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JUSTIFIED

Ep. 501

"A Murder of Crows"

by

Graham Yost & Fred Golan

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT
FULL BLUE DRAFT

9/22/13
10/1/13

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Episode 501 – "A Murder of Crows"

Revision History

<u>Draft/Revision Color</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Pages</u>
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	9/22/13	Full Draft
FULL BLUE DRAFT	10/1/13	Full Draft

JUSTIFIED
Episode 501
"A MURDER OF CROWES"

CAST LIST

RAYLAN GIVENS	TIMOTHY OLYPHANT
ART MULLEN	NICK SEARCY
TIM GUTTERSON (CREDIT ONLY)	JACOB PITTS
RACHEL BROOKS (CREDIT ONLY)	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
WINONA HAWKINS	NATALIE ZEA
JUDGE REARDON	STEPHEN ROOT
AUSA DAVID VASQUEZ	RICK GOMEZ
DEPUTY CHIEF DAN GRANT*	MATT CRAVEN
WADE MESSER	JAMES LE GROS
SAMMY TONIN	MAX PERLICH
PICKER	JOHN KAPELOS
LEE PAXTON	SAM ANDERSON
DEPUTY MARSHAL GREGG SUTTER	
DALE CROWE, JR.	
DILLY CROWE	
WENDY CROWE	
DANNY CROWE	
KENDAL CROWE	
LT. SIMON LEE	
ELVIS MANUEL MACHADO	
MARSHA KEYHOE	
CARL	
AL SURA	
CHANDLER	
DONNY*	
BILLY "WILDMAN" GEIST	
SCOTT FENTON	
WRAITH	
SCREW	
JEAN BAPTISTE	
MINA*	
TEENA*	
OFFICER SUSAN CRANE	
THUG*	
MARA	

JUSTIFIED
Episode 501
"A MURDER OF CROWES"

CAST LIST (CONT'D)

~~**SHOPPER (NON-SPEAKING)***~~

8 ARMED BLACK MEN (NON-SPEAKING)

MAN IN BLOODY APRON (NON-SPEAKING)

~~**JUDGE MCALLISTER (NON-SPEAKING)***~~

~~**SWAT COPS (NON-SPEAKING)***~~

~~**ND ARMED CANADIAN THUGS (NON-SPEAKING)***~~

~~**DEAD MAN (NON-SPEAKING)***~~

~~**ROSS (NON-SPEAKING)***~~

JUSTIFIED
Episode 501
“A MURDER OF CROWES”

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MARSHAL’S OFFICE
~~–ART’S OFFICE*~~
- BULLPEN
AUDRY’S BAR
DUFFY’S MOTOR COACH
~~CROWE HOME*~~
ABANDONED HOUSING PROJECT
- HALLWAY
- SAMMY’S HIDEOUT
- LOBBY
PAXTON’S FUNERAL HOME*
HARLAN COUNTY JAIL
- VISITORS’ AREA
FEDERAL COURTROOM
DINER
MIAMI AIRPORT*
~~–GIFT SHOP~~
~~–OUTSIDE SECURITY~~
DONUT SHOP
LEE’S POWERBOAT
~~JOHNNY’S BAR*~~
MIAMI MARSHAL’S OFFICE*
- CONFERENCE ROOM

BOYD’S TRUCK
DALE’S CAR
SUTTER’S SUV*

EXTERIORS

AUDRY’S BAR - REAR
CROWE HOME
FLORIDA MARINA
GATOR ~~SHACK FARM*~~
- REAR
- FRONT
- **DOCK***
BRIDGE
~~STORAGE UNITS*~~
PAXTON’S FUNERAL HOME
LONG DOCK
MIAMI AIRPORT*
ROAD
PALM VIEW MOTEL*
ON THE WATER*
- NEAR GATOR FARM

* DENOTES NEW/CHANGE

TEASER

1

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

1

Hearing in progress. Plaintiff's attorney MARSHA KEYHOE is conducting direct examination of an as-yet unseen witness. Presiding is JUDGE REARDON. AUSA DAVID VASQUEZ is (hopefully) at the government's table.

MS. KEYHOE

Isn't it true that my client was drugged and abducted from Tramble Prison, against his will and better judgment?

Discover that the witness is RAYLAN GIVENS.

RAYLAN

What better judgment?

*

MS. KEYHOE

Yes or no, Deputy?

RAYLAN

Yes.

MS. KEYHOE

And isn't it true that my client was later drugged again, and made to believe that his kidneys had been removed?

Now REVEAL DEWEY CROWE, Sunday best, sitting in the front of the courtroom, watching.

RAYLAN

You might want to note for the record he believed he had four kidneys--

MS. KEYHOE

Your honor, will you direct the witness...

RAYLAN

(over her)

Yes.

Ms. Keyhoe has plucked a REPORT out of her file.

(CONTINUED)

MS. KEYHOE

And isn't it also true, Deputy,
that on the occasion of your first
meeting, you broke Mr. Crowe's nose
without provocation?

Vasquez is on his feet.

VASQUEZ

Objection! No basis in evidence.

REARDON

Ms. Keyhoe?

MS. KEYHOE

I'm simply asking Deputy Givens to
corroborate his own report.
(holds it up for Raylan)
This is your report, signed by you?

RAYLAN

I reported the altercation. I
didn't say I broke his nose,
because I didn't break it.

MS. KEYHOE

Had he swung at you? Pulled a gun
on you?

RAYLAN

He made a threatening gesture.

*

MS. KEYHOE

So you grabbed his hair and slammed
his face into a steering wheel.
(consults her notes)
A few days later, you hit him in
the nose with the butt of a
shotgun, didn't you?

RAYLAN

I'm sure he told you he was lying
in wait for me--

MS. KEYHOE

Yes or no.

RAYLAN

Yes.

MS. KEYHOE

Deputy Givens, perhaps you'd rather just stipulate to having assaulted Mr. Crowe on not less than a dozen occasions.

Vasquez is on his feet again.

VASQUEZ

Objection.

REARDON

Ms. Keyhoe, you got a point?

MS. KEYHOE

Your honor, my client's rights have been repeatedly violated while in Deputy Givens' custody.

*
*

REARDON

Counsel approach the bench.

Vasquez and Keyhoe move in, huddle with Reardon.

REARDON (CONT'D)

How long's this gonna take?

MS. KEYHOE

Two or three days, at least, your honor. I've got a long list of federal inmates who will testify to their abuse at the hands of this man.

RAYLAN

Your honor, that's bullshit.

Reardon shoots Raylan a look.

VASQUEZ

There's a settlement offer for twenty thousand on the table, Ms. Keyhoe. Would fifty make your client go away?

*

MS. KEYHOE

Mr. Vasquez, this goes beyond abuses perpetrated against my client.

*
*

(brandishes files)

(MORE)

1

CONTINUED: (3)

1

MS. KEYHOE (CONT'D)

I'm laying the foundation for a class-action lawsuit against the United States Marshals Service and the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

REARDON

Vasquez...

*

VASQUEZ

Your honor.

WITH DEWEY, trying to hear -- unsuccessfully -- what Reardon and Vasquez are saying. They have another exchange, then:

*

REARDON

Step back.

Vasquez and Keyhoe return to their places.

REARDON (CONT'D)

Mr. Crowe, a settlement offer of twenty thousand has already been made. The U.S. Attorney has modified it to three hundred. Do you accept that settlement?

A gasp goes through the courtroom. Dewey Crowe jumps to his feet, indignant.

*

DEWEY

No, I do not. After what I been put through, my kidneys and everything, you telling me all I get is three hundred dollars?

*

*

REARDON

Three hundred thousand, you nitwit.

Beat, then Dewey's legs go out from under him, and he starts to cry.

REARDON (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes.
(brings gavel down hard)
Next case.

Off Raylan, so very annoyed --

A2

INT. HARLAN COUNTY JAIL - VISITOR'S AREA - DAY

A2

*

CLOSE ON BILLY "WILDMAN" GEIST, 50 -- long hair tied back in a ponytail, eyes on fire, talking fast.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

A2

GEIST

All your previous lawyers were pussies. Telling you to plea it out? I don't plea bargain ever. One of the reasons they call me The Wildman. Is going to trial a big risk? It is. But it offers a bigger reward. Whaddya say? You wanna hop aboard The Wildman Express?

Reveal that he's talking to AVA CROWDER, dressed in Harlan County Jail BLACK COVERALLS. WIDER reveals Boyd is also at the table. On the other side of the door into the jail is a burly female guard -- OFFICER SUSAN CRANE, 30s. Ava gives Boyd a look re: Geist -- *this guy for real?* Boyd nods.

AVA

Uh, well, sure.

GEIST

Then buckle up, here we go.
(opens file)
They got you down for obstruction, evidence tampering, desecration of a corpse -- which gets tossed before we even go into court unless you had sex with dead Delroy and I doubt that.

