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EPISODE: #506  
SCRIPT: #506  
PRODUCTION: #5006

F A R G O

"The Tender Trap"

Episode #506

Written by

Noah Hawley and Bob DeLaurentis

GREEN REVISION - 1/25/23  
YELLOW REVISION - 1/23/23  
PINK DRAFT - 1/6/23  
BLUE DRAFT - 12/15/22  
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 9/9/22

26 Keys Productions  
The Littlefield Company  
MGM Television  
FX Networks

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

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EPISODE #506  
Green Revision - 1/25/23

**REVISION HISTORY**

GREEN REVISION	1/25/23
YELLOW REVISION	1/23/23
PINK DRAFT	1/6/23
BLUE DRAFT	12/15/22
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	9/9/22

**Notes:**

**GREEN REVISIONS**

- Sc. 17C dialogue changes, description changes

**YELLOW REVISIONS**

- Sc. 17C description changes
- Sc. 17E description changes
- Sc. 23A dialogue changes, description changes
- Sc. 39A dialogue changes
- Sc. 44 dialogue changes

**PINK REVISIONS**

- Sc. 1 restored
- Scs. 8-12 omitted
- Sc. 16 dialogue changes
- Scs. 17A-17E added, formerly from Episode 505
- Sc. 18 description changes, dialogue changes
- Sc. 20 omitted
- Sc. 21 location change, description changes, dialogue changes
- Sc. 22 dialogue changes
- Sc. 23A added
- Sc. 24 omitted
- Sc. 25 description changes, time of day change
- Scs. 26-39 omitted
- Sc. 39A added, formerly from Episode 505
- Sc. 39B restored, formerly Sc. 7 in White Draft
- Sc. 41 omitted
- Sc. 43 description changes
- Sc. A45 added
- Sc. 44 description changes, dialogue changes
- Sc. A45 added
- Sc. 45 restored
- Sc. 46 restored

**BLUE REVISIONS**

- Sc. 1 omitted
- Sc. 4 description changes
- Sc. 6 dialogue changes
- Sc. 7 omitted
- Sc. 13 description changes
- Sc. 16 description changes
- Sc. 17 description changes

EPISODE #506  
Green Revision - 1/25/23

BLUE REVISIONS (Cont'd)

- Sc. 18 location name clarified, dialogue changes
- Sc. 19 omitted
- Sc. 21 location change, dialogue changes, description changes
- Sc. 22 location change, description changes, dialogue changes
- Sc. 23 time of day change
- Sc. 24 time of day change, dialogue changes
- Sc. 25 description changes
- Sc. 29 description changes
- Sc. 36 description changes, character Ranch Hand changed to Militiaman
- Sc. 41 description changes, dialogue changes
- Sc. 45 omitted
- Sc. 46 omitted
- Sc. 47 description changes

EPISODE #506  
Green Revision - 1/25/23

**CAST**

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**

LARS OLMSTEAD.....LUKAS GAGE  
WINK LYON.....JAN BOS  
KAREN TILLMAN.....REBECCA LIDDIARD  
JESSICA TILLMAN (TWIN #1).....BROOKE SAUVE  
MAUDE TILLMAN (TWIN #2).....QUINN SAUVE  
~~IRMA.....CLARE COULTER~~  
FAKE WAYNE (JORDAN SEYMORE).....STEVEN MCCARTHY  
BOWMAN.....CONRAD COATES  
DORY.....AMANDA MESSER  
BABY FACE.....ZAZIE BEETZ  
VIVIAN DUGGER.....ANDREW WHEELER

**NON-REGULARS**

BANKER #1.....RICHARD KOY  
BANKER #2.....GARY MACLEAN  
DEBT COLLECTOR (O.S.).....TBD  
~~KEVIN.....LAURENT PITRE~~  
NURSE BRIGGS.....LORI BACHYNSKI  
~~HORSE TRAINER.....TBD~~  
~~MILITIAMAN.....TBD~~  
~~GATOR'S MEN.....TBD~~  
DANCER.....RAVEN MACK

EPISODE #506  
Green Revision - 1/25/23

SETS / LOCATIONS

INTERIORS

OLMSTEAD HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN  
BEDROOM - MORNING  
BATHROOM - MORNING  
KITCHEN - MORNING  
GARAGE - DAY

REDEMPTION SERVICES. MINNEAPOLIS, MN  
CEO OFFICE - NIGHT

~~IRMA'S HOUSE. BISMARCK, ND  
UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY  
STAIRWELL - DAY  
LIVING ROOM - DAY/NIGHT  
KITCHEN - DAY  
HALL - NIGHT~~

TILLMAN RANCH HOUSE. NORTH DAKOTA  
KITCHEN - DAY

ABATTOIR. TILLMAN RANCH - DAY

HOSPITAL. ST. PAUL, MN - DAY  
CAFETERIA - DAY

~~POLICE PRECINCT. SCANDIA, MN  
COMPUTER ROOM - DAY~~

LYON ESTATE. DELLWOOD, MN  
~~LIVING ROOM - DAY~~  
FOYER - NIGHT  
STUDY - NIGHT

~~RODEO RING. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY~~

~~RESTAURANT. SCANDIA, MN - NIGHT~~

~~PICKUP (TRAVELING). NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT~~

~~PROWLER (TRAVELING). MINNESOTA - NIGHT~~

WITT'S STATE TROOPER CAR (PARKED) - DAY

HAMMURABI PAWN SHOP. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY/NIGHT

THE TENDER TRAP. NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT  
PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

EPISODE #506  
Green Revision - 1/25/23

**EXTERIORS**

THE TENDER TRAP. NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT

OLMSTEAD HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - MORNING/NIGHT

TILLMAN RANCH. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

WITT'S STATE TROOPER CAR (PARKED) - DAY

HAMMURABI PAWN SHOP. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

LYON ESTATE. DELLWOOD, MN - NIGHT

RODEO. NORTH DAKOTA - DUSK

RODEO RING. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

~~ROAD. 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. THE TENDER TRAP. NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT

1

CLOSE ON A FLASHING RED DOT

The CAMERA PULLS OUT to find that the dot is the nipple on a cartoon neon breast. As we pull back further we find the breast is attached to a neon silhouette of a stripper, who in turn is part of a NEON SIGN that reads THE TENDER TRAP.

We are outside a strip club.

The camera cranes down to find --

VIVIAN DUGGER

He stumbles out of the club with TWO BUDDIES. The banker has dropped a few grand on "dances" and is feeling good.

Vivian stops. He sees --

ANGLE ON ROY TILLMAN leaning against Vivian's SUV. Roy's Bronco is parked behind it, blocking him in.

ROY TILLMAN

Now I know at least one dancer in there who's got a restraining order against you, Vivian. Five hundred feet.

VIVIAN DUGGER

That's not -- you got old information, Sheriff. Candy moved down to Sioux Falls last month to take care of her mother.

ROY TILLMAN

(winces)

Keepin tabs on the poor girl, huh? Judge isn't gonna like that.

(to the other two)

Get home safe, kids.

The bankers look at Vivian. They would stay and help, but they're cowards.

BANKER

See you at the Elks on Thursday.

They head out. Vivian tries to make himself look big and important.

(CONTINUED)



VIVIAN DUGGER

You got my check, right? The re-  
election fund. Had my girl make it  
out personally last week.

