

Executive Producer: Graham Yost
Executive Producer: Sarah Timberman
Executive Producer: Carl Beverly
Executive Producer: Michael Dinner

Director: Jon Avnet

JUSTIFIED

Ep. 106

"BLOWBACK"

by
Benjamin Cavell

FIRST PRODUCTION DRAFT (FULL WHITE)	12/08/09
FULL BLUE DRAFT	12/11/09
REVISED PINK	12/16/09
FULL YELLOW DRAFT	12/28/09
REVISED GREEN	1/05/10
REVISED GOLD	1/08/10
REVISED SCENE: 3	

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* 10202 W. Washington Boulevard * Culver City, CA 90232 *

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"BLOWBACK"

Revision History

<u>Draft/Revision Color</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Pages</u>
FULL WHITE PROD. DRAFT	12/08/09	Full Script
FULL BLUE DRAFT	12/11/09	Full Script
REVISED PINK	12/16/09	Title, Cast, Set, 3, 5, 5A, 6, 7, 38, 38A, 39-45, 46
FULL YELLOW DRAFT	12/28/09	Full Script
REVISED GREEN	1/05/10	Title, Set, Cast, 18, 23, 23A, 23B, 23C, 23D, 23E, 23F, 33, 33A, 34, 36, 36A
REVISED GOLD	1/08/10	Title, Cast, Set, 1, 2, 3, 4

EPISODE 106 - "BLOWBACK" (REVISED GOLD) - 1/08/10

JUSTIFIED
Episode 106
"BLOWBACK"

CAST LIST

RAYLAN GIVENS	TIM OLYPHANT
ART MULLEN	NICK SEARCY
AVA CROWDER	JOELLE CARTER
TIM GUTTERSON	JACOB PITTS
RACHEL BROOKS	ERICA TAZEL
WINONA HAWKINS	NATALIE ZEA
GARY HAWKINS	WILLIAM RAGSDALE
BOYD CROWDER	WALTON GOGGINS
BO CROWDER	M.C. GAINNEY
AUSA DAVID VASQUEZ	RICK GOMEZ
CAL WALLACE	W. EARL BROWN
WYNN DUFFY/STRANGE MAN	JERE BURNS
STEVENSON	FREDRIC LEHNE
RECEPTIONIST	KIERSTEN LYONS
LAURIE SLADE	DAVID HALEY
GUARD #1	
GUARD #2	
PORTER	CHRIS STACY

US MARSHALS (*NON-SPEAKING*)
CROWDER'S LAWYER (*NON-SPEAKING IN THIS EPISODE*)
~~PRISON GUARDS (*NON-SPEAKING*)~~
TAC TEAM MEMBERS (*NON-SPEAKING*)
~~EMTS (*NON-SPEAKING*)~~

EPISODE 106 – "BLOWBACK" (REVISED GOLD) – 1/08/10

JUSTIFIED
Episode 106
"BLOWBACK"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

GARY AND WINONA'S HOUSE -

~~MAIN (FRONT DOOR)~~

HALL

HALL/KITCHEN

KITCHEN

~~COURTHOUSE -~~

~~HALLWAY~~

LEXINGTON COFFEE SHOP

~~BIG SANDY FEDERAL PENITENTIARY -~~

~~VISITOR'S MEETING ROOM~~

MARSHAL'S OFFICE -

ART'S OFFICE

BULLPEN

LOCKER ROOM

HOLDING CELL

ENTRY AREA

CONFERENCE ROOM

CHICKEN SHACK

EXTERIORS

BIG SANDY FEDERAL PENITENTIARY -

PARKING LOT

~~RAYLAN'S MOTEL ROOM~~

LEXINGTON STREET

ON TV/MONITORS:

VIDEO FEED OF LOCKER ROOM (Hj12/C14)

<u>SCENES</u>	<u>SCRIPT DAYS</u>
1-20	DAY 1
21	DAY 2

*** DENOTES NEW/CHANGE**

TEASER

1 OMITTED 1

2 OMITTED 2

3 INT. LEXINGTON COFFEE SHOP - DAY 3

AVA sits alone, picks at a wedge of cherry pie. When a man sits down across from her, she looks up with the beginnings of a loving smile -- only to discover her former father-in-law, BO CROWDER. Yeah, the lion is out of his cage. He's grinning, but everything about him radiates menace. *

BO
What's wrong, daughter-in-law? You look like you just walked over your own grave. *

Ava stares, in shock, but unwilling to let Bo see it. *

AVA
Bo. What rock did you crawl out from under? *

BO
I figured Givens would'a told you I was getting out, seein'g's how he's the one got my sentence cut by eighty-seven days and a wake-up. (off Ava's puzzled look)
By taking down Sheriff Hunter? All the cases got made by that lying son of a bitch're now liable to be reopened. U.S. Attorney decided anybody's got less than six months left on his sentence isn't worth retrying. Gave us all early release. God bless America. (beat)
I understand you had your own run-in with the Sheriff, almost got you killed. He's lucky I got out, because I swear, if I'd seen him inside, he'd've paid. In blood. *

Ava just looks at him. *

(CONTINUED)

BO (CONT'D) *

See, even with Bowman dead and gone *
 -- especially with Bowman gone -- I *
 think of you as my responsibility. *

AVE *

Don't. I can take care of myself. *

BO *

(re: Bowman) *

Come to think of it, I guess you *
 can. Speaking of which, how's a *
 bitty thing like you eat pie for *
 lunch, and still manage to keep all *
 your curves in the right places? *

Without asking, he pulls Ava's plate over to himself and uses *
 his fork to take a big bite of the pie. *

BO (CONT'D) *

The pie you get in prison is *
 better'n you might think, just *
 requires a little imagination. But *
 it simply cannot compare to a nice, *
 warm, sticky piece of homemade. *

Bo takes another bite of pie, stares at Ava. *

RAYLAN (O.S.) *

Time to go, old man. *

Bo and Ava look up to find Raylan standing beside the table. *

BO *

(to Raylan) *

Howdy, Marshal. Glad you could *
 join us. *

RAYLAN *

I'm not joining you. You were *
 leaving. *

BO *

Just telling my daughter-in-law how *
 the thing that separates the pie *
 you get inside from a piece like *
 this here is the smell. *

(picks up plate, inhales *
 deeply) *

Mmm-~~mmm~~ -- girl, I think I'm gonna *
 have to lick your plate. *

*

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

Raylan grabs the plate and puts a forceful hand on Bo's shoulder. *

RAYLAN *

You gonna walk out of here, or is
this going to have to go a
different way? *

Bo's not smiling anymore. He looks down at Raylan's hand on his shoulder. *

BO *

Last time a guy put a hand on me
that way, I beat him till his eyes
bled. *

(the smile returns) *

Guess it's a good thing for both of
us I'm not a convict anymore. *

(beat) *

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm late
for a sitdown with my lawyer. *

RAYLAN *

(not buying it) *

Your lawyer. *

Bo nods toward the coffee shop's door, where a well-dressed
MAN (40s), whom we'll indeed come to know as the Crowders'
lawyer, stands watching them. The lawyer HOLDS UP a
distinctive FOLDER. *

BO *

(to Ava) *

Great to see you, honey. *

(to Raylan) *

You take care, Marshal. *

Bo walks over to the door, shakes hands with his lawyer,
walks outside with him. Raylan sits down across from Ava. *

RAYLAN *

You all right? *

AVA *

I'm fine. *

RAYLAN *

I don't suppose now would be a good
time to revisit our conversation
about getting you out of Kentucky? *

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

AVA

I'm not made of glass, Raylan.
Besides, who's gonna mess with me
when I've got the A-number-one
gunfighter in the whole U.S.
Marshals Service watching my back?

