

YELLOWSTONE

Episode #401

"Half the Money"

Directed by

Stephen Kay

Distribution, sale, duplication or any other unauthorized use of
this material in whole or in part is strictly prohibited.

© 2020. All rights reserved.

OPEN ON:

1 EXT. MONTANA ROAD - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - AFTERNOON (D0) 1

RIP stands over the dead horse. Grits his teeth and fights back the emotion killing something that doesn't understand the mercy in it, brings up in a man. Looks over at the ravens watching him...

RIP
Now you can eat him.

Turns to walk away, sees MORE RAVENS circling in the distance.

RIP (CONT'D)
...Whole fucking valley's dying today.

Walks to his truck, climbs in and drives toward the circling RAVENS to see what he needs to kill next.

2 EXT. ANOTHER MONTANA ROAD - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - AFTERNOON 2
(D0)

JOHN DUTTON stares up at the dying sky and the ravens hovering above. One soars down, lands on the road. Begins walking toward him. Then another lands. Then another...

BESIDE JOHN DUTTON ON THE ROAD --

John Dutton has written 'Blue Van two tone' in blood. Beside it, a blood arrow pointing north...

The ravens begin their jerky bird-walk toward him.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THEIR FACES --

Their lifeless eyes. Their pointed beaks. Their heads bob and twist, gauging how much life is left in him -- decide there isn't much. Begin moving closer...

THE SOUND OF RUBBER OVER ASPHALT MOVES TOWARD THEM...

The ravens retreat skyward as the sound gets closer. John Dutton looks toward the sound as it gets closer. Closer...

We HEAR the truck stop. A door opens. Footsteps move toward John Dutton as his head drops in surrender...

A3 EXT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - AFTERNOON (D0)

A3

MONICA stands in front of the lodge, pacing in a furious circle, phone to her ear.

Smoke wafts up from something in the distance.

MONICA
Kayce? ... KAYCE?!?!

The world explodes -- an orange fireball shoots up in the air behind her. Monica shudders at the explosion, looks back, then runs like a deer toward the house.

B3 INT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - MOMENT LATER (D0)

B3

CAMERA RUSHES UP THE STAIRS ...

MONICA RACES TOWARD CAMERA AS CAMERA RETREATS WITH HER.

CAMERA PUSHES MONICA UP THE STAIRS. SHE OUTRUNS IT AND DISAPPEARS AROUND THE CORNER.

3 INT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - KAYCE AND MONICA'S BEDROOM - 3
AFTERNOON (D0)

Door flies open. Monica blasts into the room, frantically searching for something.

TATE (O.S.)
What happened?

She looks back at Tate. Covers her mouth as tears run her cheeks. Her tears bring tears from Tate...

TATE (CONT'D)
Mama? WHAT HAPPENED???

INTERCUT WITH --

4 INT. LIVESTOCK ASSOCIATION - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - 4
AFTERNOON (D0)

KAYCE is tucked beneath the desk as bullets hammer into it. He lays flat on his back then pies out from behind the desk and hammers rounds into the men.

KAYCE reloads a magazine, creeps out from behind the desk, one of the men -- trying to stand, raises his rifle in Kayce's direction and Kayce dumps 8 rounds into him.

Kayce breathes heavy. Surveys the room. His ears ring from the gunfire. Can barely make out Monica's screams through his phone on the floor...

Looks down at the blood pluming from his abdomen, then hears her. Picks up his phone, shouts into it.

KAYCE
MONICA GET TATE AND GET OUT OF THE
HOUSE. GO TO THE BUNKHOUSE NOW.

MONICA
KAYCE?!? WHAT'S HAPPENING???

KAYCE
THE BUNKHOUSE. NOW.

He hangs up, grabs an AR-15 from one of the dead men, grabs two magazines from his pockets. Walks to the foyer...

5 INT. LIVESTOCK ASSOCIATION - FOYER - AFTERNOON (D0) 5

Kayce rounds the corner, rifle at the ready. Sees the dead RECEPTIONIST. Keeps moving toward the door...

6

EXT. LIVESTOCK ASSOCIATION - BOZEMAN - CONTINUOUS (D0)

6

People hide behind vehicles. POLICE VEHICLES SCREECH TO A STOP. Kayce holds up his badge. His phone rings, looks at the screen -- RIP.

KAYCE

Get everyone back to the ranch.
Someone just --

INTERCUT WITH --

7 INT. RIP'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS (D0)

7

Rip drives a hundred miles an hour down an empty highway.

RIP
Your dad's been shot.

KAYCE
Where?

RIP
Everywhere. Look for a blue two-
tone van, Kayce. On 540. Moving
north.

KAYCE
How bad is he?

RIP
I'm an hour from the hospital and
he ain't got an hour, Kayce.

Kayce's eyes close.

KAYCE
Give me a location and I'll send
CARE FLIGHT.

RIP
Hemmett's pasture on 89. I'll meet
the chopper there.

Rip hangs up, drives the truck even faster. If that's
possible.

SHERIFF HASKELL pulls to a stop. Leaps out...

HASKELL
Jesus.
(to Deputy)
Call EMS.

But Kayce is already moving toward his Livestock Association
truck.

KAYCE
TWO-TONE BLUE VAN MOVING NORTH ON
540!!!

Kayce leaps in the truck, throws it in reverse, screeches backward, then hauls ass forward. Some deputies rush inside the Livestock Commission. Haskell hauls ass after Kayce ...

8 INT. SCHWARTZ & MEYER - BETH'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON (D0) 8

Smoke fills the place. CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH IT...

Past what is left of BETH'S ASSISTANT. Past what used to be furniture. Toward something huddled in the corner...

BETH DUTTON stares at nothing. Blood runs from her ears. Her nose. From everywhere. She struggles to move. Takes too much effort. Leans back against the wall, then rolls to her belly and begins crawling toward the exit...

9 EXT. SCHWARTZ AND MEYER - MOMENT LATER (D0) 9

She has managed her way to her feet. Pushes out the front doors. Looks down at the glass and debris that litters the sidewalk. Looks at the three car pile up in the middle of the street -- vehicles covered with glass and debris and bricks and everything else hurled onto the street from above...

People rush to her. Look her in the eye. Their mouths move, but no sound. No sound from anything -- not from car horns or sirens or anything.

A BOZEMAN POLICE OFFICER rushes to her and guides her to the curb, sits her down ...

She looks up at a BYSTANDER, SPOTS THE CIGARETTES IN HIS POCKET.

BETH DUTTON
Can I have one of those?

His mouth moves, no sound. He pulls a cigarette from his pocket, hands it to her. Gives her a light. She inhales deep. The officer kneeling next to her asks her question after question. She doesn't answer. Doesn't even look his way. Just sits in the gutter and smokes...

