



*Episode 36:
Tell Him Something Pretty*

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Written by: Ted Mann

(Early morning at camp, Hearst is sleeping on the floor of his room when there's an insistent knock upon his door. He wakes with a jolt and begins to get up, slowly due to the pain in his back. The knocking continues.)

Hearst: Quit your Goddamn knockin'. I'm comin'. *(The pounding continues, Hearst opens the door. It's Charlie Utter.)*

Charlie: Casket's come with your name on it.

Hearst: Why tell me in the middle of the night?

Charlie: Body's inside.

Hearst: Evidently not mine.

Charlie: I'd as soon make delivery.

Hearst: You'll find out where when I decide. Good night. *(He starts to close the door, Charlie stops it with his foot. Hearst opens it again, glaring at Charlie.)*

Charlie: I don't like your tone of voice.

Hearst: Who are you, Mr. Utter, for me to care what you like or don't?

Charlie: I'm the guy that the next time you see me, you'd better take a different fuckin' tone with. *(Hearst chuckles.)*

Hearst: Given what's in store, I'm not sure I'll ever learn what price I'd have paid for not complyin'.

Charlie: Oh, I guess someone lookin' hard might could find you in there somewheres, peekin' from under the covers to make a fuckin' threat.

(He firmly closes the door on Utter. Seething. Downstairs, Richardson and Aunt Lou are preparing breakfast. Charlie comes down the stairs and meets Aunt Lou's gaze. After an uncomfortable moment, he tips his hat and continues on his way. At the theatre, Jack Langrishe is on stage, Claudia across the room.)

Jack: Their quality apart, Claudia, failing reception, our efforts are lost to the void.

Claudia: I understand.

Jack: Don't say so! Please! I lose my thought. *(She sits)* This camp is in mortal danger. The man Hearst is a murderous engine. My friend Swearengen, aware their combat is unequal, feels the appeal of the gory finish. Others I've just come to know stand candidates in the elections, whose results they know may be moot. What, one is disposed to ask, in fuck ought a theater man to do? Of a certainty, our debut's postponement is necessary. But unless of one's own volition, certain is it too that one would not be canceled. To prevent that, if need be, even off the boards, one would take steps of one's fuckin' own! *(He sits and looks at Claudia.)*

Claudia: Why did you bring me here?

Jack: I don't know, child.

(He douses the oil lamp and the room goes dim. At Wu's meat locker, Johnny and Silas are coming out, loaded with fresh meat carcasses.)

Johnny: What's the point Al having us leave I.O.U.s when Wu can't read fuckin' English?

Silas: Wu gets back, he'll take Al the I.O.U.s for interpretin', find out Al did the rightful thing while he was gone.

Johnny: That's big point with Al, ain't it?

Silas: When he ain't lyin', Al's the most honorable man you'll ever meet. (*He sees Hawkeye passed out Jane style against the wall of a building.*) Johnny, balance up against this fuckin' Chinese sign while I lay my rack on your shoulder.

Johnny: Why?

Silas: Just shut the fuck up. Get this meat inside. (*He lays the rack on Johnny's free shoulder.*)

Johnny: What are you gonna do?

Silas: (*He waves Johnny away, turns and walks toward Hawkeye*) Murder. (*He kicks Hawkeye in the ass.*) Where the fuck you been? I fuckin' vouched for you!

Hawkeye: We're camped up at the Spearfish Meadows, as not to tip Hearst off till Swearengen can deploy us. I mean, I rode into town to tell you, but I fell one saloon short.

Silas: Come on.

Hawkeye: Lots of Chinks in that meadows up there. Is the railroad comin' to camp?

(At the house that the Bonanza bought, Alma is brushing Sofia's hair. Both of them dressed in black.)

Alma: To have kept our claim, we'd have had to leave here, you and I, so that thugs we'd have had to engage could counter Mr. Hearst's thugs without having the further responsibility of defending us. So...we are to sell, Sofia, so that we may stay. To be fair to Mr. Hearst—which is more than he deserves—the price he is paying assigns a great worth to our holdings, which lacking expertise of our own and others now being absent who might have provided it, as a practical matter makes refusal absurd. But how I hate to give that man what he wants. (*She smooths out Sofia's hair, tied in a black ribbon.*) Your hair has survived my diatribe.

Sofia: If we left, we wouldn't be able to see Mr. Ellsworth. (*Alma turns Sofia around to face her.*)

Alma: And we are not leaving.

(Downstairs, Bullock, Sol and Jane are waiting. Alma and Sofia come down and Jane takes Sofia by the shoulder. Alma kisses Sofia goodbye. She leaves with the men. Joanie looks down from her window and sees the three leaving. She leaves her vantage point. Silas brushes off Hawkeye's jacket outside as Hawkeye showers.)

Silas: Your fuckin' throat's gonna be at risk, Hawkeye, in case you don't fuckin' realize, which wouldn't bother me except mine's gonna be too.

(In Hearst's room, he signs paperwork with Alma, Bullock, Sol and some Pinkerdicts in attendance.)

Hearst: Advancing your interests, Mrs. Ellsworth, mine and all others, what we do here seems natural and proper. Mr. Newman, I ask you to ready payment to the officers of Mrs. Ellsworth's bank.

Seth: We'll receive it where we can put it in her safe.

