



Episode 30: A Rich Find

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(George Hearst is sitting in the jail cell at Utter Freight and Charlie Mail, glowering. Charlie is hauling bags of mail in.)

Utter: Fuckin' Postal contract. Got to bring these in first thing. I'll be right with you.

Hearst: *(standing)* Is he only a Goddamn fool or so stupid he thinks he's accomplished something?

Utter: Who?

Hearst: You know Goddamn well who I mean.

Utter: Who are you?

Hearst: You Goddamn well know that too.

Utter: I know from the Sheriff locking you up between sundown when I left and my coming back now, you must have fucked up at the interval. Where you drunk?

Hearst: You and I have met.

Utter: At the hotel buffet.

Hearst: Yes.

Utter: But we wasn't introduced.

Hearst: I'm George Hearst!

Utter: Were you drunk, George Hearst? *(Walks over to another cell, holding the body of the Cornishman killed the day before)* This fellow didn't keep you up here, did he? He didn't like fart or snore too much for you, did he, Mr. Hearst? I mean, he imbi—*(he talks off the sheet covering the body's face)* Holy Shit! Jesus! The cocksucker's dead, George! Look, he's got a fuckin' knife in his chest. That ain't your fuckin' knife, is it, George Hearst?

(Hearst glares at Charlie. At the livery, Calamity Jane is helping the Nigger General Fields build a coffin for Hostetler.)

Fields: Goddamn fool.

Jane: Won't be the first the worms work on.

Fields: I guess he deserves more than a dirt burying by some stranger, even for only how big a fuckin' nigger he was. Don't know if using this trough was that big a fuckin' timesaver.

Jane: I'll see to the burying with you. I owe a visit up there anyways.

Fields: That ain't gonna raise your popularity with your fellow white people.

Jane: Question I wake to in the morning and pass out with at night: What's my popularity with my fellow white people?"

Fields: Suppose we ought to go get him. He ain't fuckin' pretty to look at.

Jane: Neither are you, fuckin' Nigger General.

(Inside The House that Bullock Built, Martha is preparing breakfast, Seth is sitting at the table talking.)

Seth: After that I arrested Hearst. Took him by the ear and led him to jail, where he remains.

Martha: *(Sitting)* Hearst had no particular connection to Mr. Hostetler?

Seth: Both their names begin with “H.” *(She smiles)* It’s gonna get bad here, Martha.
(There’s a knock at the door)

Al: It’s Albert Swearengen, regrettin’ the early hour and...that I call without notice...

Seth: *(Walks to the door and opens it)* Good morning. Come in.

Al: *(Wipes his shoes off before entering)* ...knowing I intrude. *(enters)* Mrs. Bullock.

Martha: Good morning, Mr. Swearengen. Will you have meat and eggs?

Al: I’d be grateful for coffee.

Martha: Please sit down. *(Al and Seth sit at the table)*

Al: Swell, stem to stern—the place. *(Martha sets the coffee cup down in front of Al.)*

Martha: If you will not eat, will you excuse me? *(They stand)*

Seth: Teaches the camp’s children.

Al: Excellent.

Seth: I’ll walk you when you’re ready.

Martha: There’s no burning rush. I’m sure the talk Mr. Swearengen would have with you must be important. *(She walks upstairs)*

Al: Last night from my balcony vantage, I watched you drag Hearst by the ear to Utter’s Freight Office. I was waitin’ on you comin’ out of Utter’s, thinking that you might make a call on me, tell me what the fuck was going forward, but you did not appear. I finally asked myself, “Could our Sheriff have took another route home, maybe through Chinaman’s Alley? And what would that bespeak of his frame of mind?”

Seth: It bespoke I didn’t fuckin’ feel like talking to you.

Al: “Al, busy night, Short on joy.” Could have told me that. “Let’s talk another time.” *(Martha starts to come downstairs but pauses at the top)* I too, Bullock, when suspecting I’ve fucked the dog, keenly seek some solitude. Our hour is wrong. Having lost his man Turner, being embarrassed by you, Hearst will be on the muscle, and we who will be his wrath’s object ought to stay close and confide. Our alternative is flight. Does that appeal?

Seth: No.

Al: We ain’t that sort, which is maybe more the pity. *(Martha walks downstairs now.)*

Martha: Will you walk me to school now, Mr. Bullock?

Seth: Yes.

Al: Thank you for the coffee.

Martha: You’re very welcome, Mr. Swearengen.

(In the house the Bonanza Bought, Alma is brushing Sofia’s snarled hair.)

Sofia: Owie.

Alma: Well, Sofia,...We’re almost through.

Sofia: It’s cold.

Alma: The fire’s gone out. Mr. Ellsworth left for the diggings early this morning.

Sofie: He didn’t come to kiss me good night.

Alma: *(Pauses momentarily)* You must not have wakened.

Sofia: I always waken from his beard.

Alma: Well, last night you must not have. *(She stops brushing and stands in front of Sofia, smoothing her hair.)* There. You look more than presentable. Excuse me just a moment, and then I'll take you to school.

(Alma sails out of the room, leaving Sofia standing behind. Inside the Gem, Dan comes lumbering out of his room, covered in a thick blanket, looking awfully like a bear. He looks like he had the shit beaten out of him – oh wait, he did. Well, he looks like he should then. Johnny sees him coming out and is on alert. He smooths his shirtfront and clears his throat.)

