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JUSTIFIED

Ep. 107

"HATLESS"

by
Dave Andron

FIRST PRODUCTION DRAFT (FULL WHITE)	12/18/09
FULL BLUE DRAFT	1/01/10
REVISED PINK	1/04/10
FULL YELLOW DRAFT	1/07/10
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REVISED 2ND GREEN	1/16/10
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REVISED SCENE: 11	

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"HATLESS"

Revision History

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EPISODE 107 - "HATLESS" (REVISED 2ND GOLD) - 1/17/10

JUSTIFIED
Episode 107
"HATLESS"

CAST LIST

RAYLAN GIVENS
ART MULLEN
AVA CROWDER
TIM GUTTERSON
RACHEL BROOKS
WINONA HAWKINS
GARY HAWKINS
WYNN DUFFY
BILLY MAC
PINTER
EMMITT ARNETT
TOBY GRIFFIN
AMANDA GRIFFIN
~~STEPH GRIFFIN~~
~~KATIE GRIFFIN~~
BARTENDER
DRUNK #1
DRUNK #2
THUG
GALE THE WAITRESS

TIM OLYPHANT
NICK SEARCY
JOELLE CARTER
JACOB PITTS
ERICA TAZEL
NATALIE ZEA
WILLIAM RAGSDALE
JERE BURNS
TRAVIS WESTER
DAVID EIGENBERG
STEVEN FLYNN
MALIK YOBA
KIMBERLY ARLAND

JOE UNGER
TOM KIESCHE
MICHAEL MAIZE

SARAH BALDWIN

~~BAR FIGHT NEWCOMER (NON-SPEAKING)~~
2 GRIFFIN DAUGHTERS (NON-SPEAKING)

EPISODE 107 – "HATLESS" (REVISED 2ND GOLD) – 1/17/10

JUSTIFIED
Episode 107
"HATLESS"

SET LIST

INTERIORS

GARY AND WINONA'S HOUSE -
LIVING ROOM
DEN
~~KITCHEN~~
~~HALL~~
~~BEDROOM~~
STEAKHOUSE
DIVE BAR
WYNN DUFFY'S OFFICE
~~COFFEE SHOP~~
RUNDOWN APARTMENT
SUBURBAN HOME -
KITCHEN
MARSHAL'S OFFICE -
~~ART'S OFFICE~~
BULLPEN
RAYLAN'S MOTEL ROOM -
MAIN ROOM
BATHROOM

RAYLAN'S TOWNCAR

EXTERIORS

GARY AND WINONA'S HOUSE
RUNDOWN (WYNN DUFFY'S) OFFICE
DIVE BAR
GARY'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE
RAYLAN'S MOTEL ROOM
SUBURBAN HOME -
BACKYARD
RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING
BARREN FIELD
MOTEL

RAYLAN'S TOWNCAR

ON TV/MONITORS:

<u>SCENES</u>	<u>SCRIPT DAYS</u>
1-5	DAY 1
A6-6	NIGHT 1
7-15	DAY 2
16-29	NIGHT 2
30-32	DAY 3

*** DENOTES NEW/CHANGE**

TEASER

1	OMITTED	1
2	OMITTED	2
3	OMITTED	3
4	INT. DIVE BAR - DAY	4

The kind of place that has happy hour from 6 to 10 a.m..
Find RAYLAN GIVENS, already in the bag, posted up at the near-empty bar. He does not look good.

At the far end, TWO DRUNKS both mid-30s, are drinking their unemployment checks away and loving it.

DRUNK #1
Here's to being laid off.

DRUNK #2
Amen brother. To the good life.

They cheers, drink, laughing, just generally being loud and obnoxious.

Raylan, trying to ignore them, swallows the last of his neat bourbon. The BARTENDER notices, grabs the bottle.

BARTENDER
Assumin' you're not gonna stop now.

RAYLAN
Can't think of one good reason why I would.

The Bartender grabs the bottle, pours Raylan a generous measure into the same glass.

BARTENDER
Don't believe I've seen you in here before.

RAYLAN
Taking time off of work. Thought I'd experience some local color.

BARTENDER
Well, happy to have you. Any man drinks bourbon neat is alright by me.

Down the bar, one of the DRUNKS holds up his empty glass:

(CONTINUED)

DRUNK #1
Nurse? Little help?

Raylan and the Bartender both take them in. The Bartender good naturedly. Raylan not so much.

As the Bartender goes off to refill the DRUNKS, Raylan takes a pull of the whiskey. Extracts his PHONE. Opens it, scrolls through the numbers, stops on AVA'S. He's drunk, hurt, wants nothing more than to crawl in bed with her, but knows it's the last thing he should do. He's staring, considering, when he hears --

DRUNK #1 (CONT'D)
'Cause she's a worthless whore!

Raylan looks up. Watches the Drunks laugh. Maybe we start a SLOW PUSH towards them for this dialogue.

DRUNK #1 (CONT'D)
All any of 'em really are, you think about it. I mean, my latest side dish ain't no more than a lonely house wife. I show up, make her squeal, and she thinks I'm Christ himself for it.

DRUNK #2
This the one with them kids?

DRUNK #1
Hell yeah... how do you think I knew she liked to screw?

They're laughing pretty hard now...

DRUNK #2
Not to mention, you get bored with her, you can always play with them!

This sends them into hysterics, slapping the bar, dying laughing. Raylan's had it.

RAYLAN
Hey. Jackals.
(the Drunks turn, look)
You mind keeping it down?

DRUNK #1
Why would we do that?

RAYLAN

'Cause I didn't order assholes with
my whiskey.

The drunks take this in, then:

DRUNK #1

What'd you say?

RAYLAN

Any woman that's merciful enough to
take you into her bed deserves
better than to be insulted behind
her back. So why don't you stop
trying to impress your friend,
drink your drink, and we'll be just
fine.

DRUNK #2

You seem to be harborin' a bit of
hostility there, brother.

Raylan stares, his eyes burning with anger and alcohol.

RAYLAN

So I've been told.

DRUNK #1

Last I checked this a free country.
You don't like what's bein' said,
you can piss off.

RAYLAN

I'm meeting someone here.

DRUNK #1

I really don't give a shit.

RAYLAN

Then I suppose we're at an impasse.

DRUNK #1

Yes I suppose we are.

BARTENDER

(amiably)

Hey, no need for this. Why don't
you all just take a calm breath,
enjoy a round on the house?

But as the Bartender goes to fetch the bottle, the Drunks and
Raylan haven't stopped staring each other down.

4

CONTINUED: (3)

4

DRUNK #1

There's two of us, only one of you.
You like those odds?

RAYLAN

I'm good if you are.

The Drunks almost smile, start to get off their chairs, same as Raylan, and we CUT TO --

5

EXT. DIVE BAR - DAY

5

Raylan and the Drunks emerge from the BACK DOOR. It's all dust and dumpsters. Raylan removes his coat and hat.

DRUNK #1

You better not call the law after
we tune you up.

RAYLAN

That's not what I'd be worried
about right now if I were you.

Drunk #1 comes at Raylan first. Swings and connects, Raylan almost relishing taking the shot. Drunk #1, now thinking this is gonna be easy, goes to swing again but Raylan HITS HIM FIRST LIGHTNING QUICK, staggering him back --

As Drunk #2 quickly pounces from behind. Raylan, with some difficulty, fights him off --

As Drunk #1 comes back at Raylan, connecting again --

And we continue like this. Brutal. Old school. Despite being hammered and outnumbered Raylan's holding his own, giving as good as he's getting, seemingly enjoying every second of it until Drunk #1 grabs a 2x4 and HITS RAYLAN from behind, sending him to the ground. The Drunks proceed to work Raylan over, kicking him, punching him, about to inflict serious damage when we HEAR --

A LOAD being RACKED into a SHOTGUN. Everything stops. REVEAL the BARTENDER, holding the shotgun. It's not pointed at anyone, he's just holding it.

BARTENDER

Think that'll about do it.

(beat, then)

I don't want no hard feelings;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

you boys are good customers in hard times, why I'm not pointing this at anyone in particular. But I can't let you beat a man to death out back of my place.

DRUNK #1

We wasn't gonna kill him. Just give him what's coming.

BARTENDER

Looks like he's had that and more.

The Drunks nod. Okay. They dust themselves off, leaving Raylan on the ground, in the kind of pain that no amount of whiskey can numb.

