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JUSTIFIED

Ep. 206

"Blaze of Glory"

by

Benjamin Cavell

FULL WHITE PROD. DRAFT	12/01/10
FULL BLUE DRAFT	12/06/10
FULL PINK DRAFT	12/10/10
REVISED YELLOW	12/13/10
REVISED GREEN	12/14/10
REVISED GOLD	12/15/10
REVISED 2ND WHITE	12/17/10
REVISED 2ND BLUE	1/02/11
REVISED 2ND PINK	1/04/11
REVISED 2ND YELLOW	1/09/11
REVISED 2ND GREEN	1/28/11
REVISED 2ND GOLD	2/01/11
REVISED 3RD WHITE	2/08/11
REVISED SCENE: A31	

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

JUSTIFIED

"BLAZE OF GLORY"

Revision History

<u>Draft/Revision Color</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Pages</u>
FULL WHITE PROD. DRAFT	12/01/10	Full Draft
FULL BLUE DRAFT	12/06/10	Full Draft
FULL PINK DRAFT	12/10/10	Full Draft
YELLOW REVISIONS	12/13/10	Title, Cast, Set, 1 - 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 12, 12A, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 46, 47
GREEN REVISIONS	12/14/10	Title, Cast, Set, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8A, 10, 11, 12, 12A, 37
GOLD REVISIONS	12/15/10	Title, Cast, Set, 5, 11, 12-12A, 30, 31, 32, 32A, 35
2ND WHITE REVISIONS	12/17/10	Title, Cast, Set, 1-3, 1-3A, 1-3B, 1-3C, 39, 39A, 40, 40A, 40B, 41-42, 43, 44, 44A, 49
2ND BLUE REVISIONS	1/02/11	Title, Cast, Set, 1-3
2ND PINK REVISIONS	1/04/11	Title, Cast, Set, 1-3, 1-3A, 1-3B, 1-3C, 1-3D, 4, 5
2ND YELLOW REVISIONS	1/09/11	Title, Cast, Set, 39, 39A
2ND GREEN REVISIONS	1/28/11	Title, Cast, Set, 13, 13A
2ND GOLD REVISIONS	2/01/11	Title, Cast, Set, 39A, 39AA
3RD WHITE REVISIONS	2/08/11	Title, Cast, Set, 39A, 39AA

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CAST LIST

RAYLAN GIVENS	TIM OLYPHANT
ART MULLEN	NICK SEARCY
WINONA HAWKINS	NATALIE ZEA
BOYD CROWDER	WALTON GOGGINS
AVA CROWDER	JOELLE CARTER
TIM GUTTERSON	JACOB PITTS
RACHEL BROOKS	ERICA TAZEL
SHELBY	
WEAVER	CASEY SANDER
CAROL	
FRANK REASONER	SCOTT WILSON
BOBBY GREEN	CHRIS COY
CARTER HAYES	RONNIE GENE BLEVINS
KEATON	CONOR O'FARRELL
STARKE	ANDY HOFF
PARKER	
JENNY REASONER	CONNIE RAY
FRANKEL	STEFAN MARKS
NELSON DUNLOP	MEL FAIR
STEVE HUTCHINS	
CHRIS	KINSEY MCLEAN
OLDER WOMAN	JILL BASEY
TELLER	RODNEY J. HOBBS
DAVI	TOM SCHMID
BURNES	RODERICK McCARTHY

JIMMY(NON-SPEAKING) *

ND IT GUYS (NON-SPEAKING)
PAPPAS/BANK SECURITY GUARD (NON-SPEAKING)
HOWARD/VERSAILLES SECURITY GUARD (NON-SPEAKING)
BANK TELLERS (NON-SPEAKING)
BANK CUSTOMERS (NON-SPEAKING)
ND MARSHALS (NON-SPEAKING)
ND FBI AGENTS (NON-SPEAKING)
ND SWAT GUYS (NON-SPEAKING)
ND VERSAILLES COPS (NON-SPEAKING)
ND MINERS (NON-SPEAKING)
ND KENTUCKY STATE COPS (NON-SPEAKING)

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

VERSAILLES BANK
RAYLAN'S MOTEL ROOM
BANK ROBBERS' MOTEL ROOM
MINE
MID-SIZED BANK
MARSHAL'S OFFICE -
 EVIDENCE LOCKERS/CAGE
 LOBBY
 ART'S OFFICE
 CONFERENCE ROOM
 BULLPEN
 LOCKER ROOM
 BASEMENT HALLWAY
 ELEVATOR
 EVIDENCE OFFICE

WINONA'S CAR

EXTERIORS

VERSAILLES BANK -
 DOWN THE STREET
SMALL AIRSTRIP
~~MINE -~~
 ~~FOREMAN'S TRAILER~~
LEXINGTON STREET

WINONA'S CAR

ON TV/MONITORS:

VIDEO OF ROBBERY (17, 18)
FRANK ON SKYPE (23, 24)

<u>SCENES</u>	<u>SCRIPT DAYS</u>
C1-37	DAY 1
38	NIGHT 1

*** DENOTES NEW/CHANGE**

TEASER

A1 OMITTED A1
B1 OMITTED B1
C1 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - ELEVATOR - DAY C1

WINONA, arms full of files, watches the numbers tick down. RAYLAN stands beside her. They've obviously just gotten into work -- Winona is still carrying her various bags.

WINONA
I missed you last night.

RAYLAN
I didn't get back till late.

WINONA
You could have called. I was up half the night staring at the ceiling.

RAYLAN
(sly smile)
Thinking about anything in particular?

WINONA
You think any time I'm lying in bed alone all I'm doing is thinking about you?

RAYLAN
Not necessarily.

WINONA
Bet I had a good five-six minutes in there when I didn't think about you once.

The elevator DINGS. The doors open. Winona exits (we stay on Raylan so as not to show the view through the elevator doors).

WINONA (CONT'D)
(O.S.)
Plenty of other things on my mind.

RAYLAN
Like?

He follows her into--

Dc1 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS Dc1

As Winona answers--

WINONA

Oh, I don't know -- fact my soon-to-be second ex-husband just re-mortgaged the only asset we have left to buy a horse.

RAYLAN

Gary bought a horse?

WINONA

Without telling me.

RAYLAN

You want me to have him killed?
Gary. Not the horse.

Raylan uses his key to let them into--

Dd1 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - EVIDENCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS Dd1

An industrial-looking room with an empty desk on which we may be able to see the nameplate "DEPUTY MARSHAL CHARLES WEAVER."

WINONA

(as she enters)

No, I just want you to tell me
everything's gonna be okay.

She heads straight for the back of the room, stops in front of a barred metal door that looks into the evidence cage, waits.

She turns when she realizes Raylan hasn't followed her (and hasn't answered her).

WINONA (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

RAYLAN

I don't have a key to that.
(off her stare)
Weaver and Art are the only ones
with access to the cage.

Dd1

CONTINUED:

Dd1

WINONA

I came to find you in your office just now, asked if you could let me into the evidence room -- maybe that would have been the time to tell me you didn't have the key.

RAYLAN

I didn't know you meant the cage -- since when do files go in the cage?

