

UNTITLED ELMORE LEONARD PROJECT

by

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Based on the Short Story

"Fire in the Hole"

by

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TEASER

EXT. SOUTH BEACH - DAY

The sand is crowded with TOURISTS and SUN WORSHIPPERS who didn't get the memo on skin cancer. The ocean is inviting, the surf speckled with KIDS on boogie boards.

GLORIA, 20, crosses on the cement bike path/boardwalk. She's in a bikini and flip-flops, with a beach bag over her shoulder. Beautiful. We follow her. She heads up an approach path to a big hotel.

INT. HOTEL BAR/RESTAURANT - DAY

Gloria cuts through the bar. Some of the MEN are less subtle about checking her out than others.

One guy doesn't look at all. He stands at the bar, drinking a ginger ale. We only see him from the back. He wears a Stetson, old cowboy boots.

Gloria slows, scans the restaurant, sees who she's looking for and heads for a table.

At the table are TOMMY BUCKS, 35, a slick-haired goon from Italy; HARRY ARNO, 55, balding and nervous, and JOYCE, 35, a former exotic dancer who's wondering how the hell her life brought her to be sitting at this table.

Tommy Bucks lights up when he sees Gloria approach.

TOMMY BUCKS

Gloria! What a surprise!

GLORIA

I was just coming in to use the john and I saw you.

TOMMY BUCKS

Sit. Join us.

ANGLE ON THE TABLE

From the bar. We see Gloria unsling the beach bag from over her shoulder and sit down, putting the bag under the table. PULL BACK to reveal we're looking at them in the mirror behind the bar.

CLOSE ON THE GUY IN THE STETSON

Watching Tommy Bucks and the others in the mirror. This is RAYLAN GIVENS, 40s. Raylan pushes back from the bar, walks into the restaurant. Harry sees him first.

HARRY

Raylan. You're late. I already checked him out. He's clean.

RAYLAN

You look in his socks? He took an ankle gun off me in Italy, though I doubt he's wearing it.

TOMMY BUCKS

Not my style.

HARRY

Look, Raylan, Tommy and I been talking, and he's cool with me now. He knows it was all a mistake.

RAYLAN

(to Tommy Bucks)

The airport's a good forty-five from here, but you'll make it if you leave in the next ten minutes.

TOMMY BUCKS

I thought I had until two-fifteen.

RAYLAN

Yeah, well, now you got ten minutes.

HARRY

You know what you're talking about? If you do, let me in on it.

TOMMY BUCKS

What it means, your friend gave me twenty-four hours to get out of the country, do you believe that?

Harry and Joyce look at Raylan -- is that true?

RAYLAN

(to Gloria)

Honey, you're through here, aren't you?

Gloria doesn't move right away. Raylan pulls her chair back. Gloria looks at Tommy Bucks. He gives a nod. Gloria gets up, walks off.

JOYCE

I think Gloria forgot her beach bag.

RAYLAN
 She'll get it later. Harry, why
 don't you take Joyce to the bar for
 a drink.

HARRY
 Raylan, I'm telling you, me and
 Tommy, we're good.

RAYLAN
 Go on.

Joyce and Harry look at each other, shrug, get up and walk
 off. Raylan takes a seat across the table from Tommy Bucks,
 the table set with glasses and silverware. A WAITER comes up
 to Tommy Bucks.

WAITER
 Would you like another iced tea?

Tommy Bucks shakes his head. The waiter looks to Raylan.

WAITER (CONT'D)
 Anything for you, sir?

RAYLAN
 Give me about three minutes and
 come back.

The waiter walks off.

TOMMY BUCKS
 You don't look at your watch. How
 do you know it's three minutes?

RAYLAN
 I'm estimating. Now it's two
 minutes.

TOMMY BUCKS
 You don't know that!

Raylan shrugs.

TOMMY BUCKS (CONT'D)
 You don't have the permission, what
 you're doing, the authority.

RAYLAN
 An officer of the law tells an
 undesirable like yourself to get
 out of town.

(MORE)

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
It's done all the time. If you
don't choose to leave, then we play
by your rules.

TOMMY BUCKS
I don't *have* rules.

RAYLAN
That's what I mean. You have one
minute.

TOMMY BUCKS
You just got done saying two
minutes!

RAYLAN
Time flies, huh? Make up your mind.

TOMMY BUCKS
I coulda shot you in Italy.

RAYLAN
Maybe you should've. I was unarmed
then. Just like the man you
killed.

TOMMY BUCKS
He was a good friend of yours?

RAYLAN
Didn't know him that well. Thirty
seconds.

TOMMY BUCKS
Now *I'm* unarmed. You gonna shoot
me?

RAYLAN
You're not unarmed.

TOMMY BUCKS
Harry told you. I don't have a
gun.

RAYLAN
Then what's in the beach bag your
friend left you?

TOMMY BUCKS
Okay, okay. Fine. You want me to
leave Harry alone? You got it. I
don't care. He's nothing to me.

RAYLAN
He's nothing much to me either.
Twenty seconds.

TOMMY BUCKS
Then why you doing this?

RAYLAN
Ten seconds.

Tommy Bucks looks at Raylan, really stares at him. Nods.

TOMMY BUCKS
Okay. You're going to get what you
want.

Under the table, Tommy's hand comes out of the beach bag with
a pistol.

Joyce and Harry, watching from the bar. They see a glint of
metal in Tommy Bucks' hand.

HARRY
HE'S GOT A GUN!

Raylan goes for his Beretta, fast.

Tommy Bucks clears the table with his gun barrel and is about
to fire, but...

Raylan fires first, through two water glasses, into Tommy
Bucks' chest.

Tommy is startled. He tries again to fire.

Raylan shoots him again, jolting him, causing Tommy Bucks to
fire into the table, sending more glass and china flying.
Raylan shoots Tommy again and waits, the butt of his gun
resting on the table.

Tommy Bucks looks at him, staring, before his shoulders go
slack and he lowers his head to the table.

Raylan lays his gun on the table, stands.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

I/E. RAYLAN'S CAR/HIGHWAY - DUSK

Raylan drives a Cadillac on the highway. A sign ahead indicates the next exit is for Ocala. Raylan takes the exit.

Super: One week later

EXT. OCALA POLICE STATION - DUSK

Raylan is leading DALE, 20, a rangy kid. Two OCALA POLICE OFFICERS watch.

OCALA POLICE OFFICER #1
Just you escorting him?

RAYLAN
Strike team's shorthanded at the moment. I believe I'll manage.

Raylan walks off with Dale. The officers watch him go.

OCALA POLICE OFFICER #1
He believes he'll manage...

OCALA POLICE OFFICER #2
Don't you know who that is? He's the one the Mafia guy drew on last week in Miami Beach, the two of them sitting at the same table. That marshal shot him dead. Raylan Givens. It was on the news.

OCALA POLICE OFFICER #1
I don't care who he is. How do you transport a prisoner by yourself?

I/E. RAYLAN'S CAR/STREETS OF OCALA - NIGHT

Dale drives. Raylan sits in the passenger seat.

DALE
I know who you are. Saw it on the news. Just like the Old West, huh? A real shoot-out.

(no answer)

So. Marshals drive Caddies now? Or was this confiscated?

(no answer)

I had a Caddy myself one time, till I sold it for parts and went to work at Disney's.

(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)
 You know what I tried out for?
 Goofy. Mickey Mouse's friend?
 Only you had to water-ski and I
 couldn't get the hang of it--

RAYLAN
 If you're gonna talk, I'll put you
 in the trunk and drive myself.

Dale nods. They drive in silence for a bit.

DALE
 I don't see why we can't talk some.
 Pass the time.

RAYLAN
 I don't care to hear any sad
 stories, all the bad luck and bum
 deals life's handed you.

Another bit of silence. Dale can't help himself.

DALE
 My dad's never been to Palm Beach
 or seen the ocean. Never got
 closer'n Twenty Mile Bend. You
 believe it? Spent his whole life
 over there around Belle Glade,
 Canal Point, Pahokee.
 (beat)
 I only mention it, 'cause if we was
 to get off the turnpike near Stuart
 we could take Seventy-six over to
 the lake, run on down to Belle
 Glade. Wouldn't be more than a few
 miles out of the way and I'd get to
 see my folks. What would you say
 to that?
 (waits, gets nothing)
 Not much, huh?

RAYLAN
 Your old dad's never been to Palm
 Beach or seen the ocean, but he's
 been up to Starke, hasn't he? Seen
 the inside of the Florida state
 prison. You have an uncle who came
 out of there and another did his time
 at Lake Butler. I think we'll skip
 visiting any of your kin this trip.