Johnny: Mornin', Dan. Jewel, you got you another customer. Just brought me mine. How do you—*(Dan clanks his gun down on the bartop)* How do you feel? *(Dan drinks Johnny's coffee)* You go ahead and drink that. That's at least my third damn cup. I'm jangle-nerved already. Let me go on and get shaky-handed, pop my foot on the floor like I'm a-listenin' to banjo music! *(Dan glares at Johnny)* Shit. *(He stops and looks upstairs)* Al's out.

Dan: Out where?

Johnny: Well, I don't know. But I bet you a nickel has somethin' to do with Bullock takin' Hearst by the ear from Tolliver's to Utter's Depot.

Dan: What the fuck are you talkin' about?

Johnny: Anyways, here's Jewel.

(Jewel brings Dan his breakfast, grinning. Outside in the thoroughfare in front of the Number 10 where Harry is sweeping,, Steve is ranting, of course slurring his words because – surprise surprise – he's drunk.)

Steve: We had been at odds but settled, Hostetler and me. He'd sold me his livery, and fixing to move to Oregon, pickin' up his fuckin' shotgun, the negro stumbled and...blew his black head off! *(He coughs at the dirt Harry's kicked up and spits)* God damn it, Harry. *(pause)* And I fear no retribution, not by my own God...or any other...evil emissary's dispatch from the bowels of the earth by whatever bundle of bloody fuckin' feathers and housecat teeth the nigger race bows down to. My hands are fuckin' clean, and my heart is quiet. *(He sees Odell passing by him in the thoroughfare, full of pride as he rides his horse down the street. Steve stumbles and looks at him.)* Oh, Christ. *(He turns and heads back to the Number 10.)* Harry?

(Back at the Freight office, Seth unlocks the jail cell and lets Hearst out. Hearst, eyeing Bullock, walks over to the body of the Cornishman and pulls out the knife from it's chest. Utter stands, Hearst swaggers away to the leave, pausing to wipe the blade clean of blood on a banister, staring at Bullock. He leaves. Inside the Grand Central, E.B. watches the outside from the lobby.)

EB: Hurry up, Richardson. *(Richardson hustles over to E.B.)* Thwart that Abyssinian. *(We see Odell in the thoroughfare, having just dismounted from his horse. He's heading for the Grand Central.)*

Richardson: I don't know what you mean.

EB: Any thought he has of registerin'. Bad enough we have one in help. (*Aunt Lou looks out the window as Richardson runs outside to Odell.*)

Richardson: Hello.

Odell: Hello.

Richardson: We can't take you.

Lou: My baby! (*Richardson steps to the side as Odell looks up*) Ooh! (*She hugs him*) Ooh!

Odell: Your baby's growed, Mama.

Lou: Oh, come on, come on. Come on around back. We'll get you into my room. You're so beautiful! Oh!

EB: Did you hear, Richardson? (*sarcastically*) "Beautiful."

Richardson: Yes.

(*Richardson smiles cheerfully, E.B. rolls his eyes and walks away. Upstairs at the Gem in Al's office, he's talking with Silas.*)

Al: You make clear to Tolliver you will not confide entirety and that he oughtn't to expect you ever fuckin' will is the basic foundation attitude. (*Silas nods*) Am I fuckin' boring you?!

Silas: No.

Al: (*sitting*) Are you sure you don't want to tell me a joke or the like, or dance a quick fuckin' jig?

Silas: I tell Tolliver I'm still your man and I'll never show him your fuckin' hole card.

Al: Guy like Tolliver always believes he can see what you want not to show him.

Silas: I'm tryin' not to show your hole card.

Al: That's your fuckin' act.

Silas: So what do I say about Bullock?

Al: What you say to Tolliver: "I know why Bullock acted, but I'm not prepared to say. That's confidential and privileged between me and Mr. Swearengen, who explained to me exactly."

Silas: What'll Tolliver think off that?

Al: "This kid don't know what the fuck Bullock's doin', and Swearengen don't either. But I, Cy Tolliver, warn'd that the fuck out of him, even though he tried not to let me. I can handle this fuckin' piss pot." (*Silas gives Al a thumbs up and clicks his cheek.*) Fold your thumb, go over and fuckin' talk to him.

(*Hearst enters the telegraph office, Blazanov sitting in front of his apparatus.*)

Hearst: When you're done woolgathering, I'd like this sent. (*Blazanov stands and takes the note from Hearst. Hearst turns around to Merrick.*) How are you today?

Merrick: Well enough, Mr. Hearst. And you? (*telegraph tapping*)

Hearst: Well enough. What do you say of me in your paper?

Merrick: I have nothing to report, Sir. Have you anything to give me?

Hearst: I have not.

Blazanov: One dollar, twenty-five cents, please. Twenty-five cents increase to our rate.

(Hearst hands him a bill and Blazanov hands him back his note. Hearst leaves. At the Bella Union, Silas sits with Cy.)

Cy: Damn pleased we got to speak, Adams. Al chose well making you his fuckin' ambassador.

Silas: Far as him grabbin' Hearst by the ear, how that affects yours and Mr. Swearengen's arrangements with Hearst—

Cy: Fuckin' Bullock.