10 INT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - HALL / KITCHEN - AFTERNOON (D0) 10

Monica and Tate hurry their way down the hall and race into the kitchen. Monica rounds the corner and runs right into a large MAN wearing a Halloween mask -- hard to say who it startles more...

The impact knocks Monica to the ground and the pistol from the man's hand. They stare at each other for a frozen moment. Monica looks at the pistol. She lunges for it as the man grabs her by the hair and throws her backward.

The man picks up the pistol and turns around, points it at her, then he is blown ten feet across the room...

ANGLE ON --

TATE. Standing there with tears running his cheeks -- holding the side-by-side shotgun that is bigger than he is...

Monica scrambles to her feet, grabs the shotgun in one hand and Tate with the other, hauls ass toward the kitchen door...

11 EXT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - CONTINUOUS (D0) 11

They step outside. Hear GUNSHOTS from the direction of the barn. Hear shouting. Screaming, really...

Monica doesn't know what to do or where to go.

LOOKS TO HER LEFT AND SEES --

LLOYD RACING THROUGH THE FIELD ON A HORSE TOWARD THEM, RIFLE IN HIS HAND...

He rushes to them.

MONICA

There's a man in the house.

Lloyd dismounts, ties his horse to the fence.

LLOYD

Get to the bunkhouse.

MONICA

What's happening?

LLOYD

Don't know. Get to the bunkhouse.

They take off. Lloyd rushes toward the house...

12 INT./EXT. KAYCE'S TRUCK / BOZEMAN STREET - AFTERNOON (D0) 12

Kayce goes 80 miles per hour through the outskirts of Bozeman. Looks at the traffic stopped at the intersection in the distance. Sees the BLUE VAN. Kayce barks into his radio.

KAYCE

Third one back. Blue van!!!

HASKELL (V.O.)

WE CAN'T DO THIS HERE. THERE'S
PEOPLE EVERYWHERE.

LIGHT TURNS GREEN. Traffic starts moving... Kayce drives even faster...

As the van pulls through the middle of the intersection, Kayce's truck hits the rear quarter panel and knocks the van thirty feet. Kayce's vehicle careens right...

Haskell slides his vehicle to a stop, blocking the intersection, leaps out with his AR-15...

ANGLE ON --

13

EXT. BOZEMAN STREET - CONTINUOUS (D0)

13

Kayce. He steps from his vehicle, rifle to his shoulder, and moves toward the van...

Bystanders either bail from their vehicles or slam them in reverse...

HASKELL

KAYCE HOLD THAT POSITION... KAYCE
STOP --

The rear van doors fly open. Two MEN spray rifle fire everywhere, then Kayce empties a thirty-round magazine into them...

The DRIVER, dazed and bloody, climbs out the smashed driver's side window as Kayce moves toward him. Driver looks up --

DRIVER

Wait --

Bang. Bang. Bang...

Kayce dumps three rounds into him. His body lays lifeless out the van window...

ANGLE ON --

A MAN runs through traffic away from them. Points his rifle at the driver of a Nissan Altima, jumps in ...

HASKELL

Maroon Altima.

HASKELL RUSHES TOWARD THE VEHICLE AS IT PULLS INTO THE INTERSECTION, STARTS FIRING...

THE MAN KEEPS DRIVING. POUNDS ROUNDS THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD AT HASKELL...

KAYCE STEPS INTO THE INTERSECTION, DUMPS ROUNDS INTO THE FRONT OF THE WINDSHIELD AS HASKELL DOES THE SAME FROM THE SIDE. CAR IS RACING TOWARD KAYCE. HE JUST KEEPS FIRING AS IT RACES AT HIM. CLOSER. CLOSER...

Kayce doesn't give an inch, just keeps firing...

The driver finally slumps from view and the vehicle careens left, just missing Kayce, who keeps firing until the gun is empty...

The vehicle rolls into a light pole, then the horn blares, adding a maddening sound to the chaos...

KAYCE
Is he Militia?

Haskell looks through the windshield at the dead man -- shaved head. Meth head clothes...

HASKELL
Could be --

Haskell looks back at Kayce, who wobbles in place, rushes to him -- two fresh bullet holes in his chest and shoulder. Blood rushes from a gash deep in his forehead...

HASKELL (CONT'D)
Jesus, Kayce.

The wail of sirens approaches as Kayce starts walking back to his vehicle, then collapses in the center of the intersection.

14

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - BUNKHOUSE - AFTERNOON (D0)

14

Monica and Tate walk to the bunkhouse. The world seems blurry, moving in a strange, jerky slow motion (under exposed and bleach bypass).

ANGLE ON --

A BODY, CURLED IN THE FETAL POSITION IN THE GRAVEL...

RYAN, COLBY, AND TEETER DRAG A MAN TOWARD THE BARN WHERE JAKE HAS THROWN A ROPE OVER A LOG BRACE IN THE CORRALS...

ANGLE ON --

THE MAN'S FACE AS HE IS HOISTED IN THE AIR, ROPE AROUND HIS NECK, CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF HIM...

SHE LOOKS AWAY, SEES --

LARAMIE PRESSES A TOWEL TO ETHAN'S STOMACH AS HE LAYS AGAINST THE WALL OF THE BUNKHOUSE...

SHE LOOKS AWAY FROM THAT AND SEES --

MIA WANDERING IN THE GRASS BESIDE THE BUNKHOUSE, SCREAMING:

MIA
JIMMY!!!!

LOOKS AWAY FROM THAT, SEES --

ANOTHER MAN RUNNING, STUMBLING AS THUNDER SHAKES THE EARTH, HE GETS TO HIS FEET AND DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW BEHIND THE BARN.

WALKER WALKS AFTER HIM, RIFLE IN HIS HAND, DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE BARN AS WELL, THEN ANOTHER BOOM. THEN SILENCE...

ANGLE ON --

WALKER. Looking over the dead man. Looks up at the round pen, sees the horse standing in the center of it. Sees Jimmy's body in a clump...

15

INT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON (D0)

15

The man lays against the refrigerator, hands to his stomach, trying to keep his guts from spilling out on the floor, his eyes are shut as he hurries out a prayer...

MAN
And yea though I walk through the
shadow of the valley of death, I
will fear no evil...

Footsteps stop him. He looks up as a shadow falls over him.

LLOYD
You should fear the valley... God
ain't walking with you here. I am.

16 EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - BUNKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS (D0) 16

Monica hears a rifle shot come from the house. Looks at the dead man hanging from the brace. Hears a scream from behind the barn...

17 INT./EXT. RIP'S TRUCK - AFTERNOON (D0) 17

Rip drives 100 miles per-hour, cell phone to his ear.

RIP
I'M COMING AROUND NOW!!!

ANGLE ON --

JOHN DUTTON. Slumped in the seat beside him. Eyes closed.

RIP (CONT'D)
Not like this. Don't you die like
this. YOU HEAR ME?!

Rip rounds a corner and sees a CARE FLIGHT HELICOPTER LANDING IN A FIELD...

Rip turns from the highway, drives right over a barbed wire fence...

A18 EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - NIGHT (N0) A18

Rip's truck drives past the Yellowstone entrance, pulls to the barn. Stops. Gets out...

Ryan steps from behind the barn with a rifle. Lloyd from somewhere else. Colby from somewhere else. Walker from somewhere else...

RIP
Lloyd, load them in the truck and
dump these pieces of shit.

Rip looks to the south, sees smoke --

RIP (CONT'D)
What's burning?

Everyone looks down.

LLOYD
Sorry, Rip. I just ... Didn't have
the heart to tell you.

Rip marches off in the direction of the smoke ...

B18 EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - RIP'S CABIN - MOMENT LATER (N0) B18

Rip stands at the gate leading to where his cabin used to be, a pile of smoldering logs and furniture sit in its place...

18 EXT. YELLOWSTONE DUTTON RANCH - 1893 - DAY - FLASHBACK (FB18)

A MAN sits horseback. Beside him, a BOY sits a horse as well. Maybe fourteen. Another BOY beside that boy, maybe ten. Another horse...

The year is 1893. The month is May. The 'starvation winter' of 1893 is over. Its consequence is everywhere --

Bones of cattle, elk, and deer litter the valley floor.

The man looks down at them. His name is JAMES DILLARD DUTTON (40). The teenage boy, JOHN DUTTON SENIOR. The younger boy is SPENCER DUTTON.

JOHN SENIOR
Winter killed everything.

JD Dutton nods, sighs. Keeps riding...

Spots something in the distance --

A few Hereford cattle dot the horizon. Smoke plumes from a fire. And dirty white canvas forms triangles that rise twelve feet into the air.

John Senior looks panicked at his father.

JOHN SENIOR (CONT'D)
Indians.

JD DUTTON
Yeah...

JOHN SENIOR
Why aren't they on the reservation?

JD DUTTON
Don't know.

JD pulls his rifle from its scabbard, levers a round into the chamber. Looks at his son.

JD DUTTON (CONT'D)
Do you know the way home?

The terrified boy shakes his head 'no.' JD's eyes close for an instant, then open. Searches his mind for the best of the bad options before him. Then he notices THREE MEN MOUNT HORSES AND RACE TOWARD HIM...

JD DUTTON (CONT'D)
STAY HERE.

JD spurs his horse, races in their direction as well.

SPENCER
What do we do?

JOHN SENIOR
We do what he said. We stay here.

19 EXT. YELLOWSTONE DUTTON RANCH - FIELD - 1893 - CONTINUOUS 19
(FBD1)

Their father reaches the men. He watches them speak. JD looks back at his boys, waves them over.

The boys ride up to the men. Study their gaunt faces, tattered clothes and emaciated horses...

The men ride back toward the teepees.

JOHN SENIOR
What do they want?

JD DUTTON
Don't know. There's a man at their camp who speaks English.

JOHN SENIOR
Do you trust them?

JD DUTTON
I don't trust anyone, son. Till
they've earned it.

JD and his boys follow the men.

20 EXT. YELLOWSTONE DUTTON RANCH - CAMP - 1893 - CONTINUOUS 20
(FBD1)

They ride into the camp. A few WOMEN sit around a small fire.
Two small CHILDREN sit bundled in so many blankets only their
faces are visible.

A MAN stands as they approach. He is fifty maybe. Hard to
say. Body is fit. Face is battered by sun, wind, and a life
of heartbreak. Beside the fire is a body completely wrapped
in blankets. Nothing visible. Not the body's face, not the
body's hands, nothing. Old army blankets and merchant
blankets of varying shades of green, blue, and red make the
body look like a multicolored mummy.

A WOMAN sits beside the fire, her pinky finger cut off at the
second digit. Her ring finger chopped off the same, but looks
as though it happened mere minutes ago...

RED BEAR
This your land now?

JD nods.

RED BEAR (CONT'D)
Used to be ours.

JD DUTTON
I'm not the one who took it from
you.

RED BEAR
Doesn't matter. Still got took.

JD DUTTON
You here to try and take it back?

Red Bear shakes his head no.

RED BEAR
Here to ask a favor.

JD DUTTON
Ask.

RED BEAR

My father was born here. This is
where he'd like to rest.

JD DUTTON

...You want to bury him here?

RED BEAR

I want to put him in that tree
where wolves won't dig him up and
he won't spend the spring in the
mud. Where relatives can come
visit. He could have peace in that
tree a long time ago. Not anymore.
Now there's no peace. Maybe you
sell this land or lose it to a
bank. Then someone finds this tree
and scatters his bones. Steals his
sacreds. Then he has no peace
forever. So, I will bury him here.
If you'll let me.

JD DUTTON

I'll let you. Where do you want to
bury him?

The man almost smiles.

RED BEAR

Someplace no one finds him. You
included...

JD breathes that in.

JD DUTTON

It's a long ride from the
reservation.

RED BEAR

Eight sleeps.

JD DUTTON

Horses look hungry.

RED BEAR

They are.

JD DUTTON

You look hungry too.

RED BEAR

I'm used to being hungry.

JD Dutton looks out over the land. Looks to the cattle grazing just beyond the camp.

JD DUTTON
Was a hard winter.

RED BEAR
All winters are hard. This one...
This one was punishment.

JOHN SENIOR
Punishment for what?

Red Bear looks at the boy.

RED BEAR
Don't know. What do you think?

JOHN SENIOR
I don't know either.

Silence.

JD DUTTON
Your horses can graze here while
you choose a spot for your father.
I'll leave you a beef. Your family
can graze too.

RED BEAR
Thank you.

JD looks at his boys.

JD DUTTON
Let's go push these cattle and cut
out a steer for 'em.

They ride through the camp toward the grazing cattle. Red Bear walks toward the fire. John Senior looks back at Red Bear.

JOHN SENIOR
I'm sorry for you being punished.

RED BEAR
So are we.

21 EXT. YELLOWSTONE DUTTON RANCH - VALLEY - 1893 - DAY (FBD1) 21

The Duttons push the cattle back up the valley. None of them speak. A GUNSHOT echoes out over the valley. The boys almost leap from their horses. Look back at the sound.

ANGLE ON --

The Native men stand over a dead steer. The women collapse on it, begin butchering it with a skill that should be studied.

ANGLE ON --

John Senior's face. As he watches the shrouded images of men and women surrounding the carcass as the last rays of day disappear, then men and women and carcass and sagebrush all look the same...

CUT TO PRESENT
DAY --

22 INT. BOZEMAN GENERAL - I.C.U. - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (D1) 22

A face fills the frame. About a month's worth of grey beard covers most of it. The eyes ache open...

23 INT. BOZEMAN GENERAL - I.C.U. - NURSE'S STATION - DAY (D1) 23

CAMERA CREEPS DOWN THE HALLWAY TOWARD THE NURSE'S STATION. TWO NURSES sip coffee and peer at a monitor as it chirps a warning.

SOMETHING MOVES THROUGH FRAME, THEN DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW...

NURSE 1
That's a disconnect code.

NURSE 2
Dietician's in there?

NURSE 1
No one's in there.

A nurse walks around the station. Freezes when she looks at something.

ANGLE ON --

John Dutton, standing in the hallway. Cables and tubes hanging from him. He stares at the nurses.

JOHN DUTTON
What is today?

NURSE 1
Thursday.

JOHN DUTTON

The month.

NURSE 1

...August.

JOHN DUTTON

August...

The nurse moves toward him.

NURSE 1

You need to lay down.

JOHN DUTTON

Been laying down long enough.

One nurse hits a button. Red lights flash silently from the ceiling as a voice comes over the hospital speaker system.

VOICE (V.O.)

CODE THREE. 422 I.C.U.

John Dutton looks back at his room -- 422.

JOHN DUTTON

What's a code three?

NURSE 1

You are. Come lay down.

JOHN DUTTON

Don't want to lay down.

NURSE 1

I'm not asking.

ANGLE ON --

Beth Dutton walking around the corner. Freezes when she sees him. Drops her coffee to the floor. The cup explodes. Steam rises from the hot coffee as it spills out on cool concrete.

He looks at her face --

A deep scar runs her cheek from the top of her ear to her lip.

BETH DUTTON

Daddy.

JOHN DUTTON

What happened to you?

BETH DUTTON
Same thing that happened to you.

John Dutton takes that in.

JOHN DUTTON
Who else did it happen to?

BETH DUTTON
Happened to all of us.

JOHN DUTTON
Who did we lose?

ORDERLIES and DOCTORS descend on him. Guide him to his room.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)
WHO DID WE LOSE??

BETH DUTTON
Define lose, Daddy.

24 INT. BOZEMAN GENERAL - I.C.U. - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (D1) 24

John Dutton has been returned to the bed he escaped from. A DOCTOR reinserts his IV and gives him enough morphine to put a horse to sleep.

Beth marches in.

BETH DUTTON
You said he'd never wake up and
when he does you put him back to
fucking sleep?!?!

Doctor whips around, faces her.

DOCTOR 1
If he has a blood clot -- and I can
promise you he does -- movement can
dislodge it and send it into his
heart. Then he woke up for nothing.
Let me do my job.

Nurses guide her out of the room.

25 EXT. BOZEMAN GENERAL - PARKING LOT - DAY (D1) 25

Beth comes out of the hospital. A fourteen year-old BOY stares at her face -- and the scar that runs the length of her cheek.

BOY

What happened to your face?

BETH DUTTON

What happened to yours, you
insensitive little fuck?

BOY

Nothing happened to mine.

BETH DUTTON

You should go find a mirror.

Beat.

BOY

My dad's dying.

BETH DUTTON

So is mine. What's killing yours?

BOY

Heroin. What's killing yours?

BETH DUTTON

Twenty-first century.

BOY

You mean like... time?

BETH DUTTON

Something like that.

BOY

How does time kill?

She chuckles.

BETH DUTTON

Let me count the ways... With my
family it sort of takes the kitchen
sink approach.

BOY

Don't know what that means.

BETH DUTTON

Need to study harder in school.

BOY

I dropped out of school.

BETH DUTTON

Why'd you do that?

BOY
Cuz... Fuck it.

BETH DUTTON
That's a winning attitude. But you
know what they say -- the world
needs ditch diggers too.

She stands, pulls a cigarette from her purse.

BOY
Got another one of those?

She looks at this ratty little kid -- dressed somewhere
between redneck and Elvis...

She lights her cigarette. Breathes the smoke deep in her
lungs...

She hands her Zippo to the boy, who lights his own cigarette.
Looks at her as he hands the lighter back to Beth.

BOY (CONT'D)
You're pretty cool.

BETH DUTTON
Let's be honest, you'll be in
prison in a few years. What's a
cigarette gonna harm.

BOY
Why do you say that?

BETH DUTTON
Because your life is a mess and
you're perfectly fine with it
because you've had no one to
admire. No one to set an example.
Now you're a lazy piece of shit,
but you're good looking and
charming and just smart enough to
bullshit your way out of whatever
trouble you get into. But sooner or
later, buddy... You're gonna find
some trouble you can't bullshit
your way out of.

BOY
You a therapist or something?

She looks at him.

BETH DUTTON
I'm the rock therapists break
themselves against.

BOY
Pretty good at it.

BETH DUTTON
Well, you're pretty easy to
analyze. Used to love guys like you
in high school. Give me a troubled
loser with blue eyes and I'd dry
hump a hole in his jeans.

A NURSE walks out toward them. The boy flips his cigarette to
the parking lot as she approaches.

NURSE 3
You need to come inside.

BOY
Am I in trouble?

NURSE 3
You're not in trouble.

The nurse looks at Beth.

NURSE 3 (CONT'D)
You a friend of the family?

Beth knows instantly what is happening.

BETH DUTTON
Guess I am now.

NURSE 3
You should come too.

It's hitting the boy.

BOY
Shit.

BETH DUTTON
Yeah.

The three of them walk back to the hospital.

26 INT. BOZEMAN GENERAL - I.C.U. - ROOM 426 - MOMENT LATER (D2)6

Beth and the boy look down at his father's lifeless body. A
DOCTOR looks at the various monitors. Points to one of them.

DOCTOR 2

...When these lines move
vertically, it's reading the
electrical impulses of the brain.
When they level in this manner
here, it is displaying a lack of
readable impulses --

BETH DUTTON

Just tell him, dude.

Beat.

DOCTOR 2

There's no brain activity. The only
thing keeping your father alive is
the machine.

BOY

What does that mean?

Beth looks at the doctor, who says --

DOCTOR 2

The lack of brain activity --

BETH DUTTON

It means he's gone, honey.

Beth looks at the doctor.

BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)

Can he have some time to say
goodbye?

DOCTOR 2

There's a protocol we should
discuss --

BETH DUTTON

Get out of the room so the kid can
say goodbye to his dad *for fuck's*
sake. Get out.

Doctor leaves. The boy looks at Beth.

BOY

Don't know what to say.

BETH DUTTON

Whatever you feel, that's what you
say.

The boy looks at his father's lifeless body. Tears well in his eyes.

BOY

Fuck you for leaving me in this place with nothing and nobody. If there's a hell, you're in it and I'll see you when I get there you son of a bitch...

He fights sobs. Wipes at his nose.

BETH DUTTON

Good speech. I like your style.

BOY

I don't have a style.

BETH DUTTON

Yeah, you do.

27

INT. PAINTED HORSE CASINO - NIGHT (N1)

27

Friday night at a casino. That is to say -- the place is packed. CAMERA pushes past truckers, and bikers, and dreamers, and loser, and every incarnation of white trash you can imagine. The only people in this place who aren't white are Native Americans -- and not a one of them is gambling. They are working...

AN ACE AND A JACK FILL THE FRAME...

DEALER (V.O.)

Blackjack.

ANGLE ON --

A LAUGHING, CHAIN-SMOKING, BUZZED HEAD PIECE OF WHITE TRASH. His name is CHECKERS (35). Checkers guzzles beer and looks at his giant stack of chips as the dealer pushes more chips to him.

He slides a single chip to the dealer as a tip. Dealer looks at it...

DEALER

Big spender ...

CHECKERS

You're welcome.

No reaction from the dealer.

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

Hey... HEY... I tip you every time
I win and all I been doing is
winning. The least you can say is
thank you.

Dealer looks at him. Says with no emotion --

DEALER

Thank you.

CHECKERS

You're welcome... Ungrateful
motherfuckers... We give you
casinos, free college, free fucking
medical care. Don't know what else
you people want...

DEALER

Gee, I don't know... Maybe our land
back. Think you can MacGyver that
up for us, Wasichu?

CHECKERS

What's that mean?

DEALER

Ain't a compliment.

Checkers guzzles his beer.

CHECKERS

You fucking people... Take, take,
take, take, take, take, take...
Hey.

Checkers mumbles to himself --

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

I've done more to get your land
back than anyone in the past
century.

DEALER

We don't have our land back. John
Dutton has our land.

CHECKERS

And where's he? Rotting in a
fucking bed, waiting to die. So...
You're welcome.

Everyone at the table looks at him.

DEALER

You saying, you shot John Dutton?

CHECKERS

I'm a party planner, baby. I just put people together. What they do is what they do... And what they did was clear your land. You want it back? Stop bitching, deal me cards or go fucking get it.

ANGLE ON --

A SECURITY CAMERA ON THE CEILING. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON IT...

28 INT. PAINTED HORSE CASINO - SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - 28
CONTINUOUS (N1)

A dozen monitors are mounted to a wall. Each monitor is divided into sixteen squares. Each square is a security camera footage.

CAMERA pushes in on the camera focused on Checkers...

ANGLE ON --

MO. Staring at the monitor...

29 INT. PAINTED HORSE CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - MOMENT LATER (N2) 29

Mo and two SECURITY AGENTS the size of refrigerators march down the hallway past slot machines and scores of losers betting their futures on them...

30 INT. PAINTED HORSE CASINO - BLACKJACK PIT - MOMENT LATER (N3) 30

Checkers won again. His stack of chips is turning into a pyramid. He scoops more chips toward his horde as a shadow falls over him. Checkers looks up. Mo smiles down at him...

MO

Excuse me, sir. Could we speak to you for a moment?

CHECKERS

Speak.

Mo digests the man's attitude.

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

You wanna speak, fucking spea --

Mo jams his thumb into Checkers' windpipe, creating a giant sucking sound from Checkers' lungs. Checkers' hands race to his throat. Mo grabs Checkers by the back of the head and slams his face into the blackjack table, knocking him out...

The massive men behind Mo scoop him up and whisk him off in an instant. It happened so quick, not a soul noticed. Except the people at this table. Mo tosses each of them 50 dollar chips, smiles...

MO

Our apologies for the intrusion.

Mo turns and walks off...

31 INT. PAINTED HORSE CASINO - SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - LATER 31
(N1)

RAINWATER'S FACE FILLS THE FRAME. He stares at Checkers through a two-way mirror as he sits in an interrogation room.

RAINWATER

Who is he?

MO

His name is Chester Spears.
Dishonorable discharge from the
army in 2006 for conduct
unbecoming. Did three years in Rock
Springs for robbery. Another five
years in Red Lodge for aggravated
assault. Has arrests for check
fraud, wire fraud, two DUI
convictions...

RAINWATER

The great White Hopeless... Why am
I looking at him?

Mo leans close.

MO

He said he knows who hit the
Duttons. Bragged about putting it
together.

RAINWATER

Putting it *together*?

Rainwater studies the man -- his shitty clothes. Shaved head... Doesn't buy it for a second.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

Ask him if he knows who killed Kennedy. Probably say he planned that too. He's a drug dealer. At best...

Mo holds up a wad of hundreds. Ten thousand dollars' worth.

MO

Drug dealers don't gamble wads like this. Can't afford to lose it.

Rainwater looks at Mo.

RAINWATER

Didn't win that?

Mo points to a clear plastic bag full of chips.

MO

Those are his winnings.

RAINWATER

See if you can help him separate fantasy from reality.

Rainwater turns to leave.

MO

How much pressure before we let him cry uncle?

Rainwater walks back to Mo.

RAINWATER

What they did to John Dutton hasn't been done since they did it to us. We need to know who's trying to take his land. Because they'll come after ours next.

Rainwater looks at the skinhead through the window.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

He can cry uncle all he wants. But he doesn't have one, Mo. No uncles for that one...

MO

Okay.

Rainwater turns to leave, looks back.

RAINWATER

But tradition I won't abandon. Do
it the way we used to do it. The
way our grandfathers did it.

Rainwater turns, walks out...

32

EXT. BROKEN ROCK RESERVATION - NIGHT (N1)

32

HEADLIGHTS CUT THE BLACK OF NIGHT BUT ILLUMINATE NOTHING. A
MAN'S SCREAMS ARE THE ONLY SOUND...

ANGLE ON --

Checkers' feet are bound by a ranch rope. His hands are bound
in front of him. His ankles tied tight. TWO NATIVE AMERICAN
MEN SECURE THE ROPE. MO WALKS TO CHECKERS...

CHECKERS

THIS IS FUCKING CRAZY. YOU CAN'T DO
THIS...

MO

Why not? You've been doing it to us
for five hundred years.

CHECKERS

Kill me. Kill me, motherfucker!!!
Then rot in prison until they shoot
bleach in your veins and you piss
yourself on your way to FUCKING
HELL!!!!

Mo pounds Checkers in the face with a coup stick, breaking
his nose, and silencing him. He leans close...

MO

My mother was killed by two white
men who offered her a ride when her
car ran out of gas. I sat there
strapped in a car seat for three
days before someone found me. Hell
is all I've ever known.

Mo walks to his horse, mounts. Dallies the rope around the
saddle horn.

CHECKERS

Wait. WAIT...

Mo kicks his horse and drags the man across the sagebrush.
Checkers wails and whimpers and shrieks for all he's worth.

Mo stops the horse, dismounts. Walks to him...

MO

So, you're the party planner. Tell me about the party you planned for John Dutton.

CHECKERS

I'm hurt... You really hurt me, man.

MO

You don't know hurt.

CHECKERS

I'M FUCKING HURT HERE --

Mo hammers him in the mouth with the coup stick.

MO

Now you're hurt.

Checkers' wide eyes stare back at him.

MO (CONT'D)

Tell me about this party. Who wanted you to plan it.

CHECKERS

If I tell you I'm a dead man.

MO

You're a dead man already. Only question is how...

Checkers' face wells in tears.

CHECKERS

I don't wanna die I don't wanna fucking die --

MO

You a father?

Checkers nods.

MO (CONT'D)

Love them?

Nods again.

MO (CONT'D)

Think of them and tell me the truth.

Checkers looks away.

MO (CONT'D)
 Guess you don't love them that
 much, after all.

Mo mounts his horse, spurs it...

ANGLE ON --

CHECKERS. As he is drug over the sagebrush, bouncing over every obstacle. His head hits a rock, and blood plumes up like a tornado. Mo stop the horse. Dismounts and walks to him.

MO (CONT'D)
 We are at war, you and me. When you
 die I take the war to your family.
 Stop thinking about yourself. Think
 about your family. And tell me
 something that will save them.

Checkers mumbles something. Mo leans close. Checkers whispers in his ear...

33

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - ARENA - EARLY MORNING (D2)

33

Wranglers walk to horses, slip rifles into scabbards. Mount up. Rip looks at Lloyd.

RIP
 Take Colby, Jake, and Laramie and
 move those stockers to the loading
 chutes. Cattle trucks will be here
 by noon.

LLOYD
 I could use a couple more hands.

RIP
 Can't spare 'em.

Rip looks at Lloyd.

RIP (CONT'D)
 He's coming home today. Keep that
 between us.

Rip rides up to Walker, Ryan, and Teeter. Let's go.

They ride in the opposite direction, up the hill toward the house...

34 INT. BOZEMAN GENERAL - I.C.U. - HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING (D2)A

Nurses help John Dutton sit up on the edge of the bed.

JOHN DUTTON
I can do it myself.

They ignore him. Grab a pair of jeans that sits beside a shirt on a hanger, beneath them -- boots.

They work his foot into the jeans, then the other foot. John Dutton almost laughs.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)
I can do this myself.

ANGLE ON --

BETH. She smiles. Chuckles even. Fights a tear. Nurse glances up at Beth, then at John Dutton.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)
Didn't think I was going to pull through, did you?

BETH DUTTON
Never doubted it for a second.

JOHN DUTTON
Liar.

BETH DUTTON
Everyone else doubted. Not me. Not once.

Now dressed, they help him stand.

JOHN DUTTON
I can...

The nurse points to a wheelchair.

NURSE 1
We need you to --

JOHN DUTTON
I know the drill.

John Dutton sits. One nurse guides the wheelchair, one guides the IV stand. They make their way out of the room and down the hall.

35 INT. BOZEMAN GENERAL - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MORNING - 35
CONTINUOUS (D2)

JOHN DUTTON
How's the ranch?

BETH DUTTON
We'll talk about the ranch when we
get there.

They move down the hall, disappear around a corner...

CAMERA finds them as they move down another corridor. John
Dutton glances to his right, sees something --

JOHN DUTTON
Stop.

Nurses stop. John Dutton peers through a glass wall at
something...

36 INT. BOZEMAN GENERAL - GLASS WALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D2) 36

A HAND FILLS THE FRAME. INSIDE THE HAND, A FOAM BALL.

VOICE
Squeeze it again.

Weak fingers shake, close a little on the ball...

VOICE (CONT'D)
GOOD.

ANGLE ON --

JIMMY. Sitting in a wheelchair, foam balls in his hands.
Sitting on the floor across from him is MIA. Sitting in a
chair directly in front of Jimmy is a PHYSICAL THERAPIST
(30).

PHYSICAL THERAPIST
Let's try the other hand.

The other hand works better.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Great. It's almost massage time.

MIA
Then a bath. A king's life. I need
to fall off a horse.

That gets a smile from Jimmy. Jimmy clocks the nurse looking out the window, turns and sees --

John Dutton staring at him. Jimmy's smile fades ...

BACK WITH JOHN DUTTON --

JOHN DUTTON
What happened to him?

BETH DUTTON
It's on the list of things we need
to discuss.

Nurses start pushing him down the hall. John Dutton looks up at Beth.

JOHN DUTTON
A list of things...

BETH DUTTON
A long one, Daddy.

They make their way to the main doors, where two SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES wait. They push open the doors...

37 EXT. BOZEMAN GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING (D2) 37

AN AMBULANCE AND THREE SHERIFF'S DEPUTY VEHICLES SIT PARKED AT THE EDGE OF THE SIDEWALK. EMS and more DEPUTIES start moving to vehicles. Judging by the entourage, you'd think the President was being driven home...

38 EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING (D2) 38

CAMERA SOARS ABOVE THE ENTOURAGE AS FLASHING LIGHTS RACE THEIR WAY DOWN THE HIGHWAY...

39 EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - DAY (D2) 39

TWO LIVESTOCK AGENT TRUCKS BLOCK THE ENTRANCE. They move in opposite directions as the entourage approaches...

40 EXT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - MOMENTS LATER (D2) 40

A STRETCHER WITH JOHN DUTTON IS carried from the ambulance.

41 INT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - GREAT ROOM STAIRS - MOMENT LATER 41
(D2)

EMS carries John Dutton up the stairwell.

JOHN DUTTON
I didn't get shot in my legs, for
hell's sake...

42 INT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - BEDROOM - MOMENT LATER (D2) 42

Looks exactly like the room where John Dutton's father laid
until his last day on earth, which it is. A hospital bed sits
in the corner. IV stands and heart monitor beside it.

John Dutton stares at it.

JOHN DUTTON
No.

BETH DUTTON
You wanted to go home, this is what
they required to release you.

JOHN DUTTON
I'm released now. Their
requirements don't matter. Get all
this shit out of here.

EMS
We're required to provide the same
standard of care you received in
the hospital.

They lay him in bed. Start hooking shit up to him.

EMS (CONT'D)
Comfortable?

JOHN DUTTON
No.

EMS looks at the HOSPICE NURSE.

EMS
He's all yours. Have fun.

MAGGIE
I'm Maggie. I'm here to take care
of you. You need anything...

She hands him a remote call button.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
We'll have lunch in a couple hours
then get you bathed, how does that
sound?

John Dutton stares hell at Beth.

BETH DUTTON
Just...

Everyone clears out of the room. Beth leans close...

BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)
Just get some rest.

She leaves too. John Dutton lays in bed, listens as the
ambulance and deputies drive away, then sits up and pulls out
the IV...

43 INT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER (D2) 43

Maggie places some fruit, water, and a half dozen shot
glasses of pills on a tray. Walks out...

44 INT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - GREAT ROOM - DAY (D2) 44

She rounds the corner and heads for the stairs, sees --
John Dutton walking down them then turning toward the porch.

MAGGIE
Oh, no, no, no --

John Dutton looks back at her.

JOHN DUTTON
Maggie, you're fired.

Keeps walking, doesn't look back ...

45 EXT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - PORCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS (D2) 45

John Dutton steps out onto the porch, breathes the air deep
in his lungs. Beth stands on the porch, smoking a cigarette.

JOHN DUTTON
I think you should stay in the
lodge. Until I figure this thing
out.

BETH DUTTON

We're next door in the Foreman's house.

JOHN DUTTON

Good. Cabin's too remote.

BETH DUTTON

Cabin's gone, Daddy. They decided to kill that too.

She flicks her cigarette off the porch. Sits beside her father.

JOHN DUTTON

What else did they decide to kill?

BETH DUTTON

You're home. And I'd like to end this day with a victory. We'll talk defeat tomorrow.

John Dutton looks out, sees something...

It's as though the earth is moving. Like the prairie is coming to life and stands like a man...

John Dutton steps from the porch, slowly makes his way toward the prairie man, which is slowly making its way toward him.

John Dutton stops before the prairie man, smiles when he sees his eyes...

KAYCE wears a ghillie suit, face is painted to look like the grass he stood from. A rifle just as camouflaged rests in his arms.

JOHN DUTTON
What are you hunting?

KAYCE
Whoever's hunting us.

John Dutton nods.

JOHN DUTTON
No one will talk to me. Nobody will
tell me what happened.

KAYCE
No one has the heart.

Kayce unzips the ghillie suit, shows the bullet scars in his left shoulder and chest.

KAYCE (CONT'D)
They came after all of us. But we
beat them.

JOHN DUTTON
All of them?

KAYCE
Every one they sent.

JOHN DUTTON
You haven't got anything until you
get the sender, son.

KAYCE
Don't know the sender.

JOHN DUTTON
That's what we figure out next.

John Dutton notices something over Kayce's shoulder.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)
Smoke.

Kayce looks back.

KAYCE

Yea. Burning brush piles.

JOHN DUTTON

Why are we burning brush piles?

KAYCE

We aren't burning them, Dad.

ANGLE ON --

THE FRONT PORCH. Beth sits, watches them talk. With her father home, the worry and the fear and the panic begin to morph into something else. a cloud forms over her as fury sets in...

A WIND CHIME on the opposite end of the porch gently dances to the breeze, sending soothing sounds toward her. Beth sits and stewes as the wind chime sings...

Beth stands, walks inside. CAMERA LINGERS ON THE WIND CHIMES. PUSHES IN ON THEM.

BOOM.

The wind chime is literally blasted from the porch...

ANGLE ON --

Beth, shotgun to her shoulder. She lowers it, sits back down. Takes in the silence...

A BIRD CHIRPS. Beth's head slowly turns toward the sound, menace on her mind... Bird has the common sense to shut up and fly away.

46 INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - HELENA - AFTERNOON (D2) 46

JAMIE sits behind his desk, phone to his ear.

JAMIE DUTTON

It's not an annexation issue, it's a formation issue, and it's really a county issue at this point... I would wait until the development is built, why incur the added regulations...

His ASSISTANT walks a note to Jamie, hands it to him.

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)
That makes sense...

He reads the note. His body stiffens...

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Roarke, let me call you back.

Hangs up. Looks at his assistant.

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)
Let her in.

Assistant walks to the door. Jamie adjusts his tie as the door opens and Beth marches toward him. She stops, looks back at the assistant.

BETH DUTTON
Could I have a moment alone with my brother, please?

Assistant looks at Jamie. Jamie nods. Assistant closes the door behind her. Beth walks forward, digging through her purse.

BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)
We cleaned out your room and made space for Daddy's hospice bed, and found... So cute. Reminded me of when you were just a wee lad.

She pulls out a rat trap and hurls it at him, it snaps closed on his arm.

JAMIE DUTTON
Son of a bitch...

BETH DUTTON
That wasn't it. It was this...

She's almost to his desk. She pulls out a baseball. He barely has time to cover his head as she hurls it into him. Hard...

BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)
Look me in the fucking eyes.

JAMIE DUTTON
You're fucking crazy and I will have you arrested --

BETH DUTTON
I waited two months for this moment.

(MORE)

BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)

Two months of praying and bartering with God for his survival. And he did survive, Jamie. Thought you'd like to know that. Since you never visited once. Never called *once...*

JAMIE DUTTON

I called every day. I just didn't call you.

She leans across the desk, whispers as she stares in his eyes.

BETH DUTTON

It was you, wasn't it.

JAMIE DUTTON

It was me what?

She stares. He stares. Then he blinks. Looks away, then looks back at her. She smiles, nods.

BETH DUTTON

I want to tell you something. It's for me, it's not for you... I want you to know it now, so you can think on it, and not sleep and worry and dread... I'm going to kill you. But when I do it, I'm not going to farm it out like you, you fucking heartless coward. I'm going to do it myself.

JAMIE DUTTON

You think I'd --

BETH DUTTON

I'm going to kill you, Jamie. I'm going to fucking kill you for what you did to my family.

JAMIE DUTTON

Think very hard about what you're saying, Beth: you are threatening a state official.

BETH DUTTON

Buddy, I'm threatening the whole fucking state.

She turns and walks out...

47 EXT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE - PORCH - TWILIGHT (D2) 47

The last rays of day dip behind the horizon. John Dutton takes in the towering mountains in the distance. Stands, walks gingerly off the porch...

48 INT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - BUNKHOUSE - MOMENT LATER (D2) 48

Wranglers eat, watch TV. All of the energy that usually fills this place is gone. The door opens. John Dutton walks in. Leans against the counter. Looks at them, smiles...

JOHN DUTTON

No picnic working here, huh.

Chuckles from a few of the wranglers.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

I'm here to say I'm sorry. And I'm here to say thank you. I'm sorry people came after you to get to me. That's not what you signed up for. I'm sorry you went through that... Now the thank you. And I mean it from the bottom of my heart: thank you for fighting back. Thank you for protecting this place. And protecting my family. I'll never forget it... Now you stop worrying about fighting. Worry about cowboying, and leave the fighting to me.

Wranglers nod. He looks at them. Looks back at the fridge.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

You boys must be out of beer.

Opens it. Fridge is full.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

Hmm.

Takes one. Opens it...

LLOYD

You okay to drink, sir?

JOHN DUTTON

Lloyd, I've come to the conclusion the only thing on this earth that can kill me is me.

John Dutton grabs another, tosses it to Lloyd. John Dutton looks at the cards sitting on the table.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)
Any of you dipshits feel like
losing a weeks' wages to the boss?

John Dutton starts tossing out beers as wranglers move to the table. Laramie turns on the stereo. The mood is instantly lifted. Ryan sits beside Colby, starts shuffling cards. John Dutton points to Laramie and Teeter.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)
Can someone explain to me how this
whole deal is working out.

RYAN
Its ahh... What's the best way to
explain it...

JAKE
It's in a state of constant
evolution.

JOHN DUTTON
Look at the big words from Jake.

RYAN
We playing Hold 'Em?

JOHN DUTTON
We can play whatever you want to
lose your money to --

COLBY
When we play cards we like to... We
talk a lot of trash --

JOHN DUTTON
If one of you boys think you can
insult me, give it your best shot.

Cards are dealt. Wranglers laugh. John Dutton too. They lose themselves in a moment of just living...

49

INT. BOZEMAN BAR - NIGHT (N2)

49

Beth sits at the bar, sipping a whiskey. Decent crowd. A MAN AND WOMAN walk to the bar. Bartender looks at them.

WOMAN
Could you point me to the restroom?

BARTENDER

Down the hall to the right.

As the woman starts to move in that direction, the man throws a twenty on the bar. Says --

MAN

I'm going to go first. Get me a beer.

The man walks off. The woman climbs on a bar stool. Beth snorts to herself.

BETH DUTTON

Women...

WOMAN

Excuse me?

Beth looks at her.

BETH DUTTON

I said *women*.

WOMAN

What about us.

BETH DUTTON

Life is perspective. And you don't have any.

WOMAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

BETH DUTTON

I'm talking about your husband leaving you here to buy him a drink and do Kiegel exercises while he powders his nose. When it should be the other way around.

WOMAN

Why should it be the other way around?

BETH DUTTON

Because you have all the pussy and half the money. That's why.

She chews Beth's words.

WOMAN

Never thought of it like that.

BETH DUTTON
Mmhhh... Perspective.

Beth sees something over her shoulder.

WOMAN
Where's *your* man?

BETH DUTTON
Sitting on our porch. Waiting for
me to get home.

WOMAN
Why aren't you?

BETH DUTTON
Because I'm in a bad mood. I don't
take those home.

She downs her drink. Waves at the bartender to bring her
another. The woman's husband walks back. Looks at his wife.

MAN
Where's my beer?

WOMAN
Order your own fucking beer. And
get me a skinny margarita with
Tito's.

Beth smiles, downs her drink, and stands.

BETH DUTTON
That cheered me up.

She turns and walks out of the bar...

50 EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - FOREMAN'S CABIN - DAWN - 50
ESTABLISHING (D3)

51 INT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - FOREMAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS (D3) 51

Clock reads 4:29a.m. It hits 4:30. Rip's eyes open. No alarm
sounds. He doesn't need it. Beth stirs. Looks at him.

BETH DUTTON
Can you sleep in? Just a little?

RIP
Not today.

BETH DUTTON
Telling me no?

RIP
Gotta take care of something.

BETH DUTTON
Damn right, you do.

She kisses him. Rip draws a breath to speak.

BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)
It's faster to just fuck me than
argue about fucking me then still
fucking me.

RIP
You don't know what I have to do.

BETH DUTTON
Something bad?

RIP
Yeah. Something bad.

BETH DUTTON
All the more reason.

She slides on top of him...

FROM BEHIND THEM --

She presses herself into him. Arches her back with pleasure
as the camera pushes in, sees --

From her neck to the small of her back is a patchwork of scar
tissue, as though it was melted in place, then hardened.
Which is exactly what happened...

52

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - MORNING (D3)

52

A BACKHOE digs massive chunks of soil as it digs A PIPELINE
TRENCH. BULLDOZERS RID THE EARTH OF TOP SOIL and anything
attached to it -- trees, sagebrush, all of it.

ANGLE ON --

John Dutton, Kayce, and Rip lean against John Dutton's truck.
Watching... John Dutton is so angry, he almost weeps from it.

JOHN DUTTON
That's our land. Look what they're
doing to it...

KAYCE

We find who came after us then we
deal with this.

JOHN DUTTON

It's the same person, son.

John Dutton looks at Rip.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

I'm turning you loose.

RIP

Point me in a direction.

JOHN DUTTON

I have one. For starters.

John Dutton looks at Kayce.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

And you're gonna find me more.

53

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RIVER - AFTERNOON (D3)

53

ROARKE stands waist deep in the river. Works his fly rod.
Never sees Rip walking the bank behind him, carrying a
Coleman Cooler...

RIP

Excuse me.

Roarke turns at the sound.

RIP (CONT'D)

This yours?

ROARKE

What?

RIP

Found this on the bank.

ROARKE

It's not mine.

RIP

You sure?

Rip walks into the river -- boots, jeans, and all. Roarke
begins backing away from him.

ROARKE

What the hell are you doing?

Rip keeps coming. Shakes the cooler. Hard.

RIP

Not yours, huh?

Roarke tosses his fly rod as he backs up. Pulls out his cellphone, tries to swipe it open, stumbles, and drops it in the river.

He's in water to his chest now, and the current is pushing him back toward Rip, who is right in front of him now. Rip shakes the cooler again.

RIP (CONT'D)

Little present from the
Yellowstone.

Rip opens the cooler, holds it up to Roarke's face as a four-foot rattlesnake leaps out and buries its fangs in Roarke's face. He screams as the snake coils back and strikes him again, in the side of the neck, then it falls into the river and swims like hell downstream...

Roarke scrambles his way to the bank, stands, stumbles, falls to the ground. Struggles his way to the trunk of a tree. Turns on his back and looks up at Rip, who towers over him.

RIP (CONT'D)

Won't be long now.

Roarke begins convulsing as the poison invades his heart. He moans as his heart constricts, then his body locks. Muscles freeze. Tries to suck air into his lungs but his lungs are frozen too. The convulsion becomes slight twitches, then nothing...

RIP (CONT'D)

Good riddance.

Rip pulls off his jacket and hat, walks back into the river, where Roarke dropped the phone. Kneels in the river, lets his hands scour the surface until he finds it. Pulls it from the river and walks back to his jacket and hat, then heads back the way he came...

THE END.