Hearst: May I hope, Madam, you do not subscribe to this insulting and juvenile precaution?

Alma: I do not find the precaution juvenile, so many having been murdered with whom you've had dealings in this camp.

Hearst: At least you acknowledge the insult.

Alma: I acknowledge the pretense to civility—in a man so brutally vicious—as vapid and grotesque. *(They stand.)*

Hearst: Have the gold seen to her bank, Newman. Have its purity assayed. Let her or her seconds choose the man. When that tedium is completed, have the documents witnessed as though we were all of us Jews. And bring the business back to me. *(He turns to leave)* Excuse my absence, Mr. Star, as I hope you'll forgive my thoughtless aspersion on your race. *(Sol nods)* You stand for local office, but some contests being countywide, I await wires from the other camps. *(He holds the door open and Alma turns to leave. Hearst sniffs as she passes by.)* You've changed your scent.

Seth: Can't shut up! Every bully I ever met can't shut his fuckin' mouth...except when he's afraid.

Hearst: You mistake for fear, Mr. Bullock, what is in fact preoccupation. I'm having a conversation you cannot hear.

(Hearst turns his back on the group, Seth clenches and glares at his back. Alma looks stricken, looking at Hearst's back. Sol gathers up the papers and leaves the room. Seth follows, Hearst turns to watch them leave. At the house that the Bonanza Bought, Jane and Sofia are playing a game of – um, slap hands? Chicken? Whatever, Sofia is slapping the crap out of Jane's hands. There's a knock at the door.)

Jane: Oh see, that's just Miss Stubbs now answering my message I sent her by secret thinking, requesting unguent for my bruises. *(She opens the door)* Hello hello, Miss Stubbs.

Joanie: Hello hello, yourself. Hello, Sofia.

Sofia: Hello, Miss Stubbs.

Joanie: I'm just going to the center. I wondered if you needed anything.

Jane: Oh, I've let her in on it. *(Joanie looks confused)* You needn't tell a stretcher how it is you come to appear.

Joanie: *(Playing along)* You told?

Jane: Asked for unguent by secret thinking for the beating she was giving my hand.

Joanie: That's my purpose in the center. Stopped to ask if you needed aught else.

Jane: If I did, I believe you'd already know.

Joanie: *(To Sofia)* Hit her a good one for me.

Sofia: I will.

(Joanie leaves, Jane shuts the door behind her. Back in Hearst's room, there's a knock on the door.)

Hearst: Come in! *(E.B. opens the door and peeks in)*

EB: I was looking for Mr. Hearst.

Hearst: Who do you think you're talkin' to? *(He's laying on the floor next to his bed.)*

EB: Candidly, of late, I'm at pains to be certain which voices are within me and which without.

Hearst: This one is without, telling you to come in.

EB: Of course. *(He steps in and closes the door, removing his hat.)* What is it, Mr. Hearst? I've sensed for some while we owed each other a talk. Let the outcome be grim or worse, I'll at least be relieved that it's past. *(Hearst holds up a letter, E.B. squints at it. Shielding his face he creeps towards the bed, reaches out and grabs the letter, hurrying back closer to the door.)* May I look at the addressee?

Hearst: How will you know to whom it is to be delivered if you do not?

EB: Oh dear. Well, I'll be on my way the

(He leaves. At the Number 10, Rutherford is playing checkers with a despondent Steve. I'll bet he's winning. There's a black checker hanging from Steve's lip, we know it's his favorite color. How thoughtful. Harry Manning is sweeping.)

Harry: Must have shook 100 hands in Sturgis.

Tom: When you declared for Sheriff, Harry, I feared you'd be a poor campaigner and derelict in your duties here. You've held your end up and more.

Harry: Ache in my hand and wrist, the deep-set dirt defies me.

Tom: Well, if sweeping, you don't raise your usual simoon, it's a paltry price to pay.

Rutherford: Fuck if you saw that comin'.

Tom: I have something to show you, Harry. *(He walks across the bar and uncovers a large crate. Harry stares at it in awe.)* The Finster Model 60 steam pumper fire wagon.

Harry: 120-gallon boiler? *(Rutherford stands)*

Tom: Three brass nozzles.

Harry: Nickel-finished firebox?

Tom: I believe that to be the case. *(NG Fields enters.)*

Harry: Did the hats come? *(Fields picks up the checker)*

Rutherford: Is that a checker in Steve's mouth?

Fields: You don't want to look after him, just say so.

Rutherford: Who says I don't? *(Fields wheels him to the door)* Only he kibitzes my moves. Where are you goin'?

Fields: Takin' him to vote for Bullock.

Rutherford: This may require my supervision.

Tom: I'll vote just before lunch.

Harry: And I'll go once you've relieved me.

(He touches the crate in reverence. At the Gem, E.B. has delivered the letter to Al in his office.)

- Al:** You don't expect me to believe you didn't steam this open and reseal it for me to open again.
- EB:** I didn't wanna know. *(Al holds the magnifying glass up to the letter and slams it down a moment later.)*
- Al:** This motherfucker!
- EB:** For my complicity in his shooting, he orders my death.
- Al:** You did read it. *(E.B. gasps and holds on to the chair behind him to steady himself. He stands up and holds his chin to the sky.)*
- EB:** Be quick then, please.
- Al:** Your complicity's mostly in your noggin', E.B. It's the whore he wants dead.
- EB:** *(He fans himself as he sits for a moment, then stands again.)* By what vile method then? Is Trixie to be drawn and quartered and set aflame?
- Al:** Say he'll have my answer in an hour.
- EB:** Al.
- Al:** E.B.
- EB:** I can't, Al. I can't engage him in further conversation. When I hear his voice, I see the inside of his skull! *(Al pulls out a pencil and paper and scribbles a note)* Phantoms grin out at me, oozing gruesome goo.
- Al:** Slide this under his door then.
- EB:** *(Raising his eyebrows)* Would you rather I tell him?
- Al:** Only decide quickly. *(E.B. strides to the door and puts on his hat.)*
- EB:** Fear is every man's portion.

(It appears that the center is in fact the center of hell, the Bella Union. Joanie has arrived and Con quickly intercepts her.)

- Con:** Did he send for you, Joanie?
- Joanie:** What's happenin' here, Con?
- Con:** Well, not knowin' Mr. Tolliver's, uh, present state of feelin' towards you is why I ask.
- Joanie:** Then why don't you stay the fuck out of it, Con? *(We hear a door open and close.)*
- Cy:** I wasn't fuckin' dreamin'. It is Joanie Stubbs.
- Con:** I got "Stay the fuck out" written on a stone tablet in my bedroom. *(Heh.)*
- Joanie:** How you feelin', Cy?
- Cy:** I get around all right.
- Joanie:** Your color's better.
- Cy:** Is that a fucking fact? My color's better, Stupid. *(Janine looks over.)* Stupid, this is Joanie Stubbs.
- Janine:** Hi.
- Joanie:** What's your name, Honey? *(Janine hesitates and looks at Cy.)*
- Cy:** Go ahead and tell her your name.
- Janine:** Janine.

Joanie: Hi, Janine.

Janine: Hi.

Cy: Go ahead now, Jan-nee-nee-noon, and finish your Latin lessons and your Greek. The thirst this girl has for knowledge, she's barely time to suck a prick.

Joanie: She's pretty.

Cy: What the fuck do you want?

Joanie: I've been thinking about you is all.

Cy: (*scoffs*) Help me understand cunt, Lord.

Joanie: Saying the other night you oughtn't come inside that school, Cy, don't feel I don't wish you well.

Cy: Buy some lines in the paper, Joanie. Let the public know.

Joanie: I know you meant that for me in your way.

Cy: What?

Joanie: Meant me well.

Cy: If it's Christmas, where's the fucking snow, or the fucking harp music or the like?

Joanie: If it wasn't for you, I'd have died a long long time ago. Some happiness has come into my life now, and I'm grateful I didn't.

Cy: My lines are women, liquor and rigged games of chance. Are you playing?

Joanie: What do you think of all this trouble Hearst brought?

Cy: Does a girl have to drive cattle for you to eat her pussy? (*Joanie looks ruefully at Cy, turns and heads for the door. She stops to tug on the broom that Leon is leaning on and sleeping. He wakes.*)

Joanie: You voting, Leon?

Leon: Against the opium ordinance. (*sniffs*) (*Joanie leaves. Janine looks at Cy, he catches her.*)

Cy: What the fuck are you looking at?

(*At the Gem, Al pours a drink.*)

Al: That whore's gotta die. (*Johnny looks at Al skeptically.*) Jen? Hearst won't stand for an empty coffin. Likely, he paid most attention to Trixie's tits and snatch, so Jen'll adequately pass. (*They drink.*)

Johnny: Jesus Christ.

Al: I know. You like her.

Johnny: She's a nice girl.

Al: All right.

Johnny: She's learning to read.

Al: Spend some time with her, and let me know when you're done. (*Johnny stands, a moment of anger passes his face.*)

Johnny: You'll scare her.

Al: I've done it once or twice, Johnny. She won't know that's what I'm there for.

Johnny: She won't need to. You scare her no matter what. (*He tears up a moment, slams the table with his fist.*) Oh, just give me a fucking knife then. Just give me the fucking knife. (*Al hands him a knife and he walks dejectedly to the door. He turns back in anger.*) Fucking Trixie!

Al: Don't get me started.

(At Sol's house, Trixie is lacing up her boots as Sol enters. He looks at her questioningly.)

Sol: What are you doing?

Trixie: Going for a stroll to the polls. One vote for Star buys a hand job. Repeaters get a suck.

Sol: Trixie.

Trixie: I'm through staying inside. If something's to happen let it happen to me.

Sol: You selfish cunt!

Trixie: No one asked you to put me up.

Sol: That's right. That's right. My fucking choice! I'm not fucking afraid.

Trixie: I guess maybe I'm not either.

Sol: Not to die.

Trixie: Well, ain't you clever? Ain't you fucking clever, you deep thinkin' fuckin' Jew!

(He strides over and takes her by the arm, dragging her to the door.)

Sol: Why bother with your boots then, Trixie, if you're going to be on your knees?

Trixie: Let go of me!

Sol: No!

Trixie: Let me walk out by myself.!

Sol: The fuck if I will! At least I can say I threw you out if you'd rather die than live with me!

(He opens the door and pushes her outside. He slams the door shut and looks unsure for a moment. He walks over to the trunk and sits down, putting his head in his hands and weeping. There's a soft knock on the door. He looks at the door a moment, stands, walks over and opens it. It's Trixie, sadness etched on her face. She collapses in his arms and cries. He holds her. Back at the Gem, Jen is shaking a beaker with a tube attached. She's talking with another whore.)

Jen: Use just half till you see how you stand it. *(Johnny enters.)*

Whore: It itches bad.

Jen: I'm saying use just half till you see. *(She hands the beaker and tubes to the whore, the whore leaves the room.)*

Johnny: I wanna talk with you. *(Jen hikes up her skirt and bends over the bed.)* No, I mean it, Jen. I wanna talk. *(He takes the knife out of his belt behind his back. She lets go of her skirt and faces him.)* Pure conversation. *(Puts his arm around her shoulders)* Nothing for you to be alarmed about. *(He walks her over to the wall and they look at it. Outside the door, Al waits. Davey approaches him.)*

Davey: Four and five deep to vote, Boss.

Al: Eyes up or predominantly down when Hearst's goons glare upon 'em?

Davey: Uh, I want to go check again.

Al: Good. Good. Never opine short of certainty. *(Back inside)*

Johnny: What is this, Jen?

Jen: A wall?

Johnny: On the surface, yes, it is. But inside, many creatures go about their lives, such as ants. *(And here I thought he was going to tell her about the rabbits.)* They got a whole operation going. They got soldier ants and worker ants and whore ants to fuck the soldiers and the workers, right inside that wall, baby ants. Everyone's got a task to hew to, Jen. You understand me? *(She nods)* Jesus Christ's fucking sake. *(He spins the knife around in his hand and puts it away.)* We'll talk about this later. *(He steps out into the hall, meeting Al. He sighs.)* I can't.

Al: Give it to me then.

Johnny: No.

Al: Give me the fucking knife.

Johnny: She ain't stole or been quarrelsome or set the bedding afire.

Al: Get out of my fucking way, Johnny.

Johnny: It ain't fair to fucking kill her.

Al: Since when did that begin entering in?

Johnny: I won't let you pass, Boss.

Al: Johnny.

Johnny: I won't. I won't let you.

Al: You're willing to die in her stead?

Johnny: If I got to...preferring you'd handle things different. *(Al walks away from Johnny and down to Dan, standing at the bar.)*

Al: Make sure the whore don't leave. Let Johnny cool down, then knock him the fuck out.

Dan: What's gonna happen?

Al: What's gonna happen is I'm gonna go look and see if, perchance, I mightn't be the owner of another fucking knife.

(Johnny stands outside the door of the whore's room as Al walks upstairs. In the kitchen of the Grand Central, Aunt Lou brushes a pair of boots.)

Lou: Richardson! *(He comes out of the side room dressed in his best. He holds the ends of his tie.)*

Richardson: I can't remember.

Lou: Come here. Give it to me. *(She takes the tie.)* I don't suppose you gonna go vote stocking-footed.

Richardson: I forgot.

Lou: Ain't those them? *(He takes off his hat and pulls on the boots that she shined up for him.)* You gonna vote for Mr. Bullock now.

Richardson: Even though he beat Mr. Farnum, 'cause he took you-know-who by his ear.

Lou: Like some others ain't brave enough to do.

Richardson: Anyways, Harry Manning gives me splinters.

Lou: How's he do that, child?

Richardson: Raising the windows after he's ate.

Lou: Richardson...Richardson, you're right about that. South had that man's gas to load in their cannons, shoot, wouldn't be no free niggers nowhere.

Richardson: Noah hisself would have throwed him out the boat. *(They laugh. She puts his tie back on him and tightens up the knot.)*

Lou: Now that's for us talking now. Don't you be saying what I say to you outside these rooms. First you back, you're gonna clean your mess up, Richardson. You hear me?

Richardson: Yes, Ma'am.

Lou: Okay. Go on on. You look fine.

Richardson: Thank you.

(He smiles, tips his hat and leaves. Out in the thoroughfare, we see a table set up with a sign saying "Gratis Drinks! Care of Democratic Slate.")

Democrat: Remember who gave it to you, boys. Vote democratic. *(We hear a Pinkerdick imitating a monkey as we see NG Fields in line with Steve.)*

Pinkerdick: Look what broke out their cage—a monkey.

Rutherford: Right to vote shall not be abridged or denied...*(drinks)* on account of race or color or condition of previous servitude. 15th amendment to the U.S. Constitution, ratified 1870, law of the land thereafter, *including* territories.

Pinkerdick: They got something about niggers not waiting their turn?

Rutherford: Not that I'm aware of.

Pinkerdick: Oh, you ain't aware of it. Then I guess you'll want this white man voting first.

Fields: What's a few minutes more?

Charlie: The nigger was before him. *(We see Joanie watching.)*

Richardson: Yes.

Pinkerdick: No he wasn't.

Charlie: I guess you're blind and stupid.

Fields: I believe I'll vote later.

Charlie: Fuck if you will. Get your nigger ass back in line.

Pinkerdick: You'd better be walking him home afterwards. *(He pulls on his collar and gags.)*

Charlie: You'd better see to that yourself, 'cause if he don't make it, you'll be eating your spuds running till I hunt you the fuck down.

Rutherford: And that ends that.

Charlie: What your shit-stirring started. Will you drop your fucking ballot?

Fields: Ain't it wonderful, Steve?

Charlie: Sorry for all the commotion, Miss Stubbs.

Joanie: That's all right, Mr. Utter.

Charlie: Uh, I got something at the jail for you and the other one. 'Cept right now I'm pretty agitated.

Joanie: Well, I got time. Maybe you'll calm down as we walk.

Charlie: All right.

(Steve drops his ballot and wheels Steve off. Richardson drops his ballot, smiling. Back at the Gem, Al is talking with Sol.)

Al: How do you make your way, Star, not sometimes buying silence by punching her in the fucking mouth?

Sol: She thinks Hearst is going to want her dead. She thinks you'll kill one of these others.

Al: Oh, Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.

Sol: Is it true?

Al: I already fucking did.

Sol: Is that true?

Al: Don't waste your Jew's time wondering what's true and what ain't. You go over there, tell fucking Hearst the whore Trixie has been killed, and then tell Joan of Arc that instead of flames lapping at her tippy-toes, you'd have her live to fuck in the morning. *(Sol nods)* And after to you tell fucking Hearst, before you tell that loudmouth cunt, tell your fucking partner I need him here.

Sol: Don't talk about her that way.

Al: Oh, I fucking recant. Off you fucking go. And don't neglect fucking Bullock. Water comes to a boil. *(Jen leads a trick upstairs)* Unlucky fucking mutt. *(Al walks to the bar and stands between Silas and Hawkeye. Dan behind the bar.)*

Silas: You remember Hawkeye.

Al: How many has he got?

Silas: Ride from Cheyenne winnowed the wheat from the chaff.

Al: How many, Adams, of the promised 23?

Hawkeye: Almost 18, Mr. Swearngen, camped in Spearfish Meadows, ready to join in the issue.

Al: What does he mean by "Almost 18?"

Silas: 17 normal size and a short one that's hell with a knife. *(Al rolls his eyes to Dan.)*

Dan: Turn me loose. *(Oh! Yeah! Another country-ass-kickin'!)*

Silas: Ain't that Mr. Wu?

Al: In there, Wu. *(To Silas)* Go with him to get the men, station in Cochran's Alley. Send word you're positioned with the midget. *(He heads to the back room with Mr. Wu.)*

Hawkeye: That went off well.

(Joanie returns to her room, finding Jane laying on the bed, drunk.)

Jane: Hello, hello.

Joanie: What happened, Jane? *(She just called to say she loves you.)*

Jane: Nothing out of the ordinary. The bank lady took her child to Ellsworth's grave and I got drunk.

Joanie: How long you been here?

Jane: Many years. Or is it a day or two? What's important is you get to keep asking me questions so I don't get to ask you one.

Joanie: Go ahead.

Jane: Why in fuck, with me asking you in to play hot hands with me and Sofia, you stood there instead looking like you just did murder? *(Hot hands! That's what it's called. Duh.)*

Joanie: Well, you didn't. I'd come in if you'd asked.

Jane: Bullshit! How can you say we've been sending secret thought messages and pretend you didn't know?

Joanie: Well, anyways.

Jane: Anyways, what?

Joanie: Anyways, I've just finished my business at the center. *(Of hell!)*

Jane: Who gives a fuck?

Joanie: I saw you, and then I went to the Bella Union, and I talked to Cy real quick, and then I went and saw the voting—

Jane: Is that so? Oh, so did you go see Cy real quick? Did you pay a quick call on Cy? Did they stick some quick pricks in you?

Joanie: It wasn't like that, Jane.

Jane: Who gives a fuck? Not me.

Joanie: I saw at the voting what I guess you knowed about Mr. Utter all these years, and Mr. Hickok musta knowed. What he's like in a tight—one he didn't even need to be in.

Jane: Yeah, he's okay in those.

Joanie: I want to be that to you. Even when we don't get along. *(Aw, she wants to complete you, Jane!)*

Jane: You got that part down perfect, me and him.

Joanie: What, the "don't get along"?

Jane: Of course we had years of practice. *(Joanie opens the door quick to get something. Jane sits up.)*

Joanie: He sent us this. *(She puts Bill's Buffalo pelt robe over Jane)*

Jane: That's Bill Hickok's robe you got there, that's whose that is. *(Jane snuggles up and Joanie spoons her.)* Warm.

(They both smile. In Hearst's room, Sol stands before him.)

Hearst: I, in no way, wish to impugn his veracity, but I would have Mr. Swaengen understand that for her try on my life, I ought to see that the whore has paid with her own.

Sol: All right.

Hearst: Wherever the viewing will impose least.

Sol: You'll go there?

Hearst: Of course. I feel very safe in this camp.

(In Al's office, he's talking to Chief-Head-in-the-box.)

Al: This fucking place is gonna be a fucking misery. Every fucking one of them, every fucking time I walk by, "Ooh, how could you? How could you?" With their big fucking cow eyes. The entire fucking gaggle of 'em is gonna have to bleed and quit before we can even hope for peace. What's the fucking alternative? I ain't fuckin' killing her that sat nights with me sick and taking slaps to her mug that were some less than fucking fair. I should have fucking learned to use a gun, but I'm too fucking entrenched in my ways. And you ain't exactly the one to be leveling criticisms on the score of being slow to adapt. You fucking

people are the original slow fucking learners! *(He slams the cupboard door shut and walks out of his office. Jen and her trick are coming out of a room.)* How was she, pal?