*
*
*
*
*
*

RAYLAN

I'm watching every part of you.

*
*

FADE OUT.

*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 OMITTED 4
A5 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY A5

Raylan enters the bullpen, notices a pair of uniformed PRISON GUARDS lounging outside the closed door of the holding cell. One of them is TAPPING on the observation window the way a kid might tap on the glass of an aquarium, trying to get a rise out of the fish inside.

Art stands outside his office, shoots the shit with AUSA DAVID VASQUEZ.

ART
(seeing Raylan's approach)
Speak of the devil.

RAYLAN
Devil appears.

Raylan and Vasquez shake hands.

VASQUEZ
You were right about Owen Carnes
not offing himself.

RAYLAN
Didn't take a genius to read that
one.

ART
Obviously.

Raylan shoots Art a look.

RAYLAN
(to Vasquez)
Those prison guards with you?

VASQUEZ
Sorry?

RAYLAN
I thought maybe you'd decided to
skip over your inquiry, haul me
straight off to the clink.

VASQUEZ
I didn't think of that. What an
idiot I am.
(re: guards)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A5

CONTINUED:

A5

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

That's a whole other headache. You ever hear of Cal Wallace?

RAYLAN

It might ring a bell.

VASQUEZ

Legendary "problem inmate," long history of noncompliance. He's here to fight a Court order to transfer him to a Supermax.

ART

David just came by to say he has a few other meetings before ours.

VASQUEZ

Figure they won't take more than a couple hours or so, then we'll finally have our sitdown. End of day okay?

RAYLAN

Fine by me.

ART

You all right to use my office?

(CONTINUED)

A5

CONTINUED: (2)

A5

VASQUEZ

Don't see why not. Give you home-field.

(shakes Raylan's hand)

Good to see you again, Deputy.

Vasquez starts off, turns back.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

Are you going to have FLEOA lawyer with you?

RAYLAN

It's just an interview.

VASQUEZ

Oh, I know, but I've done a number of these. Some people have a union lawyer present, some don't. Totally up to you. You don't have to decide this second. Think about it. See you later.

Art and Raylan watch Vasquez walk away. They share a look.

ART

Do you want a lawyer?

RAYLAN

Until twenty seconds ago, I didn't think I needed one.

ART

Your call.

RAYLAN

I figure I'm okay if I've got you there.

Art nods at his office, heads there, Raylan with him.

ART

Why don't we go over what you're gonna say, make sure we're dotting all the Ts.

RAYLAN

The fact you're worried scares the shit out of me.

They move together into--

B5 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ART'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS B5

Raylan and Art enter.

ART

I'm not worried. I just want to make sure Vasquez leaves here knowing the Bucks and Boyd Crowder shootings were Kosher as chicken soup. 'Cause if not, next step's depositions and the grand jury, which, in addition to the jeopardy it would put your career in, might also add up to one hell of a pain in the balls for your Chief.

(beat)

Let's start with Tommy Bucks. Walk me through it.

5 OMITTED 5

6 OMITTED 6

7 INT. WINONA AND GARY'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY 7

WINONA arrives home. She's carrying a sheaf of papers and a black bag full of her steno equipment. She heads for her bedroom, puts her hand on the doorknob... and then stops. She turns around, keeps walking toward the kitchen at the end of the hall.

8 INT. WINONA AND GARY'S HOUSE - HALL/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 8

Winona sees a STRANGE MAN, 30s, sitting at her kitchen table in a way that (if we've been paying attention) may echo Raylan's similarly uninvited appearance at the same table toward the end of the Pilot.

Winona GASPS, drops her stack of papers. The Man stands up quickly, holding his hands up, trying to appear as nonthreatening as possible.

STRANGE MAN

(genuinely concerned)

Mrs. Hawkins, I'm so sorry to have startled you. I assumed Mr. Hawkins had told you to expect me.

(MORE)

8

CONTINUED:

8

STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)
(pulls out a business
card)

My name is Wynn Duffy.

Winona eyes Wynn Duffy warily, but his unaggressive manner, coupled with his having known her name and the fact he's wearing a suit and holding a briefcase, is enough to keep her from running and/or Macing him. She reaches out, takes the card.

WINONA
(reading from the card)
"Home Security Consultant."

STRANGE MAN/WYNN DUFFY
Mr. Hawkins hasn't mentioned
anything?

WINONA
Must have slipped his mind.

DUFFY
(launching into rapid-fire
sales patter)
Not surprising given the number of
things he has on his mind -- the
safety of his family, for instance.
Mrs. Hawkins, I can offer you and
your husband the peace of mind that
only comes with knowing your
personal security situation is
under control.

Winona's not scared anymore, but she doesn't buy a word of
this.

WINONA
None of which explains what you're
doing in my house.

DUFFY
Well, ma'am, in order to upgrade
your security situation, I first
have to assess your security
situation.

WINONA
Mr. Duffy, what are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

DUFFY

(ignoring her)

And just because it's your "physical security" we're working to safeguard, that doesn't mean all our solutions have to be physical. The average citizen has no idea how much the quality of their personal security is determined by the way they treat people, whether they live up to their obligations.

WINONA

I'll ask you once more--

DUFFY

And also by the security of their "personal information" -- which doesn't just mean bank passwords or social security numbers. With one phone call, I was able to discover that the deposition you were scheduled to work this afternoon had been cancelled, letting me know that you'd likely be home early and home alone. Imagine what a genuine predator might have been able to do with that information.

WINONA

Or I could call the police.

DUFFY

The police? The police are a janitorial service that comes to clean up your blood after you've been murdered. But if you want to trust them to handle your security needs...

WINONA

No, I mean now. I mean I could call the police now, if you refuse to get out of my house.

DUFFY

Mrs. Hawkins -- you haven't asked me to get out of your house.

WINONA

Well, I'm asking now.

8

CONTINUED: (3)

8

DUFFY

That's fine. I understand personal security can be an emotionally charged issue.

He picks up his briefcase, heads for the back door.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

I hope you'll let Mr. Hawkins know I was here -- tell him I didn't forget.

He leaves. Winona closes the door behind him, throws the dead bolt. Off Winona standing frozen in her kitchen, staring at the closed door--

BACK TO:

9

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

9

Art is still running Raylan through his dress rehearsal.

ART

So you walk in, he's already alone, sitting by himself in the corner, nothing but ocean behind him?

RAYLAN

That a problem?

ART

Just seems like he made it easy for you.

RAYLAN

(getting testy)

Didn't feel that way when he was drawing down on me.

In the b.g., through the glass, the guards escort prisoner CAL WALLACE, in leg irons and handcuffs, to the locker room.

ART

All I meant is he did you a favor sitting there by himself, no one behind him.

RAYLAN

And here I forgot to thank him. You know anybody carries a gun for a living who doesn't sit with their back to the wall?

(CONTINUED)

ART

What if he'd been eating with someone?

RAYLAN

If there was someone else at the table, I wouldn't've sat down.

ART

Meaning when you sat down, you were already planning to shoot him.

They stare at each other for a moment while that sinks in.

ART (CONT'D)

You get what I'm saying, Raylan? We have a letter-of-the-law, spirit-of-the-law problem: guy pulls first, gives you no choice but to put him down. Which is fine unless it looks like you maneuvered him into giving you no choice.

RAYLAN

(gets it)

So, you want me to tell Vasquez I don't think in "what ifs."

ART

(yes)

Don't let him bait you into speculating, let your smart mouth talk you into a jackpot. I ever tell you what my daddy said about lawyers? He said, "Treat lawyers like mushrooms: feed 'em shit and keep 'em in the dark."

RAYLAN

You sure that was your daddy? Could've sworn I heard it in a movie.

ART

Where you think they got it?

(smiles)

Point is, Vasquez may be all right, but you still don't give him any more than you have to. You let Bucks's history as a maggot, plus all the witnesses saw him go for his piece, do your talking.

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

They're startled by a COMMOTION from the main room -- THUDS, GRUNTS, ND SHOUTING ("Knife, knife, knife!" "Drop it!" "Bullshit, you drop it!").

Raylan's out of his chair like a shot. Art follows into--

10 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

10

Mayhem near the entrance to the locker room. Through the door we can see one of the prison guards (call him Guard #2 -- the one we saw earlier tapping on the holding cell's observation window) on the floor, bleeding from the nose, apparently unconscious. The other guard (Guard #1) is being used as a human shield by Wallace.

Several ND MARSHALS as well as RACHEL and TIM have drawn their weapons and are SCREAMING orders and threats at Wallace.

Wallace SHOUTS back at them, brandishes a shiv at the neck of his hostage. He kicks the locker room door shut.

Off Raylan and Art taking in the situation --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

A11 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LOCKER ROOM - DAY A11

Wallace pushes his hostage (Guard #1) away from him, then quickly goes to Guard #2, moaning on the floor, and puts his shiv to the man's eye.

WALLACE
(to Guard #2)
Don't move.
(to Guard #1)
Do what I say or I pop his eye.

11 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS 11

Art backs the Marshals up.

ART
I want those weapons back in their holsters right now and I don't want to see them again till I say otherwise.
(to a couple ND Marshals)
Evacuate the civilians, then seal the office.
(to Rachel)
Call Washington, tell them we need a SOG team.

As Rachel moves off, Art notices Vasquez has returned and is standing just inside the main door. This is the last thing Art has the time to deal with at the moment.

ART (CONT'D)
Mr. Vasquez--

VASQUEZ
(cutting him off)
They told me the situation when they pulled me out of my meeting. You need anything from my office, just let me know.

They hear metal scraping sounds from inside the locker room. Art moves back toward the locker room door, where Raylan is still standing.

Vasquez drifts over to the desk at which Rachel is on the phone.

11

CONTINUED:

11

RACHEL

In case you're wondering why we
haven't already gone in--

VASQUEZ

I'm not wondering anything.

At the locker room door, Art motions for Raylan to follow him
to the holding cell.

ART

(quietly)

Wallace looks like he's about to
execute one of those guards, put
him down.

Raylan nods, lets his right hand drop to his belt. But
Raylan can't help but see...

Vasquez, standing near Rachel. Art sees Raylan looking at
Vasquez.

ART (CONT'D)

Ignore him. You have to pull, you
pull.

They walk into...

A12 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS A12

Art and Raylan enter. Art goes up to the mirror/window. They can only kind of see in through the mirror, see motion, Guard #1 moving the lockers.

ART

There's still a way for you to step back from the cliff here, Wallace -- you let those boys go and I'll personally see to it there's no retribution.

B12 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LOCKER ROOM - CROSSCUT B12

Wallace has handcuffed Guard #2 and is unlocking his own leg-irons. Guard #1 is moving lockers (hence the metal scraping sound) into position in front of the two windows and two doors.

ART

Depending on how bad that one boy's hurt, I might even be able to keep you out of the SHU.

WALLACE

Who are you?

ART

Chief Deputy Art Mullen.

WALLACE

You're the boss, huh? Well, do me a favor, bossman -- quit blowing smoke up my ass, before I decide to bite through one of these shitbirds' Adam's apples just to spit blood in your face.

Raylan takes a look at Vasquez, figures what the hell, steps up closer to the glass.

RAYLAN

Chief's just trying to get this situation resolved before the Tac Team arrives, steals all the credit for bringing you out of there.

WALLACE

Won't be my first time dealing with a Tac Team.

(CONTINUED)

B12

CONTINUED:

B12

WALLACE (CONT'D)
(to Raylan)
You're the shooter?

Raylan is thrown -- is Wallace referring to his reputation re: Tommy Bucks, etc?

WALLACE (CONT'D)
He brought you in to ghost me if things go any further south?

RAYLAN
Chief's a good shot himself. He taught firearms--

WALLACE
But you're better.

RAYLAN
I am.

Art looks at Raylan. Raylan shrugs -- it's the truth.

Guard #1 has finished moving the lockers.

WALLACE
(to Guard #1)
On the floor, face down, cuff your hands behind your back.

Guard #1 complies.

With both guards down and cuffed, Wallace is free to move. He gets up. Through the narrow strip of glass not blocked by a locker, he can see Art and Raylan in the holding cell.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
(to Raylan)
I'll talk to you. I know why you're here. No illusions. 'Sides, I never much cared for bosses.
(to Art)
Go run your command post or what have you.

(CONTINUED)

B12 CONTINUED: (2) B12

Art gives Raylan a look -- you keep talking. Raylan nods.
Art exits into...

C12 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS - CROSSCUT C12

Art goes to Tim and Rachel. Vasquez is standing with them.

ART
(to Rachel)
Get me everything on Wallace.
(to Tim)
Get us some eyes in there.

Tim and Rachel move off. Art looks at Vasquez.

ART (CONT'D)
Let's be clear. Deputy Givens will
try to talk Wallace out of there.
But I have told him, if Wallace
makes a move to kill, he's to take
him out if he can. My order.

VASQUEZ
Chief, you have me all wrong. I
don't give a shit if Deputy Givens
shoots Cal Wallace.

ART
But you do give a shit that he
killed a low-life like Tommy Bucks.

VASQUEZ
Like the rest of the world I'm
delighted Tommy Bucks is dead. But
didn't the circumstances give you
pause?

Art has no answer to that.

D12 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELL/LOCKER ROOM - D12
CROSSCUT

Throughout the following, Wallace goes through the guards' belts and the lockers, looking for anything he can use -- telescoping batons, socks to gag the guards, clothes to pad himself up.

WALLACE
(re: Vasquez)
That little guy in the suit some
kind of big bossman? He wasn't
here when the hacks were walking me
to the men's room.

D12

CONTINUED:

D12

RAYLAN

You eyeball everything, huh.

WALLACE

I do. I saw how just now, before you tagged in, you kept looking out at that little guy, like you had to ask his permission.

RAYLAN

He's an Assistant US Attorney. He's investigating a couple of my shootings.

WALLACE

"A couple of your shootings"? Guess I was onto something calling you "shooter".

(beat)

That why you didn't put me down at the jump? You wanted to resolve this without shooting, prove something to the AUSA?

RAYLAN

You were moving and dragging that poor guard. No better than 50/50 I coulda put you down before you cut him. Besides, the object of this exercise is everyone lives.

WALLACE

You think you can pull that off?

RAYLAN

They pay me to try.

(CONTINUED)

D12

CONTINUED: (2)

D12

WALLACE

You gonna get my list of demands?
Promise me a helicopter, plane,
suitcase full of cash?

RAYLAN

These days, you can't even use the
I'll-get-you-a-plane line as a
bluff. 'Cause even the bone-
dumbest hostage taker's gotta know
there's no way we're gonna put them
in a plane just to save a few
lives. Not when they know the Air
Force will shoot down a passenger
jet just to stop it getting taken
over.

WALLACE

So what's your play? You planning
to run that bullshit where you
exchange yourself for the hostages?

RAYLAN

Hell, no. Actually, I was just
thinking how happy I am not to have
been the one with the shiv at my
neck. How'd you get it in here, by
the way?

WALLACE

Keestered it.

RAYLAN

Keestered it? That can't've been
too comfortable.

(beat)

And now I'm really happy not to
have it pressed against my face.

E12 OMITTED E12

Ff12 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CROSSCUT Ff12

Tim is on a chair, feeding a snake camera through a ceiling panel.

F12 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELL/LOCKER ROOM - F12
CONTINUOUS

Wallace gags the guards with socks.

WALLACE

Got the crustiest ones I could find. Enjoy.

He starts putting on clothes, layering himself up.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

You have much experience with this kind of thing? Talking down a barricaded suspect?

RAYLAN

Not really.

WALLACE

Well, you're doing fine so far. You've "established a rapport with the subject." Now you'll have to "determine whether the subject is emotionally disturbed" -- any thoughts on that?

RAYLAN

I'd say at the moment he seems to be about the most emotionally stable person in the room -- although he did sit around all morning with a shiv up his ass.

WALLACE

Which brings us to the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question: "Is the situation negotiable? Has the subject expressed the desire to live? Has he expressed needs or demands and are those demands realistic and achievable?" Told you I've done this before.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

F12

CONTINUED:

F12

WALLACE (CONT'D)

See, the problem you have, Marshal, is I'm doing four consecutive life sentences and no parole board in its right mind is ever gonna put me back on the street.

RAYLAN

So, as part of "establishing a rapport with the subject" am I supposed to weep with him over all the unsympathetic parole boards refuse to release him back into society when he clearly poses it no further danger?

WALLACE

Nah. I wouldn't put me back on the street, either. I just want to save us some time, let you know there's nothing you can offer me.

RAYLAN

Sure. What do you get for the man who has everything?

(beat)

Thing is, no one who's not "emotionally disturbed" takes hostages unless he wants something.

WALLACE

Tell you what, Marshal -- you figure out what that might be, you let me know.

RAYLAN

That's not how this works, me guessing at the key to your heart. In my experience -- and I know I haven't been through as many of these things as you -- but in my experience, you ask for what you want and I try to get it.

Wallace SLAMS the door in his face. Out of the corner of his eye, Raylan sees Rachel motioning him into the conference room. He drifts over to her.

Gg12 Omitted Gg12

G12 OMITTED G12

Hh12 OMITTED Hh12

H12 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS H12

Rachel shows Raylan photos of Wallace's tattoos, points to one in particular -- of a tattoo on Wallace's chest: just the name **Simone**.

RACHEL
(re: the photo)
You get her name in ink, she's
gotta be someone special.

H12 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS H12

Raylan KNOCKS on the locker room door.

RAYLAN
(through the door)
Who's Simone?... Mr. Wallace!...
Who is she?

WALLACE
How do you know about Simone?

RAYLAN
I saw photos of your tattoos.

H12

CONTINUED:

H12

WALLACE

She's my daughter.

RAYLAN

Where is she?

WALLACE

I don't know. With her mother I guess.

RAYLAN

You miss her?

WALLACE

What do you think? I haven't seen her since she was three. Most beautiful little girl in the world.

RAYLAN

How old is she now?

WALLACE

Uh... fifteen?

RAYLAN

Would you like to see her?

WALLACE

Could you do that?

RAYLAN

We could try.

WALLACE

Man, that would be great. It'd also be a miracle, considering the Simone on my chest is for David Simone, the enforcer for the Wizards and the first man I killed.

(beat)

I ain't got no daughter. Sorry for screwing with you. Couldn't resist. Nice try, though.

(beat)

The other problem we're gonna keep bumping against is whatever you promise me -- improve my conditions, get me some extra yard time, job in the kitchen, what have you -- I'm not gonna believe it. We all know how this hearing's gonna go. I'm headed for super-max.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

H12

CONTINUED: (2)

H12

WALLACE (CONT'D)

I got no reason to expect the assholes there are gonna be any better than these assholes.

He gives Guard #2 a vicious kick in the ribs. The guard GROANS through his gag.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Get their rocks off turning men into animals. Take away your toilet paper, make you wait a week for a shower, lock you down and feed you "juke cakes" -- you know what a "juke cake" is, Marshal?

RAYLAN

I'm guessing it's not pleasant.

WALLACE

It's when the guards dump everything from your tray into a blender, then put that in the oven, cook it like a casserole, burn it black on both sides.

RAYLAN

Screwing with you.

WALLACE

Right. So what I do, I screw with 'em back. Pretend the "juke cake" is fried chicken from Prince's Hot in Nashville, make sure the guards can hear me licking my fingers.

RAYLAN

I do love fried chicken. Can't recall ever having any in Nashville, though. They call it Prince's Hot 'cause it's spicy?

WALLACE

You take one bite of Prince's, you start sweating like a whore in church.

RAYLAN

Best fried chicken I ever had was the takeaway from Joe's Stone Crab in Miami. You believe that? A Kentucky boy has to go all the way to Florida to find his favorite?

(CONTINUED)

H12

CONTINUED: (3)

H12

WALLACE

Well, I can't say I ever made it down to Florida, so I don't feel qualified to judge. I will say I find it tough to swallow the idea that the best chicken could be served by a place with "crab" in its name.

RAYLAN

(after a beat)

That the reason you pulled all this -- screw with the guys who screw with you?

WALLACE

(shrugs)

Maybe I'm planning to cut the throats of the guys who screw with me.

RAYLAN

If you were gonna do that you would've done it already.

WALLACE

I still got time.

(beat)

I was actually looking forward to coming here for the hearing. Few days with a change of scenery. I'd at least enjoy the drive.

(nods at guards)

But they made sure it was shit. Up at three. Cold eggs for breakfast. Travel in a van with no windows. Get here, they tap on the glass like I'm a monkey in the zoo.

Out of the corner of his eye, Raylan sees Art motion to him in the bullpen.

RAYLAN

Excuse me a sec.

Raylan walks out.

Hj12

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

Hj12

Raylan joins Art, Tim and Rachel, Vasquez a few feet away. Tim has a monitor showing the video feed from a wide-angle lens from the ceiling. We see Wallace continuing his preparations.

(CONTINUED)

Hj12

CONTINUED:

Hj12

Art hands Raylan an earbud and Raylan puts it in. As they talk, Raylan writes something on a piece of paper.

ART

Closest SOG team is four hours away, so we had to call in the locals. They're about fifteen minutes out.

RAYLAN

Lexington SWAT?

ART

(yes)

You know how they'll play it?

RAYLAN

If they're like the Tac guys I've dealt with everywhere I've been, I'm guessing they're not too big on talking.

ART

(agrees)

Once they get here, there's only one way this goes.

RAYLAN

I think there's still a chance to end this with no one getting dead.

ART

You've got fifteen minutes.

RAYLAN

Any way we can get some fried chicken in here?

ART

(incredulous)

Fried chicken.

RAYLAN

(yes)

As spicy as you can find.

ART

And you honestly think that's gonna get him out of there?

(CONTINUED)

Hj12

CONTINUED: (2)

Hj12

VASQUEZ

(to Art)

It might if he's looking for a way
out of this that doesn't require
him to admit he's scared to die.

RAYLAN

(to Art)

Worth a shot.

ART

(hands Tim \$50)

Go get it.

VASQUEZ

(to Raylan)

Anything my office can do?

RAYLAN

Wallace claims mistreatment.

VASQUEZ

Probably true. He's a violent
asshole. A cycle gets started,
it's hard to stop.

RAYLAN

So there's nothing your office can
do.

VASQUEZ

Probably not.

Raylan starts out.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, if you have to
put him down, no one from my office
will be second-guessing you.

RAYLAN

For what it's worth.

VASQUEZ

Time out on everything else.

Hk12

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Hk12

Raylan situates himself outside the locker room door.

RAYLAN

Wallace.

HL12 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LOCKER ROOM - CROSSCUT

HL12

WALLACE

Let me guess. Tac Team's on it's way. You got fifteen minutes to end this peaceably.

RAYLAN

You heard?

WALLACE

Even if I didn't, I know the drill.

RAYLAN

So I guess you also heard I sent out for some chicken.

WALLACE

Fried chicken?

RAYLAN

(you bet your ass)
All that Prince's talk was making my mouth water. You come out of there, I'd be happy to share it with you.

WALLACE

You really think a box of chicken's gonna smooth all this over?

(beat)

Bet the bossman just about shit when you told him you were bringing in lunch.

(beat)

You like having a boss?

RAYLAN

Can't say I think about it all that much.

WALLACE

I had a boss once, back when I was roughnecking just after I left high school. Ended up braining him with a piece of that heavy chain we used to use to trip pipe? And when I say I brained him, I mean you could actually see brain coming out his nose.

HL12

CONTINUED:

HL12

RAYLAN

I thought you said you were doing
four life sentences -- you get the
other three for prison murders?

WALLACE

Nah, I only did forty-two months
for the foreman -- you believe that
old boy didn't die? Although I
don't think he's much of a
conversationalist anymore.

CUT TO:

12

INT. WINONA AND GARY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

12

Winona sits at the kitchen table in the same chair Wynn Duffy used. The papers she dropped earlier are still strewn all over the floor.

We hear (O.S.) the SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING AND THEN CLOSING.

GARY (O.S.)
(calling)
Honey? Winona?

WINONA
In the kitchen.

Gary appears in the kitchen doorway. He's frazzled, sweating a little.

GARY
I can't remember the last time you called to ask me to come home early -- I thought maybe your father had another heart attack.

WINONA
(calmly)
Your friend was here.

Gary looks down at the papers scattered on the floor.

GARY
What happened?

WINONA
You don't want to know which friend?

GARY
Sorry. Who was it?

WINONA
Wynn Duffy.

GARY
Who's that?

WINONA
He said he knew you.

GARY
Not ringing any bells.

WINONA

When I got home he was sitting right here.

GARY

Inside the house?

WINONA

Right here at the table. Almost gave me a heart attack. That's when I dropped the papers.

GARY

Jesus, did you call the cops?

WINONA

(shaking her head)

Said he was here to "test our home security situation." Said you wanted his recommendations for ways to make us better protected.

GARY

I wanted them? I don't even know the guy.

WINONA

Yeah, so you said.

GARY

So he was, what, trying to sell you an alarm system?

WINONA

I don't know -- we didn't get that far. I told him to leave.

GARY

Probably a junkie looking for a quick score, breaks in here 'cause he can tell nobody's home, shits a brick when he hears your key hit the lock, comes up with the "security consultant" thing on the fly.

WINONA

He wasn't a junkie.

GARY

Oh, no?

WINONA

Junkies usually don't have business cards.

Winona shows Gary Wynn Duffy's card.

GARY

Huh. Well, this is new one. Breaking into someone's home to get them to buy an alarm system.

WINONA

He wasn't here for that.

GARY

Then what was he here for?

WINONA

He was sending a message.

GARY

What kind of message?

WINONA

How long are you planning to keep going with this?

GARY

With what? Someone's running some kind of scam--

WINONA

He knew our names, Gary.

GARY

He could've found an old checkbook or something before you came in.

WINONA

He knew about us. He knew where I work.

GARY

Which he gets from pay-stubs or whatever. Maybe he snooped in our trash. We should get a shredder--

WINONA

You know, everything else might have some simple explanation, but the one thing that doesn't scan is you're not concerned about me, what could have happened.

GARY

(sweet)

Is that what this is about -- you think I don't care what happens to you?

WINONA

No, I know you do. And I know the reason you're not concerned about what that man might have done to me is you know he wasn't here for that. Because you know what he was here for.

GARY

Jesus Christ -- guess the Third Degree's what I deserve for marrying a marshal's wife.

WINONA

You know why I didn't call the cops? Because I know you're into something with some bad people. And I know Duffy's one of them.

GARY

How do you know something that isn't true?

WINONA

I read some of your emails and I got some names.

GARY

Oh, my God! You little snoop!

WINONA

You were acting so weird, so scared, and when I asked you what was wrong you said nothing.

GARY

Because there's nothing going on!

WINONA

Gary, Wynn Duffy was one of the names I found.

GARY

You know how many emails I get each day? How many I send?

(MORE)

12

CONTINUED: (4)

12

GARY (CONT'D)

And I deal with home security firms all the time. I'm supposed to remember every name?

WINONA

You were so wound up.

GARY

You read the papers? You see what's going on with real estate in this country? Of course I was wound up!

They sit in silence for a moment. Then Gary thinks of something.

GARY (CONT'D)

Hold on... This is why your ex-husband came to threaten me!

WINONA

Raylan came to see you?

GARY

Don't pretend you didn't send him.

WINONA

I didn't!

GARY

He just decided on his own to come see me.

WINONA

(beat)

I asked him to run those names.

GARY

Oh, for God's sake.

WINONA

I was scared!

(beat)

When was this?

GARY

Few weeks ago. Walked right into my office. Started off all pleasant, apologizing for breaking in that night. Then he puts the hammer down, says if I get you mixed up in anything he'll shoot me, or words to that effect.

(CONTINUED)

WINONA

I swear I had nothing to do with that.

(beat)

Why didn't you tell me sooner?

GARY

Because I don't like talking about your ex-husband. He strikes me as somewhat unbalanced.

Winona just looks at Gary. Gary matches her look.

GARY (CONT'D)

What?

WINONA

Or maybe you didn't tell me about Raylan because there is something going on.

GARY

Okay. That's enough.

Gary starts out. Winona grabs him.

WINONA

Gary, please just tell me what's happening so we can handle it together.

GARY

I hope before our next interrogation you'll at least read me my rights.

He storms out of the kitchen, heads for the front door. Winona stands, but doesn't go after him.

WINONA

Gary, please--

GARY (O.S.)

Sorry I couldn't be more help, Officer.

We hear (O.S.) the SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING.

GARY (CONT'D)

Or should I say, "Marshal."

The DOOR SLAMS (O.S.). Winona is left alone.

A13 OMITTED A13

13 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY 13

Raylan still stands just outside the closed doorway of the locker room.

WALLACE

You know I worked as a security guard for a while -- one of those big office towers in Memphis. My daddy got me the gig.

A14 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LOCKER ROOM - CROSSCUT A14

Wallace has laid out all the gear he needs -- batons, some mace, the shiv.

WALLACE

He worked for that outfit thirty years, sitting on his ass, signing for deliveries, checking IDs, anytime somebody asked him what he did he'd say he was "in law enforcement."

RAYLAN

My daddy used to grift people out of their welfare checks.

Just then, THE TAC TEAM, in bulky assault vests, helmets, bags of weapons, enters the bullpen, led by STEVENSON.

Wallace hears the commotion.

WALLACE

That the Tac Team?

Raylan says nothing.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Now we get to the fun part.

Off Raylan, frustrated--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

B14 OMITTED

B14

ACT THREE

14 OMITTED 14

C14 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ART'S OFFICE - DAY C14

The Tac Team is in the bullpen, getting ready.

Art huddles with Stevenson, the Tac-Team commander, and Stevenson's SECOND-IN-COMMAND. They look both at the video feed and a hand-drawn floorplan.

ART

Windows here and here,
shatterproof. Doors here and here.
Simple wood. He's got 'em all
blocked with lockers.

STEVENSON

(to his 2nd-in-command)
For starters, he doesn't need to
see.

His 2nd heads out into the bullpen.

ART

We need ten minutes.

STEVENSON

For what?

ART

We're waiting for something, might
diffuse the situation.

Stevenson looks at Art -- what?

ART (CONT'D)

One of Wallace's complaints is
food. Deputy Givens thought if we
brought him some fried chicken it
might do the trick.

STEVENSON

You think he pulled a shiv out of
his ass because he wanted lunch?

ART

There's also the thought that it
might not be a bad idea to give
Wallace an out that let's him save
face.

(CONTINUED)

C14

CONTINUED:

C14

STEVENSON

My experience, trying to appease the bad guy gives him the advantage. The Israelis don't even talk anymore before they go tactical. Longer we wait, more likely one of my boys gets hurt.

ART

But if my boy stops you having to assault, there's a chance nobody gets hurt.

STEVENSON

Sorry, Chief. Your boy's got maybe two minutes before my door-kickers are set. Then we're going in -- over him, through him, however he wants it.

VASQUEZ

You can't give him a couple extra minutes?

(off Stevenson's look)

David Vasquez. I'm with the US Attorney's office.

STEVENSON

Congratulations.

(to Art and Vasquez)

Look, gentlemen, due respect -- any time my boys are involved in a situation, I need to have full tactical command. You have a problem with that, all you do is say the word, we'll get out of your hair, you can resolve it any way you see fit.

(off their silence)

Didn't think so. Two minutes.

Stevenson heads out to join his team. Vasquez pulls his cell, dials.

VASQUEZ

(into cell)

It's me. Get me anything you can on Lexington SWAT.

Aa15 INT. CHICKEN SHACK - DAY

Aa15

Tim enters to find PORTER, 40, filling a big bag with buckets of chicken.

TIM

Hey.

(off paper)

I need 24 pieces, spiciest you have.

PORTER

We're closed.

TIM

I'm here.

PORTER

We're lunch only. We close at two.

TIM

I just need--

PORTER

I shut down the broiler.

TIM

(re: buckets of chicken)

What's that?

PORTER

Last order. For delivery.

TIM

I'll take it.

PORTER

No, you won't.

TIM

How much?

PORTER

Not for sale.

TIM

How much to change your mind?

PORTER

Get out of my store.

(CONTINUED)

Aa15

CONTINUED:

Aa15

TIM

(badges him)

I'm a Deputy U.S. Marshal and I need that chicken.

PORTER

Go somewhere else.

TIM

I don't have time.

PORTER

Then I guess you're shit out of luck.

TIM

I am officially requisitioning that chicken.

PORTER

What? You can't do that.

TIM

We requisition cars all the time. "Get out of the car!"

PORTER

You can't requisition chicken!

TIM

I have a badge, a gun and no patience and I am taking the chicken.

PORTER

This is bullshit!

Tim grabs the chicken, throws down the \$50 bill.

TIM

If that doesn't cover it, send an invoice to the courthouse.

Tim heads out.

PORTER

This is an abuse of Federal power!

TIM

Keep it up, and when your grandma goes before the death panel, I'll tell 'em to yank the plug.

(CONTINUED)

Aa15

CONTINUED: (2)

Aa15

Out goes Tim with the chicken.

A15

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

A15

Two Tac Team men enter quickly, stay close to the wall, out of Wallace's sight. One goes below the window. The two men unfold a big square of black duvateen and quickly pull it up over the window/mirror and tape it to the wall.

B15

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM/LOCKER ROOM -
CROSSCUT

B15

Wallace sees the window to the holding cell go dark.

WALLACE

Guess they don't want me to see
what they're doing.

Raylan is now in the conference room, sitting at the table.
Two Tac Team members cover the window into the locker room.

RAYLAN

Looks like it.

WALLACE

They got a camera?

RAYLAN

Would I tell you?

B15

CONTINUED:

B15

Wallace starts to get ready for battle, pulling on a hoodie, putting things in the pockets, eyeing the guards.

WALLACE

Time for you to step off, cowboy.

RAYLAN

I'm waiting.

WALLACE

For what? You find my old grade school English teacher?

RAYLAN

Is she with your daughter?

Wallace smirks -- that's funny.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Like I told you, I'm waiting for my chicken.

Two more Tac Team members enter the conference room, get set. One goes below the window, ready to pull down the duvateen, while the others get ready with MP5s/assorted CQB weapons.

C15

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME

C15

A similar configuration of Tac Team men, ready to take out the glass.

Dd15

EXT. LEXINGTON STREET - DAY

Dd15

Tim is running with the bag of chicken.

D15

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - SAME TIME

D15

Two Tac Team members stand by the door, one with a door-breaching shotgun and the other with a Taser.

STEVENSON

(whispers into mic)

Going in ninety.

E15

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM/LOCKER ROOM -
CROSSCUT

E15

WALLACE

They all set?

E15

CONTINUED:

E15

RAYLAN

You wanna tell me how getting your head caved in by a Tac Team screws the guys who screw with you?

WALLACE

When they do you like they done me -
- tell you for the rest of your life you don't get to choose when to sleep, when to eat, laugh, shit, talk -- they do you like that, you're screwing with them just by staying alive.

RAYLAN

Sounds like another reason to give this up.

STEVENSON (V.O.)

(over Raylan's earbud)

Sixty.

Wallace blows out some ragged breaths, sounding almost like a snarling animal -- he's obviously psyching himself up to slit the guards' throats as soon as the Tac Team hits the door. The guards look fucking terrified.

WALLACE

Sooner or later, only way you can prove you're alive is to show you have the freedom to decide when you die.

(re: the guards)

Besides, Marshal, you know these two'll be dead long before my head gets caved.

RAYLAN

I know if I see you moving to slit throats, I'll ghost you myself.

WALLACE

Through a closed door? On a quickdraw? Nobody's that good.

RAYLAN

If it was easy, anybody could do it.

WALLACE

You sure you wanna go for your gun in front of your U.S. Attorney friend?

(CONTINUED)

E15 CONTINUED: (2)

E15

RAYLAN

You've been talking to me a while.
You think, it comes to it, I give a
shit what he thinks?

F15 INT. STAIRS - DAY

F15

Tim runs up stairs with the bag of chicken.

G15 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN/CONFERENCE ROOM/LOCKER
ROOM - SAME TIME

G15

STEVENSON (V.O.)

(over earbud)

Thirty.

RAYLAN

You know, I read once that people
in unpleasant circumstances stay
alive not because they think
things'll get better, but because
they want to see how their story
turns out.

WALLACE

I know how my story turns out.

STEVENSON (V.O.)

(over earbud)

Twenty.

RAYLAN

Come on, Cal. Turn over the shiv
and see what I got coming for you.

STEVENSON (V.O.)

(over earbud)

Ten.

Tim runs into the bullpen with the chicken.

ART

(to Stevenson)

Wait.

Stevenson shakes his head.

STEVENSON

(over earbud)

In five.

G15

CONTINUED:

G15

Vasquez steps up to Stevenson and whispers something in his ear. Stevenson freezes. Beat.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)
(into mike)
Hold.

In the conference room, Raylan looks as Tim enters with the bag of chicken, a bottle of Jim Beam and two plastic cups. Tim leaves.

RAYLAN
Hey, Wallace. See what I got here?

Wallace peers out of the locker room, sees Raylan unpacking the chicken.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Twenty-four-piece, extra-spicy.
Think I saw some greens.
(looks in bag)
Cornbread. Potato wedges.

Raylan takes a bite.

WALLACE
What'd they, crumble up some
tranquilizers into it?

RAYLAN
I sure hope not.
(beat)
No one's trying to play you for a
fool here, Wallace. Way this
works, you hand me your weapon, we
sit together and have a meal like a
couple of human beings, then I walk
you out, make sure no one gets
nervous and decides to pop you.

Silence. Raylan takes another bite.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Don't know if it's as good as
Prince's, but it's hot.

Silence.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
You got what, three more days in
your hearings? Tell you what --
every day you're here, I'll get you
a chicken dinner.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

G15

CONTINUED: (2)

G15

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Or whatever you want, you want something else. You can eat alone or we can shoot the shit. Your call.

Silence.

Stevenson gives Art an impatient look, keys his mike.

STEVENSON

In ten.

SERIES OF ECU SHOTS: Tac Team members take aim. Fingers on triggers. Get their feet set.

Raylan takes a hit of Jim Beam.

RAYLAN

Whew! If that don't cool it off and heat it up at the same time.

STEVENSON

Five.

And then...

...there's a scraping sound from inside the locker room.

Raylan holds up his hand.

Stevenson sees Raylan's hand.

G15

CONTINUED: (3)

G15

STEVENSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (over earbud)
 Hold.

The scraping stops. Beat. Then the door from the locker room into the conference room opens three inches. A HAND appears. Holding the shiv.

Raylan grabs the wastebasket, holds it out.

Wallace drops the shiv, which THUNKS against the bottom of the wastebasket. Raylan passes Wallace a drumstick wrapped in a napkin.

RAYLAN
 Use the napkin. You don't want to touch food with that hand, where it's been.

Wallace's hand withdraws with the chicken. He takes a bite. Evaluates.

WALLACE
 It's no Prince's. But it'll do in a pinch. Any shot at some of that Jim Beam?

RAYLAN
 Two cups aren't just for me.

Raylan pours more bourbon into the two cups, hands a cup to Wallace.

MATCH CUT TO:

15 OMITTED 15

A16 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ART'S OFFICE - DAY A16

Three cups click together. Raylan, Art and Vasquez are having a drink. In the bullpen, Stevenson talks to ND TAC GUYS as they head out.

ART
 (toasting)
 To bumps, bruises, a couple cracked ribs and no one dead.

They drink.

RAYLAN
 The bourbon sealed it.

(CONTINUED)

A16

CONTINUED:

A16

VASQUEZ

(to Art)

Bet you're glad to have finally
found an actual professional use
for your office bottle.

ART

I don't know what you're talking
about. I was as surprised as
anyone to find it in my desk.

VASQUEZ

Probably left here by the cleaning
staff.

ART

Or teenagers.

RAYLAN

Hopped-up kids on a joy ride to
Hell.

Stevenson enters.

STEVENSON

Hope I'm not interrupting.

ART

We can find another glass.

STEVENSON

Some other time.

(CONTINUED)

A16

CONTINUED: (2)

A16

RAYLAN

I want to thank you for holding.

STEVENSON

(eyeing Vasquez)

Your AUSA friend's pretty persuasive.

ART

It true what you said about the Israelis?

STEVENSON

No idea. It's true I said it.

(beat)

I'm happy anytime a situation can be resolved peacefully. Next time, though, I'd appreciate it if you'd get out of the way, let me and my men do their jobs.

ART

If this ever happens again, I *really* suck at *my* job.

Stevenson shrugs, heads out. Art, Raylan and Vasquez watch as he follows his men out.

ART (CONT'D)

What did you say to him?

VASQUEZ

I said I hoped the lawsuit against his department didn't go Federal.

ART

What lawsuit?

VASQUEZ

Damned if I know. I asked my office if there was anything, but they didn't get back in time.

(shrugs)

I figured there's always some kind of lawsuit against a department.

The room quiets. Talk of lawsuits brings them back to why they were supposed to get together.

RAYLAN

When's our time-out up?

(CONTINUED)

A16

CONTINUED: (3)

A16

VASQUEZ

We don't have to do this today.

ART

Not a bad idea. Take a rain check.

RAYLAN

I'd rather get it over with.

Looks fly between Art and Raylan. Art looks at him -- you're sure? Raylan nods. Art nods to Vasquez.

VASQUEZ

Okay. Just have to grab my briefcase.

Vasquez heads out to the bullpen.

ART

Well, I sure as hell owe you one. This had gone another way -- violent hostage stand-off inside a Marshals Office? Let's just say it could've been a real black eye. You managed to get us out of it so quietly I doubt it'll even make the papers.

RAYLAN

My sole purpose, my guiding principle, was to try to protect your reputation.

ART

And I appreciate it.

They see Vasquez heading back with his briefcase.

ART (CONT'D)

Remember -- no "what ifs," no "would haves."

RAYLAN

Just the facts, ma'am.

Vasquez enters Art's office, sets his briefcase down on the desk. He's much less jovial than he was moments ago.

VASQUEZ

You mind if I record? Just for my own recollection; better than having someone take notes.

(CONTINUED)

A16

CONTINUED: (4)

A16

Off their nods/shrugs, Vasquez opens his briefcase, takes out a digital audio recorder.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)
(into the recorder)
Deputy Marshal Raylan Givens.
Initial post-shooting interview.
Also present, Chief Deputy Art
Mullen.

Vasquez again reaches into his briefcase, pulls out the distinctive RED FOLDER we saw Bo Crowder's lawyer holding in the Teaser.

Vasquez hesitates a second, gives Raylan an odd look, then he fans out the contents of the folder onto Art's desk: PHOTOS of Raylan and Ava together (and obviously *together*).

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)
Deputy Givens, how would you
characterize your relationship with
Ava Crowder?

Off Raylan and Art--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

16	OMITTED	16
A17	OMITTED	A17
17	OMITTED	17
18	OMITTED	18
19	OMITTED	19

ACT FOUR

20 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ART'S OFFICE - DAY

20

Some time has passed. The digital recorder's still running. The photos of Raylan and Ava are still spread out across the desk. Raylan looks guilty and frustrated. Art looks disappointed and somehow older than we've ever seen him.

RAYLAN

(re: the photos)

Where did you get those?

VASQUEZ

Does it matter?

RAYLAN

One of your "meetings" today happen to be with Bo Crowder and his lawyer?

(off Vasquez's silence)

Whatever Ava and I have been doing together, you've gotta know any jury is gonna take our word over Boyd's.

VASQUEZ

(re: the photos)

Do you honestly not see the story Boyd Crowder's attorney will put together from these? The day before you ride back into town, Ms. Crowder decides to ventilate her husband with a hunting rifle. Then a few days after that, she stands by -- holding a Marshals-Service shotgun, I believe -- while you shoot Boyd Crowder in the very same house, same room, same damn chair where his brother died.

(beat)

He'll strongly suggest you began your relationship before your reassignment.

(takes a breath before he drops his bombshell)

Which is why we're going to have to release Boyd Crowder.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

For a moment, Raylan is too stunned to move.

RAYLAN

Release him?

VASQUEZ

We have no evidence linking him to the bank robberies; the witness in the church bombing failed to identify him.

ART

Maybe one of his boys will flip on him for the banks.

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ

Given the life expectancy of guys in the federal prison system who snitch on Aryan-underground leaders, I wouldn't hold my breath. Which means the only viable charges against Mr. Crowder would be for the kidnapping of Ms. Crowder and the attempted murder of a Federal officer, both of which are predicated on the testimony of Ms. Crowder and Deputy Givens. Now that the two of them have been compromised as witnesses, who's to say Mr. Crowder was at his sister-in-law's house that night for any reason other than to have dinner?

RAYLAN

You must be kidding.

VASQUEZ

I wish I was.

The three of them sit in silence for a few seconds.

RAYLAN

(to Vasquez, sounding defeated)

Chief Mullen didn't know anything about Ava and me.

ART

Raylan--

RAYLAN

(cutting him off)

He didn't know anything. He warned me to stay clear of her. I lied every time he asked me about her.

VASQUEZ

Well, then, Chief Mullen will have to decide whether he wants to bring disciplinary action, call in your Internal Affairs.

ART

So, what happens now?

VASQUEZ

What happens now is Boyd pleads to a minor gun charge, gets sentenced to time served, then he walks and we pray he doesn't decide to sue.

Vasquez turns off the digital recorder, starts to pack up his photos.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

Deputy Givens, my advice to you is to stay the hell away from him. And from Ms. Crowder.

Vasquez gathers his belongings, heads for the door. When he's gone, Raylan and Art haven't moved.

RAYLAN

Art--

Art cuts him off, stands to go.

ART

Do me a favor -- steer clear of me for a while.

EXT. BIG SANDY FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - PARKING LOT - DAY 21

Boyd Crowder, free at last, walks out through the main gate. Bo stands just outside the wall beside an idling car, waits for his son. Boyd reaches his father, who claps a bear hug on him. They have an exchange that we don't hear because we're watching from some distance away.

PULL BACK to REVEAL we've been seeing the scene from Raylan's P.O.V.. He stands on the far side of the prison parking lot, chews a toothpick, watches Boyd and Bo.

Boyd spots Raylan, says something to his father, heads over. Bo watches as Boyd crosses the parking lot.

BOYD

You come to welcome me back into free society? That's awful white of you, Raylan.

RAYLAN

(re: the "white" comment)
I thought you left all that master-race bullshit behind.

BOYD

It's just an expression, Raylan.
Nothing to do with skin.

RAYLAN

Since we're on the subject, though, of your... ah... "conversion," there's a question that's been eating at me.

BOYD

Glad to hear it -- "The seeking is the goal and the search is the answer."

RAYLAN

My question is why the born-again Boyd Crowder would allow himself to be released unjustly from having to do penance for his crimes.

BOYD

I myself struggled with this very question until I realized this turn of events is nothing short of a miracle. It's God's will that I walk free and who am I -- who are any of us -- to fight God's will? My ministry has gone as far as it can inside those prison walls -- much as it pains me to say, there are men in there whose souls are simply beyond my power to save. My mission now is to cast off the shackles of my incarceration, go forth into the land and spread His word, just as Jesus instructed His Apostles.

RAYLAN

Boyd, you know it's not a miracle that's gotten you out. I'm the one who's allowed you to be unleashed upon on the world. And I'm the one who's gonna find a way to put you back in a cage.

BOYD

(terrifyingly calm)

Raylan, I hope you know I can't allow anything to stand in the way of my divine calling.

RAYLAN

Good luck with that.

BOYD

Why, thank you, Raylan.

RAYLAN

But I have to wonder, what's it going to be like, the first bank you see with questionable security and a good getaway route. You gonna be able to resist the temptation? Not a lot of temptation on the inside.

BOYD

You haven't believed a word I've said. You think all my talk of God is just me working some angle.

RAYLAN

Boyd, the only thing I know for sure, you robbed banks and blew shit up and murdered at least one man. You remember Jared, don't you? The one you shot in the back of the head on Tates Creek Bridge?

Boyd glances back at his father, who is still watching them from beside the idling car. He's been joined now by the car's driver, who stands in the open driver's side door, also watching -- we recognize the driver as Bo's lawyer, the man we saw in the Teaser.

BOYD

I must leave you now, Raylan, to be restored to the bosom of my family.

(beat)

I'll continue to pray that one day I'm able to bring you peace.

Raylan watches as Boyd walks back to his father, shakes hands with the lawyer, slides into the backseat of the car. Before Bo ducks into the car, he and Raylan LOCK EYES for a long moment -- there's a storm coming.

21

CONTINUED: (3)

21

As the car pulls away, carrying Boyd back to "the bosom of his family," Raylan is left standing alone in the empty prison parking lot.

Raylan's cell phone VIBRATES. He pulls it out of his pocket, looks at the display screen. The CALL IS FROM AVA.

Instead of answering, Raylan just puts the phone back in his pocket as we--

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE