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JUSTIFIED

Ep. 507

"Raw Deal"

by

VJ Boyd

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 11/27/13
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JUSTIFIED

Episode 507 – "Raw Deal"

Revision History

<u>Draft/Revision Color</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Pages</u>
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	11/27/13	Full Draft
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JUSTIFIED
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CAST LIST

RAYLAN GIVENS	TIMOTHY OLYPHANT
ART MULLEN	NICK SEARCY
TIM GUTTERSON	JACOB PITTS
RACHEL BROOKS	ERICA TAZEL
BOYD CROWDER	WALTON GOGGINS
AVA CROWDER	JOELLE CARTER
WYNN DUFFY	JERE BURNS
MIKE	JONATHAN KOWALSKY
JIMMY TOLAN	JESSE LUKEN
DEWEY CROWE	DAMON HERRIMAN
AUSA DAVID VASQUEZ	RICK GOMEZ
DARRYL CROWE, JR.	MICHAEL RAPAPORT
DANNY CROWE	ALAN JOHN BUCKLEY
WENDY CROWE	ALICIA WITT
CARL	JUSTIN WELBORN
ALISON BRANDER	AMY SMART
JAY	WOOD HARRIS
ROSCOE	STEVE HARRIS
HOT ROD DUNHAM	MICKEY JONES
NELSON DUNLOP	MEL FAIR
CHRIS	KINSEY MCLEAN
PENNY COLE	DANIELLE PANABAKER
GRETCHEN SWIFT	
YOON	
ALBERTO RUIZ	
ALI	REGGIE WATKINS
TC FLEMING	
JUDITH	
KEMP	
CANDACE	
LARRY SALMERON	
OLD MAN	
PONYTAILED GUY	
WAITRESS	
RHYNER THE PLUMBER	
SCOTT MILAM	

JUSTIFIED
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"RAW DEAL"

CAST LIST (CONT'D)

ARYAN SISTERHOOD (NON-SPEAKING)
15 JUDITH'S CONGREGATION (NON-SPEAKING)
HOT ROD'S THUGS (NON-SPEAKING)
YOON'S ARMED GUARDS (NON-SPEAKING)
ALISON'S BOSS (NON-SPEAKING)
SALOON BUSINESSPEOPLE (NON-SPEAKING)
ND COPS (NON-SPEAKING)
ND MARSHALS (NON-SPEAKING)
COPS (NON-SPEAKING)
CRIME SCENE FOLKS (NON-SPEAKING)

JUSTIFIED
Episode 507
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SET LIST

INTERIORS

MARSHAL'S OFFICE
- BULLPEN
- CONFERENCE ROOM
- ART'S OFFICE
- HALLWAY
DUFFY'S MOTOR COACH
KENTUCKY STATE PRISON
- COMMON AREA
- LUNCH ROOM
- SHOWERS
HOT ROD'S STRONGHOLD
TC'S APARTMENT
- BEDROOM
- BATHROOM
MEMPHIS DUPLEX
- BEDROOM
SHITTY MOTEL ROOM
YOON'S VILLA – HOME OFFICE
CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES
TINY ROOM
MIDNIGHT STAR SALOON

RAYLAN'S TOWNCAR
BLACK SUV

* DENOTES NEW/CHANGE

EXTERIORS

KENTUCKY STATE PRISON
- YARD
MEXICAN DESERT
MEXICAN STREET
MEXICAN CAFE
TC'S APARTMENT COMPLEX
- STAIRWELL
YOON'S VILLA

TEASER

1

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

1

First thing in the morning, only RAYLAN and NELSON DUNLOP here. Nelson's a bright-eyed morning person.

NELSON

Hey Raylan, heading to the cafeteria, you want anything?

RAYLAN

I'm good.

NELSON

You sure? They make these tasty little breakfast sandwiches--

RAYLAN

Stick with coffee, thanks.

A PONYTAILED GUY (40s) comes in. He's wearing shades indoors. Nelson on his way out to get breakfast.

PONYTAIL

(to Nelson)

Who I talk to about reward money?

NELSON

Oh, uh, Deputy Givens handles walk-ins.

RAYLAN

(surprised)

What's that?

Ponytail coming over to Raylan, now, sits at his desk as Raylan gets up from the desk to talk to Nelson.

PONYTAIL

Hey what's the deal?

NELSON

(sotto)

(off his look)

Jesus, Raylan, I'm sorry, thought he told you. Art said you're handling walk-ins, now. Why he has you coming in so early.

RAYLAN

It's fine. I got it.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

Nelson heads off for his breakfast.

PONYTAIL

Is this you guys trying to avoid
paying out? Because I'm not
leaving.

RAYLAN

Sorry about the confusion. Said
something about a reward?

PONYTAIL

Better believe it.
(a beat)
You gonna get something to write
this down?

A defeated smile from Raylan as he gets a PEN and a pad of
POST-IT NOTES.

PONYTAIL (CONT'D)

Whitey Bulger.

Raylan puts the pen and post-its away.

RAYLAN

We already got him.

PONYTAIL

And I'm here for my reward.

RAYLAN

Think the FBI already paid that
Icelandic woman.

PONYTAIL

Five years ago I called in a tip,
said I bet he's in California, and
where was he? California.

Raylan leans back in his chair - gonna be a long day.

2

INT. KY STATE PRISON - COMMON AREA - DAY

2

AVA alone, her back against the wall. Her eyes on the door
to the visiting area, but shifting every time a cluster of
INMATES passes by.

She clocks GRETCHEN and the ARYAN SISTERHOOD over in a
corner. Gretchen eye-fucking her. Ava looks back at the
door. Waiting.

PENNY (506) comes over.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

PENNY

Five minutes left.

AVA

Yeah, I know.

PENNY

I know MY guy ain't coming. At first they come all the time. After while there's work emergencies, sick relatives. Mine uses the classics. Had a "flat tire" last week.

(beat)

Why you oughta rely on God. Our Heavenly Mother won't never forget about you, leave you waiting.

AVA

Ain't interested in religion, Penny.

Penny sees Ava's focus shift to Gretchen.

PENNY

You interested in staying alive?

Penny walks away and Ava looks at the door to the visitor's area, again. He didn't come.

3

INT. MEMPHIS DUPLEX - BEDROOM - NIGHT

3

HOT ROD DUNHAM, sleeping in his clothes on an AIR MATTRESS. His ankle's CHAINED to an exposed pipe. ALI sits on the other side of the room reading a COMIC BOOK.

JAY enters with a BUZZING CELL PHONE. Hot Rod stirs.

JAY

Boyd Crowder.

Hot Rod rubbing sleep from his eyes, reaches for the phone.

JAY (CONT'D)

Just like we talked about.

HOT ROD

Yeah.

(off his look)

Like we talked about, I got it.

Jay presses a button to answer the phone, has it on SPEAKER.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

HOT ROD (CONT'D)
Mr. Crowder, to what do I owe?

4

INT. HOT ROD'S STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

4

JIMMY, CARL, DARRYL CROWE JR., DANNY CROWE, DEWEY CROWE, all fanned out around the warehouse with FLASHLIGHTS and ASSAULT WEAPONS. Nobody's home, just a couple of FLATBED TOW TRUCKS.

BOYD's here, too, GUN in one hand and his PHONE in the other, talking to Hot Rod.