Roy walks behind Vivian, who turns his head, unclear of  
what's happening. From behind him, Roy puts his hands on  
Vivian's shoulders -- a friendly pat -- then STRIPS OFF HIS  
COAT.

It's a cold night. Vivian is wearing a dress shirt, no tie.

VIVIAN DUGGER (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Roy?

The shirt is next. Roy comes around front, pops the buttons  
as he tears it off. Vivian stands topless in the parking lot,  
shivering.

VIVIAN DUGGER (CONT'D)

You can't do this shit anymore,  
Roy. I know the governor now.

Beat. Roy let's him shiver.

ROY TILLMAN

What happens in the life or death  
moments -- is everything comes into  
focus. Are you focused?

Vivian nods.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

You're not gonna sell your bank to  
that woman.

VIVIAN DUGGER

(shivering)

L-l-l-l-lyon?

ROY TILLMAN

T-t-t-hat's right. You're not gonna  
sell, or negotiate, or even call  
her back.

VIVIAN DUGGER

W-w-why?

Roy reaches for Vivian's belt, unbuckles it.

VIVIAN DUGGER (CONT'D)

W-w-w-ait. Ok-k-k.

(CONTINUED)

1

ROY TILLMAN

Get rich another way. Foreclose on some homes. Sell raffle tickets. I don't care, but that woman gets nothing. Are we clear?

Vivian nods, shaking.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Good. Now dance.

VIVIAN DUGGER

What?

Roy throws his coat at him.

ROY TILLMAN

Just kidding. Nobody wants to see that.

He walks to his Bronco, climbs in. Vivian hurries to get his coat on. Over this we hear A VOICEMAIL BEEP, then --

DEBT COLLECTOR (O.S.)

Mrs. Olmstead, Jeremy Irons with Payback, Unlimited. I'm calling about your outstanding Discover Card balance of seventy-two-sixty-nine.

2

INT. BEDROOM. OLMSTEAD HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - MORNING

2

We find INDIRA in bed. She's awake, staring at the ceiling.

DEBT COLLECTOR (O.S.)

We've been patient. More than patient.

3

INT. BATHROOM. OLMSTEAD HOUSE - MORNING

3

Indira brushes her teeth.

DEBT COLLECTOR (O.S.)

But if we can't settle this thing today --

4

INT. KITCHEN. OLMSTEAD HOUSE - MORNING

4

Indira pours herself a coffee.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Scotty flips the pages of a book -- *How to Play Drums in 14 Days!* -- at the table with a bowl of cereal.

DEBT COLLECTOR (O.S.)

-- my next call is to our  
litigation department.

(beat)

Thank you, and please make sure to  
give this call five stars on the  
next survey.

Indira sips her coffee as if it can save her life. Then, fortified, she picks up A GARAGE DOOR REMOTE, points it at the wall, clicks. From the other side of the wall we hear the rumbling of the rising door.

5 EXT. OLMSTEAD HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - SAME TIME

5

We watch the garage door rise, revealing -- LARS OLMSTEAD asleep on his putting green in the garage, wearing only his boxers -- his socked feet towards camera. He comes to life, props himself up on his elbows and, looking past us, sees --

REVERSE ON THE SCHOOL BUS

stopped at the curb. The children look and point.

6 INT. KITCHEN. OLMSTEAD HOUSE - SAME TIME

6

Indira puts down the remote, walks her coffee over towards Scotty.

INDIRA

Looks like you found the cereal.

SCOTTY

Frosted Flakes. Your kid likes em?

INDIRA

Well, kinda. My husband. He can't  
get enough.

SCOTTY

Are you takin me to school?

INDIRA

No school today.

SCOTTY

Is it a holiday?

(CONTINUED)

INDIRA

In a way. But I gotta go ta work,  
so --

LARS comes in, eyes barely open, still shirtless in his  
boxers.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

Slept in the garage again?

Lars goes to the table, sits. He pours Frosted Flakes into a  
bowl, adds milk.

LARS

Ya don't have ta open the door.  
School bus saw me in my drawers.

He eats, talks with his mouthful.

LARS (CONT'D)

Plus, it's freezing out.

INDIRA

(to Scotty)

Hon, can you take the cartoons in  
the living room.

SCOTTY

Want me to clear my bowl?

INDIRA

Please.

Scotty carries the book and the bowl to the sink. She leaves  
the bowl, takes the tablet into the next room.

Indira makes sure she's gone, crosses to Lars. They speak at  
the same time.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

I need you to watch her  
today.

LARS

I want a wife.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

It's just for a few hours. Maybe  
take her to the park, or -- wait,  
what did you say?

Lars spoons more flakes into his mouth.

LARS

I said I want a wife.

(CONTINUED)

INDIRA

I am your wife.

LARS

No. A wife. Someone to keep the house clean and cook.

INDIRA

I cook.

LARS

Cooks good, you know. Who takes care of me when I'm sick and doesn't complain about it. Who wants to know how my day was first, and listens to the answer. A woman who supports me.

INDIRA

Oh, I support you.

LARS

Emotionally, I'm sayin. A wife, you know, who builds my confidence, who -- everything revolves around me -- not -- and I know what you do is important, but I'm important too, you know. My needs. So I can grow, and be the best. A cheerleader, is what I'm -- ya know, a wife who comes to the club fer the socials and doesn't talk about what's a felony and what's a misdemeanor, but trades recipes, right? With the other wives. And who claps when I win, or rubs my back when I don't and says *you'll get em next time, because you're amazing.*

Indira feels a fury rising inside of her, but she stamps it down.

INDIRA

Is that all?

LARS

No.

(leans forward)  
(MORE)

LARS (CONT'D)

I want a wife who takes care of my *other* needs -- my man needs -- when I feel like it, and doesn't say she's tired or her back hurts, and doesn't say *pull out* when I finish, because she's not on the pill, which -- I want a wife who's on the pill.

INDIRA

I can't take the pill. I get blood clots.

LARS

Well, an IUD then. The point is, I'm tired of feelin like I've gotta be everything -- the man and the wife. Like I gotta support you all the time, your feelings, cause your job is hard and you're always saying you hafta pick up extra shifts.

INDIRA

We're one-hundred-and-ninety-two-thousand dollars in debt.

LARS

And that -- a wife who's not always remindin me about -- negative -- negativity. Pressure, you know. When I need to stay positive, cause it's a mental game, right? How far you hit a drive, whether you're in the sandtrap, and you just -- *suck* -- at that. So I wanna wife.

Beat. She stares at him. We expect her to blow, to eviscerate him with her words, but instead she takes her keys off the counter.

INDIRA

I'm late fer work. We'll talk about -- who really needs a wife -- later.

(calls out)

Scotty, hon. I gotta go out. Don't just watch cartoons all day.

SCOTTY

Okay.

Lars gets up, follows her to the front door.

(CONTINUED)

6

LARS

What am I supposed to do with her?  
I got physical therapy, and I'm  
supposed to walk the green at two,  
my guru says, so I can play it with  
my eyes shut.

INDIRA

You're a big boy. Figure it out.

She exits.

7 OMITTED

7

8 OMITTED

8

9 OMITTED

9

10 OMITTED

10

11 OMITTED

11

12 OMITTED

12

13 EXT. TILLMAN RANCH. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

13

We are CLOSE ON THE RED WINDMILL, spinning creakily in the breeze. Everything else is calm. We live with the windmill for a moment.

