

YELLOWSTONE

Written by

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Address  
Phone Number

OPEN ON:

Pale blue sky. Almost white. HEAVY EXHALED BREATHS the only sound ...

AN OPEN HAND inches into frame. Fingers stretched out, as if to say -- I COME IN PEACE ...

Next comes an arm. Arm leads to a man. A man whose eyes are filled with purpose ...

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM --

His name is JOHN DUTTON. In his 60'S. Maybe older. Hard to say -- decades of harsh sun and hard winters have carved canyons in his face, but his body is that of a man many years younger. He moves slow. Deliberate ...

JOHN DUTTON

Shhhhh ...

A WHITE CLOUD OF STEAM blasts against his hand. He doesn't stop. Keeps moving forward ...

A HORSE'S HEAD ENTERS FRAME. Eyes wide with fear. The horse snorts panicked breaths into John Dutton's open palm.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

Easy ...

John Dutton stops his hand inches from the horse's nose. It's wild eyes get wilder, jerks back. John just holds his hand out. Willing to wait forever ...

The horse leans close. John Dutton moves closer -- until his nose presses against the horse's flared nostril. It breathes John Dutton's breath deep into its lungs. Seems to recognize the scent. Visibly relaxes. John Dutton places a hand to the horse's jaw. Strokes it. Wild eyes grow heavy ...

PUSH IN ON --

THE HORSE'S EYE. Until it fills the frame. Until the TINY RED AND BLUE STROBE OF SIRENS can be seen in it's reflection. The faintest hint of the sirens' wail penetrates the silence ...

WIDEN TO REVEAL --

The horse's head and neck protrude from an OVERTURNED HORSE TRAILER sitting in the bar ditch off MONTANA HIGHWAY 298. It's BROKEN LEG hangs limp out a shattered trailer window just beside its head.

Beyond the trailer is what's left of John Dutton's PICKUP. Beyond that is a trail of debris that leads to the OVERTURNED BIG RIG that slammed into him, pluming black smoke into a blue Montana sky ...

The big rig's cargo, A ROCK TRENCHER (basically a bulldozer with a 25 foot long chainsaw blade extending from the front), now sits on its side in the opposite bar ditch.

BACK TO JOHN DUTTON --

Only now do we see that he is holding a pistol. He rubs between the horse's ears. Speaks in a deep, soothing voice.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Not fair, this life ...

He places the barrel of the pistol beneath the horse's jaw. The horse flinches at the cold steel.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
I know ... You deserve better, but  
the best I can offer you is peace.

He strokes the horse's face as he pulls the trigger. The horse goes limp, it's weight sucking it back into the trailer with a crash.

John Dutton wipes BLOOD SPLATTER from his face. Wipes at his own blood -- pouring from a deep gash running the length of his forehead as he marches toward the overturned big rig.

Looks in the cab. Hard to say where metal ends and truck driver begins. One thing is certain -- the driver's already out of his misery.

John Dutton looks up the winding road toward the approaching police vehicles -- sirens screaming their way closer.

Finds his cowboy hat in the bar ditch. Dusts it off, places it on his head.

Sees a SMOLDERING PIECE OF PAPER. Picks it up. It's completely charred except for the right margin where A SYMBOL rests -- GOLD LEAVES arranged in the shape of a cross ...

John Dutton looks back at the rock trencher. Tries to figure out what the hell it is, and what it's doing here. Gives up, looks out over a field and sees --

A MAMA COW AND CALF stare across a barbed wire fence trying to make sense of the chaos they just witnessed. John Dutton walks to the fence, leans against it, stares back at them ...

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

The things we lose to keep you fed.

The cow moos her response as police vehicles skid to a stop. John wipes at the blood that runs like a broken pipe from his forehead. DEPUTIES leap from their vehicles.

DEPUTY

Jesus, that's John Dutton.  
COMMISSIONER, ARE YOU ALRIGHT??

John Dutton doesn't answer. Doesn't look back. Just stares out over the cattle. Blood runs into his eye. He lets it ...

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- WYOMING/MONTANA BORDER -- DAY. \*

A battered RED PICKUP pulls an OLD STOCK TRAILER into A TRUCK STOP surrounded by land so flat you could stand on the truck's bumper and see across the whole state ... Prairie grass and sagebrush the only thing in any direction ... \*

Driver steps out, starts pumping gas. His name is CORY(26). He's built like a deer rifle -- long and lean with no unnecessary bulk. Battered cowboy hat pulled low over sad, dangerous eyes and a face so handsome it's hard to look directly at it. \*

He studies the flurry of activity at the truck stop -- \*

TRUCKERS, TOURISTS, and RANCHERS wander in and out of the 21st century version of a supply outpost where FLASHING NEON and POP MUSIC PIPED THROUGH SPEAKERS has replaced horses and hitching posts and the quiet of the plains ... \*

A GROUP OF BIKERS pulls to the pumps across from Cory. MUSIC AND MOTORCYCLES AND TOUR BUSES ... It's all too much activity for Cory, he keeps his focus firmly on the gas pump. \*

BIKER (O.S.) \*

Hey. Thank you. \*

A HAND finds Cory's shoulder. He whips around with the speed of a snake. Finds the HARD FACE of a 45 YEAR OLD MAN. AMERICAN FLAG BANDANA over his balding head. Brand new leather covers his thick frame. He stands a good six inches over Cory. \*

BIKER (CONT'D) \*

For your service. \*

The biker points to a NAVY SEAL TRIDENT on Cory's rear windshield. Cory gives the tiniest of nods, then returns to the task of pumping gas ... \*

BIKER (CONT'D)

Hope you racked up a lot of kills  
on those bastards.

Cory returns the hose to the pump, glances in the man's  
direction.

CORY

Just enough to keep you free.

The biker's GIRLFRIEND is reaching her hand through a slit in  
the stock trailer, trying to pet the horse tied in back.

BIKER WOMAN

Can I pet him?

CORY

No. Get off my trailer before he --

All the bikers have filtered their way around Cory and his  
trailer as the woman reaches her hand through the trailer,  
then pulls it out screaming.

BIKER WOMAN

OWWW! IT FUCKING BIT ME!

She pulls her hand back like she might hit the horse and Cory  
grabs her by her jacket and yanks her off. She stumbles to  
the ground with a shriek. The biker lunges forward, putting a  
hand to Cory's chest --

The second his hand touches Cory, he hits him in the mouth  
with a short, violent punch, then grabs the man's thumb,  
twists, pulls the man's hand toward him then bends him to the  
ground. The man whimpers in surrender ...

The other bikers rush forward, then all stop at once, seeing  
something in Cory's eyes they have likely never seen before --

A willingness to kill or die, right here, right now, for no  
reason at all. Or none they understand anyway ...

He looks at the stunned group of bikers and goes from feeling  
furious to foolish in an instant. Jerks the big man to his  
feet ...

CORY

Sorry ...

Cory looks at the biker's girlfriend, still sitting on the  
ground, mangled fingers from the horse-bite. She stares at  
him with a look of violation he hasn't seen since he left  
Afghanistan.

CORY (CONT'D)

He's a biter. That's why I said  
'don't pet him'.

The woman points to her bike boyfriend's shattered face.

BIKER WOMAN

What about *that?!?!?*

The big biker surveys the damage and looks at Cory. Seems his  
feelings hurt him more than his face.

BIKER

All I said was thanks, man.

Cory looks at the beaten biker, then over the frozen faces of  
the others, feels they deserve even more explanation.

CORY

In the parks they have signs that  
say keep 100 feet from any  
wildlife. That's pretty good advice  
anywhere you go around here ...

Cory climbs into his truck and drives away ...

EXT. GAS FIELDS -- MONTANA/WYOMING BORDER-- DAY.

AN ENORMOUS BLUE-GRAY STALLION STARES INTO CAMERA. Pawing the  
earth. Warning us to go away ... Behind him -- A DOZEN WILD  
MUSTANGS, huddled together among GAS WELLS AND DRILLING RIGS  
that rise 80 feet in the air, littering the horizon.

A GROUP OF MEN watch them from a distance -- all wearing  
orange hard hats. Cory stands beside them.

PETROLEUM ENGINEER

I don't know how you're going to  
get them out by yourself.

CORY

Don't have to get them all out,  
just the stallion. Once he's gone,  
the rest will leave on their own.

PETROLEUM ENGINEER

Best of luck. That bastard kicked  
my truck door so hard we had to use  
a crowbar to get it open. Damn  
mustang's done more in one week to  
stop drilling than every  
environmental group in the state.

CORY

Maybe I should leave him where he  
is.

Cory walks to his horse trailer, where a SORREL HORSE stands  
tied and saddled. Climbs on and uncoils a rope ...

OIL WORKER

Where'd you find this guy?

PETROLEUM ENGINEER

Yellow Pages. Ad says he works with  
problem horses.

The oil workers laugh, shake their heads.

OIL WORKER

This should be interesting.

Cory spurs his horse into a dead run. The mustangs panic and  
bolt, all but the stallion -- who dances in place, snorts and  
runs right toward Cory.

PETROLEUM ENGINEER

That kid's fucking crazy.

Cory spurs his horse faster, swinging his rope. Lets the loop  
grow larger. LARGER. Tosses it over the stallion without  
slowing down, jerking the screaming animal around. The three  
of them kick and scream and run through the shadows of oil  
rigs that loom over the sagebrush like skyscrapers ...

EXT. MONTANA HIGHWAY -- LATER.

Cory's pickup and trailer head back the way they came. HOOVES  
SLAMMING METAL, rocking the trailer as the panicked stallion \*  
tries to kick his way to freedom.

INT. CORY'S PICKUP -- CONT.

Cory looks in the rearview mirror as the trailer bucks and  
sways. He shakes his head, looks back to the road and a GREEN \*  
ROAD SIGN that reads:

ENTERING THE WHITE PLAINS INDIAN RESERVATION.

Beyond the sign -- no yellow line, no fences, and no  
cultivation. He drives past the sign and leaves order behind.

EXT. CORY'S TRUCK -- LATER.

TRUCK'S POV --

CHICKENS. Run single file across the road toward a rotted, plywood coop beside a house that's been abandoned for years. Cory looks out the window at the reality of reservation life:

-- A mobile home sits bent and twisted like a plastic cup tossed in a fire. Old appliances, rusted vehicles, and broken farm equipment litter the land around it ...

-- A house with no roof, its walls covered in graffiti ...

Cory passes three TEENAGE BOYS. Two ride OLD BICYCLES, one rides bareback on A SKINNY PAINT HORSE.

They're dressed like gangbangers from LA: baggy pants, OAKLAND RAIDERS caps cocked to the side. The boy on the horse holds a radio the size of a toolbox, HIP HOP blaring through blown speakers ...

Up ahead is a SINGLE-WIDE MOBILE HOME.

MEN stand shirtless in the yard, tending to a large fire with shovels. Beside the fire is A SWEAT LODGE COVERED IN BLANKETS. Beside the sweat lodge is A FLAG POLE REACHING 30 FEET IN THE AIR -- AN AMERICA FLAG whips in the breeze, flying UPSIDE DOWN.

The men look at Cory as he passes, the trailer rocking back and forth as the stallion tries to kick his way to freedom. Cory glances at the upside down flag in his rearview mirror -- the international symbol for distress ... \*

Cory slows and turns down a gravel road, pulls to a stop in front of a single-wide trailer. Across from it -- a small barn, couple of corrals, and a round pen. Beyond that -- buffalo grass and sagebrush. Cory swings open the back of the horse trailer, leads out his ranch horse. Ties him to the fence. Looks in the trailer... \*

CORY'S POV --

AN ALUMINUM DIVIDER hides the stallion. The horse raises its head over the divider -- a wild eye makes contact with Cory.

TATE (O.S.)

DADDY!!!

Cory's son TATE(4) explodes from the house, runs toward him. Cory scoops him up. Tate's eyes are blue like his daddy, but his hair is dark and skin the color of caramel. Like the woman now standing on the porch ...

MONICA(25) Fierce eyes in a kind face and a calm, easy demeanor in stark contrast to the harsh land that surrounds them. \*

HOOVES EXPLODE INTO METAL. Her attention goes to the trailer. The noise attracts CHILDREN from the neighboring homes ... \*

MONICA  
Bet it was fun putting him in the trailer.

CORY  
Like hauling a tornado.

All the neighborhood children now stand around the trailer. \*

MONICA  
How are you going to get him out? \*

Cory hands Tate to Monica.

CORY  
I'm making this up as I go, babe. \*

Walks to the round pen and swings the gate open. \*

CORY (CONT'D)  
I'd step back a bit further.

Monica steps back. The children rush back like scared dogs, then slowly creep forward, too fascinated to stay away. \*

Cory climbs in the trailer, walks SLOWLY TOWARD THE DIVIDER AND THE WILD EYE LOOKING OVER IT ... \*

CORY (CONT'D)  
It's okay. I know it don't feel that way. But it is ... \*

Cory reaches over the divider and grabs the halter with one hand. Other hand unties the lead rope. He unlatches the divider, swings it open and all hell breaks loose ...

MONICA'S POV --

The trailer rocks so hard it almost flips over. The sound of 1200 pounds stomping toward the back of the trailer thunders toward her. One leg appears, then another, then the horse backs out and rears up on its hind legs and screams.

Cory swings the rope in a fast loop inches from the horse's nose. It drops to all fours and backs away wildly.

Cory drives the horse into the round pen. Slides his hand beneath the horse's chin and in an instant, lead rope is disconnected from halter. The horse bolts for the opposite side of the pen. Cory walks out and closes the gate ...

TATE

Can I pet him?

MONICA

Sure, son. In about a year.

Cory laughs.

CORY

No fear in this one. He got that from you.

MONICA

You mean no common sense. He got that from you. \*

TWO NATIVE AMERICAN MEN walk over. ROBERT LONG(35), built like an NFL safety, with hard, uncaring eyes. And SAM YELLOW BIRD(33), a kind, jolly face and so skinny he has to jog around the shower to keep from falling down the drain. \*

They stare at the horse, nodding. Robert's eyes find Kyle. \*

ROBERT LONG \*

I guess your homework's in the kitchen doing itself ... \*

Kyle's already running home before the sentence is finished. \*

YELLOW BIRD \*

He's gonna be fun to break. \*

Cory nods. \*

YELLOW BIRD (CONT'D) \*

Well, holler if you need help ... \*

Yellow Bird smiles and walks back down the road, leaving Robert Long, Cory, and a thick silence. \*

ROBERT LONG \*

You free tomorrow? Could use a hand. \*

CORY \*

... Sure. \*

Robert Long nods, walks back toward his house. Points at the stallion. \*

ROBERT LONG \*  
Bring a horse, but not that one. \*

Cory looks at Monica, who raises an eyebrow. \*

MONICA \*  
That's progress. \*

CORY \*  
It's something. \*

MONICA \*  
I have parent conferences tonight. \*  
You're on Tate patrol. \*

She looks at the stallion pawing the earth. \*

MONICA (CONT'D) \*  
I wonder what he's thinking ... \*

CORY \*  
He's thinking I took his freedom. \*

MONICA \*  
Well ... He's right. \*

She kisses him, walks to the house. \*

MONICA (CONT'D) \*  
Supper's ready. \*

She walks inside, leaving Cory alone in the yard. He looks at \*  
the stallion standing in the center of the pen, breathing \*  
heavy, daring the whole world to fight him. Cory watches the \*  
stallion paw the earth and snort. Knows exactly how it feels. \*

INT. OFFICE -- GOLDMAN-SACHS -- CHICAGO -- DAY. \*

56TH floor. Corner office. Behind a sleek, glass desk stands \*  
BETHANY DUTTON(32). She is the smartest person in whatever \*  
room she enters. There is an air about her, a recklessness, a \*  
gleam in her eye that tells you from the beginning -- she \*  
does not give a fuck. It is beguiling ... \*

She holds a phone to her ear as she sits at her desk. \*

BETH \*  
Sure building something ... Of \*  
course he didn't, he couldn't find \*  
his ass with both hands ... \*

A YOUNG MAN IN A SUIT POPS HIS HEAD IN -- \*

YOUNG MAN \*  
Bob needs you. \*

BETH \*  
Give me a minute. \*

YOUNG MAN \*  
I don't think he has a minute. \*

She studies the young man's worried face. \*

BETH \*  
(into phone) I'll get into it. \*

Hangs up the phone. Marches out the door. \*

INT. BOARDROOM -- GOLDMAN SACHS CHICAGO -- LATER. \*

A WALL OF GLASS overlooks downtown Chicago. A table that \*  
seats thirty. One one end A GROUP OF ATTORNEYS AND \*  
BUSINESSMEN YELLING ACROSS THE TABLE AT BOB SCHWARTZ(60) \*  
reeks of good breeding and money. The TWO ATTORNEYS BESIDE \*  
BOB ARE SCREAMING BACK. EVERYONE IN THE ROOM IS STANDING BUT \*  
BOB, who simply sits, shaking his head at the chaos ... \*

No one notices Beth when she first walks in the room, but as \*  
she makes her way to the seat beside Bob, the room gets \*  
quiet. \*

She looks at the men as she sits. \*

CRAIG MARTIN(50), Texas twang and a golfer's tan, looks at \*  
Beth. \*

BETH \*  
I can hear you screaming halfway \*  
down the hall, Craig. Maybe you \*  
should back off the cross-fit a \*  
little. \*

CRAIG \*  
Thought we were going to try and \*  
work this out, Bob. \*

BOB \*  
We've been trying to work it out \*  
for three hours. (Points to Beth) \*  
This is the alternative. \*

TEXAS ATTORNEY \*  
(To Beth) We're not looking to \*  
merge. \*

BETH

No one's looking to merge with you.  
You have a 3 to 1 debt ratio. It'd  
be easier to sell VCRs.

CRAIG

I'm not going to be bullied by your  
hatchet man, Bob. We will pull our  
funds and take our business down  
the street to Chase.

BOB

All we're asking is suspend the  
dividend --

CRAIG

AND KILL THE STOCK!

BETH

What do you think's going to happen  
when I dump our 18% share in your  
company tomorrow morning.

Silence from Craig.

BETH (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what: the stock will  
drop below 10, SEC will suspend  
trading and every creditor you have  
will file on you ... Your company  
will be chapter 11 by Friday.

Craig sits down.

BETH (CONT'D)

And since we are your largest  
creditor, I can promise you there  
will be no negotiating then. I will  
be CEO of R.L. Energy by Monday. I  
will fire every employee, then sell  
your leases and equipment to  
Chevron for 30 cents on the dollar,  
and you will have the unique  
distinction of being the only  
drilling company that has gone  
bankrupt in the largest oil boom of  
the last century. Won't that look  
good on a resume ...

Craig looks like he may weep.

CRAIG

I started this company in my  
garage.

BETH

That's where it's going to end up  
if you don't suspend the dividend  
and allow us to assume management.

Craig's pleading eyes shift to Bob.

BETH (CONT'D)

Don't look at him, you're dealing  
with me now ... What's it going to  
be? Are we saving your company  
tomorrow or killing it.

Craig looks into her eyes -- She puts more emotion into her  
grocery list. Craig's attorneys whisper frantically in his  
ears. He looks at Beth, closes his eyes, and nods ...

BOB

You made the right choice, Craig.  
We'll get you through this.

Beth stands walks to the door, hears Craig mutter something  
under his breath that sounds a lot like bitch. She stops,  
leans close.

BETH

I just saved your house and put  
your kids through college. Maybe  
there's something else you could  
say that's more appropriate.

He looks up at her.

CRAIG

Thank you.

BETH

You're welcome.

She walks out ...

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- BEFORE DAWN.

A MOONLESS NIGHT. NO SOUND. CAMERA PUSHES TOWARD THE  
YELLOWSTONE LODGE ... 10,000 square feet of timber cut before  
Montana was a state.

PUSH IN ON LIGHT SPILLING FROM A SECOND FLOOR WINDOW ...

INT. BATHROOM -- CONT.

A BATHROOM SINK fills the frame. DROPS OF BLOOD fall on white porcelain. Then another ...

John Dutton stares at himself in the mirror, stitching closed the wound on his forehead. Bathroom door swings open. JAMIE DUTTON(38) appears in the doorway. Wears a suit and tie. You must look close to notice thick hands and sun damaged skin. He's managed to wash most of the cowboy off him. Most of it.

JOHN DUTTON

Your mother was always better at this.

JAMIE DUTTON

You know who's really good at it? Doctors. Should've done this yesterday ...

John glances at Jamie in the mirror, then back to the business of sewing.

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)

At least let me do it.

John Dutton hands him the sutures ... No reaction from John Dutton as Jamie punches the suture through his skin. No reaction as he pulls the suture through. In fact, it seems John Dutton is focused on something else entirely ...

JOHN DUTTON

When you say 'no' it must be the death of the question. If there's a hint of maybe, the questions won't stop until they find something you can't say no to ... You've got to learn when to think like a lawyer and when to think like a landowner.

Jamie ties off the suture -- few doctors could do better. John Dutton studies the stitching in the mirror.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

I'll say this, you have your mother's hands.

John Dutton walks out. Jamie looks down at the bloody sink, turns on the faucet, washing the blood away ...

EXT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- DAWN.

Across from the lodge is a barn. HORSES STAND TIED TO HITCHING POSTS. COWBOYS SADDLE THEM. BOOTS FIND STIRRUPS. COWBOYS MOUNT. ADJUST THEIR TACK. ADJUST THEMSELVES IN THE SADDLE. A HELICOPTER SITS ON A PAD. ITS ROTORS WHIRL TO LIFE ... Jamie steps out on the porch as his father walks toward the chopper.

JAMIE DUTTON

I told them no. I said you wouldn't consider it ... Should you consider it? Absolutely. We could use the money, and the leverage that comes with it.

LEE DUTTON(45) WALKS TOWARD JOHN DUTTON. 6'3" if he's an inch. The man looks hard, but somehow still kind.

LEE DUTTON

You're not coming? \*

JOHN DUTTON

I got a meeting in Bozeman ... Wear your badge. Take a rifle. \*

LEE DUTTON

They won't give us any trouble over strays. Hell, they usually help us round them up ...

JOHN DUTTON

Badge is for the ranchers riding with you. It'll keep them from bringing home any extras.

Lee heads for the house. Walks past Jamie who is still staring at his father.

JAMIE DUTTON

... Did you hear me?

JOHN DUTTON

Leverage is knowing if someone had all the money in the world ... This is what they'd buy. \*

JOHN DUTTON walks to the chopper. Climbs in. It rises ...

EXT. CENTRAL MONTANA PLAINS -- DAY.

SUNLIGHT reflects off the WINDSHIELDS OF CARS filling the parking lot of THE PRAIRIE CASINO AND HOTEL ...

CAMERA HOVERS OVER THE PARKING LOT --

TENTS AND TEEPEES form a giant square. Inside the square, NATIVE AMERICAN DANCERS bounce and spin WEARING OUTFITS comprising every color in the spectrum. Looks like a rainbow tornado swirling angrily on the asphalt ...

DANCERS SWIRL AND SPIN AND CHANT IN A FRENETIC CIRCLE. MEN SIT AROUND DRUMS THE SIZE OF BIG SCREEN TV'S AND POUND THEM WITH 3 FOOT LONG DRUMSTICKS ...

Chants and drums and shrill singing create a chaotic, almost violent sound that can't really be called a song. More like a riot with rhythm ...

INT. INDIAN CASINO OFFICE -- CONT.

PLUSH COUCHES. MAHOGANY DESKS. A WALL OF GLASS overlooks the floor of a CASINO, offering a view of countless truckers and tourists losing money by the millions.

THOMAS RAINWATER(38), NATIVE AMERICAN, short hair perfectly parted, wears a ZEGNA SUIT. Looks more like an investment banker than Chief of an Indian Nation. He stares through tinted glass at the Pow Wow three stories below ...

TRIBAL COUNCIL MEMBERS huddle together. Speak in whispers, glance at Rainwater and nod in unison -- as if his very presence is the answer to every question they ask.

A TRIBAL POLICE OFFICER stands in the corner swinging a SMUDGE POT -- a coffee can with wire handles filled with burning cedar, spreading smoke that keeps the devil away ...

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR ... A TRIBAL OFFICER opens it -- US SENATOR DIANA HUNTINGTON(45), perfect suit and hair of a politician, face hardened by decades of indignation, stands with an army of aides. \*

HUNTINGTON

Sorry for being late. I wanted to see the reservation first. \*

Rainwater shakes her hand, guides her to a long, leather sofa. She sits. He removes his jacket and lays it across the back of a chair.

He stands across from her as two NATIVE AMERICAN WOMEN carry over a WAR BONNET, TWO ROWS OF EAGLE FEATHERS DRAPING TO THE GROUND. He lowers his head and they fit it to him.

RAINWATER

Did you enjoy the tour, Senator?

HUNTINGTON

No, I did not.

RAINWATER

It's good you took it. Inequity must be witnessed to be changed.

She looks at this handsome, sophisticated man.

HUNTINGTON

I can't imagine all your mother overcame to raise you here.

RAINWATER

Never met my mother. And I wasn't raised here.

A MEDICINE MAN fills an ABALONE SHELL with sage. Lights it. Offers it to Rainwater who uses his hands to scoop the smoke over his head like water.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

Until I was 18 I thought I was Mexican.

He gives Huntington the hint of a smile.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

Even though I didn't look Mexican. Didn't feel Mexican - if one can feel their heritage, which I believe one can. When I turned 18, my adoption records were unsealed, and imagine my surprise ... I confronted my adopted parents, who said they lied to protect me. Said as a Mexican, I would face discrimination, sure, but as an Indian I would know a hatred that must be endured to be fully understood. They thought they were giving me a better chance at life.

Huntington shakes her head in shame. In fury.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

That's this nation's policy toward us. Always has been. If we want a better life, all we have to do is stop being Indian.

War Bonnet is attached. He's ready.

HUNTINGTON

I'm going to change that policy.

RAINWATER

My people are the only ones who can change that policy.

He turns toward the glass, looks out over the casino floor.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

The gambler's money is like a river. Flowing one way. Our way ... Senator, you have never driven a road, walked a trail, or skied a mountain in Montana that didn't belong to my people first. This nation won't give it back? So be it. We'll buy it back. With their money.

HUNTINGTON

... What do you want from me?

RAINWATER

I want you to help me spend it.

She stares in his eyes, as full of indignation as hers. Nods.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

Come meet the people we're saving.

He offers his hand. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he leads her to glass double-doors. A TRIBAL POLICEMAN pushes them open. They step onto a balcony. HEAR THE SOUND OF PEOPLE CHEERING like their existence depends on it. Because it does. \*

INT. TED TURNER'S MONTANA GRILL -- CONT.

Polished wood floors and white table cloths. The place is stylish. Upscale. If it weren't for the BISON HEAD OVER THE BAR, one might think this is restaurant in New York. In fact, there is one in New York. Right on Times Square ...

BETH sits alone at the bar. A MAN at other the end sips his beer and stares at her. Can't take it anymore, has to give it a shot ... \*

MAN

My name's Ted.

Nothing.

TED

Where are you from?

She points to the ground without ever looking at him.

TED (CONT'D)

Really? I've been here a week and you're the first person I've met who's actually from here.

She sizes him up -- polarized sunglasses around his neck. Fishing shirt. Sunburned, but still handsome ...

TED (CONT'D)

Can I buy you a drink?

BETH

Why not.

Holds up her glass to the bartender. Ted scoots closer. \*

TED

Don't live here anymore though. Not dressed like that. You came back for ... A family reunion? No, those never happen at home for some reason. It's May, and Bozeman's a college town, so ... I'll say graduation. A sister?

She sips her drink. \*

TED (CONT'D)

Am I close?

BETH

Do you feel close, Ted?

TED

(Sly grin) It feels like I'm getting close.

She shakes her head, looks at him. \*

BETH

My turn. You're in real estate, or something equally as unimportant. Married, with a couple of kids and one on the way. That was your excuse to come out here -- you need the break because work and family is so demanding. Little fresh air. A little 'me' time.

(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

You came alone because most of your friends don't have the money, and those who do have wives a whole lot smarter than yours. Because let's be honest Ted, you didn't come here to fish. You're hunting. That's why you're sitting in a bar instead of standing in a river.

Bingo. He stares at her for an eternity.

TED

Who are you to judge me?

BETH

Not judging. I'm hunting too. Just not hunting you.

The side doors of the restaurant open and A GROUP OF ATTORNEYS AND REAL ESTATE DEVELOPERS flood in, eager for a much needed drink. Beth watches them like prey ...

TED

... What's wrong with me?

BETH

You look like a real soft fuck, Ted. All you city boys do.

She slides off her stool and glides toward the attorneys.

EXT. HIGH PLAINS -- CENTRAL MONTANA -- DAY.

BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT POLICE VEHICLES are parked in the sagebrush. SIRENS FLASH. MEN ON HORSEBACK PACE BACK AND FORTH ALONG A FENCE LINE. All of them shouting. All of them armed.

CAMERA HURRIES CLOSER --

On the other side of the fence are MORE POLICE VEHICLES WITH ARROWHEAD INSIGNIAS AND THE WORDS 'TRIBAL POLICE' ON THE DOOR. TRIBAL POLICE OFFICERS, and what looks to be every man in the tribe with a rifle, stand on the other side of the fence. A closer look reveals THERE IS NO WIRE BETWEEN THE POSTS ...

In the distance, cattle graze reservation land. Frantic RANCHERS scream like parents separated from their children. The NATIVE AMERICAN MEN laugh and taunt them, having the time of their lives ... A RANCHER rides inches from the fence, points and screams --

RANCHER  
THAT'S OUR PROPERTY GODDAMMIT!!

A NATIVE AMERICAN MAN in his 30's, big belly, bigger rifle, smokes a cigarette and smiles.

BIG BELLY  
Can't hear ya'. Come about two feet closer.

RANCHER  
Think I won't?

BIG BELLY  
I think you shouldn't, but coming on our land is bred into you people.

The rancher leaps from his horse, marches toward Big Belly.

RANCHER  
I've had enough of this shit.

As the rancher takes his first step on Indian land, A FIST drives him to the ground. A BOOT presses his face into the dirt. Fights to breath, fights to look at his attacker. When he does, 500 years of hate stare back -- ROBERT LONG stands over him, says with no emotion:

\*  
\*

LONG  
When those cattle walked on our land they became *our* cattle. To do with as we please. Just like you.

Men on both sides of the fence react -- pointing weapons, screaming. The stand-off is seconds from becoming a massacre.

CAMERA FINDS --

Lee Dutton walks with purpose through the chaos. He raises his rifle and holds it inches from Long's head.

LEE DUTTON  
Whatever happens next happens to you first.

A HELICOPTER can be heard in the distance. Getting closer. CLOSER. Until it hovers right over the stand-off ...

The violence of the rotors forces every man to cover their eyes and flee. Long removes his boot and seeks cover. The rancher scurries to the safety of Lee's shadow, who merely lowers his hat and weathers the storm ... The chopper lands. John Dutton steps out. Marches toward Lee.

JOHN DUTTON  
Boy, you sure made a mess of this.

LEE DUTTON  
It was a mess when I got here.

John Dutton walks between the fence posts like he owns both sides. No one says a word. TRIBAL POLICE CAPTAIN BEN WATERS(40) runs up to him.

WATERS  
This is a tribal issue, John.  
Livestock Commission's got no  
authority here.

John Dutton keeps walking, points toward the cattle.

JOHN DUTTON  
Those look like livestock to me.

WATERS  
Police chief's at the Commencement.  
I'm calling the shots.

JOHN DUTTON  
I'm impressed you said that with a  
straight face, Ben.

Dutton spots a rusted pickup. An OLD MAN sits on the tailgate. MARCUS LONG is 80 if he's a day. His face is a basket weave of wrinkles. WHITE HAIR hangs beneath a battered cowboy hat in a pony tail to his waist ...

MARCUS  
The cattle wandered onto rez land,  
John.

JOHN DUTTON  
Cattle don't know the difference  
between your land and ours.

MARCUS  
Neither did we until the government  
showed us. Now, I guess we're  
showing you.

Marcus looks at John Dutton for the first time.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
I argued against it, but the new  
chief ... Hungry for a fight, this  
one.

JOHN DUTTON

Tell the 'new chief' I'll have  
brand inspectors on every road  
leaving the reservation.

MARCUS

He knows.

John Dutton feels something he rarely feels -- confused.

JOHN DUTTON

I don't see how anyone gains from  
this, Marcus.

MARCUS

I don't either. (Shrugs) But he  
don't think like me. Grew up in  
Denver. Went to some big  
university. Now he thinks like you.

John Dutton looks off toward the cattle. Sees something that  
turns his face the color of ash ...

FOLLOW HIS GAZE --

In the distance A COWBOY rides alone through the stolen herd,  
gently pushing them deeper into the reservation. The cowboy  
feels eyes on him. Stops and looks back at John Dutton. See  
the cowboy's face clearly now --

IT'S CORY. CORY AND JOHN DUTTON stare at each other for an  
eternity, then Cory returns his attention to the cattle. \*

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I'll keep them here as long as I  
can, John.

JOHN DUTTON

I'll bring up hay so they don't  
wander.

John Dutton turns and walks toward Lee, says as he passes -- \*

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

Clear everyone out. \*

LEE DUTTON

There was barbed wire on this fence  
a week ago.

JOHN DUTTON \*

I know. \*

John Dutton walks back to the chopper ...

INT. BOZEMAN CONVENTION CENTER -- EVENING. \*

AN AMERICAN FLAG FILLS THE FRAME. A chorus of CHILDREN'S VOICES sings the National Anthem. \*

WIDEN TO REVEAL -- \*

A stage filled with a CHILDREN'S CHURCH CHOIR. Beyond the stage is a dirt arena. The stands are scattered with RANCHERS, grey hair and bald heads exposed as they hold hats to hearts and mouth the words ... Anthem ends. An AUCTIONEER walks to a podium. Leans into a microphone. \*

AUCTIONEER \*

Lot 1 of the 2015 Spring Sale is a satellite offering from the King Ranch. 1000 replacement heifers located in Dillon. \*

A VIDEO FEED OF CATTLE APPEARS ON MONITORS. \*

JOHN DUTTON YANKS OPEN CONVENTION CENTER DOORS, WALKS INSIDE. \*

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D) \*

They come 5-way and Bangs vaccinated. Average weight is 600. Bidding starts at 1100 ... \*

John Dutton marches toward GIANT OAK DOORS in the center of the coliseum. SIGN ABOVE THEM READS -- CATTLEMEN'S CLUB. John Dutton yanks that door open as well ...

INT. CATTLEMAN'S CLUB -- CONT. \*

The stands are for the ranchers, but the club is for the cattlemen. Leather sofas and chairs. MONITORS display the auction. WAITERS weave through the packed room of the ranching world's elite -- Technology giants, oil men, and celebrities dressed in their cowboy-best crowd the room, but the front row is filled with men who look like they should be herding cattle rather than buying them. \*

John Dutton blasts through the doors. JAMIE sits at the bar with a gaggle of POLITICIANS. Leaps from his barstool and rushes to his father as he walks ...

JOHN DUTTON

We have any legal recourse on Reservation land?

JAMIE DUTTON

Civil maybe. But if you're talking prosecution we need friends in the US Attorney's office.

JOHN DUTTON

Then make some.

John Dutton walks to the front row. Finds a seat marked RESERVED. Tears away the tape and sits. Beside him is TRENT WILLETT(55), sun-cracked face, beat-to-shit hat. Looks at John Dutton and shakes his head ...

WILLETT

I wouldn't wish the week you're having on my mother-in-law.

JOHN DUTTON

(Nods) And it's only Tuesday ...

A MURMER rises from the crowd. GOVERNOR LYNELLE PERRY(55) moves through the club, shaking hands and emitting an infectious laugh that energizes the room. John Dutton watches as she reaches a gaggle of young POLITICIANS, Jamie among them. He shakes the Governor's hand and points to his father. Governor Perry leaves her entourage and walks toward him.

DIRK (O.S.)

John?

John Dutton looks to the voice: DIRK HERSTROM(75). Decades of kneeling over crops have curled his spine the shape of a question mark. He stares at John Dutton, wrinkled hands crushing the brim of his hat.

JOHN DUTTON

This is NOT the day, Dirk.

DIRK

But word is your hiring --

JOHN DUTTON

Cowboys. Not criminals.

Dirk looks like he may break down in tears.

DIRK

I can't stop him. You can. The favor's to me, not him. PLEASE.

John Dutton looks at the desperate old man and the attention he's drawing, grabs Dirk's shirt and pulls him close ...

JOHN DUTTON  
It's gotta be my way.

\*  
\*

Relief washes over Dirk.

DIRK  
I remember when your way was the  
only way. And the world was better  
for it.

Dirk walks off as the Governor reaches John Dutton. Cheeks  
are kissed affectionately. She sits beside him.

\*  
\*

GOVERNOR PERRY  
Jamie did well at the hearing.

\*  
\*

JOHN DUTTON  
Easy to do well when the outcome's  
been decided.

\*  
\*  
\*

GOVERNOR PERRY  
I couldn't hit it if he didn't tee  
it up. My offer still stands, John.

\*  
\*  
\*

JOHN DUTTON  
I don't want him in politics.

\*  
\*

GOVERNOR PERRY  
He's already in politics.

\*  
\*

JOHN DUTTON  
With a constituency of one.

\*  
\*

She laughs out loud.

\*

GOVERNOR PERRY  
How concerned should I be with this  
issue on the rez?

\*  
\*  
\*

JOHN DUTTON  
It's a new Chief showing off for  
his voters. We've all done it.

\*  
\*  
\*

She accepts that. Stands.

\*

GOVERNOR PERRY  
We should schedule a lunch.

\*  
\*

He holds her gaze as the tiniest of smiles curls her lip.

\*

JOHN DUTTON  
I could use a lunch.

\*  
\*

John Dutton places his arm over the back of the sofa. She let's her fingers trace his arm from shoulder to hand. Index fingers interlock for an instant as she turns back to the crowd. John Dutton watches her, then his eyes shift to Jamie and the politicians eating his every word. John Dutton watches him, studying how much he likes the attention ...

INT. GREAT ROOM YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- NIGHT.

John Dutton sits in a chair facing a fireplace. Dead animals hang from the walls, frozen in lifeless poses. Across his lap is a DAISY RED RIDER BB GUN. A half dozen names have been etched in the stock, John Dutton's included. John Dutton works a pocket knife with skill as he carves in another ... A DOOR CREAKS OPEN. HIGH HEELS POUND HARDWOOD. A SHADOW falls over him, and he looks up -- sees Beth looking back at him.

BETH

You were right. They're building a city.

She kisses him on the forehead. Drops a PLAT MAP in his lap.

BETH (CONT'D)

Goodnight, daddy.

She walks out of the room leaving John Dutton with the battle plans of tomorrow's enemy ...

INT. JOHN DUTTON'S TRUCK -- DAWN.

Headlights illuminate an empty road that winds up a mountain toward the rising sun. John Dutton reaches the top of the mountain and deep green of the Rocky Mountains gives way to the burnt amber of the GREAT PLAINS. It looks like a stained carpet that stretches to the horizon ...

INT. CORY AND MONICA'S HOUSE -- ROUND PEN -- DAY.

Cory stands in the round pen driving the blue-gray stallion in a circle. Cory slaps his thigh and shouts, pushing the horse to run harder. Faster. Earning its respect. At last, it drops its head to the ground -- a gesture of surrender. It stops and faces Cory, who turns his back to it.

PUSH IN ON CORY --

The horse places a nostril to Cory's hair, breathes him in. Cory turns to face it and they breathe each other's breath.

JOHN DUTTON (O.S.)  
He's got tiger stripes on his legs.

Cory sees his father leaning against the fence.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Know what that means, don't you?

CORY  
Spanish blood.

JOHN DUTTON  
Pure. One of his ancestors bucked a conquistador and took to the hills. If you can break his spirit, no horse will serve you better.

CORY  
He'll serve me fine with spirit in tact.

John Dutton chuckles.

JOHN DUTTON  
Used to think the same thing at your age. Hope you prove me wrong.

Cory walks to the fence. Father and son stare at the horse, the ground, the sky. Anywhere but each other. \*

CORY  
I didn't know they were your cattle. \*

JOHN DUTTON  
Would it have made a difference? \*

John Dutton looks at him.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
You don't want to be on the wrong side of this, son. \*

CORY  
The list of things I don't want is endless. You telling me what to do is one of them ...

JOHN DUTTON  
Not telling you what to do, just don't want you to get in trouble.

Cory softens. A little.

CORY

If I had known there were sides, I  
wouldn't have been there at all.

John Dutton nods, looks past the mobile home and corrals --  
sagebrush stretches for miles to the distant silhouettes of  
OIL RIGS. Like progress building a steel army, gaining  
strength on the horizon.

JOHN DUTTON

Even here the world just keeps on  
coming. \*

CORY

Anything else? \*

JOHN DUTTON

Tate around? Wouldn't mind watching  
him play in the dirt. Hell, might  
even join him ... (forces a laugh)  
This week's giving me headaches  
only a grandson can fix. \*

CORY

He's with Monica's folks. \*

JOHN DUTTON

(Nods) I guess the early grandpa  
gets the worm.

John Dutton turns to go. Stops. Faces his son. \*

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D) \*

Can I give you some advice, Cory? \*

Someday your son's going to test \*

you. He's going to force you to \*

make a decision that will determine \*

his future. And your place in it. \*

I want you to remember me standing \*

here before you make that decision. \*

Because this is the consequence of \*

choosing wrong. \*

Cory nods. John Dutton swallows more pride and says -- \*

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D) \*

I just want to know him, Cory. \*

CORY \*

You know him. \*

JOHN DUTTON

We've met. I don't know him. And he  
doesn't know me. Is it too much to  
ask that you help make that happen?

John Dutton turns and walks to his truck, climbs in and  
drives off, passing MONICA as she drives up in an old Honda.  
She stops, helps Tate out of his car seat and walks to Cory.

MONICA

What was that about?

Doesn't answer, just watches his father drive away.

TATE (O.S.)

DAD!! IS THIS FOR ME??!!

They turn and see Tate holding the BB GUN, Tate's name carved  
beside Cory's ...

EXT. TRAILER PARK -- BELGRADE, MONTANA -- NIGHT.

If Bozeman has a slum, it's Belgrade -- trailer parks and  
crumbling houses crammed side by side. DEATH METAL BLARES  
FROM THE OPEN WINDOW OF A TRAILER ... CAMERA MOVES TO THE  
FRONT DOOR. A FIST KNOCKS. DOOR OPENS --

JIMMY HERSTROM(25), pencil thin, shaved head, RAIDERS CAP  
COCKED TO THE SIDE, stands there staring at RIP WHEELER(35),  
Thick neck. Chin carved from granite. If men are tools, Rip  
is a hammer. Jimmy is instantly wary ...

RIP

You Jimmy? Dick Herstrom's boy?

Jimmy manages a nod. Rip looks past Jimmy into the trailer.

RIP (CONT'D)

You alone, Jimmy?

Jimmy simply stares at the hard face in front of him.

RIP (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes.

Rip presses A TASER into Jimmy's chest, he convulses  
backward. Rip walks inside and closes the door ...

INT. JIMMY'S TRAILER -- LATER. \*

Looks like what you'd expect from a 25 year-old career \*  
criminal: beer cans litter the ground around a filthy sofa \*  
facing a 5000 dollar television. UNOPENED BOXES OF ELECTRONIC \*  
EQUIPMENT -- COMPUTERS, COFFEE MAKERS, POWER TOOLS, are \*  
stacked along the wall ... Jimmy sits handcuffed in the \*  
'dining room' while Rip DOES SOMETHING in the kitchen. Rip \*  
walks back in the room, stands over him. \*

RIP \*

You're a two time loser, Jimmy. One \*  
more felony and they toss the key. \*

Rip grabs his face, studies it for a moment. \*

RIP (CONT'D) \*

I'm sure you'll do just fine in \*  
prison. You got the lips for it. \*

Rip walks back in the kitchen. Jimmy's leg shakes \*  
uncontrollably, lip quivers ... \*

JIMMY \*

You're either a servant or a king \*  
in this place, and I ain't no \*  
fucking servant. \*

RIP \*

No, you're a thief. \*

Rip stands over a gas stove, heating a BRANDING IRON OVER A \*  
BURNER. As the iron reaches an angry orange, he walks back to \*  
the dining area. One look at the branding iron and Jimmy \*  
levitates off the chair and scrambles into the living room. \*

JIMMY \*

WHAT THE FUCK MAN!?? \*

RIP \*

You got two choices: one is I drive \*  
you and all this shit to the \*  
Sheriff and good riddance to your \*  
sorry ass. Or prove you deserve \*  
another chance. From what I see, \*  
you don't. But it ain't up to me. \*

Jimmy looks at the brand -- A Y ENCASED IN A CIRCLE. \*

JIMMY \*

You're from the Yellowstone? \*

RIP \*

It's getting cold. \*

Beat. \*

RIP (CONT'D) \*  
Fuck it, I'm taking you to the \*  
sheriff's -- \*

JIMMY \*  
WAIT, JUST ... Why would John \*  
Dutton give a shit about me? \*

RIP \*  
He doesn't. \*

Rip pulls at the snaps of his shirt, reveals a faded scar of \*  
the Yellowstone brand burned into his chest. \*

RIP (CONT'D) \*  
But he will. \*

Jimmy stares at the brand, closes his eyes and nods. \*

RIP (CONT'D) \*  
Be a man about it. Don't scream. \*

Jimmy sucks short, fast breaths, grits his teeth, and closes \*  
his eyes as the brand presses into his chest. Tears funnel \*  
from his eyes as the smoke from his flesh rises into them, \*  
but he doesn't make a sound ... Rip removes the brand and \*  
Jimmy falls to the floor. Pulls a jar of BURN CREAM from his \*  
pocket, tosses it beside him. \*

RIP (CONT'D) \*  
Know where the ranch is? \*

Jimmy manages a nod. \*

RIP (CONT'D) \*  
You start Monday. \*

Rip walks out the door without looking back ... \*

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- NEXT MORNING. \*

A PICKUP TRUCK inches its way down a muddy two-track road \*  
along the river, steam rising from it like smoke. \*

INT. PICKUP TRUCK -- CONT. \*

Lee drives, John Dutton rides shotgun. They sip coffee and \*  
study cattle -- Newborn calves stand beneath cows, sucking \*  
breakfast. ONE COW STANDS ALONE. No calf beneath her ... \*

JOHN DUTTON

Look her up.

Through binoculars, Lee studies the yellow tag in the cow's ear -- 1524, then thumbs through a ledger.

LEE

Lost one last year too. She's an old gal. Just turned 11.

JOHN DUTTON

Get rid of her.

Lee makes a note in the ledger, then continues driving.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

I needed you at the auction.

LEE

I was at the auction.

JOHN DUTTON

I don't mean checking brands.

LEE

I stand in bullshit 12 hours a day,  
I won't listen to it at night.  
That's Jamie's job.

JOHN DUTTON

You can't run this place if you  
won't interact with the people --

LEE

I'm running it right now --

JOHN DUTTON

This isn't running it this is  
working it! 45 years old and you  
still don't know the difference.

They drive on in stewed silence. Lee glances out the window and slams on the brakes.

LEE

One's down.

In an instant, John Dutton and Lee are out of the truck and running toward A COW, LAYING ON ITS SIDE IN THE GRASS ...

JOHN DUTTON

It's a breech. Get her up.

John Dutton rushes to the truck and grabs A CALF-PULLER while Lee screams at the cow, flails his arms, kicks it in the chest. Doesn't move.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Gotta pull it while she's down.

John Dutton attaches the calf-puller as Lee sits facing the cow, pressing his boots into it's ass for leverage.

LEE  
Tell me when.

John Dutton runs his arms inside the cow, straightening the calf's neck. The cow bellows at the pain.

JOHN DUTTON  
GO.

John Dutton throws his body across the cow's neck.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Shhhh.... Easy mama.

It is grueling work for all involved -- the cow screams, Lee grunts as he fights the lever, and John Dutton struggles to keep an 1100 pound animal still ... The cow and Lee both give one giant thrust and the calf is jettisoned to the ground. Lee unwraps the chain from its legs leaps back as mama finds her feet and rushes to her baby ...

Lee drops to the ground. John Dutton sits beside him. Lee watches the calf as it feeds. A smile crawls across his hard face. John Dutton watches his son ...

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
When you look at that calf, what do you see?

LEE  
A life I gotta feed and defend  
until it grows up and feeds me.

After an eternity, John Dutton nods.

JOHN DUTTON  
That's what a cowboy should see.  
But a cattleman sees a 293 dollar  
investment worth 1100 dollars in  
seven months. Whether it feeds  
anyone or not.

Lee almost bows his head before he looks his father, says--

LEE

Wish I saw it different, Dad.

JOHN DUTTON

We see it the way we see it, son.

Puts an arm around his son. They watch the calf suck life from its mother as the Montana sun rises high, burning the mist from the river ...

INT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- MORNING.

Jamie, DRESSED IN FLANNEL PAJAMAS, walks into the kitchen, grabs a cup of coffee, and heads for the front door ...

EXT. YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- CONT.

Steps outside. The peace of the morning leaves him when he spots -- A BLACK MERCEDES S550 parked in front of the house.

BETH (O.S.)

If it isn't bachelor number two, up at the crack of 9:30, and dressed to seize the day.

JAMIE DUTTON

It's Saturday.

Sees Beth sitting on the porch, back against the wall.

BETH

No weekends on a ranch. You know that.

JAMIE DUTTON

Nice to see you're still smoking.

She laughs.

BETH

Women in this family don't live past 40 anyway. Might as well enjoy my time.

JAMIE DUTTON

What are you doing here?

BETH

Same thing I always do, fixing something you couldn't.

She stands, walks to the door.

BETH (CONT'D)

You missed breakfast.

She disappears inside, taking with her any hopes Jamie had for a restful weekend ...

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- DAY.

John Dutton, Lee, Jamie and Rip stare at a SMALL HERD OF BISON in a corral beside the barn.

RIP

How much did these som'bitches cost?

LEE DUTTON

Weren't cheap.

John Dutton looks across the valley toward the golf course in the distance. Sees a GOLF CART on the fairway. A MAN steps out, walks to the tee. JOHN DUTTON WALKS TO HIS TRUCK. GRABS A PAIR OF BINOCULARS. TRAINS THEM ON THE MAN AS HE LINES UP HIS SHOT.

EXT. PARADISE VALLEY SPORTING CLUB -- GOLF COURSE -- DAY.

DAN JENKINS(50), weatherman handsome, drives a ball 300 yards up the fairway. Sees something that sucks his attention from the game: John Dutton racing toward him. Slides his horse to a stop at the edge of the fence. Dan smiles.

JENKINS

I was thinking about you yesterday.  
A friend of mine in Jackson Hole was talking about their rodeo.  
Bozeman doesn't have one. Why not?

John Dutton looks at the insignia on Dan's golf shirt -- GOLD LEAVES FORMED IN THE SHAPE OF A CROSS ...

JOHN DUTTON

No one cares about rodeos here.

JENKINS

You're wrong, John. Every millionaire I know wants to be a cowboy. Authenticity is the one thing money can't buy. Would be good for Bozeman. And a great way to honor men like you.

JOHN DUTTON

Parading us in front of your friends isn't an honor, Dan. It's an insult ... If you want to build subdivisions, move to Dallas. I won't have them here.

Jenkins' face goes ash white.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

Nothing happens in this valley I don't know about.

JENKINS

(Recovers) It's called progress, John. And progress doesn't need your permission.

JOHN DUTTON

In this valley, it does.

\*

JENKINS

Why do you care what I build? Expect me to believe you're concerned about the environment? You raise *cattle* you fucking hypocrite. Know what I think it is? Ego. I think it chaps your ass when you walk through the grocery store and nobody knows you.

JOHN DUTTON

Bet your ass it does. Because every family you move in moves a family I know out.

JENKINS

For every winner there's a loser.

JOHN DUTTON

First thing you said I agree with.

JENKINS

You can't stop it, John.

JOHN DUTTON

Watch me.

JENKINS

Go ahead. Say it. It'll make the lawsuit much simpler. Say 'stop building or else'.

JOHN DUTTON  
 I'm skipping straight to 'or else'  
 with you, Dan. And from now on,  
 'Or else' is all you get.

John Dutton spurs his horse right against the fence, Jenkins  
 stumbles back as the horse's head almost slams into him.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
 By the way, you owe me a horse you  
 son of a bitch.

John Dutton spins the horse around and rides off.

INT. HALLWAY -- YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- MORNING.

Rip walks down the hall toward John Dutton's office, peeks in  
 the open door --

BETH (O.S.)  
 He's not there.

Beth walks toward him, mug of coffee in her hand, cigarette  
 in her mouth. Wears a man's smoking jacket for a robe. Looks  
 like a beautiful, blonde version of Dean Martin. She leans  
 against the wall, looks at him. He looks anywhere but her.

BETH (CONT'D)  
 You look nervous, Rip. Like a stray  
 dog who can't enjoy being in the  
 house because it's so worried about  
 the broom.

RIP  
 You're up early.

BETH  
 I don't really sleep.

RIP  
 Well, they say spiders don't ...

She laughs out loud. They've played this game before. She  
 loves it. Rip hates it with his whole soul. Beth pulls at the  
 sash of her smoking jacket, lets it fall open ...

RIP (CONT'D)  
 What are you doing.

BETH  
 (Opens the jacket more) Adjusting  
 my web.

Somehow Rip's body tightens more ...

BETH (CONT'D)

Life's not that complicated, Rip.  
Either walk on down the hall ...

She takes a drag of the smoke ...

BETH (CONT'D)

Or fuck me.

INT. BETHANY DUTTON'S BEDROOM -- MOMENT LATER.

No soft fuck here -- Rip presses Beth against a dresser as he drives into her. There is a violence to the passion. A chaos. It is the first hint of emotion Beth has exhibited ... It builds. Faster. Harder. More intense ... She buries her nails into his neck, he presses her face against the wall so hard he could push her through the drywall. He explodes into her and she moans her release. Kisses him. Like a lover. Hand to his cheek. Gentle ...

RIP

There's a music festival in  
Livingston this --

She pushes him off.

BETH

You ruin it. Every time.

She walks to the bathroom, closes the door. Rip grabs his hat \*  
and walks out.

EXT. BOZEMAN CREAMERY -- MAIN STREET -- BOZEMAN, MT -- DAY.

Cory and Tate sit outside a hipster's version of an early 20th century ice cream parlour -- reclaimed wood and sleek lines. A sign reads: BEST ICE CREAM IN THE NEW WEST. Cory and Tate eat their cones and watch tourists walk by.

TATE

Is this where you ate ice cream  
when you were a boy?

CORY

This wasn't here when I was a boy.  
None of this was ...

Cory takes a bite of his cone.

CORY (CONT'D)

I'll say this, these transplants  
can sure make some ice cream.

TATE

What's a transplant?

CORY

A person who moves to a place then  
tries to make that place just like  
the place he left.

TATE

That don't make sense.

CORY

Not one bit.

They eat and watch people walk by -- young couples wearing  
TOMS and pushing 600 dollar baby strollers, retired doctors  
dressed in Ralph Lauren's version of a cowboy ...

Tate bites into his cone, but his scoop is too big and his  
mouth too small. Bites from the side and pushes his scoop off  
the cone. It hits the concrete with a plop. Tate looks at  
Cory with eyes that beg 'DO SOMETHING!!!' Cory takes his own  
cone and turns it upside down over Tate's, depositing his  
scoop into Tate's cone.

CORY (CONT'D)

Hold it with two hands and eat it  
from the top.

A RANGE ROVER pulls to a stop. DAN JENKINS emerges. TWO  
TEENAGE GIRLS explode from the back seat. They're old enough \*  
to notice a man like Cory, and notice him they do --  
childlike enthusiasm slows to cool walks. Jenkins watches his  
girls try to walk like women past Cory. He takes in Cory's  
almost feral appearance -- long hair, filthy jeans, and  
rusted spurs. Hates him instantly. Smiles anyway.

JENKINS

Afternoon.

Cory barely nods a response. Tate looks up at Cory.

TATE

Is he a transplant?

Cory looks down main street -- watches shoppers file in and  
out of boutiques like bees on a hive.

CORY

They're all transplants.

INT. JOHN DUTTON'S OFFICE -- DAY.

John Dutton patiently listens to EMMETT WALSH(60) vent. Big Belly, bigger hat. Behind him are A HALF DOZEN WORRIED RANCHERS. Jamie leans against the wall behind his father, arms crossed.

WALSH

They're holding our families' future hostage!! If we lose those cattle --

JOHN DUTTON

You won't lose them.

WALSH

What's the governor say?

JAMIE DUTTON

The dispute is on federal land --

WALSH

DISPUTE?! IT'S THEFT! AND IT'S YOUR JOB TO STOP THEM.

John Dutton stares at Emmett until the fire leaves his eyes.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Sorry, John. I just ...

JAMIE DUTTON

We have livestock agents posted on every road leaving the reservation. Your cattle aren't going anywhere.

JOHN DUTTON

They don't want your cattle. They want to be heard, that's all. So, we'll listen.

JAMIE DUTTON

We invited the tribal council out for a hunt.

WALSH

... They steal our cattle and you take them on a ... (Laughs in spite of himself). If you give these bastards an inch, John ...

JOHN DUTTON

I'm not giving an inch. I'm giving respect. And reminding them we aren't the enemy.

(MORE)

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

In the meantime, hay is being brought to your cattle daily. They will come back fatter and happier than when you turned them out.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. LEE LEANS IN ...

LEE DUTTON

We're ready.

John Dutton and Jamie stand.

JOHN DUTTON

Your cattle are coming back even if I have to go get them myself. You have my word.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- DAY.

Cory's pickup idles just outside the gate. He stares at the log posts that form the entrance -- A GIANT, IRON 'Y' is embedded in the log above the road.

TATE

What's the matter, dad?

CORY

Just hoping I don't regret this.

Cory let's out a sigh and drives through.

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- CONTINUOUS.

John Dutton, Jamie, and Lee march to saddled horses where Rip and a small army of wranglers wait. The whole Dutton clan freezes at once when they see Cory and Tate standing in the driveway.

CORY

Thought I'd bring the fix to you.

John Dutton does something he never does -- he smiles. Walks to them. Scoops up Tate.

JOHN DUTTON

Know how to ride a horse?

TATE

Course I do. I'm Indian.

\*  
\*  
\*

JOHN DUTTON

You're a cowboy today. (To Cory)  
Thank you for this.

John Dutton carries him off. Lee looks at Cory, hard.

LEE DUTTON

I've dated women with shorter hair.

CORY

You sure they were women?

Lee's hard face cracks into a smile. He turns back to the horses. Jamie grabs Cory's shoulders, gives them a good shake, turns and walks after Lee ... \*

Cory looks over the ranch -- the pain of seeing it etched on his face. Looks at the lodge and the pain fades into the smile. CAMERA finds the smile's source -- Beth. She buries him in a hug. Runs her hands across his face, as if she's trying to re-learn it. \*

BETH \*

Last time I saw you this was high  
and tight. I knew you'd come back  
without a scratch. \*

CORY \*

How's Richard? \*

Beth gives him a look that says: 'No more Richard' \*

CORY (CONT'D) \*

Good for you. \*

BETH \*

You're the only one who shares that  
opinion. \*

CORY \*

That's because I'm the only one who  
got to know him. \*

BETH \*

(Laughs) What are you doing here? \*

CORY \*

... Closure, I guess ... You? \*

BETH \*

Penance. \*

CORY \*

Not sure you'll find that here. \*

BETH

Penance you earn. Closure you find.  
Look somewhere else and you might.

JAMIE DUTTON (O.S.)

CORY!!!! LET'S GO!!!

They looks toward the barn where Jamie stands with two horses, saddled and ready. Beth's mood instantly darkens.

CORY

Any chance you'd join us?

Beth looks at the horses.

BETH

I don't get near those fucking things.

She kisses his cheek, turns back toward the house.

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- DAY.

The Yellowstone wranglers push the bison up the valley. But bison are not cattle -- they break off, run sideways from the herd, charge horses ... It is exacting work, and the Duttons are masters of it.

One makes a run for the river. Cory and Lee chase after it. Becomes as much a race between brothers as an attempt to reach the bison. John Dutton lags behind, Tate on the saddle in front of him. Tate flails his legs and jerks at the reins.

TATE

LET ME DO IT, GRANDPA.

John Dutton hands him the reins. Tate kicks and shouts --

TATE (CONT'D)

HYAAA.

The old mare goes from a slow trot to a slow lope.

TATE (CONT'D)

This horse ain't got any 'go'.

JOHN DUTTON

I'll get her going for you.

John Dutton spurs the mare and she finds another gear -- to the delight of Tate. They race to the top of the hill and look over the valley. Jamie rides up to John Dutton.

JAMIE DUTTON  
They should hold here.

John Dutton isn't listening, he's watching Cory and Lee race through the field.

JAMIE DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Cory might be the only man who can out-ride him.

Jamie looks at his father, who stares at Cory with a love that wipes the smile from Jamie's face ... \*

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RIVER --LATER.

HORSE'S HOOVES STEP INTO DEEP WATER THAT RUSHES AROUND THEM.

Cory guides a horse into the middle of the river, wearing a t-shirt and underwear, Tate in the saddle in front of him. Cory works a FLY ROD with one hand, holds his son with the other. \*

Jamie and Lee are further downstream, stripped to their skivvies. Jamie rides to the center of the river. ICE COLD WATER SPLASHES OVER HIS SADDLE. \*

JAMIE DUTTON  
WHOOO! Little early in the year for this. \*

Cory flips his rod, strips line as the fly floats downstream. \*

TATE  
Got one?

CORY  
Not yet, buddy.

Lee hooks one. It explodes from the river and fights in a series of frantic twists. Lee rides toward Cory, they exchange poles. Cory guides Tate's hand to the line. \*

CORY (CONT'D)  
Now pull it in.

Tate fights like hell, Cory discreetly helping. Before long, a trout is flopping just beside the horse. Lee scoops it with a net.

TATE  
I CAUGHT A FISH!!!!

Jamie hooks one next -- a monster of a trout. \*

Trout breaks the surface and Jamie's horse panics. Can't fight a fish and ride a bucking horse at the same time -- Jamie chooses the fish, slides off the saddle into the river. Horse bucks its way to the shore. \*

JAMIE DUTTON \*  
GET MY HORSE!!! \*

Lee and Cory wheel their horses around. Cory grips Tate. \*

CORY \*  
Hold on. \*

Lee and Cory's horses explode from the river and chase down Jamie's horse, Lee reaching down and grabbing the loose rein while Cory keeps it corralled. They look back and see -- \*

Jamie walking out of the river in his soaked underwear, holding an 8 pound trout and smiling ear-to-ear. \*

As he reaches the bank, A BOAT FILLED WITH FLY FISHERMEN comes around the bend. They stare at the naked cowboys on horseback, the big fish in their hands ... The fishermen look at the Dutton boys as if they're from a different world. \*

LEE DUTTON \*  
Any luck? \*

Mouths open, the men simply shake their heads 'no' as they float past ... \*

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RIVER -- LATER.

A TROUT cooks over coals. Eyes bulge from the heat. Skin sizzles. WIDEN TO REVEAL -- \*

Tate holds a WILLOW BRANCH, trout on the end like a hot dog.

LEE DUTTON \*  
You're going to raise him on a reservation? \*

CORY \*  
People do it every day. \*

JAMIE DUTTON \*  
Because they have no choice, Cory. \*

CORY \*  
Let me see it, son. \*

Tate pulls it from the fire. Cory inspects it with a knife.

CORY (CONT'D)

You're ready to eat.

Cory sets it on a paper plate. Tate feasts. Looks out.

TATE

It's a good day.

The men laugh. Jamie looks at Cory.

JAMIE DUTTON

Every day. Just like this ...

CORY

Who are you kidding? I bet you  
haven't fished here in years ...

\*

JAMIE DUTTON

Only thing we haven't done in years  
is see you, Cory.

\*

\*

\*

CORY

Hey, he told me to leave.

\*

\*

Lee fills his mouth with trout.

\*

LEE DUTTON

He told us all to leave. You're  
just the only one who did.

\*

\*

\*

CORY

It's different and you know it.

\*

\*

LEE DUTTON

So you raising him in that meth-  
filled desert to prove a point?

\*

\*

\*

CORY

What I'm proving you'll never  
understand.

\*

\*

\*

LEE DUTTON

God, I miss being young. You get to  
wake up in the morning, and keep  
right on dreaming.

\*

\*

\*

\*

CORY

You're a 45 year old bachelor  
living in your father's house  
working 100 hour weeks for a nibble  
of his approval. That the dream,  
Lee? Sure as shit isn't mine.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Lee hurls a small rock at Cory's head. Hard. Cory jerks upright, a red welt under his cheek.

Tate dumps his plate on Lee. Stands over him, chest puffed. \*

TATE  
DON'T THROW THINGS AT MY DAD.

Lee holds up his hands in surrender. Tate scowls as he sits.

TATE (CONT'D)  
You fucker.

JAMIE DUTTON  
WHOAAA.

CORY  
TATE.

Tate is upset to the point of tears.

CORY (CONT'D)  
We're just arguing. It's what  
brothers do. Nobody's mad, okay?

Tate looks at his father, nods, then wails. Cory laughs as he hugs him.

LEE DUTTON  
Tell me fighting's not in the  
blood.

Jamie lays back, watches Cory console his son, swallowing laughter under his breath.

JAMIE DUTTON  
He's right, though. It's a good  
day.

INT. KITCHEN -- CORY AND MONICA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT. \*

Monica, Monica's sister-in-law SAMANTHA LONG(33), a lean, fierce looking woman, and VEDRA YELLOW BIRD(29), happy eyes set in a round face. They fuss with dinner as children run everywhere. Vera looks back at ROBERT LONG, SAM, AND TWO OTHER NATIVE AMERICAN MEN sit with Cory in the living room. \*

SAMANTHA  
How could you give him a D, Monica.  
He's your nephew ... \*

MONICA  
D was a gift, believe me. \*

SAMANTHA

What can I say, math isn't his thing. Like his father.

MONICA

Better make it his thing or he'll turn out like his father.

Samantha throws a mean eye at Monica.

MONICA (CONT'D)

He's my brother. I can say it.

ANGLE ON --

Cory and the other men, sit on sofas facing a mural to his military achievements -- Large, framed photo of Cory in uniform, the velvet matting littered with medals.

ROBERT LONG

When they give me my steers, I'm going to take one and carve out a porterhouse the size of a radiator.

Men laugh. All but Cory.

CORY

They divvying up the cattle?

Men stop laughing.

ROBERT LONG

If you got a problem with it maybe you shouldn't have rounded them up.

CORY

They aren't yours to divvy.

A thick silence falls over the men. Whatever 'progress' Cory and Robert Long made evaporates ...

SAM

What's that one?

They all look at Sam, who points at the medals on the wall.

ROBERT LONG

That's the Silver Star.

SAM

You got one of those?

Robert Long holds up two fingers.

SAM (CONT'D) \*  
What do you gotta do win one? \*

Robert Long smiles. \*

ROBERT LONG \*  
Gotta kill somebody for one of \*  
those. Ain't that right, Cory? \*

Sam stands, approaches the frame, looks at GOLD CROSS \*  
attached to a BLUE AND WHITE RIBBON. \*

SAM \*  
What's that? \*

Robert sees it, and it wipes the smile from his face. \*

CORY \*  
That's the Navy Cross. \*

Cory shifts his eyes to Robert Long. Leans close ... \*

CORY (CONT'D) \*  
You wouldn't believe what I had to \*  
do for that one. \*

The two men stare at each other. Don't blink. Don't breathe. \*

HEADLIGHTS cut through the windows. Monica and the women move \*  
to it, look out and see -- TWO TRIBAL POLICE VEHICLES AND A \*  
BLACK SUV COME TO A STOP. RAINWATER STEPS OUT AND WALKS \*  
TOWARD THE HOUSE ... \*

VERDA \*  
What's he doing here? \*

Monica moves to the door. Opens it. Rainwater smiles. \*

RAINWATER \*  
Hope I'm not intruding. \*

MONICA \*  
Of course not. My grandfather's not \*  
here -- \*

RAINWATER \*  
Not here to see your grandfather. \*

EXT. CORY AND MONICA'S -- NIGHT. \*

Cory sits on the front steps with Rainwater, a BLACK SUV AND \*  
TWO TRIBAL POLICE VEHICLES IDLING IN THE DRIVEWAY ... \*

RAINWATER

I want to thank you for helping the other day. I don't know your father. Hope it didn't put you in an uncomfortable position.

CORY

If you're planning on keeping his cattle, you'll get to know him real well.

Rainwater smiles.

RAINWATER

They're bargaining chips. A means to an end. Politicians are like crabs: we move sideways to go forward.

CORY

That won't get you far with my father.

RAINWATER

An honest man.

CORY

If he says he'll do something, nothing will stop him. If you call that honest ...

RAINWATER

I do. It's a rare thing these days.

CORY

Everything that really matters is rare.

The statement surprises Rainwater.

RAINWATER

Ever heard of Liebeg's Law of the Minimum?

Cory shakes his head 'no'.

RAINWATER (CONT'D)

The theory states that growth is not controlled by the total amount of resources available, but by the availability of the scarcest resource.

CORY

I've been all around this world.  
Ain't a theory. That's the truth.  
What do you want from me?

RAINWATER

Help me understand the man I'm  
negotiating with.

Cory looks at Rainwater.

CORY

He's reasonable until he's  
provoked. Then reason don't factor  
in at all. Doubt that helps but  
it's who he is ...

RAINWATER

It helps. Thank you.

Rainwater walks to his SUV and the vehicles drive off ...

INT. BEDROOM -- CORY AND MONICA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

Cory lays in bed, staring at the ceiling. Monica walks in  
from the bathroom in his t-shirt and panties, stand over him  
hands on her hips.

MONICA

We need a new dishwasher.

CORY

I notice you never ask for  
appliances with your pants on.

MONICA

Number one:: I make more money than  
you do, cowboy. Number 2: I already  
bought it. No pants is so you don't  
bitch about driving to Billings to  
pick it up.

CORY

(Heavy exhale) *Billings* ...

She lays on top of him, kisses his face.

MONICA

So far ...

She rests her head on his chest.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Tell me about today.

CORY

He wants to know his grandson. I think we should give him that. What do you think?

MONICA

You know what I think, but we'll give it to him anyway. It'll happen to us too, someday. Tate will move away and have a family of his own. And all we'll get is little fixes.

EXT. VALLEY -- YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- NEXT DAY.

A RIFLE BARREL FILLS THE FRAME. RED AND YELLOW STRIPS OF COTTON ARE TIED TO IT, WHIPPING IN THE WIND LIKE ANGRY FLAGS.

WIDEN TO REVEAL --

MARCUS LONG. Sits on a horse, rifle in hand, looking over the BISON HERD grazing in the distance. AN EAGLE FEATHER is tied in his hair. His horse is painted blue and white in a pattern that only makes sense to him ...

ANOTHER ANGLE --

John Dutton sits beside Rainwater on a horse. Behind them, members of the TRIBAL COUNCIL, eager for their turn. Behind them -- Lee, Jamie, and a group of CATTLEMEN, hoping like hell this works. John Dutton looks at Rainwater.

JOHN DUTTON

You're not joining him?

RAINWATER

You didn't ask me here to hunt. I'm here to talk cattle.

JOHN DUTTON

They don't belong to you.

RAINWATER

Don't belong to you either. They belong to the people now.

JOHN DUTTON

Every one of them wears a brand. Anyone tries to move them off the rez --

## RAINWATER

They'll never leave the rez. We'll use them to raise calves that wear our brand.

## JOHN DUTTON

I respect your position, Thomas. And I understand your frustration, but I won't let you make victims of the people who elected me to appease the people who elected you.

John Dutton looks Rainwater dead in the eye.

## JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)

Mark my words: if you act like a thief, I *will* treat you like one.

Rainwater holds his gaze.

## RAINWATER

How can you stand on a ranch the size of Rhode Island and accuse me of theft? Is this your idea of respect? Letting some crippled, old man ride his lame horse toward your half-tame buffalo so he can pretend to be something we haven't been for a century?

Marcus trots within fifty feet of a BULL BISON, who pays virtually no attention to him. Marcus raises his rifle, fires. The Bison sways, falls like a chopped tree. Raises his neck and stares at Marcus -- if an animal can look surprised, this one does. Marcus fires again -- bison's head drops to the ground, dead. Marcus raises his rifle and lets out the victory cry of a hunter. Rainwater shakes his head.

## RAINWATER (CONT'D)

Look what you've reduced us to.

Then Rainwater lets out a war cry of his own as he spurs his horse toward the kill. John Dutton glances back at Jamie, clenches his jaw, and shakes his head ...

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

Cory sits on the stallion, walking him slowly around the pen, speaking soothing words to the animal. He kisses the air and the horse moves into a lope. Monica and Tate watch from outside the pen. Marcus's truck pulls up to the house. He steps out and walks toward them ...

Tate runs to his uncle, gives him a hug.

TATE  
TONKASHILA!!

MARCUS  
Hoskiwan wastewa luha.

He hands Monica a zip-lock bag of buffalo meat.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Back straps.

MONICA  
Staying for dinner? \*

MARCUS  
Can't. Just need a word with this  
young buck.

Marcus gives her a look that says 'leave the men alone'.  
Monica ain't going nowhere.

MONICA  
If you can say it to him you can  
say it to me.

MARCUS  
Hard to talk about you when you're  
standing here, darlin'.

She looks at Cory, who shrugs. Then wheels around and heads  
to the house.

MONICA  
Come on, Tate. We're being sent to  
our room ...

Tate follows as Marcus leans against the fence. Cory rides  
close.

CORY  
What is it?

MARCUS  
The nation will keep the cattle.  
Your father will try to take them  
back. He has every right. We had  
every right to take them. So, now  
we'll fight ...

CORY  
It's my father's fight. Not mine.

MARCUS

You'll be judged for the actions of  
your father. If you do nothing,  
you'll be judged for that too.  
(Looks at Cory's house) They all  
will. Maybe it's best if you go  
home for a while, ay?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CORY

This is my home.

MARCUS

You know what I mean.

CORY

I've been nothing but a friend to  
everyone here. Someone wants me to  
leave? Tell them to come make me.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARCUS

Pretty silly thing to say on a  
reservation ... I don't ask much  
but I'm asking you this: go home.  
Take care of my daughter. Be good  
to that boy. Until they find a cure  
for human nature a man must stand  
with his people.

\*  
\*

Marcus looks at him with love in his eyes.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

And we're not your people.

The words gut-punch Cory. He shakes his head, refusing to believe them.

CORY

A man chooses his people.

MARCUS

Then choose, Cory.

\*

Marcus walks back to his truck and drives off. Cory looks back at his little house and sees Monica looking at him through the kitchen window. Kicks the horse into a lope. The lope becomes a run ...

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- LATER.

Jimmy Herstrom walks up the driveway. Stops when he sees THE ROTORS OF THE CHOPPER WHIRL AND SCREAM AS PICKUP TRUCKS ROAR TO LIFE ... LIVESTOCK AGENTS AND COWBOYS LOAD HORSES IN TRAILERS.

RIP (O.S.)

JIMMY.

Jimmy turns, sees Rip walking toward him.

RIP (CONT'D)

Know how to ride a horse?

RIP (CONT'D)

(Off Jimmy's look) Figures. Come on.

Leads Jimmy to a string of HORSES. 1000 pounds of gear strapped to their backs. ENVIRONMENTAL ENGINEER RON WRIGHT(35) sits on a horse.

RIP (CONT'D)

That's Ron. Do whatever he tells you. (Points to a horse) Get on.

Jimmy stares at the animal, petrified. Rip doesn't have time for this shit, literally throws him on the horse.

RIP (CONT'D)

Pull the reins to stop. Kick him in the belly to go.

And with that, Rip leads Ron and the pack string down the driveway, a terrified Jimmy follows behind ...

John Dutton steps from the porch, Jamie right behind him.

JAMIE DUTTON

Both in one night?

JOHN DUTTON

Everyone's forgotten who runs this valley. It's time we remind them.

He gets in the chopper. It rises as vehicles move down the driveway.

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

Tate plays in the yard, Cory watching from the porch. TRIBAL POLICE VEHICLES RACE UP THE DIRT ROAD PAST HIS HOUSE. He watches the vehicles pass, then looks back at his son. Closes his eyes and chooses ...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EXT. INTERSTATE 90 -- EVENING.

CAMERA LOOKS DOWN ON --

The convoy of police vehicles and trucks rolls down the highway like a giant, steel snake throbbing red and blue ...

EXT. MOUNTAINS -- TWILIGHT.

Rip leads the pack string up a trail near the top of a mountain. Jimmy looks down and sees -- A LARGE, BROWN RECTANGLE OF DIRT THAT COVERS A MILE. A RIVER DISSECTING IT.

EXT. MONTANA HIGHWAY -- CONT..

CAMERA LOOKS DOWN ON POLICE VEHICLES, AND TRUCKS PULLING HORSE TRAILERS turn on a dirt road as day becomes night.

EXT. BLM/RESERVATION BORDER -- NIGHT.

LEE leads wranglers through the dark. Stops his horse.

LEE DUTTON  
(Whispers) We hold here.

EXT. MOUNTAINS -- NIGHT.

Ron operates a DYNAMITE AUGER, the whine of its engine shatters the quiet. Jimmy stands by a creek, watching it spill down the to the valley where it becomes a river. RIP WALKS UP THE MOUNTAIN TOWARD HIM, UNSPOOLING DETONATION WIRE ... Ron pulls the auger back, revealing a deep hole. Begins feeding 1" PIPE INSIDE WITH A HAND-CRANK DRILL.

RON  
This is the last one.

RIP  
JIMMY.

Jimmy hot-foots it to them. Rip gives him a HAND CRANK.

RIP (CONT'D)  
Crank this 'till I tell you to stop.

Jimmy starts cranking. Sees Ron open A BOX OF DYNAMITE.

JIMMY  
Holy shit. Is this legal?

RIP  
You're a criminal. What do you care?

JIMMY

I thought the Yellowstone was going  
to keep me out of trouble.

RIP

Getting in trouble is the only  
skill you have. Only difference now  
is you won't get caught.

Ron and Rip walk downhill, attaching dynamite sticks to  
detonation wire and dropping them in holes as they go ...

EXT. PARADISE VALLEY SPORTING CLUB -- NIGHT.

DOUG(40) Chicago born and bred, stands at the edge of the  
golf course, staring at the shadows of mountains. JENKINS  
watches him for a moment, then walks to him.

DOUG

I feel different here. My skin  
tingles. Never felt like this  
before.

Jenkins nods, pats his shoulder. Looks at him as though he  
was just baptized.

JENKINS

Because you live in a city. Cities  
are the sunsets of civilization.  
Monuments to an exhausted landscape  
... Man is migratory by nature and  
what you're feeling is instinct. A  
hunger for new land that's woven  
into your DNA. It's the reason our  
species survived when countless  
others failed. That tingle is the  
sensation of touching your destiny.

Far in the distance A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS GLOW ORANGE. One  
after the other, working their way down a mountain. Seconds  
pass before a booming sound moves over them like a wave.  
Jenkins stares into the night, dumbfounded ...

DOUG

What the fuck was that?

INT. JOHN DUTTON'S CHOPPER -- NIGHT.

John Dutton's pilot VIGGO(35) flies through total darkness as  
LEE'S VOICE crackles through the radio, announcing they are  
in position. John Dutton looks at Viggo, nods.

VIGGO  
Hang on tight.

Viggo dips the chopper ...

EXT. CAMPFIRE -- CONT.

MARCUS, ROBERT LONG, BIG BELLY, AND THREE OTHERS SIT AROUND THE CAMPFIRE. They hear the chopper echoing off the arroyos and canyons. But the prairie plays tricks with sound -- can't tell where it is even as sound shakes the ground. Marcus hangs his head, knowing what's coming. Looks to his left --

HIDDEN BEHIND A GROVE OF PINE TREES ARE TRIBAL POLICE VEHICLES ... Marcus looks at the men, eyes filled with fear. Looks at Robert Long -- eyes filled with fury.

MARCUS  
Get ready. They're coming.

ROBERT LONG  
Let them.

WIND AND BLINDING LIGHT HIT THEM -- THE CHOPPER APPEARS FROM NOWHERE SENDING A WAVE OF DUST AND WIND THEIR WAY. The men run for their lives, all but Robert Long, who stands tall, clinging his rifle ...

FROM ACROSS THE VALLEY --

SOMETHING kicks up clouds of dust. Coming fast. John Dutton can barely make out the horse and rider ...

JOHN DUTTON  
WHO IS THAT? IS THAT ONE OF OURS??

VIGGO SHOWERS THE RIDER WITH LIGHT --

It's Cory, racing toward the herd on the grey stallion. The chopper's spotlight follows Cory as he races toward the herd.

CORY  
HYAAA!! HYAAA!! HYAAAA!!

VIGGO  
WHAT'S HE DOING??!

THE PANICKED CATTLE TURN AND RUN as Cory drives them deeper into the reservation.

JOHN DUTTON  
Goddam that boy. (to Viggo) GET  
BEHIND THEM!!

The chopper swoops and turns the herd back toward the BLM LAND. SOMETHING catches Viggo's eye -- a white flash of light. Gone as fast as it came.

VIGGO  
Did you see that?

ANGLE ON --

ROBERT LONG. HOLDING THE CHOPPER'S SPOTLIGHT IN HIS SIGHTS. Pulls the trigger and sends a bullet through the windshield of the chopper.

VIGGO (CONT'D)  
JESUS CHRIST.

Viggo pulls up and turns his chopper away from the shot. Through the RADIO, WE HEAR --

LIVESTOCK AGENT (V.O.)  
SHOTS FIRED! SHOTS FIRED!!!

John Dutton watches in horror as MUZZLE FLASHES from LIVESTOCK AGENTS ERUPT FROM THE DARKNESS ...

JOHN DUTTON  
(Screams into radio) CEASE FIRE!!!  
CEASE FIRE!!!

The prairie erupts in the RED AND BLUE OF POLICE SIRENS as TRIBAL POLICE VEHICLES RACE FROM BEHIND THE HILLSIDE and drive toward the fence line, blocking the herd. Cory whips the horse around and races away from the approaching police vehicles.

VIGGO  
WHAT DO WE DO NOW ?!?!

JOHN DUTTON  
PULL BACK.

John Dutton screams into his radio.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
ABORT! ABORT! EVERYONE PULL BACK!!!

Viggo takes the chopper higher -- out of rifle range.

Between choppers, rifle fire and throbbing sirens, the cattle are panicked. The herd splits into a dozen groups all headed in different directions. One group heads right for the police vehicle blockade ...

TRIBAL POLICE GET OUT OF THEIR VEHICLES, SCREAM INTO BULLHORNS, FIRE THEIR RIFLES IN THE AIR. ANYTHING TO STOP THE MASS OF BEEF HEADING TOWARD THEM ...

Cattle run everywhere. The herd bull -- a 2000 pound mass of beef -- has had enough. Turns back toward a TRIBAL OFFICER SCREAMING INTO A BULLHORN. HEADS RIGHT FOR HIM ...

TRIBAL OFFICER drops the bullhorn and pulls his pistol. Empties it into the bull. Doesn't faze him. The bull hits the man going full speed, uses his giant head to fling the man in the air ...

ANGLE ON --

CORY. Pushing a small group of cattle toward the reservation. Small group slams into a larger group hauling ass in the opposite direction. Cory and the stallion are swept up in the stampede ...

ANGLE ON --

Lee, watching muzzle flashes and listening to the sound of pounding hooves barrelling in their direction ...

LIVESTOCK AGENT

We gotta the hell out of here!!!

LEE

We ain't going anywhere without some beef.

Lee uncoils his rope as his horse dances nervously in the dark as splinter of the herd thunders toward them.

ANGLE ON --

ROBERT LONG running through the night. Past crazed cattle. Past THE TRIBAL POLICE GAUNTLET. His angry eyes focused on the chopper circling above them. He raises his AR 15 to his shoulder and empties a full magazine ...

EXT. HELICOPTER POV -- CONT.

Between strobing police lights and a 1/2 mile cloud of dust hovering above the chaos, John Duttons spotlight only picks up snippets of the chaos -- it's impossible to tell what is happening -- but he does catch a glimpse of men on foot running toward his fleeing livestock agents.

INT. JOHN DUTTON'S CHOPPER -- CONT.

Bullets shatter the glass and everything behind it. Viggo screams into his headset --

VIGGO

Three tours in Afghanistan and I  
gotta deal with this shit in  
FUCKING MONTANA!?!?

JOHN DUTTON

WHEEL US AROUND.

VIGGO

Jesus Christ, John. We gotta get  
out of here!!

JOHN DUTTON

WE STILL HAVE MEN DOWN THERE. PUSH  
THOSE BASTARDS BACK!!!

The chopper dips, spewing dirt like shrapnel toward the tribal police and Indian men -- they hit the ground and begin a mad dash back toward the reservation.

ANGLE ON --

CORY, trying to gain control of his horse as wind and dust batter them. The cattle that surround him scatter in all directions. The chopper rises and the windstorm stops. As it does, the spotlight flashes across the ground. Cory catches a glimpse of Lee before the night swallows him ..

ANGLE ON --

Lee and the other agents push a small group of cattle west.

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG.

Rifle rounds pound the dirt. Lee whirls his horse around. Yells to the other agents --

LEE

KEEP 'EM MOVING!

Lee sees a dark image on horseback RUNNING RIGHT TOWARD HIM. Pulls his rifle from its scabbard, trains the sights on the rider as the dark image approaches. Lee shouts --

LEE DUTTON

YOU WANT 'EM BACK? COME GET 'EM!!!

Lee recognizes Cory, lowers his rifle as A BULLET SLAMS LEE BELOW HIS COLLAR BONE. He falls from his horse, gurgles blood as he tries to stand. A BOOT pushes him down. Robert Long looks down at Lee. Points the barrel in his face.

ROBERT LONG

I want them back.

Lee gurgles his defiance. Long shoulders his rifle, hears hooves pounding earth, turns to see --

CORY'S BOOT SLAM INTO LONG'S FACE AS HE RACES PAST.

Long is knocked to the ground, doesn't move. Cory dismounts, runs to his brother. Soon as his seat leaves the saddle, THE STALLION BURSTS INTO THE NIGHT ...

CORY

Hang on. I'm going to get you home.

Lee gurgles something that sounds like --

LEE DUTTON

Look at you ... A man now ...

Lee smiles, then fades. No breath. Nothing. From the corner of Cory's eye, he sees -- Robert Long struggles to his feet, raises his rifle. Cory pulls the PISTOL FROM LEE'S HOLSTER and walks toward Robert.

Robert fires at Cory. Cory doesn't flinch, just keeps walking. Cory walks right up to him as Robert steadies himself and holds the sights on Cory's chest -- Cory empties the pistol into Robert Long, knocking him to the dirt. Robert Long looks up -- a thousand stars look back. Cory steps over him, blocking out the sky. \*

CORY

In case you don't already know,  
there's no such thing as heaven.  
Everything you are ends now ...

Robert Long breathes that thought with his last breath. Cory doesn't wait to watch it. Walks to Lee, scoops the big man up. Spots Lee's horse standing in the distance. Looks in his brother's lifeless eyes.

CORY (CONT'D)

Let's go home.

Cory carries his brother toward the horse ...

EXT. BACK PORCH -- YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- MORNING.

John Dutton and a dozen LIVESTOCK AGENTS stand on the porch. Most on cellphones -- damage control in full force. Jamie walks to his father.

JAMIE DUTTON  
State Police are sending out a  
chopper to look for him.

John Dutton looks to the horizon ...

JOHN DUTTON  
I found him.

John Dutton is off the porch and on a horse in an instant. Racing in their direction ... John Dutton slides to a stop in front of Cory. Cory looks at his father, sucks pains breaths. Seems more boy than man for just a moment ... John Dutton rides close, says gently --

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Give me the reins.

Cory hands the reins to his father. Dismounts.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Go straight to Jamie. Tell him  
everything. While it's fresh.

Cory walks toward the house. John Dutton looks at Lee slung over the saddle.

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
Come on, son. Let's go pick a spot.

John Dutton leads Lee's horse toward a meadow surrounded by ASPEN TREES -- TWO DOZEN DUTTONS HAVE BEEN BURIED HERE. Tombstones from 1869 to just a few years ago are scattered through the meadow. John Dutton pulls Lee's body from the saddle. Carries him to a nearby tree, lays him down -- cradles his head in his lap ...

\*  
\*

JOHN DUTTON (CONT'D)  
We'll just rest here a bit, how's  
that sound ...

John Dutton looks over generations of dead. Looks for a spot to plant his oldest son. Sees a YELLOW FINCH, a tiny yellow bird with black wing tips and face. It lands on a carpet of green grass and begins the hunt for bugs. John Dutton looks at. Yes, that's the place ...

EXT. PARADISE VALLEY DEVELOPMENT -- MORNING. \*

Dan Jenkins marches through a field that has been dissected  
WITH SURVEY MARKERS ...

BULLDOZERS, EXCAVATORS, AND ROCK TRENCHERS SIT IN PERFECT  
ROWS. He walks toward them, panic etched on his face. He  
can't take it anymore -- panicked walk becomes a run. Reaches  
the bank of AN EMPTY RIVER -- Pools of stagnant water and  
dead fish are all that remain. Dan clenches his jaw so tight  
his teeth might break ...

INT. JOHN DUTTON'S OFFICE -- DAY.

John Dutton stares at the television, Jamie by his side. A  
CNN REPORTER GIVES DETAILS OF THE CHAOS AS THE CNN CAMERA  
MOVES OVER THE BODIES OF DEAD CATTLE AND BODY BAGS ... \*

CNN REPORTER \*

A dispute over cattle between  
Tribal Police, BLM officers and  
members of Montana's Livestock  
Association turned deadly last  
night, leaving three men dead. The  
FBI and Bureau of Indian Affairs  
agents are investigating two of the  
deaths as murders, and though  
jurisdictional issues will  
certainly complicate the  
investigation, the US Attorney's  
office is pledging every available  
resource ... \*

John Dutton mutes the TV. \*

JOHN DUTTON \*

What did Cory tell you? \*

JAMIE DUTTON \*

The usual. Nothing. \*

JOHN DUTTON \*

I should've seen this coming.

JAMIE DUTTON

How could you know he wanted the  
cattle that bad.

JOHN DUTTON

He didn't want cattle. He wanted  
this ... \*

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE IMAGES OF DEAD CATTLE AND DEAD MEN ON NATIONAL TELEVISION ...

INT. INDIAN CASINO OFFICE -- DAY.

THE TRIBAL COUNCIL sit and watch the same aftermath on CNN, whispering opinions and solutions. Senator Huntington watches horrified, hand covering her mouth. Looks at Rainwater.

HUNTINGTON

I will have a Senate hearing on this next week. You have the full weight of my office behind you.

RAINWATER

Thank you, Senator. We'll need it.

Rainwater looks at the TV, tries to hide the thin smile curling his lips ...

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- NEXT DAY.

John Dutton sits on the porch, dressed in a suit, watching Tate and a small army of YOUNG BOYS run and play in the yard. Jamie steps out on the porch.

JAMIE DUTTON

It's time ...

John Dutton walks off the porch where HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE STAND, DRESSED IN BLACK. As John Dutton moves to them, they turn in unison and walk toward the Aspen grove and the precious meadow it guards.

EXT. ASPEN MEADOW -- LATER.

A MINISTER reads from the Bible as solemn faces stare at the casket hovering over a deep hole. CATTLEMEN, NEIGHBORS, FRIENDS, AND EVEN THE GOVERNOR BOW THEIR HEADS AS THE CASKET IS LOWERED. John Dutton scans the crowd for Cory. Doesn't find him ... John Dutton closes his eyes, and faces them to the sky. Opens them -- A BLANKET OF BLUE LOOKS BACK. He searches, but finds no answer in it.

People move to John Dutton and offer condolences. Their emotions slam against him like glass hitting stone. Nothing shakes him. Not Beth collapsing into his arms, not even Monica holding Tate out for a hug. John Dutton looks at her -- \*  
even at the funeral, there is no sympathy in her eyes. \*

JOHN DUTTON

Where is he?

She offers no answer, just grabs Tate and walks off. \*

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH -- MOMENT LATER.

MOURNERS file toward the house and the feast that awaits them. John Dutton spots something in the distance -- The blue-gray stallion, grazing in the field. Cory sitting in the grass beside it. John Dutton walks toward them, sits.

JOHN DUTTON

Must be one hell of a horse.

Cory looks at his father.

CORY

Ain't got the breeding of your stud, but he has a heart ... \*

Uses his hands to mimic its size.

CORY (CONT'D)

Would have died for me. Almost did.

John Dutton nods, rests his arm on Cory's shoulder. \*

JOHN DUTTON

Welcome home, son. Go put him in the barn. \*

CORY

This isn't my home ... \*

Cory hands his father the lead rope.

CORY (CONT'D)

I brought the horse for you. You put him in the barn. \*

Cory walks down the hill. John Dutton walks the horse to the barn. Closer he gets, the faster he walks, in a desperate race against his emotions. Reaches the barn. Puts the horse in a stall and collapses against it ... \*

EXT -- PORCH -- YELLOWSTONE LODGE -- LATER.

Jamie leans against the porch railing beside Beth. They watch John Dutton standing with GOVERNOR PERRY, ALAN KEENE, and numerous LIVESTOCK AGENTS, STATE POLICE AND B.L.M. AGENTS. \*

JAMIE DUTTON

He's never looked at me the way he  
looks at Cory.

Beth wears a man's suit, tailored perfectly. Even at a  
funeral it is impossible not to look at her. John Dutton  
motions them over. She takes a drag from her cigarette,  
flicks it off the porch, and says --

BETH

And he never will.

They walk to their father. John Dutton pulls them close.

JOHN DUTTON

I need you more than ever.

Jamie looks at his father, eyes filled with gratitude.

JAMIE DUTTON

You have me.

John Dutton looks at Beth.

JOHN DUTTON

Can you stay for a while?

BETH

I'm not going anywhere. Just tell  
me who to fight.

John Dutton kisses her forehead. Whispers --

JOHN DUTTON

Everyone.

John Dutton, Jamie and Beth walk with purpose toward the sea  
of uniforms and suits as the sun dips below the mountains,  
painting the world in the blood red of a dying sun ...

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

CORY'S BLUE EYES FILL THE FRAME. Water running from a faucet  
the only sound. CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing Cory's face --  
Seems he's aged a year. Bright eyes are darker. Harder. He  
breathes deep, seeking his center ...

ANGLE ON -- Monica, wearing a black dress, leaning in the  
doorway.

MONICA

He wasn't a good man, but he was my  
brother. I deserve to know what  
happened, Cory.

Cory looks at her and lies.

CORY

I told you. They killed each other.

MONICA

Sam says there's no way they --

CORY

Sam wasn't there now was she.

There is a fury in his eyes she doesn't recognize. She holds  
up her hands, turns and walks out. Cory returns his focus to  
the mirror ...

PUSH IN ON THE MIRROR. Until Cory's face fills the frame.  
CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing Cory's shirtless chest and THE  
FADED SCAR OF THE YELLOWSTONE BRAND, burned deep into his  
chest ...

EXT. HIGHWAY -- LATE AFTERNOON.

CORY'S pickup lumbers down the lonely road -- a brand new  
DISHWASHER in the bed ...

INT. CORY'S TRUCK -- CONT.

Cory, Monica, and Tate ride in silence. Cory passes a sign  
that announces they've entered the reservation. Spots A  
TRIBAL POLICE VEHICLE just past it. Cory looks in the  
rearview mirror, sees THE SIRENS LIGHT UP AND THE VEHICLE  
PULL ONTO THE ROAD ...

Cory pulls a pistol from the glove compartment. PLACES IT  
UNDER HIS THIGH. Monica stares at him, stunned.

WILD EYES SILENCE HER. Cory pulls over, police vehicle right  
behind him. CAPTAIN BEN SHOYO STEP OUT.

Cory cocks the hammer, rolls his window down as Ben steps up.  
His eyes climb over Cory.

CORY

I wasn't speeding.

Ben laughs.

BEN

You can drive 100 miles an hour  
from one end of the rez to the  
other if you want.

Ben sticks his hand through the window. Before Cory can shoot  
it off, he says --

BEN (CONT'D)

Just want to shake your hand. Ain't  
many people who *choose* to side with  
us. (To Monica) Sorry for your  
loss. (To Cory) Both of you.

Cory nods. Ben turns and walks back to his vehicle. Cory  
starts the engine, looks at Monica who stares at him like a  
stranger. Cory puts the truck in drive and heads for home.  
Whatever that means these days ...

FADE TO BLACK.