DRUNK #1

(to Raylan)

You don't come back here again.
You hear me, faggot?

Raylan lifts his head, watches as Drunk #1 takes Raylan's HAT, places it on his head. The three of them walk off.

Raylan lays for a moment, seriously banged up, considering what to do next.

Then O.S. we hear the BACK DOOR OPEN and then CLOSE. Watch FEMALE LEGS come towards Raylan. Slowly at first, trying to discern if it's him. Then, realizing it is she hustles to him, kneeling down as we reveal --

WINONA, mix of pity and incredulity on her face.

WINONA

Raylan? What in God's name did you do?

RAYLAN

(hurting, woozy)

You're late.

Off Winona, tending to Raylan, who's on the verge of blacking out...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

A6 EXT. RAYLAN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A6

Raylan, with Winona's help, reaches his front door. He looks awful, still isn't cleaned up from the fight. He slumps against the wall as he fumbles with his keys. Everything hurts. Winona is half sympathetic, half pissed off.

WINONA

You couldn't keep your mouth shut for two more minutes?

RAYLAN

They were insulting the honor of a young lady. I felt compelled to intervene.

WINONA

You are so full of it.

As Raylan unlocks the door and they move into --

6 INT. RAYLAN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

6

Place is a mess. Bed unmade. Bottles and clothes strewn about. Trash overflowing. Raylan enters, sits on the bed, starts to undress.

WINONA

Maid refusing to clean up after you?

RAYLAN

Apparently.

WINONA

Well I know how she feels.

Winona moves to the BATHROOM, WETS A WASHCLOTH. Clocks Ava's HAIR CLIP sitting on the counter. A pang of jealousy.

WINONA (CONT'D)

I ran into Art, at the courthouse. He told me what happened.

RAYLAN

What happened is I'm on vacation.

(CONTINUED)

WINONA

That's funny. He said you were on
indefinite suspension.

Winona re-enters, washcloth in hand, goes to Raylan.

RAYLAN

That why you wanted to meet? So
you could give me a hard time?

WINONA

No, actually, it's not.

Winona starts to clean Raylan up, dabbing his bloody face with the washcloth. It's painful.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Wynn Duffy came to see me.

RAYLAN

Wynn Duffy? How do I know that name?

WINONA

It was on the list I pulled from Gary's email.

(Raylan takes this in)

I came home, found Duffy sitting at my kitchen table.

RAYLAN

He broke in?

WINONA

Well, he came in. Can't say I saw anything broken.

RAYLAN

He threaten you?

WINONA

Not directly. Said he was a security consultant, that Gary'd hired him.

RAYLAN

What'd Gary say?

WINONA

Played dumb, accused me of being a snoop. Also mentioned that you went to see him, put some fear into him.

Raylan stops. Takes this in.

WINONA (CONT'D)

Why'd you go to Gary if the names on that list came up clean?

RAYLAN

We were married six years, Winona, and in that time your instinct wasn't often wrong. Those names may have come up clean, but if you think something's up then I'm inclined to believe you. So whatta you think's going on with your husband?

Winona considers it. Then, she comes clean:

WINONA

Gary has this development project. Some land he bought a while back. If he's in trouble, my guess is it has to do with that.

RAYLAN

Tough time to be developing...

Raylan's wheels are turning. Definitely not good.

WINONA

If you're thinking about going back to Gary, please don't. My home life is strained enough without my ex-husband badgering my current husband.

RAYLAN

Not gonna do that. But I was thinking about stopping by Wynn Duffy's place for a chat.

WINONA

A chat, huh?

RAYLAN

On vacation, remember? Means no badge, no gun.

WINONA

And no hat.

RAYLAN

(then, depressed)
Don't worry, I'll be good.

6

CONTINUED: (4)

6

Having finished cleaning his face up, Winona proceeds to help Raylan out of his shirt. He groans and grimaces, as we see the BRUISING all over his chest and back.

WINONA

Little old to be fighting aren't you?

RAYLAN

Certainly too old to be losing.

Raylan painfully lays down. Winona rolls some covers over him. Is essentially putting him to bed.

WINONA

Thank you, Raylan. You're a good man.

Raylan nods. Winona now rises, grabs her purse, and heads out. Once she's gone:

RAYLAN

Apparently not good enough.

Off Raylan, alone in his dirty motel room...

7

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

7

A perfectly nice home on a perfectly nice street. Middle class. Quiet. A lawn. Probably something like what you grew up in. MOVE OFF THE HOUSE TO FIND --

GARY HAWKINS, sitting in his car, staring at the house. He looks conflicted, uneasy... but beyond that, he looks like shit. Hair mussed. Clothes wrinkled. Tired. He's a man backed into a corner, and it shows. Steeling himself he gets out of the car, starts towards the house.

8

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

8

Find TOBY GRIFFIN, Black, early 40s, watching TWO YOUNG GIRLS play on a jungle gym. Meanwhile, from the BACK DOOR of the house, watch AMANDA GRIFFIN, 30s, black, pretty and put together, exit, followed closely by Gary.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

Look who I found.

Toby sees Gary, smiles, moves to greet him.

TOBY

Gary the Hawk.

GARY

How are you, Toby?

The two embrace like the old friends they are.

TOBY

Can't complain.

(then, to his daughters)

Girls, say hi to Gary...

The girls smile, wave. Gary smiles back, waves.

GARY

Hi girls.

(then)

They're getting big...

TOBY

That's right. Any day now, get some pads on 'em, get them out on that field...

AMANDA

No. Our daughters are not playing any football on my watch.

TOBY

(laughing, goofing)

I'm just playin' baby, just playin'...

AMANDA

Why don't you guys go inside, catch up. There's wine and cheese in the fridge if you'd like.

(as the boys head off)

Good to see you, Gary.

GARY

And you, Amanda.

Off Amanda, a touch skeptical of Gary as he and Toby head towards the back door, and we CUT TO --

9

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

9

Toby extracts a couple of BEERS from the fridge, pops the tops, hands one to Gary.

Through the BACK WINDOWS Gary watches the GIRLS playing under Amanda's watchful gaze.

TOBY

Figured we'd leave the cheese and wine for Amanda's book club.

They smile, cheers, drink.

GARY

Gotta admit, back at UK when you were T-Bone Griffin, I never thought I'd see the day when you had the wife, the kids, the yard.

TOBY

Well, it ain't all rainbows and stardust, but I come a long way from T-Bone, that's for sure.

Gary takes this in. He's thinking about Winona. Their future, if they even have one. He snaps out of it. Catches sight of a LARGE RING on Toby's finger.

GARY

Let me see that thing again...

Toby takes off the ring, smiles.

TOBY

Amanda gives me shit for wearing it... but I'm not ready to stick 'er in a drawer just yet.

Toby hands the ring to Gary. He admires it, and we now realize we're looking at a COWBOYS SUPER BOWL RING.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Most frustrating day of my life watching that game in street clothes.

GARY

How is the knee?

Gary hands Toby back the ring. He puts it back on.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY

Fine for playing with the kids.
(clearly not over it)
Hey, I had a good run, got my ring.

GARY

(teasing)
And now you got wine and cheese in
the fridge.

TOBY

Now I got wine and cheese in the
fridge. Ain't that some shit?

They share a smile. Toby just shakes his head, drinks.

GARY

Listen, Toby, good as it is to see
you, this isn't just a social call.

TOBY

Uh oh. You haven't gone all
Jehovah's witness on me have you?

GARY

Actually, I have an investment
opportunity for you. A shopping
center we're gonna break ground on
in the spring. We're looking for
additional financing, and if you
haven't blown all that NFL money on
strippers and blow, I've got some
stuff out in the car I'd love to
show you.

Toby eyes Gary, this guy he knew before Gary even knew
himself.

TOBY

Remember when you nailed Debbie
Reynolds in my bed?
(Gary sheepishly does)
I came back to the dorm after
practice, and you had this look on
your face, and I knew right away
you'd messed up.
(then)
What's going on Gary? You screw a
girl in another man's bed or what?

Gary quiets. A beat. Then:

GARY

Everything was booming. Through the roof. Couldn't sell houses fast enough. This land came up, I did my homework, the numbers looked good...

TOBY

And then the bottom dropped out.

GARY

I got overextended. Took money from people I shouldn't have. I'm in a tough spot, Toby.

TOBY

How tough? Six figures?

GARY

Almost seven.

Toby takes this in. No joke. He considers, then:

TOBY

Look, straight up, I got nothing to give you. I mean I can pay my mortgage, but between the first wife, the current wife, the two kids and this economy, I gotta look out for my own, know what I sayin'?

GARY

Yeah, yeah, I hear you. It's okay. I'll figure something out.

But Toby knows Gary must be desperate if he's come to him.

TOBY

The guys you owe, they pressuring you?

GARY

Came to my house when I wasn't home, threatened my wife. I just... I don't know what they're capable of.

TOBY

Look, I'm no heavy, you know that. But I can cut an imposing figure, still got my thousand yard stare. You need to push back a little, buy yourself some time, I got you.

GARY

(surprised but grateful)

I appreciate the offer, but that's not why I came over here --

TOBY

I know that. But the truth Gary, is I miss being the baddest dude on that field. Be nice to go in, throw my weight around, get to be mean again. When do I get a chance to be the T-Bone anymore?

GARY

Book club?

Toby smiles. Gary does too, for the moment, feeling better.

10 EXT. RUNDOWN OFFICES - DAY

10

Raylan's towncar pulls into the parking lot of a shabby office space... maybe a strip mall. Hatless Raylan steps out. Compares the ADDRESS on the building in front of him to the ADDRESS on the CARD that Wynn Duffy gave Winona.

11 INT. WYNN DUFFY'S OFFICE - DAY

11

Raylan enters. TWO MEN are there. One we recognize as WYNN DUFFY, the 'security expert' who approached Winona in Ep. 106. He sits behind a desk. The other is BILLY MAC, wiry and tattooed, seated on a couch. The two of them are anything but physically intimidating, yet still mighty creepy; cold, watchful eyes.

They both stare at Raylan. His beaten face. Lots of sizing up being done right now, not a word spoken.

RAYLAN

Afternoon.

DUFFY

Afternoon. Can we help you?

RAYLAN

I sure hope so. I was told you gentlemen handle security, and as you can see, I'm in need of some.

Raylan gestures to his beaten face. Duffy and Billy Mac exchange a quick glance. Consider it.

DUFFY

We can discuss that. But first I need to know who you are, and who referred you.

Raylan considers. Looks to Billy, coiled and quiet.

RAYLAN

Name's Ray. I was referred by a friend of mine. Gary Hawkins?

This sets alarm bells ringing. Duffy and Billy Mac aren't sure what to make of this. Duffy now recedes a bit.

DUFFY

'Fraid you've been misinformed. Thank you for your interest.

RAYLAN

Not much of a sales pitch...

The joke dies. Duffy just stares, cool as a Wisconsin winter. Billy's getting antsy.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

What is it you two really do here? 'Cause I don't see much in the way of a security business. In fact, I don't see anything but lead paint and dust mites.

*

Billy Mac now gets up.

*

BILLY

Man asked you to leave. Suggest that's what you do.

RAYLAN

I already took one beating, and I'm not really looking to take another one. All I want to know is how you two are involved with Gary Hawkins.

*
*
*
*
*

DUFFY

If you're really that curious, why don't you just ask Gary?

*
*
*

RAYLAN

I tried that. He was reluctant to talk about it.

*
*
*
*

DUFFY

Well then, maybe that's an answer
in itself, huh Ray?

*
*
*

RAYLAN

Maybe it is.

*
*

DUFFY

Time to go now.

*
*

RAYLAN

I'm going to leave, but I'm going
to say this first, and then
hopefully none of us will ever have
to see each other again. Whatever
issue the two of you have with Gary
Hawkins, I can guarantee you his
wife has nothing to do with it, and
never has. So from here on, either
one of you approaches Winona
Hawkins because of Gary's trouble,
I will come back here and up-end
your entire existence, that
understood?

*
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DUFFY

Okay, Ray. Your point is well
stated.

*
*

Raylan turns, and is out. Billy and Duffy watch him go to
the Towncar through the front windows.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Follow him. I want to know who he
is, how he's connected to Gary and
Winona, and then I want him put in
the ground.

Off Billy, nodding, heading OUT after Raylan...

BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. WYNN DUFFY'S OFFICE - DAY

12

Duffy, at his desk, on SPEAKER PHONE. As Duffy speaks, he watches a CAR pull into the lot, park. (We might recognize it as GARY'S.)

ARNETT (V.O.)

These aren't the old days, Duffy.
These contracts are legitimate.

DUFFY

I understand that, and you know I have your best interests at heart, but a federal Marshal walked into this office and threatened me.

Then over the speaker phone, hear what sounds like KNOCKING.

ARNETT (V.O.)

Hold on, Duffy.
(then, to person knocking)
Yeah?

Faint sound of a door opening. Hear a FAINT WOMAN'S VOICE.

ARNETT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(muffled, to woman)
Baby, come on over here and we'll take care of it.
(rustling sounds, then)
Duffy, you still there?

DUFFY

What would you like to do?

ARNETT (V.O.)

Go to Gary. Remind him clearly and simply of his obligations...
(then, not to Duffy)
Ah, Goddamn... Easy girl, ain't a contest, know what I mean?
(to Duffy)
Sorry Duffy, what was I saying?

DUFFY

Remind Gary of his obligations...

(CONTINUED)

ARNETT (V.O.)

Right. Remind him and I'm sure
he'll see things our way.

Arnett then BREATHES IN SHARPLY as, through the windows Duffy
watches Gary and Toby exit the car.

DUFFY

Arnett, you on speaker?

ARNETT (V.O.)

Nah. Hate speaker. Why?

DUFFY

Can I ask you something?

ARNETT (V.O.)

Shoot.

DUFFY

You getting a blow job in your
office right now?

ARNETT (V.O.)

(hesitates, then)

It be weird if I was?

Gary and Toby are now approaching Duffy's office door.

DUFFY

I'm gonna call you back.

Duffy hangs up as Gary and Toby ENTER THE OFFICE.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Mr. Hawkins. I was just talking
about you. And you've brought a
friend.

GARY

Duffy. How are you?

DUFFY

I'm okay. Busy in here today. An
acquaintance of yours stopped by a
bit ago. Ray? Didn't seem to care
much about you, but was very
protective of your lovely wife...

GARY

Raylan came here?

DUFFY

Sure did. Fancies himself kind of a tough guy, doesn't he? I gotta tell you Gary, all I want is the money; these visits are growing pretty tiresome.

GARY

Well that's what I came to discuss. I appreciate our arrangement, and have every intention of holding up my end, but it seems to me Arnett made an investment.

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

And an investment, I don't have to tell you, comes with certain risk.

DUFFY

(nonplussed, to Toby)

Do we know each other? You look awfully familiar...

TOBY

Why don't you worry less about me, more about what my man is saying.

DUFFY

Okay, sure. Gary? You were saying?

GARY

Your boss's money is tied up in the property, and that property isn't worth half of what it once was.

DUFFY

You think selling now would be a poor business decision.

GARY

See, that's right. The market is starting to come back. We wait a few years, get this construction underway, we'll be rolling.

DUFFY

Rolling, huh?

(then, to Toby)

This really is driving me crazy. Sure we haven't met?

TOBY

Listen here pencil-dick --

GARY

(to Toby)

I don't think that's necessary --

TOBY

(ignoring Gary)

You tell your boss his money is unavailable. That simple. He wants to talk to Gary about that he can pick up the phone and dial. In the meantime, you will not harass this man or his wife again, you understand?

DUFFY

That hardly seems fair. I was very nice to Gary's wife.

Toby begins to start towards Duffy, but Gary intervenes, trying to keep peace.

GARY

All I'm saying is, I could probably get your boss's money tomorrow if he really wants it --

TOBY

No, he can't, and he ain't gonna --

GARY

Or --

(cutting Toby off)

Or I can get him double his money in 24 months.

Duffy acts as if he's considering it. Then gets up, goes to Toby, who stands his ground, eyes Singletary crazy.

DUFFY

Listen, I don't know how you're associated with Mr. Hawkins, or why, but I'm going to give you this chance to extricate yourself from his predicament before you go getting yourself involved in something that, frankly, you don't want to be involved in.

TOBY

You don't back up right now and create some space, I'm gonna paint these walls with your shit.

Gary looks at Toby: WTF does that even mean? Duffy though, backs off. If that's how they want it, fine.

DUFFY

I'll go to Arnett, tell him everything you just told me.

TOBY

Damn right you will. Make him understand.

Toby turns to leave. Gary, to Duffy, as if apologizing:

12

CONTINUED: (5)

12

GARY

Just ask him to consider it --

TOBY

Gary! Nothing to consider. We're leaving.

Off Toby and Gary, heading out. Toby feeling great; Gary pretty sure things are now worse than when they started; and Duffy, shaking his head, knowing Arnett isn't going to be happy about this one bit...

13

I/E. RAYLAN'S TOWNCAR - OUTSIDE DIVE BAR - DAY

13

Raylan parks his car in front of the dive bar. In his REARVIEW MIRROR he watches a CAR park on the far side of the street, Billy Mac at the wheel. Raylan clocks him. Considers. Extracts his phone. Dials. Two rings, then --

A14

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY - CROSSCUT

A14

TIM, at his desk, answers the call.

TIM

Gutterson.

RAYLAN

Tim, it's Raylan.

TIM

Raylan. How's the vacation?

RAYLAN

Boring. You know. Fishing. Reading. Leafing through the U.S. Marshals Codes of Conduct. Listen, I need a favor.

TIM

What kind of favor?

RAYLAN

Need you to run a plate for me.

TIM

Why, if you're on vacation, would you need me to run a plate?

RAYLAN

She's cute.

(CONTINUED)

A14

CONTINUED:

A14

TIM
(smiling)
What's the plate?

RAYLAN
9-8-8-Delta Tango M...Mango.

TIM
Mango, huh? You sure you're okay?

RAYLAN
Fine. Thanks, Tim.

TIM
You keep your nose clean, Raylan.
We could use you back in the game.

END INTERCUT.

Off Raylan, hanging up as he exits his car, approaching...

14

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

14

Raylan enters. Again, the bar is nearly empty. The men who beat him up are not there. Raylan approaches the Bartender who helped him out. The bartender sees him coming, greets him with friendly apprehension.

BARTENDER
Glad to see you're up and around.
Wasn't sure how bad they got to
you.

RAYLAN
Nothing that won't heal.

BARTENDER
All the same, maybe it's best if
you don't saddle up here today.

RAYLAN
Listen, I don't want to cause
trouble, don't even want to get
back at those men, Lord knows I was
asking for trouble. But I had a
hat on that I've grown pretty fond
of, and I'd like to have it back.

BARTENDER
Well, we don't have much of a lost
and found, but I didn't find your
hat.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

Raylan extracts his wallet, removes a 20 dollar bill and his CARD, lays them down on the bar.

RAYLAN

When those men come in again, or if my hat turns up, I'd appreciate you giving me a call.

The Bartender eyes the 20, takes the CARD, which we now see is Raylan's U.S. Marshal card.

BARTENDER

Mister, I don't wanna be rude, but wouldn't it just be easier to buy yourself another hat?

RAYLAN

Probably, but easier isn't what I'm after. I appreciate it.

And Raylan's out. Off the Bartender, watching him go...

15

EXT. DIVE BAR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

15

Raylan exits the bar. Walking towards his car, he looks to where Billy Mac was parked. But much to his surprise, Billy's CAR IS GONE. Raylan stops, looks around: nothing. Raylan's wondering what would make Billy leave like that, when his PHONE RINGS. He answers it:

RAYLAN

That was quick, Tim --
(then)
Sorry Pinter, was expecting another call. No, no, thanks for getting back to me, whatta you have?

Off Raylan, heading towards the Towncar.

16

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

16

Gary enters the kitchen, in a good mood after his chat with Duffy. Sitting at the table with a bottle of white wine, is Winona. Gary pulls FLOWERS from behind his back.

WINONA

Never is there a surer sign that a man has screwed up than when he arrives bearing flowers.

GARY

That's funny.

(CONTINUED)

WINONA

I promise, it wasn't meant to be.

Gary smiles. Sets them down. Sits.

GARY

I'm sorry, Winona. From the bottom of my heart.

WINONA

For what exactly, Gary? For lying to me? For strange men showing up at our house?

GARY

Listen, if I lied, it was only to protect you --

WINONA

Protect me? What an epic load of horse shit! You accused me of being paranoid!

GARY

(trying to calm her)

I just didn't want you to worry because of my mistakes.

WINONA

Gary, what mistakes? What did you do?

GARY

When the market tanked, I got a bit overextended on some loans --

WINONA

Jesus Christ --

GARY

I took some money that... you know what? It doesn't matter --

WINONA

It doesn't matter? Is that why that man came to our house about security? You worried about people coming after you?

GARY

Listen, it's taken care of. It's all going to be fine, but I know I screwed up. I don't even blame you for telling Raylan something was going on. I wouldn't have trusted me either.

(Winona takes this in)

I haven't communicated with you the way I should've, and for that I really am so sorry.

Winona considers this. She loves that he has grand plans, that he's willing to take risks. But still...

WINONA

Gary, I knew the kind of man you were when I married you. And I admire your ambition. But you need to be able to share the bad with me just the same as the good --

GARY

I know. You're right.

WINONA

I can cope with bad news. What I can't abide is you lying, then accusing me of being out of line.

GARY

Honey, I promise, for here on in, you will know what's happening every step of the way. I love you. I just want you to have everything I promised when I proposed.

He takes her hand. Winona's still not happy, but it's a start.

WINONA

I don't need all that, Gary. I just need to feel that I can trust you. Okay?

GARY

Okay.

Gary smiles. Hesitantly, Winona does too. He kisses her. Off these two, finally sharing a nice moment...

17

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

17

We're on TOBY, in the kitchen, cooking dinner, apron and all. He looks content, SINGING HORRIBLY along with some COUNTRY MUSIC. O.C. hear a DOOR OPEN, then, CLOSE.

TOBY

That was quick. The girls have fun?

He goes on stirring his sauce, doesn't even turn as Billy Mac and Duffy enter the kitchen.

DUFFY

You should lock your doors, Toby.

Toby turns. Takes them in. Duffy pulls a GUN.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

It was driving me crazy trying to remember where I knew you from. Then, it hit me: Toby Griffin. UK's all time leading tackler... a Super Bowl Champion!

TOBY

Alright, look, I get it. Truth is, Gary and I ain't even that close. You want me to back off I'll back off. Just leave my family out of it.

Duffy just shakes his head. Those cold eyes.

DUFFY

I gave you a chance to walk away, Toby. You should've taken it.

TOBY

You gonna shoot me in my kitchen?

DUFFY

Actually, Billy Mac here has been itching to have a go.

TOBY

That right? You want a piece of Toby Griffin? Story to tell your friends?

Billy starts to come at Toby, who relishes it.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY (CONT'D)

Come on white boy, bring that shit.
I ain't gotten to kick any ass in a
long time.

Toby takes a BIG SWING, which Billy easily ducks, counters with TWO QUICK SHOTS to Toby's ear and jaw. Toby goes down to a knee, hazy and dazed.

DUFFY

Rung your bell a bit did he? See,
Billy here was a promising feather-
weight in his day. He got injured
too, not unlike you did. But
apparently, he's still got it.

Toby, incensed, gets up, stares Billy down.

BILLY MAC

Know what my favorite part of
boxing was? Getting paid to beat
up on colored boys.

Toby, in a rage, CHARGES BILLY. Who dodges, then lands TWO QUICK JABS, side steps a SWING by Toby, then hits him flush with a LEFT CROSS and BRINGS HIS BOOT DOWN ON Toby's KNEE.

Toby goes down in a heap, holding his KNEE, in anguish.

DUFFY

No pads here, Toby. No referee to
blow that whistle for you.

Off Toby in pain, Billy Mac approaching him menacingly...

18 OMITTED

18

19 OMITTED

19

A20 INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

A20

Raylan enters, spots PINTER in a booth, dispatching a LARGE, BLOODY steak. Raylan approaches. Pinter sees him coming.

PINTER

Damn Raylan. How'd the other guy
look?

RAYLAN

Better. What happened to Tahiti?

PINTER

Ain't like you think it's gonna be
from the postcard. Mosquitoes
eatin' at ya. Everyone talkin'
French. Only one movie theater,
you believe that? I'm better off
here.

RAYLAN

And I guess Samantha wasn't waiting
for you when you got back.

PINTER

No. Samantha has moved on to
greener pastures.

A20

CONTINUED: (2)

A20

GALE, a CUTE WAITRESS, approaches the table.

PINTER

Lovely Gale, this is my friend Ray
Ray --

(Raylan glares at Pinter)

Ray Ray, this is the lovely Gale.

GALE

It's nice to meet you, Ray Ray.
Care for anything?

RAYLAN

Fine, thanks.

PINTER

Just the check please, angel baby.

Gale smiles, walks off. Pinter watches her go.

PINTER (CONT'D)

I tell you, that girl needs to be
ridden hard and put away wet.

RAYLAN

Yeah, I'm sure ex-cons turned
informers are just her type.

PINTER

You, Raylan, are a hater.

RAYLAN

A hater, huh?

PINTER

That's right. H-A-T-E-R.

(CONTINUED)

A20

CONTINUED: (3)

A20

RAYLAN

Why am I here, Pinter?

PINTER

I asked around about Wynn Duffy. Guy's crazy. I mean, some serious motors-running-but-nobody's-behind-the-wheel shit. Too mercurial to run his own show, so generally ends up working as a middleman.

RAYLAN

Mercurial, huh? Someone been reading the dictionary?

PINTER

Bite me.

RAYLAN

Any idea who he's working for these days?

PINTER

Word is he's backin' Emmitt Arnett. You know him?

RAYLAN

Only by reputation.
(then)
Your sources reliable?

PINTER

As a Kentucky thoroughbred.

RAYLAN

Arnett's a street hustler. What's he doing handing out bridge loans?

PINTER

When the economy turned he realized he could take people's money legitimately. Cash loans, high interest, no questions. These days, plenty of folks lookin' for a lifeboat. In the end, when they can't pay it back, he takes all they got and more.

RAYLAN

Yeah, I know the scam.

(CONTINUED)

A20

PINTER

Arnett's no picnic, but Duffy's
your real wild card. Heard last
year he and Billy Mac cut a guy's
face off, sewed it to a soccer
ball.

RAYLAN

You're joking...

PINTER

That's what I heard.

This gets Raylan's mind going. Gale comes back. Sets down
the check.

GALE

Here you go, boys. No rush now.

PINTER

Thank you so much, angel baby.

A20

CONTINUED: (5)

A20

Gale smiles, leaves. Pinter eyes Raylan, then the check. Raylan, taking the hint, scoffs, reaches for his wallet.

PINTER (CONT'D)

And tip her well, would ya? No man ever got laid being stingy.

RAYLAN

Best tip I could give her is to stay away from you.

PINTER

Hater. Through and through.

Raylan leaves cash on the table. Gets up to leave.

PINTER (CONT'D)

Hey, don't you usually wear an obnoxious hat of some sort?

Raylan just shakes his head as he walks away from the table, past us, leaving Pinter alone with his steak.

20

EXT. GARY'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

20

Gary, exiting his offices. He locks the door behind him. The parking lot is quiet and mostly empty. We hear CAR DOORS SLAM. Gary turns. There are Duffy and Billy Mac, approaching him. Gary tries to play it cool, but the truth is he's scared shitless, and with good reason.

DUFFY

Working late?

GARY

That's right. You talk to Arnett?

DUFFY

I did.

GARY

And?

Billy Mac walks up, PISTOL WHIPS GARY. Gary goes down hard, on the verge of literally crapping his pants.

DUFFY

I would describe his attitude towards your suggestions as... unreceptive.

Gary, cowering, tries to get away from Billy Mac, who grabs him, pushes him up against the office doors.

(CONTINUED)

DUFFY (CONT'D)

For a supposedly smart guy you're making bad decisions here, Gary. Bringing Toby into all this, for example.

Gary doesn't miss that Duffy just addressed Toby by name.

GARY

Toby...

DUFFY

Took me a minute, but I remembered where I'd seen him. Hell of a player. Shame about the knee.

Billy Mac extracts Toby's SUPER BOWL RING, drops it in Gary's lap. Gary holds it in his trembling hands.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Did you honestly think Arnett would just lay down?

Duffy now gets right in Gary's face.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

You have until nine tomorrow morning to get the money, including interest.

Billy Mac, without a word, HITS GARY again. Gary basically whimpers, blood running from his mouth.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Find a way. Or the next ring will be your wife's... and we might just take her finger along with it.

Off Duffy and Billy Mac, walking away, leaving Gary bloody and terrified, no way out...

BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 OMITTED 21

A22 EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT A22

Watch Billy Mac exit his car, keys in hand. He approaches his front door. Unlocks it. Is just opening it and stepping inside when he's --

B22 INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS B22

GRABBED from behind, his GUN taken from his waistband, as he's PUSHED stumbling forward into his DARK apartment. Billy turns, incensed, but stops dead as a LIGHT SWITCH IS FLIPPED--

By Raylan, calm as dawn, entering Billy Mac's place, pointing Billy's GUN right at him.

RAYLAN

Evenin' Billy. Mind if I come in?

BILLY MAC

I do, as a matter of fact.

Raylan ignores him, shuts the door. Billy's apartment is comprised of a small living room/kitchen/dining area. Probably a bedroom in back. Mismatched furniture. Crap everywhere. Gross carpet. The word depraved comes to mind.

RAYLAN

Nice place.

BILLY MAC

What the hell you want?

RAYLAN

What in God's name is that smell? You got a dead cat in here or something?

BILLY MAC

Man, gimme my gun back and get outta here!

RAYLAN

Believe me, I can't wait to.

With the gun Raylan gestures to the tattered couch. Billy, grudgingly, moves to it, sits. Raylan drags over a CHAIR, dusts it off, sits across from Billy.

(CONTINUED)

B22

CONTINUED:

B22

BILLY MAC

How'd you find out where I live?

RAYLAN

Easy. I asked anyone I saw where the dumbest redneck in all of Kentucky lives and each and every person told me to come here.

BILLY MAC

You ain't gonna be smilin' when I knock your teeth out.

RAYLAN

What are you and Duffy planning on doing to Gary Hawkins?

BILLY MAC

Man, talk to Duffy. I just take orders.

RAYLAN

If I wanted to talk to Duffy, I'd be holding his gun on him.

BILLY MAC

You wanna know what we gonna do to Gary? Or to your ex-wife?

(then)

Yeah, we's not so stupid as you thought, huh? I know why you care about that dumb bitch.

RAYLAN

Disrespect her again Billy Mac, I'll put a hole in your leg.

BILLY MAC

From what I hear she's the one who filed to divorce, meaning she left you. Someone wanted to whoop on my ex-wife I'd probably thank 'em.

RAYLAN

That's mighty compassionate of you.

BILLY MAC

(considers, then)

I used to be a fighter. All I was ever really good at. Then I got my eye hurt, couldn't fight no more. Wife left me like our house was on fire. How's that for compassion?

(CONTINUED)

B22

CONTINUED: (2)

B22

RAYLAN

Ah Billy, you're breaking my heart.

BILLY MAC

Why'd yours leave you, lawman?
Sight of your gun not turn her on
anymore?

RAYLAN

You'd have to ask her.

BILLY MAC

(threatening)

Well just maybe I will.

Without a word, Raylan FIRES THE GUN, putting a BULLET into the couch inches from Billy Mac, who JUMPS.

BILLY MAC (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

RAYLAN

Tell me what Duffy has planned.

BILLY MAC

He didn't tell me nothing --

Raylan, not buying it, puts another BULLET into the COUCH, this time inches from Billy's other side.

BILLY MAC (CONT'D)

Ah, shit!

RAYLAN

Next one's for you.

A beat. As Raylan aims --

BILLY MAC

We were gonna take her!

RAYLAN

What?

BILLY MAC

We were gonna grab the Mrs.. Use
her to force Gary's hand.

RAYLAN

You were going to kidnap Winona?

BILLY MAC

If Gary didn't show with the money.

(CONTINUED)

B22

CONTINUED: (3)

B22

RAYLAN
 (considers this, then)
 Where's Duffy now?

Raylan aims the gun again, prompting Billy Mac --

BILLY MAC
 Man, I dunno! Why ain't you
 talking to him?! Why you bothering
 with me?

Raylan now stands, preparing to leave.

RAYLAN
 Because you always go after the
 weaker link, Billy Mac. Think you
 can remember that?

Raylan DROPS the CLIP from Billy's GUN, tosses it aside.

BILLY MAC
 I ain't never gonna forget anything
 you just did in here.

Raylan discharges the ROUND in the CHAMBER.

RAYLAN
 You go anywhere near Winona, I'll
 kill you, you understand?

Raylan takes the GUN APART, leaves half in the apartment.

BILLY MAC
 Ain't you been listening? It ain't
 up to me...

As Raylan walks to the front door, he pockets the other half
 of the gun and then is GONE, leaving Billy Mac alone and, for
 the moment, gunless...

22

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

22

Gary, HUGE KNOT SWELLING on the side of his head, CUT on his
 cheek, KNOCKS on the front door. A moment later, it's opened
 by Amanda. Fire in her eyes.

AMANDA
 You got a lot of nerve coming back
 to this house --

GARY
 Amanda, are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

No, Gary. I am not o-kay. My daughters and I came home to find two men beating Toby half to death! And Toby's telling me not to call the cops, because of something you and he went and did!

GARY

I am so sorry --

AMANDA

You're damn right you are. Now I want you to turn your sorry ass around, and do whatever it is you have to do to make this right, you understand?

Then, behind her, Toby approaches, using CRUTCHES because of his knee. He got it much worse than Gary, looks awful.

GARY

Jesus, Toby...

Amanda turns, about to tell her husband to lay back down.

TOBY

Cool out baby, it's okay.
(Amanda hesitates)
Just give me a minute.

Amanda glares at Gary, but leaves he and Toby alone.

GARY

I'm so sorry. Are the girls --

TOBY

Everyone's fine.

GARY

Except you.

TOBY

You're on your own, Gary. I got too much to risk.

Gary takes this in. He's in real trouble.

TOBY (CONT'D)

See they came at you too. You know what you're gonna do?

22

CONTINUED: (2)

22

Gary shakes his head, his eyes welling up with tears, anger. Toby's blood on his hands. Winona's safety in jeopardy. His own. He's a man on the verge of a serious meltdown.

GARY

I don't, uh... I don't know...
 (then, angry)
 But those men will never come here
 again.

TOBY

You keep your head about you.
 Don't do anything stupid --

GARY

(incredulous)
 Don't do anything stupid... Think
 the ship's sailed on that one.

Gary reaches into his pocket, pulls out TOBY'S RING. Hands it back to him.

GARY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I got you involved in
 this.

Toby takes his ring, watches as Gary turns, walks away from the house, face hard as stone, eyes that no longer have any fear in them, just the resignation of what he's about to do.

23

INT. RAYLAN'S TOWNCAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

23

Raylan, at the wheel. He's got his cell phone to his ear, looks impatient.

24

OMITTED

24

25

OMITTED

25

26

OMITTED

26

A27

INT. GARY AND WINONA'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT - CROSSCUT

A27

Winona, looking a touch frazzled, answers her phone.

WINONA

Raylan...

RAYLAN

Winona? I've been calling. Are
 you alright?

(CONTINUED)

A27

CONTINUED:

A27

WINONA

I'm fine.

RAYLAN

You at home?

WINONA

Yes.

RAYLAN

Gary with you?

WINONA

I don't know where he is.

RAYLAN

Winona, you still have the gun I gave you when we were married?

WINONA

Raylan, what's going on?

RAYLAN

You're not safe there. Take the gun and come and meet me and I'll explain everything.

WINONA

I can't do that.

RAYLAN

Why not?

Now reveal that beside Winona is an OPEN LOCK BOX.

WINONA

The gun's gone. Gary must've taken it.

Raylan takes in this very bad news. Shit.

RAYLAN

Meet me at that diner on route 29. I can be there in ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)

A27

CONTINUED: (2)

A27

WINONA

I'm not doing that --

RAYLAN

Winona, this is not a joke --

WINONA

Raylan you've known me a long time,
you honestly think I'm going to let
these people chase me out of my own
house?

Raylan wants to put his fist through a window he's so
frustrated with her. Such a stubborn woman.

RAYLAN

Lock the doors. I'm coming to you
now.

Raylan hangs up, steps on the accelerator.

Off Winona, hanging up too, eyeing that EMPTY LOCK BOX...

27 OMITTED

27

A28 OMITTED

A28

Aa28 INT. GARY AND WINONA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aa28

Winona hears a CAR pull up. Goes to the window. OUTSIDE,
she SEES RAYLAN shut his car door, approach the HOUSE. She
UNLOCKS the door. Moments later, RAYLAN enters.

WINONA

Raylan what's going on? Who are
these people?

RAYLAN

Old Dixie mafia. Operate primarily
out of Frankfort. They're
dangerous people, Winona. And
Gary's under water with 'em.

WINONA

I can't believe this is
happening... He's a realtor, for
Christ's sake!

RAYLAN

He still not answering his phone?

(CONTINUED)

Aa28

CONTINUED:

Aa28

WINONA

Straight to voice mail. Can't you, I don't know, track the signal or something?

RAYLAN

This isn't CSI: Miami. And technically, I'm on vacation.

WINONA

These men really might kill him...

RAYLAN

Not just him, Winona. I've gotta get you out of here.

Winona now fully grasps the reality of this situation.

WINONA

I'm begging you, if you care about me at all, please, help him.

RAYLAN

Winona, you've known me a long time, you honestly think I'm gonna let you stay in this house if I leave to go after Gary?

WINONA

No, I guess not.

RAYLAN

You let me take you somewhere safe. And I'll go look for Gary. Deal?

Off Winona, nodding...

Bb28

INT. RAYLAN'S TOWNCAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Bb28

Raylan drives. Winona rides.

RAYLAN

Open the glove compartment.

Winona does. Inside is Raylan's GUN.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

You take that. Keep it on you.

Winona takes it. Stares at it. Then:

(CONTINUED)

Bb28

CONTINUED:

Bb28

WINONA

Must make you feel good. Gary
screwing everything up like this.

RAYLAN

I didn't come to gloat.

WINONA

He was always a dreamer. Gary.
Had such grand plans...

(CONTINUED)

Bb28

CONTINUED: (2)

Bb28

RAYLAN

Gary made his choice. I can't do anything about that. What I can do is make sure his bad choices don't get you hurt.

WINONA

You always wanted to know why. Why him. That's why, Raylan. It wasn't that I liked him more, or he was smarter, better looking... but he really wanted things. He was genuinely excited about life, its prospects --

RAYLAN

(almost involuntarily)
And how's that working out for you?

WINONA

I thought you weren't going to gloat.

RAYLAN

And I thought you were a smart, pragmatic woman.

WINONA

Your grind, Raylan. It's exhausting. I don't know how you shoulder it. And I... I just couldn't do it anymore. I needed some hope in my life.

Raylan, stung, processes this. She's right. And he knows it. But this is who he is, and he can't imagine the road he'd have to take to change it now.

WINONA (CONT'D)

I love him. Ridiculous as it sounds now, I built a life with him, a life I want to continue.

Off Raylan, who sympathizes with her, though it definitely hurts him to hear those words. They pull up in front of a MOTEL. Stop.

RAYLAN

If Gary's not at Duffy's I'll call you. I need you to think of anywhere else he might be, okay?
(on Winona, nodding)
Don't worry. I'll bring him back.

(CONTINUED)

Bb28

CONTINUED: (3)

Bb28

Off Winona, getting out of the car and heading for the motel...

B28

OMITTED

B28

28

EXT. BARREN FIELD - NIGHT

28

Raylan's car pulls up next to GARY'S CAR, headlights on.
Raylan steps out.

Alone, illuminated by the headlights is GARY. He's standing, facing Raylan's car, but because of the HEADLIGHTS can't see anything. He's holding the GUN.

GARY

Who's there!?

RAYLAN

It's Raylan, Gary.

It takes Gary a moment to process this.

GARY

Raylan....

(squinting, staring)

But, you're not wearing your hat.

RAYLAN

(seriously, the hat?)

Look, you mind putting the gun down?

GARY

You're the last person I expected to see. Winona tell you I'd be out here?

RAYLAN

She mentioned it was a possibility. Tried a few other spots first. Including Duffy's office.

GARY

(takes this in, then)

So you know what I did?

RAYLAN

Gary, need you to put that gun away.

GARY

(looks at it, then)

I can't do that, Marshal.

RAYLAN

I don't think shooting me is gonna help you, and I'm the only person here.

GARY

No, you're not.

And with that, Gary raises the GUN TO HIS OWN TEMPLE, and off the shock on Raylan's face --

BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29

EXT. BARREN FIELD - NIGHT

29

Where we left off. Gary, in the headlights, GUN to his head.

RAYLAN

You really gonna do that?

GARY

Thought you knew, Marshal Givens.
I'm worth more dead than alive.

RAYLAN

Gary, I swear, you're lucky I'm on
vacation because if I had my gun on
me right now I'd shoot you myself.
Only way you could make all this
worse is by leaving Winona out to
dry, which is what you're about to
do you pull that trigger.

Gary considers it. Lowers the gun. Raylan begins to
approach him.

GARY

Hey, you keep your distance --

RAYLAN

Come on, Gary. I just want to talk
to you, damned if I'm gonna yell to
do it.

Gary seems to accept this. Calms down. Raylan saddles up
next to him. A beat.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

(then, re: the field)

Nice piece of land.

GARY

That's what I thought. Near two
major highways. Ten minutes from
Lexington's wealthiest suburbs.
This was my shot.

Raylan kind of smiles to himself. Gary notices it.

GARY (CONT'D)

What, that's funny?

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

No, it's just... You ever hear much about my father?

Gary shakes his head.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

I thought Winona might've mentioned him at some point. Doesn't matter. Point is, the man was scheming constantly. Usually something illegal, but just the same, always some big plan or other in his head. Talked an awful lot about all the things he was gonna do. But all he ever actually did was pick the low hanging fruit from another man's tree. My father was full of some righteous bullshit.

GARY

He passed on?

(Raylan looks at him)

You kept saying 'was'. Past tense.

RAYLAN

Huh. Guess I did. Wishful thinking, I suppose.

(Gary just stares)

Plenty of men talk a lot about what they're gonna do. Not many have the stones to actually do it.

GARY

Oh, I did it all right. Dug myself a hole I won't ever get out of.

RAYLAN

It was gonna be a mall, right?

GARY

A capitalist destination.

RAYLAN

Tell me about it.

GARY

What? Now?

RAYLAN

We're here, aren't we?

GARY

You've gotta be kidding...

RAYLAN

Humor me. Pitch me before you off yourself.

Gary considers it. Fine, why not? He leads Raylan away from the cars, to the other side of what we now see is a MASSIVE BILLBOARD, on it an AMAZING SHOPPING CENTER. Outdoors. Glass storefronts. Wonderfully landscaped, trees in the middle. Think 'The Grove'. It's impressive, a place you'd want to be.

GARY

Shopping, restaurants, 10 screen movie theater. A horse stable for the kids; true Kentucky through and through. Nothing like it anywhere. Whole layout is Feng Shui, designed to increase spending.

RAYLAN

Looks like it's all outdoors...
What do you in the winter?

Gary smiles, enthusiastic, now really hitting his stride:

GARY

That's gonna be the best part. We'll tent the walkways, use hanging space heaters. String lights in all those trees, have horse-drawn carriage rides along the main drag, Santa's workshop set up there at the north end.

And as Gary describes it the weight seems to drop from his shoulders. He really believes in this, and we kind of do, too. For the first time we see what Winona sees in him, his vision and passion, a rare thing in this world.

RAYLAN

Gary, I have to admit, I'm impressed.

GARY

Thank you, Raylan. I do appreciate that.

RAYLAN

But you know, nice as it is, doesn't seem worth dying over.

Gary's shoulders visibly slump a bit. Back to reality.

GARY

Figure if I kill myself, least
Winona gets the life insurance.

RAYLAN

Come on, Gary. You know well as
anybody you kill yourself it'll
negate your coverage.

Gary takes this in. Yeah, down deep he knew it, but he's
having trouble confronting the reality right about now.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Gotta man up, Gary. You know what
has to happen.

Gary considers this. Heartbreaking.

GARY

I do that, I've given up. All of
this will have been for nothing.
I'll be starting at zero.

RAYLAN

Maybe. But that's the only play
you have left.

And in this moment, Gary knows that it's over.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Gonna be daylight soon. They give
you a time?

GARY

Nine.

RAYLAN

(checks his watch, then)
I'll go with you, if you like. But
I wasn't lying when I said I was on
vacation.

GARY

This what you do on your vacation?

RAYLAN

Apparently it is.

29

CONTINUED: (4)

29

Begin to pull up and away from these two men, standing together, illuminated by headlights, out in the middle of nothing, darkness all around them.

30

INT. WYNN DUFFY'S OFFICES - DAY

30

Duffy. Billy Mac. ARNETT, 40s, in a suit and tie, trying a little too hard to look presentable, the unrefined posture of a guy who grew up with nothing. He's got a THUG with him, 20s, sport coat but no tie, also trying to look like something he isn't.

DUFFY

(to Arnett)

Right there in the office, huh?

ARNETT

Only real upside to having no windows.

DUFFY

And you pay her?

ARNETT

Well, not for the head so much as to leave when she's done, ya know?

Duffy takes this in. Huh. Arnett looks to the CLOCK. 8:52. Turns to Duffy.

ARNETT (CONT'D)

You ever do any handicapping, Duffy?

DUFFY

Put a guy in a wheelchair once.

ARNETT

No. I'm talking about gambling. Making odds.

DUFFY

I'm not much of a gambler.

ARNETT

It's an interesting thing. The goal isn't to correctly predict the outcome of a game, but to make the odds appealing enough so you get equal bets on both sides.

(CONTINUED)

DUFFY

And then you collect a percentage of each bet.

ARNETT

That's right. See, it's a common misconception that bookies make money on the outcome of the game, when they actually make their money on the volume of bets placed.

(then)

Now, if you had to make some odds on our boy Gary showing up here, what would you put them at?

DUFFY

Odds he shows I'd probably put at 3 to 1.

ARNETT

I think I'd take that bet.

DUFFY

Odds he shows up with that what you want... I'd put that at 7 to 1.

ARNETT

Disappointing odds. Guy has his pride, huh?

DUFFY

Not only that, he thinks he's smarter than we are.

ARNETT

But he's not, is he?

DUFFY

No. He's not.

THUG

How about the odds he shows alone?

Then, Billy Mac, who's been watching the windows:

BILLY MAC

Zero.

They all turn, see Gary and Raylan approaching the front door. Everyone gets their game faces on.

DUFFY

That's Givens. The Marshal I was telling you about.

Arnett looks to Duffy: this going to be a problem? Duffy doesn't have time to answer before Raylan and Gary ENTER. They're both battered and bruised, quite a sight. They're flanked by Billy Mac and the Thug. Arnett and Duffy run point.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Well, you two are quite the pair. Marshal Givens, wasn't expecting you. You here on official duty of some sort?

RAYLAN

Nah. I'm on vacation.

Raylan smiles. Duffy doesn't.

ARNETT

Going to have to search you gentlemen, you don't mind.

As the Thug and Billy Mac approach our boys:

RAYLAN

You must be Emmitt Arnett.

ARNETT

That's correct. Nice to meet you, Marshal.

The Thug frisks Gary. Billy Mac frisks Raylan.

RAYLAN
(to Billy Mac)
How's your couch, Billy Mac?

BILLY MAC
You owe me a gun, lawman.

RAYLAN
You find one on me you're welcome
to it.

Billy is not amused. Frisking is finished; our boys are clean.

ARNETT
I was hoping you'd bring cash Gary,
seeing as how that's what I gave
you. But I suppose a cashier's
check will suffice.

GARY
I don't have the money, Arnett.

This sets everyone on edge. A beat.

ARNETT
We had an agreement --

GARY
We had an agreement that you were
going to invest in my project.

ARNETT
Which I did. With the
understanding that if I needed to,
I could pull my money at any time.

RAYLAN
Which you always intended to do
when Gary was most vulnerable.

ARNETT
I really don't see how this is any
of your business, Marshal Givens.

RAYLAN
You made it my business when your
men started running around
assaulting people.

Arnett takes this in, surprisingly, shooting a disapproving look in Duffy's direction. He then turns back to Raylan.

ARNETT

I'm not sure what you're talking about, but I'm a legitimate businessman --

RAYLAN

No, you're not. You're a parasite in a suit. A no class, two bit, loan-shark who will never get the trailer-trash stink off of him no matter how much designer cologne he tries to cover it with.

(then)

It's just a shame Gary didn't know the kind of man you are when he shook your hand.

Arnett is fuming. Trying to contain himself.

ARNETT

I came here to conduct a transaction. You come here to insult me?

RAYLAN

We'll honor your deal, soon as we figure out what to do about Duffy and Billy Mac.

ARNETT

What's he talking about?

RAYLAN

I've got them on any number of counts. Breaking and entering. Assault. Attempted murder, I really push it.

Arnett looks at Duffy, genuinely appalled.

ARNETT

That true?

DUFFY

Gary and his buddy walked into this office, threatened me first --

ARNETT

What the hell did I tell you? What was our arrangement?

(rage building)

How am I supposed to run a business if this is how you're conducting yourself on my behalf?!

RAYLAN

Can't let this go. Someone's gotta be held accountable.

DUFFY

This is bullshit. If he had any proof he'd just arrest me.

RAYLAN

These aren't federal crimes, and like I already told you, I'm on vacation.

ARNETT

So what exactly are we talking about here, Marshal Givens?

RAYLAN

Gary will square things with you, provided Duffy and his mutt admit what they did, turn themselves in.

Arnett looks to Duffy. Is considering it.

DUFFY

He's bluffing, can't you see that? Gary already said he doesn't have the money!

Gary reaches into his jacket pocket, extracts an envelope.

GARY

(this kills him)

Inside is a notary signed letter
forfeiting the property to you,
Arnett. These days it's appraised
right around what I owe you, but
you wait a few years it'll be worth
more. Contact my broker, he'll set
the escrow in motion.

Arnett eyes the envelope.

RAYLAN

It's yours if Duffy and Billy Mac
give a sworn statement and let me
escort them to County.

Duffy looks to Arnett, thinking there's no way he's gonna do
this. But Arnett knows this is how it has to be.

ARNETT

This is the end of our association,
Duffy. I can't be a part of
anything the Marshal has described.

DUFFY

God damn you, Arnett. This was
what you wanted --

ARNETT

Swear to the Marshal. Then go.

Duffy considers for a minute. Looks like he's going to
acquiesce, but then, he PULLS HIS GUN, points it at Arnett!

Quickly, the Thug PULLS HIS GUN, puts it on Duffy!

Then Billy Mac PULLS HIS GUN, PUTS IT ON THE THUG!

Raylan watches unflinchingly. Gary takes a step back, scared
shitless. Arnett stands his ground.

DUFFY

Why don't you swear? Tell him you
ordered me to do it?

ARNETT

Because that's not the truth --

DUFFY

I'm not going to prison for you!

Duffy takes an aggressive step towards Arnett, which prompts the THUG to SHOOT, hitting Duffy in the LEG, as he drops, his GUN falling from his hand --

As Raylan TACKLES GARY, as --

ARNETT DROPS TO THE FLOOR, as --

BILLY MAC SHOOTS the THUG, who SIMULTANEOUSLY WHEELS AND SHOOTS BILLY MAC, both of them DROPPING, WOUNDED, as --

RAYLAN quickly SCRAMBLES to GRAB DUFFY'S GUN, as --

DUFFY turns, tries to GRAB HIS GUN, but --

GARY, in an adrenaline RUSH, launches himself at DUFFY, KNOCKING THE GUN AWAY, as --

Raylan comes up with Duffy's GUN pointed right at him.

RAYLAN

I've shot people I liked more for
less, Duffy.

Duffy, wounded, knowing he's screwed, STOPS STRUGGLING. As Gary gets to his feet, backing away --

As Arnett also gets to his feet, unscathed --

As the Thug nurses a WOUND in his gut --

We now see BILLY MAC, who's DEAD, bullet hole in his forehead. The initial sequence happened so quickly maybe we missed that this is where Billy got hit. Either way, he's dead, most noticeably taken in by --

RAYLAN. Who stares at Billy Mac as he gets out his phone, DIALS --

As Arnett takes the ENVELOPE which had fallen to the floor, picks it up, addressing Gary:

ARNETT

Sorry it had to be like this.

On Gary, aghast at all that he's caused --

To Raylan, phone to his ear, saying:

RAYLAN

This is Marshal Raylan Givens. I
need squad cars and an ambulance
immediately...

EPISODE 107 - "HATLESS" - 2ND GOLD REVISIONS - 1/17/10
CONTINUED: (8)

55A.
30

30

Off of this carnage, CUT TO --

A31 EXT. DUFFY'S OFFICES - DAY A31

Aftermath. Police cars. Ambulances. The Thug on a stretcher. Arnett being interviewed. A zoo.

B31 INT. DUFFY'S OFFICES - SAME TIME B31

Raylan (on his phone) and Gary off to the side. In the B.G. a BODY BAG containing BILLY MAC is ZIPPED CLOSED, prepared to be wheeled out. Duffy meanwhile is still being tended to, a not too horrible wound in his THIGH. Raylan hangs up his phone, moves to Gary, who's in shock.

GARY

I can't believe all that just happened. Doesn't feel real.

RAYLAN

Trust me, Gary. It's real.

GARY

(beat, then)

I just gave up everything I've worked for my entire life.

(then)

She'll never stay with me. Winona. But you must've known that.

RAYLAN

I think you're underestimating her.

GARY

And I think you're underestimating how screwed I really am.

RAYLAN

I never had any money. She'd have stayed with me if I hadn't messed it up.

GARY

I shut her out. Lied to her. If I'd been honest and lost everything maybe she'd have gutted it out with me. But this...

A beat. Then:

RAYLAN

You have your life, Gary. You have a good woman, a roof over your head, a career. Make it work.

(CONTINUED)

B31

CONTINUED:

B31

Off Gary, who knows that Raylan's right, but can't shake the overall feeling of just how difficult and different his life is about to become...

31

INT. RAYLAN'S TOWNCAR - DRIVING - DAY

31

Raylan is driving Gary home. The mood is subdued. Gary may be free of it, but it doesn't feel that way to him. A moment later, Raylan pulls the car up in front of Gary's house. Stops. A beat.

Gary regards Raylan. Nods. Then gets out of the car, starts towards his house. Raylan sits in the car, watching. Stay in RAYLAN'S POV...

As Gary nears the front door, it's opened by Winona, who was watching for him. Gary slows up as Winona comes towards him, not knowing what to expect. But seeing him there, exhausted and broken, Winona takes pity and takes him into her arms.

Raylan watches them, holding each other, whispering things he cannot hear. Then Gary and Winona separate, start towards the house. But Winona gives one look back to Raylan, just the slightest smile and nod, all the thanks Raylan will get.

And then Gary and Winona are gone, inside the home they've made together, as the front door closes and Raylan's still on the outside, alone.

Just then, his cell phone RINGS. He checks the number, goes to answer it as he pulls away from the house...

32

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

32

At the bar, find the TWO DRUNKS whom Raylan fought, sitting at the bar, rolling DICE for drinks. Drunk #1 wears Raylan's hat like a trophy. Drunk #2 rolls. Grins. Whoops it up.

DRUNK #1

Lucky prick.

DRUNK #2

(to the Bartender)

Sir, you'd better set us up again.
My friend here will be paying.

The same Bartender, obliging, refills their SHOT GLASSES. As Drunk #1 is reaching to take his, a HAND comes in and takes it first. Drunk #1, perturbed, looks over and we REVEAL RAYLAN. He downs the shot. Places the glass back on the bar.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

Remember me?

Confronted with sober Raylan looking mean as hell, Drunk #1 all of a sudden isn't sure what to do. He looks to his buddy, gathers some liquid courage, then back to Raylan.

DRUNK #1

Thought I told you not to come back in here.

RAYLAN

Just came for my hat.

Raylan, stone cold, just stares at him.

DRUNK #1

(slightly wilted)

Well, I've kinda taken a liking to it. Fits pretty good.

RAYLAN

I'm a little more sober now. Sure you wanna make me ask again?

Now the few people in the bar are watching this nervously, including the Bartender. Raylan does not look like a man you want to fuck with.

DRUNK #1

We were just trying to have a good time. You were the one outta line...

Raylan shifts his posture: his patience is waning, and everyone can feel it.

DRUNK #1 (CONT'D)

Hell man, I was always planning on giving you back the hat, why do you think I wore it in here?

Raylan waits as Drunk #1 takes off the hat and hands it over. Raylan examines it and, satisfied with its condition, places it back on his head, and with the swagger he was missing at the top of our show, walks his bad ass past us and out of the bar.

END OF EPISODE