BOYD
Just wondering was there anything
you need before heading off down to
Old Mehico.

INTERCUT BOYD AND HOT ROD

HOT ROD
We got it all squared away, leaving
shortly.

BOYD
Remember I need this to go like
clockwork, Rodney.

HOT ROD
Like I told you, just like that day
at Mags Bennett's drying shed.

By now Boyd's guys and the Crowes are circling back to Boyd's location, satisfied nobody's here.

BOYD
(gets his meaning)
Glad to hear we're on track.

5

EXT. MEXICAN STREET - NIGHT

5

JOHNNY CROWDER and ROSCOE walking back to their hotel with a SACK OF TACOS. Johnny on the PHONE.

JOHNNY
(into phone)
That was it? Telling me he just
called to say hello?

6

INT. MEMPHIS DUPLEX - BEDROOM - NIGHT

6

Jay on the phone with Johnny. Hot Rod relaxing on the air mattress again.

(CONTINUED)

JAY

Yeah, Hot Rod played it all casual,
they just shooting the shit.

INTERCUT JOHNNY AND JAY

JOHNNY

Boyd doesn't shoot the shit. He
called, means he wanted something.
He hung up, means he got what he
wanted. Now tell me exactly what
Hot Rod said.

JAY

Played like he was in Mexico, like
he's got girls all over him or
something. Then something about
some old lady's drying shed.

JOHNNY

What? The Bennett's drying shed?

JAY

Yeah. Said this is just like the
drying shed.

JOHNNY

(furious, can barely get
the words out)
...Boyd ripped off Dickie Bennett
at that drying shed.

Jay eyes Hot Rod, who's sitting up, now, tense, knows they
figured him out.

JAY

Giving the guy a head's up, huh?
(to Ali)
Kill him.

Ali stands and pulls his piece. Hot Rod shuts his eyes.

JOHNNY

Hold on!

JAY

(to Ali)
Hold up.

Ali lowers the gun.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

JAY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Crowder, I suggest you say
something real smart, because I
think a bullet is a damn good
answer to his shit.

Ali partially raises his gun again, waiting for the word.

JOHNNY
I get back, we'll take little
pieces off him 'til he signs over
every one of his damn bank
accounts. Every secret stash.

JAY
...I can live with that. Maybe
we'll go ahead and get started.

JOHNNY
We're done, you kill him however
you want.

Johnny hangs up.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Goddamnit!

7

INT. HOT ROD'S STRONGHOLD - NIGHT

7

Boyd, Jimmy, and Carl conferring. Darryl Jr., Dewey, and
Danny leaning against a tow truck, waiting.

JIMMY
You think he's already in Mexico?

BOYD
I know it.

JIMMY
Shit, Boyd. He knows where the
drug truck is.

BOYD
Johnny ain't going to take that
truck.

CARL
Took one of ours two weeks ago and
he's gonna leave this one be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOYD

He ain't gonna take that truck
because he wants to get a truck
just like it every week. He wants
the pipeline.

JIMMY

Should've killed him a long time
ago.

BOYD

While it's not your place to say
it, Jimmy, you're right. Johnny's
always been a scorpion. Suppose I
shoulda known better, but I got a
weakness for family.

Boyd heads over to the Crowes.

BOYD (CONT'D)

You boys got any pressing business
in Harlan?

DARRYL JR.

That depends. Whatta you have in
mind?

BOYD

How'd you like to come to Mexico,
kill my cousin?

END TEASER

ACT ONE

8

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - DAY

8

An OLD MAN, a Mexican farmer (65). He's held by a couple of Hot Rod's THUGS while Roscoe hits him in the gut. Old Man's face bloodied from previous blows.

We see the DRUG TRUCK nearby - a large U-Haul-sized truck, dirty and seemingly abandoned - and the PASSENGER VAN Johnny's using. Johnny to one side with two more THUGS.

JOHNNY

Yoon! I want Yoon!

*

Old Man gestures towards the drug truck.

*

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I know what's in the truck, and if
I wanted it, I'd take it. All I
want is Yoon's phone number.

*

*

*

*

Johnny pulls a gun.

*

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Let you keep your life in exchange.
That sound fair?

*

*

*

Off Old Man, considering --

9

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

9

LARRY SALMERON, 30s, doughy, TRACK SUIT and GLASSES an inch thick. Across the desk from Raylan and none too pleased.

RAYLAN

Backgammon? Telling me you made a
quarter million playing backgammon?
On the internet?

LARRY

You heard of Falafel, Marshal?

RAYLAN

Never care much for it... always
found it kinda like a cut-rate
hushpuppy.

LARRY

Mr. Falafel is a backgammon player.
They have written about the man in
magazines.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY (CONT'D)

You could see for yourself, if
reading is something you enjoy. I
believe I rival Mr. Falafel in
winnings.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Winnings you and your colleagues
took when you shut down this
website.

RAYLAN

Can't say I recall having seized a
backgammon website recently.

LARRY

You people arrested Charles Monroe,
did you not? Seized his assets?
The problem is--

RAYLAN

Hold on. Charles Monroe? How's
Charles Monroe connect to this?

LARRY

He's the one who owned the site,
making it, to your mind, one of his
assets. The contents, however,
were not his assets. Am I making
sense to you yet, marshal? Are you
connecting the dots?

Raylan brings up the site. An official-looking message,
complete with US Marshals Service seal comes up, says "THIS
DOMAIN SEIZED BY THE US MARSHALLS SERVICE."

LARRY (CONT'D)

The fact the site was locally owned
and operated is what attracted me.
Monroe had a local IT "genius"
working for him, a Mr. TC Fleming--

RAYLAN

(interrupting)

Well, there you are.

Raylan turns the monitor around for Larry to see.

LARRY

Yes, as I told you this message
appeared yesterday when you people
New World Ordered my money away.

RAYLAN

No, see, two "L"s in "marshals."
Somebody's screwing with you,
Larry. Pretty sure we took the
site we'd spell our name right.

Larry staring at the screen, befuddled.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED: (3)

9

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Impersonating a federal agency is a
crime. Probably an FBI thing.
Tell you what--

Larry unceremoniously gets up and walks out.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
...Okay.

10

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - DAY

10

Boyd, Jimmy, Carl talking to Old Man, the blood washed from his face but the bruises clear as day. Darryl, Danny, Dewey back at the black SUV, waiting.

JIMMY
(to Boyd)
Says he don't know shit... And
apparently I "smell like a bitch."

Boyd takes a wad of cash from his jacket. Offers it to Old Man. Old Man shakes his head, SAYS SOMETHING IN SPANISH.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Says YOU smell like--

Boyd gestures for Jimmy to stop.

BOYD
(to Jimmy)
Jimmy, kindly explain to this
gentleman that the man did that to
his face is making a play to be Mr.
Yoon's new distribution partner.

Jimmy REPEATS THIS INFORMATION TO OLD MAN IN FLUENT SPANISH - some of it overlapping with Boyd's own words. Seems to get Old Man's attention.

BOYD (CONT'D)
That's right. Means you'd be
dealing with that asshole on a
regular basis. Or you can take
this cash, and neither you or
anyone else'll ever have to see him
again.

He offers the money again.

11 EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

11

Boyd, Jimmy, Carl, Darryl, Danny, Dewey gathered by the black SUV. Old Man now in the distance mending a fence.

