

Executive Producer: Graham Yost  
Executive Producer: Sarah Timberman  
Executive Producer: Carl Beverly  
Executive Producer: Michael Dinner  
Executive Producer: Fred Golan  
Executive Producer: Dave Andron  
Executive Producer: Don Kurt

Director: Don Kurt

## JUSTIFIED

Ep. 506

"Kill the Messenger"

by

Ingrid Escajeda

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	11/18/13
FULL BLUE DRAFT	11/20/13
FULL PINK DRAFT	11/22/13
YELLOW REVISIONS	11/22/13
GREEN REVISIONS	11/25/13
G-ROD REVISIONS	11/26/13
FULL 2ND WHITE DRAFT	11/30/13
<b>2ND BLUE REVISIONS</b>	<b>12/1/13</b>
<b>SCENES REVISED: A1, A8, AC9, A20,</b>	
<b>B30, C30, 42, 43, 46, 51</b>	

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SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC.

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

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# JUSTIFIED

Episode 506 – "Kill the Messenger"

## Revision History

<u>Draft/Revision Color</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Pages</u>
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	11/18/13	Full Draft
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**JUSTIFIED**  
Episode 506  
**"KILL THE MESSENGER"**

**CAST LIST**

RAYLAN GIVENS	TIMOTHY OLYPHANT
ART MULLEN	NICK SEARCY
TIM GUTTERSON	JACOB PITTS
RACHEL BROOKS	ERICA TAZEL
BOYD CROWDER	WALTON GOGGINS
AVA CROWDER	JOELLE CARTER
WYNN DUFFY	JERE BURNS
MIKE	JONATHAN KOWALSKY
JIMMY TOLAN	JESSE LUKEN
DEWEY CROWE	DAMON HERRIMAN
PICKER	JOHN KAPELOS
DARRYL CROWE, JR.	MICHAEL RAPAPORT
DANNY CROWE	ALAN JOHN BUCKLEY
KENDAL CROWE	JACOB LOFLAND
WENDY CROWE	ALICIA WITT
CARL	JUSTIN WELBORN
BILLY "WILDMAN" GEIST	DON McMANUS
ALISON BRANDER	AMY SMART
HOT ROD DUNHAM	MICKEY JONES
HARDWARE MIKE	HOWARD S. MILLER
LESLIE MULLEN	
GUNNAR SWIFT	BRANTON BOX
EDWIN	
NIKKI	
PENNY COLE	DANIELLE PANABAKER
NICHELE	
GRETCHEN SWIFT	
YOON	
ALBERTO RUIZ	
<b>SURLY PATRON*</b>	
ALI	REGGIE WATKINS
OFFICER BARBOUR	
PATRICE	
<b>JACK*</b>	
<b>ELDERLY WOMAN*</b>	

**JUSTIFIED**  
Episode 506  
**"KILL THE MESSENGER"**

**CAST LIST (CONT'D)**

MEATY WHITE SUPREMECIST (NON-SPEAKING)  
2 MEXICAN THUGS (NON-SPEAKING)  
PRISONERS (NON-SPEAKING)  
BLACK GIRLS (NON-SPEAKING)  
WHITE FEMALE INMATES (NON-SPEAKING)  
~~DUDE IN PHOTO (NON-SPEAKING)\*~~  
HEAVILY-MUSCLED NEO-NAZI GOONS (NON-SPEAKING)  
2 MENACING BLACK INMATES (NON-SPEAKING)  
5 WHITE SUPREMECIST BRETHERN (NON-SPEAKING)  
~~AUDRY'S PATRONS (NON-SPEAKING)\*~~  
~~DRINKING BUDDY (NON-SPEAKING)\*~~  
FEMALE GUARD (NON-SPEAKING)  
MALE GUARD (NON-SPEAKING)  
SURLY PATRON (NON-SPEAKING)\*

JUSTIFIED  
Episode 506  
"SHOOT THE MESSENGER"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MARSHAL'S OFFICE  
- CONFERENCE ROOM  
- LOBBY/ELEVATOR  
- ELEVATOR  
AUDRY'S BAR  
BOYD'S BAR  
- BACK ROOM  
KENTUCKY STATE PRISON  
- AVA'S GEN POP DORM  
- VISITING AREA  
- CORRIDOR/SUPPLY ROOM  
HOT ROD'S STRONGHOLD  
REMOTE CABIN  
SHITTY GYM  
HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE  
- LIVING ROOM  
HOTEL  
- SUITE  
ALISON'S APARTMENT  
ART MULLEN'S HOUSE – BEDROOM  
BAR  
CONFEDERATE HARDWARE  
- BACK ROOM

RACHEL'S CAR  
DANNY'S TRUCK  
JIMMY'S CAR  
ALISON'S CAR  
PRISON VAN  
BOYD'S TRUCK

\* DENOTES NEW/CHANGE

EXTERIORS

AUDRY'S BAR  
REMOTE CABIN  
SHITTY GYM  
KY PRISON  
- GEN POP YARD  
- ~~ENTRANCE FROM~~  
~~BUILDING TO YARD\*~~  
- SALLY PORT  
- PRISON INTAKE  
HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE  
ROAD  
WOODSY ROAD  
WOODS NEAR REMOTE  
CABIN

TEASER

AA1 I/E. PRISON VAN - DRIVING - DAY AA1

Through the windshield, we watch a BIG, INTIMIDATING PRISON (guard towers, barbed wire, etc.) get closer and closer until it fills our view.

We now REVEAL AVA, the lone inmate in the back of the van, shackled and chained to the floor. Stay with her as the van rumbles to a stop in front of the sally port, waits for the gate to open, then lurches forward again.

BA1 INT. PRISON VAN/EXT. KY STATE PRISON - SALLY PORT - BA1  
CONTINUOUS

Again the van stops as the GATE GRINDS CLOSED behind it, leaving Ava in darkness for a moment. Then the gate on the other side of the sally port opens and the van pulls forward once again to bring Ava into her new home.

CA1 INT. PRISON VAN/EXT. KY STATE PRISON - INTAKE - CONTINUOUS CA1

We see as much as production allows of the following:

-- A MALE GUARD unchains Ava from the van floor and walks her, still cuffed and shackled, into the intake building.

-- A FEMALE GUARD uncuffs Ava and then watches her strip out of the Harlan Jail uniform she's been wearing.

-- The Female Guard, now wearing LATEX GLOVES, examines the inside of Ava's mouth. (Perhaps we take this so far as having the Guard order Ava to "bend and spread." We could have Ava turn away from the guard and then bend at the waist, taking herself out of frame.)

-- The Female Guard watches Ava shower.

We end the sequence with:

DA1 INT. KY STATE PRISON - CORRIDOR/SUPPLY ROOM - DAY DA1

-- The Female Guard walks Ava, still naked from the shower, to a supply counter manned by a young trustee we'll come to know as PENNY COLE (20s). Penny sets Ava's new neatly-folded State Prison uniform onto the counter in front of her. Ava doesn't grab the clothes right away, too busy taking in her new surroundings. Penny notices --

PENNY

Sure as shit ain't Kansas, huh?

(CONTINUED)

DA1

CONTINUED:

DA1

Off Ava, too dazed even to nod her agreement --

A1

I/E. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A1

[SCENE WILL BE REWRITTEN TO REFLECT THE FOLLOWING:

JEAN BAPTISTE will no longer appear in this episode.]

\*

B1

INT. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

B1

[Scene will be rewritten to reflect same.]

EP 506 - "Kill the Messenger" - 2ND BLUE REVISIONS 12/1/13 2-3.

C1 INT. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

C1

[Again, scene will be rewritten to reflect same.]

D1 EXT. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT D1

Alison exits the house. Danny now plays tug-of-war with a snarling Chelsea at the base of the house steps. Great.

As Alison goes around him, Danny BARKS loudly at her, startling her. He KEEPS BARKING as Alison quickly walks to her car and climbs in. Danny smirks as she speeds off --

E1 EXT. WOODSY ROAD/INT. CAR - NIGHT E1

Alison drives down the road, still shaken from the loony bin. She opens the GLOVE COMPARTMENT, rummages around for something. She pulls it out -- a JOINT.

Alison puts it in her mouth and holds a LIGHTER to it. She takes a long, hard DRAG. Relief.

In the distance behind her, a pair of BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS approaches -- FAST. As Alison takes another drag, the headlights pull closer, get on her tail, practically blinding her. She rolls down her window, motions for them to pass.

THUMP! The tailgater BUMPS her car from behind. WTF?

Alison SPEEDS UP but her pursuer stays right on her tail. THUMP! An even harder hit. Starting to PANIC, Alison's eyes dart from the lights to the sudden CURVE in the road ahead.

Alison tries to brake as she heads into the curve, but it's too late. The SCREECH of brakes as Alison's car SLIDES INTO A SKID. In an instant she's OFF THE ROAD, down a ravine and headed straight for a TREE.

(CONTINUED)

E1

CONTINUED:

E1

CRASH! SMOKE BILLOWS through the SKEWED HEADLIGHTS of Alison's car.

AIRBAGS having deployed, Alison is bruised and shaken, but okay. She pulls herself from the car and looks at the front end -- proper fucked.

On the ROAD above, her pursuer's HEADLIGHTS shine into the night. She watches as the truck pulls around to head back the way it came, but stops as it nears her.

Alison SQUINTS in an attempt to see the driver's face, but it's TOO DARK. Then she hears it: A MAN'S LOUD BARK.

Danny's truck then pulls away, taking his BARKING and HOWLING with it.

1

INT. ART MULLEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1

A large, nicely-appointed suburban bedroom, worthy of a Lexington chief deputy marshal.

Dressed in a suit, ART stands in front of a mirror, supposedly comparing TIES, but really lost in thought. Nearby is his wife LESLIE, 50-something and still got it. She stops checking her makeup, eyes her husband.

LESLIE

How about we go to dinner tomorrow night?

ART

My cold? It's fine. The soup'll clear my sinuses.

LESLIE

Not your cold.

ART

(gets her meaning)  
I'm good.

LESLIE

You barely slept all week. The only reason you stopped talking about it is because you think I'm sick of hearing about it.

ART

You are.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

LESLIE

I've heard variations on the theme for many years now. My favorite was you saying you wanted to squeeze his neck until his hat popped off the top of his head. I think that was the first week.

Art smiles. But it's a weak smile.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

But this is different.

ART

I am honestly sick of thinking about it.

LESLIE

You won't stop until you talk to him.

ART

I can't talk to him. He says one word about what really happened and it becomes official and then I have to pursue it and it's a shit tornado.

LESLIE

Go meet him for a drink and at least tell him how you feel. Then pick up takeout on the way home.

Art thinks about that for a moment.

ART

You know your best quality as my wife?

LESLIE

You better not say my ass.

ART

Your ability to put up with my shit.

Leslie smiles, kisses her husband. Off Art --

2

INT. BAR - NIGHT

2

Dark, relatively empty. RAYLAN enters, sees Art standing at the bar, sipping a BOURBON. As Raylan approaches, Art puts his drink down.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

RAYLAN

Art, I'm glad you called. I'd been  
meaning to--

Art turns and PUNCHES RAYLAN SQUARE IN THE EYE. Raylan  
DROPS, Art shakes out his hand. Conversation had.

3

OMITTED

3

4

OMITTED

4

5

OMITTED

5

6

OMITTED

6

7

OMITTED

7

END TEASER

ACT ONE

A8 INT. KY STATE PRISON - AD SEG CELL - DAY

A8

A dark CELL the size of a bathroom. AVA, now dressed in her new KY State Prison uniform, lies on a concrete bed, wide awake -- listening to the relentless BANGING and SHOUTING outside -- indecipherable and tormented.

Bright FLUORESCENTS flicker on, blinding her. She pulls herself off the bed, moves to the heavy STEEL DOOR door and, through a narrow WINDOW, watches a short, stocky female guard -- nametag "BARBOUR" -- approach.

Barbour shoves a TRAY through a door slot -- a 1 lb, dog shit puree of leftovers known as NUTRILOAF -- the smell.

AVA  
Jesus Christ.

\*

BARBOUR  
(deadpan)  
Not up to your standards, huh? You want me to go on back down to the kitchen, see if I can't find you some biscuits and gravy, maybe some Eggs Benedict, nice glass of fresh squeezed OJ, wash it all down?  
(beat)  
You assaulted one of ours. Up to me you'd eat shitloaf 'til it comes out your eyeballs.

Ava knows better than to answer. Barbour moves on. Ava eyes the nutriloaf, doesn't notice that Penny (the Trustee) has appeared outside the door until she starts speaking --

\*  
\*  
\*

PENNY  
You want a book?

\*  
\*

Ava looks at her through the slot, sees Penny's BOOK CART.

\*

AVA  
You the only Trustee they got, put you in the supply room and the library?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PENNY  
Actually, the supply room pretty much is the library. Plus I have to bring the cart through Ad Seg once a day.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A8

CONTINUED:

A8

PENNY (CONT'D)

Supreme Court says even in the hole  
they gotta let us read.

\*  
\*

Penny looks down the hallway to make sure Barbour's far  
enough away not to overhear. She leans close to the door.

\*  
\*

PENNY (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Only really bad part of the  
Nutraloaf's the smell -- plug your  
nose, you can get it down.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AVA

I think I'll still pass.

\*  
\*

PENNY

Honey, you don't eat, they've got  
other ways of getting it into you.  
I know it's hard to believe that  
could be worse, but trust me...

\*

AVA

I'm holding out for the cafeteria.  
Only supposed to be in Ad Seg 'til  
I get processed tomorrow morning.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PENNY

Well, then I guess I'll see you on  
the Yard. I'm Penny, by the way.  
(before Ava can respond)  
Ava. I know.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Before Ava can ask for an explanation, Penny moves on down  
the corridor. Ava sits alone, stares at her tray, wants to  
cry but fuck that. Off which --

\*  
\*  
\*

AB8 INT. BOYD'S TRUCK/EXT. SHITTY GYM - DAY AB8

BOYD studies his REFLECTION in the REARVIEW MIRROR and we see the weight of what's just happened to him: his plans have come crashing to earth; he now has to confront the possibility that he may not be able to get Ava out of prison. He takes several deep breath, clearly trying to hold himself together or psych himself up or both.

As Boyd opens the car door, heads out to face the day, PRELAP BOYD'S JOYOUS WHOOP, which brings us inside --

B8 INT. SHITTY GYM - DAY B8

Boyd steps into a room decorated with DEER HEADS and OLD BOXING POSTERS, and filled with FREE WEIGHTS and MMA EQUIPMENT -- this is no Crunch Fitness.

Waiting to greet him, beaming, arms spread is GUNNAR SWIFT (Nazi tats decorating Popeye arms). Boyd is returning Gunnar's smile, although his good humor may waver imperceptibly as his eyes move across a few PIECES OF NAZI MEMORABILIA scattered here and there.

BOYD

Damn, boy, you always were a size. Remember watching you step off that bus at Elkton, gills out to here, I said, "Now there's a fish we can turn into a shark."

GUNNAR

Reminding me I owe you?

BOYD

Just reminiscing.

GUNNAR

You don't need to remind me. I know you were the one taught me how to jail, helped me free myself from... mongrelization.

[EXPAND]

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

(beat)

That really why you come to see me after all this time -- do a little Memory Lane?

(CONTINUED)

B8

CONTINUED:

B8

Boyd takes a deep breath, gets down to it --

BOYD

I recall you had a sister locked up  
at Pine Point...

GUNNAR

Actually, all three of my sisters  
done a stretch in there.

BOYD

But one of them's still in.

GUNNAR

(nods)

Gretchen. Attitude like hers,  
gonna be a long time before  
Gretchen walks a yard without a  
fence.

(deadpan)

Come to think of it, I got a call  
from Gretchen this very morning,  
said a girl with the last name  
Crowder got bussed in there after  
some set-to at the Harlan lock-up --  
don't guess that's a coincidence.

BOYD

It's not.

(grin)

You always were slyer'n you looked.

GUNNAR

Learned from the best.

(beat)

Who is she? As I recall, you don't  
have a sister.

BOYD

For simplicity's sake, let's call  
her my wife.

GUNNAR

Congratulations.

(off Boyd's nod)

And you want Gretchen to see she's  
looked after?

(no answer necessary)

For how long?

(CONTINUED)

B8

CONTINUED: (2)

B8

BOYD

As long as it takes.

GUNNAR

Gretchen'll need to have money in her commissary.

BOYD

This should keep her in tuna and Kool Aid for a while.

Boyd opens his coat, pulls a WAD OF CASH from his pocket. He places it on the table.

Off Gunnar, smiling, taking the MONEY --

C8

OMITTED

C8

8

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

8

Raylan sits at the table, BACK TO CAMERA. TIM and RACHEL flank him. Art sits across from them, finishing a round-up.

ART

Anything else?

RACHEL

I hear Theo's refusing to talk. At all. Wouldn't even tell the doctors his blood type.

ART

(deadpan)

Course not. He's got integrity.

TIM

Plus, problem with being at the top of the food chain is you can't dime out the guys above you. I mean, we already got Bin-Laden.

(beat)

Okay, are we seriously not gonna talk about it?

His look BRINGS US AROUND to... RAYLAN'S FACE: BLACK EYE.

RACHEL

(to Tim)

Talk about what, your Bin-Laden joke? Not your best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM  
Raylan's eye.  
(to Raylan)  
What'd you slip in Art's shower?

Uncomfortable silence. Tim's annoyed.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Remember that's how Art hurt his  
hand? It's called a "callback."

We now SHOW ART'S BANDAGED PUNCHING HAND. Raylan ignores  
Tim, looks up at Art, talks for the first time --

RAYLAN  
That counting-bullets thing you  
mentioned...

ART  
The inventory?

RAYLAN  
(there you go)  
I'll do it.

ART  
(after a beat)  
Thank you, Raylan. I appreciate  
it.

Rachel and Tim share a look -- *the hell is going on?* Then --

RACHEL  
I'll help.  
(off Art's look)  
You said they wanted it ASAP,  
right?

Now Tim has no one to share his confusion with, instead  
simply looks around the room -- *has the whole world gone  
crazy?*

B9 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LOBBY/ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS B9

Raylan and Rachel wait for the elevator.

RAYLAN

We ought to come up with a good excuse. People see us going into storage together, might get some funny ideas.

RACHEL

Why wouldn't we just tell them the truth?

RAYLAN

That we volunteered for inventory?

RACHEL

(realizing)

Okay, yeah, we need an excuse.

They hear the DING of the arriving elevator, start to step forward, stop as the doors slide open to reveal... Alison. As she takes in Raylan's black eye, Raylan and Rachel take in the scratches and bruises from her car accident.

ALISON

Before you say anything -- wait, what the hell happened to your face?

RAYLAN

You first.

AC9 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ELEVATOR -- DAY AC9

Raylan, Rachel, Alison alone on the elevator as the doors close. He hits the BASEMENT button as well as LOBBY. \*

\*

(CONTINUED)

Rachel notices the two LIT-UP BUTTONS. \*

RACHEL  
How come you pushed "Basement"?

RAYLAN  
That's where you count bullets.

RACHEL  
(eyeroll)  
Please. I'm coming with you.

RAYLAN  
You don't know where I'm going.

RACHEL  
You're going down to Harlan to kick  
Danny Crowe's ass.

This is news to Alison. \*

ALISON  
Hold on. Raylan-- \*

RAYLAN  
What? Isn't that what you want? \*

ALISON  
Are you serious? \*

RAYLAN  
Why else would you tell me what  
happened? \*

Alison's speechless. They arrive at the lobby. The DOORS  
OPEN. Alison steps out. Raylan moves to follow. \*

RACHEL  
Raylan... \*

Raylan and Alison look at her. She puts a hand on the door  
to keep it from closing. \*

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(to Alison)  
Give us a sec? \*

ALISON  
I have to get to the office anyway. \*

Raylan starts to protest, but she's already walking away. \*

(CONTINUED)

AC9

CONTINUED: (2)

AC9

RACHEL

(to Raylan)

How come she didn't call the cops?

This gets back Raylan's attention.

RAYLAN

Guessing because she was worried they'd give her a field test.

RACHEL

(absorbs that)

Booze?

(off Raylan's head-shake)

Pot?

(off Raylan's shrug)

Wow. She just keeps getting better.

RAYLAN

You're not coming with me.

RACHEL

(beat, then faux casual)

Well, I guess I could always just take this back upstairs, tell Art where you're headed. Maybe he'll punch you again.

(off Raylan's look)

Your eye. His hand. Don't have to be Sherlock Holmes.

Raylan considers a moment. Then --

RAYLAN

Fine. You drive.

He steps off the elevator. Off Rachel, following, grinning --

C9

OMITTED

C9

(CONTINUED)

C9	CONTINUED:	C9
9	OMITTED	9
10	OMITTED	10
11	OMITTED	11
12	OMITTED	12
13	EXT. AUDRY'S BAR - DAY	13
	Dewey and skinny EDWIN look over Dewey's DISMANTLED POOL.	

(CONTINUED)

EDWIN

How long you have it?

DEWEY

Not long enough.

EDWIN

Why you getting rid of it?

DEWEY

I'm hitting the road. Need some traveling money.

EDWIN

All right then, let's load her up.

They pick up the top METAL PANEL. Edwin notices the one underneath, which is SPLIT TO SHIT from Raylan's bullets --

EDWIN (CONT'D)

What the--? The hell is that?

DEWEY

That there's minor cosmetic damage. I put it on the sign--

Edwin drops his end of the sheet.

EDWIN

Cosmetic? This thing's blown to shit! It ain't no pool, it's scrap metal. Eight hundred dollars my ass.

DEWEY

How much you willing to give me then?

EDWIN

I give you twenty bucks, take it straight to the scrap yard.

DEWEY

How far am I supposed to get on twenty bucks? I paid a thousand dollars for this thing!

EDWIN

Yeah, 'cause when you did it held water! Twenty bucks, final offer.

(CONTINUED)

DEWEY

This here pool was my dream. I  
ain't selling it for no twenty  
bucks.

EDWIN

Then I ain't wasting no more time.

His face twisting into a GRIMACE, Dewey picks up a nearby  
METAL POST.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

Whoa--

DEWEY

Fact, I ain't gonna sell it at all.  
I ain't giving up on my dream.

Dewey starts toward him, Edwin RUNS. As Edwin CLAMBERS into  
his truck, Dewey BARRELS down, HITS the truck with the post.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

I ain't giving up on my dream!

As Edwin SPEEDS OFF, Dewey GIVES CHASE, then CHUCKS the metal  
post at him.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

A15

EXT. AUDRY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

A15

Now we're with Dewey, having a SMOKE, clocking --

Danny unhappily dragging Surly Patron towards the CARS.

DEWEY

Danny? The hell happened?

DANNY

What's it matter? Seems like guys  
around here think buying a drink  
also buys a license to talk shit.  
Now, you wanna help me or what?

Dewey goes over, takes the guy's legs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You know which one's his?

(CONTINUED)

A15

CONTINUED:

A15

DEWEY

White one there I believe.

DANNY

This whole damn place is backwards,  
you know that Dewey?

DEWEY

(then)

I ask you something, Danny?

(takes silence for assent)

If I got Darryl the money I paid  
Boyd for Audry's, you really think  
he'd leave Kentucky?

Danny and Dewey now drop the Patron near a WHITE TRUCK.

DANNY

I think you produce that kind of  
cash, we'd all be happy to cut this  
shit-hole loose.

Now the Patron starts to STIR.

PATRON

Ahhh... what the--

Danny HITS HIM, knocking his ass out again. Turns his  
attention back to Dewey.

DANNY

I see your wheels spinning, Cousin.  
Need to remind you we already  
leaned awful hard on Crowder and he  
didn't budge?

DEWEY

I know.

DANNY

So you got a new idea?

DEWEY

(then)

We grab him, put a gun to his head,  
tell him to turn over the money or  
he's a dead man.

Off Danny, liking this new idea quite a bit --

15

OMITTED

15

16	OMITTED	16
17	OMITTED	17
18	OMITTED	18

19 OMITTED

19

A20 OMITTED

A20 \*

(CONTINUED)

A20 CONTINUED:

A20

\*

20 INT. BOYD'S BAR - DAY

20

CARL sweeps the floor of the empty bar, looks up as Dewey and Danny step in. Carl stops sweeping, leans on his broom.

CARL

(to Dewey)

Must say, you're about the last person I'd expect to show up here.

DEWEY

Where's Boyd?

CARL

Why, you come to apologize?

DEWEY

(incredulous)

For what?

CARL

Sending your cousin over to try to shake us down.

DEWEY

I didn't send him.

CARL

Did you really think you could muscle Boyd Crowder?

DEWEY

All I think is you don't know the things I've done. You hear what happened to Messer?

Carl takes a step toward them.

CARL

I'm not Messer.

DANNY

Ease back, partner -- all you gotta do's tell us where to find the boss-man.

Carl looks Danny up and down as though he just noticed him --

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Don't guess you're Darryl, Jr. --  
heard he's a big sum bitch.

DANNY

I'm plenty big enough for you.

CARL

You sure about that?

Tension crackles between Carl and Danny. Tired of getting brushed aside, Dewey pulls a HANDGUN, points it at Carl's head. Carl drops his good humor, but he doesn't look scared.

CARL (CONT'D)

(to Dewey, re: handgun)

You get that outta a cereal box?

DEWEY

I told you -- you got no idea what  
I'm capable of. Now tell us where  
Boyd is.

CARL

You're about to step off a mighty  
high ledge, Dewey.

DANNY

It's all right -- I'll catch him.

Carl turns his attention back to Danny.

CARL

Yeah? But then who'll catch you?

Without warning, Carl HEADBUTTS Danny and in the same motion swings his BROOM to whack Dewey across the face. Dewey staggers, drops his gun. The three proceed to have a FAST, BRUTAL FIGHT in which Carl proves himself to be a serious badass. The fight ends when DANNY SLAMS CARL IN THE HEAD WITH THE HANDLE OF HIS KNIFE, knocking him unconscious.

Dewey and Danny share a look, work to catch their breath.

DEWEY

Hell're we supposed to do now?

DANNY

Plan B.

Dewey stares at him questioningly. Danny bends down, grabs the still-unconscious Carl under his arms.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY (CONT'D)  
(to Dewey, re: Carl)  
Get his legs.

Off which --

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

A21 INT. HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

A21

Boyd and DUFFY sit as PICKER paces. All look as the door opens and MIKE ushers in THREE MEXICAN THUGS, including ALBERTO, followed by an Asian guy we'll come to know as MR. YOON. Picker stops pacing, approaches Alberto.

PICKER

Berto, my man. Been a long time.

ALBERTO

It has.

PICKER

Wynn Duffy, Boyd Crowder, this is Alberto Ruiz.

Boyd and Duffy nod at Alberto, ignore the other thugs, focus their attention on Yoon.

DUFFY

And you must be Mr. Yoon.

YOON

(deadpan)

How do you know that?

(off their silence)

The one wonton among the tortillas?

Duffy's off-balance, not sure whether to laugh or apologize.

BOYD

I would've said, kimchi in the salsa.

Yoon stares at him for a long, tense moment. Then he smiles, making it clear he's not offended (and totally in charge).

YOON

Most people assume I'll be offended if they point out the incongruity.

BOYD

I assume you want it pointed out.

Yoon watches Boyd and Duffy, testing them.

YOON

Why would I want that?

Duffy gets it now --

(CONTINUED)

DUFFY

Because it suggests you're very good at what you do.

Yoon nods -- they've clearly passed the test.

YOON

The people I represent rely on me precisely because they know I'm not like them. I dislike beheadings, gentlemen. They're bad for business. So are family squabbles.

Boyd shoots Picker a look -- he knows Picker must be the source of Yoon's intelligence about Johnny.

BOYD

Trust me, Mr. Yoon, my cousin won't get the chance to disrupt our business.

YOON

That remains to be seen. All I know for certain is that he won't get the chance to disrupt mine.

(beat)

I assume Mr. Picker told you we'd require payment up front.

Picker moves to pick up a DUFFEL BAG (we don't see inside, but we can assume it's full of cash). Boyd puts out his hand to stop him.

BOYD

He told us. We're hoping to come to a different understanding.

Picker's genuinely surprised by this --

PICKER

What the hell's this, Boyd? I gave these guys my word--

Duffy cuts him off, speaking directly to Yoon.

DUFFY

We've had some bad experiences lately with a... pay-up-front business model.

A long silence as Yoon looks from Duffy to Boyd, deciding.

(CONTINUED)

A21

CONTINUED: (2)

A21

YOON

Very well, gentlemen. The fact is, the money in that bag would only buy you insurance against my employers' feeling taken advantage of if anything should go wrong with our transaction. I'm willing to proceed without it, but I want to make sure you understand that my employers will never let anything jeopardize their reputation as men not to be crossed. If at any point they feel that reputation needs to be reestablished, it won't be me they send.

Off Duffy and Boyd, realizing what they've gotten into --

B21

OMITTED

B21

C21

INT. KY STATE PRISON - VISITING AREA - DAY

C21

Ava sits across the glass from GEIST.

(CONTINUED)

C21

CONTINUED:

C21

AVA

When can I see Boyd?

GEIST

Tomorrow would be earliest. He's been busy, lining up someone to watch your back.

AVA

Why does my back need watching?

GEIST

You're young, you're pretty and you shivved a guard, so the officers--

AVA

I didn't do it, you know that, right?

GEIST

Look, I know you and Boyd paid me to stick headphones in my ears, but I assure you, I am a good lawyer--

AVA

You got a line on the guard?

GEIST

He's gone to ground, no one knows where. May have relatives out of state. We're looking into it.

AVA

Way he was, he must've tried to screw others before me.

GEIST

Looking into that, too.

AVA

You looking into security cameras showing I didn't do it?

GEIST

All the ones in that area were turned off.

AVA

Jesus.

(beat)

Boyd send any message at least?

(CONTINUED)

C21 CONTINUED: (2)

C21

GEIST

He did.

Geist pulls out a PIECE OF PAPER, unfolds it, puts it against the glass. Ava starts to read it, then shuts her eyes.

21 OMITTED 21

22 OMITTED 22

23 OMITTED 23

24 OMITTED 24

25 OMITTED 25

A26 I/E. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY A26

Danny, Dewey, and a fuming Wendy.

WENDY

Where is he?

DANNY

In the trunk.

WENDY

Alive?

DANNY

Was when he went in.

DEWEY

We gonna ransom him back.

WENDY

Oh, for God's sake, don't you know you can't talk about shit like that around me!

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Where the hell's Darryl?

Wendy catches sight of something outside --

WENDY

Oh, Jesus --

Danny and Dewey follow her eyes, see, through the window, a black SUV (Rachel's car) making its way toward the house. The SUV stops. Rachel and Raylan step out.

DEWEY

(almost crying)

Holy shit, I don't believe it.

Danny starts to pull his knife. Wendy balks --

WENDY

Hell you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

A26

CONTINUED: (2)

A26

DANNY

What I ain't doing is twenty years.  
Figure I got nothing to lose, might  
as well take a shot.

WENDY

They can't open the trunk without a  
reason, same like they can't come  
in the house. So we don't give  
them a reason. You two keep out of  
sight. I'll handle the marshals.

Wendy heads out.

DANNY

Cousin Dewey, I didn't know better  
I'd say my dear sister thinks we  
got no slickness. Comes to it, you  
follow my lead.

26

EXT. RACHEL'S CAR/HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE ~ MOMENTS LATER 26

Rachel and Raylan walk toward the house, hands on holsters.  
Wendy steps out to meet them.

WENDY

Marshal. Surprised to see you  
here.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

Guess I could say the same,  
seeing's I was led to believe you  
just about swore you were taking  
the boy to Miami.

WENDY

(re: Raylan's shiner)  
Tell me you won at least.

RAYLAN

Nah. I dropped like a stone.

WENDY

So, to what do we owe the pleasure?

RAYLAN

Where's Danny?

WENDY

Haven't seen him since this  
morning. Why?

Raylan and Rachel share a look, shrug --

RAYLAN

Kendal's social worker, Alison?  
She left here last night, Danny  
followed her, ran her off the road.

Wendy absorbs.

RANDY

Now, I'm willing to concede there's  
a chance he did it on his own --

WENDY

How about conceding there's a  
chance he didn't do it at all?

RACHEL

(deadpan)  
Sure, maybe it was someone else  
just happened to get it in his head  
to bark like a dog.

Wendy looks at her.

WENDY

Don't believe we've met. Wendy.

RACHEL

Deputy Marshal Brooks.

(CONTINUED)

Wendy turns her attention back to Raylan --

WENDY

Why would Danny... bark?

RAYLAN

Well, your brother's a world-class dumbass -- no offense -- so I hesitate trying to analyze what goes on in his head. But if I had to guess I'd say it was his way of calling me out.

Wendy thinks that over.

WENDY

Like I said, Danny's not here. Happy to give him a message.

Raylan's eyeing the house, the cars parked in front.

RAYLAN

He's not here, huh? Lotta cars for just you.

Raylan steps past her, headed toward the house. Wendy follows, shitting bricks.

WENDY

Got no cause to enter our house.

RAYLAN

Not your house. In fact, I happen to know the man it belongs to.

WENDY

You know what I mean. Alison saw the rental agreement.

RAYLAN

Yeah, she told me.

Raylan's almost to the door. Wendy stops following, glances back at Rachel, musters all the authority she can --

WENDY

Deputy, unless you show me a warrant you'd best not step through that door.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

(amused snort)

You'd be surprised what-all marshals're allowed to do without a warrant.

WENDY

If you're allowed to violate the Fourth Amendment, I'd be very surprised.

RAYLAN

When I suspect the man I know owns this house may be chained up in the basement, or worse, knowing your family, cooking in a pot, I can go just about anywhere.

Raylan heads for the door.

A27

INT. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

A27

Hidden behind the doorjamb (think Bruno Kirby from "Godfather: Part Two"), Danny stands poised, knife at the ready. From across the room, also hidden, Dewey watches, wide-eyed.

B27

EXT. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

B27

Raylan puts his left hand on the doorknob (his right's still on his gun).

WENDY

(working to hide her desperation)

You want to talk to Mike? That assuage your dark imaginings?

RAYLAN

Bring him out.

WENDY

He's not here. He's at his store.

Raylan thinks, lets go of the doorknob, starts back down the steps.

27

OMITTED

27

28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29
AA30	OMITTED	AA30
A30	EXT. KY STATE PRISON - GEN POP YARD - DAY	A30

Ava squints as she steps out into the bustling yard.

She makes her way through the THRONGS and CLIQUES of PRISONERS, several of them eyeing her as she goes.

As Ava passes a group of BLACK GIRLS, a couple of them STEP IN HER WAY. Ava politely steps around them and continues on, careful not to look back.

Ava finds a quiet spot by the fence, raises her face to the sun, which after a week indoors feels *amazing*. She notices Penny (the trustee from the supply room) watching her.

PENNY

You got good timing. Just yesterday it was raining like an old cow pissing on a flat rock.

(beat)

Name's Penny. You're Ava, right?

(off Ava's surprise)

Word is you almost killed a guard.

(CONTINUED)

AVA

Yeah, I didn't really do that.

PENNY

(deadpan)

What a coincidence -- no one here did any of the things we're in for. You should feel right at home.

(has a thought)

Little free advice: next time someone asks, don't say you didn't do it.

AVA

So, what should I say? "He wasn't the first and won't be the last"?

PENNY

Don't say anything. Half these bitches're snitches. Plus, you don't want anyone getting it in her head to test you. Best way to get by in here is to be left alone.

Ava glances back at the black women she passed, sees they're now moving toward her, led by PATRICE (40ish, scary) and NICHELLE (20s, WNBA muscles).

AVA

(to Penny)

Not sure that's up to me.

PATRICE

Hey, Penny.

PENNY

(faux cheery)

Patrice. How you doing?

PATRICE

Be better once you introduce me to this little piece of whitefish.

PENNY

(quickly)

Oh, Ava's not a fish. She just got sent over from the Harlan lock-up.

PATRICE

(to Ava)

Guess that means you the one shivved that hack, huh?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A30

CONTINUED: (2)

A30

PATRICE (CONT'D)

What happened, he try to get fresh?  
Guess it's hard to blame him.

She reaches out, touches Ava's hair. Ava's careful not to flinch.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Mmm, I do like that good hair.

NICHELLE

Shit, Patrice, you got issues: that just white-girl hair.

AVA

I don't want any trouble.

PATRICE

Oh, no trouble. Just Nichelle's kinda militant when it come to some things. Me, I say we all the same color where it matters.

Patrice starts to continue, then she falls silent. All the black girls puff up, staring daggers at something over Ava's shoulder. Ava looks to see a group of WHITE FEMALE INMATES approaching, led by GRETCHEN -- hard, wiry, and judging by her matching NAZI TAT SLEEVES, Gunnar's famous sister.

(CONTINUED)

A30

CONTINUED: (3)

A30

Patrice and Gretchen lock eyes as the two groups face-off for a TENSE BEAT. Then, slowly, Patrice starts to move off. Slowly, Nichelle and the other black women follow. Relief.

AVA  
(to Gretchen)  
Thank you.

Instead of answering, Gretchen turns to Penny.

GRETCHEN  
'Scuse us.

Penny and Ava share a look and a shrug.

PENNY  
I'll see you later, Ava.

She moves off in a different direction from the black girls. Now, finally, Gretchen turns her attention to Ava.

GRETCHEN  
I'm Gretchen Swift. Boyd paid my brother Gunnar to see you're looked after.

AVA  
Oh. Well, I--

Gretchen hauls off and PUNCHES Ava square in the mouth. Ava LURCHES BACK, slamming into the fence. WTF?

GRETCHEN  
Your man is a race traitor.

Gretchen NODS to her cronies, who move to Ava and HOLD HER DOWN.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)  
Race traitors the only thing I hate more than those black bitches.

Gretchen pulls out a SHIV, kneels down to Ava, pets her head.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)  
Really do got pretty hair.

AB30

OMITTED

AB30

(CONTINUED)

AB30 CONTINUED:

AB30

B30 INT. CONFEDERATE HARDWARE - DAY

B30

Kendal's behind the counter, hardware apron tied on, as Raylan and Rachel enter. Kendal is finishing bagging some light bulbs for an ELDERLY WOMAN. \*

ELDERLY WOMAN \*

Thank you, young man.

KENDAL

My pleasure, ma'am. You have a nice day now.

He spots Raylan, Rachel. Holds Raylan's look.

RAYLAN

Imagine it beats working bar in a whorehouse.

KENDAL

Tips're better there.

RAYLAN

Looking for Mike.

KENDAL

Who's that?

RAYLAN

The owner.

Kendal looks from Raylan to Rachel.

KENDAL

Darryl!

Darryl emerges from an aisle nearby, POWER-SAW in his hand.

DARRYL

Hey Raylan.

RAYLAN

Taking over the store, too.

DARRYL

Just helping the old man out.

RAYLAN

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

B30

CONTINUED:

B30

DARRYL

Stepped out, I guess.

RAYLAN

You guess, huh. Put down the saw.

DARRYL

You asking or telling.

RACHEL

Keep hold of it and you'll find out.

Beat, then Darryl puts the saw down.

DARRYL

Got Kendal working an honest job, going to school -- I don't know what your problem is.

RAYLAN

Problem is, I got no idea why you're living in Mike's house and working his store. I'm starting to think you've got him buried somewhere.

DARRYL

That what's bothering you?

RAYLAN

Top of a long list.

DARRYL

Guess you better come with me, then.

(turns)

C'mon.

Raylan indicates that Rachel should wait here, follows Darryl.

C30

INT. CONFEDERATE HARDWARE - BACK ROOM - DAY

C30

Darryl leads Raylan in, where HARDWARE MIKE sits eating fried \* chicken, napkin tucked in at the collar.

DARRYL

Mike, you got company.

Mike looks up, wipes his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

C30

CONTINUED:

C30

MIKE

Afternoon, Raylan.

RAYLAN

You okay, Mike?

MIKE

Will be, once I finish eating.

RAYLAN

Just need a minute of your time. I been by your house, and there's a family living there.

MIKE

New tenants, the Crowes.

RAYLAN

Tenants.

DARRYL

We got a rental agreement and everything.

RAYLAN

Need you to shut up and leave us alone.

Darryl shrugs, exits.

MIKE

There a problem?

RAYLAN

Just need to know what they're doing there.

MIKE

Nicest girl showed up at my door, a few days ago. Redhead. Had her little brother with her.

RAYLAN

I've met her.

MIKE

No money, living out of a car. Couldn't call myself a Christian, I didn't try to help.

RAYLAN

And then there's the young lady.

(CONTINUED)

C30

CONTINUED: (2)

C30

MIKE

Wendy. She's sweet, isn't she?

RAYLAN

Mike, they're criminals.

MIKE

Criminals?

(beat)

Even Wendy?

RAYLAN

(nods)

Left a trail of woe in Florida.  
You help 'em, it isn't going to end  
well.

MIKE

I just can't believe it.

RAYLAN

Be happy to show you their criminal  
records, comes to that.

MIKE

No, I believe you. Just not sure  
what to do.

RAYLAN

Break the lease. Tell them you  
can't rent to them anymore.

MIKE

Not even the cabin?

RAYLAN

What cabin?

MIKE

My hunting cabin. That was part of  
the deal too.

D30

OMITTED

D30

(CONTINUED)

D30	CONTINUED:	D30
30	OMITTED	30
31	OMITTED	31
32	OMITTED	32
33	OMITTED	33
34	OMITTED	34
A35	OMITTED	A35

(CONTINUED)

A35

CONTINUED:

A35

AB35

INT. BOYD'S BAR - BACK ROOM - DAY

AB35

Boyd sits at his desk, seething, looks up as Jimmy enters --

JIMMY

Gunnar's holed up with a half dozen of his Hitler-humpers, looked like he's just waiting for us to come back at him. Good news is, now we know for sure his sister didn't decide on her own to jump Ava.

BOYD

(terrifyingly calm)

You think that's good news?

Jimmy knows better than to answer.

BOYD (CONT'D)

You see a way around the soldiers?

JIMMY

(no)

You want to get in that place uninvited, you'll have to step over bodies. Be nice if we cast a little bigger shadow.

BOYD

Any luck raising Carl?

JIMMY

I'll try him again.

Jimmy dials his CELL PHONE, hears it answered --

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Carl, man, we got trouble -- where the hell you been?

But it's not Carl -- it's --

B35

INT. REMOTE CABIN - DAY

B35

DEWEY

Well, wouldn't you like to know.

INTERCUT:

(NOTE: For the following, on Jimmy's end, Dewey's cutting out such that we only hear every fifth or sixth word.)

(CONTINUED)

B35

CONTINUED:

B35

DEWEY (CONT'D)

(gloating)

Put Boyd on. Tell him shoe's on  
the other foot now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B35

CONTINUED: (2)

B35

DEWEY (CONT'D)

See, I got something you need--

JIMMY

Carl! Where the hell are you, man?  
I can barely hear you.

DEWEY

--and that shit's gonna cost you.  
(realizes what Jimmy said)  
What? No, I'm not Carl, I have  
Carl... Wait, hello? What the--

He looks down at the phone: CALL FAILED.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Shit! Goddamn this thing...

He starts holding the phone up, trying for more bars. This  
hero's journey taking him --

35

EXT. REMOTE CABIN - DAY - INTERCUT

35

Finds a spot, hits REDIAL. This time, before Jimmy can  
answer, Boyd takes the phone out of his hand.

JIMMY

(to Boyd, helpful)  
I think he said something about  
shoes.

BOYD

(into the phone)  
I don't care where you are. You  
got thirty minutes to be where you  
shoulda' been thirty minutes ago.

DEWEY

Boyd? That you? Dammit,  
reception's for shit...

He keeps moving on, finding higher ground.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Can you hear me now? I was saying,  
it's gonna cost you to get--

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

In his travels, he sees --

RACHEL'S MARSHAL VEHICLE churning up the road, headed right for the cabin. Dewey goes into full oh-shit mode, ducks out of sight behind a tree.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to call you back.

He hangs up. END INTERCUT. On Boyd's end, Jimmy watches Boyd put down the phone in frustration, shrugs --

JIMMY

Must be in a dead zone.

A36

EXT. WOODS NEAR REMOTE CABIN - DAY

A36

Dewey circles around the tree, tracking the marshals' progress. He goes to dial Danny --

DEWEY

Danny? Hello? Shit!

Call failed. Now the car has stopped and Rachel and Raylan are getting out. Dewey, no choice, fades back into the woods, then turns and runs away.

36

INT. REMOTE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

36

Carl tied to a chair in the corner, beaten but game yet. Danny's just putting down his phone, frowning at the failure, when Chelsea EXPLODES in a barking frenzy at the KNOCK on the door. Danny looks at captive Carl.

CARL

Didn't tell me you were having company, I'd've cleaned up.

DANNY

Shut up.

Danny goes to the window by the door, sees RAYLAN and RACHEL there. Tries to duck out of sight, but Raylan sees him, motions for him to open up. One more look at Carl -- Danny's hand goes to the KNIFE at his belt, then he cracks the door.

CHELSEA going fucking bananas at his feet, Danny peers out.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Deputies. 'Fraid you caught me in the altogether.

RAYLAN

Nothing of you I hadn't seen before, Danny. How about we talk inside.

DANNY

Not really a good time.

RAYLAN

Let's make it a good time.

Danny's hand closes around the knife. No move to comply.

RACHEL

Sir, wrangle that dog and step back from the door before we kick it in.

Resigned to it, Danny takes Chelsea's collar, pulls him back and steps back himself, letting the door fall open.

Rachel and Raylan step in, hands on their weapons, ready for it to go off. It's got that feel, and once they spy CARL over in the corner, the guns come OUT --

RAYLAN

Well it appears we really did catch you at a bad time, Danny.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Just so you know, it comes to it?  
First one who takes a bullet in  
here is that dog. Understand?

Danny does. Without looking at the dog --

DANNY

Chelsea. *Voraus!*

Chelsea takes the command, turns on a dime and heads out of  
the room, leaving them alone to whatever's next.

RAYLAN

Hands up, Danny.

DANNY

Bullshit. You got all you're gonna  
get out of me.

RAYLAN

Sure you want it to go this way? I  
don't see much of a move for you.

DANNY

I reckon maybe I can get one of you  
before it's done. Maybe even  
scratch you both, what you think?

RAYLAN

I think you may be overestimating  
your capabilities some.

RACHEL

Beef for kidnapping, maybe get the  
right lawyer -- gotta be better  
than dying up here in some cabin.

CARL

Who said anything about kidnapping?

Carl's input slows the roll a beat. Danny glances back at  
him where he's tied in his chair.

RAYLAN

Excuse me?

CARL

Suppose he never kidnapped me.  
Suppose I'm here on my own  
volition.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Such that you're beat up and tied to a chair.

CARL

Well. Danny and me here, we never did settle on a safe word. You understand?

RAYLAN

Danny, this true? I never fancied you two as an item.

Danny tumbling to his way out, however strange --

DANNY

Yeah, well. He and I, we share some things in common.

CARL

Little embarrassing, you happening upon us in such a state. Since there ain't any criminally unbecoming activity going on, suppose Danny here cuts me loose and we all go about our business.

RAYLAN

Just so I understand -- we're about to take this man into custody and put him away for kidnapping you--

DANNY

Y'all ain't ever gonna get me into custody, just to be clear--

RAYLAN

Fine, so we gun you down, I still have trouble fathoming the angle.

CARL

So I'm gonna what, testify? Oh, judge, they caught me and beat me up, tied me to a chair, they did unspeakable things, I'm so ashamed. Maybe break down and cry for the jury, is that it? Bull - shit.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED: (3)

36

RAYLAN

So instead, we cut you both loose,  
then you go back to Boyd and the  
two of you come back around to  
settle up with Danny here at your  
leisure. Something like that?

CARL

Man, I ain't a fortune teller. Who  
knows what'll happen.

Raylan looks at Rachel. Rachel shrugs.

RAYLAN

Well it sounds like we found a  
peaceful resolution after all.

37

OMITTED

37

38

OMITTED

38

39

OMITTED

39

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

A40 OMITTED A40

40 EXT. ROAD/INT. DANNY'S TRUCK - DAY 40

Danny drives down the road, Chelsea shotgun. He checks his face in the mirror -- BUSTED LIP, RIPENING BLACK EYE. Shit.

(CONTINUED)

Danny stops the car, opens the passenger door.

DANNY

Out!

Chelsea looks to him questioningly.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Get out of the car! Now!

After one last confused look, Chelsea HOPS out.

Danny looks for his seatbelt -- clearly he's not a regular user. He finds it, buckles himself in.

Danny takes off, leaving Chelsea sitting on the side of the road, WHIMPERING.

BAM! Danny RAMS his truck into a TREE.

Seatbelt having kept him safe, he tries to start the now SMASHED truck. The engine sputters, then roars back to life. Danny pulls back from the tree, opens the passenger door.

He WHISTLES loudly. Chelsea takes off RUNNING.

Chelsea LEAPS into the car. Danny drives off.

As Jimmy and Carl putter around behind the bar, Boyd sits in the otherwise-empty room, enjoys a celebratory BOURBON, talks into his PHONE --

BOYD

(into the phone)

Mr. Dunham -- you're a difficult man to get hold of.

HOT ROD talks into a speaker phone as he answers --

HOT ROD

Sorry about that. Been a little busy lately down this way.

(CONTINUED)

B42

CONTINUED:

B42

BOYD

That all? 'Cause I was starting to worry you'd rethought some of the particulars of our deal.

HOT ROD

Nah, nothing like that. Got my boys out scooping up your cousin as we speak.

BOYD

In that case, no apologies necessary.

(beat)

You wanna deliver him or you want us to pick him up?

HOT ROD

Figured we'll bring him with us when we come to meet you in Nuevo Laredo, let you have your time with him down there, bury him in the desert before we cross back over.

BOYD

I suppose that'll work.

(gets serious)

Rodney, it's important our business down there goes off nice and smooth -- these people we're dealing with strike me as the type don't go in for drama.

HOT ROD

You remember that day in the Bennett's barn, you and me buying weed from Dickie? Be just that smooth.

Boyd FREEZES for an imperceptible microsecond.

On the other end of the phone, we REVEAL ALI (505) holding a GUN to Hot Rod's head.

BOYD

Glad to hear it. See you day after tomorrow. Make sure you pack your swim trunks.

END INTERCUT.

(CONTINUED)

B42

CONTINUED: (2)

B42

We stay with Boyd as he flips his phone closed, processes what he's just learned. Jimmy looks at him expectantly for a moment until he realizes Boyd's not about to fill him in.

JIMMY

So? What'd he say?

BOYD

He mentioned the day I robbed him at gunpoint.

JIMMY

Meaning he's still pissed?

BOYD

Meaning it appears my cousin has--

He's cut off as Carl enters, beat up and all, but alive.

JIMMY

(to Carl)

Jesus, man, what the hell happened to you?

42

INT. AUDRY'S BAR - DAY

42

[Again, scene will be rewritten.]

\*

43

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - NIGHT

43

Raylan and Rachel drive. \*

RACHEL \*  
I figured it out, you know? Why \*  
Art punched you. \*

RAYLAN \*  
(deadpan) \*  
Yeah, he found out I had a thing \*  
going with Leslie. \*

RACHEL \*  
I'm serious, Raylan. \*

RAYLAN \*  
Well, you shouldn't be. \*  
(a thought occurs to him) \*  
That really why you came all this \*  
way, find out how I got my shiner? \*

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

You could've trusted us.  
(off Raylan's look)  
Man makes a threat against a  
marshal's family? The whole  
service would've been on it, riding  
Nicky Augustine to the ends of the  
earth. You don't have to do  
everything yourself.

RAYLAN

Rachel. Whatever I did, talking to  
you about it would make you part of  
it. I made the decision, I'll  
accept the consequences.

RACHEL

Then accept them.

RAYLAN

What's that mean?

RACHEL

Art. You lost him. You can't get  
him back. Doesn't mean what you  
did wasn't right, just it has a  
price.

Raylan considers her a long moment. Then --

RAYLAN

Why are you telling me this?

RACHEL

Because sooner or later you'll  
realize it on your own and your  
instinct then's gonna be to run  
away. Figured I'd take the chance  
to try and stop you.

Raylan doesn't know how to respond.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Not that I'd be a hundred percent  
sorry to see you gone--

RAYLAN

(deadpan)  
Glad you cleared that up.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED: (2)

43

RACHEL

--but Art's gonna retire before  
long and it's gonna be my office to  
run and, no matter how much of a  
pain in the ass you are, you get  
shit done. Don't see why some  
other Chief should get the credit.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Raylan is quiet for a while, taking it all in. Finally --

\*

RAYLAN

That it?

\*  
\*

RACHEL

For now.

\*  
\*

Raylan nods, then leans forward to turn on the radio.

\*

44

OMITTED

44

45

OMITTED

45

46

INT. SHITTY GYM - NIGHT

46

[Scene will be rewritten.]

\*

47 OMITTED 47  
A48 INT. KY STATE PRISON - AVA'S GEN POP DORM - NIGHT A48

Ava lies in bed, eyes wide, enveloped by the crazy-making nighttime CACOPHONY of prison -- CRYING, SHOUTING, BANGING, SNORING.

She gets up, walks over to her sleeping cellie, NIKKI, and NUDGES her.

AVA  
Nikki, wake up.

NIKKI  
(rousing)  
The hell?

AVA  
I need a shiv.

NIKKI  
Nah-uh. Don't want anyone seeing me talking to you.

Nikki turns away, pulls her blanket up.

AVA  
You let me borrow one, I'll buy you commissary tomorrow.

NIKKI  
You going after Gretchen? That's crazy.

AVA  
Just hand it over.

Nikki gets up, gingerly pulls a SHIV from deep inside her mattress, hands it to Ava.

Ava hides the shiv against her arm and walks, through the sleeping forms in the dorm. Is she headed for Gretchen? Is she gonna stab her? Patrice?

No. She keeps on going. To a warped, shitty-prison-excuse for a MIRROR. She looks at her reflection -- hair seriously fucked.

After a beat, Ava starts using the shiv to FIX her tattered hair.

48 INT. ALISON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

48

Now sitting on the couch, Raylan and Alison sit, drinking BOURBON and WINE. Raylan still has his shiner, Alison a few BRUISES of her own. Alison examines Raylan's eye.

ALISON

Hmm, I'd say more blackberry than aubergine.

RAYLAN

Isn't that just french for eggplant?

ALISON

Yeah, but it's so much more fun to say. Au-ber-gine. Okay, how about this one?

Alison pulls the neck of her shirt down to expose a light brown bruise on her chest.

RAYLAN

I don't know. Tan.

ALISON

Butterscotch. And you suck at this game.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

I know a game I'm a whole lot better at.

Raylan leans in and KISSES her neck.

ALISON

Raylan. What are you doing?

RAYLAN

Trying to kiss it and make it better?

ALISON

No, I mean, you got a kid down in Florida.

RAYLAN

It's as if I can actually hear brakes screeching to a halt.

ALISON

As much as I like you and what we've been doing, I see kids from broken homes every day.

RAYLAN

Willa's home isn't exactly broken. Winona and I get along better now than when we were married.

ALISON

Which is great. And I agree, divorce is not always terrible. It's much healthier for a kid to have two happy homes than one miserable one.

RAYLAN

There you go.

ALISON

Raylan, a kid doesn't have two happy homes when one parent's a thousand miles away.

RAYLAN

(rising)

Well, thanks for the feedback.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (2)

48

ALISON

Instead of watching your baby grow  
up, you're spending your time  
chasing lowlifes and their dogs,  
fighting battles that don't need to  
be fought. Why is that?

Off Raylan's lack of an answer --

49

OMITTED

49

50

OMITTED

50

A51

OMITTED

A51

B51

OMITTED

B51

(CONTINUED)

B51 CONTINUED:

B51

51 INT. AUDRY'S BAR - NIGHT

51

Boyd hands the stack of money to Darryl. Wendy also there. \*

BOYD  
You interested in growing that  
stack? \*

WENDY  
(deadpan) \*  
Why, you wanna put us in touch with \*  
your accountant? \*

BOYD \*  
I got another job I need done. \*

DARRYL JR \*  
Doing what? \*

Boyd hesitates a moment, looks at Wendy -- \*

BOYD \*  
I understand you're a lawyer. \*

DARRYL JR \*  
(correcting him) \*  
Secretary. \*

WENDY \*  
(correcting him) \*  
Paralegal. \*

BOYD \*  
In any case, I'm about to say some \*  
things -- well, there may come a \*  
day when you'll want to be able to \*  
swear you never heard them. \*

(CONTINUED)

Darryl raises his eyebrows, clearly excited to hear what Boyd \*  
has in mind. Wendy gets it, shrugs, heads out. As soon as \*  
she's gone -- \*

DARRYL JR \*  
I'll go out on a limb and guess \*  
this next job isn't beating the \*  
shit out of another bunch of \*  
skinheads. \*

BOYD \*  
No, it is not. \*  
(off Darryl's interest) \*  
I need you to help me kill my \*  
cousin Johnny. \*

Off which --

END OF EPISODE

# JUSTIFIED

Episode 506 – "Kill the Messenger"

## Revision History

<u>Draft/Revision Color</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Pages</u>
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	11/18/13	Full Draft
FULL BLUE DRAFT	11/20/13	Full Draft
FULL PINK DRAFT	11/22/13	Full Draft
YELLOW REVISIONS	11/22/13	Cast (Pg 2), 14, 14A, 14B, 14C, 14D
GREEN REVISIONS	11/25/13	Cast (Pg 1&2), Set, 1, 1A, 8-8A, 8B, 10-11, 12, 12A, 12AA, 12B, 18-19, 20, 21B, 24, 24A, 24AA, 24B, 27
GOLDENROD REVISIONS	11/26/13	Cast (Pg 1), Set, 8B, 10-11, 12, 25D, 25E, 25F, 25G, 27
FULL 2 <sup>ND</sup> WHITE DRAFT	11/30/13	Full Draft
2 <sup>ND</sup> BLUE REVISIONS	12/1/13	Cast (Pg 1&2), 1A, 8-8A, 8-8AA, 12A, 12AA, 12AAA, 15, 16, 25, 25A, 28-30B, 31, 32, 33-34, 38, 39

JUSTIFIED  
Episode 506  
"KILL THE MESSENGER"

CAST LIST

RAYLAN GIVENS	TIMOTHY OLYPHANT
ART MULLEN	NICK SEARCY
TIM GUTTERSON	JACOB PITTS
RACHEL BROOKS	ERICA TAZEL
BOYD CROWDER	WALTON GOGGINS
AVA CROWDER	JOELLE CARTER
WYNN DUFFY	JERE BURNS
MIKE	JONATHAN KOWALSKY
JIMMY TOLAN	JESSE LUKEN
DEWEY CROWE	DAMON HERRIMAN
PICKER	JOHN KAPELOS
DARRYL CROWE, JR.	MICHAEL RAPAPORT
DANNY CROWE	ALAN JOHN BUCKLEY
KENDAL CROWE	JACOB LOFLAND
WENDY CROWE	ALICIA WITT
CARL	JUSTIN WELBORN
BILLY "WILDMAN" GEIST	DON McMANUS
ALISON BRANDER	AMY SMART
HOT ROD DUNHAM	MICKEY JONES
HARDWARE MIKE	HOWARD S. MILLER
LESLIE MULLEN	
GUNNAR SWIFT	BRANTON BOX
EDWIN	
NIKKI	
PENNY COLE	DANIELLE PANABAKER
NICHELE	
GRETCHEN SWIFT	
YOON	
ALBERTO RUIZ	
<del>SURLY PATRON*</del>	
ALI	REGGIE WATKINS
OFFICER BARBOUR	
PATRICE	
<del>JACK*</del>	
ELDERLY WOMAN*	

**JUSTIFIED**  
Episode 506  
**"KILL THE MESSENGER"**

**CAST LIST (CONT'D)**

MEATY WHITE SUPREMECIST (NON-SPEAKING)  
2 MEXICAN THUGS (NON-SPEAKING)  
PRISONERS (NON-SPEAKING)  
BLACK GIRLS (NON-SPEAKING)  
WHITE FEMALE INMATES (NON-SPEAKING)  
~~DUDE IN PHOTO (NON-SPEAKING)\*~~  
HEAVILY-MUSCLED NEO-NAZI GOONS (NON-SPEAKING)  
2 MENACING BLACK INMATES (NON-SPEAKING)  
5 WHITE SUPREMECIST BRETHERN (NON-SPEAKING)  
~~AUDRY'S PATRONS (NON-SPEAKING)\*~~  
~~DRINKING BUDDY (NON-SPEAKING)\*~~  
FEMALE GUARD (NON-SPEAKING)  
MALE GUARD (NON-SPEAKING)  
SURLY PATRON (NON-SPEAKING)\*

JUSTIFIED  
Episode 506  
"SHOOT THE MESSENGER"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

MARSHAL'S OFFICE  
- CONFERENCE ROOM  
- LOBBY/ELEVATOR  
- ELEVATOR  
AUDRY'S BAR  
BOYD'S BAR  
- BACK ROOM  
KENTUCKY STATE PRISON  
- AVA'S GEN POP DORM  
- VISITING AREA  
- CORRIDOR/SUPPLY ROOM  
HOT ROD'S STRONGHOLD  
REMOTE CABIN  
SHITTY GYM  
HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE  
- LIVING ROOM  
HOTEL  
- SUITE  
ALISON'S APARTMENT  
ART MULLEN'S HOUSE – BEDROOM  
BAR  
CONFEDERATE HARDWARE  
- BACK ROOM

RACHEL'S CAR  
DANNY'S TRUCK  
JIMMY'S CAR  
ALISON'S CAR  
PRISON VAN  
BOYD'S TRUCK

EXTERIORS

AUDRY'S BAR  
REMOTE CABIN  
SHITTY GYM  
KY PRISON  
- GEN POP YARD  
- ~~ENTRANCE FROM~~  
~~BUILDING TO YARD\*~~  
- SALLY PORT  
- PRISON INTAKE  
HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE  
ROAD  
WOODSY ROAD  
WOODS NEAR REMOTE  
CABIN

\* DENOTES NEW/CHANGE

TEASER

AA1 I/E. PRISON VAN - DRIVING - DAY AA1

Through the windshield, we watch a BIG, INTIMIDATING PRISON (guard towers, barbed wire, etc.) get closer and closer until it fills our view.

We now REVEAL AVA, the lone inmate in the back of the van, shackled and chained to the floor. Stay with her as the van rumbles to a stop in front of the sally port, waits for the gate to open, then lurches forward again.

BA1 INT. PRISON VAN/EXT. KY STATE PRISON - SALLY PORT - BA1  
CONTINUOUS

Again the van stops as the GATE GRINDS CLOSED behind it, leaving Ava in darkness for a moment. Then the gate on the other side of the sally port opens and the van pulls forward once again to bring Ava into her new home.

CA1 INT. PRISON VAN/EXT. KY STATE PRISON - INTAKE - CONTINUOUS CA1

We see as much as production allows of the following:

-- A MALE GUARD unchains Ava from the van floor and walks her, still cuffed and shackled, into the intake building.

-- A FEMALE GUARD uncuffs Ava and then watches her strip out of the Harlan Jail uniform she's been wearing.

-- The Female Guard, now wearing LATEX GLOVES, examines the inside of Ava's mouth. (Perhaps we take this so far as having the Guard order Ava to "bend and spread." We could have Ava turn away from the guard and then bend at the waist, taking herself out of frame.)

-- The Female Guard watches Ava shower.

We end the sequence with:

DA1 INT. KY STATE PRISON - CORRIDOR/SUPPLY ROOM - DAY DA1

-- The Female Guard walks Ava, still naked from the shower, to a supply counter manned by a young trustee we'll come to know as PENNY COLE (20s). Penny sets Ava's new neatly-folded State Prison uniform onto the counter in front of her. Ava doesn't grab the clothes right away, too busy taking in her new surroundings. Penny notices --

PENNY

Sure as shit ain't Kansas, huh?

(CONTINUED)

DA1

CONTINUED:

DA1

Off Ava, too dazed even to nod her agreement --

A1

I/E. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A1

[SCENE WILL BE REWRITTEN TO REFLECT THE FOLLOWING:

JEAN BAPTISTE will no longer appear in this episode.]

\*

B1

INT. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

B1

[Scene will be rewritten to reflect same.]

EP 506 - "Kill the Messenger" - 2ND BLUE REVISIONS 12/1/13 2-3.

C1 INT. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

C1

[Again, scene will be rewritten to reflect same.]

D1 EXT. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT D1

Alison exits the house. Danny now plays tug-of-war with a snarling Chelsea at the base of the house steps. Great.

As Alison goes around him, Danny BARKS loudly at her, startling her. He KEEPS BARKING as Alison quickly walks to her car and climbs in. Danny smirks as she speeds off --

E1 EXT. WOODSY ROAD/INT. CAR - NIGHT E1

Alison drives down the road, still shaken from the loony bin. She opens the GLOVE COMPARTMENT, rummages around for something. She pulls it out -- a JOINT.

Alison puts it in her mouth and holds a LIGHTER to it. She takes a long, hard DRAG. Relief.

In the distance behind her, a pair of BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS approaches -- FAST. As Alison takes another drag, the headlights pull closer, get on her tail, practically blinding her. She rolls down her window, motions for them to pass.

THUMP! The tailgater BUMPS her car from behind. WTF?

Alison SPEEDS UP but her pursuer stays right on her tail. THUMP! An even harder hit. Starting to PANIC, Alison's eyes dart from the lights to the sudden CURVE in the road ahead.

Alison tries to brake as she heads into the curve, but it's too late. The SCREECH of brakes as Alison's car SLIDES INTO A SKID. In an instant she's OFF THE ROAD, down a ravine and headed straight for a TREE.

(CONTINUED)

E1

CONTINUED:

E1

CRASH! SMOKE BILLOWS through the SKEWED HEADLIGHTS of Alison's car.

AIRBAGS having deployed, Alison is bruised and shaken, but okay. She pulls herself from the car and looks at the front end -- proper fucked.

On the ROAD above, her pursuer's HEADLIGHTS shine into the night. She watches as the truck pulls around to head back the way it came, but stops as it nears her.

Alison SQUINTS in an attempt to see the driver's face, but it's TOO DARK. Then she hears it: A MAN'S LOUD BARK.

Danny's truck then pulls away, taking his BARKING and HOWLING with it.

1

INT. ART MULLEN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1

A large, nicely-appointed suburban bedroom, worthy of a Lexington chief deputy marshal.

Dressed in a suit, ART stands in front of a mirror, supposedly comparing TIES, but really lost in thought. Nearby is his wife LESLIE, 50-something and still got it. She stops checking her makeup, eyes her husband.

LESLIE

How about we go to dinner tomorrow night?

ART

My cold? It's fine. The soup'll clear my sinuses.

LESLIE

Not your cold.

ART

(gets her meaning)  
I'm good.

LESLIE

You barely slept all week. The only reason you stopped talking about it is because you think I'm sick of hearing about it.

ART

You are.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

LESLIE

I've heard variations on the theme for many years now. My favorite was you saying you wanted to squeeze his neck until his hat popped off the top of his head. I think that was the first week.

Art smiles. But it's a weak smile.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

But this is different.

ART

I am honestly sick of thinking about it.

LESLIE

You won't stop until you talk to him.

ART

I can't talk to him. He says one word about what really happened and it becomes official and then I have to pursue it and it's a shit tornado.

LESLIE

Go meet him for a drink and at least tell him how you feel. Then pick up takeout on the way home.

Art thinks about that for a moment.

ART

You know your best quality as my wife?

LESLIE

You better not say my ass.

ART

Your ability to put up with my shit.

Leslie smiles, kisses her husband. Off Art --

2

INT. BAR - NIGHT

2

Dark, relatively empty. RAYLAN enters, sees Art standing at the bar, sipping a BOURBON. As Raylan approaches, Art puts his drink down.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

RAYLAN

Art, I'm glad you called. I'd been  
meaning to--

Art turns and PUNCHES RAYLAN SQUARE IN THE EYE. Raylan  
DROPS, Art shakes out his hand. Conversation had.

3

OMITTED

3

4

OMITTED

4

5

OMITTED

5

6

OMITTED

6

7

OMITTED

7

END TEASER

ACT ONE

A8 INT. KY STATE PRISON - AD SEG CELL - DAY

A8

A dark CELL the size of a bathroom. AVA, now dressed in her new KY State Prison uniform, lies on a concrete bed, wide awake -- listening to the relentless BANGING and SHOUTING outside -- indecipherable and tormented.

Bright FLUORESCENTS flicker on, blinding her. She pulls herself off the bed, moves to the heavy STEEL DOOR door and, through a narrow WINDOW, watches a short, stocky female guard -- nametag "BARBOUR" -- approach.

Barbour shoves a TRAY through a door slot -- a 1 lb, dog shit puree of leftovers known as NUTRILLOAF -- the smell.

AVA  
Jesus Christ.

\*

BARBOUR  
(deadpan)  
Not up to your standards, huh? You want me to go on back down to the kitchen, see if I can't find you some biscuits and gravy, maybe some Eggs Benedict, nice glass of fresh squeezed OJ, wash it all down?  
(beat)  
You assaulted one of ours. Up to me you'd eat shitloaf 'til it comes out your eyeballs.

Ava knows better than to answer. Barbour moves on. Ava eyes the nutriloaf, doesn't notice that Penny (the Trustee) has appeared outside the door until she starts speaking --

\*  
\*  
\*

PENNY  
You want a book?

\*  
\*

Ava looks at her through the slot, sees Penny's BOOK CART.

\*

AVA  
You the only Trustee they got, put you in the supply room and the library?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PENNY  
Actually, the supply room pretty much is the library. Plus I have to bring the cart through Ad Seg once a day.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A8

CONTINUED:

A8

PENNY (CONT'D)

Supreme Court says even in the hole  
they gotta let us read.

\*  
\*

Penny looks down the hallway to make sure Barbour's far  
enough away not to overhear. She leans close to the door.

\*  
\*

PENNY (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Only really bad part of the  
Nutraloaf's the smell -- plug your  
nose, you can get it down.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AVA

I think I'll still pass.

\*  
\*

PENNY

Honey, you don't eat, they've got  
other ways of getting it into you.  
I know it's hard to believe that  
could be worse, but trust me...

\*

AVA

I'm holding out for the cafeteria.  
Only supposed to be in Ad Seg 'til  
I get processed tomorrow morning.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PENNY

Well, then I guess I'll see you on  
the Yard. I'm Penny, by the way.  
(before Ava can respond)  
Ava. I know.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Before Ava can ask for an explanation, Penny moves on down  
the corridor. Ava sits alone, stares at her tray, wants to  
cry but fuck that. Off which --

\*  
\*  
\*

AB8 INT. BOYD'S TRUCK/EXT. SHITTY GYM - DAY AB8

BOYD studies his REFLECTION in the REARVIEW MIRROR and we see the weight of what's just happened to him: his plans have come crashing to earth; he now has to confront the possibility that he may not be able to get Ava out of prison. He takes several deep breath, clearly trying to hold himself together or psych himself up or both.

As Boyd opens the car door, heads out to face the day, PRELAP BOYD'S JOYOUS WHOOP, which brings us inside --

B8 INT. SHITTY GYM - DAY B8

Boyd steps into a room decorated with DEER HEADS and OLD BOXING POSTERS, and filled with FREE WEIGHTS and MMA EQUIPMENT -- this is no Crunch Fitness.

Waiting to greet him, beaming, arms spread is GUNNAR SWIFT (Nazi tats decorating Popeye arms). Boyd is returning Gunnar's smile, although his good humor may waver imperceptibly as his eyes move across a few PIECES OF NAZI MEMORABILIA scattered here and there.

BOYD

Damn, boy, you always were a size. Remember watching you step off that bus at Elkton, gills out to here, I said, "Now there's a fish we can turn into a shark."

GUNNAR

Reminding me I owe you?

BOYD

Just reminiscing.

GUNNAR

You don't need to remind me. I know you were the one taught me how to jail, helped me free myself from... mongrelization.

[EXPAND]

GUNNAR (CONT'D)

(beat)

That really why you come to see me after all this time -- do a little Memory Lane?

(CONTINUED)

B8

CONTINUED:

B8

Boyd takes a deep breath, gets down to it --

BOYD

I recall you had a sister locked up  
at Pine Point...

GUNNAR

Actually, all three of my sisters  
done a stretch in there.

BOYD

But one of them's still in.

GUNNAR

(nods)

Gretchen. Attitude like hers,  
gonna be a long time before  
Gretchen walks a yard without a  
fence.

(deadpan)

Come to think of it, I got a call  
from Gretchen this very morning,  
said a girl with the last name  
Crowder got bussed in there after  
some set-to at the Harlan lock-up --  
don't guess that's a coincidence.

BOYD

It's not.

(grin)

You always were slyer'n you looked.

GUNNAR

Learned from the best.

(beat)

Who is she? As I recall, you don't  
have a sister.

BOYD

For simplicity's sake, let's call  
her my wife.

GUNNAR

Congratulations.

(off Boyd's nod)

And you want Gretchen to see she's  
looked after?

(no answer necessary)

For how long?

(CONTINUED)

B8

CONTINUED: (2)

B8

BOYD

As long as it takes.

GUNNAR

Gretchen'll need to have money in her commissary.

BOYD

This should keep her in tuna and Kool Aid for a while.

Boyd opens his coat, pulls a WAD OF CASH from his pocket. He places it on the table.

Off Gunnar, smiling, taking the MONEY --

C8

OMITTED

C8

8

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

8

Raylan sits at the table, BACK TO CAMERA. TIM and RACHEL flank him. Art sits across from them, finishing a round-up.

ART

Anything else?

RACHEL

I hear Theo's refusing to talk. At all. Wouldn't even tell the doctors his blood type.

ART

(deadpan)

Course not. He's got integrity.

TIM

Plus, problem with being at the top of the food chain is you can't dime out the guys above you. I mean, we already got Bin-Laden.

(beat)

Okay, are we seriously not gonna talk about it?

His look BRINGS US AROUND to... RAYLAN'S FACE: BLACK EYE.

RACHEL

(to Tim)

Talk about what, your Bin-Laden joke? Not your best.

(CONTINUED)

TIM  
Raylan's eye.  
(to Raylan)  
What'd you slip in Art's shower?

Uncomfortable silence. Tim's annoyed.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Remember that's how Art hurt his  
hand? It's called a "callback."

We now SHOW ART'S BANDAGED PUNCHING HAND. Raylan ignores  
Tim, looks up at Art, talks for the first time --

RAYLAN  
That counting-bullets thing you  
mentioned...

ART  
The inventory?

RAYLAN  
(there you go)  
I'll do it.

ART  
(after a beat)  
Thank you, Raylan. I appreciate  
it.

Rachel and Tim share a look -- *the hell is going on?* Then --

RACHEL  
I'll help.  
(off Art's look)  
You said they wanted it ASAP,  
right?

Now Tim has no one to share his confusion with, instead  
simply looks around the room -- *has the whole world gone  
crazy?*

B9 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LOBBY/ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS B9

Raylan and Rachel wait for the elevator.

RAYLAN

We ought to come up with a good excuse. People see us going into storage together, might get some funny ideas.

RACHEL

Why wouldn't we just tell them the truth?

RAYLAN

That we volunteered for inventory?

RACHEL

(realizing)

Okay, yeah, we need an excuse.

They hear the DING of the arriving elevator, start to step forward, stop as the doors slide open to reveal... Alison. As she takes in Raylan's black eye, Raylan and Rachel take in the scratches and bruises from her car accident.

ALISON

Before you say anything -- wait, what the hell happened to your face?

RAYLAN

You first.

AC9 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ELEVATOR -- DAY AC9

Raylan, Rachel, Alison alone on the elevator as the doors close. He hits the BASEMENT button as well as LOBBY. \*

\*

(CONTINUED)

Rachel notices the two LIT-UP BUTTONS. \*

RACHEL  
How come you pushed "Basement"?

RAYLAN  
That's where you count bullets.

RACHEL  
(eyeroll)  
Please. I'm coming with you.

RAYLAN  
You don't know where I'm going.

RACHEL  
You're going down to Harlan to kick  
Danny Crowe's ass.

This is news to Alison. \*

ALISON  
Hold on. Raylan-- \*

RAYLAN  
What? Isn't that what you want? \*

ALISON  
Are you serious? \*

RAYLAN  
Why else would you tell me what  
happened? \*

Alison's speechless. They arrive at the lobby. The DOORS  
OPEN. Alison steps out. Raylan moves to follow. \*

RACHEL  
Raylan... \*

Raylan and Alison look at her. She puts a hand on the door  
to keep it from closing. \*

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(to Alison)  
Give us a sec? \*

ALISON  
I have to get to the office anyway. \*

Raylan starts to protest, but she's already walking away. \*

(CONTINUED)

AC9

CONTINUED: (2)

AC9

RACHEL

(to Raylan)

How come she didn't call the cops?

This gets back Raylan's attention.

RAYLAN

Guessing because she was worried they'd give her a field test.

RACHEL

(absorbs that)

Booze?

(off Raylan's head-shake)

Pot?

(off Raylan's shrug)

Wow. She just keeps getting better.

RAYLAN

You're not coming with me.

RACHEL

(beat, then faux casual)

Well, I guess I could always just take this back upstairs, tell Art where you're headed. Maybe he'll punch you again.

(off Raylan's look)

Your eye. His hand. Don't have to be Sherlock Holmes.

Raylan considers a moment. Then --

RAYLAN

Fine. You drive.

He steps off the elevator. Off Rachel, following, grinning --

C9

OMITTED

C9

(CONTINUED)

C9	CONTINUED:	C9
9	OMITTED	9
10	OMITTED	10
11	OMITTED	11
12	OMITTED	12
13	EXT. AUDRY'S BAR - DAY	13
	Dewey and skinny EDWIN look over Dewey's DISMANTLED POOL.	

(CONTINUED)

EDWIN

How long you have it?

DEWEY

Not long enough.

EDWIN

Why you getting rid of it?

DEWEY

I'm hitting the road. Need some traveling money.

EDWIN

All right then, let's load her up.

They pick up the top METAL PANEL. Edwin notices the one underneath, which is SPLIT TO SHIT from Raylan's bullets --

EDWIN (CONT'D)

What the--? The hell is that?

DEWEY

That there's minor cosmetic damage. I put it on the sign--

Edwin drops his end of the sheet.

EDWIN

Cosmetic? This thing's blown to shit! It ain't no pool, it's scrap metal. Eight hundred dollars my ass.

DEWEY

How much you willing to give me then?

EDWIN

I give you twenty bucks, take it straight to the scrap yard.

DEWEY

How far am I supposed to get on twenty bucks? I paid a thousand dollars for this thing!

EDWIN

Yeah, 'cause when you did it held water! Twenty bucks, final offer.

(CONTINUED)

DEWEY

This here pool was my dream. I ain't selling it for no twenty bucks.

EDWIN

Then I ain't wasting no more time.

His face twisting into a GRIMACE, Dewey picks up a nearby METAL POST.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

Whoa--

DEWEY

Fact, I ain't gonna sell it at all. I ain't giving up on my dream.

Dewey starts toward him, Edwin RUNS. As Edwin CLAMBERS into his truck, Dewey BARRELS down, HITS the truck with the post.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

I ain't giving up on my dream!

As Edwin SPEEDS OFF, Dewey GIVES CHASE, then CHUCKS the metal post at him.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

A15

EXT. AUDRY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

A15

Now we're with Dewey, having a SMOKE, clocking --

Danny unhappily dragging Surly Patron towards the CARS.

DEWEY

Danny? The hell happened?

DANNY

What's it matter? Seems like guys  
around here think buying a drink  
also buys a license to talk shit.  
Now, you wanna help me or what?

Dewey goes over, takes the guy's legs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You know which one's his?

(CONTINUED)

A15

CONTINUED:

A15

DEWEY

White one there I believe.

DANNY

This whole damn place is backwards,  
you know that Dewey?

DEWEY

(then)

I ask you something, Danny?

(takes silence for assent)

If I got Darryl the money I paid  
Boyd for Audry's, you really think  
he'd leave Kentucky?

Danny and Dewey now drop the Patron near a WHITE TRUCK.

DANNY

I think you produce that kind of  
cash, we'd all be happy to cut this  
shit-hole loose.

Now the Patron starts to STIR.

PATRON

Ahhh... what the--

Danny HITS HIM, knocking his ass out again. Turns his  
attention back to Dewey.

DANNY

I see your wheels spinning, Cousin.  
Need to remind you we already  
leaned awful hard on Crowder and he  
didn't budge?

DEWEY

I know.

DANNY

So you got a new idea?

DEWEY

(then)

We grab him, put a gun to his head,  
tell him to turn over the money or  
he's a dead man.

Off Danny, liking this new idea quite a bit --

15

OMITTED

15

16	OMITTED	16
17	OMITTED	17
18	OMITTED	18

19 OMITTED

19

A20 OMITTED

A20 \*

(CONTINUED)

A20 CONTINUED:

A20

\*

20 INT. BOYD'S BAR - DAY

20

CARL sweeps the floor of the empty bar, looks up as Dewey and Danny step in. Carl stops sweeping, leans on his broom.

CARL

(to Dewey)

Must say, you're about the last person I'd expect to show up here.

DEWEY

Where's Boyd?

CARL

Why, you come to apologize?

DEWEY

(incredulous)

For what?

CARL

Sending your cousin over to try to shake us down.

DEWEY

I didn't send him.

CARL

Did you really think you could muscle Boyd Crowder?

DEWEY

All I think is you don't know the things I've done. You hear what happened to Messer?

Carl takes a step toward them.

CARL

I'm not Messer.

DANNY

Ease back, partner -- all you gotta do's tell us where to find the boss-man.

Carl looks Danny up and down as though he just noticed him --

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Don't guess you're Darryl, Jr. --  
heard he's a big sum bitch.

DANNY

I'm plenty big enough for you.

CARL

You sure about that?

Tension crackles between Carl and Danny. Tired of getting brushed aside, Dewey pulls a HANDGUN, points it at Carl's head. Carl drops his good humor, but he doesn't look scared.

CARL (CONT'D)

(to Dewey, re: handgun)

You get that outta a cereal box?

DEWEY

I told you -- you got no idea what  
I'm capable of. Now tell us where  
Boyd is.

CARL

You're about to step off a mighty  
high ledge, Dewey.

DANNY

It's all right -- I'll catch him.

Carl turns his attention back to Danny.

CARL

Yeah? But then who'll catch you?

Without warning, Carl HEADBUTTS Danny and in the same motion swings his BROOM to whack Dewey across the face. Dewey staggers, drops his gun. The three proceed to have a FAST, BRUTAL FIGHT in which Carl proves himself to be a serious badass. The fight ends when DANNY SLAMS CARL IN THE HEAD WITH THE HANDLE OF HIS KNIFE, knocking him unconscious.

Dewey and Danny share a look, work to catch their breath.

DEWEY

Hell're we supposed to do now?

DANNY

Plan B.

Dewey stares at him questioningly. Danny bends down, grabs the still-unconscious Carl under his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY (CONT'D)  
(to Dewey, re: Carl)  
Get his legs.

Off which --

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

A21 INT. HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

A21

Boyd and DUFFY sit as PICKER paces. All look as the door opens and MIKE ushers in THREE MEXICAN THUGS, including ALBERTO, followed by an Asian guy we'll come to know as MR. YOON. Picker stops pacing, approaches Alberto.

PICKER

Berto, my man. Been a long time.

ALBERTO

It has.

PICKER

Wynn Duffy, Boyd Crowder, this is Alberto Ruiz.

Boyd and Duffy nod at Alberto, ignore the other thugs, focus their attention on Yoon.

DUFFY

And you must be Mr. Yoon.

YOON

(deadpan)

How do you know that?

(off their silence)

The one wonton among the tortillas?

Duffy's off-balance, not sure whether to laugh or apologize.

BOYD

I would've said, kimchi in the salsa.

Yoon stares at him for a long, tense moment. Then he smiles, making it clear he's not offended (and totally in charge).

YOON

Most people assume I'll be offended if they point out the incongruity.

BOYD

I assume you want it pointed out.

Yoon watches Boyd and Duffy, testing them.

YOON

Why would I want that?

Duffy gets it now --

(CONTINUED)

DUFFY

Because it suggests you're very good at what you do.

Yoon nods -- they've clearly passed the test.

YOON

The people I represent rely on me precisely because they know I'm not like them. I dislike beheadings, gentlemen. They're bad for business. So are family squabbles.

Boyd shoots Picker a look -- he knows Picker must be the source of Yoon's intelligence about Johnny.

BOYD

Trust me, Mr. Yoon, my cousin won't get the chance to disrupt our business.

YOON

That remains to be seen. All I know for certain is that he won't get the chance to disrupt mine.

(beat)

I assume Mr. Picker told you we'd require payment up front.

Picker moves to pick up a DUFFEL BAG (we don't see inside, but we can assume it's full of cash). Boyd puts out his hand to stop him.

BOYD

He told us. We're hoping to come to a different understanding.

Picker's genuinely surprised by this --

PICKER

What the hell's this, Boyd? I gave these guys my word--

Duffy cuts him off, speaking directly to Yoon.

DUFFY

We've had some bad experiences lately with a... pay-up-front business model.

A long silence as Yoon looks from Duffy to Boyd, deciding.

(CONTINUED)

A21

CONTINUED: (2)

A21

YOON

Very well, gentlemen. The fact is, the money in that bag would only buy you insurance against my employers' feeling taken advantage of if anything should go wrong with our transaction. I'm willing to proceed without it, but I want to make sure you understand that my employers will never let anything jeopardize their reputation as men not to be crossed. If at any point they feel that reputation needs to be reestablished, it won't be me they send.

Off Duffy and Boyd, realizing what they've gotten into --

B21

OMITTED

B21

C21

INT. KY STATE PRISON - VISITING AREA - DAY

C21

Ava sits across the glass from GEIST.

(CONTINUED)

C21

CONTINUED:

C21

AVA

When can I see Boyd?

GEIST

Tomorrow would be earliest. He's been busy, lining up someone to watch your back.

AVA

Why does my back need watching?

GEIST

You're young, you're pretty and you shivved a guard, so the officers--

AVA

I didn't do it, you know that, right?

GEIST

Look, I know you and Boyd paid me to stick headphones in my ears, but I assure you, I am a good lawyer--

AVA

You got a line on the guard?

GEIST

He's gone to ground, no one knows where. May have relatives out of state. We're looking into it.

AVA

Way he was, he must've tried to screw others before me.

GEIST

Looking into that, too.

AVA

You looking into security cameras showing I didn't do it?

GEIST

All the ones in that area were turned off.

AVA

Jesus.

(beat)

Boyd send any message at least?

(CONTINUED)

C21

CONTINUED: (2)

C21

GEIST

He did.

Geist pulls out a PIECE OF PAPER, unfolds it, puts it against the glass. Ava starts to read it, then shuts her eyes.

21	OMITTED	21
22	OMITTED	22
23	OMITTED	23
24	OMITTED	24
25	OMITTED	25
A26	I/E. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY	A26

Danny, Dewey, and a fuming Wendy.

WENDY

Where is he?

DANNY

In the trunk.

WENDY

Alive?

DANNY

Was when he went in.

DEWEY

We gonna ransom him back.

WENDY

Oh, for God's sake, don't you know you can't talk about shit like that around me!

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Where the hell's Darryl?

Wendy catches sight of something outside --

WENDY

Oh, Jesus --

Danny and Dewey follow her eyes, see, through the window, a black SUV (Rachel's car) making its way toward the house. The SUV stops. Rachel and Raylan step out.

DEWEY

(almost crying)

Holy shit, I don't believe it.

Danny starts to pull his knife. Wendy balks --

WENDY

Hell you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

A26

CONTINUED: (2)

A26

DANNY

What I ain't doing is twenty years.  
Figure I got nothing to lose, might  
as well take a shot.

WENDY

They can't open the trunk without a  
reason, same like they can't come  
in the house. So we don't give  
them a reason. You two keep out of  
sight. I'll handle the marshals.

Wendy heads out.

DANNY

Cousin Dewey, I didn't know better  
I'd say my dear sister thinks we  
got no slickness. Comes to it, you  
follow my lead.

26

EXT. RACHEL'S CAR/HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE ~ MOMENTS LATER

26

Rachel and Raylan walk toward the house, hands on holsters.  
Wendy steps out to meet them.

WENDY

Marshal. Surprised to see you  
here.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

Guess I could say the same,  
seeing's I was led to believe you  
just about swore you were taking  
the boy to Miami.

WENDY

(re: Raylan's shiner)  
Tell me you won at least.

RAYLAN

Nah. I dropped like a stone.

WENDY

So, to what do we owe the pleasure?

RAYLAN

Where's Danny?

WENDY

Haven't seen him since this  
morning. Why?

Raylan and Rachel share a look, shrug --

RAYLAN

Kendal's social worker, Alison?  
She left here last night, Danny  
followed her, ran her off the road.

Wendy absorbs.

RANDY

Now, I'm willing to concede there's  
a chance he did it on his own --

WENDY

How about conceding there's a  
chance he didn't do it at all?

RACHEL

(deadpan)  
Sure, maybe it was someone else  
just happened to get it in his head  
to bark like a dog.

Wendy looks at her.

WENDY

Don't believe we've met. Wendy.

RACHEL

Deputy Marshal Brooks.

(CONTINUED)

Wendy turns her attention back to Raylan --

WENDY

Why would Danny... bark?

RAYLAN

Well, your brother's a world-class dumbass -- no offense -- so I hesitate trying to analyze what goes on in his head. But if I had to guess I'd say it was his way of calling me out.

Wendy thinks that over.

WENDY

Like I said, Danny's not here. Happy to give him a message.

Raylan's eyeing the house, the cars parked in front.

RAYLAN

He's not here, huh? Lotta cars for just you.

Raylan steps past her, headed toward the house. Wendy follows, shitting bricks.

WENDY

Got no cause to enter our house.

RAYLAN

Not your house. In fact, I happen to know the man it belongs to.

WENDY

You know what I mean. Alison saw the rental agreement.

RAYLAN

Yeah, she told me.

Raylan's almost to the door. Wendy stops following, glances back at Rachel, musters all the authority she can --

WENDY

Deputy, unless you show me a warrant you'd best not step through that door.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

(amused snort)

You'd be surprised what-all marshals're allowed to do without a warrant.

WENDY

If you're allowed to violate the Fourth Amendment, I'd be very surprised.

RAYLAN

When I suspect the man I know owns this house may be chained up in the basement, or worse, knowing your family, cooking in a pot, I can go just about anywhere.

Raylan heads for the door.

A27

INT. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

A27

Hidden behind the doorjamb (think Bruno Kirby from "Godfather: Part Two"), Danny stands poised, knife at the ready. From across the room, also hidden, Dewey watches, wide-eyed.

B27

EXT. HARDWARE MIKE'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

B27

Raylan puts his left hand on the doorknob (his right's still on his gun).

WENDY

(working to hide her desperation)

You want to talk to Mike? That assuage your dark imaginings?

RAYLAN

Bring him out.

WENDY

He's not here. He's at his store.

Raylan thinks, lets go of the doorknob, starts back down the steps.

27

OMITTED

27

28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29
AA30	OMITTED	AA30
A30	EXT. KY STATE PRISON - GEN POP YARD - DAY	A30

Ava squints as she steps out into the bustling yard.

She makes her way through the THRONGS and CLIQUES of PRISONERS, several of them eyeing her as she goes.

As Ava passes a group of BLACK GIRLS, a couple of them STEP IN HER WAY. Ava politely steps around them and continues on, careful not to look back.

Ava finds a quiet spot by the fence, raises her face to the sun, which after a week indoors feels *amazing*. She notices Penny (the trustee from the supply room) watching her.

PENNY

You got good timing. Just yesterday it was raining like an old cow pissing on a flat rock.

(beat)

Name's Penny. You're Ava, right?

(off Ava's surprise)

Word is you almost killed a guard.

(CONTINUED)

AVA

Yeah, I didn't really do that.

PENNY

(deadpan)

What a coincidence -- no one here did any of the things we're in for. You should feel right at home.

(has a thought)

Little free advice: next time someone asks, don't say you didn't do it.

AVA

So, what should I say? "He wasn't the first and won't be the last"?

PENNY

Don't say anything. Half these bitches're snitches. Plus, you don't want anyone getting it in her head to test you. Best way to get by in here is to be left alone.

Ava glances back at the black women she passed, sees they're now moving toward her, led by PATRICE (40ish, scary) and NICHELLE (20s, WNBA muscles).

AVA

(to Penny)

Not sure that's up to me.

PATRICE

Hey, Penny.

PENNY

(faux cheery)

Patrice. How you doing?

PATRICE

Be better once you introduce me to this little piece of whitefish.

PENNY

(quickly)

Oh, Ava's not a fish. She just got sent over from the Harlan lock-up.

PATRICE

(to Ava)

Guess that means you the one shivved that hack, huh?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A30

CONTINUED: (2)

A30

PATRICE (CONT'D)

What happened, he try to get fresh?  
Guess it's hard to blame him.

She reaches out, touches Ava's hair. Ava's careful not to flinch.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Mmm, I do like that good hair.

NICHELLE

Shit, Patrice, you got issues: that just white-girl hair.

AVA

I don't want any trouble.

PATRICE

Oh, no trouble. Just Nichelle's kinda militant when it come to some things. Me, I say we all the same color where it matters.

Patrice starts to continue, then she falls silent. All the black girls puff up, staring daggers at something over Ava's shoulder. Ava looks to see a group of WHITE FEMALE INMATES approaching, led by GRETCHEN -- hard, wiry, and judging by her matching NAZI TAT SLEEVES, Gunnar's famous sister.

(CONTINUED)

A30

CONTINUED: (3)

A30

Patrice and Gretchen lock eyes as the two groups face-off for a TENSE BEAT. Then, slowly, Patrice starts to move off. Slowly, Nichelle and the other black women follow. Relief.

AVA  
(to Gretchen)  
Thank you.

Instead of answering, Gretchen turns to Penny.

GRETCHEN  
'Scuse us.

Penny and Ava share a look and a shrug.

PENNY  
I'll see you later, Ava.

She moves off in a different direction from the black girls. Now, finally, Gretchen turns her attention to Ava.

GRETCHEN  
I'm Gretchen Swift. Boyd paid my brother Gunnar to see you're looked after.

AVA  
Oh. Well, I--

Gretchen hauls off and PUNCHES Ava square in the mouth. Ava LURCHES BACK, slamming into the fence. WTF?

GRETCHEN  
Your man is a race traitor.

Gretchen NODS to her cronies, who move to Ava and HOLD HER DOWN.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)  
Race traitors the only thing I hate more than those black bitches.

Gretchen pulls out a SHIV, kneels down to Ava, pets her head.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)  
Really do got pretty hair.

AB30

OMITTED

AB30

(CONTINUED)

AB30 CONTINUED:

AB30

B30 INT. CONFEDERATE HARDWARE - DAY

B30

Kendal's behind the counter, hardware apron tied on, as Raylan and Rachel enter. Kendal is finishing bagging some light bulbs for an ELDERLY WOMAN. \*

ELDERLY WOMAN \*

Thank you, young man.

KENDAL

My pleasure, ma'am. You have a nice day now.

He spots Raylan, Rachel. Holds Raylan's look.

RAYLAN

Imagine it beats working bar in a whorehouse.

KENDAL

Tips're better there.

RAYLAN

Looking for Mike.

KENDAL

Who's that?

RAYLAN

The owner.

Kendal looks from Raylan to Rachel.

KENDAL

Darryl!

Darryl emerges from an aisle nearby, POWER-SAW in his hand.

DARRYL

Hey Raylan.

RAYLAN

Taking over the store, too.

DARRYL

Just helping the old man out.

RAYLAN

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

B30

CONTINUED:

B30

DARRYL

Stepped out, I guess.

RAYLAN

You guess, huh. Put down the saw.

DARRYL

You asking or telling.

RACHEL

Keep hold of it and you'll find out.

Beat, then Darryl puts the saw down.

DARRYL

Got Kendal working an honest job, going to school -- I don't know what your problem is.

RAYLAN

Problem is, I got no idea why you're living in Mike's house and working his store. I'm starting to think you've got him buried somewhere.

DARRYL

That what's bothering you?

RAYLAN

Top of a long list.

DARRYL

Guess you better come with me, then.

(turns)

C'mon.

Raylan indicates that Rachel should wait here, follows Darryl.

C30

INT. CONFEDERATE HARDWARE - BACK ROOM - DAY

C30

Darryl leads Raylan in, where HARDWARE MIKE sits eating fried \* chicken, napkin tucked in at the collar.

DARRYL

Mike, you got company.

Mike looks up, wipes his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Afternoon, Raylan.

RAYLAN

You okay, Mike?

MIKE

Will be, once I finish eating.

RAYLAN

Just need a minute of your time. I been by your house, and there's a family living there.

MIKE

New tenants, the Crowes.

RAYLAN

Tenants.

DARRYL

We got a rental agreement and everything.

RAYLAN

Need you to shut up and leave us alone.

Darryl shrugs, exits.

MIKE

There a problem?

RAYLAN

Just need to know what they're doing there.

MIKE

Nicest girl showed up at my door, a few days ago. Redhead. Had her little brother with her.

RAYLAN

I've met her.

MIKE

No money, living out of a car. Couldn't call myself a Christian, I didn't try to help.

RAYLAN

And then there's the young lady.

(CONTINUED)

C30

CONTINUED: (2)

C30

MIKE

Wendy. She's sweet, isn't she?

RAYLAN

Mike, they're criminals.

MIKE

Criminals?

(beat)

Even Wendy?

RAYLAN

(nods)

Left a trail of woe in Florida.  
You help 'em, it isn't going to end  
well.

MIKE

I just can't believe it.

RAYLAN

Be happy to show you their criminal  
records, comes to that.

MIKE

No, I believe you. Just not sure  
what to do.

RAYLAN

Break the lease. Tell them you  
can't rent to them anymore.

MIKE

Not even the cabin?

RAYLAN

What cabin?

MIKE

My hunting cabin. That was part of  
the deal too.

D30

OMITTED

D30

(CONTINUED)

D30	CONTINUED:	D30
30	OMITTED	30
31	OMITTED	31
32	OMITTED	32
33	OMITTED	33
34	OMITTED	34
A35	OMITTED	A35

(CONTINUED)

A35 CONTINUED:

A35

AB35 INT. BOYD'S BAR - BACK ROOM - DAY

AB35

Boyd sits at his desk, seething, looks up as Jimmy enters --

JIMMY

Gunnar's holed up with a half dozen of his Hitler-humpers, looked like he's just waiting for us to come back at him. Good news is, now we know for sure his sister didn't decide on her own to jump Ava.

BOYD

(terrifyingly calm)  
You think that's good news?

Jimmy knows better than to answer.

BOYD (CONT'D)

You see a way around the soldiers?

JIMMY

(no)  
You want to get in that place uninvited, you'll have to step over bodies. Be nice if we cast a little bigger shadow.

BOYD

Any luck raising Carl?

JIMMY

I'll try him again.

Jimmy dials his CELL PHONE, hears it answered --

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Carl, man, we got trouble -- where the hell you been?

But it's not Carl -- it's --

B35 INT. REMOTE CABIN - DAY

B35

DEWEY

Well, wouldn't you like to know.

INTERCUT:

(NOTE: For the following, on Jimmy's end, Dewey's cutting out such that we only hear every fifth or sixth word.)

(CONTINUED)

B35

CONTINUED:

B35

DEWEY (CONT'D)

(gloating)

Put Boyd on. Tell him shoe's on  
the other foot now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B35

CONTINUED: (2)

B35

DEWEY (CONT'D)

See, I got something you need--

JIMMY

Carl! Where the hell are you, man?  
I can barely hear you.

DEWEY

--and that shit's gonna cost you.  
(realizes what Jimmy said)  
What? No, I'm not Carl, I have  
Carl... Wait, hello? What the--

He looks down at the phone: CALL FAILED.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Shit! Goddamn this thing...

He starts holding the phone up, trying for more bars. This  
hero's journey taking him --

35

EXT. REMOTE CABIN - DAY - INTERCUT

35

Finds a spot, hits REDIAL. This time, before Jimmy can  
answer, Boyd takes the phone out of his hand.

JIMMY

(to Boyd, helpful)  
I think he said something about  
shoes.

BOYD

(into the phone)  
I don't care where you are. You  
got thirty minutes to be where you  
shoulda' been thirty minutes ago.

DEWEY

Boyd? That you? Dammit,  
reception's for shit...

He keeps moving on, finding higher ground.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Can you hear me now? I was saying,  
it's gonna cost you to get--

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

In his travels, he sees --

RACHEL'S MARSHAL VEHICLE churning up the road, headed right for the cabin. Dewey goes into full oh-shit mode, ducks out of sight behind a tree.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to call you back.

He hangs up. END INTERCUT. On Boyd's end, Jimmy watches Boyd put down the phone in frustration, shrugs --

JIMMY

Must be in a dead zone.

A36

EXT. WOODS NEAR REMOTE CABIN - DAY

A36

Dewey circles around the tree, tracking the marshals' progress. He goes to dial Danny --

DEWEY

Danny? Hello? Shit!

Call failed. Now the car has stopped and Rachel and Raylan are getting out. Dewey, no choice, fades back into the woods, then turns and runs away.

36

INT. REMOTE CABIN - CONTINUOUS

36

Carl tied to a chair in the corner, beaten but game yet. Danny's just putting down his phone, frowning at the failure, when Chelsea EXPLODES in a barking frenzy at the KNOCK on the door. Danny looks at captive Carl.

CARL

Didn't tell me you were having company, I'd've cleaned up.

DANNY

Shut up.

Danny goes to the window by the door, sees RAYLAN and RACHEL there. Tries to duck out of sight, but Raylan sees him, motions for him to open up. One more look at Carl -- Danny's hand goes to the KNIFE at his belt, then he cracks the door.

CHELSEA going fucking bananas at his feet, Danny peers out.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Deputies. 'Fraid you caught me in the altogether.

RAYLAN

Nothing of you I hadn't seen before, Danny. How about we talk inside.

DANNY

Not really a good time.

RAYLAN

Let's make it a good time.

Danny's hand closes around the knife. No move to comply.

RACHEL

Sir, wrangle that dog and step back from the door before we kick it in.

Resigned to it, Danny takes Chelsea's collar, pulls him back and steps back himself, letting the door fall open.

Rachel and Raylan step in, hands on their weapons, ready for it to go off. It's got that feel, and once they spy CARL over in the corner, the guns come OUT --

RAYLAN

Well it appears we really did catch you at a bad time, Danny.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Just so you know, it comes to it?  
First one who takes a bullet in  
here is that dog. Understand?

Danny does. Without looking at the dog --

DANNY

Chelsea. *Voraus!*

Chelsea takes the command, turns on a dime and heads out of the room, leaving them alone to whatever's next.

RAYLAN

Hands up, Danny.

DANNY

Bullshit. You got all you're gonna  
get out of me.

RAYLAN

Sure you want it to go this way? I  
don't see much of a move for you.

DANNY

I reckon maybe I can get one of you  
before it's done. Maybe even  
scratch you both, what you think?

RAYLAN

I think you may be overestimating  
your capabilities some.

RACHEL

Beef for kidnapping, maybe get the  
right lawyer -- gotta be better  
than dying up here in some cabin.

CARL

Who said anything about kidnapping?

Carl's input slows the roll a beat. Danny glances back at him where he's tied in his chair.

RAYLAN

Excuse me?

CARL

Suppose he never kidnapped me.  
Suppose I'm here on my own  
volition.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Such that you're beat up and tied to a chair.

CARL

Well. Danny and me here, we never did settle on a safe word. You understand?

RAYLAN

Danny, this true? I never fancied you two as an item.

Danny tumbling to his way out, however strange --

DANNY

Yeah, well. He and I, we share some things in common.

CARL

Little embarrassing, you happening upon us in such a state. Since there ain't any criminally unbecoming activity going on, suppose Danny here cuts me loose and we all go about our business.

RAYLAN

Just so I understand -- we're about to take this man into custody and put him away for kidnapping you--

DANNY

Y'all ain't ever gonna get me into custody, just to be clear--

RAYLAN

Fine, so we gun you down, I still have trouble fathoming the angle.

CARL

So I'm gonna what, testify? Oh, judge, they caught me and beat me up, tied me to a chair, they did unspeakable things, I'm so ashamed. Maybe break down and cry for the jury, is that it? Bull - shit.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED: (3)

36

RAYLAN

So instead, we cut you both loose,  
then you go back to Boyd and the  
two of you come back around to  
settle up with Danny here at your  
leisure. Something like that?

CARL

Man, I ain't a fortune teller. Who  
knows what'll happen.

Raylan looks at Rachel. Rachel shrugs.

RAYLAN

Well it sounds like we found a  
peaceful resolution after all.

37

OMITTED

37

38

OMITTED

38

39

OMITTED

39

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

A40 OMITTED A40

40 EXT. ROAD/INT. DANNY'S TRUCK - DAY 40

Danny drives down the road, Chelsea shotgun. He checks his face in the mirror -- BUSTED LIP, RIPENING BLACK EYE. Shit.

(CONTINUED)

Danny stops the car, opens the passenger door.

DANNY

Out!

Chelsea looks to him questioningly.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Get out of the car! Now!

After one last confused look, Chelsea HOPS out.

Danny looks for his seatbelt -- clearly he's not a regular user. He finds it, buckles himself in.

Danny takes off, leaving Chelsea sitting on the side of the road, WHIMPERING.

BAM! Danny RAMS his truck into a TREE.

Seatbelt having kept him safe, he tries to start the now SMASHED truck. The engine sputters, then roars back to life. Danny pulls back from the tree, opens the passenger door.

He WHISTLES loudly. Chelsea takes off RUNNING.

Chelsea LEAPS into the car. Danny drives off.

As Jimmy and Carl putter around behind the bar, Boyd sits in the otherwise-empty room, enjoys a celebratory BOURBON, talks into his PHONE --

BOYD

(into the phone)

Mr. Dunham -- you're a difficult man to get hold of.

HOT ROD talks into a speaker phone as he answers --

HOT ROD

Sorry about that. Been a little busy lately down this way.

(CONTINUED)

B42

CONTINUED:

B42

BOYD

That all? 'Cause I was starting to worry you'd rethought some of the particulars of our deal.

HOT ROD

Nah, nothing like that. Got my boys out scooping up your cousin as we speak.

BOYD

In that case, no apologies necessary.

(beat)

You wanna deliver him or you want us to pick him up?

HOT ROD

Figured we'll bring him with us when we come to meet you in Nuevo Laredo, let you have your time with him down there, bury him in the desert before we cross back over.

BOYD

I suppose that'll work.

(gets serious)

Rodney, it's important our business down there goes off nice and smooth -- these people we're dealing with strike me as the type don't go in for drama.

HOT ROD

You remember that day in the Bennett's barn, you and me buying weed from Dickie? Be just that smooth.

Boyd FREEZES for an imperceptible microsecond.

On the other end of the phone, we REVEAL ALI (505) holding a GUN to Hot Rod's head.

BOYD

Glad to hear it. See you day after tomorrow. Make sure you pack your swim trunks.

END INTERCUT.

(CONTINUED)

B42

CONTINUED: (2)

B42

We stay with Boyd as he flips his phone closed, processes what he's just learned. Jimmy looks at him expectantly for a moment until he realizes Boyd's not about to fill him in.

JIMMY

So? What'd he say?

BOYD

He mentioned the day I robbed him at gunpoint.

JIMMY

Meaning he's still pissed?

BOYD

Meaning it appears my cousin has--

He's cut off as Carl enters, beat up and all, but alive.

JIMMY

(to Carl)

Jesus, man, what the hell happened to you?

42

INT. AUDRY'S BAR - DAY

42

[Again, scene will be rewritten.]

\*

43

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - NIGHT

43

Raylan and Rachel drive.

\*

RACHEL  
I figured it out, you know? Why  
Art punched you.

\*

\*

\*

RAYLAN  
(deadpan)  
Yeah, he found out I had a thing  
going with Leslie.

\*

\*

\*

\*

RACHEL  
I'm serious, Raylan.

\*

\*

RAYLAN  
Well, you shouldn't be.  
(a thought occurs to him)  
That really why you came all this  
way, find out how I got my shiner?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

You could've trusted us.  
(off Raylan's look)  
Man makes a threat against a  
marshal's family? The whole  
service would've been on it, riding  
Nicky Augustine to the ends of the  
earth. You don't have to do  
everything yourself.

RAYLAN

Rachel. Whatever I did, talking to  
you about it would make you part of  
it. I made the decision, I'll  
accept the consequences.

RACHEL

Then accept them.

RAYLAN

What's that mean?

RACHEL

Art. You lost him. You can't get  
him back. Doesn't mean what you  
did wasn't right, just it has a  
price.

Raylan considers her a long moment. Then --

RAYLAN

Why are you telling me this?

RACHEL

Because sooner or later you'll  
realize it on your own and your  
instinct then's gonna be to run  
away. Figured I'd take the chance  
to try and stop you.

Raylan doesn't know how to respond.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Not that I'd be a hundred percent  
sorry to see you gone--

RAYLAN

(deadpan)  
Glad you cleared that up.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED: (2)

43

RACHEL

--but Art's gonna retire before  
long and it's gonna be my office to  
run and, no matter how much of a  
pain in the ass you are, you get  
shit done. Don't see why some  
other Chief should get the credit.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Raylan is quiet for a while, taking it all in. Finally --

\*

RAYLAN

That it?

\*  
\*

RACHEL

For now.

\*  
\*

Raylan nods, then leans forward to turn on the radio.

\*

44

OMITTED

44

45

OMITTED

45

46

INT. SHITTY GYM - NIGHT

46

[Scene will be rewritten.]

\*

47 OMITTED 47  
A48 INT. KY STATE PRISON - AVA'S GEN POP DORM - NIGHT A48

Ava lies in bed, eyes wide, enveloped by the crazy-making nighttime CACOPHONY of prison -- CRYING, SHOUTING, BANGING, SNORING.

She gets up, walks over to her sleeping cellie, NIKKI, and NUDGES her.

AVA  
Nikki, wake up.

NIKKI  
(rousing)  
The hell?

AVA  
I need a shiv.

NIKKI  
Nah-uh. Don't want anyone seeing me talking to you.

Nikki turns away, pulls her blanket up.

AVA  
You let me borrow one, I'll buy you commissary tomorrow.

NIKKI  
You going after Gretchen? That's crazy.

AVA  
Just hand it over.

Nikki gets up, gingerly pulls a SHIV from deep inside her mattress, hands it to Ava.

Ava hides the shiv against her arm and walks, through the sleeping forms in the dorm. Is she headed for Gretchen? Is she gonna stab her? Patrice?

No. She keeps on going. To a warped, shitty-prison-excuse for a MIRROR. She looks at her reflection -- hair seriously fucked.

After a beat, Ava starts using the shiv to FIX her tattered hair.

48 INT. ALISON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

48

Now sitting on the couch, Raylan and Alison sit, drinking BOURBON and WINE. Raylan still has his shiner, Alison a few BRUISES of her own. Alison examines Raylan's eye.

ALISON

Hmm, I'd say more blackberry than aubergine.

RAYLAN

Isn't that just french for eggplant?

ALISON

Yeah, but it's so much more fun to say. Au-ber-gine. Okay, how about this one?

Alison pulls the neck of her shirt down to expose a light brown bruise on her chest.

RAYLAN

I don't know. Tan.

ALISON

Butterscotch. And you suck at this game.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

I know a game I'm a whole lot better at.

Raylan leans in and KISSES her neck.

ALISON

Raylan. What are you doing?

RAYLAN

Trying to kiss it and make it better?

ALISON

No, I mean, you got a kid down in Florida.

RAYLAN

It's as if I can actually hear brakes screeching to a halt.

ALISON

As much as I like you and what we've been doing, I see kids from broken homes every day.

RAYLAN

Willa's home isn't exactly broken. Winona and I get along better now than when we were married.

ALISON

Which is great. And I agree, divorce is not always terrible. It's much healthier for a kid to have two happy homes than one miserable one.

RAYLAN

There you go.

ALISON

Raylan, a kid doesn't have two happy homes when one parent's a thousand miles away.

RAYLAN

(rising)  
Well, thanks for the feedback.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (2)

48

ALISON

Instead of watching your baby grow  
up, you're spending your time  
chasing lowlifes and their dogs,  
fighting battles that don't need to  
be fought. Why is that?

Off Raylan's lack of an answer --

49

OMITTED

49

50

OMITTED

50

A51

OMITTED

A51

B51

OMITTED

B51

(CONTINUED)

B51 CONTINUED:

B51

51 INT. AUDRY'S BAR - NIGHT

51

Boyd hands the stack of money to Darryl. Wendy also there. \*

BOYD  
You interested in growing that  
stack? \*

WENDY  
(deadpan) \*  
Why, you wanna put us in touch with \*  
your accountant? \*

BOYD \*  
I got another job I need done. \*

DARRYL JR \*  
Doing what? \*

Boyd hesitates a moment, looks at Wendy -- \*

BOYD \*  
I understand you're a lawyer. \*

DARRYL JR \*  
(correcting him) \*  
Secretary. \*

WENDY \*  
(correcting him) \*  
Paralegal. \*

BOYD \*  
In any case, I'm about to say some \*  
things -- well, there may come a \*  
day when you'll want to be able to \*  
swear you never heard them. \*

(CONTINUED)

Darryl raises his eyebrows, clearly excited to hear what Boyd \*  
has in mind. Wendy gets it, shrugs, heads out. As soon as \*  
she's gone -- \*

DARRYL JR \*  
I'll go out on a limb and guess \*  
this next job isn't beating the \*  
shit out of another bunch of \*  
skinheads. \*

BOYD \*  
No, it is not. \*  
(off Darryl's interest) \*  
I need you to help me kill my \*  
cousin Johnny. \*

Off which --

END OF EPISODE