AVA

Have they selected the judge?

GEIST

They have. It'll be Bishop.

Ava looks stricken.

AVA

Bishop?

BOYD

Counselor, my fiancée and I need to have a conversation. Did you bring headphones?

Geist nods.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Put 'em on, plug 'em in, crank it top to ten.

(CONTINUED)

A2

GEIST
(now thinking twice)
What exactly are you going to talk
about?

BOYD
(sighs)
That's what all the previous
lawyers asked and why they no
longer have the job.
(holds out his hand)
You can rest assured it won't be
about you.

Geist takes out his HEADPHONES, plugs them into his PHONE,
cranks up METALLICA. Boyd looks at Ava.

AVA
They picked *Bishop*?

BOYD
I told you I'm ready for whatever
robe it is sits behind that bench.

AVA
But you said Bishop was a hard get.

BOYD
But get him I will.
(changing subject)
How's your new cellie working out?

AVA
Better.
(nods at female guard)
Guard's been helpful, too.

BOYD
Is there any other comfort I can
provide you during this most
unpleasant inconvenience?

AVA
I would like to get outside more.

BOYD
You need sunscreen and a folding
chair? Consider it done.

AVA
How're you, Boyd?

(CONTINUED)

A2

CONTINUED: (3)

A2

BOYD

Sitting in that big house by
myself, I feel like I'm in my own
jail. But I know we're both gonna
get out soon.

Boyd kisses Ava. Then, pulls off Geist's headphones.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Okay, Perry Mason, time's up.

Boyd and Geist get up. Ava gets up. Officer Crane comes in.

OFFICER CRANE

All done?

Ava nods. Boyd and Ava get their closing hug, hold it for
bit until Officer Crane clears her throat. They part. Boyd
and Geist head out, a last look between Boyd and Ava. Ava
watches until Boyd disappears, then slumps.

OFFICER CRANE (CONT'D)

You know I gotta... Because it was
a contact visit. Sorry.

Ava nods in resignation, goes through the door. Crane
follows.

OFFICER CRANE (CONT'D)

Disrobe and bend over.

2

I/E. BOYD'S TRUCK/BRIDGE - NIGHT

2

BOYD and JIMMY sit in Boyd's truck on the Harlan bridge.

JIMMY

How are you going to get to Judge
Bishop?

BOYD

I'm not. He's ungettable. No
vices, no family, nothing.
(beat)
Ninety percent of life is doing
what you don't want to do, and I'm
gonna have to do something I don't
want to do.
(sees something)
Here we go.

THEIR POV: A PANEL TRUCK is approaching, flashing its
brights.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

BOYD (CONT'D)
 (notices)
 It's just the truck.

*

3

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

3

The approaching panel truck stops, its lights stay on. TWO MEN -- call them CHANDLER and ROSS -- get out. Boyd and Jimmy get out, their truck lights still on. Boyd holds a briefcase. Everyone blinks in the harsh light.

BOYD
 Where're your lead and follow cars?

CHANDLER
 We got separated back at one of the turns. That the money?

BOYD
 It is. But you don't get it until I see the shipment.

CHANDLER
 I don't know how many of these rodeos you've been to, friend, but that's not how it works.

BOYD
 It is tonight.

Chandler and Ross pull GUNS. Boyd and Jimmy don't.

*

CHANDLER
 Tonight just took a turn, huh.

*

Chandler and Ross are a bit unnerved that Boyd and Jimmy don't seem to react or be afraid, but just stare them down.

*

*

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
 How about you throw that briefcase over here?

*

*

*

Boyd doesn't do a thing.

*

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
 Ross, when I shoot him, get the briefcase from his dead hand--

*

*

*

BOOM! A hole blows out of Chandler's chest. Before Ross can react-- BOOM! A hole in his chest. They both drop.

*

*

Boyd and Jimmy turn, wait.

*

(CONTINUED)

Out of the darkness comes...

CARL, 30s, in camo, with a SNIPER RIFLE fitted with a NIGHT SCOPE.

Boyd nods to the rear of the truck. He, Jimmy, and Carl go to the rear of the truck.

BOYD
(speaking through the rear door)
Hey, Inside Man. I know you're in there. You must've heard what happened to your friends just now. So how about you slide up that door four inches or so and ease out any weapons you have, butt first. Otherwise we're gonna shred that door and you.

No response.

Boyd looks at Jimmy and Carl, smirks WHEN --

SOMEONE inside fires a shotgun blast through the door, winging Boyd's ear.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Motherfucker--

Jimmy and Carl OPEN UP on the truck, filling the rear door with holes. Boyd whistles to make them stop. Silence.

JIMMY
Boyd, he got your ear.

BOYD
I know he got my ear!

Boyd nods at the door. Jimmy goes to it, slides it up all the way.

There's nothing in the back of the truck but a DEAD MAN with a SHOTGUN.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Explains why they had no need for lead or follow cars. They got no goddamn dope.

Boyd pulls his phone, thumbs a number.

A4 INT. DUFFY'S MOTOR COACH - NIGHT - INTERCUT A4 *

WYNN DUFFY is in bed, watching the Australian Open live (O.S.). MIKE enters in his robe with a cell phone. *

MIKE *

Crowder. *

Duffy sighs, takes the phone. *

DUFFY *

(into phone) *

I didn't take you for a tennis fan, *

Mr. Crowder, but the only reason I *

can see you calling at this hour is *

to discuss Azarenko's play-- *

BOYD *

What the hell is going on in *

Detroit? *

DUFFY *

I intuit by your tone something has *

gone awry. *

BOYD *

I am standing here with three dead *

men, no dope and part of my ear *

missing. *

DUFFY *

I intuited correctly. *

BOYD *

It's my guess they had no dope to *

bring, decided to roll south *

anyway, rip me off. Which *

indicates Detroit has come off the *

rails. *

DUFFY *

According to Mr. Picker, Sammy got *

into a dispute with his Canadian *

suppliers. That could explain-- *

BOYD *

You didn't see fit to tell me this? *

DUFFY *

Picker assured me the dispute would *

be settled shortly. *

(CONTINUED)

A4

CONTINUED:

A4

BOYD

How about you call Picker back and
tell him we're coming north and
we're going to get our damn dope.

DUFFY

Are you telling me what to do, Mr.
Crowder?

BOYD

Do you like money, Wynn?

DUFFY

I love money.

BOYD

Well, if I don't have any dope to
sell, you get no more money from
me.

Boyd hangs up. END INTERCUT.

CARL

(re: bodies)

You want us to dump 'em in a
slurry, boss?

BOYD

Ain't had much luck with slurries
recently. Just bury 'em.
(walks off, touching ear)
Son of a bitch.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

*

4 EXT. FLORIDA MARINA - NIGHT 4

Houseboats and rundown pleasure cruisers. Where recently divorced men decide they'll live for a while then never leave.

Sitting on the deck of a crappy ass powerboat is SIMON LEE, 40s, Asian, smoking a CIGAR and drinking SCOTCH. Lee has the air of someone once clean-cut who has let himself go.

Up the dock walk ELVIS MANUEL MACHADO, 40s (carrying a PAPER SACK), and DILLY CROWE, 30s. Elvis Manuel is a scary fella -- Danny Trejo if he was interested in doing our show. Dilly thinks he's a fuck of a lot smarter than he is. He wears a GATOR TOOTH NECKLACE.

LEE

You're late.

5 INT. LEE'S POWERBOAT - NIGHT 5

Lee leads Elvis Manuel and Dilly into the sad boat. Lee goes behind the galley counter, fixes himself another scotch.

DILLY

How're things at the Coast Guard?

LEE

You think I want to do small talk?
Let's just get this done.

*

Lee extends a hand. Elvis Manuel hands him the paper sack. Lee can tell just by holding it it's light. He cocks an eyebrow at them then looks in the bag. He shuts the bag.

LEE (CONT'D)

How short is this?

*

*

DILLY

Not a lot--

*

*

ELVIS MANUEL

Fifty.

*

*

LEE

Fifty is half. Half is a lot.
What happened?

*

*

*

DILLY

See, we didn't get everything we're
owed by the candy company?

*

*

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DILLY (CONT'D)

They the ones do the dollar store
knock-offs of Mike and Ike?

LEE

Señor Machado?

ELVIS MANUEL

Mr. Crowe insisted on stopping off
at the Apalachee Casino, hoping to
make a profit off of what was in
the bag, only it didn't go that
way.

Dilly looks at Elvis Manuel -- WTF? -- then back to Lee.

DILLY

Indian casinos are r-r-rigged
against the white man, that's a
fact.

Dilly has a hard time spitting it out. *N.B. In fact, as he
gets more excited it becomes clear that he is a stutterer.*

Lee tosses the bag to Elvis Manuel.

LEE

I hereby terminate my business
relationship with the Machado
family and whoever the hell you got
yourselves mixed up with.