Silas: Al's got specific ideas on that. And as soon as he's sure he wouldn't be unintentionally misleadin' you, he'll want me to confide 'em in detail.

Cy: Why don't you cap your visit with some complimentary higher-end pussy?

Silas: Thanks anyway.

Cy: You know Leon here. *(They get up and walk across the room)* Why don't you teach him somethin' about craps.

Silas: Soon as I finish showin' water how to run downhill. *(they chuckle as Silas leaves.)*

Cy: He'd have me a cur to paw through the scraps his fuckin' flunky tosses.

Leon: That Swearengen.

Cy: When here, Leon, telling me about the hobby you and Miz Ellsworth share, you walk me in Mr. Hearst's front door and sit me the fuck down across from him at his fuckin' table. *(slaps him on the shoulder)* God bless you, boy.

Leon: Thanks,. Mr. Tolliver.

(Charlie and Seth walk down the thoroughfare briskly.)

Seth: I'm going to the hardware store, Charlie.

Utter: I hope so. A little early to start drinkin'. Thought I'd stick around with you. *(They enter the store)*

Sol: Morning, Charlie.

Utter: Morn'.

Sol: Busy night last night, I hear.

(Seth glares at Sol, Charlie doesn't look at anyone, just shuffles around. Sol looks confused. Inside Heart's room at the Grand Central, Cy is meeting with him.)

Hearst: I recall my instructions to you as bein' that anytime you and I meet, Swearengen's to be represented.

Cy: Heard and understood, Mr. Hearst. And I hope correctly honored in the breach in this one single instance.

Hearst: Make your case.

Cy: Not to read your mind, but it seemed your idea for Swearengen and me had to do with this newer phase we're movin' into—camp's official business and the like, Swearengen and me unofficially seein' to your interests.

Hearst: Because the small-mindedness and self-interested behavior that's so pervasive in this shithole makes impossible my efficient attention to the requirements of my operation.

Cy: Well, I can only imagine what that's like, Sir. Man who's accomplished what you have, havin' to move among the low-rent cocksuckers and short-haulers—

Hearst: Make your fuckin' case why you've gone against my instructions.

Cy: I come into a certain piece of knowledge, Sir, that could make this more a less a fuckin' company town. And my thinking was if communicatin' this privately to Mr. Hearst risks putting me and Al Swearengen the fuck out of action as middlemen, so the fuck be it. Suppose I could put the Ellsworth claim into play for you, Mr. Hearst?

Hearst: How?

Cy: The lady's reinvolved herself with a habit that turns a person's life upside down. One of my own fuckin' employees supplies her, God help me, and that's a habit, Sir. Makes a person subject to accident and mischance of every fuckin' sort, having to do especially with the ups and downs of the fucking quality of the fucking shit she's being given.

Hearst: (*Shaking his finger at Cy.*) I wish I'd heard this yesterday.

Cy: I'll confide that wantin' to honor your instructions to the letter cost me 24 hours before approaching you.

Hearst: If I had, my instructions would have had to do with bringing the inevitable about. In the interval, I have suffered certain losses.

Cy: Oh, rest fuckin' Captain Turner's soul.

Hearst: I'd be quiet now, Mr. Tolliver, if I were you. Losses and indignities which, despite the strong impulse of my nature towards simplicity, prompt me to a different approach. (*He grabs Cy by the ear*) Do you enjoy that, Sir?

Cy: No, I don't.

Hearst: You don't enjoy that?

Cy: I don't, no. And I wish you'd cut it the fuck out.

Hearst: I not only spent last night incarcerated, I was taken to jail by the ear.

Cy: That fuckin' maniac Sheriff.

Hearst: By our maniac Sheriff, that's correct. And had as a cellmate—or to be fair in describing my situation, cohabitated with in the adjacent cell a rotting corpse, whom it was the Deputy's pleasure this morning to accuse me of having murdered. I'm therefore distressed and angry and I seem, for the moment, to be taking this out on your ear! But in the longer term my intentions are other, (*Grabs Cy's neck*) and more complicated.

Cy: Can we pretend the longer term's arrived, Sir? (*chuckles*) I'd have you release me, for a fucking fact. (*Hearst chuckles and releases Cy's ear, slapping Cy's cheek and walking away*)

Hearst: Sorry. Temper got the best of me.

Cy: Don't give it another thought, Sir.

Hearst: Don't kill her yet.

Cy: I took that as your meaning.

(Outside in the thoroughfare, Leon's gone nuts. He's talking to his reflection in a puddle in the middle of the muck.)

Leon: Oh, you think you can shine on me like the sun? "Oh, Leon, you're good guy. You put me next to the bank lady. You got a great fucking future at my side." Oh, fuck you. Fuck you! *(He looks up quickly to see if Cy heard him)* Don't you think I know the outcome of that? Once the bank lady dies from the overdose, you've had a good fucking day, I get a quick one in the ear. And of course if the day went bad, first you're calm on me for a fucking while. *(A hooplehead rides his horse through the puddle.)* Oh! Fuck you, rube! You clean up? Your 83 cents? Or whatever you froze your balls for all day in the fucking stream! Yeah, I'll get off right here if I want to! Don't confuse me, Mr. T, with having no cards up my sleeve. This scholar didn't raise no stupid sons. Or that don't know...how to...navigate a tight...*(He steps around the puddle, then enters the bank.)* Morning, Mrs. Ellsworth *(We see Trixie look up, Alma's eyes light up)* Morning.

Trixie: Out for a smoke.

Alma: Fine, Trixie.*(She writes on paper, waiting for Trixie to leave, then looks at Leon)*

Leon: My Celestial ain't in position. I ain't sure when he will be. Maybe you need to make a different arrangement.

Alma: I wonder, Leon, if we don't know approach a turn in our conversation...having to do with increasing your fee.

Leon: If I was you, Lady, instead of cracking fucking wise I might be thinking of different ways of spending my idle time.

Alma: I can't help but noticing, your Celestial's not being in a position isn't reflected in your condition.

Leon: Yeah? I'm high and planning to stay that way—not to fucking mention alive. *(She looks confused)* That's the last you see of me. *(He gets up and leaves an even more confused Alma behind. He walks outside and Trixie cocks her purse gun at his ear and drags him over to the wall where she holds him up by the neck, pistol cocked in his ear. She yells at a drunk hoople.)*

Trixie: Get the fuck out of here! *(The hoople leaves)* Leave her the fuck alone!

Leon: If you would take that out of my ear, I would be happy to know what you mean.

Trixie: I mean, if you keep selling her dope, I will fucking kill you.

Leon: Fine, I agree. You have shown me the light.

Trixie: I don't want to see her high again.

Leon: Only promise me this, you meddling cunt, if you do, before you head out to kill me, you'll ask her where she got her stuff. I am no longer the lady's supplier. *(She takes the pistol away)* May I go?

(Trixie walks away, putting the pistol back in her garter belt, entering the bank and locking the door behind her. She leans over the desk looking at Alma. Alma looks up at her.)

Trixie: I know.

Alma: Do you?

Trixie: Yes, your ladyship, I do. And just heard from that shitbad Leon, you've got a new supplier.

Alma: You are quite mistaken, Trixie, and however well intended, beyond your proper province.

Trixie: Fuck you, Mrs. Ellsworth.

Alma: I am in the process of making adjustments to the—complications of my situation.

Trixie: Bullshit.

Alma: Do not...take over-many liberties.

Trixie: You've fallen back with a fucking child in your home.

Alma: I will no longer be requiring your services.

Trixie: Alack for me. *(sarcastically)* How I hoped I could work here forever.

(Trixie grabs her things and leaves. Alma closes her eyes and looks away. At the Grand Central, Cy comes downstairs, leaving..)

Cy: I give up music with my fucking. I don't need any more friends than what I got. *(chuckles)* And I give up clocking that cocksucker upstairs.

EB: An inscrutable figure—Mr. Hearst.

Cy: *(lays \$200 on the desk)* Now what I want you to know: His first activities impinging on me I don't hear about beforehand from you, I'm gonna cut your fucking throat.

EB: Goodness.

Cy: You see that 200 I've given ya?

EB: I do, yes, at the margin of vision.

Cy: That argues there's a better way. *(He clears his throat loudly, Richardson steps out, E.B. pockets the money on his way out..)* Take the desk.

(In the back of the Grand Central, Aunt Lou is joyous over the arrival of her son.)

Lou: Liberia.

Odell: He mind me here 'fore his say-so?

Lou: How is he gonna mind you come see your mother?

Odell: Here in your room.

Lou: he give me this room. "You stay here, Aunt Lou. Who says what, no Goddamn never mind to me." *(They laugh)*

Odell: That's good then.

Hearst: *(entering)* Well, well, well. *(They stand)* You've company in your room, Aunt Lou.

Lou: My boy, Mr. Hearst. My boy Odell.

Hearst: Your boy? How do you do, Odell?

Odell: How do you do, Sir?

Lou: Where have you been, Mr. Hearst? Let me fix you up some breakfast.

Hearst: You made yourself at home, Odell, here in the room I set aside for your mother.

Lou: I asked him in, yes, Sir. Yes, Sir, that was me asked him in.

Hearst: Well, now that your mama has invited you in, I suppose we might say on the spur of the moment, I hope that you'll accept my invitation as well as the hotel's owner and your mother's employer. Please, Odell, won't you stay?

Odell: I will, Sir. Thank you. Thank you for your kindness.

Hearst: Not hungry just now, Aunt Lou.

(Hearst leaves them. E.B. enters Al's office, holding up the \$200.)

EB: Here, Al, is your answer. Nor would 10 times the sum have tempted me.

Al: Should have known.

EB: You confirm my judgment then—you were the money's source.

Al: As it happens, E.B., I was not.

EB: I see. In that case you may view my behavior as a random display of loyalty. *(He reaches for the money)*

Al: Explaining yourself offers a better chance of getting it back.

EB: That money, Al, came from Tolliver. Seeking knowledge, as he claimed, of such Hearst's activities as I, operating the man's hotel, might come into. How could I not believe it was you orchestrating the approach as some form of test? The alternative would have Tolliver, knowing my history with you, believing nonetheless that he could approach me, swaying my loyalty as if I had no morals more than a street whore.

Al: *(Taking the money)* Ain't to Tolliver's standard, the baldness of it.

EB: My thinking exactly. The lack of prelude or prologue. It's Hearst—Hearst, is he Caesar, to have fights to the death for diversion? Murder his workers at whim? Smash passages in the fucking wall? A man of less wealth would be in fucking restraints.

Al: We're in the presence of the new.

EB: Fuck the fucking new! Jesus Christ, Al. Is it over for us here?

Al: Go back to the hotel, E.B.

EB: Save us. Think of something.

Al: Have I ever not?

EB: We'll discuss that money another time.

(E.B. leaves Al's office. At the hardware store, Charlie is nervously waiting around.)

Sol: There's leaving the camp.

Seth: No.

Sol: No, I—no.

Utter: One thing—if he knew it was coming, Bill was not shy of drawing first.

Sol: Seth locked up Hearst instead of that.

Utter: Oh, I get it.

Sol: Wh-what does that mean?

Utter: It means, Mr. Star, after leading him by the ear through camp for all to fucking see, Seth installs Hearst in a cell adjoining a man he's had killed, that the knife still protrudes out of his chest. And as much as me and Hearst conversed, I made him address my ass. So do let's don't pretend Hearst will feel he was treated

legal or-or-or civilized, or that his bidness with us is finished. Hearst is fucking coming. Bringing us back to Bill and doing unto others first. Which ought maybe include a-a-a visit to Hearst's fucking diggings. And his muscle you fail to murder before they arouse? You bring to chase you to camp—Judas goat the cocksuckers—for Swearengen's men and Tolliver's to mow down from fucking ambush while we're up seeing to Hearst.

Sol: There'll be nothing left of the camp.

Utter: Uh. How much you figure will stand once Hearst had his fucking say?

(At the bank, Alma blinks back tears, inhales sharply, opens her desk drawer, grabbing her keys and leaves the bank. She locks it behind her. Back at the Bella Union, Leon and Con are talking.)

Leon: Truth is if I on Tolliver's instructions provide an overdose Mrs. Ellsworth dies from, for being able to say he told me to, who does he fucking croak next?

Con: You are lethally fuckin' middled. *(Leon signals to Con that Cy has entered the building)*

Leon: So she says, "No no, I want five oxen and one chicken." *(They laugh)*

Con: Rube fucking humor. *(WTF? That's the second use of the word rube this episode. I thought they cancelled Carnivale?)*

Leon: Mr. Tolliver.

Cy: Come with me, Leon. Let Con calm down. *(They enter the office)* Hold off.

Leon: Hold off?

Cy: Hold the fuck off. Don't fucking step up the purity. Just keep selling her what you've been fucking selling. It's a wise man that knows his own limits. Now go ahead out there, son, and continue doing wrong.

Leon: Yes, Sir, Mr. Tolliver. *(He leaves, Cy leans against a chair, grabbing his side.)*

Cy: Cocksucker.

Con: Everything all right?

Leon: Leave me alone! *(He walks over to a post and starts banging his head against it. Con walks away.)*

Con: Ooh.

(Trixie is sitting with Al in his office.)

Trixie: I wouldn't mind turning a fucking trick.

Al: Get the fuck out of here! *(He takes a bottle out)* We ain't hiring.

Trixie: Fuck you anyways, Al, for not recognizing a figure of speech.

Al: It ain't one you ought to employ you stupid bitch.

Trixie: I made a casual remark, and off-handed comment. I wouldn't mind turning a fucking trick.

Al: Operate out of the back of his store, then you're so set on lifting your skirts. Let some fuck filthy from the mines, breath rotten from his broken teeth, piss-reeking, shit-stinking fuck every hole in your body.

Trixie: What's the matter with you?

Al: I lose patience with cunts too ignorant to know when their lots improved. *(drinks)*

Trixie: She's using again.

Al: Who do we speak of now?

Trixie: The fucking Mrs. Ellsworth. And I told her I knew and that she'd ruin her child and that I quit her stupid job.

Al: Oh, if that don't straighten her out, I don't know fucking what.

Trixie: What was I supposed to do then?

Al: Look after your fucking self, you loopy cunt. Now get the fuck outta here!

(She gets up and leaves, glaring at him. Ellsworth steps out of his room at The House that the Bonanza Bought, catching Alma stepping out of her room. She panics momentarily then shuts her door and faces him.)

Alma: Hello.

Ellsworth: Hello. *(she sniffs)* I thought you'd be at the bank.

Alma: I came away without something. You might hurry not to make Sofia tardy. *(He readjusts his case)* Where did you stay?

Ellsworth: At the diggings. Was Sofia upset?

Alma: As you may imagine. May I appeal to you to reconsider?

Ellsworth: I needn't be your husband to be what father to Sofia I can.

Alma: I care for you a great deal.

Ellsworth: An arrangement like ours wouldn't get anymore tolerable to you. And I couldn't bear it, seeing what you'd do to yourself. You'll straighten around if I go.

(Ellsworth leaves, Alma, crossing her arms, hugging herself, blinking back the tears. At the telegraph office, Blazanov is melancholy, holding his head and tapping on the table. Merrick walks over to his friend.)

Merrick: I can't help noticing you just now Mr. Blazanov, uh—

Blazanov: I'm sad.

Merrick: I see.

Blazanov: I imagine my murdered parents. They were killed on their farm while I was a student in Petersburg. I imagine their bodies like the man we found on our walking.

Merrick: We are swept up, are we not, by the large events and forces of our times?

Blazanov: *(sighs)* How much they saved...to send me for study.

(Merrick looks like he's blinking back tears now. He steps away from his friend, leaving him alone. Outside the back of the Grand Central, Odell is sitting on the steps while Aunt Lou doing laundry.)

Odell: I'm gonna go ahead and try this cobbler.

Lou: Don't think I didn't notice you hadn't tried it yet.

Odell: *(taking a bite)* Oh, that's delicious!

Lou: And praise God how fast the mails must be getting to be. *(Odell looks up)* 'Cause it ain't a month since I wrote. 27 days. I keep track when I send you my letters

so I know when to hope for one back. And him sending for me to come here, it's 27 days since I wrote to tell you that. And I just can't feature Odell all that way in Liberia, you could have gotten my letter that took the time it took to get to you and then you take passage to come back here to America, and got from New York City to hell and gone out here all in 27 days. I can't feature it's possible. Whoo, Praise God, Praise God!

Odell: Well, Mama, maybe I set out without having the letter.

Lou: But then you couldn't have known I was here.

Odell: Couldn't have knowed it proved, you mean. Would've had to took it on faith, reading in the newspaper that he was here in this place, you would be too. Decided it was time. *(He holds his arms out to her for a hug. Hearst steps out.)*

Hearst: There you are.

Lou: Here we are.

Hearst: Odell. I had thought to find you inside.

Odell: I hope you don't take me for ungrateful.

Hearst: I have an inkling you're wise, Odell.

Odell: I've gotten used to being outdoors. All that time at the site of the find.

Hearst: What find do you refer to, Son?

Odell: :Liberia, Sir. The gold.

(Understanding crosses both Hearst's and Aunt Lou's faces. Though of different sorts. Later inside, Lou is brushing the dirt off something – Hearst's jacket?.)

Lou: Invite you now to sit down with him to eat—"Sit across from me and have dinner, Odell." That before you said Gold, fire's in his eyes you was anyplace indoors at all.

Odell: Gold seemed to change his mind.

Lou: Don't you want to say "Yes, Ma'am" or "Yes, Mama," before that or after, Odell, so my heart feels how sweet you are?

Odell: No, ma'am.

Lou: *(throwing down her brush)* Make me know you sweet, God-fearing and truthful like I wanted my boy to be.

Odell: Back from where you send him, raising up to a man, safe amongst his own.

Lou: Liberia...free.

Odell: Free? Shit.

Lou: Don't you speak to me thatta way!

Odell: What way mama?

Lou: Use language like that to me!

Odell: No kinda truth? Yes, Ma'am. Liberia--free. Praise Jesus. Here come the spirit over me.

Lou: Don't you take him in vain. Don't you dare to do it!

Odell: All right, Mama. All right.

Lou: What was the truth of it then?

Odell: Liberia? No field work—African niggers for that. Now they lazy and stupid, Mama. American niggers steal off the African, till the English cheat us out of it.

Hot till you can't breathe. Nothing ever be dry. Hate the air. Hate the breathing in and out. Liberia.

Lou: Is there gold, Odell?

Odell: A rich find, Mama. Rich. Praise God. He give his son for our sins and Mr. Hearst to help us. *(He puts his hat on and heads for the door)*

Lou: Where are you going, boy?

Odell: Find a place where a nigger can have a drink, before he sits down with Mr. Hearst.

(Aunt Lou lowers her head and the tears roll down as Odell leaves. At the Number 10, Tom is trying to write in his ledger as Steve continues his never ending drunken rant)

Steve: Putting that dead one's kidneys up his nose, however the fuck else they summon up their demons. *(Tom looks up at Steve)* Beat thigh bones on tin pans. *(Tom stands up in frustration and moves to a table further away)* shake and rattle and hop the fuck around.

Harry: Another? *(He refills Steve's glass as Tom sits at a new table)*

Steve: Am I swine, Harry, that in an otherwise empty joint the owner must make a show of relocating further away from me?

Tom: Maybe it's you being present keeps away the broader clientele.

Steve: And maybe, Tom, it's the chill in here is what does it, when every edifice else in camp's been swanked up and seen to. *(Tom stands up, indignant)* Look inward, why don't you? Instead of always blaming the other. *(Odell stands in the doorway and Steve looks like he's seen a ghost.)*

Tom: Welcome to the Number 10. *(Shaking Odell's hand)* My name is Tom. Harry'll take your order. His name is Steve. *(Tom leaves and Odell walks up to the bar. Steve is speechless)*

Odell: Whiskey. *(Harry pours the drink, Odell picks it up and turns to Steve)* Afternoon.

(Steve, still speechless, nods his head and turns his back on Odell. Aunt Lou is back in her room, tying something up in a hanky. Hearst enters.)

Hearst: Where is my dinner companion?

Lou: I don't know where that boy's got to, Sir.

Hearst: I guess we all have different ideas, Aunt Lou, of what constitutes punctuality.

Lou: Guess everybody do about everything, Sir. Look like more and more that's true. Why don't I find him?

Hearst: You don't believe he's forgotten?

Lou: I don't know no more, Sir. Let me just get past you.

Hearst: What if he returns and you're still gone? Who'll serve dinner?

Lou: I'm getting pst you Mr. Hearst, please do excuse. *(She pushes by him and walks through the restaurant past Richardson and stops at the entrance.)* Where's the livery at? *(E.B. points in it's direction and she runs off.)*

EB: I'm not assuming you know left from right, or I'd have spoken.

(Out in the thoroughfare, Jane and NG Fields return from burying Hostetler.)

Jane: I've never done that sober in my life.

Fields: Pissed yourself?

Jane: And if account of the mishap circulates, I will know the fucking source.

Fields: Who could I tell? I'd've never known it had happened if you hadn't started screaming about it.

Jane: Pissing yourself at the grave of your best friend and most admired person you've ever known, that ain't cause for fucking dismay?

Fields: Bible instructs us when two of different races return from a graveyard together, the even should be marked with liquor.

Lou: Praise God! Thank you, Jesus. *(Running up to them)* I come looking for you, that cooked for you and your friend as was strangers to me.

Fields: What's your trouble?

Lou: Save my boy, Sir. *(She grabs Fields by his lapels, pleading.)* That's past his mother's lap.

(Upstairs at the Gem, there's a knock at Al's door.)

Al: Yeah. *(Dan enters – I think that's a Buffalo skin he's covered in)* How are your spirits, Chief?

Dan: All right.

Al: Do not bullshit me, Dan! The task I'd assign you is pivotal.

Dan: I'm all right.

Al: And leave the matter at that?

Dan: Well what the fuck else would you want me to say?

Al: Nothing. You gave me the basis to decide. I'm not fuckin' sending you anywhere.

Dan: Well, fuck where you were gonna send me! And fuck the task you were gonna assign me to do!

Al: And that confirms my opinion, that indifferent rejoinder.

Dan: I'm on the verge of stiking you a fucking blow.

Al: Oh, which I would be inclined to absorb as proof you'd passed the killing of that giant. Which I have been waiting for you to volunteer.

Dan: Then why didn't you just ask me to volunteer it?

Al: Because opinion solicited does not equal one freely voiced. This is what I predicted to Johnny, virtually word for word.

Dan: About what?

Al: How you'd react to that killing. "Dan, Johnny, does not like killing to end a fair fight." "Oh, why, Al?" Asked Johnny. "Because—" And I fucking have to explain to him, "—it's more like a contest, Johnny, or the like, a bout."

Dan: Seeing a light go out of their eyes.

Al: In the one you had left in its socket. *(Dan suppresses a smile)* Better in his one than the both of yours, hmm? *(Dan smiles a bit)* I'd have you go to Cheyenne to see to the hiring of guns.

Dan: All right. *(He throws off the animal skin)*
Al: Wishing an alternative would come to me.
Dan: Want me go to Bismarck?
Al: An alternative to the hiring of guns, Dan.
Dan: Yeah, Hearst's pockets are bigger than ours.
Al: Being neighbor to his prick, which Bullock may as well have belittled when grabbing him by his *fucking* ear.

(In the livery, Aunt Lou sits next to Jane as she drinks.)

Lou: Do you feature the Nigger General getting my boy to take that money?
Jane: No man better for the task. That Little Nigger General has a gift. Gets you to an attitude he'd have you and goes about his business. Leaves you to stand in wonderment. "What happened to change my mood?" Or change my opinion or decision, take money maybe I never featured I would, come fire or flood or the like. *(drinks)* That's the Little Nigger General all over.
Lou: I pray Jesus you're right.
Jane: Oh, having no pull in that quarter, I'm tolerable confident, I am.
Lou: Could I have a swig?
Jane: Now that is the first giant step towards long-term understanding and friendship. *(She hands Lou the bottle, Lou reaches for a mug)* Do not employ a mug lest next we'd be donning white gloves.
Lou: All right then. *(drinks – clears her throat)* Yes yes yes. *(Jane laughs)*

(At the Number 10, Steve's found his voice again as Odell drinks his whiskey.)

Steve: Yeah, there's a new house policy now at the Number 10 Saloon: Anyone at all can drink or move in and take up residence, for all the fuck the policy cares. *(NG Fields enters and Steve swings around quickly so his back is turned on them again.)*
Fields: Ain't meaning to be here long. Ain't looking to drink. All's I'm here for, Steve, is to talk to this here Gentleman.
Steve: Go ahead and do somersaults or peel bananas with each other for all I give a fuck. The whole place has gone to shit anyhow.
Odell: What could we have to talk about?
Fields: Your Mama did me a kindness and she asked me to talk to you. I guess I also got to tell you she give me \$742 to give to you if you just get the hell out of camp.
Odell: What's your name?
Fields: Nigger General Samuel Fields. *(Steve looks wide eyed)* Now my plan—I got 1200 left to me by a tall nigger who after he sold his fucking livery to Steve there blew his fucking head off—past that \$742 in my pocket that I'm trying to give you, my plan is get to San Francisco, buy enough white pussy to stretch from the harbor to the closest rooming house that'll have me and then fuck my way to the pacific ocean. *(pause)* She said that, uh, she sent you away.
Odell: Mmm, not far. Fucking Africa.
Fields: Damn. What'd you say made her mad?

Odell: Called her Mama.

Fields: So no you want to run a little something on her boss, which would be a waste of that high yellow skin, Odell.

Odell: We done talking, Samuel. *(He leaves and Steve turns back around.)*

Fields: All yours.

(Hearst paces at the entrance of the restaurant, and checks his pocket watch. We see Richardson stirring a pot of food.)

Hearst: The nigger I appointed to dine with does not appear. As well, since his mother's not here to serve us. What do you know of last night?

Richardson: My stomach hurt.

Hearst: I was discomfited otherwise. *(Richardson just continues stirring)* Stupid, aren't you?

Richardson: Yes, Sir.

Hearst: Better than what some of these others are. This place displeases me. I'm taking measures to bring it down.

Richardson: All right. *(Hearst turns and leaves. Richardson turns his head slightly and watches him go. E.B. has been spying from his room.)*

EB: Does he speak of the hotel? Or even more?

(Hearst steps out onto the porch and leans against a post. Downstairs at the Gem, Al gives his instructions to Dan.)

Al: That they're armed and awake don't have to mean they're fucking hired.

Dan: Yeah, and when I feel a shit coming on I'll remember to drop my pants.

Al: The obvious merits utterance. Character is fucking pertinent.

Dan: If I'm to go, I'd as soon get started before the darkness.

Al: Going means the darkness is upon us. *(Johnny sees Seth enter and clears his throat as signal)* Bullock. *(Seth pauses for a moment, then looks at Dan and Johnny)*

Seth: Could him and me talk?

Johnny: Sure. Converse amongst yourselves. *(The boys walk to the back.)*

Seth: Charlie Utter thinks it has to come to blood.

Al: Charlie Utter's likely right.

Seth: And if it has to, that we should strike first.

Al: Believe me, even now in the forest, the blade would be between my teeth, me and you making our way stealthily forward. *(Seth looks impatiently to the door)* And as to us and him, if blood's what it finally comes to, 100 years from now the forest is what they'll find here. Dewy morning's lost its appeal for me. *(drinks)* I prefer to wake indoors. Dan! You don't travel tonight! *(A whore takes Dan's pack off his shoulder.)* Come. Need of canned peaches, Johnny. Let's collect the camp elders. Be baffled among friends, huh?

(In the livery, Aunt Lou looks up with hope in her eyes as NG Fields returns.)

Fields: I tried, Miss Lady.

Lou: No. No, no.

(Aunt Lou takes off running. Al and Seth step out onto the thoroughfare, Hearst nods to them.)

Hearst: Gentelemen.

Al: Mr. Hearst. *(Odell comes walking down the thoroughfare)*

Hearst: Odell! *(Odell smiles)* Odell!

Odell: Hello, Mr. Hearst.

Al: Who's the new nigger?

Hearst: Fucking late, son.

Odell: Oh, sorry, Sir.

Hearst: Your Mama's tardy as well.

Odell: Is that so?

Hearst: That's all right, we'll await her speaking of gold. *(He and Odell head inside)*

Odell: Oh, that'd be just wonderful, Sir.

Hearst: *(Pausing as he goes inside, putting up his middle finger to Al.)* How's the finger?!

Al: All right, Mr. Hearst. *(Hearst goes inside)*

Seth: How's the fucking ear?

Al: Good, Bullock, good. By dissembling our feelings we keep the strategic edge. *(They see Aunt Lou running down the thoroughfare as fast as she can.)*

Lou: You don't get him. You don't take him from me. Oh no. You don't get him. You don't take him from me.

Al: Not quick, but she does seem full of purpose.

(Lou runs past them into the Grand Central. In an alleyway, Jane is sprawled out on a board of some sort.)

Jane: People are fucking people, and that is fucked up! *(Joanie comes down the alleyway and sees Jane.)* You don't know what the fuck I'm talking about, 'cause you don't know people. I..I know people and I know the way they fucking operate.

Joanie: Who are you talking to, Jane?

Jane: What business or concern is that of yours?

Joanie: I wondered where you were. I'd hoped you come stay with me instead of going back to all this.

Jane: Whatever you mean by this, I have been recently engaged in complicated negotiations with niggers...who equal any other creature walking upright being able to fuck themselves up.

Joanie: I got myself a room at Shaunessey's. The offer still stands, Jane. I'd really like it if you'd come stay with me.

Jane: I am a creature of habit and routine. And I am a creature of difficulty falling asleep. If I don't mind pissing myself to stay asleep, I'm not likely to destroy a habit routinely sleeping someplace completely elsewhere.

Joanie: Come on, Jane. We're going. *(She pulls Jane to her feet)*

Jane: You ain't got the fucking manpower to pull my ass up.

Joanie: Come on.

Jane: You're putting yourself very much in danger, my friend. *(sniffles)* Very very very ver very very much in danger. *(Jane leans over and pukes as Joanie helps her walk.)*

Joanie: That's all right, Jane. Come on.

Timothy Olyphant	Seth Bullock
Ian McShane	Al Swearengen
Molly Parker	Alma Garret
Jim Beaver	Whitney Ellsworth
W. Earl Brown	Dan Darity
Kim Dickens	Joanie Stubbs
Brad Dourif	Doc Cochran
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
Omar Gooding		Odell

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