

LONGMIRE

"Pilot"

by

Hunt Baldwin & John Coveny

Based on the Walt Longmire Mystery Novels
By Craig Johnson

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INT. SHOWER - MORNING

A MAN stands in his shower. Lets the water wash over his worn face. South of 50 years old, north of 40, you can still see a hint of the rugged good looks of his youth. This is WALT LONGMIRE. He doesn't move, wishing he was still in bed.

A bar of soap sits on an exposed wooden cross beam, green drywall board along the bottom. You can actually see through the studs of one side of the shower and into the bedroom. This shower is under repair, like the man inside -- his worn leather torso shaped by plenty of hard work and scarred by a few run-ins over the years.

Close on the SCARS: A bullet wound marks his lower left abdomen and lines up with the exit wound on his lower back. A long, narrow scar shows where another bullet grazed his right shoulder. His rib cage has been on the receiving end of something sharp and jagged. Maybe a broken bottle.

The PHONE RINGS. A loud, classic, old Ma Bell ring...Walt moves his head out of the rushing water just enough so one ear is in the clear to hear the machine pick up.

CHEERY WOMAN'S VOICE (ON MACHINE)
You've reached the Longmire
residence...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As we hear the message, we see the residence: A SMALL, CLUTTERED, ONE-STORY CONTEMPORARY LOG HOME. A rehab is underway. Or abandoned. Hard to tell. WIRES stick out of HOLES in the drywall. PAPERS. STACKS OF BOOKS. A TUBE TV. A SOFA draped with a WORN INDIAN QUILT. DIRTY PLATES and EMPTY RAINIER BEER CANS dot the coffee table nearby.

CHEERY WOMAN'S VOICE
Sorry, we're not here to take your
call. But please leave a message.
We'll be happy to call you back.

BEEP! Then a different, irritated female voice:

VIC'S VOICE
Walt. It's Vic...Pick up, pick up,
pick up...Alright. So Billy and Bob
Barnes called...

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

VIC'S VOICE
Said to send someone out to
Pronghorn Ridge.
(MORE)

VIC'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 Branch said he's busy, and it's my
 day off. I really don't want to go.
 Walt? Damn it.

Vic clicks off. Walt lets the water run over him...

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

We hear the BEEP of the answering machine. Another message.

VIC'S VOICE
 Walt. It's Vic. Again. I tried your
 radio too. Is there something I
 should know? Did you retire and
 move to Boca in the middle of the
 night without telling anyone?
 Alright. I'm calling you on my day
off as I'm driving to Pronghorn
 Ridge--

We hear BOOTS CLUNK along the hardwood floors as Walt moves
 to the kitchen. He's dressed now: faded 501's, dusty round-
 toed ranch boots, and a clean work shirt.

VIC'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 I don't want to deal with these
 wingnuts so I expect you to get
 your ass out there and meet me,
 now...please.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

A TEAPOT WHISTLES. Walt pulls the boiling pot off the propane
 range. The whistle fades and is replaced by the ringing
 phone. The cheery outgoing message plays as Walt reaches up
 to a shelf that holds a LARGE WOODEN BOX OF TEA and a BAG OF
 GROUND COFFEE. He looks at the tea box for a beat, but grabs
 the coffee. He scoops some into a FRENCH PRESS, then pours in
 the boiling water.

Just as Walt finishes pouring, he freezes. The hair on the
 back of his neck stands up. He stares out his kitchen window.
 An OWL sits on a fence post, its yellow eyes staring back.
 Walt is transfixed. Until...BEEP!

VIC'S VOICE
 Walt. It's Vic. We got a dead body.

Walt looks toward the answering machine. Shit. Then back
 toward the owl. But the owl is gone. Walt sighs, then pushes
 down the plunger on the French Press.

INT./EXT. WALT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Walt opens his front door and exits. Now we see where Walt lives: no neighbors, no homes within sight, just A GORGEOUS VIEW OF A COLD BLUE WYOMING SKY AND THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS ON THE DISTANT HORIZON.

He pulls on his worn leather coat with sheepskin collar. We note the SHERIFF STAR pinned to the front left pocket. He plunks his hat on his head, grabs his gun then jumps down from his front door. A two foot jump that will one day be unnecessary when Walt puts a front porch on his home.

As Walt walks toward his '96 FORD BRONCO, we cut to:

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY PASTURE - DAY

ELK sun themselves and pay no attention to the speeding FORD BRONCO that cuts across the horizon in the b.g.

TITLE FILLS THE FRAME: LONGMIRE**EXT. PRONGHORN RIDGE TRAILHEAD - DAY**

The Bronco arrives. Walt's boot hits ground that's covered in a couple inches of dry, fluffy snow. "VIC" (aka VICTORIA MORETTI) gets out of her Sheriff's department Jeep. 30, beautiful, with Southern Italian blood coursing through her veins. A pleasant enough sight to coax an involuntary smile out of anyone. Even Walt as he approaches.

WALT

Sorry I kept you waiting, Vic.

VIC

No, you're not.

WALT

So...where are the Barnes boys?

Vic points at a group of SUVs and pickups parked near a trailhead. One of the pickups has a beat-up camper shell attached to it.

VIC

I was sick of the old one hitting on me, so I sent them back to their truck.

(points to the hillside)

Body's waaaay up there. About 200 yards.

Walt squints. Vic hands him her binoculars. Walt takes them, looks, and...sees...A WHITE FLUFFY LUMP on the ground. Sheep stand around nearby. RAVENS attempt to scavenge.

WALT
That's a sheep.

VIC
I said we had a dead body. I never said what species.

Walt shuts his eyes, fighting back a headache, or maybe just irritation. He begins to walk toward the camper shell...

VIC (CONT'D)
So...now you're here, and you've got it under control, guess I'll go back home, enjoy my day off...?

Walt turns and looks at her.

WALT
And miss all the fun?

Off Vic, sighing. She's not getting off that easy.

TIME CUT:

BILLY BARNES (21 going on 45) and BOB BARNES (50 going on 70) are drunk, but they're functioning alcoholics, so they're able to communicate. To a degree.

BOB BARNES
We camped out last night so we could get huntin' first thing this morning. But when we woke up, we saw all those damned ravens. We checked it out and saw that somebody shot a sheep.

WALT
There aren't any footprints heading up there. How'd you get close enough to know the sheep had been shot?

BILLY
My scope.

Billy proudly holds up A HUNTING RIFLE with a fancy SCOPE on it. Walt takes the rifle and looks through the scope.

SCOPE POV: A dead sheep with ravens picking at it.

BOB BARNES

Normally we'd ignore a dead sheep,
but I know how it looked...a couple
of guys with a couple of drinks in
'em and a new night-vision rifle
scope taking target practice. I
swear that ain't what happened.

Off Walt, wondering if he believes them...

EXT. HILLSIDE - LATER

Walt and Vic crunch through the snow, up the snowy path
toward the dead sheep. Walt notes Vic's irritation.

WALT

What do you think it's like in Boca
right now? Sunny. Breezy. 85
degrees. Flip flop weather.

VIC

This sucks. Look. I know I've only
been here 6 months, Walt, but I'm
not exactly a rookie.

WALT

You've made that clear. Just about
every day for 6 months.

VIC

I'm just saying, I was working
homicide in Philadelphia for 5
years. I think I'm past hazing. And
a dead sheep is a waste of my
talent and my time.

WALT

Last thing I want to do is waste
your valuable time. So...
(re: the grazing sheep)
Why don't you start questioning all
the witnesses.

Walt continues up the hill, smiling to himself.

ANGLE ON: THE SHEEP CORPSE. Ravens scatter. Vic and Walt look
at it. Vic talks. Walt listens.

VIC

One shot in the side. Dead center.
Awfully precise...Then again, if I
had a fancy military scope like
drunk and drunker down there...

(MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)
 (pulls out a map)
 Okay. So. Where the hell are we?

WALT
 (points)
 Reservation's about a half mile north, and this is still part of the Lazy J Ranch. And these look like their sheep.

VIC
 (looks at the dead sheep)
 What kind of messed up person shoots a sheep? I mean, they're not as cute and fluffy as they're made out to be, but still, they're nice enough...And it's not like there's any sport in it, right?...

Walt is fixated on a nearby ridge -- staring at some ravens circling in the air.

VIC (CONT'D)
 Walt...Hello? Whattaya doing?

WALT
 Thinking...I do that sometimes before I talk.

He walks up toward the ridge. Vic moves to follow him.

WALT (CONT'D)
 You know what they call a flock of ravens?

VIC
 Um, no.

WALT
 An 'unkindness.' An 'unkindness of ravens.'

VIC
 What the hell's wrong with 'flock'?

Walt points ahead to another collection of ravens that seem to be fixated on something other than the dead sheep.

WALT
 'Unkindness' is just a little more *apropos*.

And as they come around a large clump of snow-covered sagebrush, they see a very active unkindness: A BODY. HUMAN. MALE. COVERED IN SNOW, SHEEP SHIT AND RAVENS.

Walt shoos the ravens away, looks at the body. White snow over a dead man's face. Creepy like a war photo. The dead man's jacket is torn and chewed up a bit, his jeans too. And, there, in his cold, dead right hand, a shotgun.

VIC

That a 12 gauge, Mossburg?

(Walt nods)

Hunting accident?

WALT

Nah. Look at his clothes. More Apres ski than avid hunter.

VIC

(kneels)

Looks dry underneath. He must've gone down before it started snowing. I'll check with the weather service. See when that was.

Vic pushes the body over a bit to peek, sees: a TUFT OF FEATHERS poking out the front of the down vest.