ELVIS MANUEL

I talk to Mr. Crowe's brother, I
can get the rest, tomorrow at the
latest--

LEE

No, see, this is good. I gotta
stop this shit and you just made it
easier. I think I'm being
investigated by JAG. My Captain is
up my ass.

ELVIS MANUEL

Mr. Lee, we have a shipment coming
in, end of the week. We need to
make sure the Coast Guard is
looking the other way.

LEE

Then you should've brought all the
money. We're done.

(CONTINUED)

DILLY

Mr. Lee, I n-n-need you to
understand s-s-something--

Lee stares at him.

DILLY (CONT'D)

(hard to get out, painful)
I'm in what you might call a j-j-
jam. Only reason I had us stop by
A-a-apalachee is because I already
lost a bundle of the family's money
on the d-d-dogs and I had to make
it up. Now, Dale's likely as not
to beat my ass he finds out. But
if our business here ends? He's
gonna flat out k-k-k-kill me --

LEE

(turning to Elvis)
I gotta l-l-listen to this c-c-
crap?

BOOM. Dilly has a SMOKING GUN in his hand. Lee is shot in
the gut. He drops behind the counter.

ELVIS MANUEL

Why did you do that?

Dilly just stands there, fuming. Elvis pulls his gun, looks
over the counter.

DILLY

He alive?

Elvis fires twice. Not anymore he's not.

DILLY (CONT'D)

Why'd you tell him about the
casino?

ELVIS MANUEL

That's why we're standing here with
guns in our hands, huh? Because I
told the truth? *Maldito idiota*
cuervos. Dios mio, por que no
estoy en Cuba?

Raylan is working at his desk as ART walks up, drops a file
in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

ART *
I'm sending you to Florida. *

RAYLAN *
What'd I do now? *

Art opens the file to a PHOTO of SIMON LEE. *

ART *
Off-duty Coast Guard officer named *
Simon Lee has gone missing from his *
boat, presumed dead. Suspect is a *
Cuban national, violent career *
criminal name of Elvis Manuel *
Machado. *

RAYLAN *
Elvis. Must be a story there. *

ART *
Fugitive task force is looking for *
Mr. Machado, and among his known *
associates--

RAYLAN *
(reading) *
Dillon Crowe, aka Dilly. *

ART *
Of the Florida Crowes. Know him? *

RAYLAN *
I know him, and I'm surprised he's *
still alive. Figured somebody *
would've killed him by now. *

ART *
Well, that's why I told the task *
force you'd be assisting. *

RAYLAN *
You know, Art, I got a lot on my *
plate right now. *

ART *
Sorry, did it sound like I was *
asking? Figured you'd want to go. *
It's a paid trip. Think of it as a *
family trip. *

RAYLAN *
The Crowes are a terrible family. *

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

ART

I'm talking about your family,
Raylan. You have a kid, right?
Lives in Florida.

*
*
*
*

RAYLAN

Of course I do.

*
*

ART

Well there you go.

*
*

Art heads back into his office. Raylan follows.

*

RAYLAN

I'd love to to see my kid, but
before we spend taxpayer money on a
ticket, like to remind you that
we've got a perfectly good Crowe
right here in Kentucky. Dewey.

*
*
*
*

ART

Yes, since the settlement, we're
all well aware of Dewey Crowe. But
why would he help you?

*
*

RAYLAN

Figure he owes me a favor.

*

ART

Figure he owes you three hundred
thousand of 'em.

*
*

RAYLAN

I can handle Dewey Crowe. Be back
before you know it.

*

7 OMITTED

7

*

8 INT. AUDRY'S BAR - DAY

8

*

Business is light, but it's early yet. He crosses to the
bar. BARTENDER'S back is turned to Raylan.

*

RAYLAN

Looking for the owner.

Bartender turns around - it's Wade Messer.

MESSER

Well, hey Raylan.

*

RAYLAN

Wade.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

MESSER

Wade Messer, that's right.

RAYLAN

Surprised to see you here. *

Wade would escape if he could, but he's trapped at the bar. *

WADE

Well, I got outta prison early. *

RAYLAN

(nods) *

Rode Dickie Bennett's shirttail out
of Tramble, on account of the
scandal. *

WADE

How'd you know? *

RAYLAN

Wade, you're a known felon tried to
help kill me a couple of times.
It's protocol to tell me you been
released, in case you take it into
your head to try again. *

WADE

Sounds like a good policy. *

RAYLAN

Don't worry, I'm not here for you. *

WADE

You're not? *

RAYLAN

I'm here for the owner. *

MESSER

Boyd? He sold the place. *

RAYLAN

I know. I'm talking about the new
owner. *

9

EXT. AUDRY'S BAR - REAR - DAY

9

We find Dewey and two of Audry's whores, TEENA and MINA,
together in an ABOVE-GROUND POOL. They're playing buck-naked
Marco Polo, and Dewey, BANDANA over his eyes, is "it."

(CONTINUED)

DEWEY

Marco.

TEENA

Polo.

DEWEY

Marco.

MINA

Polo.

Dewey lunges toward the sound, as the girls splash away, shrieking with delight. Dewey whips around, grinning.

DEWEY

Marco.

RAYLAN (O.C.)

Polo.

The girls whip around, spot Raylan walking up.

DEWEY

(whips off the bandana)

Wade, I told you --

*

RAYLAN

Don't blame Wade.

Dewey glares at Raylan.

*

DEWEY

Goddamn it.

*

*

RAYLAN

Out of the pool, ladies.

*

*

DEWEY

Girls, don't you move.

*

*

(defiant)

*

They work for me, and I say they're staying. This is my place, and you got no right--

*

*

*

RAYLAN

I'm a Deputy U.S. Marshal conducting a federal investigation, and unless they want to be charged with obstruction, they're going.

*

*

*

*

*

TEENA

It's okay, Dewey. We'll be inside.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

The girls grab THREADBARE TOWELS and disappear inside. *

RAYLAN *
Get outta the pool. *

DEWEY *
You got no right-- *

RAYLAN *
Don't make me break your nose *
again. *

DEWEY *
Go ahead. Probably get another *
twenty, thirty thousand for that. *

Beat, then Dewey climbs out, covers his balls. *

DEWEY (CONT'D) *
I'm freezing my ass off. I need to *
get my robe. *

RAYLAN *
With all them tats to keep you *
warm? You just stand right there. *
I got it. *

Raylan walks over to a chair, takes the ROBE and checks the *
pockets. *

RAYLAN (CONT'D) *
This a gun in your pocket, or you *
just glad to see me? *

DEWEY *
It ain't my gun and it ain't *
loaded. *

Raylan holds the SHINY PISTOL up. *

RAYLAN *
Nickle-plated and engraved. *
(reads) *
Believe it says "Dewey." *

DEWEY *
It's a common name. *

RAYLAN *
Dewey Crowe. You are a convicted *
felon. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

And as such you are not allowed the
God given American right of
carrying a concealed weapon. I
will have to confiscate this
firearm--

DEWEY

You can't come into my place--

RAYLAN

You know, I couldn't wait to visit
my old pal Dewey Crowe and see how
he was spending his windfall.

Raylan throws him the robe, keeps the gun. Dewey puts the
robe on.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

This Boyd's idea. Buying this
place?

DEWEY

Told him I wanted to put my money
to work.

RAYLAN

And he offered to sell you
Audrey's.

DEWEY

I don't remember whose idea it was.
What the hell you want?

RAYLAN

Talk about your kin, down in
Florida.

DEWEY

I got nothing to do with them.

RAYLN

Be that as it may, any idea where I
can find Dilly?

DEWEY

Saying you need my help?

RAYLAN

You choose to give it, marshals
service would look favorably on --

(CONTINUED)

DEWEY

You got balls coming into my place,
asking for my help after all the
shit you pulled on me.

RAYLAN

All that happened to you, you got
well paid for. I come down here to
ask your for a simple favor. You
don't want to help fine.

DEWEY

You want my help?

Raylan smiles, nods.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Tell you what I'll do. On account
of beating you in court made me
rich, I'll help. On one condition.

RAYLAN

What condition?

DEWEY

I want an apology for everything
you done to me. Going back to
breaking my nose.

RAYLAN

Dewey the three hundred thousand
was the apology.

DEWEY

I'll tell you what you want to
know, after you say you're sorry.

RAYLAN

Dewey--

DEWEY

I don't hear a sorry.

Dewey holds Raylan's look, defiant. Fuck it -- Raylan pulls
up the nickel-plated gun -- guess what, it is loaded -- BLOWS
two holes in the swimming pool. Water gushes out. Raylan
turns, walks away.

RAYLAN

Sorry... asshole.

BLACK, THEN:

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED: (5)

9

MIAMI, FLORIDA

10

INT. MIAMI MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

10

A SUNNY SKYLINE is visible through the glass windows.

Raylan has a SMALL SUITCASE and a PLASTIC BAG from the Miami airport. He stares out the window, waits as DEPUTY CHIEF DAN GRANT (211) and DEPUTY MARSHAL GREGG SUTTER, maybe 50, sturdy, enter.

DAN

Raylan.

RAYLAN

Dan.

DAN

Thanks for coming down. Appreciate the help.

RAYLAN

Wasn't my idea, but--

DAN

You're glad to do whatever you can.

RAYLAN

Exactly.

DAN

This is Gregg Sutter. Gregg's gonna be your chauffeur.

RAYLAN

Chauffeur or baby sitter?

They shake hands, then take seats.

SUTTER

Heard a lot about you.

RAYLAN

Nothing good, I trust.

SUTTER

All interesting.

Dan takes CRIME SCENE PHOTOS out of a folder, slides them across the table.

(CONTINUED)

DAN *
Victim's boat. Three bullets in *
the deck, lots of blood. By the *
placement, looks like whoever it *
was took one in the gut, two in the *
brain. Execution style. *

SUTTER *
We assume it was our missing Coast *
Guard officer. *

RAYLAN *
What've you got on him? *

SUTTER *
By way of supplying motive? He's *
suspected of taking payoffs from a *
Cuban family, the Machados, known *
smugglers. *

RAYLAN *
Cocaine? Weed? *

SUTTER *
Sugar. *

Raylan looks at him -- *sugar?* *

DAN *
Embargoed sugar, from Cuba. Once *
it's here, they sell it below *
market, make a fortune. *

RAYLAN *
Why the focus on Elvis? *

SUTTER *
Elvis Manuel Machado is his *
family's enforcer. Thinking is, *
some dispute arose between the *
Machados and Lieutenant Lee, so *
Elvis resolved it. *

DAN *
We've got most of the Task Force in *
south Florida looking for him. *
Only a handful trying to run down *
his associate, Mr. Crowe. *

RAYLAN *
And that's where I come in. *

(CONTINUED)

DAN

That's where you come in.

RAYLAN

First off, I'm surprised he's not dead. Then I'm surprised he's not in prison. Dilly's the dimmest of the lot and that saying something. The only time I ever saw him was out past Belle Glade, near Clewiston. They were poaching gators as a sideline. That was the day I picked up his brother Dale Junior, hauled him off to Starke. He still there.

SUTTER

Well, he got parole, reported twice, then absconded from his last known address.

Raylan closes the file, picks it up.

RAYLAN

Every time I run into Dewey Crowe in Harlan I wonder what became of his cousin Dale.

11 OMITTED

11

12 OMITTED

12

13 EXT. CROWE HOME - MINUTES LATER

13

A shit shack on an island in the Everglades. Mangroves and sawgrass. A dock with a COUPLE of AIRBOATS.

And DALE CROWE JR., pissed and tearing Dilly a new asshole. Elvis stands in back of Dilly.

DALE JR

What the fuck did you do?!

DILLY

(lying through is rotten teeth)

The guy wanted more money. I mean, he tried to jack us. And you always say when people screw with you, you got to send a message. So I s-s-shot him.

BANG, BANG.

(CONTINUED)

Dale turns, revealing, in the background, two other Crowes, KENDAL (15) and DANNY (30) having a FIRECRACKER war. Danny is lighting cigarettes and tossing them at Kendall. Every time a firecracker goes off, a DOG BARKS inside the house.

DANNY

You flinched.

KENDAL

Did not.

DALE JR

That dog shits in the house 'cause of the racket, gonna make you two eat it.

(back to Dilly)

You killed our Coast Guard man?!

DILLY

I didn't kill him, Elvis did.

ELVIS MANUEL

Actually, Dilly shot him first.

DILLY

You shot him twice!

ELVIS MANUEL

I had no choice but to finish--

DALE JR

Shut it. I expect this shit from Dilly, he's an idiot. But you? Swear to God, you screw up like this again, I'll put you on the first boat back to Havana myself.

ELVIS MANUEL

Sounds good.

DALE JR

Didn't say you'd be breathing.

BANG! BANG! of firecrackers.

DALE JR (CONT'D)

Cut that shit out!

(back to Dilly)

You realize what this means? We just lost our whole entire sugar business thanks to you.

(CONTINUED)

DILLY

We'll find something else, Dale, we always do.

DALE JR

I wouldn't worry so if we had cash reserves to tide us over, but I went to our cash reserves and there weren't none.

Dilly looks sheepish.

DALE JR (CONT'D)

You play the dogs again?

(Dilly nods)

Oh, sweet Jesus. Fact I haven't beat you into a pile of bones and skin is a wonder to me.

(beat)

Our Coast Guard man -- they find the body, they gonna find your bullets in him?

DILLY

No, we got the body.

DALE JR

Where?

DILLY

In the airboat.

Dale looks at the boat, stares back at him. *Are you fucking nuts?!*

DALE JR

Take him to the Haitian.

DILLY

Dale, I'm real sorry--

DALE JR

Get in the goddamn airboat and take him to the Haitian.

Dale storms off to the house.

DALE JR (CONT'D)

The shit I put up with for family.

A14 EXT./INT. SUTTER'S SUV - EVERGLADES - DAY A14 *

Raylan and Sutter. Raylan holds the Miami airport bag on his lap, pulls out two tiny MIAMI HEAT JERSEYS. *

RAYLAN *

What do you think? Lebron or *

Dwayne Wade? *

SUTTER *

Isn't your little girl kinda young *

to be a Heat fan? *

RAYLAN *

You know I have a girl. *

SUTTER *

Couple months back, your chief *

called our chief, asked Dan to *

check on your ex and the baby *

anytime we're in West Palm. *

Something about a threat against *

them. *

RAYLAN *

Threat died along with the man who *

made it. *

14 EXT. GATOR FARM - DAY 14 *

Sutter and Raylan come to a stop. Get out of the SUV and *

approach the TRAILERS and DOCKS. *

RAYLAN *

Fella who runs this place is a *

Crowe associate by the name of Jean *

Baptiste. Dresses like he's Tonton *

Macoute. *

SUTTER *

Haitian secret police. *

RAYLAN *

Burned people alive and hung their *

bodies from trees, back when Papa *

Doc was running things. *

SUTTER *

That'd make him, what, about *

eighty. *

RAYLAN *

What it makes him is full of shit. *

A15 EXT. ON THE WATER - NEAR GATOR FARM - DAY A15 *

Dilly and Elvis crouch in a silent AIRBOAT, Lee's body covered with a tarp. They're watching the gator shack from a distance, watching Raylan and Sutter -- *

ELVIS MANUEL *

Who is it. *

DILLY *

Can't tell from here. But for sure they're cops. *

15 EXT. GATOR FARM - DOCK - DAY 15 *

Raylan and Sutter find a Haitian in a straw hat, sunglasses, and a denim shirt, with a MACHETE on his hip. This is JEAN BAPTISTE. Jean is cutting an ALLIGATOR down from a rope and hook. The 7-FOOTER hits the dock, dead. *

JEAN BAPTISTE *

We closed. *

RAYLAN *

Come on, Jean Baptiste, you remember me. *

Jean Baptiste stares at him, then: *

JEAN BAPTISTE *

From Fish and Wildlife? *

RAYLAN *

Deputy Marshal Givens. Deputy U.S. Marshal. This is Deputy Marshal Sutter. I took your boss Dale Jr. away, few years back. *

JEAN BAPTISTE *

Don't remember. *

The Haitian takes the heavy hook that dangles from the BOOM ARM and starts baiting it with a CHICKEN CARCASS that he takes out of a shitty cooler. *

RAYLAN *

You couldn't have forgot that. I came out here looking for Dale, and Dilly tried to sic his dog on me. *

(off Jean Baptiste's puzzled look) *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Dog went crazy and you had to lock
him in the shitter? Telling me you
don't remember that?

*
*
*

JEAN BAPTISTE

(shrugs)
Sorry.

*
*
*

RAYLAN

Then I found Dale hiding in the
bottom of an airboat, and Dilly
tried to bite me on the leg?

*
*
*
*

Jean Baptiste thinks for a long moment, then nods.

*

JEAN BAPTISTE

Oh yeah. Now I remember. But Mr.
Dale's not here.

*
*
*

SUTTER

We're hoping he can help us find
his brother, Dilly.

*

JEAN BAPTISTE

Ain't none of the Crowes been
around lately.

SUTTER

How about Elvis Manuel Machado?

*
*

Jean Baptiste just shakes his head, takes the chicken torso,
lets the hook swing back, six feet over the water.

*
*

RAYLAN

Still pretending to be Tonton
Macoute. The straw hat, machete.

*
*
*

Jean Baptiste smiles, picks up a BAG OF MARSHMALLOWS.

JEAN BAPTISTE

You know what it means, Tonton
Macoute?
(off Raylan's look)
"Uncle Gunnysack." He puts bad
children in his sack. Then he eats
them for breakfast.

He takes out a marshmallow, puts it in his mouth.

JEAN BAPTISTE (CONT'D)

A fairy tale to scare the little
ones is all.

He starts tossing marshmallows onto the water.

RAYLAN

Surprised you're still doing the
Crowes' poaching for them.

JEAN BAPTISTE

No poaching. We guides now - even
got state tags.

(amiable)

Take you way up into the Everglades
you want to hunt gator. Maybe you
like it so much you never come
back.

RAYLAN

Look. You're busy, we're busy. I
don't want to be here any more than
you want me here. Tried to skip
this trip, take care of this in
Kentucky with Dale's cousin Dewey.
He came into a boatload of money,
you hear about that?

(no response)

Anyway. We just want a line on
Dilly Crowe. You know where he is?

No response from Jean Baptiste.

SUTTER

(to Raylan)

Don't know if it's the chicken or
the marshmallows, but I'm hungry.
You hungry?

RAYLAN

I could eat.

(to Jean Baptiste)

How about this. We're going to the
diner on Route 9. Then we're coming
back with your friends from Fish and
Wildlife, see how many gator
carcasses we find inside that shack.
So. You got one hour to talk to
Dale Jr, tell him Raylan Givens is
looking for him.

Jean Baptiste watches Raylan and Sutter go. Doesn't flinch
when a BIG GATOR comes up out of the water behind him, takes
the chicken and the hook. As soon as Raylan and Sutter get
in their car, he pulls out his cell phone.

17 EXT. CROWE HOME - DAY 17 *

Dale bangs out of the screen door on the phone. *

DALE JR *

(into phone) *

Bonjour, mon ami. How's life in *

Gatorville? Dilly there yet? And *

don't worry, we'll get you what *

you're owed-- *

(face darkens) *

Who is looking for me? *

ANGLE ON DALE - ON HIS AIRBOAT - MOMENTS LATER *

Slicing through the saw grass. Faster than shit. On a *

collision course with Raylan Givens. *

END OF ACT ONE *

ACT TWO

18 INT. ABANDONED HOUSING PROJECT - LOBBY - DAY 18

ECU DRIVERS LICENSES tossed into a PLASTIC BUCKET. PULL BACK as a hand yanks on twine tied to the bucket's handle. The bucket rises up and we PULL BACK wider to reveal the bucket disappearing up an empty elevator shaft.

We are in the lobby of an abandoned housing project in Detroit.

Boyd (his ear bandaged), Jimmy, Wynn Duffy, and Mike are there. Boyd holds a BRIEFCASE. With them are...

SIX ARMED BLACK MEN, 20s-30s. ONE GUY stands guard by the lobby entrance with a shotgun. FOUR OTHERS sit on chairs and a ratty, half-burned couch. The guy by the elevator shaft we will call WRAITH by the design on his t-shirt.

Boyd eyes the bucket going up the elevator shaft.

BOYD

I guess that's faster than a text.

WRAITH

You not been paying attention?
They intercepting everything.
Satellites and drones and shit.

Boyd nods. In the quiet can be heard WATER DRIPPING, DISTANT SIRENS, and a FAR-OFF TWO-STROKE ENGINE, like a lawn mower. It cuts out.

WRAITH (CONT'D)

You ever been to Detroit before?

DUFFY

I have. I don't believe Mr. Crowder's ever been outside of Kentucky.

WRAITH

(to Boyd)

That true? All the big buildings scare you?

BOYD

You ever been down a deep mine,
heard a distant pinging, getting
closer, the sound of roof bolts
popping, knowing a cave-in's coming
your way?

(CONTINUED)

WRAITH

You ever been in the lobby of an abandoned Detroit housing project, your guns surrendered, surrounded by several armed and generally angry black men?

*
*
*
*
*
*

BOYD

(shrugs)

I suppose I should be unnerved, but it's been a helluva week.

*
*
*
*

WRAITH

So your ear wasn't just a shaving accident.

*
*
*

Boyd smirks. More quiet. Jimmy notes one of the guys on the couch is wearing a shirt that reads: HAN SHOT FIRST.

*

JIMMY

That's true. What your t-shirt says. Han shot first. Before Lucas changed it.

The guys on the couch look at Jimmy -- *WTF?*

WRAITH

(to Jimmy)

Yeah, you and Strike got a lot in common. You should go to Starbucks, get a latte, talk about the Trade Federation.

The guys on the couch share looks, whispers, laughs. More quiet. Then the bucket reappears. Wraith reaches in, pulls out a note.

WRAITH (CONT'D)

Crowder, Duffy -- you're up. Star Wars purist and the other one stay here. While you're at it...

He hands them a GROCERY BAG and a SMALL RED PLASTIC GAS CAN.

WRAITH (CONT'D)

...take these.

(points)

Through that door.

BOYD

How far do we go?

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

WRAITH

Until you run out of stairs.

19

INT. ABANDONED HOUSING PROJECT - HALLWAY - DAY

19

An ill-lit hallway, rubbish-strewn. Weird CARTOONY MUSIC and VOICES echo. Boyd and Duffy come out of the stairwell door, winded. They head for the music and voices.

20

INT. ABANDONED HOUSING PROJECT - SAMMY'S HIDEOUT - DAY

20

Boyd and Duffy enter to find the music and voices coming from a cartoon -- *Partridge Family 2200 AD* -- playing on the TV. FOUR ARMED BLACK MEN in the room are watching it. One -- call him SCREW by the design on his t-shirt -- wearily gets up, goes to Boyd and Duffy, motions for what they carry. They hand him the grocery bag and the gas can.

*
*

SCREW

Gas is here!

Screw sets the gas can on the table by some needles and syringes, dumps out the grocery bag. A lot of beef jerky. Screw opens up a jerky, starts to chew. He motions for Boyd and Duffy to turn around. He frisks them.

*
*

DUFFY

We were frisked downstairs.

SCREW

You're upstairs now.

A WHITE MAN, 30s, in SAFETY GOGGLES and a BLOOD-SPATTERED BUTCHER'S APRON appears out of a back room, grabs the gas can and disappears again.

*

Screw finishes frisking Boyd and Duffy. They turn around. They see something and aren't quite sure what they're looking at in the dim light.

THEIR POV: There's twenty inflated SEX DOLLS in a pile. But not haphazard: reminiscent of Abu Ghraib.

SCREW (CONT'D)

(off their look)

That was last week.

Boyd and Duffy nod, as if that explains it.

PICKER enters from the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

PICKER

Duffy! Crowder! Sorry about the
hike. On account of his dispute
with the Canadians, Sammy needs 14
floors between him and the street.
What happened to your ear?

*
*
*
*

BOYD

Well--

*
*

PICKER

(re: briefcase)
That the money?

*

BOYD

It is.

Picker extends his hand.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Not until we get our dope.

*
*

PICKER

(calling off)
Sammy! Duffy and Crowder are here!

Picker sees Boyd and Duffy looking at the sex dolls.

PICKER (CONT'D)

That was last week.

SAMMY TONIN comes out of the back room, dressed as nattily as
ever. Except that on closer inspection, his suit and shirt
are flecked with blood and his skin is pale and eyes
bloodshot. He has been doing too much heroin for too many
days. Among other things.

SAMMY

Who're you?

PICKER

Wynn Duffy and Boyd Crowder, from
Kentucky.

SAMMY

Why are you here?

BOYD

We come to get our dope, Mr. Tonin.

*
*

From the back room comes the sound of a CHAINSAW STARTING UP,
REVVING. Followed moments later by some fucking horrible
SOUNDS and MUFFLED SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

SAMMY
 (as if it explains it)
 Canadian.

Sammy heads into the back room.

Picker shoots Sammy in the head.

Boyd and Duffy react -- holy fuck! Screw and the others
 bring up their guns but do not fire. *

Picker walks into the back room.

Boyd surreptitiously grabs a NEEDLE/SYRINGE off the table,
 palms it. *

From the back there's a GUNSHOT and a yell and the chainsaw
 stops. ANOTHER GUNSHOT and Picker comes out. He's already
 belted his gun and has thumbed a number in his cell. *

PICKER
 (into phone)
 Sammy's dead... I put Doug out of
 his misery... Had to shoot the
 chainsaw guy, sorry...
 (eyes Screw et al)
 They're getting the money this
 second.
 (to Boyd)
 Give them the money. *

Boyd hesitates. Screw et al point their guns at Boyd. Boyd
 reluctantly gives Screw the money. *

Screw and his colleagues head out of the apartment.

Picker hangs up.

PICKER (CONT'D)
 (to Boyd and Duffy)
 So.

Boyd STABS Picker in the gun arm with the needle. Picker
 howls and Boyd is able to grab the gun and turn it on Picker. *

PICKER (CONT'D)
 Whoa, whoa. Let me explain.

DUFFY
 You just gave away a large sum of
 our money, Mr. Picker. The
 explanation had better be good. *

(CONTINUED)

Picker plucks the needle from his arm. *

PICKER *

I hope that was sterile-- *

Boyd cocks the pistol. *

PICKER (CONT'D)

When you said you were coming I called the Canadians, came to an agreement. I'd use the money-- *

BOYD *

Our money. *

PICKER *

I'd use it to pay off Sammy's new associates, then I would kill Sammy and in exchange the Canadians wouldn't kill me. *

BOYD *

And why, pray tell, should I not kill you? *

PICKER *

Because you want your dope and I know the Canadians and you don't. *

ROAR! The MAN IN GOGGLES AND BLOOD-SPATTERED APRON comes out, bleeding from a hole in his arm, swinging the running chainsaw. *

Raylan and Sutter sit opposite each other in a booth, working on lunch and coffee.

SUTTER

Fourteen I knew everything, shaved my head to become a hundred thirty pound white supremacist. Before I got any swastika tats, I got tired of getting beat up by these grown neo-Nazis, dumber'n stones. I said fuck this and reversed my field, entered a seminary to become a brother, not a priest, a brother. Play softball or walk around with my hands in the sleeves of the habit, thinking of girls.

(MORE)

SUTTER (CONT'D)

I quit, went to Oklahoma State,
joined the marshals and married my
wife, Julie, twenty-four years now.
We have two boys wanderin' the
earth, good guys, smart. One's a
teacher, other's writing his second
novel in New York. I asked him
what it's about, he said the
subtext is the exposure of artistic
pretension. And my little girl,
Kate, senior in high school, wants
to be a marshal.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Sutter pushes his plate back, checks his watch.

SUTTER (CONT'D)

I'd say this Dale Crowe Jr is a no-
show.

(then)

We seriously going to go back and
bust that Haitian for poaching?

RAYLAN

Told him that's what I was gonna
do.

SUTTER

Or, you want to, we can forget
about that, and you can go see your
wife and little girl.

RAYLAN

Ex-wife. Yeah, I'll do that.

By now, Raylan has spotted a smart, sexy-looking WOMAN who
comes into the diner, looks around, starts toward them.
Sutter follows Raylan's look.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Huh. You know her?

SUTTER

Nope. But I'd like to.

WENDY CROWE, 35, eyeglasses, business suit, looks from one to
the other.

WENDY

Marshals.

(spots Raylan's hat beside
him)

You must be Raylan Givens.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

I am.

She turns around and pulls a chair from another table, sits.

WENDY

I've been retained to represent Dale Crowe Jr.

SUTTER

What makes him think he needs a lawyer?

WENDY

Not a lawyer, a paralegal. Dale got your message. He wants you to know that he'll help you, but he needs your help in exchange.

RAYLAN

Help with what.

WENDY

His parole. He'd like to end it early.

SUTTER

We're marshals. We can't end anybody's parole.

WENDY

You can make the case to a judge that Dale's cooperation was critical to the apprehension of a fugitive linked to the disappearance of a Coast Guard officer. That, coupled with his exemplary record as a prisoner, is evidence of his rehabilitation.

RAYLAN

You really believe that?

WENDY

Yes, I do.

RAYLAN

Then you don't know Dale.

WENDY

I know him pretty well.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED: (3)

21

RAYLAN

You his girlfriend?

WENDY

His sister.

They hold a look.

SUTTER

Where's Dale now?

WENDY

Before we go any further, I'd like you to sign a memo that confirms the points we've discussed. Your partner can witness it.

Off Raylan --

22

EXT. DALE'S CAR - DAY

22

Parked across the street from the diner, Dale Jr. waits, smoking a cigarette. His cell phone BUZZES, he checks the text message, tosses the cigarette and exits the car.

23

INT. DINER - DAY

23

Dale comes through the doors, approaches their booth. Stands over Raylan as Sutter pats him down.

DALE JR

So I guess we got a deal.

WENDY

Yes, we do.

DALE JR

(to Sutter)

I don't carry a weapon. Be a violation of my parole.

SUTTER

You'll understand I don't take your word for it.

DALE JR

(to Raylan)

Long time, Raylan.

RAYLAN

Your sister tells me you rehabilitated yourself.

(CONTINUED)

DALE JR

Owe that to you, Raylan. You hadn't brought me in, I never could've taken all those classes on the government's dime. Broadened my horizons, so to speak.

*

RAYLAN

You study anything about the import business?

DALE JR

Library science.

RAYLAN

You should've studied something you could use. Customs enforcement, for example. Maritime law.

DALE JR

I see where you're going. But that's more Elvis Machado's line. You know, that Cuban you're after.

RAYLAN

Had an idea he might be working for you now. Spends a lot of time with Dilly.

DALE JR

I know. And I told Dilly over and over, people judge you by the company you keep. But Dilly's got a stubborn streak.

RAYLAN

Where do we find Mr. Machado?

DALE JR

I can get to him. Steer him to you.

SUTTER

Or warn him off.

DALE JR

Why would I do that, when you gonna help me with my parole and all?

RAYLAN

How about this? You play games,
we'll violate your parole, you
having absconded from a known
address without alerting your P.O.

WENDY

He's offering to cooperate.

RAYLAN

On his terms.

DALE JR

Just asking for some leeway in
putting together a plan, is all.
You'll have him by tonight.

RAYLAN

Or tomorrow you're headed back to
Starke.

Beat, then Dale Jr and Wendy get to their feet. Raylan spots
the TRAMP STAMP tattooed below her waistline. Huh.

INT. DONUT SHOP - DAY

*

Boyd and Duffy are sitting in a booth with two men -- AL SURA *
and SCOTT FENTON, both 50s. They all drink COFFEE. Fenton *
takes a bite out of a DONUT, doesn't much like it. *

SURA

No good?

*

*

Fenton shrugs.

*

SURA (CONT'D)

Told you we should've gone to
Timmy's.

*

*

*

(to Boyd and Duffy)

*

You have Tim Horton's in Kentucky?

*

Boyd and Duffy don't know what he's talking about.

*

FENTON

Here we go...

*

*

SURA

They're a chain of donut shops--

*

*

FENTON

Canadian donut shops.

*

*

(to Sura)

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FENTON (CONT'D)

You forgot to mention they're
Canadian.

BOYD

I'm sorry, but could we--?

SURA

Tim Horton was a hockey player,
played twenty years in the NHL, won
four Stanley Cups with the Leafs,
now all he's remembered for is
donuts.

FENTON

And dying in a police chase on the
Q.E.W. Let this be a lesson to
you, kids. When leading police on
a drunken high-speed chase, be sure
to wear your seatbelt.

SURA

(to Fenton, re: Boyd and
Duffy)

Look at them. They don't know what
to say. Probably thought all
Canadians were polite.

FENTON

Different Canadians.

SURA

So, what can we do for you?

BOYD

We'd like to continue getting your
product.

SURA

That ship has sailed.

FENTON

See, the whole idea of organized
crime is it's supposed to be
organized. When somebody starts
using chainsaws...? That's a sign.
And not a good sign.

DUFFY

We would at least like the last
shipment we're owed.

(CONTINUED)

FENTON

Owed by whom? Not by us. We don't
owe anybody anything, do we, Al?

BOYD

The creep who carved up your man
Doug seems to be some kind of cat.
He took at least three bullets but
he's still alive.

DUFFY

And we have him.

Off Sura and Fenton sharing a look --

Dale and Wendy converse. Nearby, on the dock, Danny helps
Jean Baptiste clean some gear.

WENDY

This wasn't Dilly's fault.

DALE JR

I know.

WENDY

It was yours, putting him in
position to screw up--

DALE JR

Mine? It was *yours*. Everything'd
be fine if you'd handled the pay-
off to the Coast Guard--

WENDY

I have a job in Miami, Dale, law
school in the fall.

DALE JR

This is all working out perfectly
for you, huh. I get off parole
I'll probably have to leave the
state to find an opportunity, while
you go have cocktails at the club
with your coworkers.

WENDY

I'm a paralegal, Dale, not a
socialite.

(CONTINUED)

DALE JR

What about Kendal? How's he fit
into your fancy plans?

WENDY

I've been thinking he should come
to Miami, live with me, get him
away from this Huck Finn shit you
got going on. How's that sound?

DALE JR

Sounds like the last fourteen years
of you and me keeping this family
going don't mean shit to you.

Dilly and Elvis Manuel are near the cars. They can hear Dale
and Wendy's voices (on the other side of the shack) but not
what they're saying.

DILLY

Whaddya think they're talking
about?

ELVIS MANUEL

Putting me on a boat to Cuba.

DILLY

What about me?

ELVIS MANUEL

How should I know? You wanna find
out, get closer.

Dilly creeps toward the edge of the shack. Keeping his eye
on Dilly, Elvis Manuel moves back, toward the cars.

Dilly gets up to the shack, peers around the corner, sees...

Dale, Wendy, Danny, and Jean Baptiste heading toward him.

DALE JR

Dilly! Told you to keep an eye on
Elvis. Where is he?

Elvis Manuel walks up behind Dilly.

ELVIS MANUEL

Right here.

DALE JR

Sure you can understand, dead Coast Guard and all, things are getting hot around here. So you're out.

ELVIS

What's that supposed to mean?

DALE

With no more sugar business, your services are no longer required.

ELVIS

What am I gonna do?

DALE

Not my problem. You're always saying you want to go back to Cuba. Here's your chance.

ELVIS

You took my family's business and drove it into the dirt. You want me gone, pay me.

DALE

Pay you?

ELVIS

Twenty thousand.

DALE

Listen you dumb rafter, I don't...

WENDY

Dale. Think of it as severance pay.

Dale looks from Wendy to Elvis, then:

DALE

She's right. Okay. Tell you what. My sister is gonna take you to a little motel in Miami, the Palm View on State 80. Room 23. You lay low there and I'll get it to you. You can't take your truck, they'll be looking for it. You'll take my car. Oh, and come here a sec. Not putting an armed man in a car with my sister.

Elvis steps up. Dale pats him down.

(CONTINUED)

DALE JR *
You got no gun? *

ELVIS MANUEL *
Got rid of it. *

DILLY *
When? *

ELVIS MANUEL *
When you weren't looking. *

Satisfied, Dale nods to Wendy. She and Elvis go to Dale's car, get in. Dale and the others watch them drive off. Dale pulls out his phone and Raylan's card, thumbs the number. *

DALE JR *
(into phone) *
They just left... Slight change of *
plan though. She's taking him to *
the Palm View Motel in Miami, Room *
23. Elvis'll be there, waiting for *
me by the time you get there. *

Dale hangs up. *

DANNY *
They get Elvis, it's gonna come *
back and bite us on the ass. *

DALE *
Knowing Elvis the way I do, and *
knowing Raylan Givens the way I do, *
you really think Elvis gonna be *
alive by the end of the day? *

DILLY *
Well, what about me, Dale? *

DALE *
They ain't looking for you anymore, *
Dilly. *

Dale nods to Danny. Danny pulls out a KNIFE and stabs Dilly in the heart. Dilly, unable to believe what's happened, dies. *

ANGLE ON JEAN BAPTISTE: *

He tosses marshmallows onto the water, bringing the gators. *

27 I/E. DALE'S CAR/ROAD - DRIVING - DAY 27 *

Wendy driving; Elvis in the passenger. He smiles. *

ELVIS MANUEL *

I guessed right. *

WENDY *

About what? *

Elvis reaches down, pulls up a gun he hid. *

ELVIS MANUEL *

What car we'd take. *

Off Wendy -- uh-oh-- *

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28 INT. DUFFY'S MOTOR COACH - DAY 28 *

Boyd, Duffy, Jimmy, and Mike are watching something ugly. *

SURA (O.S.) *

Excuse us. Sorry. *

They move aside. Reveal Sura and Fenton, carrying out Goggles -- the man who chain-sawed Doug -- wrapped in plastic but still alive, moaning. *

FENTON *

Don't die on us, buddy. Come on. *

Ignore the light. *

SURA *

Yeah, we got a party planned and you're the guest of honour. *

(to Boyd et al) *

They got Tim Hortons all over *

Detroit. A couple boxes of *

Timbits'd be great for the drive *

back. *

And out they go, leaving Boyd, Duffy, Picker, Mike, and Jimmy on the coach. *

DUFFY *

Where can we drop you, Mr. Picker? *

PICKER *

I was thinking I might accompany you back to Kentucky. *

DUFFY *

Wondering what Theo Tonin's going to do when he finds out you killed his son? *

PICKER *

Theo's stuck in Tunisia. I'm fine. *

I was honestly thinking about what I could do for you. *

BOYD *

If there's an end to this chase, Mr. Picker, kindly skip to it. We need to get our wheels turning. *

(CONTINUED)

PICKER

You're getting the one last shipment. After that, you get no more heroin from Canada. Which means, if you want to stay in the game, you'll have to look to Mexico.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

DUFFY

You're quite the citizen of North America, aren't you, with connections in Canada and Mexico--

*
*
*
*

BOYD

Do you know people in Mexico, Mr. Picker?

*
*
*

PICKER

I know a lot of people in Mexico.

*
*

Off Boyd and Duffy, sharing a look --

*

EXT. PALM VIEW MOTEL - NIGHT

*

Raylan and Sutter, gear up with VESTS, guns, then head upstairs --

*
*

RAYLAN

How you feel about your daughter wanting to be a marshal?

SUTTER

Well, you can't live their lives for 'em. But every night, after she's asleep, I sneak into her room and whisper in her ear: "business school."

Raylan and Sutter get to the room they're looking for and kick down the door.

The room is empty.

I/E. DALE'S CAR/STREET - DRIVING - NIGHT

*

Wendy puts Dale's car in the left-turn lane at an intersection, waits for the oncoming traffic to clear.

WENDY

You know we can't drive to Cuba.

ELVIS MANUEL

Really? There's a marina down here.

Wendy nods. Then STOMPS on the gas and turns the wheel. The car shoots out into traffic and is T-BONED on the passenger side. GLASS FLIES. AIRBAGS.

Wendy gets out of the car and runs. Elvis, bloody, is pinned in the car, but starts to get free, finally climbs out of the driver's side. *

Elvis struggles to his feet, turns. Wendy is in the wind. *

A31 EXT. PALM VIEW MOTEL - NIGHT A31 *

Raylan, Sutter, coming back down the stairs, heading to their vehicle. Raylan's phone RINGS. *

RAYLAN

Ms. Crowe, we're at the motel.
Where are you?
(then)
Well then, where's Elvis?

B31 EXT. STREET - NIGHT B31 *

Wendy is crouched behind a car, on her cell, watching her car, Elvis inside, struggle off down the street. *

WENDY

Headed for Cuba. *

31 EXT. FLORIDA MARINA - NIGHT 31 *

Raylan and Sutter bang through the gates and down the gang plank that leads to the marina. They HEAR a someone trying to start a motor. It SPUTTERS to life, then dies. They move toward the sound. *

32 EXT. LONG DOCK - DAY 32

A ZODIAC is lashed to the dock, where Elvis Machado is trying to pull-start the motor, without success.

Raylan and Sutter appear above him, on the dock.

RAYLAN

Elvis.

Machado whips around, sees the two marshals drawing down on him. Pulls more frantically.

(CONTINUED)

SUTTER

Where the hell you think you're going?

ELVIS

Back home to Cuba!

RAYLAN

In that thing? It's over a hundred miles.

ELVIS

I don't give a shit! I got to get away from the Crows! They're some kind of disease, man! They kill everything!

Beat, then Raylan suddenly FIRES, puts a couple of holes in the Zodiac. It starts to swamp. *

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Why the hell you do that!

RAYLAN

Elvis, you got two choices. You can wade back to shore, and we'll take you in. Or you can start swimming toward Cuba.

SUTTER

That old lady just did it. Might work out for you.

A stand off. Then: *

ELVIS

Or, I get another boat.

Elvis Manuel Machado pulls his gun and Raylan and Sutter open fire. Four shots. Elvis falls into the water. He's not gonna make it to Cuba. *

END ACT THREE *

ACT FOUR

33 EXT. GATOR FARM - REAR - DAY 33 *

Raylan approaches Dale Jr., sitting on an old cane chair on the dock, watching the GATORS stir the water. Lined up at his feet are EIGHT EMPTY BEER BOTTLES. Jean Baptiste is cleaning equipment in the b.g. *

DALE JR. *

It all work out? *

RAYLAN *

Elvis didn't make it to Cuba. *

DALE JR. *

I meant the other part. *

RAYLAN *

Put in a call to the judge about your parole this morning. *

(off Dale Jr's look) *

Deal's a deal. *

DALE JR. *

Calls for a celebration. *

Dale Jr grabs a rope and pulls a BUCKET up out of the water. Fishes a BOTTLE OF BEER out. *

RAYLAN *

Looks like you already started. *

DALE JR. *

Want one? *

RAYLAN *

Bit early for me. *

Dale Jr lets the bucket fall back into the water, opens the beer, takes a long pull. *

DALE JR. *

She took off this morning. Back to Miami. Back to law school. *

RAYLAN *

Wendy? *

DALE JR. *

(nods) *

Took brother Kendal with her. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALE JR (CONT'D)

Almost like the word family don't
mean shit to some people anymore.

This thought lands with Raylan, but he brushes past it.

RAYLAN

Elvis wanted to know was Dilly
okay.

Dale Jr shoots Raylan a look.

DALE JR

'Course he's okay.

RAYLAN

Had some idea you were mad at him.