DALE
 My uncles're both dead.

RAYLAN
By gunshot, huh? You understand
how I see your people?

Dale nods. Then very suddenly he tries to club Raylan in the throat with his fist. Raylan deflects the blow and kicks Dale in the face with the heel of his cowboy boot. Dale swerves off the road. A second later, Raylan has his Beretta to Dale's face.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Stop the car.

Dale stops the car. Raylan hands Dale handcuffs.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Put one on your left wrist and snap
the other one to the wheel.

Dale does as he's told, blood dripping from his nose.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
Now drive.

DALE
I can't drive handcuffed to the
steering wheel!

RAYLAN
You'll get the hang of it.

Dale exhales, gets back onto the road.

DALE
You gonna report what I did, get me
another couple years?

RAYLAN
I'm not your problem.

Dale slows for a light, stops.

DALE
I just wanna know if--

WHAM! They are rear-ended.

DALE (CONT'D)
God *damn*!

Raylan looks back to see a pickup easing back, making sure the bumpers aren't locked.

Raylan gets out of the Caddy to see two young black men get out of the pickup, one wearing a CROCHETED SKULLCAP and the other with his hair in CORNROWS. Raylan sees Cornrows holding something against his leg -- a pistol. Raylan pretends not to see it, goes to look at the damage.

CORNROWS

You see what I got here?

He shows the gun to Raylan. Raylan nods. Skullcap heads for the driver's window.

CORNROWS (CONT'D)

We gonna trade, let you have a pickup for this here. You see a problem with that?

Raylan shakes his head. Skullcap looks in the car.

SKULLCAP

What the fuck?
(to Cornrows)
Come here look at this.

The moment Cornrows turns his head, Raylan opens the trunk and pulls out a Remington 12-gauge. He points the gun at the two carjackers, racks a load.

RAYLAN

Let go of the pistol.

Cornrows debates what to do.

DALE

Do what he says. He's the marshal
outdrew that Mob guy in Miami.

RAYLAN

And now I've got a shotgun with a
shell in the chamber. Not much
drawing involved.

Cornrows drops the pistol.

I/E. RAYLAN'S CAR/HIGHWAY - NIGHT

PAN ACROSS THE FRONT SEAT. Dale is still driving, handcuffed to the wheel. Cornrows and Skullcap are next to him, handcuffed together in a criss-cross fashion. Raylan sits in back, shotgun visible. After some silence...

CORNROWS

Saw that on the news. You and that greaser in Miami. Folks talking about it, saying if it was them, they coulda beat you.

(beat)

Whaddya think? If you just had your handgun, you think you coulda beat me?

Raylan says nothing. After a beat...

DALE

He's not much of a talker.

On they go.

INT. US MARSHAL'S OFFICE - SOUTHERN DISTRICT - DAY

Raylan is sitting across from his boss, DAN GRANT, 50.

DAN

Look, you wear what you wear, and you are what you are, and I put up with it 'cause you get the job done. 'Cept now I'm to understand you've become a target for all the mental wizards out there who wanna prove themselves.

RAYLAN

I don't know if you can generalize from the word of two carjackers--

DAN

You think they're the only ones talking this shit? It's all through the FDC. Apparently there's a long line of idiots who want a crack at you. As much as I would like to frame this as my concern for your safety, it also wouldn't look real good if one of my deputies is gunned down in a shootout with some yahoo who wants to prove he's the quicker draw.

RAYLAN

What makes you think I'd lose?

Dan gives him a look.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

You want me to take some time off?

DAN

No. I want you to take a temporary reassignment.

RAYLAN

Where?

DAN

That's up to you. There are five districts nationwide low on manpower, could use you.

RAYLAN

Is Eastern Kentucky on that list?

DAN

It is.

RAYLAN

I'll go there.

DAN

You don't want to think about it?

RAYLAN

That's where I grew up. And I know the marshal, Art Mullen. He and I taught firearms at Glynco.

DAN

You still got family in Kentucky?

RAYLAN

Ex-wife in Lexington. I believe my father's still down in Harlan.

DAN

You believe?

RAYLAN

(shrugs, then:)

There's another reason I'd like to go. I was checking out the national suspects list and I saw a name in Eastern Kentucky I recognized: Boyd Crowder.

(off Dan's look)

He was a guy I knew growing up. Back when we were 19, we dug coal together.

INT. COAL MINE - DAY - FLASHBACK

19-YEAR-OLD RAYLAN and 19-YEAR-OLD BOYD are jack-hammering at a pillar of coal in a worked-out mine with a four foot seam.

RAYLAN (V.O.)

We started out robbing mines.
That's where you go into a worked-out mine and chop into the pillars of coal holding up the roof. We did it because we were young and could move fast.

Young Boyd thinks he hears something, shuts off his jackhammer, taps Young Raylan and makes a slashing motion across his throat. Young Raylan shuts down his jackhammer as well. They hear a groaning, cracking sound. Chunks of rock start crumbling down from the ceiling.

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

'Cause if you chop out too much of the pillar, the roof starts coming down and you have to run like hell.

Young Raylan and Young Boyd drop their jackhammers and run as fast as they can, hunched over in the four-foot seam of the mine. They run to the exit shaft, the long line of lights behind them winking out one by one as the ceiling comes down.

Young Raylan and Young Boyd get into the elevator, shut the gate and hit the emergency UP button as a cloud of coal dust floods into the shaft.

As the elevator starts shooting up, Young Raylan and Young Boyd are clearly terrified and exhilarated.

CLOSE ON YOUNG BOYD, eyes afire, teeth flashing white against his coal-blackened face, laughing his ass off.

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

Anyway, yesterday I saw Boyd's name on the list, and what I want to know is: how did the kid I knew when I was 19 come to be a white supremacist moron suspected in a string of bombings and bank robberies?

MATCH CUT TO:

I/E. CHEVY BLAZER/DOWNTOWN CINCINNATI - NIGHT

CLOSE ON BOYD CROWDER, now a man in his 40s. He's in the passenger seat, looking out at something.

JARED (O.C.)
Well, Boyd, whaddya think?

BOYD
Well, Jared, I think it sucks.

REVEAL JARED, 20s, an eager, disappointed skinhead.

JARED
What? Why?

They are looking at a building under construction. A sign on the hoarding around the site says the new building will be an annex to the Federal courthouse.

BOYD
No offense, son, but you'd need a box full of Emulex to bring that down. All's we got is an RPG. Most it's gonna do is rip up some sheetrock and knock over a few sawhorses. But don't worry. We'll just go to Plan B.

JARED
Plan B?

BOYD
There's always a Plan B.

I/E. CHEVY BLAZER/CINCINNATI BLACK NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Jared drives, with Boyd beside him. They roll through a predominantly black neighborhood. Some BLACK TEENAGERS on a corner eyeball them as they pass.

BOYD
Used to be, a coupla crackers in an SUV would set the jungle on edge. But they all confident now they got one of their own in the White House. These surely are the end times.

Boyd looks ahead, sees what he's looking for.

BOYD (CONT'D)
There it is. Go past slow.

Jared drives past a rickety old wood church. The handpainted sign out front reads: **Temple of the Cool and Beautiful JC.**

BOYD (CONT'D)
Turn left that next street and
stop. I believe I can take 'er
from there.

JARED
(panic rising)
You gonna blow up that church?

Boyd climbs into the back. He unfolds a tarp in the way-
back, revealing an AK-47 and a Chinese grenade launcher.

JARED (CONT'D)
Boyd, there's people on the street.

Sure enough, there's a TALL BLACK MAN, 30s, wearing a dashiki
and a pillbox hat, on the sidewalk in front of the church,
talking to FOUR YOUNG BLACK MEN.

JARED (CONT'D)
They're gonna see us, ID my car!

BOYD
You worried about your car, huh?

Boyd pulls the pin, flips the safety.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Get ready.

Boyd gets out of the Blazer. He hefts the launcher to his
shoulder, flips the sight up and takes aim.

BOYD (CONT'D)
FIRE IN THE HOLE!

The people in front of the church turn at the sound of Boyd's
voice. They see him and the grenade launcher, not quite sure
what to make of it.

Boyd pulls the trigger. The projectile rifles through the
air and smashes through a window of the church.

The people start running. Just in time.

The Temple of the Cool and Beautiful JC blows up.

EXT. COUNTRY BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Blazer is stopped on a bridge. Boyd tosses the grenade
launcher off the bridge into a deep dark stream. He walks to
the Blazer, gets in the back seat. The Blazer drives off.

