

Executive Producer: Noah Hawley
Executive Producer: Warren Littlefield
Executive Producers: Joel & Ethan Coen
Executive Producer: John Cameron

EPISODE: #201
SCRIPT: #201
PRODUCTION: #2001

FARGO

"Waiting For Dutch"

Episode #201

Script by
Noah Hawley

PINK PRODUCTION DRAFT – FULL – 9/26/14

26 Keys Productions
The Littlefield Company
Nomadic Pictures
MGM Television
FX Networks

MGM Television Entertainment Inc.
245 North Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, CA 90210



Episode #201 "Waiting For Dutch"
PINK DRAFT - 9.26.14

REVISION HISTORY

PINK DRAFT	9/26/14
BLUE REVISION PAGES	9/11/14
PRODUCTION DRAFT	8/7/14

NOTES:

PINK DRAFT REVISIONS

- Sc. 24 dialogue change
- Sc. 39 description change
- Sc. 40 has been ADDED

PINK DRAFT REVISIONS - ADDITIONAL NOTES:

All scenes have been renumbered for clarity

Character JOE BULO has been added to this episode

Character MIKE MILLIGAN has been added to this episode

Character THE KITCHEN BROTHERS have been added to this episode

BLUE REVISION PAGES

- Sc. 1 description, dialogue change
- Sc. 3 description, dialogue change
- Sc. 6 has been OMITTED
- Sc. 7 has been OMITTED
- Sc. 8 has been OMITTED
- Sc. 9 description change
- Sc. 12 description change
- Sc. 13 location name change
- Sc. 15 location name, description, dialogue changes
- Sc. 16 location name change
- Sc. 18 description change
- Sc. 20 description change
- Sc. 22 dialogue change
- Sc. 23 description change
- Sc. 24 dialogue changes
- Sc. 25 description, dialogue changes
- Sc. 25A has been ADDED
- Sc. 25B has been ADDED

Episode #201 "Waiting For Dutch"

PINK DRAFT - 9.26.14

- Sc. 26 location name, description, dialogue change
- Sc. 27 location name, dialogue change
- Sc. 28 location name, dialogue change
- Sc. 28A has been ADDED
- Sc. 28B has been ADDED
- Sc. 28C has been ADDED
- Sc. 28D has been ADDED
- Sc. 28E has been ADDED
- Sc. 30 description change
- Sc. 31 dialogue change
- Sc. 32 description change
- Sc. 32A has been ADDED
- Scs. 33-55 have been OMITTED

BLUE PAGE REVISIONS - ADDITIONAL NOTES:

Character MIKE MILLIGAN has been removed from this episode

Character DODD GERHARDT has been removed from this episode

Character FLOYD GERHARDT has been removed from this episode

Character OHANZEE DENT has been removed from this episode

Character CHARLIE GERHARDT has been removed from this episode

Character OTTO GERHARDT has been removed from this episode

Character KARL WEATHERS has been added to this episode

Character SONNY GREER has been added to this episode

WAFFLE HAUS is now WAFFLE KING

Episode #201 "Waiting For Dutch"
PINK DRAFT - 9.26.14

CAST

Lou Solverson.....TBD
Ed Blomquist.....TBD
Peggy Blomquist.....TBD

RECURRING/REGULARS

Betsy Solverson.....TBD
Hank Larsson.....TBD
Molly Solverson.....TBD
Karl Weathers.....TBD
Sonny Greer.....TBD
Joe Bulo.....TBD
Mike Milligan.....TBD
Kitchen Brother #1.....TBD
Kitchen Brother #2.....TBD
Big Boss (Voice).....TBD

GUEST CAST

Rye Gerhardt.....TBD
Judge Mundt.....TBD

NON-REGULARS

Syd Schwartz.....TBD
Running Bear.....TBD
Clyde.....TBD
Ollie Stein.....TBD
Brenda.....TBD
Attorney.....TBD
Clerk.....TBD
Waitress.....TBD
Dad.....TBD

Episode #201 "Waiting For Dutch"
PINK DRAFT - 9.26.14

Fry Cook.....TBD
Trucker.....TBD
Officer Bluth.....TBD
Second Officer.....TBD
Bjorn Gruffenson.....TBD
Spanish American War Vet.....TBD
Dispatch(Voice).....TBD

Episode #201 "Waiting For Dutch"
PINK DRAFT - 9.26.14

SETS /LOCATIONS

INTERIORS

CARRIAGE TYPEWRITERS - FARGO, ND - DAY

COURT HOUSE - FARGO, ND
COURTROOM - DAY
JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

RYE'S CAR - RURAL, MN
RYE'S CAR - NIGHT
(TRAVELING) - NIGHT

WAFFLE KING - RURAL, MN - NIGHT

PEGGY'S CAR (TRAVELING) - RURAL, MN

PEGGY & ED'S HOUSE - LUVERNE, MN
GARAGE - NIGHT
HOUSE - NIGHT
BEDROOM - NIGHT
KITCHEN - NIGHT

SOLVERSON HOUSE - LUVERNE, MN
MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
KITCHEN - NIGHT
BEDROOM - NIGHT

ED'S PICKUP TRUCK (TRAVELING) - LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT

VETERAN OF FOREIGN WARS HALL - LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT

BOARD ROOM - KANSAS CITY, MO - DAY

EXTERIORS

SIOUX FALLS, SD

BATTLEFIELD - DAY
RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

FARGO, ND

RURAL ROAD (TRAVELING) - DAY

Episode #201 "Waiting For Dutch"
PINK DRAFT - 9.26.14

RURAL, MN

RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

WAFFLE KING - NIGHT

LUVERNE, MN

ROAD - NIGHT

SOLVERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

ED'S PICKUP TRUCK (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

FIELD - NIGHT

PLAYBACK/SFX

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BATTLEFIELD. SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY (1862) 1

A snowy field, surrounded by pine trees. A GREAT BATTLE has been fought here. Smoke rises. The bodies of the SIOUX DEAD lay scattered amid Union TROOPS, splayed and bloody, near the occasional horse corpse.

A crow lands and begins to scavenge. STRINGS SWELL as we PAN ACROSS the snow.

We are in BLACK AND WHITE.

Over this image an old fashioned chyron --

MASSACRE AT SIOUX FALLS . . .

-- fades on and off screen.

The CAMERA finds a Sioux Warrior, RUNNING BEAR (30s), dressed in skins and wearing full war paint. He stands alone, rubbing his hands together and stamping his feet to stay warm.

Beat. He looks out past the camera.

RUNNING BEAR

Am I -- what are we waiting for?

Someone yells something from off screen.

RUNNING BEAR (CONT'D)

What?

A White Man, SYD SCHWARTZ (30s), enters frame. He is dressed, incongruously, in slacks, a cardigan and scarf. SYD is the FIRST A.D. of the movie *Massacre at Sioux Falls*. The year is actually 1952.

SYD SCHWARTZ

The arrows. Gayle's putting in the arrows. On Reagan.

He indicates a body riddled with arrows.

RUNNING BEAR

I know, but they said -- Jenny came by the trailer and said *five minutes*, so --

SYD SCHWARTZ

Well, there's a lot of arrows.

RUNNING BEAR

(beat)

So should I go back to my --

SYD SCHWARTZ

No. It's -- Jenny said --

(calls off screen)

What did Jenny say?

A young woman, BRENDA, enters frame.

BRENDA

They're putting in the arrows.

SYD SCHWARTZ

Yeah, I know, but how long?

Beat. Brenda doesn't know.

SYD SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Doll, just -- go find out, will ya?

The chief's wearin moccasins and
it's goddamn February.

Brenda hurries off. Syd and Running Bear both stamp their feet, trying to stay warm.

RUNNING BEAR

(beat)

That's offensive, you know.

(off him)

"The chief." I've got a name.

SYD SCHWARTZ

I meant your character.

RUNNING BEAR

Oh.

(beat)

What's he like anyway?

SYD SCHWARTZ

Who?

RUNNING BEAR

Dutch. Reagan.

SYD SCHWARTZ

Ronnie? He's a prince. A real class
act.

(beat)

He's not gonna remember your name
though. I'll tell ya that up front.

(MORE)

SYD SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)
I've done three films. Guy still
calls me Saul.

(beat)
A real prince though.

A CORPSE, laying nearby, suddenly sits up.

CORPSE
Can I get a blanket?

Syd gestures to A MAN off screen, who enters frame and lays a
blanket over the "corpse," then exits.

SYD SCHWARTZ
(beat)
This is the actual field they tell
me.

RUNNING BEAR
What?

SYD SCHWARTZ
The actual battlefield. *Massacre at
Sioux Falls*. I think three hundred
of your people -- braves -- died
here, what? A hundred years ago.

RUNNING BEAR
I'm from New Jersey.

SYD SCHWARTZ
Sure, but you're -- an Indian,
right? So that's gotta be --

RUNNING BEAR
(beat)
-- gotta be what?

SYD SCHWARTZ
No, I'm just saying. This battle --
the last big battle of the -- and
then what came after. And, look,
I'm a Jew, so believe me, I know
tribulation.

RUNNING BEAR
I'm goin back to my trailer.

SYD SCHWARTZ
Don't be sore. I just --

Syd takes out a pack of cigarettes.

SYD SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)

Smoke?

Running Bear takes one. Syd lights them up.

SYD SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)

We got a lot in common is all I'm sayin. Our *tribes*.

They stand there, smoking. Beat.

SYD SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)

(smoking)

Any minute. He'll be out.

We FADE TO BLACK as they wait.

HARD IN ON:

2 EXT. RURAL ROAD (TRAVELING). FARGO, ND - DAY (1979) 2

Now in glorious Technicolor. We are looking over the hood of a red 1978 Buick GSX, driving down a rural snowy road, the yellow lane lines sharking towards us.

We see the following text:

This is a true story.

We CUT TO a DIFFERENT ROAD, closer to town, but the camera mount and the car's hood remain unchanged.

The events depicted took place in Minnesota in 1979.

A THIRD ROAD, more residential, the camera mount and the car's hood unchanging.

At the request of the survivors, the names have been changed.

Now we are on A COMMERCIAL STREET. The car turns right into a parking space, the camera framing CARRIAGE TYPEWRITERS in front of us.

We see a SIGN on the plate glass.

GRAND RE-OPENING ... SOON.

Over this, the final chyron appears on screen.

Out of respect for the dead, the rest has been told exactly as it occurred.

The car comes to a stop.

REVERSE ON THE CAR

As RYE GERHARDT (28) climbs out. Rye sees himself as a big swinging dick (being the youngest son of the Gerhardt crime family), but in reality he has zero class or gravitas. A small dog, in other words, who barks big. *

Rye looks up at the shop, wipes some WHITE POWDER remnants from his mustache.

CUT TO:

3 INT. CARRIAGE TYPEWRITERS. FARGO, ND - CONTINUOUS 3

An old-world, small-town store in the middle of a "modern" remodel. New shelves stand half-finished.

There is a pedestal in the middle of the room. On it, lit from above, is a brand new ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER.

SKIP SPRANG (40s), the owner, stands by the pedestal, talking to CLYDE BUTTERWORTH (50s), a carpenter, dressed in dusty overalls.

And here's what you should know about Skip. He's a man chronically on the verge of Hitting It Big. The problem is, his instinct for what the Next Big Thing is is always wrong.

And yet - God bless him - his fervor remain undaunted, his absolute certainty that success, validation and riches are right around the corner.

He speaks to Clyde as Albert Einstein might address a cow.

SKIP

I'm saying tomorrow has never been closer than it is right now.

CLYDE

(checks his watch)
It's eleven o'clock in the morning.

SKIP

Metaphorically, I mean.

The door opens. Rye comes in. Skip sees him, isn't happy about it, but covers.

SKIP (CONT'D)

(to Rye)
Hi, friend. Be with you in a --

Clyde is uninterested in Skip's pitch.

CLYDE

The check never came is my point.

ANGLE ON RYE

who picks up a CLAW hammer from the counter, taps it absently against his leg.

SKIP

glances over, nervous.

SKIP

(distracted)

It didn't clear?

CLYDE

No. It never even -- I'm owed for work I did, see. Me and the boys. We're owed -- and I hate to do this to you, Mr. Sprang, but we're not comin back until --

SKIP

Well, that's -- I know I sent the check.

(laughs)

If I say I'm gonna do something I --

Rye drops the hammer on the counter, walks over.

RYE GERHARDT

Scram, farmer John.

CLYDE

Hey, that's --

Rye walks Clyde forcibly to the door. Skip follows, apologetic.

SKIP

Just -- if the check doesn't come by -- let's say next week --I'll write you (another)--

CLYDE

(protests)

My tools.

Rye shoves Clyde out, closes the door behind him, locks it.

SKIP

That was a little forceful.

Beat. Rye stares at Skip. Beat. Skip looks down. Rye glances at the typewriter on the pedestal.

RYE GERHARDT

Is that it?

Skip pulls himself up to his full height, looks at the typewriter the way Moses looked at the burning bush.

SKIP

Oh you betcha. The self-correcting IBM Selectrix Two with patented high speed typeball. God himself couldn't have designed a more powerful --

Rye studies it, skeptically.

RYE GERHARDT

Looks like a typewriter.

SKIP

An electric typewriter. They're not just for women anymore. Every business, every home, is gonna buy one. The future on a pedestal. I'm talkin money, hand over fist.

RYE GERHARDT

And you're sure we're the only --

SKIP

Sole distributor, mid-west region. Assuming -- if you're willing to -- *forget* certain debts owed to yer family -- and talk to the judge.

Rye thinks about this.

RYE GERHARDT

You got the photo?

Skip digs out a photo of an OLDER WOMAN in a black robe.

SKIP

She's driving to South Dakota tonight. Clerk told me she has a nephew in the Crippled Children's Hospital. A cripple, I guess.

RYE GERHARDT

(watch it)

I got a brother with a palsy arm.

SKIP

Sure, okay. I'm not saying anything bad about the kid, just why she's going.

Rye studies the photo.

RYE GERHARDT

I don't know -- she looks mean.

SKIP

Sheesh. You don't know the half of it. I mean, here I am sitting on the greatest payload since -- and this, uh, b-word freezes my bank accounts -- and for what? A few back taxes? So, my thinking was -- if you talk to her -- with your clout. Connections.

RYE GERHARDT

May have to do more than talk.

SKIP

Yeah, okay, but I mean, don't -- ya know -- she just needs to reverse the -- I mean, the typewriters are here in the warehouse, but without the funds they won't --

RYE GERHARDT

May have to get a little rough with her, is what I'm saying. A broad like this.

SKIP

Sure, but don't -- we need her ta -- unfreeze the accounts. Then we can turn on the money spigot.

RYE GERHARDT

The what?

SKIP

The spigot. It's like -- where you hook up a hose.

RYE GERHARDT

Like a fire hose?

SKIP

Any hose. I'm sayin once we get those typewriters -- the money -- there'll be no stopping it.

Beat. Rye thinks about this, then looks at the Judge's picture.

RYE GERHARDT
I don't know -- she looks mean.

CUT TO:

A4 A DEFENSE ATTORNEY A4
jumping to his feet. He is all comb-over and wide-lapel plaid.

ATTORNEY
Objection!

We are in ...

4 INT. COURTROOM. FARGO, ND - DAY 4
The attorney is red-faced and sweaty. His DEFENDANT sits next to him, a pimply HICK. There is a PROSECUTOR at another table.

ATTORNEY
Your honor ...

ANGLE ON JUDGE IRMA MUNDT

(50s) at the bench. If a battle axe and a fire hydrant had a daughter that grew up to be a fire-breathing dragon, she would be Judge Mundt.

JUDGE MUNDT
No.

ATTORNEY
Your honor, my client --

JUDGE MUNDT
No.

ATTORNEY
The witness --

JUDGE MUNDT
No.

The attorney stops, stumped, out of his weight class.

ATTORNEY
Please?

Judge Mundt looks at the gavel in her hand, then at the Attorney.

HARD CUT TO:

A5 THE COURTROOM DOORS A5

as they fly open and the attorney comes out, clutching his broken nose. Blood runs down his chin onto his tie.

CUT TO:

5 OMITTED 5

6 OMITTED 6

7 OMITTED 7

8 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS. COURTHOUSE. FARGO, ND - DAY 8

Judge Mundt comes in, takes off her robe, revealing a girdle, boxer shorts and Doc Martins. Her CLERK comes in.

JUDGE MUNDT

I'm going.

CLERK

Yes, ma'am.

Judge Mundt pulls on some pants and a shirt.

JUDGE MUNDT

I'll be back Sunday night.

She goes to her desk.

ANGLE ON THE DESK DRAWER

Inside is a .38 Special and a CAN OF RAID.

ANGLE ON JUDGE MUNDT

deciding which to take.

JUDGE MUNDT (CONT'D)

If you have the urge to call me while I'm gone, I want you to take the telephone and beat yourself to death with it.

She grabs the can of Raid and puts it in her purse.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. COURT HOUSE. FARGO, ND - DAY 9

We watch through the windshield of Rye's car as Judge Mundt exits the court house. She goes to her parked car, gets in.

The CAMERA FINDS Rye watching.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. RURAL ROAD. MINNESOTA - NIGHT 10

Snowy, barren. We see a sign LUVERNE, MN 10 miles. The Judge's CAR passes. Beat. A SECOND CAR follows.

CUT TO:

11 INT. RYE'S CAR (TRAVELING). RURAL, MINNESOTA - NIGHT 11

Rye follows the judge. His radio is on, playing *Children of the Sun*, by Billy Thorpe. He takes out a cigarette, lights it off the dashboard.

ANGLE ON THE JUDGE'S CAR

As it signals right and pulls off the road into the parking lot for the WAFFLE KING.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. WAFFLE KING - CONTINUOUS 12

The Judge's car pulls in, parks. Judge Mundt gets out, goes inside. Beat. Rye's Car pulls in.

CUT TO:

13 INT. RYE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 13

Rye Gerhardt sits in the driver's seat. He watches as ...

ANGLE ON THE JUDGE

the judge enters the diner. She is met and seated by a WAITRESS.

RYE GERHARDT

takes a glassine envelope out of his shirt pocket, pours some white powder on the meat of his left thumb, snorts it.

As he does we RUSH INTO A CLOSE UP.

Ding!

HARD CUT TO:

14 INT. WAFFLE KING - MOMENTS LATER 14

... as the front door opens and Rye enters. The same song is playing on the jukebox. Rye looks around.

ANGLE ON THE DINER

The CAMERA PANS left to right with his eyes. There is a FAMILY OF FOUR at a back booth. The Judge sits two booths forward, reading her menu.

A FRY COOK works behind the counter. As the camera turns, it finds THE WAITRESS standing in front of Rye (us), waiting.

WAITRESS

Welcome to Waffle King! Table or booth?

RYE

nods his head to the counter, goes and sits. The waitress comes around behind the counter, lays a menu in front of him.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Special's tuna melt and fries.
Pie's humbleberry.

RYE GERHARDT

Just coffee.

The waitress heads off. Rye watches the ...

ANGLE ON THE FRY COOK

A BLACK MAN in a hair net, working the grill. He reads an order slip, puts a burger patty on the grill.

Laughter makes ...

RYE

turn

ANGLE ON THE FAMILY

Meal finished. The KIDS are up, horsing around. MOM scolds them, as DAD puts on his coat. The Camera DRIFTS to Judge Mundt as the waitress brings her a milkshake.

ANGLE ON RYE'S RIGHT FOOT

tapping nervously on the floor.

RYE

smooths his mustache. Behind him The Family walks to the register. The waitress meets them.

WAITRESS

How was everything?

DAD

Oh yeah. Real good.

Dad pays. The waitress opens the register, gives Dad his change. They exit. Rye watches as they ...

ANGLE ON THE FAMILY

... climb into their station wagon.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Sugar?

RYE TURNS

The waitress is there, smiling, holding a sugar container.

RYE GERHARDT

No.

She leaves. Rye wipes his nose nervously, glances at the judge, who is examining her burger suspiciously. It's now or never. Rye stands and crosses to the booth. Beat. The judge looks up.

JUDGE MUNDT

You could shoe a horse with this thing.

RYE GERHARDT

What?

JUDGE MUNDT

The burger. I asked for medium rare. Are you deaf, son?

Rye looks around, losing some steam.

RYE GERHARDT

Uh, Judge Mundt?

From her reaction it's clear she gets harassed a lot.

JUDGE MUNDT

Christ, not a --

RYE GERHARDT

I'm --

JUDGE MUNDT

Spit it out, kid. I ain't got all day. What'd I do? Put your brother in jail? Throw yer mama on the street?

Rye sits across from her, trying to change the momentum in his favor.

RYE GERHARDT

Need you to change yer mind about somethin.

The Judge sighs. It's one of those. She balls up her napkin, puts it on the table.

JUDGE MUNDT

One day the Devil came to God and said *let's make a bet, you and me, for the soul of a man.* And from on high they looked upon Job -- a devout man, religious -- and the Devil said *I can change his mind, make him curse your name.* And God said, *try and you will only fail.* So the Devil begins. He kills Job's herds and takes his fields. He plagues him with boils and throws him on the ash heap. But Job's mind remains unchanged. And so I ask you, son, if the devil couldn't change Job's mind, what hope could you have of possibly changing mine?

Beat. Rye doesn't know what to make of any of that.

RYE GERHARDT

Huh?

JUDGE MUNDT

You're a little dim, aren't ya?

RYE GERHARDT

Listen, this is -- there's two ways this can go --

JUDGE MUNDT

Is one of them the hard way?

RYE GERHARDT

-- easy and, uh --

The judge signals for the waitress, who comes over. The judge offers up her plate.

JUDGE MUNDT

He needs to make me another burger.
This one's a coaster. Tell Captain
Hair Net not to burn it with his
Zippo this time.

WAITRESS

Yes, ma'am.

The waitress leaves. Rye does his best menacing.

RYE GERHARDT

Look, lady, there's a fella needs
ta get his hands on some
typewriters.

JUDGE MUNDT

Oh, you're with that fool.

ANGLE ON THE JUDGE'S PURSE

next to her on the booth's bench. The judge turns calmly and opens her purse. We see the CAN OF RAID inside.

She takes it out, puts it on the table.

ANGLE ON RYE

He looks at it questioningly.

RYE GERHARDT

What --

JUDGE MUNDT

Son, I'm givin you three seconds to
pick your ass up and get outta
here, or I'm gonna squash you like
a bug.

RYE GERHARDT

Look, bitch -- I'm the one doin the
--

The judge calmly picks up the can of Raid and SPRAYS Rye in the face. He screams, scrambles to his feet, pawing at his eyes.

RYE GERHARDT (CONT'D)

Aghh! You -- goddamn -- my eyes!

The judge puts the can back in her purse.

JUDGE MUNDT

Now scram before I call the cops.

RYE

fumbles A GUN from his pocket. He aim-squints through the bug spray, half blind.

ANGLE ON THE JUDGE

Blurry. She sees the pistol, realizes she brought bug spray to a gun fight.

JUDGE MUNDT (CONT'D)

Crap.

Rye SHOTS HER dead center. The judge rocks backward and slumps over.

RYE

rubs his burned eyes, weeping, in pain. Then ...

FRY COOK (O.S.)

Ahhhhh!

Rye turns, just in time to see the Fry Cook charging him with an IRON SKILLET.

Rye SHOTS HIM. The Fry Cook goes down hard. Rye hears glass shatter. He turns.

THE WAITRESS

is standing there, screaming. She has dropped her coffee pot on the floor, shattering it.

THE CAMERA RACES TOWARDS HER, as RYE FIRES. A bloom of blood appears above her right breast. The waitress drops.

REVERSE ON RYE

who suddenly SCREAMS himself, and turns, a STEAK KNIFE in his back.

THE JUDGE IS STANDING THERE

not dead after all, just wounded. She has stabbed him, and looks ready to do it again.

JUDGE MUNDT

I'm gonna skin your prick and eat
it, you hairy piece of --

RYE SHOOTS HER

... *one, two, three* more times, knocking her off her feet and
into the next booth.

ANGLE ON THE JUDGE

laying prone on the table, wisps of smoke coming off her, now
completely and totally dead.

RYE TURNS

trying to reach the steak knife, like a dog chasing its tail.
Beat. He screams in frustration, finally grabs it, and drops
it on the floor, stands panting, half blind.

RYE GERHARDT

Son of a bitch.

(beat)

Son of a bitch.

He wipes his face, eyes red and swollen, then takes in the
damage.

ANGLE ON THE DINER

Blood everywhere, bodies. It's a goddamn massacre.

RYE

tries to think. This could not have gone worse. He holsters
his gun, walks to the register, opens it.

ANGLE ON HIS HAND

Scooping out the cash. Behind him he hears:

Ding!

RYE TURNS

The FLOOR where the waitress lay is now empty.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

as we find the waitress, outside, hobbling bloody through the
snow towards the road.

RYE GERHARDT (CONT'D)

Shit.

RYE

hurries to the door.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. WAFFLE KING - CONTINUOUS

15

Rye stumbles out into the snow. He raises his gun.

ANGLE ON THE WAITRESS

over his gun barrel, only seconds to live.

Click.

ANGLE ON RYE

flustered. The gun is empty.

RYE GERHARDT

Shit. Shit.

He fumbles to reload.

ANGLE ON THE WAITRESS

almost to the road, dragging her right leg a little. Five more steps, four, three.

BLAM!

Blood sprays into the snow. The waitress falls.

RYE

walks over to her, gun up, leaving a blood trail of his own from the knife wound. He looks down on her, prepared to fire again, but she's dead. That's when ...

A STRANGE LIGHT

envelopes Rye, a kind of BLUE GLOW. With it, all sounds of life (frogs, crickets) stop.

Slowly, Rye looks up.

ANGLE ON THE LIGHT

in the sky, hovering.

RYE SQUINTS

What is that? It's not a helicopter.

ANGLE ON THE LIGHT

as it begins to descend, as if in a dream. It's bright, flaring the lens, but around it maybe we see a tell-tale SAUCER SHAPE.

Suddenly, the light begins to strobe, flashing blue, then yellow, then red.

RYE

hypnotized, steps towards it, into the road. He is having a transformational moment -- *is this God? Proof of something bigger than me in the universe?* He is filled with awe and wonder.

THE LIGHT

drifts slowly backwards, and disappears behind the trees.

RYE

now back in the dark, stands for a moment, blinking. The sounds of nature return. Suddenly, a HARD WHITE LIGHT hits Rye from behind. Is the UFO back?

Rye TURNS. At the last second we ...

HARD CUT TO:

16 INT. CAR (TRAVELING) - CONTINUOUS

16

We are looking over a car's dashboard, through the windshield at Rye Gerhardt in the road ahead of us. There is only a second or two before THE CAR HITS HIM, going 35 MPH.

Rye rolls up the hood and CRASHES through the windshield.

ANGLE ON PEGGY BLOMQUIST

28, driving. She screams and SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. There are TWO PAPER BAGS filled with MAGAZINES on the bench seat next to her. They slam into the dash and tumble into the footwell.

ANGLE ON THE REAR TIRES

As they lock and skid, creating black skid marks on the road. Beat. The engine ticks. Inside ...

PEGGY

sits in stunned silence.

ANGLE ON RYE

stuck half-in, half-out of the windshield. There is blood everywhere. No one could have survived that.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Oh Christ. What the Christ?

She unbuckles her lap belt, leans over.

ANGLE ON RYE

His head is a bloody mess, one arm flopped down into the interior dripping blood onto a spread of TRAVEL MAGAZINES, marring the azure blue waters.

Rye's other arm is caught under him, his stomach impaled on the jagged broken glass of windshield.

PEGGY

reaches out to touch him, then doesn't. Instead, she PICKS UP whatever magazines haven't been stained by blood and puts them on the seat out of harms way. Beat.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. ROAD. LUVERNE, MN - CONTINUOUS 17

The driver's door CREAKS OPEN. Peggy climbs out. She looks around.

ANGLE ON THE ROAD

Trees line the two lane black top. No cars or people are visible. The GLOW from the Waffle King is distant, but visible.

ANGLE ON PEGGY

Beat. What should she do? Go to the hospital? The police? She climbs back into the car. Beat. Peggy puts the car in gear and drives away.

CUT TO:

18 INT. GARAGE. PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 18

A two car garage half filled with junk, stacks of boxes turning it into a one car garage. ANGLE ON the garage door, as it opens. Peggy's car pulls in towards us, Rye's body still half-in, half-out.

ANGLE ON RYE'S BACK

As it touches a TENNIS BALL hanging from the ceiling (there to help her park). The car stops. Inside ...

PEGGY

turns off the car. We hear the ticking of the engine. Being careful not to look at the body, she picks up her magazines and climbs out of the car. Leaving her door open, she walks around behind the car to a short flight of stairs leading to an INTERIOR DOOR.

Peggy climbs to the door and opens it.

ANGLE ON THE LIGHT SWITCH

as she turns off the garage light and goes inside, without looking back.

CUT TO:

19 INT. PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 19

The house is cluttered. There are STACKS OF MAGAZINES visible in every room. Peggy puts her new magazines down on top of a larger stack. We realize this is a thing with her, the collection of travel magazines. Beauty and glamour magazines are also visible, stacked in piles.

Peggy, we will come to realize, is a hoarder. Nascent, maybe, not bad yet, but on her way.

She makes her way over the shag carpeting to the stairs, goes up.

CUT TO:

20 INT. BEDROOM. PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE - NIGHT 20

Peggy comes in and sits at her vanity. She's got a lot of nervous energy. As a woman of the region, who's been raised to stay chipper and positive no matter what, Peggy is working overtime to keep that attitude up.

She picks up a hair brush and starts to brush her hair, determined to keep up appearances. *Fake it till you make it.* She sees something in the mirror.

ANGLE HER SHIRT

there is a blood stain on her collar.

PEGGY

rubs at it, but the blood is still wet. It smears. Peggy unbuttons the shirt, takes it off. She sits there in her bra, brushing. We PUSH IN on her reflection. In one corner of the vanity we see a POSTCARD. A white sand beach, sunbathers, green palm trees lined up before a boardwalk. Over the blue sky it reads *Hollywood Beach* in a red cursive.

We PUSH IN on it.

CUT TO:

21 INT. KITCHEN. PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE - LATER 21

Peggy is at the stove cooking. The table is set behind her. The front door opens.

ED BLOMQUIST (O.S.)

Hey, hon.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

(calling)

In the kitchen.

Peggy is upbeat now, filled with energy. Her husband ED BLOMQUIST (30s) enters the kitchen. He is a big man, but gentle, and affable. A cow, basically.

He's carrying meat wrapped in white butcher paper, puts it on the counter.

ED BLOMQUIST

Boolie Hendricks paid for chops,
never picked em up. So I figured --

He kisses her cheek.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

(exasperated)

Hon. Yer gettin blood on the tile.

ANGLE ON THE MEAT

Blood is, in fact, leaking through the paper. Ed picks it up.

ED BLOMQUIST

Sorry. I'll put 'em in the fridge.
(looks in the pan)
Hamburger helper?

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

And tater tots.

ED BLOMQUIST

Yum.

He goes to the fridge, puts the chops inside.

ED BLOMQUIST (CONT'D)

I'm gonna change.

He exits.

CUT TO:

22 INT. BEDROOM. PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE - NIGHT 22

Ed comes out of the bathroom in clean clothes. He sees something on the bed.

ANGLE ON PEGGY'S SHIRT

There's blood on the collar.

ANGLE ON ED

Huh.

CUT TO:

23 INT. KITCHEN. PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE - LATER 23

Peggy is putting the food on the table. Ed approaches his chair. There's a large stack of magazines and papers on it. Ed goes to move them.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

(noticing)

Hon. Don't -- I just got that stuff organized.

ED BLOMQUIST

Yeah, but it's my chair. Where am I s'posed ta --

She pulls over an old kitchen step ladder.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Sit there, huh? I'll move that stuff tomorrow. Promise.

He sits. They eat.

ED BLOMQUIST

Everything okay today?

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Oh sure. Whatdya mean?

ED BLOMQUIST

Just -- saw some blood on yer shirt.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

That was just -- me bein stupid.
(laughs at herself)
I gave poor Missus Birdle a haircut, knicked her ear.

ED BLOMQUIST

Ouch.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Yeah, she weren't too pleased. I swear, sometimes I am such a bumble.

ED BLOMQUIST

Well, Bud asked again if I was interested in maybe takin over the butcher shop. Said he's thinkin of retirin the end of the year.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Just had the end of the year, huh?

ED BLOMQUIST

Yeah, I guess he means this year. Wouldn't that be great? Me ownin the shop. And maybe you take over the salon one day, unless -- ya know -- we've got a whole litter a kids by then.

Beat. The idea of children clearly makes her uncomfortable.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Yeah, that's -- we talked about that. We're trying, but it takes time, ya know?

ED BLOMQUIST

Yeah, course.

(beat)

Though, uh -- hon -- "tryin" --

(delicately)

I mean, last time I checked, there's just the one way ta make a baby, ya know --

Beat. She forces a smile, keeps eating.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
Did that last weekend, didn't we?

ED BLOMQUIST
(thinking)
Bear Lake last weekend. You said ya
didn't want ta -- not with Kevin
and Sally in the next --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
(through her smile)
Yeah, okay, but, ya know, we both
been workin a lot -- so --

ED BLOMQUIST
Sure. Course.
(beat)
Only takes three minutes though.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
(please stop)
Hon --

ED BLOMQUIST
Point is, I'm twenty-nine. My dad
was nineteen when I was (born) --
and I just -- love ya, is all. So
much. And our kids'd be (amazing) --

A THUD from the other side of the garage door. Not loud, but
audible. Ed turns.

Peggy, panicked suddenly (realizing what that must be),
knocks her glass off the table to get Ed's attention. It
breaks.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
Oh, shoot.

Ed jumps up.

ED BLOMQUIST
Here, hon. Lemme --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
No, it's -- like I said, such a
bumble.

Another SOUND from the garage, louder.

ED BLOMQUIST
What the heck?

Peggy grabs his arm.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
I love you too, hon. So, so much.
Maybe we should -- maybe do it
right now.

This gets his attention.

ED BLOMQUIST
Here?

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
No, silly. In the -- upstairs. Come
on.

She starts to drag him that way. We HEAR A CRASH from the
garage. Ed stops.

ED BLOMQUIST
Jeez. I better see what --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
(wait)
No.

Ed pulls away, walks to the kitchen door. Peggy is after him,
trying to block his path.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST (CONT'D)
Prolly just a raccoon or --

Ed reaches the door to the garage.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST (CONT'D)
-- we can --

CUT TO:

24 INT. GARAGE. PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - CONTINUOUS 24

The kitchen door opens. Ed turns on the light. Peggy is
behind him, afraid to look.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
-- I'll wear that nightie you --

Then Ed sees Peggy's car.

ANGLE ON THE CAR

driver's door open, windshield smashed. Blood on the exterior
and the dash.

RYE IS GONE.

ANGLE ON ED

stunned on seeing the bloody, bashed car.

ED BLOMQUIST

What the --

Behind him, Peggy is both relieved not to see Rye and very worried. Where did he go?

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

It's -- uh, I hit a -- didn't I tell you? I kind of hit a -- deer.

ED BLOMQUIST

You hit a --

Ed turns to her, concerned.

ED BLOMQUIST (CONT'D)

Hon. Are you --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

No. I'm fine. Just -- ya know, shook up mostly.

Ed turns, approaches the car. And the whole time we're thinking -- *where's Rye?*

ED BLOMQUIST

Well, insurance should cover --

A MOAN from behind a TOWER OF BOXES near the front left bumper. The clutter has created a well in the back corner of the garage that is not visible from here.

Peggy hears the sound, panics.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Actually, I, uh, think I need to -- sit down. Can we go in the --

The MOAN repeats. Ed takes a step towards it.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST (CONT'D)

(warning)

Hon.

ANGLE ON A TRAIL OF BLOOD

On the floor, leading around the front bumper.

ED

glances back at Peggy.

ED BLOMQUIST
Heck, did you -- bring the deer
home?

The MOAN comes again, longer this time.

PEGGY

... stands frozen.

ED

... turns and walks around the front of the car.

ANGLE ON THE DARK WELL

behind the boxes, from Ed's POV. We move towards it slowly. As we close, we hear another moan, but also now a shuffling sound and a faint *thump, thump, thump*.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
Hon. Don't. Come back.

But ...

ED

... grabs a FLASHLIGHT off a shelf. He tries to turn it on, but the batteries are low. He hits the flashlight once, twice. The light COMES ON BRIGHT.

ANGLE ON THE WELL

As a beam pierces it, revealing Rye Gerhardt. He is facing the far wall, arms down by his side. The shuffling and thumping we heard is Rye trying to walk through the wall. He shuffles forward, hits the wall and bounces back.

ED

is stunned.

ED BLOMQUIST
Aw jeez.
(calling)
It's a -- there's a -- man in the --

At the sound of his voice, Rye turns. His face is bloody and broken.

RYE GERHARDT

(rage)

You --

We realize he is HOLDING A KNIFE.

ED

stumbles back into a stack of boxes.

ED BLOMQUIST

Holy Christ. Call the --

RYE

moves towards Ed, knife coming up. Ed tries to run, but gets hung up on the clutter. Rye LUNGES, STABBING. Ed barely manages to grab Rye's wrist, but it's slippery with blood.

Peggy screams.

ED BLOMQUIST (CONT'D)

Call the police!

But ...

PEGGY

... doesn't move, as ...

ED

... struggles with Rye. Ed reaches out desperately, looking for a weapon of his own.

ANGLE ON A GARDEN TROWEL

dirt still on it. Ed grabs it, just as ...

RYE

STABS AGAIN. Ed gets his LEFT ARM up, but the KNIFE SLICES his forearm. Ed shouts, STABS RYE with the garden trowel.

ANGLE ON THE TROWEL

too dull to penetrate deeply. Meanwhile ...

ED

... has his left arm up high, Rye dances with him, a kind of zombie strength surging through his bones. We can see from Ed's face that he knows he is seconds from being killed.

Rye FREES his knife hand. Recoils to stab again. Ed YELLS and puts all his weight into ...

THE TROWEL

... it breaks through Rye's ribs and into his heart.

Beat. Then ...

RYE

... dead, falls against Ed, his head resting on Ed's shoulder, like they're sweethearts at a dance. Ed stands there, swaying, adrenaline coursing through him.

Beat. He realizes there's a corpse on him, shoves Rye away. Rye falls to the floor.

ED BLOMQUIST (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.

PEGGY

creeps cautiously across the garage towards Ed.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
Hon?

Ed stands unhearing. He has been ambushed by a crazed zombie in the middle of dinner. No words can describe the level of freaked out he is right now.

Peggy touches his arm. He WHIRLS around, his ELBOW HITTING HER in the EYE. She recoils, in pain.

ED BLOMQUIST
Aw Jeez! Sorry.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
No. It's -- I'm fine.
(sees his arm)
You're bleeding.

*
*
*
*

He looks at his arm, as if it's someone else's.

ED BLOMQUIST
Who -- who --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
You gotta believe me -- I thought he was dead.

ED BLOMQUIST
(blinking)
What?

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
When I hit him. I thought he was --

ED BLOMQUIST
You hit him? With the --
(putting it together)
-- car?

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
He was --

Ed looks at Rye's corpse, knife still in his hand.

ED BLOMQUIST
You said -- a deer --
(beat)
We gotta call the police. An
ambulance. Maybe he's not --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
No.

ED BLOMQUIST
No? Whatdya -- ?

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
We killed him. You.

ED BLOMQUIST
He was tryin ta -- why didn't ya go
to the -- you hit him -- why didn't
ya go to the -- police. Or the
hospital?

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
I thought he was -- thought I
killed him.

ED BLOMQUIST
So you brought him --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
What are we gonna --

ED BLOMQUIST
-- home?
(can't believe it)
You made dinner. Hamburger helper.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Ed. We gotta -- we can fix this.
Clean it up, and then --

ED BLOMQUIST

(*what?*)

Clean it up? We killed a --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Now, you said yourself -- self-
defense, but are they -- the cops --
do you think they're gonna --
believe --

But Ed doesn't know anymore. His head is swimming.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST (CONT'D)

-- and look. Look. Nobody saw.
Nobody. I was careful. I drove the
back way all the way home.

ED BLOMQUIST

You drove the -- a man is -- he's
dead and -- people are gonna --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

We can just --

ED BLOMQUIST

-- look for him --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

-- clean it up. Tell people I hit a
deer or --

It's all too much for Ed.

ED BLOMQUIST

I gotta -- I need ta sit down.

He sits heavily on a box, puts his head in his hands.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

It looks bad, Ed. It looks --

ED BLOMQUIST

It is bad. It's -- I can't --

ANGLE ON PEGGY

as it hits her. An idea. The idea.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

We could run.

ED BLOMQUIST

What?

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Go to California.

ED BLOMQUIST

Cali -- no. We're -- we have a life here. Family. I'm gonna take over the shop and --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Start again, I'm sayin.

ED BLOMQUIST

I don't wanna --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Well then -- well -- then -- if you want -- if you -- the only way --

(beat)

We gotta clean it up, see? Pretend it never -- because if this comes out -- if this -- then all that -- the things you want -- that's -- over -- I go to jail. And you maybe also. And then there's no shop and no family. No kids.

Ed hears her. Beat.

ED BLOMQUIST

(quietly)

Okay.

(he turns to her)

Okay. We clean it up.

Beat. She nods.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

We clean it up.

They sit there for a moment, considering the magnitude of what that means.

CUT TO:

25 INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM. SOLVERSON HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 25

LOU SOLVERSON (33) is in bed, reading to YOUNG MOLLY SOLVERSON (4). It's the nightly bedtime ritual. Lou is a clean cut man, four years back from the navy. He was a lieutenant on a Swift Boat in Vietnam. A humble man, competent, used to responsibility.

He reads from *The Phantom Tollbooth*.

LOU SOLVERSON
"For instance," said the boy again,
"if Christmas trees were people and
people were Christmas trees we'd
all be chopped down, put up in the
living room, and covered in tinsel,
while the trees opened our
presents."

He turns the page.

LOU SOLVERSON (CONT'D)
This is a funny book, huh?

MOLLY SOLVERSON
(beat)
Dad.

LOU SOLVERSON
Yeah, hon?

MOLLY SOLVERSON
I wish every day was Christmas.

LOU SOLVERSON
What about Easter? Or your
birthday?

She considers this seriously.

MOLLY SOLVERSON
Maybe not every day.

BETSY SOLVERSON comes in. She wears a handkerchief on her head to cover the hair she's lost in chemotherapy. But despite this, her spirit is unbroken and she still has a sparkle in her eye.

BETSY SOLVERSON
Phone call, hon. It's the shop.

Lou kisses Molly.

LOU SOLVERSON
Okay, you. Sleep, huh?

He stands. Betsy turns to Molly.

BETSY SOLVERSON
Be back in a minute ta tuck ya in.

CUT TO:

26

INT. KITCHEN. SOLVERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

26

Lou walks to the phone (the handset resting on top of the hooks). Betsy follows.

BETSY SOLVERSON
Murder, Cutty says. Three of 'em.

LOU SOLVERSON
Oh yeah?

BETSY SOLVERSON
Over at the Waffle King.

LOU SOLVERSON
(*what do you know?*)
Had an all-you-can eat breakfast
there not eight hours ago.
(beat)
Hey, you had your thing today?

BETSY SOLVERSON
Yeah. At three.

LOU SOLVERSON
You feel okay?

BETSY SOLVERSON
Compared to what? Love Canal?

He nods -- what else is there to say -- picks up the handset.

LOU SOLVERSON
Solverson.
(beat, listening)
Yeah, okay. Tell him don't go
inside. Hank on his way?
(beat, listening)
Okay. Me too.

He hangs up.

LOU SOLVERSON (CONT'D)
Gotta go, hon. You okay getting her
to bed?

BETSY SOLVERSON
She's four. Not, ya know, Pol Pot.

He kisses her.

LOU SOLVERSON

Okay. Call if you need -- whatever.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. WAFFLE KING. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 27

As it was, except for a big rig cab is parked out front, a TRUCKER standing next to it. A STATE POLICE CAR pulls up. Lou gets out.

The trucker approaches him.

TRUCKER

I left my rig there. Hope that's okay.

Lou sees the dead Waitress, approaches her body, flashlight up and on.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

I'm the one called it in, see?
Stopped fer waffles, ya know. With the blueberries. Come frozen this time a year, I know, but --

Lou ignores him, crouches next to the waitress's body. She's been covered up.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

I put my coat on her. Seemed only right.

Lou lifts the collar of the coat, looks under it.

LOU SOLVERSON

(to himself)

Yeah.

TRUCKER

"Yeah" it's okay about the coat, or --

Lou shines his light on the snow.

ANGLE ON A BLOOD TRAIL

Two actually (Rye's and the Waitress's), leading from the waitress's body back to the front door of the restaurant.

LOU

... straightens, walks to the entrance, the trucker following.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

Hell of a thing. Just really wanted
some waffles, ya know? Been driving
since Brunswick -- Maine -- and --

Lou stops, gives him a look. The trucker stops. Lou climbs
the steps, goes inside.

CUT TO:

28 INT. WAFFLE KING. LUVERNE, MN - CONTINUOUS 28

Lou enters. He looks around.

ANGLE ON THE CRIME SCENE

The bodies have drained, the blood has started to congeal.
The camera FINDS a POOL OF BLOOD (where the waitress first
fell). There are BLOOD SMEARS (from where she got up) and
BLOODY FOOTPRINTS back past Lou to the front door.

LOU

notes this.

LOU SOLVERSON

(to himself)

Yeah.

He approaches the Fry Cook, laying prone on the linoleum.

ANGLE ON THE FRY COOK

One leg bent under his body, arms thrown up, as if in
surprise.

LOU

nods.

LOU SOLVERSON (CONT'D)

Yeah.

He steps over the body carefully, goes to the Judge.

ANGLE ON THE JUDGE

She lays on her back, half on a table, shot multiple times.

LOU

studies her, the blood spray around her. His eyes go to ...

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW

behind her. There is a BULLET HOLE surrounded by spider cracks.

LOU

nods, looks down.

ANGLE ON SHELL CASINGS

on the floor. A BLOODY STEAK KNIFE lays beside them. There is a small pool of blood, with blood dots leading back to the counter.

LOU

follows them with his eyes.

LOU SOLVERSON (CONT'D)
(assessing)
Yeah.

He walks over to the check-out counter.

ANGLE ON THE CASH REGISTER

drawer open. Blood on the plastic, a bloody DOLLAR BILL still under the metal flap. Below this we see ...

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR

A small pool of blood has formed -- where Rye stood for a moment and took the cash -- it leads to the front door.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS (as Lou's POV) the blood trail to the front door. As we land, the DOOR OPENS. SHERIFF HANK LARSSON (60) comes in. Hank is the Sheriff of Rock County. He is a big man, experienced, who makes Lou look like a chatterbug.

Hank looks around, pushes up his hat.

HANK LARSSON
Well, this is a deal.

Lou nods.

LOU SOLVERSON
I count three dead.

HANK LARSSON
You saw the waitress in the parking lot?

Lou nods.

LOU SOLVERSON

Think she caught one over there,
then staggered out. Gunman
followed, made things permanent.

Hank steps over the blood and goes to the fry cook.

HANK LARSSON

That's Henry Blanton. Got the
single season touchdown record in
10th grade. Thirty one. Still
stands.

Beat. Hank steps over the body, goes and examines the Judge.

HANK LARSSON (CONT'D)

Yeah. Don't know her.

LOU SOLVERSON

North Dakota plates on the Ford
outside.

HANK LARSSON

A tourist, you're thinking.

Lou shrugs.

HANK LARSSON (CONT'D)

How's Betsy?

LOU SOLVERSON

You didn't call her on the way
over?

HANK LARSSON

Well, yeah. Just bein polite. Give
ya a chance ta talk about yer
feelings, should you be so
disposed.

LOU SOLVERSON

She's good. Ordered this kit of
recipe cards. Saw it on TV. So now
every night we eat delicacies of
the world.

HANK LARSSON

Some men like that. Variety.

Lou nods. He's not one of those guys.

LOU SOLVERSON

She put a souffle on the table last night. Perfectly good casserole. Then lit it on fire with a kitchen match.

HANK LARSSON

(takes all kinds)

Huh.

Lou nods.

LOU SOLVERSON

Which reminds me. You're invited for dinner Sunday.

HANK LARSSON

Six?

Lou nods.

HANK LARSSON (CONT'D)

I'll bring a suit of armor.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. WAFFLE KING. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT

29

Other police cars have arrived, deputies setting up yellow crime scene tape. Lou and Hank stand over the dead waitress.

HANK LARSSON

Based on the number of bodies I'm thinkin we got one car too many in the parking lot.

LOU SOLVERSON

Saw that.

HANK LARSSON

Victim missing maybe.

LOU SOLVERSON

Or the shooter had an accomplice in a second car. Left his behind.

HANK LARSSON

See. That's big time state police thinkin.

Lou sees BLOOD DROPS in the snow, leading to the ROAD. He walks to the blacktop, looks left, then right, sees something on the asphalt.

LOU SOLVERSON
Skid marks.

Hank comes over.

HANK LARSSON
I see em. Course, connecting those
to this deal here would be what we
call "jumping to a conclusion."

Lou sees something.

ANGLE ON A BLOODY \$20 BILL

In the slush on the side of the road.

LOU

crouches next to it.

LOU SOLVERSON
(to himself)
Yeah.
(beat, to Hank)
So the shooter's got a wound or two
in him from the steak knife. Two
blood trails lead out, one to the
waitress, now deceased, the other
to the road here -- where he
absconds, leaving a few dollars
behind.

HANK LARSSON
And why not take his own car?

LOU SOLVERSON
(beat, thinks)
Unclear at this time.

Beat. They think about that. Hank looks up. Something's up in
a tree. He shines his flashlight on it.

ANGLE ON A WHITE PENNY LOAFER

In a high tree branch.

HANK LARSSON
There's a shoe in that tree.

Lou looks up at it.

LOU SOLVERSON
There sure is.

Beat. They think about that.

HANK LARSSON
S'pose we oughta get that down.

LOU SOLVERSON
Could be unrelated.

HANK LARSSON
Like the skid marks.
(beat)
Well -- are we calling this a local
matter or do the state police want
it?

LOU SOLVERSON
We do not.

HANK LARSSON
(nods)
Local matter it is.

LOU SOLVERSON
Course, any support the state can
provide.

HANK LARSSON
Course.
(well ...)
See you Sunday then.

LOU SOLVERSON
Six o'clock.

He walks back to his car, turns.

LOU SOLVERSON (CONT'D)
Be ready for anything.

Hank nods, stands there, thinking about the case. He looks up
at the shoe again.

HANK LARSSON
That's a shoe alright.

CUT TO:

30 INT. GARAGE. PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 30

Peggy lights a cigarette with yellow kitchen gloves on. Her
injured eye is already discolored, heading towards black.

Nearby, Ed is down on his knees with a wire SCRUB BRUSH and a bucket of soapy water, turned pink by blood. He is scrubbing blood stains, turning the cement floor a foamy pink.

ED BLOMQUIST

Well, I don't know. I guess we need ta burn his clothes.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Why not just leave em on?

ED BLOMQUIST

I saw on TV where they can use clothes to identify a man.

Behind him we see Rye's body covered by a blue plastic tarp.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Which reminds me. They were havin a sales at Roscoe's. Half off moccasins. Bought ya three pair.

ED BLOMQUIST

I don't wear moccassins, Peggy.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

(not listening)

One to wear every day and one for special occasions.

ED BLOMQUIST

What's the third for?

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Just in case.

Ed stands. It's going to take a while to clean all this up.

ED BLOMQUIST

It's gettin late. We need ta take care a the body fore it gets light.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Just take him to the shop, right?

ED BLOMQUIST

No. We bury him.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Middle a winter? Easier ta just --

ED BLOMQUIST

Peggy, now, if I'm gonna do this --
if I'm really -- then it's gotta be
my way.

(firmly)

We bury him.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. FIELD. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT

31

Headlights illuminate a snowy field ahead. Ed climbs out of the driver's side, goes around and lowers the tailgate. He grabs a PICK AXE from beside the body.

ANGLE ON THE AXE

hitting the frozen ground. Once, twice. It barely makes a dent.

ANGLE ON ED

as he puts his back into it, breathing heavily. He's determined to make this work, doesn't want to consider the alternative. But it's no use. He stops, catches his breath, looks at his watch.

ANGLE ON PEGGY

smoking in the truck. Beat. She hears a noise from the truck bed, turns, just as the driver's door opens and Ed climbs in.

ED BLOMQUIST

(shakes his head)

Frozen solid.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Told ya.

Ed turns to her.

ED BLOMQUIST

It's not too late. We go to the cops. Explain. A thing like this. A small town. Whatdya call -- *extenuatin circumstances*. It was an accident. Not like we're Bonnie and Clyde.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Hit and run, Ed. And then there's you stabbin him in the garage. How's that gonna look?

Beat. Ed thinks about this. It looks bad is how it looks. He puts the car in gear.

ED BLOMQUIST

Okay.

They drive away.

CUT TO:

32 INT. VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS HALL. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 32

A small town gathering place for veterans. It's been here since the twenties. There's a bar, a small stage. Card tables are set up around the room. Drinkers tend to gather by war. You've got the older WWII vets, middle aged Korean War vets, and a few scraggly Vietnam vets. In back we even see a 91-year-old veteran of the Spanish American War.

It's BINGO night. There is a MAN, BJORN GRUFFENSON (50s) up front calling numbers. Everyone has a board in front of them.

BJORN GRUFFENSON

B-30. B-30.

Sitting alone at a table we find KARL WEATHERS (40s) and SONNY GREER (30). Karl is the town lawyer, a heavysset big talker, who spends most of his days lightly soused. Korea was his war. The last real war, he calls it. None of this "Police Action" bullshit of Vietnam.

He cracks peanuts and eats them from a bowl as he talks.

Sonny is an auto mechanic, deaf in one ear from a Vietnamese landmine. He's never been the smartest fella. A round hole, square peg kind of guy. Never felt bad about that though. He's as smart as God made him, he figures.

The conversation we come in on has no beginning or end.

BJORN GRUFFENSON (CONT'D)

V-11. V-11.

Sonny and Karl absently check their boards.

SONNY

So Ho Chi Min --

KARL

Jesus, kid. Keep up. Ho Chi Min was just a front man. Enemy number 1, straight outta central casting. Aka a stuffed shirt for the military industrial complex.

SONNY

The what's that now?

KARL

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Ike's
farewell address? The military
industrial complex. Wheels inside
wheels. Special interests.

He gets some peanut shell on his tongue. Works to get it off.

BJORN GRUFFENSON

A-16. A-16.

SPANISH AMERICAN WAR VET

A-6?

BJORN GRUFFENSON

16. One six.

Sonny looks around.

SONNY

I thought there was a band tonight.

Lou Solverson comes over with a beer, sits.

LOU SOLVERSON

Boys.

BJORN GRUFFENSON

D-4. D-4.

Karl thinks he has that. Doesn't.

KARL

Balls.

(to Lou)

Tell this dipshit pissant about
Ike's farewell address.

LOU SOLVERSON

You mean the military industrial
complex?

KARL

(to Sonny)

See? He knows.

BJORN GRUFFENSON

Z-20. Z-20.

LOU SOLVERSON

Course we've been to war. Nothing complex about it.

SONNY

How come you're in uniform then, Lou? Didn't you work this morning?

LOU SOLVERSON

Three dead at the Waffle King.

KARL

No shit.

LOU SOLVERSON

A real mess. Women too. Hank's thinking botched robbery.

KARL

Oh sure. That's what they want you to think.

BJORN GRUFFENSON

F-9. F-9.

SONNY

Who?

KARL

They. Ya know, the powers that be. It's a classic story. Oswald acted alone. The girl in the polka dot dress.

SONNY

The what now?

KARL

The girl in the -- after Kennedy the other was shot -- Robert, in L.A. -- people saw a woman in a polka dot dress run out of the hotel yelling "We got him." But who do they arrest? An A-rab. Racist pricks.

LOU SOLVERSON

It's a diner robbery in Minnesota, Karl. Not a presidential assassination.

KARL

Oh sure. That's how it starts. With somethin small, like a break-in at the Watergate Hotel. But just watch. This thing's only gettin bigger.

BJORN GRUFFENSON

H-19. H-19.

Sonny looks around.

SONNY

The flyer said there'd be a band. Paul Garvey and the Woodchippers. Thursday night at eight.

LOU SOLVERSON

There's yer problem. It's Friday.

SONNY

Well, that explains it.

KARL

(remembering)

Shit. How's the missus?

LOU SOLVERSON

She's well. Thanks fer asking.

SONNY

I thought she had cancer.

KARL

Kid, is there a brain in yer head?

SONNY

What?

KARL

Excuse my diminutive friend. I think he lost more than his hearing in his disagreement with a landmine.

LOU SOLVERSON

Leave him alone.

(to Sonny)

Betsy's fine. Persevering. Sturdy stock and all that. She's a fighter, my wife. Hell, if they really wanted ta win the war in Vietnam, they shoulda sent the women.

KARL

Amen to that, brother.

(beat)

Course we both know that's a terrible idea. What with the hormonal challenges and all. Cryin one minute, laughin the next. Plus, it goes without sayin there's not a Lieutenant alive that wouldn't a been fragged by his troops the first time they had their period.

SONNY

I don't know, Karl. We had a cat growin up that got mauled by a dog, came home draggin its innards across the floor. And my dad took one look, passed out cold. Then here comes my mother. Broke the cats neck and took it out to the trash like it wasn't nothin but a dirty diaper.

They drink on this.

LOU SOLVERSON

They're tougher than us sometimes, I think.

KARL

Just don't tell *them* that.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. ED'S PICKUP TRUCK (TRAVELING) - NIGHT 33

We are behind the pickup, looking into the truck bed. The body is covered with a blue tarp, but one corner has come loose and is flapping.

CUT TO:

34 INT. ED'S PICKUP TRUCK (TRAVELING) - NIGHT 34

Ed is driving. Peggy in the passenger seat. The road unfolds ahead of him, snow on the shoulder illuminated by his headlights. Otherwise, it's pitch black.

ANGLE ON ED'S FACE

Beat. Blue and red flashing lights appear on his skin. Ed slows, peering forward.

ANGLE ON COP CARS

parked on the side of the road ahead. We see THE WAFFLE KING SIGN.

ED

... slows as he passes the diner. His eyes track the crime scene through the driver's side window.

ANGLE ON THE WAFFLE KING

in slow motion we see TWO OFFICERS carrying a gurney out of the diner (a body on it). Yellow police tape is up. There's blood in the snow. A bullet hole and blood splatter on the glass.

ANGLE ON ED

... taking it in. *Shit. Is this -- could it be connected to --* He turns his head quickly forward, speeds up, then sees ...

ANGLE ON A POLICE CHECKPOINT

ahead. A sedan is stopped in the road, engine idling, an OFFICER talking to the occupant. A SECOND OFFICER walks around the car, checking it out.

ED BLOMQUIST

Aw Jeez. What do we --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

It's okay. Just -- let's stop and see what they say.

Ed stops behind the car, heart racing.

ED BLOMQUIST

Do ya think this is -- I mean, could it be connected ta --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

I don't know. Hit him back there though. My fella. Pretty sure. But I didn't stick around ta --

Ed looks in the rearview.

ANGLE ON THE REARVIEW

We see the blue tarp in back, covering Rye's dead body. One end has come loose and flaps lightly in the wind.

ANGLE ON ED

Panicked.

ED BLOMQUIST

Shit. Tarp's not --

He starts to open his door, just as the car ahead PULLS AWAY.
Peggy grabs his arm.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

It'll be fine. Just be friendly. We
don't know nothin. Ain't seen
nothin. Most likely they just wave
us through.

Ed pulls forward and stops. He rolls down his window as ...

OFFICER BLUTH

Comes over, flashlight up.

OFFICER BLUTH

Hey, Ed. Peggy.

ED BLOMQUIST

Hey, Pete. What's -- I saw the --
everything okay?

The second officer walks around to the back of the pickup.
Ed keeps track of him in his mirrors, trying to appear calm.

OFFICER BLUTH

Some sumbitch robbed the Waffle
King, killed a whole bunch a
people. Got away clean.

ED BLOMQUIST

Jeez.

OFFICER BLUTH

Yeah. So we're checking to see if
anyone was maybe -- drove by
earlier, saw somethin.

ED BLOMQUIST

Well, no, I was -- ya know, had
dinner with Peggy. Watched *the
Price is Right*. She loves that --
uh -- show --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

They should have me on. I'm right
more than I'm wrong.

Ed notices the SECOND OFFICER is at the tailgate of the truck, looking in.

ED BLOMQUIST

(turns)

Say, I got -- that's manure back there -- for the yard -- I'd hate ta have yer man get some on him --

THE SECOND OFFICER

... shines his flashlight into the bed of the truck. We're back at the tailgate with him.

ANGLE ON THE BLUE TARP

lumpy, tied at three corners.

ANGLE ON OFFICER BLUTH

at the driver's window.

OFFICER BLUTH (O.S.)

What the heck are ya gonna do with manure in January?

ED BLOMQUIST (O.S.)

Uh, well -- see -- Peggy, she's startin a greenhouse --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

(smiles)

I got a green thumb.

The second officer calls out.

SECOND OFFICER

Load's not tied down properly here.

ANGLE ON ED

... desperate to be anywhere else on the planet.

ED BLOMQUIST

Shit. Sorry about that.

OFFICER BLUTH

Gotta tie that load down, Ed. Safety hazard otherwise.

ED BLOMQUIST

Yessir, that was -- that's my fault -- lemme just --

He opens his car door to get out, but Bluth is in the way.

OFFICER BLUTH
Stay in the car please.
(calling)
Hey, Cheebo. Tie it down for him,
huh?

ANGLE ON THE SECOND OFFICER

He lowers the tailgate, puts the flashlight down on the bed.

PEGGY

Makes a choice. She opens her door, walks to the back.

OFFICER BLUTH (CONT'D)
(calling)
Ma'am -- Peggy -- I need you to get
back in the car.

But Peggy doesn't listen. She walks to the other officer.

SECOND OFFICER
Pete's right, ma'am, we can't have
you --

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
Mike Chebowski, don't you ma'am me.
I babysat yer brother.

SECOND OFFICER
It's true. You did.

Peggy gently inserts herself between Mike and the truck. She starts to re-tie the tarp.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
He still a little shit?

SECOND OFFICER
Not so little anymore. Six three.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST
Well, God makes men big so he can
cut em down to size, isn't that
right?

She finishes tying.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST (CONT'D)
Next time you need a haircut, you
come see me, okay?

SECOND OFFICER

Yes, ma'am. I will.

Peggy walks back to the passenger seat, climbs in. In back, the Second Officer bangs the tailgate.

SECOND OFFICER (CONT'D)

All set.

ANGLE ON ED

lightheaded with relief.

ED BLOMQUIST

Okay then.

OFFICER BLUTH

You two take care.

ED BLOMQUIST

Thanks. I, uh -- hope you catch the guy.

Ed puts the car in gear, drives away. We stay with him in the cab as his heart rate drops down to healthy level.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

Like I said -- just act friendly.

Ed glances over at Peggy, dumbstruck. He's seeing her in a whole new light.

We HOLD ON THEM as they drive on into an uncertain future, a young married couple with a dead body in the back.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. SOLVERSON HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 35

Lou pulls up out front in his prowler. He gets out, goes inside.

CUT TO:

36 INT. SOLVERSON HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 36

Lou takes off his coat and boots. Betsy approaches.

BETSY SOLVERSON

So you think there was an accomplice in a getaway car?

Lou kisses her.

LOU SOLVERSON
Your dad called?

BETSY SOLVERSON
You know him. He likes to talk
things through before he goes to
bed.

They go into the ...

CUT TO:

37 INT. KITCHEN. SOLVERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 37

Lou gets a carton of milk out of the fridge, drinks straight
from it.

BETSY SOLVERSON
We got glasses.

LOU SOLVERSON
Tastes different in a glass.

He puts the milk back.

LOU SOLVERSON (CONT'D)
Molly go down okay?

BETSY SOLVERSON
(nods)
Ya know, forgot earlier. She made
you something at school today.

She hands him a clay ashtray. It looks like a four year old
made it.

LOU SOLVERSON
She knows I don't smoke, right?

BETSY SOLVERSON
You could start.

He rubs his face, tired. He's seen things tonight he doesn't
much care for.

LOU SOLVERSON
Your dad said he'd be over on
Sunday in a suit of armor.

BETSY SOLVERSON
Jeez. Ya light one souffle on
fire...

He smiles. She smiles back. Love.

CUT TO:

38 INT. BEDROOM. SOLVERSON HOUSE - NIGHT 38

Betsy is in bed, reading. Lou stands by the window, in white boxers and a white t-shirt, looking out. He has a LENGTH OF ROPE in hand and he's tying and untying a knot -- thinking.

Beat. Betsy puts the book down.

BETSY SOLVERSON
Well -- should we call that
Thursday?

Lou nods, puts the rope on the dresser, comes over and climbs into bed.

LOU SOLVERSON
S'pose we better. She'll be up at
five anyway, wantin to play dolls.

Betsy smiles, kisses him.

BETSY SOLVERSON
And I know how fond you are of your
doll playin time.

He nods, turns off the light. Beat. Then, from the dark ...

BETSY SOLVERSON (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Mr. Solverson.

LOU SOLVERSON
Goodnight, Mrs. Solverson and all
the ships at sea.

CUT TO:

39 INT. GARAGE. PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 39

Half lit. We are floor level, drifting inside. We CATCH UP to the BLUE TARP being dragged across the floor. We follow it, catching only Peggy and Ed's legs as they drag it. Then the body is LIFTED up out of frame.

The CAMERA RISES, revealing a long white MEAT FREEZER. As Peggy and Ed turn away and leave frame, we arrive at the freezer's open mouth in time to see RYE's partially covered face.

And the music swells, building an ominous mood. And just as it's about to crescendo we hear a mechanical:

*
*

Ka-chunk-chunk -- and . . . *

HARD CUT TO: *

40 INT. BOARD ROOM. KANSAS CITY, MO - DAY 40 *

We are looking at a SLIDE PROJECTED ON A WALL. The sound we heard is of the slide carriage changing slides. *

The slide reads: *

The Kansas City Group TM *

Northern Expansion Strategy *

1979-1980 *

We are in a nondescript board room. The overhead fluorescent are off. The venetian blinds are drawn. The SLIDE PROJECTOR rests on top of a large CONFERENCE TABLE. *

In the room, the shapes of MEN in suits are smoking. *

JOE BULO (40s) steps in front of the slide -- meaning part of the image is now on him. Bulo is the criminal of the future, slick, corporate, cruel. *

Sitting in the shadows on his flanks are his men, MIKE MILLIGAN (30s) and THE KITCHEN BROTHERS (20s). Just shapes in the dark now. *

We don't see the BIG BOSS who Bulo is addressing. *

JOE BULO *

So, as you see on page sixteen of the prospectus, the main component of our Northern Expansion Strategy involves the absorption of the Gerhardt Family Syndicate, headquartered in Fargo N.D. *

Ka-chunk-chunk *

The SLIDE CHANGES to a COLLAGE OF PHOTOS arranged in a family tree. At the top is OTTO GERHARDT (63) and his wife, FLOYD (60). *

Below them are their THREE SONS, DODD (40), BEAR (35) and Rye. *

Below Dodd we see FOUR GIRLS, including SIMONE (20). And under Bear we see CHARLIE (19). *

Ka-chunk-chunk. *

The SLIDE CHANGES to THREE PHOTOS. The Gerhardt boys: Dodd, Bear, and Rye. *

JOE BULO (CONT'D) *
Which, the boys in research think *
provides a tactical opportunity for *
us to move aggressively to acquire *
or absorb their operation. *

VOICE (O.S.) *
Is there a weak link? *

Ka-chunk-chunk. *

The SLIDE CHANGES to a PHOTO of Rye. *

JOE BULO *
The youngest kid, Rye. Last in *
line. A known cokehead. Research *
thinks we could maybe turn him. *

VOICE (O.S.) *
And if you can't and the current *
business owners resist? *

JOE BULO *
We liquidate. *

A long beat. Behind Bulo (who's in silhouette) we see Rye, *
who we know is now frozen solid in a single family garage in *
Luverne, Minnesota. A disposal problem for Peggy and Ed. They *
think they're at the end of something, but this is only the *
beginning. *

Then -- *

VOICE (O.S.) *
Good. *

Bulo smiles, snaps his fingers. The slide projector is turned *
off, plunging us to BLACK. *

All hell is about to break loose. *

END OF EPISODE 201