Behind it, on the ground, we see THE ABATTOIR, a low wooden outbuilding where animals are slaughtered. We DROP DOWN TO IT as GATOR emerges through the front door. He has a kerchief on his face over his mouth and nose. He pulls it down, wipes his face with the back of his hand. He takes out his vape pen, draws deeply, then exhales flavored smoke.

Through the cracked door behind him we see BOWMAN in silhouette. He is punching a SEATED MAN. This is FAKE WAYNE.

BOWMAN

Say it. I'm gonna call Dot and tell  
her to come.

(CONTINUED)

13

FAKE WAYNE

Who the fuck is Dot? I'm just --  
wait -- I got cancer. I need an  
operation. You got the wrong --

Bowman gut punches him. Gator smokes. We hear --

*Snick, snick, snick.*

14

INT. KITCHEN. TILLMAN RANCH HOUSE. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY 14

Newspapers cover a swath of floor, a chair sits in the  
center, a man's legs visible. As we watch HAIR fall to the  
floor. We hear *snick-snick*.

REVEAL: Roy sits in the chair. His wife KAREN is cutting his  
hair. The TWINS are at the table. A MOUNTED TV is on.

KAREN TILLMAN

They're doin it for real this time,  
the jackals. Impeachin that great  
man.

ROY TILLMAN

Not too short over the ears. I got  
the debate on Friday.

KAREN TILLMAN

It gets my goat. Houndin the poor  
man day and night. The twins think  
so too.

JESSICA

We wanna watch cartoons.

ROY TILLMAN

Don't talk back to yer mother.

ANGLE ON THE TV

FOX News is replaced by an AD for WAYNE LYON KIA.

WAYNE

At Wayne Lyon Kia we got the lowest  
prices in town. And I ain't lyin.

ANGLE ON ROY

He studies this man, his rival. Then -- Karen clips his ear.

ROY TILLMAN

Ow. Shit, woman.

(CONTINUED)



KAREN TILLMAN

Oh God. Roy, I'm so sorry. I don't  
know what happened --

He puts his hand to his ear, pulls it back, sees the blood.  
Karen comes at him with a napkin.

KAREN TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Lemme just --

He BACKHANDS HER, gets a dish towel from the sink.

ROY TILLMAN

Those are my mother's napkins.

He presses the dishrag to his ear.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

What happened, *Karen*, is you got  
all caught up in things that don't  
concern you, and you lost sighta  
the job at hand.

She holds her cheek, keeping her eyes low, submissive.

KAREN TILLMAN

Yer right.

ROY TILLMAN

Now it's ten o'clock in the mornin.  
I know these girls have better  
things to do than watch TV like a  
coupla welfare queens.

Karen gathers the girls.

KAREN TILLMAN

Come on, girls. Your daddy's right.  
It's time ta get to yer lessons.

They head out, as GATOR comes in through the outside kitchen  
door, the kerchief still around his neck. He sees Roy holding  
his ear.

GATOR

Thought you were that crazy Swede  
fer a second.

(beat, explains)

On accounta he's missin half an  
ear.

ROY TILLMAN

Very funny.

(CONTINUED)

GATOR

Got Nadine's husband in the box  
when yer ready.

ROY TILLMAN

(icy)  
I'm Nadine's husband.

GATOR

(gulp)  
Sure. That's not -- what I meant  
was -- the car salesman's in the  
abattoir, ready to talk.

ROY TILLMAN

You soften him up?

GATOR

He's still got all his teeth, if  
that's what yer askin, but only  
cause they're in there pretty good.

ROY TILLMAN

Is he cryin like a little girl?

GATOR

He's pissed. I'll tell ya that.  
Called me a few names I ain't heard  
since grade school. Swears we got  
the wrong guy, which is like --  
*nice try, asshole.*

ROY TILLMAN

Thought you said he was soft.

Gator shrugs, grabs an apple from the bowl, takes a bite.

GATOR

Well, he had a pretty good jolt at  
the house, ya know. Finger in the  
ole light socket. Sometimes that  
scrambles the brain. You hear those  
stories, right? My husband ain't  
the man I married since the  
lightning struck.

Roy stares at him. He can't believe this boy sprung from his  
loins.

GATOR (CONT'D)

What?

Roy throws the bloody rag on the counter, grabs his coat,  
heads out the door. Gator follows.

15 EXT. TILLMAN RANCH. NORTH DAKOTA - MOMENTS LATER 15

Roy walks across the property, Gator following. He pulls the kerchief up over his nose and mouth like a western bank robber.

GATOR

We been wearin kerchiefs on our faces so he doesn't recognize us later.

He tries to hand one to Roy, but Roy doesn't take it.

ANGLE ON THE ABATTOIR

A free standing wooden structure near the old windmill. BOWMAN stands outside, smoking a cigarette.

16 INT. ABATTOIR. TILLMAN RANCH - CONTINUOUS 16

Roy enters, Gator folding in behind him, making sure his kerchief is up over his nose and mouth.

Fake Wayne is tied to a chair. His face is bruised, lip bleeding. He spits on the ground.

FAKE WAYNE

Who's this now? King of the idiot brigade?

ANGLE ON ROY

He stops, looks at Fake Wayne, then shakes his head.

FAKE WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what I told these other two morons. You kidnapped the wrong chump. I got friends in high places, and when I'm through with you you're gonna wish you were a horse at the glue factory. Feel me?

Roy PULLS HIS PISTOL, SHOOTS Fake Wayne in the head. Gator jumps.

GATOR

Jesus.

ANGLE ON FAKE WAYNE

His mouth moves, like a fish on dry land. No sound comes out. He's dead, but it takes a second for the blood flow to his brain to stop.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON ROY

He holsters his gun.

GATOR (CONT'D)  
What the hot fuck, dad?

Roy turns to Bowman.

ROY TILLMAN  
(re: Gator)  
I thought you said this one stayed  
in the car.

BOWMAN  
Yup.

ROY TILLMAN  
So you're a leppard, too.

Gator pulls down his kerchief, pissed.

GATOR  
How are we supposed ta get her back  
now? You killed our leverage.

Roy turns on Gator.

ROY TILLMAN  
It's not him, genius. You grabbed  
the wrong patsy.

GATOR  
What? No. We -- I was in the car.  
That's --

He points at Bowman.

GATOR (CONT'D)  
That's his fuck up.

BOWMAN  
He was in the husband's room, this  
guy. Name was on the door. Not sure  
what else I coulda --

GATOR  
(to Roy)  
See?

Roy turns on Gator, not hot, but icy cold.

ROY TILLMAN

I thought you said you saw the car salesman -- in his house -- on Halloween. Said you got a good look at him.

GATOR

I -- it was dark okay. And on fire -- and I --  
(points at Bowman again)  
-- he grabbed him. Said *we got the guy*. It's the, whatdya, power of suggestion.

Roy shakes his head, exits the abattoir.

EXT. TILLMAN RANCH. NORTH DAKOTA - CONTINUOUS

Roy walks back to the house. Gator hurries to keep up.

GATOR

What do we do now?

ROY TILLMAN

You got a bad luck problem, son. Somewhere there's a horseshoe upside down with your name on it.

GATOR

I'm just off my game is all. But you know I'm a winner. All state quarterback, crack shot, knockin down all the pins with my eyes closed. That's your boy, not this puke pile.

Beat. Roy nods. He takes a deep breath, exhales.

ROY TILLMAN

Okay. I think I know where you got that thorn in your paw. Get the car.

Gator is grateful for the reprieve.

GATOR

Where we goin?

ROY TILLMAN

To pay the boogyman.

Off Gator -- what the fuck does that mean?

17A INT/EXT. WITT'S STATE TROOPER CAR (PARKED) - DAY 17A

WITT FARR sits in his parked Prowler, scrolling the vehicle's computer screen. A CANE rests on the seat beside him.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN

We see PAROLE and ARREST information for DONNY IRELAND, deceased. PHOTOS of Donny laying dead in the toilet stall of the filling station, face burned -- as well as a MUG SHOT.

Under EMPLOYMENT, we see "HAMMURABI PAWN SHOP."

17B EXT. HAMMURABI PAWN SHOP. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY 17B

TWO CARS are parked out front. We PUSH IN on the building.

17C INT/EXT. HAMMURABI PAWN SHOP. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY 17C

DORY behind the counter. BABY FACE is making coffee.

BABY FACE

You wanna get ahead in this world  
you gotta be able to hold opposites  
in your head.

DORY

What's that even mean?

BABY FACE

Contradictions. Like -- look at  
this place. People come here and  
they pawn their crap, and they've  
got thirty days to buy it back or  
it's ours. Which means everything  
here is two things at that same  
time -- their stuff and our stuff.

DORY

Like a riddle?

BABY FACE

Exactly. *What we caught we threw  
away. What we didn't catch we kept.*

DORY

What?

BABY FACE

It's a riddle.

Baby Face opens a cabinet, gets down the creamer.

(CONTINUED)

Baby Face closes the cabinet, revealing --

\*

OLE MUNCH

He is standing next to Baby Face.

BABY FACE (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

OLE MUNCH

Lice.

BABY FACE

What?

Munch walks into the main bullpen. There are SEVERAL MANNEQUINS, all with overcoats on. MUNCH looks them over.

ANGLE ON DORY

Her hands move under the counter to the sawed off SHOTGUN.

MUNCH

sees this.

OLE MUNCH

Händer, snälla.

DORY

What?

He stares at her hard. She raises her hands. Munch takes off his coat, replaces it with AN OVERCOAT from one of the mannequins. As he does, he says --

OLE MUNCH

*What we caught we threw away. What we didn't catch we kept. Lice.*

Baby Face nods.

\*

BABY FACE

That's it.

\*

Baby Face moves "casually" behind Munch, slowly angling for her desk -- and the gun in her drawer. She is out of Munch's eye line, but Munch speaks to her.

\*

OLE MUNCH

No.

Baby Face freezes.

OLE MUNCH (CONT'D)

A man said you were looking for me.

BABY FACE

Yes and no. There's a message from  
the sheriff. He wants to meet today  
-- says he'll pay what he owes.  
Plus pain and suffering. Put it all  
in the past.

\*  
\*  
\*

OLE MUNCH

He tells you this?

BABY FACE

I said -- don't know what happened.  
Don't wanna know, but I'll give him  
the message, which -- yer a hard  
man ta find.

OLE MUNCH

A man can be found when he wants to  
be.

BABY FACE

So you'll be there? At the rodeo  
ring? Four o'clock?

Beat. Munch thinks about that.

OLE MUNCH

What grows larger the more you  
contract it?

BABY FACE

Huh?

Beat. Then Dory gets it.

DORY

Wait. It's another riddle.

\*

They hear a DING, turn.

WITT FARR ENTERS

in uniform, walking with his cane. A tense moment for Baby  
Face and Dory.

BABY FACE

Be with you in a second, officer.

(CONTINUED)



Witt looks over.

ANGLE ON THE SHOP

from Witt's POV, Munch is half hidden behind a mannequin.

WITT FARR

That's fine. Take your time.

He settles in near the counter, studying pawned items hanging on the wall.

BABY FACE

turns to Munch, lowers his voice.

BABY FACE

Time to go. We got a deal?

Munch slides a WOMEN'S COAT off one of the mannequins, shrugs it on.

OLE MUNCH

When you tell me the answer, then we will deal.

Baby Face eyes Witt.

BABY FACE

Ater-lay on the iddle-ray, or don't you see the ig-pey?

ANGLE ON WITT

He looks to where Baby Face and Munch stand, sensing tension in their whispered exchange, but Munch remains obscured from him.

OLE MUNCH

What grows larger the more you contract it?

DORY

(*I got it*)  
Syphilis!

He glares at her.

ANGLE ON WITT

He can't help but answer, even if he can't see the man asking the question.

(CONTINUED)

17C

WITT FARR

(to Dory)

Debt. Debt grows larger the more  
you contract it.

CLOSE UP ON MUNCH

He is satisfied.

OLE MUNCH

A man will be there.

He walks to the exit wearing the coat from the mannequin,  
passing Witt. For the first time, Witt sees THE SCAR on  
Munch's face. Time slows down.

He recognizes Munch, freezes, the way a man freezes when a  
shark swims past.

Munch walks out the front door.

CLOSE UP ON WITT

He wills himself to move.

WITT FARR

Wait! Police. Stop.

He hurries to the front door, opens it --

17D

EXT. HAMMURABI PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

17D

-- limps out with his cane, drawing his gun with his other  
hand.

ANGLE ON THE PARKING LOT

It's empty. Munch is gone. Witt spins around. How did he  
vanish so quickly?

17E

INT. HAMMURABI PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

17E

Witt comes back through the door, agitated.

ANGLE ON THE SHOP

Dory is behind the counter, but Baby Face is gone.

WITT

-- still focused on Munch -- doesn't register right away that  
Baby Face has disappeared. He goes to Dory.

(CONTINUED)

WITT FARR

That guy. Who was that guy?

DORY

What guy?

WITT FARR

Huh? No. I need his name -- that  
guy who was just in here -- he's  
wanted for multiple --

(realizes)

Wait. Where's the other --

ANGLE ON DORY

She pulls the SHOTGUN above the counter. Witt, on heightened alert, twists away as she fires, blowing a hole in the front door.

Witt pulls his gun, SHOOTS HER. She flies back. But Witt doesn't have time to relax, because --

THE PAWNED INSTRUMENTS ON THE WALL

behind him explode as --

BABY FACE

comes out from the back with an AR-15. She's not precise, but she doesn't have to be. She sprays the entryway.

WITT

moves faster than he thought possible, dives behind the counter.

He finds himself next to Dory's dead body. *What the fuck is happening here?* But there's no time for thought, because --

ANGLE ON BABY FACE

She walks towards the counter, swapping out the clip for a new one. She aims at the spot where Witt was, FIRES, but --

WITT POPS UP

from the other end of the counter and SHOOTS HER THREE TIMES. Baby Face staggers back, goes down.

ANGLE ON WITT

His heart is racing, as the noise and the smoke clears. *What the fuck just happened?*

18 INT. HOSPITAL. ST. PAUL, MN - DAY

18

Indira, in uniform, talks to NURSE BRIGGS. They are standing in the hall outside a pair of rooms. One was Wayne's. The other was Fake Wayne's.

INDIRA

And you're sayin the patient --

NURSE BRIGGS

Mr. Seymour.

INDIRA

Yer sayin he had surgery scheduled this mornin, but he checked himself out.

NURSE BRIGGS

No. They took him.

INDIRA

Who?

NURSE BRIGGS

Two men. They said they were family.

INDIRA

That happens, right? Patient gets cold feet.

NURSE BRIGGS

Except his wife is hysterical and nobody's seen him since.

Beat. Indira thinks about that, then she notices the NAME ON THE MISSING PATIENT'S DOOR.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

It reads *Wayne Lyon*.

ANGLE ON INDIRA

That's a clue.

NURSE BRIGGS (CONT'D)

And that was the same day those FBI fellas showed up.

INDIRA

FBI?

(CONTINUED)

18

NURSE BRIGGS

Sure, lookin fer that mental patient female, the runaway. They're down in the cafeteria right now, talkin to Mr. Lyon.

19 OMITTED

19

20 OMITTED

20

21 INT. CAFETERIA. HOSPITAL. ST. PAUL, MN - DAY

21

Wayne sits with FBI Agents Joaquin and Meyers. His father, Wink, sits next to him, pouring himself a drink from A FLASK into a plastic cup.

AGENT JOAQUIN

Like I said, we just wanna talk to your wife, make sure she's okay.

WINK

Are you gentlemen quite certain I can't interest you in a gimlet?

AGENT MEYER

(let's "gentlemen" go)

No, thank you.

(to Wayne)

She gave us the slip, but we think she was runnin from someone else.

Wayne thinks about that.

WAYNE

Sorry, I had a -- I'm a little sideways still. Faulty wiring. I think my house burned down.

AGENT MEYER

And we have questions about that. The night in question. What you remember. Neighbors said they saw some trick or treaters fleeing the premises after the flames started.

WAYNE

That's -- fleein, I don't -- you ever see that movie The Nightmare Before Christmas. That was a weird movie. I wanna say I dreamed it, but in real life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

You know how you bob fer apples but  
come up empty? That's what's sittin  
on top of my neck right now.

Meyer and Joaquin look at each other.

AGENT JOAQUIN

Well, sir -- there's no easy way to  
say this --

Wink comes over and sits next to Wayne. He pats him on the  
knee, sips his drink.

AGENT JOAQUIN (CONT'D)

-- Your wife isn't who she says she  
is. Dorothy Lyon. That's what we  
call *an alias* in our line of work.

AGENT MEYER

A cover story. Her real name is  
Nadine Bump.

Beat. Wayne doesn't know how to process that. And yet that  
name sounds familiar for some reason.

WINK

When he was a boy, my son wanted to  
be a ballerina.

Meyer and Joaquin exchange a look.

WINK (CONT'D)

I told him the male of the species  
is called a *ballerino*, but he  
couldn't be swayed.

WAYNE

What do you mean she's not my wife?

AGENT JOAQUIN

No. She's your wife.

AGENT MEYER

But also she isn't.

WAYNE

I'm sorry?

AGENT MEYER

See, she was married previously.

AGENT JOAQUIN  
Still married, some would say.  
Under the law.

AGENT MEYER  
To another man. A bad man. So she  
ran away from him.

AGENT JOAQUIN  
And found her way to you.

AGENT MEYER  
Posing as Dorothy.

WAYNE  
Posing.

AGENT JOAQUIN  
It's a classic scam. You find a  
gravestone in the cemetery. Someone  
who died young and you take over  
their identity. Social security  
number, etcetera.

WAYNE  
Dipping sauces.

AGENT JOAQUIN  
What?

WAYNE  
Nadine. It makes me think of  
chicken nuggets. Nuggets.

The Agents look at each other.

AGENT MEYER  
We think this fella -- the  
original, maybe also simultaneous  
husband -- found her and came after  
her, your wife. That he took her  
that first time last week, and  
then, when she escaped, came for  
her again on Halloween, maybe  
burning your house down in the  
process. And now she's fled. We  
were hoping you might have some  
insight as far as destination or --

Then INDIRA is behind them.

INDIRA  
Mr. Lyon.

The agents look up.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

Indira Olmstead, Scandia PD. You probably got a dozen messages for me on your machine.

AGENT JOAQUIN

We're in the middle of an interview, officer.

INDIRA

On my case. And believe me, you're gonna wanna hear what I've gotta say on the matter.

WAYNE

(to Indira)

Have you seen my wife? She was supposed to visit me today.

Beat. Indira is torn.

INDIRA

No, sir. But I'm sure she's fine. And your daughter.

WAYNE

(to Wink)

Scotty plays the drums.

WINK

Rommel used the sound of drums to drive the enemy mad.

AGENT JOAQUIN

We're done here.

(to Wayne and Wink)

Mr. Lyon, Mr. Lyon. We'll circle back.

(to Indira)

Officer.

They stand, cross the room with Indira.

ANGLE ON WAYNE AND WINK

sitting side by side. Wink pats him on the back lovingly.

WINK

(savors the word)

*Ballerino.*

(CONTINUED)



21

But Wayne has a far off look in his eye, as if a dream has taken over his reality.

22

EXT. RODEO RING. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

22

CATTLE bleat and roar, herded through a MAZE OF CORRALS.

Roy and Gator watch from outside as MEN ON HORSEBACK drive the cattle into a pen where they are tagged with metal ear tabs stamped with the Tillman brand.

A CANVAS BAG sits at Roy's feet.

GATOR

Dad, come on. Yer not payin this guy.

(beat)

Fine. We're upside down. And maybe it's voodoo or whatever. But solve it with a bullet, not -- otherwise, what? We trust this guy? Here's your money, please lift the curse? I don't think so.

ROY TILLMAN

Tried killin him. Now we're bailin water from a sinkin boat. Election's in a week, and we're balls deep on righting old wrongs with Nadine, our dicks in the breeze. We gotta take luck outta the equation. Period. End of story.

Beat. Gator hates it, but he nods, sees --

ANGLE ON OLE MUNCH

as he emerges from the shadows beneath the EMPTY GRANDSTANDS.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Search him, then wait in the car.

GATOR

But --

The look on Roy's face stops him. He approaches Munch.

GATOR (CONT'D)

Lemme see your hands.

Munch puts out his arms. Gator pats him down as best he can with one hand. He puts his head close to Munch's.

(CONTINUED)

GATOR (CONT'D)

(private)

It's not a win. We're callin a  
draw. So don't get cocky.

He shoves him away, then heads inside.

Munch approaches Roy as a breeding bull is paraded by.

ROY

I'm in the market for a bull.  
There's a science to it, they tell  
me, but I like to go on instinct.  
It was good enough for my father,  
and his father before him.

OLE MUNCH

We have business.

ROY TILLMAN

Christ. Look at the cock on that  
monster.

OLE MUNCH

Meat is meat.

Beat. Roy looks at him for the first time.

ROY TILLMAN

You don't talk much. I like that.

OLE MUNCH

A man has only so many words in his  
lifetime. For us there are very few  
left.

Roy kicks the satchel at his feet towards Munch.

ROY TILLMAN

Plus interest. Cause we got  
sideways. See, I didn't make your  
deal. But if I had I woulda been  
clear. That woman's like a tick.  
Can't crush her. Can't pull her  
clean. Suffocation, that's the key.  
Or fire. I swear, if I had a nickel  
fer every time she found daylight  
when I thought she was buried.  
Never had a problem before or  
since, breakin a woman, but that  
one -- what did you call her?

OLE MUNCH

A tiger.

(CONTINUED)

ROY TILLMAN

Right. All the while you think yer hunting her, but turns out yer the mouse and she's just playin with her supper.

(beat)

Prolly I shoul da just let her be, but --

(beat)

I think about it sometimes. Most nights. Like an itch ya can't scratch on the inside a yer skull.

Beat. Munch thinks about that.

OLE MUNCH

When a man digs a grave he has to fill it, otherwise it's just a hole.

Roy nods, turns back to the ring. Munch picks up the bag, leaves.

EXT. RODEO. NORTH DAKOTA - DUSK

Munch emerges to find Gator leaning against his car. He straightens when he sees Munch appear, carrying the satchel.

GATOR

Happy now, shitbird? You got yer money? People are dead. Good men and yer still wanderin the earth, breathin air they should be breathin.

Munch opens the trunk, puts the bag inside.

OLE MUNCH

A boy complains because he thinks the world is unfair. He cries to his mother when the toy breaks or the knee is skinned.

He slams the trunk.

GATOR

Fuck that. You're the one who's gonna be cryin.

Munch goes to the driver's side, opens the door.

OLE MUNCH

A man knows better. The things that happen happen. Who lives and who dies. You don't yell at the boulder for being a rock.

He sits into the car, tries to close the door. Gator holds it.

GATOR

You want the last word? Here it is -  
- see ya soon, asshole.

He releases the door, steps back. Munch slams it.

ANGLE ON GATOR

watching, a slight smile on his face.

ANGLE ON THE CAR

The camera drops down and we see a TRACKER (red light flashing) inside the wheel well, as Munch puts the car in gear and drives away.

23A

INT. CAFETERIA. HOSPITAL. ST. PAUL, MN - NIGHT

23A

Indira sits with Agents Meyer and Joaquin.

AGENT JOAQUIN

His name is Roy Tillman. He's the sheriff of Stark County, North Dakota. Dorothy Lyon was his wife.

AGENT MEYER

Under her legal name, Nadine Bump.

AGENT JOAQUIN

She disappeared eleven years ago, until now presumed dead.

(CONTINUED)

They show her the newspaper with Roy's photo on the front page. She blinks in surprise.

INDIRA

I saw him. Yesterday. At the Lyon Estate.

Beat. The agents look at each other.

AGENT JOAQUIN

What was he doing there?

INDIRA

Lookin fer his wife, I'm guessing.

AGENT MEYER

He's a real *I am the law* type, her husband.

AGENT JOAQUIN

Except his version of the law is ordering a million dollars in tactical gear and weapons on the tax payer's dollar, and then gifting them to a right wing militia.

AGENT MEYER

Run by Roy's father-in-law.

AGENT JOAQUIN

*Current* father-in-law.

ANGLE ON INDIRA

She gets it, but at the same time it doesn't make sense.

INDIRA

But how's Dorothy gonna help you with that? She hasn't been Missus Tillman for ten years.

AGENT MEYER

He runs a tight ship, the sheriff.

AGENT JOAQUIN

Nobody talks.

AGENT MEYER

And people disappear. Nadine --

AGENT JOAQUIN

Mrs. Lyon --

AGENT MEYER

She knows the players, maybe even where the bodies are buried. We use her to flip them.

Joaquin points to a photo of Gator and Bowman.

AGENT JOAQUIN

The son or the ranch foreman.

Beat. Agent Meyer studies Indira.

AGENT MEYER

Do you know where she is?

Indira tells the truth.

INDIRA

I do not.  
(beat, thinking)

(CONTINUED)

INDIRA (CONT'D)

What about the abuse? The fact that he used to beat her, or the current crimes -- the kidnapping attempts, conspiracy to kill a North Dakota state trooper. Or -- I mean -- this bystander they grabbed up yesterday. Probably took him back to the ranch, thinking he's Wayne. I say we get a warrant and go there now. Today. God knows what they're gonna do with him when they realize he's a fake.

AGENT JOAQUIN

And if he's not there?

AGENT MEYER

Then we showed our hand. He closes ranks, and Mister --

INDIRA

-- Seymour.

AGENT MEYER

He ends up thrown off a cliff in Wyoming, never to be seen again.

(CONTINUED)

Beat. Indira thinks about that.

AGENT JOAQUIN  
If you see her --

INDIRA  
I'll call. That's how this works,  
right? You help me. I help you. And  
we all help Dorothy --  
(smiles)  
-- you know, the victim.

24 OMITTED

24

25 INT. GARAGE. OLMSTEAD HOUSE - NIGHT

25

Lars is hitting golf balls. Scotty comes out.

SCOTTY  
I'm bored.

LARS  
Uh-huh.

He hits another ball. She walks around the garage. There is a tarp thrown over something.

SCOTTY  
What's this?

He doesn't answer. She pulls off the tarp. It's A DRUM KIT -- Lars's last dream. He notices.

LARS  
Don't touch that.

He puts down the club. Goes to a locker he keeps in the garage.

SCOTTY  
How come?

LARS  
It's not a toy. It's a tool.

He slips off his t-shirt, sprays on some cologne, and pulls on a new IZOD.

(CONTINUED)



25

SCOTTY

Then why do they say *play* the  
drums.

He slams the locker.

LARS

I gotta go out for a while, see my  
physical therapist.

He opens the garage door. His car is in the driveway.

SCOTTY

What about dinner?

LARS

She'll bring something probably.  
Okay. Don't burn the house down.

He walks out, triggers the door.

ANGLE ON SCOTTY

From outside as the door closes, erasing her.

A NEW ANGLE

Inside the garage. Beat. Scotty takes a pair of drumsticks,  
sits behind the kit, adjusts the seat, the toms. She has been  
abandoned here in this strange house, her mother gone, her  
father in the hospital. But she is her mother's daughter, so  
she doesn't despair. She clicks off a four count and starts  
to play.

26	OMITTED	26
27	OMITTED	27
28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29
30	OMITTED	30
31	OMITTED	31

32 OMITTED 32

33 OMITTED 33

34 OMITTED 34

35 OMITTED 35

36 OMITTED 36

37 OMITTED 37

38 OMITTED 38

39 OMITTED 39

39A INT. HAMMURABI PAWN SHOP. NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT 39A

Filled with STATE POLICE now. A pair of CORONERS tend to Baby Face's body, still on the floor, and Dory's behind the counter. FORENSIC TECHS work the scene.

ANGLE ON WITT

He is sitting on the edge of a desk, still trying to figure out what just happened.

The DOOR DINGS.

ANGLE ON ROY TILLMAN

He walks in, looks around.

ROY TILLMAN

Hot cheese. What happened here?

He studies Baby Face's death grimace. It's hard to tell what Roy's thinking -- but he's not happy. Then he looks up.

ANGLE ON WITT

from Roy's POV. He looks shaken, his cane leaning against the desk next to him.

Roy approaches.

(CONTINUED)

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

Not the day you thought you were gonna have, huh?

Witt recognizes Roy.

WITT FARR

No, sir.

Roy offers his hand.

ROY TILLMAN

Roy Tillman, County Sheriff.

WITT FARR

Oh, I know who you are, sir. Can't miss those billboards.

ROY TILLMAN

What's your name, son?

WITT FARR

(doesn't like "son")  
Deputy Witt Farr.

ROY TILLMAN

You wanna walk me through things, Witt. I'm sure it was a good shoot, just need to hear it from you.

WITT FARR

Well, sir. You're not my supervisor. We're not even in the same department. So the chain of command here --

ROY TILLMAN

Humor me. The dead gal by the door was one of my CIs. So I need to hear the story.

WITT FARR

Roger. Well, I came in looking for intel on a perp, Donny Ireland --

ROY TILLMAN

-- the corpse from the filling station.

WITT FARR

Right. Well, that was my -- I was there that night, and I'm just tryin ta add it up. Who kidnapped Mrs. Lyon and why.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

So I looked up Donny's parole file.  
He listed this place as his  
employer, so --

ROY TILLMAN

So you shook em down and they  
started shootin.

WITT FARR

No, sir. I came in on task, and  
there was a third fella here. A  
tense standoff of some kind.  
Resolved quickly, but when he  
walked past me I recognized him --  
it was the other guy, from the  
fillin station. Same scar on his  
right cheek. Fresh, ya know. So I  
went out after him, but he was  
gone. And when I come back in ta  
get an ID from the deceased they  
just start shootin.

Beat. Roy thinks about this.

ROY TILLMAN

Not sure I agree a hundred percent  
with yer police work there, kid.

WITT FARR

Sir?

ROY TILLMAN

Your ID was bogus. See, we got the  
second shooter from the Gas and Go.  
Just the other night. His wife  
called in the tip.

WITT FARR

You captured him?

Roy shakes his head.

ROY

Took him down.

WITT FARR

He's dead?

ROY TILLMAN

Which means, I'm less clear now  
than when I walked in what kind of  
wild west throwdown you started on  
the premises. Considerin that I put  
a bullet in yer suspect myself.

(CONTINUED)

WITT FARR  
(head spinning)  
But I saw him.

ROY TILLMAN  
Who you gonna believe? Your eyes or  
your superior.

WITT FARR  
With all due respect. You're not my  
superior.

Roy smiles without warmth.

ROY TILLMAN  
Sure I am. Now I gotta go back to  
the office to write this up. I'll  
leave you here to rethink yer story  
given this new intel.  
(exhales)  
Wouldn't wanna be you, but hey. At  
least it's a black man doin the  
shootin this time. That's gotta  
feel good.

He walks away.

ANGLE ON WITT

He's trying to process this.

WITT FARR  
Sir?

Roy stops.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)  
You got a son, don't you?

ROY TILLMAN  
Why?

WITT FARR  
Gator.

ROY TILLMAN  
Where you goin with this, deputy?

WITT FARR

No. Nothin. Just, he keeps turnin up everywhere on this thing. The hospital. State police evidence locker. And now yer here. And the guy I just shot is your CI and you say you killed my suspect last night -- alone.

Beat. Roy studies Witt, assessing the level of threat he will pose. Then he shrugs.

ROY TILLMAN

Just doin yer job. Yer welcome. And I'll be sure to pass yer gratitude on to my son, too. Good luck with the inquisition.

He leaves.

CLOSE UP ON WITT

He doesn't like any of this.

39B INT. CEO OFFICE. REDEMPTION SERVICES. MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT 39B

LORRAINE LYON is at her desk. DANISH GRAVES knocks, enters.

DANISH GRAVES

Problem maybe. Vivian or his man. They won't take my call. Out of the office, his girl said. Unreachable.

LORRAINE

Unreachable.

DANISH GRAVES

*Indefinitely* unreachable.

Beat. She thinks about that.

LORRAINE

What are they up to?

DANISH GRAVES

Holdin our feet to the fire maybe? Playin hard ta get. And then there's this.

He holds up a torn shirt.

LORRAINE

What is that?

(CONTINUED)

DANISH GRAVES

Dress shirt, I think. Pink.  
Somebody left it for ya at  
reception before the rooster.

LORRAINE

For me.

He brings it closer. She studies it.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

It's monogrammed.

DANISH GRAVES

(looks)

So it is.

(reads)

V.D.

(beat, remembers)

And this note.

He hands it to her. It's folded. She opens it, reads.

LORRAINE

Security saw this?

DANISH GRAVES

Yup. They got a handwritin guy  
workin on it, they said. See if  
they can track the author. What  
does it mean, you think? *Not on my  
watch.* And what's with the silver  
star?

LORRAINE

It means the deal's off. Thanks to  
Dorothy's husband.

DANISH GRAVES

Wayne?

LORRAINE

No. Idiot. The first husband. The  
sheriff. I didn't give him what he  
wanted, so this is tit for that.

A KNOCK. They turn.

JEROME is there, pushing WAYNE LYON in a wheelchair.

JEROME

Look who's up and around.

(CONTINUED)

LORRAINE

Not now.

DANISH GRAVES

(scolds)

Mrs. Lyon.

(to Wayne)

Hey there, slugger. How're you  
feelin'?

WAYNE

Confused.

LORRAINE

(to Jerome)

Thought you were taking him to the  
house.

JEROME

Yes, ma'am, but he wanted to see  
you.

WAYNE

I wanna go home. My home.

LORRAINE

Sorry. Your wife burned the house  
down.

JEROME

I told him. He keeps asking for  
her. Mrs. Lyon, the other.

LORRAINE

She left town for a few days.  
Sightseein. Scotty went with her.  
They said you're supposed to rest.  
So Jerome's gonna take ya home. We  
made up your old room.

She nods to Jerome, who wheels Wayne towards the door.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I'll be home later, and we can  
visit. Chef's making boeuf  
bourguignon with those little  
onions you like.

That cheers him up. After he's gone --

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Get me Vivian's cell number. I  
don't care how, and then gas up the  
Porsche.

(CONTINUED)



DANISH GRAVES

Where am I going?

LORRAINE

To steal an election.

40 EXT. OLMSTEAD HOUSE - NIGHT

40

Indira's prowler pulls up. She gets out. She can hear DRUMMING from inside.

She leans into the car, hits the garage remote. The door opens, revealing Scotty. She's been playing for an hour already.

She looks up, stops playing, as Indira comes in.

INDIRA

Look at you.

SCOTTY

This is a nice kit.

INDIRA

It oughta be. It cost enough. That was his last dream, Mr. Pie in the Sky. How was your day?

SCOTTY

Super boring.

Indira looks around.

INDIRA

Where's Lars?

SCOTTY

(shrugs)  
He left.

INDIRA

He --

SCOTTY

Physical therapy or something. But that was like an hour ago. Did you bring dinner?

INDIRA

What's the last thing you ate?

(CONTINUED)

40

SCOTTY

I had some crackers before. Like at lunch.

CLOSE UP ON INDIRA

So many things are wrong with this, but what she's focused on is that she's supposed to be keeping Scotty safe, and this feels like the opposite of that.

She nods.

INDIRA

Okay. Get your stuff.

SCOTTY

Where are we going?

INDIRA

To grandma's.

41 OMITTED

41

42 EXT. LYON ESTATE. DELLWOOD, MN - NIGHT

42

The prowler pulls into the driveway. Indira sees the large SECURITY TEAM guarding the grounds.

INDIRA

Yeah, you'll be safe here.

43 INT. FOYER. LYON ESTATE. DELLWOOD, MN - NIGHT

43

WINK pours himself a drink while JEROME answers the door.

Indira, still in uniform, comes in with Scotty.

INDIRA

Look who I found.

ANGLE ON WAYNE

His head pops around the corner. He sees Scotty.

SCOTTY

Daddy!

She runs to him. He hugs her.

ANGLE ON LORRAINE

(CONTINUED)

43

as she comes out of her office. She clears her throat for attention and signals to Indira when she looks over. *Come talk to me.*

44

INT. STUDY. LYON ESTATE - NIGHT

44

Indira comes in. Lorraine sits.

LORRAINE  
Close the door.

Indira closes the door, comes over.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
What, did her mother have her turning tricks outside the Savemart?

INDIRA  
I'm sorry?

LORRAINE  
Don't do that. Women who apologize for things that aren't their fault might as well have *Welcome Mat* written on their faces.

Indira sits.

INDIRA  
Now you tell me.

Indira has a file folder with her. She puts it on the table between them.

LORRAINE  
What's that?

INDIRA  
That's the history of your daughter-in-law, written in punches and chokeholds.

LORRAINE  
I'm sure I don't need to see that. People who claim to be victims are the downfall of this country.

INDIRA  
Mrs. Lyon, have you ever in your life heard your daughter-in-law say she was a victim. Of anything?

(CONTINUED)

Off Lorraine. Clearly the answer is no.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

You may not like it, but sometimes crimes are committed against people. They're victimized. And it's not their fault.

LORRAINE

I told him not to marry her. This whole sordid mess.

INDIRA

You're saying when a woman is abused -- if she manages to escape -- she should move to the woods and live in a tree, free from the burdens of basic human contact? God forbid she gets a fresh start, a good man to wash out the taste of the bad.

LORRAINE

I don't like your tone.

INDIRA

Tough shit. Some of us work for a living and go home to empty houses, or houses that should be empty, but instead are filled with the dirty underpants of our man-child spouses. Your problem is you think you're rich cause you're better than me.

LORRAINE

Oh, please.

INDIRA

But we're the same. Up before dawn, makin our mark on the world. You know who you're really in sync with? Dorothy.

Lorraine makes a face.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know you don't wanna see it, but let me tell you what I see -  
- a woman who outsmarted two kidnappers -- killed one of them, and nearly killed the other -- and who probably saved your son and granddaughter's life when they came at her again at the house. I see a woman who doesn't quit, no matter what -- who won't be silenced, and -  
- unlike you -- who never complains. Even when her mother-in-law has her committed to a mental hospital.

She stands, grabs her hat.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

So I brought you her file so at least you can be an *educated* asshole.

Beat. Lorraine studies her.

LORRAINE

Come work for me.

INDIRA

What?

LORRAINE

You saw the security team. All those dicks. Think about how that looks for a woman in my position.

INDIRA

Come be window dressin, that's the offer?

LORRAINE

No. Come run the security team, be their boss. I know you need the money --

(beat)

I can help with your debt, consolidate it, set up a payment schedule, get the jackals off your back. Name your price.

Indira's head is spinning.

(CONTINUED)

INDIRA

That's -- I've got a job.

LORRAINE

Cleaning vomit out of the back of a squad car. And look at what they make you wear. I'm talking about a white collar salary with benefits, running a team of agents, traveling the world. You can't seriously turn that down. Otherwise, you and I are nothing alike.

Beat. Indira tries to regain control of the moment.

INDIRA

It's kind of you.

LORRAINE

No, it's not. It's smart. Take the job.

INDIRA

I'm gonna -- I've gotta think about it, if that's --

LORRAINE

Don't ask for permission.

INDIRA

Right. I'm gonna think about it, and then -- in the meantime -- think about what I said. About Dorothy. She's out there somewhere, and she's not askin fer help, but she needs it.

LORRAINE

You've got twenty-four hours, or the opportunity disappears. That's how the world works. This brief window.

Indira nods.

INDIRA

Thank you.

Lorraine smiles.

LORRAINE

Bet you didn't think you were gonna say that and mean it when you walked in here.

A45 INT. THE TENDER TRAP. NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT A45

We PUSH DOWN a LONG HALLWAY towards a --

45 INT. PRIVATE ROOM. THE TENDER TRAP - CONTINUOUS 45

We find VIVIAN DUGGER in a booth. He's getting a lap dance. His eyes are closed. A MAN IN A SUIT approaches, stands over them. Vivian opens his eyes.

The man is DANISH GRAVES. He holds out his CELL PHONE.

DANISH GRAVES

Mr. Dugger. I have a call for you.

VIVIAN

What?

Danish pulls five hundred dollar bills (folded) from his front suit pocket, holds it up for THE DANCER. She abandons the lap dance, takes it, leaves.

DANISH GRAVES

(to Vivian)

Danish Graves, Redemption Services, in case you forgot. I have Mrs. Lyon on the phone for you.

VIVIAN

What?

Danish puts the phone in Vivian's hand. Reluctantly, Vivian lifts it to his ear.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

46 INT. STUDY. LYON ESTATE - SAME TIME 46

Lorraine stands by the window, on the phone.

LORRAINE

Are your balls in your belly looking for a safe place to hide? Good. Listen to me, I'm pulling the offer. That hundred million dollars is going to *Mesa Prudential* out in Flagstaff.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

What you get instead is the full might of the federal government reading the shit stains in your underwear like tea leaves.

VIVIAN

Mrs. Lyon.

LORRAINE

Quiet. A grown up is talking. I called the SEC Chairman personally, and, as we speak, two dozen federal agents are in your office seizing your books. They've also frozen every business and personal bank account you've got -- so I hope you didn't give all your walking around money to that stripper. Plus, I see your son is starting his freshman year at Notre Dame, except -- whoops, you're late on tuition, so --

A BEEP comes on the line.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

-- that beep you're hearing is your son on the other line calling to tell you he's been expelled.

VIVIAN

Mrs. Lyon, please.

LORRAINE

Oh, *please*. That's your secret weapon? You wanna know what your mistake was? It was thinking death was the worst thing that could happen to you. So congratulations, the sheriff's not gonna kill you. Instead you're gonna live the rest of your days in squalor, surrounded by the dead-eyed stares of your futureless children.

She hangs up.

IN THE STRIP CLUB

A stunned Vivian hands the phone back to Danish, who takes it, smiles.

DANISH GRAVES

Have a nice night.

(CONTINUED)



46

He exits.

47

INT. STUDY. LYON ESTATE - NIGHT

47

Lorraine pours herself a drink. She crosses to the sofa, sits, hearing Scotty and Wayne laughing in the next room. Beat. Her eyes fall on --

ANGLE ON DOT'S FBI FOLDER

It's fat, pregnant with horrors.

ANGLE ON LORRAINE

Against her will she puts down her drink, picks it up. She opens it.

LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER

We see black and white photos of Dorothy, born Nadine -- facial bruises, body bruises -- as well as hospital records -- broken arm, broken jaw. Pages and pages.

CLOSE UP ON LORRAINE

Like the Grinch, her heart swells three sizes seeing the volume of brutal history. Some long dormant empathy she thought she'd destroyed rises in her chest.

Her jaw tightens. We see it happen, the moment she decides to destroy Roy, not for what he did to her business, but for what he's done to her family. To this young, inexhaustible woman who never surrenders, never complains.

Lorraine looks up, right into lens, and the righteous fury in her eyes would scare the shit out of the Devil.

END OF EPISODE 506