WINONA

(re: files)

They're my transcripts from that coal flyrock case. Judge Reardon's worried 'cause of all the coverage, tempers running hot--

RAYLAN

So he has you putting them in a lockbox guarded by an armed man? Seems excessive.

WINONA

(deadpan)

Judge Reardon, excessive?

Raylan makes his way over to her.

RAYLAN

(reassuring)

So we wait. I'm sure Weaver'll be in shortly.

WINONA

Don't you have work?

RAYLAN

It's a circus upstairs. Happy to avoid it.

They're face-to-face now. Raylan reaches out, takes her bags from her, sets them on the floor. As he's doing this, he inadvertently brushes his hand against her skirt.

WINONA

You know what that makes me think of, you touching me that way? Night Gary was waiting for you outside the motel.

(CONTINUED)

Dd1

CONTINUED: (2)

Dd1

RAYLAN

Me touching you makes you think of
Gary?

WINONA

Makes me think of that night -- the
pregnant girl you had to take back
to prison -- you remember I finally
got you to tell me?

RAYLAN

I remember.

WINONA

Got me wondering if we had changed.
Like maybe this time it wouldn't
have to end the same way.

RAYLAN

Matching rocking chairs on the
porch?

WINONA

Buncha little Raylans running
around with toy sixguns.

That freezes Raylan--

RAYLAN

Aren't you the one who always said
it wouldn't be fair to have a kid
when every morning I walk out the
door there's a chance I never walk
back in?

WINONA

Well, what if there wasn't that
chance?

RAYLAN

Meaning what?

WINONA

Meaning what if when you left the
house in the morning it wasn't to
come here?

Raylan doesn't have an answer.

WINONA (CONT'D)

And once again we're back to
silence. Guess maybe things aren't
so different after all.

(CONTINUED)

Dd1

CONTINUED: (3)

Dd1

RAYLAN

What do you want me to say, Winona?

WINONA

I don't know. Don't you ever wonder?

A charged moment, broken by the SOUND OF THE ELEVATOR and then FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall.

RAYLAN

(re: footsteps)

That'll be Weaver. I oughta get back upstairs.

Off Winona--

D1

OMITTED

D1

E1

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - EVIDENCE LOCKERS - DAY

E1

WEAVER (50s), the older deputy responsible for this storage purgatory, escorts Winona, who still carries her files and her various bags.

WEAVER

Main lockboxes are full up. It's all right -- we got some old ones in the back don't get used anymore. Just means I'll have to move some stuff around.

They've reached what looks like a bank of big safe deposit boxes, which is blocked by stacks of dusty file boxes. Weaver, with some effort, starts dragging heavy boxes out of the way, COUGHS from the dust. He's interrupted as his cell phone starts RINGING.

E1

CONTINUED:

E1

He glances at the caller ID, answers--

WEAVER (CONT'D)
(into phone, sucking wind)
Weaver... Yeah, this is Weaver...
Hold on, I can't hear you...
(moves the phone around)
All right, say something... Yeah,
ATF, I know... Say again?...
(more movement)
How 'bout now?... Damn it. Let me
call you back in a minute.

He hangs up, goes back to his work.

E1

CONTINUED: (2)

E1

WEAVER (CONT'D)
 (to Winona, still short of
 breath)
 You heard the ATF's coming here?

WINONA
 What for?

WEAVER
 You believe security at their
 office is such a mess, they want us
 to start playing host to their
 interrogations? Personally, I
 think Art should've told them to go
 to Hell, but I guess that
 decision's above my pay grade.

He clears the last box out of the way, pulls out the keys
 he's brought, hands them to Winona.

WEAVER (CONT'D)
 You mind taking it from here? I
 oughta step out for a sec.
 (re: cell phone)
 Reception down here is for shit.

WINONA
 I have any problem, I'll yell.

WEAVER
 I'll come in shooting.

He hurries toward the door. She sets down her bags, scans
 the bank of lockboxes until she finds 242, opens it with the
 key. Huh. There's a shoebox-sized evidence box inside. She
 turns to call to Weaver, stops when she sees he's already
 through the door and on his way upstairs.

Annoyed, Winona turns back to the locker. She sets her files
 on the floor next to her bags, pulls out the evidence box,
 opens it. Her breath catches--

The evidence box is full of cash. Twenty bound stacks of
 \$100 bills. \$200,000. We should notice that the bills are
 old-style, pre-1996 \$100 bills (the most glaring difference
 being the much smaller size of Ben Franklin's portrait).

Off her face--

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

1 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 1

TWO ATF AGENTS -- KEATON (40s, supervisory) and STARKE (30s), identifiable by their windbreakers -- sit at the conference table across from BOYD CROWDER. The bulletin boards are jammed with items relevant to the mine heist (205) investigation, including PHOTOS of the explosion's aftermath that show twisted metal and the charred remains of several \$100 bills. The table is strewn with PHOTOS of KYLE, PRUITT and MARCUS (mugshots, plus employee photos from the mine).

Starke slides Kyle's mugshot toward Boyd.

STARKE

And it was during that conversation that Kyle made his first threats against yourself and Mrs. Crowder?

BOYD

Ms. Crowder.

STARKE

(annoyed)

--against yourself and Ms. Crowder.

BOYD

I told you--

KEATON

Tell us again.

BOYD

They showed up at the house that morning--

STARKE

At Ms. Crowder's house.

BOYD

They showed up, said they were on their way to rob the mine, needed a powderman. Said if I didn't go along they'd put me and Ava in the ground.

2 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2

The same cast of characters, except that Boyd is now replaced by AVA. The ATF Agents wear the same clothes as before. This is clearly the same day.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

STARKE

So you didn't actually hear Kyle make these threats?

AVA

Like I said, I was already gone to work.

STARKE

Meaning Boyd told you what Kyle said. Just like Boyd told you that morning was the first time he'd heard about the plan to rob the mine.

(off Ava's silence)

So for all you know, Boyd could have been in on the heist from the beginning, could even have helped plan it. Then afterward, he could have made up a story about Kyle threatening the two of you -- who's left alive to contradict him?

AVA

Right after the explosion, he raced back home 'cause he was afraid Kyle had a guy waiting to kill me if the job didn't come off.

KEATON

It's not possible he lied to you?

Ava tries a different tack--

AVA

If he was planning something like that, I would have picked up on it. When I left that morning he didn't have a care in the world.

3

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

3

Back to Boyd--

BOYD

Why would I lie?

4

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

4

Back to Ava as Starke answers--

4 CONTINUED:

4

STARKE

Because if he can prove he was coerced, couldn't call the police out of fear for his life, then he's not criminally responsible.

A5 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A5

Boyd--

BOYD

The second they left the trailer I told Shelby if either one of us was to have a shot at staying alive, he'd have to play along with me. Then I had him help me switch the money with the explosives.

STARKE

What if we told you Shelby told us something different?

BOYD

I'd know you were lying. Because the story I just told you is the truth and Shelby is a trustworthy man. I believe he was a sheriff's deputy at one time.