BOYD

Johnny's got three, four hours on us. We don't get him, he gets to Yoon, means I'm going to have to go see him. Likely alone and unarmed.

DARRYL JR.

Seems to me, truck full of drugs sitting right over there. Drugs you already paid for. Hell of a shame to not just run 'em home while we got the opportunity.

BOYD

And how do we get those drugs over the border without Hot Rod's people, seeing as they're the ones got a border patrol on the payroll.

DEWEY

Shit, Boyd. Johnny pays Yoon off, maybe he's waiting, shoots you down you walk through the door.

BOYD

We get to Johnny before he gets to Yoon, all these worries will be for naught.

12 EXT. MEXICAN CAFE - DAY

12

Johnny, Roscoe, and the other four Thugs at a couple of tables on the curbside patio. Johnny and Roscoe and one of the Thugs play dominoes, the other three keeping an eye out.

A PICKUP rumbles by, the Thugs, even Roscoe, put hands on their guns, nervous. Stare down the truck as it passes.

ROSCOE

Asian dude ain't gonna show.
(off Johnny's silence)
Oughta cut bait.

A beat, then --

JOHNNY

It's your turn.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

A BLACK SUV - Boyd's? - comes down the street. Slows as it approaches. Roscoe stands, pulls his gun.

The window of the SUV rolls down. It's not Boyd, it's ALBERTO RUIZ (506).

ALBERTO

Which one of you's Johnny?

Johnny stands and goes to the SUV, Roscoe following.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

Just Johnny. No guns.

Johnny takes a PISTOL from his belt, hands it to Roscoe. The look on Roscoe's face one of disapproval.

As Johnny climbs into the SUV --

13

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

13

RACHEL briefing TIM and Raylan. CHRIS (episode 206) the tech guy also present, face in his laptop.

Rachel slides piece of paper with a MUGSHOT over to them.

RACHEL

This guy TC Fleming's the one set up the site for Monroe to begin with. He's got a record, could be the one drained the money from the website, put up the message saying it was us.

TIM

(reading)

He did IT work for Wynn Duffy Security.

RAYLAN

Fleming. Feel like Larry might've mentioned that name.

CHRIS

Site ownership hidden under layers of holding companies, shell corps. Pretty much impossible to find this guy, but I tracked it down.

RAYLAN

Didn't find it when we were looking for Monroe's assets, though?

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

CHRIS

Remember a second ago when I said
it was pretty much impossible?

RAYLAN

Larry did it.

RACHEL

(interrupts)

Point is, Larry Salmeron did us a
favor. He hadn't come in this
morning, we'd still be in the dark
about this thing, and the money in
that site rightly belongs to the
Marshals Service.

TIM

How much money we talking about?

RACHEL

Larry Salmeron was still here,
maybe he could tell us.

RAYLAN

Trust me, you met him, you wouldn't
have been begging him to stay.

RACHEL

Well, he's not answering his phone.

RAYLAN

He's probably playing backgammon.
Cage match. Bikini girls on both
arms. I'll go to his place.

RACHEL

You already pissed Larry off.
Check out Fleming, Tim'll take
Larry.

14

INT. TC'S APARTMENT - DAY

14

We recognize TC FLEMING from the mug shots. Late 20s, dirty
white tee, can't really grow a moustache but he's trying,
anyway.

He's at a desk with four high-end monitors set up on it.
Nice shit but the whole setup's haphazard, monitors set up on
top of stacks of magazines, desk littered with EMPTY DIET DR.
PEPPER CANS. Apartment's piled high with TVS/GAME SYSTEMS
still in boxes, couple of signed GUITARS, never-used high-end
BICYCLE, STUFF that one might win off a radio contest.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

TC's got game controllers hooked up to one of the desktops, he's playing a CALL OF DUTY-TYPE GAME with his girlfriend, CANDACE, 25, Pac-Man tat on her neck and a noticeable DAY-OLD BRUISE on her forearm. TC playing the game with one hand, surfing the web on another monitor with his free hand.

CANDACE

You gonna pay attention? Like I'm playing against myself, here.

TC

Don't need to, playing a girl.

GAME OVER on screen.

CANDACE

Shit!

TC

Might as well be playing a four-year-old Romanian orphan on an X-Box.

CANDACE

Shithead.

Candace throws her MLG Pro Circuit CONTROLLER on the desk.

TC

Careful. That MLG is worth more'n you.

Candace shoves him hard. TC grabs her arm, pulls her over like he's going to hit her. She strikes out at his head, gets his shoulder as he avoids the blow.

A KNOCK at the door. TC and Candace stop fighting.

CANDACE

(Re: the door)

What the hell?

TC

New client. Get the door.

CANDACE

Don't you got enough going on already?

TC

Said it's an emergency and they're paying through the nose now get the damn door.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

Candace opens the door, revealing KEMP, 50, unshaven low-life in a Hawaiian shirt.

KEMP

Hey, there. Is--

Candace turns and walks away, sits on the messy sofa, surly.

TC

Jesus, Candace!

(to Kemp)

Come on in; you're Kemp?

KEMP

Yeah.

Kemp enters, followed by Larry Salmeron, the backgammon lord we met earlier.

KEMP (CONT'D)

(Re: Candace)

She do the website-making with you?

TC

I do the programming, she makes the sandwiches.

Kemp thinks that's pretty funny.

TC (CONT'D)

You said you got a DOS problem?

LARRY

Are you the Mr. Fleming who ran K-Y-BACKGAMMON for Charles Monroe?

A beat of realization for TC. He reaches under his desk but Kemp is on him already, one hand abusing TC's throat, the other pulling out whatever TC was going for. It's a TASER.

KEMP

(laughing)

Guy's going for a taser, you believe it?

LARRY

I will aim for words of one syllable, the word "syllable" notwithstanding. You shut down that site and you took my money. I want my money.

(CONTINUED)

TC

Federal government did that, man.

LARRY

But they didn't. Now, my friend here specializes in making people pay their debts. I learned that the hard way, three years ago. My advice? Pay up now, before, as you and your cohort might say, "shit gets hairy up in here."

TC

Like I said, Feds took it.

KEMP

Thug life, huh?

Kemp pockets the taser and pulls a silver Smith & Wesson .500 (4-inch barrel) from its holster, takes Candace's arm and pushes the barrel into the crevice of her elbow.

KEMP (CONT'D)

This will probably take off your arm.

CANDACE

He took it! He took the money!

TC

Goddamit, Candace--

KEMP

Looks like she's the smart one.

TC

You know who the Dixie Mafia are?

(Kemp does)

Well that's who I pulled the money for. Meaning I ain't got none to give you.

LARRY

All right. The thing is, I've been recording this conversation on my phone, and will now be calling the police, who will hear your confession. They will make sure I get my two hundred and fifty thousand dollars while you get anally raped in prison.

Larry pulls out his PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

KEMP

Two hundred fifty thousand?
(as Larry ignores him,
dials on his phone)
And you're only gonna pay me five?

Kemp tries to take the phone from Larry but Larry shoves his hand away.

LARRY

A deal is a deal, Mr. Kemp.
Remember, I've got you on tape
threatening that girl a minute ago.

He puts the phone to his ear, turns away to make the call.

Kemp raises the gun and SHOTS LARRY IN THE HEAD through the phone Larry holds at his ear.

