

Executive Producer: Noah Hawley
Executive Producer: Warren Littlefield
Executive Producer: Joel & Ethan Coen

EPISODE: #502
SCRIPT: #502
PRODUCTION: #5002

F A R G O

"Trials and Tribulations"

Episode #502

Written by

Noah Hawley

GREEN REVISION - 11/28/22
YELLOW REVISION - 11/18/22
PINK REVISION - 11/02/22
BLUE DRAFT - 10/11/22
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 9/1/22

26 Keys Productions
The Littlefield Company
MGM Television
FX Networks

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EPISODE #502
Green Revision - 11/28/22

REVISION HISTORY

GREEN REVISION	11/28/22
YELLOW REVISION	11/18/22
PINK REVISION	11/02/22
BLUE DRAFT	10/11/22
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	9/1/22
STUDIO DRAFT	2/24/22

Notes:

GREEN REVISIONS

- Sc. 12 moved, re-numbered as Sc. 19A, description changes, dialogue changes, added Scotty to scene
- Sc. 13 omitted
- Sc. 14 moved, re-numbered as Sc. 19B, description changes, dialogue changes, added Scotty to scene
- Sc. 18 moved, re-numbered as Sc. 11A

YELLOW REVISIONS

- Sc. 10 omitted
- Scs. 17 & 18 combined, location change, dialogue changes

PINK REVISIONS

- Sc. 26 omitted
- Sc. 27 omitted

BLUE REVISIONS

- Sc. 2 dialogue changes, description changes, added Pace, Lemley, Brandy, and Bowman to scene
- Sc. 5 dialogue changes, description changes
- Sc. 6 description changes, dialogue changes
- Sc. 7 description changes
- Sc. 8 description change
- Sc. A11 added, establisher
- Sc. 11 dialogue change
- Sc. 13 description changes
- Sc. 14 description changes
- Sc. 16 dialogue changes
- Sc. 17 description change
- Sc. 19 description changes, dialogue changes, added Pace, Lemley, and Brandy to scene
- Sc. 21 omitted
- Sc. 22 dialogue changes, description change
- Sc. 23 description change
- Sc. 25 dialogue change
- Sc. 26 description change
- Sc. 27 location change, description change
- Sc. 28 description change
- Sc. 29 description changes
- Sc. 31 description changes, dialogue changes

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BLUE REVISIONS (Cont'd)

- Sc. 33 location change, description change

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CAST

DOROTHY "DOT" LYON.....	JUNO TEMPLE
ROY TILLMAN.....	JON HAMM
LORRAINE LYON.....	JENNIFER JASON LEIGH
WAYNE LYON.....	DAVID RYSDAHL
GATOR TILLMAN.....	JOE KEERY
WITT FARR.....	LAMORNE MORRIS
INDIRA OLMSTEAD.....	RICHA MOORJANI
OLE MUNCH.....	SAM SPRUELL
AGENT TONY JOAQUIN.....	NICK GOMEZ
AGENT HILDRED MEYER.....	JESSICA POHLY
SCOTTY LYON.....	SIENNA KING
JEROME PUGH.....	KUDJO FIAKPUI
DANISH GRAVES.....	DAVE FOLEY

RECURRING/GUEST STARS

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE.....	PAUL MCGILLION
DEPUTY NUGENT.....	SCOTT POCHA
JOSH HUNK.....	SEAN DEPNER
LENORE HUNK.....	KELSEY FALCONER
BOWMAN.....	CONRAD COATES
BRANDY.....	SALLY BISHOP
PACE.....	ERIK ERMANTROUT
LEMLEY.....	STEPHEN JOFFE

NON-REGULARS

DRIVER (TRACTOR).....	TROY FYHN
COWBOY.....	TBD
RANCH HAND #1.....	AARON DELANE
RANCH HAND #2.....	CHRISTIAN FRASER
COOK.....	TBD
TILLMAN GUARD #1.....	TBD
DOCTOR ROBERTS.....	TBD
OLD WOMAN.....	TBD

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SETS / LOCATIONS

INTERIORS

DINER. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

TILLMAN RANCH
RIDING BARN - DAY

LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN
KITCHEN - DAY/NIGHT
BATHROOM - DAY
~~BEDROOM - DAY~~
LIVING ROOM - DAY
UTILITY CLOSET - DAY
~~DEN - NIGHT~~
OFFICE - NIGHT
DINING ROOM - NIGHT

REDEMPTION SERVICES. MINNEAPOLIS, MN
CEO OFFICE - DAY

POLICE PRECINCT. SCANDIA, MN
SHOOTING RANGE - DAY
HALLWAY - DAY

SUV (STOPPED) - DAY

HOSPITAL. BISMARCK, ND
~~HALLWAY - DAY~~
WITT FARR'S ROOM - DAY

KIA LOT
WAYNE'S OFFICE - DAY

POLICE TRUCK - NIGHT

ROY'S BRONCO (TRAVELING) RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT

EXTERIORS

ROADSIDE. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAWN/DAY

PLAINS. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAWN

DINER. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

TILLMAN RANCH
RANCH HOUSE - DAY

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EXTERIORS (Cont'd)

LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - DAY

REDEMPTION SERVICES. MINNEAPOLIS, MN - DAY

~~MIDDLE SCHOOL. SCANDIA, MN - DAY~~

HOSPITAL. BISMARK, ND - DAY

KIA LOT. SCANDIA, ND - DAY

~~STREET. NORTH DAKOTIA - NIGHT~~

RURAL ROAD. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT

FILLING STATION. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT

This is a true story. The following events took place in Minnesota in 2019. At the request of the survivors, the names have been changed. Out of respect for the dead, the rest has been told exactly as it occurred.

1 EXT. ROADSIDE. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAWN 1

We are looking at a roadside BILLBOARD, the only man-made structure for miles. On it is a photo of SHERIFF ROY TILLMAN. The billboard reads --

RE-ELECT SHERIFF ROY TILLMAN: A HARD MAN FOR HARD TIMES.

2 EXT. PLAINS. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAWN 2

We find ROY TILLMAN on horseback, riding across the flats of North Dakota as the sun rises. Wranglers, Carhartt and a cowboy hat, the badge on his chest the only acknowledgement of his title.

ROY TILLMAN (O.S.)

I was sheriff of this county when I was twenty-five. Hard to believe.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Tillman rides across the ranch land.

ROY TILLMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Grandfather was a sheriff. Father too. Ranchers all. Working the land through times flush and fallow.

TILLMAN

sits on his horse on a hill, watching his ranch hands, Pace, Lemley, and Brandy herd cattle down below with Bowman.

ROY TILLMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's a natural order to things. We know it in our bones. Jesus was a man, not some bearded lady. And just as water flows downhill, a husband is head of his household. Under him the woman abides.

3 EXT. ROADSIDE. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAY 3

A tractor lays on its side just off the road. Sheriff Tillman stands talking to THE DRIVER, who holds a kerchief to his bloody head.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ROY TILLMAN (O.S.)
She holds her virtue close until
that matrimonial threshold is
crossed, and then she opens to him
as the flower opens to the sun.

4 EXT. DINER. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

4

A pancake and well-done steak place, pickups parked outside.
We see Roy's horse tied to a post.

ROY TILLMAN (O.S.)
In exchange, the man shelters and
protects his female. As the sword
has its sheath.

5 INT. DINER. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

5

Tillman sits in a booth, across from a young man and woman --
JOSH and LENORE HUNK.

Tillman has a hot cup of coffee in front of him. Behind him
DEPUTY NUGENT stands, like a king's guard.

JOSH HUNK
Okay, but -- what I'm sayin is --

Tillman silences him with a look.

ROY TILLMAN
He raises his hand to her *only* when
she forgets her place and acts the
man. And then only for instruction,
taking neither pleasure nor
satisfaction from the task.

ANGLE ON LENORE

She has a black eye and bruises on her neck from being
choked.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)
Whereas you, son, appear to have
played a Tommy Lee drum solo on yer
missus' facade.