B5 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

B5

Ava--

KEATON

(sighs)

Ms. Crowder, I think we're all growing tired of this babe-in-the-woods act. I want you to tell us right now where the rest of the money is. Otherwise--

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

5

Boyd--

BOYD

The money went up with the car.

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

6

Ava--

6

CONTINUED:

6

AVA

I thought it burned up.

KEATON

Some of it burned up.

7

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

7

Boyd--

STARKE

Where's the rest of it?

BOYD

There is no "rest of it."

STARKE

Mr. Crowder, the power of the blast makes it impossible to say for sure how much money there was in the truck, but our lab guys say it could have been as little as a few thousand. That'd leave about twenty unaccounted for.

BOYD
"Impossible to say for sure"?

STARKE
That's right.

BOYD
So it could have been a few
thousand or it could have been all
of it.

KEATON
Given your history, you can imagine
which way we're leaning.

BOYD
(after a beat)
I can. Just like I can imagine it
was you who told my employers not
to believe my version, which led
them, in their wisdom, to let me
go. Which means I oughtta be out
looking for work. So if you
gentlemen don't have any more
questions--

8 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 8
Ava--

KEATON
Ms. Crowder, you realize we could
charge you with felony murder?

AVA
"Felony murder"? Isn't that like
"frozen ice" or "hot lava"?

STARKE
"Felony murder" means if you knew
the crime was gonna be committed,
even if you didn't know anyone was
gonna die, you're just as guilty as
if you pulled the trigger.

9 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 9
Boyd--

9

CONTINUED:

9

STARKE

After everything your brother put
her through, you're really gonna
let her spend the rest of her life
in prison for you?

Boyd is silent.

KEATON

Something I been wondering -- she
screw all your relatives or just
the two of you?

Boyd uses all the strength he has to keep his cool.

10

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

10

Ava--

AVA

I've just been letting him stay at
the house. Just while he gets back
on his feet.

11

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

11

Boyd--

11 CONTINUED:

11

BOYD

Are you going to charge me?

STARKE

Honestly, we're just getting started with this investigation, Mr. Crowder.

BOYD

So, right now, I'm free to go?

KEATON

We'd like you to surrender your passport.

BOYD

I don't have a passport.

A12	OMITTED	A12
12	OMITTED	12
13	OMITTED (MOVED TO SCENE E1)	13
A14	INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN/LOBBY - DAY	A14

RAYLAN enters, nods to ART, who stands sipping coffee. Art nods back at Raylan, jerks his head in the direction of Boyd, who sits in a chair in the bullpen, waiting. Ava's still in the conference room with Starke and Keaton.

Raylan makes his way over to Boyd.

RAYLAN

I miss all the excitement?

BOYD

Seems so.

RAYLAN

(to Boyd)

Guess the fact you're not in cuffs means they believe your story about being coerced.

BOYD

I'm sure it doesn't hurt that you yourself told them you saw me that morning in the company of three men who struck you as armed and dangerous. Or that Shelby and Ava back my story in every particular.

A14 CONTINUED:

A14

RAYLAN

Shelby's the mine security guard?
(off Boyd's nod, deadpan)
Wonder if you saving his life might
be enough to get him to lie for
you.

BOYD

My friend, is there nothing I can
do to make you change your ardent
convictions about my nature?

Ava rises, heads out. Starke and Keaton stay behind.

RAYLAN

Honestly, Boyd, until you're a
Federal fugitive again, I really
don't care.
(to Ava)
Ava.

Ava doesn't appear to hear him, doesn't slow down, just walks
ahead of him into the lobby, presses the elevator button.

BOYD

(glances at Ava)
When someone's threatening a woman
you care deeply for there's no end
to the lengths you'll go to keep
her safe -- wouldn't think I'd have
to explain it to you, seeing's I
can remember you being in that
situation once or twice yourself.

The elevator arrives. Ava gets on, holds the door. Boyd
nods to Raylan, starts moving away through the bullpen, then
has one last thought--

BOYD (CONT'D)

Come to think of it, I think you
may even have been in the same
situation with the same woman.
Ain't that something?

Boyd steps onto the elevator. Ava stops holding the door,
which immediately begins to close.

RAYLAN

It's something.

Off Raylan staring at the closed door--

14

OMITTED

14

15 OMITTED 15

A16 EXT. LEXINGTON STREET - DAY A16

We're looking at a car parked at a meter. The distance and the BLUR OF PASSING TRAFFIC keeps us from being able to see inside.

As we PUSH IN CLOSER on the car, we can make out Winona, sitting frozen in the driver's seat. As we get even CLOSER, we see she's staring down at something in her lap as though hypnotized.

B16 INT./EXT. WINONA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS B16

We now see that the thing she's staring at is an old-style \$100 bill, clearly one of the bills she just found in the evidence cage.

As we watch, Winona appears to snap out of her trance. She tosses the bill on the seat beside her, starts the car... but then, instead of putting the car in gear and pulling out into traffic, she turns it off again.

She yanks the keys out of the ignition, grabs the bill from the seat, shoves the door open, slides out.

16 INT. MID-SIZED BANK - DAY 16

Winona waits in line for the TELLER, keeps fidgeting with something in her hand that we REVEAL to be an old-style \$100 bill we recognize from the evidence box. The line of PEOPLE includes TWO AMPED-UP YOUNG GUYS (20s) a few spots behind her, who might set off her alarms if she weren't so distracted.

PAPPAS (30s), the bank security guard, has noticed the young guys, watches them closely from his post by the front door. Next to him, FRANK REASONER (60s, gray, tough but tired), a cannula in his nose and an oxygen bottle dragging behind him, stands still, apparently trying to catch his breath.

Winona has reached the front of the line. A TELLER finishes with his CUSTOMER, looks up at the waiting line.

TELLER
Next in line.

Winona doesn't move, stares at the bill in her hand.

TELLER (CONT'D)

Next.

An OLDER WOMAN, thinking Winona hasn't realized she's next, leans forward, touches Winona's arm.

OLDER WOMAN

(to Winona)

That's you, honey.

Winona gives her a nervous smile, but instead of walking over to the open teller, she turns around and heads for the door.

The two young men (BOBBY GREEN and CARTER HAYES) notice Winona's distress, shoot each other a look. Then suddenly--

...Bobby slides over the counter, pulls out a small sub-machine gun, levels it at the TELLERS...

...Carter draws his own sub-machine gun, aims at the customers...

...Pappas, the security guard, reaches for his own gun... WHAM! he goes down from a heavy blow to the head... looks up, bleary-eyed, to see standing over him...

Frank, the older man with the cannula in his nose, who is now holding a gun in the hand not holding the oxygen bottle.

FRANK

Easy, son. No reason to die for
somebody else's money.

...as simultaneously behind the tellers' counter--

BOBBY

(to the tellers)

Back away from the counter. Anyone
tries to trip the silents gets a
bullet for himself and one for the
guy next to him.

...and in front of the counter--

CARTER

Everybody on the floor! Do it
right now!

Winona and her fellow customers comply, as do the tellers.

Frank disarms Pappas, forces him to sit on the floor, zipties
his hands.

FRANK

You move, you get shot.

Pappas nods. With the guard now out-of-commission, Frank
comes around the tellers' counter to help Bobby who is
opening up a big duffel bag. Frank pulls out a cheap alarm
clock, puts it on the counter, sets the timer for two
minutes.

Carter, still aiming his machine gun with one hand, now
brings out his own duffel bag.

CARTER

(to the customers)

Hands flat on the floor in front of
you. Keep them away from your
pockets.

He starts making his way down the row of CUSTOMERS, going
through their pockets, taking their wallets and jewelry and
dropping it all in the bag. The customers stare at the
floor, careful not to meet his eyes. He's obviously getting
off on the menace he and his gun bring.

Winona eyes him nervously, fingers her radioactive \$100 bill.

Behind the counter, Frank expertly unloads one of the cash
drawers into Bobby's duffel bags.

Carter continues down the row. Winona's getting desperate.

Frank empties another cash drawer.

Carter is now two people away from Winona. She makes a decision, crumples the bill, tries to hide it inside her clenched fist.

Frank empties another cash drawer.

Finally, Carter stands over of Winona. Looks her up and down.

CARTER (CONT'D)
(nudges her with his boot)
Mmm-~~mmm~~, if you ain't a piece!
Flip over, honey. Let's see what
you got for me.

He takes her wallet, watch, necklace, drops them all into his duffel bag.

Instead of continuing down the line of people, Carter stays in front of Winona, grins.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Let's see now -- you got anything
else worth taking?

He runs his gun barrel slowly up her leg. The front sight hooks under the bottom of her skirt, starts to lift it up. Almost involuntarily, she uses her unclenched hand to hold it down. Carter's gun stops moving. He stares at her hard.

RRRIIING!!! Winona jumps as Frank's alarm clock sounds. Carter doesn't react, holds his predatory stare.

Behind the counter, Frank and Bobby stop what they're doing, zip the duffel bag closed. Frank grabs his alarm clock, steps back around the counter as Bobby vaults back over it.

Carter still hasn't moved--

CARTER (CONT'D)
(to Winona)
Open your hand.

Frank and Bobby notice that he's not following them out.

FRANK
(to Carter)
Let's go! It's time!

Carter seems not to have heard--

CARTER
(to Winona)
I won't ask again -- I'll just
break your fingers.

Frank and Bobby are getting desperate--

BOBBY
(to Carter)
Come on, man! Gotta go!

Winona, out of options, opens her hand, shows Carter the bill she was trying to hide. His grin widens as we hear...

SIRENS, distant but getting closer.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(to Carter)
NOW NOW NOW!!!

Carter reaches out, grabs the bill, shoves it in his pocket, starts to turn away, then...

WHAM! he stomps Winona in the face.

Carter races across the lobby toward his partners. On the way, he passes Pappas, the security guard, still sitting ziptied on the floor. Carter slows, raises his gun, shoots Pappas in the leg.

Pappas SCREAMS--

Carter reaches his partners, who look to him for an explanation.

The SIRENS are close now.

CARTER
Come on, fellas -- gotta go.

The robbers jam out the door.

Off Winona on the floor, hands pressed to her bruised face--

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17 INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY 17

Jam-packed. ND MARSHALS and ND FBI AGENTS interview the tellers and bank customers. Winona sits at Raylan's desk, holds an ice pack against her head.

In the b.g., we can see Raylan, Art and FRANKEL (From 103, the FBI Agent-in-Charge), talking animatedly, watching video of the robbery from the bank security cameras.

Winona looks up as Raylan comes out of the conference room, makes his way toward her--

RAYLAN
Sorry about that.

Raylan looks at Winona's bruises, gently touches her face.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)
I don't get it -- all the times I
ran you through how to act--

WINONA
I told you, it was instinct.

RAYLAN
(enumerating)
What to do when a guy breaks into
the house. What to do when a guy
tries to grab you on the street.
What to do--

Winona wants to change the subject.

WINONA
(re: the conference room)
Looked like there was some drama in
there.

RAYLAN
Guy with a gun wants your shit, you
hand it over double-quick and just
make sure not to look him in the
eye.

WINONA
Raylan.
(waits for his look)
I'm fine.

Raylan pulls himself together enough to sit down across from her. Winona tries her question again--

WINONA (CONT'D)

Art looks spun up -- he see something on the video?

RAYLAN

He recognized one of them.

WINONA

Which one?

RAYLAN

The old guy with the oxygen tank -- name's Frank Reasoner. Turns out thirty years ago he was on the Ten-Most-Wanted.

WINONA

How come I've never heard of him?

RAYLAN

You have any idea how many people have been on that list?

WINONA

(shrugs)

He was robbing banks back then?

RAYLAN

Lots of them, apparently. Had a house in Miami, one in the Bahamas, used to fly himself back and forth on his own King Air.

WINONA

And what's he been doing for the last thirty years?

RAYLAN

He's been doing thirty years.

This stops her--

WINONA

You're kidding.

RAYLAN

Got compassionate parole June of last year. Emphysema. Wasn't expected to make it six months.

17

CONTINUED: (2)

17

WINONA

No shit... I figured the oxygen was just for show. Get the guard to turn his back.

(thinks a moment)

How about the other two?

RAYLAN

Haven't ID'd them yet.

WINONA

The one who hit me... past couple hours, all I can think is what I'd like to do to that man.

Raylan's clearly been thinking about the same thing--

RAYLAN

Yeah.

WINONA

(quietly, half-joking)

You get the chance, shoot him in the nuts.

They're distracted as TIM and RACHEL enter with JENNY (60s, pretty), who looks nervous and bewildered. They bring her straight to the conference room. Raylan stands.

RAYLAN

(to Winona)

Sit tight. I oughtta hear this.

18

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

18

As Raylan enters, Jenny is sitting at the table with Art and Frankel, watching the surveillance video. She's horrified.

FRANKEL

Mrs. Reasoner, I hope you're not trying to deny that your husband is the man in that video.

JENNY

No, I'm not -- I mean, it looks like him -- I just... I don't see how it's possible.

FRANKEL

You don't see how it's possible a guy could get out of prison and go back to committing the same crime he went away for?

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

But Frank was a model inmate,
preached in the prison church--

FRANKEL

Mrs. Reasoner, we read the parole
report.

ART

(more gently)

What about since his release?
What's he been like?

JENNY

We've been living the quiet life.
Frank's a deacon at Calvary
Baptist. When he's not there, he's
mostly on his computer -- his
condition doesn't allow much
physical exertion -- playing video
games, searching the Interwebs for
news about his old friends. Even
taught himself to use the Skype,
lets us talk to the grandkids.

Frankel rolls his eyes. Art looks at Raylan.

RAYLAN

Mrs. Reasoner, do you recognize
either of the other men?

JENNY

I don't think so.

(has an idea)

Is it possible they forced him to
join them, like in that movie?

RAYLAN

Sorry to say, ma'am, the man on
that video looks like a willing
participant.

ART

Did Frank have any debts you know
of, any big expenditures -- Medical
bills, maybe?

Jenny shakes her head "no."

JENNY

What if his brain was... you know,
messed up... from lack of oxygen?