EXT. CINCINNATI AIRPORT - LONG TERM PARKING - NIGHT

The Blazer heads into Long Term parking, goes down a row.

I/E. BLAZER/AIRPORT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jared drives, Boyd is still in the back seat.

BOYD

Don't worry about getting a close-in spot. Just go down to the end. Walk won't hurt us.

Jared nods, keeps driving.

BOYD (CONT'D)

How come you didn't want to blow up that church?

JARED

I told you -- I didn't want them to ID my car.

BOYD

So you said.

(beat)

But I have to note, the target you selected was unoccupied.

JARED

So?

BOYD

I was thinking maybe you had an aversion to hurting people.

JARED

Hell, no.

BOYD

Ah, well, see, I was *also* thinking a building under construction is the kind of target the Federal Bureau of Imperialism would offer up as sacrifice in order to get someone deep in the movement.

JARED

You think I'm a snitch?

BOYD

All I know is, you don't have any tattoos and you keep rubbing your head like you're not sure if your hair's gonna grow back.

JARED

You think I'm a snitch because I rub my head?

BOYD

Calm down. Just pull in behind that Tahoe.

Jared pulls into a spot, turns off the car.

BOYD (CONT'D)

You understand my concerns, right? You show up from Oklahoma full of piss and vinegar, saying you're tired of spray-painting synagogues, you want to blow shit up--

JARED

You don't believe me, check me out! Call Oklahoma!

BOYD

Don't worry, we are. Devil's doing it right now.

JARED

You'll see, Boyd. I ain't no snitch.

BOYD

Well, like you said, we'll see.

And with that, Boyd puts the tip of the AK barrel up against the back of Jared's headrest and pulls the trigger. The bullet goes through Jared's head and through the windshield.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Boyd gets out of the Blazer. He pulls out his cell and dials as he checks out the damage. The bullet went clear through the backglass and windshield of the Tahoe in front of them.

BOYD

(into cell)
It's me.

INT. BACKWOODS CHURCH - NIGHT - CROSSCUT

A decrepit place. It hasn't served as a church in twenty years. The walls are covered in swastika flags and other white power signs.

DEVIL, 30s, is on his cell. He's wiry, tough, smarter than all of them, save Boyd. In the b.g. are DEWEY and the PORK BROTHERS, all in their 20s, playing a video game. Dewey (spiked hair and necklace of gator teeth) thinks he's a good deal smarter than he really is. The Pork Brothers are under no illusions about their intelligence -- they are muscle and are happy to have found a place in this world.

DEVIL
(into cell)
How'd it go?

BOYD
The primary was a waste of time.
Took care of the secondary just fine.

DEVIL
Where are you?

BOYD
At the airport. I'm coming into
London-Corbin on the late shuttle.

DEVIL
Got a call from Oklahoma. Jared
checks out.

BOYD
Oh?

Boyd's looking at dead Jared in the Blazer.

DEVIL
How'd he do?

BOYD
Yeah, I had to let Jared go.

DEVIL
(beat)
Oh.
(beat)
Was it you didn't trust him or you
just didn't like him much?

BOYD
 (thinks)
 I guess both.

EXT. CINCINNATI AIRPORT - NIGHT

Boyd walks toward the airport, traffic light on the roads.

TIME LAPSE TO:

EXT. CINCINNATI AIRPORT - DAY

Morning now, traffic heavy.

INT. CINCINNATI AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Raylan enters baggage claim, slows, smiles when he sees...

ART MULLEN, 50s, waiting for him.

RAYLAN
 Hello, Art.

ART
 Raylan.

They shake hands.

RAYLAN
 Thought I was driving down.

ART
 There's been a development.
 Thought if I came and got you we
 could catch up. You got bags?

RAYLAN
 Two.

ART
 Whaddya say we get some coffee
 while they come down.

They walk.

ART (CONT'D)
 You still look the same as you did
 at Glynco. Same suit, same boots.

RAYLAN
 The boots're fairly new.

ART
Don't tell me that hat is.

RAYLAN
No, it's old.

INT. CINCINNATI AIRPORT - TERMINAL COFFEE BAR - DAY
Raylan and Art are at a table, drinking coffee.

ART
Tell me what you remember of Boyd Crowder.

RAYLAN
Well, we dug coal side by side for Eastover Mining, near Brookside. Boyd was senior to me, became a powderman. He'd crawl down a hole with his case of Emulex five-twenty and come out stringing wire. He'd call out "Fire in the hole!" to clear the shaft.

ART
Fire in the hole, huh?

RAYLAN
She'd blow and we'd go back in to dig out the pieces. We weren't what you'd call buddies, but you work a deep mine with a man you look out for each other.
(beat)
When we struck Eastover, Duke Power brought in scabs and gun thugs. Their cars'd drive in, Boyd'd be waiting to swing at 'em with a wrecking bar. He was put in jail twice. Then he shot one of the scabs, almost killed him. He took off and that's the last I saw of him. I heard he joined the army, went to Kuwait for Desert Storm. Came out and what happened, he went to prison?

ART
Came out pissing and moaning 'cause we quit in Iraq, didn't get the job done. Then he bought a truck, went to work hauling timber for the mines.

(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)
 Ten years never paid his income tax,
 refused to, claiming he was a
 sovereign citizen. U.S. Attorney
 sent him to Alderson. That's where
 he got into the Patriot Movement.
 You read his sheet?

RAYLAN
 (nods)
 How much is true?

ART
 Hard to say.

RAYLAN
 He has his own army now? Bunch of
 serious morons sieg-heilin' each other?

ART
 More serious'n you'd think. Calls
 his outfit Crowder's Commandos.
 He's got 'em making ANFO bombs.
 They drive to a town like Somerset,
 blow up somebody's car to get the
 police busy and go rob a bank.

RAYLAN
 I saw that in a Steve McQueen movie.

ART
 Well, these people aren't movie
 actors. We were all set to head
 down to Harlan when we got a call.
 Which is why we're in Cincinnati
 for the day. Whaddya say we get
 your bags and head over to the
 crime scene.

Raylan looks at Art -- crime scene?

EXT. CINCINNATI AIRPORT - LONG TERM PARKING - DAY

A crime scene has been set up around Jared's Chevy Blazer.
 Jared's body is still behind the wheel. CSI are doing their
 work. Raylan and Art are walking around the Blazer.

ART
 Airport Police found him just after
 dawn. Name's Jared Hale, on file
 with the Bureau as some kind of
 Aryan knight. Oklahoma driver's
 license and registration.

RAYLAN

You got him connected to Boyd?

ART

(shrugs -- maybe)

Jared's sister in Tulsa says he came to Kentucky to hook up with some commandos.

Raylan nods. Art points at an AK on an evidence table.

ART (CONT'D)

Could be the murder weapon. Recently fired. No prints so far. The whole vehicle's clean. Except for this.

Art points to a cardboard tube on the evidence table.

ART (CONT'D)

You know what that is? I didn't. Apparently it hooks onto the back of a grenade launcher. Holds the propellant, the juice.

RAYLAN

A grenade launcher.

ART

Yup. And last night, a few minutes past nine, in a black neighborhood just outside of downtown, somebody used a grenade launcher to blow up a church.

EXT. TEMPLE OF THE COOL AND BEAUTIFUL JC - DAY

CLOSE ON the church's sign, on the pavement, charred and splintered. REVEAL the crime scene -- the burned-out remains of the church. Cop cars. Police tape. CSIs.

Raylan is walking with Art and two other members of Art's Special Operations Group -- TIM GUTTERSON, 29, and FRANK GARCIA, 35. Tim is clean-cut and buttoned-down. Frank has been doing this too long to take any of it too seriously. Tim is going over notes for Raylan.

TIM

All the wits say the same: Two white males drove up in a dark SUV, parked at that corner by the cone.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

One male got out with something on his shoulder -- several of them said it looked like a bazooka. He said a few words, then something shot out of the bazooka, hit the church and detonated.

RAYLAN

What did he say? The fella who got out of the SUV.

TIM

They all heard it differently. One said it was "Liars and ho's." Another heard "Time to go."

FRANK

My favorite? "Heidi Heidi Heidi Ho."

RAYLAN

Maybe we should put out an APB on Cab Calloway.

FRANK

I think he's dead.

RAYLAN

Then he should be easy to find.

Frank and Raylan exchange a look, appreciating the humor.

ART

I want you to hear what the Pastor says he heard.

Forty yards away, RACHEL DUPREE, 35, African American, is talking to the tall black man in a dashiki we saw outside the church when Boyd blew it to shit. He is ISRAEL FANDI, 40s. Their conversation is animated, their voices loud.

ART (CONT'D)

(to Raylan)

His name is Israel Fandi. He's Ethiopian by way of Jamaica. Believes marijuana is a sacramental herb. See, The Temple of the Cool and Beautiful JC didn't have any actual services per se. People just came here to get their supplies of sacramental herb.

RAYLAN

So, basically it was a dope store.

ART

Basically.

RAYLAN

Local law enforcement was okay with that?

FRANK

Fandi said if they busted him he'd take it to the Supreme Court on freedom of religion grounds. That type of crap takes a lot of time and money to defend and the neighbors weren't complaining and it was just a little reefer, so...

FANDI

I am finished talking to you!

Fandi walks away from Rachel. Art moves to head him off.

ART

Pastor Fandi, a moment please.

FANDI

(to Rachel)

It is protected by the Constitution!

RACHEL

The Constitution of Dope Sellers? 'Cause selling ganja to kids means you're a drug dealer--

FANDI

I provided a sacramental herb to my parishioners!

ART

Pastor, if I could--

FANDI

No! You could not!

ART

I swear, all I want is you to tell my colleague here what you believe you heard the man with the bazooka say before he pulled the trigger.

FANDI

Isn't a matter of *believing* what I heard. I *know* what I heard.

RAYLAN
What did he say?

FANDI
He said, "Fire in the hole."

With that, Fandi walks off. Art and Raylan share a look.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

I/E. CAR/LEXINGTON RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Raylan is driving a rental car. He pulls up to a red light, stops. He looks over, sees something.

HIS POV: A bus bench with an ad. There's a photo of a smiling couple and the slogan: **Gary and Winona Klass. Want to make Lexington realty a reality for you? Go First Klass!**

EXT. OPEN HOUSE - DAY

A three-bedroom home in a tidy suburban neighborhood, a For Sale sign out front. Raylan's car pulls up, stops.

INT. OPEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

GARY KLASS, 40s, isn't smiling like he was on the bus bench. He's pulling books from boxes and putting them on shelves.

GARY

Have you done the vanilla yet?

WINONA (O.S.)

I'm busy!

GARY

I'm busy, too.

WINONA (O.S.)

Couldn't you get any new books?
Makes it look like an old man died
here.

GARY

How am I supposed to afford new
books, Winona, you tell me that.
(glances outside, reacts)
There's someone outside.

Gary stands, immediately going into realtor mode. WINONA, 40s, enters, also in realtor mode. They look out at the car.

GARY (CONT'D)

Town Car. That's good.

Winona gets an odd expression as she looks at the car and what she can see of the occupant. The Town Car drives off.

WINONA

(realizing)
Holy shit.

GARY

What?

WINONA

I think that was Raylan.

GARY

(unnerved)

Raylan?

WINONA

Honey, if he wanted to shoot you he woulda done it a long time ago. Not that he ever would. I don't think Raylan Givens ever acted out of anger in his life.

GARY

(beat)

Then what was he doing here?

WINONA

Oh, that's right, I forgot, I'm a telepathic mindreader.

I/E. CAR/HIGHWAY - DAY

Raylan drives past a sign welcoming him to Harlan County.

I/E. CAR/MAIN STREET, HARLAN - DAY

Raylan drives down Main Street. He passes Mack's Super Market. We HOLD ON the parking lot of Mack's as Raylan drives by.

Dewey -- Boyd's man with the spiked hair and gator-teeth necklace -- is pushing a loaded shopping cart way too fast. The cart slams into the back of a rusted-out Cadillac. Dewey whips open the trunk, tosses the bags of groceries inside.

He dashes to the driver's door, jumps in, not bothering to shut the trunk. He stomps on the gas, screams back in reverse, sends the shopping cart flying. He throws the Caddy into drive and peels out onto Main Street, handles of the plastic shopping bags flapping out the back.

EXT. BACKWOODS CHURCH - DAY

The Pork Brothers are chopping wood. Being the Pork Brothers, they have made a stupid and dangerous game out of it -- Pork Brother #1 holds a piece of wood on the chopping block, only removing his hand at the last possible second as Pork Brother #2 brings down the axe. Pork Brother #2 almost cuts his brother's hand off. They laugh.

PORK BROTHER #2
That was a close one!

PORK BROTHER #1
I felt the air move!

They turn as Dewey tears into the clearing, stomps on the brakes, throwing up a shower of dirt. Dewey jumps out.

DEWEY
BOYD!

The Caddy rolls forward at idle speed. Dewey curses, gets back in, shuts it down, jumps back out again.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
BOYD!

PORK BROTHER #1
What is it?

DEWEY
I asked for Boyd, not you! BOYD!

Boyd and Devil come out of the church.

BOYD
What's all the fuss? They out of Velveeta?

DEWEY
Your brother got shot.

BOYD
What? Where?

DEWEY
At his house.

BOYD
No, you moron, where on his body?

DEWEY
I don't know.

BOYD
Well, is it serious?

DEWEY
Oh, yeah. He's dead.

That stops Boyd.

EXT. HARLAN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Establishing.

ART (PRE-LAP)
You know Bowman, Boyd's brother?

INT. HARLAN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - SOG OFFICES - DAY

Raylan is with Art and his SOG (Rachel, Frank and Tim).

RAYLAN
He was a star running back in high school. Boyd was always saying Bowman had the goods to go pro. I was never that sure.

ART
You remember the girl he married, Ava?

RAYLAN
I knew an Ava, lived down the street. She's married to Bowman?

FRANK
Was. She ended the union yesterday with a thirty-ought-six, plugged him through the heart.

RACHEL
Said she got tired of him getting drunk and beating her up.

TIM
She was arraigned this morning. Released on her own recognizance.

ART
Seems the prosecutor is aware of what a known a-hole Bowman was and would rather plea it out than go to trial. I was thinking she might be a way for us to find Boyd.

RAYLAN

You speak to her?

RACHEL

I did. I told her Boyd's probably gonna come looking for her. She said it's none of our business. I told her it is if he shoots her.

FRANK

And what did you tell her first?

RACHEL

I told her the only problem with what she did is she waited too long. First time he laid a hand on her, she should've cut off his man-beans with a tiling knife.

FRANK

Man-beans. Lovely.

ART

(to Raylan)

You want to talk to Ava?

RAYLAN

I wouldn't mind.

I/E. CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Raylan drives along a two-lane blacktop, comes to a t-intersection. There's a shuttered, out-of-season fruit stand across the road. On top of the fruit stand, a weathered billboard proclaims: JESUS SAVES! Raylan turns left.

I/E. CAR/NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Raylan drives along a narrow, twisting one-lane dirt road that winds through the trees. Raylan is deep in thought as he drives. Thinking. Remembering. In his mind he hears the crunch of a football tackle and the roar of a crowd.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY - FLASHBACK

19-year-old Raylan is in the stands with 19-year-old Boyd, watching the high school game. At least Boyd is watching the game. Raylan can't take his eyes off...

THE CHEERLEADERS. One in particular. A strikingly pretty 16-year-old blonde -- YOUNG AVA. She can feel his eyes. She looks up at him. Smiles.

Young Raylan, caught, manages a smile in return, then steers his vision back to the game.

I/E. CAR/NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Raylan snaps out of his reverie as he comes around a bend in the narrow road and sees a red Dodge pickup parked in front of a one-story with aluminum awnings set among the pines.

INT. AVA'S HOUSE - DAY

Raylan walks up to the open front door, peers inside. He's about to knock when a woman comes out of the back. AVA, 40s, in a soiled t-shirt over a housedress, her hair a mess. It only takes her a second to realize who she's looking at.

AVA

Oh my God -- Raylan.

RAYLAN

(stepping inside)
You remember me, huh?

AVA

I never forgot you.

Ava steps up to hug him. Raylan quite naturally takes her in his arms. And then she kisses him. On the lips. And Raylan doesn't stop her. He hangs with the kiss until Ava finally pulls back.

AVA (CONT'D)

I had a crush on you from the time
I was twelve years old. I knew you
liked me, but you didn't want to
show it.

RAYLAN

You were too young.

AVA

I was sixteen when you left. I heard
you got married. Are you still?

RAYLAN

Turned out to be a mistake.

AVA

You want to talk about mistakes...
I told Bowman I wanted a divorce?
He goes, "You file, you'll never be
seen again." Said I'd disappear
from the face of the earth.

A look passes between them. Ava aims to change the mood.

AVA (CONT'D)

Coffee?

RAYLAN

I'd love some.

Raylan follows Ava into the kitchen, watches her make coffee.

AVA

I married him a year out of high school because he was cute, he was sure of himself and he told me he'd never work in a goddamn coal mine. He'd wear the blue and white of the University of Kentucky then get drafted by a pro team, he wouldn't mind the Cowboys. But colleges either wouldn't take his grades or didn't think he was good enough. He blamed me for it. Said it was all my fault. My fault he had to dig coal. My fault he hit me.

(beat)

I ran off to Corbin and got a job at the Holiday Inn waiting tables. He wooed me back, saying he missed me. Wasn't long before it was all my fault again. My fault I miscarried after he beat me with his belt. My fault he didn't have a son to take hunting with him and his creepy brother.

(beat)

Last time he hit me it was because I called his brother creepy. He kept after me with his belt till I fell and hit my head on the stove.

(beat)

I got up from that floor knowing he would never hit me again.

(beat)

The next night, he came in, I had his favorite supper on the table -- ham and yams, cream-style corn and leftover okra fixed with tomatoes. I waited until he was shoveling food into his face, then got his deer rifle from the kitchen closet and went in and did what I had to do.

Raylan looks at the table where Bowman met his end.

RAYLAN

Did you load the rifle before firing it?

AVA

Is that my old friend Raylan asking or is that the lawman?

(before he can answer)

Bowman always kept it loaded. I've still got a knot where I fell and hit my head on the stove. You want to feel it?

Ava puts her fingers into her hair, probing for the bump. She stops.

AVA (CONT'D)

Dear Lord my hair's a mess.

She hurries to the bedroom.

AVA (CONT'D)

You close your eyes, I don't want you to see me like this.

Ava disappears into the bedroom, shuts the door. Raylan pours himself a cup of coffee. Ava calls out.

AVA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I was always proud of you, what you done with your life. Some folks thought it odd, but it always made perfect sense to me.

RAYLAN

How so?

AVA (O.S.)

Your house was crazy, but you always walked the line. Raylan Givens had his rules -- like not making time for a pretty cheerleader who had a crush on him.

(beat)

I heard your father isn't doing well. You been to see him?

RAYLAN

Not yet.

AVA (O.S.)

What would you do if you dropped by and he was up to something?

RAYLAN

Depends on what he was up to I suppose.

AVA (O.S.)

By the way, I was right.

RAYLAN

About what?

AVA (O.S.)

About having a crush on you.
You're a good kisser.

RAYLAN

And I was thinking we have to stop
doing that.

AVA (O.S.)

Why?

RAYLAN

This isn't a social call, Ava. I
came to Harlan on business.

AVA (O.S.)

You tell me all about your business
when I get out of the shower.

Raylan hears the shower start. A beat, then the front door
bangs open and in walks Dewey. He looks Raylan up and down.

DEWEY

Who in the hell are you, the
undertaker?

RAYLAN

I might be undertaking a situation.
Let's see what you got on your chest.

Raylan just walks up to Dewey and parts his shirt to reveal
the HEIL HITLER tattoo and the gator-teeth necklace.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

You buy that necklace or poach the
gator and yank her teeth out?

DEWEY

Who are you?

Raylan flips open his case to show his star.

RAYLAN

I'm Raylan Givens, deputy United States marshal.

(flips case closed)

You mind telling me who you are?

DEWEY

I'm Dewey. Dewey Crowe.

RAYLAN

What are you doing here, Mr. Crowe?

DEWEY

I come to take Ava some place.

RAYLAN

Lemme tell you something. You don't walk in a person's house 'less you're invited. What you better do, go on outside and knock on the door. If Ava wants to see you I'll let you in. She doesn't, you can be on your way.

Raylan watches Dewey, curious to see how he'll take it.

DEWEY

All right. I'm gonna go out.

(beat)

Then I'm coming back in.

Dewey turns and heads out the door.

I/E. AVA'S HOUSE - DAY

Raylan walks over and stands in the doorway. He watches Dewey hurry to his old Caddy and open the trunk. Raylan takes off his suit coat and hooks it on the doorknob.

EXT. AVA'S HOUSE - DAY

Dewey shuts the Caddy trunk lid, revealing a pump shotgun in his hand. He heads for the house, slowing when he sees Raylan coming out. He points the shotgun at Raylan.

RAYLAN

Mr. Crowe? You better hold on there while I tell you something.

Dewey stops.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

I want you to understand, I don't pull my sidearm 'less I'm gonna shoot to kill. That's it's purpose, huh, to kill. So it's how I use it. I want you to think about what I'm saying before you act and it's too late.

DEWEY

Jesus Christ, I got a scattergun pointed right at you.

RAYLAN

But can you rack in a load before I put a hole through you?

And Dewey does think about that. Raylan walks up to Dewey, pushes the barrel of the shotgun aside and takes Dewey by the arm to the Cadillac.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Where'd you want to take Ava?

DEWEY

Man, I don't understand you.

RAYLAN

Boyd want to see her?

DEWEY

It's none of your business.

RAYLAN

You know Boyd and I were buddies? We dug coal and drank beer together. You see him, tell him I'm in Harlan.

Dewey gets into the car, starts the engine. Raylan reaches through the open window, puts his hand on Dewey's shoulder.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

I was you, son, I'd drop this Nazi bullshit and go back to poaching gators, it's safer.

Dewey turns and looks up at Raylan.

DEWEY

The next time I see you--

Raylan grabs a handful of Dewey's spiked hair and slams his head down hard on the windowsill. Raylan hunches over to look at Dewey's face, tightened with pain.

RAYLAN

Tell Boyd his old buddy wants to see him. Raylan Givens.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. AVA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ava's in a tank top and shorts, a towel wrapped around her wet hair, pouring Jim Beam into a couple of tumblers.

AVA

You want something with yours? I've got Diet Coke, RC, Dr. Pepper...

RAYLAN

Just ice, if you have some.

Ava nods, gets an ice tray from the freezer.

AVA

I ever forget to fill the trays Bowman'd start slapping me. "What's wrong with you? Don't you know how to keep house?"

Ava puts ice in the tumblers, carries them over to the table where she shot Bowman to death. She and Raylan sit.

RAYLAN

You haven't seen Boyd, have you? I mean since?

AVA

No, but he'll be after me, I know. He's *been* after me. I assume that's the reason he sent Dewey. Why? You looking for him?

RAYLAN

We are. But we have to catch him in the act. Robbing a bank, blowing up a church... making an attempt on your life.

AVA

Mine?

RAYLAN

You said yourself he'll be coming after you.

AVA

Raylan, Boyd don't want to shoot me, he wants to... go to bed with me. You want me to help you catch him?

RAYLAN

Do you know where he is?

AVA

Sure I do. He's in church.

(off Raylan's look)

He bought an old rundown chapel up on Sukey Ridge.

EXT. BACKWOODS CHURCH - DUSK

Raylan steers his Town Car into the clearing.

INT. BACKWOODS CHURCH - DUSK

Devil is at the window.

DEVIL

Who do you know drives a Town Car?

BOYD

Why don't we find out.

DEVIL

Ain't anyone I've seen before.

Boyd goes to the window, looks out, sees a man in a Stetson approaching. Boyd breaks into a wide smile.

BOYD

It's my old buddy, Raylan Givens.

EXT. BACKWOODS CHURCH - DUSK

As Raylan approaches, Boyd and Devil come out. Boyd opens his arms, beaming.

BOYD

God *damn*, look at you, a suit and necktie, all dressed up to look like a lawman.

Boyd hugs Raylan, pats him on the back. Then he looks at Devil and points at Raylan's hat.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Here's how you wear a hat, casual, not down on your goddamn ears.

(to Raylan)

I hear you called on Ava. My boy Dewey said he ran you off.

RAYLAN
You believe that?

BOYD
Not if you say it ain't so. Ava's
the one told you I was here?

RAYLAN
I talked her into it. Told her I
wouldn't tell anybody.

BOYD
How do you know she didn't send you
to me? So I could decide what to
do with you.

DEVIL
I'll take care of him.

BOYD
Go get a jar. And some glasses.
Clean ones. And just two. This is
me and Raylan's party.

Devil waits a second then heads inside.

BOYD (CONT'D)
He just got his release, so he's
looking for action.

RAYLAN
I can tell.

EXT. BACKWOODS CHURCH - NIGHT

Boyd pours a few inches of corn liquor into each glass.

BOYD
(raises his glass)
To the old days.

Raylan nods, picks up a glass. They clink and drink.
Moonshine. Dear Lord. Raylan lets his eyes clear.

BOYD (CONT'D)
I hear your father's not well.

Raylan gives a small nod.

BOYD (CONT'D)
He sure was a wild man in his day,
wasn't he?

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

What was that scam he had, back in the '80s, during the coal boom? He was stealing mining machinery -- the expensive stuff, the continuous miners -- and shipping it to Columbia where they still had ten-foot seams of coal, and they were paying him in cocaine. Wasn't that it?

RAYLAN

Something like that.

BOYD

Then his drug mule was parachuting in with a hundred pounds of cocaine on his back and it overloaded the chute or what have you, and he streamered and punched a hole in a driveway outside of Corbin. Old geezer comes out to get his morning paper and there's a man with a parachute waist-deep in his asphalt.

(beat)

They never tied your old man to that, did they?

Raylan shakes his head.

BOYD (CONT'D)

You missed the next boom. No more following a seam underground. Cheaper just to cut the tops off mountains, let the slag run down and ruin the creeks.

(shakes head, smiles)

Remember when we was robbing mines? Chopping into those pillars, runnin' like hell when she began to cave.

(darkens)

Then there were the picket lines. Courts backing the company scabs and gun thugs. Whose side the government always been on, Raylan, us or the people with money?

(beat)

And who controls the money and wants to mongrelize the world?

RAYLAN

Who?

BOYD

The Jews.

RAYLAN

Boyd, you know any Jews?

BOYD

A few. I know they run the economy, control the Federal Reserve and the IRS. It's become the Jew-nited States of America now, my friend. I recruit skins, don't know more'n you, have to show 'em why we have a moral obligation to get rid of the Jews. It's in the Bible.

RAYLAN

Where?

BOYD

Part of Creation. Back at the beginning of time you have your mud people, referred to as beasts because they have no souls. And Cain -- you know Cain, don't you? -- well, he started screwing the mud people, and out of these fornications came the Edomites, and you know who the Edomites are?

RAYLAN

Tell me.

BOYD

The Jews.

RAYLAN

You're serious.

BOYD

Read your Bible as interpreted by experts.

RAYLAN

You know, Boyd, I think you just use the Bible to do whatever the hell you like.

BOYD

And what do I like?

RAYLAN

You like to get money and blow stuff up.

Raylan has struck a chord in Boyd, not that Boyd would admit it.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

I know about your friend Devil and his history selling dope. I'm willing to bet you blew up that church in Cincinnati, not because it was black, but because it was a dope store. Ten-to-one you got paid to do it by some of the other dope dealers around who didn't like the idea of that pastor getting a pass from the police. It was win-win for you, wasn't it, Boyd? Not only did you get to blow something to smithereens, you got money.

(beat)

See, I'm giving you the benefit you aren't mental. I know you aren't stupid enough to believe that mud people story.

Raylan and Boyd lock eyes for a moment.

BOYD

So, you think you know me, huh? Well, I know you, Deputy Marshall Raylan Givens. I know you like to shoot bad guys. I heard how you shot a wop gun thug in that hotel in Miami.

RAYLAN

You heard about that.

BOYD

We have television in these parts now, Raylan.

(beat)

What I wonder is, at any time while you were getting ready to shoot that Eye-talian fella, did his face change at all?

(off Raylan's look)

Did he -- even for a split-second -- did he take on the appearance of your poppa?

And now Boyd has nailed Raylan, not that Raylan would admit it, least of all not to Boyd. And so Raylan smiles.

RAYLAN

The reason I'm here, we're having a little line-up tomorrow morning--

BOYD
Tomorrow's Sunday.

RAYLAN
Justice never sleeps. We've got a witness who saw the man who fired the bazooka into the church. I sure would appreciate it if you'd be in that line-up.

BOYD
I bet you would.

RAYLAN
You either show up or we'll come get you.

BOYD
(beat)
You shoot me, you get the chance?

RAYLAN
You make me pull, I'll put you down.

Boyd nods.

EXT. BACKWOODS CHURCH - NIGHT

Raylan's Town Car heads off. Boyd watches him go. Devil comes out.

DEVIL
You kiss him goodbye?

BOYD
You want your jaw broke?

DEVIL
Why'd you let him go? I coulda put him away, easy.

BOYD
What I do with Raylan's my business.

I/E. CAR/HARLAN RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Raylan slows, stops, in front of a long driveway at the end of a leafy street. He picks up a stack of letters, bound with rubber bands.

ECU RETURN ADDRESS ON THE LETTERS: **323 Mountainview Drive.**

Raylan looks at the driveway. A sign reads: **323 Mountainview Drive**. Raylan just looks at the address for a moment longer, then puts his car in gear and drives off.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A pretty white clapboard church on a beautiful day. The PARISHIONERS are filing out after the Sunday service.

An ELDERLY MAN, 70s, comes out, slows when he sees someone.

ELDERLY MAN

I heard you were in Harlan.

Raylan's standing by his Town Car. This elderly man is RAYLAN'S FATHER.

RAYLAN'S FATHER

How'd you know I was here?

RAYLAN

I followed you.

RAYLAN'S FATHER

From the house?

(Raylan nods)

Why didn't you just come in?

RAYLAN

Didn't know what I'd find. I'm an officer of the law now. There's drugs in your house, I can't just look the other way.

Raylan's father laughs, shakes his head.

RAYLAN'S FATHER

Well, there are drugs there, all right. Paclitaxol. Carboplatin. Which sounds like something you do to your car.

(explaining)

I got a cancer, Raylan.

(beat)

I'm headed on outta here.

Raylan doesn't quite know what to say to that.

RAYLAN'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Not what you were hoping for, huh?

RAYLAN

What was I hoping for?

RAYLAN'S FATHER

Would only be a guess.

Raylan looks at his father, his face impossible to read.

INT. HARLAN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - OFFICE/HALLWAY - DAY

Pastor Israel Fandi is sitting in the dark, looking through the half-glass of a door into the brightly lit hallway.

Boyd is one of SIX MEN standing against the wall of the hallway, staring straight ahead.

In the office, Art, Raylan and the SOG are looking at Fandi. Finally, Fandi shakes his head -- sorry.

EXT. HARLAN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Raylan comes out with Boyd. Dewey and Devil are waiting by the pickup truck.

BOYD

Could be you've got the wrong man.

RAYLAN

Could also be he knows if he ID's you, your friends will kill him.

BOYD

That man you shot in Florida. Did I read that you gave him twenty-four hours to get out of town or you'd shoot him on sight?

RAYLAN

Was a gangster I saw shoot an unarmed man in a foreign land where I couldn't do anything about it. I didn't feel he deserved any special favors. I gave him the option to leave and he turned it down.

BOYD

Well, all the trouble you're causing me I thought I'd make you the same offer. Get out of Harlan County by tomorrow noon or I'll come looking for you. That sound fair?

RAYLAN

Now you're talking.

Boyd smiles, walks to his truck. HOLD ON Raylan.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HARLAN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - SOG OFFICES - DAY

Raylan is in with Art.

ART

It's become something personal?

RAYLAN

That's what it looks like, since Boyd and I go back, but I think the only personal part is him not making a play when I went to see him.

ART

What'd he say exactly? *He's coming for you or we're coming?*

RAYLAN

He said *he* was.

ART

But we don't know if he wants to shoot you or blow you up, do we?

Raylan shakes his head.

ART (CONT'D)

Or, Boyd might jump the gun, do it ahead of time, when you aren't looking. I was you I'd check under the car before you turn the key.

Raylan gives him a look.

ART (CONT'D)

We're like big game hunters. Only you're the bait, like a goat tethered to a post. All we have to do is keep you in sight.

(grins)

I knew bringing you here was a good idea.

Raylan just looks at him.

I/E. BOYD'S PICKUP/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Boyd is driving with Devil and Dewey beside him.

DEVIL

I thought you were giving him
twenty-four hours.

BOYD

What that means is the next time
you see the fella, not the next day
to the hour. Hell, he could be dug
in waiting for you.

(beat)

You know Raylan will have his own
people. We just have to separate
him from his pack of suits and get
him off by hisself.

DEVIL

You wanna blow up a car like when
we're going at a bank?

BOYD

What I want is for you fellas to
locate Raylan at the courthouse and
follow him. I'm gonna get the Pork
Brothers to watch the motel.

INT. HARLAN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Raylan comes out of the SOG offices. He's surprised to see
Ava coming down the hall in dress-up clothes and pearls.

RAYLAN

What brings you here?

AVA

My lawyer's talking to the
prosecutor. Come on with me while
I smoke.

EXT. HARLAN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Raylan and Ava sit on the bench in front of the Coal Miners
Memorial. Ava smokes.

AVA

I plead to manslaughter and I won't
have to go to prison. Though if I
have to, I have to. It was worth it.

(beat)

Hey, why don't you come by for
supper? I'll fix you something
nice. Pick up a couple of fryers
and fix you some hot biscuits and
gravy.

(MORE)

AVA (CONT'D)
 (grins)
 Look at you licking your lips.

RAYLAN
 All my life fried chicken's been my
 favorite. But I got work to do here.
 Don't know when I'll be done.

Ava stubs out her cigarette.

AVA
 I'm fixing it anyway.
 (looks him in the eye)
 You're a big boy, Raylan. You want
 to come, there's nothing on earth
 gonna stop you.

EXT. HARLAN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DOWN THE STREET - DAY

Devil and Dewey are watching Raylan and Ava from the front
 seat of Dewey's old Cadillac.

DEVIL
 Wasn't for Boyd I'd have me some of Ava.

DEWEY
 Wasn't for Boyd me and you could
 have us the marshal. Say we took
 him out, what would Boyd do, kick
 and scream? He does that anyways.

DEVIL
 You got the nerve to shoot a marshal?

DEWEY
 I got the nerve and a reason to.

They go silent for a moment.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
 We get out on the highway, I reach in
 back for the twelve-gauge and blow
 him away. What's wrong with that?

DEVIL
 There's nothing wrong with it.

Dewey nods.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

Except for the squad of Feds in front of and behind him watching you do it and shooting back until we're full of holes. Other than that there's nothing wrong with it at all.

Dewey frowns. Devil allows himself a small grin.

EXT. MOUNT-AIRE MOTEL - DUSK

An SUV, Raylan's Town Car, and another SUV roll into the parking lot of the Mount-Aire Motel on the highway.

The battered Cadillac pulls off the highway and stops.

I/E. CADILLAC/MOUNT-AIRE MOTEL - DUSK

Dewey watches the motel with binoculars. Devil gets on his cell, dials. Boyd picks up.

BOYD (V.O.)

(over cell)

Yup.

DEVIL

(into cell)

He's at the motel with his friends.

BOYD (V.O.)

You see *our* friends?

DEVIL

(looking)

I do.

He sees a pickup parked on the other side of the highway.

DEVIL (CONT'D)

You sure they're up for this? Feds usually have a shitload of firepower.

I/E. BOYD'S PICKUP/COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK - CROSSCUT

Boyd is in his pick up, on his cell with Devil.

BOYD

All's I need is for our fat friends to slow 'em down. Even a minute'll be enough.

DEVIL

They could get killed.

BOYD

I hope not. But if they do?
They're not that hard to replace.
You saw with Jared, there's lot of
folks want to hitch their star to
Crowder's Commandos. You just do
your part, they'll do theirs and
I'll do mine.

Boyd hangs up. PULL BACK to reveal he's parked by the shuttered fruit stand with the JESUS SAVES! billboard. He starts up his pickup and drives off.

INT. AVA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ava wears a pretty dress. Music is playing, the chicken is frying, the biscuits are baking, the gravy is bubbling and she's opening a bottle of wine.

There's a knock at the door and Ava smiles.

AVA

Come on in, Marshal! I'm just
opening the wine. It's probably
not as good as you're used to, but
you'd be surprised...

She trails off when she sees Boyd standing in her living room.

BOYD

Hello there, Ava. You expecting
someone?

And on Ava's expression--

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. AVA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ava looks at Boyd, decides there's no future in lying.

AVA

I invited Raylan for a homecooked supper but I don't know if he'll make it or not.

BOYD

Why don't you call him and remind him? He's at the Mount-Aire. Here's the number.

Boyd hands Ava a slip of paper.

AVA

You talked to him?

BOYD

Honey, me and Raylan are old buddies. I thought you knew that.

Ava hesitates, knowing something's off.

BOYD (CONT'D)

Go on, give him a call. But don't say I'm here.

AVA

Why not?

BOYD

I'm not staying, so why mention it. I can see you want to flirt with him some.

AVA

We was neighbors, that's all.

BOYD

I know, and you want to talk about old times and so on. Go on, call him.

INT. MOUNT-AIRE MOTEL - RAYLAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Raylan answers the ringing phone.

RAYLAN

(into phone)

Hello?

AVA (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Can you smell the chicken frying?

RAYLAN
 I sure can hear it.

AVA (V.O.)
 It'll be done by the time you get here.

Raylan thinks for a moment, brow furrowed.

RAYLAN
 I'm on my way.

INT. MOUNT-AIRE MOTEL - ART'S ROOM - NIGHT

Raylan is in with Art, Rachel, Frank and Tim.

ART
 Let's say he is there. You don't
 see it as Boyd using her?

RAYLAN
 I would except she asked me this
 afternoon at the courthouse.

ART
 She could've been setting you up then.
 (beat)
 I think we'll tag along.

RAYLAN
 I could give you directions, but it's
 a lot of "turn left at the falling
 down barn." You best just follow.

Art nods.

EXT. MOUNT-AIRE MOTEL - NIGHT

Raylan gets in the Town Car; Art and the others in the SUVs.
 They head out, Raylan in the lead.

I/E. CAR/PICKUP/SUVS/HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Raylan turns onto the highway. A second later...

A pickup lurches across the highway, gunfire spurting out of
 the driver's side window and over the cab.

Pork Brother #1 is driving, firing at the SUVs.

Pork Brother #2 is in the truck bed, shooting over the roof.

Both SUVs shudder to a halt as the occupants duck below the dashboard, their windshields spiderwebbing. They all bail out fast, taking cover behind their vehicles.

ON THE HIGHWAY

Raylan stomps on his brakes, starts to reverse. His cell rings. He sees the caller ID -- it's Art. Raylan answers.

RAYLAN
(into cell)
Where do you want me?

BY THE MOTEL

Art is on his cell, hunkered down behind his SUV with Tim.

ART
(into cell)
Keep going. Get Ava. We got this.

ON THE HIGHWAY

Raylan looks back at the stream of fire coming out of the pickup and hitting the SUVs.

RAYLAN
You got this?

ART (V.O.)
We do. Go.

BY THE MOTEL

Art shuts his cell, opens the back of the SUV, revealing an arsenal of automatic weapons. He and Tim each grab one.

TIM
Do you want me to kill them?

ART
Not yet.

He looks over at Frank and Rachel behind their SUV, arming themselves. He gestures to them. They nod, start running away from the firefight, keeping low, heading for the cover of the other cars parked in front of the motel.

ON THE HIGHWAY

Raylan throws his car into drive and tears off.

The Cadillac parked down the highway starts forward after Raylan, lights dark.

BY THE MOTEL

Tim is down on the pavement with his rifle, aiming beneath the SUV. He makes his shots coolly, with practiced aim, taking out the tires of the pickup. He gets back to his knees, looks at Art.

TIM
Kill 'em or wing 'em?

ART
Start with winging.

Tim nods, pops up, shoots twice -- through their SUV, out the windshield.

Pork Brother #1 is hit in the arm drops down behind the dash for cover. His brother is hit in the shoulder flops down in the bed of the truck.

Art and Tim go full auto and pump rounds into the windshield of the Pork Brothers' pickup.

WITH THE PORK BROTHERS

Hunkered down, glass showering down on them. And then the fire from Art and Tim abruptly stops.

PORK BROTHER #1
You okay?!

PORK BROTHER #2
I'm hit!

PORK BROTHER #1
Can you shoot?

PORK BROTHER #2
I think so!

PORK BROTHER #1
Then let's finish this.

Pork Brother #1 starts to rise up, then stops when he feels a pistol pressed to his temple. The pistol is held by Frank.

FRANK
Hey.

Pork Brother #2 starts to rise up in the truck bed when he hears a shotgun rack. He glances up to see Rachel pointing a shotgun at his head.

RACHEL

I've been looking for any excuse to blow some asshole's head off, so please do something stupid.

He lies back down, lets go of his AK.

I/E. CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Raylan comes to the T-intersection at the Jesus Saves billboard, makes the turn.

He checks his rearview, sees a car, lights out, make the turn and follow.

I/E. CAR/NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Raylan drives at a moderate speed down the narrow one-lane dirt road winding through the forest.

He checks his rearview -- the car is still following him, lights still out, about fifty yards back.

Raylan steps on the gas and shoots forward, now driving the winding road at a wild speed.

I/E. CADILLAC/NARROW COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Devil and Dewey see Raylan's car take off. Raylan's soon two bends ahead and out of sight. Devil turns on the lights.

DEWEY

He'll see us!

DEVIL

He's already seen us, you moron. You want we should wrap ourselves around a tree?

DEWEY

You're not gonna catch him.

DEVIL

Don't worry. I'll get us to Ava's in plenty of time. We'll back Boyd up when he makes his play.

(sees something)

Christ Almighty...

They've come round a bend to find the Town Car stopped in the middle of the narrow road. Devil has to break hard to keep from hitting it.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
The hell's he doing?

DEWEY
(looking at Devil)
He must be sneaking up on the house.

DEVIL
(looking past Dewey)
No, he ain't.

Because there's Raylan standing at Dewey's side of the car, hands resting on the sill next to Dewey.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
The hell are you doing?

DEWEY
Why you blocking the damn road?

Raylan doesn't say anything. He opens the back door, gets inside, picks up the shotgun and lays the barrel on the back of the front seat, between Devil and Dewey.

RAYLAN
Tell me what's going on.

Silence. Raylan racks the shotgun.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
I didn't hear you.

DEVIL
There ain't nothing going on. We's out riding around.

Raylan squeezes the trigger, putting a big hole in the windshield. Devil and Dewey clamp their hands over their ears, shake their heads. Raylan racks the pump again.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Boyd wants to talk to you is all.

RAYLAN
He told me he's gonna shoot me.

DEWEY
 (looks back)
 Then what're you asking us for,
 asshole?

Raylan smacks the barrel across Dewey's face, hard, making his nose run with blood.

RAYLAN
 An outlaw's life's hard, ain't it?

Raylan puts cuffs on the end of the shotgun barrel, holds them out to Devil.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
 Cuff your right hand, put the chain
 through the wheel and cuff gator boy.

Devil and Dewey do as their told.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
 Now your pistols and the keys.

EXT. AVA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Raylan approaches the house, shotgun barrel down. The door opens and there's Ava.

RAYLAN
 Don't feel you have to say anything.

AVA
 I swear to God, Raylan, I didn't
 know he was coming.

RAYLAN
 I believe you.

INT. AVA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ava steps back and Raylan enters. He sees Boyd, sitting at the table laid out with a platter of fried chicken, bowls of mashed potatoes, peas and carrots, a plate of biscuits and a gravy boat. Boyd is pointing an Army Colt .45 at Raylan.

BOYD
 No shotguns allowed. Toss it outside.

Raylan does.

BOYD (CONT'D)
 Ava, why don't you go to your
 bedroom, watch TV or something.
 (MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)
(she hesitates)
Go on.

Ava looks at Raylan. He gives her a small nod and she goes.

Boyd motions to Raylan with the .45.

BOYD (CONT'D)
Come on. Have a seat. Help
yourself. The gravy ain't bad.
Not as good as your mama's, but it
never is, huh?

Raylan sits at the other end of the table.

BOYD (CONT'D)
When you shot that Eye-talian guy,
was there food on the table?

RAYLAN
No, but it was set, glasses and dishes.

BOYD
Have something.

Raylan picks up a drumstick with his left hand.

BOYD (CONT'D)
You had your gun -- what was it?

RAYLAN
That time? A Beretta nine.

BOYD
Where was your gun -- where mine is?

RAYLAN
It was holstered.

BOYD
Bullshit.

RAYLAN
It was holstered.

BOYD
Where was his?

RAYLAN
In a beach bag, between his knees.

BOYD
What'd he have in the bag -- what
kind of piece?

RAYLAN
I don't recall.

BOYD
How'd you know when to pull?

RAYLAN
He went first.

BOYD
You gave him twenty-four hours --
the time was up when you shot him?

RAYLAN
Pretty close.

BOYD
How much time you think you got
left now?

RAYLAN
I thought till noon tomorrow.

BOYD
I'm saying it's right now, 'less
you want to eat first.

RAYLAN
You can call it off, I don't mind.

BOYD
If you're gonna keep after me,
might as well get 'er done.

RAYLAN
Your forty-five's on the table but I
have to pull. Is that how we do it?

BOYD
Well, shit yeah, it's my call.
What're you packing?

RAYLAN
You'll pay to find that out.

BOYD
Ice water in your veins, huh?
(beat)
You want a shot of Jim Beam to go
with it?
(calling over shoulder)
Ava! Could you get us...?

He trails off when he senses motion. Ava is approaching, but not from the bedroom. She's coming from the living room, shotgun leveled at Boyd.

AVA

You want to know what Bowman said when he looked up and saw me with his deer rifle?

BOYD

Honey, you only shoot people when they're having their supper?

He looks to Raylan for appreciation of his quip, gets nothing.

AVA

He had his mouth full of sweet potato and he said, "The hell you doing with that?"

BOYD

Honey, put it down, would you, please?

Boyd picks up a paper napkin, begins wiping his hands. Raylan tucks a napkin corner into his collar, smooths it with his right hand.

AVA

And you know what I said? I said, "I'm gonna shoot you, dummy."

Ava jerks the shotgun to her cheek and aims.

Boyd grabs his Colt and points it at Ava.

In one fluid motion, Raylan pulls his .45 and shoots Boyd dead center, punching him back out of his chair, just as Ava fires the shotgun, missing, a 12-gauge pattern ripping into the bare wall.

Raylan gets up, gun still in his hand, pulls away the napkin and walks over to Boyd.

AVA (CONT'D)

Is he dead?

Boyd's pistol is out of his hand. He's trying to say something. Raylan drops to one knee, listens.

BOYD

You killed me.

RAYLAN

I'm sorry. But you called it.

Ava watches Raylan with Boyd. Raylan stands.

AVA

He dead?

RAYLAN

He is now.

AVA

(beat)

Why'd you say you were sorry?

RAYLAN

(beat)

Boyd and I dug coal together.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

TAG

EXT. WINONA AND GARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing.

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

Gary and Winona are in bed, lights out, asleep. Gary wakes, gets out of bed, moves sleepily toward the bathroom.

WINONA
Toilet's broken.

Gary keeps going.

WINONA (CONT'D)
And do not even THINK of pissing in
the tub. Or the sink.

Gary changes course and heads out into the hall.

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

Gary comes out into the hall, feels a breeze.

GARY
You leave the deck door open?

WINONA
No, I did not leave the deck door
open.

GARY
Someone did and it sure as hell
wasn't me.

Gary moves off down the hall and into the kitchen. He stops when he sees...

A FIGURE sitting at his kitchen table, drinking a beer, the deck door open behind him.

GARY (CONT'D)
What the--?

The man at the table turns on the light. It's Raylan.

RAYLAN
Hello, Gary.

Poor Gary almost shits himself.

EXT. WINONA AND GARY'S HOUSE - DECK - NIGHT

Winona and Raylan are sitting out on deck chairs, Raylan still working on his beer.

WINONA
You almost gave him a heart attack.

RAYLAN
Sorry about that.

WINONA
(beat)
What're you doing here, Raylan?

RAYLAN
I'm going to be in Kentucky for a while, working for Art Mullen in the Eastern District.

WINONA
Why're you *here*?

Raylan shrugs, thinks, sighs.

RAYLAN
I saw my father.

WINONA
I heard he's sick.

RAYLAN
He's dying.
(beat)
He wasn't... what I expected.

WINONA
The lion has lost his teeth, huh?
Nothing left for you to fight.

Silence for a few moments.

RAYLAN
I was in Italy a while back, looking for a bookie named Harry Arno. He'd slipped my custody and I wanted to bring him back. The Mob was looking for Harry, too, and they sent out a gun thug named Tommy Bucks to kill him. One day, Tommy Bucks' goons took me, took my guns, put me in a room with another man, fellow named Robert Gee.

(MORE)

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

Good man. Tommy Bucks comes in, asks me where Harry is and I tell him, no point in lying, but I guess he didn't believe me, or wanted to make sure I was telling the truth, so, to make sure I knew how serious he was, he shot Robert Gee in the heart.

(beat)

Next time I saw Tommy Bucks was in Miami. I gave him twenty-four hours to get out of the country.

WINONA

That's the man you killed? The one on the news?

RAYLAN

(nods, beat)

He pulled first, so I was justified, but ever since I've been thinking, what if he hadn't? What if he just sat there and let the clock run out. Would I've killed him anyway? I know I wanted to. I felt it in my chest, behind my eyes.

(beat)

I guess I never thought of myself as an angry man.

WINONA

(laughs sweetly)

Oh, Raylan.

Raylan looks at her.

WINONA (CONT'D)

You do a good job of hiding it, and suppose most folks don't see it, but honestly, you're the angriest man I've ever known.

Raylan looks at her -- *what?* And on his incredulity mixed with the realization she's absolutely right--

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END