

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

EPISODE: #210
SCRIPT: #210
PRODUCTION: #2010

Directed by: Adam Arkin

FARGO

"Palindrome"

Episode #210

Script by
Noah Hawley

PRODUCTION BLUE – PAGES – 5/4/15

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

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

Fargo S2 Productions
B23, 6020 2nd St SE
Calgary, AB T2H 2L8



Episode #210 "Palindrome"
BLUE PRODUCTION PAGES - 5.4.15

REVISION HISTORY

BLUE PRODUCTION PAGES
PRODUCTION WHITE

5/4/15
4/7/15

NOTES:

BLUE PAGES

Sc. 11 description change
Sc. 15 description change
Sc. 35 description, dialogue changes
Sc. 41 dialogue changes

CAST

Lou Solverson.....Patrick Wilson
Betsy Solverson.....Cristin Milioti
Ed Blumquist.....Jesse Plemons
Peggy Blumquist.....Kirsten Dunst
Hank Larsson.....Ted Danson
Dodd Gerhardt.....Jeffrey Donovan
Ohanzee Dent.....Zahn McClarnon
Floyd Gerhardt.....Jean Smart

RECURRING/REGULARS

Molly Solverson.....Raven Stewart
Bear Gerhardt.....Angus Sampson
Simone Gerhardt.....Rachel Keller
Mike Milligan.....Bokeem Woodbine
Gale Kitchen.....Brad Mann
Sergeant Schmidt.....Keir O'Donnell
Noreen Vanderslice.....Emily Haine

GUEST CAST

Molly Solverson.....Allison Tolman
Gus Grimly.....Colin Hanks
Lou Solverson.....Keith Carradine
Greta Grimly.....Joey King

NON-REGULARS

Ricky.....Ryan O'Nan
Hamish Broker.....Adam Arkin
Native American Housekeeper.....Wilma Pelly
Molly Solverson (age 12).....Libby Seltzer
Molly Solverson (age 18).....Laura Geluch
Grover Littlejohn.....Terry Brown

Episode #210 "Palindrome"
BLUE PRODUCTION PAGES - 5.4.15

Wes.....Cory Gruter Andrew
Grady.....Artem Fomitchev
Teacher.....Arielle Rombough
The Book.....Philip Williams
Bully #1.....Thomas Rayment
Bully #2.....Will Simpson

SETS /LOCATIONS

INTERIORS

LOU'S PROWLER (TRAVELING) - RURAL, MN - NIGHT

LOU'S PROWLER - RURAL, MN - NIGHT

MILLIGAN'S CAR (TRAVELING) - RURAL, ND - NIGHT

GARAGE - PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE - FARGO, ND - NIGHT

GERHARDT HOUSE - FARGO, ND

PARLOR - NIGHT

KITCHEN - NIGHT

OFFICE BUILDING - KANSAS CITY, MO

OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

CLASSROOM - LUVERNE, MN - DAY

HUNTING CABIN - RURAL, SD - DAY

SUPERMARKET - SIOUX FALLS, SD

BACK ROOM - NIGHT

SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

WALK IN REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT

BOX STORE - DAY (FUTURE)

SOLVERSON HOUSE - LUVERNE, MN

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BEDROOM - NIGHT

MOLLY'S ROOM - DAY

SOLVERSON HOUSE - DAY (2008)

SOLVERSON HOUSE - NIGHT

EXTERIORS

RURAL, ND

WOODS - DAY

SIOUX FALLS, SD

ALLEY - NIGHT

MOTOR MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Episode #210 "Palindrome"
BLUE PRODUCTION PAGES - 5.4.15

STREET - NIGHT

FARGO, ND

GERHARDT HOUSE - NIGHT

SOUTH DAKOTA/MINNESOTA BORDER

BORDER - DAY

LUVERNE, MN

HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (FUTURE)

BISMARCK, MN

BLACKTOP PLAYGROUND - DAY

RURAL, MN

RIVER BANK - DAY (2008)

KANSAS CITY

KANSAS CITY - DAY

PLAYBACK/SFX

BEGIN:

1 INT. GARAGE. PEGGY AND ED'S HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 1

CLOSE ON RYE GERHARDT

Dead in the Blumquist's meat freezer. Instead of text, we hear a VOICE OVER.

LOU SOLVERSON (V.O.)
This is a true story.

2 INT. KITCHEN. GERHARDT HOUSE. FARGO, ND - NIGHT 2

CLOSE ON OTTO GERHARDT

Dead in his wheelchair in the Gerhardt kitchen, riddled with bullets.

LOU SOLVERSON (V.O.)
The events depicted took place in
Minnesota, North and South Dakota
in 1979.

3 INT. HUNTING CABIN. RURAL SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY 3

CLOSE ON DODD GERHARDT

Dead on the floor of the cabin, neck broken, a bullet in his head.

LOU SOLVERSON (V.O.)
At the request of the survivors,
the names have been changed.

4 EXT. WOODS. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAY 4

CLOSE ON SIMONE GERHARDT

laying face up in the woods, eyes open, a look of wonder on her face.

5 EXT. ALLEY. MOTOR MOTEL. SIOUX FALLS, SD - NIGHT 5

CLOSE ON FLOYD GERHARDT

Dead in a Sioux Falls alley, blood still pooling fresh around her.

LOU SOLVERSON (V.O.)
Out of respect for the dead --

6 EXT. PARKING LOT - MOTOR MOTEL. SIOUX FALLS, SD - NIGHT 6

CLOSE ON BEAR GERHARDT

Dead in the parking lot, collapsed in a heap, the top of his head blown off.

LOU SOLVERSON (V.O.)
The rest has been told exactly as
it occurred.

A7 CLOSE ON BETSY SOLVERSON A7

Eyes closed, in bed. Is she dead as well? We are overhead, looking down on her. THE CAMERA PULLS UP and reveals that we're in --

7 INT. BEDROOM. SOLVERSON HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 7

Betsy lays in her bed. As we get higher, we see her daughter MOLLY laying next to her, asleep. Molly's on top of the covers, but a throw blanket has been drawn over her.

NOREEN VANDERSLICE sits in a chair by the bed, reading.

BETSY

opens her eyes, looks over. Noreen sees her, closes the book.

NOREEN
Feelin better then?

Betsy moves to sit up, notices Molly sleeping beside her.

NOREEN (CONT'D)
Tried ta get her in her own bed,
but she wouldn't go. Stubborn.

BETSY
Yeah, she gets that from her dad.

She tries again to get herself into a sitting position.

BETSY (CONT'D)
(a wave of something)
Uffda.

NOREEN
Doc says ya had a reaction ta those
pills they gave ya. Told him they
were supposed ta kill the cancer.
He says the pills may kill ya
first.

Off Betsy: what else can go wrong?

BETSY

Is Lou back?

NOREEN

No, and no word either.

Betsy nods, trying not to think about what that might mean.

NOREEN (CONT'D)

Somethin ta eat?

BETSY

God no.

(beat)

My dad?

NOREEN

Same no word.

(beat)

So -- is it -- do ya feel it?

BETSY

Feel what?

NOREEN

My aunt lost her bosom ta cancer,
said it felt like someone took a
hot poker and put it through her
heart.

BETSY

No. Not like that. Not yet. You
know how sometimes ya take a peach
from the bowl and one side is ripe
and yellow and the other is black
and moldy? That's all I can think
to describe it.

Noreen thinks about that.

NOREEN

Camus says knowin we're gonna die
makes life absurd.

BETSY

Well, I don't know who that is --
but I'm guessin he doesn't have a
six year old girl.

NOREEN

He's French.

BETSY

I don't care if he's from Mars --
nobody with any sense'd say
somethin that foolish. We're put on
this earth ta do a job, and each of
us gets the time we get ta do it --
and when this life's over and ya
stand in front of the Lord -- well,
you try tellin him it was all some
Frenchman's joke.

Noreen thinks about that. Book learning vs. Real life.

NOREEN

Okay then. Well -- if yer not gonna
eat, Doc says sleep. Get yer
strength back. So lay down, you.

Betsy nods, wiped out. She looks at Molly.

NOREEN (CONT'D)

It's okay. I'll be right here.

Betsy lays back down, closes her eyes. Noreen opens her book,
but finds she's lost interest. She closes it and drops it in
the trash.

We PUSH IN on Betsy's face.

BETSY (V.O.)

That night I had a dream.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CLASSROOM. SCHOOL. LUVERNE, MN - DAY (FUTURE) 8

A TEACHER speaks to a JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL CLASS from the front
of the room. We PUSH IN on the children's backs. One in
particular -- MOLLY SOLVERSON, now 12.

BETSY (V.O.)

-- I dreamt I was as light as air,
floatin off into the future --

Molly's hand goes up.

TEACHER

Yes, Molly.

ANGLE ON MOLLY

Beaming, confident.

DISSOLVE TO:

A HANDHELD ATARI FOOTBALL GAME

Circa 1985, thumbs pushing buttons.

BETSY (V.O.)
I dreamt of a magical future,
filled with wondrous devices.

ANGLE ON LOU SOLVERSON

Now six years older, sitting on his sofa with Molly (12). He's taking a turn on the game.

BETSY (V.O.)
Where everything you could ever
want --

CUT TO:

9 INT. BOX STORE - DAY (FUTURE) 9

Aisles overflowing with everything from radial tires to produce.

BETSY (V.O.)
-- would be available in one
amazing place. And there was
happiness there --

CUT TO:

10 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION - DAY (FUTURE) 10

Molly, now 18, comes over in a graduate's cap and gown and hugs her dad, Lou -- now grey around the temple, a little paunch on the belly.

BETSY (V.O.)
-- but then I saw farther still.
Years, decades into the future --

CLOSE ON MOLLY, 18

as she smiles, and her face --

MATCH TO:

11 INT. SOLVERSON HOUSE - DAY (2008) 11

-- becomes the Molly we know so well. She is sitting at a table in her father's house (now redecorated to show the passage of time -- though the dining table and chairs remain the same). There is a TODDLER in a high chair next to Molly, and she is feeding him.

GUS GRIMLY is there, as is GRETA. At the head of the table we see LOU SOLVERSON, now a grandfather, smiling, taking it all in. We may notice the chair to his left is empty -- left open for someone who should be there, but isn't.

BETSY (V.O.)

I saw a handsome older man, his back still straight, visited by his children and grandchildren. People of accomplishment, of contentment.

ANGLE ON MOLLY

in her 30s, a strong and powerful woman. Around her everyone is happy, talking, laughing.

BETSY (V.O.)

But then --

FLASH ON HANZEE

His face (disfigured by boiling water) lit by flames.

BETSY (V.O.)

I saw chaos --

BACK TO MOLLY AND GUS

At the table, eating, oblivious to the war that once threatened to end this moment before it began.

BETSY (V.O.)

-- the fracture of peace and enlightenment.

FLASH OF SHERIFF HANK LARSSON

as he is SHOT in the doorway of the Motor Motel. He falls. *

BETSY (V.O.)

-- and I worried that the future I had seen -- magical and filled with light --

BACK TO 2008

As we PUSH INTO A CLOSE UP of grandpa LOU SOLVERSON, smiling at his family.

BETSY (V.O.)

-- might never come to pass.

Lou's smile falters. A moment of uncertainty, crosses his face.

MATCH CUT TO:

12 EXT. ALLEY. SIOUX FALLS, SD - NIGHT 12

A CLOSE UP of 1979 Lou. We are moments after the events of episode 209. Peggy and Ed are on the run, fleeing through the night, with Hanzee in pursuit.

Lou has stopped at the corner and is trying to figure out which way they went. He is breathing hard -- partly in shock -- but his training and discipline keep him focussed. He must save Peggy and Ed.

ANGLE ON THE STREET

from his POV as he looks around, hoping for a sign.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. STREET. SIOUX FALLS, SD - SAME TIME 13

A few blocks away. It's late and the streets are empty -- no cars or pedestrians. PEGGY AND ED BLUMQUIST emerge from a doorway and move quickly along the side of a building.

PEGGY

Is he followin'?

Ed looks back.

ANGLE ON THE STREET

Empty. But that doesn't mean they're safe.

ED

I don't know.

PEGGY

grabs Ed's arm.

PEGGY

Ed!

He turns.

ANGLE ON HEADLIGHTS

approaching, an old station wagon.

ED

runs out in the street, waving his arms. The car stops. There is an OLD MAN driving. Peggy opens the rear passenger door. Ed runs to the front passenger seat.

OLD MAN

What's the trouble, young fella?

ED

Mister, we need a ride.

A BULLET splits the windshield and hits the old man in the throat. *Crack!* He falls forward dead.

ED

turns.

ANGLE ON HANZEE

at the end of the street, rifle to his shoulder. He moves the sights onto Ed.

ED GRABS PEGGY

and they run. Beat. We think they're going to make it. Then the SECOND SHOT HITS ED in the left shoulder, spinning him around.

PEGGY

Ed!

He stumbles, but she grabs him, keeps him on his feet and they run.

ANGLE ON HANZEE

He lowers the rifle, and follows, taking his time. If the burns to his face are bothering him, he refuses to show it.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. ALLEY. SIOUX FALLS, SD - NIGHT 14

Lou HEARS THE GUNSHOT from around the corner. He runs towards it. A SECOND SHOT rings out.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. STREET. SIOUX FALLS, SD - NIGHT 15

From Lou's moving POV we see the old man's station wagon stopped in the street, a HOLE blasted in its windshield.

LOU

runs up to it. The right side passenger doors (front and rear) are open.

ANGLE ON THE OLD MAN

dead, a bullet through his throat, still bleeding heavily.

LOU

looks around. He is moments behind them, but every second he waits they get farther away. Then he sees something.

ANGLE ON THE STREET

In the car's headlights. A BLOOD TRAIL, leading towards an alley.

*

LOU

takes off running.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. GERHARDT COMPOUND. FARGO, ND - NIGHT 16
Abandoned, no guards in sight. MIKE MILLIGAN'S CAR drives in.

CUT TO:

17 INT. MILLIGAN'S CAR (TRAVELING) - NIGHT 17
GALE KITCHEN drives. MIKE MILLIGAN sits in back. They approach the abandoned house, taking in the absence of guards.

CUT TO:

18 INT. GERHARDT HOUSE. FARGO, ND - NIGHT 18
The front doors open. Milligan enters with Gale behind him.

MILLIGAN

People of Earth -- I'm home.

Beat. The place is empty. Milligan looks at Gale, shrugs -- nobody home -- then goes into the --

CUT TO:

19 INT. PARLOR. GERHARDT HOUSE. FARGO, ND - CONTINUOUS 19

Minutes later. Milligan enters, Gale behind him. We are aware of the violation their being here entails. Like pissing on a grave. Milligan tours the room, taking his time, touching things, amused by the archaic taxidermy and old world decorations.

The war is over and he is the winner. He approaches a table of family photos, picks one up.

ANGLE ON THE GERHARDTS

A happier time.

MILLIGAN

throws the frame over his shoulder. He flips the other framed photos face down. Then he goes over to a BAR, takes out a crystal decanter of brown liquor. He removes the glass stopper, sniffs the contents, then takes a slug of booze.

It hits the spot. Milligan walks the room, drinking from the crystal decanter, then SITS in the most important chair in the room and puts up his feet.

He is the boss now.

CUT TO:

20 INT. KITCHEN. GERHARDT HOUSE. FARGO, ND - NIGHT 20

Milligan enters. WILMA, the native American house keeper is peeling onions at the island. There's a pot boiling on the stove.

MILLIGAN

(surprised)

Hello.

Gale raises his shotgun, but Milligan puts his hand on the barrel, lowers it.

MILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Gale, be reasonable.

Wilma keeps peeling onions. Milligan goes to the stove, lifts the lid off the pot, smells. He takes a spoon, tastes the soup. It's heavy, old world, German.

MILLIGAN (CONT'D)

From this moment forward, I decree,
no more schnitzel or strudel. Let's
get some American food up in this --

He goes to put the spoon in the sink. As he does we see --

ANGLE ON HEADLIGHTS

Outside, as a car pulls up out front.

ANGLE ON MILLIGAN

He motions to Gale -- *someone's coming.*

CUT TO:

21 EXT. GERHARDT HOUSE. FARGO, ND - SAME TIME 21

RICKY G climbs out of the car. He has driven back from the massacre site - the sole survivor. He looks up at the house. It appears to be abandoned. That suits him fine. He goes to the porch.

CUT TO:

22 INT. GERHARDT HOUSE. FARGO, ND - CONTINUOUS 22

It opens. Ricky enters, up to no good. He closes the doors behind him, goes into the --

CUT TO:

23 INT. PARLOR. GERHARDT HOUSE. FARGO, ND - CONTINUOUS 23

Ricky looks around. The war is over. The Gerhardts have lost. Ricky's plan is to loot the place of its valuables, then get gone.

He opens cabinets, etc -- looking for cash, jewels, etc. From behind him, GALE KITCHEN (out of our sight) clears his throat.

Ricky turns, hand going to his pistol.

ANGLE ON GALE

shotgun already pointed at Ricky.

GALE KITCHEN

Unh-unh.

MILLIGAN (O.S.)

(behind him)

Forget something?

Ricky turns back. Milligan is in the second doorway, looking amused. Beat. Ricky decides to smile back -- like a kid with his hand in the cookie jar.

RICKY

Well -- you caught me. Thought nobody was home.

MILLIGAN

We're here.

RICKY

Yeah? Remind me which one you are again? The kid Otto had with the maid?

MILLIGAN

You see the shotgun right?

Ricky looks at it, pointed at his face.

RICKY

(that little thing?)

You couldn't afford a real one?

MILLIGAN

Times are tough, friend-o.

RICKY

Hey, why do you think I'm stealing the silver?

He stands, showing them his hands. Gale keeps the shotgun on him.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Maybe in the spirit of human struggle, we say bygones. You let me get back in my car and drive away.

MILLIGAN

(beat, thinks about that)

Do you know the definition of the word "sovereignty?"

RICKY

What am I -- the professor from Gilligan's Island?

MILLIGAN

Sovereignty is absolute power and authority.

RICKY

Like a king.

MILLIGAN

Exactly. Which is who I am. Your king.

RICKY

It's America, brother. We don't do kings.

MILLIGAN

Oh, we do. We do. We just call them something else. See, today's my coronation day. And on coronation day, I've always believed, a new king should start his reign with an act of kindness.

RICKY

Right on.

MILLIGAN

And -- an act of cruelty. That way you show your subjects you're capable of both. God and monster.

RICKY

Shit. Sign me up for the first one.

MILLIGAN

(oops)

Here's the problem. Wilma -- who works in the kitchen --

RICKY

The Indian?

MILLIGAN

Right. She already received my kindness -- to whit -- a new car and all the cash we found in that cabinet you were searching.

RICKY

Damn.

MILLIGAN

Which means you --

RICKY

-- don't tell me --

MILLIGAN

-- are shit out of luck.

RICKY

Story of my life, brother.

(beat)

You ever been to Baltimore?

(off Milligan's head
shake)

There's a girl there -- Helen
Beecham -- she's got, I mean, cans
out to here. Used to ride horses --
which, you can imagine the visual --
girl like that -- at a full gallop -
- and those titties --

HE GOES FOR HIS GUN. GALE SHOOTS HIM. Ricky flies backwards,
lands bleeding, choking.

MILLIGAN

makes a clucking sound. *Too bad.* He walks over to Ricky,
whose feet are kicking weakly.

CLOSE ON RICKY

He's a mess, but he's not dead. Blood leaks out of the many
shotgun pellet holes.

GALE

comes over, raises the shotgun to finish him.

MILLIGAN

shakes his head. *Let him suffer.* Gale lowers the gun.

MILLIGAN

(to Gale)

Well -- I'm bushed. Think I'll take
a nap. You should get some sleep as
well. For in the morning we journey
home to bathe in the warm champagne
of corporate praise. Who knows?
Maybe they'll even throw us a
parade. I love a parade.

They exit the room, leaving Ricky to die in his own sweet
time.

CUT TO:

24

EXT. STREET. SIOUX FALLS, SD - NIGHT

24

Hanzee emerges from the shadows, following Ed's blood trail.
It leads him through two parked cars and across the street.

Hanzee moves slowly, cautiously. He approaches a plate glass window. The trail goes left on the sidewalk, weaving towards the corner. Suddenly, in the reflection, Hanzee SEES MOVEMENT behind him -- as LOU SOLVERSON appears from behind the parked cars across the street.

HANZEE

dives out of the way, behind a parked car, as --

LOU

fires, shattering the PLATE GLASS WINDOW.

CLOSE UP ON LOU

knowing he missed. He puts three shots into the car -- suppressing fire. A long beat. Is Hanzee about to pop up and shoot back? Beat. Nothing. Lou moves cautiously between the parked car and across the street -- gun up.

ANGLE ON THE PARKED CAR

ahead of him. Is Hanzee back there? Lou enters the shot, gun up. He reaches the trunk of the car -- pops around it, ready to fire.

HANZEE

is gone. But we see MOVEMENT at the edge of frame.

LOU

raises his gun.

ANGLE ON BEN SCHMIDT

approaching, his own gun up. He's bleeding from where Peggy hit him.

SCHMIDT

Woah -- don't --

ANGLE ON LOU

Shit. He turns quickly, looking -- where could Hanzee have gone?

LOU

You were supposed ta watch them. Ed and Peggy.

SCHMIDT
World War Three out there, in case
you didn't notice.

LOU
(sees the blood)
You okay there?

SCHMIDT
Don't start. She blind-sided me
okay? A pack a wolves at the door --
I didn't think the (bitch) --
didn't think she'd be dumb enough
ta sucker me.

Lou assesses the street.

LOU
Only one way he coulda gone.
Hanzee.

SCHMIDT
And yer feelin is we should go the
same way, instead a home ta bed.

LOU
Yeah. And in a hurry.

Beat. Schmidt hates that he's going to say yes.

SCHMIDT
FUBAR, yeah?

LOU
FUBAR.

They head off after Hanzee.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. STREET. SIOUX FALLS, SD - NIGHT

25

Peggy helps Ed along. The gunshot wound is bad and he's
losing blood.

PEGGY
Come on now -- it's gonna be okay.
Just -- a little further.

ANGLE ON A DOOR

From their POV. It's the back door of a SUPERMARKET and it's ajar. They go in.

CUT TO:

26 INT. BACK ROOM. SUPERMARKET. SIOUX FALLS, SD - CONTINUOUS 26

Peggy helps Ed inside. Ahead, they see GROVER LITTLEJOHN, the janitor. He's got two big bags of garbage tied up and is about to take them out.

GROVER
(seeing them)
Sweet Christmas.

PEGGY
Go on, get outta here. There's a
bad man coming.

Grover doesn't need to be told twice. He hurries out. Peggy leans Ed against a counter.

ED
(lying)
I'm okay. It doesn't hurt really.

Peggy closes and locks the door behind Grover and goes back to Ed.

ED (CONT'D)
I just feel kinda funny is all.

PEGGY
Don't talk. Save yer -- can you --
are ya okay here? Just fer a
second? I'll use the phone and call
for help.

A GUNSHOT outside. They freeze, listening. We hear FOOTSTEPS approach the door.

ANGLE ON THE DOORKNOB

As it starts to turn, slowly.

ANGLE ON PEGGY AND ED

They look at each other.

CUT TO:

27

INT. WALK IN REFRIGERATOR. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

27

The DOOR OPENS, revealing Peggy and Ed.

ANGLE ON THE FRIDGE

from their POV. It's full of meat -- pigs, sides of beef hanging.

PEGGY

doesn't like it. The weird synchronicity of life. The return.

PEGGY

Ed, I don't know --

ED

(weak)

-- it's -- we can lock it from inside. Hide out till they're -- till we're rescued.

A BANG on the back door. Someone is trying to break in. Peggy and Ed go into the refrigerator and close the door, plunging the room into blackness. A long beat. We hear the sound of their breathing. Then -- a blue fluorescent glow flickers on from a weak bulb overhead.

Ed fumbles for a metal pin to slip into a hole in the door handle. He gets it through, sealing them in, then staggers over and sits hard on the floor, his back to the wall.

Peggy leans over him. The front of Ed's coat is soaked with blood. She peels it back -- which hurts.

ED (CONT'D)

Ah.

PEGGY

Sorry. I gotta -- we need to see how bad --

ANGLE ON THE EXIT WOUND

It's ugly. He's losing a lot of blood.

ANGLE ON PEGGY

What are they going to do?

ED

Peg, I don't think we're gonna make it.

PEGGY

Don't you talk like that, Ed
Blumquist. We come this far --
we're gonna go all the way.

ED

No -- I mean. I don't think -- even
if we -- get outta here -- we're
not gonna make it. You and me.

PEGGY

What are ya --

ED

We're just too -- different.

PEGGY

Don't say that. This -- what we
been through -- adversity -- that's
what seals the bond. Makes us
stronger. Like how a bone heals.

ED

Peg.

PEGGY

No. I know I had doubts -- me --
but I'm sure now. I'm sure, and
that --

ED

Will ya -- just -- let me talk. Yer
always tryin ta fix things, but
sometimes -- ya know -- nothin's
broken. Sometime's everything's
working just fine, and if ya can't
see that -- if ya don't know that --

PEGGY

Ed.

ED

I love ya. I do, but I just don't --
all I'm ever gonna want is ta get
back to what we had.

There. He said it.

CLOSE UP ON PEGGY

She doesn't know what to say.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SUPERMARKET. SIOUX FALLS, SD - NIGHT 28

We move -- floating as if in a dream -- up the aisle away from the back room and towards the front of the store. The lights are off, the aisle lit by moonlight. Then Hanzee appears and moves through the aisles towards us, gun up.

CUT TO:

29 INT. BACK ROOM. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS 29

Hanzee pushes through heavy hanging plastic strips and enters the back room. He looks around.

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR

smearred blood leads to the walk in fridge. Hanzee approaches the door, rifle up.

CUT TO:

30 INT. WALK IN REFRIGERATOR. SUPERMARKET - SAME TIME 30

Peggy presses a rag to Ed's shoulder.

PEGGY

Just -- save yer strength, huh?
Okay? It's -- yer gonna be fine and
then we'll -- figure it all out.
And I know I been nothin but
trouble to ya. I know, and I don't
want ta be like this -- always --
searchin. I look around, all the
other girls, how come they're so
happy? Or not happy, but --
content, I guess. Goin through life
with no -- questions, when all I
got are --

They hear a noise outside the door. Peggy turns.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR HANDLE

(sealed with a pin). It jiggles -- someone is out there, trying to get in.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Maybe he just walks away.

Beat. They wait. Then a WAFT of SMOKE passes through frame. Peggy looks up.

ANGLE ON THE AIR VENT

Smoke is pouring in.

CUT TO:

31 INT. BACK ROOM. SUPERMARKET - SAME TIME 31

We are CLOSE ON the INTAKE VENT for the fridge. It is low to the floor. A fire has been set in a big metal tray. Smoke flows into the vent.

ANGLE ON HANZEE

Crouching there, rifle butt on the floor, watching the flames. The burns on his face look ghoulis in the flickering flames -- like a vision from a nightmare.

CUT TO:

32 INT. WALK IN REFRIGERATOR. SUPERMARKET - SAME TIME 32

Peggy is standing now, trying to block the vent somehow -- but there's nothing.

PEGGY

Ed -- help me.

But Ed can't -- he's turning white, getting weaker.

PEGGY

coughs, realizes she has to get under the smoke. She sits.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

It's -- they'll see the smoke --
somebody -- they'll call the -- we
can --

ED

Peggy --

PEGGY

-- and they'll come -- they'll --

She realizes something.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

-- oh my God, Ed. The movie. It's
just like the movie I was watchin --
before -- this mornin -- with him
all tied up -- the Gerhardt -- on
the TV.

ANGLE ON ED

A wide shot, as he rests against the wall between two sides of beef. He's come so far, and yet he's right back where he started. We PUSH IN ON HIM.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

And there was this couple, this French (couple) -- and they were on the run from this -- I guess -- Nazi. And the husband -- or whatever he was -- he got shot, just like you -- and they hid out in this --

As we LAND in a CLOSE UP of Ed we realize he's dead. Peggy is oblivious.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

-- well, it wasn't a supermarket -- it was a church, but they hid out and the Nazi -- he tried to smoke them out -- just like --
(realizes)
-- but they got out.

Peggy turns to Ed.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

They got out, Ed. They were saved.

But then she sees his face, knows deep down that he's dead.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

No.

She goes to him. The smoke is very thick at this point.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Ed. No.

She shakes him, but he's gone. The smoke is filling the room now. We HEAR POUNDING on the door. Peggy turns, trapped, choking. She has no choice but to go out there.

ANGLE ON A KNIFE SHARPENER

The long rod, not a knife, but the closest thing to a weapon she has.

Peggy's HAND comes in and takes it.

ANGLE ON PEGGY

as she steps to the door, presses her ear to it.

ANGLE ON HANZEE

on the other side of the door, lit by flames, waiting.

CUT TO:

33

INT. BACK ROOM. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

33

The Walk-in-Fridge DOOR OPENS. Peggy comes out brandishing the knife sharpener -- a cornered animal.

REVERSE ON LOU SOLVERSON

Gun up.

LOU

Peggy -- it's okay. It's me.

He holds up his hands. Ben Schmidt is behind him, gun up as well. But Peggy has turned a corner. She looks around wildly.

PEGGY

Where is he? I'll kill him.

LOU

He's gone.

PEGGY

Don't you lie to me. I'll --

Schmidt holsters his gun, approaches Peggy. She waves the knife sharpener at him.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

No. You stay back. He's here --
tryin ta smoke us out. Just like in
the --

Lou grabs her, holds her, though she fights him.

LOU

Peggy, stop. There's no -- there's
no smoke.

Peggy looks.

ANGLE ON THE WALK IN FRIDGE

lit by the flickering fluorescent. Lou's right. There is no smoke. There never was.

LOU (CONT'D)
Peggy. Where's Ed?

ANGLE ON PEGGY

reeling, confused. There is no evidence of a fire, no evidence Hanzee was ever out here.

PEGGY
(stunned)
Shot. I don't know -- we were --
the Indian was outside. He lit a
fire, just like in the movie. Just
like the --

ANGLE ON LOU

He looks around Peggy, sees Ed slumped against the wall, knows he's dead -- but --

LOU
(to Schmidt)
Check him.

Schmidt goes in, checks Ed's pulse, but he's gone.

LOU (CONT'D)
(to Peggy)
Peggy, look at me. The Indian got
away. We followed Ed's blood trail,
kicked in the door. Us. He was
never in the building.

He looks her in the eye, but she's not hearing him.

PEGGY
No. He -- Ed'll tell you.
(calling)
Ed? Ed, come on now. They're --
didn't I tell ya they'd come. We're
rescued. Ed. Ed!

Lou holds her tight, while she struggles, fighting the truth.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. STREET. SIOUX FALLS, SD - NIGHT

34

Lou's prowler is parked by the back door of the supermarket. There is an AMBULANCE there, as well as a South Dakota prowler, red and blues flashing.

We see Peggy sitting in the back of Lou's car. Lou is talking to Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

There's a manhunt underway fer our man. He won't get far. Local PD says yer father-in-law's in the ICU. Cautiously optimistic, is the report.

LOU

What about yer boss?

Schmidt shakes his head. Gibson is dead.

SCHMIDT

I don't even know how ta write this thing up. Where ta begin.

LOU

Well, like anything I guess. Start at the start and work yer way to the end.

For a moment Schmidt looks like he might cry. Lou pats his shoulder.

LOU (CONT'D)

Okay then. You'll be okay.

Schmidt nods. Lou opens his car door.

LOU (CONT'D)

I'm takin Peggy Blumquist back ta Minnesota. Anyone's got a problem with that -- well, after the week I had -- they can keep it to themselves.

Lou gets in his car and drives away.

CUT TO:

35 INT. LOU'S PROWLER (TRAVELING). RURAL MINNESOTA - NIGHT 35

Lou drives. Peggy sits in the middle of the backseat. A long beat.

PEGGY

Do ya think -- is there any chance I could be tried federal?

Lou looks at her in the rearview mirror.

LOU

Why?

LOU (CONT'D)

But he maneuvers off the port bow
and hovers there for the longest
time -- doin -- we learn later,
takin off his flight suit -- then --
somehow -- he lays the bird on its
side and -- just before it hits the
water -- jumps. Six thousand pounds
of angry helicopter flyin apart
around him. But somehow he made it.
(still haunts him)
How did he do that?

Beat. Peggy doesn't understand.

PEGGY BLOMQUIST

What are you sayin?

LOU

Yer husband. He said he was gonna
protect his family, no matter what,
and I -- acted like I didn't
understand, but I do. It's the rock
we all push. Men. And we call it
our burden. But it's really our
privilege.

Beat. She thinks about that -- his clarity and conviction.

PEGGY

I never meant fer any of this ta
happen, ya know. Not to Ed. Not
anybody. I just wanted ta be
someone.

LOU

Well, yer somebody now.

PEGGY

No. See. I wanted ta choose. Be my
own me. Not defined by anyone
else's (expectations) -- But then
that guy -- that stupid guy --
walked out into the road. Why'd he
hafta do that?

LOU

You mean the victim?

PEGGY

No. That's not fair. Cause I'm a
victim too. Was a victim first.
Before him.

LOU
Victim a what?

*
*

PEGGY
(beat)
It's -- yer a man. You wouldn't --

*
*

(beat)
It's a lie, okay? That you can have
it all. Be a wife and a mother, but
also this -- self-made career woman
-- like there's thirty seven hours
in the day. And then when ya can't,
they say -- it's you. Yer faulty.
Like yer inferior somehow. Like if
you could just get yer act together
-- until yer half mad with --

*
*

LOU
People are dead, Peggy.

*
*

Beat. She thinks about that. Beat. She nods. What else is
there to say?

*
*

CUT TO:

36

EXT. BORDER OF SOUTH DAKOTA AND MINNESOTA - NIGHT

36

That same crossroads. Lou's prowler crosses the state line,
going home. He pulls in next to the phone booth.

CUT TO:

37 INT. LOU'S PROWLER. RURAL MINNESOTA - CONTINUOUS 37

Lou turns off the car.

LOU
(to Peggy)
Stay put.

He gets out.

CUT TO:

38 INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS 38

Lou finds some change, places a call.

INTERCUT WITH:

39 INT. SOLVERSON HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 39

The phone rings. A beat. Noreen comes into frame and answers.

NOREEN
Solverson residence.

LOU
Thank God. Who is this? Noreen?

NOREEN
Is that you, Mr. Solverson? We been
tryin ta -- all night we been
callin -- the operator didn't know
where you --

LOU
(a cold chill)
What is it? What happened?

NOREEN
Well, it's -- she's fine -- just
had a -- she fell is all. Somethin
about the pills they gave her.

LOU
Whatdya mean she fell? Where's
Molly?

NOREEN
She's here. At home. We all are.
Yer missus is sleepin and the girl
right there with her. She's
stubborn alright yer daughter. Yer
wife says she gets that from you.

LOU

But the doctor --

NOREEN

He says yer missus is fine -- just needs rest and then come in next week fer some more tests. She's sleepin currently. Told her I'd sit up with Molly until you got home.

Lou is torn. After the day he's had, he'd give anything to just go home. But he can't.

LOU

Well, I got a suspect in custody. On my way back from Sioux Falls. Tell Betsy I'll be home as soon as I can.

NOREEN

Okie dokie.

LOU

And Noreen? Thank you.

NOREEN

You betcha.

Lou hangs up. A long beat -- overwhelmed. Then he goes back to the car.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. KANSAS CITY - DAY 40

The gleaming metropolis. We PUSH IN on a (now) familiar office building.

CUT TO:

41 INT. OFFICE BUILDING. KANSAS CITY - DAY 41

It could be any corporation. Drones in suits -- living outside the times -- hair short, collars narrow. HAMISH BROKER walks down an anonymous hallway with Mike Milligan.

HAMISH

Look -- you did good. I had my doubts, but you brought this thing home.

MILLIGAN

I caught a few breaks.

HAMISH

Don't do that. Take praise and turn it into something else.

MILLIGAN

You're right. I'm sorry.

HAMISH

And don't apologize. You still got a few rungs left to climb. You won't get there saying you're sorry.

MILLIGAN

Got it. Thank you, sir. I did. I worked hard, night and day to get this done, I don't mind telling you. *

(beat)

Which is why I was thinking -- fer the setup in Fargo -- I'd like to handpick a few men --

Hamish waves him off.

HAMISH

That's -- the day to day stuff -- we got a team for that. Asset managers, mid-level and below. Drones, really. They've already been deployed. The real oversight of the new northern territories -- well, that happens right here -- in this building. *

Milligan doesn't know how to feel about that.

MILLIGAN

And that's where you want me?

HAMISH

Assuming you don't wanna be a grunt yer whole --

MILLIGAN

No. Of course not.

HAMISH

Good. Then pay attention --

They reach a closed office door. Hamish opens it, turns on the light.

ANGLE ON THE OFFICE

Small, dark, interior. It looks out over a cooling vent. There is a trash can on the desk -- left there by the cleaning crew.

ANGLE ON MILLIGAN

seeing it. This is not the throne he'd imagined.

HAMISH (CONT'D)

It's nine to five mostly -- but management rewards initiative, so nights, weekends -- whatever gets the job done. You'll be working closely with the accounting department -- looking for ways to optimize revenue -- shorter shipping routes, less palms to grease, that kind of thing.

MILLIGAN

The accounting department.

Hamish waves his hand at Milligan's outfit.

HAMISH

Also, this whole -- *western thing* -- that's gotta go. Get something gray or pin-striped with a white shirt and a real tie. And cut your hair. The seventies are over, for Christ sake.

Milligan is having a hard time comprehending.

MILLIGAN

See -- I thought -- well -- in the old days when you conquered a place --

HAMISH

You want the old days? Go work in a coal mine. This is the future.

Beat. Milligan is at a loss. Hamish has seen it before, these old school warriors who struggle with the transition.

HAMISH (CONT'D)

Look, we got off on the wrong foot, you and me, but you're a good kid. So let me give you a tip.

(MORE)

HAMISH (CONT'D)

The sooner you realize there's only one business left in the world -- the money business -- just ones and zeroes -- the better off you'll be.

MILLIGAN

Sir, believe me, I'm an earner.

HAMISH

Yeah, but listen to me. I'm not talking about busting heads for collections. I'm talking about profit and loss -- infrastructure.

(off Milligan)

So last year Donahue in the western branch -- he rejiggers the mail room, saves over a million a quarter in postage. Management was so impressed they gave him California.

MILLIGAN

The mail room.

HAMISH

I know. Why didn't I think of that, right? Anyway, settle in. Dale from HR's gonna come by and have you fill out some forms -- health insurance, 401k -- and then get to work. Quarterly projections and revenue statements are due on the thirteenth. We're expecting big things from you.

MILLIGAN

Yes, sir.

Hamish goes to the door, then turns.

HAMISH

Oh, you play golf?

MILLIGAN

Golf?

HAMISH

Great game. You should learn. That's where all the deals are being done these days.

He exits, closing the door.

ANGLE ON MILLIGAN

alone in his new office. He fought a war and won, and this is his reward. Beat. He takes the trash can off his desk, puts it on the floor, then sits. The chair is rocky.

Beat. He picks up some papers, looks them over.

We leave him there, with his view of the air vent, on his rocket ship to the future.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. BLACKTOP PLAYGROUND/SCHOOLYARD. BISMARCK, ND - DAY 42

We see TWO KIDS (10) in the playground, let's call them WES and GRADY. Grady is shooting hoops. Wes stands nearby, not paying attention. The ball hits the rim, bounces away.

Wes doesn't notice. Grady waves at him. Wes looks over. Grady *signs* to him.

GRADY
(signing)
You're killing me here.

Wes signs back.

WES
(signing)
Told you I didn't want to play.

ANGLE ON A PARK BENCH

Nearby. A MAN sits on the bench, wearing an overcoat and hat. There are bandages on the bottom half of his face. It's Hanzee.

Another MAN comes over, sits beside him. He is THE BOOK.

THE BOOK
And so great empires fall and are forgotten.

Hanzee says nothing. The Book hands him a slim valise. Hanzee unzips it.

ANGLE ON THE VALISE

Inside is a new identity -- driver's license, birth certificate, etc -- in the name of MOSES TRIPOLI.

THE BOOK (CONT'D)
I know. You're thinking -- *why Tripoli?* Well, Tripoli -- not to be confused with Levantine Tripoli in the country of Lebanon -- was founded in Libya in the seventh century by the Phoenicians. Then conquered by the Romans. Then by the Spanish. Then by the Turks. You see where I'm going.

HANZEE
I need a face man.

THE BOOK
His details are inside. I'm assuming you want more than just a skin peel. Something structural -- a whole new man -- like the Phoenix -- rising from the ashes.

ANGLE ON THE TWO BOYS

FOUR BIGGER BOYS (16) have come over and are harassing them -- holding onto their ball -- mocking them. It will escalate to pushing soon, as the 10 year olds are not going to back down.

THE BOOK (CONT'D)

(beat)

What'll you do then, I wonder. Join
a new empire?

ANGLE ON HANZEE

watching.

HANZEE

Maybe start one of my own.

THE BOOK

So that it too may collapse one day
and fall into the sea.

(beat)

Do I take it you'll try to
apprehend those responsible? Get
revenge for what their misdoings?
Cause you can bet Kansas City will
be heavily guarded.

ANGLE ON THE BOYS

A bigger boy SHOVES Grady. WES punches him low, doubling the kid over. The bigger boys grab him. Grady gets to his feet, charges them.

ANGLE ON HANZEE

watching.

HANZEE

Not apprehend. Dead. Don't care
"heavily guarded." Don't care
"into the sea." Kill and be killed.
Head in a bag. There's the message.

He stands and walks into the playground, approaching the pre-teen melee, ready to bust some heads and defend the underdog. The CAMERA CRANES UP in pursuit. As he reaches the boys the CAMERA RISES PAST THEM into the skyline.

DISSOLVE TO:

43

INT. SOLVERSON HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT

43

A WELCOME HOME BANNER (made by a six year old) hangs over the stairs. Other handmade decorations are visible.

Lou enters with HANK LARSSON. They come up the stairs.

LOU

Look who I found.

Molly runs to him.

MOLLY

Poppa!

Betsy watches, worried.

BETSY

Careful now. Give yer poppa some room.

Hank hugs her.

HANK

No no. This is just the medicine I need.

Betsy goes over and hugs her dad.

BETSY

You okay then? Need ta lie down?

HANK

Nah. I'll take a beer though, if you got one. Lou?

LOU

Hell yes. Heck, I mean. I think we earned one. Or ten.

They go into the kitchen. Noreen is at the island making a sour cream dip.

NOREEN

Hey, Sheriff.

HANK

Noreen. Heard you were runnin the place now.

NOREEN

Oh now. It's mostly just babysittin and laundry.

Molly runs over to Noreen. Noreen picks her up.

BETSY

She's been a real life saver.

NOREEN

(to Molly)

Come on, squirt. Let's get yer party dress on.

MOLLY

Bye, Poppa.

HANK

See you in the funny papers.

They exit.

CUT TO:

44 INT. LIVING ROOM. SOLVERSON HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - DAY 44

It's later, after a meal. Lou, Hank and Betsy are drinking coffee on the sofa.

BETSY

More pie, dad?

HANK

Not unless you want me ta burst my stitches.

He turns to Lou.

HANK (CONT'D)

So -- you gonna put that in yer report then?

LOU

What? Gunfight was interrupted by a space craft?

HANK

Yeah, maybe leave that subtext.

BETSY

I was thinkin -- a street light possibly -- on the fritz -- and you light-headed.

LOU

What? The light comes on just as this fella's hands are around my neck -- then somehow flies away?

She frowns at the image.

HANK

And this Hanzee fella?

LOU

Made the FBI's most wanted -- first one of those I worked -- but so far nothin. Probably fled the border to Winnipeg or points north. He'll turn up again, I'm sure -- like it or not.

Betsy shifts in her seat, winces.

LOU (CONT'D)

You okay, hon?

BETSY

Oh sure. Just a cramp.

(amused, to her dad)

We're a sad bunch, huh? Next thing Lou'll be grouchin about his sciatica.

HANK

Well, we're sittin here together. That's what matters. A man once said -- you'll know the angels when they come, cause they'll have the faces of your children.

Beat. He gets a little teary, covers.

HANK (CONT'D)

Anyway. I'm happy ta see you is all.

They think about that.

BETSY

So dad -- I fed yer cats while you were in the hospital.

HANK

And they're grateful, I'm sure.

BETSY

Ya. And when I was over there the first time -- I went in yer office.

HANK

(beat)

Ah.

BETSY

So --

HANK

(beat)

Well, okay.

(what to say?)

So after yer mother died, I got ta feelin pretty low. We all did. And I took -- well, you remember -- I took some time off. And I started thinkin -- which I know is dangerous -- but, you know -- the things I've seen -- in the war, and at home, on the job -- so much senselessness. Violence. And I got to thinkin about miscommunication -- like how isn't that the root of it? Conflict. War. Doesn't it all come down to language -- the words we say and the words we hear -- which aren't always the same thing.

LOU

I say stop. You hear go.

HANK

Exactly. And so I thought -- what if there was just one language? A universal language of symbols -- because pictures, to my mind, are clearer than words.

BETSY

So that's what that is? In yer office. You're makin yer own language.

HANK

Well, it sounds crazy when ya say it out loud, I know. But -- I mean, you see a box with a roof on it -- well, everyone knows that means home. My six-year-old granddaughter draws a heart -- it means love. No question. And that's where I started. With simple ideas. And the more I worked on it, the more it became all I could think about.

Betsy pats his hand.

BETSY

Yer a good man.

HANK

I don't know about that. But I like
ta think I got good intentions.

CUT TO:

45 INT. MOLLY'S ROOM. SOLVERSON HOUSE. LUVERNE, MN - NIGHT 45
Molly is in bed. Lou comes in.

LOU

Whatdya say tomorrow we go fishin?

MOLLY

Ok.

He kisses her.

LOU

Get some sleep, you.

He goes to the door.

MOLLY

Dad?

Lou turns and becomes --

LOU SOLVERSON (2008)

-- a grandfather now, who has turned because his adult
daughter, Molly, has called to him. We are --

CUT TO:

46 EXT. RIVER BANK. RURAL, MN - DAY 46
Lou and Molly are fishing. Lou has just cast his line.

LOU

What's that, hon?

Molly is over by the cooler.

MOLLY

I said, did ya want a sandwich? We
got turkey and tuna. Unless you
think the fish'd think that was
cannibalism.

She smiles. It's his joke. He smiles back.

LOU

I'm good right now.

She straightens, goes over and stands beside him.

MOLLY

Remember when all you brought was jerky?

LOU

I like jerky.

MOLLY

You are jerky.

LOU

That's true.

Beat. They fish.

MOLLY

Got a card from Noreen. She's doin good. Sent along a picture. I'll bring it over Sunday. The kids are gettin big, and Roger got promoted to head pharmacist.

LOU

Never did much fer me, that boy.

MOLLY

Then it's a good thing yer not married to him.

(beat)

Ya know, I was goin through those boxes ya left in my garage. Did you -- were you creatin yer own language at one point?

LOU

No. That was yer granddad.

MOLLY

Poppa?

LOU

Yeah, he -- for a minute there he thought he might just save the world.

MOLLY

And?

LOU

And then he realized the world's something ya gotta save anew every day. Can't just do it once. So he dedicated himself to that instead.

He looks at her, smiles.

LOU (CONT'D)

Guess it's kind of a family business.

She likes that. Off their comfortable silence, we leave them there, father and daughter, fishing. Because what else is there to say?

FADE TO WHITE.

END OF YEAR TWO