

Episode #10 – “Mr. Wu”

(Morning, at the hardware store)

Sol: *(sighs - Makes thumb gesture towards door.)*

Seth: *(under breath)* Yeah. What was in my mind to raise my hand?

Sol: Anyways, time for breakfast.

Seth: You go ahead.

Sol: Bullshit. Come on.

(Seth gets up, claps his hands as if to say “I wash my hands clean of this” and puts on his hat, coat...starts to door then doubles back for the paper. They leave.)

Seth: *(sighs)* Would a letter to the paper be an idea? Same time I give the proposal to Farnum?

Sol: Yes.

Seth: Marshal public sentiment in favor, maybe fence ‘em in a little.

Sol: Excellent approach.

Seth: Goddamn quicksand is what these commissioners positions amount to.

Sol: Yes, they do.

Seth: It’s all a hoot and a holler to you though, ain’t it. Sol?

Sol: No, it isn’t.

Seth: *(Sees Farnum)* Jesus Christ.

E.B.: Breakfast vittles at the ready, gentlemen.

Sol: Mayor.

Seth: As far as use for the fees to be levied on businesses, I worked a proposal up on a permanent infirmary and a camp dump.

E.B.: The first use for those fees is payin’ bribes to the legislature. Their bag man’s in transit.

Seth: Well, if there’s anything fuckin’ left.

E.B.: Why, Mr. Bullock, you sound like you want to wring my neck. *(chuckles)* We’ll submit your ideas, Bullock, and by all means, I’ll take them under advisement. Always glad to hear from the camp health commissioner.

Seth: *(To Sol as EB walks away)* Give the idea to the damn paper first.

Sol: tsk. *(WTF? Tsk? More like a cluck or that sound you make when you wink your eye and point to someone with a finger gun.)*

(They enter restaurant – EB is crossing the street, we hear a horse neighing)

E.B.: Please, take your passage. Cocksucker. *(He stops and looks shocked)* What is this celestial doin’ approachin’ the Gem’s front door? *(Sees the titlicker approach the Gem)* The titlicker.

(Mr. Wu enters the front door of the Gem – Johnny comes running up to him.)

Johnny: Whoa – whoa – whoa – whoa – whoa – whoa! Stop where the fuck you are, Mr. Wu.

Mr. Wu: Swe'gen.

Johnny: Yeah, well I'll get Mr. "Swe'gen," but first, you gotta walk the fuck out and come around the back.

Mr. Wu: (*Crosses arms – battle ready*) Swe'gen.

Johnny: Uh, no, no! No! (*Running to the front doors – closing them*) No, closed for a while. Lick Later. (*Yelling up to the office*) We got us a situation here, Al! (*Gestures to Mr. Wu*) Come in the front fuckin' door.

Al: Bring him up.

Johnny: You want me to take him out and bring him around back?

Al: Bring him the fuck up.

Johnny: Come on, Mr. Wu. Come on.

(*Up in Al's office – surprise surprise, he's urinating in his chamber pot*)

Johnny: (*clears throat*)

Al: Put him in the chair and get out, Johnny.

Johnny: Sit. Sit! He won't sit.

Al: (*To Johnny*) Get out.

Johnny: Yes, sir.

Al: What is it, Wu?

Mr. Wu: (*drawing*) (*"speaking foreign language – Keone must hate CC – I'm trying to interpret this phonically*) Tongyun – Tsok Tsai

Johnny: (*To Dan*) Do you think I should open it back up?

Dan: I believe that's what Al would want. (*Shakes head likes he's thinking "Johnny, you're a stupid fuck"*)

(*Johnny opens the doors to an impatient titlicker and E.B. – Dan motions to the whores who giggle and head to the titlicker room*)

Dan: Mayor.

E.B.: August commencement to my administration...(*To Johnny*) Stand stymied outside a saloon, beside a degenerate titlicker.

(*Back in Al's office – he's looking at Mr. Wu's sketch*)

Al: Now, the---this---this is one of you, huh?

Mr. Wu: (*phonically, again – sorry!*) Hough, Tong yun n tong yun (*karate chop and slit across throat*)

Al: Oh, the—this is him dead?

Mr. Wu: Au. Ho...Heyan.

Al: And these two.

Mr. Wu: Bok Gwai Lo...cocksucka!

Al: Yeah, glad I taught you that fuckin' word. These are whites, huh?

Mr. Wu: uh, white cocksucka! (*Pulls out dope bag*)
Al: Two white cocksuckers killed him and stole the dope that he was bringing to you.
Mr. Wu: White cocksucka! You, Swe'gen (*gestures to the bag and Al*)
Al: The dope that you were gonna fuckin' sell to me?
Mr. Wu: White cocksucka.
Al: These two white cocksuckers? Who the fuck did it?
Mr. Wu: Wu!
Al: Who, you ignorant fuckin' chink!
Mr. Wu: Wu?!
Al: Who?! Who?! Who stole the fucking dope?!
Mr. Wu: Cocksucka!
Al: Aw, Jesus.

Johnny: Those are the first "cocksuckers" I have ever heard shouted from that room, Dan, that didn't come from Al's mouth that wasn't followed by Al comin' over to that railin', pointin' at you and beckoning you up them stairs with your fuckin' knife.

(*Titlicker comes out with his hanky to his mouth wiping it clean*)

E.B.: I begrudge that pervert his capacity for happiness. I do.

Johnny: (*Looking up at the office*) Them people worship a fat man seated on his ass.

Al: You listen to me, hmm? Listen. (*Tugs ear*) I (*hand shadowing eyes, turns head side to side*) find cocksuckers (*Points to drawing*). I find. (*Repeats hand eye motion*) I find dope (*holds dope bag out*) and cocksuckers (*points to drawing*) who steal (*pulls dope bag to chest*) fuckin' dope, huh? (*Throws dope bag down*)

Mr. Wu: Cocksucka.

Al: Oh, yeah. (*Walking Wu down the stairs*) I'll find those fucking cocksuckers. Now get the fuck out of here, Wu. The back way, you understand? The back way, or we'll start getting people having the wrong fucking idea of things around here, huh? (*Slaps Mr. Wu on the back – Mr. Wu gives him a look like "did you just fucking touch me?" He then leaves through the back door, pausing when he gets to the whores, disgusted that he has to pass through them to leave*)

Al: (*To Dan*) Where's the dope fiend?

Dan: I ain't seen Jimmy Irons in three or four days.

Al: Fucking find him. (*Turns head to E.B.*) Morning, E.B.

E.B.: Morning, sir. Anything the mayor should know?

Al: Name of another tailor.

(*Johnny smiles – Al leaves bar, E.B. scurries after him as Al's heading up the stairs.*)

E.B.: Didn't we have an engagement to stuff envelopes, Al?

Al: Not 'til I get the currency to stuff 'em with.

(Out on the mucky street – we see Silas arrive in town on horseback, with his “butler”)

Merrick: *(In restaurant – clears throat)* “Any person who causes offal, manure, rubbish or filth to be discharged in the common areas of the camp except in the areas designated the camp dump, shall be subject to a fine of not less than a dollar or more *(Seth and Alma see each other – Seth smiles)* than three dollars. Such revenues to be used for dump upkeep and to build and keep up a camp infirmary.” *(Alma enters, Seth and Sol, men in background, rise. Seth takes hat off to her)*
That’s excellent, Mr. Bullock.

Seth: *(To Alma)* Mornin’,

Alma: Good morning, Mr. Bullock. Gentlemen. *(Merrick rises, uncomfortably)*

Sol: Mrs. Garrett.

Merrick: Um, good morning, madam.

Sophia: Good Morning!

Merrick: And good morning to you, young lady. It’s Mr. Bullock’s ideas on uh...refuse disposal. *(He shows Alma the proposal – She looks at it as if she couldn’t care less)* Uh, it is terribly crowded today.

Alma: Mmm.

Merrick: We were just remarking just yesterday that it couldn’t possibly *(Seth nods his head to the exit at the guys across the room)*. And yet today, it is. *(Guys get up – Alma immediately directs Sophia to the empty table.)*

(Silas dismounts, enters Grand Central Hotel.)

Silas: I’m gonna ask after E.B. Farnum.

Richardson (Bearded Cook Guy): Mr. Farnum’s away from the desk.

(Silas takes a coin out, slides it to Richardson.)

Richardson: Gem Saloon, across the way.

Silas: Two rooms.

Richardson: There’s no vacancy, sir.

(Silas takes out another coin and places it next to the other.)

Richardson: I’ll work it out while you eat.

Silas: There’s a man outside with two horses. You send the man inside, see the horses stabled. Don’t ask no fuckin’ extra for it.

Richardson: Yes, sir.

(Back at the absurd restaurant...)

Merrick: Mr. Farnum’s doing a land office business. Or should I say *Mayor* Farnum. *(Seth is looking at Alma as Merrick says this)*

Seth: *(Looking back to Merrick)* Don’t, unless you feel you have to.

Merrick: That very attractive solitary woman is Miss Joanie Stubbs, a supervisory figure at Cy Tolliver's Bella Union Saloon.

Sol: You cravat's in your bacon.

Merrick: Oh.

Silas: *(Standing in the food line at the restaurant)* Fuck this! *(He leaves)*

Utter: Agh! Is it fuckin' crowded in here or you just got some big fuckin' feet? Maybe it's the lethal combination of 'em both.

(E.B. Counting money into envelopes, licking his thumb after placing each bill in it's stack.)

EB.: This one legislator's named on the list you were given twice, Al. Lucalis Childs of Bismark.

Al: Give him two envelopes. I'll call him on it if it ever suits my purposes. As damp as your hands are, why do you continuously lick your fuckin' thumb?

EB.: Habit, I suppose.

Al: Could you learn the habit of lickin' a fuckin' stump? *(E.B. chuckles)*

EB: If health commissioner Bullock, has his way, some of the levies meant to defray the cost of these payoffs may get diverted.

Al: To what?

EB: Infirmary for the camp. Garbage dump.

Al: Well, that type of shit's inevitable. E.B., steal none of this money.

EB: Gratuitous, hurtful and unnecessary.

Al: When I deal with these cocksuckers down the road. I need to be able to look any one of 'em in the eye, name what they were paid and know I'm right.

EB: Understood. Intact and undiminished.

(Al sees Silas walk in)

EB: What is it, Al?

Al: Half a chance this could be him.

EB: The bag man? He wasn't to be here 'til tonight.

(Silas approaches)

Silas: Name's Silas Adams. I'm looking for E.B. Farnum.

EB: *(Standing up)* I'm Mayor E.B. Farnum, Mr. Adams. And this is Al Swearengen.

(E.B. gestures to Al; Al nods his head but doesn't get up.)

Silas: I'm to give this to you from Magistrate Claggett, *(to E.B. pointing at the envelopes)* And you're to give those to me.

Al: Pour yourself and your friend a drink! *(Silas heads to the bar.)* Stop! *(Silas turns around)* You motherless fucking whores. *(E.B. jumps up)*

Silas: Fuck you!

Al: Fuck me?!

EB: Gentlemen!
Al: You know what he says here?
Silas: No. You think you should've asked me that before you motherfucked me?
Al: A double-crossing cocksucker, that's Magistrate Claggett.
Silas: Is that the message you want me to take back to him?
Al: That's the gist of it. Let me put it in a better way before I send you and your mute friend back down the fuckin' trail.
Silas: No later than tonight.
Al: You givin' me a time limit?
Silas: Yeah.
Al: Pussy and whiskey free if you want it.
Silas: I make my own arrangements. *(Starts to leave, Al nods to E.B. & the envelopes)*
EB: Mr. Adams, may I accompany you to my hotel, sir? Mr. Adams? *(E.B.'s running out after Silas. Al pounds the table.)*
Johnny: Hey, Al. Dan's got Jimmy Irons.
Al: Tell him I'll receive him in my fucking chambers, Okay?

(Back at the Grand Central Hotel...)

Richardson: *(To hungry miner guy at counter)* Get out of here.

Silas: You work out the rooms?

Richardson: You gotta share.

Silas: Just send up two plates of fuckin' food.

Butler: And don't spit in 'em, partner.

Joanie: Mr. Utter. *(Walking up to Charlie Utter in the food line)* I'd 'bout given up hope.

Utter: Yes. *(Following Joanie back to her table, waves at Merrick, Seth and Sol, hangs up his hat on the antlers and sits down.)* Mighty kind of you Miss Stubbs. *(Sophia is playing peek-a-boo with Utter)*

Joanie: How's the freight business working out?

Utter: All a man could wish for and verging on more than he can handle.

Joanie: *(chuckles)* Glad to hear it.

Utter: *(Winks at Sophia – she smiles)* How'd you do, uh, looking for your whorehouse?

Joanie: I ain't found a spot yet. I guess, to be more honest, I'd say I found a few. But I ain't settled on one yet, absolutely.

Utter: I see.

Sol: Everyone done? Except now I fear for our lives.

Merrick: I'm done. Let's take a nice brisk walk. *(Getting up)* Shit. Oh God, did I – did I—did I spill on anyone?

Sol: No.

Merrick: Sorry.

(Sol tips hat to Joanie, Seth smiles at Alma.)

Utter: Where y'all headed?

Merrick: Mmm, gonna take the air. Join us if uh, the opportunity permits. (*Jerks head to exit*)

Joanie: It's good to see you, Charlie. Have a good day.

Utter: You too, Miss Stubbs.

Merrick: Madam, (*To Alma*) as crowded as it was yesterday and more so today, it shows no sign of becoming less crowded. (*Bends over to pick up his glasses (?) that he dropped*)

Guy: You mind gettin' your ass out of my shoulder?

Utter: (*Slaps guy on the back*) You got a rude fuckin' mouth, fella. (*Looks up and over, sees Alma and puts a finger to his lips, underbreath:*) Uh – 'scuse me.

(*Outside on porch*)

Merrick: Conditions in that dining room have grown increasingly oppressive. (*Takes a deep breath and points the way ahead*)

Sol: It's crowded, for a fact.

Seth: Price of the camp's success.

Utter: That fella was being smart with you, Merrick. Your ass was nowhere near his shoulder.

Merrick: Well, whatever my proximity, it was certainly unintentional.

Utter: Well, believe me, I had the angle.

Sol: We was just remarkin' how tight it's all gettin' in there.

(*They all step over a drunk, Sol and Merrick in the lead, Seth and Utter behind.*)

Merrick: Ah, ye how many memories fond to the recollection have their setting in that tight little dining room?

Utter: Yeah, well it's fucked now.

Seth: Anyways, we ought to open soon.

Merrick: Who would argue that the venue was the cause of these happy memories, nor the bill of fare? The bitter coffee, the rancid bacon, those stale biscuits that were tomb and grave to *so many insects*. No, gentlemen, it was the meandering conversation, the lingering with men of character, some whom are walking with me now, that were suck pleasure to experience and such a joy now to recall.

Sol: Good of you to say, Mr. Merrick.

Utter: Yeah, back at ya as far as that goes.

Seth: Yeah.

Merrick: Gentlemen, what's to prevent up from freeing our friendship from dependence on that little dining room? Relying not on happenstance and appetite to further commence between us, but on our own conscious choice?

(*Seth grabs Sol's arm*)

Utter: Meanin' what?

Merrick: Meaning, Mr. Utter, the most informal and disorganized of clubs.

Seth: We gotta open, Sol.

Utter: Yeah, I don't join clubs.

Merrick: Ah, now, its sole purpose could be just walking together as we are now.

Sol: Well, why don't we just walk together when we happen to be out?

Merrick: We could, we could, or we could dedicate ourselves to the principle of walking together. Would it—maybe all we need is a name.

Seth: Sol? We gotta open.

Utter: Yeah, I got freight comin' in.

Sol: This was good. I enjoyed this.

Utter: Yeah, we'll do it again.

Seth: Morning, Mr. Merrick.

Merrick: Thank you, Mr. Bullock. And thank you for the uh, letter to the editor.
(*They've all left, Merrick is alone on the porch – ruminating on his walking club.*)
The Ambulators. Huh.

(*Back in Al's office.*)

Al: Where have you been, Jimmy?

Jimmy: So fuckin' sick, Mr. Swearngen. Chills, fever.

Al: Yeah, I hear it still in your chest.

Jimmy: Couple times, felt like turnin' my face to the fuckin' wall.

Al: Fuckin' pale you are, too.

Jimmy: I—I've rounded the corner, though. Plan for my return today or tomorrow.

Al: Wu's opium courier was robbed.

Jimmy: Oh, is that so? Well, was it money they got or dope?

Al: All his fuckin' dope.

Jimmy: Uh-oh, so you didn't get your resupply?

Al: No.

Jimmy: Had you any laid by?

Al: No, sir. Uh-oh, hey, Jimmy?

Jimmy: It sounds like I'm in for a dry time. (*sighs*) Some more aches and pains comin' up for me. Uh, when Wu suppose he hear again from California? (*Al shake his head*) Can he even make himself understood to you? I'm that amazed how the fuck you and him can make yourselves understood anyway to each other. (*chuckles*)

Al: Jimmy, what become of the dope fiend faro dealer that I hired to apprise me of what transpired over at Tolliver's?

Jimmy: Uh, Leon?

Al: Leon, that's right.

Jimmy: Geez, he just disappeared, didn't he? Where the fuck has he got to?

Al: You've been wrong ever since you walked in here. You know that, Jimmy, don't you?

Jimmy: Well, like I said, sir, I feel like hell.

Al: Is that what I mean?

Jimmy: Well, what do you mean, Mr. Swearngen?

Al: You been lyin', Jimmy. (*inhales audibly*) Smell of cat's piss, in this room is so bad, I want to burn down the fuckin' building. (*inhales & exhales audibly*)

Jimmy: I—I'm nervous, sir. I'm always nervous around you.

Al: Nervousness don't cause that. Lyin' causes cat piss smell. (*inhales & exhales audibly*) I want to tear this entire fuckin' structure down, huh. I'll strangle you and throw you off the balcony, you stinkin' little cocksucker, if you don't hurry to tell me where and what's left of that fuckin' dope that you and that other fuckin' weasel have been slammin' into your dope fiend fuckin' veins during your fuckin' convalescence.

Jimmy: God, Mr. Swearengen—

(*Al smacks Jimmy hard upside the head, knocks him to the ground*)

Al: Jesus, what a fuckin' stink! Not to mention you kill a fucking chink courier and the headache over that I'm gonna have with fuckin' Wu if I ever get this fucking stench out of my fuckin' nostril.

Jimmy: I just shit myself, sir. I'm sayin' it now before the smell gets you.

Al: You shit yourself?

Jimmy: I'm sorry.

Al: Go ahead, throw yourself off the balcony.

Jimmy: I'm gonna crawl, sir. I shouldn't stand.

Al: Where's the fucking dope?

Jimmy: At Leon's, I'll show you exactly. I'll tell you everything. We were four days up in his room.

Al: Hurry the fuck up. Go on throw yourself, huh? And stay in the fuckin' muck until I'm down there.

Jimmy: I just got a splinter the length of my arm in my fuckin' palm. It's alright.

Al: Go. Go, Jimmy, come on. Come on, get your shit-smear'd ass off my balcony. Go, go, go!

(*Jimmy climbs over the balcony railing and falls into the muck.*)

Jimmy: Ugh! I—I hurt my arm. But I'm okay.

Al: (*points at Jimmy*) You fuckin' lie there now.

Jimmy: I'm just gonna roll forward so uh, so I don't get trampled.

(*Al descending stairs...*)

Al: (*To Johnny*) Jimmy Irons is in the muck. Don't let him scuttle off until Dan emerges with other orders.

Dan: How'd it go with Jimmy?

Al: Lyin' thievin' cocksucker threw himself off the balcony. He'll lead you to whatever shithole him and that dope fiend faro dealer from Tolliver's have been usin' to slam Wu's junk into their arms. Change Irons into a pair of the other cocksuckers trousers and bring 'em both back here, plus whatever dope's left.

Dan: Alright.

Al: Is that the fuckin' Reverend idlin' by the piano?

Dan: Yes, sir.

Al: Has he explained his presence at all?

Dan: No, sir. But he ain't been tryin' to lead no lost souls to the Lord.

Al: So there's that.

(Dan grabs his hat & leaves, Al approaches the Rev.)

Al: Reverend.

Rev: Uh, Mr. Swearengen. Your new piano plays wonderfully.

Al: Ain't it delightful? *(To the piano player)* Dave, go get a free touch from Wanda, huh? *(To the Rev)* What's the matter with your eye?

Rev: I-I'm not certain. Something's been amiss the last week or so.

Al: Anyways, not wanting to give offense, would you mind me asking you to frequent another joint?

Rev: No. No, I understand.

Al: A man of the cloth slows business down, huh?

Rev: I-I understand, certainly. *(Rev gets up from his chair with some trouble)*

Al: Hey, what – what's that then, hmm?

Rev: Something amiss with my leg, as well. *(Al takes his arm and walks him to the door)*

Al: Ah. How you dealin' with the fits, huh?

Rev: Nothing amiss with those. They come with some regularity.

Al: My brother suffered them.

Rev: Did he?

Al: Any case, don't take me for inhospitable. Off hours, any purpose you want to visit, hmm *(drinking motion)*, hmm? *(fucking motion)* Incognito or the like, I'll be happy to make it work.

Rev: I just happened to hear the piano.

Al: Alright, Minister.

Rev: Alright, Mr. Swearengen.

(Reverend leaves, Al turns around and walks across room)

Al: Fuckin' new piano.

(Hostetler walks into the hardware store)

Sol: Afternoon. *(Seth rises)*

Seth: Afternoon, Hostetler.

Hostetler: Afternoon. Now, I got other interests in my property. If'n you want it, better make a offer.

Seth: I'm not gonna make an offer today.

Hostetler: Mmm. How much time would you need?

Seth: I don't know, Hostetler. I said when I was ready I'd be by to you. You don't want to rush me.

Hostetler: I was giving you first opportunity. No one is rushing you.

Seth: Alright.

Hostetler: Fair offer from other interests, I'm gonna take it.

Seth: (*Impatiently*) Alright, Hostetler.