(MORE)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

JENNY (CONT'D)
(grasping at straws)
You know, 'cause of the Emphysema?

Off the faces of the lawmen, skeptical to say the least--

19

INT. BANK ROBBERS' MOTEL ROOM - DAY

19

Our stick-up crew has just arrived. While Frank sits on a chair, inhales deeply from his cannula, Bobby and Carter dump their duffel bags onto the bed. The young men are clearly both still in the grips of their adrenaline high. Bobby stacks the cash from the drawers, gives a WHOOP of delight at the size of the haul. Carter rips through the customers' wallets, pulls out cash and bank cards, tosses the empties on the floor.

BOBBY
Sonofabitch! This is more than we thought even. Add in what we'll get from the Versailles job--

FRANK
We're not doing the Versailles job.

This gets Bobby and Carter to stop counting, look up.

BOBBY
You said always pull a second job. Doubles your money and keeps the law scrambling.

FRANK
I also said only shoot when you got no other choice.

CARTER
Hey, I heard you tell that old boy move and get shot. Well, he moved.

FRANK
And that woman you buttstroked?

CARTER
She tried to hold out on us. Lucky I didn't shoot her in the face.

FRANK
(unsatisfied)
I'd never pull a job with a man I don't trust to keep hold of himself.

BOBBY

Now, wait just a second, Frank--

CARTER

(to Bobby)

Hey, you ain't gotta beg him for shit. You and me can handle the Versailles job. Might even be a blessing not having some old lunger along--

Carter is cut off as Frank stands up from the bed, grabs him, slams him against the wall, presses a forearm against his throat.

FRANK

Now, I figure you did most of your growing up in those juvie-detention gladiator schools, never had anyone around to teach you manners.

Carter doesn't answer. With Frank's forearm pressed against his windpipe, he can barely make a sound.

Bobby stands next to Frank, careful not to touch him.

BOBBY

(quietly)

Frank, you know Carter don't mean harm. He just talks sometimes.

FRANK

(to Carter)

I guess Bobby told you I used to preach at Lewisburg. What he didn't tell you is before he got there I held the prison bench press record for my weight class.

Carter is starting to pass out. Bobby changes tacks--

BOBBY

Hey, Frank -- shouldn't you rest up a little before you make your call.

FRANK

(to Carter)

Now, I don't know how close I could come to matching that record today. I do know every time I take a deep breath it feels like someone's pounding a red-hot rail spike into my chest, so--

He finally glances at Bobby for the first time.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Carter)

--next time you make me raise my voice, I'm gonna take this oxygen tank and beat your ass to death with it. Sound fair?

Frank steps back. Carter crumples to the floor, barely conscious. Bobby kneels to help him.

Frank sits back down on the bed, takes a couple deep inhales from his cannula, trying to catch his breath. Then he dissolves in a horrible coughing fit. He covers his mouth with his sleeve, endures spasm after choking spasm.

When the coughing finally stops, Frank takes another deep inhale from his cannula, looks down at his sleeve -- it's flecked with blood.

At the table, Rachel shows Winona a MUGSHOT of Bobby.

WINONA

(re: mugshot)

Hundred percent. Who is he?

RACHEL

Bobby Green. Carjacker. Did a few years at Lewisburg while Reasoner was there.

WINONA

Still nothing on the guy who hit me?

RACHEL

We figure he's a friend of Green's.

Tim comes in, sets down several pages full of serial numbers on the table in front of Rachel.

WINONA

What are those?

RACHEL

Serial numbers from the bills they took out of the cash drawers. We red flag them. Then, if they spend them anywhere that uses the database...

20

CONTINUED:

20

Tim notices Winona's agitation, misinterprets.

TIM

I know -- Big Brother, right?

WINONA

(casual)

You really expect to catch them that way?

RACHEL

Nah. Lag time's too long. Most places don't scan more than once a day. By the time we get a hit, perps're usually long gone.

WINONA

(relieved)

So it's really just a red tape thing for the bank?

TIM

Actually, it's mostly for the Secret Service. You ever hear of superdollars?

(off Winona's head-shake)

Counterfeit hundreds from North Korea. Whole Treasury Department's obsessed. You believe they make us scan every bill we enter into evidence? Pain in the ass.

RACHEL

(deadpan)

Deputy Gutterson, I hope you're not suggesting that protecting the integrity of our national currency is a waste of your valuable time.

TIM

No, ma'am. Nothing I'd rather be doing.

They walk out of the conference room. Winona takes a moment to consider her options, fights to hold down her panic. Then, she stands, steps out into--

21

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

21

Raylan, at his desk, looks up as Winona makes her way over.

WINONA

I think I have a problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off Raylan--

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

22

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

22

As soon as Raylan locks the door behind them, Winona drops her calm facade, lets her desperation show. Raylan checks the rest rooms to make sure they're alone.

RAYLAN

I keep hoping some boy-band reject with a video camera's gonna jump out of one of the lockers, tell me I just got served.

WINONA

I didn't... I just wanted to see if it was real before I raised the alarm.

RAYLAN

(trying it on for size)
You wanted to see if it was real?

WINONA

Otherwise, it's not worth the headache... paperwork... Besides, I was just about to put it back--

RAYLAN

So let me just... you took one of the bills so you could make sure it's real...

(he lets that trail off)

Then you're in line at the bank, suddenly come to your senses. But before you can leave to put the bill back where you found it, Frank Reasoner and his friends stick the place up, take it off you.

WINONA

Look, Raylan, I don't need you to tell me I did something stupid -- I know I did something stupid -- I just need you to tell me how big a deal it'll be when you catch these guys, scan their bills into the Federal-Reserve database and one of the pops up as supposed to be in our evidence cage.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

(considering)

One bill? They might assume it's a bookkeeping error. Worst case, it pops, they come looking--

WINONA

Who's "they," Secret Service? I heard Tim mention something.

(off Raylan's nod)

You really think there's a chance they'll just ignore it?

Before Raylan can answer, they're interrupted by the RATTLE of someone trying the locker room doorknob, followed immediately by the sound of someone POUNDING on the door. A voice comes through the door--

TIM (O.S.)

Raylan -- you in there?

RAYLAN

(shouting back)

Yeah.

TIM (O.S.)

Chief wants you.

RAYLAN

This second?

TIM (O.S.)

Reasoner's trying to get hold of his wife.

RAYLAN

(under his breath)

Shit.

(to Tim)

Tell him I'm on my way.

(to Winona, quietly)

I have to go.

Marshals, FBI agents and ND IT GUYS huddle around the desks, staring intently at the computer screens. In the b.g., in Art's office, Jenny sits alone at the desk, stares at Art's computer. Across the desk from her, a young IT guy -- CHRIS, 20s -- kneels on Art's floor, fiddles with a cable he's run between the bullpen and Art's mainframe.

Raylan stands at his desk between Tim and Art. Art is distracted, watches Jenny and Chris, the kneeling IT guy, scans the bullpen to make sure everyone is set up. Raylan tries to get Art's attention, tries to ignore Tim, who is talking into his other ear--

TIM

(to Raylan)

Guy texts his wife to tell her he's gonna Skype her -- when he went away, no one'd even heard of a computer you could fit in your house...

RAYLAN

(to Art, quietly)

Art--

ART

(to Chris, the IT guy)

Where are we?

CHRIS

(over his shoulder)

Thirty seconds.

TIM

(to Raylan)

You believe Art never learned how to program a VCR? Now it's too late -- anyone under thirty's never even heard of a VCR.

RAYLAN

Art, I need a word.

ART

Raylan, you may have noticed things are a little busy at the moment.

RAYLAN

When we get a line on these guys, I want to be first through the door.

ART

Why, just 'cause of the whack that punk gave your ex-wife?

RAYLAN

Yes.

Raylan's forthrightness gives Art a moment of pause. He and Raylan lock eyes.

Their stare is broken as the Skype starts RINGING.

ART
(to Chris)
We ready, Chris?

CHRIS
Three seconds.

Chris furiously makes one last adjustment. Art notices that Raylan is still staring at him.

ART
Raylan, for Chr... There's no way
I'm letting you on the entry team,
but you can be there when it goes
down, maybe make sure the guy
smacks his head when you put him in
the back of the car. Happy?

RAYLAN
You know I am.

But he doesn't sound certain. Chris finishes his last tweak--

CHRIS
Ready, Chief.

ART
(to Jenny)
Mrs. Reasoner -- we're on.

As Jenny answers, streaming video of Frank in the motel room appears on all the Marshals' computer screens. During the following, we'll cut between Jenny talking and the Marshals watching, but our only view of Frank will be on the screens.

JENNY
Honey?

FRANK
I'm here, Jenny.

At the sound of Frank's voice, Jenny starts to cry.

JENNY
Frank, what's happening? I saw
this video of you--

FRANK

I know, babe, I'm sorry as hell. I just wanted to be able to leave you with something.

JENNY

(still crying, but angry)
Don't you dare say you did this for me.

FRANK

What's wrong with that? Guy knows he's about to check out, he wants to make sure his family'll be taken care of -- like the guy on that TV show, only I don't know to cook meth.

JENNY

Frank, please -- just come home.

FRANK

That's what I'm trying to do.

JENNY

(confused)
But, I don't understand--

FRANK

I need to speak with whoever's in charge.

This stops everyone cold--

FRANK (CONT'D)

I assume we're talking Marshals 'cause of me violating my compassionate parole. Guess it could be FBI. Anyway, whichever one of you's in charge, I need you to get on the line.

Art walks into his office, stands next to Jenny where he can be seen by the camera.

ART

Mr. Reasoner, Chief-Deputy Art Mullen.

FRANK

Pleased to meet you.

JENNY

Frank, I--

FRANK

No explanation needed, darlin'.

JENNY

I love you, Frank. Please come back to me.

FRANK

I love you, too, Jenny. But now I need you to go on outside, let me have a word with the Chief.

Jenny stands up uncertainly, walks out into the bullpen, where Rachel guides her to a chair.

Back in Art's office, Art takes Jenny's place behind his desk.

FRANK (CONT'D)

She gone?

ART

Just you and me.

FRANK

And the thirty guys in the next room.

ART

Mr. Reasoner, let's talk about how we can end this business without anyone else getting hurt.

FRANK

First of all, you saw the video -- saw I never meant for anyone to get hurt in the first place.

ART

We saw it was the kid who stomped the woman and did the actual shooting, but you brought him along.

FRANK

Not my first choice, I promise you.

ART

So, he's a friend of Bobby Green's?

Frank grins, mimes tipping his cap to Art.

FRANK

You boys work fast. Yeah, Bobby don't have the best taste in friends, but he's a good boy. Only way I'm coming in is if you'll promise to go easy on him.

ART

I'll have to speak to the US Attorney, but I'm sure we can work something out. What about the other one, the friend?

FRANK

Like I said, he's not my friend.

(beat)

I gotta say, Chief, I'm glad to have you on the other end of this thing, 'stead of some young punk with a law degree don't know shit he didn't read in a textbook.

ART

I'm glad myself -- I was hunting you back in the day. Thought collaring you'd make my name.

FRANK

Is that a fact?

ART

Missed you by less than an hour at that flophouse in Memphis.

FRANK

The one with the Blessed Virgin wallpaper?

ART

(yes)

And the plastic drapes.

FRANK

That was you?

(off Art's grin)

Well, looks like the Good Lord's handing you a second chance.

ART

Just tell us where to go.

Frank doesn't answer right away. When he does--

FRANK

I was gonna get a good haul, get it
to Jenny on the sly, then keep
pulling jobs till I went out in a
blaze of glory. Kept saying I'd
never let myself die on a
ventilator in some hospital room...

ART

(gently)

Mr. Reasoner...

FRANK

Now I'm so tired, don't much care
where I punch out.

(beat)

(MORE)

24

CONTINUED: (5)

24

FRANK (CONT'D)

You got retirement plans, Chief -- couple years from now, after they force you out, put some young hotshot in that chair?

ART

Mr. Reasoner--

Frank shakes his head, appears to snap out of it.

FRANK

Tates Creek bridge. Two hours.

The computer screen goes black.

25

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

25

Tim and Rachel strap on their bulletproof vests, listen to Art and Raylan.

ART

(to Rachel)

You have what you need?

RACHEL

We'll have cars either side of the bridge. Plus, Tim'll be set up.

ART

(to Tim)

You got a spot picked out?

TIM

There's a big rise next to the road on the North side. Makes a kind-of natural bird's nest.

ART

All right.

RAYLAN

Guy sounded like he might still want that blaze of glory.

RACHEL

Suicide-by-cop? Save himself dying in prison?

RAYLAN

(to Tim)

You ready for that?

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

TIM

Always.

RAYLAN

(to Art)

The techs tell you how long it'd
take to trace the Skype call?

ART

Too long.

TIM

Must be why he used it.

ART

(clearly worried)

Yeah.

Raylan follows him out into--

26

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

26

They head for Art's office.

RAYLAN

Something not sitting right?

ART

You really think he'll be there?

RAYLAN

(considers, then--)

No.

Art nods. They keep going into--

27

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

27

Where Chris, the IT guy is unhooking the cables he'd attached
to the back of Art's computer.

ART

(to Chris)

How long would it take to get me on
Reasoner's home computer?

Off which--

28

INT. BANK ROBBERS' MOTEL ROOM - DAY

28

The stick-up crew is getting set to leave. All the money and
jewelry from the first heist is stacked neatly inside one of
the duffel bags, which sits on the middle of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby and Carter check their weapons while Frank finishes making what appears to be a "bomb vest" (although it will later turn out to be made of road flares and not explosives).

Frank attaches the last flare, appraises his handiwork.

CARTER

(re: the vest)

You sure you don't wanna be the one to wear this thing, maybe get to go out with a bang? Who knows? Might be your ticket to a Paradise full of virgins.

FRANK

(ignoring that, to Bobby)

We good?

BOBBY

Five-by-five.

He slings the "bomb vest" over his shoulder, picks up his oxygen tank, heads for the door. Bobby zips up the duffel bag, hoists it off the bed. He and Carter start to follow Frank out. Suddenly--

Frank brings the oxygen tank up hard into Carter's gut...

As Carter sags to his knees, Frank swings the tank around to whack Bobby in the jaw. Bobby goes down. From his knees, Carter looks up to find Frank pointing a gun in his face.

FRANK

(breathing hard)

Second thought, beating your ass to death sounds a little ambitious, health-wise. Bright-side, least you're gonna get to go out with that bang.

CARTER

(wheezing)

Please--

FRANK

Give my best to the virgins.

Frank grimaces as though he's about to pull the trigger... but instead, his arm appears to go numb. He drops the gun, starts flexing his hand. Then he clutches his chest, doubles over in agony.

Bobby and Carter stagger to their feet. Carter looks down at Frank, who's lying face-up on the floor, eyes wide open.

CARTER

(still wheezing)

I can't decide whether to beat you to death or leave you here drowning in the air like a landed fish.

He raises his boot to start stomping.

CARTER (CONT'D)

I guess I'll see can we meet in the middle.

But before he can bring his boot down, Bobby is pulling him toward the door.

BOBBY

Let's go, man. We let that armored car beat us to Versailles, they'll put the Keeneland money behind the time lock, have us shit-outta-luck.

Carter let's himself be pulled away. He and Bobby scoop up the duffel and the guns and the "bomb vest." Carter spits on the floor next to Frank, then he heads out the door. Bobby looks down at Frank for a long moment, then he follows Carter out.

Art and Chris sit together in front of Art's computer, look up as Raylan comes in from the bullpen.

ART

How's our manpower situation?

RAYLAN

Down to the felt -- FBI's got their whole office in the field. We're down to three.

ART

Including me?

RAYLAN

Four.
(beat)
Sorry about that.

ART

I'll bet.

Raylan's eager to change the subject--

RAYLAN

(to Chris)
You get into Reasoner's hard drive?

CHRIS

What am I, an asshole?

RAYLAN

(uncertain)
No?

ART

Chris created a... ah... mirror--

CHRIS

(sigh)
Mirror drive.

ART

A mirror drive of Reasoner's
computer. We've been through
everything but the games. Haven't
found shit.

RAYLAN

Not even any porn?

ART

(correcting himself)
Haven't found shit that indicates
where he might be.

They're interrupted as DEPUTY-MARSHAL NELSON DUNLOP (109)
pokes his head in--

NELSON

Chief, we just got an anonymous
call saying Bobby Green and
somebody named Carter Hayes just
walked into First Cumberland in
Versailles.

Off Art and Raylan--

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

30 EXT. VERSAILLES BANK - DAY

30

Out of sight of the front of the bank, Raylan pulls up in his car, gets out. Without drawing his gun, he starts to slowly approach the bank, eyeing the blind spots and all the parked cars in case the bank robbers have a look-out outside. He looks through the bank window -- the distance and the angle make it impossible for him to see the whole room, but he sees enough CUSTOMERS standing in line or filling out deposit slips to know there's no robbery in progress.

In his peripheral vision, he sees another car pull up next to his, sees TWO FBI AGENTS -- DAVI (40s) and BURNES (30s) -- get out. He goes to meet them.

DAVI
(to Raylan, quietly)
You're Givens?
(off his nod)
Special-Agent Davi, Special-Agent
Burnes, FBI.

They shake hands. Davi looks at the bank.

RAYLAN
(re: bank)
I took a look. Couldn't get a
visual on the whole room. Patrons
I could see looked calm, though.

BURNES
Maybe the call's bogus.

RAYLAN

Last job, they waited in line for a while, cased the place first.

DAVI

So basically, someone needs to go in there, casual, take a look.

RAYLAN

The old man's our fugitive. I'll go in.

Burnes and Davi share a look.

BURNES

I understand your ex-wife was in the bank this morning, one of these guys tuned her up.

DAVI

Maybe one of us should go.

RAYLAN

Look, last few hours all I've been doing is watching the security tape over and over. If they're in there, I'll spot them soon's I step through the door. You sure you can do that, make them before they make you?

(off their silence)

'Cause if you don't it's "Dog Day Afternoon."

The FBI men look at each other for a long moment. Then--

DAVI

We'll cover the perimeter, case they have back-up.

Off Raylan--

A31

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

A31

Art sits alone at his desk clicking away at his computer -- we don't see what's happening on the screen, but his reaction tells us he's not finding what he's looking for. *

The entire Marshal's office is empty, except for JIMMY, a middle-aged custodian, who is moving back the items -- bulletin boards, etc. -- that we saw placed in the background of Jenny Reasoner's video chat to preserve the fiction that she was at work instead of the Marshal's office. *

A31

CONTINUED:

A31

Art clicks his mouse again, freezes-- *

ART *
Son of a bitch. *

REVEAL on the screen what is clearly the start-up page of a *
SMALL-PLANE FLIGHT SIMULATOR. *

He starts to shout into the bullpen, stops when he realizes
it's completely empty. He stands up from his chair, realizes
he's not exactly sure where he's going.

ART (CONT'D) *
Son of a bitch.

He heads for the door, stops when he realizes he's forgotten
his jacket, goes back to get it off the back of his chair.
Jimmy is staring at him, puzzled. Art grabs his jacket. *

ART (CONT'D) *
(to Jimmy, explaining)
Son of a bitch!

Off Art heading out--

31

INT. VERSAILLES BANK - DAY

31

As Raylan enters, trying to look casual, gun holstered, not wanting to set off a powder keg. He looks around at the customers, sees AN OLD MAN (70s) -- FRANK?

No. No oxygen tank. Not him. Raylan keeps looking...

...spots Carter Hayes and Bobby Green leaning against the deposit slip counter.

Raylan catches the eye of the bank's ELDER SECURITY GUARD -- HOWARD (60s), pulls back his jacket flap slightly to show Howard his Marshal's badge. We see Raylan cut his eyes toward Bobby and Carter. Without moving his head, Howard follows Raylan's look, sees them, nods almost imperceptibly.

Raylan moves in toward Bobby and Carter, still doesn't draw. As soon as they notice him--

RAYLAN

Marshals Service, fellas. Keep your hands where I can see them.

The customers freeze. Bobby and Carter stare at Raylan.

CARTER

You all by yourself, Marshal?
(re: Howard)
Hope you're not counting on your grandpa there for back-up. Make me send him to Hell slightly before his time.

RAYLAN

Hands where I can see them and get down on your knees. I won't tell you again.

Carter opens his jacket, shows Raylan his "bomb vest."

CARTER

(grins)
I don't think so, Marshal. We're waiting for the armored car from the Keeneland racetrack -- appears to be running a few minutes late. When it gets here, we'll take our money and be on our way. Otherwise, I'm gonna have to huff and puff.

(CONTINUED)

RAYLAN

Where's Frank?

BOBBY

Left him at the motel, dying. He had some kind of attack.

RAYLAN

Then who tipped us you were in here?

Bobby thinks about this for a moment, takes a peak out the window.

BOBBY

Sonofabitch!

CARTER

What?

BOBBY

Car's gone.

CARTER

What'd somebody steal it?

BOBBY

Carter, don't be stupid -- Frank's alive! Sonofabitch must've faked the attack.

Raylan's eyeing Carter's "bomb vest".

RAYLAN

Carter, you know before I joined the Marshals, I worked down a mine?

CARTER

How nice for you.

RAYLAN

Point is, I have some experience with explosives -- enough to know the difference between dynamite and road flares.

Raylan takes a couple steps toward Carter. They're almost nose-to-nose.

CARTER

What if you're wrong?

RAYLAN

Then I'll see you on the other side.

CARTER

I still have a gun.

RAYLAN

(terrifyingly pleased)
You wanna draw with me?

CARTER

Marshal, sounds like you might be a violent man.

RAYLAN

Not so violent I ever kicked an innocent woman in the face.

CARTER

The one from this morning? Didn't look so innocent to me.

Raylan darkens. Bobby notices.

BOBBY

I think he knows her.

CARTER

So?

BOBBY

So, you wanna get yourself killed?

CARTER

How about we both shoot him at once?

RAYLAN

(to Carter)
Then I'll be sure to get you.

CARTER

Hear that Bobby? He's all yours.

But Bobby's sinking to his knees, laying down his weapon.

RAYLAN

(to Carter)
Your friend's the smart one, huh?
(beat)
You really gonna make me count to three?

31

CONTINUED: (3)

31

Carter drops his weapon.

CARTER

She your girl? Your wife?

RAYLAN

Used to be.

CARTER

Tell me something -- she taste as
good as she looks?

WHAM! -- Raylan punches Carter in the nose, slams him to the
floor, starts throwing cuffs on him.

Agents Davi and Burnes rush in with ND KENTUCKY STATE COPS.

Still sitting on Carter, Raylan turns to Bobby--

RAYLAN

The money from this morning's
robbery -- where is it?

BOBBY

Frank must have it. It was in the
car.

RAYLAN

Any idea where he'd be going?

BOBBY

No, sir.

32

OMITTED

32

33

OMITTED

33

34

EXT. SMALL AIRSTRIP - DAY

34

Frank stops his car at the edge of the runway. He gets out, oxygen bottle in one hand, duffel bag full of cash in the other, starts painstakingly making his way toward a Cessna parked next to a maintenance shed, maybe a hundred feet in front of him. He's about three-quarters of the way there when he has to stop to catch his breath. He takes a couple deep inhales, starts walking again, stops again when he sees--

ART step out from behind the maintenance shed. He has a gun in his hand but doesn't aim it, lets it hang by his side.

FRANK

Guess you didn't believe I was giving myself up.

ART

No one did. But I also didn't believe that blaze-of-glory bullshit. Then I found all those flight simulators on your computer, remembered you used to own a plane back when, figured you might be getting re-familiarized.

FRANK

Guess I would've been better off with the young hotshot.

ART

Guess so.

Frank's hand wanders toward the gun in his waistband. Art notices--

ART (CONT'D)

I wouldn't, 'less you're changing your mind about the blaze of glory. I used to teach firearms at Glynco.

FRANK

That why you came here all by your lonesome 'cause you wanted to give me the chance to "High Noon" it?

ART

I came here by my lonesome, 'cause the whole office is out trying to deal with Bobby Green and his friend with the bomb vest. Isn't that why you sent them in there in the first place, dined them to us?

(CONTINUED)

Frank nods. His hand stops moving. He glances over his shoulder at the car.

ART (CONT'D)

Reasoner, my knees can't handle a foot chase -- you try to run, I'm putting a bullet in that tank. You remember the end of "Jaws"?

Frank yanks the cannula out of his nose.

FRANK

I remember.

He drops the oxygen tank and makes a run for his car.

ART

Aw, damn it!

He starts hobbling after Frank.

By the time Frank reaches his car, he's so winded and weak he doesn't even have the strength to open the door. He sits down against the door, coughs blood, struggles to get his breath.

After what seems like a long time, Art catches up. He's brought Frank's oxygen tank with him. He reaches down, takes Frank's gun out of his waistband, then hands him the tank.

Frank nods his thanks, puts the cannula back in his nose, takes several deep breaths.

FRANK

You try glucosamine supplements for those knees, Chief?

ART

For a while. Doctor made me stop. Worried it'd give me diabetes.

FRANK

And then you get side effects from treating the side effects -- no free rides in nature.

Art agrees, but doesn't answer.

ART

This was the plan from the jump, huh -- steal some cash, then dump your partners and fly off somewhere nice for your last days?

(MORE)

34

CONTINUED: (2)

34

ART (CONT'D)

Guess Jenny doesn't fit into that
too well.

FRANK

You got a family?

ART

Working on our third grandkid.

FRANK

You love your wife?

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED: (3)

34

ART

Most of the time.

FRANK

(nods)

So do I. But when you're staring down that barrel, you start thinking about all the lives you didn't lead.

ART

You know where you were headed?

FRANK

Little fishing village outside of Puerto Vallarta. Live out my days in a hut on the beach, drinking beer and getting blowjobs from hookers.

ART

You think your ticker was up to that?

FRANK

I was willing to find out.

35

EXT. SMALL AIRSTRIP - LATER

35

ND COPS, ND MARSHALS, ND FBI. Raylan and Art sit next to each other on the hood of Raylan's car.

RAYLAN

You were right.

ART

Of course I was right.

RAYLAN

Still, should we be worried how sure you were he was planning to just take off, give everyone the finger?

ART

Ask me again in twenty years.

They share a smile. Then--

RAYLAN

(very casual)

You want me to take the bag back to the office, scan the money in?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

ART

Yeah, why don't you. I'm gonna
head home, start pricing flights to
Puerto Vallarta.

Off which--

36 OMITTED 36

37 OMITTED 37

38

INT. RAYLAN'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

38

Winona paces, ice pack still against her head. When she hears a car pull in, she rushes to the window, looks out, opens the door for Raylan.

WINONA

How are we?

RAYLAN

Hello to you, too.

WINONA

Raylan, please, I've been climbing
the walls.

(CONTINUED)

He nods, opens his jacket, takes out three \$100 bills.

RAYLAN

Fifteen years ago, the Fed redesigned the hundred, changed the colors, made Franklin's portrait bigger. If your bill was in the cage twenty years, means it was printed before all that.

He hands the bills to Winona.

RAYLAN (CONT'D)

I went through every hundred in the bag. These are the only ones where the portrait's still small.

WINONA

I... don't know what to say.

She throws her arms around him, starts planting kisses on him, squeezes herself against him... then GASPS in pain as her bruised face presses into his chest.

He steps back to get a look at the bruise. Then he leans down and kisses it softly.

RAYLAN

Hurts bad?

WINONA

Only when I breathe.

(smiles)

It's not terrible, long's I stay on top of the Motrin.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

RAYLAN

You know we're gonna have to talk about it. Sooner or later.

WINONA

I know. Can we sleep first? Whole afternoon, I haven't been able to stop pacing.

RAYLAN

All right.

Raylan takes off his boots and then they climb into bed together, both exhausted. Raylan holds Winona from behind, spooning her.

She pulls his arm tighter around her, snuggles back into him,
as we--

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE