

YELLOWSTONE

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EXT. ARENA -- YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- DAY.

THE BLUE-GRAY STALLION Cory gave John Dutton, LEAPING THROUGH THE AIR -- JOHN DUTTON on his back. He spins and bucks and swings his head in a fury around an arena as John Dutton fights him. FINALLY gets the thing to stop. Looks back at RIP, sitting on the arena railing.

JOHN DUTTON  
Think I got him settle --

The horse sucks in, then leaps BACKWARDS in the air -- ass over tea kettle -- with the intent of crushing John Dutton by pancaking him into the arena dirt.

John Dutton recognizes what's coming and pushes off the saddle horn to the side --

Horse and rider slam the Earth at the same time, mere inches from each other. John Dutton rolls away from the flailing hooves as the stallion scrambles to its feet and runs in the opposite direction.

John Dutton stands. Retrieves his hat and knocks the dust from it ...

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
(To himself) *Goddam* that boy.

RIP  
Some gift. That's one rank son of a bitch right there.

John Dutton walks toward the stud.

RIP (CONT'D)  
Oughta take him chest-high in the river. See how much buck he's got in him then.

JOHN DUTTON  
This one might surprise you.

John Dutton approaches the stud, its wild eyes watching him.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Easy ...

Grabs the reins. Boot in the stirrup. SLOWLY swings into the saddle.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
We're going to take this real slow.

Starts walking him around the arena. Nudges him into a trot. Then a lope. Then all hell breaks loose -- The stallion leaps 6 feet in the air, hits and bucks like's being paid to do it.

John Dutton yanks with all his might on the left rein, forcing the horse to fall forward and roll on it's side. As it does, John Dutton steps off in a huff and walks to Rip.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Goddam that boy ...

RIP  
Want me to give him a go?

JOHN DUTTON  
I need you healthy. This is a job  
for a young man. With rubber bones.

RIP  
That horse'll make a hand out of  
someone.

John Dutton looks toward a terrified JIMMY HERSTROM, as he scoops manure from a horse-filled corral. Jimmy recoils at every twitch of a horse's tail.

JOHN DUTTON  
I know the someone who needs it.

EXT. ARENA -- YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- LATER.

John Dutton walks Jimmy to the arena.

JIMMY  
I don't know nothing about horses.

JOHN DUTTON  
You're getting the crash course.

They reach the arena. The stallion stands tied to the fence. Paws the earth as they approach. Jimmy looks at Rip.

JIMMY  
Should I pet him?

RIP  
I don't think that'll make much  
difference with this one.

JOHN DUTTON  
Get up there.

A terrified Jimmy climbs into the saddle. Rip attaches DRAW REINS to the bridle, run them through the rigging on the breast collar. Hands the reins to Jimmy.

RIP

These keep his head down so he don't flip over on you. He's gonna hate the shit out of them. Whatever you do, don't let go.

JIMMY

Can we just ... talk about this for a second?

John Dutton and Rip literally strap Jimmy to the saddle with latigos and rawhide as wranglers RYAN(24) and COLBY(26) walk up to watch the show ...

RYAN

I got 20 on the horse.

COLBY

I got 40 on the wall.

JOHN DUTTON

Walk him out. Let's go.

RIP

I'd expect some resistance.

JIMMY

... Define resistance.

JOHN DUTTON

Resistance is the kind of thing that defines itself, Jimmy.

John Dutton and Rip step back. Jimmy stares at them, terrified to the point of tears. Looks down at the horse.

JIMMY

Okay. Let's just. Real slow --

The stallion leaps into the air. Finds it can't raise it's head and goes batshit berzerk. Jimmy shrieks in terror.

RIP

PULL THOSE REINS IN ...

Jimmy does, forcing the horse's head down. It bucks and squeals, rears up and launches itself forward into a dead-run around the arena ... Rip and the wranglers watch.

RIP (CONT'D)  
Goddam that thing's a freight  
train.

RYAN  
Whoeee, I don't miss being low-man.

JOHN DUTTON  
Low-man's what made you cowboys.  
It'll make him one too.

EXT. CORY AND MONICA'S HOUSE -- DAY.

Cory sits on an old tractor, a LOGGING CHAIN attached to the back and wrapped around an enormous TREE STUMP. He guns the engine -- SMOKE plumes from the tractor as it lurches forward.

The tractor gains speed until the chain pulls tight and jerks the tractor backward ... Cory guns it again. Same result. Cory grits his teeth.

CORY  
You son of a bitch.

Guns it even harder. So hard, in fact, that when the tractor reaches the end of the chain, the tires grip earth and spin the tractor backward in a violent somersault into the ground.

The ROLL BAR is the only reason Cory wasn't killed, but he is trapped under the weight of the tractor.

Cory sucks air, collects his senses, and assesses the situation -- which ain't great. Tries to shove his way out, but he's wedged in pretty good. Tries harder. Uses all of his might.

Then some unseen switch flips inside him and he goes absolutely berserk ...

Pushing, kicking, AND EMITTING SCREAMS that sound more animal than human as he wills himself out from under the tractor ...

On his feet in an instant, he picks up an axe and swings furiously into the base of the stump over and over. As quickly as he started swinging the axe -- he stops. Drops it to the ground and walks up the side of the embankment toward the barn ...

ANGLE ON --

TATE. As he walks up looking for his father. No dad in sight, just an upside down tractor. Stares at it, little mouth warped into a little ball of confusion.

He hears all sorts of CHAOS in the barn, then sees Cory walking out carrying a 10 pound brick of TANNERITE.

TATE  
What happened to the tractor?

CORY  
I flipped it.

TATE  
Why'd you do that?

Cory doesn't answer. Walks to the stump. Crams the Tannerite under the stump so that one side is still visible. Marches toward his truck. Tate watches with a wary fascination.

TATE (CONT'D)  
What's that for?

CORY  
Go in the house.

Cory opens his truck, grabs a rifle, levers in a round.

TATE  
I think the tractor's already dead.

Cory looks at him, still filled with fury for the stump.

CORY  
*Get in the goddam house.*

Tate's lip is instantly at full quiver. He turns and marches to the house -- now just as mad as his dad. Sits on the step, crosses his arms, and scowls.

Cory looks at his son.

CORY (CONT'D)  
Porch ain't inside.

TATE  
I DON'T CARE.

CORY  
Suit yourself ...

Stares at his son -- so much like him, and softens.

CORY (CONT'D)

Hey.

Tate's eyes look to his father.

CORY (CONT'D)

Do exactly what I tell you: cover both ears.

Tate does.

CORY (CONT'D)

Now open your mouth like you're at the dentist.

Tate opens his mouth wide.

CORY (CONT'D)

Stay just like that. You hear me?

Cory looks down the sights of the rifle at the Tannerite beneath the stump and opens his mouth wide ...

INT. BATHROOM -- CORY AND MONICA'S HOUSE -- CONT.

Through frosted plastic, the rough outline of Monica can be seen in the shower. Only sound is water hitting the shower floor and the scrunching sound of fingers working shampoo until --

THE SINGLE-WIDE TRAILER shakes like an earthquake hit right beneath it. A concussive BOOM attacks the room.

MONICA

AAAAAGHH!!!

A frantic blur of caramel skin spills out of the shower to the ground, then shoots out of the room with the speed of a bullet ...

EXT. TRAILER -- CONT.

Tate stares in disbelief at the crater now blasted into the ground as the sky rains shreds of stump. Looks up at his father like a god ...

CORY

You can close your mouth now.

Cory walks toward the stump. Tate hurries behind.

TATE

Why didn't you do that in the first place?

Monica erupts from the front door in a towel, half expecting to see an army tank in her front yard firing rounds at the house. Sees instead a flipped tractor and a burning field.

MONICA

*WAS THAT YOU?!?! ARE YOU OUT OF  
YOUR FUCKING MIND?!?!?!?!?*

Cory Looks at his son.

CORY

That's why. (Looks back in Monica's direction, waves) It's okay!

She shakes her head, steps back inside and slams the door so hard she almost pulls it through the frame.

TATE

Mama owes me a dollar.

CORY

Have fun trying to collect it.

TATE

You're gonna be on a big time-out.

CORY

Already on a time-out, son.

Cory and Tate reach the edge of the little hill and look down on the empty crater ...

The explosion did many things -- removed the stump, terrified a wife, and uncovered the enormous skull of a dinosaur.

Tate stares at it, amazed. Looks at his father.

TATE

You found a dinosaur.

Cory looks down at his awestruck son and wonders just long everything he does will seem like a miracle ...

EXT. -- CAPITOL BUILDING -- DAY.

JAMIE DUTTON walks down the steps of the capital, giant briefcase in tow. A YOUNG GOVERNOR'S AIDE runs after him.



GOVERNOR'S AIDE  
Mr. Dutton?

He turns to the voice.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE (CONT'D)  
The Governor wants to see you.

Back up the steps ...

INT. GOVERNOR PERRY'S OFFICE -- MOMENT LATER.

Jamie is led in to find Governor Perry and Attorney General Stewart.

GOVERNOR PERRY  
Heard you did well before the Land  
Commission.

A.G. STEWART  
There's things we'd like to talk to  
you about.

GOVERNOR PERRY  
Things like your future.

JAMIE DUTTON  
I'd like that.

GOVERNOR PERRY  
So would we. But first, we have  
something else to talk about.

A.G. Stewart hands Jamie A FILE.

JAMIE DUTTON  
What's this?

A.G. STEWART  
Nothing. Because you never saw it.

JAMIE DUTTON  
Okay.

He opens the file. LEE DUTTON'S AUTOPSY PHOTOS STARE BACK.  
Jamie fights the pain of seeing his brother laid out naked on  
a slab, finds the MEDICAL EXAMINER'S REPORT, starts reading.

A.G. STEWART

The bullet wound inflicted on Lee Dutton severed his spinal column at C8, which would leave him paralyzed from the chest down, including his arms from the elbow to his fingers. It would have been impossible for him to fire a pistol. Which means there was a third shooter.

JAMIE DUTTON

What does it matter. Self defense is still self defense even if someone else pulled the trigger. We're okay not knowing if you are.

GOVERNOR PERRY

Isn't that simple, Jamie.

Stewart hands him another file. Jamie opens it -- ROBERT LONG'S AUTOPSY PHOTOS STARE BACK. A TIGHT GROUP of bullet holes in the chest. A single bullet hole through the forehead.

A.G. STEWART

No matter who pulled the trigger, it wasn't self defense. It was an execution.

Jamie's jaw tightens as he studies the photo.

A.G. STEWART (CONT'D)

Medical examiner hasn't released his findings yet. But when he does, it goes to BIA, FBI, State Police -- all of whom will want their own forensic pathologist to have a look at the body.

GOVERNOR PERRY

Then this starts screaming 'cover-up', and it's screaming it at your father.

A.G. STEWART

The real concern is who it screams at next. Two B.L.M. Agents stated seeing another rider on the horse with Lee when he arrived at the Yellowstone.

JAMIE DUTTON

Did they identify him?

Perry's eyes say yes.

GOVERNOR PERRY  
They're friends. Friends forget things. But some of this ... Starts adding up real quick, Jamie. This is already national news. Add a racially motivated killing by an officer of your father's agency ...

A.G. STEWART  
I'll have to start chopping heads or it's mine on the block.

JAMIE DUTTON  
... What are you saying?

GOVERNOR PERRY  
He's saying don't put us in that position.

JAMIE DUTTON  
Okay ... I just ... Give me some time here. How long can you hold that report?

US ATTORNEY  
A week. Maybe.

Jamie stands.

JAMIE DUTTON  
I'll get into it.

GOVERNOR PERRY  
Do it fast, Jamie. This is the kind of ship that sinks everyone.

JAMIE DUTTON  
That's the only ship I ever find myself on.

Jamie turns and walks out ...

INT. BETH'S BEDROOM -- YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- DAY.

Beth lays in her bed staring at the ceiling. A LARGE FRAMED SOMETHING sits on the floor, picture-side facing the wall.

Stares at the clock -- almost noon. Every conceivable PRESCRIPTION MEDICATION is on the night stand -- ZOLOFT, VALIUM, XANAX, OXYCODONE, AMBIEN ...

She looks at the bottle, picks her poison -- Xanax -- and pops, swallows them without water.

BETH DUTTON

Yeah.

Jamie pops his head in. Looks at her buried under the covers.

JAMIE DUTTON

You sick?

BETH DUTTON

Do I look sick?

JAMIE DUTTON

In bed at noon. A dozen pill bottles beside you, I'd say, yeah. You look sick.

She looks at him.

BETH DUTTON

I'm on vacation.

JAMIE DUTTON

That what you're calling it now?

BETH DUTTON

What do you want.

JAMIE DUTTON

Can I come in?

She doesn't say no. He walks in, closes the door behind him. Sits on the edge of the bed.

BETH DUTTON

This feels very serious.

JAMIE DUTTON

I could use some advice --

BETH DUTTON

Yes, I know you're gay. And no, daddy will not still love you if you tell him.

He shakes his head. Stands.

JAMIE DUTTON

Wasting my fucking time asking you for help.

Looks at the picture on the floor. Walks to it, hangs it up.

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)  
If being here's that painful for  
you, Beth ... Go back to Chicago.

BETH DUTTON  
You asked for advice. I gave it.

JAMIE DUTTON  
I'm not gay. I'm celibate. Because  
I'm terrified of getting someone  
pregnant and passing on the gene  
that made you.

Beth can't decide if she's more surprised by his words or how  
bad they hurt.

BETH DUTTON  
Good one ...

Jamie walks out. Beth looks at the photo now hanging on the  
wall --

AN 11 YEAR OLD BETH SITS -- ALL SMILES -- ON A HORSE. ON  
ANOTHER HORSE SITS EVELYN DUTTON(40), A SOPHISTICATED BEAUTY  
WHOSE LOOKS NOW RESEMBLE THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS IN THE  
BACKGROUND. HER SMILE IS EASY. RELAXED. HER FACE IS CRISS-  
CROSSED WITH WRINKLES FROM LONG DAYS IN THE SUN. BUT NOT A  
ONE WAS CAUSED BY WORRY ...

Beth whips off the covers and marches to the picture, flips  
it around and lets it drop to the floor. The sound of  
breaking glass fills the room as Beth walks to the bathroom.

EXT. ARENA -- YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- LATER.

John Dutton, Rip, and the other wranglers watch as the  
stallion does everything it can think of to rid the boy from  
his back. Runs straight for the wall and uses it to rake  
Jimmy off -- but the leather straps and Jimmy's death grip on  
the saddle horn keep him mounted. One of the wranglers looks  
at Colby.

WRANGLER  
You was almost a winner.

COLBY  
Day ain't over.

John Dutton watches with a smile. Enjoys watching Jimmy  
become a man against his will. Finds himself laughing at the  
wranglers' banter.

JAMIE DUTTON (O.S.)  
We have a problem.

John Dutton looks back at Jamie and the smile disappears.

JOHN DUTTON  
Does it have a solution?

JAMIE DUTTON  
This one requires a few. And you  
won't like any of them.

John Dutton steels himself for today's crisis then climbs off the fence and walks toward the barn, Jamie following ...

INT. BREEZEWAY -- BARN -- DAY.

A DOZEN HORSES stick their heads out stalls and watch John Dutton and Jamie like old women at the beauty parlor, eager for the day's gossip.

JOHN DUTTON  
Did they identify Cory?

JAMIE DUTTON  
Not yet.

JOHN DUTTON  
... Who are the agents?

JAMIE DUTTON  
Tom Reynolds and Aaron McReary.

JOHN DUTTON  
Reynolds I can deal with. I don't  
know McReary.

JAMIE DUTTON  
Lives in the south end of the  
valley. Word is he likes his  
religion.

John Dutton looks at him.

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)  
As in, 'won't tell a lie' likes it.

JOHN DUTTON  
Find out where he goes to church.

Jamie looks at John Dutton. Doesn't know how to say what he's thinking.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

What.

JAMIE DUTTON

The Medical Examiner.

JOHN DUTTON

Who's seen the report?

JAMIE DUTTON

The only people who have seen it  
want it to change.

JOHN DUTTON

Then it'll change.

JAMIE DUTTON

M.E.'s are *doctors*. Which means he  
took an oath. And it wasn't to you.

Jamie Dutton draws a breath. Holds it. Lets it out and says --

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)

No matter what we do, the  
photographs won't change. The Body  
won't either. They'll tell the same  
story to anyone who looks.

JOHN DUTTON

The body's buried.

John Dutton reads Jamie's worried eyes.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

Relax, Jamie. You think I'm going  
to let them dig up my son?

JAMIE DUTTON

When they see the report they won't  
ask, Dad. They'll just do it. I  
think ... We should ...

Jamie closes his eyes as he says --

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)

We should beat them to it.

John Dutton grabs him by the lapel and thrusts him backwards.  
John Dutton's wild eyes laser into Jamie.

JOHN DUTTON

*DON'T EVEN THINK IT.*

JAMIE DUTTON  
Cory shot him in the forehead.  
While he laid on his back. He was  
executed.

John Dutton let's Jamie go. Leans against the wall.

JOHN DUTTON  
We don't *know* it was Cory.

Jamie forms his hands into a circle the size of a plum.

JAMIE DUTTON  
Five bullets in a circle like this.  
Name the Livestock officer who can  
do that ...

John Dutton deflates as he chews the reality of that  
statement.

JOHN DUTTON  
I need to hear him say it first.

John Dutton walks out of the barn ...

INT. WHITE PLAINS MIDDLE SCHOOL -- RESERVATION -- DAY.

Monica walks down an empty hallway. Reaches her classroom,  
opens the door and looks in. ALICE WAHL(30), is walking the  
other way.

MONICA  
I know. I'm sorry. Rough morning.

Alice looks at her, smiles sympathetically. Walks with her.

ALICE  
You'll have your share of those.  
Don't apologize.

MONICA  
That's not it ... Maybe it is, I  
don't know.

ALICE  
If you need someone to talk to, I'm  
always here.

MONICA  
Thanks.

ALICE  
How's Cory dealing with it?



Monica withdraws a bit.

MONICA

I don't know ... We don't talk about it.

ALICE

We're friends, so I'm going to say something I shouldn't: you both lost brothers. Not talking about it will NOT make that go away.

MONICA

We didn't lose anything, Alice. They killed each other. How do you talk about that?

ALICE

Better find a way. Secrets are like a disease. And it just takes one to infect everything.

They reach a door. Monica opens it -- the classroom is empty.

MONICA

Where's my class?

Alice's eyes narrow a bit.

ALICE WAHL

Remember the Department of Education initiative to boost student resources?

MONICA

Yeah?

ALICE WAHL

Funding came through.

MONICA

What does this have to do with my class?

Alice lets out a heavy breath.

ALICE WAHL

You have to see this to believe it.

Alice leads her further down the hall ...

INT. GYMNASIUM -- MOMENT LATER.

Monica and Alice push through the gym doors to find 90 STUDENTS SITTING CROSS-LEGGED ON THE FLOOR. In front of them - THREE MEN DRESSED LIKE THE FOUNDING FATHERS. Monica walks to a gaggle of teachers watching with angry arms crossed. Monica makes a beeline for PRINCIPAL LITTLEFIELD(50), jolly, round face that isn't jolly at the moment.

She looks at Principal Littlefield.

MONICA

Thought they were sending us iPads.

PRINCIPAL LITTLEFIELD

Sent us these bozos instead ...  
Wonder if they send actors in  
blackface to teach history in  
Compton.

MONICA

(Dry) That would be racist.

PRINCIPAL LITTLEFIELD

What do you call this?

MONICA

We're not a minority. We're  
prisoners of war ...

Monica marches toward the students as a man dressed like  
GEORGE WASHINGTON talks to them --

GEORGE WASHINGTON

But I refused to run for a third  
term for fear America would become  
a monarchy just like the one we  
fought so hard to --

Monica steps in front of George Washington, looks at the  
students.

MONICA

My class. Let's go.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The presentation just got started.

MONICA

(motions with her hands) Up.

Twenty students stand.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

The story of our Presidents is important. To all Americans, regardless of --

MONICA

Let me stop you right there, buddy. Even though you're right -- they should know all about the Presidents. Let's see how far you've gotten ...

She looks at the students.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Who can tell me how many slaves George Washington owned as an eleven-year old boy? Ten. How many did he own when he died? One hundred and twenty-three.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

And he gave every one their freedom in his will.

MONICA

After he had no use for them, how noble ... Who can tell me the first public works project enacted by President Washington? He hired his own company to dam the Potomac after he SOLD the land he owned on both sides of the river to the government. Land he took from Native Americans ... Land that made him the richest man in US history. Can anyone tell me the value of George Washington's estate in today's economy? 15 trillion dollars.

She looks back at 'George'.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You covered all that, right?

George is wise enough to keep his mouth shut. Monica turns her fierce eyes on the next 'FOUNDING FATHER'.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Who are you supposed to be?

JACKSON

Um ... Andrew Jackson.

Her eyes narrow even more, if that's possible.

MONICA

I don't even know where to start  
with you ...

She looks at 'ABRAHAM LINCOLN' standing sheepishly to  
Jackson's right.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You were okay.

Looks back at her class.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

She marches off, her class following ...

INT. BATHROOM -- CORY AND MONICA'S HOUSE -- DAY.

Cory stands before the mirror rubbing BETADYNE on the myriad  
of cuts and scratches from the tractor flip. Stops. HEARS  
SOMETHING OUTSIDE WE DON'T HEAR. Hears a trace of Tate's  
voice and relaxes. Hears the deep timbre of A MAN'S VOICE  
answer back. Is out the door in an instant ...

EXT. ARROYO BEHIND CORY'S HOUSE -- DAY.

DINOSAUR EYE SOCKETS PEER FROM THE DIRT. A MAN'S HAND gently  
wipes soil away, exposing more dinosaur with every swipe.

WIDEN TO REVEAL -- John Dutton and Tate sit in the dirt,  
freeing the dinosaur from the earth.

JOHN DUTTON

There was a time when most of  
Montana was under the ocean.

Tate looks at John Dutton, eyes wide.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

Mmhmm. And right here was the  
beach. See this?

John Dutton shows Tate a fossilized shell.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

These washed up on the shore, and  
your buddy the dinosaur was  
probably walking the shore looking  
for dinner.

TATE  
Then what happened??

JOHN DUTTON  
Hard to say. Maybe something made a  
dinner out of him.

TATE  
Like what?

JOHN DUTTON  
Maybe a sea shark.

TATE  
... How big were those?!

JOHN DUTTON  
From here to the barn.

Tate looks back at the barn -- thirty yards away.

TATE  
That's a big fish.

JOHN DUTTON  
Big fish.

TATE  
Don't want to catch that fish.

JOHN DUTTON  
Me neither.

TATE  
You think some day an explorer will  
find our bones and wonder what  
happened to us?

JOHN DUTTON  
I think after us, the exploring's  
all done.

Cory walks up, looks down on them from the top of the arroyo.  
John Dutton looks up at him then back at Tate.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Keep it up. I'm going to talk to  
your daddy a bit.

John Dutton walks up and sits on the edge of the arroyo. Cory  
sits beside him.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Monica at school?

Cory nods.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Gotta pace myself with that one.  
She likes me less every time she  
sees me.

CORY  
Yeah. That's going around.

JOHN DUTTON  
I understand why she hates me ...  
She got a reason to hate you?

CORY  
No way to talk about the thing we  
need to talk about ...

John Dutton looks at Cory, sees A GASH on the side of his  
head. Looks back at the flipped tractor.

JOHN DUTTON  
Only you could win that fight.

CORY  
It was more of a draw.

JOHN DUTTON  
(Laughs) Whatever it was, it's a  
fight I would have never started.

John Dutton's statement does something almost nothing can do:  
make Cory smile. For a moment, they forget the gulf between  
each other and enjoy a comfortable silence. But comfort isn't  
why John Dutton is here.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Need to ask you something.

CORY  
Okay.

John Dutton looks at his son. Really looks at him.

CORY (CONT'D)  
What.

JOHN DUTTON  
Something you want to tell me?

CORY  
'Bout what.

JOHN DUTTON  
What do you think.

Beat.

CORY  
I already told you.

JOHN DUTTON  
This time I need the truth.

CORY  
I told you the truth..

JOHN DUTTON  
You're such a boy. This ain't  
checkers, son. This is chess. And  
you're about to play it with  
masters. These people will twist  
you into so many knots you won't  
know where the truth begins and  
your future ends. Brothers get  
their secrets, but he was my son. I  
deserve to know.

Cory looks at his own son playing with bones in the dirt.

CORY  
What happened that night stays  
where it is.

JOHN DUTTON  
Not a thing on this planet stays  
where it is.

John Dutton points to the dinosaur Tate uncovers.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Not one.

Cory steps away. John Dutton stands.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
At least tell me this: did he get  
to see it coming?

Cory looks at his father, then out over the prairie.

CORY  
He saw it coming.

John Dutton closes his eyes.

JOHN DUTTON  
I'll help you through this, Cory.

CORY  
Don't want your help.

JOHN DUTTON  
You've made that clear. But you  
need it, son.

John Dutton climbs down to Tate.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Once you dig him up. Hide him. And  
hide him good.

TATE  
What for?

JOHN DUTTON  
So no one steals him from you.

TATE  
Why would someone steal him??

John Dutton rubs the top of Tate's head, stands.

JOHN DUTTON  
No reason at all. It's just what  
people do.

John Dutton walks by Cory, kisses the top of his head, then  
climbs out of the hole and walks to his truck ...

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- AFTERNOON.

John Dutton's truck pulls up. Stops in front of the arena.  
Jamie is by the truck door before he can even open it.

JAMIE DUTTON  
What'd he say?

John Dutton looks tired. Somehow older. Looks at Jamie.

JOHN DUTTON  
We need that medical examiner to  
take a new oath.

Studies Jamie's face -- can see more bad news written on it.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
What.



JAMIE DUTTON

Asking the medical examiner to sit  
on the report didn't go over very  
well. He released Long's autopsy to  
tribal police.

JOHN DUTTON

Goddammit ... What do we know about  
this son of a bitch.

JAMIE DUTTON

Used to be the Medical Examiner in  
Chicago. Quit in protest over  
corruption in the mayor's office.  
Seems they asked him to bury  
something too ...

John Dutton closes his eyes, draws a calming breath.

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)

What do you want to do?

JOHN DUTTON

Working on it ...

Then walks to the arena, climbs the wall and sits beside Rip.  
Watches Jimmy and the stallion suffer their way around it.

RIP

It's an even bet on who quits  
first.

John Dutton studies Jimmy's face as they run past.

JOHN DUTTON

That boy quit hours ago. If you  
hadn't strapped him to the saddle  
he'd be laying in the dirt.

RIP

He'll be a cowboy by sundown.

JOHN DUTTON

He's just a favor, Rip. And I'm  
afraid that's all he'll ever be.

INT. CHIEF RAINWATER'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON.

ROBERT LONG'S AUTOPSY PHOTO FILLS THE FRAME ...

WIDEN TO REVEAL --

Rainwater sits at his desk staring at the photo. Police Captain Ben Waters looking over his shoulder.

RAINWATER  
Pretty good shot.

WATERS  
I'd say.

Rainwater studies the bullet hole in Long's forehead.

RAINWATER  
Hard to call that self defense.

WATERS  
If the Dutton boy was alive I'd  
press charges.

Rainwater nods. Wheels turning.

RAINWATER  
We sure it was the Dutton boy who  
did it?

WATERS  
As we can be. Not sure what  
difference it makes at this point.

Rainwater looks at him.

RAINWATER  
I'll tell you what difference it  
makes: right now we have a tragedy.  
If there's even the hint of a third  
shooter we have Ferguson, Missouri  
on the prairie.

Rainwater stabs his finger into the photo.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)  
We have the end of John Dutton.  
Right here. No witnesses, right?

Waters shakes his head.

WATERS  
Only person near the scene was  
Cory. He may be on our side with  
cattle but this is different.

Rainwater looks back at the photo.

RAINWATER  
Cory Dutton ...

WATERS

The hero.

Rainwater looks back at Waters. Says with meaning --

RAINWATER

The soldier.

Rainwater holds up the photo as CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE BULLET HOLES clumped together in a tight group. Like a soldier might make ...

EXT. ARENA -- SUNSET

Both Jimmy and the stallion have dropped their heads to their chests in surrender. John Dutton and Rip leap from the railing. Rip holds his hand up to the horse's face.

RIP

Whoa.

Like an obedient dog, the stallion stops. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE HORSE'S EYE -- glassy. Defeated. They untie the rawhide and free Jimmy from the saddle -- soon as his boot hits the ground, he drops to a knee, gripping his side in agony.

Rip climbs in the saddle, spins the exhausted horse, and kicks him into a lope, then a run, then faster ... FASTER. The stallion snorts with every labored step. Rip stops him, backs him up, spins him around and runs off the other way. Stops him in front of John Dutton.

RIP (CONT'D)

Sombitch is broke now.

Rip dismounts and hands Jimmy the reins.

RIP (CONT'D)

Give him a bath. Tie him in his stall. No hay 'till he cools down.

JIMMY

Yes sir.

Hard to say who walks slower to the barn, the stallion or Jimmy. After a few painful steps, Jimmy leans over and vomits in the dirt then keeps walking. With a little something new in every labored step -- pride.

JOHN DUTTON

Maybe there's a little cowboy in him after all.

John Dutton fights the tiniest of smiles as he walks to the lodge.

Rip walks toward his cabin, stops in his tracks when he sees Beth standing in front of it.

RIP  
I don't have the energy for you  
today.

BETH  
Never thought of energy as  
something you lacked.

Rip walks past her.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Take me anywhere but a music  
festival.

He stops. Looks back.

RIP  
You used to like music. That's why  
I suggested it.

BETH DUTTON  
Still like music. It's the festival  
part that bothers me. Pick  
something more suited to my  
personality.

RIP  
Wanna get drunk and watch wolves  
kill elk in the park?

She stares at him hard then turns and walks off.

BETH  
I'll drive.

\*\*\*\* NEED A CORY SCENE HERE. SOMETHING EMOTIONAL AND VIOLENT\*

INT. CHURCH -- PARADISE VALLEY, MONTANA -- SUNSET.

JOHN DUTTON sits alone in the front pew, staring at a wood carving of Christ that is older than him by decades. He stares in Christ's eyes -- looking up to the heavens. John Dutton looks up as well -- sees nothing but rotting support beams, looks back at Christ.

JOHN DUTTON

I've seen too much bad in my life  
to believe you exist, but just in  
case ...

John Dutton slides from the pew to his knees, folds his hands  
in prayer --

VOICE

Strange way to start a prayer.

Turns to the voice. The PRIEST(75), ambles toward him. Sits.

PRIEST

I remember when you were a boy,  
standing on a scaffolding and  
hanging those beams (points up),  
right there. Questioning the house  
you built, John Dutton?

JOHN DUTTON

Just the world we built it in.

The priest looks at him kindly.

PRIEST

It's not uncommon to doubt one's  
faith in the face of tragedy.  
That's when you need it most. Faith  
is where you find comfort.

JOHN DUTTON

I'm well past seeking comfort. I'm  
here for something else.

PRIEST

Any sins you've committed are  
forgiven, John. You know that. All  
you have to do is believe it.

JOHN DUTTON

To tell you the truth, I don't  
regret one sin I've committed. It's  
the one I'm about to commit that  
worries me. It should worry you  
too, father. 'Cuz you're gonna help  
me commit it.

John Dutton leans close, whispers --

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

I'm collecting old debts, Bob. And  
you owe me a big one.

John Dutton's hard eyes peer into PASTOR BOB, who looks in dire need of a prayer himself ...

INT. METRAPARK ARENA -- BILLINGS, MONTANA -- NIGHT.

CHUTE OPENS and 2000 pounds of screaming bovine hurls itself into the arena -- a BULL RIDER clinging to its back for dear life ...

6000 people cheer, just like they've cheered watching man against beast for three thousand years. Only the hats and the loud speakers are different ...

ANGLE ON --

The audience. Screaming and clapping and secretly wishing something terrible would happen.

CAMERA FINDS --

John Dutton sitting beside CARL REYNOLDS(55), his weathered, worried face watches every twitch and spin.

CARL  
COME ON TOBY!!!!!!

A Buzzer signals the rider made it eight seconds. The rider bails off the bull, lands head first in a clump. RODEO CLOWNS charge the bull and tease it away from the crumpled body in the center of the arena as doctors rush to his aide.

The bull is coaxed out of the arena. The rider sits upright to an ocean of relieved applause.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Shaves a year off my life every  
time he rides.

JOHN DUTTON  
Shaved a year off mine and he's  
your kid.

CARL  
How you kept your boys out of rodeo  
I'll never know ...

JOHN DUTTON  
Taught them young, Carl: the only  
reason to ride a bull is meet a  
nurse.

Carl laughs as his son walks to the back gate, doctors watching his every step.

CARL

Wouldn't be surprised if nurses was  
behind he whole goddammed thing.  
Lord knows it ain't the pay.

JOHN DUTTON

You know exactly what it is.

John Dutton looks at the pie-plate sized buckle Carl wears  
that reads -- NATIONAL FINALS RODEO 1986.

CARL

Told him a thousand times I'll give  
him the damn buckle.

John Dutton chuckles.

JOHN DUTTON

That's the difference between  
raising a son and a daughter. All  
you do with a daughter is try to  
keep her from getting screwed, and  
all you do with a son is try to  
keep him from screwing himself ...  
And that's a whole lot harder.

Carl laughs. John Dutton leans close.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

That's why I'm here. I need your  
help to unscrew something.

Carl looks at him.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

Your oldest boy said he saw someone  
bring Lee to my house.

CARL

(nods) That's what he told me.

JOHN DUTTON

He's gotta stop telling people  
that.

CARL

That not what happened?

JOHN DUTTON

It's exactly what happened. And  
it's going to cost me another son  
if he keeps telling it.

Carl looks at him.

CARL

You tell me what Tom needed to see  
and by tomorrow that's all he ever  
saw, John. You got my word.

JOHN DUTTON

Thank you.

Another bull explodes from the chute. Crowd roars as the  
massive animal does all in it's power to rid its back of a  
rider.

CARL

I never want to meet the first man  
who thought it was a good idea to  
ride a bull.

JOHN DUTTON

I don't know, Carl. The first man  
might be worth meeting. It's the  
second one I wonder about.

The two men laugh as they watch a bullrider risk life and  
limb for a little money and a lot of pride -- every person in  
the audience cheering, knowing exactly which is worth more.

INT. MERCEDES -- YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK -- NIGHT.

THE LAMAR VALLEY is bathed in moonlight. The sound of  
hundreds of hooves pounding earth filters in through open  
windows.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD a herd of elk can be seen running in a  
furious, panicked circle as a pack of wolves searches for the  
weak one ...

Rip takes a swig from a bottle of whiskey, passes it to Beth.  
She swallows a gulp. Hears the painful moan of a BULL ELK  
succumbing to the wolves' attack.

BETH DUTTON

I've done some morbid shit on first  
dates but this takes the cake, Rip.

RIP

Far from our first date.

BETH DUTTON

The statute of limitations on our  
first date ran out years ago.

She looks at him.



BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)  
When something dies in the city  
it's roped off, zipped into a bag,  
and carried away before anyone  
bothers to notice.

RIP  
Pretending it don't happen don't  
make it not happen.

BETH DUTTON  
Very astute, Rip. I should  
embroider that on a pillow ... It  
makes you *think* it doesn't. That's  
almost the same thing.

RIP  
(Laughs) Well, sorry to be the  
bearer of bad news. But everyone  
you know and everything you see  
everywhere you go is gonna die ...

She lays her head back, closes her eyes, takes a swig from  
the bottle.

Rip stares at her, studies every curve of her jaw, her nose,  
her cheek ... She opens her eyes, looks at him ...

BETH DUTTON  
You got old.

RIP  
You haven't aged a day. Might just  
cheat death yet ...

She traces the wrinkles of his face with her finger. He leans  
close. Closer ...

As his lips almost reach hers, she opens the car door and  
disappears outside.

She starts waking toward the pack of wolves devouring the  
carcass 100 yards away ...

RIP (CONT'D)  
Beth ...

Keeps walking. Walk turns into a run ...

RIP (CONT'D)  
BETH!!!! Goddammit ...

Rip swings open the car door and takes off after her -- as  
she runs -- screaming like a savage -- at the wolves.

The wolves scurry into the night as she reaches the carcass. She stands over it and roars ...

Rip runs up. Stops beside her, heaving breaths. Beth looks at him ...

BETH DUTTON  
You should try Zumba. Get that cardio up.

RIP  
*(Sucking air)* What the fuck are you doing?

BETH DUTTON  
Cheatin' death. Like you said ...

RIP  
*(sucking air)* You're the craziest person I ever met in my life.

BETH DUTTON  
It's only the things I love that die, Rip. Never me.

She turns and walks back to the car.

BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Come to think of it ... I'm surprised you're still standing.

He stands upright, looks back at her.

BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Guess God isn't done punishing you either ...

She climbs in the car, closes the door. The pack of wolves howls it's frustration as Rip stares at the vehicle -- unsure whether the night or the car holds more danger.

INT. BUNKHOUSE -- YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- NIGHT.

SIX SINGLE-BEDS WITH FOOT LOCKERS BEFORE THEM LINE THE WALLS. TEN PENNY NAILS HAMMERED ABOVE EACH BED are littered with coats and shirts and jeans ...

The bathroom door opens. Ryan walks out -- hair wet, towel wrapped around his waist.

CAMERA FOCUSES ON RYAN'S CHEST -- NO BRAND.

In fact, everyone is in some state of undress. Combing hair, flossing teeth. Lots of bare chests -- not one Yellowstone brand.

RYAN

Next up.

Jimmy lays on his bunk -- every muscle in misery, watching Ryan as he goes to his bunk.

On the bunk beside Jimmy is FRED MYERS(35), permanent scowl carved into his face. He stares hell at Jimmy.

FRED

That's you.

JIMMY

I'll wait for the water to warm.

FRED

You keep saying that and keep not doing it. I'm the one who's got to sleep next to you. TAKE A FUCKING SHOWER.

ANGLE ON --

LLOYD PIERCE(70) his body is lean and twisted, like barbed wire. Cloud-white mustache and hard eyes, braids a set of ROMELS -- rawhide reins. He looks up at Fred.

COLBY

Cold showers is your future 'till they hire someone new. Might as well get used to it. We did. Better than being dirty.

JIMMY

I'll give it an hour.

FRED

You'll be asleep in an hour. You smell like a goat. GET UP.

Jimmy doesn't move. Fred stands in a fury, yanks off one of Jimmy's boots.

JIMMY

HEY.

Fred grabs the other, yanks it loose.

COLBY  
(laughs) Looks like you're  
showering now, Jimmy.

The men laugh as Fred grabs at his shirt and tears at the  
pearl buttons.

JIMMY  
I'M GOING --

FRED  
THEN FUCKING GO!!!

Fred yanks the shirt open and everyone freezes. They all  
stare at the festering Yellowstone brand -- red and oozing  
and swollen, on his chest. Jimmy heaves heavy breaths, eyes  
cast to the floor.

LLOYD (O.S.)  
You take my shower in the morning,  
Jimmy. It's plenty hot then.  
Besides ...

Jimmy looks up as Lloyd stands, removes his shirt --  
displaying a yellowstone brand older than every man in the  
room, burned into his chest. Looks Jimmy dead in the eye.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
Cold water don't worry me none.

As Lloyd's eyes move over the other men, they move to their  
bunks in silence. Lloyd walks to the bathroom, closes the  
door. Fred's eyes find Jimmy.

FRED  
Sorry.

Fred moves to his bed. Everyone else focuses their attention  
on anything but Jimmy, who eases back on his bunk, feeling a  
little less low-man than he did a moment ago ...

INT. JOHN DUTTON'S OFFICE -- YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- DAWN.

John Dutton sits at his desk, staring at DOZENS OF PHOTOS  
spread out like a deck of cards. Each one carries a memory  
that pushes John Dutton down a roller coaster of emotions.

His door creaks open, Beth peaks in -- still dressed from the  
night before.

JOHN DUTTON  
Where you been?

BETH DUTTON  
The park. What are you doing?

JOHN DUTTON  
Trying to make another decision a  
father shouldn't have to make.

She walks in.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
What's your thoughts on Judgement  
Day?

BETH DUTTON  
That's every day in my experience.

JOHN DUTTON  
Bible says a cremated body can't  
rise.

BETH DUTTON  
Fortunately, that isn't a decision  
you have to make today.

JOHN DUTTON  
Yes, it is.

Beth starts doing math.

BETH DUTTON  
Something Lee did?

JOHN DUTTON  
Something he didn't do.

BETH DUTTON  
Okay ... Who did?

John Dutton looks up at her. She reads his eyes.

BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)  
You sure?

John Dutton answers by not saying a word.

BETH DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Then the decision's easy. Cory was  
her favorite. And we promised to  
protect him.

JOHN DUTTON  
I've done a piss-poor job of that.

BETH DUTTON  
He's still standing. We haven't  
broken it yet.

She kisses him on the forehead and walks out of the room.

INT. CHURCH -- PARADISE VALLEY, MONTANA -- MORNING.

Pews are full with the faithful. In the front row sits AARON MCREARY(35), beside him sits his wife and two children -- all as handsome and earnest as Aaron. Pastor Bob stands at the podium, looks out over the congregation.

PASTOR BOB  
False. Witness. It seems odd that  
God would find it necessary to have  
two commandments that instruct us  
not to lie. But the 9th Commandment  
has nothing to do with lying. It's  
about your neighbor. The men and  
women sitting with you today. It's  
about your flock. And your  
shepherds.

Pastor Bob looks at JOHN DUTTON sitting among the faithful. McReary's eyes find him too. McReary gives him a respectful nod. John Dutton returns it.

PASTOR BOB (CONT'D)  
And one of our shepherds is  
suffering. The pain of his loss  
reverberates throughout this  
congregation. But his suffering is  
not over. Because Satan has found  
an open window. And he is climbing  
through ...

McReary hangs on every word.

PASTOR BOB (CONT'D)  
The 9th Commandment forbids  
speaking out against your neighbor  
in any manner. It forbids you from  
damaging his reputation or  
threatening his position or the  
sanctity of his family. Because his  
family is your family. His flock is  
Your flock. But Satan doesn't  
attack the flock, he attacks the  
shepherd. He attacks him by  
tricking your mind. By making you  
see what he wants you to see.

(MORE)

PASTOR BOB (CONT'D)  
And when he destroys the shepherd  
we are a flock no more. Then we are  
merely lambs. Awaiting slaughter.

PUSH IN ON MCREARY --

Every word the pastor speaks hits him like a mallet. Affects his breathing and tightens his muscles as he endures a catharsis of understanding.

EXT. CHURCH -- LATER THAT MORNING.

The service is over. The faithful mingle. Children run and laugh. Pastor Bob shakes hands and smiles. Then finds McReary standing beside him.

PASTOR BOB  
Hello, Aaron.

MCREARY  
Sometimes your sermons feel like  
they're meant just for me.

PASTOR BOB  
Sometimes they are. I don't choose  
the sermon or who it speaks to. My  
job is just to deliver it.

MCREARY  
Could we talk? I'm having ...

PASTOR BOB  
Let's go inside.

Pastor Bob leads McReary up the steps to God's house for a conversation that has absolutely nothing to do with God ...

ANGLE ON --

John Dutton, standing among the faithful, watching the wayward sheep being led home ...

EXT. CORY AND MONICA'S -- DAY.

Cory looks back at the house as he walks behind the barn, pulls out his cellphone and dials ...

INTERCUT WITH --

EXT. SOCOM STAGING AREA -- DJIBOUTI, AFRICA -- CONT.

RYAN JENNINGS(35), built like an NFL safety, dressed in desert camo pants and an assault vest, M-4 assault rifle strapped to his chest, answers his cell as he walks among palette after palette of MILITARY GEAR.

JENNINGS  
CAPTAIN JENNINGS.

CORY  
Hey, Cap.

Takes him a second to recognize the voice.

JENNINGS  
CORY DEE! Fuck are you doin'??

CORY  
Just ... trying to keep one foot in front of the other.

JENNINGS  
Easier said than done, ain't it?

CORY  
How's the team?

JENNINGS  
A little light right now. We leave for Riyadh in a week. Don't believe the hype on CNN, brother: Syria ain't shit. Yemen is the domino. Sure wish we had you here. This shit's gonna get salty.

CORY  
Well, that's why I called. I'm ... Thinking about jumping back in --

JENNINGS  
Don't fucking tease me, Cory.

CORY  
Wouldn't do it, sir. Can you get me back on the team?

JENNINGS  
You're not a year from discharge, are you?

CORY  
Just under.



JENNINGS

Then hell yes I can. Pack your  
shit, sailor.

CORY

Never unpacked it.

JENNINGS

Stay by your phone. Keep your  
powder dry and get ready to fly.

CORY

Roger that.

Cory hangs up, turns around and sees:

MONICA STARING RIGHT AT HIM. Look on her face is like he  
shoved a dagger through her heart. She shakes her head, says:

MONICA

We're going to be late.

She turns and walks off. Cory watches her go, then walks  
after her ...

INT. CORY'S TRUCK -- A LITTLE LATER.

They both stare straight ahead. Silence so thick you could  
cut it with a knife. Without looking at him, she says --

MONICA

What did I do?

CORY

Didn't do anything.

MONICA

Okay ... What did you do?

He looks at her. Then looks out the windshield and lies --

CORY

It's what I can't do. Can't provide  
for a family selling horses.

MONICA

Maybe you could if you'd actually  
sell them and not give them away.

CORY

I got two skills and only one of  
them pays. I won't have my wife  
providing for my family --

Monica whips on him like a snake --

MONICA

*Don't you dare* invent a way to make this my fault. You had no problem being a broke horse trainer a week ago. And neither did I ... You let your father back in and of a sudden going to war is your best option??

Cory looks at her, says with meaning --

CORY

I'm no good at this, Monica.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD --

A rundown house is visible in the distance. Junk yard of cars in the front yard surrounding a rusted swing set.

MONICA

Ain't that the truth. You might be the worst liar I've ever met. So stop lying and tell me why you're leaving us.

CORY

I'm just ...

Rundown house gets closer ...

MONICA

The truth, Cory. We've always told it. Don't stop now.

Cory looks at his wife: the only thing he's ever loved until she gave him something to love even more. Draws in a breath. A big breath. Big enough to tell the truth.

CORY

I'm the one --

As they pass the crumbling house IT EXPLODES IN AN ORANGE FIREBALL. A SWIRLING CLOUD OF COAL BLACK AND MUSTARD YELLOW RUSHES TOWARD CORY'S TRUCK LIKE A WAVE.

The concussive blast hits the truck and sends it weaving and skidding across the road until it is thrust into the bar ditch across the road ...

Cory shakes off the explosion and looks at his dazed wife.

CORY (CONT'D)

You alright?

She manages a nod.

MONICA  
What was that??

CORY  
Meth lab is my guess. Call 911.  
Stay here.

Cory gets out and runs across the street toward the burning house -- or what's left of it.

Runs around to the back. Gets hit by the toxic fumes and drops to the ground. Yanks off his shirt and uses it a gas mask as he moves through the smoke behind the burning house.

First thing he sees is A DOG. It's back is broken. The dog runs on front legs -- its useless rear legs dragging behind in a furious circle, like a broken toy ...

Cory looks past the dog, sees the smoldering body of a person. A small one. A child. Goes to it -- nothing to save. Sees MOVEMENT further up the yard. Rushes to that --

A MAN. Hard to say how old, his body is charred beyond recognition. His clothes melted to his body. He is propped up by an ALUMINUM-LEGGED BARSTOOL, it's legs perforating his body like a pin cushion.

Cory looks down at what's left of the man -- his foot is still on fire, thought the man doesn't feel it. Just stares at Cory -- whites of his eyes seem neon against the black char of his skin.

The man's mouth makes a sound. A desperate, unintelligible gasp. Cory turns and walks off ...

BACK AT THE TRUCK --

Monica leans against the truck, cellphone to her ear, as Cory approaches.

MONICA  
911's on the line. Are there people  
back there?!

CORY  
Not anymore.

Cory reaches in the truck, grabs his pistol, walks back toward the house. Monica hangs up and rushes after him.

MONICA  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING??!!

CORY  
Stay here.

MONICA  
NO!!

Cory stops.

CORY  
You want the truth? I'll give you  
some: you don't want to see this.

Monica's cellphone starts ringing ...

MONICA  
I go where you go.

CORY  
Fine. Don't breathe the smoke.  
Cover your face with your shirt.  
Keep your eyes closed 'till you're  
past it.

He starts walking back toward the house. She follows. Pulls up her shirt to cover her face as she ducks the plumbing smoke. Cory is far ahead of her now ...

She rounds the burning shell of the house, freezes in horror as she sees --

The frantic dog pivoting around in a mad circle. The smoldering body of what used to be a child and the impaled man, smoke rising from him like charcoal ...

Cory walks to the dog, puts a round through the back of it's head and ends it's suffering. Walks to the man, stands over him and looks back at Monica.

CORY (CONT'D)  
How long for an ambulance?

She snaps from the shock of the scene and answers her still ringing phone.

MONICA  
How long for an ambulance?

Listens to the answer. Looks at Cory.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Twenty minutes.

Cory looks at the man.

CORY  
Can you make it that long?

The man's lips mouth 'family'.

CORY (CONT'D)  
You ain't got one anymore.

The man looks at the pistol, then Cory, then nods. Cory looks at Monica --

She looks at his charred body. The bar stool legs punched through the man's chest like spears. The smoldering lumps that used to be his children. Then looks back at Cory --

MONICA  
Do it.

FROM A DISTANCE --

Cory raises the pistol and fires, ending the burning man's misery ...

EXT. METH HOUSE -- LATER.

Rainwater and Ben Waters look down on the dead body of the burning man, and the hole through the center of his forehead.

WATERS  
Was the right thing to do.

Rainwater nods. Studies the bullet wound.

RAINWATER  
No question.

They both look back at Cory leaning against Ben's police vehicle.

WATERS  
What do you want to do?

RAINWATER  
I'm not ready to play this hand.

Rainwater looks at Waters. Points at the burning man's dead body.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)  
Make it go away.

Waters nods, walks to Cory.

WATERS

I hear you SEALS like the Glock 19.  
That what you used?

Cory lifts his shirt and shows Ben his Glock 19. Waters stares at it.

WATERS (CONT'D)

I like them too.

Waters pulls the pistol from Cory's pants, and removes the slide and barrel. Sets it on the hood. Removes his own pistol -- A Glock 19 -- and removes his own slide and barrel. Reattaches Cory's slide and barrel to his own gun. Does the same to Cory's. Hands it back to Cory.

WATERS (CONT'D)

You were there when I put this  
piece of shit out of his misery.  
Understand? You're my witness. I'll  
put it that way in my report.

Cory has no choice but to say --

CORY

Okay.

ANGLE ON --

RAINWATER, looking back at Cory. Then down at the burning man. Looks into his lifeless eyes and says --

RAINWATER

You got off easy. I would've let  
you burn.

Rainwater walks toward the road, shielding his eyes as he passes the burnt body of the child. Stops in front of Cory.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

Follow my vehicle in your truck.

CORY

Gotta get my son from school.

RAINWATER

Squad car will take your wife to  
pick him up and get them both home.

CORY

I already gave a statement.

Rainwater steps close, looks at Cory -- dead serious.

RAINWATER

We're covered in evil, you and me.  
Gotta wash it off.

Points back at the burning house.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

You don't dare take that home.

Cory looks across the street at his wife. She looks back at him across an ocean of asphalt and officers ...

EXT. RESERVATION -- SUNSET.

CAMERA WATCHES FROM A DISTANCE AS THE SHADOWS OF MEN STAND AROUND A FIRE. Huddle beside it like men did before man was the word that described them ...

CAMERA CREEPS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE TOWARD THE FIRE UNTIL CORY'S FACE IS IN FRAME, bathed in the amber of burning wood ...

He is stripped to his underwear. Wrapped in a blanket. Every officer from the burned house are there as well -- stripped wrapped in blankets. A MAN uses a pitchfork to stoke the fire.

Rainwater sits beside Cory. Looks at the faded Yellowstone brand on his chest ...

RAINWATER

Know what I think? (points at the brand) I think a man who does that to himself never changes sides.

Rainwater turns to Cory, shows him the SUN DANCE SCARS that criss-cross his chest.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

I know I won't.

CORY

I didn't do it.

Rainwater processes what that means. Cory stares at the fire.

CORY (CONT'D)

We don't get to choose our fathers.

RAINWATER

Wouldn't make a difference if we could. We'd just chose wrong ...  
Your son doesn't look like you.

CORY  
No, he got lucky.

RAINWATER  
Looked like you when he was born,  
though. Didn't he?

Cory looks at him. Nods.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)  
Just like you.

CORY  
Like a mirror.

RAINWATER  
Every child looks like their father  
when they're born. Doesn't matter  
boy or girl ... Doesn't matter who  
they'll look like in three days,  
when they come out of the womb they  
are a perfect reflection of the man  
who made them ...

CORY  
He was ...

Rainwater nods.

RAINWATER  
Wanna know why? It's nature's way  
of proving you're the father. So  
you don't think the baby belongs to  
someone else. And kill it ...

Cory takes that in as they watch the fire.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)  
No such thing as a good man, Cory.  
All men are bad. But some of us try  
real hard to be good.

The man steps into the fire pit, removes a burning log  
revealing A STACK OF LAVA ROCKS GLOWING RED HOT.

MAN  
Stones are ready.

RAINWATER  
First sweat?

Cory nods.



RAINWATER (CONT'D)

Ceremony doesn't end when the sweat ends. Study the things you see: they're a map of your future. Good thing about maps is -- if you don't like the path you're on, you can choose another.

CORY

When does the ceremony end?

RAINWATER

When you die. Then the next one begins.

Rainwater stands, drops his blanket. Cory stands as well. Looks over all the other shirtless men, THEIR CHESTS RIDDLED WITH SUN DANCE SCARS - 1 inch gashes where wooden rods penetrated the muscle and tethered them to the TREE OF LIFE until they found the strength to break free. Judging from the multitude of scars on every man's chest, they found the strength many times ...

CAMERA WATCHES FROM A DISTANCE as the silhouettes of men duck beneath the firelight and climb into the sweat lodge.

From this distance it looks as though they are climbing back in the womb ...

INT. VETERINARY CREMATORIUM -- NIGHT.

The ceilings are 20 feet tall with a rail system and crane built to carry one ton animals toward the enormous cremation oven.

An OLD MAN, 80 if he's a day, works levers that guide the casket inside. John Dutton and Jamie stand beside him, faces grim.

OLD MAN

This oven'll incinerate a horse in about an hour. Never had a person in it, though. My guess is you'll have ashes in about 10 minutes.

Jamie puts a hand on the casket as it goes past, then it slides inside the oven. The old man closes the door, presses a button, and the casket disappears in the orange glow of flames.

Jamie's solemn gaze is interrupted by the feeling of EYES ON HIM. Turns to see his father staring at him like a stranger.

A look that kills the messenger all over again. Or perhaps, just wishes it was a different son being fed to the furnace.

EXT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT.

HANDS SHAKE AS THEY GRIP A GAS LINE. PULL IT FROM THE WALL.

WIDEN TO REVEAL --

The MEDICAL EXAMINER(45), on his knees beside numerous tubes running to and from the wall.

RIP (O.S.)  
What's the green one?

He looks back at the voice, where Rip leans against an exam table.

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
Oxygen.

RIP  
Pull that one too.

He does.

RIP (CONT'D)  
Come over here and pick this up.

Rip points to STEEL SURGICAL EQUIPMENT on a tray: forceps, scalpels ...

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
I don't want to.

RIP  
Not what I asked.

Rip grabs him by the throat.

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
Look. Do what you want. I'll never say a word.

RIP  
Spoken like a true victim. No victims today. Just accomplices. Let's go.

The Medical Examiner scoops up the surgical tools.

RIP (CONT'D)  
Put them in the microwave.

He does.

RIP (CONT'D)  
Turn it on high. For an hour.

He does. Rip points to a computer.

RIP (CONT'D)  
What other computer has the report?

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
Just this one.

RIP  
Not one at your house?

He shakes his head no.

RIP (CONT'D)  
If you're lying, I'll burn that to  
the ground too.

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
I'm not lying ... Who do you think  
this is going to fool?? Everyone's  
going to know this was arson.

RIP  
Don't look like arson to me. Looks  
like a suicide.

Rip spins the terrified man, slips his arm beneath his chin -- using his arm like a vice. Sends a short punch to the man's kidney -- knocking his pelvis forward and centering all of the man's weight into the vice. Rip begins walking backwards, letting the flailing man's own weight cut the blood flow to his brain. The man goes limp.

Rip lays him down as he walks out past the microwave as sparks fly inside it like an orange tornado ...

EXT. RESERVATION ROAD -- NIGHT.

Cory's hair is pasted to his head with sweat. Eyes red from smoke and sage. Skin almost glows from the steam that sucked every impurity from his pores ...

Blurry eyes struggle to see the road -- everything is out of focus ...

He sees SOMETHING ahead, slows to a stop. Shakes his head, blinks his eyes wildly, seeking clear vision ...

The road comes into view, then what stands in the center of it --

A COYOTE.

Looks Cory dead in the eye. In it's mouth is a HOUSE CAT.  
Neck broken. Body limp.

Cory stares at it as A BROOD OF COYOTE PUPS RUN ONTO THE ROAD  
AND HIDE UNDER THEIR MOTHER.

HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE HORIZON. Coyote doesn't notice. Too  
blinded by Cory's truck. But Cory sees it. Lays on his horn.

The coyote begins slowly moving off the road, never taking  
it's eyes off Cory. Not even when A SEMI crests the horizon  
and eviscerates the whole lot of them ...

Cory stares at the spot where the coyote family used to be,  
now only smears on the asphalt.

Stares in his rearview mirror at the pink blips of the  
truck's tail lights. It never even slowed down ...

INT. BATHROOM -- CORY AND MONICA'S -- NIGHT.

A YELLOW RUBBER DUCKIE floats across bath water.

A BAR OF SOAP sails into frame, pounding the duckie, forcing  
it underwater. It bounds up, rights itself, and continues  
floating to the sounds of TATE'S GIGGLES ...

WIDEN TO REVEAL --

Tate, sitting in the tub, Monica resting against it.

MONICA

That's enough target practice,  
dude. Come on ...

Hands him a wash cloth.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Behind the ears.

He rubs the cloth behind his ears.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Under your arms.

Rubs under the arms.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Now the bum-bum.

TATE  
Bum-bum's fine.

MONICA  
Bum-bum is not fine. Believe me.

Rubs his little bottom with the washcloth, then hands it to his mother.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
... Thank you.

She stands, grabs a towel.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Out.

He climbs out. She rubs him dry with the towel ...

INT. TATE'S BEDROOM -- LATER.

Monica sets him in bed. Walks to a BOOK SHELF.

MONICA  
Bug book or snake book.

TATE  
Dinosaur book.

Grabs a book about dinosaurs, sits beside him. He opens it to a picture of a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

MONICA  
Want me to read it to you?

TATE  
No, my dad needs to because we found one and it's our secret and you can't know about it cuz if you tell someone they might steal it.

MONICA  
Ah ...

TATE  
Loose lips sink ships.

She shakes her head.

MONICA

Where do you come up with this stuff ... Daddy's not here, honey. So you're gonna have to tell me the secret or settle for looking at pictures.

Tate studies her face, wrestling with the decision.

TATE

I'll look at the pictures.

She hands him the book, stands.

MONICA

Just like your father.

Monica walks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENT LATER.

Monica walks in the living room. Sits on the couch and pulls out a stack of papers in dire need of grades. HEADLIGHTS flash through the window. Car door opens and closes. Her body stiffens ...

Cory walks through the front door. Looks like he's seen a ghost. Looks like he's seen an army of them ...

Cory and Monica lock eyes.

CORY

If I'm going to lose you it ain't gonna be 'cuz I kept something from you. You can leave me for what I did, but not because I lied.

Monica shuts her eyes tight. An eternity passes before she opens them. Cory exhales. Readies himself to say it. Monica holds up a hand.

MONICA

If I give you this lie, will you stay?

CORY

If I stay you'll learn it.

MONICA

Whatever I hear I won't believe.

CORY

You won't want to. But you will.

MONICA

I guess this is what we meant when  
we said 'for better or for worse'.

CORY

It'll get worse than this.

TATE

DADDY!?!

MONICA

Say you'll stay.

CORY

Whatever I do it's because I love  
you. I'll say that.

The words come close to killing her.

MONICA

Baby. Look at me. There's nothing  
you can do I won't forgive you for.

He walks to her. Leans close. Kisses her forehead.

CORY

Yes there is.

TATE (O.S.)

DADDYYYY!!!!

CORY

I want to be with my son.

She surrenders with a nod and Cory walks down the hall ...

INT. TATE'S BEDROOM -- LATER.

Cory lays on the bed with Tate looking at the dinosaur book,  
studying the Tyrannosaurus Rex.

TATE (O.S.)

Think ours is as big as this one?

CORY

Maybe bigger.

Monica peeks in the door, watches them.

TATE

We need to dig him up tomorrow.

CORY

We can start but it's gonna be a lot of work.

TATE

I ain't scared of work.

Tate looks at Cory, almost whispers --

TATE (CONT'D)

Where do we hide him?

CORY

How 'bout the barn.

TATE

People will look there. Maybe we dig a cave.

Cory rests his head against Tate's little shoulder, looks at the picture of the dinosaur.

CORY

Whatever you want, buddy.

She wants nothing more than to lay down beside them. It takes all her strength to fight the temptation. Hard as it is to do, she backs away and closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONT.

CAMERA follows Monica as she walks down the hall and disappears into the bedroom. CAMERA holds on what is likely their first FAMILY PHOTO --

Taken at the hospital. Monica holds a bundled, infant Tate as she lays in a hospital bed. Cory sits beside her. Both are too shell-shocked to truly smile. Cory and Monica look like children pretending to be parents, they're so young. Tate's hair is almost blonde, his skin much lighter. Chalk it up to jaundice or the fluorescent hospital lighting, but it's undeniable -- Cory and Tate look exactly alike ...

EXT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- MORNING.

A SHITTY SEDAN putters up the hill toward the lodge. Stops. A MAN gets out -- cheap blazer, cheap slacks, cheap tie. Starts walking toward the house.

Jamie opens the front door as the man reaches the porch.



JAMIE DUTTON  
Can I help you?

MAN  
You John Dutton?

JAMIE DUTTON  
He's not here.

The man looks around. Jamie notices THE MAN'S HANDS HELD BEHIND HIS BACK. Jamie's rests his hands on the door jam above him.

FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE --

Jamie's hands find A SHOTGUN resting above the door.

BACK OUTSIDE --

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)  
What do you got there?

MAN  
Hmm?

JAMIE DUTTON  
Behind your back.

MAN  
When will John Dutton will be home?

JAMIE DUTTON  
Let me see your hands.

The man starts backing away toward his car. Jamie removes the shotgun from above the door, raises it to his shoulder and marches out after him. The man backs away wildly.

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Let me see your hands!

The terrified man stumbles and falls back in the driveway. Jamie stands over him. The man shows both hands.

MAN  
I'm not here to hurt him. I have something I can only give to him.

JAMIE DUTTON  
I'm his son. And attorney. Give it to me.

MAN  
... His attorney?

Jamie nods. The man slowly stands.

MAN (CONT'D)  
You're right. I *can* give it to you.

The man pulls a large MANILA ENVELOPE FROM HIS WAISTBAND, TOSSES IT AT JAMIE'S FEET.

MAN (CONT'D)  
He's been served.

The scurries back to his car, starts it and hauls ass down the drive.

Jamie opens the envelope. Reads:

SUMMONS TO APPEAR:

PARK COUNTY VS YELLOWSTONE LAND AND CATTLE COMPANY, INC.

CONDEMNATION HEARING: 30,000 ACRES TO DEVELOP AND BUILD A SECONDARY SCHOOL TO SERVE SOUTHERN PARK COUNTY.

Jamie stares at the summons, resisting the temptation to shoot the process server as he flees ...

EXT. ROLLING PLAINS -- DAY.

JOHN DUTTON SITS ALONE on the top of a windswept hill. Wears a BLACK SUIT. The blue-grey stallion grazes, saddled, in the distance.

John Dutton watches the wind send undulating waves back and forth through the tall grass. Across from John Dutton is a MARBLE CROSS POUNDED INTO THE EARTH YEARS BEFORE ...

PUSH IN ON THE CROSS --

Etched in the marble are the words: EVELYN DUTTON MET GOD HERE. JUNE 3RD, 1997. John Dutton looks at the cross ...

JOHN DUTTON  
Who thought 'look after our  
children' would be such a hard  
promise to keep ...

In John Dutton's lap is A BOWL FILLED WITH ASHES. His hands cradle it like a child, which in essence it is ...

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Most father's don't have to do this  
twice.

(MORE)

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

Since I do, and considering the  
date ... thought I'd bring you some  
company. Happy birthday.

John Dutton hoists the bowl into the air. The wind sucks the  
ashes from it and swirls them into a dust devil that dances  
through the sky until it's broken apart and disappears.

THE END.