KEMP

(to TC)
Quarter mil, huh?

Off TC and Candace's terrified expressions --

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 EXT. KY STATE PRISON - YARD - DAY 15

Penny amidst a multiracial cluster of around 15 INMATES in a corner of the yard, hands all linked. JUDITH, 60s, a white Dale Dickey type, leads them in a loud prayer.

JUDITH

And mother forgive us, we act like
there ain't nothing more to life
than the shit we see with our eyes.

(off their "Amen"s)

You ain't just mother. You're
"Mom." You hear us when we say it.

JUDITH & THE OTHER INMATES TOGETHER

Amen!

Penny looks over, sees Ava just outside the circle.

16 EXT. KY STATE PRISON - YARD - MOMENTS LATER 16

Ava alone now with Penny and Judith. Judith SMOKING.

JUDITH

(to Ava)

Got any cigarettes?

AVA

No.

JUDITH

Give 'em to me, you got any.

AVA

If I had any, I'd be smoking.

JUDITH

I'm Judith.

AVA

Ava.

JUDITH

I know. Penny been trying to pull
you in, you ain't gave her the time
of day.

AVA

And I apologize for that. I guess
my... Eyes have been opened. I
want to know more about God, now.

(CONTINUED)

JUDITH

You want in? Because you feel your soul needs saving? Or because you think the religious get a pass.

Ava starts to say something; Judith stops her.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Save it. Now, for me, the God shit's for real, okay? Staking my everlasting soul on it, you know? But if you're just looking for sanctuary, keep looking. This ain't the seventies, Jesus freaks got left alone. Reason we don't get screwed with is 'cause we're the ones bring in the drugs.

Ava is surprised.

PENNY

You up for that?

AVA

(then)

What do I have to do?

JUDITH

Easy peasy. Got some coming in today. Penny'll show you.

AVA

Gotta think it's dangerous. Only reason you're offering me the job.

Judith done with her cigarette, rooting around in her clothes for another as she talks.

JUDITH

It's got its downside. Like I said, Penny'll show you the ropes. Or go back to staring at a door waiting for your boyfriend, running for your life from Gretchen, whatever.

Judith wanders over towards other members of her "congregation."

JUDITH (CONT'D)

(to the other inmates)

Somebody get me a cigarette.

As Ava considers --

17 EXT. YOON'S VILLA - DAY 17

A BLACK SUV - carrying Johnny or carrying Boyd? - waved through the open gate by ARMED GUARDS, up the drive to the front door where it's met by TWO MORE GUARDS.

Out of the SUV comes Boyd. Guard frisks him against the car.

18 INT. YOON'S VILLA - HOME OFFICE - DAY 18

Finely paneled, the walls lined with books. Alberto and another HEAVY bring Boyd in to find YOON pouring drinks. One for him and one for... Johnny.

YOON
Boyd Crowder.

BOYD
Mr. Yoon. I appreciate your allowing me this unscheduled visit. Though I was disappointed to learn you'd extended the same hospitality to my cousin.

Yoon hands Johnny his drink.

JOHNNY
Thinking this might be a day full of disappointments for you, Boyd.

BOYD
I won't tell you your business, Mr. Yoon, but dealing with this reptile is the very definition of a mistake.

JOHNNY
Sounds to me like you're telling him his business.

BOYD
How is your good friend Picker going to feel? I tell him you've turned us down in favor of a man's turned on every business partner he's ever had. Usurped his last one just this week.

JOHNNY
"Usurped." How many hundred dollar words it take to make up five hundred thousand dollars?
(off his look)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That's right, cuz, you offered half a million, I'm paying the full mil. So you talk all you want, but my guess is Mr. Yoon here ain't gonna start listening until you say something sounds like "A million five."

BOYD

Well, there's more to the drug business than just money, Cousin Johnny.

YOON

Not really, Mr. Crowder. Why they call it the drug business.

(then)

I told you when we last met that I hate these family squabbles. But money covers up a multitude of problems. And fortunately, I have plenty of product. Boyd, you can have the product you and Picker paid for. And you, Johnny, can have your very own shipment.

(then)

And you can settle your differences back in Kentucky, or Tennessee, wherever you like.

BOYD

...I suppose that's a fair deal.

JOHNNY

A million for this shipment AND the next three. Collected weekly.

YOON

Saying you'll pay twice the going rate for a month. The catch?

JOHNNY

Boyd doesn't get shit. You hand him over for me to kill. Take it or leave it.

It hangs in the air a beat, then --

BOYD

Mr. Yoon, man makes an unreasonable offer must by definition be an unreasonable man.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

YOON

Only there's nothing unreasonable
about four million dollars.

(to Johnny)

Don't kill him until you're in the
U.S. American blood spilled on
Mexican soil is no good for me.

Off Boyd, as fucked as fucked can be --

19

INT. CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

19

ALISON BRANDER in her cubicle on her office phone.

ALISON

(into phone)

You need to reschedule, remember I
need 24-hour notice, okay?

Alison sees WENDY CROWE pass by her cube.

ALISON (CONT'D)

(hurried)

Right, okay. Thanks, bye.

Alison hangs up, stands to see Wendy headed for the door.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Ms. Crowe.

Wendy turns. Just stares.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Did we...? Did you need to see me?

WENDY

I got what I needed, thanks.

That smile on Wendy's face can't be good, as Alison turns to
see her BOSS (female, 50s), standing in her office doorway.
Off Boss beckoning Alison hither --

20

INT. TC'S APARTMENT - DAY

20

TC still at his desk. Candace is cleaning blood off the
carpet as Kemp looks out the window.

KEMP

The hell long is this gonna take?

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

TC

The money's in bitcoins, I was moving it around online, you know, covering the trail.

KEMP

Not an answer, dot-com.

TC

Six hours, maybe eight, before I can turn it into cash. Why?

Out the window Kemp sees Raylan get out of the car.

KEMP

Because something that looks like a cop just showed up. Any idea?

TC

No idea. Maybe your pal's call got through. Maybe you ought to go.

KEMP

Yeah. Thanks for the tip.

Kemp yanks Candace up from cleaning. Moves a pile of dirty clothes over the blood. Heads for the door with Candace.

KEMP (CONT'D)

Get rid of the cop and call me when you've got the cash. You got eight hours before I start blowing pieces off her. I'm being generous.

21

EXT. TC'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - STAIRWELL - DAY

21

Raylan coming to the stairs as Kemp and Candace descend them. Them going on past Raylan, Kemp's hand in the small of Candace's back. Candace looking uptight as one would expect.

RAYLAN

(into his CELL)

Suspended? For what...? Wendy Crowe? Thought they'd be gone by now.

Kemp hurries Candace along.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'll call you back.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

Raylan hangs up, stays by the stairs but turns to look at Kemp and Candace, still walking away.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

You okay, miss?

KEMP

Huh?

RAYLAN

Talking to her.

KEMP

Man, you don't need to be talking to my girl, unless you want to be talking to me.

RAYLAN

That's a real progressive attitude you have.

KEMP

I don't know you.

RAYLAN

Deputy US Marshal Raylan Givens.
And you?

CANDACE

Nunya.

RAYLAN

Let me guess...

CANDACE

Nunya goddamn business.

RAYLAN

What I figured. Have a good one.

22

INT. TC'S APARTMENT - DAY

22

TC on the phone examining the contents of a small duffel bag
It's FULL OF CASH. TC had it all along.

TC

(into phone)

He's got my girlfriend... You don't
see the money until you get her
away from the guy!

A KNOCK at the door.

(CONTINUED)

TC (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Shit, I'll get back to you.

TC hangs up, tosses the duffel into his bedroom. We'll notice a slight limp as he gets the door, revealing Raylan.

RAYLAN
TC Fleming?

TC
Yeah.

RAYLAN
I'm Deputy US Marshal Raylan
Givens. Like to ask you a couple
of questions.

TC
Uh, listen, I'm real busy.

RAYLAN
You didn't ask about what.

TC
Be great if I could just come to
your office later, I got an
emergency, here.

RAYLAN
How about I come in, we talk about
it now?

Raylan steps inside, wary. TC retreats to his desk.

TC
Okay, dude, whatever, but I gotta
work while we talk.

RAYLAN
Heard you on the phone I was at the
door and you didn't sound thrilled.
It have anything to do with the
asshole I just ran into downstairs?

TC
Like I said I got a work emergency.

Raylan notices flecks of blood near the pile of laundry.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (2)

22

RAYLAN

Came here to ask questions about
that website you ran for Charles
Monroe, but I'm thinking maybe you
ought to come with me.

Raylan pushes aside the laundry with his foot and sees the
big splotch of blood in the carpet. Puts his hand on his gun
as TC dashes into the bedroom, SLAMS the door.

Raylan runs over - door's locked. KICKS it in to find --

23

INT. TC'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

23

-- TC's bedroom window open, TC standing at it on one leg
because he's HOLDING HIS OTHER LEG - it's PROSTHETIC. Raylan
taken aback a beat as TC tosses the leg out the window.

RAYLAN

The hell?

And TC JUMPS out the open window. Holy shit down three
stories, he has to be dead, Raylan running over to the window
to see --

TC shimmying down the tree he jumped out onto. He hits the
ground, pops on his leg, grabs the duffel he threw out off
screen.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Stop where you are!

TC looks up at Raylan, gives him the finger as he runs off.

Raylan turns to run for the door, clocks another splotch of
BLOOD by the bathroom door.

24

INT. TC'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

24

The door opening slowly, Raylan flipping on the LIGHT to
reveal Larry Salmeron's DEAD BODY curled up in the bathtub.

RAYLAN

Well, shit.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

25

Raylan, Tim, Rachel, and now AUSA VASQUEZ.

TIM

So you let a one-legged computer hacker escape the scene of a murder.

RAYLAN

Guy jumped out a third story window.

VASQUEZ

He's on the Dixie Mafia payroll, he's a loose end in the Monroe investigation -- would've been great you could have grabbed him.

RACHEL

Not to mention he's got our money.

TIM

And you let a one-legged computer hacker escape the scene of a murder.

VASQUEZ

What about the other guy - one you ran into outside? Think he's involved?

RAYLAN

Well he's the biggest asshole I've met, today. So yeah, probably.

RACHEL

Why don't you look into him. Tim and I will find Fleming.

RAYLAN

Listen, this guy TC throws his leg out a window, jumps out and climbs down a tree trunk, flips me the bird. I want to be the one catches this guy.

Chris enters, carrying his laptop open in one arm.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

CHRIS

Shutdown notice isn't on the site,
anymore. Fleming replaced it with
a link to his blog - posted how he
just made this marshal his bitch.

RAYLAN

See what I mean?

(to Chris)

Put a reply on there, would you?
Tell TC I'm gonna catch him
tomorrow.

CHRIS

Sure. Any other dictation you want
me to take?

VASQUEZ

Raylan, you want to bring him in,
what's your first move?

RAYLAN

That's easy. He works for the
Dixie Mafia, doesn't he?

26

INT. DUFFY'S MOTOR COACH - DAY

26

WYNN DUFFY sits with EARBUDS on, connected to his iPOD. MIKE
opens the door for Raylan, who enters.

RAYLAN

How do you like that? Didn't even
have to knock.

Duffy removes his earbuds. Raylan glances at Duffy's iPod.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Mozart?

DUFFY

Taylor Swift. Those lyrics, like
she's reading my mind. You here to
talk music, Raylan?

RAYLAN

Actually, I'm here to talk to Mike.

MIKE

You are?

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

Remember when you shot and killed Charles Monroe? You probably do, it wasn't long ago.

DUFFY

That was legal and in self defense.

RAYLAN

It's legal if your concealed carry permit's legal. Turns out it's got the wrong name on it. Says Mike Kowalsky, but your last name's Sirois.

MIKE

I changed it. Sirois's my mom's last name. Totally legal.

RAYLAN

That's sweet you love your mother so much, though I expect it had more to do with a dangerous man or a scorned woman you're avoiding - maybe both. Point is, I'm thinking of using the privilege of federal oversight, bring you in.

DUFFY

You must not want much, Deputy, because this is what I believe the kids call "weak sauce."

RAYLAN

TC Fleming. Computer hacker used to work for your buddy Monroe. I just need you to call him.

DUFFY

And what is it I'm telling this Mr. Fleming? Assuming I know him at all, that is.

RAYLAN

You know him. He's on your payroll, and he's probably been in contact today. Got a bag full of what I'm guessing is money from that website you had him drain.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED: (2)

26

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Figure you're the only avenue he's got, and I need you to tell him I just shut that avenue down. He's got no sanctuary with you.

DUFFY

Anything else?

RAYLAN

Nah, that's it.

(then)

Actually, yeah. Tell him I'm gonna catch him tomorrow.

27

INT. TINY ROOM - DAY

27

We can't see much of the room, just TC on a bed with a LAPTOP. Could be a motel or somebody's basement, hard to say.

TC's got a HEADSET on, using the laptop as a phone.

TC

(into headset)

Already told you, you're not sniffing the money until you get Candace away from that thug.

28

INT. DUFFY'S MOTOR COACH - DAY

28

Duffy doing SODOKU PUZZLES, on the phone with TC.

DUFFY

Now that you've led the marshals on a merry chase, things have become more complicated. Just tell me where you are, I'll send a courier to pick up the money.

INTERCUT TC AND DUFFY

TC

That marshal's one guy. Can't be looking for me and watching you all the same time.

DUFFY

Thanks for your input, really helpful. Now remember who you're talking to, and tell me where you are.

Click. TC has hung up.

29

INT. MIDNIGHT STAR SALOON - DAY

29

BUSINESSPEOPLE enjoying happy hour. Alison and Raylan at a table with BEERS. Alison's in pretty good spirits, considering.

ALISON

Woman looked at every court case my name's appeared in. Mapping out a "pattern of misconduct."

RAYLAN

The Henry Granger thing - planting the meth.

ALISON

Not only that. I've been accused before.

(then)

She even pulled out some chickenshit pot arrest from five years back, got overturned. And then there's you.

RAYLAN

Me?

ALISON

Doesn't look good, you and me. Especially after you went down there and punched Danny Crowe in the face.

RAYLAN

Rachel did that, not me.

ALISON

Call my boss and let her know, sure that'll make all the difference.

RAYLAN

Two weeks, huh? Wouldn't mind two weeks off.

ALISON

That's funny.

RAYLAN

Gives me plenty of time to make it up to you.

ALISON

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

Alison grabs a passing WAITRESS (early 20s).

ALISON (CONT'D)

Would you close us out?

Waitress nods and leaves.

ALISON (CONT'D)

(off Raylan's confusion)

Seeing some friends. Want to try
and cheer me up.

RAYLAN

How about I come by your place with
some Woodford tonight, cheer you up
the old-fashioned way.

But Alison's wary, not biting -- then, the Waitress is back.

WAITRESS

(to Raylan)

Mr. Givens? I'm sorry, but your
card was declined.

RAYLAN

(moves to take it back)

Huh, that's odd.

WAITRESS

(she pulls it back)

And I was given a message to
destroy it.

RAYLAN

(badges her)

I'm a U.S. Marshal. I promise you
the card is not stolen.

WAITRESS

Afraid I'm still going to have to
destroy it.

RAYLAN

Well why'd you even bring it back
to the table, then?

WAITRESS

I still need payment for the
drinks.

Alison hands Waitress some cash.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED: (2)

29

ALISON

Here.

WAITRESS

Thank you.

Waitress leaves.

RAYLAN

I'll pay you back.

Raylan's phone BUZZES on the table. He ignores it.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

So--

ALISON

(Re: his phone)

You should get that, might be the
credit card company.

Alison gets up and leaves. Raylan answers the phone.

RAYLAN

(into phone)

Givens.

30

INT. TINY ROOM - DAY

30

TC on the headset to his computer, again.

TC

(into headset)

Having trouble with your card at
the...

(reads off computer)

...Midnight Star Saloon, Deputy
dipshit?

INTERCUT RAYLAN AND TC

RAYLAN

Why hello, TC. How's life as a
fugitive?

TC

I just hope you're on a date.
How's it feel, look like a chump
twice in one day?

RAYLAN

Duffy give you my number?

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

TC

Man, I been phone-phreaking since I was fourteen.

RAYLAN

Don't know what that is, but guessing it means you weren't getting laid much.

TC

I just drained every one of your bank accounts, asshole. You want the money back, you quit screwing up my life. Not like you're gonna catch me, anyway.

RAYLAN

You kidding? Got a special squad just for chasing down guys like you. Deputies all missing limbs, make it fair.

TC

You gave up already though, huh? At that bar, having a beer?

(off computer)

Several beers. You an alcoholic, Deputy?

RAYLAN

TC, in my comment on your blog, I told you I'd catch you tomorrow. You want, I can make it tonight.

TC

Come and get me.

31

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

31

Tim on his cell phone. Chris the IT guy is here, too, laptop in front of him, looks generally exasperated.

TIM

(into phone)

Phone call you received was made over the internet. But the guy's apparently using wifi from the motel he's at.

32

INT. RAYLAN'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

32

Raylan on his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

RAYLAN
(into phone)
Kinda stupid of him, isn't it?

INTERCUT RAYLAN AND TIM

TIM
Guy's got skill to empty your bank
account on a lark, he wasn't stupid
he'd be Steve Jobs, right? Anyway,
Chris traced it to his room.

Tim tries to fist bump Chris, who leaves him hanging. Shuts
his computer.

CHRIS
Am I done?

TIM
(into phone)
LPD's on their way.

RAYLAN
You tell them not to do shit until
I get there. Told TC I'd get him
tonight, it's going to be me going
through that door.

33

INT. BLACK SUV - DRIVING - DAY

33

Down a barren dirt road in the Mexican desert. Alberto in
the driver's seat, Johnny next to him. Boyd cuffed to the
seat in the back.

BOYD
You remember that guy Gruber, went
by Grubes, from Clover Hill?

Johnny wary at first, unsure why Boyd's bringing this up.

JOHNNY
Couple grades ahead of us, sure.

BOYD
Had a full beard by tenth grade.
Used to play the Allmans on repeat,
try to pic out the chords.

JOHNNY
We beat him up that one time.

Johnny smiling now, fully engaged.

(CONTINUED)

BOYD

We most certainly did. I was sixteen at the time, I remember correctly.

JOHNNY

He's getting out of that convertible, tosses his chew cup in the back of Bo's truck.

BOYD

Being an asshole like he always was. And we always let him get away with it, him being older and richer, and somehow right then we both realize for the first time this asshole is basically a midget.

JOHNNY

Grubes was five-three if he was lucky.

BOYD

Beat him up instead of each other, I recall correctly. We were fighting about something at the time.

JOHNNY

Fighting over Jenna Wright.

BOYD

Were we? Thought I set you up with Jenna Wright and you went with her all senior year.

JOHNNY

You got a one-sided memory, Boyd. You knew I was after Jenna, you took her to the movies to spite me. Sat in the back row.

Johnny darkening, now.

BOYD

Inspired you to ask her out yourself, didn't it?

JOHNNY

Yeah. You were always doing me favors, Boyd.

Only the sound of the road, now --

34

INT. KY STATE PRISON - SHOWERS - DAY

34

Ava and Penny, dressed but carrying TOWELS, talking with RHYNER THE PLUMBER, 50s, sweet and avuncular. He's fixing a leaky shower head. The place otherwise deserted. *

PENNY *

Ava's the new girl. Taking over
for me starting next week.

RHYNER THE PLUMBER

(to Ava) *

Wow, has Milam met you, yet? *

PENNY

What am I, dogshit? *

RHYNER THE PLUMBER

(nervous laughter) *

Oh no, Penny. No, you know,
just... Meeting someone new. *

AVA *

It's my pleasure, Rhyner. *

Ava shakes his hand. *

RHYNER THE PLUMBER *

And so professional. *

Rhyner holds Ava's hand a beat too long. Ava doesn't seem to mind, thinks it's cute. *

PENNY *

You can let go of her hand, now. *

He does, as guard SCOTT MILAM (27, tall, goofy) enters with a BABY RUTH. *

MILAM

Hey, Rhynes. *

He hands Penny the Baby Ruth.

PENNY

Aw, you didn't have to do that.

Milam shrugs, his attention immediately shifting to Ava.

(CONTINUED)

MILAM
(to Ava)
Ava Crowder, right?

AVA
Yep.

MILAM
I been seeing you around.
(a beat, can't wipe the
smile off his face)
Look forward to working with you!

Milam lets out a loud, goofy laugh. Then he heads around the corner to another row of showers out of sight.

MILAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
All right, Penny, guess this is the
farewell lap!

PENNY
(to Ava)
Go ahead and get the stuff to
Judith. I'll be right behind you.
(leans in close)
He don't take long.

Ava takes Penny's arm.

AVA
(sotto)
This is every time?

PENNY
Don't worry, he's a nice guy. It's
real big, but you get used to it.

Penny disappears around the corner.

Rhyner takes a PLUNGER from his PLUMBER'S BAG. Unscrews the bulb. There's a LITTLE STRING poking out of the hole in the bulb the dowel rod screwed into. Rhyner tugs on the string and pulls out a TUBULAR PLASTIC BAG OF HEROIN that had been snaked into the bulb. Then pulls out a SECOND.

Rhyner hands these over to Ava as the GRUNTING and the SLAPPING SOUNDS begin to emanate from around the corner.

RHYNER THE PLUMBER
Here you go, Ava.

*

Ava hides the drugs in the folds of her towel. Rhyner gently takes her hand to shake it goodbye. It's not so cute, this time.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED: (2)

34

RHYNER THE PLUMBER (CONT'D)

Sure you have to go so soon?

*
*

AVA

Yeah, gotta run.

*
*

Rhyner returns to fixing the shower head, but it's clear he's really just listening to Penny and Milam go at it.

*
*

Ava looks at the plumber's bag. Then at Rhyner, makes sure he's preoccupied. As she passes the bag to leave, she pulls one of the bags of drugs out of her towel and tucks it in a side pocket of the bag.

*

As Ava leaves the showers, not looking back --

35

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

35

Candace in a chair trying not to make eye contact with Kemp, gun in his lap, enjoying HOSTESS SNO-BALLS and an ALE 8.

KEMP

Truth is I've never been in a sailboat. Motorboats, rowboats, though, no problem. Figure how tough could it be, right?

(then)

You like the ocean?

CANDACE

No, I think it's lame.

KEMP

'Cause you never been.

CANDACE

I was born in Virginia Beach.

KEMP

Maybe you want to come with me. Swing by your folks' place, impress them with your new boyfriend - guy who's got all his parts.

A KNOCK at the door.

KEMP (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil, right?

Kemp goes over to the door, gun at his side, looks in the peephole as --

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

The front door flies open, SMASHES Kemp in the face, bloodies his nose and knocks him down. Raylan, Tim, a couple ND COPS burst in, guns drawn.

Kemp's GUN on the floor, Raylan kicks it away.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Hands on your head!

KEMP

(to Raylan, holding his
bleeding nose)

Jesus, man, you have to do it like
that?

RAYLAN

Where's Fleming?

KEMP

Hell should I know?

RAYLAN

He made a call from this room.

KEMP

Well he ain't here.

Tim checking the bathroom. Comes out shaking his head.

RAYLAN

Shit. Only reason I came.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

36

EXT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - DAY - LATER

36

COPS and CRIME SCENE FOLKS milling about. Raylan with Candace, who leans against Raylan's Town Car smoking a CIGARETTE. Tim getting off the phone as he comes over.

TIM
(into phone)
Yeah, I got it the first time.

Tim hangs up.

TIM (CONT'D)
Ever notice that tech guy's kind of a dick?
(then)
Says TC Fleming hacked the phone system, made it look like the call came from here. Could be anywhere.

RAYLAN
Told me he was "phone-phreaking" since he was fourteen.

TIM
Sounds like a real winner.

RAYLAN
(to Candace)
He give you that mark on your arm? Or you gonna try and tell me the guy in there did it?

CANDACE
Don't hear me complaining, do you?

RAYLAN
You know TC's got the Dixie Mafia after him too, right? You want to wait around, see who kidnaps you next, or you want to help us find him?

CANDACE
Oh I know where he is. I'll tell you, too.

TIM
Tired of getting knocked around?

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

CANDACE

Shit no, I give as good as I get.

(then)

I do coding for him, proof his HTML from time to time. This guy Kemp comes in with his shitty attitude, TC tells him I make the sandwiches. That's when I decided he's an asshole.

37

INT. TINY ROOM - NIGHT

37

TC on the bed playing a GRAND THEFT AUTO-TYPE video game on his laptop. He's not wearing his leg. We can give away this time that this is a CONVERTED BASEMENT, like you'd set up for your teenager's bedroom.

The sound of a KEY in the door and the door opening.

TC

Jesus, Grandma, I told you...

But it's not Grandma; it's Raylan, Tim, and Rachel.

RAYLAN

Kind of surprised you picked a basement to hide out. No windows to jump out of.

TC tosses his laptop aside.

TC

That bitch!

TIM

If you're referring to your grandma, she's actually kind of a hardass. Told us earlier today she hadn't seen you in weeks.

RAYLAN

Was Candace gave you up.

Rachel takes the duffel of cash.

RACHEL

I believe this is ours.

TC reaches for his prosthetic leg, Raylan picks it up first.

RAYLAN

Could be used as a weapon. Afraid I'll have to hold onto it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

(then)

Stand up and face the wall, Deputy
Gutterson's going to check you for
weapons.

TC, defeated, resignedly stands on the single leg.

38

INT. RAYLAN'S TOWNCAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

38

Raylan driving TC to jail. TC cuffed in the back seat.

TC

How much time you think I'm looking
at, here?

RAYLAN

I don't sentence you, just take you
to jail.

TC

Man, I should've just run off with
that money soon as I had it.

RAYLAN

Already went on a shopping spree,
judging by your place.

TC

Mean the TVs and shit? I won all
that stuff.

RAYLAN

"The Price is Right?"

TC

I'm caller number seven.

RAYLAN

You're what?

TC

You know, radio station gives shit
away and they're like "caller
number seven gets a TV," or "caller
number nine gets a car." I'm always
caller number seven.

RAYLAN

The "phone-phreaking" thing, huh?

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

TC

I'm gonna put your money back, you know. Fix your credit cards, soon as they let me get to a computer.

RAYLAN

Think I'm gonna put in a good word for you, you give me back what's already mine?

TC

I don't know, what if I teach you to be caller number seven?

Off Raylan almost smiling. This guy's a trip --

39

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ART'S OFFICE - NIGHT

39

A couple ND MARSHALS still out in the bullpen, but the place mostly deserted. ART finishing up some PAPERWORK as Raylan knocks at his door, leans in.

RAYLAN

Just dropped off TC Fleming.

ART

Great.

(a beat)

Something else?

RAYLAN

Tomorrow morning... Walk-ins?

ART

Walk-ins.

RAYLAN

You know, I've got a couple weeks vacation coming. Thinking I might go ahead and take them.

ART

Nelson'll be disappointed, but okay.

RAYLAN

I mean, not tomorrow. Maybe Monday, go down to Florida, see the kid.

ART

Long as it's not on the taxpayers' dime.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

Like talking to a wall of ice. Raylan nods, leaves, out through the bullpen into --

40

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

40

-- Raylan going to the elevator when Vasquez finds him.

VASQUEZ

Raylan. That parole thing with Darryl Crowe, Jr.? Not going to happen.

RAYLAN

Guessing this is Wendy Crowe's doing.

VASQUEZ

She filed official complaints with everybody remotely involved. Says you're harassing the family, had your girlfriend take their little brother. Judge doesn't want any part of it.

RAYLAN

Figured as much. She went at Alison, too.

Raylan presses the elevator button.

VASQUEZ

Good job with TC Fleming, by the way.

(as he heads down the hall)

Tell him he doesn't have a leg to stand on?

RAYLAN

Couldn't fit it in the conversation, make it sound natural.

The elevator doors open, Raylan, catching TC feeling like a hollow victory.

41

INT. KY STATE PRISON - LUNCH ROOM - NIGHT

41

Dinner. Ava at the Congregation's table, across from Penny. Judith comes over and sits next to Ava, picks at the best parts of Ava's food as they talk.

(CONTINUED)

JUDITH

Rhyner got caught with drugs on his way out.

AVA

Shit.

JUDITH

Don't know we got a use for you no more. Girls find out the heroin's dried up, be busy enough watching our own backs.

AVA

What if I keep the heroin from drying up? That change the equation at all?

A beat, Judith taking this in.

JUDITH

Saying you can get heroin?

AVA

That's what I'm saying.

A beat, then Judith points to an old SCAR on the inside of her bicep.

JUDITH

Look here. Girl bit me. Took a chunk out. I knocked out four of her teeth after that.

Judith points to another SCAR on her neck.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Got this from an Aryan. Toothbrush-shiv. Not your friend Gretchen, before her time. Quarter inch deeper I'd be dead.

(then)

I'm too old to live that life, again. And you sure as hell ain't cut out for it.

AVA

I got a couple scars of my own.

JUDITH

Well I don't want to see them. You say you can get the dope, you better be right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED: (2)

41

JUDITH (CONT'D)

'Cause the hard part ain't getting
the drugs, it's getting them
inside.

(leans in)

And I know you're the one set up
Rhyner.

Off Ava's reaction, Judith gets up from the table.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Risking all our lives, keep from
having to screw a guard?

(shakes her head)

Jesus Christ, girl, you're in
PRISON.

As Judith leaves, Ava shaken, Penny leans over the table.

PENNY

You can really get the dope, I
might have a way to get it in.

Off that glimmer of hope --

42

INT. MIDNIGHT STAR SALOON - NIGHT

42

Raylan at a table with a BOTTLE OF WOODFORD and TWO GLASSES.
Pouring himself a drink and sees who he's waiting for: Wendy
Crowe. He pours her one as she takes a seat.

Wendy places her PHONE on the table.

WENDY

I should tell you I'm recording
this conversation.

RAYLAN

Wish you wouldn't. Not going to be
that kind of conversation.

WENDY

Deputy, every conversation we've
had has been that kind of
conversation.

RAYLAN

No threats, today. Not gonna tell
you how you ought to get back to
Florida before you all end up dead,
although that's true.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY

Veiled threats, then. "I'm not saying this, but..."

RAYLAN

I know why you're fighting so hard to keep Darryl's parole from being reinstated.

WENDY

You mean I don't like my brother getting railroaded?

RAYLAN

You're tired of cleaning up Darryl's messes.

WENDY

We're family.

RAYLAN

I'm thinking family loyalty don't go so far with you Crowes.

WENDY

That right? Why I came up here from my life in Miami to get back my little brother after you snatched him up?

RAYLAN

You cared so much about Kendal he'd be down there in Miami with you right now.

WENDY

Like how you're down in Florida with your little girl, you mean?

RAYLAN

Know I've got a kid, huh?

WENDY

Sure, I've looked into you.

RAYLAN

Alison, too, I guess.

WENDY

Look at it from where I'm sitting. Alison's a nice girl, but she's your girl. No way she gives us a fair shake.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (2)

42

RAYLAN

All you want, a fair shake? Go
back to Miami and be a paralegal?

WENDY

Saving for law school.

RAYLAN

How long you been telling yourself
that?

Wendy puts away her phone. Finally takes a drink.

WENDY

What do you want?

RAYLAN

You say I went back on my word,
trying to get Darryl's parole
reinstated. Let's make a new deal,
each of us gets what we want.

(then)

You help me get Darryl.

(off her look)

He's in jail, means he's not in
Miami screwing up your life. You
got law school to save for,
remember.

WENDY

That's really what you came here
with? That's your offer?

(then)

Or maybe you want to negotiate.
There's two chairs and a table in
my hotel room. Booze, too, if you
need it.

Raylan gets up, pulls on his jacket to leave.

RAYLAN

No thanks. You can take care of
the tab, though. Having some
trouble with my card.

43

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - NIGHT

43

The Drug Truck illuminated by the lights of the idling
Passenger Van and those of Alberto's approaching SUV. Roscoe
and the Thugs are fanned out, keeping watch. Roscoe carries
a BRIEFCASE of cash.

(CONTINUED)

Alberto and Johnny get out of the SUV. Boyd taken out and made to sit in the dirt.

Old Man comes over. A nod from Alberto and Old Man tosses the KEYS to the drug truck to Roscoe. Roscoe going over to open the back.

JOHNNY

Hold up.

(eyes Boyd)

Put a few slugs in the back, just in case.

ROSCOE

We'll have to re-bag the heroin, it gets shot up.

JOHNNY

Then we re-bag it.

Roscoe shrugs. Motions to a couple of the Thugs, who take a position on one side of the truck and LAY FIRE into it for a beat. Roscoe waves them off, unlocks the back of the truck and slides it up revealing:

Darryl, Dewey, Danny, Jimmy, Carl, ASSAULT WEAPONS trained on Roscoe, Johnny, and the others. We'll see the interior walls of the truck are blanketed with either layers of KEVLAR VESTS or STEEL PLATES, whatever is more production-friendly. If we see into the recesses of the truck, we'll also need to see several pallets containing the bricks of heroin.

JIMMY

Drop 'em! Everybody drop 'em!

DARRYL JR.

Down! Down on the ground! You heard the man!

All of them jumping out of the truck, guns raised. Roscoe, the Thugs, Alberto all lay down their weapons, get on their knees.

ROSCOE

(to Johnny)

Cut bait.

Carl brings Boyd a gun.

JOHNNY

Motherf--

(CONTINUED)

Boyd immediately smashes Johnny in the face with the gun. Johnny collapses, but still conscious. Pulls himself to his knees by the SUV. Old Man comes over, spits on him.

BOYD

Reach me that briefcase, would you,
Jimmy?

Jimmy does so.

BOYD (CONT'D)

(as he takes it)

That's what a million dollars feels
like, son.

(then, to Roscoe et al)

All of you except my cousin are
welcome to return to our original
arrangement. Get this product back
in the U.S., go back to working for
Hot Rod. How's that sound?

ROSCOE

I'd say we're okay with that.

Darryl and Danny make eye contact. Something between them.

BOYD

Well in that case--

DARRYL JR.

He's got a gun!

Danny sprays the Thugs and Alberto with MACHINE GUN FIRE.

BOYD

Stop! Stoooooop!

Roscoe's closer to Boyd, out of the path of gunfire, but he knows what's coming, makes a run for it, pulls a HIDDEN GUN from the small of his back as he does, running into the night, FIRING BACK BEHIND HIM blindly. Darryl, smooth as shit, raises his rifle, SHOTS ROSCOE in the back. First time we've seen Darryl kill a man.

All quiet for a beat, bodies littering the desert. Then, LAUGHTER from Johnny.

JOHNNY

Nice one, Boyd. Good luck getting
that shit out of Mexico without
Roscoe.

(CONTINUED)

Boyd so angry he's emoting nothing at all. Looks down at Johnny, still slouched against the SUV. Still LAUGHING.

BOYD

Johnny.

Johnny stops laughing for a beat. Looks up at Boyd.

And Boyd SHOOTs him in the head. Turns to the Crowes.

BOYD (CONT'D)

I told you we needed those men
alive.

DARRYL JR.

Now, Boyd, calm down--

Boyd approaching him, now. Jimmy and Carl tense, guns half-raised, unsure if they should point them at the Crowes or not. Danny's finger on the trigger of his rifle, fidgety.

BOYD

Don't tell me to calm down, don't
tell me anything unless you're
telling me you got a way to smuggle
this heroin over the goddamn
border!

DARRYL JR.

That is exactly what I'm telling
you. Maybe you didn't know it, but
we got smuggling down to an art.

(then)

Like you said the other day: we're
just the people you're looking for.

Off Darryl's smile amidst the chaos, Boyd wondering who the hell he's in bed with --

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE