper.

(In Sturgis, Hugo Jarry is standing at the entrance of the hall that Seth and Harry will be campaigning in. He watches the men entering the hall, taking election flyers. Harry counts.)

Harry:26...27...28. Uh, not counting them soldiers or Yankton's commissioner. (A soldier watches them from the window.)

Seth: I won't be lingering once we've finished. If you want to stay and politic, you'll have to ride back alone.

Harry:I hate what happened in your home.

Seth: It's all right.

Harry: Your wife good enough to ask me in for breakfast.

Seth: I'm working on my presentation.

Harry: That lovely woman putting her hand behind her for support when I feared she might fall to the floor.

Seth: Would you shut up about it?

Harry: And then, even if only briefly, to have failed to acknowledge it had been my wind, I'd—(He turns to see Seth seething at him and stops. Seth sees the soldier still eyeing him from the window. He gets up and strides over to the man.)

Seth: What's your purpose here?

Soldier: What do you mean?

Seth: There's no Sioux around here.

Soldier: Shall I go find some, ask 'em to join us?

Seth: I'm saying there's no Fort and there's no Sioux. Why would they have you bivouacked?

Soldier: Seems like you got me confused for a general. (*A man stands and clears his throat.*)

Seth: Don't be grazing by the windows. Come in and listen or stay the fuck out of sight.

Soldier: I guess you got yourself mistaken for a general. (*To his friend*) He wants to know what we're here for.

SoldierII: We're here for the election, maybe gonna exercise the franchise. (The man clears his throat again. Seth eyes Hugo Jarry at the front. Harry approaches Seth.)

Harry: Time for us to speak now, Sheriff.

Seth: Have they told you yet who you're voting for? (*The soldier shakes his head*)

SoldierII: Not yet.

Harry: Sheriff, we—

Seth: Shut up, Harry.

(Seth sits down behind the man trying to conduct the speeches. Back in Deadwood, we see hooples stepping to look inside the bed of a wagon, shaking their heads. Alma steps out as the driver climbs back into the seat to drive it away. She gasps, and runs down the boardwalk.)

Alma: Mr. Utter!Mr.—

(She grabs Charlie by the arm and he holds her steady as the wagon goes by and he sees the source of her shock. He hurries her inside the Gem as Al sees also what is causing such upset in the thoroughfare. Hearst, satisfied, steps back inside and out of his room into the hallway where Jack is jiggling the lock of his room. Hearst stares at him.)

Jack: The key got stuck.

(He works on the lock harder and opens his door, hurrying inside his room where he breathes deeply in relief. At the Gem, Al strides out of his office.)

Al: Ready for fucking Freddie? (Now that you mention it, Silas could do a good Freddie Mercury impression.) Hearst let his dogs loose. (The boys all ready their guns.) Davey, get to the Russian. Tell him to wire Sturgis. Say to wire Bullock as agreed, huh? (Alma and Charlie enter.)

Alma: I want my child.

Charlie: I'll—I'll go get her now. (*He releases her*) Mr. Ellsworth—Mr.

Ellsworth's been shot. Mr. Ellsworth's been killed.

Alma: I want my child!

Charlie: She'll be here with you before you know it, Mrs. Ellsworth.

Alma: Oh, what did I do to him? (gasping)

Al: We'll go upstairs, get you a drink.

Alma: What did I do to that poor man?

Al: You didn't fucking shoot him. And don't be going off into fucking hysterics, huh? (Alma stops gasping and looks at Al. She steps forward and reaches for his arm. He escorts her upstairs.) Collect your child. Utter will be back with her here any minute. Come on. (The go upstairs, Jewel turns to the boys.)

Jewel: I'm going to make her breakfast.

(The boys stand guard at the front door. Out in the thoroughfare the wagon turns a corner and Trixie comes upon it, seeing Ellsworth dead, she begins crying in anguish. E.B. watches through a window and holds his head in shock. Cy stands up straighter and looks even more pissy as he sees the wagon. He looks up at the hotel and shakes his head in anger, turning back inside the Bella.)

Cy: Pinchbeck motherfucker.

(Trixie grabs her derringer from her stockings and heads for the Grand Central, tearing open her blouse along the way. Walking bare breasted into the hotel, E.B. snaps to.)

EB: My goodness! Bare-breasted. My word. Who has commissioned such behavior? Who summons you with such power to do his will? (*She strides upstairs and knocks on Hearst's door.*)

Trixie: Mr. Hearst? Mr. Hearst? (He heads for the door and she flips up her skirt, baring all her girly parts. He opens the door and looks at her head to toe. She shoots him in the shoulder. He grunts with the impact and shuts the door on her. The Pinkerdicks downstairs run upstairs passing Trixie on her way down.)

EB: Did someone interrupt your rendezvous? Did someone *else* attack him? Cover those things.

(She steps out into the thoroughfare, pulling her blouse shut. She looks up at Al's balcony, seeing no one, she turns for the hardware store, dumping her derringer in a water bucket along the way.)

Trixie: Give me your fucking poot-butt gun.

Sol: Why?

Trixie: Fucking shoot me with it if you don't.

Sol: What's going on, Trixie?

Trixie: Ellsworth's murdered, and I fucking shot Hearst, and I don't think I killed him! (*He grabs his hat*) Shoot me or he'll do for all of us. (*He takes her by the shoulders and ushers her out of the room.*) Shoot me! Shoot me!

Sol: Shh.

Trixie: Don't you fucking take me anywhere!

Sol: Shut up!

(They rush out of the store, shutting the door closed behind them. At the Bella Union, Cy is in a tizzy and taking it out on the whores.)

Cy: Stand the fuck up! (*They stand*) I piss hard-stole money away to gussy you fucking cunts up. (*He tears Tess' dress and slaps the whore next to her.*) Starchy bullshit. And fucking pretend there's a difference between fat ass snatch and fat ass snatch in a fucking petticoat!

Con: Come on, Mr. T.

Cy: Where are we going, you rummy-faced piece of shit?!

Con: I'm just saying—

Cy: Just saying what? What were you just saying?

Con: I don't know, Sir.

Cy: Weren't you being this fat twat's gallant? (*He pushes Con away*) Ain't Con the nuts, fatso? Ain't it great to have a fucking beau?

(He steps outside and looks around. We see Sol and Trixie rush off down an alley. Back in Sturgis, Seth is giving his speech.)

Seth: I'm Seth Bullock. In Montana, I had a hardware bidness with my partner Sol Star, and we do the same in Deadwood, which we came to in '76. (A man pokes his head in the window with a note and gives it to the man inside next to the window, whispering something to him.) I was Marshal and territorial delegate in Montana, and I'm Health Commissioner and Sheriff where we are now. (The man gets up and gives the note to a man in front of him, whispering to him to pass the note up) With the hills now part of the new territory, I run for Sheriff of the new organized county. If elected, my intention's to look to the good and safety of people hereabouts. (The note makes its way closer, Seth eyes it.) I will venture my life (The man in front of Seth stands and waits) that law-abiding persons will be secure in their rights and their property. (Seth nods and the man passes him the note. He reads it.) I have to go. (The audience murmurs as Seth retrieves his hat and leaves the hall. Hugo Jarry follows him as he climbs up onto his horse.)

Hugo: What is it, Bullock? What happened?

Seth: Don't you know? Have they just got you handling the votes? (Seth gallops off)

Hugo: The voting exclusively.

(E.B. rushes into the Gem.)

EB: He's dead. Dead! And at my hands! Or the next thing to it.

Dan: Who? EB: Hearst!

Dan: He's dead?

EB: I think. (Silas marches off)

Dan: Boss! (Al stands up)

Al: Excuse me. (He drinks) The gimp's making breakfast for you, if you ain't ate yet. Jewel. (He opens the door and leaves.)

Dan: Well, where was he hit?

EB: I don't know. Trixie shot him.

Dan: Boss!

Trixie said she killed him? Johnny: **Dan:** E.B. said Trixie killed Hearst!

Al: You saw him dead? EB: No. (Al sighs)

Al: How bad was he hurt?

EB: I'm not sure.

Al: Well, how bad did Trixie say he was hurt?

If he wasn't hurt, wouldn't I have seen him pursue her? EB:

What you mean is she might not have fucking shot him at all! Al:

(Hearst and the Pinkerdicks walk out of the hotel.)

Hearst: Four steps removed no fucking closer. (Silas sees them and runs back into the Gem.)

Silas: Boss. (Al looks at Silas and Silas nods out to the thoroughfare.)

EB: Or w-wouldn't he have?

Johnny: Wouldn't he have what?

Dan: Shut up, E.B. (They all step outside to see Hearst marching down the alley next door.)

EB: I'm a dead man.

Al: You ain't gonna be alone. (Back inside, Sol and Trixie enter through the back.)

Trixie: I've made this fucking walk before.

All right. (He opens the door to the girls room and sees her in.) Stay here till I Sol: get him.

Trixie: Then you get out! Get out with your hovering and fucking clucking! (He closes the door.) Before hell breaks fucking loose.

(She sobs as Sol steps out into the bar area and meets up with Al. They walk to the back.)

Trixie's here, in back. Sol:

Al: Your idea, her coming here?

My fucking idea, after she did what she did. Was it your idea to have her do that? Sol:

Al: All right. (He opens the door to the room Trixie's in) Loopy fucking cunt. (She puts her head down and starts to cry again. Al looks at her kinda tenderly. For Al anyway. Back at the front, Charlie arrives holding Sofia.)

Dan: Mother's upstairs. (They head for the stairs as Jewel starts to climb them, breakfast tray in hand.)

Johnny: Get out of the fucking way, Jewel.

Dan: Here, let me take it up.

Jewel: No, you fucking won't. (She starts to head upstairs, Charlie and Sofia ahead of

her.)

Johnny: Oh for Christ's sake.

(He and Dan hand their guns to Silas, who passes them to E.B., and grab Jewel by the elbows and carry her, tray and all, upstairs. She grins with joy as they all head up the stairs. Al comes out of Trixie's room.)

Sol: Mr. Utter's come with the child. (Al heads upstairs as Sol hesitates, momentarily looking back at Trixie's room, he then follows Al. Inside Al's office, Alma is hugging a crying Sofia. Al looks around.)

Jewel: Getting another plate.

(Back at the schoolhouse, Joanie and Jane are talking with Martha.)

Martha: (whispering) Mr. Utter said only that Sofia's mother had requested her at the Gem.

Jane: (whispering) Rely that something fucked has transpired...(Martha looks at the children) With Mose God knows where, and me likely needed in camp.

Martha: Uh, go ahead, Jane.

Joanie: I'll stay with Mrs. Bullock.

Jane: (heading for the door) Trouble jumps off, ring the bell. That'll bring me fucking running.

Joanie: All right. (Jane looks back at the kids.)

Jane: Or I guess maybe I'll just stay instead.

(At Doc Cochran's, we see Ellsworth's body laying in the back as Doc works on Hearst's shoulder.)

Doc: I suppose there's some connection between his condition and yours.

Hearst: That bare-breasted woman who shot me seemed to think there ought to be. (groans) Shit! Go ahead, knowing I'd appreciate less enthusiasm. Through the years, that fellow's path and mine crossed several times. I never meant him a moment's harm, but the natural operation of my holdings and his bad luck brought me to figure in his imagination as some sort of bogey. (he takes a swig of whiskey) I expect my attacker was a bawd connected somehow to the man in back before he married so luckily. Likely, she fell victim as he did to imagining me responsible for the change in her situation. (straining) God damn it! Often, because our interests are extensive, people like me are believed the authors of

events which may benefit our holdings, when our connection in fact is incidental. God damn it! (*Doc pulls out the bullet and Hearst grunts in relief. He laughs*) Whew, ahh. Mmm-hm. Mmm. (*drinks*)

Doc: I have some calls to make. Will your gunmen let me pass?

Hearst: Of course. (*Doc starts to get up*) Don't you want to dress the wound?

(At the hotel, Jack sits in silence in his room. Contemplating. Downstairs, Joseanne approaches the table of Countess, Claudia and Bellegarde.)

Joseanne: My name is Joseanne. Mr. Langrishe was so generous to say he would install me today in the theater.

Countess: Sit down, dear.

Bellegarde: (pulling out a chair) Oh! We are waiting for him. One of our chief occupations. (Upstairs, Jack stands, grabs his coat and hat and leaves the room.)

Jack: Mr. Farnum! (*The troupe looks upstairs, as does E.B., he sees a Pinkerdick on the stairs and opens his coat to reveal no weapons.*) Ah, good day, Sir. Mr. Farnum, a little while ago I heard what I took for a gunshot—and impression, I remark, not on the grounds of its uniqueness, but for the shot having seemed to issue from so near to my recumbent ear...

EB: (whispering) You are not mistaken, Sir.

Jack: ... The hallway, that is to say, separated from where I rested only by a wall whose thinness you've no doubt had others before me deplore.

EB: The walls do thicken in our west wing. I'll have a quick look for vacancies. (whispering to Jack) Hearst shot, the wound, alas, not mortal. (A man tries to go up the stairs and the Pinkerdick blocks his access to Herast's wing. The man goes the other way.) "No help," as we say at the tables.

Jack: Booth...never went you better. Anon anon, Sir. Anon anon.

(He glares at the troupe before he heads out the door. They look confused as to what just happened. At the Gem, Jewel is in the kitchen when Richardson comes shuffling in, startling her.)

Jewel: God damn it, Richardson. You're too ugly to be sneaking up on fucking people. (*He holds out a basket.*)

Richardson: From Mrs. Marchbanks.

Jewel: We got all the fucking food we need. (*He continues to hold it out and she steps closer*) Who the fuck is Mrs. Marchbanks anyway?

Richardson: It's Aunt Lou.

Jewel: I guess I'd know her for Mrs. Marchbanks if she took time to introduce herself. (*She takes the basket*) Tell the arrogant nigger thanks.

Richardson: No hurry returning the basket.

Jewel: Tell her my fucking name's Miss Caulfield...(*Richardson shuffles off*) I think.

(Al sips his coffee downstairs.)

Al: The terms come clear. If she'd (*Jack enters*) keep her property here, she'll leave, having first hired as many as Hearst has, and who can kill as well as his do and ain't disadvantaged too, to keep Hearst from killing her, which—by the shots yesterday and Ellsworth butchered today—means her to understand Hearst will not cease endeavoring to do. (*Charlie nods*) But if she'd herself stay in camp, she must sell her property to him.

Jack: A very pithy rendering.

(He puts his hand on Al's shoulder and Al smiles and sips his coffee. Upstairs, Alma hugs Sofia.)

Sofia: (whispering) I want to feel his beard. (Alma is caught off guard)

Alma: Mr. Ellsworth's with God now, Sofia.

Sofia: I want to feel his beard so I can pray that he's saying goodbye to me.

(Oh, if you only knew his last thoughts, Sofia. You'd be comforted to know just how much he thought of you. At the schoolhouse, the children are seated in a circle playing Duck, duck, goose.)

James: Duck duck duck duck. Goose! (He tags a grinning Jane – she gets up and starts chasing him.)

Class: Go, James, go! Go, James, go! Go, James! (He makes it around the circle to sit where Jane was.) Yay!

Jane: Aww! Outflanked by a boy half my size. Next time I'll get you, James.

(James grins. He's so cute! Back at the Gem, Seth arrives back from Sturgis and strides inside. He approaches Al.)

Al: Ellsworth's murdered, head-shot at the Garret find. Your partner's sweetheart put one in Hearst's shoulder.

Seth: Where's Mrs. Ellsworth?

Al: Above with the child. With the child.

Seth: I fucking heard ya. (*Charlie starts up the stairs after Seth and stops.*) He once had something to do with her.

Jack: Reason for his making the case she sell, keep her here for another swing.

Al: Reason ain't his long suit.

(Charlie turns toward the other, Silas turns away, followed by Dan and Johnny. Charlie stalls on the stairs and waits. Upstairs, Seth enters the office with Alma and Sofia inside. Alma gasps. He strides over to them and kneels down, looking first at Sofia then Alma. He puts an arm around both of them and hugs them for a long time. Downstairs, Jack and Charlie look at each other uncomfortably. A coughing Doc enters and approaches Al.)

Doc: Bullet, removed uneventfully. **Jack:** Let's pray he avoids infection.

Al: What did Hearst say of the shooting?

Doc: That some bawd still connected to Ellsworth musta blamed him for the murder.

Jack: Wrong-headed and fallen in the bargain.

Doc: Would you find pretext to let the mother know I'm here?

Al: Bullock's with her.

Doc: Shall I shout out and ask it of him? (Al turns and heads right upstairs. Gotta love Doc.)

Jack: Very much in your line, this type thing?

Doc: Yes.

Jack: Not to my taste at all. Time's past, one's fled.

(Upstairs, Seth holds Sofia, stroking her hair. Al knocks on the door and enters.)

Al: Doc's here. Someone fell. (Alma stands and puts her hand on Sofia's shoulder)

Alma: Will you excuse me for a moment, Darling? (Alma leaves and Sofia stands and looks at Seth.)

Sofia: I want to see Mr. Ellsworth. (*Seth turns and looks at Al.*)

Al: Excuse me.

(Downstairs, Jack sees Charlie holding his back and grunting, in discomfort. He turns to the bar and takes a shotglass out and pours a drink. As he turns, ready to give it to Charlie, Al approaches and takes it from him, drinking it. Jack looks at Charlie, bemused. Upstairs, Alma sits next to Doc on a couch in the hallway.)

Doc: Are you certain that she saw her family dead?

Alma: Yes. I certainly assume she did.

(Downstairs)

Jack: The man I once was, Al, was not formidable, and I am but his shadow now. And yet I'd be put to use. A decoy, perhaps. A weight to drop on villains from above.

(Upstairs)

Doc: As I heard the account, the child was found inside a hollowed-out tree trunk some distance from the others.

Alma: Having crawled from the carnage and hidden herself, I'd always assumed.

Doc: See, I suppose, rather than Sofia crawling unseen from the carnage, the possibility might exist that the family hid her in the tree trunk and then fled that distance before the murderers fell upon them. For the child to have been found having been savaged by wolves, those hours later by strangers, and then taken away having never seen her family again, living or dead...

(Alma sniffs, puts her hand to her chest, distraught at the thought, and looks at Doc. Downstairs, Jack pours another drink and successfully delivers it to Charlie this time. He points to the point at Charlie's back that he's holding in pain.)

Jack: I can fix that. (he holds up his drink) Slainte. (Charlie nods and drinks. He heads over and joins Dan and Silas at their table.)

Dan: Thought you was near pitching a tent and setting up housekeeping over on that first step. (*Silas laughs, Johnny pours a drink.*)

Charlie: You sound like a pig my cousin run off with. (Silas and Dan both laugh. Charlie puts his empty glass out in front of Dan.) Get another? (Dan turns to Johnny and gets another shot. Dan plays at handing it right to Charlie taking it back before grinning and giving it over. Aww, new buddies. Charlie drinks.)

Al: If that cocksucker hadn't shareholders, you could murder him while you adjusted his back.

Jack: Serpent's teeth—shareholders. 10,000 would rise to replace him.

(Upstairs, Sofia strokes Bullock's mustache. She stops when Alma enters the room again. Alma approaches Sofia and strokes her dress.)

Alma: All right, darling. All right. (Bullock picks Sofia up and heads to the door, looking back at Alma. She picks up his hat from the desk and opens the door. They head downstairs.)

Al: Monitor my thinking, Jack.

Jack: Oh, no warrant as to competence.

Al: Had Hearst wanted this woman killed, she'd be dead already.

Jack: Agree. The husband's murdered to coerce her to sell.

Al: For the moment, the child's safe too, huh?

Jack: Pending the mother's decision—agree.

Al: Safe then to let 'em go, huh?

Jack: I would, Sir. (He takes his hat off and the other stand as Seth, Sofia and Alma come downstairs.) Yes.

Seth: Gonna take Mrs. Ellsworth home.

Al: As you think best.

Alma: I wish to thank you again, Mr. Swearengen. (he nods) We are all very grateful. (She reaches for Sofia and Seth sets her down. She hands Seth his hat and puts her arm around Sofia's shoulder, leading her away.)

Al: Trixie's with Star at his place. No on knows but Shaunessey, who lives in fucking terror of me, huh? (*Seth looks confused*) Passages between their places only Shanessey knows.

Jack: Heartfelt condolences, Madam. (Alma nods at him.)

Sofia: I get to see Mr. Ellsworth tomorrow.

Jack: Very good, young lady. God bless.

Al: You take care of them, Bullock. Leave the other to me, huh? Oh, Bullock, you might want to stand guard outside her place.

Seth: I'll take Charlie as backup.

Al: No no, Hearst ain't gonna be coming for her. But to bring the matter home as grave, it'd make a case for her selling her claim. Not to jeopardize the tranquility of your own hearth. (Seth pauses, eyes on Alma. He looks back at Al.) Thank you for looking to them. (They leave, Charlie following.)

Jack: Nimbleness, Lad, dexterity.

Al: I'd prefer Hearst's advantage at arms. **Jack:** True, true. The world is less than perfect.

(Seth escorts Alma down the boardwalk, Charlie behind them. Hearst watches from his room.)

Hearst: The camp is galvanized. People scurry about. They've tasks to perform. They feel important. (*He turns and looks at his Pinkerdick in the corner.*) I oughtn't to work in these places. I was not born to crush my own kind.

(At Sol's, he and Trixie lay in bed next to each other. Back at the Gem, Al is wiping down the bar as Mr. Wu comes marching in the back door. Johnny alerts Al to his presence in the back. The whores clear out of the hallway in front of Wu. He bobs around looking for a way past them.)

Al: Right with you, Wu. In there. In there. First door. (Wu stops) Yeah, in there. (Wu bows his head to Dolly and turns. He enters the room. Al follows and pauses outside the door.) When he leaves, them that ain't lining this fucking hallway like he's the tallest, best-looking white man ever got fucking lucky better prepare for a fucking beating. (Al enters the room. Inside, Al unfolds a piece of paper and starts to draw.) Wu—Custer City—brings back all his Chinks the fuck back to Deadwood. (Wu ponders)

MrWu: Wu...back Deadwood?

Al: Brings all his Chinks back, huh?

MrWu: Wu, Custer City, back Deadwood! Ding n amah gai. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday! 10 day, Swedgin!

Al: I am sorry, Wu. I'm sorry I made you wait. But I want you to bring them now. While you're about your journey, I'll be trying to conceive some practical use for your countrymen's arrival besides seeming to swell our ranks. Oh, we'll give 'em guns, yeah. We'll provide 'em with guns, so any of the slant-eyed bastards know what one is, or, perish the thought, know how to use one—we'll enhance our prospects.

MrWu: (tapping his chest) Guns. Chung Kuo. Wu, Custer City, back Deadwood. 150 Chunk Kuo cocksucker, Swedgin. (He kneels in front of Al.)

Al: Shut the fuck up, Wu.

MrWu: (crosses his fingers) Heng Dai.

Al: (crosses his fingers) Heng Dai. Heng Dai, fucking Wu. (Mr. Wu gives a slight bow to Al, gets up and leaves. As he enters the hallway the whores line the hall and bow their heads.)

MrWu: Big man. Wu—big man. (He smiles as he turns the corner and leaves. Al steps out, looking at the girls. He looks over and sees a sleeping hoople. He points to him.)

Al: Rouse him to spend on pussy, or rob the son of a bitch. (*The whores do a quick rock, paper scissors, the loser walks over to the man and nudges him. Al pours a drink.*) Ah.

<u>Timothy Olyphant</u>	••••	Seth Bullock
<u>Ian McShane</u>	••••	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
<u>Jeffrey Jones</u>		A. W. Merrick
Robin Weigert		Calamity Jane
Paula Malcomson		Trixie
Leon Rippy		Tom Nuttall
William Sanderson		E.B. Farnum
<u>Dayton Callie</u>		Charlie Utter
Powers Boothe		Cy Tolliver
Bree Seanna Wall		Sophia Metz
<u>Titus Welliver</u>		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
Sarah Pachelli		Janine

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