VIC (CONT'D)

Exit wound's obviously here. Which means he was shot in the back. Where do you think the shooter was?

(looks around)

I mean, he could've been anywhere. High ground, low ground, behind a tree...

Walt finally bends down, smells the barrel of the shotgun.

WALT

Victim never shot back.

VIC

Sometimes you are so full of shit. What are you? Cheyenne?

WALT

If you smell oil, the gun's been cleaned. You smell gunpowder, it's been fired. I smell oil.

Walt's gloved hand brushes snow off the man's face. He looks at it, furrows his brow. Vic can see his wheels turning.

VIC
What's wrong?

WALT
When you been doing this as long as
I have, you get to a point where
you recognize about every face in
Absaroka county.

VIC
So who is it?

WALT
That's the thing. I don't know.

EXT. PRONGHORN RIDGE PARKING AREA - LATER

The back door of Walt's Bronco is open. Walt and Vic, out of
breath, struggle to slide a cumbersome black body bag in. On
top of it rests a plastic bag with the dead man's wallet.

VIC
You gonna make Branch lead on this?

Walt picks up the plastic bag. Along with the wallet, there
are a couple of loose items: the victim's WYOMING DRIVER'S
LICENSE, and a wallet-sized WEDDING PHOTO of the victim with
A WOMAN. Walt looks at the photo.

WALT
Nah. As long as I came all the way
out here, I may as well run this
one for a bit. See where it goes.

VIC
(surprised)
Oh. Then I suppose you want me to
stay here all alone to secure and
process the crime scene that is
completely covered in snow.

WALT
You won't be alone. I'll send The
Ferg out to give you a hand.

VIC
It's my day off.

Walt climbs into his Bronco and starts it up. Vic knocks on
the window. He rolls it down.

VIC (CONT'D)
I want a raise.

He hands her his thermos.

WALT

How 'bout some coffee. I made it
fresh this morning.

Vic takes it. Walt smiles, then drives away.

EXT. DURANT, WYOMING - DAY

Just enough of a main street to accommodate the small, spread out population of Absaroka county. One "nice" hotel (The Euskadi), one "decent" restaurant (the Busy Bee), a fire station, a hardware store, a couple of souvenir and antique stores for the tourists. Pickups, SUVs and Subarus zip back and forth, stopped only by the occasional pedestrian or the town's single stoplight.

Walt's Bronco waits at this stoplight, then pulls up to an empty diagonal space in front of The Rotary Club building.

A BANNER out front: "**DURANT ROTARY CLUB PANCAKE DAY.**"

Walt shuts the engine off. Takes a deep breath. He doesn't seem to want to get out of the Bronco. He glances up in the rearview mirror. Tilts it a little. He can now see the body bag in the back.

WALT

Mr. Parkford, how about you go in
there. And I just lie down here.
You can do my job.
(waits, then)
No? You're a lucky man.

Walt gets out and heads toward the front door of the club. Just outside, leaning against a wall, a HANDSOME CHEYENNE MAN (40s) eats from a plate of pancakes.

HANDSOME CHEYENNE

You better get in there, Sheriff.
The natives are getting restless.

The Handsome Cheyenne man nods and takes a bite of bacon.

WALT

Why are you sitting out here?

HANDSOME CHEYENNE

I like the pancakes. The company
gives me a headache.

Walt nods. He gets it. Then he opens the door to...

INT. ROTARY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

THERE'S A HUGE ANTLERED ELK HEAD MOUNTED ABOVE THE DOOR. THE AMERICAN FLAG, THE FLAG OF WYOMING, and ROTARY CLUB PLAQUES flank the entrance. People mingle and chat. Folding tables are pulled together, covered in paper tablecloths, paper cups of coffee, and paper plates of breakfast.

Walt enters...He is spotted by a young guy who looks good in his deputy uniform. BRANCH CONNALLY. 30. Branch stands up fast, stopping his conversation with a couple of middle-aged businessmen abruptly, and moves to Walt, who looks annoyed.

WALT
Morning Branch.

BRANCH
Where you been Walt? People have been asking after you.

WALT
Just out tending to the police side of the job. But happy to see you got the glad-handing covered.

BRANCH
Can't serve the community if we don't talk to the community, Sheriff. Just here...representin'.

Before Walt can respond to Branch...

CITIZEN 1(O.C.)
There you are, Sheriff.

Walt spins around to find the first of several LOCALS who accost their elected official. Walt tries to maintain his composure over a series of overlapping cuts...

CITIZEN 1(CONT'D)
We need to talk about the Durant Christmas decorations. Last year they were the ugliest in the state.

WALT
Come on now. Cody's were uglier.

CITIZEN 2
I still got raccoons in my yard.

WALT
So do I.

CITIZEN 3

That graffitti's bad for business.
Someone has to paint over it.

WALT

Brooks' Hardware sells paint and
brushes. Aisle 4, I think.

CITIZEN 4

Heard one of your deputies found a
dead body. Is that why you're late?

Branch eavesdrops on this exchange.

WALT

Probably just a hunting accident. And
when have you known me to be on time?

Walt grins and goes, moves through a barrage of handshakes
pats on backs. Then, just as he clears them, he stops.

SWEET OLDER WOMAN

Walter, I went to Church today...I
lit a candle for her.

Walt doesn't know what to say. An awkward beat, then he puts
a hand on her shoulder and walks away, heading for the exit.

EXT. DURANT SIDEWALK, MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Walt walks. Branch follows with a FOAM CONTAINER OF FOOD.

BRANCH

I thought the Barnes' were just
pulling another drunken prank. If I
knew it was a real hunting accident,
I woulda gone out there.

WALT

Well you can't serve the community
if you don't talk to em. Besides. I
said it *looks* like a hunting
accident.

BRANCH

You mean it might not be?

WALT

Look who just got interested in
police work.

BRANCH

Walt. If you got yourself a
cellphone...

(MORE)

BRANCH (CONT'D)
 (pulls out his phone)
 ...you could've called me directly
 and told me what was up.

WALT
 I don't need a cellphone Branch. I
 need you to be part of the team.
 You can't just dip in and out of
 the job when it suits you.

BRANCH
 Okay then, let me help the team.
 Who got shot?

WALT
 A sheep...And some guy named
 Parkford...

They reach the doors of an OLD BRICK BUILDING, THE ABSAROKA
 COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION. Branch holds the door. A beat.

WALT (CONT'D)
 Vic's lead deputy on this now.

BRANCH
 (hiding his anger)
 I got ya. Maybe I should go out
 there and apologize to her.

WALT
 (takes the container)
 Nah. One dead body is enough.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Originally a Carnegie Library, there's still plenty of old character to the space. But it's not the bustling warren of desks and support staff that we're used to seeing. This is a limited operation indeed: one holding cell off to the side, currently occupied by a HUNGOVER INMATE, a book-lined office in the back, some file cabinets along the hall, a copier, fax machine and a couple of communal desks in the main room, and a ball of energy up front.

This is RUBY, 50, office manager/dispatch, and the oil of the machine. She stands when Walt enters.

WALT
 Ruby, how we doing today?

Ruby flips through a stack of POST-IT NOTES as she talks.

RUBY

Someone trashed Craig Martin's pick up. Wrote all over it with spray paint. Mostly derogatory remarks, and one specific warning to women not to breed with Craig. That part I paraphrased. Doc Bloomfield wants to schedule a physical for you this week. Also Vic's wondering when you're going to send The Ferg out. And Cady wanted to confirm lunch.

During all this, Walt has walked around the desks, right over to the Hungover Inmate in the holding cell.

WALT

Call Craig Martin. Tell him to apologize to his girlfriend. "No" on the physical...

Walt slides the styrofoam container through the slot.

WALT (CONT'D)

And tell Cady we can try for lunch tomorrow. Again.

RUBY

Why don't you call her, Sheriff. She's your daughter.

WALT

She likes you better.

Walt turns to a male deputy at a desk. This is THE FERG, 28. Built like a brick shithouse, but his face is all puppy-dog: loyal, eager to please, and, while able to learn complex tricks, probably not getting into Mensa.

WALT (CONT'D)

Is The Ferg dressed for the elements today?

THE FERG

I got some capilene in my car. Where am I going?

WALT

Pronghorn Ridge trailhead. Vic's there. She'll fill you in.

BRANCH

Ferg, I'll go with you.

WALT

No Branch, you're staying here. Our victim had a 12 gauge Mossberg. See if he had it registered. Then I need you to check and see if he had any hunting licenses.

(hands Branch some notes)

Those are the plates on all the vehicles out at Pronghorn Ridge. Tell me who owns em. Find the drivers, ask them if they had any contact with the Barnes boys, the victim, or if they heard any gunshots.

BRANCH

It's hunting season. Everybody hears gunshots.

WALT

Also call out to the Lazy J Ranch, see if they've had any problems with their sheep, neighbors or ranch hands.

Walt finds a large stainless steel coffee travel mug, fills it, then heads out toward the front doors.

RUBY

Where you going?

WALT

Going to drop the victim off at the hospital so Doc Bloomfield can get an autopsy going. Then I'm going to Wheatland.

RUBY

That's a five hour drive.

WALT

That's where the victim's from. This kind of news is best not delivered over the phone.

THE FERG

You're going to notify next of kin?

WALT

Ferg. Why are you still here?

Ferg scrambles to his feet.

BRANCH

Hey Walt, that's a long ass
drive...I could do that for you--

WALT

You could. But then you wouldn't be
doing what I asked you to do.

Walt exits. Ruby, Branch and The Ferg share a concerned look.

THE FERG

He hasn't done a notification in a
while.

BRANCH

He hasn't done much in a while.

INT. WALT'S BRONCO - DAY

Walt drives through The Big Empty -- the long, straight, flat
highway, heading for Wheatland, Wyoming.

RUBY (V.O.)

Maybe we should all spend a little
less time wondering about the
Sheriff and more time doing what he
asked us to do.

On the seat next to Walt: the wallet photo of the victim and
a smiling woman. Walt looks at it, then speeds off, the sun
falling in the sky.

EXT. PARKFORD RESIDENCE, WHEATLAND, WYOMING - LATER

Walt gets out of his vehicle. He stares at the small, modest
1980's house. Steeling himself. Then...

WALT

I am a clamorous harbinger of blood
and death.

On Walt, we pre-lap SFX: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

INT. PARKFORD RESIDENCE, WHEATLAND, WYOMING - MOMENTS LATER

Angle on the door. It opens. Revealing Walt, hat on.

WALT

Are you Susan Parkford?
(She nods)

I'm Sheriff Longmire. Absaroka County.

SUSAN PARKFORD (40) pretty, but it's been a few years since
she cared much about that, is surprised to see Walt.

SUSAN
That's practically Montana.

WALT
Yeah. Could I come in?

SUSAN
Of course.

Walt enters, takes off his hat. Rubs at his nose awkwardly.

WALT
I just have a couple of questions,
if you don't mind.

SUSAN
Um...Okay.

WALT
Do you know where your husband is?

SUSAN
Laramie. At the University. There's
a conference. He's a high school
teacher. I think he's staying at
the Days Inn near campus. Is he in
some kind of trouble?

WALT
How long's he been in Laramie?

SUSAN
He left yesterday morning. Early.
Before I got up.

Walt looks around the small, neat home. It's a well-lived in,
homey place. Photos of Susan and Grant. A FLY-TYING RIG on a
small desk by the window.

WALT
He a fisherman?

SUSAN
No. Well, a little bit. But that's
mine. I tie flies and sell em to an
outfitter in Jackson Hole. A little
extra spending money.

WALT
You or your husband hunters?

SUSAN
What exactly is going on here?

WALT

Ma'am, do you have any idea what sort of business your husband might have up in Durant?

SUSAN

Durant? No. Now please. Tell me what is going on.

Walt puts his head down. His head stays down.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Longmire, sir, you're making me real nervous...

Walt finally lifts his head. He tries to pull it together, and does long enough to croak...

WALT

I have some very bad news.

Walt's mouth opens to say more, but he says nothing. He takes a breath. Tries again.

WALT (CONT'D)

Your husband...

The rest of the words choke in his throat. He can't finish.

SUSAN

What is it? What is it? Please God, tell me. What's happened? Tell me, tell me.

His eyes starting to tear, Walt tries one more time.

WALT

I'm sorry Mrs. Parkford but...

Again, he stops, eyes welling. He looks at the floor.

WALT (CONT'D)

He's gone. Your husband is gone. He's dead, ma'am.

The woman bursts into tears.

SUSAN

No! No!

Walt is just frozen, breathing unevenly. He's unable to offer Susan any comfort as he's too busy trying to hold back his own tears. The sound of her shouting blends into...

The ROAR of a Ford Bronco engine...

INT. WALT'S BRONCO - SUNSET

On Walt, pushing 95 mph on the speedometer. Still agitated, he tries to find a smooth breath inside somewhere.

Ruby's voice comes over the radio, but garbled:

RUBY

Walt, pick up, -- there? Vic needs
to ---- you. Found ---.

WALT

Ruby, say that again, over.
(no luck)
Ruby? Ruby?

Frustrated by the radio, Walt hangs it up, hard. He looks back at the road. And sees something --

A SIGN. Just off the highway. We see what Walt sees:

"BRANCH CONNALLY FOR SHERIFF."

It features a large photo of the Deputy Branch Connally.
Looking serious, yet friendly.

WALT (CONT'D)

Son of a...

But before he can finish the thought, he's snapped out of it by the LOW BLAST OF AN 18-WHEELER SEMI'S AIRHORN.

Walt looks up to see said semi heading straight for him. Instinctively he throws the wheel, sending the Bronco off the highway, over the bumpy shoulder and finally down a berm.

Walt's Bronco KEELS OVER AT 80MPH, hard and loud, and slides on its passenger side.

WE GO INSIDE: Walt gets BUCKED around. His seatbelt strains to hold him in place. Anything not nailed down RICOCHETS around inside the Bronco. Walt's bright eyes narrow. We see what he sees, and it is approaching fast--

A JAGGED ROCKY WALL of a ditch. SLAM. The screen goes black. And we're left wondering if maybe it's time to start worrying about Walt after all...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. OFF THE HIGHWAY - DUSK**

The Bronco tipped on its right side (the passenger side).

INT. BRONCO - DUSK, CONTINUOUS

Walt hangs in the driver's seat, breathing heavy, strapped in his seatbelt suspended the 6 ft above the passenger window, looking down at the ground below...Walt's seatbelt will not release. It's jammed...Walt digs in his coat pocket and pulls out a BONE-HANDLED CASE FOLDING KNIFE with his right hand that is bleeding from a GASH. BLOOD on the metal side of Walt's radio tells us that may have been the cause.

Walt unclicks the knife with his teeth, then cuts through the seatbelt strap on his shoulder. Ffft...the tough fabric breaks and gravity takes over. BANG, BOOM, BASH. He lands on the passenger door below. Walt sucks up the pain.

Walt rubs his injured bloody hand and wrist (his shooting hand). Over his head, the radio mic dangles from the curly cord, irritating the hell out of Walt. He sees the photo of Parkford and his wife. Grabs it. Tucks it in his pocket.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

WIDE ON the Bronco. The driver's door opens up into the air, like a submarine hatch. Then, wincing in pain, Walt hoists himself up and out of the truck. He sits on the edge of the truck, catches his breath and surveys the scene.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

STRESSED MOAN of a wench as a TOW TRUCK'S hook & cable pulls Walt's Bronco back on its four wheels with a loud CA-CLUNK...

The Bronco has large scrapes and dents along one side. We pan over and find the tow truck driver, DENVER (30), with Walt.

DENVER

Glad you're okay, Sheriff...we'd sure hate to lose you.

Denver looks inside the Bronco: A BIT OF ASSORTED TRASH and BEER CANS. Denver pretends not to notice the beer cans.

DENVER (CONT'D)

Your wrist okay? Um, I could drive you back to get some X-rays?

WALT

I'm fine, Denver. I'll drive myself home.

(then, pats his truck)

Bullet's tough. But before you take off, can I borrow your cellphone.

Walt extends his injured right hand: gimme, please. Denver does...Walt dials slow, and puts the phone to his ear...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

A CELL PHONE RINGS...We move fast from a chugging portable generator -- long extension cords shoot out of it over the snowy ground, we follow one orange cord to...Vic -- WHO IS MELTING SNOW WITH A HAIRDRYER. She turns it off and...

VIC

(answers her phone)

This is Vic.

WALT

How's it going?

VIC

Walt. What, you finally broke down and bought a cellphone?

WALT

Borrowed one. My radio's on the fritz. Ruby said you called...

VIC

I found a slug. Never seen one like it. It was about twenty yards from the body. Thirty from the sheep. Got The Ferg looking for the casing.

We see The Ferg, way off in the distance, searching a snow bank.

VIC (CONT'D)

I heard you did the notification.

WALT

Yeah. Parkford's wife had no idea Grant was even in Durant. Thought he was in Laramie for the weekend.

VIC

Oooh. So then it's all about sex.

WALT
Settle down, Vic.

VIC
When the husband lies about where he's going for the weekend, it's always about sex.

WALT
Maybe. So...uh...Vic, did you know Branch was running for Sheriff?

VIC
What? Branch. Branch Connally. You're shitting me. I had no idea.

WALT
Saw a sign out by the county line.

VIC
That sneaky son of a bitch. What are you going to do?

WALT
It's a free country...Anyway, I'll stop by and pick up that slug in the morning. See if Omar can help us identify the murder weapon...Now don't work too late.

Walt hangs up. Thinks. Then, as dusk fades into night...

SFX OF GUNFIRE: BANG!POP!POP!BANG!POP!BANG!POP!BANG!BOOM!

EXT. OMAR'S FIRING RANGE - NEXT DAY

Angle on: an OSAMA BIN LADEN TARGET as a bullet rips a hole through his face. BANG!

ANGLE ON: A STALL ON THE RANGE: A MAN stands reloading his rifle, complete with scope. Fully decked out in expensive OUTDOOR GEAR, this is OMAR (40s). He loves himself, his guns and his country. In that order.

Omar looks through his YELLOW TINTED SHOOTING SHADES as Walt approaches, walking stiffly, still hurting from his accident. Walt returns waves from a few of the other members who fire rifles and handguns at all kinds of targets.

WALT
(re: Osama target)
You get the bastard, Omar?

OMAR
Every single day.

Walt notes all the various rifle cases, scopes, ammo clips, all open on a flat bed trailer that's hooked up to the back of an ATV.

OMAR (CONT'D)
(ribbing him)
Thought I'd get started since I was on Walt time. What happened to your hand?

WALT
Hurt it like an idiot. So?

OMAR
Your message said you found a big slug. I pulled out all the most popular large-caliber rifles...This about that thing in the paper? Hunting accident out at Pronghorn Ridge?

WALT
No comment.

OMAR
Ah. The Longmire yes. And if you're here instead of a deputy, you think it's a murder.

Then Walt hands Omar A VERY OLD SLUG. Omar's eyes light up, like he's been handed a precious gemstone.

OMAR (CONT'D)
When you said slug, you meant SLUG. That's a lot of lead. 45 to 70 caliber at least. None of these rifles I've been testing are made for that.

WALT
Any modern rifles you know of that would shoot this caliber?

OMAR
No. Gotta be something old. In this part of the country, odds are that it's a Sharps. They called em horse killers. Take down a horse at 500 yards. Swear to God. Make a cavalry man infantry with one pull of the trigger.

(MORE)

OMAR (CONT'D)
Standard military issue in the
1870s and 80s. Pretty valuable
antiques now.

Walt hands Omar a photo of the sheep's wound.

WALT
Sharps could have done this?

OMAR
You bet. Specially since it looks
like you could drive a stagecoach
through that hole. That gun has its
drawbacks...heavy, makes a hell of
a lot of smoke, and with a drop
block, it takes about five seconds
to reload, but it's so accurate and
powerful you shouldn't need to
reload.

WALT
Appreciate the help, Omar.

Walt starts to leave.

OMAR
Hey Walt. The Sharps is a sniper's
weapon. There's two types of people
who like to kill from a distance:
cowards and pros. In my experience,
they're both dangerous.

WALT
I'll be alright.

Walt starts walking away.

OMAR
And if you have any more questions,
next time send that feisty little
Italian deputy of yours.

Walt turns back. Looks at Omar, who's smiling suggestively.

WALT
Be careful what you wish for.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY 2

Vic. Still melting snow with a hair dryer. We see that she
has melted a swath about five yards wide and a hundred yards
long. We look down the melted strip and see The Ferg, out in
the snow, yelling. Vic doesn't hear at first, so he yells
louder. She turns off her hair dryer.

VIC
You find a casing Ferg?

THE FERG
No. Pants!

Vic approaches. The Ferg picks up a PAIR OF PANTS like a dead animal; the BELT BUCKLE hangs down heavy, like the head of a snake. Off Vic, perplexed.

INT. POWDER RIVER ANTIQUES - DAY

Walt enters, sees the owner, DAVE ESTES (40s) talking with a CUSTOMER COUPLE. Dave is a solid, no-nonsense salesman. Tourists think he's Indian. He's not. He's Hispanic. Dave nods hello to Walt and then turns back to the couple he was chatting with and hands them a card.

ESTES
If you're interested in that rug,
give me a call. You won't find one
like that anywhere else.

The couple exits, and Estes gives the BIG GUY HELPER (who's been waiting off to the side) a nod. Estes and the helper fold the rug, Estes turns to Walt.

ESTES (CONT'D)
When the economy tanks, first thing
people give up is art and antiques.

The helper lifts the big rug over his shoulder and takes it to the backroom.

ESTES (CONT'D)
So how can I help you today,
Sheriff?

WALT
I'm looking for a Sharps rifle.

ESTES
Hmmm, an original? I don't have
any. Not right now. I come across
them from time to time. This for
hunting? Collecting? Or just to
hang over your fireplace?

WALT
Depends.

ESTES

Because I do have a Henry "Yeller-Boy" rifle and a Colt 396, needs some TLC though. Both used at Little Bighorn. If that interests you?

WALT

Bet you got Custer's mustache back there, too. Nah. Mainly interested in the Sharps. And the names of the buyers and sellers. Sheriff business.

ESTES

Ah. Got it, well, I've only seen a few in the last couple months. Charles Burnett sold me a Sharps back in the summer, but he bought it back a few weeks ago. His grandfather apparently was not too happy with Charles selling it without asking. It's sad. I have people come in here, whites, Cheyenne, Crow, all kinds, selling off family heirlooms to make ends meet. I'm afraid some of the money doesn't go to paying bills if you know what I mean.

WALT

I do. Any other names come to mind?

ESTES

I file all the guns I buy or sell with ATF. You know what pain in the asses they are about registering firearms. You can call them. Or I can check my files?

WALT

I was hoping you could save me a phone call. By the time I hang up, I'll have a Federal agent sitting in my office. And they don't tend to want to leave right away.

ESTES

I understand. I'll check my office if you don't mind waiting.

WALT

(smiles)

I'm very good at waiting.

Estes exits. Off Walt -- looking at an INDIAN LEDGER DRAWING OF A BUFFALO HUNT hanging on the wall.

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION, STREET - LATER

Walt is climbing into his beat-up Bullet when he sees something. Leaving the door open, he gets out and walks toward a fast food wrapper blowing in the wind. Walt reaches for it, misses, then catches it with a stomp of his foot. He puts it in the trash as Vic pulls up in her SUV. She climbs out in a hurry, eager to tell Walt...

VIC

When we expanded the grid to look for the casing, I found something else. Pants.

WALT

You can tell me all about it on the way to the Rez.

VIC

Okay...You talked to Branch yet about that knife in your back?

WALT

Just hop in.

VIC

I want to be there when you do.
(Then, notices the damage)
What the hell happened to your truck? And your hand...You hurt your hand.

WALT

You're right. You should consider a career in law enforcement.

INT. WALT'S BRONCO - LATER

Walt drives. Vic rides shotgun, holding up a bag containing the pants.

VIC

They were a good 75 yards from the victim. Even further from where the slug was found. And they were nowhere near the trailhead or any campsites.

WALT

Sounds like they might not be related to our murder.

VIC

Except look at them. They're in good enough shape that they clearly haven't been sitting out there for months -- they even smell like cigarette smoke. Problem is, they're Wranglers...pretty common pants and a pretty common size. 34-32. They wouldn't fit you, Walt.

Walt is taken by something though: the belt buckle. And almost swerves off the road when he looks at it...

VIC (CONT'D)

Whoa...you alright?

WALT

Sorry. It's just...that buckle. Let me see it.

Vic holds the wheel as Walt inspects the buckle for a beat...

VIC

You recognize it?

WALT

Maybe. But I can't think of why.

Walt takes back the wheel, drives onward.

WALT (CONT'D)

My memory's slipping. Guess I gotta start writing more stuff down.

Walt hands Vic the list that Dave Estes gave him earlier.

VIC

(reads)

Lonnie Little Bird. Charles Burnett. Jefferson Sand.

WALT

They're all Cheyenne and they've all bought Sharps rifles from Dave Estes in the last year. That's the gun that killed Parkford. Estes printed out a picture for us too.

VIC

(re: Sharps rifle photo)

In a world where you can buy an AK47 off the internet, why use an antique like this?

WALT

Might be old, but it still does the job.

VIC

Any of these guys connected to Grant Parkford?

WALT

Don't know. That's why I want to talk to them.

VIC

And you think the tribal police are gonna help us do that?

WALT

I like to think that when there's a murder involved, they'll put aside petty personal issues and help us find a killer.

VIC

They might not think that you putting their Police Chief in prison is exactly petty.

WALT

He's the one who decided to run an extortion racket. Not me.

EXT. TRIBAL POLICE STATION - DAY

As Walt and Vic walk quietly toward the front door, it BURSTS OPEN. Out comes a CHEYENNE OFFICER, MATHIAS, in uniform. Another Cheyenne officer right behind. Neither are happy.

MATHIAS

(pointing at Walt)

What did I tell you?!

Walt tries to answer. But before he can, Mathias hauls off and throws a PUNCH at Walt who chooses not to block it. BAM. THE PUNCH LANDS. Walt takes the impact. Unfazed. Vic, not so much. She shoves Mathias away.

VIC

What the hell?!!

A mini-scuffle between Vic and both Tribal Police Officers ensues. Walt breaks it up. Pushes the Officers away with his hurt hand. Pulls Vic back with the other.

WALT

Okay, Vic, that's enough...he did say he'd knock me out the next time he saw me. Though you didn't really keep your word did you, Mathias?

MATHIAS

What do you want?

Walt pulls out his list of names from Dave Estes.

WALT

I'd like to talk to some people of interest who live on the Rez.

MATHIAS

You don't get it. You have no authority here. Those are the treaty rules. And I know how important treaties are to you whites, Sheriff *Walter Longmire*.

WALT

I know that. But there's been a shooting...

MATHIAS

The victim Cheyenne?

(Walt shakes his head no)

Well, hunting accidents happen all the time on the high plains.

WALT

I know you're pissed at me, but this is serious. There's been a murder. I know the kind of rifle used. It's rare, but at least three folks on the Rez have one. So just this once if we could smoke the peace pipe, and you let me and Vic on the Rez...

MATHIAS

Give me the list and we will look into it for you. Kinda like a joint task force. But I gotta tell you, we are short-handed around here. See...we lost our Police Chief.

Walt stares at him. No one's gonna budge. Dead end.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Walt and Vic enter. Walt's pensive. Vic is pissed off.

VIC

How could you just stand there and take that? That son of a bitch better not step off the Rez.

WALT

For the last time, leave it alone. No point making things worse. He had to get his anger out of his system. Sooner he does that, sooner we can get back to a little cooperation...

And then Branch approaches from his desk, all pep and enthusiasm. Vic watches the following intently.

BRANCH

Okay...now it wasn't easy, but I've tracked down all the vehicles parked at Pronghorn Ridge. Aside from the victim's SUV, and the Barnes' truck, there were two other vehicles: one belonged to a pair of hikers. The other belongs to Scott Miller. His wife says he's hunting elk up the mountain. Been gone two days and she expects him back tomorrow. Around dinner time.

VIC

Well aren't you the eager little beaver.

WALT

Scott Miller got a license?

BRANCH

(hands Walt a photocopy)
I thought you might ask that. Also, the weather service called back, told me the snow came on pretty sudden around 3:30-4 am yesterday, so Parkford was probably shot before then. When it was still clear skies and a full moon.

VIC

Given where we found the slug, whoever shot Parkford would have had a nice silhouette and a clear line of sight.

BRANCH

I talked to Jake Hicks from the Lazy J Ranch. He's pissed about the dead sheep, and he says he's never heard of the victim. And... Um... speaking of the victim... After you left, I remembered something. I was looking up gun registrations and it hit me. Parkford came into the station a couple months ago.

WALT

What? Our victim came in here and you didn't tell me?

VIC

(goody)
Uh oh.

BRANCH

(A nasty look at Vic,
then, back to Walt)
Look, I'm sorry I didn't remember the name immediately. It's not like you showed me a picture of the guy. But I did remember it and I'm telling you now. Maybe if we had a more up-to-date computer system around here...

WALT

Why? Why, Branch? Why did the victim come into the station.

BRANCH

Some friend of his, a woman named Lynn Stillwater, was looking for her missing daughter. Parkford was helping out. He brought a photo of the missing girl. Her name's Lilly.

Branch hands him the photo of a 10 year-old girl: Lilly.

WALT

And what did you do?

BRANCH

Everything I could, but Parkford wasn't a relative. Couldn't file a missing persons claim, and he said the missing girl was from the Rez, so it was a tribal police problem. I forwarded the info on to them.

(MORE)

BRANCH (CONT'D)

I could've called the Feds but I know you don't like when they get involved.

WALT

Why didn't you tell me any of this at the time?

BRANCH

Well, you haven't exactly been on top of your game for the last year. Vic, The Ferg and I have been trying to handle everything, but it's not easy.

Vic watches from a safe distance. Sees Walt go red.

WALT

Sorry I haven't been here to hold your hand. It's called delegating. That's part of the Sheriff's job, Branch. Speaking of which, is there anything else you haven't told me? Anything else I should know about? Anything?

BRANCH

...uhhh no...

(Walt turns to leave)

So where you going now?

WALT

To do what you should have done. Talk to this girl's mom and find out what the hell Grant Parkford was doing in this county.

Vic stops Walt on his way out the door.

VIC

I know your memory's slipping, but didn't the tribal police basically just tell you to stay the F off the reservation?

WALT

Well. I didn't say it was gonna be easy.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. RED PONY BAR - EVENING**

A bustling dive bar filled with a mix of MINERS blowing off steam and CASINO PLAYERS drowning their sorrows.

A BUSBOY grabs empty plates and beer glasses from a table and carries them toward the kitchen as Walt enters. Walt sees Henry behind the bar (Henry's the Handsome Cheyenne from earlier) talking to a PAIR OF ATTRACTIVE WOMEN. Walt makes a bee-line for him.

WALT

Hey Henry. I need a favor.

HENRY

So do I. Double date. Dinner.

(off Walt's frown)

Doesn't have to be here at the Red Pony. We'll go somewhere nice. Gina doesn't want to leave her sister, and I was just saying how my best friend is single, employed and almost as charming as me.

WALT

Will you ladies excuse us?

The women leave. Henry sighs as he turns to Walt.

HENRY

Gotta get back on the horse, Walt.

WALT

Appreciate the advice, but that's not what I'm here for.

Off Henry, intrigued...

EXT. CHEYENNE RESERVATION - NIGHT

Henry Standing Bear's shitty pickup truck rumbles past the tribal police station. Henry is alone in the cab. Officer Mathias is out in front. He watches the truck pass.

EXT. LYNN STILLWATER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small, run down house, blankets hung in the window as curtains.

Henry's truck pulls in, and it is immediately ATTACKED by TWO SCRAWNY DOGS. One of them leaps into the truck bed and clamps its teeth on a blanket.

At which point we hear a very human HOWL. Walt's hiding place has been discovered. He leaps to his feet, holding onto his already injured right hand in pain.

Henry joins him and the two of them try frantically to keep the mean, snarling dogs at bay...

LYNN STILLWATER, a tired 40ish Cheyenne, emerges from the house. She gives a sharp WHISTLE, and the dogs abandon Walt.

LYNN

Henry, I thought you were coming alone.

HENRY

He wants to help.

LYNN

Does he?

INT. LYNN STILLWATER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Not much to her name, and what she has is a bit frayed, but it's arranged nicely. Like Lynn herself.

Walt bandages his wound, looks at the sleeping dogs lying on the cold floor.

LYNN

Did you *find* her? Did you?

WALT

Not yet.

Walt opens up Parkford's file to refer to his notes. Lynn sees the photo of Lilly inside. Shakes her head.

LYNN

Well how can you with that photo?
That's old. Lilly's 16 years old now.

Walt takes this in as Lynn goes to a drawer, brings over a framed photo of Lilly, clearly older in this one. A sweet looking 16.

LYNN (CONT'D)

This is her now. I put it away after--

(trails off, then)

What happened to my Lilly?

WALT

I don't know.

LYNN
(frustration bubbling)
3 months and still no one will help
me.

WALT
I want to, Ms. Stillwater. Really.

She glares at Walt. Henry tries to play the diplomat.

HENRY
You said 3 months. Is that how long
Lilly has been gone?

LYNN
Yes. 3 months ago we had a stupid
fight and she stormed out.

WALT
Do you have any idea where she
might have gone?

LYNN
If I knew that don't you think I'd
have gone after her?

WALT
Of course... I just...

HENRY
Lynn. Have you heard from Lilly?

LYNN
Once. Right after she left. She
called and said she was staying with
a friend. An older girl who left the
reservation two years ago. Lilly
said everything was okay so I
decided to give her a few days to
calm down. But then she called me
again. She sounded different.
Scared. Said she wasn't coming back.

WALT
What do you know about the girl she
was staying with?

LYNN
I can't find her anywhere. But I
talked to others about her. They
say she's into drugs. And they say
she's a...prostitute. My boyfriend
says he's heard Lilly is doing that
too. But I don't believe it.

WALT

Did you talk to the tribal police?

LYNN

(bitter)

They said since Lilly was off the rez it was out of their hands. A "jurisdiction" issue. That I should talk to your office.

WALT

You should have.

LYNN

Well. In my experience, you people tend to listen to other white people more than a woman like me. So I asked a friend to help.

WALT

Grant Parkford?

(she nods)

Why would you ask someone from so far away?

LYNN

Because Grant is Lilly's father.
(off Walt's expression)
He didn't tell you that?

WALT

He spoke with one of my deputies.

LYNN

You know things are bad when the only person you can count on is someone you haven't seen in 17 years. But I knew I could count on Grant. He's a good man. Maybe the only one I've ever known.

WALT

Why would Grant give us such an outdated photo of Lilly?

LYNN

It's the most recent one he has. Every year I sent him a photo on Lilly's birthday. And he'd send a check. Then one year, the photo was returned with no forwarding address. And there were no more checks. I could have used that money. I could have made things better for Lilly.

(MORE)

LYNN (CONT'D)

It's not easy raising a girl all alone.

WALT

Well I'm sure your boyfriend helps out a little.

LYNN

Charles? He was no help. More like having another kid in the house. And I should have said "ex-boyfriend."

WALT

Charles. That wouldn't happen to be Charles Burnett, would it?

Lynn nods. On Walt, thinking: *Charles Burnett*. Walt stands.

WALT (CONT'D)

Ms. Stillwater, I'm very sorry we've been so slow to get involved. But now we are, and we'll do what we can to find your girl.

LYNN

Thank you. And when you see Grant, tell him thank you. I know it's too hard for him to come here.

Henry looks at Walt...is he going to break the news to her?

WALT

I'll tell him.

Walt exits. Off Henry, watching his friend go...

INT./EXT. - HENRY'S TRUCK - LATER NIGHT

Walt rides shotgun. Henry drives.

HENRY

You should have told her Grant Parkford was dead.

WALT

Lynn's not legally related to him, so I'm not obligated to tell her. Besides, she might be involved. Or her boyfriend. Charles Burnett.

HENRY

What you did is dishonest.

WALT

Sometimes to do my job you can't be as forthcoming as you'd like to be. You have to see how people react. Be patient. And if that helps me figure out who killed Parkford and where Lilly is, so much the better.

(beat)

We pretty much swept the hookers out of Absaroka last year. You heard anything new about prostitution in the county or on the Rez?

HENRY

Not my thing. Never had to pay for it.

WALT

(nods, then a long beat)

Have I lost a step?

HENRY

What?

WALT

I just had to ask you about the state of the sex trade in my own county.

HENRY

You are an optimist. You do not like to think about the depravity of human kind. And also, yes. You have lost a step.

WALT

I wouldn't say I'm an optimist. Up until an hour ago, I thought Grant Parkford was some guy having an affair. Never occurred to me he was doing something...heroic.

HENRY

Heroic?

WALT

Trying to save his daughter from prostitution? Seems honorable.

HENRY

You think 16 years of abandonment by her father might have something to do with her getting into prostitution in the first place?

Henry's truck pulls into The Red Pony parking lot.

WALT

Yeah, the guy screwed up, but isn't it better that he tried to make up for it?

HENRY

Maybe. But just because a man decides to make up for all his mistakes in one day doesn't mean the rest of the world is going to be so quick to forgive him.

Walt nods. Gets out of the truck. A waning moon shines down as Walt walks across the parking lot towards his Bronco.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION, HOLDING CELL - NEXT MORNING

Walt sleeps on a cot. Ruby approaches, then clangs a metal water bottle along the bars.

RUBY

Wake up. You have a visitor.

INT. WALT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CADY LONGMIRE (27). Dressed a bit more professionally than most of the folks in Durant, Cady sits in her dad's chair.

WALT

Hey, punk. What're you doing here so early?

CADY

Everything okay, Dad? You cancelled lunch and dinner.

WALT

I didn't cancel dinner. We never had that planned. How about some breakfast at the Busy Bee right now?

He turns to exit, indicating she should follow...

CADY

I have to be in court.

WALT

So no breakfast.

Walt turns back. As he does, Cady notices his injuries.

CADY
What happened to you?

WALT
(holds up his hand)
Dog bite.

CADY
This job. You've got to be more careful.

WALT
You might not have to worry about that much longer. Branch Connally's decided to run against me, so I might be out of a job soon enough.

Walt stops. Notices that Cady is holding the wooden box of tea we saw earlier in Walt's kitchen.

WALT (CONT'D)
Where did you get that?

CADY
From your house. I stopped by last night to check on you. The place is even more of a mess. I started to clean up...but then I saw this.
(re: the wooden box)
You've got mom's ashes in the kitchen. I'm worried about you, dad. I think you might need some help.

WALT
I don't need any help.

CADY
...The house is a disaster area.

WALT
I'm fixing it up. I'm remodeling.

CADY
With beer cans?

WALT
(a beat)
If we're not gonna have breakfast, I have some work to do...

CADY
...I heard about your accident. Denver said he saw some empty beer cans in your truck...

WALT
I wasn't drinking.

CADY
And then you don't even tell
anybody about getting in a wreck?
It could've been a lot worse, dad.
I really think you need to talk to
someone.

WALT
I talk to people all day long,
Cady. What I could really use is a
break from all the talking.

CADY
(re: wooden tea box)
You need to deal with this, Dad.
People are asking me where they can
visit Mom. Scatter her ashes. Put
them in an urn at a mausoleum. Put
her name on a freaking bench, but
deal with it. Because I'm not going
to watch you just wallow in this
for another year.

Through the office window, Walt sees Dave Estes enter and
move to Ruby. Phew. A way out of the conversation. Walt picks
up the tea box and clears a path for Cady to get to the door.

WALT
You're gonna be late for court.

Cady reluctantly exits, kisses Walt on the cheek, then nods
as she crosses paths with Estes.

ESTES
Hey Cady...
(no response, so...)
Hey Walt. I went back five years
into my records and found more
Sharps rifle buyers and sellers.

He gives Walt the list.

WALT
Thank you, Dave.

Estes lingers. Staring at the wall.

WALT (CONT'D)
Is there something else?

ESTES

Those sconces. Would you consider selling them?

WALT

They're not mine to sell.

ESTES

I'll give you 800 each. A lot more for the ceiling fixtures. I heard you're having budget issues with the county...

Walt is saved from haggling by Ruby.

RUBY

Walt. You better get over to the Qwik Stop. It's Vic.

EXT. QWIK STOP MARKET - DAY

Walt arrives to find that Vic has blocked a beat up truck with her vehicle and won't let it out of its parking space.

The driver is the LARGE, TATTOOED, and currently very angry CHARLES BURNETT (40). Burnett is out of the vehicle face to face, with Vic. Or rather face to chest. Burnett is a good head taller than Vic.

CHARLES

Move your damn car! I gotta get to work!

VIC

For the umpteenth time, I'm not movin' until you tell me where you were two nights ago.

WALT

Deputy Moretti, what's going on?

VIC

This idiot is Charles Burnett. One of the guys on Dave Estes's list of Sharps rifle owners...and he won't answer my questions--

CHARLES

--Move your damn car!

WALT

Okay okay, let's all calm down...

But Charles Burnett is past that. He climbs into his truck.

WALT (CONT'D)

Mr. Burnett sir, we just want to...

VIC

Dude!

Charles throws his truck in reverse and RAMS it backward into Vic's vehicle. Walt closes his eyes. He opens them and sees--

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Charles Burnett, handcuffed, in a chair across from Walt.

WALT

Do you think you've calmed down enough to answer some questions?

CHARLES

Long as you keep that lady out of my sight.

Walt nods to Vic, still pissed off, who obediently melts back into the bullpen area. She sits at her desk. Walt continues.

WALT

So. You were Lynn Stillwater's boyfriend?

CHARLES

For a while. She dumped me. That chick is high-maintenance, and I wouldn't put up with her bullshit.

WALT

What bullshit exactly?

CHARLES

She cried a lot. Always complaining about money. Blaming her problems on other people. Usually me.

WALT

Did you know Lilly?

CHARLES

Not really. She was never around. Stayed out late. Got into trouble. I tried to use a little discipline, but she didn't want to hear it.

WALT

Lynn said you think Lilly is involved in prostitution.

CHARLES

I've heard some rumors.

WALT

From who?

(Charles shrugs)

You familiar with a man named Grant Parkford?

CHARLES

Hell yeah. The great white hope. The asshole abandons her with a baby, and 16 years later, she still talks about him like he's a hero.

WALT

Just so you know, he's dead now.

CHARLES

He the guy who was in that hunting accident the other day?

WALT

Dave Estes tells me you bought a Sharps rifle off him last month. Now I don't like to stereotype, but you don't strike me as the kind of guy who goes antiquing...

Now Charles realizes what he's really suspected of.

CHARLES

I didn't kill Parkford.

WALT

Then you won't mind us taking a look at your Sharps rifle.

CHARLES

No way.

WALT

(calls across the room)

Ferg. Lock this man up.

CHARLES

I didn't do a thing to Parkford! You can't lock me up for that!

WALT

I'm not. I'm locking you up for assaulting Deputy Moretti at the Esso.

VIC
What the hell's the Esso?

WALT
Oh. The Qwik Stop. It used to be an
Esso station.
(Walt stops, thinks, then)
You decide to let us take a look at
that Sharps of yours, we can talk
about negotiating the charges.

Walt heads for Vic's desk.

WALT (CONT'D)
Vic, give me those pants.

VIC
If I had a dime for every time a
man said that to me...

WALT
(ignores the inuendo)
I remember why the belt buckle on
the pants looks so familiar: It's
from the old Open 9 Ranch.

VIC
Never heard of it.

WALT
You wouldn't have. It got sold
about twenty years ago. And they
changed their name.

EXT. DRIGGS RANCH - DAY

GARRETT DRIGGS (50), a well-heeled cattleman with a well-fed
gut stands beside Walt and Vic a few steps in front of ten
men lined up along a fence: A FEW MEXICAN-AMERICAN HANDS,
some MOUSTACHED OLD SCHOOL COWBOYS and Garrett's son, CALEB.

GARRETT
I told the Sheriff you all would
cooperate. So I expect you will.

WALT
We found something out at the
Pronghorn Ridge trailhead.

Vic steps in. She holds up the jeans.

VIC
And we want to return them to their
owner. Anyone recognize these?
(MORE)

VIC (CONT'D)

(silence)

Okay then. Everybody...take off your pants.

The men all grumble and ad lib protests.

WALT

I wouldn't ask you fellas to do this, but it involves a possible murder. So. Drop em.

The guys start to take off their pants, then they try on the Wranglers in a series of quick cuts: Too big. Way too small. Too short. One FAT GUY starts to unbutton. Vic stops him.

VIC

No need. You have an honest face.

Finally she gets to Caleb. Cockily, and all the while smiling at Vic, he puts them on. They fit perfectly.

VIC (CONT'D)

Hello Cinderella.

CALEB

They're Wranglers, could belong to anybody in the state.

WALT

Not wearing this belt.

Walt holds up the belt buckle so the kid's dad can see it.

GARRETT

Caleb, that's the buckle I gave you for your 21st birthday. What the hell is going on?!

Off Caleb. Busted...

INT. DRIGGS RANCH - LATER

Walt, Vic, Caleb and Garrett sit around a table in a large ranch kitchen. Caleb's arrogance has largely vanished.

CALEB

I'm telling you. I don't know how my pants got out there. Maybe one of my friends was pranking me...

WALT

There's a man dead and a girl missing.

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

And for some reason you were in such a hurry to get away from Pronghorn Ridge that you left without your pants. I'm not leaving here without an explanation.

GARRETT

Caleb. You answer the sheriff's questions or I'll take you to jail my own self.

Caleb looks at his hands. Takes a breath, then...

CALEB

I was out there trying to get laid.

WALT

Who were you there with?

CALEB

Nobody. I mean, I went there alone.

VIC

Just you and a herd of soft, compliant sheep...

CALEB

Huh? No. That's where the, y'know, girls were. You know. The girls... you pay to...you know...

WALT

You mean prostitutes? Caleb, there aren't any prostitutes anywhere near Pronghorn Ridge.

CALEB

Well not now. They moved the RV.

WALT

The RV...?

CALEB

Yeah. They move around so folks like you can't bust em.

WALT

So you were with a prostitute in an RV.

CALEB

Yeah. But we didn't do anything. I mean, we were starting to kinda get into it when this big guy busted in.

(MORE)

CALEB (CONT'D)

I was like, 'hang on, dude.' But he threw me out the door without my damn pants on.

WALT

Can you describe the big guy?

CALEB

Big. Darkish hair I think. I was drunk. I didn't get a look at him.

WALT

How about the girl? You spent a little more quality time with her.

Caleb hesitates. But a look at his dad tells him to cooperate. Caleb pulls out a cellphone. He scrolls, finds what he's looking for and holds it up for Walt to see.

CALEB

My friends wanted proof that I did the deed.

They compare the cellphone photo to mom's photo. It's Lilly.

WALT

You say this RV moved around so folks like me can't find it. How do folks like you go about finding it?

CALEB

Uh...I don't know...

WALT

The girl in this photo. The one you paid to have sex with. She's 16 years old. That's statutory rape in the state of Wyoming.

CALEB

But I never even had sex with her!

GARRETT

Answer the damn question!

CALEB

If you want to find out where the RV is, you just talk to the Indian at the Red Pony.

Vic and Walt look at each other. Henry?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. RED PONY BAR - DAY**

Henry uses the CLAW END OF A HAMMER to bust A HOLE in the drywall behind the bar. He pauses and looks at the hole, disappointed. This hole joins six other holes on the wall.

Walt enters with a dark expression. Henry notices, but he's too frustrated and too focused on his task. He hammers again.

WALT

(watches his friend, then)
What the hell have you gotten
yourself into, Henry?

HENRY

(not turning around)
I can't find the junction box.
Guess I drywalled over it.

WALT

That's not what I'm asking about.

HENRY

(turns, takes in Walt's
demeanor)
Well then I guess you better tell
me what you are asking about so I
can give you a better answer.

WALT

Are you running some kind of escort
service out of this bar?
(long beat, no answer)
Well?

HENRY

I'm only gonna wait so long for you
to crack a smile, Walt. Then I'm
gonna have to assume that you're
not kidding.

WALT

I asked you a very simple question.

HENRY

No. You asked me a very confusing
question.

WALT

Really? 'Cause I just talked to a
young man who told me some inside
info.

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

Said if you wanted female company in Absaroka County and you were willing to pay for the pleasure, you should go to the Red Pony and talk to the Indian.

HENRY

So 38 years, then.
(off Walt's confused look)
We've known each other for 37 years. So 38 years must be how long you have to be Walt Longmire's friend before he trusts you.

WALT

I am trying to find the person who murdered Grant Parkford, and I'm pretty sure whoever that is will lead me to that missing girl...

HENRY

Well you better get going then.

Henry turns and swings the claw hammer at the wall. A little harder this time. Walt exits. After he does, Henry stops his work. He turns and looks at the door, thinking...

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Walt enters. Vic and The Ferg sit at a desk cataloging "evidence," mostly WET TRASH from the crime scene.

Walt keeps walking. He stops at the door to his office. It is covered with Post-it notes. He starts to read one when...

CLICK. The sound of a rifle being cocked. Walt turns quickly. It's Branch. Proudly holding an OLD RIFLE just like the one in the photo Estes gave them. A box of shells sits on the desk beside him.

BRANCH

I managed to get my hands on Charles Burnett's gun by talking to the tribal police. They were happy to help. I served a search warrant and got the rifle, plus a box of old black powder shells.

Walt yanks the rifle out of Branch's hands, examines the rifle. Then cocks it. Looks in the breech.

WALT

This is not the murder weapon.

BRANCH

How do you know? We didn't even get
a chance to run ballistics tests...

Walt grabs a box of shells from Branch...And loads the
Sharps. Walt aims across the room and PULLS THE TRIGGER.
CLICK. Nothing. Walt strides towards the holding cell.

WALT

There. We just did a ballistics
test. If you don't clean these
rifles that use black powder
shells, the black powder corrodes
the metal. This weapon's a mess. It
doesn't even have a firing pin.

Walt points out the missing pin, then hands the rifle through
the bars to Charles. Who can't believe what he just saw. Vic
stifles a laugh. Enjoys the look on Branch's face.

WALT (CONT'D)

Unlock him, Ferg, and see him to
the door.

The Ferg gets up, follows orders...Walt exits to his office.
Branch stands there, stunned and pissed.

INT. WALT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Walt at his desk, stares at the old photo of the girl, Lilly.

BRANCH

(enters)

You didn't have to do that.

(Walt just listens)

You didn't have to make a big deal
out of it in front of everybody.

(Walt nods, maybe)

Y'know, Walt, I haven't made a big
deal over you not showing up for
work. Calling in sick. Or just
sitting in here reading a book
while the rest of us cover for you.
Never thought it was necessary to
make a big deal about that.

WALT

Sounds like you're already writing
negative campaign ads.

(Branch looks confused)

I saw the sign, Branch. Nice photo.

BRANCH

(a beat, busted)

They weren't supposed to go up 'til
I talked to you.

WALT

You really think you're the man for
this job, Branch?

BRANCH

I'll leave that up to the people.
But given a choice between some
fresh thinking, and a tired,
absentee sheriff driving around
with Budweiser cans all over the
floor of his truck, I like my odds.
(off Walt's stare)
I heard about your little accident.

Walt stands. Goes to his bookshelf. Looks. As he does...

WALT

I'm sorry I embarrassed you back
there, Branch. But before you go
spreading any accusations, consider
this. Every man that's ever had a
beer with me will tell you the same
thing. I drink Rainier. Always
have. Always will. Those Bud cans?
I picked em up cause I hate looking
at litter. Everyone knows that too.
(finds a paperback)
Hound of the Baskervilles. Sherlock
Holmes. If you're gonna be sheriff,
you gotta brush up on your
detective work.

A PO'd Branch looks at the book. But before he can respond--

SUSAN

Excuse me?

The widow, Susan Parkford, stands in the doorway. Off Walt's
surprised look...

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Am I interrupting? I'm sorry. You
told me to come down and, um --

WALT

Oh yes, I'm sorry, official ID,
yes. Please sit down.

Branch sets the Holmes book down on Walt's desk and leaves, forces a smile to Susan as he goes. Looks genuine.

WALT (CONT'D)

Can I get you something? Coffee?

SUSAN

No, thank you. I just want to see the body.

WALT

Yes, of course. But I also need to apologize.

SUSAN

For what?

WALT

(shuts the door)

For the other day...I know what it's like to lose someone...this is the one year anniversary of my own wife's passing. The day I visited you. I tried to put that out of my mind, but then you opened the door...and I smelled perfume.

(off her confused look)

Jo Malone?

(she nods, that's right)

That's what my wife wore. Anyway, I only hope I didn't make the situation worse.

SUSAN

(getting the apology)

It couldn't be any worse...I have no idea what my husband was doing in the middle of nowhere. I don't know...anything about why he's dead. Is there anybody who saw him before he died? Anything to help me understand what happened?

(summons the courage)

Was he having an affair? I can take it. Knowing is better than not knowing, please...

WALT

He wasn't having an affair. But I discovered something else. Your husband, long before he met you. Or even knew you. He had a daughter. She's gone missing and Grant was trying to help find her.

SUSAN

A daughter? Grant had a daughter?

WALT

Your husband was just a man. And we're all idiots. We make mistakes, and we don't like people knowing about our mistakes. But Grant was one of the good ones. He was trying to make it right. And he was trying to do it without hurting you.

Susan tries to process all this. Her head is spinning.

WALT (CONT'D)

Mrs. Parkford, I swear, I'm gonna find out who did this to your husband.

Susan nods, absently, then turns to Walt.

SUSAN

Does it ever stop hurting?

Without realizing it, Walt's hands have found the wooden tea box that Cady brought in. The one with his wife's ashes.

WALT

Not really. I guess the only way it could stop hurting is if you could forget about 'em. And that's the rub. 'Cause I don't want to forget anything...

EXT. DURANT RV PARK - LATER

Walt carries a LARGE BROWN BAG under his arm as he walks along a row of RVs. He stops at one and knocks on the door. It opens to reveal... Bob Barnes. Bob looks like shit.

WALT

Hey, Bob, a couple questions I forgot to ask you the other day. I don't like to forget anything. Can I come in? Billy around?

BOB

He's at work...Walt, I don't know if this is really a good time--

Walt reveals the SIX PACK OF RAINIER in the bag. Bob smiles.

INT. BOB BARNES' RV - LATER

Bob and Walt are LAUGHING. Bob much more than Walt. The Rainiers have had their effect.

WALT

(as the laughter dies)
So Bob...you and your son. You weren't going hunting the other day, were you?

(Walt dead serious)

I know about the mobile brothel that was parked out there.

BOB

What are you--

WALT

Bob. There's no crime in being an idiot. But lying about it can be a problem.

BOB

Okay, okay, we really intended to go hunting, but when we saw the RV we changed our plans...We came back to town, got some booze and hit the ATM, then went out to spend a little time with the ladies.

WALT

How did you know just from looking at the RV that it was a brothel?

BOB

Cause we know that RV. Got a big ol' green stripe across the side. And when it's not out working, it's parked here.

WALT

Who owns it?

BOB

I don't know.
(Walt's stare, c'mon now)
Cheyenne kid. Name's Avo.

WALT

Can you show me where Avo's parked?

BOB

Nah. He hasn't been here for a couple days.

WALT
Any idea where I might find him?

BOB
He's usually working. He's a busboy
at the Red Pony.

Off Walt...shit. The Indian at the Red Pony.

INT. RED PONY - LATER

Walt enters, in a hurry, right up to the female BARTENDER.

WALT
Henry around?

BARTENDER
Nope. Took off a few hours ago.

WALT
What about Avo? The busboy.

BARTENDER
Called in sick last few days.

WALT
Can I borrow your phone?

Bartender hands him his cell. Walt dials. A beat.

WALT (CONT'D)
Vic. Call the highway patrol, set
up some road blocks. We're looking
for an RV and a 21 year-old
Cheyenne named Avo.

EXT. WYOMING - DUSK

One tiny ribbon of highway. On the shoulder, the flashing
blue light of a Sheriff's vehicle. We go in closer and find..

Walt inside, his eyes on a pair of approaching headlights
heading his way...They get there, and it's--

HENRY
Wow. A road block. This seems like
overkill. You could have just
called to apologize.

WALT
Hello Henry.

HENRY

I have a name for you, plus three other matters.

WALT

Is the name Avo?

HENRY

The other Indian at the Red Pony.

WALT

(nods)

Avo's the owner of the RV that these girls have been working out of. What're the three other things?

HENRY

First, while I could not find Avo myself, we spoke through a cousin. Avo will meet you tomorrow morning. 11 am. There is an old empty cabin about three miles off the highway near the south entrance of the Rez.

(Walt nods)

Second: I do not think you should go. It sounds like a set-up. And there's already one dead white guy--

WALT

--What's number three?

HENRY

Since you will no doubt ignore me and go meet Avo anyway, I would like to propose an O.I.T.

WALT

O.I.T.?

HENRY

Old Indian Trick.

Off Walt getting Henry's plan--

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. OLD BEECHAM TRAIL - MORNING**

Empty. Looks like no one's been here since 1874. A jeep pulls up. The door opens. A boot hits the ground. Round toe, but we WIDEN to reveal it's not Walt, but a young Cheyenne male. **The BUSBOY FROM THE RED PONY: AVO.**

Avo quickly moves toward the shed. Checks over his shoulder--

INT. OLD BEECHAM TRAIL SHED - CONTINUOUS

Avo enters, shuts the door fast, and turns to find: Walt.

Walt sits atop his sleeping bag, calm as can be, pointing a gun straight at Avo. Avo freezes.

AVO

You're early.

WALT

Old Indian Trick, Avo. Surprise is a powerful weapon. Speaking of which, would you mind telling me why you came 3 hours early to your own meeting? And if you can tell me, unarmed, I'd appreciate that.

Avo slowly pulls out the revolver tucked in the small of his back. Sets it down.

AVO

Sheriff...I didn't kill that guy. You gotta help me.

WALT

To protect and serve. Now, sit. Let's talk.

Nervously, Avo sits. Walt continues to point the gun at him.

AVO

The dead guy...I met him. A couple times. He came into the Red Pony. Two weeks ago. Real intense. Said he was looking to get laid.

WALT

And everyone knows if you want to get laid, you talk to the Indian at the Red Pony. What'd you do?

AVO

I sent him to the girls. That was a mistake...I heard later he freaked out when he got to the RV. Yelling...waving a gun around. So when he came back the other night, I was like 'no way, man.'

WALT

He came back after causing a scene like that?

AVO

He apologized and said he was upset the first time cause what he was really looking for was an Indian girl. Guess that's his thing. Wanted to poke a Pocahantas. Anyway, I didn't want this crazy guy having a problem with me, so I told him where to go, but right away I called it in. I said 'look out, crazy man's coming. Better move the RV.' I didn't know he was gonna kill him. I swear.

WALT

Who is 'he'?

(off Avo's silence)

Avo, whoever 'he' is is trying to frame you. Now I know you can't afford an RV. I know you're not running a prostitution ring. And Henry tells me you're no killer. But you're in this deep now, and the only way I can protect you is if you tell me who you're working for.

AVO

I don't know, man. I...

SFX: BANG!

AVO'S BLOOD SPRAYS ON WALT'S FACE -- as the echo of a rifle shot fills the air. Avo crumbles to the floor, a small explosion through his abdomen and jacket.

Walt is stunned for a beat, then adrenaline and instinct take over...Walt scrambles to the window...peeks up at the high ground of the hill...a black puff of rifle smoke 75 yards away. A figure steps through the black smoke. We can't see the face, but the man is holding a rifle with a large scope on it. Reloading. Moving in. *Awwwwwww shit.*

Walt moves over to the bleeding, dying Avo.

AVO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

WALT
Who's out there? Who is it?

AVO
I'm so sorry.

Avo ain't going to make it. And just stares dead at Walt.

Walt scrambles to the door. He reaches for the handle...

POV: THROUGH THE RIFLE SCOPE, looking back at the shed. We see the door open, and a form starts to emerge...

BANG! A splintering of wood on the shed's door jamb...

EXT. SHED/CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

...and Walt dashes from the shed, counting as he runs.

WALT
(to himself)
1 2 3 4 5 --

Walt hits the dirt feeling the sharp pain of all his injuries...BANG! A shot flies overhead. Walt leaps back to his feet and runs.

WALT (CONT'D)
1 2 3 4 5 --

At the last second he hits the dirt and rolls. Disappearing into a thick wooded patch. Several moments of stillness and silence are then interrupted by...AN ENGINE ROAR. Walt's Bronco LAUNCHES out of the woods, and up the hill straight for the shooter.

BANG! The shooter fires -- puts a hole in the windshield.

Walt's POV as he rips up the hill in his beat up Bronco with his beat up hand. In the distance the shooter runs, disappears over the ridge. Walt punches it...

ANGLE ON the shooter's boots. Almost to his own ESCALADE.

BACK ON Walt. The Bronco slams to a stop at the high ground where the shooter once stood...Walt sees the shooter 50 yards down the hill, getting into the truck. He's getting away.

Faster than we've ever seen him move, Walt gets out of his Bronco, leaves the door wide open and the door window down. Hurt hand and all, Walt grabs his rifle off the rack. Sticks the open-sight Winchester .30-.30 through the window and rests the body of the gun on the sill to take the pressure off his injured right wrist. Walt aims at the moving Escalade...And fires. Left handed.

Bang! The bullet finds the target. Blood sprays on the window in the shooter's Escalade. It rolls eerily to a stop.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SECONDS LATER

Walt approaches the shooter's truck on foot. He looks in at a man's body, slumped against the center armrest. The shooter still tries to get his barrel pointed at Walt, but can't. He fires in vain. Bang! Walt doesn't blink, just moves in closer and closer, gun drawn, looks inside and this time he recognizes the face--Dave Estes.

Dave is in pain, the bullet went through his shoulder into his ribs. Short of breath. Panic in his voice.

DAVE

You weren't supposed to be here.

WALT

Doing my job, Dave.

DAVE

(coughs up some blood)

Walt, you gotta help me, Walt?
Please help me? Call an ambulance.

WALT

After you tell me about Grant
Parkford.

DAVE

Who?

WALT

I'm a patient man.

DAVE

...I was just trying to make a
living...And he was bad for
business. I warned him. I did. I
swear. Now call an ambulance!

WALT

And Lilly, Grant's daughter. Tell
me where Lilly is. If not, I bury
you here.

DAVE
 Okay, okay...Montana...Talmer
 Ridge, off Route 43 --

Walt turns, starts to walk away...

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Where are you going?! Walt, you
 have to call an ambulance!

WALT
 (stops, turns to Dave)
 I don't have a cellphone.

And we watch Walt walk back toward Bullet, Dave SCREAMS for help and mercy, we flash forward to...

EXT. TALMER RIDGE - LATER

MONTANA HIGHWAY PATROL VEHICLES pull up to the RV. Vic and a bunch of MONTANA TROOPERS pile out, guns drawn. The Big Guy Helper from Dave Estes' shop is behind the wheel of the RV, hands on his head.

CUT BACK TO WALT, WALKING UP TO HIS BRONCO. THEN FORWARD TO:

INT. THE RV - SECONDS LATER

Vic goes inside and finds Lilly. We don't hear the words, but we can see that Lilly is scared, and Vic says something to comfort her and calm her.

CUT BACK TO WALT, CLIMBING INTO HIS TRUCK...THEN FORWARD TO:

EXT. THE REZ - LATER

A deputy vehicle drives up to the entrance. Henry waits, along with Mathias and Lynn Stillwater. Vic gets out of the passenger side.

CUT BACK TO WALT, PICKING UP HIS RADIO.

WALT
 (looking back to Dave)
 Ruby? This is Unit One. I'm gonna
 need an ambulance.

Off Walt, staring back at Estes' truck...we FLASH FORWARD to:

EXT. THE REZ - LATER

Walt gets out of the driver side, opens the back passenger door, and helps Lilly out. Slowly, he leads her over to the waiting group: Henry, Lynn, Mathias.

Lilly looks at her Mom, in shame, and in shock. Lynn hugs her daughter. It is an awkward reunion. Walt nods to Lynn and then to Mathias. Mathias looks back. After a beat, he nods in return. Not peace, to be sure, but a moment of detente. PRE-LAP SFX: THUMP! THUMP!

EXT. WYOMING - SUNSET

Cut to: A HAMMER HITTING THE TOP OF A WOODEN STAKE. THUMP! THUMP! Walt HAMMERS the wooden stake into the ground just off the shoulder of the road. Walt's Bronco right behind him.

An 18-WHEELER roars by Walt without slowing down. Walt doesn't flinch. Just HAMMERS away. We now see that the stake is connected to a horizontal stake, like a cross...Walt looks at it for a moment. Then bends down, picks something up with one hand, and pulls out a gun: A STAPLE GUN.

CHINK-CHINK-CHINK. Walt staples A SIGN to the cross. It is a dated typeface and a bit faded in color. But you can still read the sign: **HONESTY AND INTEGRITY. LONGMIRE FOR SHERIFF.**

Walt Looks across the road at the wind shaking Branch Connally's sign. Off Walt's satisfied look--

INT. WALT'S BRONCO - MOMENTS LATER

Walt gets in, puts the staple gun down right next to -- The tea box from earlier. Walt looks down at the box. Election signs and wooden stakes on the floor.

WALT

Well, honey. I've let a lot of lot of things slide...and I don't know if it's too late to make up for it. But looks like we're running again.

And as Walt pulls away, the Elk pay no attention to the man speeding down the wide open road, across the Wyoming horizon.

END OF SHOW