



Episode 24: “Boy the Earth Talks To”

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(In the hallway of the whores quarters, Davey is sound asleep on a chair, a shotgun propped up by his side. Mr. Wu quietly peeks out of the room he’s been kept in, and carefully tiptoes out, carrying his moccasins. He sneaks past Davey and leaves the protection of the Gem. Outside, Al is sipping his coffee on the balcony. A stagecoach has arrived. Al watches as George Hearst steps down from the coach and stretches. Hearst looks around and upon looking up, he catches Al’s eyes watching him. Al sips his coffee as Hearst walks toward the entrance of the hotel. Mr. Wu walks down Celestial’s Alley, turning to one of his men, busy cutting meat, he motions him to follow.)

MrWu: Ah Sook!

AhSook: Wei.

(A young Chinaman runs to catch up with Mr. Wu and Ah Sook and follows them to a small shack, Wu gestures for them to follow him inside.)

(Commissioner Hugo Jarry is asleep in a chair inside the telegraph office. Blazanov sits patiently in front of his apparatus. It chirps to life and starts sending out a signal, waking Jarry. Blazanov taps back a reply and begins to write out the message being sent back.)

(Mr. Wu’s men head out down the alley, Mr. Wu replaces his hat, preparing for battle. The men approach a tall, formidable looking Chinaman. One man, Asok, steps around the men, bowing as he passes, the other stops in front of him and bows.)

TallGuy: Koh be en.

(The man, Ah Sook, behind him attacks the tall guy with an ax to his back. They both run away. Mr. Lee steps out to see what is going on, and stoically raises his pistol and fires a shot into Ah Sook’s back. Mr. Wu steps out into the alley.)

MrWu: Ah Sook!

(The young Chinaman ducks down a side alley, overturning a crate to block the path behind him. Mr. Lee, pistol raised, marches down the alley. Mr. Wu, growling, walks with purpose down the alley, approaching Lee. Johnny, a pig draped over his shoulders, passes the alley and sees the commotion as Mr. Wu runs toward Mr. Lee, grabbing a meat cleaver on his way.)

MrWu: Lei! Lei! Lei! Ahh! *(He throws the cleaver down, tears his hat off and rips the tie out of his hair as Johnny runs up.)*

Johnny: Jesus Christ!

MrWu: Saht ngo! *(Taps chest)* Saht ngo! *(He displays his long hair.)*

Johnny: All Chinese but Wu stay put!

MrWu: *(Spits on the ground and bellows in rage.)* Saht ngo!

Johnny: Wu! Wu! Wait a minute, Wu! I will fucking drop you! (*Johnny grabs Mr. Wu, restraining him, his pistol in his hand.*) Wu, get with me here!

MrWu: Saht ngo kai! Saht ngo kai dai! (*Johnny pulls Mr. Wu up to the back door of the Gem.*)

MrLee: Nei tong bok gwai!

Johnny: --Exactly because of this bullshit.

MrLee: Nei tong bok gwai!

Johnny: --Or I'll blow your tall Chinese head off! Hey, Davey, open the door.

(*Martha walks into a sitting room where Seth, perfect posture, is seated, hands on his knees, staring straight forward at the windows. The shades are pulled nearly all the way down. She hands him a coffee cup.*)

Seth: Thank you. (*Martha sits, he takes a sip.*) Mmm.

(*He raises the cup in a half-toast, it's mmm-mmm good!*)

(*Con sits in the Bella Union, staring up at the wall. Tessie sits idly at a table behind him, reading. Leon walks up next to Cy, who is about to eat to breakfast.*)

Leon: Wu's reappeared, Mr. Tolliver. His and Lee's chinks went at it. Looks like one dead apiece.

Cy: Whence the fuck did Wu reappear? (*Con stares at the bison head on the wall.*)

Leon: (*Laughs*) It seems to me like he just fuckin' materialized.

Cy: From the clouds or in some type conveyance?

Leon: Make me choose, I'll pick the clouds. One minute he ain't by his sty. The next glance, there he is. Then one man's dead by ax—Lee's man. One by bullet.

Cy: Wu's.

Leon: From Lee's pistol. Then Wu and Lee are comin' after each other like stags until Burns drags Wu into the Gem.

Cy: Drags Wu *into* the Gem?

Leon: Burns does, yes Sir, pointing his pistol at Lee.

Cy: Could Wu have issued from the Gem, as well?

Leon: I wouldn't say he didn't.

Jack: (*Entering from the thoroughfare, approaches Cy.*) Larson—that I got the dollar in with—says he just brought George Hearst to camp, Sir. (*Cy stops eating and looks at Tessie.*)

Cy: Some of us don't know better might mistake me for bein' on the outside lookin' in. Then you got your idle snatch readin' scripture and know there's still hope. Con Stapleton!

Con: (*Jumping up*) Yes, sir?

Cy: Situate yourself at the Grand Central and tell me what fuckin' Wolcott's doin' and who he's doing it with.

Con: (*gasps for breath*) Yes, Sir, Mr. T. (*He gasps again, looking up at the bison.*)

Cy: Can the bison spare you?

Con: (*sighs*) Somethin' strikes me fuckin' melancholy about that creature.

(Dan, E.B, Mr. Wu, Johnny and Silas are all in Al's office. Al slides his chair harshly into his desk, standing behind it.)

Al: One more fuckin' day! *(Kicks Dan's foot, E.B. tucks his legs up into his chest as Al passes by.)* That's all he had to control himself and I could have put him in fuckin' business!

Wu: Swedgin—

Al: Shut the fuck up, Wu! *(Leans against his desk, looking at Johnny)* At least he has an excuse. He's a chink. Who knows what the tribal requirements are? *(Looking around at the others.)* Maybe you don't act for a week, maybe they exclude you from fuckin' dominoes or the like. But you! *(He punches Johnny in the jaw. Johnny falls to the ground.)* Tippin' our fuckin' business!

Johnny: I'm sorry, Al.

Al: You hold one chink off at gunpoint, bring *him* the fuck up here!

Johnny: I'm sorry.

Al: I'm so fuckin' pleased I trusted you, Johnny, to go out and buy meat! *(He gets up from the chair he usurped from Johnny, kicking Silas's legs as he walks to his desk.)* Get out of my fucking way. Tell Hearst I want to see him. *(Looks at E.B.)*

EB: My only reluctance, Al, I have had such an onset of diarrhea. *(Adams snickers, Al looks sidelong at him and turns back to E.B.)*

Al: E.B....

EB: If the conversation's brief I'm absolutely equal to the task. What shall I invoke as your reason?

Al: How about the fuckin' truth? The chink that attacked his chink has been captured by my employee. If it would please Mr. Hearst, I'd like a word with him before I decide what to do with the chink in my custody.

EB: But you'd like it here?

Al: Don't *you* be settin' fuckin' terms, E.B.. *He's* got reason enough to want the look-around.

EB: Fine then! *(He gets up and leaves.)*

Al: *(sighs)* Go lock *him* up somewhere in the whore's quarters. You might think to put a fucking guard on him—that ain't asleep you incompetent fucks! *(The all get up to go, Johnny lingers.)*

Johnny: It wasn't my watch he escaped on, Al.

Al: Go away, Johnny.

Johnny: I was 10 to 4.

Al: Shut the fucking door!

(Johnny leaves.)

(Martha and Seth are still sitting, staring at the windows.)

Martha: Would you still be willing, Mr. Bullock, to see me take up the teaching of the camp's children?

Seth: I would, yes. I'd be delighted. *(Martha smiles)* Delighted.

Martha: I don't want to lose him but I wouldn't upset them either.

Seth: I see.

Martha: They're daunted enough by schooling itself.

Seth: Oh, yes.

Martha: I am speaking of wearing mourning until the year has passed. (*Seth nods*) But I...believe if I teach them with...love and joy, then I won't make them afraid. And I don't want to lose him.

Seth: (*Turns his head to her*) You'll never lose him. (*He looks back ahead, reaches out his hand and grabs hers.*)

(*Hearst and Wolcott sit down to breakfast in the Absurd Restaurant.*)

Hearst: Are we done with our buying, Francis?

Wolcott: All but one of the important finds.

Hearst: Ah, I have 40 stamps and a millwright coming in from the Ophir. (*Con scoops and sniffs some oatmeal.*)

Wolcott: I have the mill sited, the ground tiled and leveled. (*E.B. snoops from behind the stairs.*) The Garret find we don't yet own is not placed to obstruct operations.

Hearst: I want it bought.

Wolcott: I believe its title will be contested in coming months. To act now would buy the contest and not the find.

Hearst: All this fiddle fuckin' around is tactical back-and-forth. (*chuckles*)

Wolcott: We're up and running, Mr. Hearst. With the millwright and double shifts we should be full bore inside the week.

Hearst: Gettin' it out of the ground, that's what I love. Thank you for handling the acquisitions, Francis.

EB: (*Muttering to himself*) "Excuse me, Mr. Hearst. Might I...escort you...across the thoroughfare to meet a local luminary?"

Wolcott: Will you be joining me at the operation this morning?

Hearst: I may this afternoon. This morning I'm conceding to my back. (*E.B. approaches.*) This fellow looks like he stepped out of a specimen box.

EB: Excuse me, gentlemen. (*Con casually leans on the wall nearby*) Um, forgive me for interrupting your repast. I'm E.B. Farnum, Mayor and Hotelier. And I know you are George Hearst. (*Wolcott makes a "get on with it already" gesture.*)

Hearst: Yes?

EB: (*Leans forward, hands on the table*) Allow me a moment's silence, Mr. Hearst. Sir, I am having a digestive crisis. And must focus on suppressing it's expression.

(*Wolcott conceals a chuckle.*)

(*Ellsworth mutters to himself as he approaches the hardware store.*)

Ellsworth: What's next—pink fucking panties or something? Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ. I can't fucking do it.

Customer: And I'll have a look at one of those pans.

Sol: Not now. Tomorrow I'll make you a price. This is the prospective groom for today's prospective wedding and I'm going to wait on him now in privacy. *(The customer nods and leaves.)*

Ellsworth: Oh, I'm surprised you have any trade left, often as I clear the joint. *(pants)*

Sol: What can't you do?

Ellsworth: Any of it! It feels like.

Sol: Oh—

Ellsworth: *(Walks to the counter)* These fuckin' mittens in particular. "Traditional" the fuckin' tailor says. Well, not in my experience they ain't. And if I was to imagine where they might be, amongst males about to marry ain't what comes to my mind. Look at these cocksuckers! *(He holds them up)* Lavender. "The rigor in New York City," whatever the fuck that means.

Sol: Have you brought up not wearing them?

Ellsworth: What if they're her idea? That's liable to bring the dromedary to its knees. *(He puts the gloves back in a silver case, shuts it and picks it up.)* Christ. I'm in mortal misery.

Sol: Anyways. *(He sighs, Ellsworth turns to leave, Sol chirps)* Today's the day!

(Sol smiles as Ellsworth walks out, shaking his head.)

(Al walks downstairs, chewing a toothpick. Davey is wiping off a table.)

Al: Going to the weddin', Davey?

Davey: Not hardly, Mr. Swearengen. I wasn't invited.

Al: I was, not that I'm goin'. Vicious rumors I was responsible for her first husband's death. Fuckin' woman invites me to her weddin'.

Davey: Guess it's no accountin' for why people do things.

Al: The congregation...*(walks over, grabs the rag from Davey's hand and slaps it down on the table. He puts his hand on Davey's shoulder)* says Amen, Davey. *(Slaps his shoulder, they start walking around the room, Al guiding the way.)* Consider the Chinaman.

Davey: Wu?

Al: Hmm. Forsakes safety and even odds in a future fight for immediate fuckin' dubious combat. Here again, what gets into people's heads?

Davey: Uhh...the congregation says Amen. *(They stop)*

Al: What?

Davey: Nothin'. I-I was bein' funny.

Al: No no no. Don't be fuckin' funny with me, Davey. *(He chuckles, they walk again.)*

Davey: I didn't mean to interrupt your train of thought. *(They stop)*

Al: What?

Davey: Nothin', Sir. *(Al swings around and grabs Davey by the cheeks.)*

Al: Did you loose that Chinaman to fuck up my fuckin' plans? *(Davey shakes his head.)* Don't lie to me, Davey, or that breath you're holdin' is the last you draw.

Davey: *(choking)* Can I speak?

Al: Go ahead.

Davey: I need to breath. *(Al lets go)*

Al: Go, take a breath.

Davey: *(gasps)* I fuckin' fell asleep, Sir, on my fuckin' watch over the Chinaman.

Al: He didn't pay you to let him go?

Davey: No, I fell off to sleep from the holding of three jobs.

Al: He told me he paid you.

Davey: Then he's a lying fuckin' bastard!

(Hearst and E.B. enter. Al looks back at Davey and grins, softly slapping Davey's cheek. He escorts Davey back to the table he was wiping.)

Al: Don't fall asleep, Davey, hmm?

Davey: No, Sir.

Al: Quit a job before you fall asleep on it. *(Hands him the rag back.)*

Davey: Yes, Sir.

EB: There he is. That's Mr. Swearengen. *(Al walks over)*

Hearst: Yes, I see.

Al: Now I call this an impressive contingent. Would you be Mr. Hearst?

Hearst: Yes, Sir.

Al: Al Swearengen. How do you do? *(They shake hands)*

Hearst: Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Swearengen. *(Dan & Johnny head back down the hall of the whores quarters, having locked up Wu.)*

Al: I'll suggest we adjourn to my quarters. *(He starts for the stairs)*

Hearst: Your kill, Sir? *(Al turns around)*

Al: Who?

Hearst: The animal. *(Dan looks up at the buck on the wall.)*

Al: Oh no. Fuck no. I'm a fucking terrible shot. I work better closer in.

EB: I'll stay below, gentlemen. Unless you wish me up above? *(Al just looks at him. Hearst heads upstairs.)*

Al: Hurt back?

Hearst: *(groans)* Just a little achy today.

Al: Declinin' years spare us no fuckin' indignities. My latest blessing's a horse apple up my fuckin' asshole. Half my wakin' hours are spent tryin' to pass water. Dan, bring that Celestial to my office! I want to show him to Mr. Hearst. *(Dan walks back down the hallway as Al & Hearst enter his office.)*

EB: Very auspicious beginning!

(He nods and smiles at Silas.)

(Up in Al's office, Al pours two shots while Hearst looks around.)

Hearst: I'd think with these balcony doors open, you'd get a-a little cross draft in the summer.

Al: I do indeed.

Hearst: I've spent the last summers in Mexico.

Al: Oh, that fuckin' heat must be oppressive.

Hearst: Ho ho.

Al: Nevada's was drier I expect.

Hearst: Have you been there?

Al: My inferno was Australia. Wasted two years that was. (*There's a knock at the door.*) Yeah, come in. (*Al nods at Hearst. Dan enters, restraining Wu by the hair.*) Here we are. This yellow monkey's Wu.

Hearst: Older fella. Not often you can tell how old they are.

Al: Done a turn or two for me, Wu has. And well-liked enough among his own. His display against *your* chink (*He grabs Wu's braid, Wu grunts*) was my first fuckin' inkling that he's irrational.

Hearst: Mr. Lee, the man he tried to kill, has worked well for me in several camps.

Al: Then God bless Lee and off with fuckin' Wu's head! You've got your finger on the cause of it too—your chink bein' forward-looking. "Set the bodies ablaze, on with the day's trade!" This one bein' longer in the tooth—

Hearst: Set what bodies ablaze?

Al: Custom holds stronger to what passes for his mind.

Hearst: What bodies, Mr. Swearengen?

Al: The whores for your workers. Not only does burnin' the corpses save cargo space far as the transporting of their bones back to the homeland—which, as I gather, they hold as their big fuckin' chance at the afterlife—what a tremendous tactic, terrifyin' the unburned here.

Hearst: Do you know prospecting, Mr. Swearengen?

Al: Fuckin' nothin' of it.

Hearst: And the securing of the color once found?

Al: (*shaking his head*) Not a fuckin' thing.

Hearst: All I really care about.

Al: I fuckin' hope so. I'd hate to think you're this good at somethin' that's only a fuckin' hobby.

Hearst: Most often my finds are in wild places, which I prefer. When that is not so, I want friendly relations with my predecessors so that I *can* secure the color...undistracted.

Al: (*tapping his temple, smiling*) Concentration, see. I suspect that's a key with you hugely successful types.

Hearst: If others can provide here, with less disruption to the camp, services Lee provided me elsewhere, I'd have no objection to using them.

(*Al stands across from Hearst, Mr. Wu between them, darting his eyes from one to the other, trying to figure out what's going on.*)

Al: Labor bein' the fuckin' essential?

Hearst: Towards securing the color.

Al: (*Pointing his thumb at Wu*) This is the camp's original chink. All subsequent chinks were his imports. Wu will staff your mines. (*Hearst looks curiously at M. Wu*) And those that survive the explosions, he can place in laundries or kitchens.

Hearst: Can he understand us?

Al: Oh, very little English. Naw, no words we've employed so far. Say "cocksucker," Wu.

MrWu: Cocksucka. (*Hearst chuckles.*)

Al: That, San Francisco and Swedgin, that's all I've heard him use.

MrWu: Swedgin—

Al: Shut up.

Hearst: Now—as to your man and mine, I would need some demonstration before making my final choice. Uh...your man would have to prove out.

Al: That's a fuckin' mining term. Now that's a fuckin' expression I've heard.

Hearst: And you understand it's import and context.

Al: (*nodding*) Yes, Sir.

Hearst: It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Swearengen. (*Holding out his hand*)

Al: Honor and a pleasure meetin' you, Mr. Hearst.

(Mr. Wu steps back, wide-eyed and confused, letting Mr. Hearst by him. Hearst leaves, Al strokes his goatee, Dan shuts the door behind Hearst. Al walks over to Mr. Wu.)

Al: Kill a rooster, Wu, and offer him up in sacrifice. Then start honing your weapons for tonight's demonstration.

(He picks up both shots and drinks one, a grin on his face.)

(Two whores lounge in the hallway of the whore's quarters, Trixie, in one of the rooms, yells.)

Trixie: Stick me one more fuckin' time, Jewel, I'll drop you in a pool of fuckin' blood!

Jewel: Well, you just can't stand still.

Trixie: I'm movin' tryin' to defend my-fuckin'-self! (*She looks in the mirror, brushing off her pretty pink dress with one hand, holding a cigarette in the other.*) He's gettin' what he asked for anyway. (*Jewel takes something out of her pocket.*) Looney fuckin' Jew!

Jewel: (*Hands Trixie her old brooch*) Wear this. (*She smiles as Trixie takes it.*)

Trixie: Devious fuckin' cripple, you are. (*Jewel grins*) How'd you pay that time then for the gun I sent you to buy?

Jewel: (*shrugs*) Sold a piece of pussy.

(She smiles as Trixie puts on the brooch.)

(E.B. & Hearst step out of the Gem, walking along the thoroughfare.)

EB: How may I serve you further, Mr. Hearst, be the fashion great or mean?

Hearst: Make a price on your hotel. Mr. Wolcott says you avoid it.

EB: May I quibble with "avoid," Sir, as *inexactly* fitting the case? (*shoos a rider aside*) Not all—get over! (*shoos another rider away*) Not all not-makings-of-a-price are avoidances necessarily, would you say?

Hearst: What will you take? (*He steps in closer to E.B.*)

EB: *(Throwing up his hands)* Get away from me, God damn you! *(He backs away, hand to his mouth in self-shock.)* Forgive me. *(Sits on a stump, falls backward and yelps)* Excuse me. I-I am mad. My hotel is also my hospital. I am my own warden. I mustn't sell, lest I then wander the thoroughfare gibbering like a simian...brandishing my privates in my fist. *(Hearst crouches down in front of E.B., who is gasping for breath.)*

Hearst: Will you take 100,000 if I let you stay on as manager?

EB: Yes, Sir. I must, of course.

Hearst: I'll have it sent over later. *(Hearst gets up and turns.)*

EB: Well, where am I? *(Hearst turns back, E.B. laughs.)* Why—why am I on my ass? *(chuckles)*

(Hearst spits and walks away.)

(Jarry is in Al's office now, telegram in hand.)

Hugo: May I say to you that the week since our meeting has seen me conduct with Yankton an active telegraphic correspondence which on every count has ameliorated the terms of the proposal before you *(sets it down)* in favor of the Deadwood camp?

Al: You smell like cat piss.

Hugo: I have worked so hard and diligently for you, Mr. Swaengen, that well may be the case. *(Al holds up a magnifying glass to the paper)* Regardless of the outcome, I am proud of that advocacy.

Al: Having said that, are you liable to say more?

Hugo: Let the document now speak for itself! *(Al resumes reading through the magnifying glass)* The letters may get larger, *(tilts his head)* the numbers will not. *(snickers – Al frowns)* Forgive me. Long hours, giddy at the smell of the barn. *(Al glares)* Stoic composure. *(He puts his hands together in prayer-style, holding them to his mouth. He quickly folds them under his chin.)* The next sound you hear will be that of your own voice.

Al: Get the fuck outta here! You'll know when I've come to an answer.

Hugo: I must tell you I require a response within the hour. *(Al slides the paper back)* Or as soon as humanly possible. *(Jarry slides it back to Al.)*

(Jarry gets up and leaves, nodding at Al on his way out.)

(Jane is in Joanie's ruffled robe! Looking in a mirror!)

Jane: Clam-on-a-half-shell-looking-goddamned fool! *(yells)* I'm embarrassed to say I know you! *(normal)* Supposed intelligent woman holding with rank superstition. *(Mose coughs, Joanie enters the room, holding some clothes.)*

Joanie: The same clothes worn to nuptials the week of a memorial curse bride and groom forever. *(Mose coughs)*

Jane: Shut up, Mose!

Joanie: He asked for work here.

Jane: As what?

Joanie: Watchman is what he suggested.

Jane: We're a vacant structure, in case he ain't fucking noticed.

Joanie: I think he shrinks from leavin'.

Jane: And the word for that is malingering.

Joanie: *(Holds up bloomers for Jane)* Here.

Jane: I will not.

Joanie: You will.

Jane: Is that part of the superstition?

Joanie: Undergarments, Yes! Over privates in layers or bride and groom are doomed.

(Jane holds the bloomers up to her skeptically.)

(Con enters the Bella Union to report to Cy.)

Con: Hearst is at that claim, mid-thoroughfare—the one you bought form Marvin Somes.

Cy: Still in the company of Farnum?

Con: No, Sir. Ahh...they left the Gem, conversed a bit, Farnum fell over backwards. Hearst then helped him back to his feet, then uh, then the two parted company.

Cy: That makes a lot of fuckin' sense, Con. Well done. *(He gets up and goes to leave.)*

Con: Uh, Farnum then, uh, returned to his hotel. They're readying for them nuptials. You know, Ellsworth and the widow Garret's! *(Cy's gone)* Guess that's the last Ellsworth will be seeing of a placer cradle. *(Tessie looks at him briefly, then back to her bible. Con looks up to the bison head.)* Set for life!

(He gasps for air, clutching his crotch, looking up at the bison.)

(Al, glasses on, is reading the proposal from Yankton. There's a knock at the door.)

Al: Yeah? *(Silas pokes his head in.)*

Silas: Davey said you wanted to see me.

Al: Get in here. *(Silas closes the door)* And help me parse Yankton's proposal. *(Silas reads over his shoulder.)* We study...*(Silas read over Al's shoulder)* for our fuckin' lives.

(Hearst is down inside the former Marvin Somes claim. Men are working the pump and cradle while Hearst taps at a rock with a pick. Cy approaches. Hearst throws the rock down and climbs out of the hole.)

Cy: Three hours in camp, goin' straight to explorin' her vitals. Cy Tolliver, Mr. Hearst, that's acted for your interests at one or several removes these last couple months.

Hearst: How do you do? *(They shake)* Did you buy me this hole?

Cy: Off Marvin Somes, Sir, yes, I did.

Hearst: She's outta color, boys. Let's fill her in. *(He passes Cy and heads down the boardwalk, Cy follows.)*

Cy: I was told to act on all offers.

Hearst: You did well, Mr. Tolliver. We want to be comprehensive.

Cy: I, uh, have been in the mud a bit for you myself, Mr. Hearst. I had my shovel out covering work of your Mr. Wolcott.

Hearst: Thank you for that.

Cy: Scooped and scrubbed and cleaned up the guts and gore 'cause I do what the business requires.

Hearst: Ah, there's my hotel.

Cy: The camp elders called a meetin' in the aftermath. Barely time to wash my hands before I talked them into washin' theirs.

Hearst: I have been traveling, Sir. *(He stops)* Why don't we resume after I've rested? *(Cy chuckles, they walk)*

Cy: Well, I guess I can manage a while longer to keep the whiff off of him. *(Hearst turns)* Suspicion, Mr. Hearst, off your geologist Wolcott for cuttin' three whores' throats.

(Hearst pauses, smiles a fake smile, turns and leaves without saying a word.)

(Ellsworth scrapes his teeth, preparing for the wedding. He grimaces as he scrapes, slips and hits his gum. He groans in pain.)

Ellsworth: Oh, cocksucker.

(He spits into the sink.)

(Alma, resplendent in a black dress with red trim, walks the thoroughfare. We hear her speak in voiceover.)

Alma: I don't know why I seek you out. If lying in the ground you can think or have feelings, you may hate me and my part in your fate as I sometimes hate you for bringing me here. Though I know your bringing me was the end of something whose beginning I had as much a part of, certainly, as you. I am afraid. I am so afraid that my life is living me, and soon will be over, and not a moment of it will have been my own. And of how my body now tells me that is fine and right. *(She pauses in site of the graveyard)* Perhaps I confide to you because you cannot tell anyone. *(She turns and heads back)* I am to have a child, and I have a child in my care. He is a good man. And he whom I love is here as well.

(Hearst is in his room, Wolcott, smoking a cigar, is seated by the door. Hearst knocks on the wall.)

Hearst: These walls are comin' down.

Wolcott: They'll be your walls soon.

Hearst: Ever since I was a child in Missouri, I've been down every hole I could find.

Wolcott: Boy-the-earth-talks-to.
Hearst: Yeah, I've told you—that's what the Indians call me.
Wolcott: Yes.
Hearst: It talks to you too, Francis. I know. Our time together, your hearing has stayed keen. But this gambler, Tolliver, who was our agent for securing the claims has spoken to me about you. (*Wolcott ashes his cigar, uncrossing his legs.*) He says that you've killed women. Prostitutes. That he has disposed of the bodies for you. (*Wolcott fidgets with his cigar*) Well!?! (*Wolcott drops the cigar in the ash tray, startled.*)
Wolcott: (*pauses, nods*) When I was in Campeche. You wrote a letter on my behalf.
Hearst: To the Jefe de Policia.
Wolcott: "I am aware of Mr. Wolcott's difficulty. You will find me personally grateful for any adjustments you may make in his case." (*Hearst looks at him.*) What did you think that was about?
Hearst: I didn't think about it. You were my agent in Mexico! You had many responsibilities. You asked me for the letter and I wrote it!
Wolcott: As when the earth talks to you particularly, you never ask its reasons.
Hearst: I don't need to know why I'm lucky! (*He turns, leans on the wall with one hand.*)
Wolcott: What if the earth talks to us to get us to arrange its amusements?
Hearst: That sounds like goddamned nonsense to me.
Wolcott: Suppose to you it whispers, "You are king over me. I exist to flesh your will."
Hearst: Nonsense.
Wolcott: And to me..."There is no sin." (*Hearst turns*) It happened in Mexico and now it's happened here.

(*Hearst, pissed, walks over to a chair next to Wolcott and sits. He spits into a spittoon on the floor next to him. He pauses.*)

Hearst: We must end our connection, you understand that, Francis. Make a severance you think fair. You know I won't quibble. (*Angry, he leans forward, looks back at Wolcott.*) Does some spirit overtake you? Is that what you mean by the "talk"?
Wolcott: (*shaking his head*) No.
Hearst: It tells me where the color is. That's all it tells me. My God.

(*Wolcott sniffles.*)

(*Silas is working on the proposal as Al pisses.*)

Silas: This has to be a date certain. "Timely fashion" means fuckin' nothin'.
Al: (*Urinating*) Timely fashion means *when* they got the fix in.
Silas: So when do you want the elections?
Al: The sooner the fuckin' better.
Silas: Six weeks?

Al: *(groans)* No more! *(He buttons up.)*

Silas: Far as bringin' ringers in, a period of residence would be a nice shiv to stick in their fuckin' ribs.

Al: And now you're using your fuckin' noodle. How do we put that into words?
(walking over.)

Silas: "Period of Residence."

Al: Are you being smart with me?

Silas: How would you put it?

Al: "Period of residence not less than" what?

Silas: Two weeks.

Al: "No one is eligible to vote unless they've been two weeks in the camp."

Silas: Unless committed to dump in our favor.

Al: I'd like to get this fuckin' thing done.

Silas: *(writes)* "Has not been two weeks in camp."

Al: *(sits)* Now I'll tell you what the fuck else. And it makes me weep to say it. Take out the fuckin' 50 from Yankton to us.

Silas: *(leans back)* Shall I urge you to reconsider?

Al: We get this thing off the ground, I will be without peer of robbin' these cocksuckers senseless. I don't want the foundin' document recordin' a fuckin' bribe.

Silas: *(shrugs)* Strike number four from the original, with disgust it was even brought up.

(Al breaths deep, puts his hand down on the arm of the bench and hoists himself up.)

Al: What else? *(Silas sniffs and shrugs)* Summon that cat-piss-smellin' fuckhead and his holiness the Sheriff.

(Al walks out onto the balcony, teacup & saucer in hand. He sees E.B. and Richardson preparing the porch of the hotel for the celebration. Andy is studying his bible on the porch, Jarry stands nearby.)

Al: Commissioner! *(Raises his teacup)* Shall we chat?

(Jarry steps forward as Merrick snaps a picture – oops! He runs as fast as he can to the Gem. Al looks down and sees Sol and Trixie step out onto the thoroughfare.)

Al: Aw, ain't you two a fuckin' picture? *(They look up)* Oh, Trixie, you, uh—save me a trip. *(Tosses a letter from his jacket pocket down to her. Sol picks it up from the mud.)* You shoulda let it hit her in the schnoz, reminder her of her escorts in days past. That's a gift for the bride, from her child's former tutor in absentia. Whirlin' her around's okay, Star. Just don't tread on her fuckin' toes! Adams! You saw Yankton's hypocrite, huh? *(Silas nods)* Just his holiness. And we'll have a quorum.

(Silas runs along, Al goes inside.)

(Captain Turner packs stacks of money into a satchel in Hearst's room. He turns and looks at Hearst when he finishes.)

Hearst: Oh, go ahead and take that to him, Captain. Thank you.

(Turner nods and leaves. Hearst sighs. Turner goes downstairs, E.B., spotting the satchel, dusts off the counter. Turner sets the satchel on the desk. E.B. sniffs, Turner sneezes, turns, and looks at the offending flowers.)

EB: Bless you. *(Turner goes outside. E.B. grabs the satchel and runs back in his office.)* Bless you. Bless you. *(giggles)* Bless you.

(He shuts his office door.)

(Al comes downstairs. Tom Nuttall is sitting at a table, drinking alone.)

Al: I'm in the day's fuckin' talents, Tom.

Nuttall: There's talk of an offer on my place.

Al: *(leaning on the banister)* How will you answer?

Nuttall: I came to take counsel with you.

Al: Drunk or sober is my question.

Nuttall: Well, I have my wits about me, Al.

Al: *(Walking over)* Maybe then—you'll want a few more, huh? *(Sits, raising the bottle)*

Nuttall: Don't talk to me in fucking riddles.

Al: Drunk, Tom, for reasons not to do with business, you'll sell. If that's your decision, let *me* offer. Sober, you know sellin's stupid.

Nuttall: What's my reason not to do with business?

Al: Use your own fuckin' faculties.

Nuttall: *(sighs)* Remorse.

Al: Over that boy that was not your fuckin' fault. *(He readies to pour Tom another drink)* Again?

Nuttall: *(Covers the glass)* Not right now. *(Al puts the bottle down.)*

Ellsworth...and the widow Garret, what odds would you have made on that?

Al: Every so often there's a love match.

(He puts the cork in the bottle, Tom laughs heartily and Al joins in a chuckle, he gets up.)

(Silas waits on the porch that Bullock built. Seth comes out, buckling his holster as they leave. In the lobby of the hotel, the wedding party has gathered. A mandolin is tuning, Jane and Joanie hold some flowers, Jane is really uncomfortable. Merrick nods to them. E.B. is in his office, clutching his satchel, leaning up against the door looking out the peep hole.)

EB: *(high-pitched voice)* Isn't it time to start the ceremony?

(Richardson tucks the antlers into his jacket. He's looking dapper in his suit and top hat! He tucks his antlers as much as he can conceal them, into his jacket. The mandolin starts to play the wedding march and he looks up, taking off his hat. Sofia comes down the stairs first, followed by Trixie. E.B. tip-toes into his office, clutching the satchel.)

EB: And now, my dear lady, shall I part thou leather lips? *(He flicks his tongue.)*

(Alma comes down the stairs. She stops in front of Andy Cramed. Merrick, Doc, Joanie and Jane look on, Richardson in the background. Andy motions for Ellsworth to stand next to Alma. Sol is beside him, Trixie beside Alma with Sofia in front of her. Ellsworth nervously joins Alma. Joanie taps a fidgety Jane.)

Jane: *(whispering)* It's the damn underwear.

Andy: Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join this man and this woman in holy matrimony, which estate instituted of God at the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his Church.

(Jarry looks over the amended proposal, Seth standing behind Al.)

Andy: Therefore, not to be entered into lightly but reverently, discretely, advisedly, soberly and in fear of God.

(Jarry slides the proposal back to Al.)

Andy: If any man here can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

(Al slides the proposal back to Jarry. The wedding party looks on as Ellsworth and Alma unite.)

Andy: Whitney Conway Ellsworth...wilt thou have this woman to they wedded wife, to live after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her as long as you both shall live?

Ellsworth: I will.

(Wolcott is writing a letter, a coiled rope is on the table beside his desk.)

Andy: Alma Russell Garret...wilt thou have this man to they wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony--?

Alma: I will.

Andy: Uh, continuing. Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honor and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him as long as ye both shall live?

Alma: I will. *(Merrick wipes away the tears.)*

Andy: Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

Sol: I do. Both.
(Charlie rides his horse back into camp.)

Andy: Say after me, “I, Whitney Conway Ellsworth—“

Ellsworth: I Whitney Conway Ellsworth,

Andy: “Vow to love, cherish and protect...”

(Jarry and Al discuss the proposal.)

Ellsworth: Vow to love, cherish and protect...

Andy: “Till death do us part according to God’s holy ordinance—“

(Seth walks around the desk and sits next to Jarry to discuss the proposal.)

Ellsworth: Till death do us part according to God’s holy ordinance...

Andy: “And thereto I give to thee my troth.”

Ellsworth: And thereto I give to thee my troth.

Andy: Say after me, “I, Alma Russell Garret,”

Alma: I, Alma Russel Garret,

Andy: “Vow to love, cherish and obey—“

Alma: Vow to love, cherish and obey...

Andy: “Till do us part according to God’s holy ordinance—“

(Hearst grabs a sledgehammer, cradles in a moment...)

Alma: Till do us part according to God’s holy ordinance...

Andy: “And thereto I give to thee my troth.”

Alma: And thereto I give to thee my troth.

Andy: The ring.

(Sol reaches into his pocket and gives Ellsworth the ring. Ellsworth slips it on Alma’s finger and holds her hand in his.)

Andy: “With this ring I thee wed.”

Ellsworth: With this ring I thee wed.

Andy: Those whom God has joined together let no man put asunder.

(Martha crouches down to William’s garden, pushes some dirt aside, revealing a tiny sprout from one of William’s sunflower seeds.)

Andy: For inasmuch as Alma and Whitney have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth each to the other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a ring and joining hands, I now pronounce that they are man and wife.

(We hear loud pounding and plaster falling from upstairs, the wedding party looks up – confused. E.B., in his office, is laying on his back wiggling his feet in the air playing in a pool of money. Hearst continues to knock down the wall he promised to with his sledgehammer. The mandolin plays as Doc congratulates a smiling, fairly glowing, Alma. The party claps.)

Ellsworth: We ask all to join us for collation and dancin' in the thoroughfare.

(Joanie kisses Ellsworth's cheek.)

(Later...Jarry, Seth and Al are still going over the amended proposal. Ellsworth and Alma dance in the thoroughfare. Jane, arms crossed, wanders about. Merrick takes a picture. Dan, Silas and Johnny get dressed in Chinese garb in one of the whores rooms.)

Dan: Shit! *(Jen laughs)* What's so fuckin' funny, Jen?

Jen: Nothin'. *(She leaves)*

(Mr. Wu enters with a basket. He claps twice.)

Dan: Who are you fuckin' clappin' orders at, Wu? You only got us on loan.

Wu: *(Picks up some masks)* Ming hoi. *(Hands Johnny a mask)* Ming hoi.

Silas: Oh, for Christ's sake! *(Takes a mask)*

Johnny: I guess in for a penny, in for a fuckin' pound.

Wu: Swedgin. *(shrugs)*

Dan: He wouldn't allow it if I went up and asked him.

Wu: Swedgin! *(Dan takes the mask. They all put them on.)*

Johnny: *(To Silas)* Do you wanna swap masks?

(Silas shakes his head. Wu claps twice. Dan tests an ax as Wu hands one each to Johnny and Silas.)

(Trixie and Sol dance, Joanie and Jane standing next to each other. Joanie watches the dancing, Jane looks around, uncomfortable. She punches a reveler nearby.)

Jane: What the fuck are you looking at?

FuckingLooker: I wasn't fuckin' lookin' at you!

(Joanie pulls Jane back over, the song ends and people clap. Alma and Sofia curtsy to Ellsworth, who bows to each of them in return. They walk to the porch. The tailor hails Ellsworth.)

Tailor: Mr. Ellsworth, was I right about the gloves?

(Ellsworth shakes his hand around, displaying that he's still got the stupid things on. The music starts back up, upbeat. The crowd dances on, Trixie and Sol join hands and start hopping to the beat.)

(Up in Hearst's newly renovated room, he sits across a table from Cy. Two gold sacks are sitting on the table between them.)

Hearst: Full and final payment, Mr. Tolliver, for what service you conceive you've rendered me.

Cy: The Lord himself would testify to me havin' served you, Mr. Hearst, *(chuckles)* and to what should be my just reward. Oh—*(puts a hand to his ear)* is that the cocksucker addressing us from the fuckin' whirlwind? "George Hearst, Cy's just reward...every claim he helped you buy he's in for 5%. *(smiles at Hearst)* Cy, as I'll sometimes be busy elsewhere, take your own fuckin' precautions you're fairly treated. Should George try to fuck you, Wolcott's letter gets broad circulation."

Hearst: Tell me what letter you mean.

Cy: George asks what letter you refer to Lord. *(hand to ear)* "That you, Cy, before you disposed of them whores, made that murderin' geologist write once he told you George knew of his habits." *(Cy stands)* Disturb you bein' in the public eye? Some don't mind. *(Waves his hand)* Fuck, some men like it. But I wonder if you're among 'em.

Hearst: Stop movin' your hand, Sir. I mean you know harm, but I can't speak for Captain Turner. *(Turner steps forward, revealing the gun at his hip.)*

Cy: "Put your hand down, Cy." I hear you, Lord. *(puts both hands on the table – sighs)* The press bein' sold-out cunts, it hardly matters that a story's true, but one like this that is, sportin' a man like you, and fucked-up geologist and whore dug up from shallow graves with their throats slit from ear to ear, and the same to their poor privates—what's that Lord? *(chuckles)* Would you, Lord? You dirty-minded cocksucker. He says he'd follow a story like that Himself. 5%. Your interests seen to by one that controls his appetites. *(Claps his hands as if done. He leaves.)*

Hearst: You'd first want to know from Wolcott if there is a letter. *(Turner leaves)*

(Merrick takes pictures as Wolcott watches the revelry. He walks on. Jane and Joanie are talking to Andy Cramed.)

Jane: You got your quiver full of words again, don't you? *(Andy chuckles)* I found him in the woods. All's he could say was "I'm sorry." *(Cy steps out onto the hotel porch, looking on.)*

Joanie: First I knew Andy, all's he could say was "deal."

(Cy looks pissed, he steps off the porch.)

(Mr. Lee is lying on his back, staring vacantly at the plumes of incense smoke rise into the air. A whore is riding him rhythmically. The four horsemen – er, Dan, Silas, Johnny and Mr. Wu-- march down the alley. Wu taps Dan on the shoulder and points him to a hut. Dan checks it out and shakes his head. They keep walking. Johnny trips. A group of Celestials are gambling in an alley, they fight over their bets. They don't notice as Wu points the gang in their direction. Johnny axes one guy in the back. Dan gets another. One of the gamblers runs up and grabs Dan from behind, a knife to Dan's throat. Silas runs up and get's his back – pardon the pun. The attacker falls dead. Jarry signs the deal, slides it to Al, stands and shakes Seth's hand. He leaves. Al holds his hand out to

Seth, they shake. Seth leaves and goes downstairs to the bar as Jarry exits. He knocks his fist on the bar for a drink. Al comes out of his office.)

Al: Davey, tell Merrick to go ahead and print. *(He walks back into his office, Seth does a shot.)* Fraught with contingencies, Chief, is our fuckin' electoral process. *(sits)* Will his holiness climb into a bottle or pursue the widow, stiff-pricked, the miles to her Hot Springs honeymoon? *(He looks at "the box" next to him.)* Who'll bear the local's banner then, huh?

(Doc is giving Mose Manual a check-up at the Chez Amie. He motions Mose to follow him, taking his arm to help him up. He motions Mose over to the doorway, opening up the doors. He steps onto the porch and begins to demonstrate a breathing exercise. Mose joins in on the next one. Cy approaches Andy, talking to Tessie.)

Cy: Most men, Andy, once they've brought one fuckin' plague to the camp would lay the fuck off. Not you! No, you're gonna bible-talk my whores.

Andy: God is not mocked, Cy. *(He steps up to Cy, reaching in his pocket, Cy grabs his shoulders.)*

Cy: You got a pestilence for every fuckin' occasion! *(groans)*

Andy: God is not mocked, you son of a bitch! *(He pulls his knife out of Cy's belly and walks away. Cy-shocked, grabs his stomach.)*

Cy: He fuckin' --guttled me.

Joanie: See to him, Honey. *(Tessie runs over to Cy.)*

Cy: I ain't gonna die! *(He gasps, Tessie grabs his arm, guiding him away.)* Don't let me die.

(Joanie watches as we stumbles away.)

(Mr. Wu rises up from the side of the bed next to Mr. Lee and slits his throat. Wu, shouting, drags the blonde whore outside and shoves her away. Lee lays bleeding as the incense smoke rises in plumes. The gang leaves the alley. Doc shakes Mose's hand, turns and leaves. Mose continues his exercise. He steps out in front of the building. As Doc walks away, he skips merrily to the music. Mose turns back to the doorway, does one last breathing exercise, and goes inside. Wolcott's body drops from the livery balcony next door. It swings from a noose. Charlie approaches the revelry, looking around. Smiling, he approaches Jane's side. Jane, arms crossed tries to look casual. Charlie can't help himself, he chuckles.)

Jane: Welcome the fuck back!

Charlie: Miss Stubbs. *(Tips his hat)*

Joanie: *(laughs)* Mr. Utter.

(Al steps onto the balcony with a bottle in one hand and "the box" in the other.)

Al: They dance on, Chief, however much at home, *(sets 'the box' down)* as at yours and mine, comfort and love await. *(He sees Silas, Dan, Johnny and Wu approach.)* Unhurt...it appears.

Dan: Don't hold for them that went against us.

Al: I should hope fucking not. *(looking at Wu)* How'd he fight?

Johnny: He gave a good fuckin' account, did Mr. Wu.

Al: Lee?

MrWu: San Francisco cocksucka—*(draws his finger across his throat)*

Al: Well done then, men. And well done, Adams, the day's full course, indoors and out.

Silas: *(pants)* Thanks, thanks.

Dan: *(punches Silas in the shoulder)* You saved my bacon in that fuckin' alley.

Silas: Jesus Christ! *(Rubs his shoulder.)*

Dan: Fuckin' Adams. *(The three boys go inside. Wu steps front and center, looking up at Al.)*

MrWu: Swedgin!

Al: All right, Wu.

(Mr. Wu holds his knife out to Al, reaches back and grabs his braid, he slices it off and holds it up.)

MrWu: Wu! America!

Al: That'll hold you tight to her tit.

MrWu: *(Holding crossed fingers up to Al)* Heng dai.

(Al returns the gesture.)

(We see Wolcott's hat sitting in the dust. His shadow swings over it. Turner steps onto the porch and sees the body swinging. Merrick holds up a new printing of the paper, running through the crowd.)

Blazanov/Merrick: Elections are coming! Elections are coming!

Merrick: Territorial governor agrees to local elections!

Blazanov: Elections are coming!

(Seth is still drinking at the Gem bar. Davey is cleaning up. Al comes out onto the inner balcony.)

Al: Don't you have a fuckin' home to get to?

(Alma steps out onto the hotel porch. The tailor approaches.)

Tailor: Right this way, Mrs. Ellsworth. *(Ellsworth steps to her side.)* Bart, help Mrs. Ellsworth onto her wagon. *(Sofia pulls Ellsworth out for another dance.)* There we go. Help her up there!

(Alma steps up, Ellsworth and Sofia dance a jig. Trixie hands Alma the letter from Alice. Ellsworth swings Sofia around, holds his arms open and she jumps into them. He hoists her up and they climb into the wagon. Tom plays the spoons, the band plays on. Seth

strides down the boardwalk, watching. The music comes to an end as Alma catches sight of him. Their eyes meet. He smiles at her.)

Al: I believe it's to your fuckin' right. *(Seth continues home.)*

Jane: Hey, we ain't done fuckin' dancing!

(The crowd claps in rhythm, the music starts back up again. Blazanov does the famous Cossack squat-kick dance, the Gem whores cheering him on. Merrick takes a picture as Jen casually fondles his 'package'. He peeks out from under the camera's cape, surprised to see her doing that. Seth strides down the thoroughfare. Charlie, Jan and Joanie square dance. Doc takes Jewel's waist from behind and they dance, his head on her shoulder. Al taps along to the music, nodding his head. All is right in Deadwood.)

Cast

Timothy Olyphant Seth Bullock
Ian McShane Al Swearengen
Molly Parker Alma Garret
John Hawkes Sol Star
Paula Malcomson Trixie
W. Earl Brown Dan Dority
Powers Boothe Cy Tolliver
Sean Bridgers Johnny Burns
Jeffrey Jones A.W. Merrick
Kim Dickens Joanie Stubbs
William Sanderson	E.B. Farnum
Bree Seanna Wall	Sofia
Pavel Lychnikoff	Blazanov
Pruitt Taylor Vince	Mose
Leon Rippey Tom Nuttall
Geri Jewel	Jewel
Robin Weigert	Calamity Jane
Dayton Callie	Charlie Utter
Garret Dillahunt	Francis Wolcott
Zach Grenier	Andy Cramed
Stephen Toblowsky	Commissioner Hugo Jarry
Larry Cedar	Leon
Peter Jason	Con Stapleton
Leah Ann Cevoli	Tess
Jennifer Lutheran	Jenn
Keone Young	Mr. Wu
Gerald McRaney	George Hearst
Philip Moon	Mr. Lee
Gordon Clapp	The Tailor
Parisse Boothe	Tessie
Nick Amandos	Jack
M. Dutch DeBoer	
Allan Graf	
Jennifer Lutheran	Jen
Johnny Rad	
David Redding	Davey
Phil Chong	Ah Sook

Will Leong
Kevin Wimmer

Lee's Henchman
The Fiddler

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