DALE JR

Well, Dilly messed up, and now we
got no money. But he's my brother,
what am I gonna do?

(drinks)

When my daddy, Dale Sr., died
fourteen years ago April, he made
me promise him on his death bed
that I'd keep the family together,
whatever it took, same as he did.
No money makes it harder.

RAYLAN

Your daddy didn't die in bed. Got
drunk, and flipped his airboat.
You told me so yourself.

Raylan goes. Off Dale Jr --

A34

EXT. GATOR FARM - FRONT - DAY

A34

Raylan approaches Sutter, standing by the car.

SUTTER

Listen, you want to take a later
flight, we can still swing by West
Palm.

Raylan considers this.

RAYLAN

Haven't slept or showered since day
before yesterday.

SUTTER

So maybe next time, huh.

(CONTINUED)

A34

CONTINUED:

A34

RAYLAN

I'll decide on the way.

They get in the car.

SUTTER

One point, close to twenty years ago, I got transferred to Kansas City. Didn't want to uproot the kids in the middle of a school year, so my wife and kids stayed in Houston, and I'd fly down and see 'em weekends. Took me a few visits to realize that the hardest thing wasn't living apart. Hardest thing was looking into those kids' faces and saying goodbye each Sunday night.

(beat)

Sometimes, if work came up to keep me in KC for the weekend I wouldn't fight it.

Sutter starts the car and off they go.

B34

EXT. GATOR FARM - REAR - DAY

B34

Jean Baptiste walks up to Dale on the dock.

DALE JR

What am I gonna do, mon ami?

JEAN BAPTISTE

What you and your family have always done. As you did with the phosphate miners in Bone Valley. As you did with the Machado family and the Cuban sugar. You will find an enterprise and make it yours.

DALE JR

All well and good, but I am fresh out of ideas. I'm afraid Florida is tapped out for the Crowes.

JEAN BAPTISTE

(thinks, then:)

The marshal said something. Do you have a Cousin Dewey in Kentucky?

Off Dale's look --

34

OMITTED

34

35 OMITTED 35 *

A36 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - NIGHT A36 *

Office is dark, one or two pools of light. We HEAR voices,
as the camera prowls, eventually finds: *

RAYLAN *

At his desk, computer bright. *

WINONA (O.S.) *

For one thing, she's a genius. *

RAYLAN *

No doubt. *

WINONA (O.S.) *

Raylan, I'm serious. She pulled
off one of her booties today, and I
saw her looking at her hand and
really thinking about it. *

On the screen: *

WINONA with a tiny BABY WILLA in her arms, fast asleep. But
there is no doubt, from her face, that Winona is completely
smitten with this child. Raylan smiles. *

WINONA (CONT'D) *

You believe how cute she is? *

RAYLAN *

I'm starting to see it. *

(off Winona's look) *

You gotta admit, first couple of
hours she looked pretty funny. *

WINONA *

We all looked pretty funny by that
point. *

RAYLAN *

Guess you're right. *

They hold a look. Then: *

WINONA *

I better get her back to bed. *

RAYLAN *

Okay. *

(CONTINUED)

A36

CONTINUED:

A36

WINONA

You coming down soon to see us?

RAYLAN

Soon as I can.

WINONA

No pressure. We're fine.

RAYLAN

I know you are.

WINONA

But it'd be nice, you could spend
some time with her.

RAYLAN

I promise.

Winona hesitates, then:

WINONA

Goodnight, Raylan.

The Skype winks out. Raylan stares at the screen for a long
moment, then reaches across the desk, shuts his lamp.

B36 EXT. PAXTON FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

B36

Boyd's pickup pulls up and Boyd gets out.

36 INT. PAXTON FUNERAL HOME - CASKET DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT

36

Boyd is looking at a fancy casket.

PAXTON (O.S.)

Mr. Crowder.

Boyd turns to see LEE PAXTON enter.

PAXTON (CONT'D)

My wife said we had a customer.
She didn't say it was you.

BOYD

My apologies. I neglected to
identify myself.

PAXTON

(calling off)

Mara, honey, come here. Do you
need a casket, Mr. Crowder?

(CONTINUED)

BOYD *
We all will some day. *

PAXTON *
(re: casket) *
The Excelsior. Top of the line. *
Fit for a king. *

Enter MARA PAXTON, 30s, a stunning beauty from the Baltics, *
who speaks excellent accented English. *

PAXTON (CONT'D) *
Mara, honey, this is Boyd Crowder. *

MARA *
(darkens) *
Should I call Sheriff Mooney? *

PAXTON *
On the contrary. Get the good *
bourbon. *

MARA *
Boyd Crowder. *

PAXTON *
Mara, honey, if Boyd wanted to kill *
me he should have done it before I *
signed a sworn statement saying I *
saw his fiancée-- You are engaged, *
are you not? *

BOYD *
We are. *

PAXTON *
That I saw Ms. Ava attempting to *
dispose of a murder victim's corpse *
in a slurry pond. Killing me now *
wouldn't accomplish a thing. *

MARA *
Except that he would kill you. *

PAXTON *
The bourbon. *

Mara nods, leaves. *

PAXTON (CONT'D) *
Money. *

(CONTINUED)

BOYD
Excuse me?

PAXTON
If you're wondering what she sees
in me. Though I like to think her
affection is growing.

BOYD
I'm having a hard time placing the
accent. West Virginia...?

PAXTON
(smiles)
After I buried dear Barbara --
resting comfortably in an Excelsior
I might note -- I was lonely. Mara
and I found each other on-line.
She was a doctor in Latvia. Now
she helps prepare bodies for
burial. She's well-read, of good
cheer, and if I have any choice in
how I shuffle off this mortal coil
I pray to God it's while I'm
banging her from behind. So. How
much are you going to offer me?

BOYD
Getting to the point. Well, Mr.
Paxton, first I want to remind you
of something. Back in '32, in the
Bullseye mine fire, six Crowders
lost their lives--

PAXTON
--and the Crowders were so poor
they couldn't afford what the
rapacious Paxtons were charging for
burial, so the Paxtons took Crowder
land in exchange. Is that all
you're offering? Guilt?

BOYD
That and three hundred thousand
dollars.

PAXTON
Well.

BOYD
Business is good.

(CONTINUED)

PAXTON

And what business is that?

BOYD

What it's always been -- keeping the little folk down in the valley... placated.

PAXTON

Well, Mr. Crowder, as tempting as your offer is, I'm afraid I'm going to have to decline.

BOYD

Come on now, Mr. Paxton. You don't want Ava. Let me give you a suitcase full of cash and you can take young Mrs. Paxton on a trip around the world.

PAXTON

The world is overrated, don't you think? But you are right that I don't want Ava. Which is why I'm prepared to make you an offer. I'll call up Sheriff Mooney, get Judge Bishop to witness -- you swear out a statement that you murdered poor Mr. Delroy and forced Ava to move his remains. Do that and I'll make the case against Ava disappear.

Boyd glares at Paxton, fuming.

PAXTON (CONT'D)

But of course you won't do that. We both know you don't love Ava that much.

Boyd snaps, grabs a HEAVY CREMATION URN and smashes Paxton in the head with it. Paxton crumples to the floor. His arms and legs jerk spasmodically for a moment then he's still. Boyd pulls his gun.

BOYD

Miss Mara? Where you at, girl?

Mara enters with a TRAY OF BOURBON AND GLASSES, freezing when she sees what has transpired.

MARA

You killed him.

(CONTINUED)

BOYD *
You're the doctor. You tell me. *

Mara sees the gun in Boyd's hand. *

MARA *
Put that away. You don't know me. *

Boyd doesn't put it away but he does lower it a hair. Mara sets the tray down, kneels and checks for a pulse. *

MARA (CONT'D) *
He's dead. *

BOYD *
Maybe I should hit him again to make sure. *

MARA *
One blow to his head, I can make look like a casket fell on him, terrible accident. Two blows to his head is murder. *

Boyd sees her in a different light, curious now. She nods at the gun in Boyd's hand. *

MARA (CONT'D) *
A bullet in me is definitely murder. *

Boyd looks at her, wondering why she's saying this. *

MARA (CONT'D) *
(shrugs) *
I get all his money now. And I will no longer have to have sex with him. Hear his grunting. Like a man pushing a car out of the snow. *
(beat) *
You should go. Unless you are going to now tell me how beautiful I am. *

BOYD *
You get that a lot. *

MARA *
Enough. But you have your beautiful fiancée in jail. *

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED: (5)

36

BOYD

I do.

*
*

MARA

Then go. Or kill me.

*
*

A long, long look between them, then Boyd belts his gun and leaves. Mara waits and waits until she hears a truck door slam and a truck drive off. Then she kneels by Paxton.

*
*
*

MARA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, baby. I will save you.

*
*
*

And on this odd tableau --

*

37

OMITTED

37

*

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE