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EPISODE: #301  
SCRIPT: #301  
PRODUCTION: #3001

# FARGO

"The Law of Vacant Places"

Episode #301

Written By

Noah Hawley

**FULL BLUE - 12/12/16**

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 S3 Productions  
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Full Blue - 12/12/16

### REVISION HISTORY

FULL BLUE PRODUCTION DRAFT  
PRODUCTION WHITE

12/12/16  
9/23/16

### Notes:

**MCMANSION has been renamed EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE**  
**GENERAL STORE has been renamed RED OWL GROCERY**  
**STUSSY HOUSE has been renamed ENNIS' HOUSE**

### FULL BLUE

- Sc. 1 dialogue changes, description changes.
- Sc. 2 description changes.
- Sc. 3 OMITTED
- Sc. 4 description changes, dialogue changes.
- Sc. 5 description changes.
- Sc. 6 description changes, dialogue changes.
- Sc. 8 dialogue changes.
- Sc. 9 dialogue changes.
- Sc. 10 description changes.
- Sc. 11 dialogue changes.
- Sc. 16 description changes.
- Sc. 17 dialogue changes.
- Sc. 18 description changes.
- Sc. 22 description changes.
- Sc. 23 description changes.
- Sc. 26 description changes.
- Sc. 27 description changes.
- Sc. 28 description changes.
- Sc. 32 Time change.
- Sc. 34 Time change.
- Sc. 37 dialogue changes.
- Sc. 39 description changes.
- Sc. 41 description changes.
- Sc. 43 description changes.
- Sc. 45 LOCATION CHANGE, description changes.
- Sc. 48 dialogue changes.
- Sc. 51 description changes.
- Sc. 53 description changes.
- Sc. 54 LOCATION CHANGE, description changes.
- Sc. 55 description changes.
- Sc. 56 description changes.
- Sc. 58 description changes, dialogue changes.
- Sc. 59 description changes, dialogue changes.
- Sc. 59A ADDED (formerly second half of Sc 59)

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FULL BLUE (CONT'D)

- Sc. 66 description changes.
- Sc. 67 dialogue changes.
- Sc. 69 dialgoue changes.

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**CAST**

EMMIT STUSSY.....EWAN MCGREGOR  
RAY STUSSY.....EWAN MCGREGOR  
GLORIA BURGLE.....CARRIE COON  
NIKKI SWANGO.....MARY ELIZABETH WINSTEAD  
V.M. VARGAS.....DAVID THEWLIS  
SY FELTZ.....MICHAEL STUHLBARG

**RECURRING/REGULARS**

NATHAN BURGLE.....GRAHAM VERCHERE  
ENNIS STUSSY.....JOHN CULLUM  
DONNY MASHMAN.....JIM GAFFIGAN  
RON BURGLE.....ANDREW MOXHAM

**GUEST CAST**

MAURICE LEFAY.....SCOOT MCNAIRY

**NON-REGULARS**

HORST LAGERFELD.....SYLVESTER GROTH  
JAKOB UNGERLEIDER.....FABIAN BUSCH  
YOUNG STASI OFFICER.....AARON BELOT  
STELLA STUSSY.....LINDA KASH  
GRACE STUSSY.....CAITLYNNE MEDREK  
DENNIS.....NIKO KOUPANTSIS  
BUCK OLANDER.....DAN WILLMOTT  
MAN #1 (COUNTRY CLUBBER).....JAY MORBERG  
VALET #1 (ANNIVERSARY).....JACOB KOHL  
WAITER #1 (ANNIVERSARY).....AUSTIN SIEVER  
MENNONITE EX-CON.....JORDAN FORESTER  
FEMALE EX-CON #1.....MARA STEVENS  
THERAPIST.....TBD  
TOOTHPICK.....ANDREW DAVID LONG  
TOOTHPICK MAN'S PARTNER.....JAY CHAHLEY  
WAITRESS (MAURICE'S BAR).....KAREN MAY RYAN  
MOMMA (EMMIT'S MOTHER-IN-LAW).....JOYCE DOOLITTLE

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**SETS / LOCATIONS**

**INTERIORS**

STASI INTERVIEW ROOM. EAST BERLIN - DAY (1988)

EDEN PRAIRIE, MN

EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE - DAY  
EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
GRAND ROOM - DAY  
ANTECHAMBER - DAY  
STUDY - DAY

ST. CLOUD, MN

BATHROOM. PAROLE BOARD - DAY  
RAY'S OFFICE. PAROLE BOARD - DAY  
HALLWAY. PAROLE BOARD - DAY  
BAR - DAY  
HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT  
HOTEL BAR - NIGHT  
STUSSY LOTS, LTD. - NIGHT  
EMMIT'S OFFICE. STUSSY LOTS, LTD. - NIGHT  
LIVING ROOM. NIKKI'S APARTMENT NIGHT  
BATHROOM. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT  
KITCHEN. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT  
STAIRS. NIKKI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT  
LOBBY. NIKKI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

EDEN VALLEY, MN

RED OWL GROCERY - DAY  
ENNIS' HOUSE - NIGHT  
KITCHEN. ENNIS' HOUSE - NIGHT  
STUDY. ENNIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

MAURICE'S CAR (TRAVELING). RURAL MINNESOTA - NIGHT  
GLORIA'S PROWLER (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

**EXTERIORS**

EDEN PRAIRIE, MN

FIELD - DAY  
EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE - DAY  
EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RURAL MINNESOTA

ROAD - DUSK  
ROAD - NIGHT  
SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT  
HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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**EXTERIORS (Cont'd)**

ST. CLOUD, MN

BAR - DAY

NIKKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

STREET - NIGHT

EDEN VALLEY, MN

ENNIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

GAS STATION - NIGHT

ROAD - NIGHT

ROAD - NIGHT

The room is sparse, with a single HARDBACK CHAIR positioned across from a DESK, under a hanging MICROPHONE. A table-top reel to reel tape recorder is on the desk. There is a drain in the center of the concrete floor.

A MAN (50), meticulous, wearing glasses, sits behind a desk, wearing a Stasi police uniform. This is Colonel HORST LAGERFELD. He is eating a sandwich that has been wrapped in wax paper.

A knock at the door.

HORST

Kommen.

The door opens. A young STASI OFFICER stands there holding the arm of a fat, balding man, JAKOB UNGERLEIDER, in his mid-forties. (The following exchange takes place in German.)

HORST (CONT'D)

(barely looking up)

In the chair.

Horst returns to his lunch, as the officer sits the man in the chair, then withdraws. A long, tense silence. Horst eats. The man, JAKOB, looks around.

ANGLE ON A REEL-TO-REEL RECORDER

Light off, reels still.

ANGLE ON JAKOB

in the chair, nervous, sweating. He looks up.

ANGLE ON THE MICROPHONE

Hanging down from the ceiling.

ANGLE ON JAKOB

in the chair. He looks at --

ANGLE ON HORST

He finishes his sandwich, licks his fingers, then carefully refolds the wax paper for future use. He opens his desk drawer, puts the wax paper inside, pulls out a FILE FOLDER, slides the drawer closed. He opens the folder, looks inside, then reaches over and turns on the recorder. The light comes on, reels begin to spin. Finally, Horst looks up at the man.

HORST (CONT'D)

You are Yuri Boiko.

JAKOB

No, sir. My name -- thank goodness --  
- my name is Jakob Ungerleider.  
There is some misunderstanding.

Horst studies the file, tsking to himself, unconcerned.

HORST

You live at 349 Hufelandstraße.

JAKOB

Yes, sir.

HORST

Well then -- Yuri Boiko is the  
registered occupant of 349  
Hufelandstraße. So if that is your  
address, then your name is Yuri  
Boiko, and you are a twenty year  
old émigré from the Ukraine. \*

Jakob blinks. He is a forty-six year old father of two.

JAKOB

Sir, I am from Stuttgart. A German  
citizen. As you can plainly see, I  
have not been twenty years old for  
a very long time. \*

Horst studies the file, tsking to himself.

JAKOB (CONT'D)

(cautiously)

Perhaps -- if I may -- I have only  
lived at this address -- 349 -- for  
six months. So, perhaps Yuri was  
the previous --

Horst holds up his hand. Jakob stops talking.

HORST

(beat, tsking)

This is a problem, you understand?  
Because for you to be right, the  
state would have to be wrong. Is  
that what you're saying? That the  
state is wrong?

JAKOB

(trapped)

No, sir.



HORST

Good. Then you admit that you are Yuri Boiko. And your girlfriend's name is Helga Albracht. \*

JAKOB

(taken aback)

My -- no, sir. I don't have --

(reluctantly)

I mean, *my wife*, she is in fact named Helga, yes, but not -- \*

HORST

Excellent.

JAKOB

-- Albracht --

HORST

(not listening)

Now we are getting somewhere. And was it this morning or last night that you strangled her?

JAKOB

What?

HORST

Your girlfriend. *Helga Albracht*. You killed her last night or this morning? \*

JAKOB

Sir -- please. This must be -- I do not -- as I said before -- I do not have a girlfriend. I have a wife, and though she is named -- coincidentally -- she is named Helga, yes, but Helga *Ungerleider*, not -- and also, believe me -- Helga, my wife, is very much alive. In fact, when your men came to pick me up only an hour ago, she was home. My wife was home, and offered them tea. Ask them. Your men. My Helga. She is alive. \*

Horst tsks some more, absently. Jakob sweats. Horst finds a photograph in the file, holds it up. In it, a YOUNG WOMAN lays dead on a riverbank.

HORST

And yet here is a body, found earlier today. *Helga Albracht*. \*

(MORE)

HORST (CONT'D)

Strangled manually -- and left on  
the banks of the Spree.

JAKOB

(horrified)

Sir, I don't know what to tell you.  
My wife -- as I said --

Horst holds up his hand. Jakob stops talking.

CLOSE ON HORST

He leans forward.

HORST

Herr Boiko, be reasonable. I have  
shown you a body, purple in the  
face and cold to the touch. I have  
seen this body with my own eyes.  
Her death is a fact. What you are  
giving me are words. This "wife,"  
who is "alive," with a "different  
last name." That is called "a  
story." And we are not here to tell  
stories. We are here to tell the  
truth. Understand?

Horst offers a small smile, as if to say -- *see how simple  
things can be?* The camera PANS slowly past him, finding a  
framed photograph, hanging on a wall. It shows a snowy field,  
a lone tree in the distance. \*

CUT TO:

2 EXT. FIELD. EDEN PRAIRIE, MINNESOTA - DAY (2010) 2

We are outside, suddenly, in the same snowy field, looking at  
the lone tree, rolling hills. We TRACK RIGHT across the snowy  
ground. \*

We see the following text:

*This is a true story.*

We PAN RIGHT and FIND some kids playing, building a snowman  
and realize we are in our contemporary world. \*

*The events depicted took place in Minnesota in 2010.*

From offscreen we hear a MAN'S VOICE, giving a speech to a  
crowd of people.

EMMIT (O.S.)

Friends -- and Dave --

(a big laugh from the room)

-- I'm not lying when I tella ya --

I still remember that first date --  
twenty five years ago.

PANNING FURTHER we see the back deck of a MANSION. \*

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

It has been set up for a party with heat lamps and a bar. A  
BANNER reads HAPPY ANNIVERSARY STELLA AND EMMIT. \*

We find a WAITER heading for the back doors. We follow him. \*

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

We enter -- \*

3 OMITTED 3 \*

4 INT. GRAND ROOM. EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE. EDEN PRAIRIE, MN - 4 \*  
CONTINUOUS

FIFTY GUESTS are gathered to celebrate the 25th wedding  
anniversary of EMMIT and STELLA STUSSY. All are dressed up,  
holding cocktails. Various big game heads hang on the wall.

They are all facing the grand staircase, where EMMIT STUSSY  
stands on the steps beside his wife, STELLA. \*

EMMIT \*

Took her to *Fiords* in St. Paul, my  
Stella. Bought her a lobster the  
size of a car. Cost me two weeks  
salary from the Red Robin. But it  
was worth it. \*

Laughter from the crowd. \*

EMMIT (CONT'D)

And so over shellfish she says: *So -  
- where do ya live? Ya know, just  
makin conversation. And I tell her  
the address. Two-thirteen Monroe.  
And she gets this funny look on her  
face and says, what apartment? And  
I say sixteen. And now the look  
gets even funnier, and she says --*

STELLA

*I say, what are the odds? I lived  
in that same apartment for three  
and a half years.*

*(to the crowd)*

*I still had the key.*

The coincidence gets a reaction from the crowd, as if a magician has pulled a rabbit from a hat.

EMMIT

*Course she didn't tell me that  
part. So I come home a week later  
and what the heck? She's moved in.*

People laugh.

ANGLE ON A COUPLE

Standing in the back of the crowd. The MAN looks remarkably like Emmitt, except he's pudgier and balding, wearing a mismatched jacket and slacks. This is RAY STUSSY (47), Emmitt's younger brother. (Note: Emmitt and Ray should be played by the same actor) Ray is a parole officer, blue collar in body and mind.

To use a sports analogy, if Ray is a journeyman catcher with bad knees, Emmitt is the owner of the team. In other words, one has power, the other bad luck and excuses.

The WOMAN next to Ray seems similarly out of place in this crowd, being young and beautiful, dressed in a short skirt and low cut top, with a punk rock attitude. This is NIKKI SWANGO (28). If she were a plant she'd be the sarracenia, which lures insects inside with its sweet smell, then drugs them and digests them slowly.

A WAITER passes by with a tray of canapes. Nikki stops him, takes one, then another, then a third. Each time the waiter tries to move on she stops him.

ANGLE ON EMMITT STUSSY

Mid-speech.

EMMIT (CONT'D)

*And now, somehow, it's twenty-five  
years later, and here we are. And  
we got Grace and her husband  
Dennis.*

## ANGLE ON GRACE AND DENNIS

GRACE (23), like her mother, is short and heavysset. Her husband, DENNIS (27) is skinny and nervous. Not a great catch, but loyal, like a Golden Retriever.

## EMMIT (CONT'D)

And life has been good to us. More than good. So raise a glass -- to my Stella, still lovely as the day we met.

He drinks, as does everyone.

## ANGLE ON RAY

He dumps his drink into a ficus tree. A MAN approaches. This is SY FELTZ, Emmitt's consigliere. If Sy were a plant -- well, *who are we kidding?* -- Sy Feltz would never be a plant. He'd be the bulldozer that plows the land so condos can be built. He looks like what would happen if a hockey goalie was thrown out of the league for beating out a guy's eyeball and started preparing tax returns.

## SY

I got you five minutes.

He nods towards the hallway, moves off. Ray looks at Nikki.

## NIKKI

Go get em, tiger.

CUT TO:

5 INT. ANTECHAMBER. EMMITT STUSSY'S HOUSE - DAY 5 \*

Ray sits on a bench, waiting. He loosens his tie because it feels like it's choking him.

ANGLE ON THE WALL \*

across from him. We see framed magazine covers and plaques commemorating all of Emmitt's good works. As we pan across we come to a DOORWAY. \*

Inside the room is an OLD WOMAN in a hospital bed, on oxygen. A NURSE sits beside her, knitting. \*

REVERSE ON RAY \*

He's leaning sideways in his chair in order to see in. \*

EMMIT (O.S.)  
Honestly, Buck. It's a little  
embarrassing.

CUT TO:

6 INT. STUDY. EMMIT STUSSY HOUSE'S - SAME TIME

6 \*

An important man's lair. Emmitt sits in a puffy chair. Sy Feltz leans against the credenza. Emmitt and Buck are smoking cigars. Sy has a pipe.

\*  
\*

EMMIT

We called the number. They said if there was ever a problem we should call the number. And, well, we called it."

ANGLE ON BUCK OLANDER

Sitting on the sofa, facing them. He's a heavysset man, former head of the Chamber of Commerce.

BUCK

And?

EMMIT

A series of clicks and buzzers.

BUCK

A series of --

EMMIT

Clicks and buzzers. That's what we got -- which --

SY

Couldn't even leave a message.

EMMIT

No message possible. So we thought -  
-

SY

We thought get Buck back in here. After all, he vouched for 'em."

BUCK

Well now -- let's be -- call a spade a spade -- don't know 'em. Don't vouch for em. I was just a conduit for information. Like you said, *Buck, we tried all the normal channels -- need a bridge loan ta -- last year, fer pete sake --* and I'd met this fella at the Shriners --

EMMIT

Sure, okay. And everything worked  
out great when we met the broker, a  
Mr. Ermentraub, if I'm not --



SY

Right. Rick Ermentraub. I got his card in my --(rolodex)

EMMIT

-- and now, we're in the black again, so we call the number ta arrange payback and -- clicks and buzzers.

SY

Maybe there's another number, we're thinkin.

EMMIT

Another number where we could at least leave a darn message. It's a lotta money.

SY

A heck of a lot.

EMMIT

And it's just sitting there on the books -- which --

SY

Can't have that.

Beat. Buck thinks about it.

BUCK

Wish I could help. But this Ermentraub fella, like you said, I met him at Mussbaum's last year -- shared a pilsner out on the veranda. That's about the extent of our --

EMMIT

It's real peculiar. That's all we're sayin. Ta lend out money and then --

SY

So if you had another number, or --

A long beat. Buck doesn't.

EMMIT

Okay then. Well, thanks for coming in.

Buck stands.

BUCK

Course. And did you think about  
what I asked? The Widow Goldfarb.  
She wants to meet.

\*  
\*  
\*

EMMIT

The who?

\*  
\*

SY

I was gonna tell ya. She's the so  
called storage queen, sniffin  
around fer a possible silent  
partner type arrangement.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BUCK

She seems like the real deal. Money  
ta burn.

\*  
\*  
\*

EMMIT

Where was she two years ago?

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

7 INT. ANTECHAMBER. EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 7 \*

Ray sits outside, losing his cool. The study door opens. Buck  
exits with Sy stepping out behind him.

SY

But seriously, if you hear  
anything.

Buck exits through a second door. Ray stands. Sy barely  
glances at him.

SY (CONT'D)

Give us another five, huh, Ray?

He goes back into the study, closes the door. Ray fumes,  
sits.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON A POSTAGE STAMP

vintage, behind glass, inside a frame. We pull out to find we  
are in --

8 INT. STUDY. EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE - LATER 8 \*

The stamp is hanging on the wall behind an expensive desk.  
Emmit Stussy sits behind the desk. Sy Feltz stands nearby.

ANGLE ON RAY

In the chair on the other side of the desk.

RAY

Ya know, congratulations and all  
that.

EMMIT

Thank you.

RAY

Place looks good.

EMMIT

We had the floors redone.

RAY

Yeah? That's -- uh --

He shrugs -- *what's he gonna say? They're fucking floors.*  
Beat.

RAY (CONT'D)

I saw the -- Stella's mom. Guess  
you got her on the oxygen now.

\*  
\*  
\*

Emmit exchanges a glance with Sy.

EMMIT

So -- what can we do for ya here,  
Ray?

RAY

No. Nothing, just -- wanted to pay  
my respects. Twenty-five years and  
all that.

(beat)

You said Grace got -- that's her  
husband now? Dennis?

The implication being, *why wasn't I invited to the nuptial?*

SY

It was nothin, barely even a  
wedding.

EMMIT

We did it in Cabo. On the beach.  
They said -- invitation said *no  
shoes* -- can you imagine -- wearin  
a suit with no shoes? Still -- real  
nice.

SY

But small. Only, like, ten people.

RAY

But you went.

EMMIT

We had some meetings.

SY

The next day. Potential investors.

RAY

In Cabo.

SY

It's like a resort. Super high end.

EMMIT

International businessmen and the  
like.

SY

Exclusive.

RAY

Not for parole officers, ya mean.

EMMIT

Don't take offense.

SY

Yeah, Ray. Jeez. Don't take offense. We're just explainin what happened.

Beat. Ray stares at the stamp over Emmitt's shoulder. Emmitt glances back.

EMMIT

How's the Corvette?

RAY

It's a car.  
(looks at Emmitt)  
Look, I'm gettin engaged.

EMMIT

Again?

RAY

Don't say that.

EMMIT

I'm sorry -- I just --

RAY

She's real sweet. Nikki. We're in (love) -- ya know.

SY

You meet her at work?

RAY

At work, yeah.

SY

So -- embezzler? Drug mule?

Beat. Ray turns to Emmitt.

RAY

Why's he here? He doesn't need to be here.

EMMIT

Sy's always here when the conversation's about money. That's what this is, right? A conversation about money?

Ray stares at the stamp, fumes.

RAY

I wanna buy her a ring.

EMMIT

So -- serious.

RAY

And the way I figure it is -- you still owe me from --

EMMIT

I owe you?

RAY

-- from what happened when we were kids, so --

SY

Well now, Ray, that's -- I gotta say yer math seems shaky there. I mean, after the -- what was it? Last quarter we fronted ya eighty fer car repairs and --

EMMIT

-- on top a co-signin the mortgage so you could get yer apartment -- not that I mind. Glad to help. Really, but -- where does it(end) --

RAY

No. See. That's not -- the way I see it, that's you payin me back fer --

EMMIT

*(not again)*

Ray.

Ray fumes.

SY

The thing is, Ray -- even if we wanted ta -- we're --

EMMIT

What Sy's sayin is -- it's not the best time.

Ray fumes. There is a defining injustice between them that Ray is trying to let slide, but can't.

RAY

How bout you just gimme my stamp and we call it square?

SY

Ray.

RAY

I'm talkin ta my brother.

(beat, to Emmitt)

Ya know, yer lucky I don't sue. I mean, a legal document which delineates things, bequeaths them to specific parties. A father, dead in the driveway. An older boy takin advantage of a younger, playin on his --

EMMIT

Nobody took advantage -- it was a trade. If I had a time machine, you'd see. I'd play back the tape. *Emmitt, come on. I'm beggin ya. Take the stupid stamps already. Gimme the car.*

RAY

No. You said -- that was you -- *trickin me --*

EMMIT

Ray.

RAY

What did you get for them anyway? The whole collection. I never asked. Two, three dozen stamps? Vintage.

Now Emmitt is pissed. Sy sees it, intervenes.

SY

Ray --

Ray sits back, wanting to show he has the power now.



RAY

No. She's a nice girl, a catch, and she deserves a sweet ring. Pricey. So are you gonna do what's right here -- or are you gonna do what's right?

A long beat. The two brothers stare at each other.

CUT TO:

9 INT. GRAND ROOM. EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE. EDEN PRAIRIE, MN - DAY 9 \*

Nikki stands by the bar, surrounded by THREE COUNTRY-CLUB TYPES in suits. They're vying for her affection.

MAN #1

Last winter I shot a moose. \*

Ray approaches scowling, takes her arm.

RAY

Come on.

NIKKI

Bye, boys.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE. EDEN PRAIRIE, MN - DAY 10 \*

Ray and Nikki exit. A WAITER stands outside with a tray of champagne glasses for arriving guests. Nikki takes one. A valet takes Ray's ticket, runs off. Ahead, we see a COUPLE get into a Bentley, aided by another valet. In all, there are SIX PEOPLE waiting for their cars. \*

NIKKI

Did you get it?

RAY

I need a real drink.

Beat. Nikki raises an eyebrow. Ray may be the tough guy at work, but this alpha male thing doesn't work on her. She gives him **The Look**. He sees it, wavers.

RAY (CONT'D)

Here's the -- it's -- not a good time, he said. But, I'm gonna -- Don't worry. I'll handle it.

We HEAR the screeee of a blown transmission before we see THE CORVETTE. We see Ray shrink a little at the sound of it.

The valet pulls up, puts the car in park. It bucks roughly, then stops, dark smoke issuing from the tail pipe. The valet gets out.

Ray starts to go around to the driver's door -- wanting to get this over with -- aware of the eyes on them, the judgement. Nikki stands there. She's not about to open her own door.

NIKKI

Ray.

He looks over, sees her face.

RAY

Sorry.

Ray hurries over and opens her door. She sits. He closes her in, then goes back to the driver's door. The valet is holding it open. Ray climbs in, tries to pull the door closed. The valet resists, holding it open.

VALET

No tip?

RAY

Yeah, get a real job.

He tugs hard, hurting the valet's hand, slams the door.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. ROAD. RURAL MINNESOTA - DUSK

11

Ray's corvette drives back to St. Cloud, the big city.

ANGLE ON RAY AND NIKKI

In the front seat, not talking. Ray is quiet, re-fighting old battles in his head. Nikki sits in the passenger seat, reading a book -- *Contract Bridge* by Charles S. Gooden. Her bare feet are up on the dashboard.

ANGLE ON HER PERFECT TOES

Nails smooth and painted.

NIKKI

-- so that's when we use the Dentist Coup or play a canapé. And watch out for the Cuthberts. I don't think that cough a his is real.

(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

And whatever happens don't let those Swedes force a trump check again.

(beat)

Babe?

RAY

What?

NIKKI

I'm talking about the Wildcat Regional on Thursday. Top three mixed pairs, we qualify for the Upper Wisconsin Semi-Professional next month, which -- top three in that and the sport really opens up for us.

\*

RAY

Now, hon -- you know yer not s'posed ta leave the state.

NIKKI

I know, but couldn't ya -- I mean, as my P.O. -- isn't there a form you could sign?

RAY

(pained)

Well, see -- there's a lot a sticky -- with the first bein, technically, we're not supposed ta be -- you know -- datin. I'm sayin it's mission critical we keep that a secret -- so when it comes ta signing official forms -- I mean, talk about showin yer cards --

NIKKI

What are you sayin?

RAY

No, just -- as ta the legalities -- parolee, parole officer, etcetera -- I mean, we're right on the line here.

NIKKI

There's big money ta be won, babe.

\*

RAY

I know.

NIKKI

I'm not talkin a few regionals. We get ourselves on the map bridge-wise locally in the next few months and I'm talkin sponsorship opportunities borderin on six figures. Indian Casinos, Vegas, Norway. Then we don't need ta borrow money from yer stupid brother or nobody else. Right?

He nods, liking the sound of that, but unsure.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Baby, look at me.

He looks over.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

We're a team.

(he nods)

Simpatico, to the point of spooky. Like how I always know when you're gonna lead with a heart or backwards finesse -- and you got that putter's instinct for when ta drop the Murray Applebaum Discovery Play.

RAY

It's true.

NIKKI

Yer the hand and I'm the glove.

RAY

Yer the bottle and I'm the beer.

NIKKI

Or the beer and the glass in my case.

RAY

Right. But it comes in a --

NIKKI

No, I know.

She takes his hand.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Simpatico.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON A SMALL PLASTIC CUP

as it's held in a MAN's hand. A beat. URINE comes down in a stream and fills the cup.

We are in ...

12 INT. BATHROOM. PAROLE BOARD. ST. CLOUD, MN - DAY 12

Ray stands a couple of steps away from an EX-CON who is peeing into the cup. This is the glamour of Ray's job.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON A BUNCH OF BANANAS

A pricing gun comes into frame, prices them.

We are in ...

13 INT. RED OWL GROCERY. EDEN VALLEY, MN - DAY 13 \*

A 12-year-old boy, NATHAN BURGLE, prices the fruit. In the background, we see his grandfather, ENNIS, ringing up a customer.

CUT TO:

14 INT. RAY'S OFFICE. PAROLE BOARD. ST. CLOUD, MN - DAY 14

Ray sits across from a bearded MENNONITE EX-CON, interviewing him about his progress since the last meeting. The guy is clearly making excuses, just going on and on.

CON

-- but what could I do? The land was fallow and we needed grain.

Ray reaches for his coffee.

ANGLE ON THE CUP

As it leaves frame, we see a coffee ring left on a file folder.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BATHROOM. PAROLE BOARD. ST. CLOUD, MN - DAY 15

The Mennonite pisses in a cup.

CLOSE ON RAY

He has to watch.

CUT TO:

16 INT. RED OWL GROCERY. EDEN VALLEY, MN - DAY 16 \*

Nathan sits behind the counter playing a game on his phone. \*  
Ennis shelves fifths of liquor on the back wall.

ANGLE ON ENNIS

He looks over, sees Nathan isn't looking, unscrews the cap on a bottle and takes a swig, then closes it and puts it on the shelf with the others.

CUT TO:

17 INT. RAY'S OFFICE. PAROLE BOARD. ST. CLOUD, MN - DAY 17

A FEMALE EX-CON sits across from Ray, putting on lipstick while she talks non-stop. She's got her makeup kit out and does herself up.

FEMALE CON

-- which, I didn't even know that \*  
was illegal, because who makes the \*  
laws anyway -- a person in their \*  
own home -- on their own property -- \*  
I mean, shorta murder shouldn't ya \*  
be able ta -- ya know -- just about \*  
anything? \*

CUT TO:

18 EXT. HALLWAY. PAROLE BOARD. ST. CLOUD, MN - DAY 18

Ray stands in the hall outside the ladies' room. The door opens and the Ex-con comes out, followed by a FEMALE PAROLE OFFICER. The Ex-con hands Ray her piss roughly, and it spills all over him.

ANGLE ON RAY

Fuming about his fucking life.

ANGLE ON A FORM \*

A STAMP comes down. REVOKED. \*

ANGLE ON RAY

Facing the woman. *How do you like them apples?*

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN

\*

As the FEMALE PAROLE OFFICER takes her by the arm and leads her out of the office, on her way back to prison.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

19 INT. RED OWL GROCERY. EDEN VALLEY, MN - DAY 19 \*

Nathan closes the cash register drawer. Ennis is sleeping it off behind the counter. A CUSTOMER exits through the automatic doors. Nathan picks up a mop.

ANGLE ON THE GLASS DOORS

We see a woman, GLORIA BURGLE (30s), approach in a winter coat and tuque. She's a practical woman, the one who grabs the fire extinguisher when the bacon catches fire and everyone else panics.

She steps up to the automatic doors. THEY DON'T OPEN. She frowns, steps back, tries again. Nothing. She waves at the sensors. It's like she's invisible.

ANGLE ON NATHAN

He notices, puts the mop down. He walks up to the doors. They open easily. Gloria enters.

GLORIA

That's weird, huh? You ready?

Nathan nods, puts the mop away. Ennis wakes, sits up wiping his mouth.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

See ya tonight, pops?

ENNIS

If Macaroni and Cheese don't float yer boat, might as well stay home.

They exit.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. BAR. ST. CLOUD, MN - DAY 20

Ray's Corvette screees into the parking lot, parks.

CLOSE ON RAY

As he gets out, looks at the bar.

CUT TO:

21 INT. BAR. ST. CLOUD, MN - DAY 21

Ray enters, looks around. It's not a nice place. He sees --



ANGLE ON A MAN

MAURICE LEFAY (40s) sitting in a booth. There are two empty beer bottles in front of him, and a WAITRESS puts down a fresh one.

Maurice is a stoner, his already dulled intellect hobbled further by all the greenery he smokes. He's wearing a faded t-shirt that reads -- *Russia is for Lovers*.

RAY

approaches. Maurice doesn't look up. He's just turning his silver lighter between the fingers of his right hand, and tapping it on the table over and over, hypnotized.

RAY

Maurice.  
(beat, louder)  
Maurice!

MAURICE

(looks up)  
Huh? Oh. Hey, Ray.

Ray takes a folded piece of paper from his pocket, drops it on the table.

RAY

Ya blew yer piss test, pal.

Maurice unfolds the paper, but he already knows what it says.

MAURICE

Bummer. Look --

RAY

A thing like that -- normally that gets ya right away revoked, but I thought maybe call him up, see what he has ta say.

Maurice studies him. He knows nothing in this life is free.

MAURICE

Yeah Cool, cool.

Maurice looks around.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Hey -- how come we're meetin in a bar?

(off Ray)

Not in the office, I mean.

Beat. Ray sits. He takes Maurice's beer, tips it back.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

I was drinkin that.

Ray drinks the whole thing. He needed that. He puts down the bottle.

RAY

Let's cut to the quick here. Yer last stretch was six and a half fer breakin into rich folk's digs, and stealin their flat screens.

MAURICE

Allegedly.

RAY

No -- moron -- how it works is -- when they convict ya it turns into a fact.

He gestures to the waitress for another beer.

RAY (CONT'D)

Now look -- I got a place -- turns out -- a place that needs some robbin. A little robbin. Not wholesale burglary. Just a specific -- just lookin fer a certain item -- and if ya do it --

He takes the paper from Maurice, tears it in half.

RAY (CONT'D)

Let's just say yer little problem goes up in smoke.

Maurice studies him.

MAURICE

What are we talkin about?

RAY

(big deal)  
A stamp.

MAURICE

Cool, cool. Like a -- postage stamp?

(beat, off Ray - yes)

Okay. So -- I mean, I know I'm the moron, but --

RAY

It's not that kind a stamp,  
numbnuts. It's got -- ya know --  
sentimental value. To me.

(beat)

It's my stamp.

MAURICE

Yer stamp.

RAY

Yeah. But it's -- ya know -- at  
someone else's house. Temporarily.

MAURICE

Cool. Cool. So -- why not just ask  
fer it back.

Beat. Ray stares at him.

RAY

It's, ya know, complicated. Just --  
get the damn stamp.

CUT TO:

22

INT. EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE. EDEN PRAIRIE, MN - NIGHT

22 \*

Stella is cleaning up after supper. Emmitt sits at the dinner  
table reading some business papers. The TV is on. MOMMA, the  
mother-in-law, sits in her wheelchair being fed by the nurse.

\*  
\*

The phone rings. Stella answers.

ANGLE ON EMMIT

Reviewing their financials.

STELLA (O.S.)

Hon?

EMMIT

What's that, hon?

STELLA

I said, Sy's on the phone.

Emmitt stands, takes the receiver.

EMMIT

What's cookin?

SY

Ya need ta come down here.

EMMIT

Nine o'clock at night, isn't it?

SY

The number. Clicks and buzzers. He came.

EMMIT

Who?

SY

The fella from the --

EMMIT STUSSY

Ermentraub?

SY

No. Different fella. Don't wanna say too much on the phone. Just -- ya better come down here.

The line goes dead.

STELLA

Everythin okay?

EMMIT

(hangs up)

Gotta go to the office, hon.

He grabs his car keys off the ring, opens the back door.

STELLA

Hon?

EMMIT

What's that?

STELLA

Yer in yer house shoes.

He looks down.

ANGLE ON FUZZY HOUSE SHOES

Not the kind of shoes to wear to a business meeting.

EMMIT

Good call.

He goes to change.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. EMMIT STUSSY'S HOUSE. EDEN PRAIRIE, MN - NIGHT 23 \*

Emmit's car pulls out of the driveway. We PAN to the RED BRICK GATE and find the address. \*

STUSSY 914 MAIDEN LANE \*

CUT TO:

24 HEADLIGHTS ON THE OPEN ROAD 24

As the car moves through the night.

CUT TO:

25 INT. MAURICE'S CAR (TRAVELING). RURAL MINNESOTA - NIGHT 25

We start on a PIECE OF PAPER on the center console.

**Emmit Stussy**

**914 Maiden Lane**

**Eden Prairie, Minnesota.**

PAN UP to find Maurice driving. He's smoking a joint and seems to be talking to himself.

MAURICE

You ever think about how they never put the morgue on the top floor of a hospital? I notice stuff like that. It's always in the basement, with, like, it's own elevator.

A VOICE responds through the car's bluetooth.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

And how does that make you feel?

MAURICE

Huh? No. It's -- what I'm sayin is -  
- you asked me how I define the person called *me*, and I'm sayin I'm always having thoughts. Whatdya -- insightful.

(smokes)

For example, where does the President of the United States buy clothes? Do they shut down like the whole J.C. Penny, just so he can try on a suit?

THERAPIST (O.S.)

There's a tailor. He comes to the  
White House.

Maurice peers through the windshield. It's getting harder and  
harder to see. He waves at the smoke.

MAURICE

Now see, I didn't know that.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Let's -- focus. So when you say  
your parole officer was mean to you  
before, how did that make you feel?

MAURICE

Ya know, man -- just -- not good,  
ya know. I mean, here I am. I'm  
tryin, ya know. A new leaf. Not  
hurtin anybody. I have, but, ya  
know, not currently. Change and all  
that -- growth. So --

A long toke. Maurice waves at the smoke, which gets in his  
eye.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Are you getting high?

He starts coughing.

MAURICE

No.

He ROLLS DOWN THE WINDOW to clear the car.

ANGLE ON THE CAR

From outside, in the rear, SMOKE POURS OUT.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Maurice?

INSIDE THE CAR

A strong wind blows in.

ANGLE ON THE PAPER

with the address written on it. It lifts up in the wind,  
turns a little circle in mid-air and is then sucked out the  
window.

Maurice tries to grab it, misses.

MAURICE

Shit.

He swerves, almost crashes, before stopping.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD. RURAL MINNESOTA - NIGHT 26

Pitch black, except for the car's headlights. Maurice has parked on the shoulder. We can see him in the beams, searching the white snow for the white page with the address. From the car we hear a faint --

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Maurice?

Maurice searches some more, but it's hopeless. He straightens.

MAURICE

Screw it. I remember.

He walks back to the car. We DROP DOWN to find the piece of paper in foreground, flapping in the breeze. \*

CUT TO:

27 INT. KITCHEN. ENNIS' HOUSE. EDEN VALLEY, MN - NIGHT 27 \*

A small house, basically a geriatric bachelor pad. The kitchen is small, cluttered. There's a CRAFT TABLE on one wall, where Ennis builds models.

Ennis sits at the round dining table with his grandson Nathan. They've eaten dinner. Nathan opens a small BOX. Inside is a PRESENT from his grandfather. \*

It's a wood carving of a man standing next to another wooden figure, who's laying on the ground. \*

NATHAN

Cool.

ENNIS

Trash is under the sink if you hate it.

NATHAN

No it's -- what is it?

ENNIS

Nothin. Just a dumb thing I made.

Gloria brings over two plates of supermarket angel food cake with strawberries and Cool Whip.



GLORIA

Somethin special fer the clean  
plate club.

She puts the dessert in front of the two of them. Ennis pokes  
at his, scowling.

ENNIS

Told ya. I don't like strawberries.

Gloria picks up his plate, unphased.

GLORIA

More for me then.

She sits, digs in.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

So, like I said, the thinkin is --  
absorb the local precinct into the  
larger county force.

ENNIS

Leaving you jack shit.

GLORIA

Language. No, I'd -- I'd still be  
the highest ranking, you know,  
local officer -- just not --

ENNIS

Chief.

GLORIA

Right.  
(to Nathan)  
What'dya get there?

NATHAN

Model grandpa made me.

ENNIS

Like I said, it's just a stupid  
carvin, rememberin the time we went  
campin.

Gloria pats his hand. He acts gruff, but she knows Ennis  
loves the boy.

GLORIA

(to Nathan)  
So don't forget, yer at yer dad's  
this weekend. He and Dale are gonna  
take ya ta the symphony.

Nathan nods, eating.

NATHAN

Is Dale my other dad now?

GLORIA

Well, no. I mean, he and yer dad  
haven't been together that long.  
But if they got married --

ENNIS

Not legal, is it? Two men.

GLORIA

(ignoring him)

If they did -- well, ya know how  
Ennis here is my step-father --  
married my mom after grandpa  
passed? Well, I guess Dale would  
become yer step-father.

(beat)

I think. I honestly don't know how  
it works.

ENNIS

I can tell ya how it works in the  
Bible.

Gloria and Nathan exchange a look. She rolls her eyes. Nathan  
smiles.

GLORIA

Another beer, pops?

Ennis nods.

ENNIS

Now yer speakin English.

CUT TO:

28

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM. ST. CLOUD, MN - NIGHT

28

It's the first round of the Wildcat Regional Bridge  
Tournament. We are in a hotel ballroom filled with square  
folding tables, resting on the kind of loud print pattern  
carpeting that implies.

\*

ANGLE ON DETAILS

From the room:

-- A DECK of CARDS is shuffled.

- A TINY PENCIL is sharpened.
- A SWEATER with knitted playing cards.
- A TOOTHPICK is placed between a man's lips.
- A lot of FLANNEL
- AN ELDERLY WOMAN adjusts her custom gelled SEAT CUSHION
- BIDDING CARDS laid into plastic trays
- A COLORFUL (handmade) SCOREBOARD ranking players, names written in marker by a man in a sport coat and slacks.
- The PLAYERS, most elderly, but some high schoolers and a contingent of SWEDISH, KOREAN and FRENCH ringers.

ANGLE ON NIKKI SWANGO

Entering the room in slow motion. She is dressed to kill. Ray walks beside her in cowboy boots and a western shirt.

CUT TO:

29

LATER

29

Nikki and Ray sit at a table. Their first opponent is the MAN with the toothpick. His partner is a FATTER MAN with a ball cap. They look at Nikki when she sits like she's the setting sun.

NIKKI  
(smiles)  
Hello, boys.

We see she has an effect on them. The cards are dealt, play begins. They organize their hands. Nikki makes eye contact with Ray.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Two clubs.

TOOTHPICK  
Three hearts.

Ray analyzes his cards, thinking about Nikki's opening bid.

RAY  
Pass.

The bid moves south.

ANGLE ON RAY

He checks his phone.

ANGLE ON PHONE

No messages.

NIKKI (O.S.)

Dummy.

Ray looks up.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

You're the dummy.

Beat. Ray gets it. He lays his cards out on the table.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. HIGHWAY. RURAL MINNESOTA - NIGHT 30

Lit by streetlights, Maurice's car approaches camera.

MAURICE (O.S.)

Okay. This is -- I got this.

CUT TO:

31 INT. MAURICE'S CAR (TRAVELING) - SAME TIME 31

Maurice leans forward, scanning the road signs as they pass overhead. He's stoned in a bad way now.

MAURICE

It was, uh, the guy's name was  
Stussy, on *something Lane*. Like  
*Midnight Lane*.

(beat, thinking)

No. Bingo -- *Maiden Lane*.

CUT TO:

32 INT. BAR. ST. CLOUD, MN - DAY (FLASHBACK) 32 \*

We are back in the bar earlier, looking at the piece of paper as Ray PUSHES IT towards Maurice. It lays on the table next to an empty beer bottle.

**Emmit Stussy**

**914 Maiden Lane**

**Eden Prairie, Minnesota.**

CUT TO:

33 INT. MAURICE'S CAR (TRAVELING) - NIGHT 33

Maurice scans the road.

MAURICE

And the town was -- something  
Biblical, like -- Eden -- village,  
or Eden --

ANGLE ON A ROAD SIGN

A highway exit: **Rt. 23, EDEN VALLEY**, 30 miles.

ANGLE ON MAURICE

He swerves towards the exit.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Eden Valley. Triple goddamn bingo.

ANGLE ON THE ROAD SIGN

As the car passes. EDEN VALLEY.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. BAR. ST. CLOUD, MN - DAY (FLASHBACK) 34 \*

We ZOOM IN on the piece of paper Ray gave Maurice.

**Emmit Stussy****914 Maiden Lane**

We PUSH IN until we see the words.

**EDEN PRAIRIE.**

CUT TO:

35 EXT. ENNIS' HOUSE. EDEN VALLEY, MN - NIGHT 35 \*

Gloria and Nathan exit the house. Through the open door we  
see Ennis asleep in his easy chair, a blanket over him, the  
TV on.

GLORIA

(calling)  
Night, Pop.

Mother and son approach her car, which we now see is a POLICE PROWLER.

NATHAN

Can I run the siren?

GLORIA

Once. On the highway.

The car drives away. The CAMERA TRACKS along the driveway with it, letting it turn out onto the road and drive away.

Beat. We watch the tail lights, then the CAMERA PANS and we find ourselves looking at ENNIS'S MAILBOX. It reads --

**STUSSY.**

CUT TO:

36 INT. STUSSY LOTS, LTD. ST. CLOUD, MN - NIGHT

36 \*

The elevator doors open. Emmitt steps off. Sy is waiting.

SY

I put him in yer office.

EMMIT

Who?

SY

Didn't get a name. Here from the lender, he said. I told him it was late, but he just got off a plane so --

ANGLE ON EMMITT'S OFFICE

As seen through the dividing glass. A MAN sits in a guest chair across from the desk. Who he is is hard to make out.

ANGLE ON EMMITT

He doesn't like this.

CUT TO:

37 INT. EMMITT'S OFFICE. STUSSY LOTS, LTD. ST CLOUD, MN - NIGHT 37 \*

Emmitt and Sy enter. The man is V.M. VARGAS, 50. Also known as The Man Who Wasn't There. Emmitt goes around to his desk.

EMMIT

Hey there -- Emmit Stussy -- thanks  
for -- well, honestly, we didn't  
know if our message --

VARGAS

You called the number.

EMMIT

Yeah, we, uh --  
(glances at Sy)  
-- like I said, we didn't --

SY

-- all you get -- when you call --

EMMIT

-- clicks and buzzers, which --  
hard ta leave a --

Beat. Vargas says nothing.

EMMIT (CONT'D)

But -- good news. You're here, and  
we're in the black now, Stussy  
Corp., and -- well, your firm was  
nice enough -- Mr. Ermentraub --  
the broker, he, uh, arranged for  
yer firm ta lend us that money last  
year, and we're happy to say we're  
ready to pay back in full.

He smiles at the simplicity of it. Vargas shrugs.

VARGAS

That's okay.

EMMIT

I'm sorry?

VARGAS

You keep it.

EMMIT

Keep -- it.

Vargas nods. Emmit looks at Sy, as if to say *do something*.

SY

I apologize. I didn't catch yer  
name.

VARGAS

I'm V.M. Vargas.

SY

And you work for --

VARGAS

With Narwal, yes.

SY

Well, now -- it's -- see, your firm, Narwal -- like I said, last year we borrowed a hefty, uh -- sum, and I know you're not bonafide FDIC, but, I mean, unless you boys do business differently in -- where are you from?

VARGAS

(beat)

America.

He doesn't sound American.

SY

Well, in America, normally, when you lend somebody money --

EMMIT

If that were us, he's saying, in your shoes, well, I'd expect the money back -- with interest -- which -- we're happy to -- like I said -- we got it. I just need to know where to send the check.

SY

Or a wire transfer, if you --

EMMIT

Exactly. Just give us the digits.

VARGAS

Investment.

A beat. *What did he say?*

SY

One more time?

VARGAS

You called it a loan. It wasn't a loan. It was an investment. We're investors.

EMMIT

Investors.



VARGAS

The problem, I think -- you're confusing the word *singularity* with the word *continuity*.

EMMIT

What?

Vargas realizes he's going to have to dumb it down.

VARGAS

The word *begin* and the word *end*, are these the same?

EMMIT

No, but --

VARGAS

Then why talk about ending something that's only just begun?

Beat. Sy and Emmitt try to process this turn.

SY

See -- now -- the document we signed last year --

EMMIT

-- when we met with your broker --

SY

Mr. Ermentraub.

EMMIT

Buck Lewis introduced us. And he said, your broker -- we were very specific about a short term --

SY

-- and nowhere in the document did it say anything about -- and believe me, I'm a lawyer, so you know I vetted it very --

VARGAS

Well -- a document is just a piece of paper.

SY

A legally binding -- actually -- a contract.

VARGAS

To be clear -- you had a problem -- as you said -- last year. The real estate business, well, this is a bad business. So you try the normal channels. The banks -- but your company is still failing. So you come to us.

SY

For a loan.

VARGAS

You never thought to ask why we might lend you a million dollars with no collateral required.

SY

See now, we were under the impression --

EMMIT

Our fundamentals are strong, our holdings.

VARGAS

My point is, that was the time for questions, yes? Not this.

(beat)

Now, we've taken the last year to study your business. Properties, cash flow. So we can better disguise our activities.

Emmit and Sy exchange a look. *Activities?*

EMMIT

Look, we just wanna pay the money back and -- you know -- be on our way.

VARGAS

As I said, the first sum was an investment for you to keep. All future funds will be run through your front office, the same as other Stussy income. A few thousand a month. More or less. I'll get you the specs and instructions for how to account for the comings and goings in your software. We already have access to the system, so we can monitor activity, make sure you're adjusting.

EMMIT

Uh --

Vargas stands.

VARGAS

It goes without saying -- don't  
mention this to anybody.

\*  
\*

He leaves.

ANGLE ON EMMIT AND SY

What just happened?

CUT TO:

38 EXT. GAS STATION. EDEN VALLEY, MN - NIGHT 38

A mom and pop shop on a small corner lot. Maurice's car pulls  
in.

CUT TO:

39 INT. MAURICE'S CAR. EDEN VALLEY, MN - CONTINUOUS 39

Maurice climbs out. He goes inside. We are in the backseat.  
Through the windshield we see Maurice go inside, talk to the  
clerk. The TV is on inside.

\*

The clerk produces a PHONE BOOK. Maurice pages through it,  
finds something, tears out the page. The CLERK protests.  
Maurice ignores him, then exits the store, comes back to the  
car and climbs in.

MAURICE

Malta Road. Malta.

He puts the torn phone book page on the center console.

INSERT ON THE PAGE

We see **E. Stussy, 15 Malta Rd.**

CUT TO:

40 INT. ENNIS' HOUSE. EDEN VALLEY, MN - NIGHT 40 \*

Ennis sleeps in his chair in front of the TV. The camera  
PUSHES PAST HIM into the kitchen.

We approach the KITCHEN TABLE. There, where Nathan left it, is the model grandpa carved him.

CUT TO:

41 INT. GLORIA'S PROWLER (TRAVELING) - NIGHT 41

Gloria drives Nathan home. He's texting on his phone. \*

GLORIA

See now, that always makes me feel queer. Readin in the car.

(beat)

Whaddya think about that model yer grandpa made ya? Pretty sweet, huh? He's a good guy. I know he drinks too much, but I think -- well, deep down we've all of us got something positive inside us, don'tcha think?

As she's talking, Nathan realizes something. He looks around on the seat, the floor. Gloria notices.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

What's goin on?

NATHAN

The model. I left the model.

His search becomes more frantic. Gloria frowns.

GLORIA

Aw, hon. It's late. Swing by in the mornin, maybe? Pick it up?

NATHAN

No. It's -- he made it fer me. I hafta --

Nathan seems unreasonably upset. Gloria nods. He's had a lot of change lately and she thinks she should indulge him. She slows the prowler.

GLORIA

Okay then. Lemme flip a b-word.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. ROAD. EDEN VALLEY, MN - NIGHT 42

The prowler pulls a U-turn, heads back to Ennis's house.

CUT TO:

43 INT. ENNIS' HOUSE. EDEN VALLEY, MN - NIGHT 43 \*

ANGLE ON THE TV

A sci-fi movie. The camera FINDS Ennis, asleep in his chair. A SCREAM from the movie wakes him. He sits up, looks around. He's sober now, or at least as close as he ever comes. He gets up, shuffles into the kitchen.

He sees the model on the table, picks it up. So much for *he likes it*. Ennis puts it back on the table, goes to the freezer to find a drink. \*

Then HEADLIGHTS illuminate the house, turning in, the lights raking the walls.

They hit ENNIS and he squints, vodka bottle in hand. Who could that be at this hour?

CUT TO:

44 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM. ST. CLOUD, MN - NIGHT 44

Ray and Nikki play bridge. They win the game.

NIKKI

We're doin it, babe. All the way.

Beat. Ray's happy -- he has a thought.

RAY

I'm gonna -- see a man about a boat.

CUT TO:

45 INT. HOTEL BAR. ST. CLOUD, MN - NIGHT 45 \*

Ray goes to the bar, dials his cell phone. It rings. \*

RAY

Come on. Answer the phone.

MAURICE (O.S.)

(voicemail)

Yello.

RAY

Yeah, it's --

MAURICE

Gotcha -- I'm not really on the phone right now.

(MORE)

MAURICE (CONT'D)

I mean, I am, but I'm not, which is  
-- when ya think about it -- pretty  
trippy. So --  
(takes a hit)  
-- leave a message.

Beep.

RAY

Maurice, hi. It's yer parole  
officer. I, uh, wanted ta maybe  
take a pause on that thing we --  
not do it, I mean -- tonight -- so  
-- gimme a call as soon as you get  
this.

He hangs up. Shit. *Where is this guy?* Nikki comes over.

NIKKI

Babe. They're startin the next  
round.

RAY

Yeah, I'm -- ya know --

Ray pockets his phone.

NIKKI

We got em on the run, but hon, ya  
gotta focus. These big league  
sponsors aren't just lookin fer  
flash. It's about seein the whole  
picture. Strategy. Which is my  
strength, you got the steely gaze,  
but still --

\*  
\*

ANGLE ON RAY

He's got to make a choice.

RAY

Yer right, hon. I'm -- we got this.

They put their foreheads together.

NIKKI

Yer twice the man your brother is.  
Now let's go kick ass.

CUT TO:

GLORIA

When we get there I'll run in,  
okay? Ya know how Ennis gets when  
ya wake him up.

Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS hit her (on a collision course) and she  
SWERVES as ANOTHER CAR races past in the other direction.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. ROAD. EDEN VALLEY, MN - CONTINUOUS 47

Gloria's prowler SWERVES off the road, manages to stop on the  
shoulder without crashing.

CUT TO:

48 INT. GLORIA'S PROWLER - CONTINUOUS 48

Gloria turns to Nathan.

GLORIA

Okay?

He nods. Her eyes go the rearview.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

He didn't even stop.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR

Red tail lights are visible in the distance.

GLORIA

Picks up her handset.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Hey Donny, come in.

DONNY (O.S.)

(on the radio)

Yeah, chief.

GLORIA

Yeah, I'm on Malta and some fool  
nearly ran me off the road.

DONNY (O.S.)

Oh yeah?

GLORIA

Yeah, didn't get a license or  
nothin. Some kinda sedan. Are you --

DONNY (O.S.)

Well, I'm at the precinct, ya know,  
in case we get a 911.

GLORIA

Sure, well, nothin ta do about it,  
I guess.

DONNY (O.S.)

I could call the county boys. \*

GLORIA

And say what? Be on the lookout fer  
a sedan with tail lights?

DONNY (O.S.)

Yeah, good point. Just chalk it up  
ta bad luck, I guess.

GLORIA

Okay then. See ya tomorrow.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. ENNIS' HOUSE. EDEN VALLEY, MN - NIGHT

49 \*

The PROWLER pulls in. Gloria gets out.

GLORIA

Back in a sec.

She approaches the house. We track with her.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

Hanging open.

ANGLE ON GLORIA

That's odd. She climbs the front steps.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Ennis?

Nothing. She goes in.

CUT TO:

50 INT. ENNIS' HOUSE. EDEN VALLEY, MN - CONTINUOUS

50 \*

The TV is still on. Gloria enters the house.



ANGLE ON ENNIS'S CHAIR

Empty, his blanket on the floor. The TV is still on. But as we look around we see that the place has been trashed. All the cabinets and drawers have been flung open. The closet door is ajar.

ANGLE ON GLORIA

As she realizes what she's seeing.

GLORIA  
Jeez, I better --

She hesitates. Should she go back to the car, get her gun?

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
Ennis?

She looks around. There is a metal TROPHY on the floor. She bends, picks it up, then advances holding the trophy aloft as a weapon. \*

ANGLE ON THE KITCHEN

We can see the stove, but the table is hidden by the wall. Gloria enters frame and we track with her as she enters.

CUT TO:

51 INT. KITCHEN. ENNIS' HOUSE. EDEN VALLEY, MN - CONTINUOUS 51 \*

As we come through the door we see Ennis is sitting in a chair, his back to us. He has been DUCT TAPED to the chair.

ANGLE ON GLORIA

Seeing him.

GLORIA  
Ennis?

She doesn't run to him, but checks the corners of the room, making sure they're alone. \*

ANGLE ON THE WOOD CARVING \*

On the table. \*

ANGLE ON GLORIA \*

She sees it, but goes to Ennis. \*

ANGLE ON ENNIS

As we come around him in profile and REVEAL his face. His head is tilted back. His eyes are bugged out, face beet red, blood vessels burst. His NOSE and MOUTH have been GLUED SHUT.

ANGLE ON GLORIA

Horrified. She can't believe it.

NATHAN

Appears in the doorway.

NATHAN

Mom?

GLORIA

Outside. Go outside! Now!

Nathan sees Ennis. Fear hits him, but his mother's voice moves him. He turns and RUNS OUTSIDE.

CUT TO:

52

EXT. ENNIS' HOUSE. EDEN VALLEY, MN - MOMENTS LATER

52 \*

Gloria gets Nathan in the prowler, hands him a cannister of pepper spray.

GLORIA

Lock the door. Call Donny and tell him ta radio the state police. I'm gonna search the rest a the house.

NATHAN

Mom.

GLORIA

I gotta. I'm chief. Like I said, lock the door. Ya see anyone, lean on the horn, okay? Anybody tries fer ya, use the pepper spray, just like I taught ya.

He nods. She goes to the trunk, gets her shotgun and flashlight, slams the trunk.

CUT TO:

53

INT. ENNIS' HOUSE. EDEN VALLEY, MN - MOMENTS LATER

53 \*

Gloria climbs the stairs to the second floor. There is a bulb on a chain at the landing. She pulls the chain, then heads up the hall, checking the rooms. \*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

54 INT. LIVING ROOM. ENNIS' HOUSE. - CONTINUOUS 54 \*

Gloria comes down the stairs. She looks around, goes into the \*  
-- \*

CUT TO:

55 INT. STUDY. ENNIS' HOUSE. - CONTINUOUS 55 \*

A small "office," more of a nook, really. It's where Ennis did his books for the store. All the papers are on the floor. The desk drawers have been thrown open.

Gloria looks around.

ANGLE ON A PAINTING

On the wall.

GLORIA

studies it, then goes over, leans it away from the wall, looking for a safe, but the wall is blank.

As she STEPS BACK, the FLOORBOARD creaks under her feet. She kneels, sweeps the paper away, revealing an old throw rug. She moves back, lifts the rug away, revealing the old wooden planks.

Gloria presses on them with her hand, until she finds the one that creaks. She tries it. It's loose. She pries it up, then the one next to it. Peering into the hole, she clicks on her flashlight.

ANGLE ON THE HOLE

Inside is what looks like an old metal box about two feet square.

GLORIA

takes it out. A beat. She opens it.

ANGLE ON THE BOX

In it are THREE PILES OF SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS, covers facing up. They are paperbacks of a certain type -- pulp fantasies with colorful paintings of robots and tight-shirted women on swirling red planets encircled by rings.

ANGLE ON GLORIA

This is not what she was expecting.

GLORIA

Huh.

Gloria picks up one of the books, looks at it.

ANGLE ON THE BOOK

It's called PLANET WYH. The author's name is THADDEUS MOBLEY. \*

On the cover, A ROBOT stands over a prone MAN.

ANGLE ON GLORIA

She PULLS Nathan's CARVING out of her pocket.

ANGLE ON THE CARVING AND THE BOOK

The carving matches the two figures on the cover.

ANGLE ON GLORIA

What does it mean?

CUT TO:

56

EXT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT. ST. CLOUD, MN - NIGHT

56

Ray and Nikki approach her front door. Nikki is giddy, jumping around, hugging him. He seems embarrassed by the public display of affection, but can't hide his happiness. \*

ANGLE ON RAY AND NIKKI \*

Through the windshield of a car parked across the street -- a telltale air freshener hanging from the mirror. \*

They go inside. \*

CUT TO:

57 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIKKI'S APARTMENT. ST. CLOUD, MN - NIGHT 57

It's not a fancy place, but well cared for. We are moving through the living room, hearing the sound of running water from the BATHROOM. We pass an OLD AIR CONDITIONER stuck in the window, plywood on either side -- but not air tight. A little BREEZE blows past us as we pass and sways the curtains.

We find the BATHROOM DOOR, half open, and move towards it.

CUT TO:

58 INT. BATHROOM. NIKKI'S APARTMENT. ST. CLOUD, MN - NIGHT 58

Candle lit. Ray and Nikki are in a jacuzzi bubble bath. He's laying against her. They are both looking at their phones. Beat. Ray puts his down, looks around. \*

RAY

This is nice.

Nikki is typing. \*

NIKKI \*

Huh? Oh, yeah. \*

(puts her phone down) \*

Amazing. \*

She picks up her wine. \*

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(savoring it)

Third runner up, Wildcat Regionals. \*

Just posted it on my Facebook. \*

RAY

We played good.

NIKKI

We didn't just play good. That hand I got -- ten hearts -- that doesn't just happen. That's -- whatdya call -- fate or luck.

RAY

Plus my steely gaze striking fear into the hearts of the elderly. \*

NIKKI

I'm prouda you, mister. You really -  
- you focused. It's like I said -- simpatico.

(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(marvels)

Third runner up.

RAY

In the Olympics that's bronze.

NIKKI

Now, see. That's the kinda thinkin  
that's gonna take us straight to  
the top.

Just then they hear the SOUND of the apartment DOOR opening  
and closing.

Ray looks at Nikki. Is she expecting anyone? She shakes her  
head. They hear FOOTSTEPS approaching the half closed door.

ANGLE ON THE HALL

Partially obscured by the door.

ANGLE ON RAY AND NIKKI

They both lean to try to see around the door.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

A shadow falls on the wall outside. The door swings open,  
revealing:

MAURICE. He comes in like it's no big deal that he's broken  
in and found them naked in the bath. He may not even notice  
the state they're in.

MAURICE

So, I got it, Ray. I did -- but --  
I won't lie -- it didn't go smooth.

He goes over to the closed toilet, tears off some sheets of  
toilet tissue, lays them on top of the seat. He studies the  
seat, swaying, then, satisfied, he sits.

Nikki looks at him -- Maurice is so stoned he may nod off any  
second -- then turns to Ray.

NIKKI

Ray, there's a man in my bathroom.

RAY

That's -- let's not jump ta any  
conclusions.

NIKKI

Are you sayin he's not a man, or  
he's not in my bathroom?

RAY

I'm sayin -- I can explain.

Maurice fumbles out a cigarette, puts it between his lips.



MAURICE

I had ta -- there was some actin  
required -- in throwin the gas  
station attendant off my scent, but  
--

He pats his pockets, looking for his lighter.

NIKKI

There's no smokin in here.

Maurice fumbles with the lighter, can't get the flame to come  
out.

MAURICE

And also -- if I'm bein honest -- I  
sure hope that fella with the  
stamps wasn't a friend a yers, Ray,  
cause -- well -- let's just say,  
when an ex-con threatens ya,  
demands the goods -- well, the  
smart money says cooperate.

This gets Ray's attention.

RAY

What?

Nikki turns to Ray, processing.

NIKKI

(*what's going on?*)

Ray.

Maurice finally gets the lighter lit. Now he tries to find  
the end of his cigarette with the flame.

MAURICE

I mean, I could say nobody got hurt  
-- that it was, ya know, *effortless*  
-- but I'd hate ta end the night by  
breakin another commandment, so --

Ray stands now, grabs a towel from the rack.

RAY

Now -- that wasn't part a the --  
nobody said anything about hurtin --

Nikki studies her fiancé.

NIKKI

Ray. Look at me. What did you do?

Ray wraps the towel around himself.

RAY  
(to Nikki)  
Nothing -- I just -- gimme a  
second.

Maurice is nodding off on the toilet, the lit cigarette  
dangling out of his mouth.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Hey. Shitbird. Wake up.

Maurice snaps awake.

RAY (CONT'D)  
What did you do?

MAURICE  
Nothin -- just, what ya asked,  
drove out ta Eden Valley and robbed  
yer guy -- the rich one -- though I  
gotta say, that place wasn't  
exactly a palace.

RAY  
Prairie.

MAURICE  
Come again?

RAY  
Eden Prairie.

Maurice stares at him. Nikki studies Ray.

NIKKI  
Ray, did you hire one of yer  
parolees to steal money from yer  
brother?

RAY  
No. I mean, not money. Just --  
takin back what's mine. The stamp.  
I told ya that. How he bamboozled  
me out of a fortune, and I just --  
all these years -- I let it go, but  
no more. You need a ring and this  
is our time.

The truth out, he studies her, worried he's ruined  
everything.

NIKKI

That is so -- romantic. Come here.

He leans down. She kisses him. Maurice watches, smokes.

MAURICE

That's sweet. Although -- I mean --  
"brother" -- musta been from  
another mother, cause -- man was he  
old.

Ray looks up.

RAY

What are you talkin about?

MAURICE

But hey, what matters is I got what  
ya asked, and now you can -- we  
tear up the piss test and you can --

Maurice pats his shirt pocket, pulls something out, hands it  
to Ray, who studies it.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

-- I should prolly get outta town  
fer a while, if I'm bein honest,  
given the level of uncooperation  
and consequences thereof.

ANGLE ON A BOOK OF STAMPS

The kind you get at the post office.

ANGLE ON RAY

He's stunned.

RAY

What the shit is this?

MAURICE

It's -- whatdya -- stamps.

Ray grabs Maurice's shirt, raises his fist.

RAY

What did you do?

Maurice produces a GUN from his jacket pocket, shows it to  
Ray. Ray backs off. Nikki covers herself instinctively.

MAURICE

Look. I'm -- don't be -- puttin yer hands on me -- raisin the tone a yer voice -- not after the night I had, doin what you -- the risks I took on accounta you. Your needs.

Ray looks at the gun, then at Maurice.

RAY

Emmit Stussy, Eden Prairie. It's a short drive.

(off Maurice)

I wrote it down.

MAURICE

No. You said --

(confused)

-- I did what you said. The address on the -- Eden Valley. I looked it up. And now -- I'm outta pocket here, Ray. I got -- I think I covered my tracks pretty good, but -- and look -- since ya touched me -- I'm gonna hafta demand a dollar value. Five thousand, which is -- more than fair, considerin that fella we robbed is prolly dead.

Ray stands stunned, trying to process what's happened.

ANGLE ON NIKKI

Now that she has the lay of the land, she makes her move.

NIKKI

(to Maurice)

What's yer name, handsome?

MAURICE

Well, now, I'm not sure I should tell ya, on accounta I gotta think about coverin my tracks here.

NIKKI

Well, darlin, I've seen yer face, and Ray knows yer name, so --

He nods. That makes sense.

MAURICE

It's Maurice.

NIKKI

Okay, Maurice, will you hand me a towel, and we can maybe discuss this in the living room like civilized people?

Nikki stands, showing herself to him, naked as the day she was born. Maurice stares at her. Ray does also. Holy shit.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Ray. The gun, Ray.

Ray snaps out of it.

RAY

Right.

He lunges to grab the gun, but Maurice is faster. He moves out of Ray's reach, raising the gun.

MAURICE

Hey, that's not -- you tricked me.

Nikki faces him, naked and unflinching. Maurice backs out of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

59

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

59

Maurice continues towards the door.

MAURICE

Ya got -- I'm givin ya till tomorrow ta get my money. Five thousand. Otherwise, well -- maybe I turn ya into the cops, or shoot ya. Or her. Robbin yer own brother. That's just low.

He backs away slowly. They watch him go.

The front door SLAMS. Ray turns to Nikki.

RAY

Now, hon. Lemme explain --

But she grabs a ROBE from the back of the door, and RUNS PAST \* HIM, wrapping herself up on the move.

RAY (CONT'D)

Hon?

But Nikki doesn't go to the front door. She runs to the kitchen. Ray grabs another ROBE, follows her. \*

59A INT. KITCHEN. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 59A \*

Nikki heads for the cabinets. \*

NIKKI

Three floors, ten seconds per floor.

Ray follows, putting on a robe.

RAY

Hon? What are you --?

Nikki opens a drawer, searching for something, grabs a flathead screwdriver.

NIKKI

Then cross the front hall, eight seconds.

Ray reaches to comfort her, imagining she's shaken up by the break in.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Not now.

She pushes past him, running to the window with the air conditioner sticking out of it.

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW

She jams the screwdriver between the window frame and the plywood on one side, leaning on it, trying to loosen the board.

RAY

Hon, what are ya --

NIKKI

Quiet. I'm countin.

And she is, under her breath.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Twenty one, twenty two, twenty three.

CUT TO:

60

INT. STAIRS. NIKKI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

60

Maurice reaches the second landing. One to go. But his cigarette has gone out. Shit.

He pauses, tries to re-light it, then sees its wet from where Ray grabbed for him, so he pulls it out of his mouth, drops it on the landing, then descends.

CUT TO:

61 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME 61

Nikki pops the board off one side of the window. The air conditioner sways, but holds. She reaches for the other board.

NIKKI

Forty two, forty three.

Behind her, Ray doesn't know what to make of her actions, or what to do.

RAY

Can you believe this guy? I gave him a simple -- even wrote down the damn -- and now -- just my luck. Just my damn luck.

Nikki starts loosening the other side.

NIKKI

(to the board)

Forty four, forty five.

CUT TO:

62 INT. LOBBY. NIKKI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME 62

Maurice reaches the front door, opens it.

CUT TO:

63 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME 63

ANGLE ON THE SCREWDRIVER

digging between the window frame and the board. A screw pops, then another.

NIKKI

Is he out?

RAY

What?

NIKKI

The other window. Do you see him?



Ray goes over, looks out.

ANGLE ON THE STREET

Beat. Maurice emerges from the front door.

ANGLE ON RAY

Seeing him, he realizes what she's doing. His eyes widen. He turns.

RAY

Yeah. He's -- he's coming. Hurry.

He goes to help her, leaning on the board. With a final wrench, the board pops free. The air conditioner wobbles.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. STREET. ST. CLOUD, MN - SAME TIME

64

Three stories below, Maurice slows, flicks his lighter. It flares once, twice, then the flame catches and he lights his cigarette. He takes a deep drag, exhales, then starts to walk.

CUT TO:

65 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

65

ANGLE ON THE AIR CONDITIONER

It teeters.

ANGLE ON RAY AND NIKKI

They exchange a look. Then Ray lifts his foot and GIVES THE AC UNIT a little push with his toe.

The window slides up. The air conditioner FALLS. The camera follows it into a second of BLACK -- and then -- ROTATES FORWARD to find the street below. The camera is the air conditioner now. And it is flipping end over end, heading for Maurice, who's walking straight into its path.

We rotate up the side of the building, finding the black sky (and before that, Nikki's apartment window -- Ray's head popping out to watch), then continues our flip.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. STREET. ST. CLOUD, MN - SAME TIME 66

Maurice takes a few steps, his car visible at the corner, and then -- BAM! -- the air conditioner flattens him (setting off car alarms on the block). \*

A long beat. Did that just happen?

RAY (O.S.)  
Wooo! Did you see that?

CUT TO:

67 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIKKI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 67

Ray is leaning out the window.

RAY  
Did you -- oh my God.

Nikki PULLS HIM in.

NIKKI  
Get down. Someone'll see.

Ray is hyperventilating. There's no way Maurice survived.

RAY  
Right in the -- no way he's -- I mean, game over. Holy shit.

Nikki grabs the phone from the counter, dials.

RAY (CONT'D)  
(notices)  
What are you --

She holds up a hand, affects a professional actor's level of hysteria.

NIKKI  
Yes. 9-11 -- it's -- there's been an accident. On the sidewalk. The air conditioner -- my --

She pushes Ray, covers the mouth piece.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Get dressed. You gotta go.

RAY  
What?

NIKKI

(into phone)

Thank god. It's nine-forty Hanover Street. Hurry, please.

\*

She hangs up, all business.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

It was an accident. I've been tryin ta get the landlord to take that unit out fer, like, six weeks. That's on record. And tonight -- I don't know. It musta come loose somehow.

She shoves him.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(to Ray)

Yer his parole officer. You can't be here. I gave a fake name when I rented the place. I got ID.

RAY

That's against -- babe, it's a violation of yer -- probation.

\*

\*

NIKKI

Ray!

RAY

(snaps out of it)

Right. Right. Good call.

Ray grabs his pants off a chair (they undressed in a hurry), pulls them on.

NIKKI

We'll talk about this later.

He grabs his shirt, gets it on, grabs his shoes, stumbles for the door.

RAY

You are so -- sexy.

She smiles, gestures for him to hurry up.

NIKKI

(into phone)

Thank you, officer. Yes, I'll stay on the line.

(MORE)

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
(covers the mouthpiece, to  
Ray)  
Don't forget the stamps.

He goes to the bathroom, grabs them off the floor.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
Burn em, okay?

He nods. She grabs him, kisses him.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
I love you.

RAY  
Baby, you have no idea.

She holds up her hand

NIKKI  
(into phone)  
Yes, I hear the sirens. Thank you.

She waves to Ray. Go.

NIKKI (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Back stairs.

Beat. He nods, exits.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. NIKKI'S APARTMENT. ST. CLOUD, MN - NIGHT

68

We are outside the window, watching as Nikki turns and prepares to face the cops.

As we do, the CAMERA CRANES BACK, showing the other windows of the building, some dark, some with people going about their business. A couple of HEADS are sticking out, looking towards the street, where a crowd has started to gather around the stain that used to be Maurice.

SIRENS grow in the distance.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. ENNIS' HOUSE. EDEN VALLEY, MN - NIGHT

69 \*

The COUNTY POLICE are there now, TWO CARS. A FORENSIC TEAM in inside the house. Gloria stands by her prowler. Nathan sits in the open passenger seat of Gloria's prowler.

DONNY comes over.

DONNY

Forensics is done in the kitchen.  
They wanna bring Ennis out.

GLORIA

Maybe wait till his grandson is out  
a sight, tell em.

DONNY

Roger wilco.

He exits as A GRAY LEXUS pulls up. Gloria's ex-husband, RON, gets out of the passenger seat. His partner, DALE, is driving. They go to Nathan. Ron hugs his son. He is a lumberjack of a man, balding, in a flannel coat. Behind him, Dale is a thin man in a red down vest, who stands nervously.

Gloria comes over.

GLORIA

Take him to Dale's, huh? I don't  
know how long --

\*

RON

Whatever ya need. Already turned  
the lights on in his room.

NATHAN

I wanna stay with mom.

Gloria bends to talk to him.

GLORIA

No, hon. Mommy's gotta work now.

NATHAN

No.

Gloria hugs him for a long moment, then whispers something in his ear. He listens and, finally, nods. She stands.

GLORIA

(to Ron)

Let's say no school tomorrow, huh?

Ron nods, leads Nathan back to his car. Gloria watches them go. She doesn't know what to make of this world anymore. As Dale's car pulls out, she turns and gets to work.

END OF EPISODE 301