Hostetler: I'll be havin' a pick ax.

Sol: Bargain at seven dollars.

(*Joanie's room – there's a knock on the door*)

Joanie: It's open.

Eddie: Hi ya, kid.

Joanie: Hi, Eddie. (*They hug*)

Eddie: Did that bloodstain get you the special rate?

Joanie: (*chuckles*) Have a seat, Eddie. I'd offer you a drink, but I don't have any booze.

Eddie: Settle on a location for you new place yet?

Joanie: I'm looking.

Eddie: Good.

Joanie: That's a lie.

Eddie: As long as it's the only one you ever told me.

Joanie: I don't want Cy to back me, and I don't know how to do anything without him.

Eddie: I'll back you.

Joanie: You don't have that kind of money.

Eddie: I will.

Joanie: You gonna turn prospector, Eddie?

Eddie: I'm gonna rob Cy.

Joanie: Don't Eddie. He'll know.

Eddie: What's the time, kid? (*Joanie looks in her hip pouch – no watch*) No, he won't.

(*Back in Al's office with Jimmy Irons, Leon seated, Dan and Johnny standing guard, Al sitting at his desk.*)

Al: I do business with this fucking man. Wu does 50 fuckin' things for me. You rob his fucking courier and kill the cocksucker. What the fuck do I do with you, huh?

Leon: I'm so fucked up, Mr. Swearngen. I can't make a case for myself.

Al: Well, what would you want to say? From you, I have received no service of any kind at any point. That chair would make a better spy. (*Kicks chair Leon is sitting in hard, it tips over.*)

Leon: Oh! Oww...

Jimmy: I've worked hard for you, Mr. Swearngen. My habit's a fuckin' curse.

Leon: Oh, God. I wish to fuck I never took up opium in my life.

Jimmy: If somethin' might persuade you, Mr. Swearngen, to say you couldn't find us and give us a day's start out of fuckin' camp. You got almost half the dope back, maybe a little less.

Al: So I give him a little less than half the dope, which you bein' the cat piss stinkin' liars you are, he'll probably draw a picture explaining it's ten percent of the dope. And then I'll probably draw a picture for him, portraying myself a cunt! "Cause in that chink mind of his, I'm supposed to bring you to him for his pig's fuckin' supper.

Jimmy: Please fuckin' God, Mr. Swearengen, don't give us to Wu for his pigs.

Leon: *(Gags, spews vomit across the floor, sobs)*

(Al nods to Johnny, Johnny looks at Dan, Dan motions to Johnny, Johnny points to Himself, "who me?" walks to Jimmy Irons and taps him on the shoulder, points to the vomit on the floor, hands him a towel. Johnny, all proud of himself, hooks his thumbs in his suspenders and rocks on his heels.)

Mr. Wu: *(phonically again-sorry!)* Wey! As sign a! Dit toy bin do wa! Ne fie di ja oh wa ne fie de wa!

Al: We're here to be overcharged on some fuckin' meat. Will your chink highness fucking permit us to go inside and get robbed blind on a side of elk?

(Mr. Wu unlocks the door of the meat locker and motions them inside)

Al: I found the cocksuckers that stole your dope and that's what's left of the fuckin' shipment. *(Shows Mr. Wu the ball of dope – swaddled in burlap)*

Mr. Wu: Cocksuckas! *(Slit motion across neck)*

Al: Oh, yeah, I'm all fuckin' for it, Wu. But neither of us would have reached our present comfortable position freezing our balls off if we didn't understand you can't cut the throat of every cocksucker whose character it would improve.

Mr. Wu: Cocksucka! *(Slit throat motion again)*

Al: Yeah, well, what happens after the white cocksuckers throats have been cut and two dozen more white cocksuckers get their loads on and decide to teach you and all you chink friends a fuckin' lesson? Who's gonna walk away from that get together, huh, Wu?

Mr. Wu: Cocksucka!

Al: Yeah, cocksucker. Swe'gen bring you cocksucker.

Mr. Wu: *(sighs)* Swe'gen.

Al: But only one, Wu. One cocksucker, not two. *(Holds up fingers to illustrate)*

Mr. Wu: *(Breathing heavily)* Cocksucker *(slits throat)* One. No two. *(Holds fingers up to illustrate like Al did)*

Al: I give up two whites for one chink. When they're finished stringin' you up, they'll come get me. *(Points to meat)* How much?

Mr. Wu: *(Shakes head no, motions to meat)* Swe'gen.

(Al bows head to Mr. Wu, Dan unhooks the meat while Mr. Wu exits the meat locker)

Al: Even money this'll end up a fuckin' blood bath.

(They exit the meat locker, Al speaks in a louder tone than normal)

Al: Every fuckin' time I come with one price in mind and leave having paid in double. How does this Wu do it to me, huh?

Dan: Think the chinks understand you?

Al: *(Talking normally)* They understand my fuckin' attitude, that he's a fuckin' wily big shot. Builds him up amongst his people. *(lowers his voice)* Take them two dope fiends over to the baths while I converse with Tolliver over which one gets murdered, huh?

(Al walks over to Mr. Wu, holds up one finger, Mr. Wu nods yes, Al holds up two fingers, Mr. Wu shakes his head no – reluctantly.)

Dan: It's a nice piece of meat.

Al: So cut a piece off for yourself. Put the rest in the cellar, then take them hoople-heads over to the baths.

Dan: *(Loudly – to Mr. Wu)* Nice Meat!

(Dan leaves. Mr. Wu looks at his men and walks towards them, yelling (phonically again As much as I could get– sorry!))

Mr. Wu: A Lea lila e fong goon ga doa gwee er....

(Al enters the Bella Union, Cy is standing at the bar with his back to the door, smoking a cigar and nursing a whiskey)

Al: If it's your missing faro dealer you're drinking over, he just threw up in my office.

Cy: *(snickers)* Had you been sharin' space with him a while?

Al: Only long enough to find out him and a fellow dope fiend works for me robbed and murdered a chink opium courier.

Cy: Oh, Leon, Leon, Leon. Second best thimble rigger I ever saw when he wasn't chasin' the dragon.

Al: You do realize I'm presentin' you with a mutual fuckin' problem.

Cy: Which I expect's a little ways down the road, so I'm waxin' philosophical 'til you tell me what the fuck you want.

Al: I made a deal with the boss chink to give him one of the two dope fiends.

Cy: Oh. Do I assume some piece of the opium this courier bore was intended for you? Ah, so you got a reason to keep the chink boss happy. I don't, so I can stand on principle.

Al: What's your fuckin' principle?

Cy: A white dope fiend's still white. I don't deliver white men to chinks.

Al: Leaving me with a bag of shit to hold.

Cy: Well, maybe you should think harder about traffickin' in fuckin' junk.

Al: I'm a purveyor of spirits, Cy, dope fuckin' included, and when chance affords, a thief, but I ain't no fuckin' hypocrite.

Cy: *(sighs)* I think we're done, Al. But in my line, I'm used to certain types thinkin' they need the last word.

Al: My last word is the fuckin' bag man's here from Yankton, so get up your fuckin' share. *(He leaves)*

Cy: *(To the bartender)* Where's fuckin' Joanie stayin'?

Bartender: I don't know, Cy.

Cy: Ah, don't fuckin' lie to me.

Bartender: I don't know.

Cy: tsk. Well, if you see her at whatever fuckin' place you don't know where she's stayin' at, tell her I have some good fuckin' news for her about upcoming real estate availabilities. If she'd ever show up to hear about it. Okay?

Bartender: Sure, boss.

Cy: Thank you.

(Piano playing, the Reverend is back at the Gem sitting next to the piano, kicking his heels to the floor in time with the music, ecstatic look on his face. The whores are playing ring around the drunk guy, Trixie walks down the stairs and sees the Rev, Jewel walks in.)

Johnny: That ain't right, see. My father was a preacher of the word and that ain't fuckin' right.

(Doc is checking snatches, the whores are giggling and making fun of the Rev.)

Whore: So this what it's come to in Deadwood, hey, Doc? Ministers kickin' up their heels and china men walking through the front door.

Doc: *(To blonde whore after he's done checking her snatch)* You know, when you giggle, you leak piss.

Trixie: Poor fucking man.

Doc: Lemme see your arm

Trixie: It's fine, Doc, it's better.

(Brunette whore crouching and pulling at her eye, laughing)

Doc: Quit acting like a goddamn fool and sit down.

(Whores are still playing ring around the drunk, the Rev is kicking his heels in time to the music, laughing, having a grand old time. One of the whores pinches his cheek.)

Al: *(Yelling)* Get the fuck away from him! Shut that fuckin' piano down! Hey, big time! Fuck 'em or get the fuck out! Did we not come to an understanding?

Rev: In what connection, sir?

Al: In the connection of you stayin' the fuck out of here.

Rev: I don't recall that, sir. Do you wish me to leave?

Al: Yeah, I wish you to fuckin' leave. Write yourself a note and hang it over your one good fuckin' eye. Stay out of Al Swearngen's joint.

Rev: Alright, sir.

Al: And stay the fuck out of the Gem, what ever my fuckin' problem is, hmm?

Rev: I was drawn to the music. The piano uh, relieves my headache.

Al: You listen to a piano where you don't make a fuckin' ass out of yourself, huh?
(Al walks to the bar)

Rev: Do you know where I might find one?

Al: No! *(To Johnny)* Help him the fuck out, huh? *(Johnny nods head – goes to the Rev – Al sees the Doc, motions him to the back.)*

Johnny: *(To the Rev)* Mmm. *(Takes him by the elbow and escorts the Rev out, on the way they pass Jewel and her and the Rev look at each other.)*

Al: What the fuck was that?

Doc: He's havin' changes in his brain.

Al: I hope to Christ he's having changes. I'd hate to think of him conducting performances like that of secret evenings in the forest and the like.

Doc: Well, I'm certain now it's a tumor.

Al: Well, that caused the fits too, huh?

Doc: Yes.

Al: You notice now, too, he's starin' cockeyed? He was in here not two hours ago. Don't fuckin' remember. Nothin' to be done, huh?

Doc: No.

Al: Well, he ain't comin' back in my joint. He's a fuckin' man of the cloth in case he forgets. Kickin' up his legs like a four-bit strumpet. How's Trixie's spirits seem to you?

Doc: Her abscess seems fine.

Al: That ain't what I asked.

Doc: And I don't answer for the state of people's spirits.

(The Doc walks out, Al throws the spices(?) that he picked up off the table upon entering back down on the table. Struts out to the bar.)

Al: *(Yelling)* Come on! Buy a drink! Get your pricks sucked! Spend some fuckin' money, huh?

(Seth and Sol on their porch)

Seth: It ain't circumstance. It's my own fuckin' mettlesome nature.

Sol: Far as what?

Seth: What I've done, Sol. And you have to admire me for it - is moved 300 miles to set the dame situation up I left Montana to get away from. Drawin' up proposals for refuse disposal.

Sol: Unsolicited.

Seth: Insulted Hostetler out of my own fuckin' irritability.

Sol: I believe Hostetler's had worse afternoons.

Seth: Wife and child I barely know.

Sol: I don't guess you need me to say it. If there's a heaven, your brother sees what you did and he's grateful.

Seth: Maybe he sees me borrowing his life so I didn't have to live my own.

Sol: People have made good lives out of borrowed ones before. But she is a beautiful woman.

Al: Them stuffed envelopes for them cunts at the legislature, past smoothin' the road for the camp's annexation they were supposed to clear up a personal situation. But that letter you bore from the magistrate explained my situation would need additional envelopes.

Silas: Not my problem.

Al: But you'd understand how a man would feel aggrieved, learning that he bribed a legislator to annex a camp, but hadn't got the sold-out cocksuckers to lift the murder warrant against him, how he'd feel that he spent a lot of time and trouble and expense for the privilege of getting hanged?

Silas: Not so far I'd excuse him motherfuckin' me that only bore the message.

Al: No.

Silas: I'm here to take your message back to the magistrate.

Al: Who I'd be surprised is a lyin' thievin' double crossing cocksucker only in his dealin's with me?

Silas: Yeah, Magistrate Claggett is a cocksucker.

Al: And.

Silas: Make your offer.

Al: How can I prove you're not here to catch me in a switch?

Silas: I'm not here to prove shit to you.

Al: Does it matter to you the cocksucker the warrant's out on me for killing needed murderin' every fuckin' day he drew breath?

Silas: No.

Al: Good. Gotta go to the bathhouse. You want to accompany me? No one's looking to fuck you up the ass. I gotta execute someone.

(Silas does a shot and gets up, they leave.)

Al: Here's the situation. Two dope fiends rob and murder an opium courier. Dope fiends are white, opium courier's a chink.

Silas: So far, who cares?

Al: The chink who paid for the delivery is a boss amongst his own, goes berserk. Matter of indifference still, huh? Some of the dope should have been delivered by the boss chink to a pillar of the white community, a wonderful man. One of the dope fiends works for a clever cocksucker who could be considered his rival, and who is watching this from his balcony as we speak. Thank you for not looking. The boss chink wants to feed both dope fiends to his pigs.

Silas: No.

Al: Would you give him one?

Silas: Is the boss chink the only source of opium in the camp?

Al: Yup.

Silas: Any other business connections with the white pillar?

Al: Several.

Silas: I'd give him one. Let the dope fiends draw fuckin' straws.

Al: Clever cocksucker won't consent to that. Don't want his man in a lottery. That could deliver him to a chink.

Silas: Is the clever cocksucker spoiling for a fight? *(They continue their walk to the bathhouse)*

Cy: Al! What you asked for earlier? *(Throws down bag of bribe money at their feet)*
I suspect that's who it's intended for.

Al: Smart thinkin'.

(Silas bends over and picks up the bag)

Cy: This is Lilah. Say hello to the fellas, Lilah.

Lilah: Hello, fellas.

Al: Speaks, too. Be a big earner for you, Cy. *(They continue to the bathhouse)*

Al: Maybe he is spoilin' for a fight.

Silas: Felt that way to me. *(They stop)*

Al: No one asked you how it felt. My money'd be on him trying to put the chink boss in the wrong eyes of the camp. Anyways, Thank God I don't have to rely on you to formulate my plan of action. You with me?

Silas: Yeah, I'm with you.

(They walk to the bathhouse)

Jimmy: Mr. Swearengen. Al, we are good and fucked up. We are fucked up, Mr. Swearengen. What have we been sayin' repeatedly, Dan?

Dan: Al's a good guy.

Jimmy: Uh, that you'd fuckin' allow us your works here and us periodically fixin' the entire time we're in the fuckin' tub, after how we inconvenienced you and fucked you up. Fucked up our own fuckin' lives from the time I was a fuckin' child.

Leon: Al.

Jimmy: Thank you, Mr. Swearengen, and you are a good guy.)

(Al looks back at Silas like "can you believe this motherfucker?" – Jimmy splashes Leon)

Leon: Thank you, Al.

Al: One of you is gonna have to apologize to Wu.

Jimmy: Uh, apologize?

Leon: I'll apologize. Bring that slant-eyed bastard over here. He can get in the fuckin' tub with me. I'll apologize and then I'll kiss him. And then I'll tie him off and I'll shoot him up and then I'll blow him with fuckin' soap.

Al: We're gonna draw straws to see who goes over to see Wu.

Leon: We go there? I withdraw my volunteer. I am comfortable where I am.

Al: You're gonna pick a straw, Jimmy.

Jimmy: Well – well, when you say apologize, sir, could you be specific what's gonna happen?

Al: Short straw apologizes.

Jimmy: But then what the fuck is Wu gonna do?

Al: I worked it out with Wu.

Jimmy: So, uh, our apology's gonna be enough?

Leon: We happen to be fuckin' white. And in case you hadn't noticed, he happens to be a fuckin' slant-eyed fuckin' celestial. He's lucky to get a fuckin' apology. He's lucky we're willin' to do even that.

Jimmy: Well – well, why do I pick?

Leon: I'll pick. (*Puts hand out*) I don't fuckin' mind. Don't be fuckin' afraid. You be fuckin' afraid your whole life of every fuckin' thing. You want me to pick, Al? I'll pick. And then I'll blow myself with fuckin' soap.

Al: Pick, Jimmy.

Jimmy: Show me. Uh, would you show me the straws, please, sir? So I—So I know one's long and one's short.

Al: Pick.

Jimmy: Can I get off again first?

(Al shakes his head no, Jimmy hesitantly reaches for a straw, picks one, looks at Leon)

Leon: Is that the short one? Or the long one?

(Al throws the other straw to the ground, grabs Jimmy's feet, forcing him underwater, Al puts his foot on Jimmy's throat, Jimmy struggles trying to grab Al's leg.)

Al: Do not throw up. I don't want to smell your stink!

(The Reverend enters the hardware store)

Sol: Reverend Smith.

Rev: Evening, sir. (*Breathing heavily – through entire conversation, advances toward Sol. Turns to Seth*) Evening.

Seth: Reverend.

Rev: I watched goods in the tent this uh, this structure replaced while Messer's Bullock and Star first took in the camp.

Seth: You sure did.

Sol: What can we do you for you, Reverend?

Rev: I'm in a quandary, gentlemen. Are you Messer's Bullock and Star?

Sol: In the flesh.

(Seth gets up from his desk to stand next to Sol, crossing his arms on the way.)

Rev: You are the absolute images of them, gentlemen. But what makes me afraid is I do not recognize you as my friends. And, naturally, I am afraid.

Sol: What are you afraid of, sir?

Rev: I don't know what's happening to me. I have various ailments, and I suppose this is a further ailment, but of what sort, I don't know. And I'm afraid if you are devils, which—which I don't believe you are, because you were the kindest men of all in the camp to me. But if you were devils, I suppose that—that would be the-the-the type of shape you would take, and – and if you are not devils, I... Then I am—I am simply losing my mind. And with my other ailments, I am concerned and afraid.

Sol: Alright, Reverend.

Seth: We're the people you met the night you watched our goods. I'm from Etobicoke, Ontario.

Sol: I'm from Vienna, Austria.

(The Reverend's face lights up.)

Rev: Wonderful.

Seth: You're here with friends.

Rev: Yes. Yes, I feel that now. And I have various ailments of which we all suffer.

Sol: And next morning, often finds us feeling better.

Rev: Yes. In any case, part of God's plan.

Seth: May we walk you back to your tent, sir?

Rev: *(The Reverend smiles)* An evening stroll with friends. I would do enjoy that.

Sol: Let's go then.

(They get their hats, Seth gets his jacket as well and blows out the oil lamp, taking a lantern with him. Sol takes the Rev by the shoulder and guides him out to the porch)

Rev: Mr. Swarengen's saloon has a new piano.

(Seth locks up, Sol pats the Rev on the back, Seth walks to the Rev's other side and pats his back)

(Back at the bathhouse, Jimmy's almost done drowning.)

Al: You tell your boss. Tell him what you saw here, huh?

Leon: I saw a fair procedure. *(Reaches for dope)* I saw a fair procedure, Al, to tell Mr. Tolliver. *(Al drops the finally dead Jimmy's legs, punches Leon)* Agh!

Al: Do not fucking call me Al! *(Al shakes his hands dry. Does anyone else hear Paul Simon playing in their heads? "You can call me Al, call me...")*

Leon: Aw. Ugh. *(crying)* Aw, aw.

(Silas, still stone faced, turns and leaves with Al. Dan pushes up his sleeves and grabs Jimmy from the bathtub.)

Al: I guess Tolliver achieved his purpose standing on that balcony. *(Silas gives Al Cy's bribe bag.)*

Silas: Why'd you kill your own guy?

Al: Why?

Silas: You give Tolliver's dope fiend to the boss chink instead of your own guy, gives Tolliver the opening to make the boss chink look wrong in the eyes of the whites.

Al: He can go to war with me and make me out a chink lover. What if my guy had drawn the long straw?

(Dan comes out of the bathhouse with a dead Jimmy wrapped in swaddling over his shoulder)

Silas: I guess he'd have been shit out of luck.

Al: *(To Dan)* Mr. Adams doesn't think there was a long straw. Mr. Adams, Mr. Dority.

Silas: Silas.

Dan: Dan *(Dan shifts Jimmy and offers his hand – they shake)*

Al: Silas, life your lid. *(Silas takes off his hat)* Yeah. Get a fuckin' haircut. Looks like you mother fucked a monkey.

(Al walks off with Dan following him. Silas' butler joins him on the porch of the bathhouse)

Al: Wu! Here's that cocksucker to apologize. *(Lifts the sheet from Jimmy's face)*

Dan: Say you're sorry, Jimmy!

(Dan throws Jimmy to the pigs. The pigs start squealing.)

Mr. Wu: *(Puts right hand over his left fist)* Swe'gen.

Al: *(returns the gesture)* Yeah. Swe'gen hopes we ain't signed ourselves up for killin', too.

Cast:

Timothy Olyphant	Seth Bullock
Ian McShane	Al Swearengen
Molly Parker	Alma Garret
Jim Beaver	Ellsworth
Brad Dourif	Doc Cochran
John Hawkes	Sol Star
Paula Malcomson	Trixie
Leon Rippy	Tom Nuttall
William Sanderson	Eustis Baily (E.B.) Farnum
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
W. Earl Brown	Dan Dority
Dayton Callie	Charlie Utter
Nick Amandos	
Sean Bridgers	Johnny Burns

[Larry Cedar](#)

[Kim Dickens](#)

[Richard Gant](#)

[Meghan Glennon](#)

[Monty 'Hawkeye' Henson](#)

[Ricky Jay](#)

[Geri Jewell](#)

[Jeffrey Jones](#)

[Ray McKinnon](#)

[Dean Rader-Duval](#)

[Ralph Richeson](#)

[Teresa Shae](#)

[Gene Thatcher](#)

[Bree Seanna Wall](#)

[Titus Welliver](#)

[Keone Young](#)

Leon

Joanie Stubbs

Hostetler

Eddie Sawyer

Jewel

A.W. Merrick

Reverend H.W. Smith (as Raymond McKinnon)

Jimmy Irons (as Dean Radar Duval)

Pete

Sophia Metz

Silas Adams

Mr. Wu

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