LENORE HUNK
This is -- I fell is all.

JOSH HUNK
Quiet now. Sheriff's talkin.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Tillman turns his head to the left, towards his Deputy, then back. Over the next sixty seconds Deputy Nugent shifts until he is standing behind Josh.

TILLMAN

puts his hand on Lenore's hand.

ROY TILLMAN

Take comfort, daughter. These hard times are over. I will see to yer husband's instruction myself.

JOSH HUNK

What struction?

The DEPUTY moves fast, putting Josh in a CHOKEHOLD, pulling him up out of the booth. He thrashes.

Tillman stays focused on Lenore.

ROY TILLMAN

Be honest now. Do you question yer man's supremacy when he speaks?

Beat. Lenore has a hard time focusing, as Josh struggles beside her, his brains starving for oxygen.

LENORE HUNK

It's just when he drinks or with the crank, ya know. I try ta stay outta the way, but he's -- don't hurt him. We got three boys who need a daddy.

ANGLE ON JOSH

His face is red, his thrashing slows.

CLOSE UP ON TILLMAN

He considers the dilemma like Solomon, then nods to his Deputy, who releases Josh.

Josh falls back into the booth, sluggish, oxygen returning to his brain.

The WAITRESS comes over, refills Roy's coffee.

ROY TILLMAN

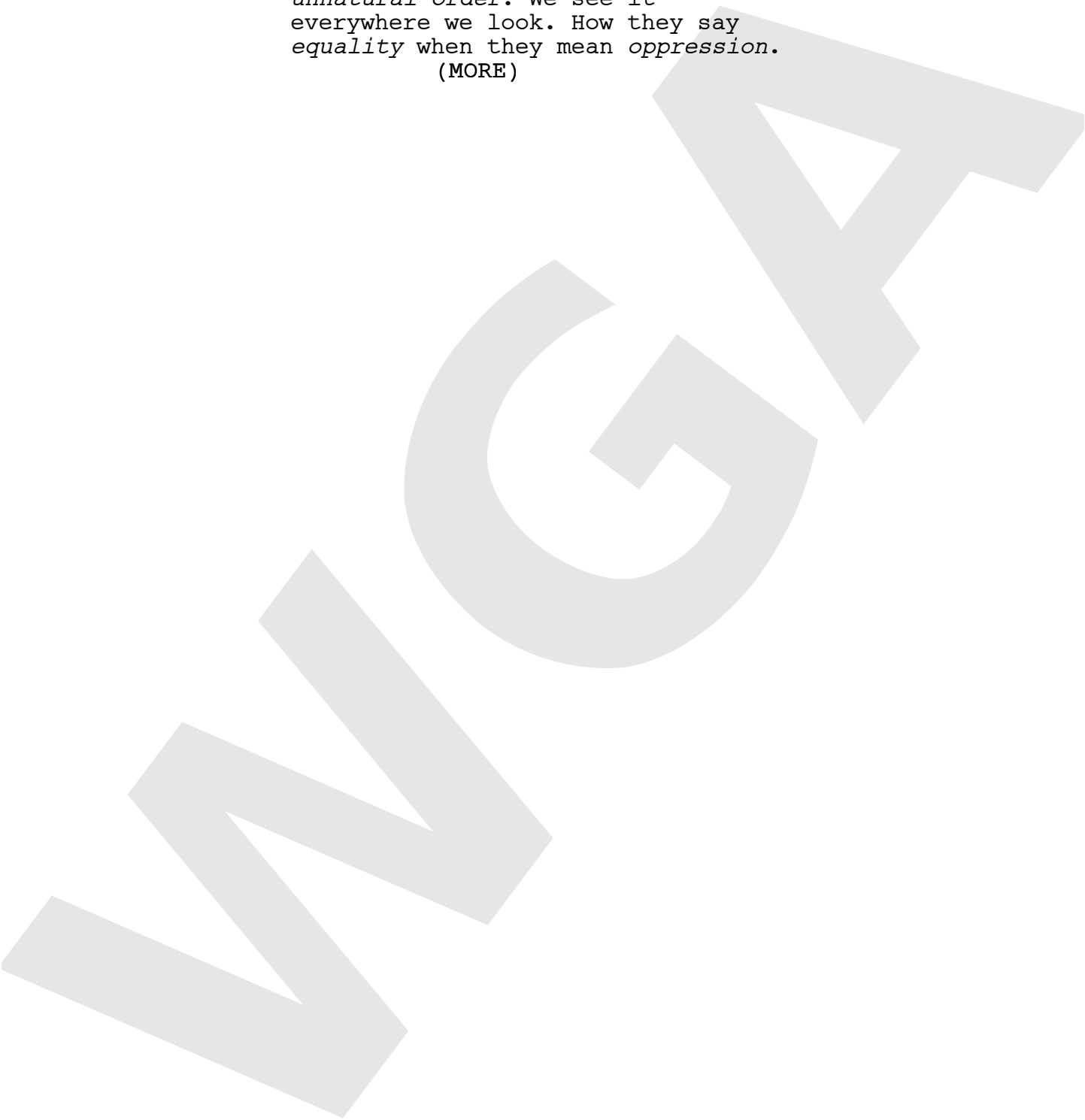
Got any a that huckleberry pie?

She nods, leaves. Tillman leans forward.

(CONTINUED)

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

If there is a natural order, there must -- logically -- be an *unnatural order*. We see it everywhere we look. How they say *equality* when they mean *oppression*.
(MORE)



5

CONTINUED: (3)

5

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

How they make us the villains in
our own history.

He sips his coffee, thinks about that -- the war we're in.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Now yer gonna go home -- together.
Lenore'll fix lunch. You got
groceries?

She shakes her head. Tillman takes out a roll of cash, peels
off a few hundreds, offers them to her. Josh tries to grab
them, but Roy pulls them back.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Now, son. Are you an imbecile?
Cause at a certain point -- if yer
not teachable -- I'm gonna have to
cull ya from the herd.

But Josh has had enough.

JOSH HUNK

Lookit, dick cheese. I know you
think yer some kinda --

Roy throws hot coffee in Josh's face. Josh screams, grabs his
face.

JOSH HUNK (CONT'D)

Jesus.

ROY TILLMAN

Quiet.

Roy hands the cash to Lenore.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Fix a meal, and pray on it before
the first bite. Forgiveness. See to
his burns. Make sure ta be
deferential, and cater to his needs
as a man with yer mouth in order to
sew harmony. I'll be by in the
morning to make sure the lesson
stuck.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (4)

5

Lenore and Josh exit the booth. She helps him to the door, passing GATOR who has entered. He stops in front of Tillman, hat in hand.

GATOR
They missed her.

6 INT. RIDING BARN. TILLMAN RANCH - DAY

6

We are BEHIND A MAN, looking at a large open pen inside which a cowboy is training a horse. Smoke from a cigarette rises through frame. At the end of the row, through the open door, we see A TRUCK PULL IN. Tillman and Gator get out, approach.

REVERSE ON OLE MUNCH

watching them come. He has a bandage on his ear where Dot cut him with the ice skate. There's surgical tape on his neck where Witt's bullet grazed him.

ROY TILLMAN
What happened?

OLE MUNCH
You send a man to do a job without all the information, how can the job be done?

GATOR
What are you, the Riddler?

OLE MUNCH
You say the woman is a woman, a whatdya -- housewife. Never do you mention she is, for real, a tiger.

GATOR
Yer sayin you couldn't handle some girl? A hundred pounds soakin wet.

Ole Munch shrugs, smokes. Gator looks at Tillman.

GATOR (CONT'D)
It was on the wire this mornin. This halfwit shot up a fillin station outside Beulah. Murdered the clerk. Killed a state trooper and put a hole in the leg of another. And this retard's partner with a cracked skull and his face half-burned-off in the morgue.

