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EPISODE: #501  
SCRIPT: #501  
PRODUCTION: #5001

**F A R G O**

"The Tragedy of the Commons"

Episode #501

Written by

Noah Hawley

**YELLOW REVISION - 11/18/22**  
**PINK DRAFT - 10/11/22**  
**BLUE REVISION - 9/14/22**  
**WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 9/1/22**

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 #501  
 Yellow Revision - 11/18/22

**REVISION HISTORY**

YELLOW REVISION	11/18/22
PINK DRAFT	10/11/22
BLUE REVISION	9/14/22
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	9/1/22
STUDIO DRAFT	2/15/22

**Notes:**

**YELLOW REVISIONS**

- Sc. 38 dialogue changes, description changes, Jerome added to scene
- Sc. 40 location change

**PINK REVISIONS**

- Sc. 2 dialogue changes, Latin translation
- Sc. 5 description changes
- Sc. 11 time of day change, description changes
- Sc. 12 description changes
- Sc. A14 added, establisher
- Sc. 15 description changes
- Sc. 18 description changes
- Sc. 19 description changes, dialogue changes
- Sc. 20 description change
- Sc. 26 character name change
- Sc. 27 time of day change, description change
- Sc. 28 dialogue change
- Sc. 29 description changes
- Sc. 30 dialogue change
- Sc. 33 description changes
- Sc. 34 description changes
- Sc. 36 description changes
- Sc. 38 location change, description change, removed Jerome from scene
- Sc. 40 time of day change, description change
- Sc. 41 description change
- Sc. 42 dialogue changes
- Sc. 43 description changes, dialogue changes, added Gator to scene
- Sc. 44 description changes
- Sc. 44A added, establisher
- Sc. 45 description changes, added Pace, Brandy, and Lemley to scene

**BLUE REVISIONS**

- Sc. 12 dialogue changes, description changes
- Sc. 13 dialogue changes, description changes
- Sc. 38 dialogue changes, description changes
- Sc. 45 description changes, added Bowman to scene

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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  
 SCOTTY LYON.....SIENNA KING  
 JEROME PUGH.....KUDJO FIAKPUI  
 DANISH GRAVES.....DAVE FOLEY

**RECURRING/GUEST STARS**

MICK THIGPEN.....JAMES MADGE  
 DONNY IRELAND.....DEVON BOSTICK  
 LARS OLMSTEAD.....LUKAS GAGE  
 WINK LYON.....JAN BOS  
 KAREN TILLMAN.....REBECCA LIDDIARD  
 TILLMAN TWIN #1 .....BROOKE SAUVE  
 TILLMAN TWIN #2 .....QUINN SAUVE  
 BOWMAN.....CONRAD COATES  
 BRANDY.....SALLY BISHOP  
 PACE.....ERIK ERMANTROUT  
 LEMLEY.....STEPHEN JOFFE

**NON-REGULARS**

BRYN GLAS.....SAM SPRUELL  
 UNCLE.....STUART BENTLEY  
 PRIEST.....GLEN PATRICK GASTON  
 WEALTHY PATRIARCH.....WILLIAM BUD KLASKY  
 MOURNER #1.....MARTIN KVAPIL  
 MOURNER #2.....STEPHANIE K CHABENIU  
 MOURNER #3.....TBD  
 MOURNER #4.....TBD  
 MR. ABERNATHY.....JASON LONG  
 SCHOOL BOARD MEMBER #1.....PATRICK CHAN  
 SCHOOL BOARD MEMBER #2.....KAILEY HYMAN  
 SCHOOL BOARD MEMBER #3.....JIM SINCLAIR  
 SCHOOL BOARD MEMBER #4.....JENNIFER CLARKE  
 ADMINISTRATOR (WITH GAVEL).....GORDON H RIX  
 SCANDIA PD #1.....ROD COULTER  
 SCANDIA PD #2.....JJ PARK  
 SCANDIA PD #3.....JONATHAN NICKERSON  
 DAD #1.....SIMON BURNETT  
 DAD #2.....MARCUS AURELIO  
 DAD #3.....LEIF HAVDALE  
 DAD #4.....JON KRALT

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NON-REGULARS (Cont'd)

DAD #5.....	DAN RIZZUTO
MOM #1.....	LINDSEY DIETZ
MOM #2.....	ANDREA ROSS
MOM #3.....	TAYLOR HENRICH
SPEAKER.....	JAESON LEE
TEACHER #1.....	PATRICK SCHMEIKAL
TEACHER #2.....	DANNY HOSPES
TEACHER #3.....	MARNY ENG
CRYING CHILD #1.....	KATELYN WONG
CRYING CHILD #2.....	CLAIRE WONG
BOOKING COP (PHOTO).....	DARRYL STOGRE
BOOKING COP (PRINTS).....	DANIEL SPARKS
<del>MORNING SHOW HOST #1.....</del>	<del>TBD</del>
<del>MORNING SHOW HOST #2.....</del>	<del>TBD</del>
IRON "MIKE" OX.....	MATTHEW MYLREA
CLERK.....	TRE DAVIES
PHOTOGRAPHER.....	BRENT GILL
GORDIE MCINTYRE.....	WIL KNOLL
SERVANT.....	COLETTE NWACHI
ROY'S MOTHER.....	TBD
ROY'S FATHER.....	TBD
ROY'S UNCLE #1.....	TBD
ROY'S UNCLE #2.....	TBD
RANCH HAND.....	TBD
<del>OTHER RAND HANDS.....</del>	<del>TBD</del>
<del>ROY'S SON #1.....</del>	<del>TBD</del>
<del>ROY'S SON #2.....</del>	<del>TBD</del>

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**SETS / LOCATIONS**

**INTERIORS**

NOBLE MAN'S HOUSE. WALES (1522)  
DEN - NIGHT

MIDDLE SCHOOL. SCANDIA, MN  
AUDITORIUM - DAY

POLICE CAR. SCANDIA, MN - DAY

POLICE PRECINCT. SCANDIA, MN  
JAIL CELL - DAY

WAYNE'S CAR (STOPPED) - DUSK

LYON ESTATE. DELLWOOD, MN  
DEN - NIGHT  
DINING ROOM - NIGHT  
LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN  
SCOTTY'S ROOM - NIGHT  
BEDROOM - NIGHT/DAY  
KITCHEN - MORNING/DAY/DAWN  
LIVING ROOM - DAY  
UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY  
ENTRYWAY - DAY/DAWN

PICKUP TRUCK (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

POLICE PROWLER (STOPPED) - NIGHT

FILLING STATION. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA  
BATHROOM - NIGHT

OLMSTEAD HOUSE. MINNESOTA  
KITCHEN - NIGHT  
GARAGE - NIGHT

COWBOY CHURCH. NORTH DAKOTA - MORNING

TILLMAN HOUSE. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

**EXTERIORS**

NOBLE MAN'S HOUSE. WALES - NIGHT (1522)

POLICE PRECINCT. SCANDIA, MN - DUSK

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**EXTERIORS (Cont'd)**

LYON ESTATE. DELLWOOD, MN - DAY TO NIGHT

RURAL ROAD. MINNESOTA - DAY TO NIGHT

LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - DAY

FIELD - NIGHT

FILLING STATION. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT

OLMSTEAD HOUSE. MINNESOTA - NIGHT

RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

COWBOY CHURCH. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

TILLMAN RANCH. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY

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. NOBLE MAN'S HOUSE. WALES - NIGHT (1522) 1

The Welsh countryside on a dark night in the 16th Century. We see a mossy stone house. Candle light is visible inside the windows.

We PUSH IN.

2 INT. DEN. NOBLE MAN'S HOUSE. WALES - NIGHT (1522) 2

We are CLOSE ON FOOD laid out on an oak table. Mutton, potatoes, bread. As we watch A MAN in formal mourning dress, UNCLE (50s) lumps food onto a wooden plate.

Around the room, candles are lit. Mourners are gathered. An OPEN COFFIN has been laid out in the living room. Inside lays A WEALTHY PATRIARCH with coins on his eyes.

Sitting beside the coffin is A PEASANT (30s), BRYN GLAS, threadbare, soot-faced. He shifts uncomfortably, as if he does not want to be here. But Bryn Glas is in debt to the Crown, and has agreed to do a task to avoid being thrown into a debtor's prison.

UNCLE

brings the plate over, lays it on the dead man's chest.

A PRIEST

standing behind Uncle, addresses the room.

PRIEST

Whoa unto man, for he has sinned in  
the eyes of the Lord. And for this  
wickedness he must pay.

Around the room, people cross themselves. Some kiss rosaries or crucifixes. The Priest turns to Bryn.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

In forgiveness of your debts to  
man, will you consume his  
Lordship's sins to God?

Bryn nods.

UNCLE

You must say it.

(CONTINUED)



2 CONTINUED:

2

BRYN  
(to the Priest)  
I will.

PRIEST  
You may begin.

Bryn looks at Uncle, who nods towards the plate. Bryn reaches out, takes bread from the plate, puts it in his mouth.

Somewhere a woman moans.

UNCLE  
More.

Bryn takes another small piece, but it's not enough. Uncle grabs food from the plate with his hand, forces it into Bryn's mouth.

UNCLE (CONT'D)  
Say it.

BRYN  
(as he chews)  
I give easement and rest now to  
thee, dear man --

UNCLE  
-- that ye walk not over the fields  
--

BRYN  
that ye walk not over the fields,  
and down the by-ways.

UNCLE  
And for --

BRYN  
And for thy peace I pawn my own  
soul.

ANGLE ON THE CORPSE

It seems to exhale -- onto a WOODEN CUP OF WINE that Uncle has placed to its lips. REVEAL: Uncle's other hand PRESSES DOWN on the CORPSE'S CHEST.

UNCLE

lifts the cup to Bryn's lips, forcing him to drink, wine spilling down his face onto his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

Behind him the Priest speaks in Latin.

PRIEST  
Factum est illud, fieri  
infectum non potest.

SUBTITLE  
It is done and cannot be  
undone.

He SHOVES two coins into Bryn's palm, pushes him towards the door.

As Bryn stands to leave, the dead man's FAMILY rushes forward, takes his bowl, plate, cup and utensils and THROW THEM IN THE FIRE.

ANGLE ON THE FIRE

The tainted things burn.

3 EXT. NOBLE MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (1522) 3

A cold night. Bryn pulls his coat around him. He turns to look back at the house.

ANGLE ON THE HOUSE

The windows are filled with the faces of the mourners, all staring out at him.

CLOSE UP ON BRYN

Now he is poor and damned.

MUSIC UP: "I've Seen All Good People," by Yes.

OVER BLACK:

4 WE SEE THE FOLLOWING TEXT: 4

*Minnesota Nice:*

1) *an aggressively pleasant demeanor, often forced, in which a person is chipper and self-effacing, no matter how bad things get.*

CUT TO:

5 INT. AUDITORIUM. MIDDLE SCHOOL. SCANDIA, MN - DAY 5

A school board meeting in chaos. In foreground, TWO DADS argue heatedly. Behind them, on stage, FOUR SCHOOL BOARD MEMBERS ARGUE amongst themselves at a long folding table.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

A FIFTH stands at a podium, banging a gavel, trying to be heard. There is A SCREEN behind the board members that reads WELCOME PARENTS! THEATER SETS for a stage production of *A Nightmare Before Christmas* have been pushed to the side.

We PUSH THROUGH the two dads and MOVE in SLOW MOTION through A CROWD AT WAR. A man is screaming into a microphone, while other men try to drag him away.

FIST FIGHTS have broken out in the crowd. A SOCCER MOM punches another MOM. A few crying children, their PARENTS SCREAMING into each other's faces.

The CAMERA MOVES through the mayhem -- the action slowed almost to frozen -- and finds DOROTHY "DOT" LYON in the audience. She stares at the madness of her neighbors in shock. Dot has the countenance of a woman who is the first one up in the morning -- tending to husband and child -- and the last one to bed at night.

Her nine-year-old daughter SCOTTY is next to her. She takes her hand.

DOT

Come on, Scotty. Anybody tries to stop us, just bite em on the ankle.

She gets out of the row, and starts up the aisle. In front of her, somebody's BALDING DENTIST FATHER is shoved across the aisle. A MAN with a WALRUS MUSTACHE charges after him. Dot dodges, keeping her girl close.

DOT (CONT'D)

Jeez. That's Mr. Abernathy, yer math teacher.

Ahead of her, the auditorium doors fly open. Scandia POLICE DEPUTIES enter, moving towards the violence.

ANGLE ON DOT

Relieved, but then a HAND falls on her shoulder, turning her.

ANGLE ON MR. ABERNATHY

Walrus mustache shivering, he YELLS into her face, looming.

MR. ABERNATHY

No one's listenin' to me!

DOT

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

pulls a TASER from her purse. She JABS HIM. He goes down, shivering. Then another hand grabs her. She turns, TASING instinctively.

IT'S A COP

She just shocked a cop -- a burly guy in uniform. He, too falls, quivering.

TWO OTHER COPS see this, rush over.

DOT

No. I was -- human error. Not deliberate. Human error!

They grab her, wrestle her to the ground, cuff her. Dot keeps her composure.

DOT (CONT'D)

Scotty. It's okay. Mommy's just --

The cops pull her up.

DOT (CONT'D)

(to the cops)

Ow. That's -- I need my hair.

(to Scotty)

Don't fret. This is all just -- the police are helping mommy, okay?

They pull her toward the door.

ANGLE ON SCOTTY

Watching her, eyes wide. A FEMALE COP stands with her.

DOT (CONT'D)

(calls out)

It's all just a misunderstanding.

6 INT. POLICE CAR. SCANDIA, MN - DAY

6

The cops put Dot in the back of the car, slam the door. Beat. She sits there, cuffed.

DOT

Shoot.

A POLICE DEPUTY climbs into the driver's seat, closes the door. This is INDIRA OLMSTEAD (30s). She's a practical woman -- socks before shoes -- and good at puzzles.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Indira has a strong Minnesota accent, which some may find at odds with her Indian heritage.

INDIRA

I tell ya.

She starts the car, pulls out.

DOT

strains her neck, looking for Scotty.

DOT

Ma'am, I'm sorry. Could you -- I'm worried about my daughter, who just saw her momma carted away in handcuffs.

INDIRA

Shoulda thoughta that before ya tased the officer.

DOT

Shoulda thought *boy I hope my daughter don't see her momma carted away in handcuffs?*

Beat. Indira checks her mirrors, changes lanes.

INDIRA

What's the world comin to, is all I'm sayin. Neighbor against neighbor.

DOT

That's -- I agree with ya there. We were just tryin -- me and my girl -- tryin ta get out -- school board meetin my aunt Sally -- and then Mr. Abernathy, the math teacher, came at me like somethin from a zombie movie, which -- don't come at a mama lion when she's with her cub. Ya know what I mean?

(beat)

But the officer, that's -- he was just wrong place/wrong time.

INDIRA

Well, here's what I know. It's a beautiful day, and ya know what they call a herd a lions? A pride. So think about that.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

CLOSE UP ON DOT

She does think about it.

7 INT. POLICE PRECINCT. SCANDIA, MN - DAY

7

INDIRA walks Dot through the booking process. They catalogue and bag her things.

INDIRA

One taser, aka the assault weapon.

She takes Dot's purse.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

You givin me permission to search your purse?

DOT

Heck no. I got none-a-yer-business things in there. Items of a private nature.

LATER

-- a COP takes Dot's photo, holding up a sign with her booking number on it.

DOT (CONT'D)

Can I at least fix my hair?

FLASH

COP

Turn to the right!

LATER

At the fingerprint station. INDIRA watches as another COP holds Dot's hand to take her prints.

COP (CONT'D)

Hold still.

DOT

Yer touchin me.

(calls)

He's touchin me!

COP

I'm takin yer damn prints.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

DOT

There's no need fer that kinda language. I'm somebody's mother.

(to Indira)

If we could just review events as they unfolded. Honestly. This is all just so silly.

Prints taken, the cop gives Dot a wipe. She tries to get the ink off.

DOT (CONT'D)

(to Indira)

Do these -- my prints -- do they, is there a national database ya put those in, or --

INDIRA

Why? You some kinda fugitive?

DOT

Me? Who ain't had a moment ta cut her toenails since summer? No -- I just -- don't want this to turn into a big deal, ya know? An accidental mistake.

ANGLE ON INDIRA

She studies Dot, as the Cop takes her to holding.

8 INT. JAIL CELL. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

8

Dot sits in a crowded jail cell. We may recognize other mothers from the school there, mixed with the usual assortment of scofflaws.

CLOSE UP DOT

*What a day, but maybe something else underneath -- worry.*

9 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT. SCANDIA, MN - DUSK

9

Dot exits the precinct. Her husband WAYNE LYON (30s) is waiting for her. You know how sometimes they do that thing, where they wonder what cartoon characters would look like if they were real people? Wayne kinda looks like that. He's got the forced cheer of a man whose mother raised him with a thick brew of disappointment and guilt. Now he owns a KIA dealership, and three quarters of a fishing boat.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

He's dressed nice in loafers and a blazer.

WAYNE

Jeez, hon. Looks like you had a heckofa time of it.

DOT

Last school board meetin, I ever do.

She winces, rubs her wrists.

DOT (CONT'D)

Gosh they put those cuffs on so tight.

He walks her to their parked KIA.

DOT (CONT'D)

How come ya look so nice?

WAYNE

Goin ta mom's fer the Christmas card deal.

DOT

Tonight?

WAYNE

Yeah. Scotty's there already. Went with Jerome, her major domo.

DOT

Hon, I mean look at me. I been in the hoosgow. Got lice, possibly.

WAYNE

Believe you me, I asked if we could move it, but you know mom.

From Dot's face it's clear *boy does she*.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Got yer frock and hair stuff in the car. Just scooped all yer makeup into a bag, except the bronzer, on accounta you said it gives you hives.

They get into the car.



10 INT. WAYNE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

10

We see a DRESS laid out in back. Wayne starts the car.

DOT

Is Scotty -- was she upset?

WAYNE

Ya know -- nothin some Sponge Bob  
and her Gameboy couldn't fix.

He pulls out, heading for his mother's house.

DOT

It was mayhem, hon. I tell ya.  
Lucky I had the taser. Although on  
second thought maybe better if I  
hadn't been so freewheelin with it.

WAYNE

So they give ya a summons or what?

DOT

Full on arrest scenario --  
fingerprints, perp photo.

WAYNE

Jeez.

DOT

Yer lucky they didn't ask ta look  
up my hidey hole.

WAYNE

Well, mom said she's putting Danish  
Graves on it.

DOT

You told yer mom?

WAYNE

I mean, yeah. What else am I  
supposed ta -- she's the one with  
the connections. Lawyers, judges.  
When they called -- police -- said  
ya shocked a cop.

DOT

On accident, ta be fair.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

WAYNE

Well, Danish says the boys in blue get real miffed when you ruff em up, so -- not sure how easy he can make this go away. May hafta do some community service.

DOT

Ya mean on top of the fifty hours a week I spend raisin money fer the PTA, Girl Scouts and the new library?

WAYNE

Ya.

Beat. They drive. She grabs her makeup bag from the bag, unearths her hairbrush, tries to tame the tussle on her head.

DOT

Can't believe ya told yer mom.

11 EXT. LYON ESTATE. DELLWOOD, MN - DAY TO NIGHT

11

The sky transitions from day to night as lights come on in a mansion in the richest part of a rich Minneapolis suburb.

12 INT. DEN. LYON ESTATE. DELLWOOD, MN - NIGHT

12

We are looking at a painting of a PEASANT carrying two NOBLE MEN on his back. Wayne seems to enter this image, but he's only stepped in front of it where it hangs in the foyer.

We pull out to find a FULLY DECORATED CHRISTMAS TREE. A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER sets up lights across from it.

Wayne kneels in front of Scotty, tying a necktie on her. She's wearing a jacket and slacks.

SCOTTY

Is it Christmas already?

WAYNE

No ma'am. First comes Halloween and Thanksgiving. This is just fer the card. Now hold still.

(concentrating)

It's over the mountain and through the -- loop.

Beat. The thin part is longer than the thick.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Close enough.

(beat)

You sure you don't wanna wear a dress?

SCOTTY

Suit's more dress up.

Wayne shrugs, stands. His DAD, WINK LYON (60), is nearby. Wink's an absent man who has surrendered all decision making to his wife, and is now free to wander, both physically and mentally. The booze helps certainly. He speaks with a mid-Atlantic accent that can only be described as pure affectation. TWO WHITE RUSSIAN HUNTING DOGS lay at his feet.

He is re-filling his scotch glass when DOT comes in, now wearing a dress with her hair and makeup done.

DOT

Think I salvaged it.

WAYNE

Ya look great, hon. Doesn't she dad.

WINK

Oh, my. Splendid.

The Photographer finishes setting up.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay, we're ready here.

He turns to JEROME PUGH, the Major Domo.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

If you want to alert Mrs. Lyon.

JEROME exits.

DOT

(to Wayne)

We got any nuts? I'm starvin?

WAYNE

Think there's a dinner after, but maybe not fer us.

LORRAINE LYON (50/60s) appears at the top of the grand staircase in a sleeveless dress. She is poised, regal and ripped, with biceps as muscular as her opinions.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

LORRAINE  
(announces)  
I'm here.

They look up. Lorraine (La Rena) is CEO of the largest Debt Collection Agency in the country, with two billion dollars in annual revenue. She's also a huge donor to GOP candidates and causes, and has that strange Fox News beauty pageant meets WWE wrestler quality about her.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

snaps a photo as --

DANISH GRAVES (60) steps out behind her, carrying some folders. He's her in-house counsel and primary advisor. A country club type, who has never been in a real fight, but sees himself as a winner, when clearly Lorraine is the heavyweight champion and he just holds her spit bucket.

He wears an EYE PATCH over his right eye, the result of a childhood injury.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
You're ruining my entrance.

DANISH GRAVES  
What? Oh, sorry.

He looks around, doesn't know if he should retreat or go down ahead of her, hesitates. Annoyed, she waves him back onto the landing, descends. The Photographer comes over.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Mrs. Lyon, I set you up here in front of the tree. I hope that's acceptable.

Lorraine takes in the setup, frowning, as Danish descends, hovers in the background.

LORRAINE  
Where's my granddaughter?

SCOTTY  
I'm here, nana.

Lorraine looks around.

LORRAINE  
Where?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

SCOTTY

Right here.

Lorraine fixes her eyes on her.

LORRAINE

How progressive.

(to the photographer)

We'll put the cross-dresser in the center. Wayne, you and your outlaw wife can sit on the bench. Wink and I will flank.

They arrange themselves. We can see that *outlaw wife* didn't sit well with Dot, but she smiles through it.

ANGLE ON DANISH

He steps forward.

DANISH GRAVES

Should I --

LORRAINE

Family only.

He nods, steps back. We can see he views himself as part of the family and feels hurt.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Jerome.

Her assistant claps his hands. MORE ASSISTANTS enter, carrying ASSAULT RIFLES. They distribute them to the family.

DOT

What the heck?

LORRAINE

It's about strength, a projection of our values as a family.

Wayne takes his rifle, strikes a manly pose. Scotty also gets an AR-15. Dot takes hers reluctantly. Wink is having a hard time holding the drink and the rifle at the same time.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Make a choice, dear.

Wink hands the glass to an assistant, holds up the rifle. The Photographer is at his camera, looking through the lens.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

PHOTOGRAPHER

Perfect. Okay -- everybody look in  
the lens.

ANGLE ON DANISH

He gestures big to Lorraine, as if to say *smile!* She doesn't.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

Give me that Christmas spirit!

ANGLE ON THE FAMILY

In front of the tree, holding their instruments of death.

*Merry Christmas!*

FLASH

We FREEZE on them.

13 INT. DINING ROOM. LYON ESTATE - NIGHT

13

Later, at dinner, the family sits around a luxurious table. SERVANTS wait on them. The State ATTORNEY GENERAL, MICK THIGPEN (50s) is eating with them. He was the outrage candidate last year, who thinks it's his job to sue the federal government twice a week. Nice head of hair though, thick.

Danish sits near Lorraine. He has some paperwork he needs Lorraine to sign.

LORRAINE

takes a bite, hands her plate to a servant.

LORRAINE

The venison is overcooked. Have him  
redo it.

SERVANT

Yes ma'am.

She leaves. Danish slowly slides a pack of papers over to her.

DANISH GRAVES

If I could just get your --

LORRAINE

Not now.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

He pulls them back, chagrined. Wayne is focused on getting his daughter to eat.

SCOTTY

I want french fries.

Wayne holds up a fork of mashed potatoes.

WAYNE

These are like mashed french fries.

ANGLE ON LORRAINE

She tolerates being a grandmother, but just barely.

LORRAINE

(to Wayne)

Wayne, you remember the attorney general.

WAYNE

Course. Voted for ya twice.

(beat)

A little election humor.

THIGPEN

Not funny is it? That sorta talk, what with our nation under siege.

WINK

(reflexively)

No politics at the table.

LORRAINE

I was just telling Mick about this mess your wife got herself into.

DANISH GRAVES

(privately to her)

Wait. I thought -- we talked about offlining this conversation until --

SCOTTY

Mommy zapped a police!

DOT

That's -- we don't need ta talk about that.

THIGPEN

(to Dot)

Well -- like I told yer mother-in-law, I'll look into it.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

DANISH GRAVES

Objection. I just wanna be clear  
that nothing said at this table  
over any course, including dessert,  
should be considered an admission  
of --

WAYNE

Well, whatever happens, I don't  
have ta tell ya, I was worried sick  
when I heard.

Beat. Dot keeps her eyes on her plate.

THIGPEN

Course assaultin an officer. That's  
--

DANISH GRAVES

Allegedly.

DOT

(quietly)  
It was an accident.

THIGPEN

Sorry?

Danish shakes his head at her, alarmed.

DOT

I said -- never mind.  
(brightens)  
These mashed potatoes are  
delicious.

LORRAINE

Smashed.  
(beat)  
Smashed potatoes.

DOT

Well, however you got em here  
they're real tasty.

DANISH GRAVES

So Dorothy, if you wanna call my  
office in the mornin, we can get  
some face time on the books, get  
this whole silliness cleared away.

DOT

Because you're my lawyer, too.

(CONTINUED)



13

CONTINUED: (3)

13

DANISH GRAVES

Exactly. In the corporate bylaws of this family, as written, I am both your business and personal attorney.

WAYNE

Our family's a what now?

DANISH GRAVES

A corporation -- for tax purposes.

LORRAINE

Otherwise the vultures'll eat us alive.

The servant brings a fresh plate. Lorraine takes a bite, finds it acceptable.

WAYNE

So, ma -- how is business?

LORRAINE

Fish in a barrel. God bless the American judicial system. If they don't pay when the bill comes, and they won't make things right with a phone call, we take em to court, put a lean on their house and suck their paychecks dry. Debtors.

WAYNE

Aren't there like three hundred million of them?

LORRAINE

Don't be clever, dear. It doesn't suit you. Far as I'm concerned, there are two kinds of people in this world. Honest hard working Americans, and freeloading heathens.

THIGPEN

Amen.

DANISH GRAVES

But don't quote us on that.

Wink holds out his wine glass. A servant refills it.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

WINK

(to Wayne)

Saw the new advertisement on the telly, son. Crackin good.

WAYNE

(does the logline)

*Come on down to Wayne Lyon KIA.  
It's the best car money can buy,  
and I ain't lyin.*

LORRAINE

I thought it was garish.

That shuts them up. Lorraine turns to Dot.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

What were you even doing there in the first place?

DOT

I, uh, I mean it's a school board meetin, and I'm on the new library committee. We're raisin money to expand mysteries and thrillers. Lee Child and the like.

LORRAINE

Can't you just give money like a normal person?

WAYNE

Well now, ma. We ain't got --  
(looks around)  
-- I make a good wage, but --

LORRAINE

You have a trust. Just talk to Danish. Nothing frivolous of course, which -- thrillers -- maybe think that through a little more. Or here's a thought -- write your own pulp fiction now that you're an outlaw.

ANGLE ON DOT

steamed, but she just grins and bears it.

A14 EXT. LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - NIGHT

A14

A two story bungalow on a tree-lined street of family homes.

14 INT. SCOTTY'S ROOM. LYON HOUSE - NIGHT

14

Later that night, Dot tucks Scotty in.

DOT

No bad dreams, okay?

SCOTTY

Momma, are you goin ta jail?

DOT

You mean again? No, honey. We'll get that sorted. I'll be here when ya wake up tomorrow, same as always.

SCOTTY

Can we have Bisquick?

DOT

Silver dollar, just like ya like em.

She kisses her.

15 INT. BEDROOM. LYON HOUSE - NIGHT

15

Wayne and Dot get undressed on opposite sides of the bed. Dot has a slip on under her dress. Compared to Lorraine's palace, they live quite frugally.

WAYNE

Jerry's got tickets to the Gophers on Saturday.

DOT

You should go. I got the bake sale meetin.

She sits at a small vanity in her slip and uses wipes to take off her makeup. Wayne eyeballs her.

WAYNE

Wanna take a tumble?

DOT

Aw hon, I'm -- ya don't want that tonight. It was a heckofa day. Had ta sponge my pits in yer mom's commode like a french lady.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

WAYNE

Maybe I like that. Caged heat.

She gets up, REVEALING A JUNGLE MURAL on the unseen wall. Dot puts on her least sexy robe. They climb into bed.

DOT

I'm flattered, believe me. But if ya touch me right now, I'm gonna have ta tase you too.

Beat. He thinks about that.

WAYNE

Message received.

She turns off her light, rolls onto her side. He picks up his device from the bedside table.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Will it bother ya, if I watch Blue Bloods?

DOT

Knock yerself out.

She closes her eyes. We PUSH IN ON HER FACE.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. RURAL ROAD. MINNESOTA - NIGHT

16

We are moving down an empty road, miles from the nearest town. The only light comes from headlights eating up the miles.

We have an ominous feeling, like something is coming.

17 INT. KITCHEN. LYON HOUSE - MORNING

17

Dot is up, whisking pancake batter with gusto. Scotty sits at the table drinking OJ. There's a TABLET on the counter playing cartoons. Wayne comes in dressed for work.

WAYNE

None for me, hon. Got the new models comin in. Wanna be at the showroom ta greet em.

(calls)

Scotty, the dad bus is leavin.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DOT

I can take her.

WAYNE

Maybe stay away from the school fer a few days, I'm thinkin. Let things cool down. Come on, kid. Grab yer gear.

DOT

Hasn't had her Bisquik yet.

WAYNE

Stop fer donuts on the way, how bout?

SCOTTY

Donuts!

WAYNE

See?

He kisses her on the cheek.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Be home late.

DOT

I'll leave a plate in the warmer.

Wayne and Scotty leave. Beat. Dot doesn't know what to do with herself. So she starts cleaning.

18 INT. LIVING ROOM. LYON HOUSE - DAY

18

Later, Dot is sitting on the sofa, knitting. She's got the morning shows on. Perky hosts banter about the news.

ANGLE ON DOT

smiling, knitting. Then she sees --

A MAN

in a ski mask. He climbs up onto the back porch, approaches the sliding glass door. He's holding a CLAW HAMMER.

He peers through the glass.

ANGLE ON DOT

*What the heck?*

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

THE MAN

Raises the hammer to break the glass, then rethinks it. He tries the door. It SLIDES OPEN.

He steps inside, looks around. This is OLE MUNCH, age unknown, birthplace unknown. Some say he has always been here, blowing through the American landscape -- the shadow at the end of the hall, king of the shallow grave.

ANGLE ON THE LIVING ROOM

It's EMPTY.

*Where's Dot?*

Then he sees a BALL OF YARN twitching on the floor as it unravels; one string being pulled leads away...

The Man follows the trailing yarn string through the downstairs.

THE FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN.

A SECOND MAN in a ski mask enters. This is DONNY (20s). His kind has haunted America since its birth as well, the bullshit artist with a knife in his sleeve, chasing a fast fortune -- possibly yours.

DONNY

I can't breathe in this thing.

The Man indicates the string on the floor to Donny.

They both look to where the yarn winds a path up the stairs.

ANGLE ON THE STAIRS

That's where she went.

ANGLE ON THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Munch and Donny ascend. They check the hall.

ANGLE ON THE HALL

We see open doorways -- a bathroom, Scotty's room. We DROP DOWN TO A LINE OF YARN. It snakes down the hall to THE CLOSED DOOR at the end of the hall.

REVERSE ON MUNCH AND DONNY

They follow the yarn to the closed door. Dot must be inside.

19 INT. BEDROOM. LYON HOUSE - SAME TIME

19

DOT'S KNITTING lies abandoned at the end of the string.

THE BEDROOM DOOR flies open. The two men enter. The room is empty -- bathroom door closed. They see the knitting abandoned on the floor. Donny raises his ski mask.

DONNY

Enough with this fuckin thing.

OLE MUNCH ignores him, searches the closet. Empty.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Where is this bitch?

He notices a crack of light low on the wall. There is A DOOR hidden within the jungle mural. Donny whistles. They approach. Donny lowers his mask, reaches for the door.

As he does, the DOOR OPENS. Dot is there holding up a CAN OF BATHROOM SPRAY and a lighter.

She ignites the spray into Donny's face. His ski mask catches fire on his head. He screams and bounces off the wall onto the floor, rolling to put himself out, tugging at the flaming polyester mask which is melting to his skin.

DOT

steps out of the bathroom holding up the can and the lighter.

ANGLE ON MUNCH

he takes a step back.

OLE MUNCH

Gonna take ya. One way or other.

He pulls back his coat, revealing a KNIFE in his waistband.

DOT

feints with the can and he takes another step back, clearing a path to the door.

ANGLE ON MUNCH

He sees her eyeball it -- the getaway. Then Dot ignites the spray. Munch dodges, as she RUNS OUT THE DOOR.

20 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. LYON HOUSE - DAY 20

Dot races for the stairs, but there's a LAUNDRY BASKET on the landing, and when she glances back to see if she's being followed, SHE TRIPS.

Dot tumbles down the stairs, hits the turn, and falls the rest of the way, landing in a pile of Scotty's SPORTS EQUIPMENT near the front door. She lays stunned at the bottom.

ANGLE UP THE STAIRS

From the first landing. We see DONNY and MUNCH appear on the second floor landing. Donny's head is smoldering. His face is badly burned.

DONNY

Jesus.

Munch ignores him. He starts down the stairs.

ANGLE ON DOT

at the bottom of the stairs. She stirs, coming around.

MUNCH

reaches the bottom of the stairs, finds Dot laying there -- seemingly unconscious. He pulls some ZIP TIES from his pocket, bends to tie her up.

She ROLLS OVER and HITS HIM with the BLADE of her daughter's ICE SKATE, cutting off the top half of his right ear and gouging his temple.

He falls back -- towards the front door. Dot scrambles to her feet, runs THROUGH THE KITCHEN towards the LIVING ROOM. But then DONNY is there ahead of her.

He has the HAMMER. His head is still smoldering, face swelling grotesquely.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Lady, he said alive, but he didn't say nothing about *with all her teeth*. Ya feel me?

MUNCH

enters the kitchen behind Dot, cutting off her retreat. His face is pouring blood. He grabs a roll of paper towels, presses the whole thing to his ear.

(CONTINUED)



20 CONTINUED: 20

CLOSE UP ON DOT

Cornered.

21 EXT. LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - DAY 21

A few hours later. A KIA pulls up. Wayne gets out with Scotty.

WAYNE

I'm sure she just lost tracka time,  
slugger.

They approach the front door.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

It's wide open.

WAYNE

Slows, seeing it -- a weird feeling in his chest.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Hey, pal. See if I left my  
briefcase in the car, huh?

Scotty goes back to the car.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Wait there, okay?

He looks at the open door, unsettled.

22 INT. ENTRYWAY. LYON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 22

Wayne comes to the doorway.

WAYNE

Hon?

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR

There's blood everywhere.

WAYNE

steps inside cautiously, sniffs the air. *That's not right.* It  
smells like burnt hair and skin.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Jeez.

VARIOUS SHOTS

-- Wayne in the KITCHEN, the bloody paper towel roll lays on the counter.

-- Wayne in the LIVING ROOM, he sees the back door is wide open. A blood trail leads out onto the porch.

-- Wayne in the BEDROOM. The smell is worse here. He sees the BURNT SKI MASK on the rug.

CLOSE UP ON WAYNE

*What the heck happened here?*

23 EXT. LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - DAY

23

Thirty minutes later, A POLICE PROWLER pulls up outside. Wayne is on the lawn, waiting. DEPUTY INDIRA OLMSTEAD climbs out.

INDIRA

Saw the address, thought *what are the odds?*

WAYNE

I threw up in the downstairs commode. I'm sayin so when ya see that there -- that's mine.

Indira pulls on some rubber gloves as they walk to the house.

INDIRA

Yer message said ya came home and the front door --

WAYNE

Was wide open, and there's blood -- you'll see. And no Dot. Do you think she's --

Indira stops at the front door.

INDIRA

Gonna need ya to stay out here, Mr. Lyon. Forensic truck should be pullin in shortly. Tell em I'm havin a look around the place, and ta come on in.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

WAYNE

Course, I'm -- I sent Scotty ta the neighbor's.

INDIRA

That was good thinkin. Did you try yer wife's cell?

WAYNE

First thing. It's on the kitchen counter. I just -- if anythin's happened to her --

Indira can see he's about to bring the waterworks.

INDIRA

Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I'm gonna check the premises now.

He nods.

24 INT. LYON HOUSE. SCANDIA, MN - CONTINUOUS

24

Indira steps inside. She sees the blood on the floor, sniffs the air.

WAYNE

(from the threshold)  
Some kinda burnt hat maybe upstairs.

She ignores him, moves deeper.

25 INT. KITCHEN. LYON HOUSE - DAY

25

Indira studies the blood-soaked paper towel roll.

26 INT. BEDROOM. LYON HOUSE - DAY

26

Indira crouches next to the burnt ski mask. She lifts it with a pencil.

ANGLE ON THE MASK

There's burnt hair inside.

CLOSE UP ON INDIRA

*You don't see that every day.*

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

A FORENSIC TECH

appears in the doorway, GORDIE MCINTYRE (40s), wearing a paper suit and booties.

GORDIE

Whatcha got?

INDIRA

Some kinda balaclava. Half melted.

She sees --

ANGLE ON THE SPRAY CAN AND LIGHTER

lying on the rug. Indira crouches.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

Let's bag these too, huh?

INDIRA

straightens, looks around.

INDIRA (CONT'D)

What the heck happened here?

27

EXT. RURAL ROAD. MINNESOTA - DAY TO NIGHT

27

Day dims to night as a four door PICKUP TRUCK drives down a stretch of rural highway.

28

INT. PICKUP TRUCK (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

28

Munch is driving. There's duct tape on his ear, but it still oozes blood. Donny is in the passenger seat, moaning. The burns on his face are oozing and swollen.

ANGLE ON DOT

She's under a blanket in the floorboards of the backseat.

UP FRONT --

Donny moans.

OLE MUNCH

Shut the fuck up already.

DONNY

My face.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

OLE MUNCH

Still there. Stop whining.

DONNY

Is it cloudy in here? My eye --

He lowers the visor, but doesn't lift the lid for the mirror.

DONNY (CONT'D)

I'm afraid ta look.

OLE MUNCH

Got two eyes.

DONNY

Could you take me to a  
veterinarian?

OLE MUNCH

What?

DONNY

A, ya know -- like in the movies --  
cause they're also a doctor, just  
fer animals.

From under the blanket they hear.

DOT

Ya need ta go to a hospital. Burns  
like that -- it's gonna get  
infected. Maybe even go to the  
brain.

OLE MUNCH

Shut up.

DONNY

I need my brain.

OLE MUNCH

Not from where the driver sits.

THE TRUCK

approaches a FILLING STATION.

A POLICE PROWLER

is there, ready to pull out. NORTH DAKOTA STATE POLICE. They  
pass it.

CLOSE UP ON MUNCH

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (2)

28

He sees it. His eyes go to the mirror.

ANGLE ON THE REARVIEW MIRROR

The Police Prowler pulls out behind the truck.

DONNY

What's goin on?

OLE MUNCH

Where'd you get the truck?

DONNY

Stole it, like you said -- over in  
St. Cloud.

ANGLE ON THE PROWLER

It maintains a steady distance behind them.

OLE MUNCH

Stole from who?

DONNY

Ya got me. Some guy's driveway.

BLUE AND RED LIGHTS

hit them. The Prowler's siren whoops.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Christ. What do we do?

OLE MUNCH

Shut up.

He thinks about it, run or stop?

ANGLE ON THE PICKUP TRUCK

as it slows, pulls over. The Prowler pulls in behind it.

ANGLE ON MUNCH

He looks at Donny.

OLE MUNCH (CONT'D)

There's a 32 in the glove box.

(to Dot)

And you -- don't get any funny --

But DOT POPS OPEN THE BACK DOOR and is out of the truck  
before they can stop her -- hands zip tied behind her.

29 INT. POLICE PROWLER - SAME TIME

29

TWO DEPUTIES are in the front seat. WITT FARR is in the passenger seat. He's the guy -- when you look up the word *reliable* in the dictionary -- you see his picture.

IRON MIKE OX in the driver's. They both watch Dot jump out of the back, and run towards the prowler.

WITT FARR

Jeez. What's the story there, I wonder.

Both deputies open their doors, step out -- as DOT REACHES the passenger side.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

Ma'am are you --

But Dot doesn't slow, just runs past him.

ANGLE ON OLE MUNCH

He steps out of the pickup truck with a SEMI AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT OF THE PROWLER

Before the deputies can process what's happening, Munch FIRES -- blowing Iron Mike backwards into the road.

ANGLE ON WITT FARR

He ducks behind his door, pulls his pistol, keys the radio on his collar.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

Officer down. I repeat officer down.

ANGLE ON THE PICKUP TRUCK

Ole Munch walks towards the Prowler -- FIRES into the engine block.

DONNY

tumbles out of the passenger side with the 32.

DONNY

Christ on a stick.

Munch silences him with a look.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

ANGLE ON THE PROWLER

Witt lifts his head to look through the door's window. MUNCH FIRES. The glass shatters. Witt barely ducks in time.

ANGLE ON SPENT SHELL CASINGS

ejected from the automatic. Meanwhile --

DONNY slides into a ditch, approaches the Prowler from a lower angle. He can only see out of one eye.

He holds his hand out in front of him, closes on the Prowler - - shapes moving he can't make out.

Then the Prowler is on his right. He pops up out of the ditch.

ANGLE ON THE PROWLER

WITT FARR is gone.

30

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

30

Witt Farr runs across the field, away from the shooters. He keys his radio.

WITT FARR

This is Deputy Witt Farr. I'm on the lam, evading pursuit. Two shooters in a dark green F-250 flatbed.

AHEAD

He can see the bright lights of the FILLING STATION

31

EXT. FILLING STATION. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - NIGHT

31

The pumps are empty. The only person here is THE CLERK on duty inside. Ahead of him, Witt sees --

ANGLE ON DOT

She reaches the front door of the filling station. Because her hands are zipped behind her, she has to turn to grab the handle.

WITT FARR

Wait.

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED: 31

But Dot manages to pull the door and roll inside. Witt STOPS, turns.

He peers into the dark field. *Are they coming?*

BANG

A bullet hits him in the LEFT THIGH, spins him. He falls, scrambles up -- FIRES BACK, emptying his clip into the dark.

Beat. Silence. He gets himself up, hobbles to the door, dragging his injured leg, opens it.

32 INT. FILLING STATION. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - CONTINUOUS 32

Witt enters, blood running down his leg. He throws the lock.

ANGLE ON THE CLERK

staring at him, stunned.

WITT FARR

Son, get down 'fore you lose your head.

The Clerk ducks.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

You got a back door?

Beat. From behind the counter we hear --

CLERK

No.

WITT FARR

How about a first aid kit.

A HAND

comes up from behind the counter and points.

WITT

starts down the aisle. He grabs some antiseptic, turns a corner.

ANGLE ON DOT

She's crouched down, trying to use a pair of scissors to cut free her zip tied wrists.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

I got ya.

She throws him a wild look.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

It's okay. Let me help.

She stands. He takes the scissors, cuts her free.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

Stay calm. Backup'll be here soon.

THE POWER GOES OUT

Dot doesn't hesitate. She grabs the scissors from Witt, walks to the automotive section, grabs a container of MOTOR OIL, heads to the front door.

She STABS the scissors into the motor oil, pours it out on the floor in front of the door.

She tosses the empty container, heads past the counter.

DOT

Cover the front.

WITT FARR

Clerk said no back door.

Dot finds what she's looking for, some GLOW STICKS. She grabs a handful.

DOT

There's a bathroom, and it'll have windows.

She walks to the FREEZER, takes out TWO TEN POUND BAGS of ICE.

WITT FARR

Right. Good thinkin.

He winces, keeping pressure off his wounded leg.

DOT

You gonna make it?

WITT FARR

I'll get us there.

Dot goes to the unisex bathroom. She puts down the ice, opens the door a crack. It's pitch black inside.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

She twists a glow stick, throws it in.

33 INT. BATHROOM. FILLING STATION - CONTINUOUS 33

A blue glow rises. Dot enters cautiously. A WINDOW high on the wall has been broken and slid open. Wind blows in.

ANGLE ON THE STALL DOOR

It's closed.

REVERSE ON DOT

What are the odds one of them is already inside? Then she hears it -- a moaning breath. Someone is in the stall -- in pain, but trying to be silent.

Quietly, Dot tears open one bag of ice, lowers it to the floor.

ANGLE ON THE STALL DOOR

It starts to swing inward.

DOT KICKS THE BAG OF ICE

sending ice spilling across the floor into the stall.

GUNSHOTS

Punch through the stall door into the mirror. Then DONNY pulls the door back, steps out --

AND CATCHES A TEN POUND BAG OF ICE

in the face. His feet step on loose ice, and he goes flying back into the stall and --

CRACKS HIS HEAD OPEN

on the toilet. He lays twitching on his back inside the stall, toilet water mixing with blood and ice, flowing across the floor.

We follow the water and see the GUN. We TILT UP as DOT reaches down and grabs it. She checks the cylinder -- empty.

It was worth a try.

34 INT. FILLING STATION - SAME TIME

34

Witt Farr sits on the floor, back to the wall. He puts pressure on his leg wound, pours antiseptic on it, then tries to WRAP A BANDAGE around it as tightly as he can.

A SOUND raises his head. He squints at the front door.

WITT FARR  
(whisper calls)  
Hey.

THE CLERK'S FACE peers around the edge of the counter.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)  
Got any weaponry back there?  
Shotgun, lead pipe?

CLERK  
Got an air horn.

WITT FARR  
A what?

CLERK  
An air horn. It's like air in a  
can, and you push the button and --

The DOOR RATTLES. The Clerk ducks back. Witt raises his gun, aims at the front door.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

Nobody's outside.

A long beat. Then --

A GARBAGE CAN

flies through the glass.

WITT

fires -- three, four, five times.

A long beat. Then --

A BURST OF AUTOMATIC GUN FIRE

rains through the front door, decimating the shelves above his head. Products fall on him as he ducks back.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

As OLE MUNCH steps onto the threshold, slaps in a new CLIP. He thinks about coming in, but instinct has him look down.

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR

MOTOR OIL is everywhere.

MUNCH STEPS OVER IT

searching for his target.

ANGLE ON THE STORE

Scanning. We don't see Witt.

CLOSE UP ON OLE MUNCH

as he considers his next move, then --

THE CLERK POPS UP

on the other side of the counter, aims the AIR HORN at him and PULLS THE TRIGGER.

A DEAFENING BLAST

Ole Munch turns and CUTS THE CLERK down with a round of fire. He goes flying backwards and crashes to the floor.

ANGLE ON WITT

He pops up two aisles away and empties his clip at OLE MUNCH - - who DIVES out of the way behind an aisle divider.

The windows shatter, glass raining down.

ANGLE ON MUNCH

He's got A GRAZE WOUND on his neck (the opposite side than the ear), but it doesn't slow him down. He sits up.

ON THE SHELF

in front of him are some stick-on wide angle mirrors. Munch grabs one. He crawls to the end of the aisle, holds out the mirror until he can see the whole store.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR

The store is quiet. Munch watches. Nothing moves. He starts to pull the mirror back, but then in the reflection he sees --

SOMEONE BEHIND HIM

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

Munch turns, bringing up his gun.

DOT

is there with A SNOW SHOVEL. She SWINGS IT, connects with his head and the shotgun. It FIRES wide.

He goes down.

Dot stands over him, the automatic laying on the floor. Munch seems to be unconscious.

ANGLE ON DOT'S FEET

They're still bare, and she is standing in broken glass from the window. It must hurt, but she doesn't flinch.

Beat. Dot tosses the shovel, quickly picks up Munch's gun and aims it him.

A MOAN

from the other end of the store.

WITT FARR

(weakly)

Losin a lotta blood here.

Beat. Dot leaves Munch goes to help Witt. He's laying on his side. Blood pools around his leg. He sees her.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

Musta hit an artery.

She puts the automatic down, checks his leg. He needs a tourniquet.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

I'm guessin there was a perp in the commode.

She doesn't answer, finds a windshield scraper, sticks it through the loose bandage on Witt's leg, TWISTS to tighten it. He winces.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

Where'd ya learn to do all this?

DOT

(beat, reluctant)

Not my first getaway.

She uses DUCT TAPE, to fix the makeshift tourniquet in place.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

WITT FARR

Will you at least tell me your  
name?

THE SOUND OF SIRENS

Red and blue lights appear faintly in the unlit store.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

Where's the second fella?

Dot nods towards the front of the store.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

Breathin?

A thought occurs to Dot. She picks up the automatic, goes to  
the front aisle.

MUNCH IS GONE

The sirens are closer now, prowlers almost to them.

CLOSE UP ON DOT

thinking about all the questions she'll have to answer.

ANGLE ON WITT

The reality of rescue gives him energy. He manages to sit up.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

Cavalry's here. Come be by me, so  
they don't --

He gets to his feet, using the shelves for support.

WITT FARR (CONT'D)

Gonna put you in for a medal when  
this is over -- some kinda  
commendation. Civilian bravery or  
some such.

He reaches the front aisle.

DOT IS NOW GONE

The automatic lays on the floor next to the snow shovel. We  
see DOT'S BLOODY FOOTPRINTS leading out of the store.

CLOSE UP ON WITT

*What the heck?*

35 EXT. OLMSTEAD HOUSE. MINNESOTA - NIGHT 35

A Deputy's Prowler pulls into the driveway. INDIRA gets out. It's been a long day.

36 INT. KITCHEN. OLMSTEAD HOUSE - NIGHT 36

Indira, in her civilian clothes, sits at the kitchen table, smoking. She's surrounded by the month's bills. There's a calculator next to her checkbook, and an ashtray.

ANGLE ON THE BILLS

There are late notices, at least one FINAL WARNING.

CLOSE UP ON INDIRA

She's doing what she can, but they're just not making ends meet.

A SOUND RISES: A driver hitting a golf ball.

37 INT. GARAGE. OLMSTEAD HOUSE - NIGHT 37

We are looking through a golf ball at a beautiful green golf course. The driver swings it, hits the ball -- but instead of flying 300 feet, it HITS A SCREEN hanging six feet away.

REVEAL:

LARS OLMSTEAD (30s) checks the digital readout for distance and trajectory. He's a strapping white dude with dreams of going pro, which is why he has a top-of-the-line GOLF SIMULATOR in his garage, with a projector and computer.

INDIRA

appears in the doorway, up a couple of steps.

INDIRA

Well -- I'm turning in, hon. Gotta be up early on accounta I'm working a big case. Kidnappin, we think. Forensics came back two different blood types -- not the victim.

LARS

Huh.

INDIRA

Ya.

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED:

37

But he's not really listening.

LARS

Slicin right again. Think I'm droppin my shoulder.

INDIRA

Remember what the coach said. Don't overthink things.

He puts another ball on the tee.

LARS

That's like telling an elephant not to think about other elephants.

He grabs his driver, sets his feet.

ANGLE ON INDIRA

She watches him.

INDIRA

Did you put in for the regional?

LARS

Twenty-five hundred bucks.

INDIRA

No kiddin.

LARS

I know.

INDIRA

Well, hon, I don't gotta tell ya --

LARS

I know.

INDIRA

Sears sent a final notice, and the mortgage --

LARS

Said I know.

INDIRA

Don't get defensive. Just got out over our skis is all. What with the simulator --

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

LARS

Told ya, I need it fer the winter months.

INDIRA

Course. Not sayin it's superfluous, just -- maybe think about pickin up a few shifts at the Red Apple again, or -- we talked about -- maybe ya go back to radiology school. Ya know, as a backup.

LARS

Don't need a backup. You got yer dream job -- law enforcement, and I'm -- so close, ya know. Came in second at Hilton Head. Rory Mcllroy said I was a natural.

Beat. She's had this conversation too many times.

INDIRA

Well, like I said -- gotta get up early.

LARS

Kidnappin.

INDIRA

Right. They made me lead, which -- it's a big responsibility.

LARS

I bet. Well, you earned it baby. Proud a ya.

INDIRA

Thanks. You comin?

LARS

In a minute. Just a few more drives.

She leaves him there, hitting balls down an imaginary course, dreaming of greatness.

38 INT. CEO OFFICE. REDEMPTION SERVICES. MINN, MN - NIGHT 38

The Queen of Debt sits at the desk of her palatial office. A huge painting of the word NO hangs on the wall behind her.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Wayne and Danish Graves sit in chairs facing Lorraine's desk. Jerome stands nearby.

\*  
\*

## DANISH GRAVES

I think we hafta assume that this is a for profit scenario. Expect a ransom demand somewhere in the next forty-eight, probably fer some real cheese.

## WAYNE

Uffda. I mean, with Scotty's school and the new fleet, I'm not really --

## LORRAINE

Wayne, don't be a moron. It's not your money they're gunnin for. I'm the deep pockets here. Though why they think I'd break the bank for some low rent skirt my son knocked up --

## WAYNE

Hey, that's my wife yer talkin about.

## LORRAINE

Don't be a baby. You're at the grown up table.  
(to Danish)  
How much could we pull together cash if we had to?

## DANISH GRAVES

Money isn't the problem. The company's cash rich right now, what with the market volatility. And heck, you got kidnap insurance, doesn't she?

\*  
\*

He turns to Jerome.

\*

## JEROME

Foreign and domestic. We're checking to make sure it applies to the daughter-in-law.

\*  
\*  
\*

## DANISH GRAVES

No, the real issue now is process. Do we bring in the FBI or a private hostage negotiation team?

\*  
\*

Lorraine makes a face.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

LORRAINE

I wanna keep this thing quiet. We already got enough worthless public servants runnin around thinkin they own the place.

WAYNE

Ya mean the police?

LORRAINE

(ignores him, to Jerome)  
Put a tap on Wayne's phones. Home, cell.

\*  
\*  
\*

JEROME

Already in the works.

\*  
\*

LORRAINE

I wanna talk to these numbskulls myself.

\*  
\*  
\*

DANISH GRAVES

Perhaps I -- as yer representative --

CLOSE UP ON LORRAINE

The mater-familis. She would fight a bear if it stood between her and a dollar.

LORRAINE

Please. I didn't get to be the Queen of Debt by lettin men do the dirty work.

39 INT. SCOTTY'S ROOM. LYON HOUSE - NIGHT

39

Later, back home, Wayne stands in the doorway, watching his daughter sleep. She looks peaceful.

40 INT. HOME OFFICE. LYON HOUSE - NIGHT TO DAY

40

Wayne is unable to sleep. He misses his wife terribly, is terrified something has happened to her.

\*  
\*

Night turns to day as he worries the hours away.

A NOISE from downstairs.

He SITS UP.

*What the heck?*

41 INT. ENTRYWAY. LYON HOUSE - DAWN 41

Wayne creeps down the stairs. He sees --

A BLOODY FOOTPRINT

On the wood floor.

CLOSE UP ON WAYNE

Aw jeez. He hears another sound from the kitchen. Heart in his throat, he creeps downstairs.

42 INT. KITCHEN. LYON HOUSE - DAWN 42

A MOVING SHOT as we enter the kitchen to find --

DOT

She has put on a clean cardigan, but there are leaves in her hair.

She is pouring Bisquick into a bowl. There are eggs on the counter, butter.

DOT

Oh -- hiya, hon. Just making sure  
Scotty -- well, she didn't get her  
Bisquick yesterday.

WAYNE

Hon. Are you --  
(studies her)  
Yer bleedin.

DOT

Am I?  
(looks down)  
Will ya look at that. Musta -- I  
feel just like the silliest --

WAYNE

What the heck happened? Some kinda  
break in? Blood and, like, hair.  
Hon, are you okay--?

DOT

Stop bein ridiculous. I just -- cut  
myself is all. Earlier.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

DOT (CONT'D)

And I -- well, you know, yesterday was -- a tough pill ta swallow -- and I thought I could go somewhere, clear my head.

Beat. He tries to process that.

WAYNE

But I'm -- two types a blood they found. O negative and, I forget the other -- but not yers. Plus, the deal with the ski mask, all scorched and stuff.

DOT

Yeah -- had some a the winter things out, preppin fer the seasonal changeover -- and I guess I put it too close to the curlers, and it -- I mean, you must think I'm some kinda fool.

WAYNE

No. Course not. Just -- are you -- what are you sayin? The cops were here -- that Indian lady -- and she said -- *abducted by force* is what she -- and then I'm at my mom's figuring out a ransom strategy.

DOT

You told yer mom?

WAYNE

Hon. There was -- you were abducted.

DOT

Stop sayin that. I had a bad day, needed some time ta clear my head. Did I leave the house a mess? Well, shoot -- I know you think I'm this perfect woman -- wife and mother -- but, ya know, even I got a breakin point.

(beat, chipper)

Now wanna set the table fer breakfast? I gotta make sure Scotty gets all her vitamins and minerals 'fore school. Most important meal of the day.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

She picks up the bowl and a whisk, begins to whisk frantically.

WAYNE

stares at her, not knowing what to believe.

ANGLE ON DOT

She whisks and whisks, as if she could stir the truth away.

We hear --

ROY TILLMAN (PRELAP)  
*Be nice. That's what they say.*

43 INT. COWBOY CHURCH. NORTH DAKOTA - MORNING

43

A MAN (40s) preaches to the CONGREGATION from the PULPIT. Seen from the back, he wears a cowboy hat.

ROY TILLMAN  
(mocking)  
*What happened? You used ta be so nice. Well, we're done bein nice. We're done pretendin that everything's okay. It's not okay.*

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

Nearly all white, ranchers, cowhands, and neighbors.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)  
Do I even have ta say it? You got eyes. What a man is. What a woman is. *Sharing*. They talk about sharing. *Community*. These are the words they use to take our rights. *Shame*. I bet you hear that a lot.

We zero in on a MAN (20s) in western wear and a Carhartt vest. He's handsome, a charmer the way the snake in the garden was a charmer. This is GATOR TILLMAN, Roy's son. We see a DEPUTY'S STAR on his vest.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)  
*You should be ashamed of yourself. For what? Caring too much -- about this nation? About freedom? They talk about the rule of law. Well...*

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

REVEAL: the man on the stage also wears a badge. Except his says *Sheriff*. This is ROY TILLMAN, defender of the American gospel. He looks like what he is, a rancher, face weathered. A man who works from sunup to sundown shepherding God's land.

ROY TILLMAN (CONT'D)

I am the law. Jesus and me, walking together in our public squares.

44 EXT. RURAL NORTH DAKOTA - DAY 44

We see a COMPILATION of SHOTS of the North Dakota ranch life: ranch hands loading hay, riders herding cattle on horseback, a cook ladling grub, a farm wife hanging laundry, rural roads, and wide open plains awash with bison to the horizon.

ROY TILLMAN (O.S.)

Ridin together over rough terrain, through these lawless lands.

44A EXT. COWBOY CHURCH. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY 44A

A handful of gravestones pepper the ground behind the small clapboard church set a rise. Horses stand tethered to a rail.

45 EXT. TILLMAN RANCH. NORTH DAKOTA - DAY 45

The MAIN HOUSE sits directly across a gully from the church. A barn and bunk house and other buildings stand clustered closely on this spread of hundreds of acres of ranch land.

ANGLE ON ROY TILLMAN

He sits at the head of an outside table, sharing a meal with his family. His WIFE, TWIN DAUGHTERS (8), his MOTHER and FATHER, TWO UNCLES -- and his oldest boy, GATOR.

A RANCH HAND mans a giant fire pit nearby. OTHER RANCH HANDS (PACE, LEMLEY, and BRANDY) are at the buffet table. BOWMAN (40s) the ranch foreman is overseeing the meal.

The family gives thanks, heads bowed. Roy leads the prayer. We hear --

ROY TILLMAN (O.S.)

We're not innocent. We know what's right. And we know how to defend it.



46 INT. TILLMAN HOUSE. NORTH DAKOTA - SAME TIME 46

We move along a WALL OF PHOTOGRAPHS, elders, children, and find a WEDDING PHOTO. Bride and groom standing together, smiling at the camera. The man is Roy Tillman ten years younger. The woman is DOT.

ROY TILLMAN (O.S.)

And if you take what's ours --

CLOSE UP ON ROY

sitting at the head of his table. He looks up into the lens.

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

Well, shit. We're gonna take it back.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE 501