Trick: Mmm. Good, wonderful. I don't mind a small pair of tits.

Al: You sure you're done? You look the sort could turn right around and drop the hammer again.

Trick: I will if it's free.

Al: See you later, Pal. *(The trick leaves, slapping Jen's ass on the way out.)* C'mere.

(He holds the door to his office opens and follows her inside. Shutting the door. At the House that Bullock Built, he's talking with Charlie.)

Seth: Did it seem like Hearst ordered the interference?

Charlie: Huh-uh. Being stupid on his own, that strong-arm was. *(Chuckles)* Or if you want, I could say "Yes."

Martha: Tea, Mr. Utter?

Charlie: Tea got kick to it too, a little, don't it?

Martha: Would you rather coffee?

Charlie: Oh, no no no. I ought to get familiar with tea. *(Martha goes to pour him a cup and he leans in to Seth.)* Uh, Much free liquor as them Pinkertons poured against you, Sheriff, it seemed like strong support for you and Star.

Seth: My election's countywide, Charlie.

Charlie: That's what's fucking worrisome, fucking countywide aspect. *(There's a quick knock on the door followed by Sol barging in.)*

Martha: Mr. Star.

Sol: I'm sorry for barging in, uh.

Seth: What is it, Sol?

Sol: Uh, everything.

(Back at the Grand Central, Hearst opens his door to Jack Langrishe.)

Hearst: Mr. Langrishe. *(No! Connor MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod!)*

Jack: Making bold to ask after your health, Sir.

Hearst: I was shot in the shoulder.

Jack: So one understood.

Hearst: But the wound seems healing clean.

Jack: And your back, Sir?

Hearst: Oh, deprived of your Turkish artillery treatments, my back is as it was.

Jack: Please blame my dereliction on the demands of readying our theater.

Hearst: *(chuckles)* I had been blaming your choosing old friends over new acquaintances. Please, sit down.

Jack: One prays always, Sir, as one's store is depleted by time, new acquaintances may become one's friends. As your friend, I ask if you believe that fate has not chosen for your encounter with your deepest destiny the place where you now find yourself, while decreeing for some—my friend Swarengen included—quite otherwise?

Hearst: Your proposition is that this place at this hour will show all of Mr. Swearengen?

Jack: Yes.

Hearst: And Mr. Bullock, who took me by the ear?

Jack: I only hazard my impression that, less possessing his character than possessed by it, he is also someone for whom the outcome must be soon. Whilst imagining for you, Mr. Hearst, the earth entertaining some larger purpose to be told you elsewhere and at another time.

Hearst: Why do you say so? In those words, I mean—"The earth speaks"?

Jack: A vestige of childhood tales in which not only humans spoke, but other creatures too. Mountains and streams.

Hearst: I imagine she still speaks to me still, the earth, what's inside her, how to get it out.

Jack: Comprehending such a language can cost a man his own kind's sympathies.

Hearst: Arguing perhaps for a more solitary life.

Jack: Sad anointing.

Hearst: The mountain I must go up on, Mr. Langrishe, I have ascended before. It's in Montana, and I came down it with silver, suspecting there was copper too, and now I'm told that's true.

Jack: Do I understand you to say you're leaving us?

Hearst: For the Anaconda, yes. *(Jack stands)* But first, I'll have the election returns, and then one last visit with your friend to see the cunt who shot me dead. *(opens the door)* Good day, Sir.

(Jack gives a quick bow and leaves. Mouth agape. At the Gem, Al walks downstairs over to Dan at the bar.)

Al: Box her in my office.

Dan: Send Jewel up to clean up the mess?

Al: If I'm having her boxed in my fucking office, don't I want the blood left for the cocksucker to see? *(Dan nods)* And when that's over, if we're still alive, I'll clean my own fucking mess up. *(Dan heads upstairs)* Look in on Johnny, see if he's grown the fuck up. *(Merrick approaches Al.)*

Merrick: Sturgis is a landslide for Harry Manning.

Blazanov: 970 votes for Harry Manning, 68 votes for Mr. Bullock.

Merrick: Heavy turnout among the bivouacked military. *(Trixie comes striding in from the back door. She climbs the stairs.)*

Sol: "Within the hour," Hearst said 20 minutes or so ago.

Al: Didn't you tell him? *(He looks at Merrick and points at Seth with a bottle.)*

Merrick: I have not as yet, no.

Al: How do you think you might enjoy private life?

Seth: Sturgis?

Blazanov: 970 votes for Harry Manning, 68 votes for Mr. Bullock.

(We hear a loud thump, then see Dan carrying a coffin upstairs to Al's office. Inside, Trixie, he hand over her mouth in grief, looks at Jen's body. Dan enters, pauses a moment, then puts the coffin down on the ground and unties the strap around it.)

Dan: Put her in?

Trixie: Don't I want to put my dress on her first, you fucking moron?

Dan: I'm sent to check on Johnny. I'll come back and put her in. *(Trixie cries and Dan steps out. The men below look up at him.)* She's, uh, putting Jen in her dress.

Al: Johnny.

Dan: *(nods)* Then I'll do the boxing.

Al: We show united in the prelude when he's making his entrance and the fucking like. Comes to viewing the body, I stand for virtue alone. The deception failing, I'll make a pass at him with my blade. In the aftermath, play the lie as mine, knowing I speak of you in heaven. Others owe thought to the future—their thinking straightforward don't come that naturally to.

(Johnny, bound and gagged in the backroom, is pissed.)

Johnny: Fuck you, Dan! Fuck you!

Dan: You got my condolences. As sorrowful as the passing of Jen is, you know that Al, he didn't have no choice.

Johnny: Bullshit.

Dan: Feeling how he feels about Trixie, is what I'm saying. Come on, Johnny, you side with your feelings. Right or wrong, you side with your feelings. Now can you come to yourself in time to be of some fucking use?

(Dan takes the gag out of Johnny's mouth and cuts the rope binding his hands to his feet. At the Bella Union, Cy is talking to a Pinkerdick.)

Cy: You don't chew your cabbage twice, do you, Mr. Newman? I guess I don't have to set big blocks of time aside for this future collaboration between us that Mr. Hearst outlines here.

Newman: You don't want to crack too fucking wise.

Cy: I don't want to be talking to you at all, Mr. Newman, but that seems to be the way the hand lays.

Newman: I tell him you agree?

Cy: Yeah, you tell him I agree, and I appreciate the chance at a new friendship.

(Newman leaves. At the Gem, Dan comes out of an upstairs room.)

Al: A few nails in the box, Dan, would do me for pretext.

(Dan goes into Al's office, Trixie is still inside, crying as she finishes dressing the body of Jen. Trixie sits back and Dan takes Jen into his arms and sets her inside the coffin. Trixie has placed her cherished cameo brooch on the dress. Trixie stairs at the sticky puddle of blood as Dan taps in a few nails. At the Bella Union, Cy is

on his balcony, staring at the “balcony” of the Grand Central, flanked by Leon and Janine.)

Cy: All but sucked your prick, you’d have me be your fucking quartermaster. *(We hear a bunch of men speaking in Chinese out in the thoroughfare. They’re doling out firearms.)* The rising tide of fucking chinks, Janine? The ragtag collection by the hardware store: I’d put in Swearengen’s camp. *(Leon giggles and sniffs)* Good dope today, am I right, Leon? *(Two Pinkerdicts come out onto Hearst’s “balcony” with shotguns, more are staged down below. Hearst strides out behind Newman and another Pinkerdick.)*

Leon: Last two or three days have been good.

Cy: You are a fucking beauty, Leon. Lifts me up to be with you. *(Cy thrust a knife up into Leon’s thigh, Leon gasps.)*

Leon: Jesus! *(He falls to the floor.)* What the fuck did you do to me, Sir?

Cy: I believe I fucking stabbed you.

(Hearst and a mob of Pinkerdicts enter the Gem. Al and the boys are ready. Al walks out from behind the bar to meet Hearst.)

Hearst: Gentlemen. Any word yet on how the other camps have voted? *(Al clears his throat and heads upstairs. Seth, Hearst and the Pinkerdicts follow.)* Is it as Sheriff, Mr. Bullock, you divide us?

Al: Need anyone divide us inside?

Hearst: Are you sure you still hold office?

Seth: If I’m beat, it owes to Yankton’s whore buying cavalry repeaters in Sturgis.

Hearst: Why, Sir, then you must protest; camp in Yankton; protest and demand justice; grab the legislators by their ears.

Al: Ain’t you hear to confirm a croaker?

Hearst: In here? *(Al opens the door to his office. Hearst steps in the doorway and sees the coffin.)* Mr. Newman and so many of his cohorts as he deems appropriate will precede us.

Al: You don’t mind if I go in *alone*?

Hearst: Not at all, Sir.

(They go inside, Seth and Charlie guard the closed door. The Pinkerdick shit-stirrer stares at them. Back on Cy’s balcony, Janine is trying to stop the blood flow out of Leon’s thigh.)

Cy: Hearst moves his operating headquarters to Lead, I get to see to *all* his other-than-mining interests here in the camp.

Leon: Congratulations, Sir.

Cy: Thank you, Leon. *(He throws the note from Hearst at Leon)* If those are your last words here on earth, you tell the Lord you went out stupid.

Janine: He’s dead.

Cy: Oh, not yet, honey. See how the blood still pumps a little out his leg? When they’re dead, that turns to seep.

(Back in Al's office, Hearst and Al stand over the coffin.)

Hearst: Do you believe I will leave without seeing?

Al: Well, I was hesitant to presume. *(He puts down his whiskey bottle and pulls out his knife, the Pinkerdicts cock their guns at him. He holds his hands up and kneels down to pry off the lid. The guns uncock. Al slides the lid to the side, revealing the body of Jen. Hearst looks upon it, pushes the raised gun of the Pinkerdict out of the way and steps beside the coffin, facing Al before he bends down and checks her slit throat for a pulse. He stands, looking at Al, Al grips his knife. Hearst wipes the blood from his hands and throws the bloody handkerchief into the coffin with Jen. He steps away, leaving a bloody footprint on the floor. He wipes his boot off onto the bare wood. A Pinkerdict opens the door and he and the Pinkerdicts leave, passing Bullock and Utter on the way out.)*

Charlie: What do you want done with that body?

Hearst: It's Mr. Swaengen's affair now.

Charlie: The body at my fucking freight office, what you want down with that one?

Hearst: You'll be wired instructions.