(CONTINUED)

OLE MUNCH

You say housewife, so I bring one guy. You say tiger -- that's a different guy. Cost you three times.

Gator, agitated, looks at Tillman.

GATOR

If I hafta talk to this fool another second I'm gone cave his head in with a shovel.

Tillman studies Munch. He sees what Gator cannot. That Munch is not a halfwit. He's a scorpion.

ROY TILLMAN

Did they take her? The police?

Munch drops his butt, grinds it out.

OLE MUNCH

Fled on foot. Possibly home. Possibly to the wind.

ROY TILLMAN

Could you find her?

GATOR

Seriously? You're gonna give him another chance?

ROY TILLMAN

I'm askin, could you find her?

OLE MUNCH

(beat, thinking)

She could be found. Where people go, the thoughts they have, these are known to me. Instincts. Who flees, who fights. It's a question of price. The job it was, not the job you said. Pain and suffering. A man, missing an appendage, self-sewing his own skin. Scarred for life, he's told. And then this new ask. Hunting a tiger. And it forces the man to ask -- why you want the tiger?

ROY TILLMAN

She's my wife.

(CONTINUED)

GATOR

Don't tell him shit. I already said. I can handle this. We know where she lives now. Her alias.

Tillman holds up his hand. Gator stops.

ROY TILLMAN

(to Munch)

She made vows. To me. A pledge. *In sickness and in health*. Consider it a debt unpaid, leaving me in limbo. Husband yes. Or husband no. See, she hid from me, nine, ten years. Interest accrued, until the debt can no longer be repaid with money. And then one day there she is -- fingerprints in the system -- so now the limbo can end, this shadowland.

Beat. Tillman studies Munch.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Tell me something, friend. If a man is pure, his actions are only ever good. Do you believe that?

OLE MUNCH

I'm a nihilist.

GATOR

What the fuck does that mean?

OLE MUNCH

I believe in nothing.

ROY TILLMAN

You believe in money.

Munch concedes that that's true.

CLOSE UP ON TILLMAN

He makes a decision.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Alright. Well, thanks for your help. Go with Gator. He'll get you yer money.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

GATOR
(protests)
Dad.

OLE MUNCH
Original plus pain and suffering.

ROY TILLMAN
Course.
(to Gator)
Take it from the rainy day fund. In
the fixin place.

He gives Gator a half nod.

ANGLE ON GATOR

He gets it, what Tillman really means.

GATOR
The fixin place. Right.
(to Munch)
Come on, numbnuts.

OLE MUNCH
(to Tillman)
A man is grateful.

He follows Gator out of the barn.

ANGLE ON TILLMAN

receding in frame. He watches them go.

7 EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

7

Gator walks ahead of the house with Munch, who lights another
cigarette.

GATOR
Hundreds okay?

ANGLE ON MUNCH

as Gator leads him towards a decline that loops around to the
lower back of the building, he becomes aware of how isolated
they are.

ANGLE ON THE LOWER PATH

as it comes into view through a thin screen of trees,
revealing TWO RANCH HANDS waiting below, holding shotguns.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MUNCH

sees them, as GATOR turns and PULLS HIS SIDEARM.

GATOR (CONT'D)
Surprise, shit bird.

But Munch doesn't panic. He FLICKS his cigarette into Gator's face, who recoils, his FIRST SHOT going wide.

MUNCH steps forward, GRABS GATOR by the balls hard, squeezes -
- his other hand GRABS Gator's gun wrist, twists.

Crack --

LOWER ON THE PATH

The two ranch hands, caught off guard, fumble with their shotguns.

MUNCH

fast-walks Gator backwards towards the ranch hands -- keeping the deputy between himself and them.

THE RANCH HANDS

have their weapons up, but they can't get a clear shot. Then -
-

MUNCH

releases Gator's broken wrist, pulls his own 9mm and SHOOTS both ranch hands.

ANGLE ON ROY TILLMAN

coming out of the barn. He hears the shots, runs across the yard, pistol drawn. He reaches the side of the building to find --

GATOR

lying on the ground, moaning, clutching his crotch with his good hand. The TWO RANCH HANDS are dead.

MUNCH IS GONE

ANGLE ON TILLMAN

as he looks around for Munch, realizes he has a problem. We hear the click click click of drumsticks counting into a song. A drum beat follows, exuberant and wild.

8 EXT. LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - DAY 8

The neighborhood (and the Lyon house) are decorated for Halloween. We see a POLICE PROWLER parked out front. Drums are being played inside.

DOT (PRELAP)
(over the noise)
Like we said. This is all just a misunderstanding.

9 INT. KITCHEN. LYON HOUSE - DAY 9

DOT and WAYNE LYON stand in the entryway with DEPUTY INDIRA OLMSTEAD. Scotty plays drums behind them in the living room.

DOT
Had a bad day is all, needed some time fer --
(turns to Scotty)
Hon. Would you -- could you maybe give us a break here? Go outside and jump on the trampoline, huh?

Scotty hits the cymbals, then runs to the sliding door, heads outside.

DOT (CONT'D)
(to Indira)
Sorry.

INDIRA
No apology required. Don't have kids myself, but ya gotta love their pluck. But you were sayin -- ya had a bad day.

DOT
Right. Left the house a mess, which -- last time I checked -- weren't a crime.

INDIRA
No ma'am. I'm a recidivist on that count myself. Laundry especially. But, see -- mind if I sit --

She doesn't wait, sits on the chair across from the sofa, forcing Dot and Wayne to sit on the sofa or be rude.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

INDIRA (CONT'D)

-- what I'm concerned about is the blood.

DOT

Told ya, I cut my feet up on some glass.

In profile, through the window, we see Scotty appear in frame and then disappear as she enjoys the trampoline. Up, down, up, down.

INDIRA

You did. And I seen the wounds. What I'm dealin with is the fact that the blood on yer entry floor is a different blood type than what we have on record for you.

DOT

Records. Those -- I heard a man went into the hospital in St. Paul fer a kidney transplant, ended up with someone else's brain.

INDIRA

Well, I'm not sure -- that don't sound accurate.

DOT

What I'm sayin is -- hospitals make mistakes.

INDIRA

Then there's the hair DNA from the balaclava in yer boudoir.

DOT

Told ya -- bought that second hand.

WAYNE

(chimes in)

It's my fault. Found the front door open, all the blood, well -- not ashamed ta say I panicked. But here's -- Dot's home, and that's what matters. Whatever the -- and she's my wife, and I -- believe her. So -- if there's a form or somethin I can sign ta -- ya know -- drop the charges --

CLOSE UP ON INDIRA

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

She's not sure what's going on here, but it doesn't make a lot of sense.

INDIRA

And the bruises --

Dot stands.

DOT

I gotta -- almost time fer pickup.
I told Scotty we could go to DQ
after school, so --

Beat. Indira gets it. She stands.

INDIRA

Well, okay then. Thanks fer yer
time. I'll keep -- we're reviewin
traffic cameras from the
neighborhood -- so if I have any
more --

DOT

No. She's not -- Wayne -- she's not
listenin ta me.

Wayne stands.

WAYNE

Really -- like I said, it's my
fault -- but see, this is -- as far
as we're concerned -- things are
resolved, see? And if ya -- well,
Danish Graves is our attorney, so
if ya need ta contact us again --
which ya shouldn't -- well, just
give him a call.

He stands next to Dot, who is hugging her cardigan tight
around herself.

ANGLE ON INDIRA

The story makes no sense, but there's no law that says they
have to talk to her.

10 OMITTED

10

A11

EXT. REDEMPTION SERVICES. MINNEAPOLIS, MN - DAY

A11

A glass and chrome skyscraper with revolving doors, downtown.



11 INT. CEO OFFICE. REDEMPTION SERVICES. MINNEAPOLIS, MN - DAY 1

LORRAINE LYON is at her desk. DANISH GRAVES comes in.

DANISH GRAVES

So -- it's a puzzler. Spoke to Wayne. Dot's back.

LORRAINE

She's what now?

DANISH GRAVES

Came home on her own. A little bruised, bloody feet.

LORRAINE

She escaped?

DANISH GRAVES

Well, that's the conundrum. Says she wasn't taken. Said it was just a drivin around type scenario. Gettin her head straight.

LORRAINE

Bullshit. You saw the police report. Somethin's fishy here.

DANISH GRAVES

Agreed.

LORRAINE

I smell a rat.

DANISH GRAVES

You think -- whatdya think?

LORRAINE

A play maybe -- extortion, but she got cold feet.

DANISH GRAVES

Kidnapped herself, yer thinkin.

LORRAINE

I mean what do we know about this girl, really?

DANISH GRAVES

Did the background check when they got engaged.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

LORRAINE

You said yerself, not much there.

DANISH GRAVES

Pretty thin, fer sure. Birth certificate, a few school records, previous addresses.

LORRAINE

Too good ta be true now, I'm thinkin.

DANISH GRAVES

So what do we --

LORRAINE

I tell ya what we don't want -- police diggin their noses into other people's business. Askin questions that can't be answered, and then what?

DANISH GRAVES

Possibly this thing goes federal -- the wrong person makes a phone call.

(a thought)

You don't think Wayne --

LORRAINE

Who knows what ta think -- he's got the dealership, a decent roof over their head, but maybe she's pushin him fer more. Puttin ideas in his head.

Beat. They think about that.

DANISH GRAVES

I don't know.

LORRAINE

So we separate em, like the cops. You brace him. I go at her. Get to the bottom a things. If this deal's fer real, and they've got a notion ta take what's mine, we need to nip it in the bud. Keep things in house.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

DANISH GRAVES

(beat)

Whatdya want me ta do about the
police?

LORRAINE

Call Mick. Let's get this thing
dropped at the state level. Put out
the fire while it's still a spark.

Beat. Danish sighs.

DANISH GRAVES

Jeez. Everything was goin along
just fine, too. And now -- whatdya --
- this enemy within situation.

Lorraine gets up goes to the window.

LORRAINE

She made promises -- to me, my son --
- ta have and ta hold, for richer
and poorer. And that's a debt we're
gonna collect.

11A INT. LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - DAY

11A

Dot and Scotty come home. They've got DQ drinks. They take
off their coats, shoes.

DOT

Whatdya say next time we get an
extra blizzard, see how long we can
hold it upside down before the
stuffin falls out.

Dot hears a sound from the kitchen.

DOT (CONT'D)

Hon, is that you?

Walking towards the kitchen she sees -- LORRAINE LYON,
sitting at the kitchen table. There is a cup of tea in front
of her. JEROME stands beside her.

LORRAINE

Your tea selection is atrocious.

DOT

How did you get in here?

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED:

11A

SCOTTY

Hi, nana.

LORRAINE

(squints at Scotty)
Are you wearing lipstick?

SCOTTY

That's ketchup. We had curly fries.

DOT

I asked how come yer in my home.

LORRAINE

Of course I have a key. It's my
son's house. Still. Sorry if we
startled you. Imagine intruders
breaking into your house twice in
one week. Oh wait, that didn't
happen.

DOT

What do you want?

LORRAINE

Jerome, would you see my
granddaughter to her room. Maybe
she'd like to show you her dolls.

SCOTTY

I don't have dolls, nana. I like
ninjas.

LORRAINE

Is that some kind of cat?

SCOTTY

Yer silly.

JEROME

Come on, young Skywalker. I'll show
you how a true samurai fights.

Jerome and Scotty go upstairs. Dot stands uneasy.

Lorraine stirs her tea.

LORRAINE

I guess with you when it rains it
pours.

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED: (2)

11A

DOT

That's --
(gives a laugh)
Just a bit a silliness. I'm --
honestly -- embarrassed by the
fuss.

LORRAINE

Signs of a break in, I'm told.
Evidence ya fought back, which --
good fer you. I'da skinned em where
they stood.

DOT

Please. More like momma had a
tantrum and it all got blowed outta
proportion. Honestly, like a
snowball rollin downhill.

Beat. Lorraine studies her. Dot is a great actress, but
Lorraine has a nose for the truth, and this don't smell like
it.

LORRAINE

Well, either you got a screw loose,
or somebody came fer you and you
got away -- and now yer lyin about
it.

DOT

Mom.

LORRAINE

No. I'm not yer mom. Yer married ta
my son, mother to my granddaughter.
I wanted a girl with papers, but my
Wayne always liked a sassy thing
with a tight caboose, so here you
are.

DOT

Haven't you ever had one a those
days?

Beat. Lorraine doesn't answer. Dot realizes bafflement isn't
going to work on Lorraine. Strength only respects strength.

DOT (CONT'D)

Ya know -- so what if I do got a
screw loose? Stress and the like.
I'm holdin up my enda the deal.
We're man and wife, him and me, and
he loves me.

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED: (3)

11A

LORRAINE

There are ways we could change
that. The holy bond. Revocation of
the trust. Cut ya both outta the
will, see if that moves the marker.

DOT

What are you saying?

LORRAINE

I'm saying -- either scenario -- I
don't trust you. Yer up to
somethin. And I won't have ya
dragging my son down. So best you
make excuses, go back to wherever
it is you were before you met. If
you go easy, I could even see my
way ta stakin you the first two
years. Make it worth yer while.

CLOSE UP ON DOT

There is no going backwards for her. She drops the act, leans
in.

DOT

Listen, bitch. I've climbed through
six kinds a hell to get where I am,
and no Ivy League royal wannabe is
gonna run me off because she
doesn't like the way I smell. You
wanna tussle with me, you better
sleep with both eyes open, cause
nobody takes what's mine and lives.

CLOSE UP ON LORRAINE

Her hair blown back. She is surprised. Amazed. Nobody has
surprised her in decades.

DOT (CONT'D)

(perky)

Anyway, thanks for stoppin by.
Dinner Sunday? I'll bring my blue
salad.

ANGLE ON LORRAINE

Dismissed. She's going to have to reassess. She stands.

LORRAINE

(calls)

Jerome, we're leaving.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED: (4)

11A

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

(to Dot)

Always nice to see you, dear. You might want to think about getting some iron in your diet. You look like a corpse.

*
*
*
*
*

She smiles, walks out the front door, leaving it open. Jerome falls in behind her.

*
*

ANGLE ON DOT

*

Her mother-in-law is definitely going to be a problem.

*

12 OMITTED

12

*

13 OMITTED

13

*

13 CONTINUED: 13

*

14 OMITTED 14 *

15 INT. INDIRA'S DESK. POLICE PRECINCT. SCANDIA, MN - DAY 15

Indira sits at her desk. This whole kidnapping that isn't a kidnapping eats at her. She gets on her computer.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN

She's on the fingerprint database. She searches for DOROTHY LYON, enters a case number.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

The result comes up. It reads -- *record not available. For all inquires call the FBI field office in North Dakota.*

CLOSE UP ON INDIRA

stunned.



15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

INDIRA
What the heck?

16 INT. HALLWAY. POLICE PRECINCT. SCANDIA, MN - DAY

16

CAPTAIN OWEN MUSCAVAGE (50s), is at the vending machine. He studies it like the choice he makes here will be most important decision he makes all day. Indira approaches.

INDIRA
Sir, you got a sec?

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE
Salty or sweet. I can't decide.

Beat. She studies the choices.

INDIRA
With the honey roasted peanuts you get both.

He nods, feeds in his change.

INDIRA (CONT'D)
So -- test results came back on my kidnappin. Conclusively not Mrs. Lyon's blood type, and we got a DNA match on the hair.

Muscavage retrieves his peanuts.

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE
That was fast.

INDIRA
Yessir. Forensic tech up in the Twin Cities owes me a favor.

Muscavage tries to open the package, fails.

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE
(beat)
Well? Spit it out.

Indira takes the bag from him, tears it open, hands it back, all while talking.

INDIRA
Right. Well, DNA came back belongin ta one Donny Ireland -- did a few years at Stillwater for a B and E, another stretch fer assault.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE

That seems relevant.

INDIRA

Yessir. But get this -- I run him through the system and he comes back DOA.

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE

Yer sayin the sample was contaminated. Came up a corpse?

INDIRA

No sir. I'm saying DOA *that same night* -- after they grabbed her up. Out in North Dakota. That fracas with the state troopers at the gas station that made the papers.

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE

Yer shittin me.

INDIRA

No sir. Two dead. The clerk and one trooper. They pulled a 45 slug outta another trooper's leg. He's recoverin now. But get this -- apparently before the trooper passes out, he tells backup there was a woman in the car he stopped, and she saved him, not the other way round. Killed old Donny in the commode and then fought off the other until re-enforcements arrived.

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE

Yer sayin the victim did that.

INDIRA

Yessir. But when the cavalry showed she was already gone. Three hours later Mrs. Lyon's home makin Bisquick fer the nipper, like none of it ever happened.

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE

Jeez.

(CONTINUED)

INDIRA

Ya. So I figure I'd drive out to the hospital, show the survivin trooper a photo of Mrs. Lyon, get a hard confirmation that she's the woman in question.

Beat. Muscavage thinks about that.

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE

Why the heck would she go through all that and then pretend nothin happened?

INDIRA

It's a puzzler. My only thought is she's in shock -- on accounta it bein so traumatizin.

He makes a face like *is that really a thing?*

INDIRA (CONT'D)

My other thought is why the heck they wanted her in the first place? And is it a coincidence all this happening less than twenty-four hours after her fingerprints go into the system.

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE

Thought we agreed it was a play for Lorraine's money. The mother-in-law.

INDIRA

Course, and that's prolly what it is -- but I do remember when we were bookin her she asked me point blank were her prints gonna go into a national database.

She makes a face like *see what I mean?*

INDIRA (CONT'D)

So just now I ran her prints and guess what? It said the record was unavailable and I should call the FBI field office in North Dakota.

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE

And?

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (3)

16

INDIRA

Well, they're on lunch, so I left a message, but clearly we got the tail a somethin here. A tip of the iceberg situation. So I want permission to dig deeper, Colombo this thing.

Beat. That sounds right to him.

CAPTAIN MUSCAVAGE

Alright, take a drive, see what the trooper's gotta say, but given the VIP nature a the matter, make sure ya run all yer wild hairs by me before ya step in a hornet's nest ya didn't even know was there.

INDIRA

Yessir. Thank you, sir.

She heads off.

17

OMITTED

17

18

OMITTED

18 *

WING

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

*

19 EXT. TILLMAN RANCH. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

19

We are looking at PACE and LEMLEY. They face BRANDY, who is filming them with her phone.

LEMLEY

Welcome back to *Day Thuggin*, with Pace and Lemley. Today we're talkin that cowboy look.

(CONTINUED)

PACE

Whether yer a super puncher catchin mavericks or a bargain basement ranch hand.

LEMLEY

Yer Snapchat, yer Instagram, these have gotta be consistent.

BRANDY

Yer both idjuts.

LEMLEY

Quiet. Today I'm riding the river, so see how I shotgunned my jeans.

PACE

He high watered those things. Whereas look at this stackin here on these bad boys. Now that's cowboy.

GATOR

comes out of the house, a CAST on his right wrist.

GATOR

What are you idiots up to? Get back to work.

BRANDY

I told 'em.

GATOR

Where's Roy?

LEMLEY

He's on the throne, old son. Takin in the kingdom.

ANGLE ON A HOT TUB

On a small platform away from the house, steam rises. Roy Tillman sits in it, cowboy hat on, arms resting on the sides, taking in the land.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

As we come around to the front we see that both his nipples are pierced with small rings. This is not some pious pastor. He is -- turns out -- the sheriff of Tiger King America, a sensualist.

Roy has a lit cigar in one hand, smoke rising with the steam.

GATOR

comes over, still walking gingerly.

ROY TILLMAN

You gonna make it?

GATOR

Fucker got the drop on me. I see him again I'll cut him to Swiss cheese.

He tries to find a more comfortable lean.

ROY TILLMAN

I told ya, put some ice on em or they're gonna swell huge.

GATOR

Thought big balls were a positive.

ROY TILLMAN

They are, assumin they don't turn gangrenous and fall off.

(beat, smokes)

Tell me her name again.

GATOR

Goes by Dorothy Lyon now. Lives in a suburb outside the twin cities.

ROY TILLMAN

Married, you said.

GATOR

Goin on ten years. Husband owns a car dealership. Some kinda Korean model.

ROY TILLMAN

Koreans make cars?

GATOR

I guess. Anyway, got a daughter named Scotty. She's about nine.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

CLOSE UP ON ROY

That doesn't sit right. A child with another man.

A GUARD on the WALKIE TALKIE.

GUARD (O.S.)
Roy, I got FBI here.

Roy and Gator exchange a look. Is this about the kidnapping? An arrest scenario? But then Roy thinks, *no* -- if they had him on that, they wouldn't knock. Roy picks up the walkie.

ROY TILLMAN
Send em back.

A BLACK GOVERNMENT SEDAN pulls into the yard and

TWO AGENTS

climb out.

GATOR
(to Roy)
Whatdya want me ta --

ROY TILLMAN
Be cool. Just a friendly visit from our federal friends.

The agents approach. They are AGENTS TONY JOAQUIN and HILDRED MEYER. Roy makes no attempt to get up.

AGENT JOAQUIN
Hard day at the office?

ROY TILLMAN
Like the sign says -- *He's a hard man fer hard times*. And by he I mean me.

Joaquin hands Roy his card.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (4)

19

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)
(reads it)
Agent Ja-Queen?

AGENT JOAQUIN
It's Wa-keen. And this is Agent Meyer. We're new in the Fargo office, thought we'd come by and see why you aren't enforcing any of our laws.

ROY TILLMAN
What laws?

AGENT JOAQUIN
You know -- gun laws, drug laws -- and any of a half dozen other American laws passed and ratified by the United States government that you don't seem to recognize.

ROY TILLMAN
Well, Agent Ja-Queen, no one on God's green earth is a greater enforcer of the law of this land than Roy Tillman.

AGENT MEYER
Why do I feel like there's a but here?

ROY TILLMAN
But -- what you need to understand, is that I am the law of the land. Elected by the people of this county to interpret and enforce the mighty constitution, given to us by God.

AGENT JOAQUIN
Uh-huh.

GATOR
Freedom.

ROY TILLMAN
Amen.

AGENT MEYER
You know I hear that word a lot out here. I'm curious what you think it means.

(CONTINUED)

ROY TILLMAN

Oh I know what it means. My ancestors fought and died in the dirt to protect it, and we -- their sons and daughters -- are ready to do the same.

AGENT JOAQUIN

Might I just point out that you're saying all that in a hot tub with a hundred dollar cigar.

ROY TILLMAN

What -- you think because I work the land I'm not supposed to enjoy the finer things? Or is that reserved for you denizens of the urban blight, heads buried in your books and screens?

AGENT MEYER

You didn't answer my question.

ROY TILLMAN

Agents, if you don't know what freedom is -- me sayin the words out loud ain't gonna teach you.
(to Gator)
Go on now and do yer chores.

Gator leaves.

AGENT MEYER

He's your son?

ROY TILLMAN

From my first marriage.

AGENT JOAQUIN

And you made him a deputy -- how old school.

ROY TILLMAN

The old ways are the best ways.

AGENT MEYER

Seriously. Do you want a towel, or --

ROY TILLMAN

Does my discussin matters of state in moist repose bother you.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (6)

19

He stands, revealing that he's completely naked.

AGENT MEYER

Jesus.

She turns away. Roy grabs a towel, steps down, wraps it around himself. It's an election towel, like the billboard, so the image of his face hangs from his crotch.

ROY TILLMAN

Now, what is it you wanted to discuss?

AGENT JOAQUIN

Like I said, we're new in town, thought we'd come and open a collegial dialogue -- maybe let you know we're looking into the practices of your office.

AGENT MEYER

Very unorthodox practices. Possibly illegal.

ROY TILLMAN

Illegal according to who? Or weren't you paying attention? I am the law of this land.

AGENT MEYER

So you said.

ROY TILLMAN

Removable only by the governor or my constituents -- who love me, by the way, because I say what I want, do what I please, and because I know the difference between right and wrong.

AGENT JOAQUIN

Don't you mean legal and illegal?

Roy smiles.

ROY TILLMAN

Did you know it's illegal for charitable groups in North Dakota to hold poker games more than twice a year? Similarly, it is illegal to keep an elk in a sandbox in yer own backyard. I shit you not.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (7)

19

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Were you to own a bar that served beer *and* pretzels together, I could arrest you. And, in Waverly, the law forbids horses from sleepin in bathtubs. Are you beginning to get the drift? I am a Sheriff of the American Constitution, bound by blood and tradition to enforce what's right, and persecute what's wrong. And the law, my friends, has very little ta do with it.

He tips his hat to them.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, Ja-Queen, Mrs. Ja-Queen, I've got justice to administer. I assume you can see yourselves out.

He walks away. They watch him go.

19A INT. BATHROOM. LYON HOUSE - DAY

19A *

Dot stands in her underwear, looking at herself in the full length mirror. *

We see the bruises from her fall, from the capture, the escape. Back and stomach, legs. Blue and purple, some turning black. *

CLOSE UP ON DOT *

She turns to try to see her back, winces. She thinks about the reality of what happened, how close she came to falling back into captivity. *

She hears -- *

SCOTTY *

Mom? I'm hungry. *

Dot grabs a robe, puts it on as Scotty enters. *

DOT *

Just had DQ. *

SCOTTY *

It didn't take. *

Scotty pulls at the seat of her pants, uncomfortable. *

(CONTINUED)

19A CONTINUED:

19A

DOT

What's goin on there?

SCOTTY

Wedgie.

DOT

Tell ya what. How about we make a vegetable medley -- carrot sticks, that bell pepper you like -- and you can help mommy with a kinda craft project.

SCOTTY

What kinda craft project?

19B INT. KITCHEN. LYON HOUSE - DAY

19B

-- Dot dumps a box of jumbled supplies on the kitchen island: extension cords, light bulbs, wire cutters, hammer, glue...

-- Scotty watches as Dot puts a lightbulb in a napkin, smashes it with a hammer, then GLUES the broken glass to the exterior SLIDING GLASS DOOR HANDLE.

-- At the kitchen table, Dot strips the plastic from extension cords with the cutters, exposing the wire.

DOT

You wanna cut the rubber, not the metal, okay?

-- Scotty strips extension cords in the background as Dot sets an exposed wire along the lip of the open kitchen window's sill, then lowers the window onto the wire.

-- The extension cord trails from the window to the wall, where Dot plugs it in. She stands and looks to the sliding glass door, already rigged with a wire.

-- She does another window. We see her plug this in and the wire on the nearest window SPARKS.

SCOTTY

(impressed)

Woah.

DOT

I know.

20 INT. UTILITY CLOSET. LYON HOUSE - DAY

20

We are CLOSE ON a sledge hammer, as DOT DRAGS IT from the utility room into the --

ENTRYWAY

She has screwed two heavy gauge loops into the ceiling. Dot climbs up on a footstool, slides the sledge hammer through them, sets a CORD through one of the loops, then climbs down and walks the CORD to A CLEAT she has screwed into the wall on the first landing of the stairs.

If she pulls the cord, anyone coming through the door is gonna get a sledge hammer in the noggin.

REVERSE ON SCOTTY

She's sitting on the floor studying her.

DOT

finishes tying off the booby trap.

DOT

Hands off the line, okay? Mommy doesn't want ya gettin smooshed like a bug.

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

SCOTTY
Can we do my room next?

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. WITT FARR'S ROOM. HOSPITAL - DAY 22

WITT FARR is sitting up in bed in a hospital gown, eating Jello. Indira knocks.

INDIRA
Trooper?

Witt sees her, puts down the Jello.

WITT FARR
Saved.

INDIRA
From what?

WITT FARR
(studies the container)
Concord grape, I think. How can I help you?

She steps deeper into the room.

INDIRA
Sure, well, I'm Deputy Olmstead,
Scandia police over in Minnesota.
Wanted ta ask ya some questions
about events that transpired last
night.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

WITT FARR

You and everybody else.

INDIRA

First off, condolences on yer partner.

WITT FARR

First week on the job. Can you believe it? Kid survives Fallujah, and two tours in the opium valley only to get his chips cashed in God damned North Dakota. Sorry fer the French.

(beat)

I just can't get his last look outta my eyes, ya know? Like he just had a terrible idea.

INDIRA

Well, sir. I think I might have a piece of your puzzle. To whitt the identity of the missing female you assisted. If I'm right, which I think I am.

WITT FARR

Color me intrigued.

INDIRA

Taken from her home yesterday afternoon by two men, we think.

WITT FARR

The number matches.

INDIRA

We found blood from one. Looks like she burned the other fella's face pretty bad.

WITT FARR

Sounds like my girl. Rambo, basically -- or that other fella from the TV -- MacGyver.

Indira reaches for her phone.

INDIRA

I got a picture.

There's another knock behind her. She turns. GATOR stands in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

GATOR

Whatdya know. It's a party.

He comes in -- tactical vest, baseball cap -- looking like what he is, a young buck who thinks he owns the world.

There is an awkward beat.

INDIRA

Indira Olmstead, Scandia police department.

GATOR

Where's that?

INDIRA

Minnesota, just outside the twin cities.

GATOR

A city girl.

INDIRA

Well, we prefer *woman* these days, but the rest is accurate.

GATOR

Long way from home, aren't ya?

INDIRA

About six hours.

ANGLE ON WITT

In bed, wishing he was wearing more than a cotton gown.

WITT FARR

How can we help you, stranger?

Gator shows them his badge, holding it up with his good (left) hand.

GATOR

Sheriff's deputy, Stark County. Sounds like you had a mixup in my necka the woods last night. Which -- we run a pretty tight ship -- so I take it personal when bad men appear.

WITT FARR

I hear ya. Course, this job'll grind ya down, you take it too personal.

GATOR

What can I say -- I like bein on the right side of a gun fight. Heard you say you got a picture of the perps?

INDIRA

Victim. Female.

GATOR

Right. Saw somethin about a woman got taken. Or -- escaped or somethin.

(CONTINUED)

INDIRA

We think these fellas grabbed her up in Minnesota, takin her to points west when the trooper pulled em over.

WITT FARR

She killed one -- a recidivist -- Donald Ireland, I think they said. The other got away.

GATOR

Sounds like a real Comanche, this female yer huntin.

INDIRA

Like I said, I gotta a photo.

She pulls out her phone, unlocks it, finds the photo. She is about to hand it to Witt, when Gator takes it out of her hand.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

(heated)
Scuse me.

But Gator doesn't apologize, just studies the image.

ANGLE ON THE PHONE

We see Dot's mug shot.

CLOSE UP ON GATOR

He studies Dot's face. She was his step-mother for a time.

GATOR

So what -- she's some kinda criminal also?

INDIRA

Not exactly. Had a mixup at her daughter's school this week. Tased an officer by accident.

WITT FARR

How's that happen?

INDIRA

Heata the moment, I'm guessin. Used ta be a sayin -- Minnesota nice, but I was there, nothin nice about Minnesota that day.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (5)

22

ANGLE ON GATOR

While they're talking, Gator deletes the photo.

GATOR

Whoops. What what did I do?

INDIRA

Whatdya --

He hands her the phone.

GATOR

I musta -- I don't know -- I pushed somethin.

Indira looks through her photo, but the image of Dot is gone.

INDIRA

Darn it. Ya deleted the victim. Her photo.

GATOR

Yeah, me and technology don't see eye ta eye. Especially now with this wrist breaker on.

Indira sighs, pockets her phone.

INDIRA

No. It's my fault. Not sure what I was thinkin just bringin the one.

WITT FARR

So I don't get ta see?

INDIRA

(sighs)

Might as well gimme yer email and I'll send ya some when I get back.

WITT FARR

Well, I sure hope ya find her -- if it was her. Saved my life, I think.

INDIRA

Oh, no. She's home. A little worse fer wear but intact.

(beat)

Strangest thing though -- despite all evidence -- she's claimin it never happened.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (6)

22

WITT FARR

Never what now?

INDIRA

Says nobody broke in. Says she wasn't taken. Just went fer a wander for ten hours then came home and cooked breakfast.

GATOR

Cry fer attention, sounds like. Drama queen tryin ta make her husband sick.

INDIRA

Who said she has a husband?

GATOR

(beat)

No. I mean -- I'm assumin. Description said thirties in the police report, so --

WITT FARR

Well, all I know is -- woman I met broke loose like somebody who knows how bad the cage can get.

(beat)

Wish ya had that picture. Like ta meet that woman again. Thank her.

GATOR

Fer what? Far as I can tell, she's the one got ya shot in the first place.

WITT FARR

The job got me shot. She was just tryin ta get free. But ya know what they say -- protect and serve.

GATOR

Yeah, I'm down with *protect*, but I ain't in the service industry. I'm in the kickin ass and takin names business.

ANGLE ON INDIRA

Beat. That's a weird thing to say.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (7)

22

INDIRA

Well, sorry fer wastin yer time.
Like I said, I'll shoot ya an email
as soon as I get back ta the
office. Nice ta have met ya both.

She exits.

23 EXT. HOSPITAL. BISMARCK, ND - DAY

23

The sun is setting. Gator walks out. DEPUTY NUGENT is waiting
for him, engine idling, behind the wheel of a POLICE TRUCK.

Gator gets in.

GATOR

Consider that bitch flummoxed.

24 EXT. KIA LOT. SCANDIA, MN - DAY

24

Flags wave in the breeze. It's a great day to buy a KIA.

25 INT. WAYNE'S OFFICE. KIA LOT - DAY

25

Wayne is at his desk, on the phone.

WAYNE

Oh, sure. Got those serial numbers
right here.

DANISH GRAVES enters.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Actually, Phil. I'm gonna hafta
call ya back.

He hangs up.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Finally saw the light on that
Porsche, did ya?

Danish doesn't answer, just hits speaker on Wayne's phone,
dials a number.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Whatdya --

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

DANISH GRAVES

Got some business ta discuss,
Wayne.

As the phone rings he goes over and closes the door. The phone connects.

LORRAINE (O.S.)

Is he on?

ANGLE ON WAYNE

Hearing his mother's voice always sends an icy chill down his spine.

WAYNE

Mom?

Danish sits.

DANISH GRAVES

Got a problem here, kid. Need yer help with it.

WAYNE

Course. Is it that landscaper again?

Through the speaker phone we hear --

LORRAINE

No it's not the landscaper, moron. It's yer wife.

WAYNE

Now hold on --

DANISH GRAVES

This whole kidnappin-that-ain't-a-kidnappin thing, well, something fishy about that.

LORRAINE

Full low tide, if ya ask me. Like the dog's breath.

WAYNE

We talked about this. She had a bad day.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED: (2)

25

DANISH GRAVES

Son, I talked to the police. They got hard evidence yer wife was abducted. Not ta mention I just learned they think they got one a the guys on a slab over in North Dakota -- broke his skull in the commode of a fillin station.

WAYNE

Jeez.

DANISH GRAVES

Officer present said there was a female present who matches Dot.

LORRAINE

Get yer head outta yer ass kid. She's makin a play here, yer missus. In cahoots with the kidnappers, maybe, or maybe just seizin the opportunity. Not sure what or why, but any way ya tell the story it ends with me writin a check.

WAYNE

Not everything's about money, ma.

LORRAINE

Slap him.

DANISH GRAVES

Mrs. Lyon.

LORRAINE

You heard me. My son needs a slap and I'm not there ta give it to him. So as my attorney, I authorize you to knock his fuckin block off.

Beat. Wayne and Danish stare at each other.

WAYNE

Now just a --

Danish slaps him across the face.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Ow.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

LORRAINE

Listen to me, boy. Yer back at the
kiddie table on this one. That's
official. Now shut yer hole and
listen ta me talk.

CLOSE UP ON WAYNE

Subdued, submissive.

26 OMITTED

26

27 OMITTED

27

27 CONTINUED: 27

28 EXT. RURAL ROAD. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT 28

Later. The truck approaches us on a rural road. They're almost home.

Ahead they see --

ANGLE ON THE FILLING STATION

from episode one.

GATOR

Pull in here. I gotta take a piss.

29 EXT. FILLING STATION. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT 29

Open for business. Plastic has been stretched across the shattered windows.

The Police Truck pulls in and up to the pumps. Gator gets out.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

GATOR

You wanna pop?

The Deputy shakes his head. Gator goes into the building.

There's a station wagon at the next pump. The driver pulls out as the Deputy climbs out of the truck, starts gassing up the car.

A long beat. It's a quiet night. We are in a master shot. It feels like something is about to happen.

ANGLE ON THE DEPUTY

The pump shuts off. He removes the nozzle, replaces it on the pump. Then --

OLE MUNCH steps out and STABS HIM under the jaw, the knife going straight up into his brain.

The Deputy shivers and twitches, Munch holding him up. Then he removes the knife. The Deputy FALLS.

ANGLE ON THE FILLING STATION

Gator comes out carrying a Mountain Dew and some jerky. He walks to the truck, gets in the passenger side.

GATOR (CONT'D)

Got us some jerky. The spicy kind.
Better roll down the windows.

But the car is empty. Gator looks around.

ANGLE ON THE PARKING LOT

The Deputy is nowhere to be seen.

ANGLE ON GATOR

That's weird, but maybe he had to use the can. He opens the jerky, eats some.

GATOR (CONT'D)

Fuck that's hot.

He drinks some Mountain Dew, after struggling to open the bottle with his bad hand. Beat. Impatient he cranes around one more time.

GATOR (CONT'D)

Where is this guy?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

His eye catches the driver's side mirror. It's angled down.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR

it looks past the pump towards the right rear of the car. A BOOT is visible sticking out from behind the truck.

GATOR (CONT'D)

Shit.

He struggles to pull his pistol with his left hand, climbs out.

ANGLE ON THE GROUND

A moving shot, as Gator sees what is clearly the DEPUTY laying behind the truck.

Gun up, Gator pops around the truck.

ANGLE ON THE DEPUTY

Dead on the ground. Above him on the asphalt Munch has written -- *You Owe Me* -- in BLOOD.

CLOSE UP ON GATOR

Shit. He looks around, expecting to be ambushed at any moment, but Munch is gone.

30 INT. ROY'S BRONCO (TRAVELING) RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT 30

Roy drives alone. Through the windshield we see the filling station as he pulls in -- finds Gator sitting on the tailgate.

31 EXT. FILLING STATION. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - CONTINUOUS 31

Roy parks, gets out.

GATOR

Called ya directly. Didn't want this goin out on the wire.

Gator leads Roy to the back of the police truck, lifts the TARP in the flatbed he's used to cover the dead deputy.

GATOR (CONT'D)

Didn't know what else to do, so I put him in back.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Roy studies Nugent's body.

ROY TILLMAN
Trials and tribulations.

GATOR
What?



31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

ROY TILLMAN

Where were you?

GATOR

Drainin the snake. Maybe ten minutes in and out.

ROY TILLMAN

You check the tape?

GATOR

State cops took the whole system last night on accounta the other thing.

(looks around)

Can you believe this guy -- comin back to the scene a the crime like that? Talk about big balls.

ROY TILLMAN

Bet yers shriveled a bit when you realized he got the drop on ya -- again.

Gator takes off his hat, hits the truck with it.

GATOR

Son of a bitch.

ROY TILLMAN

Easy now. Where'd you say you found this Munch guy again? Is that really his name? Ole Munch.

GATOR

It's -- he says it *Oola*. And I didn't find him. Found his partner.

ROY TILLMAN

The one with his head in the toilet.

Gator nods.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

So first order of business -- we need information. Who is he, priors, known hang outs, known accomplices. Then we smoke him loose.

GATOR

And if he comes fer us again?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

ROY TILLMAN

Oh, believe me, he's comin. Sleep with the hammer cocked is my opinion, if ya sleep at all.

Roy looks down.

ANGLE ON THE MESSAGE

You Owe Me.

ROY

exhales.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

The truck goes in a ditch with Alvie at the wheel. Have Bruno list the cause a death as accidental. Then drive over and tell his fiancée.

GATOR

What are you gonna do?

ROY TILLMAN

Don't worry about me. Yer oh fer two here, kid. Can't teach ya ta be a winner, you keep losin all the time.

GATOR

(pissed)

I swear ta God, him versus me, man ta man and I'd wipe the floor with him.

ROY TILLMAN

What, like High Noon? That only happens in the movie, son. In real life they slit yer throat while yer waitin fer the light ta change.

He gets in his Bronco, drives away.

ANGLE ON GATOR

It kills him that he let his father down. But he sucks it up. He's got dirty work to do.

32 INT. LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - NIGHT

32

Wayne comes through the front door, closes it, takes off his boots. He looks up.

ANGLE ON THE SLEDGE HAMMER

Dangling overhead.

WAYNE
What the heck?

He hears HAMMERING, finds Dot in the --

KITCHEN

She's pulling a casserole out of the oven. Nearby, Scotty is pounding nails into a BASEBALL BAT that Dot has fixed to the counter with A VICE. The bat looks like something out of Mad Max.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
What the heck?

Dot turns, sees him, smiles.

DOT
Hiya, hon. I made us shepherd's pie.

Scotty hammers in another nail.

WAYNE
Scotty -- whatcha doin there?

SCOTTY
Fer security. Mom said.

Wayne tries to process that, can't, turns to Dot.

WAYNE
Hon, why's there a sledge hammer over the front door?

DOT
Well, we talked about an alarm system, but you said we couldn't afford a good one, so --

Wayne sees the wires on the window.

WAYNE
What the heck?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

He reaches for one.

DOT

Wouldn't touch that, hon. It's electrified.

WAYNE

It's what?

DOT

Plugged into the wall. Anyone tries ta bust in, well, they'll get a righteous shock.

Scotty hammers in another nail. Wayne takes Dot's arm.

WAYNE

Can we talk in the TV room?

Dot shrugs.

DOT

Sure, but I mean, food's hot now.

WAYNE

It'll keep.

(to Scotty)

Daddy's just gonna talk to mommy fer a few. How bout take a break from that, huh? Watch some cartoons on yer Samsung.

33 INT. OFFICE. LYON HOUSE - NIGHT

33

Wayne leads Dot into his home office.

DOT

Lemme get my apron off at least.

Wayne turns, studies her. He hates this -- conflict. All he ever wants is for things to go easy.

WAYNE

Mom came by the lot today. Well, her man did. She called in.

DOT

Yeah, she -- I saw her too. But don't worry. Think we came to an understandin.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

WAYNE

She said that? Or --

DOT

No, but women understand each other.

WAYNE

Well, hon. I don't think you do -- understand each other. She's litigatin against ya, see. Thinks ya made this whole thing up to -- I mean it just sounds loony -- she thinks yer some kinda con woman, playin us fer our money. Said maybe yer in league with the kidnapppers.

DOT

Told ya -- there were no kidnapppers. I just --

WAYNE

I know -- drivin around ta clear yer head, but hon -- yer car was here the whole time.

DOT

Walkin, I said, or --

WAYNE

Look, I believe ya. It's not me ya gotta -- and she said she can get the cops outta the equation -- her friend the attorney general -- but where she's sittin the whole thing don't make a lotta sense.

DOT

Who died and made her emperor? Makes sense to us. That's what matters.

WAYNE

(beat)

I mean maybe, but -- hon, why's there a sledge hammer in the vestibule? And how come Scotty's makin a zombie killer?

DOT

Like she said. Security.

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

From what?

Beat. She looks at him, trying to figure out how to regain control of the narrative.

DOT

Hon.

WAYNE

I'm just --

DOT

Ya can't -- you weren't there. At the school board. Neighbor against neighbor. Society's breakin down here. The social structure. Who's on what side, and whether we're for or against. I'm just -- we need to wake up here, protect ourselves, in case --

WAYNE

In case what?

DOT

In case ruffians at the door, or Mr. Abernathy decides he wants revenge, or a thousand other maybes.

WAYNE

Who?

DOT

Scotty's math teacher. The fella I tased before the cop.

WAYNE

Ya tased the math teacher?

DOT

I got a bad feelin, hon. People do. Not just me. And I'm not sayin we build a bunker or stockpile long guns, but a few common sense --

WAYNE

Ya got electric wire on the windows.

33

CONTINUED: (3)

33

DOT

A few practical solutions -- unless
yer ready to step up and go state a
the art. Really sink some capital
into --

WAYNE

I can talk to Danish. We got the
trust, like mom said.

DOT

Right. Now yer -- (talkin)

She takes his hand.

DOT (CONT'D)

Listen to me, babe. This is forever
fer me, just like the vow said.
Through thick and thin. But times
are getting thick here, ya know
what I mean? The rubber's meetin
the road, and we gotta stick
together on this thing. Fer Scotty.
Whether yer mom likes it or not.

Beat. His head is spinning.

WAYNE

I just wish -- things could go back
to the way they were, ya know,
Tuesday, before all this --

DOT

I know, hon. But ya gotta be
realistic. The flip got switched.
And either we join a militia, which
-- not even sure what that's about -
- or we fend fer ourselves. Again,
not, like I said, hidin
underground, but a few sensible
precautions.

WAYNE

Should we -- I don't know -- get a
gun?

DOT

See. Now yer thinkin. A gun's a
great idea. Shotgun maybe, and a
pistol fer the bedroom. Maybe
replace my taser too, or -- who
knows -- some kinda net in case
they --

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (4)

33

WAYNE

A net?

DOT

Never mind. I'm sayin, now we're
talkin the same language.

She kisses him, holds him.

DOT (CONT'D)

Yer such a gentle guy. I know how
hard this is.

WAYNE

Just wanna play floor hockey in my
socks with Scotty again and watch
Real Housewives.

DOT

I know. And we can. We will. Just
gotta take care a some things
first.

(another kiss)

Now come on, while the shepherd
pie's still warm, and I bought ice
cream fer desert, rocky road, just
like ya like.

CLOSE UP ON WAYNE

Is that a tear in his eye?

WAYNE

All I ever wanted -- yer my dream
come true.

DOT

And yer mine. Come on, mister.
Before yer daughter's brain turns
to sludge.

They exit.

34 INT. DINING ROOM. LYON HOUSE - NIGHT

34

Dot, Wayne and Scotty share a meal. The mood is light --
talking, laughing. We push past them and out the window onto
their --

35 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. SCANDIA, MN - CONTINUOUS

35

The streets are empty, houses decorated for Halloween -- skeletons and devils lurking in people's yards -- windows lit. No real threats in sight, but then why does it feel like danger is looming somewhere out there in the dark?

END OF EPISODE 502