Seth: Has she family ought be notified?

Al: I don't notify fucking family.

Seth: I guess especially not hers. *(Sol walks into the room where Trixie's waiting. He takes off his hat and looks at her.)*

Al: She has a sister, whores in Gunnison. Jen's sister, you could write to, care of the Yellowbird. *(Seth walks downstairs)* I'd take that fucking scrub brush.

(Dan walks past Al to go get the brush. Outside, Merrick follows Hearst in the thoroughfare.)

Merrick: I wonder if, the other day, you took my not publishing the news that you'd been shot for a failure to observe, or lay it correctly to a judgment on my part that suppressing the news would better serve the camp.

Hearst: I've stopped reading your paper, Merrick. I'll have my people here start another one—to lie the other way. *(Merrick nods)* Hop down. I'd like to take a last look around. *(He climbs up onto the driver's seat of the stage coach, Cy watching from above.)*

Cy: If I'm quick enough about this, Janine, maybe me and Mr. Hearst will get to hear the Lord judge Leon. *(Seth steps out onto the boardwalk in front of the Gem, locking eyes with Hearst. He turns to the left and sees Alma and Sofia coming down the thoroughfare in their wagon. Hearst tips his hat to her as she passes, glaring at him. Up on the balcony, Janine still kneels over Leon's body.)* You want to get a listen too? *(He pulls Janine up off her knees and pulls out his pistol)* Huh? *(He points it in Hearst's direction. Seth comes striding down the boardwalk, Charlie following, shotgun in hand. Jack Langrishe watches from across the way. Seth approaches Hearst.)*

Seth: No, Charlie.

Hearst: Yes, Mr. Bullock?

Seth: You've looked at your last body. You're done tipping your fucking hat. Get out of here or I'll drag you out by the ear. *(Cy watches the confrontation down below and puts the pistol to Janine's head instead. She pulls down her bodice.)*

Janine: Oh, Please. Please don't.

Hearst: Drive on. *(As the coach pulls out of town, Cy lets Janine go)*

Cy: Tell fucking Con to take care of that asshole. *(Out in the thoroughfare, Seth locks eyes with Alma and Sofia as they turn in their stopped wagon to watch Hearst leave. Their driver pops the reigns and they move on.)*

Charlie: You done fucking good.

Seth: I did fucking nothing.

Charlie: That's often a tough one, in aid of the larger purpose.

Seth: Which is laying head to pillow, not confusing yourself with a sucker?

Charlie: Far as I ever get.

Seth: 'Cause that's gonna be a project tonight. *(He sees Sol walking Trixie down the alley, her hair covered in a blanket, Sol's arm around her shoulder. Seth smiles. He pats Charlie on the shoulder and walks away through the group of fuckwits that Hawkeye brought to camp. E.B. peeks out of the hole Hearst put in the Grand Central and steps out onto the "balcony" surveying the town as if he were Hearst himself. Back in his office, Al is scrubbing the bloodstain as only he knows how. Johnny stands in the doorway.)*

Johnny: Did she suffer?

Al: I was gentle as I was able, and that's the last we'll fucking speak of it, Johnny. *(Johnny nods and walks away)* Wants me to tell him something pretty. *(He returns to scrubbing the bloodstain. The screen fades to black.)*

The End?

A note from your friendly transcriber:

My friends and fellow fans, though the series may be over, according to the present state of mind of HBO (though the stubborn ass in me notes that the commentator said "And now the Season Finale of the HBO original series, Deadwood." Not the "Series Finale") I will be back when they air the 2, 2-hour movies to give this wonderful, masterfully written show, the send off it deserves. Whenever that may be. I hope you have found these transcriptions as enjoyable and entertaining as it was for me to prepare them for you. The hours involved are but a pittance of what I would pay were this show to go on for one more season as it was meant. Please, if you know of anyone else that may enjoy these transcriptions, send them the link to the website <http://members.aol.com/chatarama> where the transcripts will be hosted as long as they are useful. Hopefully, forever. And if you're the e-bay fucknut looking to make a quick buck off of my 60+ hours of labor in transcribing this season, please, if you have a shred of decency, don't make other fans bleat when they speak because they'd been fleeced by you. These transcripts are provided free for a reason.

It has been a joy and an honor to be able to enhance the enjoyment of this show for you, the fans. And if you'd like to contact me, just google, I'm not that hard to find. Just like these transcripts.

Cristi H. Brockway

Timothy Olyphant	Seth Bullock
Ian McShane	Al Swearengen
Molly Parker	Alma Garret
W. Earl Brown	Dan DORITY
Kim Dickens	Joanie Stubbs
Anna Gunn	Martha Bullock
John Hawkes	Sol Star
Jeffrey Jones	A. W. Merrick
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
Paula Malcomson	Trixie
Leon Rippy	Tom Nuttall
William Sanderson	E.B. Farnum
Dayton Callie	Charlie Utter
Powers Boothe	Cy Tolliver
Bree Seanna Wall	Sophia Metz
Titus Welliver	Silas Adams
Larry Cedar	Leon
Pavel Lychnikoff	Blazanov
Leah Ann Cevoli		Gem Whore Leah
Franc Ross	Louis the Bank Guard
Ashleigh Kizer	Dolly
Jennifer Lutheran	Jen
David Redding		Davey
Sarah Pachelli	Janine

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